

Power Lines

The Board's Corner



Greetings Everyone,

And welcome to this months Orlando Munch. Can you believe it has been a whole month since we have gathered together? This year has been flying by to fast for me, but I would not want to miss a minute of it!

Just wanted to let you know that lilone and I made a quick trip down south this month to Leather Werks! to get fitted for our vest. We both want to thank the community for standing behind Sir Louis Michael when he asked your permission to present us with our first earned leather. We both were so shocked and happy with the love and support that was flowing in that ballroom on Saturday night. Big hugs and kisses to everyone and a heart felt thank you. Oh, and we will be needing pins to decorate our new vest, all donations will be appreciated!

In this issue you will find the 3 winners to our erotic story/poem contest. Please congratulate MzJanet, MsTatyana and Knottabrat for their erotic contributions. If you have poems or stories that you would like to see published please send them in and we will try to get them in future Powerlines issues.

For those of you who might not have heard, Karen McGee is the new Ms World Leather 2002. Karen is from Jacksonville, Florida and is a member of Code 12. We hope to see Karen down our way soon to tell us about her experience at Ms World Leather. Also, slave o was the first runner up in the Ms World Leather competition. Congratulations to all the Florida contestants on a great job.

These next few months are going to be busy for us all. Not only are the holidays fast approaching but lots of Leather events are coming. For those in the community ages 19-35 Black Rose's The Next Generation is putting on The Second Coming. Oh to be young again! Other events for you to choose from are Dungeon 701, Black Rose XVI and Dominion V. The hard part will be deciding which to attend. Anyone attending them all please let me know, I want to go with you!

Now, just to tease you a little, we are working hard behind the scenes on Bash 2003 plans. Dates are looking good and we have a few hotels bidding for our business. Can you believe that? It has taken awhile, but with your support the Bash is now a large enough event that major hotels

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are looking at us in a positive light. YEA!!

We are looking for new ideas to spice up your event, so please take a moment to drop me a line with your suggestions, dreamer@totcon.com.

Let us know what you think and what you would might like to see at the next Bash.

Hugs to you and remember to please play safe.

Written by Virgo
Orlando Munch Board Member

The Meeting.....by MzJanet (1st Place)

The phone rang. She picked it up knowing who the caller was without looking. The Master was setting up a meeting between her and a Mistress who was a friend of his from long ago. He spoke softly into the phone. "You, my slave, are to pick up the Mistress at the airport and take her to the Days Inn. You will follow all of her instructions as given to you by her. There is a special way that you are to dress so that she will know who you are. Hanging in your closet is a new dress. Go get it now and tell me just what it looks like in great detail." She lay down the phone walked over to open the closet door. She gasped in delight at the sight of the new dress. Taking the dress she walked back and picked up the phone and started to tell the Master about the new dress. She said, "Master, the dress is a very short looking, bright red, off the shoulder, button up the front dress." The Master replied, "It sounds very nice. You are to wear this with a garter belt, stockings and the new red 6 inch heels." She replied with a soft sigh, "Yes Master." The Master told her, "You are dismissed. Go get yourself ready."

Hanging up the phone, she went into the bathroom and started to run her bath. Leaning over, she turned on the water, added her favorite bubble bath, lit the candles and turned on the music. While the water was running she laid out the clothes the Master had instructed her to wear. She laid the dress, the garter belt of blue with the light blue lace and the stockings. She walked over to the closet, got out the new heels and placed them next to the foot of her bed. Turning, she walked back into the bathroom, turned off the water, removed her clothes, slid into the hot bubble bath, closed her eyes and let her mind wander. Her thoughts drifted to the Mistress she was going to pick up from the airport. She wondered what this Mistress looks like. Is she tall? What is the color of her hair? But mostly she wondered how she was to be of service to this Mistress. She had never served a Mistress or a Master other than her own. But again, she noticed how just the thought of serving a Mistress excited her.

Getting out of the bubble bath and drying off, she remembered that the Master didn't tell her what kind or what color of panties she was supposed to wear with this dress. The Master always chose the clothes that she was to wear out for important meetings. She walked into her bedroom, going over to where she had laid out her clothes. She reached down and picked up the blue garter belt with the light blue lace and fastened it around her waist. She leaned over, picked up one stocking, slid it over her toes, pulled it to the bend in her knee, smoothing it out with her hands as she brought the stocking up and hooked it to the garter belt. She then put on the second stocking in the same way, but her mind began to drift to the Mistress. As she smoothed the stocking into place before hooking it to the garter belt, she thought, "Will the Mistress be running her hands up the stocking covered legs?" She was very nervous but again she was getting more excited with each passing thought of serving a Mistress. She removed the dress from the bed and unbuttoned the top button. She wrapped the dress around her body and buttoned the top button that lay right between her breasts. The dress was a very tight fit and she had to adjust her breasts in order to get the next two buttons fastened. At last she had the dress buttoned from the top to the hem line. Bending over, she picked up the 6 inch red heels and slid them on her feet. She stood and walked over to the full length mirror. She stared in shock as she looked at herself in the mirror. The first thing she noticed was how the dress showed off her milky white, luscious breasts. The dress was so short it made her legs look long and they seemed to go on

(Continued on page 3)

it's about

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The Meeting.....continued

(Continued from page 2)

forever before they reached the hem of the dress. Oh, how she blushed! The dress was only about two inches below her slim but well rounded butt cheeks. Turning a bright shade of pink, she couldn't help but wonder if this dress would be as exciting for the Mistress as it was to her just looking at herself in the mirror.

Glancing at the clock she realized she had to hurry or she would be late. She arrived at the airport and walked into the terminal. She knew she was getting stared at but she had no time to think. The plane carrying the Mistress had landed. She stood in full view of the arriving passengers watching and waiting for the one who would speak to her. Several ladies got off but no one was speaking to her. At last, a lady got off and walked over to her. She said, "Are you here to greet me?" "Yes Mistress, I am here to do as you command Ma'am." The lady hands her the baggage claim ticket, smiling to herself. She leans over and whispers, "Girl, how do you know I am the one you're supposed to be meeting?"

Without thinking, the girl reaches out and takes the ticket, but then looks at the Lady with wide eyes and bright red cheeks. She drops her head and thinks to herself, "Oh, what if I have disgraced my Master?"

With a soft sigh she replies, "Ma'am, I am unable to give you an answer at this time."

Turning, she walks over to the baggage claim area and reaches down to get the luggage. She then knows why she was told not to wear panties. The luggage has to be lifted from a short belt and in order for her to reach the bags she must bend over. Remembering just how short the dress is and knowing she isn't wearing any panties, she turns bright red, but she is excited just knowing that there will be people watching her.

She starts to bend over very slowly, taking her time, teasing those who might be watching her every move. She can feel their eyes watching the short dress slowly work its way up her long stocking-covered legs. She smiled to herself wondering if the Mistress was standing behind her watching the dress move slowly up her legs. When she suddenly felt this hand moving up over those stocking covered leg she was shocked to find that she like the feel of this very soft gentle hand moving up to touch the very heat of her body. Picking up the bag she straightens up, turns to the Mistress and says. I am to take you to your motel if you will allow me to show you to the car.

the end.

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A Perfect Night.....by MsTatyana (2nd Place)

Claire flew along under the night sky, the top down on her BMW convertible. She tilted her head back – held in rapture by the stars flying by over her. It was a bright cloudless night. Perfect convertible weather. Perfect weather for anything.

Her hand, snugly fitted in a black leather and lace glove, pushed her flaming red hair out of her face. She cranked the music up, pushed her foot down on the accelerator – she was feeling young and free and invincible and the night was oh, so sweet and young.

Blue lights brought home a different reality. She checked her lipstick in the rear view as she pulled over. She ran her hair back out of her face and rested her hands on the steering wheel. She turned to smile at the approaching policeman.

Sam grabbed her mag light as she put her patrol car into park. Another fucking rich bitch, she thought. This is all I need. It was too nice a night. But she couldn't ignore the little car pushing 90 down this winding, back country road. The girl was looking to get killed. She'll give me all kinds of lip and treat me like I'm a bug under her shoe, but at least I won't be scraping her out of the trees. It's too nice a night for that kind of detail.

Sam's light bar threw splashes of red and blue across the convertible and into the trees. As she approached the girl in the car Sam thought she saw the girl's smile flicker. Not what you expected, huh babe? Thought you'd sweet talk some man out of this ticket? Get him hot and horny, smile, get him hard, and walk away smiling.

A woman, thought Claire. This will be more fun than I thought. She smiled, not too much, not too little. Pouting won't work with this cop.

Sam had never seen hair so long or so red, eyes so blue. And wearing nothing but leather. Tits spilling out of a halter top, leather mini skirt barely covering her cunt. Leather boots laced up her calves. Leather jacket tossed on the seat next to her. Leather gloves gripping the steering wheel. So, someone has taught her how to behave when pulled over – she left her hands where I can easily see them.

"I'm really very sorry," Claire said carefully.
 "For what?" Sam asked, thinking, we both know you were flying.
 "Was I going a little fast?"

She won't flat out admit it, but she knows I'm not stupid. "How fast do you think you were going, Ma'am?"

"I'm sorry – I don't know. I was – I mean – it's just so nice out, one of those most perfect nights – you know – and I was – the stars are so beautiful and I had the music turned on and I – it's just – I was feeling so, you know, everything was just so perfect – but you don't really I'm a Ma'am, do you? I mean, I've never really felt like one, you really don't need to call me that. It's not like I'll call Sheriff Bill and complain or anything."

The girl looked down at her hands and then up at Sam. Her eyes looked huge, wide open, clear, sweet. Sam looked into the woods. "Can I see your license and registration?"

"Of course." Claire reached over, then turned back to Sam, "It's in the glove box, is it okay if I get it?"

"Yes. But don't make any sudden movements."

Sam knew this girl wasn't about to hurt her, she just wanted to see if the girl could follow directions. The girl readjusted her ass in her seat, squeezing her legs together, sighing just a little, and she carefully and deliberately reached over and clicked open the glove compartment. It fell open, white lace panties, papers, and a pink dildo spilling out onto the seat. The girl flushed.

Sam enjoyed her discomfort. "License and registration?"

"It's in here somewhere, I'm so sorry," Claire was rummaging through all the odds and ends and pieces of her life, wondering how so much stuff wound up in there. Garter belt, stockings, restaurant receipts, all these scraps, where was that license?

"Do I need to search the car?"

"Ma'am?"

"Do you have anything illegal in the car? Do I need to search this vehicle?"

"Oh no, Ma'am. I don't do drugs. I hardly drink even. There's so much else that turns me on, I don't really need to, do drugs, it hardly seems exciting. But you could. Search the car, I mean, if you wanted to. I don't have anything to hide."

Sam hid her smile. It was fun making this pretty girl flustered. This girl who was so used to being in

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A Perfect Night.....Continued

(Continued from page 4)

control and calling the shots, wrapping men around her little finger.

Claire squeezed her legs together. Why am I so fucking wet? She wondered. I'm dripping wet, I don't remember ever being so wet. So hard to think about finding my stupid license. And the vibrator just seemed to get bigger and bigger lying next to her on the seat. She threw some papers over it. And of course that policewoman saw it. No way she'd have missed that. What was she thinking? God she was hot too. Tall and graceful and well built. Those uniforms never do women's figures justice...love to get her out of it...but she's all business.

The girl found her license and handed it with the registration to Sam, her hand shaking. How sweet, Sam noticed as she fought another smile. "Step out of the car."

Claire turned in her seat, opened the door and reached one leg out of the car. Her boots had five inch heels, she carefully placed one, then the other on the ground. She slowly stood and smoothed her skirt down. Sam had seen all the way up her milky white thighs.

"I don't want you standing in the middle of the road. Come here." Sam led her to the trunk of her car. "Stand here. Put your hands on the trunk. Don't move."

Sam sat back in her patrol car to study the situation. Claire stood with her legs apart. She leaned forward towards the car, stretching her back out. Her red hair tumbled, wind tangled, down past her exposed waist. All that red, all that heat against that milky white skin. Her black leather mini did not begin to hide her cunt. She was leaning forward, swaying gently, cunt lips quivering. Such a pretty cunt. Such a pretty little girl. What to do with her? Claire Baxter, age 19, 5'2", 128 pounds. Sam tapped the license a couple times with her finger. She had sent a message, Sam had not missed it, just not acknowledged it. Only family called him Sheriff Bill, and she knew him well enough to call him that, referring to him – what that was had to do with, please don't write me a ticket. And "I won't complain" that had to do with her exposed cunt.

Sam called the station. "2419, going out on dinner break."

"10 4," the radio answered.

Claire stood and waited. Time stretched out. She could occasionally, by looking in her rear view mirror, between the flashes of red and blue, catch a glimpse of the policewoman in her patrol car. It was frustrating. She wanted to see her, she what she was doing, was she looking at her? Claire rocked back, she could feel the night air against her cunt. As if she wasn't turned on already, standing here exposing herself to this woman, she'd never known such sweet tension. Would anything come of it? Did this woman even notice? Was she ignoring her on purpose? Did she care? Did she think it was funny? Would she just humiliate her and then go back and laugh about it in the locker room? Yeah, chicks come on to you guys all the time, you should have seen the piece of work I had tonight, drooling over me and I wrote her 8 tickets and never touched her. Claire had never wanted anyone so badly. She'd never been with a woman. She fantasized about it, but never had known what to do about meeting a woman to sleep with, have sex with. And now here she was in the middle of the night, taken with absolute desire for this cop, with absolutely no clue if she had a chance. She had an itch in the center of her back. She started to lift her hand up to scratch it, then remembered the cop telling her not to move. What would happen if she did move? Claire bit her lip. Don't think about the itch. She bit her lip harder. It's been forever. She saw the cop talking into the radio handset. Checking to see if I'm wanted...don't you want me? Please, please want me. It was excruciating. And why can't I move? Why can't I scratch this itch? Turn around to see her? Get into my car and just go? This is crazy. Claire shut her eyes tight. Get a grip, girl, what's the worst thing that could happen? She'll write you a bunch of tickets? I could so not care about that. She could not touch me. She could hand me the tickets, sign here five times or whatever and drive away and not say anything, not touch me, and I'd never see her again. Tears started to well up in her blue eyes.

Sam sat and watched for several minutes. Carefully observing the small movements she made. The swaying stopped, her head fell forward ever so slightly. A small – was that a sob or a sigh? I'd better go see how she's doing.

Claire heard the car door open. Her breath drew in suddenly and she felt excited and flushed. Sam approached and stopped inches behind her. Claire could almost feel Sam's body so close to her own. Sam noticed a tiny slip of moisture on Claire's cheek. "Why are you crying?" "Crying?"

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A Perfect Night.....Continued

(Continued from page 5)

"Why are you crying?"

"I was afraid..." Claire trailed off, not sure how to answer.

"You don't have anything to be afraid of, do you?"

"I thought..."

"What did you think, little girl?" Sam touched her nightstick to the side of Claire's leg. Let her feel the cold, hard wood against her flesh.

"That you might write me a ticket."

"And that would be so bad?" Sam started to slowly caress Claire's leg with the nightstick.

"No." Claire let her head fall back, her eyes close.

"No. You'd live. Maybe you'd even drive slower. Be more careful. Mmm?"

"I'll do that anyway, Ma'am."

"Of course you will. For a week or two."

"No, I promise."

"How do I know you're sincere?"

"How would you like me to show you?" The words just fell out of Claire's mouth. She was starting to find her way in this new language. "I'll do anything you want."

"Why don't you take a step back and put your face down onto the car."

Sam could see her ass and cunt now, both fully exposed. She ran the nightstick up and down the inside of Claire's thighs as she took a position directly behind her. Claire's hands lay flat against the trunk of the car, long red nails shimmering in the flashing lights. Her hair fell to one side, black leather straps criss-crossed her back. Her face was turned to the side, eyes closed, mouth slightly open. Sam gathered saliva in her mouth and let it fall over her lips and spill down Claire's ass and slide down her cunt.

Claire gasped. She could feel this other woman's juice fall onto her and mix into her own wetness. And the stick on her thigh, caressing, teasing, playing, coming oh so close.

Sam drew the stick across Claire's cunt. Claire moaned. "Oh, please, please."

"Please what?"

"Please touch me, please."

"Touch you?"

"Oh please, please. I need you inside me."

"Do you promise to be a good little girl?"

"Oh yes, yes, please, I promise to be good." Claire begged.

Sam put her hand to Claire's mouth. "Then lick my fingers."

Claire pulled Sam's fingers into her mouth. She sucked and licked. Twisting her tongue in and around the long, thin shafts.

"I bet you can suck, can't you?" Sam asked.

Claire moaned what she hoped could be construed as a yes and took the fingers as deep as she could into her throat, sucking as hard as she could.

Sam pulled her fingers back. "Get them good and wet now." Claire let spit roll off her tongue and wrapped it around Sam's fingers.

Sam reached in between Claire's legs and leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "You like that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," Claire whispered.

"Do you want me inside you?"

"Oh yes, yes, please."

Sam pulled on Claire's cunt lips, run her finger across her clit, pressing it until she felt Claire push back up against her. She pushed her fingers into her wet, tight cunt. Claire cried out. Sam shoved her fingers in harder and deeper. Claire's hands gripped the trunk. Sam used one finger to play with her clit as she fucked her cunt with other fingers.

Claire was grateful for the car under her, her knees and legs felt like gelatin. Her every feeling centered in her cunt, the movement of the fingers inside her wringing out pleasure, intense and sheer. She moved her hips back towards Sam's hand. She could feel Sam's breath against her cheek, feel her voice in her ear.

"You like it, don't you? You've never had a girl before have you? Never had a woman's hand in your cunt, knowing exactly how to touch you, how you want to be touched, pulling out pleasure. Take it little girl, take my pleasure."

Suddenly, Sam grabbed Claire by the hair. "Stand up."

Claire had no choice but to obey. Eyes flying open. Was someone there? What happened? What had she done?

"Sit on the edge of the trunk. Now. Quickly."

Claire jumped up on the car, her skirt pulled up to her waist.

"Spread your legs open." Claire did as she was told. Sam grabbed a thigh in each hand and put her face to Claire's cunt. She grabbed her clit in her mouth and sucked.

Claire fell back onto her elbows. It was the most intense thing she had ever felt. Sheer intense feeling.

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A Perfect Night.....Continued

(Continued from page 6)

Beyond pleasure. Not really pain, but more intense than any pain had ever been.

Sam looked up. Claire was completely open to her. Completely hers. Breasts straining against their leather cage. Mouth open, eyes rolled back. Fingers clutching metal. She ran her tongue around the edge of Claire's cunt a few times and then stood up. Claire didn't move.

"Kiss me," Sam ordered. Claire pulled herself up, eyes shining. She took Sam's face in her hands and met Sam's lips with her open mouth. She tasted herself in Sam's mouth. How wonderful, how marvelous, she thought as she lost herself in exploring Sam's mouth with her tongue, searching and sucking.

Sam pulled away, took a step back and handed her the nightstick. "I want to see you use this. Show me how well you can fuck."

Claire looked her in the eyes as she took the stick. She put it in her mouth and wet it. She fucked her mouth with the stick, playing with how much of it she could swallow, twisting and turning it in her mouth. Then she very carefully ran it across her clit and cunt. "Don't put on a show. Please yourself. I don't want a show, I want you. The real you." Sam told her. Claire slipped the stick into her cunt. She rode forward on it, her feet hooked onto the bumper, her ass barely on the car, she leaned forward and pulled the stick in and out, fucking herself. She closed her eyes, discovering the best way to use this new toy.

Sam quietly found the pink vibrator on the front seat. She knelt in front of Claire and turned it on. She pressed the vibrator against Claire's clit. Claire leaned into the car, still moving the stick in and out of her cunt. Sam worked the vibrator around Claire's clit, alternating holding it directly against her clit and circling around it.

Claire moaned and bit her lip.

"Are you going to come, little girl?"

"Oh God, yes..." Claire moaned.

"Come little girl, come for me," Sam held the vibrator against Claire's clit and pushed it to go faster. Claire's moan turned into a scream as her body was washed over with waves of pleasure.

Sam watched her body quiver and finally relax back onto the car. She turned off the vibrator and leaned over to caress Claire's hair off her forehead. She

kissed her gently once on her forehead and once on her lips. Claire rose and kissed her back passionately.

"Are you sure this is the right way to teach me how not to speed?"

Sam laughed. The little girl had a point. "I won't ever touch you again if you do speed. How's that?"

"If I go really slow will you touch me more?"

"Very funny." Sam wiped the nightstick off on Claire's leg.

"So, I can see you again?" Claire asked.

"If you want."

"Very much – but I don't even know your name –"

"Maybe if you're a good girl next time I'll tell you."

"How – when – " Claire gasped.

"I'll find you, Claire Baxter, 114 Birch Court," Sam smiled. "But I better not catch you speeding." Sam walked back to the patrol car, slapping the nightstick against the palm of her hand.

The Power of Women
We Having A Fund Raiser!

Sunday August 25th, Starting At 4 PM, Faces & Trident Leather Central Florida Are Hosting A Fund Raiser Right Here!! Fun!!, Food!!, Entertainment!!, 50/50 Raffles!!, Door Prizes!!, CD's Are Available Right Now For \$10.00 Each. Ask Your Bartender To See One!! It's Full Of Hot Songs By The Hottest Women On The Planet!! 100% Of These Proceeds Go Directly Back Into The Community Helping People With HIV/AIDS And Breast Cancer. By Purchasing This CD And Joining Us On August 25th, You Are Doing Your Part In Assisting Those In Need, And Having A Great Time Too!! Please Join Us In Making This Worth While Event A Success!!

Thank You

It Is Beautiful.....by Knottabrat (3rd Place)

i sit quietly, contemplating what is about to be as
 she finishes making ready.
 This moment has been standing before my eyes
 until i am dizzy with
 anticipation.
 my soul idly wonders if this is all just some grand
 daydream
 until She unconsciously reaches out in Her
 preparations and soothes me with
 Her hand.
 She is decadent, nefarious, a goddess
 and in possession of some tiny bit of metal that will
 open up a door into my absolute self.
 A place where i cannot remain hidden,
 From where my essence will flow
 Unashamed,
 Tangible,
 And freely given.

i hear the noise of Her words, Her questioning
 and somehow my mouth must make response.
 But i am already deep within myself;
 having listened to Her instructions
 carefully rendered and with full clarity
 to those who have joined us,
 but providing a pied piper effect to my conscious
 mind
 and leading me off into some glorious head space
 that i am loathe to leave.
 i manage somehow to assure Her that i am ready to
 begin.

i hear Her audibly inhale as She presses the scalpel
 to my flesh and begins to cut.
 There is a searing feeling on my skin as i am opened
 and i begin to fly off into some distant place of
 fuzz and wonder.
 i am suddenly aware of Her presence in this place
 beside me as i feel Her
 energy pulse into my
 core through the opening She has made into my
 flesh.

Is it my ears or my heart that is hearing this
 lascivious laughter?

She is gleeful in Her response as the blood first
 appears.

Resplendent in Her bloodlust,
 She almost growls in approval as i feel the first
 trickle run down my back.

She begins the second cut, long and slow and
 burning into my flesh.
 i push farther out into space.
 She follows, barely containing Her excitement.

What is left of my consciousness recognizes that
 She is asking me a question.
 "Did you pop an aspirin for me? Or do you always
 bleed this well?"

The question sounds a mixture of approval, lust and
 anticipation.

I feel somehow powerful knowing that my body is
 complying with Her wishes,
 giving her ample supply and unabashedly pouring
 out that which She craves.

It is a heady combination,
 Power and humility.
 Each of us feeling both emotions in ebb and flow.
 Playing some kind of ethereal game of tag;
 me plummeting out into this great expanse,
 Her catching and then overtaking me,
 laughing,
 Bidding me to follow even deeper into the abyss.
 Reveling in the darkness.
 Running ramshackle over propriety and convention
 and dousing ourselves in the rightness of the
 moment.

She continues, cut after cut
 and i can almost feel the design She is creating
 living just under my skin.
 Waiting to be freed from where it has lain,
 Trapped and dreaming of this time.
 Then She stops the singing of the blade for a
 moment.

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It Is Beautiful.....Continued

(Continued from page 8)

The blood is warm,
 slick,
 intoxicating.
 She plays in it,
 finger-painting
 and massaging it into my skin.
 The sensation is like nothing i have ever
 experienced before.

There is some sort of celebration going on,
 a ritual of some kind.
 i cannot tell in this moment where i end and She
 begins.
 i hear myself moan
 and i wish to find a way to capture this feeling.
 It is not sex
 or love
 or lust
 or passion.
 It is beyond them all.
 It is, i imagine, the thing that causes one to weep
 when they find beauty.

Someone stirs in the room and again i become
 aware of being questioned,
 But the voice is more of a buzzing interruption of
 my bliss.

"Where are you right now?"
 my tormentor utters the question as quietly and
 respectfully as she can,
 But my mind despises the intrusion.

i wave my hands to indicate some place far away
 and distant from this room.
 She does not understand and repeats the question.
 i resist answering.
 Just forming words and speaking them is almost
 unbearable.
 But they have joined me so sweetly in this
 encounter
 and watched in quiet awe as the metamorphosis has
 taken place

And She has transformed me from blank page to
 living art.

i struggle to a place from which i can answer,
 But still manage only an obligatory
 "Way out there". Their soft laughter gives me
 permission to return to that
 place and rest.
 The bulk of Her cutting done,
 She seems to almost dawdle through the rest.
 Lazing and dallying
 as She allows Her art to speak it's final design.
 Then sated and happy,
 She is done.

There is a pop in my head as i realize that we have
 reached a place where i
 can see what we have been doing
 and i begin to feel slightly giddy.
 Momentarily, i cannot find where i left my feet
 And i giggle a bit to myself knowing that i won't be
 able to go look until i
 have located them.
 (Such naughty feet to have wandered away while i
 was occupied!)
 But there at the bottom of each leg they are
 waiting patiently for me
 and i am helped to stand.

i have seen many things in my life,
 but this...
 This takes my breath.

She asks me if i like it
 and i answer the only thing that can be said.

It is beautiful.

**ATTENTION!!!
IF YOU THINK YOU HAD FUN AT THE
BASH 2002 WAIT UNTIL....**



**THE SEVENTH ANNUAL
ORLANDO
BASH 2003**

The Orlando Bash has come to be known as one of Florida's Prominent Leather Events. So if you liked this year's event or missed it start making your plans to join us next year in celebrating seven fantastic years of service to the Florida leather community. We look forward to the company of several hundred leather clad and fetish minded folks, while taking in one of Florida's beautiful vacation beaches. This will be a truly pansexual weekend.

EVENT ACTIVITIES

- Vendor Fair with vendors from all over Florida and from around the country!
- Two days of Seminars and Workshops, featuring top presenters from the scene.
- The Annual Master/Mistress/slave auction, to raise money for a local charity.
- Two delicious dinners & Our Fetish Fashion Show
- Three nights of incredible play

Orlando Leather Initiative, LLC
Orlando Munch/ Orlando Power Exchange/Orlando Bash
<http://www.orlandomunch.com>

Please remember to join our email list by visiting the Munch welcome desk or writing to dreamer@totcon.com, as further Bash 2003 information will be coming soon!!!

FLORIDA BDSM CALENDAR

FIRST WEEK OF THE MONTH

FIRST FRIDAY

Miami Munch

Email: rareamber1@aol.com

Website: <http://miamimunch.tripod.com/miamimunch/>

FIRST SATURDAY

Clearwater Munch

Email: mastersquest@mastersquest.com

Website: <http://www.mastersquest.com>

Palm Beach Munch

Email: palmbeachmunch@yahoo.com

Website: <http://www.ds-arts.com/palmbeachmunch>

Tallahassee SSC Munch

Email: tallymunch@hotmail.com

Website: <http://www.tallyssc.com>

SECOND WEEK OF THE MONTH

SECOND SATURDAY

Tampa Munch

Email: Intreegue@aol.com

Website: <http://www.tampamunch.org>

Panama City PEP

Email: MzDecadent@aol.com

Ocala Munch

Email: Mastersdsire@aol.com

SECOND SUNDAY

Sarasota Munch

Email: sarasotasociety@yahoo.com

Website: <http://www.sarasotasociety.com/>

THIRD WEEK OF THE MONTH

THIRD FRIDAY

Daytona Beach Munch

Email: Daytonaflmunch@earthlink.net

Website: <http://www.geocities.com/daytonaflmunch>

THIRD SATURDAY

Ft. Myers Munch

Email: WhypDancer@aol.com

FOURTH WEEK OF THE MONTH

FOURTH SATURDAY

Gainesville Munch

Email: patti_lynn@hotmail.com

North Palm Beach Munch

Email: ladykuanvin@worldnet.com

Orlando Munch & OPEX

Email: dreamer@totcon.com

Website: <http://www.orlandomunch.com>

St. Augustine Munch

Email: vipercommittee@yahoo.com

Website: <http://www.viperbds.com/>

FOURTH (or last) SUNDAY DSSG

Email: genebat@verizon.net

Website: <http://www.dssglive.com>



P.O. Box 740803
Orange City, FL 32774-0803

To Contact The Editor Of Powerlines
Email: lilonefla@aol.com

Website: <http://www.orlandomunch.com>

Logo created by: [psybrGrrL](http://www.psybrgrl.com/gallery/)
<http://www.psybrgrl.com/gallery/>

Orlando Munch Board of Directors

Lapetimort: lapetimort@aol.com

Lilone: lilonefla@aol.com

Ms. Virgo: dreamer@totcon.com

Rick: 71443.1351@compuserve.com

Schedule for Upcoming OPEX Meetings

Topic	Date
Karen E. Matroni Responsibilities of Dominant & Submissive Relationships	September
Rae Corseting	November
TBA	January

Call for OPEX Topics

Have you seen something done in a scene and would love to know how to do it? Ever wanted to talk to other Dom/me or subs just to ask questions or get a little advice? Or maybe you want to learn more about the Leather lifestyle you are apart of. We welcome each and every one of you to attend OPEX.

OPEX is a BDSM discussion and support group dedicated to education, exploration and explanation of the BDM lifestyle. The information that most people coming into the lifestyle get about BDSM is not generally very accurate or positive.

OPEX meets the fourth Saturday of the month at the GLBCC located at 946 N. Mills Ave., a few blocks north of Colonial Drive in Orlando (Hwy 50), from 11:00 AM to 1:00 PM.

OPEX is open to anyone interested in learning more about the BDSM lifestyle. If you have a specific topic you would like to see discussed or demonstrated at an OPEX or if you know of something that others might be interested in talking or learning about, please write lapetimort@aol.com with your request or suggestion.

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, September 28th, 11AM to 1PM. The location is at GLBCC. **The address is 946 N Mills Ave.** The topic for September will be Responsibilities of Dominant & Submissive Relationships presented by Karen E. Matroni.

Orlando Munch Message Board – 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. Poke your head in and leave a message!