

# The Ties That Bind

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September 2008

## Welcome to the Daytona Munch Newsletter

Welcome to the September issue of the 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.

Make sure you attend this month's munch, where Master Craig and mj will be presenting a wonderful topic of music. More specifically, setting the scene with an emphasis on music. Everyone is encouraged to bring their favorite scene music, and please feel free to discuss why the music is chosen and for what purpose.

Don't forget ... there has been a special door prize this month has been given to us from Jazz and Stewart ... a full registration to Florida Fetish Weekend. So come out, fellowship with the discussion on music and go home with a great prize.

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**HONOR, COURAGE COMMITMENT**  
**FLORIDA FETISH WEEKEND**  
**THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF**  
**CLASSES AND WORKSHOPS IN FLORIDA**  
**GO TO**  
**[HTTP://WWW.FLWEEKEND.COM](http://www.flweekend.com)**  
**FOR MORE INFORMATION**



## Florida Munches

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

## Statewide Clubs / Events

Command Performance <a href="http://www.commandperformance.net/">http://www.commandperformance.net/</a>	Every Friday
The Fetish Party <a href="http://www.tampafetishparty.com/">http://www.tampafetishparty.com/</a>	First Saturday
Fetish Circuit <a href="http://www.fetishcircuit.com">www.fetishcircuit.com</a>	Second Saturday

The Woodshed Orlando  
[www.thewoodshedorlando.com](http://www.thewoodshedorlando.com)

Every Weekend



### ***THIS MONTH AT THE WOODSHED***

- 4 September: [Singles Night](#)
- 13 September: [Submissive Safe Space](#)
- 19 September: [Portal Meeting](#)  
[Bootblacking by Pup Dire](#)
- 20 September: [Switches Safe Space](#)  
[Bootblacking Class by Pup Dire](#)  
[Back to School Party](#)
- 27 September: [Orlando Munch Newbie Class](#)  
[Caning—Don't Spare the Rod](#)



**You Wont Be Disappointed ..... By Anonymous**

She is standing outside the building, looking up at the address posted on the wall.

Why did she come here? What had possessed her? There had been a card in her mail, so odd, but intriguing. Come to me, you won't be disappointed. That and nothing more, the note had been lettered in copperplate script, that alone had peaked her curiosity, so here she stands outside, her hand on the knob. Taking a deep breath she walks inside.

The room is tastefully decorated, plush carpets, fresh flowers, and antique furnishings. Turning at a sound, she is a bit startled to see him. He smiles, says in a voice that's strangely not his, "you have nothing to fear if you do as you are told." He takes her by the hand and leads her to a room at the back of the building.

The room is obviously a bedroom, the bed an antique poster with a handmade quilt. Lace edged pillowcases, soft lights, fresh flowers and strips of suede leather. She turns to speak but he shakes his head, takes up the leather and binds her wrist in front of her, raises her arms and fastens the leather to the hook above her head.

He does not speak, nor does he allow her to. His body so near, she hears him breathe deep, memorizing her scent. She trembles with the nearness of him.

He kneels and removes her sandals, gently, tenderly. Her body relaxes under his hands, despite the restraints. Then he speaks, "stand very still, very still!" his tone not harsh but

broaching no protest. She feels the scissors, her body tenses; she wants to scream in protest but, remembers the words "you have nothing to fear, if you do as you are told." Slowly, methodically the scissors snip at the fabric holding her garments in place. First the dress, she watches it fall in shreds at her feet, then the panties, two snips and they are gone, now the bra. He stands in front of her, a finger to his lips. Then pressing that same finger to hers, snip, and the bra is severed between her breast, snip, snip and the shoulder straps fall away. She is naked in front of him, naked, bound and helpless. Her mind is reeling, screaming silently to her.

He is walking around her, inspecting her as if she were a prize mare. This infuriates her, how dare he! He sees the anger and ignores it. And why not, what can she do? He stands behind her, cupping her breasts as if weighing them. His fingers probe, he pinches her ass, and she flinches but does not cry out. His finger slides down the crack of her ass, she bites her lip to keep from moaning as he does this but, he knows. He rakes his nails over her tender flesh. Goosebumps appear, he knows what power he has, and it's validated as a small squeak is heard. That smile, how that smile makes her belly flutter.

He kneels in front of her again, his hands gliding gently, sensuously over her legs, thighs, and ass cheeks. He pushes her thighs apart, inspects her sex. She feels like a slave on the block, slightly humiliated and so terribly aroused. His fingers spread her lips exposing her clit to him. With practiced fingers he teases, strokes, and entices her to near orgasm.

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## Men Can Be Such Beasts - By consuelo

Men can be such beasts!

That is the thought that is running through her head as she is dressing. They had planned an evening out weeks ago, just the two of them. It had been such a long time since they had had any real time alone together. What with work, social obligations and the kids. So, tonight was to have been special. Then he had called, at least he did that much, to tell her that he had to beg off as he would be working late. If it had been something urgent she could have forgiven him and shrugged it off but, he knew how important this night was to her.

That was when she decided that she was going out anyway, to hell with him. She had spent too many nights sitting at home waiting for him to come home, too many broken dates and promises.

Standing before the mirror she inspects herself. Not the new dress she had planned to wear tonight but it would have to do. Jeans, He hates it when she wears them, they are tight enough to see the head on a quarter in her back pocket, a red silk blouse with a plunging neckline, the new lingerie also red, satin and lace. On her feet the new black calfskin high heeled boots that fit like a glove. Her dark hair she decides to wear down, swept off her face and streaming down her back, just brushing her hips. She applies just a hint of makeup and red lipstick to her attractive face. Not bad for an old broad, she smiles at her reflection.

The kids are gone for the weekend; she turns on the porch light, grabs her keys, locks the door and heads out. Where she plans on going is up in the air, she just knows she will not sit home alone again. Driving she comes to a bar, one that they often stop

at when out this way, it's not too crowded and she decides this is as good a place as any to stop.

Inside it's dimly lit and smoky. There is a woman at the jukebox, about her age, very attractive. She looks up and smiles. At the bar are 3 men, two engaged in conversation the third leaning against the bar watching the woman at the jukebox. His eyes turn to the new arrival, smiling he nods a greeting.

She moves to the far end of the bar, not far from the lone man and orders a drink. The woman returns to the bar, takes up her drink and moves down to speak to her. It's friendly enough, just general talk, what you would expect in a bar from strangers. Her name is Linda she says, and motions for the lone man to come over. And this she says is my husband, Jim. He smiles, sticks out a hand and shakes hers. She feels that electricity of sexual chemistry. Linda sees it and just smiles, moves to her side and casually puts an arm around her waist. It feels strange to her, strange and very exciting. She hides her confusion by taking a drink.

She needs to move, to think. She excuses herself and goes to the ladies room. Once inside she stares at herself in the mirror, wondering who is inside there, for she does not feel herself tonight. The door opens and in walks Linda, she locks the door, moves up behind her, wrapping her arms around her waist, pulling her close. Breasts are being pressed into her back, a warm hand moving to her own breast, lips teasing at her neck and earlobe. She is watching all this in the mirror, watching without saying a word, Linda's eyes fastened on her reflection, they watch silently for a moment then Linda's sultry voice is whispering in her ear. "Jim wants you and so do I. Come home with us,

## Men Can Be Such Beasts - continued

it's not far." She stares dumbfounded, first for standing there letting this woman touch her, seduce her without saying a word, then more so for her response. "Yes, yes I will." She smiles softly, a little shyly before turning into Linda's embrace and finally kissing those lush full, soft lips.

The two women emerge for the bathroom together. Walking side by side, Linda's arm around her waist they are both smiling when they reach Jim. "She said yes," Linda says to Jim. He smiles, quickly finishes his drink, puts an arm around each woman and leads them out the door saying "Then let's go."

"Follow us." Linda tells her before slipping into their car. She moves to her car, fastens her seat belt, starts the engine and wonders what in the hell she is getting herself into. She follows.

Once there, Jim and Linda are waiting at the door to the house. Smiling they open the door and let her inside. Inside is a delight to the eye, open beam ceiling, and hardwood floors polished to a high gloss, overstuffed furniture but most spectacular is the wall of windows that overlook the lake, the view is breathtaking. A breakfast bar divides the kitchen from the great room; upon it is a large basket of fresh peaches. She smiles when she sees the peaches, memories flooding back. She puts them aside. She's beginning to feel uncomfortable, thinking this is a mistake, thinking she really should bow out gracefully.

Linda must sense this too, because she comes to her side, turns her into an embrace. Warm lips are placed upon hers a slow, sensual kiss ensues, and all thought of leaving is forgotten. She allows herself to be lead to the bedroom. Jim says he'll make

drinks and be right in. Once there, the two women begin to slowly undress one another, Linda peeling her out of the too tight jeans, grinning when she sees the dampness in the crotch of the pants. Smiling she admires the lingerie. Swiftly the satin is removed and they make their way to the bed, curling up on it, wrapped in each others embrace. Hands are caressing, tongues licking, lips sucking, and the soft sounds of women's pleasure filling the room.

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## Men Can Be Such Beasts - continued

She hears the door open, the tray rattling and being sat down on the dresser top, but she's too wrapped up in Linda to turn and pay attention, so she does not hear his approach, does not know he is there till the darkness descends. A blindfold has been put in place over her eyes, she reaches to pull it free, but a strong male hand stops her. She struggles, feeling trapped, frightened wanting to be free of this. Linda takes her in her arms, whispering soothing words assuring her all is well, telling her to relax and enjoy the experience. Those same male hands are now fastening cuffs to ankles and wrists, she's being spread eagled on the bed, her head thrashing at every sound, biting her lower lip wanting to beg to be set free but knowing it would do no good. She's shamed that her body is betraying her; she feels her sex growing wetter with every caress, with every snap of the cuffs.

Linda is lying beside her, stroking her body, flicking nipples with fingernails, lightly raking nails over her belly, then Linda slides a finger through her moistened sex. She hears her own moans and whimpers, pulls at her bonds longing to touch this strange woman who torments her so.

She feels the man's presence but he is no longer touching her. Only his steady breathing is heard in the room. She smells her lust, hers and Linda's. Linda now straddles her body, facing away from her. Linda's wet pussy rubs across her belly then up to her chest, finally reaching her face. She feels Linda's breasts brushing her flesh, feels Linda's hot breath on her sex, smells pungent fragrance of woman as Linda lowers her pussy to a waiting hungry mouth. She breathes in the scent of this erotic woman, sweet and musky, a low moan turning to a whimper as Linda's mouth claims her sex. How she wants her hands free, free to caress the warm woman flesh that lies writhing atop her.

She's becoming lost in the pleasure of the moment when she hears the sound of a door opening and hears HIS chuckle and the words HE speaks to Jim.

"Jim, didn't I tell you that she'd come with you, she just needed the right push to get her here."

A full range of emotions wash over her, rage, humiliation, fear and the most damning arousal. Her mind sinks deeper into submission and for one moment the memory of her own words mock her "I'll never submit to a woman." And here she is bound, blindfolded and surrendering to the pleasures of a woman's touch while He and His obvious friend watch her submit.



## The Dyslexic Dominant - unknown

A Dom told his newly-found submissive to write her safe word in lipstick on the mirror built into the wall above the head board. After trussing her up and spanking her good, he decided to ramp things up with nipple clamps and two large dildos stuffed deep inside her and held in place by a crotch rope.

When he began flogging her, it had the desired effect. By the third strike, she had cried out... "GOD!"

He stopped the blows immediately. She looked at him in the mirror and he asked, "Too much, li'l one?"

"Nooo," she purred. "Mmmmm, hurts so goood!"

So he began again, flogging her sweet ass. After a few more strikes, the dildos moving inside her were rubbing her just the right way and she cried out..."OOOOH GOD!" which caused him to stop. He slowly stroked her ass tenderly and then proceeded once she'd calmed down a bit. As she heated up again, his strikes came very quickly and even harder.

"GOD! OH GOD! MY GOD!" she cried after the strikes landed and he stopped again immediately, frustrating the hell out of her because of how close she was getting to climaxing. As he stroked her ass under his hand, she turned to him.

"Why are you stopping, Sir? Are you trying to drive me insane?" He looked at her, confusion crossing his face.

"No, not at all li'l one. You keep crying out 'GOD' which is your safe word, so I stop as we agreed."

It was then that the newbie submissive learned the value of selecting her safe word, especially with a dyslexic Dom. Her safe word, written in red lipstick on the mirror was... D O G



dyslexia

A collection of researched fonts for adult dyslexic readers

sylexiad

**You Wont Be Disappointed ..... continued from page 3)**

Her body betrays her; she moans with pleasure, trembles as she arches to meet his hand, he soon has her on her toes. The intense tingle that signals her release begins. Then he stops. The loss is painful, her whole being cries out for him to continue.

He stands, looks her in the eyes and very deliberately speaks. "I am going to whip you." Just that and nothing more is said. She watches him go to the dresser, take the whip from the drawer and slowly, walk to where he is standing behind her. Her body tense, her mind is screaming in protest, but her soul is melting with desire. This man knows her desire, knows what that whip will do to her. It seems an eternity before the first blow is struck; it lands across her buttocks. There is surprisingly little pain, the noise is horrible to hear, the leather slapping her soft skin, but not painful. He is very skilled this man. Again and again the whip falls. He can see the moisture between her thighs, knows what he is doing to her, for her. Her body is striped red, her skin hot to the touch, her moans fill the room, and he knows she is no longer really with him.

The whip is dropped, the restraints removed. She feels herself being lifted into strong arms, hears her moans and whimpers of pain as if they are not hers. Gentle hands are smoothing oil over her back, legs, and ass. She feels the probing of something not flesh, hard and cold being forced into her ass, his beard teasing between her thighs. Her mind begging for release, her body arching, his mouth and tongue so skillful,

"please, God don't let him stop this time" and then she cums, over and over she cums. She knows his face and beard are covered with her juices, then blackness.

She's standing on the street again, dressed in garments that are not hers, dressed by hands that were not her own. She stares at the card in her hand, thank you, come again. She tucks the card into her purse; along side the original card that read come to me, you won't be disappointed. Smiling, she says to herself, "No, never disappointed."

She turns and walks away.



**Music is meant to be heard - By 'lil o**

The sounds of a BDSM scene are imbedded in my ears, for my Master told me that the sounds that are heard when i am scened are music that is meant to be heard. Yes, there are splats, and the resounding of hard wood paddles on submissive flesh. Even leather on a taut bottom makes its own sound but more important, he says, are the moans, the groans and the hisses that I make. At times, i even giggle and have been known to occasionally snort, which causes him to laugh. There are times when i pant in pure ecstasy, and He tells me that if he listens carefully, he'll even hear me lick my lips after a particular hard stroke, and that turns him on more than any music can!

**Art Work Corner****Guest Writers**

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

**Newsletter Staff**

**The Backbone/Editor of the Newsletter**  
[lilo1@bellsouth.net](mailto:lilo1@bellsouth.net)

**Just the lady that puts it together**  
[Photocat0923@aol.com](mailto:Photocat0923@aol.com)