



Daring Violet

Volume III

*Half-Way
To Naturism*

**Written by
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Half - Way To Naturism

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Published by Beta Publishing
16 City Business Centre, Suite 62, Hyde Street, Winchester
SO23 7TA

NOTE:

*At Beta Publishing, our speciality isn't 'sex scenes' – to give you a clue think of Lady Gaga's catchphrase**

**no pants*

Story 1 – Daring Violet

Volume III

(Events around spring 2013)

I have recently moved to a medium sized town (population 80000 or so) because of my work.

First of all my firm paid for temporary B & B accommodation as part of my moving expenses, but I was expected to find my own more permanent accommodation within a few months.

I happened to see an ad on a noticeboard at work advertising a room in a shared house. It gave a few brief details (which didn't seem too bad) and said you were to contact Violet on a given telephone number if interested.

I did so, and she seemed to be a very pleasant young lady, and within 24 hours I had met her and taken up the offer of the remaining vacant room (out of 4).

Violet worked in administration for the same

company that I work for – but I am on the technical side – a chemical engineer.

She introduced me to the other occupants of the house – Annabelle and Ben. They too were quite young, and seemed pleasant enough, and I looked forward to having a bit of company with (hopefully) some like-minded people.

But it didn't quite work out like that – at first anyway.

Although I got on well with Violet, she had her own group of friends (not the other occupants of the house) and for 3 or 4 months I had little to do with her.

I was going out 2 or 3 evenings a week with my girlfriend, though not at weekends (she works as a barmaid at a pub in a town 20 miles away, and always works weekend evenings).

The other 2 occupants, I found out, were churchgoers and kept themselves to themselves – they weren't into pubbing as I was to find out that Violet was. In that respect I had more of an affinity with Violet.

I had made a few friends with some (male)

colleagues in my department and we went out for a drink sometimes.

But Violet had joined this women's hockey team – Pack of gems. The founder was a university graduate who had moved to the town with her work, and decided she wanted to continue this interest in hockey, so she simply placed a few adverts and recruited the members that way – it wasn't as if they were all members of some club or frequented a particular pub, as may more usually be the case. Therefore they mostly had their own circle of friends, and it really stayed that way.

However, they had a team meeting once a month, and sometimes Violet used her room – which is quite a sizeable room – to hold this.

I was introduced to the other girls in the hockey team at one of their meetings during my second month there. They nearly all seemed attractive 20 somethings, and I understand that only one was married. It seemed that they performed the actual 'official meeting' in the first hour, and then they got the drinks out – and it became a bit of a party thereafter.

Anyway, on the date of their next team meeting

there, a month later, I had a party myself to go to. It was a Friday and I went with those drinking buddies from work. It was a fancy dress party, and I went as Poirot – with suitable moustache, ‘wig’ and glasses, and a suit fashioned in about a 1930s style. As I returned about 11.30, the girls were still there. They saw me approach through the window, and called to me to join them for a can of beer. This seemed an attractive proposition, so I was pleased to oblige.

And we had a good time. They were a bit worse for wear (so was I, come to that). But they really carried on their conversation as if I wasn’t there. And boy, did I learn a thing or two.

By this stage it had descended into ‘who could tell the most outrageous story about themselves’ – and they didn’t mind me – what they said. It really was quite X-rated stuff, some of it. Two or three of them gave amusing details about one night stands they had had, for instance. (I suppose they didn’t mind saying things like this because they knew I had a girlfriend – Violet had told them.)

I only stayed about 45 minutes that time, but it really turned me on quite a bit – all these sordid

details coming out.

And when the next meeting was held there a couple of months later, I did something which I suppose was a bit immoral. Thinking how turned on I had been by their conversation the time before, I installed a tape recorder in a cupboard in the room, and turned it on, with a 3 hour tape, not long before the meeting was due to start. (Violet was still out – she had been out all day.)

I knew that Violet was going out the next day too, so I was able to retrieve it without mishap. And what I heard was very interesting indeed.

As before there was the relatively boring official meeting about coming fixtures, transport arrangements etc. Also as before, they then got the drinks out, and their conversation became quite a bit more 'daring'.

It ended up with most of the girls (presumably not the married one) agreeing to a sort of game of 'Dare', where, in this 'game', every time a girl went out on the town, on a Friday or Saturday night (which most of the girls did at least once a week, I believe), she, if wearing a skirt or dress, would get a point for every inch it was above

the knee, and 10 bonus points for not wearing any panties. The person who had amassed the most points at the end of the season won the game!

(A couple of minutes later on the tape an amendment was made that if a knickerless girl wore tights, she would only get 5 bonus points.)

But there was more.

After the suggestion of the 'game' was made, I could tell from the tape that there was quite a bit of excitement about this. There were a few loud squeals and 2 or 3 people made lewd comments. But it quietened down after a few minutes, and a voice which I recognised as Violet's (who must have instigated it all), said "Right then, how many of you are up for it – hands up?" and half a minute later Violet could be heard to say

"Okay, that's seven of you – eight including me, of course. Now, I know you've virtually all been at college until you were 18, and some of you for longer. You should be able to string a few words together. So as a final part of this 'game' I want each of you to write a 5000 word (at least) report about your experiences relating

to it. Theoretically this report can be in any form you like, within reason. But I would expect most reports to be in a 'diary' format – after all, it will be about individual experiences that happen on a week by week basis, with usually no connection between them – so a diary form does seem to be the obvious solution.”

Violet went on:

“But there are a couple of rules – there may be one or two others that I think of later, but here're a couple for now – Firstly please restrict yourself mainly to what happens during your evenings out at the various pubs on the Fridays and Saturdays, and your preparation for them. I don't want to see all the sordid details of what may sometimes happen afterwards, or on other days or nights. Secondly, please restrict yourself to experiences that happen in your home town, so that usually most people will know the pubs etc that you are writing about.

At the end of the season you will all look through the reports of the other 7 girls and give marks out of 20 for each. For each girl, their marks will be added up – that is, a total of 140 is possible. Whatever it is, it will be added on to your other points. And finally the winner will be declared.

Does anyone have any objections or questions?”

A voice says “I have a question – when will the game start and end?”

Violet replies “This season will be for 6 months. It will be decided later if there will be any more seasons. (And it will start the weekend after our next team meeting – in 5 weeks time.)

Now, are there any more questions or objections?”

A few seconds later, Violet says “Good. No more. That’s settled, then.”

After a bit more laughter they gradually went on to other things. In fact it was only 10 minutes after that that the tape ran out.

Well, well, I thought. I did know that it was reasonably common on a Friday or Saturday night for girls to go out without their knickers

on – I had noticed it several times in the pubs. It looked like it was going to get even more common now – for a few months anyway.

And I thought that if I could get in with Violet's circle, particularly at weekends, I'd have a lot more fun than I was having at present – my colleagues had mostly turned out to be quite boring, stick-in-the-mud characters, and anyway I always had preferred mixed company.

So I mounted a bit of a 'charm offensive' on Violet, and after 2 or 3 weeks I was very pleased that she invited me to go out with her and her 3 friends on a Saturday night. It was just 2 weeks before this game was due to begin.

Well, I thought; Violet would be writing her diary – I could do the same. I was keen on writing. Come to that, I'd stick to the same rules.

I don't think I'd ever show Violet my diary, when it was complete, but there were probably some people who'd be interested.....

Chapter 2

My 'Report'/diary

Introduction

The 4 pubs we were mainly to drink in on a Friday or Saturday night are the Crown, the Stiles, the Saxon and the Phoenix, which I think are the trendiest pubs in town, and all of them are open till at least 12 on a Friday or Saturday.

There are two girls who are Violet's main 'drinking partners' on a Friday or Saturday night – Jacqui and Sheena. They both work with her – Jacqui is about Violet's age (24) and Sheena is 29. And there is just one lad – Gordon (27) who also is in the same department as them.

Friday 29 March

Last night the 5 of us went to the Saxon and had 2 drinks there. Then we went on to the Phoenix and had another couple.

As we left there about 11, Violet fell over on some wet slippery asphalt path, and her muff was on full display for a few seconds as she gathered herself. All of us were a bit shocked except me (and I didn't say anything). The others didn't know she was knickerless.

Everyone was teasing her about going out without any panties on. "You are a dark horse," said Jacqui "And a dark crotch too".

Friday 5 April

There were just going to be three of us tonight – Violet, Jacqui and me – Sheena had gone on a date with someone she met at work, and Gordon had been off sick for a few days.

Jacqui rang Violet just after we were due to meet, and told her she'd be three quarters of an hour late. Apparently the man coming to repair her washing machine, for which she had taken the afternoon off, hadn't turned up till 5. By the time she'd got rid of him, had a shower and prepared the tea, she was running late.

By the time she rang, the two of us had got to the Stiles already, so we were sat there having

our first drink, and any strangers there probably thought we were ‘a couple’.

Jacqui finally turned up at 9.15 – all apologies of course. She got the second round in (well, the first for her). It was a bit dead tonight in the Stiles so we moved on to the Phoenix about 10.

During our first drink at the Phoenix, Jacqui got chatted up by someone who said he was a purchasing manager. I had my doubts – he looked more like a filing clerk to me. Anyway, she rejected him and he went off with his tail between his legs.

Jacqui noticed Violet didn't have any panties on when she got out of her seat to go to the bar a bit clumsily (And I had a good view too, I must say.) She said “That's the second time I've noticed you have gone out without your panties in the last week. What's going on?” Violet must have thought it was about time she told us about the game, so she did. We laughed and laughed (and I acted surprised). I think I'll let Jacqui tell the others – I'm not that good an actor.

At the end of the evening we went and got

some chips, but we weren't out all that late, it was about 11.30 I think when Violet and I got back.

Friday 12 April

In normal circumstances we probably wouldn't have gone out tonight. Our firm hasn't paid our salaries into the bank like it should have done by now, and so everyone is practically broke.

But it is only a week since Violet let the cat out of the bag about this knickerless game, and wild horses wouldn't have kept anyone away tonight, especially Sheena and Gordon, who weren't around last weekend.

We met at the Crown at 8.30.

This was how it went.

Gordon couldn't wait 5 minutes before he said "Well tell us all about it – this game."

"Don't you already know? I expect Jacqui or Ralph has filled you in pretty completely by now. I told them everything last week," said Violet.

"Yeah, I expect they did – it was Jacqui actually

– but we want to hear it from you.”

So Violet had to go through all the explanation again, for their benefit – well no, it wasn't for their benefit, because they already knew anyway. Actually they were just trying to embarrass Violet I think. (I couldn't blame them – I would have done the same.)

When Violet had finished, she asked
“Well, don't you want to know if I've got my panties on tonight?”
“Don't need to ask,” said Gordon “You gave me a flash 10 minutes ago.”

“Well,” Violet said, “if you're going to stare at my legs for 60 seconds in every minute, I suppose you're bound to see something sooner or later.”
“Yeah, that's what I thought – and I did,” said Gordon. And he laughed.
I piped up “F, D & S.”

“What's that?” said Violet, “what are you on about now?”

“F, D & S – that's our code from now on – Fanny, displayed and seen,” I said.

“I'll get the bouncers onto you,” said Violet.

“No, I’m serious,” I said, “that’s our code from now on – if someone says F, D & S that means they think someone in the vicinity has got an eyeful.”

“By the way,” said Sheena “I finished with John last week. He would get some stupid phone call in the middle of our date and dash off somewhere, saying it was important, leaving me stranded with half a glass of wine to finish off, before toddling off home. And then he acted surprised when I ditched him.”

“Sensible girl,” said Gordon.

Just before we left the pub Jacqui got her mobile phone out and said “Anyway, let’s have a group photo.”

I think she was hoping that Violet would be flashing, so she could show the people at work, but I noticed Violet kept her legs tightly shut. I saw the photo – and she had been successful in avoiding that sort of embarrassment – for now anyway.

Friday 19 April

When we met and for some half hour or so

there was only me and the 3 girls. Then Gordon dashed into the pub, apologising for being late – he had been held up at work.

Anyway, Sheena was all excited because she had won nearly a thousand pounds on the lottery on Wednesday. To celebrate we all ordered steaks from the bar, and Sheena paid.

After that we moved on to the Saxon. There was a new barman, who was Italian and the 3 girls thought he was really dishy. Jacqui flirted with him quite a bit.

Then, about 10 minutes after that, there was a disaster. 2 lads were messing about and one ended up pushing the other. The pushed one lost his balance and came crashing down on our table. All the drinks went flying, the table was overturned, and four of us, including the pushed lad, were on the floor. I had fallen with my face on Violet's lap, which was very nice indeed because it had become all uncovered in the pussy area. I enjoyed that immensely for a few seconds, before Violet screamed, pushed me off her and dashed into the toilet.

Quarter of an hour later Violet rejoined us, a bit subdued – but I think she had forgiven me.

Violet continued to be a bit quiet for the rest of the evening, and – obviously not wanting the possibility of any further disasters like that – left half an hour earlier than usual. (I was pleased to see that by the next morning when we met on the stairs, Violet seemed to show no signs of holding our little ‘intimate encounter’ against me.)

Friday 26 April

We decided to go to the Saxon again this week.

“Well,” said Violet, when we arrived, “I’ve got my ladylike blue panties on tonight – it’s not even a thong. I’m not going to embarrass myself tonight – not like last week.”

“What a shame,” said Gordon, “there’ll be no chance of any F, D & Ss and you’ll get all behind with your points, won’t you?”

“No point in staring at my legs, like you usually do, is what you mean,” said Violet.

“Well, there is that,” said Gordon.

I went to the bar and bought the first round. It was actually Violet’s turn, but she said she

needed some Dutch courage before facing the barstaff after last week, so I agreed to swap.

A man came over, a regular – and said

“Bit overdressed tonight aren’t we, Violet, compared to last week?”

“Oh Violet, talk about being ladylike – you can’t keep your legs together for 10 minutes, can you?” said Jacqui – she looked at the man “yes, mate, she’s got her knickers on tonight. I suppose you had a good viewing last week, did you, when we all fell about the place?”

“Oh yes,” said the man, “I don’t mind admitting I got all randy with my missus that night, after that. Let me know when you’re going to do a repeat performance, Violet.”

“Piss off,” said Violet, but with a bit of a smile.

Saturday 4 May

When we met it was obvious that Violet had on an even shorter dress than usual.

“Bloody hell,” said Jacqui, “that dress is short – don’t tell me you haven’t got any panties on

tonight.”

“Well, um, no actually – I was going to put my red ones on tonight, but then I thought I’d just check my points – and do you know, with the panties it came to 90, so I thought, may as well get my century up after all.”

“Yes, well, that maybe,” said Jacqui “but are you sure you’re not going to get arrested or something? I’ll tell you what, when we get in the pub, one of us had better sit directly opposite you, and quite close, otherwise the voyeurs among the punters – the usual suspects I expect – will have a field day.”

“That’ll be my job,” I said, and when we got to the first pub (the Crown) I was as good as my word, immediately parking myself directly opposite Violet after she sat down, and even moving my chair a foot closer. When a lady needs a friend, I’m always there for her.

Friday 17 May

When we got to the Stiles and settled down with our first drink, we soon discovered that Violet had a bit of a speech lined up. (Whether she had rehearsed it or not I wasn’t sure.)

“Well, I’ve got something to say,” she said, “I’ve decided to put my knickers back on, for a few weeks anyway. If I lose a few dozen points it’s just too bad.

I always was a bit too competitive, and I think I’ve got into this ‘game’ a bit too much. I’ve been so keen to build up my points that I’ve hardly worn panties for 2 months now. But it may be my imagination, but I’ve noticed a few people look at me in a funny sort of way these past few weeks. Nothing I can put my finger on exactly. Just a bit – strange. And I wonder if I’m beginning to get a reputation.

Do you remember that bloke who fell off his chair last week, and had to be carried out by the bouncers? Well, I don’t know if any of you noticed, but that had something to do with me.

He was one of the regulars at the pub, who’d just had an operation on his back, and he was sitting on a chair about 10 feet away from us. And he was obviously straining forward to see our group between 2 much younger blokes who were chatting and obviously spoiling his view. And then he leaned forward so much that the chair collapsed and he was lying on the floor. And he couldn’t get up again – until

the bouncers helped him. They carried him out, thinking he'd had too much to drink. But as he went by our table he stole a look back at me, and gave me a wink.

As I say, I think I'm gaining a reputation. And perhaps it's time for a sea-change – for a few weeks anyway. What the fuck do I care about this so-called 'cheeky trophy' anyway. It's not the end of the world if I don't win it. I'm the leading scorer so far in the hockey team, after all. I'd be quite happy with just that trophy instead.

So that's my little speech, guys. Thanks for listening.”

“Well, I think it'd be a great shame to give up your hopes of this 'cheeky trophy',” I said. “Two trophies are much better than one trophy, I think.”

“No, I've decided,” said Violet, “for a few weeks anyway.”

After we had had two drinks at the Stiles, we decided to try the Five Bells for a change. Gordon told me they hadn't been there for a few months, but he had heard it'd been re-furbished

and was beginning to attract a different crowd. So we thought we'd give it a try.

We went there for a couple of drinks and were quite pleasantly surprised actually. Gordon said it had certainly changed for the better since the last time they went.

Sheena got chatted up at the bar while she was getting the drinks in. She was talking to him for about quarter of an hour and Jacqui had to go over and bring the drinks back.

But Sheena came back and said "Oh, he was a wanker. Sounded okay at first, but there were these little inconsistencies in what he said – and then I could tell he was making it all up."

Saturday 29 June

The 5 of us went out tonight. I was thinking that it was good to be able to go out in mixed company most of the time. But it hadn't been quite so good the last 3 or 4 weeks since Violet had put her panties back on. No Siree. I missed that. In fact, me and Gordon must both have been looking pretty miserable, for Violet suddenly said

“What’s up, Gordon? – Been a bit miserable these last couple of weeks, haven’t we?”

“What’s up with you, more like, I’d like to know,” said Gordon. “I haven’t seen your pussy for 6 weeks. What happened to make you make that disastrous decision?”

“Anyway,” he went on, “I’ve got nothing to wank over on a Friday or Saturday night anymore, I shall have to find a girlfriend or go to a strip club instead soon, or something.”

Things took a turn for the worse from that point onwards, for a couple of hours. Me and Gordon got into a bit of an argument over football (we supported different teams). And Jacqui discovered that a tenner had fallen out of her pocket sometime in the last hour.

As tempers were getting a bit frayed, Sheena said “Let’s go on to the Phoenix and take advantage of their 2 for 1 cocktails offer tonight.”

After that, for some reason, everyone cheered up quite a bit and we ended up having quite a good night.

We went to the chip shop when the pub shut.

Friday 5 July

I was hoping Gordon's tirade last week had led to Violet going knickerless again.

And when we met up at the Crown at 8 there seemed to be an altogether different atmosphere – so perhaps she had.

“Well, Violet,” I said, “how many points do you get today?”

“Guess?” said Violet.

“10, maybe?”

“More than that,” said Violet.

“11?”

“More than that.”

“Well, your skirt isn't that short, you must be How about 18?”

“19, actually,” said Violet.

I went and gave Violet a big hug, and put my hand on her bum (over her skirt) to check. Sure enough, she wasn't (I could tell.)

"That's my girl," I said.

During our second drink, Violet was chatted up by some Indian guy, who said he worked in electronics. But since he was only about 5 feet 1 inch, and Violet is about 5 feet 8 inches, she really didn't think they'd look right together, so politely let him know she wasn't interested.

We went on to the Phoenix after that.

When we sat down, there was a loud scream from Violet.

"Aaaargh, my bum's all wet."

It transpired that someone's drink of Guinness had toppled over, and whilst the diligent barmaid had wiped the table, and mopped the floor, she had completely forgotten to do anything about the seat. The seat's top was a sort of concave shape, so it had literally retained about half an inch depth of Guinness. And that's what Violet found her bare arse sitting in. I could just imagine – she must have felt all the Guinness squelching all over her arse, up to her pussy.

“Bloody hell – it’s not even something you can complain about, is it? A bit embarrassing to do that, I think,” she said.

About 10.30 Jacqui met a guy whom she had dated about 2 years previously, and they seemed to have the hots for each other all over again. For after 20 minutes of smooching and kissing, they suddenly got up and Jacqui said “We’re leaving – see you next week.” – I could guess what that meant.

When the pub shut at 12, the remaining 4 of us went to the 24 hour Asda and grabbed a few sandwiches, and took them back to Violet’s and my place.

The other two stayed for a couple of hours, and we watched a DVD.

Saturday 13 July

I got a phone call at 5.30 this evening from Gordon. He said he could only join us if I could lend him twenty quid, as he had spent all his money, and didn’t get paid for a few days. I said that was alright.

When we met at the Stiles I said to Violet

“That’s the same blue dress you had on a week ago – is it the same number of points – 19?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” replied Violet, “actually, yes it is. It was a choice between the green dress or the blue. But the green one’s a bit flimsy. So I went out and walked down the road for 50 yards, and back, to test the wind strength. A couple of weeks ago I had misjudged it. I had worn the green dress and a bit of a gust caught me unawares. All the red-blooded males 100 yards up and down the street got something to wank over that night.

Anyway, I decided that it just wasn’t worth the risk again with the green dress, so I wore the blue.”

The atmosphere didn’t seem that good at the Stiles tonight, so we didn’t stay there long.

Next we went to the Saxon. During our second drink there, Jacqui said

“See that girl over there, the one with the denim skirt. When I passed her table when me and Sheena went to the toilet, I noticed that she was knickerless too – she crossed her legs just at that moment. Why don’t you go over to

her and compare notes, Violet – or you could compare pussies!”

Friday 26 July

We met at the Phoenix. We noticed Violet had dyed her hair blond. I thought it looked really cool and told her so. Also, Violet was wearing a short blue dress held up by straps round the shoulders.

“That’s a very girly dress, Violet,” I said “is it no nix tonight?”

“Yep,” said Violet “of course.”

Gordon saw this girl he really fancied. And after a couple of drinks of Dutch courage, he went over and introduced himself. He was not very well practised in this, being a bit on the quiet side, but amazingly he came back 20 minutes later and said

“Guess what? – I’ve got a date. For dinner next Wednesday.”

“Wow! Did you tell her you live in a shed?” I asked.

“Fuck off. My place is alright.”

“Yeah, well, it’s a bit small. You haven’t got room to swing a cat in your lounge.”

“Well, I don’t want to fork out a fortune in rent. Then I’d probably have to stay in and watch TV every night.”

“Yeah, there is that,” I said.

“By the way, where’s Sheena” Violet asked, “she’s an hour late.” Two minutes later she walked in, saying she had had a power cut and still had to have a shower and do a few other things, and couldn’t get here till that was sorted out.

Then Violet met an old friend. He came over and gave her a big hug. Her dress rode up at the back a bit and the bottom of her bottom became partially visible – you know how it is.

Anyway, some girl who was probably some sort of feminist of a particular type (the type who believe women should always be covered up, I suppose), came up behind her, grabbed the hem of her dress and tugged it down – a sort of vigilante feminist, I suppose.

But lo and behold, the straps broke, and the whole bloody caboodle, literally fell off Violet,

leaving her butt naked practically (she just had a bra on).

The whole world around got to see her in the raw. Her hands went down to cover her pussy, but then she must have thought 'what's the point – I've got to retrieve my dress anyway.' So she just stood there, transfixed, practically in her birthday suit, and then everyone started clapping, would you believe it.

A minute later she was sat down with her dress wrapped around her. Jacqui, who lived closest and is about the same size as Violet, went and got a pair of jeans and a T-shirt for her to put on.

A few people were coming up to us and cracking their little jokes.

When the pub shut we went to the 24 hour Asda, got some sandwiches and took them back to Violet's and my place.

Friday 2 August

We met at the Crown and sat at a table near the bar. Violet was wearing her green dress.

“Oh, your flimsy green dress, Violet,” I said “you didn’t have any accidents on the way here, did you?”

“I wouldn’t tell you if I had,” said Violet.

“Where’s Gordon?” Sheena asked.

“Oh, he’s seeing that bird that he took out on Wednesday again – I think it’s getting serious, actually,” I said.

A bit later we went on to the Stiles.

For our second drink there it was Violet’s round.

A man came up to her at the bar and said

“You’re not a true blond, are you?”

“What makes you say that?” she replied.

“I know,” he said.

Without thinking, Violet said “You haven’t been looking up my dress, have you?”

“Eh, what WHAT? You mean to say you’re not wearing any panties?”

“Well, I, I – actually no – but you’re not going to see anything, if that’s what you think.”

He turned to his mates.

“Hey lads, this bird’s just said she’s not got any panties on.”

One of them shouted out
“Hey darling, give us a flash.”
“Piss off,” Violet replied.

The first one said

“Well, well, I only knew your hair wasn’t really blond ‘cause I saw the dark roots Come on then babe, give us your phone number?”

“Can’t you see I’m with my boyfriend?” said Violet, pointing at me.

When the pub shut we went for a takeaway, and then went back to Sheena’s to eat them.

Friday 9 August

Last night the 5 of us went to a different pub from usual – the Heart in Hand – and stayed there the whole evening.

About 9 o’clock a man who was about 40, I suppose, not very tall and with dark hair, and just the beginnings of a paunch came over and chatted up Sheena. She was really quite enamoured by him, she told us later, and accepted his offer to take her out to dinner the following Tuesday.

When it was Sheena's round, she went to the bar. Five minutes later she was back, smiling broadly, but with no drinks.

"Where's the drinks?" I asked.

"The barman asked me for I.D.," she smiled, "and seeing as I'm nearly 30 I don't usually carry it with me. So he wouldn't serve me. You'll have to buy the round."

"Oh well, you've got so many reasons to be cheerful tonight then, haven't you?" I said sarcastically.

At about 10 o'clock a man came into the bar, about 25 I thought, and I could tell straightaway that Violet was very struck by him. He had blond hair, was quite tall, and had on a beige jacket, brown trousers and brown shoes.

Violet told us later, when reminiscing:

"It was lust at first sight. And I did something that I don't normally do. As he looked over in our direction, I let my legs fall open a few inches and knew he had a good view of my snatch. I could see he was getting excited and a bulge appeared at the front of his trousers."

Sure enough he came over to talk to us – especially Violet, of course. We found out that he worked for a shopfitting firm and they, having a large contract in this area, had sent him here – he would be in this area for a couple of months.

Violet continued to reminisce (this was a couple of months later, by the way).

“When you do something as naughty as I had done you can’t be shy about – well, anything really. And we ended up having a very good time back in his hotel room for the rest of the night. Also I’m afraid I deserted all of you during most of the evening after I met him – we were standing at the bar talking for about 2 hours.”

Saturday 7 September

It was good to see Violet out at the weekend again. After about a month of absence. And in a very short skirt. (And knickerless too, as we were to soon find out.)

“I’m single again,” said Violet. “Well, it was good while it lasted. After that whirlwind romance with that young man of 26 (I found out he was) with the blond hair, that lasted 4 weeks – it’s

all over. I found out he was a compulsive liar. He had lied about where he lived, his previous relationships – he told me he'd never been married which was also a lie, and – all sorts of things. So I ditched him.

And it's back with all of you on a Saturday night again.”

Sheena had just moved house. “Oh, the stress of it,” she said. “One of the removals men kept on and on about his other half having lost her job, and I would've thought he could tell I wasn't interested. And they broke the glass on my glass-topped coffee table. Fortunately it's covered by their insurance, but it's all the hassle of looking for another table.”

After a couple of drinks at the Crown, we decided we'd go somewhere that we had only rarely been to before (the Red Lion). Tonight the atmosphere was quite good, and we enjoyed our time there.

And we noticed a young man taking a special interest in the girls at our table. He was tall and lanky, couldn't have been more than 21 or 22. I marked him down as a bit of a lech, the way he was looking at the girls.

Violet told us later:

“Suddenly I noticed that he was staring particularly at me. I realised with a start that I had my legs slightly open which might just explain it. I looked up at him, and all of a sudden saw a wet patch appear on the front of his trousers. There was an agonised look on his face, which then went red, and I saw him then make a dash for the toilet.”

Anyway, two minutes later he came out, and jostled his way through the crowd towards the entrance, shielding his crotch area with his hands as best he could, we noticed. He left the pub and looked as if he was heading out of town. His night out had ended early tonight.

Another thing that happened was that Jacqui was chatted up by a lesbian.

“Well, at least she was a bit more eloquent than most of the blokes that have chatted me up recently,” she said afterwards.

Friday 13 September

It's Violet's birthday today. I wonder if she'll dare go pantie-less. I should have promised her that we wouldn't give her the bumps – that

would have set her mind at rest.

We met at the Saxon. When we had settled down at our table, I asked:

“Well, have you or haven’t you?”

“Have I or haven’t I what?”

“Got any panties on tonight, of course,” I replied,

“and by the way, how old is it, that you are today?”

“Don’t you know it’s rude to ask a girl how old she is, and it’s rude to ask her if she’s got any panties on too?” Violet replied.

“Oh phooey” I said.

“Actually, I’m 25, and I have – look” – and she lifted her dress to show us.

“Oh, boring, boring, you’re supposed to be more daring on your birthday, not less”

“Well, with people like you around, I didn’t think it was worth the risk – anyway, how do you think I could be more daring – come in my birthday suit or something?”

“Well, it would be a start – and so appropriate, don’t you think?” I replied.

“A start – that would be a good start – just what else did you have in mind, then?”

“Oh, I don’t know – you could bring a few implements from an S & M dungeon you probably go to, perhaps?”

“You’re just a pervert,” Violet said.

“Anyway,” I said, “I’m going on holiday in 2 weeks time, so you won’t have to put up with me for a couple of weeks.”

“Bit late in the year for going on holiday, isn’t it?” said Jacqui.

“You can get some good weather this time of year actually. Anyway it won’t be a beach holiday,” I replied.

Saturday 21 September

Last night we went to the Phoenix. One of its disadvantages is that it has quite a long flight of quite steep stairs leading up to the toilets. When Violet is going up there we often look to see if there’s anyone following her up. Anyway last night there was. He was quite short; Violet had a short flared skirt and no panties, and when he came back down he had a big smile on his face. We felt pretty certain he had had a very good view indeed.

We told Violet about this when she came down. “Yeah, I’ve noticed blokes following me up the stairs quite a few times,” said Violet. “Oh well, there’s not much I can do about it, I suppose.”

“By the way,” said Gordon, “I’m moving house next week. I’ll have a housewarming party on 28 September if anyone’s interested. Bring a bottle, or 3, of course.”

“You don’t want to take to heart what I said to you about your place the other week, too much,” I said “I was only joking – and by the way, how did it go with that girl you were taking out? You seemed to be getting quite serious at one point.”

“Oh, it fizzled out,” replied Gordon, “these things happen.”

About 10, Sheena came back from the bar and said

“I was just talking at the bar to someone I used to work with at my last place. I always thought he fancied me. Anyway, he asked me out and I asked him if he’d like to come with me to this party you’re having, Gordon – and he thought that’d be a good idea.”

At 12, we went and got some sandwiches from the 24 hour Asda and went back to Violet’s and my place, where we watched a DVD.

Girls – Bringing On The Revolution

* [This article/ story, written in 2017, asks ‘Why do so many young women go knickerless these days (at that time)?’ and gives a (fictional) answer.

(A combination of non-fiction and fiction.)

* Note: This ‘fashion’ did seem to be curtailed from the beginning of the ‘Me-Too’ Campaign (late 2017) onwards.



GIRLS!

BRINGING
ON THE
REVOLUTION

G. C. Burnell



Story 2

Girls – Bringing On The Revolution

We're in 2017. The austerity campaign launched by the Conservatives has been going for about 7 years, and Theresa May has just won an election. America too has a quite extreme right wing President – Donald Trump.

Changing the subject

For a while now I have noticed that many young women are going out, especially at weekends (evenings), what I would describe as almost unbelievably outrageously dressed (compared to when I was a young man). That is, for instance, the wearing of quite short skirts or dresses, with nothing underneath, seems to have become quite common.

For reasons best known to themselves, most young men (at the young peoples pubs and

nightclubs) either don't notice it, or pretend they don't (I'm not sure which).

But I do notice it.

And this is a story (a fictional story) which gives a 'sort of' explanation. Who knows, it may even have some validity (be fairly near the truth – I wouldn't be that surprised).

First, a bit more non-fiction:

Insights on sexuality

As I have written (above), it is now common practice for young women to go out on a Friday or Saturday night very provocatively dressed indeed.

And I must admit I sometimes 'have a look' when this happens near me.

But 35 years ago virtually every man would have done the same – though in fact girls virtually never behaved like that, then.

But these days it appears that only a few men 'look' - even if the girl seems to want men to.

And I can't understand how this absolutely amazing change has happened.

But consider this:

I have read a fair amount about Freud and there is a part of his work that I am particularly keen on. That is, his ideas about sexual repression and repressed aggression. He believed that we had a sexual drive and an aggressive drive, and that if we could overcome problems with both of these we would be well on the way to emotional health.

As I have said elsewhere, we may think of sexual repression as what happens when our sex drive isn't satisfied.

We will then have a reduced 'life force', and maybe other emotional or even physical problems.

Obviously, for a couple (we are assuming heterosexual) who are in a good relationship, sexual repression can be avoided by (the couple) having quite a lot of sex.

However, there are many men, who for whatever reason, cannot find girlfriends (let

alone a long term partner).

But these men have sexual needs just like everyone else.

And for these men, the only answer is what may be termed sex substitutes.

Some of these are:

Porn films

Strip clubs

Erotic fiction

[That is not to say that those who can find girlfriends quite easily shouldn't indulge in these things too, of course.]

And – if we spend much time in 'ordinary' pubs and nightclubs – enjoying the sights provided by the (minority) of girls (Sorry – young women) who are very provocatively dressed.

[That was just a short foray suggesting that these girls who go out without their knickers may actually be doing quite a bit of good (that is, they are part of the reason why some men

are less emotionally impaired than they might otherwise be).]

Anyway – back to the story!

And about these girls who dress very provocatively – it could also be said that quite often they don't seem to take much care – nuff said.

Okay then.

So – I had noticed that something was going on – for quite a few months I would go in a pub, there would be quite a few girls around maybe, and some of them very provocatively dressed. And I couldn't really get my head round this at all. Okay, I could see that it had become some sort of fashion for the girls to go out sometimes without knickers – yes.

But to make it, at times, quite obvious seemed a bit beyond me.

I started to wonder about how careless the young women had become, all of a sudden.

And then one day something happened that, for me, made the jigsaw fit together in a way it

hadn't really done previously.

What happened was that I met this girl (Lindy), this very attractive girl, in a pub, and we got on like a house on fire, I suppose you'd say.

And yes, I had a one night stand with her – though it didn't go any further than that – she had a train to catch going miles away the very next day, and so it ended before it had really begun.

But during that evening we had talked for about 3 hours – seriously I mean, it wasn't about what was on TV or anything like that. And, yes, she let the cat out of the bag.

She was drinking quite fast, and by about 9.30 she'd really had a bit too much (mind you, I had too). And as it happened I noticed that she had no panties on. Of course, by this time I knew that it wasn't that unusual. But it was unusual for me to get into a long conversation with one of these knickerless girls.

I had had brief conversations with a few of them before, but had never, you know, brought the subject up. Maybe a couple of times after 4 or 5 pints, I'd felt like saying "By the way, I

hope you don't mind me saying, but haven't you forgotten something tonight?"

Yes, I'd felt like it a couple of times. But I'd never actually done it. But that particular evening I did (at long last) bring the subject – the unmentionable subject – up.

I said something like:

"You know, I've noticed recently that quite a few girls, yourself included actually, when you go out, you – er – wear no knickers"

She smiled. (That was a relief.)

She said "Well, since you've brought the subject up, I'll let you into a secret."

"Go on."

"I expect you think us girls are getting pretty careless these days – you know, not really taking our mother's advice – always keep your legs together – have you heard that one before?"

"Yes I have – and I was beginning to wonder."

“Well, I’ll let you into the secret. A lot of the girls like the men to think that they’ve just been getting careless – but it really isn’t that at all.”

“What is it then?”

“Well, usually it’s quite deliberate.”

“In a nutshell.....

You know, things are getting pretty crazy, don’t you think? Politics, for instance. You look around. Everyone’s so bloody extreme, including – especially, the leaders. I mean, Theresa May’s much more right wing than Margaret Thatcher ever was – with all this ridiculous austerity. Then, of course, in America, President Trump. Absolutely incredible, really. It’s no joke at all – the world really is going mad.

Anyway, the many women who hate all this came up with this idea – no panties, no drawers as a form of rebellion.

Think about it. What else is there?

It probably has more effect, actually, than almost anything else you could think of. For instance Suppose they had decided to

deliberately do bad at their jobs. If a Data Input clerk, say, deliberately very often put the wrong figures into the computer, all she would achieve would be to get the sack within 2 weeks – and that wouldn't really be achieving much at all. Do you see? Don't you agree?"

"Yes I think I see."

Lindy went on to say that there were regular meetings for these women on Facebook – and real physical ones too. (Here, if into all this, the groups of girls would make their action plans.)

"No," she said, "it was very rarely carelessness."

Well, that was a turning point for me, I must say.

I continued to take advantage of the situation, of course – whether it was carelessness, or deliberate, it didn't make all that much difference to me – I was still seeing more 'sights to behold' than I had for years without actually getting the girl into bed or, say, going to a strip club.

And then, a few weeks later, in a pub, I overheard a conversation a group of about half

a dozen girls were having:

And would you Adam and Eve it – they were talking about none other than this no pants lark – trying to think up various ways, in that line, which would make a real impact. They were all very attractive 20 somethings (and so I had no doubt that they would indeed be able to make a very significant impact).

My mind was working overtime and I formed a bit of a plan.

First, though, I needed a bit more Dutch courage. I got 2 pints of my favourite brew (both together – I didn't want to waste 10-15 minutes being in the queue twice).

I gave myself 30 minutes to down those 2 pints – I didn't want it to look like I was on a real bender. Then I walked over to who I thought seemed the most approachable girl, and I said:

“Excuse me, I couldn't help overhearing your conversation – and I know all about it – these ‘no pants’ projects and all that, because I had a girlfriend who was into it all, you know.”

They all looked at me, as one. No-one said

anything.

“Look, I’m a journalist, and I’m on your side. I hate all this austerity that the Government has brought in, too.

And I think I can help you – as a journalist, I mean.”

“Go on,” said the tallest one.

“Well, why don’t you include me in your group, as an honorary member, like. And I’ll report on anything you do – write a book about it, maybe.”

“We’re not a soft touch, you know – we’ll want some of the profit of the book – we have quite high expenses.”

“I’ll happily give you half.”

“But we don’t know that you’re any good. You might be just average – or not even that?”

“Well, my last book, about the franchise industry, sold 30000 copies. That’s pretty good for these days, now that so few people read books. And it had good reviews too. I’ll get you a copy if you like.”

“That’d be good,” said Julie.

“But how about if we gave you a trial, too?”

“How d’you mean?” I replied.

“Well, as a first step, you write up just two of our little sexcapades – that’s our term for it – and we see how it turns out.

If we like how it turns out, we’ll maybe take you on. If not, it’s bye bye baby.”

“I’d agree to that.”

“Well, why don’t you sit in on the rest of our meeting tonight – we’re here till closing time, and it’s only 9.10 now – and if there’s any sexcapades that takes your fancy, just let us know. If we can fit you in with our transport arrangements, you could have booked yourself a ride.”

“Deal,” I said.

I won’t give you a running commentary on the whole meeting - I’ll just report on the bit about the project I chose for my first trial.

It was at 10.30 that Terri raised the question:

“Is it still on for next Monday morning at the railway station?”

“Oh yes,” replied Emma “me and Carol are doing that.”

“Just go over the plan, would you?”

“Well,” said Emma “we’ll buy our tickets for the 11.20 train to Brighton (arriving at the station at 10.35, a few minutes after the previous train will have departed). We’ll sit down on a convenient bench. I’ll be the one wearing no panties, and Carol here will surreptitiously take notes. She’ll record how many men (and women) appear to notice, with an estimate of probability – and if there are any ‘certainties’ who get themselves into a state, that’ll go down too – it sometimes happens.”

(This interested me even more than some of the other projects that had been described:)

“I’d like to take that as my first trial,” I said.

“I’ll need a 5 minute interview with both your

girls before it, and double that time afterwards. Also I'll be present at the execution too, though around 50 yards away."

"Sounds fine," said Emma "we'll meet up at the Costa coffee shop that is just round the corner from the station at 9.45. We'll have time for a coffee and for you to give us our interviews."

(Later a more ambitious plan was discussed about an evening event that involved several of these groups of girls – and I decided to take that as my second trial – it was to be at the White Star the very next day after the railway station event.)

Next Monday morning

I arrived at Costa a couple of minutes early, and the girls were already there – but they were waiting for me to buy the coffees. Well, I wasn't going to complain about that. I still couldn't believe my good fortune (assuming, that is, that I could impress everyone with my trial). In just a little while, I could be spending quite a bit of time with these 2, and the other few women, who would very often be 'sans culottes' – one or other of them, or some, or most even! – the mind boggles.

“Hi Mike. Thanks.” – as Emma took the coffee I handed her. Carol took her coffee too. I sat down, joining them.

“Are you already changed?” I asked Emma.

“Oh yes, you didn’t think I was going to go into the ladies, take my knickers off and put them in my handbag, did you?”

“Well, no.....”

“Good.” (And we all laughed.)

“I did have a list of a few questions to ask the girls, which I proceeded to do (I won’t bore you with those).

At 10.30 we walked round to the station entrance and bought our tickets (to Brighton, which was about 30 miles away).

“Are we actually going there?” I asked.

“Oh yes, you’re buying us lunch in the most expensive restaurant we can find – didn’t you know?”

“We’ll see,” I said.

(It'd be well worth it as far as I was concerned. It wasn't often I had the company of 2 such attractive young women – about 15 years younger than me too – I was nearly 40.)

The girls found their bench, as did I (about 45 yards away from them).

I noticed that Emma wasn't being shy at all. Even from the distance I was at I could see her legs were noticeably apart. Anyone quite close, looking in that direction would have got an eyeful, to be sure.

It was quite busy at the station, and it was clear that about half a dozen, I would say, did (get an eyeful). In fact one quite old man (must have been about 65) got so carried away that he very obviously missed his train.

Our 45 minute bit of enjoyable work at the station came to an end when our train arrived, which we boarded. I joined the girls. They were grinning. I said to them, under my breath “say nothing about you know what during the journey – we'll wait till we get to the restaurant.”

With that, no-one said a great deal on the train. We were aware, however, that a few people in

the same carriage were looking at us quite a bit.

Emma was sitting quite modestly on the train, so it couldn't be 'that' – but it was certainly quite possible that a couple of those in the carriage had noticed when she was on the bench.

We got to a restaurant and, yes it was quite expensive.

Carol said that her figures showed that about 8 people had probably noticed (maybe 6 men and 2 women), and in the case of 2 of the men (including the old bloke) the fact that a big impression had been made was as certain as these things can be.

Carol also said she did notice that 2 or 3 people did give the impression that they were quite offended, and in fact there was a vicar on the station – but he was at least 30 yards away, and she didn't think he saw anything.

Since the girls were still quite excited (and no-one was driving) we decided to stay in the restaurant a couple of hours or so. As everyone relaxed with a few drinks I noticed that sometimes Emma gave me a bit of a view

too (I'm sure it wasn't deliberate), but she did know she had, because she looked at me, laughed and blurted out – "Ooh, fanny time." (I was glad my trousers weren't too tight!)

I had managed to get all the information I needed from the girls before we were a bit worse for wear, fortunately. We said our goodbyes about 3 o' clock, with me promising I'd have my report ready for the next meeting at the Red Lion Pub (in 8 days time – the meetings were fortnightly).

I explained that the conversations the girls had (with each other or me or others in the vicinity) wouldn't necessarily be the same as 'in reality', though I would of course take notice of what the girls reported to me after the event (but I wasn't intending to use tape recorders etc and exactness wouldn't be possible – nor did I think it was even desirable).

So – with the excitement having worn off, both by the alcohol and the 3 hours that had elapsed, we made our way back to our homes.

2nd sexcapade – the next day

A Tuesday evening had been chosen because

the place would be not too busy, and therefore there would be the opportunity to take 3-4 tables near to each other – necessary since there were likely to be at least 20 of us.

For the same reason we had decided on quite an early time for the start of the reverie – 7.30. As the ‘journalist-in-chief’ I had arrived 15 minutes early, as I didn’t want to miss any of the action.

At 7.28 the first group arrived. A group of 5 girls. They made their way over to me – they had been told about my presence at the event. “Group 23 (Hampshire) reporting for duty,” said their leader. 5 strong tonight. No nix each of us.” “Okay,” I said. “What do you want to drink?” I asked. (It had been agreed that I bought the first group a drink.)

After I had taken their orders I went up to the bar and was served by a grumpy looking barman.

I got the drinks and rejoined the group. I placed the tray on the table and the girls helped themselves. I was not the manager, just the journalist. I took a backseat throughout the proceedings. By the time I had returned 2 of

the other groups had arrived and there were now 13 girls. (Just 2 groups still to go.)

By 7.50 all the groups had arrived, making 22 girls. They introduced themselves to me.

Although Heidi, over on my left, was going to be the overall manager tonight, there were going to be no speeches, not even a pep-talk. The girls already had their instructions (and had seen photographs of the inside of the premises).

At the front of the very large room – enough tables for 200 or so drinkers, I should say – were the toilets. You went downstairs to the gents, but the ladies had to climb quite a few steps up to theirs. And with all these girls having no panties on, that should be interesting!

“You are a lucky sod,” said Ava, who had caught my eye, “surrounded by all us girls, most of us pantie-less most of the time.” “I am indeed,” I said, “and from where you’re sitting, you’re proof of the pudding.”

She was slightly embarrassed about that, because she realised what I was saying – she was sitting rather immodestly. “Well,” she said,

so you've seen my ammunition! And you'll probably see it a few times more before this war is over, won't you?"

"Maybe," I replied.

The girls knew that their main job this evening was to each make at least 2 trips to the ladies during the course of the evening – that would be at least around 45-50 knickerless jaunts up those stairs – enough to catch quite a few peoples' attention, without a doubt.

And they did!

We had estimated that there were 4 tables that would be 'in the firing line' – these were all situated near the stairs that led up to the ladies loos. The people sitting at these tables, we felt, would have a very good view of the girls' derrieres as they climbed the stairs. It was fortunate that tonight none of these tables were occupied by any kids. If they had been, the operation would probably have had to be cancelled, and reconvened for another date. But tonight it appeared – so far – that we were lucky and that would not be the case.

At the target tables were:

At one table were 2 middle aged men with short hair, dressed in sports clothing – could have been army, I suppose. One had a blue tracksuit on, and the other a grey sweatshirt and blue jeans and trainers. They were drinking lagers, and were chatting away – about football I think, but maybe their topic of conversation might change over the next half hour.

At another table were a couple in their late 30s, at the moment perusing the food menu. The man, dressed in old looking clothes and a patterned jumper, and also a woollen hat, looked a bit miserable, I felt. Maybe our girls would liven up his evening in a little while!

At the third table were 5 lads, early twenties I should say, mostly in T-shirts and jeans. Four of them were drinking bitter and the fifth lager. They were talking animatedly.

At the fourth table were 3 young women, perhaps late twenties, dressed up a bit in quite expensive looking dresses. Career women, I thought. They were drinking Prosecco.

Your guess is as good as mine about these peoples' reaction to the proceedings which

were about to take place.

It was about time for the action to start – that is, for the first 2 or 3 girls to make their first trip to the ladies.

So I said (to those in earshot) “Well, as the journalist, the most important thing is for me to record the expressions on the faces of the people near the action, and maybe overhear some of their conversations too. So I’m afraid I’m going to leave you now, and take a seat at the front.”

“You mean you’re going to be looking up at our arses,” said Tess “How much are you paying to do this job?” “I’m not paying the organisation anything,” I said. “Neither are they paying me anything. I just get a 50% cut of the proceeds of the book, when it’s published, and the other 50% goes to the organisation. That is the agreement.”

“Oh, it’s fine,” laughed Tess “We’re not shy after all, are we girls? Fuck, he’ll probably see some of our fannies too.”

“I probably would if I carried on sitting here,” I said. “In fact,” – (but I thought it was best

to remain silent at this point, and not mention about the 2 girls, Gaynor and Denise who were giving me a bit of a treat at the moment).

So I got up and made my way to the front, near the toilets. There was a vacant table that was ideally positioned to take in the expressions (and maybe overhear comments if the talkers weren't too quietly spoken) of those at the 4 target tables. Yes, and the view up the stairs would be almost as good as at the target tables too.

I looked round. There were about 15 people at these tables, as described earlier. They at this moment weren't aware of what was going to transpire.

The first girl from our group started to ascend the steps. It was Charlene. A quite tall girl with a short skirt – if she didn't 'show' anything to us here below, the whole evening was likely to be a damp squib. But yes, she gave me a smile at the simultaneous moment that practically the whole of her arse came into view. It must be a sign, I thought. Looking round, I sensed that probably 3 or 4 of those at the target tables had really noticed. Their expressions lingered longer in the direction of the girl than one might

normally expect. One of them spilt some of their drink.

The 2nd girl ascended the steps a couple of minutes later. She was quite a bit shorter than the first girl, and with a slim build.

She was one of my personal favourites of all the girls. Could be very witty. And she didn't show embarrassment in the least on the occasions when (we had both known that) she had given me a treat. In fact she gave the impression that she really enjoyed it.

Anyway – yes, her arse came into view too. It wasn't just going to be the very tall girls.

I saw that 3 of the 4 men who had (obviously) noticed the first girl also noticed the second girl. They will probably be thinking that this might not be coincidence, I thought – and will be keeping their eyes peeled. Things can only get better.

The third girl, 3 minutes later, dressed in blue, was someone I hadn't met till tonight. But – well, she played her role to a T. Quite a sight to behold.

And so it went on.

By the time 10 girls had made the knickerless trek, there were about 8 men (and 2 women) taking a keen interest. Two men in particular were getting quite excited. As per the instructions, the next girl made a show of 'noticing' these men getting excited, and went over and talked to them. Within a minute she was joined by one of the other girls, and these two proceeded to chat-up the interested men, showing a total lack of embarrassment and being very careless with their legs. The men couldn't believe what was happening.

While this was happening, another 3 or 4 girls made that trek up to the toilets.

"Just how many of you are there?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, about 20. We're having a knickerless party."

"I can see that," said the other man, "can we come?"

"Oh no, it's ticket holders only."

“Well, how do you get a ticket?”

“Too late, I’m afraid,” said Lauren.

“Oh well, we’ve got you for now, haven’t we?”

“Yes, I suppose you have. And you’ve been having a good look, haven’t you?”

“I’ll say,” said Mick.

“Are you married?” asked Lauren.

“Well, yes, but my wife needn’t know about this, need she?”

“S’ppose not.”

“Anyway, nice to know you. Bye for now. (And the girls retraced their steps and rejoined the other girls.

I can assure you that the evening was one of the most exciting of my life. It ended 20 minutes after last orders, with many of us being a little worse for wear.

A week later we were back at the Red Lion – the next of the regular fortnightly meetings.

“Yes, thank you for your reports on the 2 sexcapades you attended over the last 2 weeks,” said Jessica.

“Now, we are pleased with you. So – you are being transferred to be the journalist for our ‘business section’.

We have a copywriter who has agreed to write 5 sales letters, apparently from different firms in the Recruitment (Hospitality and Catering) sector, all with extremely good (though different) ‘opening offers’.

Here is an example:”

Recruitment (Hospitality and Catering) – 40% off opening offer

Our 3 owners have between them 38 years management experience in Recruitment of hospitality and catering staff.

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price.

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“Etc etc,” said Jessica. “Now, your job will be to visit these girls – the ones who are taken on by the firms, perhaps on a fortnightly basis. You will pretend to be their manager at the agency. But your real job will be to have conversations with the girls, and take details about any ‘anecdotes’ the girls tell you about – of their time working at the firm in a knickerless state. Understood?”

“Sounds good to me,” I said.

“That’s agreed then,” replied Jessica.

I proceeded to drink 2 or 3 more pints with these girls before toddling off home. I had a lot to think about.

APPENDIX

A taster of our non-erotic writing

Receptionist joke (1)

These days when you see new houses for sale -ordinary ones about £250000 (maybe). Then, a few at £400000 - £500000..... And it says (regarding the latter) – ‘Architect designed’.

So who designs the ‘ordinary’ £250000 ones? Is it the flippin receptionist?

Receptionist joke (2)

It seems the receptionists run all the hotels these days. They certainly make all the major decisions. Like:

Are we fully booked or not? If not – how much to charge? It can be anything from £30 to £120 – for the ‘less expensive’ ones (the same hotel can go from one extreme to the other from one week to the next). (This week’s figure is seemingly chosen at random,

or perhaps what mood she is in – or come to that, whether she likes you or not.)

And when the manager pops in at 11, she tells him “It’s alright, I’ve got everything in hand.”

Manager’s joke (1)

‘I’m talking mainly about emails, of course.’

It has never been like this before. 30 years ago, managers did do some work, but never the flipping typing. These days they always do – it takes up 80% of their time (and it would have taken a typist about 20 minutes!).

On the 'sans culottes' craze

Sometimes it seems as if most of the national papers are being run by Mary Whitehouse's granddaughter, or something like that – because they seem to have such 'Victorian' or puritanical attitudes. For instance, they were so fed up about the success of 'Fifty Shades Of Grey' that virtually all the columnists got together (so it seemed) and decided that the best way to attack it was to call it 'Mummy's porn'.

And now, regarding this 'sans culottes' craze which is running rampant: very little is mentioned about it at all (directly). But presumably thinking that to continually recommend the reverse could have some effect, there are quite a few articles recommending 'big knickers' – with as much flesh covered up as possible. And it certainly seems to have caught on with Marks and Spencers bosses at any rate – when I visited one of their stores recently there were loads of posters advertis-

ing 'big knickers' in their ladies department.
[BUT (even more recently) M&S seem to have more or less given up on knickers altogether – in their lingerie department there were hardly any – though there were loads of bras.]

* Mary Whitehouse was a prominent anti-porn campaigner back in about the 1970s

There is one thing (anyway) in Christianity that I do agree with

(St Paul basically said – ‘Give up childish things.’)

But – flipping heck – have you heard even the top people’s humour – and the films they see? Literally ‘Why did the chicken cross the road?’ – the exact same jokes that 5 year olds used to tell – then they (the top people) laugh like mad. And their favourite films are children’s films too. And if a 20 something bloke is chatting up a woman he might say: “What is your favourite Disney actor.” (Yes, I’ve heard that uttered – it’s not imagination.)

Another crazy thing

People did used to tell jokes sometimes (quite often actually). Some quite good ones too. And there was a skill to it. You would admire someone who told jokes well. These days it appears to have become a forgotten skill. Jokes are still sometimes 'shared' – but usually this just means someone shows someone else a joke (as a text message) on their mobile phone. This is just a caricature. You might just as well take a joke book along to the pub and say "Turn to page 111, there's a good joke there!"

On headlines (in the papers)

(That you would never have got 30 years ago.)

e.g. 'Emily Thornberry's chubby little fingers clawed in and out' (Daily Mail)

Emily Thornberry is Shadow Foreign Secretary and is noted for being an exceptionally good public speaker. Now, it has always been the case that certain politicians have been hated by sections of the press, but so far as I can recall the attacks did not seem to be so puerile and obnoxious as this.

What are you girls complaining about?

Women complain about a lack of equality, but in many respects they really lord it over the men.

It may be true that on average, men probably earn more than women.

But think of this:

Back in my twenties I went out with a nurse for a while. And during that time, she invited me to a party at the nurses home. I went, and one of my (male) friends came with me.

And (because in those days nearly all nurses were women – I am not sure if they still are) – at this party there were just us two men – we were the only male contingent – and there were about 25 women. It was great.

But – this is no word of a lie – that was the

only time in my life that anything like that happened. And it was very common for things to be more or less the other way round.

And these days especially, any young woman, in a town like my home town, has the chance of that sort of opportunity (only the reverse, if you see what I mean) – not just once in their life, but every single weekend.

It's true. There are pubs in my home town – pubs for younger people – where you can guarantee that there will be about 10 times as many men as women – and there are no pubs at all where there are almost as many women as men.

So, if they want to, they can experience exactly the same thing (from their point of view) every Friday and Saturday night that I experienced just the once – they can be one of just a few girls in a group of maybe 40 or so men.

How things have changed

When I was young I worked for an engineering company and therefore there were far more men than women working there. We used to have parties to go to about twice a month on a Saturday, but there were always about 5 times as many men as there were women.

But in the pubs there were lots of women, and these pubs were busy every night.

These days (in my home town anyway) in the pubs things have deteriorated so much. They are only busy on Friday and Saturday nights now, and then often only after 10. Nearly everyone stays indoors till then.

And though, for a couple of hours anyway, they are very busy, they are just like those parties when I worked for the engineering company – about 5 times as many men as there are women. Goodness knows what all

the young women do these days.

But my mother, who is in her eighties, has a careworker once a day, and a lot of them are young women. And they talk to my Mum about their relationships, and – what I was amazed to hear – it seems that nearly all of them meet their boyfriends online these days. So maybe that explains a lot.

What madness is this?

What madness is it, that caused those tests for Alzheimer's disease to be invented and for the NHS (apparently) to encourage people to take them (whether one is likely to get the disease in 10 years). Surely that is the last thing any person in their right mind would want to know. To me, anyone who recommends people to have this test must be a bit round the twist themselves.

Actually, even for doctors to go to lengths to deliberately look for the early signs seems to me to be rank stupidity.

A criticism of what seems to be current practice in education – teachers ‘playing the psychiatrist’

When I was a child, at school, I believe I am right in saying that teachers virtually never got involved in ‘psychology’ (I’m actually talking about ‘psychological labelling’). Of course, some children were more badly behaved than others, some were more highly strung than others, or more easily upset. That goes without saying. But I believe that teachers almost always deliberately steered clear of making medical interpretations.

And I think that was a very good thing.

But I believe that things may have changed.

I have overheard locally (in a coffee shop actually) teachers talking about children in their charge – the emotional/ mental side of it – using medical terminology and, for various

reasons, I think that is very foolish.

Firstly, I think it is very unprofessional to be having discussions like this in coffee shops anyway – who knows who might be listening (people like me, for instance!)

Secondly, with almost certainly a very crowded curriculum regarding teacher training, I doubt whether it can be possible for trainee teachers to have more than a very few lectures on emotional/ mental/ medical subjects regarding children, and I just don't think this would be sufficient at all, to start 'playing the psychiatrist'.

But this is what these teachers, in this coffee shop, appeared to be doing.

Maybe they were mavericks and this was very much the exception.

But if it is now common practice for teachers to get involved in what can only be described as psychiatric labelling of children, then I can only say that I believe that is a step or three too far.

Coffee shop (Business)

meetings (1)

It seems to be the in thing to hold business meetings, and other types of meetings, in coffee shops (or sometimes pubs). I'm a frequent visitor to coffee shops, as I don't have a full time job anymore – usually in towns fairly near my home town. And I've overheard many meetings that, frankly, I would have thought should have been confidential. One of them which definitely should have been confidential has already been described earlier on – and there are others described elsewhere in my writing.

Interviews, appraisals, discussions about marketing strategy – anything goes. I have been a manager at a large organisation myself, and I would have said that all this is a mark of considerable incompetence.

Coffee shop (Business)

meetings (2)

As I have been going to a couple of coffee shops a day (usually), for some time, I am a good person to write about this. But I've witnessed countless interviews or appraisals, and lots of meetings about company progress – that sort of thing. The way you can always tell it's a business meeting is that at least one of the participants will have a notebook and will be scribbling away for much of the time. Often, if the coffee shop is quite busy, there will be 2 or 3 of these meetings going on at the same time, in different parts of the coffee shop.

Sometimes maybe a couple of managers commandeer a table and they will be sat there all morning, or even practically all day I think, as one after another interviewees arrive, are bought a coffee, and have their interview.

An ex-member of a couple of Hampshire churches, admittedly it was about 25 years ago - has this to say

(This article is from the book 'The Antidote To Alpha Groups.)

For quite a few years I was an evangelical or 'born again' Christian. I was converted when I first went to university, aged 18.

And I must say that at the time I thought it was wonderful to meet people – fellow students, who seemed to have such a vivid and real knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, such as I never had believed was possible. Being told that you could know and love Jesus Christ as if he was your best friend. And that heaven really existed – and that I was going there (providing I didn't 'backslide', which I was taught that some Christians did. But I was sure that wouldn't be me).

At first I hardly noticed that there was a downside – which was that those who didn't believe were equally certainly bound for hell, unless they changed too. This, unfortunately, probably included a lot of people I knew back home.

But I was too busy feeling happy about my new world to feel really bad about that at first. After all I had the opportunity to try to convert them to Christianity later – I was sure they would be interested when they saw the change in me. I was a bit sad that they weren't at first, though.

Two or three years later I became interested in counselling and applied psychology (psychotherapy etc). I read 'On Becoming A Person' by Carl Rogers. I became interested in Encounter groups and primal therapy. I went to some Encounter groups. I read about transactional analysis in the books 'Games People Play' by Eric Berne and 'I'm OK You're OK' by Dr Thomas Harris. I was impressed.

I'm OK You're OK was a very good title. In

one phrase it encapsulated such a lot about the new lifestyle I was reading about. I didn't realise at the time just how much. It also didn't occur to me to contrast this with what it meant to be a Christian. I realise now that for a keen evangelical Christian, the relationship with a non-Christian, at root, can only be the most extreme form of I'm OK You're not OK – I'm going to heaven and you're going to hell (unless you change).

Dr Harris, in his book I'm OK You're OK, suggests that I'm not OK You're OK is the first tentative decision humans make based on their experiences during the first year of life. Then, by the end of the second year it is either confirmed or it gives way to position 2 or 3 – I'm not OK You're not OK or I'm OK You're not OK. Then, Dr Harris says, once finalised, the child stays in his chosen state and it governs everything he does. It stays with him the rest of his life, unless he later consciously changes it to the fourth position I'm OK You're OK – which is what Dr Harris recommends, and just how to do that is what his book is all

about.

I would suggest that something else that could happen is that whatever mode a person is in, if that person gets religious – specifically if they become a ‘born again’ or evangelical Christian, then at a deep subconscious level they change to the I’m OK You’re not OK position, at least when they are relating to non-Christians. From what Dr Harris says, the I’m OK You’re not OK state is very destructive.

Because the basic viewpoint of the evangelical Christian towards a non-Christian is this most extreme form of I’m OK You’re not OK, I believe evangelical Christianity is basically a very destructive religion. Enough said!

* It is over 25 years since I was involved with the church. So in quite a lot of respects I possibly don’t really know ‘what goes on’ these days, like I used to. But I have a feeling that vicars and people don’t go on about ‘hell’ nearly as much as they used to – maybe even

hardly ever. I think these days they tend to use other expressions like 'being cut off from God'.

Any comments? Email me, ifnna45@gmail.com

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[If you regard yourself as 'left of centre' you may also be interested in the book 'Confessions of a Letting Agent' by Citizen R Smith (Pseudonym) - also relates to the 'no-pants' craze. Price: £10 including postage in UK]

Thanks:

G Burnell and Danielle Fernando

About G Burnell

After graduating from Oxford University, G Burnell held both technical and management posts in the UK Telecommunications industry. He then ran several small businesses. For the last dozen years, he has concentrated on his writing and he is, in particular, a Course writer. And also a journalist.

And he runs www.kiltsandsongs.com and www.schooldayspartiesplus.co.uk.

About Danielle Fernando

Going back a few years: – Apart from Danielle's habit of changing the colour of her hair quite frequently, there was another characteristic about her that got the men talking, in the 2010s – she went clubbing a lot, and was rather – well, outrageous. Now in her 30s, she is quite happy to write about her 'outrageous experiences' of a decade ago. By the way, Danielle is also a barista.

She is also a songwriter and accomplished singer.

The Daring Violet: Half – Way To Naturism series of books are not actually all about the same young woman. But the women have a couple of things in common: their name, and the fact that they are 'Half – Way To Naturism'.

Daring Violet - Volume III

