**Sex at the Pub**

by Joanna86

Work had been crazy, big job after big job had meant I had not been arriving home until late evening, and then getting up early the following morning to get to the pool for a swim. The only thing that kept me sane was working in an office where we were all naked. It was a great place to be. The staff were all lovely to be around despite the heavy workload and at least I was turned on all day. There simply hadn’t been any opportunity to go out and have a bit of fun. During one of those manic days in the office, I had a call from my friend, Verity, asking if I wanted to go out to our local pub with her and her boyfriend, Matt. Of course, I jumped at the opportunity.

My name is Joanna, and at the time, I was twenty-five years old and living in a small village in Central England. I’m 5’6 with long dark hair, blue eyes, slim build and 34 B cup boobs.

It was a Tuesday in early May, and it had been a gorgeous sunny day, so decided I’d walk to the pub. It wasn’t that far anyway, so to go in the car would have been very lazy. I’d been working from home and had been outside in the back garden for most of the day, taking the opportunity to get some sunshine on my naked body. Being outside all day in the sunshine always turned me on, but once I’d eaten my evening meal and had a bath, there wasn’t enough time to masturbate.

It was nearly 7 o’clock and I was due to be at the pub not long after. Quickly, I looked through my clothes and found a dress to put on. The dress was dark blue, from my waist down, flaring out to mid-thigh length. The top half however clung tight to my body, accentuating my flat stomach and curves of my boobs, coloured dark blue, fading to white at the top. The material was a light cotton, allowing my hard dark nipples to be clearly visible to anyone who chose to look. As had become the norm, I wore nothing underneath the dress and once I’d brushed my hair and put on a pair of sandals, I was ready to go to the pub.

I picked up my handbag and door keys and headed out the door. It was about a 500 metre walk down the lane, so decided to cross the road, take off my shoes and walk barefoot along the grass verge, enjoying the early evening sunshine. I was in no hurry, taking a while longer to walk that distance than normal. Reaching the end of the lane, I had a main road to cross, which went into the town centre, so I stopped and waited for a gap in traffic to appear. Still barefoot, a gap eventually appeared. I hurried to cross the road and then, over the warm tarmac of the pub car-park, continuing into the pub.

Being midweek, there was never going to be many people there and it was a perfect opportunity to have a quiet night out with my friends. I’d agreed to meet Verity and Matt in the snug, a room that at best would only hold about twenty. In one of the secluded areas, two young men were sat drinking. I’d guess both were in their early twenties and dressed as though they’d come straight from work. There was eye contact made between all of us but no words were spoken as I entered the room. I smiled at them and went to the bar to buy a drink. There was no sign of my two friends, but knew they’d arrive soon. I asked for an orange juice for myself, a dry white wine for Verity and pint of beer for Chis. As the bar tender turned to get the drinks, I threw my shoes towards one of the secluded corners of the room.

“Maybe you should throw your dress in there too,” one of the men quipped cheekily from behind me.

“I would but I’ve got nothing on underneath,” I replied with a little chuckle and gave them a cheeky grin.

I half turned to face them as they continued to quip, “That’s even better, you’re absolutely stunning, and how do we know you’re telling the truth.”

I couldn’t help but smile and was still feeling very turned on. So, as I looked at them, I seductively began to lift up my dress, revealing more and more of my thighs and then up over my hips. Standing side on to the men meant, though they could see I had no underwear on, they were unable to see my freshly shaved and wet pussy.

Both men went quiet, shocked I think by my actions, despite me enjoying being the centre of attention, I let go of my dress, winked at them and turned back to the bar. I then realised, judging by his grin that the bar tender must have had a much better view, stammering as he asked for the money. I handed him a ten pound note and waited for my change.

Just as I was about to pick up the drinks, the door opened and in walked my two friends. First to greet me, with a hug and kiss to my lips was Matt and was followed an instant later by Verity. Rather than her usual quick peck on my lips, her hug felt more affectionate and her lips lingered longer on mine than normal.

As Matt picked up the drinks he said, “God I love it when you two kiss. You should definitely do it properly.”

Verity pulled away from me, smiling. She was around 5’ 4, with long sandy brown hair, blue eyes, small boobs and slim. I always thought she had a gorgeous smile and was very pretty. She was dressed in a light blue buttoned shirt that was tied around her boobs. With no buttons fastened, it revealing the pale skin of her stomach, very tight and small white shorts, and flip flops on her feet.

The way she stood, it was as though she was trying to entice me. There was definitely something different about her. Despite standing motionless for a few moments, she was exuding energy and sex appeal. After a few seconds of looking at her, I moved towards Matt, who was standing by the end of the bar. Almost as soon as I’d stepped past her, I heard her say, “I don’t think I could ever kiss another girl, like a proper kiss.”

There was a pause, before she continued, “I don’t think I would ever be turned on by another girl.”

She giggled as she stood beside me, leaving me between the two of them and looking thoughtful carried on, “No offense Jo, I know you bat for both sides, I can’t imagine me with another girl but I’ll admit, you’re incredibly sexy and I can see why people fancy you.”

With a naughty smile and laugh, she looked straight at Matt and said, “For as long as I’ve known Matt, he’s fantasised about you and has wanted to fuck you.”

I’ll admit I was a little shocked by her openness, but by no means appalled by the idea and despite feeling my cheeks redden with embarrassment, the thoughts racing through my head did nothing to calm my state of arousal. There was a short period where nobody knew how to follow what Verity had said, but eventually we began to talk normally, taking the odd sip of our drinks and enjoying the others company,

Matt was 6’0 tall, with short dark hair and brown eyes. I’d always thought he was shy, Verity would do most of the talking, but that gave him a little bit of mystery and made him very appealing. He hadn’t the best body in the world, needing toning in some areas, but still looked good in his tight shorts, t-shirt and sandals.

“It’s too nice to be inside. Why don’t we go outside to the beer garden,” Matt asked.

He was right, it was too nice to be inside and soon, once I’d retrieved my sandals, we were outside. Even the simple task of picking up my sandals, gave me an opportunity to show off. Making sure I made eye contact with the two men, I walked to where I’d thrown my footwear, glanced at them again, smiled, lifted up my dress, so it allowed the bottom of my arse cheeks to be visible and bent over, keeping my legs straight. I made sure I moved slowly, pulling my dress to reveal my bum completely to them, before standing up, blowing them a kiss and going outside to join my friends.

To get to the beer garden meant walking around the outside of the pub, via the car-park and through a wooden gate. Once through it, there was a large grassy area with half a dozen large tables and benches. Although I’d grown up close to the pub, this was the first time I’d been into that area of the pub and was amazed how good the view was from there, with Clent Hill in the distance.

Matt was sat on one of the benches, leaning back against the table, overlooking Verity, who was lying seductively on the grass by his feet. I walked slowly to where my friends were, taking time to look down at Verity and thinking how cute she looked. I picked my drink up off the table, took a sip before playfully kissing Matt on the lips.

“Hey, stop kissing my boyfriend,” Verity said as she giggled.

She continued, “Don’t I get one too?”

Immediately, I dropped on top of her, straddling her hips and started to tickle the bare flesh of her stomach. She laughed and squirmed underneath me, forcing me to grip harder with my thighs. As I tickled more and more, her shirt loosened and gradually began to unravel, revealing more of her body to me. I’d been wet and turned on long before jumping on top of her, but the more my fingers touched her the more aroused I became. Adding to that, Verity gradually fought back, tickling my thighs higher and higher. It didn’t take long for the material of my dress to ride up and I knew that Matt must have had a great view of it.

I’d be lying if I said I’d not noticed when her shirt fell open fully as I continuing to tickle mercilessly. Verity’s laughs were transforming the more exposed her body became, breathing harder, with an occasional moan of pleasure. It was a subconscious response by my body but as I moved on top of her, I was grinding my pussy hard against her shorts and feeling pleasurable sensations running though my body. With each passing second, we were tickling the other less until we came to a complete standstill, looking at the other and wondering what would happen next. Her shirt had fallen open, exposing her pale skin and small breasts, with pert, dart nipples standing proud as she breathed heavily.

I took hold of her wrists; forcing her arms over her head as I bent down to kiss her lips softly.

 I allowed my lips to linger on hers for a few seconds before running my tongue slowly across her lips. Verity’s response was to open her mouth and an instant later, our tongues met as we started to kiss passionately. After a few seconds, I released her wrists and fumbled to find the buttons on my dress to unfasten it. She wasted no time moving her hands my bare arse, squeezing my cheeks hard.

Our tongues swirled slowly and seductively together, working in and out of the others mouth. Straddling Verity’s hips, I couldn’t resist grinding rhythmically against her. It wasn’t long before my dress started to ride higher and higher as Verity responded more, moving her hands from my arse cheeks up my back. Our passionate kiss developed, from slow seduction to one that was more urgent and full of desire.

I felt her alter her position underneath me, opening her legs, placing her feet flat on the grass and start to push her pussy against me. My dress was in the way. I had to get it off, and so as we continued to kiss, pulled at it up and over my head. I pulled up from Verity, allowing me to take me dress off completely and throw it to one side, to leave me naked.

Before I had chance to begin kissing her again and grinding on her, Verity pushed me hard, until I rolled onto the grass to her left. Within an instant, she was on her feet, looking down at my naked body and smiling. I glanced beyond her, immediately noticing Matt had his right hand down his shorts and was clearly stroking his hard cock. I lifted my knees, placed my feet onto the ground and began fucking myself with two fingers of my left hand as I opened my legs wide.

“Why don’t you two come closer and get a better look at us? We might fuck you after, if you want to,” Verity said as she giggled playfully and dropping her shirt to the ground.

As she turned back to face me, my fingers slipped faster in and out of my pussy and let out a groan of, oh yes Verity as I watched her unfasten her shorts and push them down her legs, along with her thong. It was no surprise to see no signs of pubic hair and that she was very wet. As the two men walked closer, she turned around to let them view her body before she dropped to her knees, between my legs.

“Let me do that for you Jo,” Verity said as she took hold of my hand and eased my fingers out of my pussy.

A second later, two fingers of her right hand had slipped effortlessly between my pussy lips. I moaned as I felt myself throb in response to her.

“Oh my god Jo, that feels intense. You’re squeezing my fingers so hard. Matt’s cock will love that.”

Verity moved her fingers steadily, in and out of my pussy and it wasn’t long before I started to writhe, bucking my hips against her hand. As soon as I started to buck, her fingers began teasing my g-spot. Heavy breathing gave way to loud pleasurable moans as Verity fucked me faster and faster with her fingers. My orgasm was building quickly reaching the point of no return as my back arched, eyes champed shut and let out a gasp. She continued to pound her fingers into my clenched pussy, showing no mercy. Suddenly my body relaxed, cum squirted from my pussy and I moaned in ecstasy as I climaxed.

I slumped back onto the grass, taking a few moments to relax and survey the scene around me in the beer garden. Verity sucked and licked my juices off her fingers. Matt was bottomless, stroking his hard cock as he looked at Verity and I was naked at his feet. The two men watched too, as their trousers tented from their bulging hard-ons.

Verity climbed on top of me, straddling my body, carefully guiding her pussy onto mine and began kissing me. Our tongues swirled with a hint of desperation as I squeezed her arse cheeks and opened my legs wider. Considering she had no experience of sex with another girl, Verity was mastering the art quickly. No sooner had I spread my legs further, than she had begun to grind her pussy onto mine. Not simply up and down, as I’d expected but in a circular motion, encouraging my pussy lips apart and expose my throbbing clit. Despite kissing, we moaned more and more as our bodies writhed together. I could feel her hard nipples massaging the flesh of my breasts and while she maintained her circular rhythmical motion, I pushed mine upwards into her.

It was impossible to tell which of us was the more turned on or which of us were oozing the most juices. The moisture between our grinding pussy lips, made a sexy slurping sound, just about audible as our moans became more desperate. Suddenly, as her circles quickened, our clit’s began to rub together. It felt as though pulses of electricity were radiating though me. We stopped kissing as Verity lifted her head and shoulders, arching her back, pushing her pussy harder against mine. Our moans echoed around the beer garden as we started to pound against the other hard with growing desperation and lust.

I knew I was going to cum again, at any second, my pussy throbbing hard but I wanted Verity to orgasm too, so tried to control my body. With us both writhing together desperately, however I knew I had no chance of stopping myself. The way Verity was pounding on top of me, with her naked body, I was so turned on, but just as I thought I was going to explode, she tensed and started to squirt over me. With some relief, I relaxed my body and grinded with greater urgency against her. Within seconds, my pussy clenched tight and held my body momentarily in suspension, before I started to cum.

We lay motionless for a few seconds; cuddling together and kissing tenderly, allowing ourselves time to recover from our intense orgasms. Eventually, Verity pushed herself up off my body and sat on the grass beside me. As I sat up, I noticed that Matt had cum too, his cock semi-hard as pools of seamen formed on the grass between his legs.

“Are we fucking the other guys Verity?”

We turned around to look at the young men. They were sat, with their backs to a table at either end of the bench seat, with bulges obvious in their trousers. Verity and I got up, kissed Matt passionately, one after the other, before moving towards where the young men were sat. Standing in front of them, we turned and kissed each other, grinding against the others thigh as we squeezed their arse cheeks.

“Which of you is going to fuck me then? Jo has made me so wet and horny, I want a cock in me now,” Verity quipped as she caressed her pussy seductively.

I expected no hesitation from either of the men, considering their attitude when I entered the pub but given the opportunity presented to them, they looked too scared the move. We sat between them and as I took hold of the bulge in the man’s trousers, to my right, with my left hand, he spluttered, telling us his name was Josh and that he’d been a married man for two months. Despite his admission, he did not attempt to push me away and I felt him tense as I squeezed and massaged his cock.

Although I was focussed on seducing the man to my right, I was aware that Verity was already kissing the other man, called Greg, and judging from the sounds they were making, he was fingering her while she stoked his cock. I was so turned on, hearing what was happening beside me and wondered if I could seduce Josh into fucking me. As I squeezed his bulge again, I looked across at Matt, who was naked, hard once more and stroking his shaft as he watched us.

Turning my attention back to my situation, I noticed the apprehension disappearing from Josh’s eyes. Looking into his changing eyes, I smiled and unfastened the clip of his trousers, followed by the zip. I slipped my left hand into the opening and inside his tented briefs. He gasped a little and tensed as he felt my fingers wrap around the shaft of his cock. I didn’t move my hand, simply enjoying the sensation of him throbbing as I squeezed gently. I could see his demeanour changing with each passing second and just as I began to stroke his shaft, he took hold of my left breast. I moaned in response as he caressed, squeezed and then pinched my nipple.

Verity moaned with pleasure. I turned my head to look what was happening. She was lying, length ways on the table, on her back, legs open wide and Greg stood with trousers around his ankles, fucking her steadily.

I had to get a move on I thought. Quickly, I moved onto the floor, took hold of Josh’s trousers and briefs and as he lifted his hips, pulled them down. I pulled off his shoes and removed his trousers and briefs completely. Forcing his legs apart, I took a few seconds to look at his balls and cock, noticing that his balls were free of hair and pubes around his shaft, trimmed neatly. Leaning forward, I started to lick him seductively. I flicked my tongue around his balls, feeling him shudder a little before allowing my tongue to venture up his thick, hard shaft. I tried to maintain eye contact as the tip of my tongue travelled higher, eventually reaching his knob. Slowly, I circled, licking the pre-cum and coating his cock with my saliva.

I noticed Josh’s eyes look beyond me, to where Matt was sitting. A few seconds later, I felt hands caressing my bare arse cheeks. Pulling away from his cock, I motioned for Josh to move and sit on the table, close to Verity’s head. I stood up as he moved and without hesitation, once he’d sat as I’d suggested, took his cock into my mouth. My focus was on taking his thick six inches as deep into my mouth and throat as I could. However, just as my lips had circled around his knob, I felt my legs being parted and an instant later, Matt sliding his cock between my pussy lips.

As I moaned involuntarily, my mouth opened wider and as Matt eased himself into me; it forced Josh’s cock further inside my mouth. I gagged a little as his knob went down my throat. I tensed, trying to control the sensations surging through my body and emotions raging in my head.

Josh took hold of my head and began to guide my mouth on and off his throbbing cock. At the same time, Matt had started to move in and out of my dripping wet pussy. I felt powerless and as though I was being used by the two men. I wanted to move my hips in response to Matt, but I was also desperate to give a mind blowing blow-job to the stranger I’d seduced. However, I wasn’t sure how to react to them.

“Oh fuck that feels intense Jo. Verity was right,” Matt said, as he began to move with a faster rhythm, in and out of me.

I could feel my pussy throbbing with an increasing intensity, as if trying to milk Matt’s cock. Matt took the opportunity to reach around my body and squeeze my breasts as he moved in and out of my pussy with a steady rhythm. I was so turned on, hearing Verity encouraging her boyfriend to fuck me as she moaned more. Josh had my head in his hands, guiding my mouth on and off his cock. To begin with, he moved me with a steady motion, but within seconds of his knob entering my throat, he became more urgent. I was being moved faster and faster and his cock was throbbing harder. The sensations raging through my body were making it virtually impossible to maintain the right angle to allow Josh’s cock access to my throat. Every few seconds, as my pussy contracted hard on Matt’s cock, I’d tense involuntarily and gag a little. It was uncomfortable but there was no way I was going to pull away, I wanted to swallow Josh’s cum.

Josh was starting to groan and moan as he said ”Oh fuck,” repeatedly. I prepared myself for him to shoot his load at any moment and for a second, stopped thinking about Matt. Suddenly, I felt fingertips on my clit as Matt continued to fuck me steadily. He circled my clit twice and my pussy gripped hold of his shaft, as if it was in a vice. My knees buckled but Matt steadied me and stopped me from falling.

I couldn’t gasp; Josh’s cock was stretching my mouth wide open. He grunted and pulled me hard onto him, forcing himself deeper inside my throat as I felt his balls slap against my chin. He moaned, “Oh fuck yes,” as he started to cum, spurting five or six times into me. I gagged and buckled again, but just as I thought I’d choke to death, I relaxed and began to climax. Wave after wave of pleasure radiated from my pussy through my body, sapping my strength. Matt held me up as he continued to fuck me and Josh pulled away.

I swallowed hard as I moaned, smiling as I looked up at Josh. He returned my smile, before turning to watch his friend Greg fucking Verity. Verity had her feet held up round her shoulders by Greg, who was pounding into her as hard as I could. She groaned each time his balls slapped into her, but trying to encourage him to keep going harder.

Once Josh had moved, I placed my hands on the bench and spread my feet a little further apart. Matt needed no more encouragement as I started to grind back against him, picking up the pace of his rhythm and driving his cock harder into my pussy.

Verity’s moans were growing more desperate by the second and although I was responding as much as I could to Matt, I couldn’t help watching the scene on the table in front of me. I was expecting Verity to cum, judging from her actions and Greg looked as though he was preparing to shoot his load. Watching the lustful scene was turning me on as much as being fucked by Matt. I’d cum once already with his cock inside me but as I watched Verity’s naked body writhing on the table, I could feel another orgasm building again.

Each throb of my pussy was more intense and making me moan each time my body tensed. I’d expected, being fucked from behind, that Matt’s cock would have teased my g-spot more. His shaft made contact with my g-spot every few seconds, frustrating me a little that he wasn’t stimulating me better. My arousal was created by the situation. I was naked in public, had sex with Verity, seduced two strangers, giving one a blow-job, watching the other fuck her and was being fucked at the same time. As I saw Verity tense and Greg’s eyes widen, knowing that she was about to climax, my pussy responded, contracting hard, making me gulp a last breath of air.

Matt pounded harder, virtually knocking me off my feet with each thrust and as I started to cum, I opened my eyes to see, Greg and Verity slumped together recovering from their orgasms. Matt took hold of my hips again, forcing me into him as he continued to fuck. Suddenly, he thrust harder and I felt him begin to empty himself inside my pussy. Spurt after spurt of cum filled me until he playfully slapped my arse and pulled away.

I stood up; enjoying the sensation of my juices and Mat’s cum oozing from my pussy and watched Verity as she jumped down off the table. Within a second, we were hugging and laughing, agreeing that we’d just had and incredible experience.

“We should go back to my house and have sex in bed. I want to lick the cum out of your pussy,” I suggested.

Verity didn’t need asking twice, telling Matt we had to go then as she encouraged me back to our pile of discarded clothes. Matt laughed, suggesting that Verity and I walk to my house and he’d follow in the car with our clothes.

“You mean you want us to walk there naked,” Verity said with a hint of protestation in her voice.

I was excited by the prospect. If I’m honest, once naked, I’d no intention of putting my dress back on, but Verity needed a little more persuasion from Matt before she agreed to go with me. Whilst he was talking to her, he’d put on his shorts and I’d picked up my keys, from my handbag. Another thirty seconds passed before Verity was ready to walk home with me and as we began to walk towards the entrance to the beer garden, Matt picked up his drink, strolling back across the grass to talk to Greg and Josh.

Walking through the gate of the beer garden meant leaving the relative seclusion and privacy behind, moving into the gaze of the rest of the world. Verity and I held hands as we walked across the tarmac of the car-park. At 8.30 at night, the heat on the ground against my bare feet had disappeared, to be replaced by a refreshing coolness. The vacant spaces of earlier had been filled, both Verity and I giggling as we realised we’d been lucky not to have been having sex with more people watching.

Crossing the car-park allowed us to remain relatively hidden from the traffic on the main road, but as we stepped onto the pavement, there was no hiding place. I was so turned on, hearing car horns being honked in appreciation as we stood motionless, waiting for a gap in traffic so we could cross the road.

“This is such a rush Jo.”

With each car slowing down to get a better look at us, it seemed an age before we could cross the road and head down the lane leading to my house.