
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	"People as Objects" 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	Pony play 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. "Let's talk about punishment shall we" he teases her while watching her closely. "Their 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. Vulnerability, like a dense fog of fear, backdrops her awareness. 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.
