

Power Lines

Gazelle's Corner



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

Well, we are getting to the home stretch for the upcoming Orlando Bash 2001, folks... the deadline for the early bird prices is just a week away, on March 31st. Prices go up then to \$130 per person for the 3 day, and to \$115 per person for the 2 night package. Reservations are really coming in fast now, rooms are being booked, people are getting really excited. The workshops are coming together, the menus are planned, the Vendors are jockeying for placement on the vendor floor. We are getting a LOT of interest from all corners of the country on this convention! People are talking about this one as a party not to miss! Soooo, if you don't want to be left out (like so many did last year), get your reservations and money in soon! We expect to sell out again this year.

This anniversary party is going to be bittersweet for me, personally. The last 5 yrs have been a phenomenal time for me, affording me the opportunity to meet so very many wonderful people, and to

make such lasting, life-long friendships. The Munch group, OPEX, PowerLines, the women's group, all of it, have been such an integral part of my everyday life. Putting the Bashes on each year has been a huge labor of love for me. I have been so very blessed to have a core group of people working with me, to help guide this group. My Board of Directors have worked their tails off, and put up with so much for me (and of me!). Now it is time to let them shine even more, let them move to the forefront..

This is the last Bash that *I* am going to be in charge of... and after the Bash, I have decided to step down from the leadership positions I have held since I started the Orlando Munch 5 yrs ago. The Munch will continue.. The OPEX group will continue, PowerLines will continue. It will be business as usual. They will all be handled VERY capably by the Board of Directors who have been by my side for the past couple of years. Please see the names on the back page of this newsletter, if you don't know who these people are. They are fantastic, hard-working people who shared my love for this group, and they are committed to continuing the great success we have been so fortunate to experience here. What will I be doing after I step

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away, you ask? *grin* Well, I have had many changes in my life.. I have been doing a great deal of Topping, I have found a lovely new boi to play with, I have moved away from being Torville's submissive (yes, and that means he is officially looking for a sub!) (and for those who might be worried, Torville and I are still MADLY in love with each other, and extremely happily married!)... I also plan on getting involved more with the national leather scene, and more of the educational aspects of our lifestyle. In other words, I will still have LOTS to keep me busy! (and I will continue with my affiliation with all my friends here!)
Have a great month!

gazelle

The Bar... Erotica by Flfemme

I was restless that night... the work week had been hell, I was tired of being alone in that damned tiny apartment after work... I was tired of dealing with the petty bullshit of supervising a room full of prissy airheads every day at work I needed a break, I needed something..... wild and daring?

I took a long hot bath when I got home... shaved my legs carefully and applied softly scented lotions to my legs and the rest of my body. I found the undergarments I was looking for in the jumble of my lingerie drawer and slipped them on. The bra pushed my heavy breasts up into the nice cleavage look that I was going for... gotta flaunt it every now and then. I slipped into my tight black jeans, and pulled on my black leather vest... the one with the zipper that could be nudged down if I felt daring. Put on my black boots and laced them up... then to my makeup....accentuate the eyes, my friends always tell me... get the blush just right.... pull out the deep red lipstick.... check the hair...it is silky soft from the conditioners.. full... grabbable hair. Spritz myself again with the sexy perfume... surround myself with the scent....

I walk into the darkened bar...I could hear the music pounding from outside... I wait at the door to allow my eyes to get accustomed to the darkness....then slide over to the bar and take a place on the corner, near the wall... a place I can watch from... but still hide.... I am wondering wildly if I made the right decision to come in here tonight..

everyone is laughing with their friends, having a good time... I hate being alone... but being alone while in the midst of a room full of people is especially difficult. I want to be noticed, but am afraid...

I sit and order a Coke from the bartender..... I keep an eye out on the crowd, watching their interactions... as I am scanning the crowd, a woman who had been facing away from me turned to talk to the bartender... she looked past the bartender and looked at me... our eyes met, and I took a sharp breath... I quickly lowered my eyes from her gaze, feeling very flushed...

I tried to steal a peek a couple of times... she was talking to the bartender, and motioning a couple of times towards me with her eyes... I was almost panicking by this time...

The bartender came over and placed a glass of wine in front of me.... she pointed over her shoulder to indicate where the woman was standing who ordered the wine, but the woman was not there.... as I was looking for her, I felt a presence in back of me... no touch yet, but I knew someone was there, and close in to me, too. Suddenly I could feel someone drinking in the smell of my hair, and then the hot exhale of breath on my neck. Hands rested on my shoulders from the back... strong firm hands, but with a gentleness. A soft whisper into

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The Bar... Erotica by Fljemma

(Continued from page 2)

my right ear telling me that she would always remember my scent. As I turned, I looked into the deepest green eyes I have ever seen in my life...and the rest of this woman was not so bad either. I felt flushed, from head to toe... I stammered out a "Thank you for the wine", but could not bring my eyes to meet hers... blushing furiously... she cups her hand under my chin and raises my face to hers... her gaze unwavering... I had yet to taste of the wine, but my head was swimming and I could hardly catch my breath...

She flashes a brilliant smile that radiates from her whole being, and tells me that I am most welcome. She steps back from me and her gaze shifts slowly from my boots on up to my face again... smiling appreciatively, she steps back close to me and asks if I would like to dance... funny, I had not heard any music before...

she takes my hand gently, and pulls me from the bar stool... leads me out to the middle of the dance floor... turns and slowly pulls me into her arms... she has my left hand back in back of me, helping to hold me close... the other hand grasps my right hand, close up to her... I can hardly move... I look into her eyes... those eyes that have hardly left me... there is a cockiness in those eyes... a surety.. a force... I am breathless...my head is still swimming, I feel drunk or lightheaded... who is this woman and why/how is she making me feel like this? Her gaze seems to be staring straight into my soul, and I have no defense against it... we are doing little more than swaying with the music... the song is over before I know it, and she

is leading me back to my seat. She stands in back of me... very close... her hands and arms encasing mine... my head falls back a bit to rest on her shoulder... she once again drinks in the smell of my hair.. of the skin on my neck, my shoulder...

She slowly spins the stool around again, and taking my hand, leads me after her. We are heading back towards the restrooms... but I am confused as we pass them in the darkened hallway. Continuing down the hallway, she is removing a set of keys from her left jeans pocket. She unlocks a door at the end of the hallway, and reaches in to hit the light switch. My heart is pounding in my chest so hard now, and I look to her with a sense of confusion. "Don't worry... I own this place... this is my office", she said.

I step in beside her, moving to walk over to the chair she had motioned for me to sit in. Of course, she didn't leave me much room to pass her in the doorway, and my breasts brushed up against her arm as I passed. I felt electric twinges rushing all over my body at the touch, and my nipples grew immediately hard. Blushing furiously, I sat down quickly with my arms folded over my chest, trying to disguise my reaction to her. As I glanced up to look at her, I caught a slow grin forming on her face.

She takes a place across from me, leaning against her desk. The desk is

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The Bar... Erotica by Flfemme

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not like other office desks in bars that I have been in before... having worked as a bartender years ago, I saw my share of bar offices... always cluttered with papers and notices and boxes and odds and ends... no, this desk was neat, clean... a highly polished cherry wood, it looked like. Much more formal than the old metal desk I would have pictured in a bar. I looked around the office a bit then, and noticed how beautiful the room actually was... soft lighting on right now... black and white prints on the wall... a sofa that looked VERY comfortable, with earth colored pillows scattered about. There was a tall cabinet to the side of the couch, of beautifully carved wood. I glanced down to the floor... thick, very plush carpeting covered the floor. No, this is certainly NOT like any bar office I had ever seen! I expressed how impressed I was at the decor, and she thanked me.

She continued to lean up against the desk, looking at me... she was dressed in boots, black jeans, a black leather vest, and a softly iridescent long sleeved burgundy silk shirt, that was open at the collar. Very very nice, I thought...

We sat and chatted a bit about the bar... about the room.... about what brought me there that night... the phone rang, startling me... she answered, and in a business tone, told the person on the other end that she was NOT to be disturbed again that night, and that in fact, she wanted to bar to close a bit

early, and instructed the bartender to close up for her. I started to move to get up and leave, as she said she was going to close, and she motioned me to continue sitting. She said she was not anywhere finished with me yet.

She moved to me then... pushing my shoulders back into the chair... straddling my legs with hers... her knees on either side of my hips... she leaned down... her face so cloooooose to mine... those eyes... those eyes.... I cannot breath... I feel caught, like a small animal...prey... I drink in her smell.... her cologne filling my head... she takes her hand and cups it under my chin.... slowly moves my face from side to side... then slowly, carefully... leans over and with the softness of a lamb brushes her lips across my cheek...my eyelids... my brows... my temple.... each touch with her lips electrifies me, makes me gasp. She leans my head to one side, exposing my long neck to her gaze... her lips.... her teeth.... I feel myself melting into the chair.... offering myself to her, as if I ever had any choice.

Punished... Erotica by SusieQ

Emily was extremely uncomfortable. She had been positioned like this for almost an hour now, as she always was before her Master sexually tormented and then punished her for her misdeeds. She couldn't remember when her Master had first began positioning her like this for her punishments, but, each time that she was to be punished, it was the same routine.

First Master slowly undressed her, piece of clothing by piece of clothing. As he removed her clothes, he allowed his fingers to trail across the sensitive areas of Emily's body. By the time Master was down to Emily's lace bra and panties, her nipples would be stiff and throbbing with arousal and her pussy juice soaking the panel of her panties stretched between her legs. As Master removed Emily's bra, he would always linger, rolling her already hard nipples between his thumb and forefingers until she was softly moaning. One of Master's rules was that Emily could not move, she could only verbalize her feelings.

Once Emily's bra was off, Master slid his hand into each side of Emily's panties, letting his thumbs caress that sensitive join of inside thighs and pubis. Emily always had to bite her lower lip to keep from breaking the rule and squirming to intensify the touch. Then, Master would push further into Emily's panties until the fingers of his hands almost touched in the back, his palms cupping her firm, athletic buttocks. Master's breath was hot on Emily's skin as his fingers strayed into the crack of her asscheeks as he slowly, ever so slowly, slid the panties down. As the panties passed the lower buttocks, Master's fingertips would teasingly brushed the back of Emily's now dripping pussy. When Emily was

totally naked, Master always made her stand still, hands clasped behind her head, fingers interlocked and her long, beautiful legs spread widely apart. Then Master paid homage to Emily's turgid nipples, engorged pussy lips and stiff, little clit with his mouth and tongue. By this time, Emily would be on the brink of orgasm, reduced to a moaning, trembling animal, lust growling at the back of her throat. Of course, Master always stopped just before Emily could cum.

Then, Master would led Emily to the bedroom and over to their big, brass bed. Emily had to lie on her back and grasp the brass rails of the headboard with her hands while Master used soft, silk ropes to firmly tie Emily's wrists as high and as far apart as she could stretch them. Emily always felt like a turkey wishbone when this was done. Stretched as she was, Emily's breasts lie flatly against her chest, with her rock-hard nipples jutting out like eraser tips.

Master would then tie a soft, silk rope to each of Emily's ankles and, one-by-one, tie the ankles as high and as widely open as he could to the brass rails of the headboard. This would leave Emily's thighs splayed so wide she thought that she would split in two. An added benefit to this chastening position was that Emily's shaved pussy was revealed in all it's carnal beauty and the sweet, crinkled tan rosebud of her anus was also totally exposed.

Once Emily was tightly bound in this most vulnerable and humiliating position, Master would leave her that way for, what he referred to as, the hour of contemplation of

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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!**

Punished... Erotica by SusieQ

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her misdeeds.

When the hour was finished, Master would return and, once again, begin to roll Emily's nipples between his fingers and thumbs until they were again aching stiff. Then he would quickly place a wooden clothespin with a strong spring on each sensitive, swollen nipple. Each time he released the wooden clip, Emily would gasp loudly and begin to pant in an attempt to control the sudden, sharp pain. By the time that both clothespins were tormenting Emily's nipples, her pussy juices would be running down between her asscheeks and on to the bedspread and she would be tugging hungrily at her bonds.

Next, Master would go and get the vaseline. He would take a big, gooey glob of it on his right index finger and push it into Emily's tight little asshole, causing Emily to wiggle and moan with increasing lust. He would then grease his middle finger and slowly push two fingers into Emily. By the time Master was through lubricating Emily's cute little bottom hole, he had worked four fingers into her tight nether region.

Master would then clean his fingers and begin to play with Emily's scrumptious pussy. First, though, he always dipped his fingers into her flowing juices and then put them to Emily's lips. Emily loved the taste of her own pussy. She would avidly suck clean each of Master's slippery fingers. Finally, Master would use his lips and tongue to bring Emily, once again, to the very precipice of orgasm and then stop, leaving her a pleading desperate woman.

The final aspect of Emily's punishment

would quickly follow, before Emily could regain her senses. Master would insert a large, flared, butt plug into Emily's twitching anus, filling her completely with hard, black rubber. Its shape ensured that it would stay lodged firmly and deeply inside of Emily's bottom. The insertion of this plug always caused Emily to pant with lust and desire. Master loved watching Emily's puckered hole expand around the hard rubber to accept the fullest part of the plug and then quickly constrict as it gripped the smaller part of the plug which held it in place.

After the butt plug was firmly ensconced in Emily's bare bottom, Master would take Emily's favorite latex, vibrating dildo and turn it on. Slowly, lovingly, Master would rub it up and down Emily's dripping slit, pausing from time-to-time at her hard nubbin of a clitoris. Emily often began to howl like a wild beast at this point. When Emily was nearing her peak, Master would swiftly plunge the vibrating, rotating dildo into Emily's gaping pussy. Emily usually began to cum immediately as the vibrating shaft moved deeply within her and the attached clit stimulator massaged her eager clit.

Master always left Emily like that for precisely a half-hour, writhing, squirming, moaning and cumming like the lust-crazed woman that she had become. The first several orgasms were always increasingly earth-shattering and served to make Emily want more, more and more. Then the multiple orgasms became more of a mixed blessing. Towards the end of the half-hour, Emily would be babbling, begging Master to turn

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Punished... Erotica by SusieQ

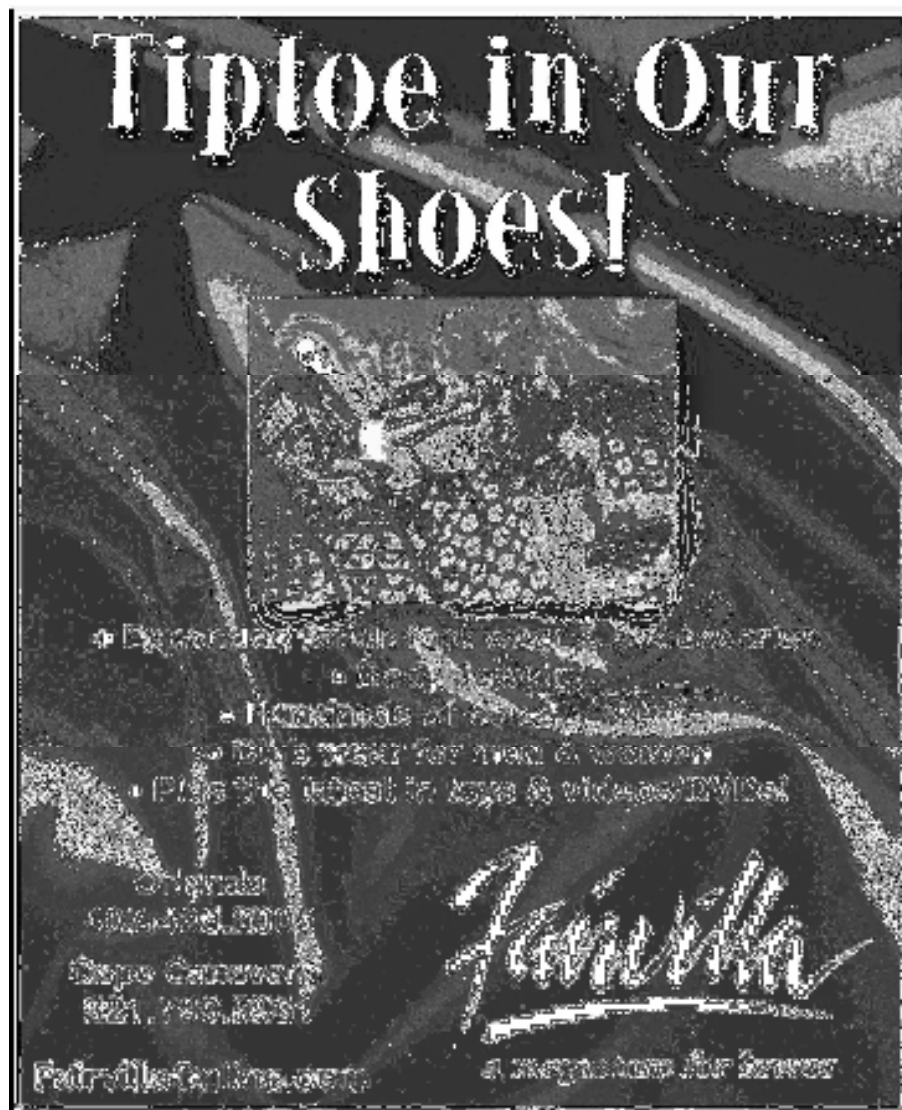
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off the vibrator and to get on with her punishment. For this was only the warm-up, the preliminary to the punishment which Emily knew was inevitably coming for, after all, that was the real reason for her predicament.

Master patiently sat during this half-hour, in the rocking chair, watching Emily's pleasure and torment, slowly rocking as his hands stroked his own throbbing sex.

Finally, the half-hour would end and the first part of Emily's pleasure/torment was over. Now, it was time for torment alone and this position was perfect for that as well. Master got up and went to where Emily lay, her whole body gasping, trembling and wet with sweat and her own juices. Lost in her own bittersweet world Emily jumped when Master's hand touched her, moaning bitterly as Master turned off the vibrator and slid it

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Punished... Erotica by SusieQ

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out of her clenching pussy with a "pop" of released suction. She groaned as Master gently eased the plug out of her asshole, whimpering miserably as the large bulbous portion passed her sphincter muscle. Emily trembled, as she remembered what always came next in the routine for her deserved punishment.

Emily began to plead with her Master to untie her, not to punish her, to show her mercy. Her pleas were reduced to babbling as she saw Master take up the razor strop and step to the bedside. Master began sternly lecturing Emily about her misdeeds, and her errant ways as he raised the razor strop for the first wicked blow which landed flush across the crease of Emily's bottom cheeks, inverted as they were, right where they joined her splayed upper thighs. For the next ten minutes, all that could be heard in the bedroom was the nasty "swish", "thwack" of the strop, the harsh lecturing voice of Master and the incoherent, almost hysterical pleas, begs and whimpers of Emily all blending together into one erotic symphony of pain, punishment and redemption.

When Master laid the strop to rest at the foot of the bed, they were both panting - one with lust and one with agony. Then Master picked up the final instrument of Emily's punishment - the soft, supple cat o' nine tails. Before the change of implement could be noticed by the babbling Emily, Master was lashing out with the cat, flogging Emily's inner thighs, gaping pussy, flinching anus and even that huddled, still stiff clitoris.

As usual, the cat quickly brought Emily to the very brink of total terror and abject misery. The soft leather caressed every nook and cranny of her most private places causing her unspeakable agony- and yet - as always,

Emily felt the dim beginnings of still another orgasm building in the depths of her being.

Master could see the subtle transformation in Emily as her movements became less frantic and more purposeful, as her screams turned to gasps and moans, as the cat became soaked with Emily's again flowing juices. Master changed the rhythm of the strokes as well as their strength and placement so as to enhance Emily's craving. Master's left hand found its way to his own erect shaft, as he began keeping time to the rhythm of the cat.

As Emily was nearing her peak, Master threw down the cat, hurriedly undid the silk ropes which bound his lover and, pulling Emily lower on the big brass bed, quickly mounted her thrashing convulsing body. Thrust after electrifying thrust, Master and Emily were consumed by flames of passion. The pleasure pure and explosive as each was swept into a rapturous, crashing orgasm

Later, wrapped in each other's arms, Emily whispered, "thank you for loving me enough to punish me, Master."

Master gently kissed Emily lips and sighed, "it was my pleasure, my love."

Orlando Bash 2001 Details!

WORKSHOPS EXPECTED FOR THE BASH!!

Bullwhips, Toymaking, Leather Care, Temp Piercing, Old Guard/New Leather, Waxing, Electrical Play, Rope Bondage, Erotic Hypnosis, Master/slave Relationships, Fireplay, Gender Play, Genitorture, Pervertibles, Knife Play, Caning, Negotiation of a Scene, Music for Scenes, BDSM Spirituality, Fisting (for female-only, male-only and pansexuals), The Psychology of Fisting, Using the Scene as Therapy, Successful Multiple Relationships (Poly), How To Be Successful In The Scene (Etiquette and more), The ABC's of BDSM (or SM 101), Negotiation & Communication, Fantasies & Role Play, CBT In A Nutshell, Sensory Deprivation & Control, Age Play For Consenting Adults, Contracts For Play or Serious Commitment, SM Play with No Toys, Bisexuality, Service in the Scene, and more.... We have several top FL presenters lined up already, and we are pleased to announce that Lolita Wolf, from NYC, will be joining us as a presenter! We are also hoping to sign at least one more National workshop presenter for the Bash, so stay tuned!

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE FOR THE BASH!!

Thursday: Registration & early Check In
Dinner at off-site restaurant
All Dungeons Open at night!!

Friday: Registration & Check In
Vendors Open 10AM-6PM
Workshops 10AM-5PM
Dinner & entertainment 7PM
Dungeons Open 9PM-??

Saturday: Vendors Open 10AM-6PM
Shuttle to Disney for Gay Days
Workshops 10AM-5PM
Dinner & Entertainment 7PM
Dungeons Open 9PM-??

Sunday: Check Out & goodbyes!

A few of the vendors so far:

Pandora & Pendragon
Rainbow Ropes
Eurotique
Leather Master Leathers
Fetish Temple
Aalinn
Achella
Leather Lee
London Tanners
Homebound Leathers
Electro Jack
MistressPlez

FLORIDA BDSM CALENDAR

WEEK ONE

WHERE

WHO

FIRST SATURDAY	Clearwater Munch	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	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
Rope Bondage	April 28
TBA	May 26
TBA	June 23
TBA	July 28



Personals

YOUR AD COULD BE 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, April 28, 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 April will be Rope Bondage. This will be a hands-on workshop, so bring your ropes! The class will be run by the gorgeous Lady Karena, one of the original Bondage Divas from bondagediva.com. She is known here in Central FL as the "Rope Lady". *smile* Come join us for fun!

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!