

Name on Hold
Please read page one

May, 2008

Welcome to the Daytona Munch Newsletter

Welcome to the May issue of the NEW Daytona Munch Newsletter. Our goal is to use this newsletter to let you know what is going on at this munch, as well as listing other local events and other munches.

We kicked it off with a bang, with a contest to Name the Newsletter. There was a tie, with both folks submitting the same name for the newsletter. So being fair, both won the prize. Thank you very much to Sir Kevin and Big Daddy for submitting the winning name. A very special thanks to all that who attended the April munch and voted on the new name.

Now for the "Bad News" We can't use the name. The name "The whipping Post" is a

copyrighted name owned by a magazine, so unfortunately we will have to find another name.

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Florida Munches

South Florida Munch http://www.sfmunch.com	Second Saturday
Tampa Munch http://www.tampamunch.org/	Second Saturday
Sarasota Society http://www.sarasotasociety.com/	Second Sunday
Daytona Munch http://WWW.daytonamunch.org	Third Friday
Ft. Myers Munch http://www.canes4pain.com/	Third Saturday
Viper Munch http://www.geocities.com/staugustinemunch/VIPER.html	Third Saturday
Orlando Munch http://www.orlandomunch.com	Fourth Saturday

Statewide Clubs / Events

Command Performance http://www.commandperformance.net/	Every Friday
The Fetish Party http://www.tampafetishparty.com/	First Saturday
Fetish Circuit www.fetishcircuit.com	Second Saturday

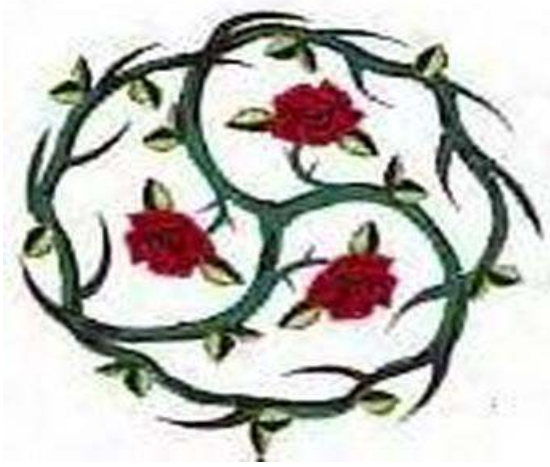
The Woodshed Orlando
www.thewoodshedorlando.com

Every Weekend



THIS MONTH AT THE WOODSHED

- 3 May: [Zoo Day \(1:00 pm\)](#)
- 8 May: [Singles Night \(all day\)](#)
- 17 May: [Kinko de Mayo \(all day\)](#)
- 24 May: [Smoke and Mirrors: Mind Fucking 101 \(6:00 pm\)](#)
- 29 May: [Singles Night \(8:00 pm\)](#)

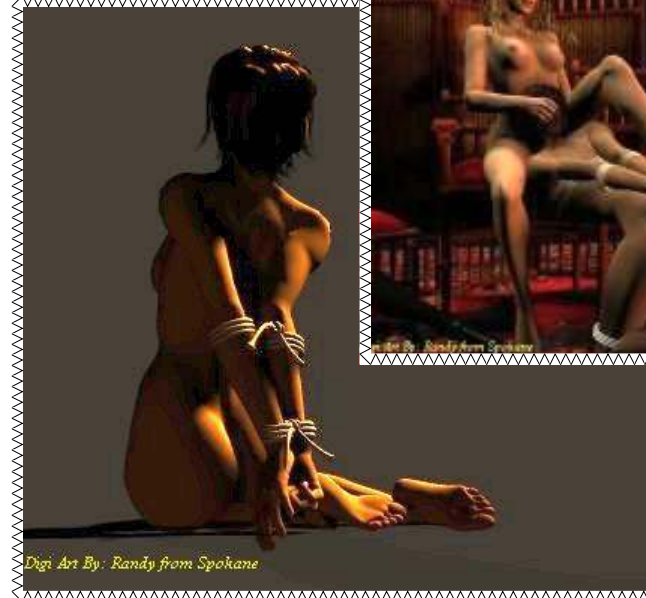


LEATHER
by Kaska

That unmistakable
squeak of leather is
heard
as cuffs are moved
and fastened by
Master.
I watch silently.
A small smile flitting
over my lips.
I am filled with love,
for my Master
ensures every minute
detail is correct.
Feeling that hard little
tug on the rings
Master does to ensure all is proper again brings the flitting smile of
trust.
Quietly Master bids me to stand.
No uttered words to do so only the brief lock of gaze upon me.
I rise as bid.
Standing still, I close my eyes as Master kneels.
Hands slide down my heaving breasts to
brush hard nipples with supple leather gloves.
The pinch of nipples causes me to moan and close my eyes.
My sense of Touch growing more intense.
Leather covered hands glide over hips and down my thighs.
The ankle cuffs are placed on me with loving care.
Ahh, the tug again.
My head seems to spin.
I am becoming so filled with Master's Touch.
My soul screams to me through all this.
Please Master!



Please Master!
I know Master's need to hold my gem,
my gift of submission.
Our Souls unite in their own special world.
One gives submission.
One gives dominance.
Both answering loving needs.
Only the kiss of Master's leather is now heard.
A sweet love song of fire upon my skin.



Digi Art By: Randy from Spokane

Losing My Grip

by oleander

I said slip inside me but on the sly.
 I don't want to see you coming.
 You laugh at me say you are more of a frontal attack kind
 of guy.
 So I say, okay
 I'm all about compromise.
 Take the back alley side streets the most indirect route
 where your dark places can meet my dark places and
 kiss roughly on the mouth.
 You think about this for a minute before tasting the words
 on my tongue to make sure you didn't miss their meaning.
 You don't hear well and like to listen with closed eyes
 But I'm damaged, I say.
 You shrug and continue the pinning of wings
 as if intending to keep me.
 I want to tell you I'll lose my color.
 Bleach bone white. Defy preservation.
 Flake to ash between your fingers.
 Sift to floor where boot prints will wear me to your soul.
 You taste my words for me again.
 Re-sort syllables so I don't have to.
 Reshape context until damaged -- slipping becomes an
 activity best left to other girls.

Kind's Giggle of the Month (or maybe some advice)

Nick the Dragon Slayer had a long-standing obsession to nuzzle the beautiful Queen's voluptuous breasts, but he knew the penalty for this would be death. One day he revealed his secret desire to his colleague, Horatio the Physician, who was the King's chief doctor. Horatio the Physician exclaimed that he could arrange for Nick the Dragon Slayer to satisfy his desire, but it would cost him 1,000 gold coins to arrange it. Without pause, Nick the Dragon Slayer readily agreed to the scheme.

The next day, Horatio the Physician made a batch of itching powder and poured a little bit into the Queen's brassiere while she bathed. Soon after she dressed, the itching commenced and grew intense. Upon being summoned to the Royal Chambers to address this incident, Horatio the Physician informed the King and Queen that only a special saliva, if applied for four hours, would cure this type of itch, and that tests had shown that only the saliva of Nick the Dragon Slayer would work as the antidote to cure the itch.

The King quickly summoned Nick the Dragon Slayer. Horatio the Physician then slipped Nick the Dragon Slayer the antidote for the itching powder, which he quickly put it into his mouth, and for the next four hours, Nick worked passionately on the Queen's voluptuous and magnificent breasts. The Queen's itching was eventually relieved, and Nick the Dragon Slayer left satisfied and touted as a hero.

Upon returning to his chamber, Nick the Dragon Slayer found Horatio the Physician demanding his payment of 1,000 gold coins. With his obsession now satisfied, Nick the Dragon Slayer couldn't have cared less, and knowing that Horatio the Physician could never report this matter to the King shooed him away with no payment made. The next day, Horatio the Physician slipped a massive dose of the same itching powder into the King's loincloth. The King immediately summoned Nick the Dragon Slayer...

MORAL OF THE STORY: Pay your bills.

Dessert for Six

by undone

Is there one single fantasy that captures your mind consistently, or *has captured* your mind, consistently over the course of time? There is one, for me. This fantasy is quite complete in form, and while the details may have changed over the years, this image has been particularly powerful for me for a particularly long period of time. A friend suggested to me that it's similar to a chapter in the *Story of O*, and it well may be - the fantasy was sparked into my mind from **somewhere**, wasn't it? It's been decades since I read the *Story of O*, and it's altogether possible this story reflects what I read so long ago, but it's still my fantasy, and this is certainly **not** a cut and paste from the *Story of O* transcript.

It's a weekend night - maybe Saturday - and you tell me we're going to have dinner with some people you know. You've chosen my outfit; a very simple, elegant dress is carefully placed on the bed, along with the bra, panties and stockings of your choice, the shoes ... the entire outfit, down to the rope of black pearls and teardrop black pearl earrings you love so much to see me in. I'm given plenty of time to get ready, because you want me to look *stunning*, and by the time I'm showered, my hair done, my makeup on, by the time I've carefully dressed myself and dabbed your favorite perfume along the length of my neck, in the inside of my elbows and on my wrists, by the time you've latched the strand of pearls around my neck and kissed me there....

I do.

As we're driving to the house to meet with the others, you very quietly tell me



that I'll be the evening's entertainment, after dinner. Your words are spoken as if you're telling me some benign piece of news - there is no excitement, no edge to your voice. I hear just the words, plain and simple, without room for discussion or protest. I can expect, after dinner, to be used and enjoyed by the other dinner guests.

The sense of anxiety I feel at that thought carries with me as we pull into the driveway. It's there as you lean over the center console to kiss me - as your fingers find their way under the hem of my dress to brush against the soft skin of my inner thighs. The anxiety carries with me, because while I know what you've said is unlikely, I also know you well enough to know that it just **might** be true.

Besides the two of us, there are three couples. And as I'm being introduced to your friends, I'm alert for odd behavior, and find none... just what would normally happen when you're being introduced to a group of people you've never met; small talk, casual, polite compliments, discovery of personal and professional connections, building communications bridges, periodic laughter ... just getting to know one another.

All the while during this period of introduction, I'm trying to read the eyes of the others. Are they looking at me differently? Do they have their heads together sharing knowing whispers as they glance my way? Is there **hunger** in that man's eyes? Did you really *mean* it, or are you just enjoying the unease I'm obviously feeling at the thought. You know this is one of my fantasies, are you just messing with my mind?

No one is giving me any clues.

We eat dinner, exchanging pleasant conversation with the other guests. We talk of travels and books and even delve momentarily into the forbidden realm

of politics. Little by little, given the apparent "normalcy" of the evening, I'm letting my guard down in increments, until by the end of dinner, as the hostess is offering coffee and dessert, I've *nearly* forgotten about your comments in the car.

When we've finished with dessert, the hostess suggests we move into the living room for one more cup of coffee, and it's then that you gently lead me to the master bedroom, where all our coats are tossed carefully on the bed.

The twist of realization and dread takes me in my abdomen as you begin to undress me. You're doing it with such *tenderness* as if I'm a gift. You peel away my clothes, slowly, drop kisses on my shoulders, words in my ears, little nibbles on my neck and reassuring touches.

When I'm naked, you remove my earrings, and set them on the dresser. As you unclasp the strand of pearls from around my neck, and gently slip my leather working collar in its place, you kiss me again – lift my chin with your fingers and lock eyes with mine. I can see your pride in me.

There are two pieces of silk on the dresser, and you reach for them, now. One is much shorter and smaller than the other, but they're both shimmery and sheer and burgundy in color. The longer piece is *very* long, and wide, and you half its length and use it to tie my wrists together in front of me. It's not uncomfortable, but it's definitely snug.

You fold the second piece carefully, place it gently over my eyes and secure it with a knot at the back of my head. The world goes completely dark, and you are quiet as you work. I can hear my own heart beat, my own shaky, shallow breaths.

I'm completely naked, except for my collar, the blindfold and the very long length of silk that ties my wrists, when you lead me back to the living room.

Still, in the back of my mind, there is the thought that we're returning to an empty room. The idea being that you'd arranged for your friends to quietly slip out the door while we were in the bedroom, so you can play this little fantasy out for me without "really" playing it out.

But my heart is pounding, and I can hear each of my footsteps on the thick carpet under my bare feet. My sense of hearing is heightened with the loss of my sight, and my knees nearly buckle underneath me as I hear a soft intake of breath from someone ... *someone* who is not me and is not you. There is another terrifying grip of realization as I hear the soft mutterings of the other guests. This isn't a mind game - this is real.

...in my mind's eye, I see the room's threshold very clearly ... it's wide ... the kind you'd find in a very old home, where two thick, wooden pocket doors slide into the wall to reveal a most grand and yet somehow intimate room....

I'm in complete darkness, taking uncertain, wobbly steps, until you lean close to my ear and whisper that this is where we'll stop. I feel you lifting my arms over my head, and feel you reach with some measure of effort to attach the knot of silk to a hook that's waiting in the top beam of the threshold.

I feel the soft, gentle way you arrange the long, wide pieces of silk so that they drape gracefully over my body. I can feel them grazing against the elongated orbs of my breasts, and shaky muscles of my thighs. The entire time you're doing this, I hear your voice and your reassuring words, whispered softly enough for just for me to hear them.

When you're certain I'm secure and reasonably comfortable, you address the guests - explain to them exactly what it is you're offering, and what you're not. As you speak, your hands glide slowly over me - stroking my hair... the backs of your fingers drawing lines, though the silk, along my cheek, along the swell of my breasts and along the slightly strained muscles of my arms.

When you've finished speaking, you slide in behind me, and I feel your hands on my shoulders, letting me know you're there and that you're not leaving.

That's how you stay, with your hands on me in one way or another, the entire time I'm there. As one person after another approaches and does what they'd like with me... fingers... mouths... toys... cocks... fingernails... the harsh rasp of a man's stubble against my breast ... the pinch of labia ... the deep pull of suction as someone takes a nipple into their mouth.

I don't know which woman or which man it is that's touching me - I have no idea if it's the gentle-looking woman with kind eyes that sat across from me at dinner, or the severe-looking, quiet one that made me uneasy when the coffee was served.

I am used, like that ... for what seems an eternity ... with my foot lifted onto a leather hassock, or with people supporting me, so my entire weight is being held aloft. I am used with gentle, exploring hands, and at times more roughly.

But always, you are there... helping them take their pleasure from me... perhaps holding the crook of my leg in the crook of your elbow, so they can plunge more deeply into me, sliding your finger into me from behind as she tightens the clamps onto my sensitive nipples... or tucking a finger into my mouth for me to suckle as I unravel with desire.

With the net of safety behind me... your hands, your voice, your breath ... and your desire pressed hard against me, I am able to fly with that desire, and there is no doubt that I'm pleasing you.

Your pleasure. This is for your pleasure. I **am** your pleasure.

In the end, the silks are untied, and I am carried into the master bedroom where your caring hands remove my collar. I am placed in a soothing bath, gently bathed and stroked, and allowed to rest in the warm, sudsy water of the deep tub. The evening ends with my back spooned into your chest - your arms cradling me as the night slips in around us. What is left is the sense of ownership ... the sense of possession... the sense of being your treasured possession.



Here Birdie, Birdie

Munch Topic

CAN IT BE DONE?

Can someone live within this lifestyle amongst the vanillas without them noticing the D/s dynamic?

Can we really "be ourselves" within the parameters of vanilla life? Can one wear a slave collar without making a shocking "lifestyle" fashion statement?

Can a Dominant be romantic in a lifestyle manner, and not be thrown out of a restaurant? Can a Dominant pick out the submissive's clothing and be admired for it in a fancy clothing shop?

These questions and other exciting "lifestyle" topics will be covered by our own mj and 'lil o.

Come learn. Come ask questions. See how we can live our lifestyles in the vanilla world without the vanillas noticing the D/s dynamic or even question it!

All this and more will be discussed at the next Munch, May 16h, 2008, all you have to do is show up!

Guest Writers

A big thank you to all of our contributors! You make the newsletter worth reading!

Newsletter Staff

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the Newsletter**
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**Just the guy that
puts it together**
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Submissive Forum Corner

As I had presented at the recent Daytona Munch and I have posted on the associated board, I am going to begin a submissive forum. There have been comments made as well which I do always welcome.

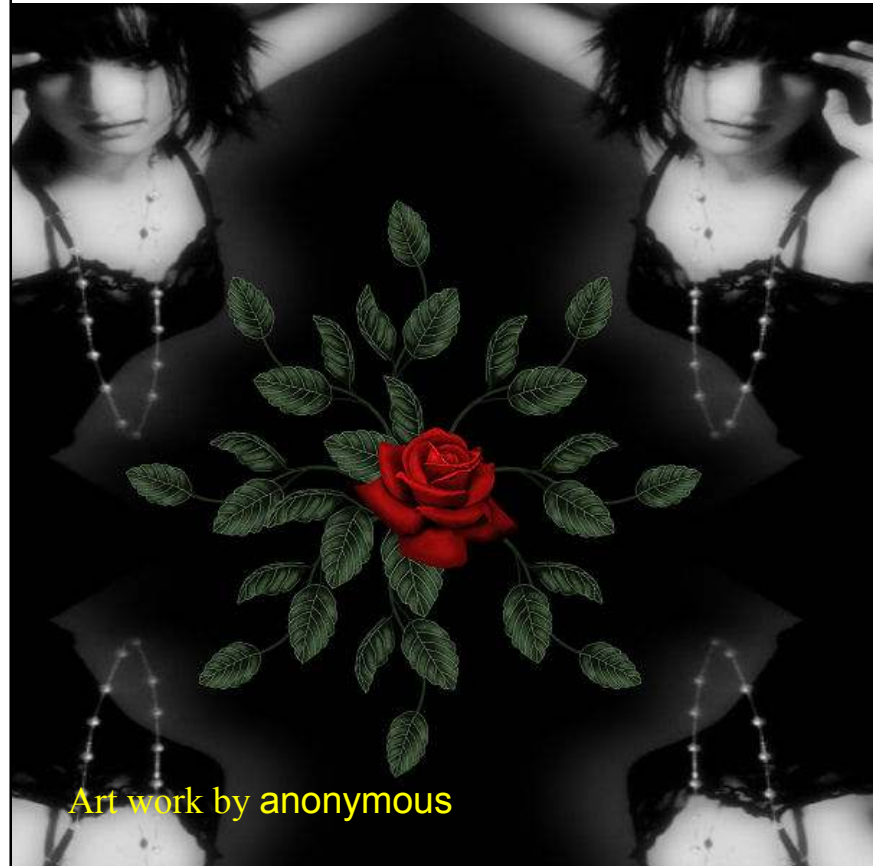
Let me begin with stating that maybe the name is misleading some people and I will attempt to explain my idea. I had picked the title of "submissive forum" in an attempt to be as brief as I could with a group name. My plans are not to have an exclusive submissive lecture series but rather, a gathering where many subjects relating to submission can be discussed by the members. For this reason, it will not be open to anyone who is a Dominant as well as to remove any fear that may be held by those attending of those in an ownership role or Dominant role. This will not become at any time, a "Dom" bashing event, there are plenty of other venues for that to take place in..... it just won't be here, ever.

I would like this to be an opportunity for anyone who is at the bottom to learn from others experience, participate if they wish in various demos related to sub roles and interests, explore the use of toys, good and bad and find a place where they will be safe and comfortable with "birds of a feather." I have always believed that this lifestyle contains a diverse and varied group of people, experiences and lifestyle choices and as such, they bring a wide range of experience to any discussion. A group like this I hope will offer both information and the support of people on the bottom to anyone who wishes to share their joys, frustrations, questions and fears so that we all can grow without having the feeling that one must first find a dominant in order to live our dreams.

I plan to have both a date and location for the first gathering soon and I will look forward to anyone who is curious, learning, comfortably living submission, owned and unowned to attend and help me break down the segregated labels that abound and enjoy new discoveries with what can become old friends in a short time.

twisted

Art Work Corner



Art work by anonymous