

KNICKERLESS PARTIES – MY EXPERIENCE OF

INTRODUCTION

I've never actually been to one of these, though I've heard they do happen. BUT I did have an experience that I'd like to tell you about.

I was in a pub, sitting near the toilets. The men had to go downstairs to their toilet, but the women had to climb some chairs to go to theirs.

I was sitting near where the women climbed the chairs, and one evening, there was a group of about 20 or so young women, and I'm sure they were all knickerless, because over the course of the evening they just about all went to the Ladies at least once and almost every time they showed their bare bum.

(I put this 'event' into one of my stories – the bit in the story that relates to that 'event' now follows:)

**A Portion of the story
'Girls Bringing On The
Revolution'
By G C Burnell**

The 2nd Sexcapade

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 a 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 a 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.

[You can find the rest of this story for free download at one of my other websites – BetaPublishing.co.uk – the book is called ‘Daring Violet: Halfway to Naturism: Volume 3.]