

Power Lines

Gazelle's Corner



Welcome to this month's issue of PowerLines, the newsletter of the Orlando BDSM Munch community.

Well, the plans for the next Orlando Bash are coming along great, folks... registration is picking up, we are getting the word out to everyone, people are talking... more vendors are still trying to get in, workshops are coming together... we have 3 months to go before the convention, and we are entering the home stretch! We sold out completely last year, so you need to get moving on registering now, if you haven't already!

I had a great time over in Tampa at the beginning of the month at Magic's Valentine Ball. It was wonderful seeing so many friends there, and I met lots of cool new people too. Magic and his staff did a great job putting that night on. I am so excited about the quality of leather events we have begun to see here in FL.

Speaking of quality events, I hear that Sir Midian is gearing up for Dominion 2001 already! This time he will be at the beach up in Daytona. He has promised to have flyers at this

month's munch that give all the details. You can get more info from them by writing dominionevents@aol.com.

Torville and I drove down to south Florida this month also, and were able to attend the South FL Munch. Beth and her many helpers do a bang up job there, and Torville and I had a wonderful time! I was also able to get to a DykesnDolls meeting, where I was able to learn (from a Top's perspective) how to do Fire Play and Waxing. I knew I loved those as a Bottom, but I wanted to be able to do them when I switch. Lolita from NYC was there to teach the class... wonderful!!! I cannot wait to get back down there soon to DykesnDolls for more classes. South FL women are lucky to have that resource. In March, Torville and I will be heading back south again to attend the SPICE meeting. Some of the other board members also got out on the road this month, with Virgo & lilone and lapet heading up to St Augustine and Jax for JAPE, and Rick traveled over to the Tampa Munch. It was wonderful seeing everyone!

Well, this issue of PowerLines is GREAT! We have more erotica this month from SusieQ... a really HOT story that she shared with

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us. She is looking at becoming an almost regular contributor of erotica for PowerLines, and I for one am delighted! (anyone else that wants to send stuff in for publication, please do!)... we also have a very cool "interview" with Lexus this month... Mistress Sherry sat down with Lexus and talked with her last weekend, and it is a wonderful read!

Well, that is it for now... hope you are all having a great time at the Munch if you are reading this there. Yes, it is my birthday today, Feb 24th, so be sure to come up and wish me a happy day. Hugs are encouraged! *smile*

Play safe, be nice to each other, and have a GREAT month!

gazelle

Master's Property... Erotica by SusieQ

I did not know anymore how much time had past since my Master locked the door to the shed. I only know it had been a long, hot time. Chains locked to my wrist and ankles tethered me to eye bolts in the ceiling and floor. Straps around my elbows and knees added to my immobility. The only thing I could do was stand and wait. Wait until he would come back and pay attention to me. The sting of his crop across my bottom was still vivid in my mind.

"This will be a warming up only," Master had said, slowly drawing the crop between the cheeks of my ass.

Even in the stifling heat of the shed a chill shook me as I remembered the pain my Master's crop had inflicted. Now I waited, losing all track of time. Locked up, helpless, alone, and fully dependent on my Master's will.

Then I heard the key in the lock; he was coming. The hinge on the door creaked as he pulled it open, and the brilliant sunlight cast an awesome shadow of my Master along the far wall.

There he was, my Master, dressed in his leather pants, vest and boots. His eyes looked kind when he came to stand beside me, though he said nothing. He looked deeply into my woeful eyes, making me feel small and vulnerable, letting me know that it was he who was deciding what should happen here. My hazel eyes stayed fixed on his as I felt how his hand ease between my legs, gently inspecting me. I shivered when he slid his finger deep into my most intimate spot. My cheeks colored with embarrassment knowing he was now aware of the depth of my desire. My longing to offer myself to him; my wanting him to take control. "It is not enough yet Emily," Master sighed, "you are not focused enough on me. I am sorry, but I need you to stay in here a while longer. It will help you to focus your thoughts completely on me."

He moved behind me to his work bench, and I could hear him shuffling items about, then he returned to my side. The last thing I saw, was

how Master's hands came up from behind my head, then all was dark. A blindfold covered my eyes, my Master had made me alone with my own thoughts. Suddenly, a terrible burning swept through my body starting at my nipples. Clamps had been attached and burned badly. I cried out till the pain was replaced with a dull pinching.

Then I heard his voice again; "You will stay here for another half hour Emily, then I will return to see if we can start your training. Press the button in your hand if you need me earlier for some reason."

I listened as his footsteps told me that he left. There I was, alone again, locked in the shed, chained to the ceiling and floor, blind and alone with my feelings, a terrible pinching in my nipples. All, reminding me that I have to accept his decisions. He had told me it was not enough yet, so I knew it was not enough. My thoughts drift back to the discussion Master and I had before he brought me to the shed.

"We need to move on Emily," Master told me, "I want you to be more disciplined. You do well in your mental behavior," he praised, "but I want you to be better in the physical aspects. I assume you want to be a better slave, don't you?"

Of course I wanted to be better, of course I wanted to please Master by being the best slave he could ever wish to have.

"We will start a new training schedule Emily, focusing on physical discipline, making sure that your body will react to my control. It will take several weeks, maybe months but then you will be better, much better. Trust me Emily, your Master knows how to handle you," Master spoke reassuringly.

I didn't say anything, I only listened. I knew he was right, my body wasn't disciplined enough to be a good slave. I knew my

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Master's Property... Erotica by SusieQ

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Master would know ways to allow me to give myself completely to him. And of course, I could trust him. Never ever would my Master violate me.

Again Master spoke, "We are going to warm you up now Emily. I am going to chain you in the shed, then I am going to whip you until your body is warm and you cry from the sting. I will leave you there for one hour. It will allow your mind to concentrate on me fully."

Silently I followed him outside to the shed, where he chained my wrists and ankles to eye bolts in the ceiling and floor; then Master did what he said. He whipped me hard until my bottom and the back of my legs were red and burning, then he left me alone.

Now, I was alone again and it was worse. My nipples hurt, I could not see anything, my bottom was still stinging, and I could barely move. I was helpless, totally dependent, alone with my feelings and emotions.

Of course I could stop it, the only thing I needed to do was to press the button. Just one quick touch and Master would come back and free me. But I did not, I did not touch that button at all. I only waited.

Seconds passed. I tried to count them but it didn't help for long. Minutes seem like hours. But when I thought about the special care Master would give me when he returned, I became aroused.

Previous sessions danced in my mind. How I was bound over the horse spread and exposed. How Master had made my body seem to be on fire, how he knew all the special places to touch me; triggering my body, releasing me again and again. Remembering the sessions one by one made me long for my Master. I wanted those feelings again, I wanted to be his.

My thoughts ran wild, reliving each episode, like in a movie. I saw flashes of what had happened in the past. I got warm and aroused, and my pussy got wet and hot. Lost in my thoughts, I did

not notice that Master had returned. His fingers touching me, sliding deep into my wet pussy brought me back. I shuttered all over when I heard his voice.

"Hello Emily, I feel you are ready to start?"

Carefully Master removed the clips from my nipples. I squinched my eyes behind the blindfold and curled up my toes as the blood rushed back to the rosy red tips of my breast. Then one by one my arms and my legs became free. Lastly, a leash was attached to my collar. A light tug told me to leave my prison, and once I was outside I heard Master's voice order me to get on hands and knees.

Guided by my leash I crawled through the grass, going where Master led me. As I crawled into the house, I quickly realized that we were headed in the direction of the playroom. We stopped, and I was ordered to assume my position. Sitting on my knees, my head bowed, my arms behind my back, and my thighs slightly parted; I waited.

"Emily," Master spoke calmly, "You have pleased your Master a lot in the past. You are the most unique slave I have ever had. I want you to stay who you are and as you are always. But we need to do something to make you more mine, more controlled by me. I have been thinking about how it would be possible for you to reach this goal, and I think I know the answer."

His silvery baritone voice reflected the depth of his caring. It sounded as though my Master had put much thought into finding a way for me to become more his property. To me this meant he would teach me how to give more of myself to him.

"Emily," Master continued, "I do not like punishing you, but at times it is needed. I know you do the best you can to be a good slave and I appreciate that very much. We are

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Master's Property...erotica by SusieQ

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going to start some training now in which I will be more strict with you. When we are in session I will not listen to you anymore. Of course, I will hear your sounds, your moans, but I will not listen to your words; I will do as I want. You must trust that I will do what is good for you, and that I know what you need. I want you to be more obedient and disciplined without discussing my decisions. Do you understand what I mean?"

This was going to be hard. I know it is in my nature to try to control the sessions, to try to get what I want, to try to influence his mind with my remarks and questions. This meant he would be more focused, and taking complete control. I knew it would be a hard road to go, but on the other hand it was the only way to move on with him. And I wanted us to move on, together. Only he truly knew me and my needs. I did fully understand what Master meant with his words and he was right, very right. I did not give myself completely, I knew exactly what to say him to make him do certain things. But I wanted to move on, I wanted to be his, more and more, to feel his complete control. So, I gave the only answer I could give. "Yes Sir, I do understand your words and the meaning of them."

It was quiet for a while, very quiet.

"Emily, this means that from now on I will punish your mind and body when you try to discuss my decisions during a session. I will do what I want, and what I think is needed. The only thing I promise you is that I will tell you when you get punished and why, but I will not accept any discussion. Knowing why you get punished will teach you how to improve. If things need to be evaluated we will do that out of our sessions. But, during a session there will not be a single discussion. Is that clear, Emily?"

He meant this! He really meant this! The sound of his voice was enough for me to know that Master really meant this. I shuttered as

second thoughts crossed my mind. This was clear, very clear. I had to give more of myself. No discussions anymore. Just obey, follow his orders, accept his decisions, trust him completely. Master seemed to notice the doubts I felt and put his hand on my head to let me feel his caring touch.

"You can do this, Emily. You can, but you must trust me. I will care for you and help you to get through this. You know I love you very much and you will always feel that. Focus to that love and know that everything I do to you is so that you become completely mine."

Hearing the words and feeling him caress my head, I answered that everything was clear, and that I accepted what he told me. I had to, he was the Master I always wished to have. We had very good times together; he made me look into myself. He had taught me who I really was. And now he was going to help me to move on, going together with him and going where we both would be happy once we reached the end.

"Emily, if you want this, then show me your obedience in the way I taught you." Since this was the only way, I did what I was asked. I reached forward and searched for my Master's legs with my hands. Once I found them I bent over and kissed his boots one by one, giving my beloved Master permission to do as he wanted. My head remained at the nose of his boots, waiting till he allowed me to rise again. I knew I wanted to go down that road. I wanted to be his property. I wanted to feel his complete control. Minutes passed. All the time my body was bent deep; my head at his boots and my bottom raised high in the air. The longer it took, the more I felt how I was losing myself, placing myself in his hands. A few caring strokes on my bottom gave me the encouragement I needed.

I loved my Master, I loved him very deeply. "Please stand up Emily,"

Finally, the releasing order, and I stood up in front of him, bowing my head and moving my hands to my back. Master detached the leash and told me

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Master's Property... Erotica by SusieQ

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to wait, but to keep this position. Standing relaxed, I listened as he stepped away, and when he returned I heard him place some things on the floor. Master's hands then cupped my breasts, and began a gentle kneading motion, gradually working their way to my nipples. Master said nothing while he pinched, pulled, and rolled the tender buds between his thumb and fingers, softly first, then harder and harder, causing my nipples to become erect.

"First, I will train you to be more disciplined in controlling your feelings. Please try to trust me, you can stand this," Master spoke calmly as he continued to titillate me. Then his fingers left me. My nipples were hard and swollen, and burned a bit. Again, I felt Master's hand expertly grasp left breast, and gently squeeze until the nipple protruded like an arrow. A moment later there was a flash of pain all through my body caused by the bite of a clamp Master attached. A low, whimpering moan rumbled deep in my throat as pain flooded my thoughts. There was not much time to recover as again searing pain washed through my body when Master attached the other clamp. The pain slowly converted from a breath taking stab to a hard continuous pinch. I felt the blood being tweaked out of my nipples while the weight of the chain that connected the clamps pulled downward.

I knew Master went to my back, and I felt cuffs lock around my wrists, making me helpless. Then a strap was slipped around my upper arms, just above the elbow and drawn tight, forcing my elbows together until they almost touched each other.

"Take a few breaths Emily, try to relax" Master advised trying to help me. I needed that, I needed to hear his voice, his caring words, his reassuring tone. Master knelt down behind me, and ran his hands teasingly over my legs, ordering me to widen my stance so he could attach a spreader bar to my ankle cuffs. I was helpless now, not able to do anything myself, dependent to what he decided to do. Master had moved to my left side before I heard

his voice again

"Now bend forward Emily, as far as you can." As I did, a tugging at my breast told me that the chain joining my nipples was being carefully attached to the spreader bar. The slightest movement sent new flashes of pain through my body.

"This will help you to keep your position Emily, but I want you to realize that it is only to help you. Some day you will be able to do this without the clamps and chains." I could not imagine that, ever.

Blind, helpless, and biting pain force me to remain in this position. Next, I felt Master place something on my back. It was cold, but before I could wonder what it was Master told me he had put a mug of ice water on my back.

"Make sure it stays there Emily, don't move," Master warned. "Whatever happens I want you to keep the mug balanced by keeping your body still. If you move, and it falls, you will be punished. Is that clear?"

The words were spoken with quiet emphasis, and I fully intended to do everything I could to prevent any punishment.

I took very shallow breaths. Would I be able to keep the mug steady? Now I knew why Master had clamped and chained me. The slightest movement would hurt terribly, and force me to stay in position; keeping the mug balanced. My mind fully focused to the mug on my back. I felt Master's hands roaming over my ass cheeks, moving closer and closer to my most intimate spot, made open and fully accessible by the spreader bar. I realized my Master would soon notice the level of my excitement. I was aroused and, Master's fingers caressing my pussy lips made it worse. Slowly, he pushed past the soft, pink folds of my sex, going deep into my pussy. I gasped, and Master paused. I could feel the warmth of his hand between my legs, then Master chuckled softly, making me keenly aware of my position. I shivered.

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Orlando Bash 2001

**YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO JOIN US AT
ORLANDO BASH 2001**

THE FIFTH ANNUAL ORLANDO BDSM MUNCH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

MAY 31– JUNE 3RD, 2001

Please plan to join us as the Orlando Munch/OPEX group celebrates its fifth fantastic year in Central Florida. Come celebrate springtime in the world's favorite vacation destination, while gathered with several hundred leather clad, fetish minded people! We've booked an entire First Class hotel for our pleasure and security. We will have:

- Vendors from all over Florida and from around the country and the world!
- 2 days of seminars and workshops, featuring top presenters from the scene.
- The Third Annual Master/Mistress/slave auction, to raise money for local AIDS organizations.
- 2 delicious dinners
- 3 nights of incredible play in almost 5000 sq ft of dungeon space, including mixed, male-only and female-only play spaces! This will be a truly pansexual weekend. Dungeon equipment will be provided by The Crucible.
- Since the convention is the same weekend as Gay Days at Disney, transportation will be arranged to get you out to the park if you want to go on Saturday!

The cost for all three nights is an incredibly low \$100 per person, plus room charges, if reservations are received by March 31st. The party price increases to \$130 per person for reservations received from 4/1-5/15/2000. We are also offering a smaller package, including just Friday and Saturday nights, for \$85 per person for early bird prices, and \$115 from 3/1-4/15/2000. **ABSOLUTELY NO RESERVATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER 5/15/2000!**

We will be in a beautifully appointed hotel close to the Orlando Airport. The hotel has given us a discounted rate of \$90 per night (including tax) for those who register prior to April 15th. **We will handle the reservations for the hotel prior to that date.** Hotel information will be given upon receipt of the reservations.

Please see our website at <http://www.orlandomunch> for registration forms, or pick up forms that are available at OPEX, or area Munches around the state.

**WE SOLD OUT LAST YEAR, SO GET YOUR RESERVATIONS IN EARLY,
AND DON'T MISS OUT ON WHAT WILL BE THE BIGGEST PARTY OF
THE YEAR IN FLORIDA!**

Master's Property... Erotica by SusieQ

(Continued from page 5)

Everything around me disappeared. I did not feel the tugging of the chains. I did not feel the bite of the clips. I only felt Master's fingers. Deep, wonderfully deep in me, holding me motionless. I moaned and groaned wanting Master to move his fingers, but he did nothing, he simply waited.

Lost in desire, I moved, wanting to feel his fingers rub inside me. Instant flashes of pain brought me up short. My nipples became points of fire shooting burst of flames through my body, burning and biting; forcing me back in position. The unexpected pain made my body jerk, and the mug moved. Although it remained upright, a fair amount of water splashed over the edge and onto my back. It was ice cold, and I fought desperately to remain still.

"Emily, you can do this."

There it was, his rich timbered voice encouraging me, renewing my desire. There was pain, a lot of pain. My arms and legs hurt, the muscles stretched taunt from my position. My nipples burned, it felt like they were being pulled off. But there was that other feeling, those fingers, deep and unmoving. I did not think about my position anymore, I was hot and wet. Suddenly, Master moved his fingers in and out very quickly, stroking inside me. Then without warning, Master pulled his fingers free of my pussy. My body wrenched. Liquid fire raced from my nipples to my pussy. All I felt was increased wetness as my pussy throbbed, and I hunched this time, longing to have my Master's touch. The mug wobbled unsteadily. I managed to keep it balanced but this time a lot of water splashed over my back.

"DAMNED !!!" I hissed as Master removed the mug. I was crazy, mad, and aroused all at the same time. It was impossible to keep my body and mind together.

Then I realized Master was in front me. He rested one hand on my head, gently stroking my

hair. The other hand lightly touched my lips.

"Sssshh Emily, please your Master by keeping your discipline," Master whispered, pushing a finger past my parted lips, making me taste my own juices.

Sucking Master's finger, and the feel of his warm hand caressing me, helped to calm me and give me back my concentration.

Satisfied, Master eased his finger from my mouth, and placed a kiss as light as a summer breeze to my forehead, then I heard him walk away. A moment later he returned and I heard him place a chair in front of me and sit down.

"Emily, you are mine, aren't you," Master commented as if the answer were obvious.

"Yes Master, I am," I answered humbly. Not because he wanted to hear those words, but because I knew I was his.

"Keep this position Emily, we will continue in a bit. I want to look at you a while," Master spoke softly, and I could tell he leaned forward. "I like to look at your body when you are in my control," he breathed, as his lips touched the edges of my ear.

I did the only thing I was able to do, remain in my bent position, breath slowly and try to limit the pain as much as possible. It was nearly impossible. Again and again my thoughts drifted back to what just passed, my pussy would throb, I would sigh and my nipples felt the tug. The pain was bearable, but definitely kept me focus as to where I was. Bound, and helpless in front of the eyes of my Master. Five, maybe ten minutes passed, then Master stood and came close to me.

"Just one more little test Emily, then you will have some rest," Master consoled as he caressed the cheeks of my up turned bottom.

I loved to feel his caring hands there, rubbing

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Master's Property... Erotica by SusieQ

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me so tenderly. A few gentle slaps made me quiver, but I did not move too much.

"Okay Emily, you can do this, make your Master proud."

The gentle rubbing stopped, and I felt Master take a position behind me.

"Are you ready to submit to the sting of my crop?" Master stated more that asked.

Without waiting for an answer my Master laid his crop to by buttocks and thighs. Not hard, but enough to sting and make my body trembled, causing me to shake the clamps and chains. I tried not to move, I tried to stay still, but there was the biting pain in my nipples and the stinging fire on my bottom.

I screamed! Was this pain? Was this pleasure? Still the crop fell, streaks burned my skin, making me hotter and hotter. Again I screamed or did I

groan? I wanted more. Then I felt the contractions starting deep inside me, searching their way to the surface.

Again and again Master's crop rhythmically struck me.

With each stroke my body jerked, the clips bit down, and suddenly I exploded with my orgasm; giving the deepest of myself to my Master in a grateful echoing moan.

It was over. My arms were free, my legs were free, the clamps were gone and the blindfold was off. I can't remember when the bonds were taken away. The only thing I could focus on was my Master's arms around me, and his loving kisses on my lips.

I rested cradled in my Master's arms cared for and protected. I was where I wanted to be, under his control, in his heart, and most importantly, completely his property.

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A Visit with Lexus...by Ms Sherry

Lexus is a warm, wonderful, and very attractive domme that is a respected member of the Orlando Munch community. I recently had the honor of being invited to her home to tour her dungeon, and to find out some interesting things about her.

As I walked into her living room I felt immediately at home. It was comfortable and provided a perfect invitation to conversation and getting to know her better. It was also quite easy to imagine an eager submissive squirming as he waited to learn how he could be most pleasing. "I always ask a prospective submissive how he could serve me," she says. "If he doesn't have something interesting to offer, it is a waste of his time and mine."

Lexus describes herself as always being a bit kinky, and even before she acknowledged her BDSM self she was pretty much the sexual aggressor. She dabbled in BDSM play a bit in a significant relationship, but quickly found out that she wanted much more than what was available to her there. When the relationship ended later (though not due to any BDSM concerns), she decided to explore this deep interest of hers.

Like many of us, her first contact with others in the BDSM world was via the Internet. "I read everything I could get my hands on for months," she said. She soon knew she was in the right place. She found the Orlando Munch web site, wrote to Gazelle, and got the scoop on Munch activities.

Lexus became a part of the Munch community almost exactly 2 years ago. She first attended one of the OPEX Newcomer's meetings that were held at that time, and met a few of the community members. She enjoyed the meeting and felt she wanted more social contact. "My first Munch was back when we were still meeting at Ryan's," she tells me. She didn't choose to jump right in the middle of things at first, but hung back a bit watching the people who were there.

At the first Munch, she picked up information about the Anniversary Bash that was to be held just a short time away, and decided she'd attend that. She had never been to anything like that, had never even seen a real dungeon, and was anxious to learn more in that environment. Although she didn't get to do as much exploring there as she had hoped, she met several interesting people and developed some good friends.

Lexus has always placed the utmost importance on safety in meeting others in the scene. She arranged to meet her first on-line friend at a munch, where she knew it would be public and there would be others there to help out in case of problems. She told me "Ann even offered to be there to mediate if I needed it." That first contact fell through, but she built on the experience for her future meetings. While she may initially get to know someone online, she always meets them in highly visible public places. As well, she insists on real names and contact information rather than being satisfied with screen names only.

In her search to meet potential submissives, she first wants to get to know them on a friendship basis. "If I don't like the person as a person, there's no way I'm going to be able to connect with them in a scene," she tells me. She has found several times that someone she meets is only interested in scene play, and quickly rules them out as a potential partner. "I'm a much more complex person than just my dominant self, and we'd better be compatible on more than that level." She also requires that they fill out a personal and a BDSM questionnaire so she can determine if there are areas of common interest.

Speaking of areas of common interest reminded us that I had been invited to see her dungeon. Wow, was I impressed! Two things really stood out in my mind. Upon

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A Visit with Lexus...by Ms Sherry

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entering the room, I saw a padded table that resembled a massage table. She showed me how it raised up at both the head and the foot, and she'd installed eye hooks in the frame for secure bondage. She had many toys displayed, including some very interesting devices for electrical play. I could just imagine her victim writhing helplessly on the table as she tormented him with her delicious toys and delightfully evil imagination.

The definite highlight of her dungeon used to be a small closet, about 2 feet by 4 feet. "I grew up Catholic, and was interested in creating the atmosphere of a confessional," she said with a wicked grin. And that is exactly what she has recently done, with several embellishments to make it perfect for scene play. She painted the walls steel gray, and installed two light fixtures, one for a black light and one for a strobe. She also installed a clock, one of the old-fashioned wall clocks that ticks loudly with each passing second. "That clock is so very annoying. 20 minutes seems like an eternity when you are listening to that thing!" she exclaimed. There's a black curtain hung over the door opening, which also has a door that locks from the outside with a key. She knows exactly how her naughty submissive will confess his misdeeds and receive his penance, likely something the priest wouldn't give out on Saturday afternoon. There are also quite a few eye bolts and chains installed, and she can describe exactly what she plans to do with each one of them, something about posture training, CBT, and training collars, among others. It would be lovely to be a fly on the wall when she's putting this wonderful new addition to her dungeon into use!

As we continued to talk and get to know each other, Lexus shared with me that she is very, very selective in deciding with whom she will explore a BDSM relationship. She describes herself as a very intense dominatrix, and the kind of partner she enjoys is someone who can keep up with her pace and the twists and turns of her imagination. Though she did not tell me this directly, I think it would be safe to say that she does not have an exact script in mind before she

enters into a play session, she just sort of lets her imagination go where it will, and with the imagination she's got, there's no telling what fantastic places she would go!

Another important element for her is focus. "I expect the focus to be on me at all times," she tells me. "If that focus wanders, I quickly redirect my partner back where he needs to be. And if I find that focus cannot be maintained, then I would have no choice but to dismiss him."

Lexus told me that someone once described her as "a dominatrix, a redhead, a Leo, an Italian and an Irishwoman," and that she has "a sadistic side 1/4" wide and mile deep." Not surprisingly, when all these elements of her personality are kicked in, she is an incredible force to be reckoned with.

Even in her early days before officially discovering others in the BDSM world, Lexus loved to dress in Fetish wear, and if you know her, you will realize that she definitely can pull that off with great style and elegance. She loves to dress in other costumes, though, that suit her current mood and play style. She told me about a great frilly apron and old-fashioned wig she had come upon recently at a yard sale, and when asked what she planned to do with it, she replied "It's Aunt Bea! Just imagine!" Aunt Bea, huh? Well however she works it in, it will be a tremendous amount of fun!

I can say with no reservations that I enjoyed my conversation and dungeon tour with Lexus very, very much, and I look forward to getting to know more of how her delightfully evil mind works. I hope you get a chance to know her as well!

FLORIDA BDSM CALENDAR

WEEK ONE

	WHERE	WHO
FIRST SATURDAY	Clearwater Munch, Clearwater Mall Food Court	masterej@mastersquest.com
FIRST SATURDAY	Palm Beach Munch	Palmbeachmunch@yahoo.com
FIRST SATURDAY	Tallahassee SSC Munch	Tyterope@aol.com
FIRST SATURDAY	St Augustine Munch	BigDaddyVilano@aol.com
FIRST SUNDAY	Off The Cuff (S.P.I.C.E. discussion group)	Spice561@aol.com

WEEK TWO

SECOND TUESDAY	Zephyrhills Munch	Sic_t_puppy@yahoo.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Tampa Munch	intreegue@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Jacksonville Area Power Exchange (JAPE)	Arisnow@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	South Florida Munch	iamwoman40ish@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Dykes 'n Dolls (womens' only meetings)	Dykesndolls@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Panama City PEP	MzDecadent@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	St Cloud Munch	MastersKitten@aol.com
SECOND SUNDAY	Melbourne Munch	plzzuu@aol.com
SECOND SUNDAY	Sarasota Munch	sarasotasociety@yahoo.com
SECOND SUNDAY	Trident International, Central FL	Tridentcf1@aol.com

WEEK THREE

THIRD WEDNESDAY	Lakeland Munch	VLdyDevonV@aol.com
THIRD FRIDAY	Ft Myers/ SW FL Munch	Whypdancer@aol.com
THIRD FRIDAY	Daytona Munch	DaytonaFLMunch@aol.com
THIRD SATURDAY	Ocala Munch	Swetestpet@aol.com
THIRD SATURDAY	Port St Lucie Munch	Judy4269@aol.com
THIRD SUNDAY	South Florida People Involved in Consensual Endeavors/SPICE membership social/discussion group	spice561@aol.com

WEEK FOUR

FOURTH SATURDAY	Orlando BDSM Munch, Gators Dockside, 2-5PM	gazelle123@aol.com
FOURTH SATURDAY	Orlando Power Exchange/OPEX, discussion group	gazelle123@aol.com
FOURTH SATURDAY	Gainesville Munch	Patti_lynn_@hotmail.com
FOURTH SATURDAY	SEAAL (Southeast Alabama Alternative Lifestyles)	Maisha@unforgettable.com
FOURTH (OR LAST) SUNDAY	DSSG/ Dominant Submissive Support Group, Tampa Bay area	genebat@gte.net

The Official Newsletter of The
Orlando Munch and OPEX Group

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Schedule for Upcoming
OPEX Meetings

Topic	Date
Bringing Fantasies to Life	March 24
Rope Bondage	April 28
TBA	May 26



Personals

SEE YOUR PERSONAL AD IN HERE!

Announcements

The **ORLANDO MUNCH** meets on the 4th Saturday of the month. Location is the Gator's Dockside Restaurant on Semoran (436) and Hoffner, north of the airport. Time is 2-5 PM. Please, no fetish or scene wear at the restaurant.

OPEX, the Orlando Power Exchange, a Pansexual Discussion Group, will meet on Saturday, March 24, 11AM to 1PM. The location is at the Gay, Lesbian and Bi Community Center. **The address is 946 N Mills Ave. THIS IS THE NEW TIME AND DATE FOR OPEX!** The topic in March will be Bringing Fantasies to Life! Come learn and share tips (and your enthusiasm!) with others on how much fun guided fantasies and role playing can be! (this is part of the FUN of our lifestyle... just PLAYING!)

W.E.L.L. (Women Embracing the Leather Lifestyle)....

This is a group formed in the Central Florida area, for the purpose of gathering women together to discuss and to speak of our common goals, interests, objectives & concerns as leatherwomen and women within the BDSM community, and to learn from each other new skills for this lifestyle at scheduled parties throughout the year.

For information on the group's onelist, please write gazelle123@aol.com.

Orlando Munch Message Board & Chat Room – If you haven't been by the Orlando Munch web site (address over on the left), you might not know that we have our own Forum and Chat room. Poke your head in and leave a message!