

Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2005

March 2005						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2 Movie Night	3	4
5 Mistress/slave Workshop	6	7 "Bondage Modeling	8	9	10 Slave Auction	11
12	13	14	15	16	17 Open Play Party	18
19 Scenes w/o Toybags	20	24	22	23	24 Slave Auction	25
26 Easter	27	28	29	30		
April 2005						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7 Movie Night	8 Slave Auction	9
10	11	12	13	14	15 Open Play Party	16
17 Bondage Photo Workshop	18	19	20 Bondage-a-Go-Go Club Night	21	22 Slave Auction	23
24 / 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

Event Info & Pricing	Open to	Singles Price	Couples Price
Open Dinner Party	Everyone	\$25	\$45
Open Play Party	Everyone	\$10	\$15
Slave Auction	Members & Guests	\$25	\$25
Movie Nights	Members & Guests	\$5	\$10
Workshops	Members & Guests	Varies	Varies

A Short Little Story by Marguerite

Here she was! She couldn't believe it but she was here. She knocked on the door. Soon the door opened and He stood in front of her. She opened the door wide, pointed to the living room and said only "Get naked and take your position!" He walked to the living room, removed all her clothing including bra and panties. Spread her legs wide, and clasped her hands behind her head and waited. He walked into the room; his confidence and strength of will could be seen in His eyes. He knew she would obey. He lifts a riding crop from the table and walked toward her, bent down to kiss her gently but firmly heating her instantaneously. He pulled backward and gave her some quick but hard taps with the crop directly on her excited nipples, then a few back and forth between her legs, the last one hitting directly on to her cunt. The little moans coming from her made Him smile. He took the crop holding it by the ends and brought it to her mouth, which she opened as He placed the crop in her mouth.

He walked around to her back and began to play with her ass, massaging, and pinching, squeezing and slapping, soft medium and hard, her feet planted into the floor, knowing she was not to move through all this and trying hard to remain silent knowing that the crop in her mouth was meant to stay until He removed it. Back to her front He began giving her tits the same treatment looking up into her eyes, enjoying her predicament as He grabbed and squeezed her nipples with a vengeance which did make her scream and drop the crop. Continuing His tight painful hold on her nipples, He told her to pick it up and pulled her downward to her knees and smiled as she struggled to once again get the crop in her mouth. He let go when she was back standing and then slapped hard directly on each nipple. She almost dropped the crop again but managed to hold on.

He pulled the crop out of her mouth long enough to kiss her deep and hard, forcing His tongue deep into her mouth and at the same time used the crop on her waiting ass. Returning the crop to her mouth, He opened a drawer and took out a bunch of heavy wide rubber bands. He stretched one out and wrapped it around her left tit, snapping it hard up on the base of the tit. Then He did the same to the right tit. He then added two more of these bands to each tit, then felt the titmeat as it began to harden and bulge. Now He took another band and stretched it so it wrapped both tits squeezing them together and then another. The tits kept swelling and hardening and He loved the way they felt and looked as the color also deepened. After slapping each tit a couple of times, He took another band, smaller but just as heavy. He grabbed her right nipple and pulled it as far as He could and began to wrap the band around it. Then He did the same to the other. Her nipples immediately turned deep purple and

spread heat through her body. He reached out and tried to squeeze those hard bulging tits and then the nipples that were so sensitive right now that caused her to scream once again dropping the crop.

This time He picked it up with a stern look on His face. He began now to use the crop on her, tits, ass, and thighs and holding it in His hand He began to kiss her deeply noting how deeply she returned His kiss and seemed to kiss deeper and wilder with each stroke of the crop against her body. Her hands still clasped behind her head, He grabbed her nipples and pulled her to her knees. Her face began to nuzzle into His crotch rubbing against His cock, licking even the pants. He told her to use her hands only to undress Him. Which she did, then returned her hands behind her head while taking His cock in her mouth, kissing it licking it, loving it. At the same time He roughly removed the elastics from her tits, leaving the nipples for last, the pain intense as the blood rushed in. She relished in His cock now the pain making her want it more, she kissed and sucked on His balls, licked the entire shaft, ran her tongue around the head and then began to take Him deep into her mouth. He continued using the crop, mostly on her ass now and she just sucked him deeper and harder into her mouth until He pulled away from her.

She moaned with desire, she wanted more of His cock and He knew it. He brought the crop back up to her mouth. But now He made her lick it, kiss it, suck it and then a few whacks on her tongue. Then left it in her mouth and pulled her over His knee with her ass up in the air. Now He used His hands to spank her in earnest, hard one cheek then the other telling her that this was for dropping the crop and she'd better hang on to it now. Her ass reddened, the burning spreading through her whole body. Then suddenly a really hard whack on her ass made her scream and drop the crop. He stopped, while He bent over and picked the crop up from the floor. "I guess you want me to use this" and now He began using the crop on her ass, on her thighs, forcing her legs wider, rapping the crop against the inside of her thighs and even let a few rip against her hot mound. Then dropping the crop her began playing with her feeling the heat and moisture between her legs. Hearing her moan, knowing of her want. He used His fingers on her cunt making her wild, flicking her clit and sending her into spasms, then alternating between playing and teasing and spanking right against her cunt. And just when He knew she couldn't take any more without cumming, He pushed her off His lap to the floor on her knees. Grabbing her hair and wrapping it around His hands, He pulled her head to His cock and pushed it into her mouth which she took willing, but He wouldn't let her have the control, He used her hair to pull and push controlling her head, and forcing His cock deep into her

Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2005

mouth pushing back toward her throat. And now as His engorged cock filled her mouth He held her head tightly against His crotch as He began to spurt His seed into her mouth ensuring that she held His cum in her mouth, forcing her to swallow to keep from choking. When He finally pulled away she had swallowed most of it. And now He petted her head as He let go of her hair and she continued of her own will to continue to lick and suck on His cock until He pulled it away allowing her no more. He reached down and grabbed her nipples pulling her up to her feet. He kissed her lovingly, passionately and whispered that maybe next time if she held on to the crop He would let her cum too. And all she said was "Thank You Master!"

Words to Live By

Multiple years ago, I wanted to start a new company. As part of the process, I did some pretty intense research on the techniques of running small businesses. As part of that project, I found a wonderful book titled, "The Greedy Bastards Business Manual" by R. H. Morrison. At first, I wanted to purchase the book strictly on the merits of the title alone. Then I started reading the book and found some really insightful ideas.

In Chapter 24, Morrison quotes Robert Heinlein, who wrote in "The Notebook of Lazarus Long" (Published by Putnam) that "A human being should be able to change a diaper – plan an invasion – butcher a hog – conn a ship – design a building – write a sonnet – balance accounts – build a wall – set a bone – comfort the dying – take orders – cooperate – act alone – pitch manure – solve equations – analyze a new problem – program a computer – cook a tasty meal – fight efficiently – die gallantly. Specialization is for insects"

News, Connections & Links

A call to Sara's Bare Necessities today has revealed that they have just moved into their new store facility at 1865-A Adobe Street, Concord.

For those people who have been around BackDrop awhile, you will remember that Sara and Jim were the couple who provided all of the lingerie and goodies for Leather and Lace Fashion Shows when BackDrop was in Richmond and San Francisco, and they were also the ones who shared booth space with us at The Exotic Erotic Ball several years in a row. Kara (the current owner) bought Sara's several years ago when Sara was diagnosed with the "Big C".

I, for one, miss Jim and Sara, and their big smiles, the fun times with them, and most of all the long talks with a really nice pair of folks!

Her Last Role by Allatex

Allatex@geocities.com

© 2001, 2002 Allatex - story codes: M/f; latex; bondage; rubber doll; boxed; kidnap; n/c; X

Finding the address had been simple in itself, obviously no one was supposed to check all the accounts. So later that night she stood in the shadows across from the warehouse of the plastic novelty company, waiting till the coast was clear for her to have a closer look at the business that funds from her business accounts had been diverted to.

A short while later she saw her ex-manger leave the warehouse and drive off, the reason she had gotten rid of him as a manger, was that she thought he had been embezzling her money, but could never find anything. Until the day she had found that payment slip in her office and had checked the number, to find that her production company had paid the plastic novelty company over 20 thousand dollars for props that she knew they never used.

As Barbara stood there she felt like "Vixen", the heroine she played in her own movies. She had also dressed like her, choosing to wear a tight black lycra body stocking, knee length boots, gloves and a long black leather coat, on which she had pulled up the collar to hide her flowing mane of blonde hair, most of which was hidden by the wide brimmed hat that she wore.

After about 15 minutes, she decided that her ex-manger would not be coming back so she moved over to the door. Being somewhat of a perfectionist, she had learned to pick locks for her movie roles so this door was no trouble at all, once inside she found the lights and put them on to see what was worth 20 thousand dollars, only to be confronted by the normal sort of plastic novelties you would find in any store. It was while looking around that she saw a poster of herself as "Vixen" on the wall move as if blown by the wind, walking over to it she found behind it another door this time she realized she would not be able to pick this one as it had a four digit computer lock. After trying a few combinations, she thought about her ex-mangers briefcase and tried his code 6.9.6.9. There was a loud click and the door swung open a little, peering around the now open door Barbara could make out piles of large boxes but nothing else. Soon her eyes became accustomed to the dark and she found the light switch and turned them on.

"Oh! My god", she said out loud as she saw what the room held,

Walking over to the table she found one of those kinky dolls that some sad men use instead of real women, the only difference was that this one was not inflatable but made from some sort of foam, and was covered in a plastic skin. Across the room, she saw the moulds for the dolls, and boxes of wigs. At first she found it funny but then the truth dawned on her the dolls were copies of her! Even down to the style of wigs and ample bosom size. Turning over the lid of one of the long boxes lain on the floor, she

Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2005

read the label.

"THE VIXEN. Yours to Command!! Limited collectors doll".

Turning around she saw one of the dolls obviously ready to be packed as it stood in front of a plastic box with a clear Perspex panel in the front. "My god they have even copied my costume," she said walking over to examine the doll. As she approached the doll, she saw it was standing with its hands in the pockets of the long black coat it wore, on a slightly raised base on the floor with the word "VIXEN" embossed in gold on the front of the base. Looking around the back of the doll she saw that there was a pole to about waist height, where a wide plastic clip went round the dolls waist to hold it upright

As she got nearer to the doll she could see that the long black ankle length coat, seemed to shine in the half light of the storeroom, as did the hat and boots. Standing in front of the doll, she thought that the doll undoubtedly wore a black body stocking underneath. Reaching out she touched the collar of the coat only to find that it was made from black rubber, she soon realized that all the things that the doll wore were made from black rubber. As she stood there gazing at the doll, a wicked smile came across her face

"What will he do if I strolled into his office wearing a full set of this kinky clothing? It would at least prove I know his little secret but by then it would be too late, as I would have signed the papers for his arrest on embezzlement charges!" So before long she was searching for a box containing the rubber clothes of the dolls.

After some ten or fifteen minutes of searching, all that she had found was a pile of the long rubber coats. It was then that she realized that the doll that was ready for packing would have the whole costume on underneath the rubber coat. First of all she undid the belt on the rubber coat, then undid the buttons and then opened the coat. Sliding the coat down the arms of the doll, she found that the doll also wore a very tight black rubber dress under the coat. The dress was a halter neck with a strap collar, no sleeves and reached to just about mid thigh. Below this, Barbara soon realized that the doll was wearing kinky black rubber stockings, which were tucked into knee length tight black rubber boots.

Now that the rubber coat had fallen to the floor Barbara began to undress the doll, starting with the long black rubber gloves it wore. Once these were off, she unstrapped the collar of the dress and peeled it off the doll. It was then that she saw the doll also wore black rubber panties and also noticed that the dress was slit each side, from the hem to the hip to expose the rubber stocking underneath. Soon she had pulled off the dolls boots and stockings and had begun to look for a suitable box to carry it all in.

It was while she was folding up the rubber garments and putting them in to the box she had found, that she found that she was quite enjoying feeling the rubber the things were made from. So by the time she had picked up the long rubber coat, she found herself wondering what it would feel like to wear this kinky coat. Within seconds, she had taken off her leather coat and was soon pulling on the rubber copy, pulling it tightly around her body and pulling up the rubber collar.



As she stood there she began to give herself reasons why not to try on the whole costume, "I mean if my little plan is to work, I'll have to make sure the dolls costume fits me!" she said talking herself into it. Before long she had stripped off all her clothes, and had begun to pull on one of the rubber stockings, but she found that it just stuck to her skin. So, after a few minutes of searching she had found a tin of the powder that they must use for the same purpose, and had powered her whole body.

This time the rubber stocking went on easily and was soon pulled up to just below where the rubber panties would come to once she had them on. Once she had the other stocking on, she stood up and realized just how tight they were. Next she picked up the rubber panties and stretched them over her hips and into position. "Now the dress!" she thought. Stepping into it, she began to pull it up her rubber-covered legs, over her rubber panties and around her waist. Shortly after that she had put her breasts into the rubber cups of the dress and had reached around

Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2005

her neck and fastened the strap collar. Standing upright, she felt the dress pull tight all over, and saw how the side slits left the tops of her rubber stockings exposed.

Sitting down she picked up one of the boots, unzipped it slid her rubber covered foot into the boot, and slowly zipped it back up again. Once she had repeated the same procedure with the other boot, she again stood up and saw her reflection in a glass pane across the room. Picking up a rubber glove, she powered the inside and pulled it up her arm, then did the same with the other. Bending down to pick up the coat she could hardly breathe, however as being dressed in all this kinky rubber gear was beginning to turn her on she was only taking short breaths anyway!

Sliding her arms into the sleeves of the rubber trench coat, she could feel a tingle go through her expose hairs on her upper arms, so by the time she had it over her shoulders she was in heaven.

"My god how can just wearing a rubber coat do this to me?" she thought pulling the coat tightly around herself, she fastened the row of rubber covered buttons and pulled the belt tightly into her waist, which was not an easy task wearing tight black rubber gloves. The heels of the rubber boots must have been at least 5 inches high as she had some difficulty keeping balance at first. Looking across the storeroom again, at her reflection in the glass of the small office partition, she saw how sexy she looked in this rubber dolls costume. And thoughts that she would dress the vixen like this in her next movie.

As she looked around the office and storeroom for evidence to convict her ex-manager, she noticed a small cupboard under a rack of shelves. Going over to it she missed her footing due to the high heels and fell against the racks, an open can tipped over and before she knew it she had been covered by the contents of the can. The contents smelt a bit sweet but her thinking was disturbed by a sound in the outer warehouse.

"Shit! Must be some sort of security check!!!" she thought and looked for somewhere to hide. As the sound of the guard got nearer, Barbara had an idea! Quickly moving over to the dolls base she got on to it, closed the wide plastic clip around her waist, put her hands in her pockets and stood very still. As the minutes ticked by, she could still hear the guard moving around outside in the warehouse. Finally, after what she thought was about ten minutes she heard the outer warehouse door open then close.

"About time!" she thought and started to take her hands out of her pockets

But... She couldn't!!!

"What... The!!!!" More and more she tried to remove her hands only to find them unable to leave the rubber

pockets.

It was then that she realized that she also couldn't more her feet off the plinth. "What the hell is going on here?" she thought to herself.

While she was trying to free herself, she saw the now empty can that had fallen off the shelf.

In the gleam of an outside street lamp, she found she could read the label: "QUICK DRYING RUBBER ADHESIVE"

"NO!" she thought. No wonder her hands were solid in the pockets of the long rubber coat, they were glued there! She also realized she must have gotten some of it on the rubber boots as well, which had made them glue themselves to the dolls base. "Now what am I do to?" she thought as struggled to free herself from her rubber prison.

How long she fought to release herself she couldn't tell, but she must have fallen asleep because the next thing she knew was that she awoke with a start. "What a dream!" she thought to herself until she realized that she was still held prisoner by the rubber dolls costume. She hadn't got a clue what the time was, that entire she could tell, was that it was morning. Once again, she tested her bonds but if anything they had gotten stronger overnight due to drying, then she heard the outer door open.

"Thank god, help has arrived," she said to herself.

Seconds later the door swung open, as it did so she said, "Hello could you help me as I seem .To... Be" her voice trailing off as she saw who had just entered the hidden room.

"Well, well if it isn't the vixen herself!" her ex-manager said stepping into the room.

"Just release me will you, I don't find this particularly comfortable you know," she said beginning to struggle again.

"Release you? From what?" he answered.

And so Barbara related the story from the beginning, after she had finished he walked over to her and tried to pull her hands out of the rubber coats pockets, but once again to no avail, so he tried her rubber booted feet, again the same result.

"You really are well packed you know, in fact you are so well packed it is a shame not to finish the job!!!" he said standing behind her.

"Finish the job! What do you meannnnnuhg?" her sentence cut short by his forcing a spare rubber stocking into her mouth and tying it tightly behind her head, effectively gagging her.

"There, that's better all nicely rubberized and gagged,

Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2005

now what can I use ...to! ah! That's it" and strode over to the pile of rubber trench coats that Barbara had seen earlier.

When he returned he was carrying some of the belts off the coats, which he began to strap around her body starting at the ankles then the knees, wrists, and finally her upper arms. Frantically she began to try to escape from the clutches of the very man she had come here to get evidence against. Soon he had sat down at the computer and had begun typing something into it, once done it printed out a small piece of paper. In the office glass she saw him behind her peel of the back of the paper and sticks it on the box behind her. Standing directly in front of her, he began to push both her and the stand she was stuck to backwards, at first she didn't realize what was going on until she found herself being put into the dolls box behind her.

"MUNNGHUGHNPH!!!!!!!!!" she screamed into her rubber gag.

"Don't bother dolly no-one will hear you! By the time my staff arrives you will be packed into the delivery van and on your way to my home in the hills. Where I will dress you in many more kinky rubber items, I especially can't wait to see you dressed in the tight black rubber maid's uniform I have!" he said finishing and pushing her into the dolls box. Standing back to admire his new rubber dolly, now held by the foam inserts inside the box, he closed the front door and could see her through the Perspex panel trying to fight the rubber that held her.

Barbara could on the other hand see right across the room to where she could see herself standing in a dolls box. A doll that was on its way to its new owner's house in the hills.



chaRRys by Jennifer

My name is chaRRys and I was born on Wednesday, February 1, 1989 at 5:45 p.m.

It started with a bondage contract that I wrote to my lover, C. I wanted to fulfill a long-standing fantasy and I thought this was the only way to do so. C accepted the contract and asked if he could discuss it with someone he knew; I agreed. He talked to Master Robin and arranged a meeting at BackDrop for 2:00 that afternoon. I didn't know what to expect at that meeting and was scared of it. The first thing I was aware of when we walked in was the friendly and caring attitudes of the people there. I felt that I was among friends. That helped a lot.

As we talked, I became less nervous. Then, Master Robin starting asking some questions to find out just what I wanted, what I was looking for. He then explained, and demonstrated just what a master/slave relationship could encompass. I hadn't really thought much about that kind of a relationship except as a one-time thing. I was impressed with the Ritual, though, and began to feel very in tune with the feelings in the room.

Master Robin then asked me if I wanted to wear my C's slave collar. My inside response was immediate -- yes! But I hesitated because I wanted to be sure that this was what I really wanted and I wasn't sure if C wanted this. Master Robin asked again and I didn't hesitate again, I answered yes.

I then went through the most memorable and moving experience I have ever had. Master Robin led me into another room and then called C in. He was very specific about what would be expected if I became a slave and was given an order -- it was to be followed immediately, no matter what it was or how I felt about doing it. It was explained that who and what I was would reflect on my master and in turn on Master Robin and then on the Club.

I was blindfolded and a leather collar was put around my neck and padlocked. The key to the lock was handed to me. It was explained that I was my own mistress and the choice of whether to remove the collar or give the key to C was mine. I chose to give him the key. The leather collar was removed and C's slave collar was put around my neck. He was then asked what my slave name was and he responded "chaRRys". My emotions and feelings during all this are mixed. There was fear, excitement, love, humility, wonder and the feeling that someone had kicked me in the chest! I had just given up all control to my life. I placed my life into the hands of another, my Master. I was scared; but deep inside of me was the feeling that this was right. This was what I was looking for in my life.

We moved back to the front room and continued talking. My slave training began that night. Master Robin's slaves taught me what it meant to be a good

slave, and a good slave is what I wanted to be. I was first shown how to properly massage my master's feet. I had done things like this before, but now there were new, more powerful feelings present. I was learning to do something to please my Master; not for my pleasure, but for his. By pleasing him I pleased myself. I felt elated, proud, happy and alive. I belonged to him. I could make him happy and give him pleasure by my presence and serving him. Later, as the evening progressed, I felt even more at home. I was where I belonged, at BackDrop, with my Master and sister slaves.

Fear hit me as Master Robin asked me if I wanted a session with him that night. I had been told that if I wanted something I would have to ask. I wanted to learn all I could, so I said yes. Master Robin took me to his house, told me to kneel, and gagged me. He explained that although he had the right to do with me as he pleased, he would not exercise that right. He explained he had something to teach me. He wanted me so sexually turned on that when my Master arrived I would "fuck his brains out." If I failed, I would be severely punished.

I was wearing no makeup, a sweat shirt, jeans and tennis shoes. Master Robin told me to remove all my clothes and jewelry, everything but my slave collar. I was told to stand, legs spread, and arms out to my sides in the air. He turned me around to face a mirror behind me and take a good look. Did I like what I saw? No! That, I was told would reflect on my Master. I could change what I didn't like.

Master Robin gave me pantyhose to wear, and then he dressed me in an attractive black and green dress, with a pair of black pumps to complete the outfit. He then showed me which feminine types of clothing to wear. These included: long nightgowns, slit up the side; thigh-high stockings (no pantyhose); short wraparound skirts; a cape or cloak. I was told to dress in a feminine and pleasing manner to be a credit to my Master.

Then, my Master arrived. He was pleased with the way I looked and I resolved then to always be a credit to him. By looking attractive, it would make him proud and happy to be my Master. I'm afraid that due to a shortness of time I was unable to totally follow Master Robin's first order, but I will absolutely obey it at my earliest opportunity.

During the drive home, I kept fingering my collar. I realized that this was not a game; it was reality, my reality. This was what I had been looking for; motivation, purpose, and a reason to make changes in myself. Changes which I desired to make but could not do before.

I also realized that I no longer had to worry about when would I see him again or if he loved me. I belonged to him, I would see him when he wanted to see me, and I would give him something others would not, total obedience. There is a great deal of security and peace of mind in these

thoughts. I had a purpose in life, a new reason to be alive.

I am now fully submissive to him, yet I don't feel like a doormat. I have intelligence, initiative and intuition. I plan to use them all, as I believe he expects me to use them, for my benefit and his.

I have always had this picture in my mind of what a slave is, humiliated, beaten, and looked down on. I now realize that my perception wasn't necessarily correct. I consider it an honor to be accepted as a slave. If C had not felt that I had value, he wouldn't have accepted me as his slave and put his collar on me.

The longer I wear his collar, the more at peace I become. He is my protector, he is my Master. The thought of having to take his collar off, unbelievably upsets me.

I AM chaRRys. I like who she is and who she has become. I enjoy wearing a slave collar. I feel safe, secure, protected, guided. I feel a little sorry for those who never have and never will feel the security of a collar. I now have an opportunity for growth beyond anything I ever imagined.

I would feel lost without a collar, without an anchor in a stormy sea. I hope I am never without one. I wish I could shout my feelings from the roof tops, and tell all my friends. I wish I could tell everyone how happy I am! How good it feels! My collar colors everything I think, say or do, and I love it.

Until you have worn someone's slave collar, someone you honor and respect and care about, you can't really understand. I know that until now I would not have. Becoming a slave is not for everyone, but for me it was, and is, the best thing that has happened in a long time.

When choosing a Mistress/Master

Mistress Michelle Peters

When choosing a Mistress/Master tries the following:

- 1) Trial and error-- This probably would be the best way, but this would be the most expensive. I have a slave who spent over one hundred thousand dollars on Mistresses before he found the Mistress of his dreams. Who was she? You need to ask?
- 2) Letters or e-mail-- This may be one way, however most Mistresses get flooded with tremendous amounts of mail. Therefore they can not give a good response to your letter like they would like to. Some may, some may not, and it is not a sure way.
- 3) Checking various magazines and websites-- This is not always a sure way but certainly one of the better ways to make contact. In the magazines some publications do not take the time to check ads. They want to sell magazines; they could care less if the person is real, just as long as they sell magazines. The only way is to stop this is to write to the magazine when you get ripped off. A lot of

Mistresses mean well but some don't know what they are doing, be careful of ads. The same thing applies to websites. I would say 80% or more haven't a clue what B&D is really about.

4) Physical Appeal-- A great body and face are an asset. Qualifications are not based on looks! If you go to the doctor, do you refuse him because of his looks? You choose a doctor because of qualifications. Yes, great to have both, but that is not always necessary. Be leery of non photo adds, you should know what your Mistress looks like.

5) Education, Experience, & Equipment-- A good Mistress doesn't necessarily have to have a PHD, but education is an asset when communication is important between the Mistress and slave. An educated Mistress will more than likely inquire into different areas of B&D, therefore is more than likely to do research in different areas. Knowing more about the subject thus makes her a good Mistress. Experience is a definite asset, the longer a Mistress has been into B&D, privately or professionally the more she has learned about slaves and needs of slaves. Providing she uses her experience and broadens it, striving to make it limitless. Equipment is a great asset, a large well equipped dungeon not only shows the Mistress's interest but it also sets a mood. However if you don't use your equipment it is worthless. So where do you begin, well I hope with me. Many slaves search for the Dominant of their dreams and this question still remains unanswered. Many searches through local and national magazines, websites, and the slave discovered that majority of those placing adds were phonies more interested in cash than practicing the highly sophisticated and developed art of domination. These slaves walk away disappointed and embittered as a result of their experience. But have also learned that there are better ways to seek out that true Mistress, better sources where true dominants advertise. One of those, of course is me! It has taken an odyssey to discover where the brightest star shines! Hope you find your shining STAR!!!

Club/Staff Changes & News

We have had several changes in our staff. Check our web page <http://www.backdrop.net/Staff/staff.html>

The Club Library has been "enlightened" by a new chandelier style lamp to make reading easier, and it does not add additional lighting to the dungeon/play space.

We also have some new equipment installed in the play space. Some of it is absolutely "good news / bad news"!

Next month, we will be issuing a new style membership cards. They will look more like a credit card than the current ones.

Barbie Days by Sara

Recently here at BackDrop I decided to finish a project that has been on hold for a few months. This project started when I was unpacking some of the neat toys and gifts people have made for Robin over the years.



One of those toys is a Barbie like doll that was turned into a pony girl including bells, reins, cart and latex outfit. I decided I wanted to see just how many fetish and fantasy dolls I could make using what normally comes with Barbie. I found a doll that had a collar....they thought it was a choker with a flower attached....I simply removed the flower! I found a dog dish, bones and puppies for Puppy Ken to play with. I found a Barbie in riding gear to drive the original pony girl cart. I even managed to find a Barbie that looks like a man cross dressed for a night of being The Diva Herself. So I decided to take all the supplies that I have collected, the dolls, and my ideas to the building for "Barbie Days". I enlisted some of our creative ladies and gave them each a doll to transform. While they worked on creating a new & improved version, I finished the ones I had started. I turned pregnant "Barbie" and her crib into The Pregnant Bondage Exam.

I gave Barbie's blond friend a haircut and then made Trixie, The Pony Girl in-training a custom Pony Tail.

Josephina used a stir stick & condom to make Vacuum Bed Vanessa, while Elizabeth made Suspended Bondage Susan. Violet is currently working on Latex Comfort while I turned photo model Barbie into a moving spanking doll. I paired her up with one of the original gifts...Man on a Rack and created CBT Spank-N-Paddle Christy. Next time you are in our neighborhood, stop in to see what fun we've had with Barbie or maybe even make something to add to our collection!