

Daring Violet Vol 5: Half – Way To Naturism [Alternative title: After a Fashion]

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After A Fashion

(An Erotic Comedy)

INSTALMENT 1

Note 1: One unreality in this story:
I know it is true that there are a lot of gay men working in the fashion industry, but I think it is an exaggeration that there are hardly any straight men working in it – that is a sort of ‘construction’ to fit the plot.

Introduction

This story is about some girls (in their twenties) who work in the fashion industry.

There is one thing especially to know about the fashion industry – especially where the characters in this story work. That is, that the industry is greatly dominated by women, and gay men – there are very few ‘straight’ men around.

Scene 1

SUNDAY 15 APRIL 2012

In the shared house where Violet and Amy live (In the lounge – Sunday afternoon)

I turned to Amy.

“Did you go to the party here last night?”

“Yeah, I did. It was crap.”

“Was it like the last 3 parties we’ve had – hardly any fellas?” I asked.

“Yeah, only 3. And over 20 women.”

“Too bad. That’s why I didn’t go – I knew it would be like that.”

“Yeah, I don’t think I’ll go to the next one, either,” said Amy.

“Hey, I tell you what – why don’t we try and do something about it? – be a bit pro-active, like,” I said.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I’ve been thinking about it, and I thought ‘Why not form a sort of “Outreach group” – I think that’s the right word for it’ – with the special purpose of attracting some men to come to our parties?” I said.

“Sounds like a good idea. What sort of thing do you have in mind?”

“Well, it will need at least 2 of us, to begin with – so are you in?”

“Well, it depends,” replied Amy.

“The idea is, we go out at least twice a week, maybe during the day, or maybe in the evening. (We both do shifts, so we sometimes have time off during the day, and sometimes during the evening – right?)”

“Yeah.”

“So, if we both have time off during the day, we can go in the coffee shops – and

if it's in the evening, we can go in a few pubs. And then, we go up to some men, and tell them about our next party – simple as that. I happen to know that men can't really do that sort of thing much these days – if a couple of men approach a couple of women and ask to join them – they'll probably get blown away.

But if a couple of girls approach a couple of men – especially, you know, if they've got quite short skirts on – the men will usually welcome them. So – we do that – then bring the subject up about the parties,” I said.

“Yeah, sounds like quite a good idea. I think I am in.”

“Good – as there will need to be 2 of us (at least) to approach the men – it wouldn’t be good for just one girl to do it. Let me think about it the rest of the day, and I will try and come up with some detailed plan – about what we can actually say to these men – when they invite us to join them,” I said.

“OK. Sounds fine. I’ve got to go now – but I’ll speak to you about it tomorrow. What time are you free?”

“How about 2.30?”

“Yes, that’s fine.”

Scene 2 – MONDAY 16 APRIL

2012 - 2.30pm

“Hello Amy, I’ve been thinking about it – I’ve come up with something. And actually I think I’m going to shock you a bit, to be honest.”

“It’s difficult to shock me.”

“Well, we’ll see.”

“Basically, I think we need something a bit special to tempt them with. Well, I think I’ve thought of something,” I said.

“Go on.”

“It’s basically about the ‘no-pants’ craze.”

“Jesus.”

“Let me explain,” I said.

“It’s really taken hold these last couple of years. A lot of women do it, especially in the nightclubs.

But some other places / situations as well.

And no-one does it more than in the fashion industry, right? You practically never see knickers around these days, where fashion is the thing – do you?

I mean, I don’t wear them these days – do you?”

“Well, no,” replied Amy.

“So why don’t we tempt the fellas with that?” I said.

“Firstly, try and target the men who don’t go clubbing. Those who don’t go clubbing quite possibly don’t know very much about it – because there’s hardly anything about it in the papers, is there?”

“And then tempt them by telling them about how the ‘no-pants’ craze has really caught on – and nowhere more than in the fashion world (by that time we will have told them that we are involved in fashion).”

“Yeah, you’re right. You have shocked me a bit. But it does make sense, I have to admit,” said Amy.

“I’ll tell you what, we’ll have a bit of a brainstorming session in the next couple of days – we’ll need about an hour or so for that – and we’ll think of all the things we could say to the fellas,” I said.

“Then we’ll look up our timetables, and arrange our first ‘Outreach date’ (and time) – and place, of course. How about that?”

The brainstorming session produced a lot more detailed plans – actual things to say, phrases to use etc – and a sort of ‘Strategy’

After it they felt very ready for their first Outreach date – which was to be on the Thursday evening, at 7.30pm.

“By the way, I don’t suppose you virtually ever do anyway – but no knickers on Thursday night,” I said.

“Yeah right – of course.”

Scene 3 – THURSDAY 18 APRIL 2012 - 7.30pm

I met Amy outside The Titanic pub at just after 7.30, and we went inside. There were quite a few people in there, mostly

men, and we chose seats in the corner of the room, from where we had a good view of everything that was going on.

We got our drinks – A glass of white wine (medium) for Amy, and a double rum and coke for me.

“Let’s just relax for a few minutes before we get to work,” I said.

“That skirt’s a bit short,” said Amy. “If you’re not careful, a few men will be seeing your fanny before the evening’s out.”

“Oh well, worse things have happened. A couple of Saturdays ago I puked up after 6 double rum and cokes,” I replied.

“You didn’t tell me that.”

“Yeah well, I keep quiet about some things, you know,” I said.

“Now, out of all these people in front of us, who do you think we should choose to make our first foray?” I asked.

“I was thinking those 2 men over there on the right (*pointing*),” said Amy.

“Yeah okay – do you want to talk first, or shall I?” I asked.

“I’ll let you.”

“Right then, here we go.”

We got up and walked over to them. In my case I was unaware that as I got up, my skirt had sort of stayed up there, and part of my bare bum was visible (I only discovered that 5 minutes later).

Anyway, the men didn't say anything. "Hi guys," I said, "I'm Violet, and this is Amy. We thought we'd come and join you since you looked a bit lonely, and besides that we have some interesting news. Do you mind?"

"No, no, that's fine. I'm Jimmy, and this is Sean, we work together. What's this interesting news, then?"

“Oh, I didn’t think you’d ask that so quickly. Actually it’s that we 2, with our housemates – there are 5 of us – are having a party on Saturday week, and we’d very much like you to come along, if you’re free,” I said.

“Well, we could be, I think. What sort of party is it?”

“Well, you know, lots of music. Dancing. There’ll be lots of women actually. We have not got so many men yet,” I said.

“Is there a dress code, or anything?” asked Sean.

“Oh, casual. In our case, very casual.”

“Eh?”

Amy laughed. I said to her “Do you want to explain?”

“Eh – what? I thought you were going to do that.”

“It’s just that – well, guys, have you heard of the ‘no pants’ craze?” I asked.

“Actually, I have, yes, I read the Daily Star, and quite often they show a picture of some celebrity – some actress or singer, and they say that, you know, she wasn’t wearing any panties – but you can never bloody well see anything in the picture though – and once or twice they’ve mentioned that these days ‘ordinary

women' quite often do the same thing –.
Why? Do you know anyone who does it?"

"Well – we do it, actually," I said.

"What – you mean you've got no knickers on? How about that, Sean?"

"Yeah, cool."

"Actually it did even occur to me, Violet.
That that was a possibility, because when you came up to us, your skirt was kind of up at the back, and I thought, 'Blimey, she must be wearing a thong, or just possibly – well, you know – like you have said," said Jimmy.

“Yeah, well, now you know. I’m not even wearing a thong,” I said.

“Well, well, I suddenly feel that we’ve got much better acquainted, don’t you?”

“Er, well. Anyway, I was going to say, but didn’t get round to it, that we all – all the girls that will be at the party, work in the fashion industry, and actually, because of that, practically all the other girls will be without their knickers as well – because most people in the fashion industry do it, you know.”

“Good God – do you hear that, Sean?”

“Wait a minute. Are you sure you’re not having us on?”

“Oh no; we’re not.”

“You’re not swingers as well, or something like that?”

“Oh no, most of us haven’t got a boyfriend anyway, because all the men we work with are nearly all gay, like,” I replied.

“Well, will there be any games like strip poker or anything? After all, you’re half way there already, aren’t you?” asked Jimmy.

“I don’t know really – I suppose we could do. We could put it forward as a suggestion, if you like?”

“Yeah, I think we’re pretty interested in this party, aren’t we, Sean?”

“Yeah, me too.”

“We’re all for a bit of tit and bum.”

“Excuse me! Just because we’re not wearing any knickers doesn’t mean you can talk like that when there are Ladies present.”

“Ladies. Oh right. We’ll get you to prove it in a moment, won’t we Jimmy?”

Which shouldn’t be too difficult, after all.

Well, we’ll let you off this time.”

“So – will all you girls be wearing short skirts too, like you are, Violet?”

“Quite a few of the girls probably, yes,” I said.

“Blimey, we won’t know where to look, will we, Sean?”

“Well, we will. I’ll probably need a white stick the next day, though,” said Sean.

“Eh, why’s that then?” asked Amy.

“Never mind.”

“Yes, girls, you’ve got yourselves 2 male partygoers for next Saturday. We’ll be looking forward to it.”

“Great. This is the invite with the address on it,” I said.

“Right. Thanks very much. See you next Saturday. Don’t have too much to drink tonight, and fall over, will you – or there’s no knowing what might happen?” said Sean.

“I tell you what, there’s no need to say goodbye yet, let me buy you 2 girls another drink,” said Jimmy.

“Eh, what do you think, Amy?”

“Could do, I suppose. There’s no rush, is there?”

“Well, alright then. I’ll have a double rum and coke and Amy - what do you want?”

“Oh, a double vodka and coke please.”

“Doubles, eh? You do realise there’s a forfeit for that?” said Jimmy.

“What do you mean?” asked Amy.

“Well, for instance, proving that you’ve got no knickers on, for a start. You could be lying for all we know,” said Jimmy.

“How do we do that? I’m not lifting my skirt up, if that’s what you think,” said Amy.

“No, of course not.

But – how about sitting on my lap for a minute or two. I would probably be able to tell then,” said Jimmy.

“Well, I don’t know,” said Amy.

“Yeah, go on, Amy. It would be a laugh. And at least he’ll know for sure.”

“Well, alright then.”

So Amy got out of her seat, crossed to where Jimmy was, and gingerly sat on his lap.

“My, you are a weight.”

“What do you mean? I’ve lost one and a half stone in the last 3 months.”

“Only kidding.”

“Now, let’s see. If I get the bottom half of your skirt out of the way, and then you’re right, that’s your bare bum, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, it is actually. I can feel your hands on it.”

“It feels nice, actually. Mind if we finish our drinks like this? I only have three quarters of a pint to go,” said Jimmy.

“You’re a bit cheeky, aren’t you? That’s my bare bum you’re touching,” said Amy.

“Yeah, well we are adults, aren’t we? Blimey. I could stay like this for hours.”

“I think I may have had too much to drink. How much have I had so far, Violet?”

“Only a wine and a double vodka.”

“Well, it can’t really be that, then. Usually when I’ve had 3 times that amount, I don’t let someone touch my

bare bottom. Perhaps it's just that my boss told me off today. Could that be it?"

"Well, how about, that these things sort of happen when you go out without your knickers on, and then tell everyone – it's a bit inevitable, isn't it?" said Jimmy.

"Well, I don't know," said Amy.

"Well anyway, stay there now. Remember, you promised."

"Oh yes, I wasn't thinking of getting up or anything."

"Well, that's good," said Jimmy.

Amy looked over at me and said, “Violet, do you think we should tell everyone else about this?”

“Possibly not, but I’ll leave it up to you. You are a dark horse, Amy. After all, I was the one with the short skirt.”

“I know, I know.”

“I’ll tell you what, I promise I won’t take advantage of you – I won’t undo my flies, or anything like that,” said Jimmy.

“Oh, thanks.”

“By the way,” said Jimmy.

“Yes?”

“I drink quite slowly, by the way. We could be like this for at least half an hour yet.”

“Well, to be quite honest.”

“Yes?”

“I’m quite enjoying it, actually.”

“Really, Amy,” I said.

Twenty minutes later, Jimmy, who had been holding Amy’s bum with one hand, and drinking his pint with the other, suddenly said “Well, I’m afraid my pint is now finished. All good things must come to an end, and our little get-together is

now practically over, Amy. I was going to say that it's time to pull your knickers back up again now, but of course you haven't got any anyway, so it's even easier.

Best not to show everyone in the pub your bottom as you get up and go back to your original seat – one of them might be the vicar or something. Is that okay?" said Jimmy.

"Right then – We 2 will really look forward to seeing you both again on Saturday week, both of you without your knickers on again, of course," said Jimmy.

"Hopefully, you'll be just as naughty then, don't you think?"

So we left The Titanic pub.

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I turned to Amy and said “Well, Amy, I thought you were shy – and you let him touch your bum – for a long time too.”

“Yes, I know,” Amy said, “I can still feel a tingle there, actually. Well I can’t be that shy, can I – because like you I don’t wear panties, do I?”

And also, a few weeks ago I was walking to the convenience store to get some spaghetti Bolognese, and I tripped over a

dog's lead – it was one of those elongated ones, that was right across the pavement. I ended up on the ground. And my skirt was all up around my waist, and the man who was holding the lead got to see my pussy for quite a few seconds, or it might even have been a minute, as I got up and pulled my skirt down properly. And I didn't mind that much. So I can't be all that shy, can I?"

"No, well, I'm beginning to look at you with new eyes, Amy. We'll have to make sure you don't get even more naughty," I said.

"Oh, I don't think I'll do that."

Our next pub on our list was the Blue Bell pub. We came to that, and went inside.

I went up and got the drinks, while Amy sorted out a table for us. She had chosen quite a good table – we could certainly see what was going on.

There were a few more people than at the last pub – again quite a lot more men than women.

At first we couldn't really decide who to go and speak to. We decided on one group of 3 men, but then I had second thoughts. So we looked round for some others.

We still hadn't decided when a couple of young men came up to us.

"Hello there," said one of them – he was mainly looking at me. "You're not a porn star, are you? If so we'd like your autograph."

"Porn star? Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Well, we were drinking our pints of lager, and Andrew here turned to me and said, "See that bird over there (he meant you), she's got no panties on, I saw her fanny just then when she crossed her legs."

So we thought you were probably a porn star or something. And we thought we'd

come over and ask you. (I'm John, by the way.)”

“No guys, of course I'm not a porn star. Haven't you heard of the 'no-pants' craze?”

“No.”

“You don't go clubbing, then?”

“No, we don't.”

“Well, it's like this. A lot of young women don't wear knickers these days, it's the fashion – especially in nightclubs,” I said.

“What you mean even women in 'ordinary jobs'?” asked John.

“Yes, all sorts of jobs. Even bank clerks, probably.”

“Blimey. The next time I’m drawing some money out I shall probably wink at the girl cashier – but I’d be too shy to actually say anything, like,” said John.

“I should hope not – that wouldn’t be a good idea,” I said.

“What?”

“Asking her if she was wearing any knickers.”

“No, I see. But anyway, like I said, we’ve found out that you don’t, haven’t we?”
said John.

“Yes, I suppose you have.”

“What about your friend, then. Does she?” asked Andrew.

Amy spoke up. “No, actually I don’t either.”

The guys looked at each other. They were speechless.

“Well, it’s like being in a nudist club, isn’t it?” said John.

“Not quite,” I said.

“No, not quite, I suppose. Can we join you for a drink, then? We’ll pay, if you like.”

“Well, I suppose so. Mine’s a double rum and coke and Amy drinks double vodka and coke.”

The lads got the drinks and came back to the table.

While they were at the bar, Amy and I had talked about whether we would invite these guys to the party. We weren’t sure, but in the end decided that we would.

They sat down opposite us.

“Anyway, guys – what do you do for a living?” I asked.

“Oh, we’re Chartered Accountants.”

I actually fell off my chair. Not only did Andrew and John see my pussy again, but most of the rest of the pub, as well.

After I had got up, and, red faced, sat down again, I said:

“Me and Amy were a bit surprised about that – that you’re Chartered Accountants – you just, you seem a bit naïve, that’s all. Actually we thought you were cleaners or something like that.”

“Well, we don’t go out much, actually. We don’t go to pubs much, you see,” said Andrew.

“No, what you mean is, you’re not very ‘streetwise’, eh?”

“No, I suppose not.”

“Well, there’s no harm in that, I suppose,” I said.

“Anyway, you wouldn’t be interested in going to a party on Saturday week, would you?”

“Oh yes, we might be.”

“By the way, you don’t go to church do you – or anything like that?” I asked.

“No actually, we don’t – why do you ask?”

“Well, because, if you did, you might just feel a bit ‘out of place’ at the party, like,” I said.

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, it’s like this. Me and Amy both work in the fashion industry. And so do the other people who will be at the party (the girls anyway).

And as you probably know, people in the fashion industry tend to be a bit ‘trendy’.”

“Yes. Actually our firm has clients in the fashion industry,” said Andrew.

I almost fell off my chair again.

“Well, anyway,” I went on – “One of the latest trends is this ‘no-pants’ craze that we were talking about earlier.”

“Oh yes.”

“Well, the thing is, there will be 20-25 girls at this party, and just about all of them will be knickerless too.”

Then John almost fell off his chair. After he had (more or less) regained his composure, he started giggling. When he had stopped, he looked up, and said:

“Do you know, I’ve only seen 2 fannies in my life, and I’m, like, 26. And tonight, already I’ve seen 2 fannies, admittedly the fanny of the same person – and it looks like I might see quite a few more quite soon, doesn’t it?”

“Well, it does seem quite likely, yes,” I said.

John looked at his friend Andrew, and then he said:

“These girls at the party, they won’t be wearing short skirts like you, will they?”

“Most of them will, I expect, yes.”

At that, John didn't fall off his chair actually – but he sort of lost the ability to speak. For about 5 minutes he seemed to be talking gibberish.

Finally he returned (approximately) to normal, and said:

“Sorry about that, girls – I don't know what came over me. Anyway, I'm alright now. Actually, I think I need to have a couple of double gin and tonics to recover – which I had better do, as I have to see the C.E.O. of a big company – a plc, tomorrow.”

This time, I kept my composure – and my modesty.

So – there were no more major ‘incidents’ after that. No-one in the pub got to see my (or Amy’s) pussy again – no doubt a few people in the pub were disappointed about that.

20 minutes later we had all finished our drinks (John drank his 2 double gin and tonics very quickly indeed, we noticed).

We now had 4 male partygoers for next Saturday. It was time to move on to another pub.

Next, we went in the White Swan pub.

As before, we got the drinks (it was Amy’s turn this time), and found a table.

One of the first things we noticed was a gay (lesbian) couple, who were holding hands and – it looked like, whispering sweet nothings to each other.

“It’s funny,” I said, “but the lesbians seem to be even more ‘out’ than the gay guys, don’t they? You often see them holding hands in public, and even kissing – I’ve even seen that. You don’t see the gay guys holding hands much, do you?”

“No, I’ve seen it just a few times, but not that often – especially considering how many gay guys there are at our work,” said Amy.

“Yeah, well let’s not talk about that. What a waste!” I said.

“Yeah, some of them might have made good husbands, if only they appreciated – you know, fannies rather than cocks,” said Amy.

“Yeah, well, as I said, let’s not talk about it.”

“No, alright,” replied Amy.

So they stopped thinking about the lesbian couple, who were still holding hands – and surveyed the rest of the room.

They eventually decided to approach a couple of men who were probably a bit older than the 4 men they had already

invited to the party – they were probably about 40, by Amy’s estimation.

So they approached them and Amy said “Hello, there, you look very fit and well dressed gentlemen – mind if we join you?”

“Well, thank you,” said the tallest one.
“No, we don’t mind at all. Would you like a drink, by the way?”

“Oh yes please,” said Amy “I’ll have a vodka and coke, and Violet here will have a rum and coke, if that’s okay.”

The tallest man got the drinks and brought them back.

“What do you do for a living?” I asked.

“Oh, we’re marketing men – I’m Alan and this is Nick - we work for a marketing agency that has offices in the city – obviously our main office is in London. We have quite a few high profile clients, actually – no-one does anything in Business these days without spending at least half their expenses on the marketing side of it.

“Right. Well we’re fashion designers. We work for the big fashion house in the city – you know about it, I expect?”

“Oh yes, it’s well known enough. We’ve done some marketing work for it, actually.”

“Well, you probably know more about our company – the financial and selling side of it, than us, probably. The Management keep us fashion designers in the dark about lots of things, I’m afraid,” I said.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t be surprised at all,” said Nick.

“Well, the thing is, we 2 live in a shared house with 3 other girls, who also work at the Fashion House, and I don’t know if you know, but in the fashion industry almost all the men working there are gay – so when we girls want to have a party, it’s difficult to get enough men. For the last 3 parties, there’s been about 3 men and 25 girls.”

“Really? That surprises me a bit, I must say. Well yes, we’re very interested, I think. What will this party be like?”

“Oh, lots of music of course. And hopefully some dancing. By the way, you don’t go to church, do you?”

“Not on your nelly. I hate the places. But why do you ask?”

“Well, probably if you did, you might not enjoy the party much.

It’s like this.

As you probably know, the fashion industry likes to be very ‘trendy’. And just

about the biggest trend that's going on at the moment is the 'no-pants' craze (talking about the girls, that is)."

Nick whistled. "This is getting interesting," he said.

"Yeah well, basically – the girls who live in the house – and also the other girls who will be at the party, who also work at the Fashion House, will be knickerless – that's why, if you went to church, for instance, it might be a problem. We just thought we'd tell you that."

Amy and I could tell that these guys were actually quite excited about this, though they did try to hide it a bit.

“Wow,” said Alan, “Yes, I think we’re very interested now. Oh, one thing then. You’re not actually knickerless now – you two girls, are you?”

“Well, actually we are – we usually are, you know.”

Nick whistled again.

“That is a short skirt you’ve got on, isn’t it? I expect that you have to be a bit careful when you bend over, or something like that?”

“Yeah, tell me about it. If I was to drop something on the floor, I’d probably get Amy here, to pick it up, because she’s got a longer skirt on today – sometimes it’s

the other way round, though – sometimes she has a shorter skirt on than me,” I said.

“Oh, right.”

“Well, guys, can you tell us a bit about your work in more detail. Are there a lot of departments at your place (there are at ours). What department do you work in?” I asked.

“Yeah, that’s right. We both work in the department that specialises in market segmentation and targeting.”

“What is market segmentation and targeting?” asked Amy.

“It would take at least an hour to give you a lecture on market segmentation and targeting,” said Nick. “Actually, there’s one more thing I’d like to ask you about you both not wearing knickers.”

“Oh, what’s that?” I asked.

“Well - does it feel different having no panties on, compared with when you do – do you feel ‘empowered’ for instance – sort of ‘watch me, I can take over the world, now that I’ve got no drawers on’?”

“Not quite, no. I don’t know really. I suppose it does feel different, yes.

Of course, you’re always thinking – that man over there – did he just get a glimpse

of my fanny, when I crossed my legs just then? And for 10 seconds you think he did, then for the next 10 seconds, you think ‘no, he wouldn’t have,’” I said.

“Yes, I can imagine that. I suppose it depends whether you think him dishy or not, whether you wish it one way or the other?” asked Alan.

“Cheeky. Only when I’m a bit drunk,” I replied.

“So, then, you seem like you’re very interested in the party. Is that right?” I asked.

“It certainly is.”

“Well, here’s the invite, with our address on it. You will see the party starts at 8. See you there, OK?”

“We certainly will.”

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For our last pub of the evening we decided to go to the Lady Hamilton. Actually this is a pub we go to quite frequently anyway – at least a couple of times a month, and we have got to know some of the regulars.

Tonight, when we went in we immediately saw Vincent who is a Primary school

teacher. He is in his early thirties. He and I are actually quite close friends. He said to me “Still wearing no knickers, then?”

I replied “Of course. As you know nearly all the girls at our work do.”

“Yeah, I know. Unfortunately you practically have to be gay to get a Union card there, I think, otherwise I’d think about a new career there.”

“What, just so you could ogle the girls?”

“Well, I wouldn’t like to admit to that.”

I said “I must admit, I don’t know why you chose to be a Primary school teacher. I

would have thought something more 'racy', shall we say, would be more up your street."

"What, like the proverbial piano player in a bordello?"

"Yeah – actually you play the piano, don't you?"

"That's right. At school I mostly have to play very boring things, like hymns and things. At home, thank goodness, I can play what I enjoy playing, like Elton John's music. He's my favourite gay person, actually. I know his music going back 40 years, some of it – Rocket Man, Goodbye Yellow Brick Road, Crocodile Rock – I know them all."

“Yeah, of course, Elton John’s heyday was well before my time – but actually I know all the songs too – because he’s a favourite of lots of the gay men at work. And I hear it playing on their CD players. So I know all the ones you mentioned, and lots more too.”

“Yeah, that’s good. Anyway, where have you been tonight? You haven’t given anyone an eyeful, have you? – you’re wearing quite a short skirt, aren’t you?”

“You know, nearly always I don’t. But tonight actually, as it happens, I have – twice.”

“Christ. Tell me more.”

“Well, in the last pub but one I actually fell off my chair – when someone said something I could hardly believe – it shocked me so much.”

“Bloody hell. And come to that, I expect you, in your turn, managed to shock quite a lot of the other people in the pub?”

“Well, of course. My legs weren’t that close together for a couple of minutes – with obvious consequences,” I said.

“Blimey, and I missed that.”

“Yeah, you were in the wrong pub, I’m afraid.”

“Well, what was the other time – you said there were 2 times?” asked Vincent.

“Did I? Oh, yes. It was in the same pub, actually. It was the same bloke who later shocked me. He saw my fanny when I crossed my legs – and he had the cheek to come up and tell me – said he thought I must be a porn star and could he have my autograph.”

“Well, you have had a night, haven’t you?” said Vincent.

“Yeah – you really have a bit of a dirty mind for a Primary school teacher, you know. You are the only person in this pub who I know, who would come up and ask me if I gave someone an eyeful tonight.

Most people don't say that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh, sorry."

"Actually I don't mind with you. Most men you see these days in pubs seem to be totally sexless, it seems to me. I'd swear that if I sat in a pub, with my legs apart, hardly anyone would notice," I said.

"Well, if you did that tonight, I promise you I'd have a jolly good look."

"I know you bloody would. But I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you tonight."

“Yeah probably. I do remember once, though, when you were in here and you were flinging your legs around a bit,” said Vincent.

“Yeah, I do too. I still go red when I think of that. Needless to say, I’d had one over the eight that night. Anyway, there’s not enough time tonight before the pub shuts, for me to get paralytic – that’s why it won’t happen tonight,” I said.

Amy was listening to our conversation, and I expect she learnt a few new things – she’ll probably be ribbing me about that later on – or tomorrow, perhaps. I can’t believe that Vincent is a Primary school teacher. He talks about sex all the time.

Then I turned to Amy. “Why don’t we mention to Vincent about you know what, we might as well, mightn’t we?”

“Yeah, seems like a good idea,” said Amy.

(Vincent might be sex-mad, but he was quite a laugh, Amy was thinking.)

So I said “I tell you what, Vincent, we girls, that is us 2 and our housemates, plus our friends from work, are having a party on Saturday week. The trouble is at our parties, we have about 25 girls, and only about 3 men – and we’re trying to get some more men to come.”

“Blimey. Try and keep me away. Even if you were all wearing knickers I would still

be interested – and I presume you won't be?"

"Trust that to be the first thing you think of. No, well, I certainly won't be, I can't speak for everyone, of course. I'm not even sure where mine are – buried in some drawer probably. I only wear them about 3 times a year – I do when I visit my grandparents, usually.

By the way, you can bring a friend if you like. Preferably a male friend, because of the reasons we've just given. One of your drinking partners perhaps. Surely you can manage that?" I said.

"Yeah, that'll be no problem at all. Now, why don't you 2 girls sit down there, and

I'll buy you both a drink." – he pointed to a chair and a stool. Amy looked at me. "What do you think? We've got 7 men for the party now tonight – that's all we were hoping for anyway, isn't it?"

"Yeah, you're right," I said.

Amy sat down on the chair. That left the stool for me. I climbed up on to it. (I'm not at all sure that Vincent didn't get 'a bit of a glimpse' then, but anyway, he didn't say anything.)

"So what's your poison, girls?"

"I'll have a white wine," I said.

"Vodka and coke," said Amy.

He went up and ordered the drinks.

When he came back, he said “How much have you had to drink so far, this evening?”

We calculated. “It must be about 4 drinks,” I said.

“Oh good. There’s enough time to get you quite tipsy, then?”

“Maybe, but I won’t be getting drunk again,” I said.

“Oh well, you won’t be doing a Maria Schneider, then?” said Vincent.

“Maria who?”

“Maria Schneider – “*Last Tango in Paris*”.”

“Oh, that was a sexy film, wasn’t it? I can imagine what she was doing, then.”

“Yeah, you probably can.”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but I’ll be keeping my legs together for the rest of the evening. Two flashes in one night is quite enough, I think,” I said.

“If you say so.”

“Guess what?” I said. Amy only let some bloke touch her bum, earlier in the

evening. And before then, I thought she was shy.”

“Tell me more. First question. Was it outside or inside her skirt?”

Amy blushed as she said “Inside, actually – no kidding.”

“Blimey. It was practically an orgy, then?”

“Oh it wasn’t,” Amy said, “The man didn’t get to touch the other side, as well.”

“No, well I don’t know what to say to that,” said Vincent. “What led up to this, then?”

“Oh, the man wanted me to prove that I was wearing no knickers – because I had told him I wasn’t, and he said he didn’t believe me, and he said that if I sat on his lap, he would know for sure.”

“Oh I see. Yes, I shall have to remember that for future reference. Put it in my book of “Tricks of the Trade”, I think. It certainly is a new one on me,” said Vincent.

“It’s probably a good thing that this pub shuts at 11, during the week,” said Vincent. “When I get home I’ve got to burn the midnight oil, and prepare a couple of lessons for tomorrow. One of them is to do with what the Government is making us do now with these kids –

‘Appropriate behaviour between boys and girls’ – that sort of thing.”

Amy had been day-dreaming a bit, I think. But she must have seen me sway, and then a few seconds later there was a big clattering noise.

And I was lying there, with my legs apart, laughing, would you believe. No-one knew where to look. Well, Vincent did, I suppose. He was the first to recover.

He said, “Blimey, what’s that between your legs?”

“Yeah, my minge actually. I think I’ve broken the record for the number of

flashes in one evening – but it's your fault
– you make me laugh so much.

I'm thinking of you teaching kids
appropriate behaviour between boys and
girls – you probably start off with what
happens behind the bike sheds, don't
you?" I said.

And I was so pleased with my little joke,
that I started laughing again, and stayed
down in that position even longer.

Vincent was concentrating harder than
he had ever done since his Finals. He
wasn't even distracted when the barman
dropped some glasses on the floor –
which was very probably related to what
was happening over here, actually.

“Well you’re the teacher,” I said, from my position on the floor, “How many points do I get out of 10?”

“Certainly a distinction. It’s distinctively..... – I can’t think of the word. Stay down there for another couple of minutes, and I’ll try and think of the word.”

“Well, hurry up. I can’t stay down here like this forever.”

“No, a couple of minutes is all I need,” said Vincent.

For some while, you could almost hear the cogs go round in his head. Then he

looked up (or actually, he kept looking down), and said “Distinctively Brown.”

“Well, you certainly don’t get 10 out of 10 for that – I could have done better myself,” said Amy.

“Yeah, probably,” said Vincent, “but I’m suffering from a bit of brain fog, I think.”

Anyway, I got back up, put the stool upright and in the right place, and sat on it again. But I was laughing so much, that I didn’t even close my legs up properly then. The whole pub was looking over, of course. And this turned out to be an even bigger performance than that time 8 months ago, when I had had 1 over the 8 and was ‘flinging my legs about’, as

mentioned earlier. And this time, I had only had 5 drinks. It was a bit of a black mark, I suppose, to be honest.

After that, things quietened down. I looked up at all the people looking on – virtually everyone in the pub, and said “Show’s over, folks” – and made a show of prising my legs back together again. And, well at least (I’m pretty sure) no-one got to see my fanny again the rest of the evening – not even once.

.....

The next morning, I told Amy that I couldn’t remember anything about last

night – that was a bit of a white lie actually (I had only had 5 drinks, after all).

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