

Party-Lines Newsletter for June 2003

June 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Make a Scene Without a Toy bag Workshop	2	3	4	5	6 Slave Auction	7 Open Dinner Party
8 Forced Feminization Workshop	9	10	11	12 Pizza & a Movie	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20 Slave Auction	21 Meet The Staff & Open House
22 Master/slave Training session	23	24	25	26	27 Private Party	28
29 Leather Making Workshop	30					
July 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4 Private Party	5 Open Dinner Party
6 11am Brunch	7	8	9	10 Dessert & a Movie	11	12 Private Party for Inner Circle Members
13 How To Meet Others Workshop	14	15	16	17	18 Slave Auction	19
20 "People as Objects" Workshop	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	Mark August 17th on your calendars!!! Join us for RCR-62, Robin's Birthday Party	

**To make reservations, you should call 650-965-4499 or go to
www.backdrop.net/calendar.html**

Event pricing for singles/couples

• Open Dinner Parties

\$25/\$45

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- Slave Auctions \$25/\$25
- Workshops \$15/\$25
- Movie nights \$5/\$10
- Valentines Day Play party \$25/45
- Open House Free

Event Times

Unless otherwise specified, the following times will be recognized for BackDrop events. Please note: these are event *beginning* times, and it is advisable to be a little early to socialize and make yourself comfortable.

- 8pm – Parties, Dinners, etc. Mon.-Sat.
- 2pm – Sunday Classes / Workshops
- 11am – 11am Brunch

Events (and the clubhouse) are now open to members only. To facilitate this, we have established a new class of membership called "Associate Member". Dues will be \$10 for thirty days. Your personal information will not be added to our permanent membership roster or our mailing lists.

You will be given a membership card with a unique number printed on it. You will have to show your membership card each time you attend an event. If you lose your membership card, you will have to purchase a new one.

We have new events coming in all the time! We're still in the process of rebuilding. The library, though not entirely unpacked, is operational again, and we should have a new cross up within the month. Come check out all the changes. We look forward, as always, to serving you, and being served!

What a Halloween

I have been a person who has struggled with my weight most of my life. Recently I had quit smoking and gained more weight than I want to admit. Almost 75 pounds! I have in the past two years managed to get rid of almost thirty-five pounds of excess baggage. My wife had been diagnosed with a long-term illness and the meds have finally gotten correct. As soon as the type of meds and dosages were correct she shed 40 pounds, almost overnight. This has led her to start to get on my case with regularity. I explained to her I have always had a problem and at times really needed extra incentive. She thought about it for a minute and agreed to grant me a long-time sexual fantasy if I could lose the weight. I had to make her a list of fantasies. I felt that if I put the effort into this I deserved a rather good one so I only detailed three of my more outrageous imaginations. That is the list she received and she didn't even flinch, but rather gave me a four-month deadline.

Three months into it I was very close. The end of the fourth month was the end of October and I intended to make it. My wife definitely let me know she appreciated my efforts. She told me to get ready for the Halloween of a lifetime. I had given her three different fantasies that revolved around costumes, so I was not sure quite yet what she had planned.

I arrived home from work the Friday of Halloween and there was a note in our bathroom. (My wife knew I thoroughly enjoyed a drink and a warm bath after work to make me forget about it quickly and bring me into the present moment.) She told me not drink to much water, enjoy a drink and a bath and wear whatever she had laid out for me in the bedroom. Hey, no problem, except for the water. Since most of my fantasies contained some form of bondage I thought perhaps she was being very thoughtful. I enjoyed my time and anticipated whatever might be in store. In fact I was a little apprehensive. My synapses and senses were firing a little sharper than normal.

I entered our room and there was little to wear but black tights, shoes and a gray tee shirt. Also, there was a scarf lying on the bed with a note on it that said, "When dressed go to the living room and put on the blindfold and wait. It will take me some time to get ready. You WILL enjoy this." By this time I was convinced it would be a sensual evening so I added a homemade seven-gates-of-hell to my clothing

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list. I then walked into the living room, sat down, put on the blindfold and waited.

About five minutes of waiting (or hell, as I am not a patient man, to say the least), I heard noises behind me. My wife told me to stand and take a step forward. I did as asked. By this time I was noticing the sexual tension I was feeling was having some effects on my lower physiology, exacerbated by my device. My wife then said, "Extend your arms in front of you directly."

This I did quickly and felt heavy weighted cloth being placed over my arms. Oh, Christ, it must be a straitjacket I thought. This was definitely my largest fantasy. I think my penis reflected my thoughts immediately. The next thing I felt (I was lost in my own thoughts) was my wife's hand tightening the clasps of the jacket behind me. Then, as she tightened the clasps, I felt her fastening little clicks behind my back. My arms were then threaded through straps at the front of the jacket, then each side and fastened in back perhaps more snugly than I felt as polite. Another snap was felt behind my back. My wife then pulled the clamps from the back of the jacket to their fastening in the front. This strap was a single strap that crossed my penis and went from bottom to top! To my chagrin, my wife made sure to feel my thighs and my crotch as she did this bringing me to full attention. "Oh, I see you added a little toy to the proceedings. You may be sorry you did that before the night is through. You know I don't do anything halfway." She said as she fastened that strap so tight I almost had to bend over. Then I felt another snap being applied.

She stood back and must have appreciated her handiwork, because the first thing she did was chuckle. I felt just a might uncomfortable and tried to move. It was at that point I truly appreciated her comment. I was not going to be able to escape. (I often thought I could get loose from anything and at times practiced self-bondage and always managed to get loose.) The next thing I felt was a collar being placed around my neck, being loosely fastened. Then the same type of snap followed the collar. I realized then what that snap was as I felt the weight of a small padlock on my neck. I swallowed hard, because I felt more helpless than even five minutes ago. "Please look forward and do not turn your head as I take off the blindfold." My wife commanded. Believe me I didn't. "Open your mouth." She said.

"Here comes the scarf as a gag", I thought. Was I wrong! A penis-shaped gag was placed into my mouth by a glove-covered hand that came from behind and fastened the arrangement behind my head, followed by an all-too-familiar click. A cold shiver ran up my spine I hoped wasn't too noticeable to my wife.

"Don't worry too much", she said in response to my movement. "This will come off some time tonight. Just

remember, you asked for it." I did, but this was way more than I expected.

"Place your legs together." The tightening of a three-inch wide belt above my knees followed this. Now any walking motion I made forced my already aroused penis against a shifting crotch strap and worse caused my scrotum to rub against my thighs.

"Turn and look at me", she said. I almost fell over. My gag exacerbated my deep inhalation as I tried to force air into my lungs around it. Here was my wife dressed, as I never expected to see her. She is a very pretty woman with sharp features that accentuate her thick eyebrows and high cheekbones. Her makeup was deep red lipstick over her thick lips that looked so wet it would cause an immediate reaction from anyone who saw her. Her cheeks were lightly rouged and eyes done up with dark colors to match her features and her outfit. At the best of time my wife is two-three inches shorter than me. With her five-inch ballet style heels with a curved vamp she was three inches taller than I was. Her legs were covered in jeans that appeared to be made of soft leather that couldn't have accentuated her hips and waistline more if they were tailored. (In fact, I am sure they were.) The details such as small zippers to take up the excess fabric above her ankles were part of the complete look. Her ass, of which she is rightfully proud, would look tremendous from the back if I could ever see it. She has 36D breasts and somewhere she found a top that supported her and showed an enormous amount of cleavage. If I could drool I would. She had on a shiny shoulder-length glove on her right arm. On her left arm were black nails extending at least one-inch.

"What do you think? Will this attract any attention tonight from other admirers?" I was almost sorry I told her of my fantasies. I was weak at the knees and so HORNY I couldn't believe it. She tossed a key chain on the end table in our room and said, "For your sake I hope the cats don't play with them and lose them tonight. You may want to get loose some time." Next to table on the floor was a black leather portfolio, like you would find an art student carrying. She bent over, reached inside and pulled out a dog leash and fastened it to the collar. When she bent I almost saw her nipples around the deep-V of her top and moaned into the gag. "Oh please, you did ask for this. Am I beyond your wildest dreams in person?" I nodded yes. "Too bad, you asked for it and I am in the mood to enjoy this to the max."

I still did not know what she had planned. My fantasies for Halloween went from being placed on display bound and in a casket while she handed out candy to being bound and left behind, being given a time limit to meet her. The way I was trussed I hoped she hadn't planned that. I wanted to look at her all night, if not quickly rip

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her outfit off. Both were highly unlikely considering the circumstances.

"Follow me", she said, as she bent over giving me a view of her ass in her pants. She walked about 6 feet ahead and all I could focus on was her ass. Unbelievable! I couldn't take my eyes off of it in those pants. Guess what that did to me? I was so hard I could barely move, or breathe. At this point the seven-gates-of-hell was not helping and I knew I was going to be in this shape for a while.

We got to our car. Yes, my wife parked it outside so everyone could watch-like it mattered. She opened the door and I slowly sat down. She fastened the seat belt over and said "we're going barhopping." This was definitely one of my fantasies, however, not bound like this! What was I going to do? I admit I stared at her cleavage as she drove wishing I could touch her. **OR MYSELF, FOR THAT MATTER.** Throbbing cannot even begin to describe what I was experiencing.

After a short drive, she parked the car near a strip of bars surrounding a walking type mall. I waited for her to (hopefully) open my door. It happened, and I was asked to get out and again the leash was put in place and I was asked to follow her. I had to look at her, but this time I noticed how many people were staring at her. I was jealous. I wanted to touch her so badly it was incredible. I wanted to taste her mouth pressed against mine and taste her tongue and bite her lips. All I could do was offer a muffled grunt. She steered us into a bar we sometimes frequent and told to sit down. I soon found what was in the bag she had carried over her shoulder. A two-inch strap was placed over my ankles. Rope was placed over my chest, being wrapped around the chair. My legs were fastened to the legs of the chair. She walked to the bar slowly. I thought the movement from her hips could probably attract men from over 1 mile away. She came back with two drinks and sat on my lap. Hers was a wine slightly darker than her lips. Mine was a bourbon and ice. She filled the drink straw and dribbled contents of the drink on the edges of the gag, allowing me to suck in the contents. Then she forced the straw in my mouth, held the glass up and said "Drink, you don't know when the next one will come." I did thirstily.

She downed her wine and performed the same slow walk to the bar for another round. If she was approached once, I had to watch her get hit on at least ten times. More than once I heard, "well, he isn't going anywhere." She repeated the routine of drinks a second time. I was feeling the alcohol. So was she. Her face became slightly more flushed and suddenly she sprang from my lap to dance. She asked me to dance and then laughed, "Oops, you're a little tied up at the moment" and hit the floor. I had to sit and watch her move while clad in a second

skin. She made sure she never got out of my line-of-sight. She bumped and ground, sashaying her hips from side to side and I am sure her four or five partners saw as much or more cleavage than I did as she sat on my lap. As I watching, an Elvira wannabe sat sidesaddle on my lap with a drink for me. Her costume was definitely lycra and left little to the imagination. She was a size 5 at best. She made sure she made little back and forth rocking motions with her hips as she sat on my lap. As she looked at me I could tell she knew she was having an influence on my penis, as well as the rest of me. She asked if my keeper was coming back or if she could play with me for a while as her tongue found its way into my ear. She continued to roll her hips and smile at my predicament. Just as fast she got up and left. Men and women alike had stopped and stared at me before. I was so aroused I hoped none did right now. My wife came back with another round. She sat staring at me straddling me. I thought I would lose my mind. I wanted to rub my penis against her so badly against her leather-clad body! Or anything, it was madness! She knew it and threw her head back and laughed, leaving me stare at her cleavage and throat. It didn't help. I could think with nothing but my hormones. All I could do was moan into the gag.

"Should I go dance more for you? Maybe your friend will come back and play with you some more." The next thing I saw was Elvira leaning next to my wife's neck to lick and then whisper something in her ear. "Oh God! NOOO!" was I could think. Next thing I knew ropes were taken off my legs and chest. The strap on my ankles was released. I was leashed and led to a support post in the bar. The strap and ropes were again fastened. My wife and Elvira proceeded to dance in front of me, ending in a slow dance where they embraced each other and then wrapped themselves around me. The contact of the legs, lycra, flesh and leather as well as the sensations of a few well placed tongues and bites had me struggling so hard I thought I would die if not released. Elvira and my wife touched tongues and my wife went to get another round. Elvira stood behind me massaging my buns and gave me her phone number and told me to look her up when I could get free. She sucked on my neck, and left.

Like I could remember her number. Actually, I repeated it to myself like a mantra in case I ever made it out of this with my sanity.

My wife strutted her way back. "Oh, your playmate left. Too bad--she could have made our night very interesting. Finish your drink and I will mine. Then I think it is time to leave, before you get into more trouble." She dribbled some of my drink around the edges of my gag. Eventually it was gone.

I was unfastened from the post and the leash again

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applied to me. I had to walk behind my wife again, watching what very high heels do to her normally slow and sensuous stride. It was definitely erotic hell of the finest kind. The drive home was uneventful.

After getting home I was somewhat calmed down and I knew I would get a chance to relieve myself soon.

"Well, I bet you can't wait to get out and have an orgasm at this point," my wife said. I rolled my eyes and whined. "Better get yourself loose then," she said. "You know where the keys are." I'll give you a half an hour; otherwise I will have to find a way to have you earn your freedom. I've seen your self-bondage notes. See how good you are at getting loose for me. TRY HARD and I might be nice. I'll even help you to the floor." With that she pushed me over into a chair and then lowered me to the floor.

"Have fun, I am going to watch until I am bored and take care of myself." I struggled like a madman, moving across the floor pulling my arms this way and that trying to get enough movement to at least stretch my arms to the buckles. I was screwed. There was no way to get any movement from this locked canvas enclosure. I rolled over to see my wife lowering her pants and start fingering herself. I went nuts. I couldn't move and here she was masturbating in front of me. I thought my penis couldn't get bigger. Was I wrong!!!!

I crawled near her legs and tried to rub my gagged mouth across her face. Next thing I know she reached over and removed my gag. The best I could do was lick her feet and ankles and that I did. She in no way ever made it seem as though she was going to give me any more mercy. I saw her hips arch as she came. She rubbed her hands all over my mouth and face. The smell was amazing.

The next thing she did was replacing the gag, not locked this time. I rolled on my back in despair and moaned. "I am getting a bath, come join me," she said.

She left the room and I was just beside myself. If I could masturbate by friction, I would. The crotch strap and my homemade contraption kept me from doing anything. Struggle I did, but to no avail. The lights had been turned off when my wife left the room, but I could tell she was returning by the smell of her bath oils. She stood over me wearing nothing. Moan.

"There is one way you can get free and that is to bring me to orgasm. Can you do that?" I tried to say, "if I was loose I could", but it sounded more like "ifloooosslllooo". Great. There is one chance here. She loosened my gag and turned it around. Then she lowered herself on it. She knows I love looking at her ass and that is the way she mounted me. She buried me under her mound and began to use the gag as a male appendage. Again I was useless and the smell was overwhelming. I

thought she might never come when she shuddered and relaxed, still mounted above me. I had a divine view of her backside, but I was worn out.

She slowly raised herself, rolled me over and undid the locks. She loosened the straps somewhat and said she was going to bed. I was on my own. At least I had some arm movement. After two or three hours I finally got enough play to get a shoulder out. Another while and my arm came loose. Then the rest of me got loose. Finally, I could masturbate. The bathtub was waiting for me. My muscles were sore.

As I crawled into bed, my wife rolled over, gave a huge hug and said in a sleepy voice, "I love you. I enjoyed this more than I thought. I can't wait until your birthday. I have another surprise for you."

My god, that was two weeks away. I knew I had created a monster. And I can't wait.

My Last OTK Spanking

The very last punishment spanking OTK I got was when I was about 11. For several years after that, until about eighth grade, I would get the occasional swat across the jeans. Sometimes several. My father would hold onto my elbow and deliver three or four swift ones. But those never bothered me, I was simply grateful not to be in the humiliating position across his lap with a naked backside.

But the last OTK spanking, whew. It was definitely the hardest I'd ever received. Here's the background info. I don't know if you remember what sixth grade girls are like. Usually, catty, bratty, and just beginning to learn to use female wiles. I was no exception.

Dawn was my best friend with whom I did everything. My parents adored her. She was a sweet girl - studious,

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polite – everything that makes for an approved playmate. Anyway, one day - out of some weird twist of young girl logic - I decided to make another girl, Kate, my best friend. There was no real reason for the change, Dawn was just as popular as Kate, and perhaps a little cuter, looking back. (Then again, Kate and I practiced french kissing in my bedroom so we'd be ready for boys, but that came later) For a whole week Dawn watched me walking arm and arm with Kate, whispering cruelly, triumphantly. Finally, Dawn approached me in the girl's room. (where all intense confrontations take place) How I could have even gone to the bathroom without Kate, I don't know. But there I was and there was Dawn, asking me piteously why I wasn't her friend anymore. Why didn't I return her phone calls? Why wouldn't I talk to her?

Now, this is really ugly, and I get a little ill even writing it here. But I refused to answer her. I brushed my hair and pretended she didn't exist. She began to cry so I left the bathroom. She followed me down the hall to the lunch room, crying all the way, "Why are you doing this to me?" I never even turned around.

English was our next class. Dawn was noticeably absent. I found out later a teacher had taken her to the nurse. Kate sat a row over from me so I couldn't tell her what happened. Instead I wrote it all out in a long letter and tossed it to her. Big mistake. Mrs. Wood, a teacher I absolutely loved, demanded Kate hand over the note. She read it to herself, gave me a furious look and held it up to the class. "This is exactly the kind of thing I keep telling you kids about. This meanness." She never explained to the class what was in my note, they all knew anyway, but I nearly died right there.

That night Mrs. Wood called my parents and read them the note. We'd already eaten dinner and I was doing the dishes. I watched my father talk on the phone and get angrier and angrier. When he hung up, he gave me an incredible look of fury. "Get upstairs and get ready for bed." I did not point out that it was only eight o'clock, no sir.

Once in my nightgown, I considered turning out the light and pretending to go to sleep. Instead, I sat on my bed and felt really sick. My brother told me later my parents sat at the dining table and discussed - calmly *discussed* - whether a spanking was the way to handle this situation. Needless to say, dad won.

When he got upstairs and into my room the first thing I said was, "you can't spank me for not being friends with someone anymore!" Maybe not my best approach. And

today, I can't really remember what his response was. Something about trying teaching me to be a nice girl etc

etc. He didn't talk long, he never did. Instead, he waved me off the bed with a sharp gesture and he sat on the corner.

Usually I would walk with arm's length from my father as he sat there and he'd grab me. That night was the exception. I backed away from him, whimpering and shaking my head. "No, it's not fair." My father had to get up and come get me, hauling me back to the bed by a shoulder. He sat down again and had me over his knees before I could even catch my breath. My nightgown was yanked so far up my back, it spilled over my shoulders and created a white tunnel for me to look through. When he tugged my panties down, I began to fight. Again, something I rarely did in the past. He got in about three good hard smacks before I was able to kick, squirm myself off his lap. This was also a big mistake. By now, he was angrier than ever. He picked me up from the floor, settled me across his knees again, and locked me under his left arm. Then he began to spank with a vengeance. My bottom felt numb with pain almost immediately. I screamed and struggled violently but he kept a firm hold on me and kept spanking.

I could look across the room and see the whole scenario in the long mirror attached to the back of my door. That was awful. I could see how mad he was. He was biting his tongue, a tell tale sign. And I could see how high he was swinging his hand. He spanked me longer than he ever had. Probably to make up for my attempt at escape.

When he was done the routine was as it always was. I jumped up the second I felt his left arm lift from my back. I

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grabbed my ass and wailed, always careful not to dance around too much because it embarrassed me. My father would pull back the covers on my bed and wait until I was calmer. Then I'd climb in, always face down. He'd pull up the sheet and lean down to kiss me goodnight. Then he'd

exit, shutting off the light and leaving me to my misery. I'd sob into my pillow, hard, luxuriously, reaching back now and then to hold my aching butt, often purposely causing more pain by rubbing just so I could burst into new tears. Sometimes, I'd get out of bed, go to the bathroom and climb up on the counter to look at my red-hot backside in the mirror. I could always trace my father's pink finger marks along the outside curve of my hips. There was a definite thrill in that which has lasted to present-day spankings.

Epilogue. I apologized to Dawn the next day but she wouldn't speak to me. My friendship with Kate lasted until High School when I switched best friends (always bordering on nascent lesbianism) twice more. But each time, I was a little nicer than I'd been at 11. All in all, you couldn't pay me to be an adolescent again! After those girl crushes/relationships, dealings with men seem easy. Though I've never been without a best girl friend, even today.

I've discussed this episode with my father since being an adult and he admitted that part of his anger in the moment came out his frustration. My behavior was incomprehensible to him. He just couldn't understand why I'd be mean to a little girl who'd so obviously worshipped me. All I could say in answer was the spanking was well deserved. It was! Though I've thought about it many times since while laying back and rubbing another part of myself...

And now for the lighter side of BDSM...

Master and Slave: A Conversation

Slave:

:::kneeling::: Oh Master!!!! You are the whole of my universe, the certainty of my existence. You are why my heart beats, my lungs fill, my toes curl. You shelter me like an offshore bank in the Reagan years. i grovel before you in awe of Your power, willing to satisfy You in every way...

Master:

:::peering over the paper::: Every way?

Slave:

:::pressing forehead to the floor and wiggling seductively::: Anything and everything is open to You oh Magnificent Maven of Mastery!! i beg, nay, beseech, nayer still, humbly crawl to kiss Your toes in the hopes You will use me...

Master:

The bank account?

Slave:

:::looking up from underneath her hair::: what?

Master:

Your bank account. You said everything was open to me, so I was thinking of that big account you have...

Slave:

:::coming up on all fours to stare::: Oh most wonderfullest of all Masters, surely you know that your ultimate control of me is so extensive that all I have is yours, but... BUT... You are so secure in the knowledge of my perfect and total enslavement that You would have no need to actually *have* an account number for this, Your most humble of servants.

Master:

No cash?

Slave:

:::dropping head back down to the floor::: As always, Master, Your understanding of my heart is perfection in and of itself. It is why i give You every atom of my

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being, even unto the subatomic level...

Master:

:::folding away the paper::: Then it's sex.

Slave:

:::raising and throwing her arms up in touchdown form::: YESYESYES.. Oh, Master of mine, You are truly the ultimate owner of my being!!!

Master:

oral sex.

Slave:

YESYESYESYES

Master:

You would like to give me oral sex.

Slave:

:::dropping arms to her sides to stare::: what?

Master:

Well, I thought that this time instead of me... you know... I might command you...

Slave:

:::gritting teeth::: MASTER.... errr Master, Your memory being so much better and stronger than that of Your lowly slave, i *know* You recall how You show Your ultimate Mastery by satis... er... torturing Your property for hours on end. You recall how i shriek at Your touch? How i squirm in agony trying to escape?

Master:

Well, yes... there is a lot of squirming...

Slave:

:::leaping to her feet and jumping up and down::: Oh Master!! You punish Your slave to help her better serve You in the perfection of Your regard!! :::running into the bedroom, voice fading into the distance::: Let Your lowly slave suffer soon, Master!!

Master:

:::sighing deeply, turning off the TV and following his slave into the bedroom:::

Slave:

:::Lying back on the bed, one arm behind her head, legs crossed, slowly blowing smoke rings::: Oh Master, You are surely showing this one how to behave tonight.

Master:

:::lying on his back, chest heaving, sweaty hair matted to his head::: uhhh... uhhhh

Slave:

:::sighing and stretching::: This lowly slave is so happy she learned on the web that everyone has their own unique way to share in the wondrous world of D and S...

Master:

uhhhhhh.. uhhh

Slave:

...and is so happy that her Master is so cruel and demanding and that she can offer herself totally to Him each and every day!

Master:

UHHH... uhhhh

Slave:

And Master?

Master:

uhh?

Slave:

:::looking deeply into His eyes, lower lip trembling::: It makes Your slave tremble in fear and longing to know that soon You will once again train Your slave to perfect obedience by denying her the pleasure of cooking dinner...

Master:

:::sighing::: uhhhhhhhhhhhnn