

For Yvonne L

Serial: 'Confessions of an (*altruistic*) Letting Agent' (Instalment 1) Plus Bonus Serial (Instalment 1)

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or stored in an information retrieval system (other than for purposes of review) without the express permission of the publisher in writing.

The right of G C Burnell to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

Copyright © G C Burnell 2024.

Published by Beta Publishing

To contact the publisher, message them via their website:

BetaPublishing.co.uk

Serial 1

Confessions of an [*altruistic*] Letting Agent

By Citizen R Smith

[The story is set in 2012
(onwards)]

Chapter 1

Introduction

The author writes:

(I could have let my readers know of the basic idea / ‘the plot’ by ‘building it into’ the conversations that the main characters have – probably in the first 15 pages or so of the book. Quite a few books are written using this approach.

However, instead I have chosen to explain the basic idea / the plot in ordinary plain English – and separate from the story itself – as an introductory section, in fact.)

Part 1

So – twenty-something Lizzie has benefitted from a good education and for a few years has been running a letting agency quite successfully, and this is one of those fields of endeavour where, if successful, the owner can earn ‘quite a good income’ – so Lizzie is not short of a bob or two.

However, for a long time she has thought of herself as having ‘left-leanings’ – as a student she joined the Labour Party. And recently especially she has been horrified about the plight (very often) of some of the ‘have-nots’, especially relating to the housing situation.

For some people it seems that an almost inevitable chain of events can ensue where, just starting with one or two instances of ‘bad

luck', the person can very soon find himself in a situation of destitution.

The way it can happen is as follows: (we'll assume the victim is male).

He (probably on a low income anyway) loses his job. Quite likely, especially if in 'social housing', he will at least be able to claim housing benefit at this stage, and will be able to continue living at the same place. (Obviously he will not be very well off at all, but at least he will have 'a roof over his head'.)

But if he loses his house/ flat (gets evicted or whatever) i.e. has a 2nd major 'hit' against him – he may very likely find it virtually impossible to find any other accommodation at all – in other words he will be jobless and homeless (quite likely 'on the streets' even).

This is for several reasons.

1) In many areas virtually all flats and houses that are let, are let through estate agents these days. The number of landlords who do it all themselves (privately) are very few indeed now.

2) Following all the 'advice' in setting up this sort of business (a letting agency), virtually all the owners of the agencies, have to:

a) Always do a credit check – and a not very good one will mean they will be rejected.

b) Reject anyone on housing benefit – this is a no-no from the start.

[In fact virtually all banks these days won't give a potential landlord a mortgage on a buy-to-let property unless they agree (signed 'legally' on the contract, I believe), never to take on tenants who are on housing benefit.]

These things together make this scenario that I have described earlier – that just a couple of bits of bad luck (that can happen to anyone) could very likely leave a person destitute.

And Lizzie found this so terrible, that when she found herself in a position to do something about it – at least in her own 'sphere of influence' – she took the opportunity.

Part 2

For a couple of years after leaving university, Lizzie had worked for a company heavily involved in exporting its products to some countries in Europe. Lizzie's work had been mainly related to this, and she had travelled widely in Europe.

She had had to work closely with some of the banks in one particular country (which shall remain nameless), and had got to know 2 or 3 bank managers very well – had even socialised with them.

And she had continued to be in touch with them even after leaving that first post, and starting this letting agency.

She had been telling the bank managers she knew about this situation (regarding housing and the ‘have-nots’ [described above], which had been developing for some time, and was gradually getting worse and worse).

This particular country (being more ‘left-leaning’ than Britain is now) was not nearly so bad as regards the housing situation – and the bank managers shared her horror about what was happening here.

And they came up with a suggestion.

They would work out an arrangement where if Lizzie found potential landlords who were willing to accept tenants who were poor (and probably on housing benefit), they would happily provide mortgages, and at good rates of interest.

And they liaised with Lizzie regarding the legal details etc – it did cost Lizzie a couple of thousand pounds to have the formal legal arrangements done.

But after 4 months effort everything was in place. Lizzie was now able to offer a service which very few other estate agents/ letting agents offered.

Part 3

Now, this is the naughty bit (or about the naughty bit).

Obviously these people who have fallen on such hard times are ‘failures’, at least currently, aren’t they? Something has gone badly wrong somewhere.

One has to look for ‘explanations’ – and then see if anything can be done.....

Lizzie thought back to her reading about Freud. He said that our main ‘drive’ was our sex drive, and that basically ‘everything came down to sex’.

Lizzie was a bit of a fan of Freud, and an idea was forming in her mind.

So – let's assume that in quite a few of these cases, the reason they have 'fallen by the wayside' – can't get a job even, probably after months and months of trying.....

- is probably because emotionally, especially, they are very much 'below par' – and it could very likely (bearing Freud in mind) be basically a 'girlfriend problem' or 'lack of a girlfriend problem' – something to do with sex anyway.

So how about if

As it happened, Lizzie had some girlfriends who were 'up for almost anything'.

She found it not that difficult to persuade them to do the following:

They would form a ‘mixed social group’, of these ‘have-nots’, and Lizzie and some of her girlfriends – and give these ‘have-nots’ some of the things which they may have been missing.

Not actual sex – most of the girls have boyfriends, and anyway they might not think of the men in this group as a potential partner.

But – well, quite a few of the girls (and Lizzie) dressed quite outrageously when they went pubbing and clubbing at weekends – and they decided they’d give the ‘have-nots’ the same amount of ‘titillation’ that all the affluent guys got when they spent £40 or £50 a night in the nightclubs at a weekend – why not?

(And in case you've had your head in the sand the last couple of years, this means – girls who don't hide much at all – don't bother with panties quite often, even (they thought it was quite a laugh, actually).

And so Lizzie persuaded her girlfriends to 'let it all hang out' when they were out with these blokes.

Who knows what would happen?

[Actually, Lizzie didn't think it would be appropriate (or 'a good idea') for all the girls to be knickerless whenever they were out with these blokes – especially as it would be mainly to pubs, not nightclubs, that they would be going to. She put forward the suggestion that at each event, only two of the girls (there were currently five altogether)

would be pantieless – and who these two would be drawn by lots (each week, a week in advance). This was agreed by the girls.] (However, all of the girls would always wear skirts or dresses at each event – for the girls realised that it was going to be ‘a bit of a game’ for the blokes to find out which of the girls were pantieless.)

There’ll be 2 pub crawls a week (these will be mid-week) – as fortunately Lizzie’s city is a relatively affluent city, and the pubs etc are busy all week, unlike many towns these days.

Note 1:

Lizzie started doing all this in March 2012. Only about 10% of her new tenants came into this category though (i.e. the ‘have-nots’ –

usually on housing benefit). We start the ‘story proper’ 4 months into the scheme (in Chapter 2) – there are 4 men (and as we’ve said, 5 women) enjoying these social events at this time.

Note 2:

‘Unrealities’

Of course, in ‘real life’ quite a few of these ‘have-nots’ are likely to be ‘quite angry men’, liable to ‘explode’ into an ‘angry rant’ or something like that. In other words, in ‘real life’ this project probably wouldn’t be that good an idea. [But in this story I have made all the male characters quite ‘stable’, and not prone to angry rants or violence.]

Chapter 2

1st ‘naughty’ Pub Crawl

TUESDAY 10 JULY 2012

This is the chapter where ‘the action’ starts. The first of the pub crawls where the girls (or some of them), are very outrageously dressed indeed, to the delight of the guys.

So here we go.

‘The Story’ starts with the pub crawl on Tuesday 10 July (2012). It has been 4 months since Lizzie launched her social club. There are 5 girls involved (including Lizzie), and up

to this week, 4 guys – but Lizzie is picking up a new recruit this evening from his new home.

Lizzie arrives at the (new) home of Matt, a 24 year old young man whose last few months have been ‘a bit of a mess’, in his own words.

Lizzie was a bit nervous herself. It wasn't her first time, it is true. She had been on quite a few of these pub crawls in the last few months. But as chance would have it, it was her turn to go pantieless tonight, so she was naked under her quite short green dress – and was very aware of it.

Matt greeted her at the door of his new flat, and was ready to go. Of course, he was unaware of Lizzie's ‘undressed’ state (at this point). They walked to the car.

Lizzie had only met Matt (briefly) a couple of times – finding someone a home usually only involved 2 or 3 interviews – so they were more or less strangers. And Lizzie took quite a bit of care as she got into her seat. She certainly didn't want Matt to 'get an eyeful' at this early stage of the evening – before he had even met the others.

Lizzie was able to park the car about 100 yards from the pub – the Rose and Crown, which was their first pub tonight. They walked to the pub and entered it.

The others were already there, and had their first drinks. So Lizzie went to the bar and got a double vodka and coke for herself, and a pint of lager for Matt, and they joined the group.

“Hi,” said Lizzie, “this is our new lad, Matt – we’ve found Matt a flat in Heathdale Rd. He is 24 years old and he worked in a couple of shops for a few years, but got made redundant 6 months ago. As we all know, with so many people doing a lot more of their shopping online these days, many shops are struggling, quite a few have even closed down, and Matt has found it difficult to find another job since his redundancy.

Anyway, let’s introduce the rest of you. The girls first:

Nicola is a Chartered Accountant, and Lucy is a Supermarket Manager. They were both fellow students with me at Bristol University (and we are all 26). Amanda here was also a fellow student at Bristol, but a year older. She is a teacher at a further education college.

And Jennifer actually went to Manchester University. She is 27 years old and is a Marketing Manager.

Well, I've done enough talking," said Lizzie, "so will you lads introduce yourselves?"

"I'm Phil. A few people told me that you could make a lot of money as a salesman, and I always thought I had the gift of the gab, like, so I thought I'd try it. But all I could get was a job selling life insurance door-to-door. Nearly everyone I called on was out, and the few who were in just about all told me to piss off. I was only earning about £10 a week. I gave it up a year ago and haven't worked since."

"I'm Richard. I was a trainee plumber, working for Jack, who was a qualified plumber. I only had a year to do before I

qualified. But then Jack accused me of taking too much interest in his girlfriend. It wasn't true and I denied it. But it almost came to a fight. Then he sacked me. I haven't worked since.”

“I'm Kevin. I was a data input clerk. It was okay at first, but after a few hours my brain sort of went hazy – and my boss told me I was putting in all the wrong numbers – so he sacked me.”

“I'm David. I was a barista. But when I worked out that I was taking £150 an hour through the till personally, which was nearly all profit, and I was only being paid about £10 an hour, I told the manager he could stuff his job – and now he keeps on giving me a bad reference every time I apply for a job.”

“Do you know, Matt?” said Kevin, “each of us lads are given £25 for each pub crawl, so we can buy our share of the drinks. Another thing: two of these girls don’t wear knickers in each pub crawl, and it’s our job to find out who they are. Usually we find out by the time we leave the second pub – who the knickerless girls are - as they’re so useless at keeping their legs together, you see.”

“Cheeky,” said Lucy, “if you men wore a kilt you’d find out how difficult it is.”

“Yeah, well I’m Welsh unfortunately, so I don’t think I’ll be doing that, will I?” said David.

That conversation had an effect. Looking round at the girls, David noticed that they all noticeably pushed their legs together a bit more – just to make sure.

“Well, Lizzie,” said Richard, “have you been showing a lot of people round houses and flats today?”

“Yeah, a few,” said Lizzie, “and I had to climb up 3 flights of stairs – twice.”

“Well, you must be exhausted,” said Richard, “why don’t you put your feet up on that stool?”

Lizzie hesitated. This could be a bit dangerous, she thought. Oh well, anything for a quiet life. She raised her legs and arranged them on the stool.

There was an exhalation of breath from 3 of the men. And Lizzie realised she had made a

mistake. That dress was shorter than she thought.

“Blimey,” said Phil, “guess whose minge I can see.”

Matt gasped.

Lizzie was hoping that none of her potential clients walked into the pub at that moment. Then she took her legs off the stool, restoring her modesty.

“Alright, alright lads,” she said, “you’ve seen it all before, haven’t you? – loads of girls do it these days.”

“I haven’t,” said Matt, “not for 2 years at least.”

It was only 5 minutes later that everyone was drinking up and getting ready to move on to the next pub – and there were no more ‘exposures’ in the meantime.

“That’s one we’ve found out about in the first pub tonight, Matt,” said Richard, “that’s about par for the course, actually.”

“This is the best night of my life,” said Matt.

“I’ll bet,” said Kevin.

“Come on, then – The Park Tavern is the next pub. It’s 10 minutes down the road,” said Lizzie.

Lizzie had been intending to go up to Matt after that first pub, and ask him how he was enjoying himself – but now she felt a bit too

embarrassed to do so, and started a conversation with Nicola instead.

They arrived at The Park Tavern. It was the lads' turn to buy the drinks. Three of them went to the bar and got them in. They all sat down at the only corner of the pub where there were enough vacant seats.

Phil looked at Nicola and winked, "Is it you?" he asked.

"Is it me what?" replied Nicola.

"You know, got no nix – like Lizzie."

"That's for me to know, and for you not to find out for a long time yet," said Nicola.

“Hey Lizzie,” said Kevin, “you said loads of girls do it these days. I can see there’re about 6 girls in the pub wearing skirts, besides in our group. Do you think any of them are knickerless too?”

“I really wouldn’t know,” replied Lizzie.

“Hope not,” said Kevin. “I’m already going blind in one eye tonight, cos of Lizzie. If someone else gives me a flash, I might go totally blind.”

“Well in that case you’ll be missing out on quite a lot, won’t you?” said Lizzie.

“Yeah, s’ppose I will,” said Kevin, “especially if you don’t go broke in the foreseeable future.”

“Oh, I won’t do, don’t worry about that – I’m a good businesswoman,” said Lizzie.

“I’m not surprised,” said David “I’ll certainly be coming back to you if I’m ever evicted again. I’ll always look forward to an interview with you.”

“Maybe. But you’ll be disappointed at my interviews you have with me in my office – I always wear knickers at work.”

“Oh, well you are boring, aren’t you?” said David. “Only joking – there’s no other girl who wasn’t my girlfriend who’s fanny I’ve seen 3 times in 4 weeks.”

“You’ve been counting, have you?” asked Lizzie.

“Sure have.”

“What about you other girls?” said Phil, glancing round at the other 4 – “do you all wear panties at work too?”

“I think you’ll find that we all do, yes,” said Nicola. “Speaking for myself, I’m a Chartered Accountant. I have to meet the C.E.O. of quite big firms sometimes, and if my boss found out I was doing so without any drawers on, I’d be out on my ear for sure.”

“Yeah, I expect so,” said Matt.

“And I’m a Supermarket Manager,” said Lucy. “Occasionally even we management have to do menial things like filling up the shelves, and

if I was down on my haunches, ‘facing-up’ the bottom shelf, and a customer got a good view of my pussy, there’d be hell to pay – I’d probably be demoted to a check-out operator.”

“Get your point,” said Phil “I didn’t realise what a hard time you had, actually.” – and he winked.

“Now, now – sarcasm will get you nowhere,” said Lucy.

“No, well, perhaps it won’t. I’m just glad that I’m luckier than your customers – and I get free beer too!”

“Yeah, well there you are then,” said Lucy.

“By the way, it isn’t you is it? You’re not the other girl who’s forgotten her panties tonight?”

“No, I haven’t forgotten my panties tonight. That’s not to say I’ve got any on, of course.”

“Yeah. I see what you mean. Let’s see – It’s at least a week since I’ve seen your fanny. So your turn must be coming round again soon, I should think,” said Phil.

“Well, you’ll just have to be patient, won’t you? Maybe I’ll trip on a banana skin in the next 10 minutes, and then you’ll probably find out – eh?” said Lucy.

“Some chance.”

“Anyway, can’t we change the subject for 10 minutes, lads – I’ve been up to my ears all day with dozens of spreadsheets about Market Segmentation and things like that,” said Jennifer, the Marketing Manager – “And all I’m getting from you lot is whether I’ve got any knickers on or not.”

“Yeah, okay. Tell us about Market Segmentation then. What’s that?” asked Richard.

“Well, it’s..... it’swell, it’s a bit complicated actually, you might as well carry on talking about knickers, I suppose,” replied Jennifer.

“Blimey, we’ve all just about finished our drinks. It’s time to move on to the next pub, now – and we haven’t even found out who the

2nd knickerless girl is yet. Must be a record,” said Richard.

“Yeah, well, you never know. Perhaps there will be a nice breeze when we hit the open air – and we’ll still find out before we get to the next pub,” said David.

“Don’t expect so,” said Richard, “It’s been at least 4 months since I got lucky in that direction.”

“Well, let’s go then,” said David. “The next pub’s The Jolly Sailor. It’s just a 5 minute walk.”

So they left The Park Tavern and made their way, along South St, and entered The Jolly Sailor.

It was quite busy in there – there weren't any areas with enough seats for all of them to sit together. So they split into two groups.

We'll join the 2nd group for a minute:

Amanda was drinking double Bacardi and coke, Lucy white wine; Richard was drinking gin and tonic, and Matt and Phil were both drinking lager.

“Well,” said Richard, “Lizzie's in the other group, and David is always luckier than anyone I know (apart from that he hasn't got a job) – so the other knickerless girl is bound to be in that group too.”

“You'll be under a psychiatrist for depression if you carry on thinking like that,” said Lucy.

“Well, at least I’ll probably get more benefits than – don’t these people on the sick get twice as much as us fit and healthy blighters?” said Richard.

“Not sure,” said Amanda.

“I expect the government gives them enough money for an extra treat in a coffee shop about once a week,” said Lucy.

“Yeah, probably,” said Phil.

“Oh, come on guys – cheer up. Apart from Matt here, you’ve all seen many more pussies in the last two months than just about any bloke over 30 (who doesn’t go clubbing),” said Lucy.

“Absolutely right. I shall have to stop drinking this gin and tonic – I read somewhere it’s just a depressive,” said Richard.

“Yeah, what about cider? Maybe that’ll have a better effect.”

“Yeah. ‘*Cider With Rosie*’ – I’ve heard of that book,” said Phil.

“Yeah, I’ve read it,” said Richard. “A big disappointment. I thought there’d be at least a 20 page chapter of old Laurie Lee (when he was younger, like), getting Rosie’s knickers off and getting it up her, like, with empty flagons that previously contained gallons of cider lying on the grass beside them – but all you get is half a bloody page. Blink, and it’s all over..... Blimey, I almost missed that.”

Amanda had just crossed her legs and for a fleeting second, Richard had caught a glimpse of her fanny.

“You. You’re the one. You can run, but you can’t hide your dark brown fanny all night, can you?” said Richard.

“Rumbled at last,” said Amanda.

Richard shouted across to the other group “We’ve found out who it is – it’s Amanda. So we’ve got one each, like. It is a fair world after all. For a moment, I thought your group probably had both, and I was thinking about going to a Shrink. Now I’m thinking about becoming a bloody comedian, I’m in such a good mood.”

“Yeah, well, as long as you become popular enough to be on TV because I certainly can’t afford a ticket - at the theatre down on Churchill Avenue they’re about 20 quid now, you know,” said Phil.

“Are they? Really? The last time I went, I went in for half price because I was only 11,” said Matt.

“I don’t expect you saw as much as you have tonight, then. These plays where they let 11 year olds in don’t tend to have much nudity in them, do they?” said Phil.

“Well, actually it was a Pantomime,” said Matt.

“Oh yeah. The most you get from them is some fat old bloke dressed in a dress showing

their bra and knickers – not the same thing at all,” said Phil.

“No, not really.”

[Over to the other group for a minute]

“Anyway, I’ve forgotten what Lizzie’s knickers look like. It’s been such a long while since I’ve seen them,” said David.

“What do you mean? I had knickers on last Thursday,” said Lizzie.

“Yeah, well, Lucy and Nicola both revealed their pussies early on in the proceedings, if I remember rightly – and after that, I didn’t even bother to look up the other girls’ skirts,” said David.

“Anyway, time to move on, I think,” said Lizzie, “we all seem to have more or less finished our drinks. Drink up, Phil, you’re the only one who’s lagging behind.”

So Phil drained his glass, got up, and they all left The Jolly Sailor and headed off to the last port of call of the evening, The Brewers Tap.

It was a tradition that when they got to the last pub of the evening, and if both pantieless girls had been ‘discovered’, that those two were a little more ‘free and easy’ for the last drink – the last three quarters of an hour or so. That is, that they didn’t take too much effort to ‘hide their charms’ now that everyone (including themselves, of course), were ‘just a bit merry’.

And so it was no surprise really, that Amanda’s ‘pubic triangle’, which had revealed

itself, you remember, with a very quick flash, that was there and not there in just a second or so, was now almost continuously evident, as she sat on her stool, apparently unaware that there was a 4 inch gap between her legs.

“Oh, that’s very nice,” said David, “I’m bound to have some nice dreams tonight.”

“What?” said Amanda “Blimey, I was just day-dreaming a bit about the lesson preparation I have to do for my course in ‘Greek Literature in Translation’”

“Was it the Greeks who had orgies, or was that the Romans?” asked David.

“I really don’t know,” said Amanda, “It was before my time, but there’s nothing about orgies in the Iliad – so far.”

“Never mind,” said Phil, “you’re a very good substitute, anyway.”

“What about you, Lizzie, do you go to the nightclubs without your panties on? Tell me about your most embarrassing experience,” said David.

“Well, yes,” said Lizzie, “not in my home town though, obviously. And I’ve had a few embarrassing experiences, of course. But I think the most embarrassing one of all was tonight, when I saw Matt looking goggle-eyed at the triangle between my legs. The time before that when we were both together was when I had interviewed him in my office, and I had spent over half an hour going through the intricacies of Housing Benefit. I’m sure if he knew that only a few days later he would get a

good view of my fanny, he wouldn't have concentrated nearly so hard."

"Er, you're probably right there," said Matt.

"Yeah. Fortunately I'm not driving him home tonight," said Lizzie. "We are both having to get taxis. Obviously, I am not driving my car tonight – not now I've had 4 double vodka and cokes. I'll be picking my car up in the morning – and with my knickers on too."

Well, it was coming towards the end of the evening now.

"So," said Phil, "who are the 2 knickerless girls on Thursday?" The lads knew that this was all decided at the beginning of each week, for the whole week. And with randomly drawn lots, anything could happen – it could be the same

2 girls even, Lizzie and Amanda. It had happened once that 1 girl, Nicola, the Chartered Accountant, was knickerless for 4 pub crawls in a row. She had probably forgotten how to put her knickers on by the time she had to! (Only joking: as we have heard, she would have had to open her pantie drawer the morning after each of those pub crawls to go to work suitably attired.)

So anyway, Lizzie had booked a taxi for herself, and another for Matt, and they were about due.

So everyone finished up their drinks, and made their way out. Fortunately, thought the lads, it was only 2 days till the next pub crawl.

[And the next Chapter is about the next pub crawl.]

Chapter 3

2nd ‘naughty’ Pub Crawl

THURSDAY JULY 12 2012

Tonight the first pub of the pub crawl is the White Horse. We nearly always choose our 4 pubs out of 8 ‘regular’ pubs – but at least the order is often changed – the White Horse isn’t always the first pub, for instance.

At this moment in time everyone seems to be getting to the first pub on time – around 7.30, and tonight by 7.45 everyone has arrived. It is Matt’s 2nd pub crawl. Everyone else here has done quite a few.

“Well, Lizzie, have you recovered from Tuesday yet? – you said that Matt getting a good view of your fanny so early on at his 1st pub crawl was one of your most embarrassing experiences ever, as he was a newbie, like,” said Phil.

“Oh well, you can’t lose sleep over something like that, can you, or else you’re on the slippery slope? Plenty of people have seen my pussy in the clubs, and here, of course – and I expect quite a few more will in the future too,” replied Lizzie.

“That’s a very philosophical view of your, er, ‘exposures’,” said David.

“Yeah, Philosophy was part of my degree, you know.”

“My, my.”

“Well, we’ll have to see if you’re pantieless again tonight, won’t we? As someone once said “It never rains but it pours” – so you might indeed be,” said Richard.

“That’s for me to know, and you to guess,” said Lizzie.

“What about you, Amanda? – it’s not twice in a row for you as well, is it? Last time, I remember, you went from one extreme to the other – a half a second flash to a bit of a marathon,” said Richard.

“Like Lizzie, I’m not saying anything,” said Amanda.

“By the way, do you ever tell anyone much about these pub crawls – to your colleagues at work, for instance?” asked Matt.

“You bet we don’t,” said Amanda.

“Just wondered.”

“I bought my cousin a game of Twister for his birthday – if we were to start playing that we’d soon find out who the knickerless girls are, wouldn’t we?” said Kevin.

“Yes we would,” said Lucy, “the only trouble would be, that we wouldn’t be able to come back to this pub again.”

“Oh I don’t know. The Landlord might enjoy it,” said Kevin.

“Well, it’s possible.”

“About 10 years ago, you could always rely on it being someone’s birthday on a Friday or Saturday night, and in one pub at least there’d be a strippagram – and quite often the girl would actually get naked. That doesn’t happen anymore,” said David.

“No, but these days girls very often go to clubs without their knickers on – that’s even better, isn’t it?” said Amanda.

“Well yes, if you can afford it – the nightclub entrance fee and the price of the lagers. Still, meeting you girls was like winning the Lottery, I must say,” said David.

“Glad you appreciate us,” said Amanda.

“We sure do,” said David.

“You know, David and me have been playing a little game. We’ve been working out whether the girl with the shortest skirt is one of the knickerless girls – how often it happens,” said Richard.

“Has it ever happened, then?” asked Jennifer.

“Sometimes, yes. 3 times in the last 4 weeks, actually. So stand up, girls, let’s see who’s got the shortest skirt or dress. Then later we’ll see if she’s got any panties on or not,” said Richard.

“Shall we humour him, girls?” said Lizzie.

“I’m game if you are,” said Jennifer.

“Right then.” So the girls stood up. It was clear that Nicola had the shortest skirt on.

“Blimey, she’s going red,” said Kevin.

“Am I? I don’t think so,” said Nicola “Well anyway, I’m not lifting my skirt up to show you, if that’s what you think.”

But as it happened, the embarrassment must have ruined her composure somewhat, because when she sat down she gave (2 of the lads anyway - Phil and David), a flash – to their obvious delight.

“One down, one to go,” said Phil.

“Well I’ll be blowed, the tricks you lads get up to – I really didn’t expect that,” said Nicola.

“No, well, when you’ve been a barista, you learn a few tricks, I can tell you,” said David.

“Yeah, well, being a Chartered Accountant, I thought I was really streetwise, but that takes the biscuit,” said Nicola.

“Maybe, but my firm charged about £2 for a biscuit, so that takes the biscuit even more, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, you win.”

“Well, next time you mess with a barista, be careful,” said David.

“Did you get many knickerless women in your coffee shop, by the way?” asked Matt.

“I’ll say. Quite a few. And some of them weren’t all that young, either. Well over 50, some of them. There was this woman, who did the Times crossword nearly every day, must have been about 60, and she was flashing her minge the whole time – must have thought she was on some Greek island or something,” said David.

“You learn a new thing every day, don’t you? – I hope I’m not flashing my minge when I’m 60,” said Lucy.

“Just as long as you still are for as long as I’m a member of this club, that’ll do me,” said Kevin.

“Righto. Probably,” said Lucy.

“OK, lads and lasses, we’ve just about all come to nearly the end of our drinks. So drink up, and we’ll move on to the next pub,” said Lizzie.

So, suffice to say, they were seated within the slightly more plush interior of The Jekyll and Hyde pub 10 minutes later, and the lads had bought the 2nd round (of the evening).

“Well, we’ve heard from David about his coffee shop and a nearly naked 60 year old woman – what about you, Richard - you were doing plumbing. My Dad had an old video machine, and he had an old video of ‘Confessions of a Plumber’ – which is, you know, a sexy flick from back in the day. In it, it seemed like half the housewives who answered the door when the plumber in this film called, were pretty much naked. Did

anything like that happen to you when you were doing your plumbing?” asked Kevin.

“A few times, I suppose. But I think my boss Jack, even though he had a girlfriend, must have been a bit gay, because he always used to run a mile when anything like that happened,” replied Richard.

“You lads aren’t so innocent as we thought,” said Jennifer.

“No, well who is?” replied Matt.

“Well, which of you girls can do the splits?” asked Richard.

“Blimey, that’s practically the same trick you pulled earlier, when you got all of us to stand

up – and it ended with Nicola flashing her fanny,” said Jennifer.

“So you’re not going to fall for it, then?” asked Richard.

“I’ll say we’re not,” said Jennifer.

I’ll tell you what, if you had fallen for it, I’d have pulled myself silly tonight, when I got home,” said Richard.

“That’s T.M.I. for sure – Too Much Information, I’m afraid,” said Jennifer,

“By the way, do any of you other lads, you know, play with yourself a bit, after we’ve had a pub crawl and, say, one of us has given you a Sharon Stone?”

“Well, maybe,” said Phil.

“Yes, well, we’ll leave it there, lads, I think,” said Lucy. She looked across at the lads, as if to give them a stern look, but as she did so, she opened her legs quite a bit, and – Blimey, she was the other one; her pussy became suddenly visible – a blond one too.

“I say, me and my mates call that the airstrip design, you know. All ready for a soft landing, like,” said Kevin.

“Well, you’re not landing anywhere near my pussy, if you don’t mind. That’s my boyfriend’s prerogative,” said Lucy.

“Oh, you’ve got a boyfriend, have you? Tell us about him,” said Kevin.

“Not allowed to, that’s one of Lizzie’s rules. I may have broken the rules even by telling you I had a boyfriend.”

“Forgiven,” said Lizzie.

“Oh well, I’m sure I speak for all the lads when I say that we don’t mind at all that some of you probably have boyfriends – as long as you don’t mind showing us your fannies on quite a regular basis,” said David.

“That’s alright then, isn’t it?” replied Lucy.

“Just as a matter of interest, you being a Chartered Accountant, Nicola – what does a day doing that consist of? What have you done today, for instance?” asked Phil.

“Well, as you probably know, accountants deal with the finances of organisations.

Today I have been working on the accounts of a large fashion company, checking that they have been accurately prepared in accordance with the Companies Act.

I also had two meetings: One with the C.E.O. of a Builders Merchants company, providing him with advice about how he should set his prices; and another with the owner of an independent coffee chain, suggesting how he might best compete with the likes of Costa and Café Neros, who also have coffee shops in most of the towns where this owner’s shops are.”

“Yeah, your job certainly sounds a lot more interesting than my jobs have been, I must say,” said Phil.

“I think things should be the other way round, actually,” said Kevin. “That is, if you really have a dastardly boring job like mine used to be – when I was a data input clerk, for instance – you should be paid a hell of a lot of money, to make up for it being really boring, like. But if you have a really interesting job, like you seem to have, Nicola – you maybe should get less money, because you’ve got an interesting job anyway.”

Nicola laughed. “That’s even more left-wing than Communism,” she said. Even Communists don’t do that!”

“No, s’ppose not. Well, I never liked this Conservative Party anyway. This austerity lark’s getting on my tits,” said Kevin.

“Anyway, lads, it’s time to move on to the next pub, which is The Wellington,” said Lizzie.

So they all got up and headed there.

They found a couple of tables next to each other, to sit at, and bought their drinks. The alcohol was just beginning to take effect, I suppose you’d say – they were on their 3rd drink now.

And Matt said “What’s it like being knickerless, then? Do you feel any ‘different’? Like more free, for instance. Or more powerful, even. Is there any difference at all?”

“Yeah I suppose there is,” said Lucy. “Don’t really know what though. I suppose I feel a bit ‘rebellious’ if you want to put it like that. I always was a bit of a rebel. What I mean is, I doubt if the people really high up – much higher than me, are very happy about the ‘no-pants’ craze. Like, for instance, people in the Cabinet or something. I don’t expect Theresa May is very happy about it, for a start. Her father was a vicar, you know.

Or even – I don’t suppose the Police are all that happy about it. But then again, maybe they are: some of them must get some bloody good views when they approach some girl who’s staggering around paralytic after the nightclubs have closed, and they find she hasn’t got any panties on.

But, of course, it's mainly the constables who'd get that sort of treat – the Inspectors and so on may well be pretty aghast.”

“Yeah, I hadn't really thought of that,” said Matt.

“No, I hadn't really, till you just mentioned it. It just was off the top of my head – I was kind of ‘thinking aloud’, like,” said Lucy.

“Yeah.”

“Bloody hell, you should have done philosophy like me,” said Lizzie – “you'd have been good at it.”

“Do you think so?” said Lucy, “I did Modern Languages actually, French and German mainly. I went to France for a year as part of

that. Do you know, the French have a completely different attitude to the British about a lot of things.

In Britain a man may be put inside for a couple of years for ‘exposing himself’ – but in France it’s common for a man to more or less pee in the street, if he feels the need. And some of the toilets aren’t even properly closed up – you can often look inside, quite easily.”

“Seems quite strange to me,” said Phil.

“Yeah – I don’t think the women do anything like that, though. And I don’t know if they have the ‘no-pants’ craze there either. It’s only been going a couple of years really in this country, and I haven’t been back to France for 3 years now.

And in Germany, of course, the Naturist movement is really big. They are even allowed in the ‘ordinary’ parks (very often). You go in a park, and there may be a family of naturists (that is, nudists), all in the buff, having a picnic or something,” said Lucy.

“Blimey.”

“And again, I don’t know if they have the ‘no pants’ craze in the young peoples’ pubs and clubs, like we do,” said Lucy.

“Or if they have any ‘social clubs’ like this one!” said Richard.

“I think this is pretty unique, actually,” said Lucy.

“I went on a nudist beach once, in Britain, you know,” said Phil.

“What an admission,” said David.

“Yeah, well, I didn’t go again – it was the one in Brighton – and I think there were about 50 blokes, and about 4 women. And most of the blokes were probably gay – it being Brighton.”

“Probably, yes,” said Richard.

“Well, at least they didn’t mind, then – that there were only 4 women,” said Matt.

“No, but I bloody did,” said Phil. That was the only reason I went – to see a bit of muff, for free like, but all you saw was cocks everywhere.”

“Nicola, do you know, you must have got a bit interested in that conversation and ‘forgot yourself’ a bit – your legs were quite open at one point?” said Richard.

“Bloody hell! Were they?” said Nicola. “You mean you got to see my fanny again? That’ll teach me to get too absorbed in your rather naughty chatterings, won’t it? Oh well, I’m not that shy anyway, you know.” – and she opened and shut her legs just to prove it.

“Have you got a boyfriend? What will he say? Oh I forgot – you’re not allowed to talk about that,” said Phil.

“No, I don’t think any of our boyfriends know much about this,” said Lizzie.

“Yeah, that would have been my guess as well,” said Matt.

“Anyway,” said Lizzie, “it’s time to go to our last pub of the evening, and today it’s The Ship and Mitre.”

“Oh yeah, we’ve been there several times,” said Phil.

“That’s right. It’s usually got quite a good atmosphere in there,” said Lizzie.

So they trundled along to their last pub, quite a bit worse for wear now.

It was the lads turn to buy the drinks again. Most of them were still having lagers – and the girls mostly ‘shorts’ (usually doubles).

Perhaps it took a bit of Dutch Courage to go knickerless quite often.

So they settled down in their seats - Nicola was a bit clumsy in doing this, and Richard remarked that he got a glimpse of her fanny again.

Nicola smiled. "Aren't you the lucky one," she said.

"I'll say," replied Richard.

"Well, how are you feeling about being pantieless today, Nicola?" asked Phil, "Are you longing for the evening to end or are you wishing it would go on even longer?"

"What a question. That's the sort of devilish question I might ask my interviewees at work

– though obviously not about panties, of course. I don't know really. Haven't thought about it. I don't want to end up paralytic, so I don't want it to go on for hours more – about as it is, is about right, I suppose.”

“Oh OK. So Lizzie has got the planning about right, then. I always thought she had a bit of grey matter between her ears, like,” said Phil.

“Thanks for the compliment,” said Lizzie. “When I started to go into detail to a friend about what I was trying to do with you lot, she thought precisely the opposite, to be honest – and said so in no uncertain terms. (In fact we're not even friends anymore, actually.)”

“Oh, I see. Sorry to hear that.”

“It’s alright, Phil. Teach me to forget – sorry, deliberately leave off, my panties quite often, I suppose.”

“Yeah.”

Matt was staring at her again. This sort of language was still something that caused him quite a bit of amazement, when he recalled their first two ‘very professional’ interviews just a week or so ago. He was revising some of his initial impressions he had had about Lizzie – he had put Lizzie very much in the ‘Jane Eyre mould’ – that is, until the last couple of days. Now, since then, it was more like Julia Roberts of ‘Pretty Woman’, to be frank. Oh well.

Actually over in the other corner of the pub they were having a karaoke session. And Nicola suddenly said:

“Oh look, they’re having a karaoke tonight. I think I’ll have a sing. I’m quite a good singer, you know.”

“Is it wise,” said Jennifer “with a dress that short and no knickers on, the whole pub might get to see your bits.”

“Oh yes, I insist,” said Nicola - so she put her name forward, and 10 minutes later she was called to sing.

Her choice was ‘*I Will Survive*’ by Gloria Gaynor - one of the great Disco hits from back in the day. And she was actually a very good singer – there was no one at all shouting

“Don’t give up the day job, lass.” But Jennifer had been right – when Nicola hit the high notes and raised her hands in the air – Blimey, the whole of her pussy came into view. There were screams and cheers (and jeers from a few of the God squad who happened to be in the audience), but Nicola carried on regardless, singing ‘*I Will Survive*’ at the top of her voice (and in tune as well).

‘Yes, thought Matt, she might well survive, but she also might well get raped.’ (It was probably true that most girls who got raped, did, in fact, survive.)

Anyway, after that little bit of excitement everyone settled down again, and they all realised that no-one had much of their drink left – and it was coming to the end of another

pub crawl. Another day, another dollar, and quite a few more flashes in the meantime.

You weren't told last time, but they actually booked a mini-bus to drop most of the people off.

They heard its hooter going outside, so they left The Ship and Mitre. This time, there was the weekend to negotiate and the next pub crawl wasn't till the following Tuesday.

[The next chapter is about that.]

Chapter 4

3rd 'naughty' Pub Crawl

TUESDAY 17 JULY 2012

By 7.45, everyone had arrived at their first pub of the evening – the Park Tavern, and were sitting down at the largest table, which was just about big enough for the group of 10, and they had got the first round of drinks in.

“Well,” said Lucy, “how did your weekend go, lads?”

“To be honest, we don’t have much of a weekend,” said Phil, “Saturdays and Sundays are just like the rest of the week when you haven’t got a decent job to go to. Actually our

Tuesdays and Thursdays are our ‘weekends’, aren’t they lads?”

“I’ll say,” said Kevin, “they are certainly the highlights of my week too.”

“I wonder why?” said Lucy.

“Well, the fact that we’ve seen your fanny twice in the last two weeks probably has something to do with it,” said Kevin.

“I thought it might be something like that,” replied Lucy.

“There’s just something about young women without any panties on that turns me on something rotten,” said Kevin.

“Do you know, when we go to the clubs on a Friday or Saturday, quite a lot of the young men – most of them, in fact, don’t seem to even notice that a lot of us girls are knickerless,” said Lucy. “And when they talk to you, usually they maintain eye-contact the whole time, as if to say:

“Don’t worry, I’m certainly not going to get an eyeful tonight.””

“They’re not like us then,” said Richard, “if one of the 2 knickerless girls crosses her legs just briefly, with just a little bit of ‘clumsiness’, most of us are bound to notice – as Amanda found out last week, didn’t you?”

“I’ll say. You’re all certainly pretty observant, I must say – I expect that’s an advantage in some jobs anyway.”

“No doubt,” said Kevin.

“Yeah, but it’s not really something you can boast about at an interview, is it?” said Richard. “You know – I’m so observant that when Amanda crosses her legs without any knickers on I practically always see her pussy. I mean, that’s not likely to get you the job, is it?”

“Well, I think you really need to show a bit of common sense,” said Lizzie. “Try to think of some other example, for instance.”

“Yeah, s’ppose so,” said Richard.

“Why don’t we have a sweepstake – we each have one of the girls – and we have 2 winners, like,” said Phil.

“I think I’ll take Jennifer, she looks a bit nervous tonight,” said Matt.

“That doesn’t mean I’ve got no panties on,” said Jennifer “actually I had an argument with my boss this afternoon, that’s probably why I look a bit stressed.”

“Oh right.”

“And I’ll go for Lizzie,” said David, “who’s wearing a yellow dress, that’s my favourite colour.”

The others chose their girls too.

“But what’s the prize,” asked David.

“The losers have to buy the winners 2 shots, how about that?” said Phil.

“Well, having 2 of you lads drunk as skunks is the last thing we want,” said Lucy.

“Well, speaking for myself,” said Phil, “I can hold my liquor very well. Even after I find out who the knickerless girls are, I don’t treat those 2 any differently from the others.”

“That’s not what I remember,” said Amanda, “I remember the last two weeks, after it was revealed who the 2 girls were, your eyes were glued to their legs the rest of the evening.”

“I didn’t know you were looking at me,” said Phil.

“Oh yes. Just as you men look at us girls, especially if we haven’t got any panties on, so us girls keep an eye on you men, you know.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Anyway, we’re no closer to finding out who the 2 knickerless girls are tonight, are we?” said Kevin.

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” said Amanda.

“We sure would. It might be a little bit harder this time, because I notice none of you girls has a skirt on that is as short as Nicola’s was last Thursday,” said Kevin.

“No, perhaps not,” said Lizzie “that was a bit daring of you, wasn’t it, Nicola.”

“Oh well, you only live once, don’t you?”
replied Nicola.

“I see the skirt you’ve got on today is about 6 inches longer than last Thursday,” said Kevin.

“Yes, well I wouldn’t want the same thing to happen twice in a row, would I?” said Nicola.

“Blimey, is that an admission?” asked Kevin.

(It was one of the ‘rules of the game’ that if one of the girls revealed verbally that she was ‘one of them’ – one of the two – she had to ‘reveal herself physically’ too.)

“Um, well, I suppose it is really,” said Nicola.
“OK, I put my hands up to that.”

So she opened her legs 6 inches apart, showing all the lads the whole of her muff, in all its glory.

“10 out of 10 for that one,” said Matt, “very nicely trimmed.”

“Thank you,” said Nicola.

“Oh, Nicola,” said Lizzie, “you are a Dodo.”

“I know. Embarrassing, isn’t it?”

“Well, Nicola is Kevin’s girl in the sweepstake,” said Phil, “so it’s 2 shots for him, paid for by the other lads. What is your choice?”

“I’ll have two black Sambucas, I think.”

“Righto, they’re 2 for £5 here, so that’ll be £1.25 each, for us 4,” said Phil.

(Money changed hands.)

“Anyway,” said Lizzie, “it’s time to move on to another pub. It’s now on to the Rose and Crown. It’s only a 5 minute walk.”

So that’s where they went.

After they had bought the drinks and sat down, Lizzie came out with:

“By the way, we have another new member joining us next Thursday (9 days time – not 2), his name is Dave.”

“Oh right. So there’ll be 6 of us lads. One of us will have to play gooseberry,” said David.

“I don’t think it’s like that,” said Lucy, “none of you is my fella. Just because you see my pussy sometimes doesn’t mean you’re my fella, does it? – so language like that isn’t very appropriate, is it?”

“You’re being accused of ‘inappropriate behaviour’,” said Richard.

“Oh, hands up to that,” said David, “what’s the punishment for that? I don’t have to pull my trousers and pants down and get spanked by one of you girls, do I?”

“I don’t think so,” said Lizzie, “we girls are the only ones allowed to do nude scenes around here – not you lads – and just to keep you informed of what’s going on: when the group gets up to 8 lads, then to prevent it growing ever and ever bigger, we’ll split into 2 groups.

I'm a member of a drama group, and there are several young women in that who are keen to be part of a new group – I've been explaining to some of them what we do."

"Oh, so are you giving any performances in the near future? Do we get any tickets?" asked Richard.

"Fraid I'm going to keep my drama group hobby separate from my activities with this group (apart from the recruitment of some of the girls, that is), so I won't be selling any tickets to you lads – sorry about that," said Lizzie.

"Oh well, never mind – do you do any nude scenes, by the way?" asked Richard.

“Oh no, there’s hardly any nude scenes in the theatre these days, you know. I have to keep my knickers on all the time.”

“Bet you’re disappointed about that, then?”

“Actually, you know,” said Lizzie, “about 30 years ago, a lot of the actresses were doing nude scenes a lot of the time, in the theatre and on TV too.

Some of the very well known actresses who are getting on a bit now – and playing ‘character roles’ on TV, for instance Jenny Agutter and Helen Mirren, were always doing nude scenes back then. My Dad tells me all these things.

These days some Feminists lambast Michael Parkinson because he (famously) made some

comment about Helen Mirren's tits when he interviewed her – but that was very likely only because he had seen a lot more than her tits in the previous couple of months or so, on the TV or at the cinema. You could hardly blame him really.”

“Yeah, and also,” said Amanda, “my Dad told me that when he was young, and used to go to nightclubs, the bouncers never used to ask for I.D., and it was very common for young girls well under 18 (who maybe dressed up with lots of make-up, or just looked older anyway), to get into pubs and nightclubs – sometimes as young as 12 or 13. And a lot of people, in the 60s and 70s, were very ‘free and easy’ about sex, for instance – and probably loads of those young girls had sex at a very young age – because they would certainly be

chatted up by the guys – and maybe taken home to ‘his place’.

So there are probably hundreds of thousands of men from back in that era (who were young then) who are guilty of having underage sex with some of these young girls, who would certainly have told the guys that they were over 16 (if not over 18) – that goes without saying.

But, of course, virtually the only men these girls would really remember the names of (when they reached middle age), would be the men who later became famous. So that’s why, these days, quite a few famous men, now quite old, are being accused of ‘historic rape’ and are being locked up for several years. (There are actually probably hundreds of thousands of men probably equally ‘guilty’

– but it’s only mainly the famous ones who are getting found out.)”

“My Dad was brought up in the 60s and 70s,” said Kevin, “and one evening he must have been in a raconteurish mood, and told me about quite a few things that were completely different back then, compared with now – some of them of rather a sexual nature.

For instance, when he was at school (right up to and including the sixth form) the girls just wore knickers for P.E. (well, and a top, of course). But that doesn’t happen these days, does it? – everywhere they wear shorts.

Also, another thing. Quite a lot of cinemas just showed sex films all the time – he said that where he was brought up (in Coventry)

there were two cinemas (together – in the same building) that did this.

Cinemas that just show sex films, or even that occasionally show them, are practically unheard of these days – except possibly in Soho in London, I suppose.

Talking about Soho, there was a very famous strip club in Soho, called Raymond's Revue Bar, which gave extremely professional striptease shows (with maybe a dozen girls performing in each show), and it was filled to the rafters for just about every evening performance during its heyday (the 60s / 70s / 80s) – and it made its owner, Paul Raymond, one of the richest men in the country for a time (but it had to close down about 10 years ago, because by that time they could hardly

get a dozen men to turn up – strip clubs had become so unpopular, for whatever reason).

One thing though. Virtually no women went knickerless when out and about (pubbing or clubbing or whatever) – maybe only 1 in 1000 – not like today!

And also - there were some differences back then not related to sex at all:

Shops sold fireworks (and cigarettes actually) to children as young as 6.

You could buy a puppy (or a kitten) in a pet shop for well under a pound. (But a lot of the dogs did bite back then – I really don't know what they do to dogs to make that very rare now – for instance I often see people in coffee shops putting their face right up to the face of

a dog, and I haven't (in recent times) seen anyone 'come a cropper' doing that. But it would have been very unwise 30 or 40 years ago.)

"My Mum and Dad told me all these things," said Kevin.

"Yeah right, interesting," said Jennifer. "Many things might have been very lax back then, compared to today, but in some respects it's the other way round.

Like, for instance, the 'no-pants' craze, of course."

"Anyway," said Lizzie, "time to move on to another pub.

Which is the Brewer Tap a 12 minutes walk away.”

The drinks were bought, and they sat at 3 tables in the left-hand side of the bar area.

“Oh look,” said Richard, “there’s a £5 note there on the floor – who’s is that?”

Jennifer, the Marketing Manager, was extremely quick to exclaim “Oh yes, I think that’s mine.” So quick, in fact, that she rather clumsily got down on her haunches to pick it up and it was Richard who exclaimed “Eh, eh, we’ve discovered who the 2nd knickerless girl is tonight – it’s Jennifer. Oh well, that £5 might pay for a pair of knickers, Jennifer.”

“If you think I can’t afford a £5 pair of knickers you’re completely wrong,” said Jennifer – “most of mine cost a lot more than that.”

“Well, I prefer it when you pretend to be skint, unable to afford any at all,” said Kevin – “like now, for instance.”

“I thought you might.”

“Are you lads ganging up on Jennifer,” asked Lizzie, “just because she’s got no panties on?”

“Good a reason as any,” said Kevin.

“I was just thinking,” said Richard, “I wonder if these knickerless girls put their knickers back on, if they go back to their boyfriends afterwards.”

“Careful,” said Lizzie, “you’re getting into the realms of what it’s not allowed to talk about.”

“Oh right. Sorry.”

“Anyway, we were forgetting, we’ve got to give the chap who won the sweepstake for the 2nd knickerless girl, his winnings. It’s Matt this time.

Matt, what will it be? (You’re allowed 2 shots.)” said Richard.

“Oh, I think a couple of shots of tequila, with a slice of lime, please?”

Kevin turned to Jennifer, the newly discovered pantieless girl – the Marketing Manager.

“So Jennifer - what were you doing today at work – before you took your knickers off and came here?”

“Well today,” said Jennifer, “I was at a meeting with some other executives discussing one of these ‘Buy one Get one free’ offers that our firm engages in sometimes.

Do you know, doing this costs the firm money – a considerable amount actually, because the profit margins aren’t even nearly 50%? One of the most important things we marketers have to decide is what proportion of our marketing budget to spend on offers like this, and what proportion to spend on advertising. The right proportion varies from one product to another, and the decision process is quite complicated. We have to do

a lot of testing – and sometimes we get it wrong, of course.”

“Oh yeah, right, you’re not just a pretty face, are you?” said Kevin.

“Blimey, Amanda, if you were one of the knickerless girls, I’d be able to see your twat right now – I see you’ve got red niccies on today, haven’t you?” said Richard.

“Yeah right. I was just practicing for when I wasn’t wearing any.”

Richard laughed.

“Anyway, lads and lasses – it’s time to move on to our 4th pub – the last one for tonight, it’s The Jolly Sailor,” said Lizzie.

“Righto, let’s go,” said Amanda.

And so they all drank up – all this drinking was the 2nd best bit of the night – and headed off.

They arrived at The Jolly Sailor.

It was the lads’ turn, again, to buy the drinks.

Do you remember we said it was ‘standard’ that the knickerless girls were a lot more ‘free and easy’ at the 4th pub if they had already been ‘discovered’. And they had been tonight.

So both Nicola and Jennifer were sitting with their legs quite a bit apart, and the lads couldn’t believe their luck.

“Do you know, I usually take 2 hours over my pints?” said Richard, staring hard.

“Well in that case, you’ll probably be helping the landlady with the washing up, because all the customers will be long gone,” said Jennifer.

“S’ppose so,” said Richard. “Anyway, might as well make the most of it while we can, mightn’t we? Looks nicely trimmed tonight, Jennifer.”

“What is?”

“Your minge, of course. Do you think I was talking about the hairstyle of that bloke over there?” (he said, pointing.)

“No, I suppose I didn’t,” said Jennifer “Just so long as you don’t start pointing at my fanny

too – I don't want the rest of the pub looking, as well as you 5.”

“We're the Famous Five, and you're the Fanny Five,” said Richard.

“I'm surprised you don't get a job supporting Peter Kay.”

“Yeah, maybe I could become a famous comedian, howse about that?”

“Well, anything's possible.”

“Oh, don't let's get Richard start dreaming away – he's far too big for his boots anyway,” said David.

“All this talk about the weather has been getting me excited,” said Phil.

“The weather? – we haven’t been talking about the weather.”

“Yes we have – weather it’s Lucy or Nicola or Amanda or Lizzie or Jennifer who’s not wearing panties.”

“Got you,” said David, “7 out of 10 for that one. I almost laughed.”

“Yeah, well, I always was the ‘nearly man’,” said Phil.

“Nearly got a job once, did you?”

“Trust you to bring me down to earth,” said Phil.

“Come on lads, lighten up,” said Lizzie, “we’ve still got 20 minutes to go here. That’s 20 minutes Valuable Drinking Time you wouldn’t have had 6 months ago.”

“Absolutely right. VDT with no VPL - Valuable Drinking Time with no Visible Pantie Line,” said Phil.

“Carol Vorderman would be proud of you,” said Lizzie.

“From the things I’ve heard about her, I bet she doesn’t wear panties either,” said Phil.

“No, you’re probably right there,” said Kevin.

“We’ll have to see if she’s reported in the Daily Star,” said David – “that seems to be the paper

reporting on the celebs that go knickerless – I’ve noticed it several times.”

“Yeah, but you never actually see anything in the picture they print, though. You just have to take the journalist’s word for it, that they’re not wearing panties,” said Phil.

“Yeah, we’re still better off with these girls, aren’t we,” said Matt - looking round, especially at Nicola and Jennifer.

“Oh, we’re not redundant yet then?” asked Jennifer.

“No, I must say I much prefer the real thing rather than a picture anyhow. Even if those celebrities were photographed sitting with their legs wide apart with no knickers on, it’d still be higher up the Richter scale to see

these girls here showing their minges in real life – in the flesh, so to speak,” said Phil.

“Well I think that’s a good place to wrap it up for tonight,” said Lizzie. “You’ve all just about finished your drinks and they’ve just called last orders, it’s nearly closing time.”

So all the lads had one last look at Nicola and Jennifer (especially), and got their jackets – and left the premises. Another pub crawl had come to an end.

[The next pub crawl is on Thursday 19 July – described in Chapter 5.]

Chapter 5

4th ‘naughty’ Pub Crawl

THURSDAY 19 JULY 2012

This evening the first pub is the Jolly Sailor. When the lads and girls had got their first drinks and sat down, Richard said:

“Blimey, that looks like a jumper you’re wearing, Amanda – a woollen dress. And then, Jennifer here seems to be wearing a T-shirt. Certainly a bit of variety tonight.”

“Yeah, if those 2 turn out to be the knickerless girls, I shall go and have a wank in the toilets,” said David.

“That jumper’d certainly keep your fanny warm if you are knickerless, wouldn’t it?” said Matt.

“I suppose it would,” said Amanda.

“Well, are you then? Why don’t you give us a flash so we can see?” said Phil.

“Oh, too early yet, isn’t it? It’d be like turning up at a nightclub at about 8 o’clock, wouldn’t it?” said Amanda.

“I wouldn’t know what time people turn up at nightclubs – I haven’t been able to afford them for years,” said Phil, “and I just have to take your word for it that the girls don’t wear knickers in them anymore. Seems a bit far-fetched to me.”

“Not all of them don’t,” said Amanda, “if you keep your eyes peeled you will see a few pairs, probably.”

“Really! And we have to make do with only two of you being knickerless,” said Phil, “What a life!”

“Well, it’s better than it was – compared to a few months ago, isn’t it?” said Lizzie.

“Yeah, well I was only joking – I think it’s bloody amazing actually.”

“But doesn’t it itch a bit?” asked Matt, “Oh sorry, we don’t know if you are knickerless yet, do we?”

“And therefore I won’t answer your question,” said Amanda.

“Anyway,” said Lizzie, “can we stop going on about jumpers? – it doesn’t look much like a jumper to me.”

“Oh, alright then,” said Phil. “What about you, Lizzie – you are wearing the same green dress you were wearing the last time you were knickerless, aren’t you – Matt’s first pub crawl, if I remember rightly – are you the same in that respect too (pantieless as well)?”

“You are observant, I must say.”

“Yeah, this little game of ours every pub crawl has certainly taught us lads to be observant, that’s very true,” said Kevin.

Amanda got up to go to the toilet, but as she did so, a hook which must have been in the

lower part of the chair, which must have got caught up in her woollen dress, refused to give way – with the result that Amanda’s dress stayed put when she moved forward. And it rode up at the front, revealing her pussy.

“Good grief,” said Richard. “What’s that little brown thing? So you are one of the knickerless girls.”

“Oh dear, I’m afraid so,” said Amanda, “how unfortunate for me to be sitting in that chair.” – as she untangled herself. She started laughing – before realising that she had better hurry up and pull her dress down.

“Well, that was a bit of an extended look,” said Richard.

“Yes, sorry, I was taken by surprise a bit – to be caught out by that hook, that’s all.”

“Oh, don’t apologise at all,” said David. “We’re the ones who maybe should apologise – if we were gentlemen we probably would have looked in the other direction, wouldn’t we? But we aren’t, and we didn’t.”

“No, I could see that,” said Amanda.

“So – back to the question,” said Matt – “does it itch a bit?”

“That’s getting a bit personal, isn’t it?” said Amanda, “If it is itching a bit, I’ll keep it to myself, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh OK, our prerogative is to look, but not to go into too many details?” said Matt.

“That’s right.”

“Well, I suppose I’m happy with that. And after all, the views are sometimes as good as, say, a Rembrandt or something, aren’t they?” said Matt.

“My, that’s a bit intellectual for an unemployed layabout like you, isn’t it?” said Richard.

“Maybe, but that last thought has made me think of taking up life drawing or something, you never know, I might be quite good at it. You wouldn’t like to pose for me, would you, Amanda?” asked Matt.

“Sorry. It’s a no-no to that. You’ll have to make do with me wearing a dress, and not much else.”

“I once went to a photography class for a few weeks,” said Kevin, “and one of the weeks we were going to have a ‘life model’. It was definitely going to be the best week. But then the life model called in sick. We were all so disappointed.

Then one of the girls in the group said she would do it – she would be quite willing. She was actually very attractive, and there she was saying she was willing to take her dress and knickers off, and pose for us. It would have been really cool. But the person in charge said it wasn’t allowed. That’s what I mean about this country becoming really authoritarian these days. I’m sure in the

1960s and 1970s that would have actually happened. Oh well.”

“Wow. I’m sure that wouldn’t usually happen – a girl in the group offering to do that. Actually what you girls are doing is pretty rare too, come to think of it,” said Richard.

“Yeah, I suppose it is, said Nicola. “Is it doing anything, though? Lizzie gave us all her Freudian theories, and they seemed to make sense. But the proof is in the pudding. Is anyone’s life looking up or anything? Has anyone got any interviews for a job recently? Or found themselves a girlfriend?”

“Well, this girl I saw in a coffee shop only last week gave me a real nice smile, and then – deliberately or not – flashed her knickers. But

before I had a chance to say anything, she was off,” said Kevin.

“Blimey, girls, it looks like we’ve got some competition, doesn’t it?” said Nicola.

“Yeah it does. We’ll have to really be on our mettle: wear shorter skirts or something,” said Jennifer.

“Well, lads and lasses, time to move on to the next pub, which is The Brewer Tap It’s just down the road,” said Lizzie.

So that ended that conversation, and everyone got up and made their way out of the pub and down the road.

They arrived at the Brewer Tap, and found their usual spot in the corner of the main bar. It was the lads' turn to buy the drinks.

“Do you know?” said David “you girls have more expensive drinks than us lads. A double rum and coke is much more expensive than a pint of lager.”

“You must be forgetting,” said Lucy, “we girls pay for our drinks and your drinks. Have you forgotten that 25 quid a session?”

“There is that.”

Just then, Lucy crossed her legs. Richard exclaimed “Blimey, I just saw your pussy then, Lucy, when you crossed your legs. This is the 2nd knickerless girl, lads – Lucy.

“Not the one in the T-shirt then (Jennifer) – so I won’t be going to the gents for a wank,” said David.

“Well, I’m glad about that, anyway,” said Lucy.

“Mind you, open your legs too wide, and I might change my mind,” said David, “T-shirt or no T-shirt.”

“I can see I’m going to have to be careful then,” said Lucy.

“Well, you don’t have to if you don’t want to,” said Matt.

“So, today it’s Amanda in the jumper, and Lucy in the short blue dress, who are the

knickerless ones. We'll have to get you 2 dancing on the tables, I think," said Richard.

"Oh no," said Lucy, "we're not Table Dancers, you know – we'd cost £200 an hour if we were that, at least. And you can't afford that, can you?"

"Not quite, no."

"You'll just have to make do with what you can see with us sitting comfortably in our plush red seats, won't you? – maybe you could tell us a few jokes, that might make us forget ourselves a bit, lose our composure, and then – well, it might be your lucky day, mightn't it?" said Lucy.

"Fraid I don't know any jokes. Not any that are suitable for the fairer sex, anyway. And you

are the fairer sex – you are a natural blond, aren't you (I noticed that)?" said Richard.

"Cheeky. So at least you're not colour blind, then."

"Not at all. And I noticed that comment made you go a bit red, too – that's my stock in trade by the way – making the girls go red," said Richard.

"Yeah, I noticed."

"So then, the night is still young, and we've discovered who the knickerless girls are already. Things can only get better. Not even Graham Norton would have the conversation skills necessary to get these girls' knickers in a twist!"

“Funny ha ha.”

“There is a guy over there – the one in the blue denim jacket, who keeps on looking in this direction. I think the last time you had your legs a bit open, Lucy, he must have noticed your pussy (and he wants more),” said Kevin.

“Well, he’s not going to get it, if I can help it,” said Lucy.

“Shame in a way. Does that mean we’ve got to suffer too, while you very deliberately keep your legs shut, just to displease him?” asked David.

“Well, I suppose, given a bit of ‘positive thinking’, I can remove him from my consciousness almost completely, and therefore not be too bothered if you (and

possibly him too) get a bit of a glimpse now and again. After all, that's what we're here for, isn't it?" said Lucy.

"That's what I thought."

Amanda, in the jumper and no knickers, said:

"Well, at least I'm at the wrong angle for him to see up my dress."

"Oompah, Oompah, stuff it up your Jumpah," said David.

"You're not stuffing anything up my jumper. It's strictly look but don't touch – or grope, or anything else you're thinking of doing."

"Yeah we realise that really. And that's fine by us," said David.

Amanda had changed seats after that earlier embarrassing incident involving the hook on the bottom of her original chair. She had examined her new chair thoroughly before sitting on it – bending over and giving David and Richard a great view of her bare bottom, which was fairly unusual on these pub crawls; it was more often the front side that got revealed (as you may have noticed, reader). But there is no doubt that the view of a woman's bare bottom can 'hit the senses' of the average man almost as much as a juicy pussy can – as David and Richard discovered.

But it was back to normality now, and it was more likely to be by something like a simple crossing of the legs that the lads would get their next thrill – and it would therefore more

likely be by a sighting of fanny, rather than bare bottom.

And so it proved. But it wasn't by a crossing of the legs. One advantage (from the lads point of view) of Amanda wearing this jumper dress was that it was more inclined to ride up at the front every time she fidgeted a bit. Because of this she tugged her dress down, every few minutes, maintaining her 'modesty'. But maybe she started to tire of this activity, because for about 10 minutes or so she 'let it be', with the result that for the second half of that 10 minutes there was a little triangle of 'pubes' that became visible, if you happened to be looking in that direction, which I can assure you these lads were.

"By the way, Amanda," said Richard, "you do realise you're showing quite a bit 'down there'

– your pussy in other words, and have been for about 5 minutes?”

To spare Amanda’s embarrassment a bit, Lizzie butted in:

“Come on now, drink up – it’s time to move on. Our next pub is The White Horse.”

So they all got up and made their way to it.

They sat in their usual seats in the corner of the pub, the girls mainly facing into the corner.

Kevin thought this was probably so that the girls (the knickerless ones) weren’t exposing themselves to the whole pub when they had their legs a bit apart – just to ‘The Famous Five’.

And he put the question to them that this might be the case.

“Oh no, it can’t be that – if we were facing the other way, some much better looking lads (and richer ones) than you lot might get a good view too, and then we might be off to pastures new. [Only joking – we’re not porn stars, you know.]”

“I’d never have guessed.”

“We don’t get paid, for a start – do we?”

Amanda, in the jumper dress, had covered up a bit after that embarrassment towards the end of their time at The Brewer Tap.

But Matt asked her “Do you have any other jumper dresses – perhaps of a different colour?”

“Yes, a grey one.”

“Can you wear that next time – especially the next time you aren’t wearing panties?”

“I don’t expect you’ll be very pleased if I wore that – it’s quite a long one, it comes down to my calves.”

“Oh, don’t bother then. We’re only interested if it’s at least 6 inches above the knee – aren’t we lads?” said Matt.

“Actually, even if you were all wearing knickers, it would still be good for you to be around, dressed as you are in skirts and

dresses – so many women wear trousers or jeans these days, don't they?" said Matt.

"Yeah, I'll say. After I started coming on these Pub Crawls, about two and a half months ago, after the girls said about so many young women not wearing knickers, I started to look round a bit, like – to find a few things out. I sat on a bench in the High Street, and counted how many women wore trousers or jeans compared to those who wore skirts or dresses. And do you know it was only something like 1 in 50 wore a skirt or dress. Almost all the women wore trousers or jeans," said Richard.

"Yeah, you're probably about right, actually. Of course, when we say a high proportion of girls don't wear knickers, that's only a high proportion of girls who wear skirts or dresses

– the ones who wear trousers or jeans sort of don't count. (Actually, in the clubs a much higher proportion of the women do wear skirts or dresses.)” said Lucy.

“Another thing,” said Richard, “when I went in a coffee shop, a much higher proportion of the women were wearing skirts or dresses – there was nearly always at least one woman doing so even if there were only a dozen in the coffee shop. I can only assume that women wearing skirts or dresses are more likely to go in coffee shops. That can only mean that they get a thrill out of being discovered, like – not wearing panties – isn't that right?”

“Yeah, I think I follow that – you should have been a Professor, not a Plumber, shouldn't you?” said Lizzie.

“Yeah, and do research – isn’t that what Professors do?”

“Yeah, but if you did research about that, and went round asking the women if they were wearing knickers, you’d get arrested. You’d be the only Professor in Pentonville, probably,” said David.

“Yeah, s’ppose so. Better off being a Plumber, probably.”

“So girls, when you go out on a Friday or Saturday without your knickers on, at what time do you take them off – is it before or after your tea? (Because you said you did wear them at work.)” asked Matt.

“What a question,” said Amanda. “For all you know, I might wear knickers in the pub, and go

in the Ladies and put my knickers in my handbag, before I go clubbing.”

“You don’t do that, do you?”

“No, I don’t, to be honest. Actually it’s usually after my tea. I often have my parents round for my evening meal – well, at least once a week, and I wouldn’t want them to notice I didn’t have any panties on.”

“Do your parents know you don’t wear knickers when you go clubbing?” asked Matt.

“I think they have an idea, because my last boyfriend made a joke about it when he and they were both round – it was a Sunday lunch. It all went a bit quiet. Yeah, I think they know. They don’t know about this social club, though.”

“Well, lads and lasses, it’s time to move on, to our last pub of the evening. Tonight it’s The Jekyll and Hyde,” said Lizzie.

So they drank up, and made their way to that final port of call for tonight.

It was the lads turn to get the drinks, whilst the girls found a couple of empty tables.

After they had settled down, David came out with:

“Well, Nicola, last week I asked Lizzie what was her most embarrassing experience of being knickerless, and she came up with an extremely recent thing. How about you – what is yours?”

“Oh yes,” said Nicola, “I think I know what that was: I was in a club last year, wearing a short skirt and had no knickers on, and I was sitting on a sofa sipping my rum and coke, and I noticed a youngish man looking over at me, and he seemed familiar but I couldn’t place him. I suppose he was about 10 years older than me. Before I had worked out who he was, I realised that my legs were quite a bit apart (I had been engrossed in a conversation with my best friend, and had ‘forgot myself’ a bit) – so I knew that he would have a really good view of my fanny, in fact he was fairly obviously going bright red.

Then I realised who it was – he was my old maths teacher. I had taken A-level maths and I needed to do quite well to do the degree course I wanted to do in Accountancy, and I was struggling a bit. And he was really helpful

– he gave me quite a few individual, 1-1 tutoring sessions, and probably because of that I ended up getting quite a good grade – and of course I did my degree in Accountancy. Actually, I had a bit of a crush on him, to be honest – but I remember, though the uniform was skirts (they didn't like us girls wearing trousers), I made sure he never saw up my skirt. I was always careful in that respect.

And then, as I say, about 8 years later there he was getting a great view of my minge. Pretty embarrassing, to say the least.

Oh, and there was something else too. I had this great platonic friend, he was a better friend than most of my girlfriends actually, though we both knew we would never be girlfriend and boyfriend. I told him nearly everything, but one thing I didn't tell him was

that I often went knickerless – in fact, if I was knickerless when he was around, I made sure I wasn't also wearing a short skirt. We often went out for walks, and one afternoon we were out in the country and I tripped over a branch that was lying across the path, and went ass over tit. It was obvious that he saw everything – just like my maths teacher he went bright red.

But he just didn't say anything. I got up and I didn't say anything either. And he continued not to say anything. Somehow our relationship was never quite the same after that.”

Jennifer, who was sitting next to Matt, turned to him and said:

“Seeing as you’re so interested in knickers, I’ll tell you something about that. As a marketer, part of my work is to do with advertising, and occasionally I have to go to an advertising shoot; and this will amaze you – or I think it will.

I don’t know if you notice it when you see the adverts on TV, but you virtually never see women showing their knickers, even if it’s, say, a young woman dancing around in a short skirt (this even applies, ridiculously, after the watershed).

You wouldn’t believe how much effort goes into achieving that – making sure the young women (especially) don’t show their panties. There may be 20 or 30 ‘takes’ until the Director is as sure as he can be that, from any angle, no-one gets to see the girl’s

panties. In fact, fake imagery is sometimes used, even.

I really don't know what David Ogilvy would have made of all that. He was just about the Top man in advertising 30 years ago or so (my Mentor tells me these things), and I think, from what I heard about him, that he was more 'one of the lads'. I think he would have been appalled, actually.

It's almost as if all the advertising agencies are run by part-time Methodist preachers these days. Then again, perhaps it's the TV stations that stipulate it."

"Well," said Lizzie, that's about it for tonight I'm afraid. The barman is urging everyone to leave now. Finish up your drink, Phil – you're

the only one with some left. It's time we were on our way. See you all next Tuesday.”

[To be continued]

Bonus Serial (Instalment 1)

A Retired Porn Star (Age 28) Dates the Bloke Next Door

The author writes:

Before we start, I have 2 notes relating to the story:

1) It is normal for porn stars to retire very young. As you will read below, I dated a porn star for some years quite a few years ago. She was 26 when I met her, and she had already

virtually retired – she did very little filming after that (I'm pretty sure).

2) It isn't literally true that the main characters of the story live next door to each other. But the person that the porn star (Donna) meets with, is an 'ordinary bloke' with no involvement with the porn industry, or anything like that.

.....

Introduction

I actually did date a porn star for 3 or 4 years (about 20 years ago). She had made about 30 adult films – and one of those films was based

on 'sex in public places' – I remember her telling me. So, yes, this story is fiction, but in a sense you could say, I suppose, that it is based on fact!

* The 'dates' in this story are (probably) naughtier than most of mine, though.

Prologue (from the point of view of Andrew)

I (unusually) got some post today, including a small white envelope which had 'Over 18s Only' printed on it.

Well, I was that (I'm 45 actually).

I opened the envelope and there was a (colourful) postcard with the following writing:

I'm Donna. Why not let me be your Escort? I am an ex-glamour model (amongst other things), age 28. £100 for 2 hours at a suitable venue – your local pub if you like – it might just boost your reputation! But I'm afraid it's 'Look

but don't touch' [That's why it's a bit cheaper than the Escorts you get from a Mayfair ad!]

+ Contact Details

[There was also a photograph of Donna enclosed -with her 'modestly dressed'. I thought 'Yeah, not bad at all.']

I did remember that about 3 months previously I had ordered a 'sexy maid's costume' for my (then) girlfriend – so I must have got on one of 'those' mailing lists, mustn't I?

Well, why not give her a call?

I did so, and she gave me a few more details, and asked me to have a 'video-call' with her if I wanted to go ahead. What was on offer was

a weekly 2 hour 'date' for £100 a week – until I decided to cancel.

She certainly sounded very nice (and sexy) on the phone.

I was getting excited about it – I have quite a well paid job; £100 a week was no real problem. And I am 'between girlfriends' at the moment.

So I decided to make that video-call to confirm that I wanted to go ahead.

This was part of our conversation – her end of it.

“I do have a boyfriend, and we have come to an agreement about this new venture of mine. That is, that practically anything is okay, except actual penetrative sex.

I did used to be a glamour model, you know, and even was an adult film actress, and I am not shy at all! And do you know, one of the films I did was ‘sex in public places’, would you believe?

Now, exactly that is not on for us, as I have told you.

But, from the discussion we had the other day on the phone, I know that for our dates you want me to be knickerless. That's fine. But that's not that outrageous these days, you know (relatively speaking). Quite a lot of young women do it, actually. You only have to keep your eyes peeled and you will notice it quite often – though usually only for a couple of seconds or so – as the girl gets out of her seat, say – something like that.

As I say, I have actually done a 'sex in public places' film – and I am prepared to go further than giving you (or anyone) 'fleeting glimpses' as I accidentally on purpose get out of my seat a bit clumsily.

For instance, if we are in a coffee shop and I queue up to get the drinks, if you want me to I'll accidentally on purpose 'slip up and end

up on my back', exposing absolutely everything for a few minutes, as I sit there or lay there 'nursing my injuries' – that's fine. I'm quite happy to do something like that.

Or if you want me to be with you in a pub, say, that perhaps has those deep, low armchairs, so that when I'm sitting in one, almost inevitably (obviously with one of my short skirts on), my pussy is more or less continuously exposed – I'm quite willing to sit there with you, nonchalantly carrying on talking about the movies, or politics even (I'm quite widely read, you know); apparently completely unaware that anyone looking in our direction will have a great view of my fanny.

Is that the sort of thing that might interest you?

Fuck, I can tell you're getting excited.

Which one do you want, then?

Really – you greedy sod, you want both! Well, that's our first two weeks sorted, then. You are easy to please, aren't you?

So – each week, there will be my main 'piece de resistance', which will be what I am mainly 'contracted for', so to speak. This will usually be near the end of our time together, because even though, as I said, I am not at all shy, if I am right the 'main event' will be so outrageous that even I will have to leave the scene sharpish afterwards, get back home and have a couple of vodka and cokes! Understand?

Typically, of course, I will be with you for a couple of hours before ‘the big deal’. But though, as I said, I will be knickerless, don’t expect me to fling my legs about like – I don’t know – Maria Schneider in ‘Last Tango in Paris’ – did you see that? – Fuck, what a fanny!

No, I’m afraid in the time leading up to ‘the climax’ I’ll be quite a good girl, keeping my legs together most of the time. (Sorry to disappoint you.)

There is another reason actually. If I was to ‘fling my legs around a bit’, from the start of our date, a few people might notice (most people these days are as unobservant as fuck, but not absolutely everybody) – you know, someone might shout out “Blimey, I just saw that bird’s fanny.”

Then, if something like that happened, it would sort of ‘steal my thunder’ for the main event – see what I mean?

That’s why I have to be a good girl till then.”

THE FIRST DATE (IN THE COFFEE SHOP)

Excerpt from their conversation at the table
(before the ‘main event’)

“So the plan is, you stay at the table and I go up and queue up. The last time I was here the baristas were pretty gormless, to be frank, and it looks like the same crowd, so it’ll probably take me at least 20 minutes to get served. I’ll ask for a tray, and then start on the return journey. I’ll arrange it that I nearly spill some of the coffee – shouldn’t be difficult, then sort of pull up to steady myself, and trip over my own feet and end up on the floor.”

(And that’s what happened.)

The ‘Main Event’ (narrated by Andrew)

When she fell down with a bit of a clutter everyone looked in her direction, and there was effectively a ‘communal gasp’ as everyone realised that she had no knickers on, and everything – and I mean everything, was exposed. Also everyone knew that almost immediately she had given up on the situation and she just wasn’t going to bounce up (at the same time restoring her modesty) within seconds. In fact there was no sign that she was thinking of getting up at all, or even could be bothered to close her legs up. She just sat up, put her hand under her chin, looked at everyone – and continued showing everyone her fanny – well, why not?

“It’s alright,” I heard her say, “I won’t charge – the view is free.”

She went on “Let me introduce myself – my name is Donna – and as you can see I don’t hide nothing!”

One man said, “Well so long as we don’t have to pay compensation to the people behind you, who haven’t seen nothing yet?”

“Yeah, well, that’s life,” said Donna, “you can never make everyone’s day, can you? – there will always be some people who are disappointed, won’t there?”

“You can say that again,” said the man who had probably the best view in the shop – “cos I’m gay.”

“Anyway,” said Donna, “I’d better start to clear up some of this mess, hadn’t I?”

One of the cups was partly behind her, and she revolved around on her arse, still not bothering to make any attempt to cover up – so in fact a lot of the people behind her got to see her fanny too, after all.

“10 out of 10 for bravery anyway,” said one middle-aged man.

“Oh, it’s just like going back to work for me,” said Donna, “I used to be ‘a rude film actress’, you know.”

“Doesn’t surprise me at all,” said someone else “I am sure you’re probably very photogenic.”

“Yeah, but no photos here, please,” said Donna “don’t want my mother to see me on Facebook in this state.”

“Not even if we gave you a pair of knickers to put on first?” said another man.

“Fraid not,” said Donna.

“Well, I suppose it’s true that I’m not very well dressed, but at least I don’t wear trousers like Hilary Clinton always does,” Donna continued.

“Do you know the story to that? When she was in South America (sometime when Bill was President, you know), she was wearing a dress, and though she thought she was being ‘modest’, some photographer took a photograph of her from ‘very low down’, and

posters of her showing her panties appeared all over the country! She was so upset that from that point onwards she virtually always wore trousers. (Another thing I don't have in common with Hilary, then, is that I'm not showing my knickers!).”

“Yeah, but some of Hilary's knickers wouldn't go amiss,” said a stern looking middle aged woman, who did not seem amused, and didn't like the way her husband had been staring at Donna's crotch for the last 5 minutes.

After a couple more minutes of inane conversation, Donna said
“I'll tell you what, I'll give you another 15 seconds to have a good look, then I'll, as elegantly as possible, get to my feet, and that will be the end of today's entertainment.”

So she made a show of looking at her watch, watching the second hand go a quarter of the way round, and then she was up – and the last 10 minutes was just a memory.

Then she returned to me and stood in front of me and said “Sorry, Andrew, I’ve been a naughty girl, haven’t I? – you’ll have to spank my bottom when we get home, won’t you?” (But that was just a joke, because it wasn’t in the contract, and in fact she was going back to her boyfriend, and I – well, I was going home too.)

And when I did so, I thought to myself, ‘yeah, not a bad afternoon at all – and I don’t think it was a dream’.

THE SECOND DATE (A WEEK LATER)

(IN A PUB)

Donna and Andrew entered the room with the low slung armchair that Andrew had discovered this pub had – the type that Donna had stipulated.

There were about a dozen others in the room, mostly men, and of various ages.

They both sat down – Donna on the aforementioned armchair, and Andrew opposite her.

There was a sharp outtake of breath as at least half of those dozen (mostly men) noticed – they could not really help but do so, that Donna very obviously had no knickers on. “Oh, I say,” said a middle-aged man with a bit of a paunch, “I do like a room with a view.”

“Now then,” Donna said to Andrew, “what do you want me to talk about today – Business, Politics, or the Movies?” (And she was looking round to see how many others were also in earshot [and eyeshot].)

“Oh, Business, I think,” replied Andrew.

A voice to the left said “Yeah, I can see she’s the Business, alright.”

Donna ignored this.

“What I want to talk about, then, is how all those ‘Permanent half price sales’ are a big con.”

And so, when she had made herself comfortable and relaxed on the low slung armchair, notwithstanding the fact that her minnie was on full display, her skirt being little more than a belt – she proceeded to start to give her exposition on this subject.

“Those “permanent half price sales” - it's all a big con, you know.

The motive behind the con is this.

It's well known in marketing that the public won't often respond to a sale where things are marked down by 10% or 15% - very few more of the goods will be bought than at the original

selling price.

But the public usually will respond where the price cutting is around 50% - very often 2,3 or even 4 or more times as many of the product may be sold.”

A man to the right interjected “I hope you got at least 50% off that skirt, love, because it’s clearly not ‘fit for purpose’, is it? It doesn’t cover your privates one bit.”

Donna continued regardless. – “So that is the motive. How do they do it?

I believe the secret is what in business is called “vertical integration”. This is when a retailer or manufacturer buys up some of their suppliers. (It works in the other direction too – like when a manufacturer buys shops to sell

his goods in.)”

Another man in the corner of the room blurted out “That’s all very well about Businesses being ‘vertically integrated’ – but how can we concentrate on all that when your pussy is hanging out like that?”

“Oh, sorry to offend you,” replied Donna, “ but I thought we were all over 18 in here anyway. Surely you’re not still offended by the sight of an exposed muff – now that they start teaching sex education at 5 years old, I would have thought anyone past the age of 7 would be a bit jaded by the whole thing (and as I’ve said, everyone here is over 18 – including you, sir).”

“Now, did I say I was offended? I was just complaining a bit because of my financial

situation. I only have 30 quid left till next weekend, and now I'm going to have a £15 dry cleaning bill for my trousers – on top of the gas and electric, like.”

“So” – Donna went on with her exposition – “where's the connection between this – vertical integration - and ‘permanent half price sales’?”

I believe it is this.

These firms that are always advertising on TV with their offers that sound so marvellous – it's not like the owner had won a couple of million on the lottery, and decided to set up a large retailing business, and wrote to a few manufacturers for details of their products.

At this point a man who was ‘getting on a bit’

said “I say, young man – well, not that young, compared with your drinking partner” (he was clearly talking to Andrew) – “can’t you keep your girlfriends in check? I really don’t want to know exactly what you’re getting for afters tonight – it might make me jealous.”

Again, Donna tried to continue with her exposition:

“It’s not like the manufacturers responded to his request with a catalogue and price lists with the retail prices down one column and the wholesale prices down another.

In practice, I’m pretty sure, these large retailers (in certain trades) virtually own the manufacturers they deal with. So they set their own retail prices effectively.

And of course, noting that the public will respond to things reduced by 50%, but not to goods at only 15% off (say), they set the retail prices accordingly.”

Another man, probably over 60, asked:

“What’s your name?” (He was looking at Andrew.) Andrew told him. The man went on “When I was a young man, getting her knickers off was the last thing you did, not the first.”

Donna continued again:

“It’s a bit hard on some traditional firms, who do send off to manufacturers for price lists, though. Typically they may only get 30% or 35% off the retail price as commission, so their sales can look pretty lame – and it’s largely because of the prevalence, in some

industries, of these permanent half price sales – I believe – that the public will no longer respond to less attractive sounding offers.”

.....

Retired Porn Star story (after the Preview)

Introduction

From the Point of View of Andrew

A couple of days after our second date, I got a call from Donna –

“Hello, Andrew, I’m just asking – Are you still keen to continue with our dates – you seemed pretty enthusiastic after that second one?”

“I certainly am, Donna,” I replied.

“Well in that case, I’ve had a bit of an idea about how we can proceed. If we can arrange

another video-call in the next few days, I'll tell you what I have in mind.”

“That sounds fine. How about Friday evening at 7pm?”

“Great. Speak to you then.”

The 2nd Video Call

Again (as in the Preview), the conversation from Donna's end:

“Hi Andrew, I'm glad you want to continue. I'll explain about this idea:

I don't know whether you will agree with this – but so far our 'naughty' dates have been,

basically, me being a bit exhibitionistic – in front of you and a few others – you could put it that way, couldn't you?

Well, the thing is, I'm not intending this to be a full-time, you know, 40 hour a week job – that would be 20 clients, wouldn't it?

No, I'm not looking for more than 6 or 7, actually.

There are about half a dozen towns quite near my home town, that I can get to easily by train (I don't intend to do this in my home-town, by the way), and that means, hopefully, possibly 1 or 2 in each of these other towns.

As it happens, you are my first client in _____ton, where you live.

Now, I actually have a cousin who runs a pub there.

I told her what I was doing (more or less), and she said that for her, Mondays were usually quite quiet, and she would be happy for us to 'use it' on a regular basis (on Mondays, that is).

The thing is, is that we can't really go back to that coffee shop we used for our first date and 'do the same thing again', can we? Likewise with that pub, where our second date was.

As it's only a small town, we are soon going to run out of coffee shops and pubs, aren't we?

So this might be an idea – to use my cousin's pub regularly

Now, my cousin says that she only usually has 3 or 4 regulars in her pub on Mondays.

Apart from that, she can usually count on 3 or 4 strangers, maybe. And that's it for the evening.

And actually, her other half is a bit of a whizz on the computer, and he can design an App that we can tune into, when maybe sitting in another, nearby pub, that will alert us each time a stranger goes into her pub.

So – Hey Presto – we can walk in, 5 minutes later, and ‘do our Business’ i.e. me being ‘quite exhibitionistic’. That may happen 2 or 3 times in the course of our 2 hour date.

-

What do you think about that?”

(Andrew was getting quite excited after hearing all this.)

“Yeah, that sounds really great,” he replied, “when do you want to start?”

“How about next Monday – in 3 days time?”

“Why not,” said Andrew – “Oh, which pub is it, that your cousin runs?”

“The Hook and Tackle.”

“Yeah, I know it. I’ve been in it a few times, though not recently. And there’s another pub just down the road from it.”

“Oh good. You’re not banned from it, I hope?”

“No.”

“Well,” said Donna, “we’ll have to make sure it stays that way. So just like with the other 2 places, I won’t be ‘flinging my legs around’ when we’re at our new base – very few people will get to see my fanny when we’re in there.”

“Understood,” replied Andrew.

THE THIRD DATE

As arranged, Donna and Andrew met just down the road from the pub that was going to be their ‘base’, at 7.30pm on Monday April 11 (2011).

They greeted each other.

“Bit chilly tonight for having no knickers on?”
said Andrew.

“Cheeky,” said Donna. “Why is it that we
English people always talk about the
weather?”

“Quite,” replied Andrew.

At their ‘base’ (First time)

They entered the pub – “The Mirage”.

There were half a dozen people in the bar – 4
men and 2 women. They went up to the bar
and ordered their drinks – a pint of lager for
Andrew, and a vodka and coke for Donna.

They sat down at one of the four spare tables. Donna took quite a bit of care while doing so.

“Don’t want anyone to comment on an exposed pussy this early on,” she said.

Andrew laughed. “No, suppose not – plenty of time for that later.”

“My cousin has already purchased one of those ‘low slung’ armchairs like the one we had at the last pub, and put it in the main bar,” said Donna – “some of the regulars have already commented on it, apparently – and asked her why she had bought that.”

“Wait and see,” she had told them.”

“That’s quick work,” said Andrew, “seems very efficient, your cousin.”

“Yeah, she’s good looking too,” said Donna, “but don’t get any ideas, she’s very happily married.”

“Must run in the family,” said Andrew.

“Flattery will get you (almost) everywhere – but not up my muff,” said Donna.

“No, well, I’ll just make do with having a jolly good look at your muff (and being very grateful for it, by the way).”

“You men,” said Donna, “never think of anything else.”

“Well, sounds like it’s paid your wages for a few years.”

“There is that,” agreed Donna.

“Think it’s time to do a bit of explaining to the barman,” said Donna, “about that we’ll sometimes be popping out for 20 minutes or so, possibly at short notice – and to not take our drinks away, as we’ll be back. We’ll have to concoct some sort of story (can’t tell him the absolute truth, can we?)” – smiled Donna.

“No, I think you’re right there,” said Andrew, “what shall we say?”

“Leave it to me,” said Donna.

Donna went up to the barman, gave him a smile, and said:

“Hello, we’re new in here. It is just that we work in the plumbing trade, you know, and in

the evenings we're often 'on call' – and we often have to pop out at short notice. And, just to say that, if we do – will you keep an eye on our drinks (and not take them away)? – we'll nearly always be back within 20 minutes or so.”

“Well, you don't look much like plumbers to me,” said the barman, “especially you – but fine, that's okay.”

Donna sat down again, almost forgetting to take enough care. “Sorted,” she said.

“Has all this austerity affected you much?” asked Andrew.

“Yeah, I have to buy shorter skirts – because they're about a pound cheaper with the lower amount of cloth used.”

“Yeah, well, I’m sure that’s one of your jokes – can’t see New Look taking that into account on their pricing.”

“Oh dear, rumbled.”

“But it’s not a joke that you wear short skirts. They really are, aren’t they? How many inches above the knee is that one – when you’re standing up, of course?”

“I’m surprised you haven’t already made a mental note of that, when you first met me this evening – actually it’s 10 inches – put another way, 4 inches below the crotch.”

“Yeah, well, when you’re sitting in that low slung armchair in a few minutes, it’ll be about 2 inches above the crotch, probably.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised, yes.”

One of the first things Donna had done, after sitting down, was press the button that turned on this new App – and just then it flashed its message that ‘a stranger’ had walked into The Hook and Tackle – Donna’s cousin’s pub.

“The App is flashing that someone has gone into Alison’s pub,” said Donna.

“Come on then, time for you to do some flashing too.”

Donna gave a wave to the barman, telling him that they were off, like she had said they would be – “We’ll be back in 20 minutes or so,” she said.

So they went out into the open air, and walked the 200 yards to Donna's cousin's pub.

At Donna's cousin's Pub (First time)

They entered the "The Hook and Tackle". There were 5 drinkers in there (all men) plus Donna's cousin (Alison) behind the bar.

[The regulars had been let into the secret, and they couldn't believe their luck. Free entertainment like this – it would probably have cost 100 quid in a strip club. They were, however, told mostly to keep their mouths shut during the 'performance' – the 'characters' were to be the as yet unknown 'strangers', Donna, and possibly, to a certain extent, Andrew.

The regulars were also told not to ‘spread the word’ about all this – we didn’t want the bar filled to the rafters on Monday nights (even though that might be good for Alison’s bank balance).]

Donna and Andrew went to the bar and ordered their drinks. There was a bit of a hush as they sat down, Donna in the aforementioned low slung brown armchair.

After a few seconds of silence, a youngish man – somewhere in his 30s, dressed in a black tracksuit, came out with:

“I’ve no need to read my erotic fiction for a while – after seeing you. By the way, I’m Jonny.”

“Oh, that’s a shame, Jonny. I wouldn’t like to put you off your reading activities – it seems to be so uncommon these days – to read books, I mean.”

“Yes, everyone seems to get their fill of reading on social media – and cannot be bothered to read books.”

“Yeah, and so much of what you get on social media is a load of rubbish, don’t you think?” said Donna.

“That’s right. And so trivial, some of it. People saying what they had for breakfast, for instance – who wants to know that?” said Jonny – “Well, when I post that I saw this beautiful young lady without any panties on today, that won’t be quite so trivial, I don’t think.”

“No, it won’t, will it? But, by the way, no photos please. But anyway, Facebook wouldn’t allow it, would they? – they’re a bit fussy about fannies – well not so much fussy – rejecting might be a better word,” said Donna.

“Yeah, that’s right, they are.”

“Fine if you’re a monk, I suppose,” said Donna.

“Yeah, don’t worry, I’m not a monk. But you know, a lot of people agree with it – this policy of Facebook. It’s almost as if everyone in this country has become a religious fundamentalist – I’ve certainly learnt not to mention the fact that I’m a fan of erotic fiction.

And page 3 of the Sun only has pictures of birds in bikinis these days. A right shame. Might as well read the Daily Telegraph now,” said Jonny.

“Yeah right. Well it is nice to feel welcomed,” said Donna, “some people look a bit askance when I’ve got a very short skirt on like this – especially when I’ve got no drawers on either.”

Donna’s cousin came out with “Yeah, you’d better put some panties on when we go to Grandad’s next weekend, though, Donna – we don’t want him to have a heart attack, do we?”

“Oh don’t worry, I was going to.”

A couple of the regulars then started to join in with the conversation a bit – one of them telling how he had been walking along the street, and the wind blew the skirt up of a woman in front of him – and she had no knickers on either.

“Yeah, a lot of women do it these days – don’t wear panties, you know,” said Donna, “I’m not the only one.”

Five minutes later Donna and Andrew had finished their drinks, and got up to go.

“Well, nice to see you,” said Jonny – “and in your case, Donna – nice to see all of you.”

“Yeah, goodbye.”

And Donna and Andrew exited the premises. First performance at The Hook and Tackle over. Time to go back to base.

At their 'base' – “The Mirage”
(Second time)

They returned to “The Mirage” and sat down where their recent drinks were still waiting for them.

After they sat down, Donna blurted out:

“Well, that was a laugh.”

“It certainly was,” said Andrew, “when you sat down on that chair, that one man (who

turned out to be the stranger) looked particularly surprised, then he looked round at the others, wondering why no-one was saying anything (I suppose), then came out with his “I’ve no need to read my erotic fiction for a while – after seeing you.”” A real laugh.

“Yeah, it turned out he was a bit of a fan of women like me.”

“Yeah, but there’s always the chance that someone won’t be – God squad or something like that.”

“Yeah, you’re right there,” said Donna. “Once, there was this religious man (I presume he was religious), who obviously noticed I was knickerless. I was sitting there, in my usual short dress, without any drawers on, and I was day-dreaming a bit, and I

suppose – well, thinking about it afterwards, I realised that my legs were a bit akimbo, if you know what I mean. He was sitting opposite me, and he would have had to be blind not to notice, well, not to put too fine a point on it, my vag, in all its glory. (In any case, I know he noticed, because I saw his fucking face change – completely.) And then, you know, he made the sign of the cross, then he must have thought this didn't have enough effect on him, so he did it again – and then again. Then after that, he sort of ran off towards the next town, wailing.”

The barman addressed Donna and Andrew:

“That was a call-out, was it? One of your plumbing jobs?”

“It was,” said Donna – “doesn’t usually take long. It’s usually just a question of fiddling a few knobs.”

“Oh, right,” said the barman.

“By the way,” said the barman, “On your plumbing jobs – you don’t have to bend over much, do you? – the customer might get a bit excited – that skirt is rather short, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, more excited than you would think, actually,” said Andrew.

Just then, Donna realised that her App was flashing its ‘alert’. “Come on,” she said to Andrew, “we must be off – work to do.”

At Donna's cousin's Pub (Second time)

Donna and Andrew entered The Hook and Tackle - the 2nd time that first Monday, for the 'Main Event'.

They bought their drinks, and sat down in the same chairs as half an hour before.

The question was, who was the stranger? If they were observant enough, and the same regulars were in the pub as earlier in the evening, they ought to be able to tell.

But would they?

At that moment the youngest man out of the 7 men who were there, opened his mouth:

“I’ll certainly have something to write in my diary this evening – though it might be X-rated.”

“Yes, I know what you mean. I’m writing a diary too. Perhaps our entries for today will be quite similar?”

“Yes, perhaps me talking about meeting you, and you talking about meeting me – do you think? I’m Connor, by the way.”

“Maybe.”

“But I’ll be the one wearing the trousers, and you’ll be the one wearing no knickers,” said Connor.

“You could put it that way, yes.”

“Perhaps we could meet next week and compare entries?” asked Connor.

“Sorry, I’m not in the market for dates.”

“What – your boyfriend wouldn’t like it, or something?”

”Something like that, yes.”

“So,” asked Donna, “what are you going to write about me? Nothing too horrible, I hope?”

“Well, I’ll probably write that she seems such a nice girl considering that she’s so naughty that she hasn’t put any knickers on today.”

“You think it’s naughty then – not wearing knickers?”

“Well, isn’t it? Especially when, you know, you don’t try to hide it much, do you? I only have to look in your direction, and there is your fanny peeping out at me.”

“So you wouldn’t marry someone like me, for instance?”

“Now you come to mention it, no I wouldn’t. I’d have to admit I’d get very jealous every time some other bloke got to see your (i.e. my wife’s) minge – which might be quite often, by the looks of it.”

“Yeah, I can see your point of view.”

“What about you, Andrew?” asked Donna.

“Oh, me? - at the moment I don’t look any further ahead than next Monday – and I am really looking forward to them. I personally love it that you don’t wear knickers. There is the possibility that I’m being a bit selfish though – I can’t say really.”

“Anyway, my boyfriend says he doesn’t mind – and I think he’s being honest.”

One of the regulars there came out with:

“My best friend says he gets a real kick out of other men seeing his wife naked – and it happens quite often, I think. I’ve seen her naked myself, actually – and she’s a bit of alright.”

Donna said, “Oh look, I’ve just finished my drink, and I think we’ll leave it there. Come on Andrew, I noticed you finished your drink 5 minutes ago.”

At their ‘base’ (Third time)

Donna and Andrew entered “The Mirage” again.

“More fiddling with knobs, was it?” asked the barman.

“Yeah,” said Donna, “and some types of jobs, only women can do them really – that’s why we have an advantage over 2-man plumbing teams.”

“There’s not any needlework involved, is there? – (That’s a joke, by the way, a bit of a sexist joke. Sorry.)”

“More like a lack of needlework, actually,” said Donna, “and the W.I. usually wouldn’t be much use. Oh, barman – I’d like to order another drink, please. I’m running a bit low. Same again I think. What about you, Andrew? Same again for you too?”

“Same again? Yes please; as often as possible.”

“As often as possible? You’re not turning into an alcoholic, are you?”

“I might just, with you around, Donna. You’re getting me too excited, with all this Business talk.”

“All this Business talk getting you over-excited, is it? You don’t wake up with fire in your belly, itching to get to work as soon as possible, do you?”

“It’s feelings a bit lower down than my belly that I’m more worried about.”

“Really, Andrew. I can’t take you anywhere.”

“Touche´. Remember, you’re the one wearing no knickers (as that last chap was pointing out).”

“Yes. And I know it’s you wearing the trousers, isn’t it?”

“Yes, except that sometimes I think you’re more in charge than me.”

“Well, of course. We women always are. Soon we’ll have more women MPs than the men, especially now that all the parties usually have all-women shortlists.”

“Yes, I was quite good at Logic at school – and I can see that is the logical conclusion of it. Well, so long as you don’t go off and get some high-flying job, I’m not that bothered. You’d have to keep your legs shut a bit more often if you did, though. (Or wear knickers, at any rate.)”

“You forget. I’m not a porn star anymore, and I keep my legs shut most of the time, like I am doing in this pub, just like I told you I would.”

“Yeah, and I can’t wait till we get back to the other pub, actually.”

“Well, it probably won’t be long. We just have to wait for the App to flash its signals.”

“Yeah, I’m looking forward to the flashes.”

5 minutes later, the App did flash its signal.

And Donna and Andrew were off.

At Donna’s cousin’s Pub (For the third time this first Monday.)

Donna and Andrew entered “The Hook and Tackle” for the third time this evening. The same regulars were there that had been there the previous two times – they were obviously out to get their money’s worth.

This time Donna knew who the stranger must be (because she recognised the others). As she sat down in the chair, she kept one eye on the stranger – and, yes, the effect was quite impressive, she had to admit.

After about half a minute of silence, he spoke:

“I won’t be telling the missus much about you.”

“Oh, I wonder why that might be – perhaps the fact that you’ve obviously been staring up my skirt for at least a minute gives me some sort of clue?”

“Well yes, actually. You seem to have forgotten your panties, don’t you?”

“Not forgotten, no. It is a conscious decision not to wear them.”

“Yes, well I thought it might be.”

“Well, aren’t you the lucky one?”

“Come to think of it, yes, I think I am, it’s just that, you know, I think I’m going to feel like having a wank later on, and there’s nowhere safe in our house where my wife probably won’t catch me at it.”

“Do you know,” said Donna, “in the nineteenth Century (or it may possibly have been the eighteenth), the men (well, a lot of the men, anyway), used to go to “men’s wanking clubs” where they would ‘do it together’, presumably without the possibility that their wives would walk in on them.”

“No, I didn’t know that. You learn a new thing every day, don’t you?” said the stranger. “Hello, I’m Luke.”

“I didn’t know it either, Luke,” said Andrew.

“Yeah, I told you I was widely read – I’ve read quite a few history books, for instance,” said Donna.

“I don’t think they would have stocked many of the books you’ve read in my old school’s library 20 years ago – and to be honest I’ve not read many books since then,” said Luke.

“Do you know,” said Andrew, “you thinking that the books you find in a school library are bit ‘tame’ may be a bit off the mark – sometimes.

I remember, back when I was in Junior school – I must have been 9 or 10, I suppose – and becoming quite aroused by some of the contents of the Famous Five books by Enid Blyton.

Enid Blyton wrote in great detail about George (that was a girl – George was short for Georgina), getting dressed before going on an ‘adventure’ (which were often in the dead of night), including, for instance ‘pulling her knickers up’ – that sort of language used to turn me on something rotten, I can tell you. And I’m sure Enid Blyton must have done that quite deliberately. Perhaps she can be considered to be a true Erotic Fiction writer – not many people have realised that, I don’t think.

(Of course, I know they've changed the Enid Blyton books a lot in the last 10 years or so. I bet they've taken those 'naughty bits' out now.)”

“Really?” said Luke. “That’s something you didn’t do this morning, isn’t it Donna – pull your knickers up?”

“No, and I probably won’t be for a few Mondays, eh, Andrew?”

“You could be right there.”

“Perhaps I could have made use of one of those wanking clubs myself, on a pretty regular basis, come to think of it,” said one of the regulars, looking at Donna’s cousin at the bar. (She had told her Monday regulars that this could be a regular occurrence.)

“Oh, you poor sod,” said Donna.

“Yeah well, just saying,” said Harrison, “I’m married too, you know.”

“Speaking for myself,” said Alex, another of the regulars there, “I think there’s a much better than average chance of me and my missus getting a bit lively in bed tonight – which would be the first time in months.”

“Yeah, it’s amazing the things that can happen when a young woman decides to ‘go Commando’ for a night out – as is quite common these days, by the way – though maybe my skirt is a bit shorter than most,” said Donna.

Both Donna and Andrew had nearly come to the end of their drinks. Not only that, but the agreed timespan of Donna and Andrew's little soiree was up now. So it was time to go.

Another 'naughty' date had come to an end. Andrew and Donna said their goodbyes to Alison, her regulars, and Luke, and they were off – Donna and Andrew agreeing to meet same time, same place the following Monday.