Flash

LesFlash

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Flash

I had just finished mowing the lawn when I saw my neighbors, Pam and Steve,

pulling into their driveway. They were a good looking couple in their late

20's and Pam was wearing an extremely short skirt. We were friendly neighbors

and I decided to walk over and chat with them. I'll admit that if it weren't

for Pam's tiny skirt, I would have just waved. I saw that the couple were in a

great mood and Pam was looking like the cat that ate the canary.

She smiled when she saw me checking out her legs. I asked what they had been

up to. Pam blushed a little. Steve laughed and suggested I come in for a beer

and he'd tell me all about the game they were playing. Pam didn't seem to

think this was a good idea but went along with it.

Soon we were in their rec room and Pam brought beers for all of us. She sat

down and I couldn't help notice that her skirt wasn't long enough for her to

do this modestly. In that brief flash I discovered that my neighbor wasn't wearing panties and had

a completely bald pubic area. I didn't know how to react to the flash but the

awkward moment passed quickly as Steve called out “29” and placed a little

clicker he had on the coffee table. Pam blushed a bit but smiled as she did.

Naturally I asked them what was going on. Steve explained that he and Pam were

playing a game they had made up called “Flash.” He went on to explain the

rules of the game. Pam joined the discussion and they both laughed as I sat there in amazement. I

asked for, and received, their permission to write this up for posting. They

laughed when I told them I was an amateur porn writer and both said they

weren't surprised.

Anyway, Flash is a betting game the couple invented. They've been playing it

for years and have refined the rules over time. It's a gambling game and on

the day I learned of it, they were playing for high stakes. For this game the

loser would be making and serving dinner all week nude. Eating and clean-up

were also going to be in the nude for the loser. The game was still going on

as they explained it.

To start the game, Steve writes a number on paper and puts it in a sealed

envelope. The envelope gets opened at the end of the game to reveal the

winner. Once the game starts, Pam puts on one of several game skirts, each of which is extremely short. No

underwear is permitted. Steve has control over what they do, where they go,

and the couple agrees in advance on a time frame. Each time he gets a glimpse

of Pam's bare pussy, whether intentional or unintentional, he counts it. At

the end of the game, if the number Steve wrote on the paper is within 10% of

the total number of times he's gotten a glimpse of Pam's pussy, he wins. If he

misses by more than 10%, Pam wins.

I mentioned that it seemed to me that Steve had the advantage in this game

since he got to choose the activities, places, etc. Pam laughed and said she

won more than she lost. She told me there is a lot of strategy to the game

that wasn't readily apparent. As soon as she said it she spread her legs,

flashing her pussy at Steve, and to me as well as a result. Steve clicked the

little clicker he had and called out “30.” A soon as he did, Pam flashed him

again and he called out “31.”

“It's all about guessing what he guessed,” Pam explained. “He took us out to a

nice brunch this afternoon at a nice restaurant. I know he wouldn't expect me

to be flashing a lot at a nice restaurant, so I think he guessed low,” she

explained. She flashed him again and he called out “32.”

“Since he invited you over for an explanation, I'm even more convinced he

guessed a low number,” Pam said. As she said this she flashed her pussy again

and Steve called out “32.”

Steve laughed and agreed there was strategy involved. He laughed and said the

game was all about misdirection. “I get her to think I've guessed a low number

and she'll flash me every chance she gets. Then she finds out I've outsmarted

her and she loses,” Steve said.

“Nice try, Steve,” Pam said. “Les, would you like to stay for dinner? I'm sure

Steve won't mind cooking for three,” she laughed.

I laughed and accepted the invitation. I wasn't interested in seeing Steve

nude but the comedic value of anyone, male or female, cooking and serving

dinner nude for the neighbors was cool with me. Plus, it was obvious that Pam was going to do her best to

run the count up and I was enjoying looking up her skirt as she did. There was

about 45 minutes left in the game when I accepted the dinner invitation. Pam

flashed her pussy at us every 30 seconds or so. She was happy and laughing and

definitely convinced she was going to win.

Steve looked a bit nervous. I have to admit that I was convinced that Steve

was going to be doing the stripping and cooking.

At 6:00 the final count of flashes was 119. I was intimately familiar with the

view between my pretty neighbor's legs and she was confident of her victory as

she went to fetch the envelope. She tore the envelope open and her smile

vanished. Steve had guessed 125, well within the 10% range and was the winner.

“Dammit! How the hell did you guess 125 and take me to an expensive

restaurant?” Pam asked.

“Misdirection, sweetie, misdirection. You're an exhibitionist and I knew you'd

find a way to show off in the restaurant. Of course, having Les over helped a

lot. Speaking of Les, he looks hungry. Why don't you get dinner started?”

Steve was gloating.

Pam blushed. “You just wait, Steve. You just wait! Is spaghetti OK with

everyone?”

“Spaghetti sounds good. Get started, honey and bring us out a couple of beers,

will you?” Steve answered. He flipped on the TV and we started watching a

college football game. A few minutes later a very naked Pam came out with our beers. She was a good

sport about losing the bet even though she was pretty embarrassed and was

naked for several hours.

After dinner was cleaned up she joined us in the living room, still nude.“I

guess Steve was right about you being an exhibitionist, Pam. Dinner was great

and now that the cleanup is done, and you're still naked,” I observed. I

wasn't complaining about it, mind you, just making an observation.

“Actually, the cleanup isn't done until the dishes are put away,” Steve

explained. “Pam gets to stay naked for a while longer while the dishwasher

runs. In the meantime, we can enjoy the view while we finish watching the

game.”

It was about 9:00 when Pam was finally able to get the dishes out of the

dishwasher and put them away. I knew what I'd want to do if I was Steve or

Pam, so I thanked them for a wonderful dinner and gracefully made my exit.