

POWER LINES

Volume 10 Issue 9

The Official Newsletter of the Orlando Munch

November 2006

Happy Turkey Day!

Please accept with no obligation, implied or explicit, my best wishes for an environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress, non-addictive, gender neutral celebration of the Thanksgiving holiday, practiced within the most enjoyable traditions of the religious persuasion of your choice, or secular practices of your choice, with respect for the religious/secular persuasions and/or traditions of others, or their choice not to practice religious or secular traditions at all . . . and a fiscally successful personally fulfilling, and medically uncomplicated recognition of the upcoming onset of the generally accepted calendar year 2007, but not without due respect for the calendars of choice of other cultures whose contributions to society have helped make America great, (not to imply that the United States of America is necessarily greater than any other country or is the only "America" in the western hemisphere), and without regard to the race, creed, color,



age, physical ability, religious faith, or sexual preference of the wishee.

By accepting this greeting, you are accepting these terms. This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It is freely transferable with no alteration to the original greeting. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her/himself or others, and is void where prohibited by law, and is revocable at the sole discretion of the wisher.

This wish is warranted to perform as expected within the usual application of good tidings for a period of one year, or until the issuance of a subsequent notice of wishes.

///Torville///

Um... yeah. Have a happy Thanksgiving. (It's your own fault if you get offended.)

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Pervertables

by: CardinalChris

Like a lot of other people, when I first started to become interested in BDSM, finding toys and equipment was troublesome. To begin with, I had no idea where to buy anything. Then there was the embarrassment. I mean when you're young it's certainly intimidating to shop for items; trying not to make eye contact with the cashier and so forth. Although he/she could probably care less about my purchase of a sixteen inch leather flogger. Today with the internet, it's much easier for newbies to find stuff.

Now all you have to worry about is if your purchase is wrapped in plain brown bag or does everyone at the post office now know what you're into. As I was inexperienced, not to mention low on cash, I had to resort on using my imagination, and create my own toys from the items around me. I've learned I'm not the only one who's been through this. The subject even has its own name, pervertables.

The short definition of pervertables would be to take every day items and find uses for them in BDSM. A little imagination is all one needs. Many times I'll see some object

and wonder as to its kink possibilities. Want a good paddler or crop? A wooden cooking spoon can be the perfect prop. Other kitchen utensils such as spatulas, both the rubber and metal types, can leave you some lovely welts. If you're into edge play, what home doesn't have drawer full of kitchen and butcher knives. But you don't just to have to stop in the kitchen, or even in the home.

I love any excuse to go to Home Depot. Not just because I love to look at all the new power tools and think about all the home improvement projects I could do (okay, so I need a house first). But I have bought hardware there to create and modify some of my own toys. I'm not alone in this; Home Depot is often referred to as the Dom Depot by some in the life. Some of the items I've bought there have included double side clasps, chains, and rope. Not to mention various other little do-dads. Obviously the more creatively minded could build all sorts of things. Maybe one day we can get Home depot to do a demonstration on building a St. Anthony's cross.

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Pervertables

Another fun spot is costume shops. These stores pop up like Starbucks every year around Halloween. The stores have a surprising number of BDSM related merchandise. The quality though is generally not good. For a new person however, this would be a very low stress way to buy some of your first toys.

One of the things that make us human is our imagination. One can use their imagination to take even the most seemingly mundane object and turn it into an effective toy. So keep an eye out and an open mind, that meat tenderizer might be good for something more than beating your meat.

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Erotic Poetry

He laid her on the table
So white clean and bare.
His forehead wet with beads of sweat
He rubbed her here and there.
He touched her neck and then her breast
And then drooling felt her thigh.
The slit was wet and all was set,
He gave a joyous cry.
The hole was wide...he looked inside
All was dark and murky.
He rubbed his hands and stretched his
arms...
And then he stuffed the turkey.

Unknown

Making you gasp for air
Pulling your fucking hair
Spanking your ass
A deep shade of red
Taking you
Slamming you
Face down on the bed
Holding you there
by the throat
Have my way
Forcefully and hard
Punishing you
from the inside
with cum all over your face
and screaming my name
make you cum again
Fuck you
you slut
My name is not " oh my god "

Esoteric Master

Enslavement: Parts 4& 5

by: C-Ray

A loud knocking at your drawer wakes you from your troubled slumber.

"Still alive in there, my little pet?" Then he chuckles.

The drawer slides open just a bit, allowing just a sliver of light in. Along with the light drifts in the scents of food. The scents overwhelm your starved senses, even as you feel your starving stomach begin to complain of being so empty for so long. You breathe in as deeply as the confinement will allow, not sure if it's your nose or belly that's most starved.

He whispers to you through the crack, "There's food out here for good little pets who earn it. Of course, those who don't earn it, simply starve." He chuckles that deep, throaty chuckle you've heard before. Your fear fights with the hunger. You wonder how he'll want you to 'earn' your food. The scents overwhelm you. You can smell the coffee, the bacon, eggs, ham, even blueberry muffins.

Panic rises within. Would he really let you starve? Recalling what you heard before, you decide that, yes, he would. How long has it been since you've eaten? How long were you in that crate?

"Four days", he says softly, "Four days since we captured you. Four days with nothing but 3 cans of Ensure for nourishment. Now I

offer a feast... all you have to do is be a good little pet and earn your keep."

His voice is soft and soothing... reassuring, in some way... comforting.



The panic starts to abate. In this moment, you KNOW that you will do anything this man asks. Anything to satisfy the hunger in your belly. Even as you realize this, another hunger can be felt rising up from even lower in your body, as your pussy starts to dampen again.

It all runs through your mind, a slice of your life flashing before your eyes. The abduction, the entombment, the cleaning you were given, the girl being tortured and used, the night before, the food that you're starving for and now this friendly voice offering you such kindness, after this whole, long ordeal. you know that you'd do anything for this man who offers you such kindness.

The drawer slides further out and he removes the gag from your aching jaws. You work your mouth, trying to get those jaw muscles working again. He places a piece of blueberry muffin in your mouth, about the size of a grape, and you revel in it's flavor. But you're so hungry that you almost choke, swallowing it whole. He places a finger to your lips and you suck it into your mouth greedily. At first it's only the taste of the muffin on his fingers that you want. Then you begin to run your tongue around it

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Enslavement: Parts 4& 5

by: C-Ray

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as you would his cock, sucking it hungrily in and out of your mouth, your tongue sliding up and down it just like you now realize you were doing all night with the gag.

You whimper a bit as he pulls the finger from your mouth. And with that whimper, you KNOW that you're HIS... that you belong to HIM.

You can feel him tower above you as he stands beside the drawer...

And you wait...

Some type of cloth is placed over your eyes, before they can adjust to the bright lights, plunging you back into darkness. Still you can feel him there above you, as you lie helpless in your cocoon.

He snaps his fingers and you hear two pair of high heels come clicking across the floor toward you. Through the cloth, you can make out the vague shapes of the two women who gave you your cleaning, the day before. One kneels at the top of the drawer, the other at the bottom. There are two metallic 'clicks' as the unfasten latches at each end of the drawer and let the drawer front down like a tailgate. They take hold of the cocoon and drag it from the drawer, dropping it and you unceremoniously onto the floor about a foot below.

The girls move in between you and the bed and the man moves to your other side. Together, the three of them hoist you upright.

Then they start to carry you backwards. They climb a few steps, then turn you around and you realize that you are on top of some sort of dais. They lift you straight up, slightly and back a bit. Then you feel your cocoon being lowered into a stand.

The man snaps his fingers and motions to one of the girls. She quickly rises to her feet and steps down off the dais, then disappears from your sight. He snaps his fingers again and motions to the other woman. She sinks to her knees behind you and begins to carefully chip away at the foam around your waist and at your crotch.

"Careful", he warns her. "Don't damage my new toy... that's my job." He gives another of his chuckles, as he runs his hands over your breasts. You notice again that they feel tender and tight. They hurt a bit as he squeezes them.

The first girl reappears in your field of vision. She kneels at his side and holds up a tray with some items on it. You can't make out what they are, through the cloth over your eyes, no matter how hard you try. The blindfold is maddening, allowing you to see just a little of what's going on and what's being done to you.

He reaches down to the tray and picks up a cup. He holds it under your nose for just a second and you can smell the coffee. Then he lowers the cup and holds it just below your right breast. With the other hand, he

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Enslavement: Parts 4&5

by: C-Ray

(Continued from page 5)

grabs your nipple and squeezes it. You hear the milk from your breast squirt into the coffee. "You see," he starts to explain, "those injections that I put into your nipples, when you got here, were a hormone. This hormone excites your mammary glands and causes you to produce milk." He slaps each breast in turn. They hurt as he does so. They're so tight, so tender. Like two balloons stretched almost to the bursting point.

"Later, when my guests arrive, you'll be used as a dispenser for milk, in their tea and coffee." He takes a sip of his coffee.

"Needs a bit more", he says as he holds it under your left breast and squeezes that nipple, shooting another stream of your milk into the cup. He sips it again. "Ahhhh, perfect !" He takes a small bit of bacon from the tray and places it in your mouth. "Good girl."

You blush at the praise, as you revel in the taste of the bacon. He holds the coffee to your lips, letting you have a taste. The sweetness of your own milk in the coffee is strangely arousing.

The girl behind you has finished tearing the foam away from your crotch and waist. She reaches around you and starts undoing the clasps at your hips that hold the thong on. You can feel her bare breasts rub against your ass and legs as she strains to get to the clasps.

She removes the thong, it clings to your skin from the moisture produced by your pussy. He begins to run his finger around your clit in an almost absent-minded manner, as the girl comes around and hands him your panties. He fondles the panties in one hand as he runs the fingers of the other up and down the lips of your pussy.

"My, my, it would seem that captivity agrees with you, my little toy." He takes his hand away from your pussy, picks up a small piece of muffin from the tray and puts it in your mouth. He leans in close to you and whispers in your ear, "Good girl" as he resumes stroking your pussy. You can feel your face burn at this praise. Ashamed of being so aroused at the treatment you've received. Girls aren't supposed to be treated this way. Not in this day and age. They **certainly** aren't supposed to LIKE it. Certainly not supposed to get sexually aroused by such treatment. Not good girls, anyway. Yet you are. So, what kind of girl does that make **you** ? Your blush increases, as this thought crosses your mind.

Then he holds the panties to your nose, just as you swallow the small piece of food. You inhale deeply, partially because all your senses are starved, after your time in the crate. Partially in hopes that it will please him and he will give you more food. Partially because the scent of your own juices in his hand arouses you even more. Your shame increases even more, at

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Enslavement: Parts 4& 5

by: C-Ray

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this thought. What have you become ?

"Normally", he muses, "it takes quite a bit of training to get a new toy to the point of being constantly aroused and ready for use. You seem to be that way by nature. Such a natural slut is a rare find but I knew you would be just that type. That's why I commissioned your capture. You see, I watched you for quite a while. Studied you. I knew what you were, that you would be a natural slave."

He takes a large remote control from the tray, then motions to the girl, giving her permission to sit it down. He removes the maddening blindfold and points the remote at the far wall. A huge TV screen comes to life and you see a girl, sitting at a computer. She's masturbating while watching something on the computer. Your first impression is 'what a slut', then you notice that the scene looks familiar, somehow. The camera angle changes and you see her face.

A face contorted in orgasmic ecstasy and passion... YOUR face. In YOUR home. You wonder how he did this ? Then it ceases to matter. You want to turn away, but your head won't move. You want to close your eyes, but you can't bring yourself to do so. The humiliation of seeing yourself, twice the size of life, with your fingers inside your pussy, makes your face redden even more, if that were possible. It feels as though your face could burst into flames at any moment, the heat is almost unbearable.

You become so wrapped up in watching yourself on the screen that you fail to notice him move around behind you. You would jump, if you could, so startled, when he whispers into your ear. "See ? "A natural born slut." "Such a shame to see you wasted, pleasuring yourself, instead of being used as nature intended you to be."

You feel the heat from your face sink lower in your body, at his words. Then you feel his cock slide slowly into your tight ass. Your sphincter muscle burns as it is stretched to it's limits. Your pussy burns with the desire that's been building, seemingly forever. Your face burns at the embarrassment of seeing yourself masturbating on the screen and knowing that he and these other women can see it too, even as the camera angle changes once again to a point from under the desk and your pussy fills the six foot tall screen. Your clit looks like a big, pink end of a watermelon, as your fingers circle it. The pink of your cunt fades to darkness, as you look straight into it. A single drop of your own juice runs from you, appearing the size of a basketball on the huge screen, as your finger slips inside.

You watch in helpless horror, realizing that this man has invaded your privacy, even as he now invades your ass.

All you can do is watch, and wonder what indignity he will heap onto you next... and wait for it to come.

Makikomi Ropeworks

'Makikomi Ropeworks' specializes in hand spun jute ropes, perfect for bondage, shibari, hojo jistu or kinbaku-bi. (No, I don't know most of those. Their words, not mine!) Their ropes are for those that just prefer to use soft, environmentally friendly, natural fiber ropes. They offer both natural-colored ropes and hand-dyed colors: currently available are: rose pink, purple, black, blue, scarlet, dark green and dark pink. They also do color combination spins - for example, black and blue, black and red, etc. Want custom color spins? They can do that!

Finished ropes come with whipped ends, color coded according to size. Custom whippings in either a color of your choice or a neutral thread are also available.

All ropes are 1/4" (6mm) to 5/16" (8mm) in diameter, and come in 10, 15, 25, 35, and 50 foot lengths. Other lengths (up to 100') may be special-ordered.



Aside from individual ropes, they also offer a variety of natural and colored bondage kits. Kits contain an assortment of rope lengths and EMT scissors, and come in a handy zippered storage bag.

For further information about their ropes, please visit their website at:

www.makikomiropeworks.com

Comfort Zones

This question is for everyone, not just the subs. How far out of your comfort zone do you go? Seriously! Some people nearly wear a groove in their everyday life, with little to no deviation from what is known and comfortable. Are we guilty of the same thing?

How often do we travel, even for fetish events? Tampa, maybe Georgia, possibly New Orleans? Nah, it's too far. Maybe next year, next time, next month. Don't get me wrong, being comfortable is fine! But maybe we could all push our personal boundaries more than we have been.

Next time you think about going down to the Keys, swing past their munch. Next month when you're home for the holidays, look up the local scene. And next year, maybe each and every person can stop and say hello to a new face at our own Munch.

We of all people should be more willing and able to take a chance or two; to push our comfort zones. After all, the new faces at the Munch are pushing their own!



Did you know that the Orlando Munch is listed on one of the UK's leading BDSM websites?

<http://www.informedconsent.co.uk/>

Upcoming Events

ORLANDO MUNCH-

meets on the 4th Saturday of the month. **Singles'** munch is noon to 2pm, Munch proper is 2pm to 5pm. Location is Cricket's restaurant, at 4564 S. Semoran Blvd in Orlando. (407)277-3322

SISTERS' LUNCHEON-

held in the Orlando-Sanford area, usually the 2nd Saturday of the month at a restaurant. Location changes each month. Information sent upon request to: RoundersSweetTea@aol.com.

ORLANDO TNG-

Orlando: The Next Generation has temporarily suspended operations at the Blue Room, but is hoping to resume entertainment soon. You can find out more at www.fatalfetishgirls.com.

Coming Soon!!!!

SPANKSGIVING-

will be held in St. Louis, MO November 17th-19th. Workshops, techniques and experience rolled into one.

<http://www.stl3.com/events/spanksgiving/home/>

FLORIDA FETISH WEEKEND-

November 17th-19th in St. Petersburg. Workshops, hands-on demos, classes, Mr. and Ms. Olympus and Florida Leather Bear contests, after-hours party. <http://www.fetishalliance.net>

Know of other area happenings?

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