

Party-Lines Newsletter for October, 2002

BackDrop Club Calendar for October and November 2002

You can call 650-965-4499 to make reservations, or you can go online to www.backdrop.net

Time and Event	Event	Are Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to nonmembers	Member Price	Nonmember Price
Saturday 5pm Sept 28 th	Leather Workshop at Folsom Fringe					
Saturday 8pm October 5 th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm October 6 th	Mistress/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Thursday 8pm October 10 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm October 13 th	Pony play workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm October 20 th	Bondage Safety Class	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$10/Couple	\$15/Person
Sunday 2pm October 27 th	"People as Objects" Workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Saturday 8pm Nov 2 nd	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm Nov 10 th	Meet the Staff and Open House	Yes	40 People	Yes	Free	\$10/Person
Thursday 8pm Nov 14 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm Nov 17 th	Master/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm Nov 24 th	How to Meet Others Workshop	Yes	15 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person

Story by Michael M

Here is my first attempt I would appreciate knowing what you think.

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He feels the monster within himself. The roaring anger the flashing actions that disrupt and break all they contact. He takes his deep breath letting go of the blood thoughts. The girl stands before him. She comes to him for an experience a thrill. She does not know him nor is she equipped to. He smiles taking most of her long hair in his hand he brings her to her knees and then steps back. In a voice as unyielding as steel he tells her "You are here to please me. You will do as I say and speak only in reply to my questions. You may say yellow to ease things or red to stop them all together. Those words are your emergency breaks your choice is to use them or accept what I choose. I will punish you for my own enjoyment. You are safe here with me you are in my hands alone I have taken measures to be sure we will not be disturbed".

He crosses the three paces between them lifts her wrists over her head and quickly knots them together with rope he pulled from his pocket. She tries to lean against him gasping in surprise he smiles lifting up on her wrists keeping her in front of him not allowing contact. His hand holding the black rope which softly bites into the skin of her wrist raising her higher she lifts her heels up in her pumps straining to maintain balance. He brings her arms down to her lap. His left arm then wraps her chest now with his right hand he pulls a collar from his pocket, places it on her neck and then buckles it. His mouth close to her ear he speaks his words seeming soundless to her as if they are spoken in her mind without her hearing them being said. "This collar means you are mine" now say back to me "I am yours". She is shaken this already is effecting her more than she had expected she raises her chin slightly to say; "I am yours". He snorts in disgust "that's not very convincing". She lowers her head frightened and sad she had not pleased him. "Perhaps enduring some punishment will help you feel possessed by me". The word punishment causes her to shiver in spite of the warm summer wind. From his bag he takes a

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lock and joins her tied hands to his collar she now wears. "Lets talk about punishment shall we" he teases her while watching her closely. "There is over the knee spanking", she pushes her bottom slightly out at these words and she fails to hide the ghost of a smile.

"I'll save that as a reward when you please me. We have talked about caning and you have consented", she backs slightly from him and lowers her head. "There is humiliation my friends in the hunting lodge would enjoy seeing you with a pony tail in your ass a bridle in your mouth and me leading you about making you do tricks". Her head lowers still more and barely shakes side to side. Then something she has read crosses her mind she bends down to her knees and tentatively kisses the tops of his boots. Even as he reminds himself of his own vulnerability to this ploy for sympathy his body reacts. The blood pounds in his ears his frame stiffens as all his muscles tighten like bow strings he shakes his head to clear it as she slowly presses her lips to his boot while her hips sway side to side. That is pleasing to me he admits to himself way too pleasing. He reaches down wraps her hair around his fist and lifts her to her feet she moans softly anticipating the intensity she feels emanating from him. He backs her to a tree by his bag and tells her " lean on the tree and don't move". With two hands he blindfolds her. He pulls a large nail and a hammer from his bag and drives a nail into the tree six inches from the top of her head. He wraps her hair around the nail several times and secures it with a clasp he made for this purpose.

He places his index and pointer finger in her mouth, "suck for me". She sucks on his fingers becoming more aroused. He sees her bumping her ass back into the tree and trying to pull more of his digits into where she can hold them warm and wet. He pulls them out of her mouth she whimpers and tries to lower her head but the nail holding her hair gives her no such freedom. He unbuttons her silk blouse and unfastens her bra, which hasps in front. He grins slightly saying, "It is good you wore the underwear I told you to". She wiggles and leans toward him in response to his approval. He pulls from his bag a rope and wraps her waist and the tree in a tight three-inch band knotting it securely. He presses his torso against her and whispers "you look so lovely like this to me." He unties her hands then using the same rope ties them behind her with the rope going around the back of the tree.

He then ties her ankles apart with more rope going behind the tree. Like a dense fog of fear, her vulnerability backdrops her awareness of the scene. His hands cup her breasts from below his fingertips slide over her nipples causing her legs to shake. He pulls clamps from his pocket and attaches first to her left

nipple and then to her right she gasps as the first clamp tightens and continues gasping as he finishes the second. He brings his lips to her neck kissing, brushing. He feels the blood rushing just below the surface and his arms tighten up so they feel like rocks to him. He smells her she arches her bottom away from the tree trying to press her sex to him. Her head leans slightly from side to side she is very high in her arousal and sees no sign of any release. This is the punishment the torture he craves to watch her endure. He runs his teeth over her jugular vein begins to bite then jerks his own head away growling deep in his throat not all of his appetites will be satiated tonight.

J12

A noise awakened her with a start. She did not immediately recognize the sound, so she tried to turn her head toward the noise. That was when she had her first surprise: her head didn't move because there seemed to be something holding her head in place. In a panic, she tried to raise her hands to her head to evaluate the problem and received another surprise, her hands didn't move. In a panic, she tried to roll over, and found that it was not only impossible, but highly unlikely: she was not lying in her bed, but was standing in a vertical position. Unable to move, she tried to scream for help, but found that her voice made only soft, unintelligible, mumbling sounds.

She was held in a totally implacable position, and she could not sense any light, sound, or air movement. She searched her mind for a word that described her current position. The only word that came to mind was, "huh?" She could not remember how she got here, or even where "here" was. She had no idea how long it had been, or why anyone would do this to her. Then the second word, "terror" struck. Why would anyone do this to her? What were their plans and/or motives? One thing was for sure, she was going to be "here", until "they" wanted her someplace else. After many hours of trying to find answers to all of her questions, she fell asleep, something she didn't think was possible while standing up.

Sometime later, (she had no idea how long) she came back into consciousness. Again the questions flooded back, but still no answers. But now, there seemed to be new questions like, "Why don't I feel hungry?" Many hours and more unanswered questions seemed to take her strength from her, and she drifted back to sleep. This process repeated itself many times, but her questions still had no answers. The cycle seemed to repeat itself so often that she lost count.

For some unknown reason, she awoke quickly. "Wait a minute," she thought. "There is something new here!" Up

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until now, her body had seemed to be coated with something that seemed like rigid concrete. Something that held her entire body in a definite, unmovable grip. For some reason, she could now wiggle her fingers and move her head: oh so slightly, but she could sense movement. She tried to open her eyes, but something was preventing that action. She had a terrible rubber taste in her mouth. She found that she could neither spit it out, nor close her mouth. As a matter of fact, whatever was in her mouth was wedging it open so far, she was afraid it would cause severe damage to her jaw.

She could sense, but not hear, another person in the room. She yelled out for help: no response. She struggled to get free: no luck there either. She settled back to wait: there was nothing else she could do.

After what seemed to be hours of waiting, she heard a door open and she heard footsteps approaching her. She began a serious search for a prayer of deliverance, but she was too intent on listening to the footsteps.

An apparently blinding light assaulted her as a blindfold was removed from her eyes. She tried to focus her eyes and take inventory of her surroundings. He said, "Go slow. Your eyes need time to readjust to light." He? Who was he? As her eyes found better focus, she looked at him. He was in his late forties, black trousers, black T-shirt and black boots. He wore a dark purple beret with a white stripe around the bottom, and it had some kind of gold and silver crest, military medallion, or something, embroidered on it. She tried to see behind and around him to glean any kind of information about "here". "Here" was a large room with a high vaulted ceiling. There was a mirror on the wall behind "him". In the mirror's reflection, she could see another female to the right of her. She was bound to what could only be described as a frame on wheels. There was a vertical post immediately in front of the other girl, with what appeared to be a massive rubber ball attached to it. The ball had been forced into the mouth of the other girl, with a leather strap around her head, holding her head in place. Her arms were strapped together behind her back: her elbows were almost touching. There seemed to be straps every few inches holding her to the pole in an extremely tight embrace: above and below her breasts, around her waist, around her buttocks. It was at this point that the pole seemed to make a right-angle turn and disappeared between her legs. As the pole reappeared behind her buttocks, it made another right-angle turn, this time downward, and was attached to the wheeled base. Again, there were straps every few inches holding her thighs, calves and ankles in an implacable embrace. The other girl was wearing a black and silver corset, with matching panties and bra, stockings and a pair of very high heels. "How could 'the other girl' stand being on display like

that? Doesn't she know what she looks like?" The man stepped slightly to her left, and for the first time, she saw herself in the mirror. She was in exactly the same kind of frame, being held in exactly the same position as 'the other girl'. She started to cry. No, cry was the wrong word: she started to weep uncontrollably.

He stepped in front of her again, and taking her by the shoulders, he wheeled her frame to a position next to the other girl. "Now, I'm sure you must have dozens, if not hundreds, of questions, so, some answers. You are at 'The Academy', which is a slave training facility. Who sent you here, or how you got here, is none of my business. My only concern is that you learn, and learn you will, or I will be unhappy. If I am unhappy, I will make you more unhappy. You will be at The Academy until I say you may leave, and you will not leave here until you have learned all of my lessons. Now comes the first test. If you feel you would like to begin your lessons, blink your eyes twice."

Not knowing why, she blinked her eyes. He said nothing. He walked to the far wall, picked up a telephone and waited. A few moments later, two more people arrived: a man and a woman. No one said anything. They simply began pushing the frame with 'the other girl' out of the room. Had she done something wrong? She had blinked her eyes because she thought it was the right thing to do. Had 'the other girl' not blinked? She would never know the answer.

He walked back in front of her and, touching her cheek with his cheek, he whispered into her ear. "Very good, little one, and now we can begin our lessons." He placed his thumbs on either side of her neck, just below her ears. When he pressed his thumbs inward, she could swear that she could feel and see lightning coursing through her head. The woman who had removed 'the other girl' returned to stand beside him. "First things first," he said. "My name is unimportant to you, but from now on, you will refer to me as Sir. You will refer to my friend here as D-7. Do you understand?" She blinked her eyes. "You don't need or have a name here, but we will refer to you as J-12. Do you understand?" Again she blinked her eyes.

Sir took a handful of her hair and pulled on it so tightly she was afraid it would be pulled from her scalp. She tried to move her head to relieve the pressure, but the ball in her mouth and the strap around her head held her in place. He moved his face to a position where his lips almost touched hers. "The first lesson begins now."

Sir and D-7 wheeled J-12 to a small bench along in front of the mirror. They began removing the straps holding J-12 to the frame and she tried to move her arms. She quickly found that her arms were totally ineffectual because they had been bound behind her back for so

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long. Sir slightly turned the frame and pushed a lever with his foot. The frame began to shrink in height. By turning a lever on the frame, the rubber ball and the strap around her head were disconnected from the frame. Sir and D-7 assisted J-12 from the frame and walked her across the room. She was in a standing position as they guided her hands to the horizontal bar just above shoulder level. Sir and D-7 encircled each of J-12's wrists with a leather cuff and then connected the cuffs to the bar. J-12 heard a motor start in to motion, and then felt her hands being pulled upward. Just when J-12 felt her feet begin to leave the floor, Sir stepped behind her and began to tighten and retighten the laces to her corset. J-12 was beginning to feel faint as her body was crushed beneath the corset, but he continued with the task. He then took something that was the same shape and color as her corset and placed it around her neck, and tightened the laces in it as well. It seemed that she was unable to breathe because of the collar, and unable to use any of the air because of the corset. He walked to a nearby drawer and removed a pair of penis-shaped devices that really frightened her, for she knew they would be installed in her body. Her body was not equipped for the pressures or the sensations that the devices elicited. A strap was fed between her legs and attached to the corset, front and back.

The motor was started again, but this time it let her wrists down. Sir and D-7 uncoupled the wrist cuffs and hooked them together behind her back. A piece of black leather with straps all over it was forced up and over her arms. Sir tightened each strap until J-12's arms elbows and hands were crushed inside the leather. J-12 was then guided to a small bench where she was helped into a seated position. Sir tied her ankles, knees and thighs together using some black straps that D-7 had brought from a cabinet. He took another one and connected one end to her collar and the other to the strap around her knees. This pulled her head down to a point, mere inches from her knees. If the corset had been bad, this new body position was really bad.

"For your information, you will never walk in shoes with a heel less than four inches tall." She tried to turn her head to see Sir, and thought, "If I am allowed to walk ever again . . ." A moment of panic hit her as she changed her mind, "If I am ABLE to walk ever again!"

Sir brought a chair over to her bench, and with a flick of his wrist, motioned that D-7 was dismissed. After hearing the door close behind her, Sir again put his cheek next to J-12's.

"Shall we begin, J-12? Blink your eyes twice to signify 'yes'."

She responded in the affirmative.

"Now, before I get too far along here, I want to tell you

the ground rules. I am going to teach you a couple of words that are acronyms. The words are 'HOPE', 'FAITH' and 'CHARITY'. As you learn each lesson, you will be given rewards. I may loosen a rope here or there, or give you something to eat, or maybe give you some form of sexual reward. As we proceed from one level to the next, you will be given tests. If you fail a test, we start back at ground zero with lesson one, with you in some form of punishment bondage. Do you understand?" Again she blinked twice.

"Your first lesson begins with the word 'HOPE' which is an acronym for 'Humility', 'Obedience', 'Perceptiveness' and 'Enjoyment'." He whispered the sentence several times in her ear, each time touching her body in a pleasurable place and manner. "Do you think you are ready for the test for Lesson One?"

Two more blinks, and then a look of inquisitiveness. "How in the h*ll can I take a test with my mouth filled with this blasted rubber ball preventing speech?" It was as if he had read her mind: he reached behind her head and unbuckled the strap holding the rubber ball in place. "Hope stands for Humility, Obedience, Perceptiveness and Enjoyment."

He stood very still for a moment, before his hand returned to the sides of her head and the lightning exploded inside her brain. "Hope stands for Humility, Obedience, Perceptiveness and Enjoyment, comma, Sir!"

"Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir! Hope stands for Humility, Obedience, Perceptiveness and Enjoyment, Sir!"

"What does Humility mean, J-12?"

"To be humble, to know and serve a Master, Sir?"

"No, actually the word is Humility. It does not mean that the slave should be humiliated or demeaned in any manner; it means to be aware of your own shortcomings. Why is that important, J-12?"

"Because if you know your weaknesses, you can correct them, Sir?"

"Very good, very good. What about Obedience?"

"To do what you are told without question, Sir?"

"Wrong answer, J-12! You should always evaluate a command given to you! If you are given a command that is beyond your ability, let your Master know so that he can help you. If you are given a command that might endanger you, ask your Master if that is his true intent. Only if he says 'Yes' must you then comply. What about Perceptiveness?"

"To perceive, Sir?"

"To perceive what, J-12?"

"I'm not sure, Sir."

"To perceive what the Master wants. Do not wait for him to give you each and every small command. What about Enjoyment? Does that mean that you can not have enjoyment or feel happiness?"

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"I don't know, Sir."

"How do you feel when you answer a question correctly? Is it enjoyable?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What are the words for HOPE, J-12?"

"Hope stands for Humility, Obedience, Perceptiveness and Enjoyment, Sir"

With that, he nuzzled her neck as he untied the rope between her collar and her knees, holding her in an extreme position. He removed the arm binder and told her that at any time her hands were not busy that they should be held behind her back, hand in hand. He had her stand and ordered that her arms be placed straight out from her body and horizontal to the floor. He took several minutes (which seemed like hours to her) adjusting her hands and fingers into a position of his liking. "O', J12?"

"Obedience, Sir?"

"Is that an answer, or another question?"

"An answer, Sir."

"And 'P'?"

"Perceptiveness, Sir."

"Can you give me a good example of perceptiveness, J12?"

She stood there, not knowing what to do. He took her chin in his hand and moved it side to side slightly, looking into her eyes. What did he want? What was she supposed to do?

"A perceptive slave would find something enjoyable to do with her arms, J-12"

She slipped her arms around his neck and took a quarter step toward him. He guided her into a position where their bodies were touching. Gently at first, and then with escalating force, he put his arms around her body and gave her a breathtaking squeeze. He placed his cheek next to hers, and whispered, "Do you see how it all fits together? 'Humility' showed there was a lesson to be learned; 'Obedience' was holding your arms out; 'Perceptiveness' was recognizing that I wanted you to put your arms around me; and. . ."

She giggled a little and said, "I received 'Enjoyment', Sir."

"Very good, very good, little one. I do hope that you will learn your lessons quickly, and well. Now, the next word is FAITH: to be Feminine,

Articulate, Imaginative, Tactile, and Hospitable."

As he went through each of the words for FAITH, explaining the meanings of each, he looked into her face and he could see the beginning of tears welling up inside her. "Why the tears, J-12?"

"I am not sure I can remember all of the meanings, and I am so afraid of failing, Sir. I don't want to repeat the

last lesson, Sir. I don't think I am capable of learning, I am not smart enough, Sir. I feel kind of worthless, Sir."

He forcefully turned her around and gave her a hard swat on her buttocks. "You can and will learn all of the lessons that I give you. There are no reasons and no excuses for failure. As for worthlessness, get that thought out of your pretty little head. You are here because someone thinks you are worthy of teaching. You are wearing a collar because someone feels you have value. No one would waste his money or my time sending you here to learn if you were worthless. Now, pull yourself together, J-12!"

"But what if I forget and fail a test, Sir?"

"It is very simple, J-12. If you are given a test and you do not know an answer, ask for help immediately. You will only be punished if you are given a test and you fail that test. Asking questions before you start a test are perfectly all right." Again, he whispers the words into her ears, and she is able to suppress her tears.

"J-12, what is a Master?"

"He is someone that owns you, Sir?"

"No, try again."

"He is the person in control, Sir?"

"Wrong again, J-12. Think of the word Master on a larger scale. If I were to say, 'Italian Master', or 'French Master', what would you think?"

"An artist, Sir"

"As HOPE, FAITH and CHARITY are acronyms, I also like to think that MASTER also has meaning."

"Sir?"

"MASTER stands for Magician, Artist, Sensitive, Teacher, Educated and Responsible," he answered, and then pointed his finger and tapped her forehead and said, "but you do not need to know that. I am a Master; you are but a slave. Learn those things that will help you graduate and move on from the Academy. I would like to know something, however," he said, as he reached across and took her hands and placed them side by side, finger tip to finger tip. "If your right hand is a Master and the left hand is a slave, what do you think are the dynamics between a Master and slave?"

She thought about it for a moment and placed her right hand above her left. She then looked at her hands for a moment, and inverted her left hand, and moved them both in an upward manner. "It would seem to me that the Master and slave should be working together. If the Master is the Teacher, and the slave the student, then they should both move upward toward some greater goal."

He stood and walked to her, and took both of her hands in his. "Do you know that I have been training slaves for many years, and you are only one of a half dozen or so that have figured that out! What is the 'P' in HOPE?"

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She stood there with a look of sheer terror, and with a quaking voice, said, "Patience, Sir?"

He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back, stood with his face above her. "If you are trying to try my patience or make me angry, that won't work. If you are trying to get yourself punished, that is working." He reached over and picked up a large rubber gag and placed it in her mouth, buckling the strap behind her head. At first she didn't understand the meaning of the black bulb on the end of a rubber hose projecting from the gag. When he picked up the bulb and held it in front of her and gave it a squeeze, a feeling of fear and dread quickly returned to her life. The gag in her mouth expanded slightly more with each squeeze of the bulb, and after three or four times, the gag had expanded to an enormous size. He put his cheek next to hers and whispered into her ears, "If you are not going to use your mouth to give correct answers, there is no reason to have your mouth available." He guided her back to the bench and sat her upon it in a rough manner. He lifted her left foot and removed the four-inch high-heel and replaced it with a shoe with a seven and a half inch heel. Her foot, from ankle to toes, was a straight vertical line, pointed at the floor. He did likewise with her right foot. He grasped her arms in a very firm grip and nearly lifted her into a standing position. "Well, I guess it is time to return to Lesson One."

She shook her head in a side-to-side motion in an effort to establish the idea that she did not want that to happen. He again placed his cheek next to hers, and asked in a whispering voice, "Tell me J-12, my little one, don't you realize that wrong answers will make you very uncomfortable?"

She shook her head in an up and down motion very quickly in an attempt to signify an affirmative answer.

He removed the gag, and simply asked, "P?"

"Perceptiveness, Sir."

He again took a handful of hair and pulled her head back and looked down into her eyes. About the time she began to think she had made another mistake, he smiled and kissed her passionately on the mouth. After a few moments, he withdrew his lips, and she found she was trying to breathe very deeply and yet she was nearly breathless all at the same time. A very warm feeling infused her entire body, and a brief thought that this was the first time in her life she had ever felt a kiss like that. Even her toes tried to curl, albeit unsuccessfully because of her shoes.

Without another word, he turned her around so that her back was toward him and he removed her corset and bra. He helped her step into a very short, very tight, red PVC skirt and a black top. Once in place, he turned her so that she was again facing him. He reached over to a dressing

table, picked up a tube of red lipstick and applied it to her lips. She stood there, almost dumbfounded. No one had ever applied her makeup for her, and she found that it brought out feelings she had never felt before. She felt that she was being totally controlled and beautified at the same time. The application of lipstick reminded her of being kissed, yet somehow also of being taught. He was showing her that she had great value, but that things were going to be done his way. Her mind was a flurry of thoughts. "J-12, what is the 'F' in Faith?"

"Feminine, Sir."

He grabbed her shoulders and turned her to face the mirror. As she watched, he took a white piece of cloth, and with very little prompting, she opened her mouth to accept the white gag. She looked at the image of her standing there; her dark hair held in place by a white ribbon; her red lips in juxtaposition with the white cloth; and the red skirt and the black top separated by several inches of bare skin. She followed the white stockings downward to her ankles and the seven-plus inch high heels on her feet. Yes, she could see 'Feminine'. She had never, in her entire life, ever thought to wear such an outfit. Yet, as she stood before the mirror, she could feel absolutely feminine. Without saying anything, he turned her around so that she again faced the mirror. He undid the fastenings of the black PVC top and replaced it with a sheer white blouse. As he placed it on her body, she moved her hands to a position behind her back, and looked up into his eyes as he methodically fastened each button. She wanted to turn her lips to him and to kiss him, but he just went about the business of dressing her.

He attached a silver collar around her neck, placing and actuating a small lock behind her head. He attached a leash to collar and gave a single word command, "Follow."

She started to respond, but thought the gag was an absolute command of silence. True, the gag might have slowed or slurred speech, but she didn't think it would prevent her from speaking. They left the training room and walked down a corridor that seemed to have small rooms or apartments on either side. After a few moments, he stood before a door and, as he placed his hand on a pad next to it, it opened inward. She followed. He moved her to the far wall, and just said, "Stand there."

Many mixed emotions ran through her mind. Her feet had fallen asleep and were in pain, but at least she didn't have to walk on them.

A few moments later, he returned wearing something that looked like a bathrobe, but not quite. He picked up her leash and gave a short tug that indicated he wanted her to follow. Now what, she asked herself. After a few steps and a few quick turns, she found herself on the end

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of a leash standing in what might be considered a bathing area. He backed against a wall, facing a shower, and hooked the leash to a hook on the wall. He lifted her hands so that they were straight out, arms bent at the elbow. He picked up a towel and placed it in her upturned hands. He took several minutes, lathering and shaving himself with a straight razor, applying some kind of scent to his face. She was just standing there, another appliance in his bathroom, holding his towel. He left the room for a moment, and when he returned, he walked up to her, their bodies touching. He took up her leash and pulled it upward, so that they were again standing cheek to cheek. "Would you like to stand here and hold my towel like a good little slave, or would you care to join me in a slave shower?"

After but a brief pause, she nodded her head in assent.

He very slowly removed each item of her clothing, taking what seemed to be forever to fold and place each item on a nearby cabinet. Once she was nude, he took a blindfold from his pocket and covered her eyes, turning her to face the wall. He adjusted the water temperature and took her wrist. Not her hand, but her wrist. He guided her steps into the shower and quickly tied something around each wrist, then tied them to opposing walls in the shower. He used soap and a cloth to wash her body. He let the cloth drop and continued washing her with naught but his hands. He washed her breasts. He washed her everywhere; no part of her was left untouched. He rinsed her off and then untied her hands from the walls.

He turned her to face him and removed her blindfold, saying simply, "My turn." She looked at him for a moment. He was well tanned, well muscled, and well . . . She bathed and caressed his body in much the same manner that he had treated hers.

After many long minutes of bathing, he turned off the water, and stepped from the shower. Not knowing what to expect, she hesitated a moment. He then used the towel to dry the shower droplets from her body, taking exceptional care to dry around her breasts and between her legs. She had never felt emotions like these. Sir replaced the collar and leash, and put his robe back on. She felt so vulnerable. Somehow, in that moment, she knew that she wanted to be his. Somehow, in that moment, he read her thoughts. "I think it is time for sleep, J-12. Since you are new to being a slave, and since you have done such a marvelous job in your lessons, I am going to give you a choice. You can return to your slave quarters, or you may spend the night sleeping in my bed." She seemed to hesitate a moment and he added, "If you are returned to your quarters, your leash and collar will be locked to the bed, but beyond that there will be no restraints. If you are to sleep in my bed, you

will sleep bound, gagged and hooded. Do you understand?" She looked around the bathing area for her needs. She picked up the white gag, placed in her mouth, and tied the ends behind her head. She then retrieved the collar and leash and placed it around her neck. Next, she picked up the ropes, still wet, and offered them to Sir.

He guided her to his sleeping area, and had her kneel on the floor next to the bed. He searched for and found a short length of chain and two locks which he installed on her wrists, arms behind her back. He placed a leather hood over her head and buckled it in place. It shut out all light, and nearly all sound. Her breathing was ragged, but tolerable. He guided her into his bed and he lie on his back, looking at the ceiling.

She was lying on her side, her head on his shoulder. She quietly, and softly, moved her leg over his legs.

He lay there, thinking of his day's work and all that had transpired. He looked at the form of J-12, lying beside him, and wondered what tomorrow, and his future, would be like. He cautiously removed the leather hood from her head and kissed her. It was a long, passionate and emotional kiss. She tried to move her hands to one side of her body so that she might touch him in some way, but found that this was no simple challenge.

Just as she thought she was making progress, Sir rolled over, his back to her. She lay there for a moment, totally awestruck. Then joy returned to her: he had momentarily rolled over to turn off the lights . . .

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CAULDRON OF FEAR

by Jennifer Jane Pope www.chimerabooks.com

Set in the latter half of the seventeenth century, in an England governed by Cromwell and ruled by fear and superstition, this is a tale of ignorance versus wealth and so-called education, where, despite the fact that the notorious Witchfinder General, Matthews Hopkins has supposedly died in disgrace some fifteen years since, his acolytes continue his nefarious work in the more remote villages and hamlets.

Greed, torture and a clandestine white slavery network are all intertwined here, where the wrong word, a misinterpreted glance, or simply a pretty maiden spurning the advances of a powerful admirer, can lead to a gruesome death, or, worse still, a life of degradation, humiliation and constant agonies.

Add a handful of would-be genuine witches, with their own specialty of abduction and torture and life in rural Hampshire starts to become more than just a little precarious.

And now for the promised extract ...

Her name was Miranda Parkes, but the people here persisted in calling her

Kitty, not just refusing to acknowledge her real identity, but actively punishing her with their cruel whips if she dared try not responding to the name they had given her, let alone when she tried to insist that they use her correct title.

'Here you are Kitty,' the young overseer had told her, gripping her jaw between a powerful thumb and forefinger and jerking her face up towards his own. 'You're Kitty here and you'll be Kitty from now on, unless your new master decides to rename you.'

'But I'm not a slave,' Miranda squeaked, defiantly. She clenched and unclenched her fists in desperate frustration, but her wrists had remained strapped to her hips as they had been when she had first recovered consciousness in this awful place. 'I'm not a slave,' she repeated, futilely.

The overseer, whose name was Adam, released his grip on her and pushed her away from him.

'Is that so?' he smirked. 'Well, you look like a slave, right enough, for no free woman I ever knew would stand before men shamelessly showing off her titties like you do.' Miranda felt her cheeks redden, for she had almost managed to forget that she was kept so terribly near naked.

'It's not my choice to be like this,' she whispered, lowering her eyes, grimacing as she saw how hard and extended her nipples appeared. 'If you would permit me, I'd cover myself suitably.'

'I think your appearance is suitable enough,' Adam laughed, 'for a slave girl.' He slapped the short leather crop against his high boot, making Amanda wince. 'And that's what you are, Kitty, whether you like it or not, so the sooner you start learning how a slave should properly behave, the easier it will be for you.' He flexed the crop meaningfully.

'So,' he said, silkily, 'what's it to be, or shall I add a few more stripes to those rosy little bottom cheeks?' Kitty winced again, for if the immediate pain of the whipping he had given her that first evening had faded, the memory had not and she did not have to try too hard to recall each of the six burning stripes he had laid across her buttocks. She let out a long breath.

'I don't want to be whipped again,' she said, quietly.

'Master,' Adam reminded her. She sighed again. 'I don't want to be whipped again, master,' she corrected. 'What is it you want me to do?'

'Whatever I tell you,' he said, smiling now. 'It won't be that hard to learn, I promise you. Now, step up closer and present those slave girl titties for my inspection.' Swallowing hard, Amanda took a pace forward and forced herself to draw her shoulders back, thrusting her generous mounds into even greater prominence. Adam's free hand reached out, hefting the left breast carefully, kneading one side gently with his thumb. To her chagrin, Amanda felt a tremor run up and down her arched spine and an involuntary little squeal escaped her lips before she could check it.

'Very good, Titty Kitty,' Adam purred, evidently pleased with the reaction to his touch. 'Look down now, see how your teats swell to my caresses. Why, I swear that if you weren't wearing your slave harness then you'd throw yourself wantonly upon me, you brazen little trollop.'

He let the whip drop at his feet and now his left hand began to explore, but this time much lower down, pushing between the stiff leather strap between her thighs and searching, first for her recently denuded mound and then for the swollen lips that had now begun to throb as though they had developed a will of their own.

'Ah, naughty Titty Kitty,' he breathed, his mouth close to her right ear. 'What's this then, are we all wet down here? And so hot, too. Would you like me to take care of this hungry little cunny, Titty Kitty?'

'Yes, master.' Amanda could not believe that she had said that and was on the point of drawing back when common sense and self-preservation interceded. To resist now, even to object, could only bring one inevitable and painful result and after all, she told herself, reasonably, she was no virgin. Besides, she had to admit, he was handsome, even if his manner towards her was brutish. Slowly, she raised her face, until her eyes met his.

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`Yes, master,' she repeated, quietly but now surprisingly calmly, `I think I should like that very much!'