The pool room

Wed Apr 26, 2006 11:54

81.178.4.201

I walked my beer from the bar into the room at the back with the single pool table. The room was just big enough for it and the bench seat down one side and into the far corner. Two guys in there mid thirties were playing pool, Mac and two other men were sitting watching, waiting for their game.

I had on a short black skirt and a shirt, silky and not too tight - but tight enough. The idea was to look too smart to be cheap or available, but cheap enough to be up for a laugh.
I wore a little pair of thong knickers like I always wore – black for the occasion and a white bra (as the black one to match the thong would show through the shirt).
My legs were good and tanned as it was the end of summer, and the high heeled black pumps made them look great. Every pair of eyes ran up and down me.

"Hi, can I get a game.” I said with a smile and another sip from the long neck beer.
Once more they looked me over.
"We take it in turns, winner stays on and there is a $10 bet for the game." said the surliest looking of the players.
"I haven’t got $10, Can some one stand me? Or can I play anyway?
"Sorry toots, it’s a man’s game, for money. All bets on the table before the game.” Surly again.

"Your panties will cover a game against me when I’m up (if you are wearing any).” Said Mac as I knew he would if we were on.
"Is that OK with you all, I get the next game and its $10 against my knickers?”
Surly looked at me. "Bets on the table before the game?”
"That’s what you said before.”
"You are on if I win then Honey.”
"Or if I do, so long as Stan (whose game I guess it was next) does not mind you jumping in.”
"Jump in.” said Stan.

I might explain now, Mac and I were ‘friends’ sometimes we played pool together, sometimes we got naked. He complained that if he was winning at the pool I used the naked to distract him – or at least the promise of later naked. My argument had been that I just used what skills I had – as I played with the buttons on my jeans. He thinks he came up with this little scheme, I won’t let on if you wont that it was all my idea – he was just there to keep me safe.

Pool Room 2

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"My names Sarah” I lied.
"Whatever.” said Surly
Stan said, “I’m Stan”, and then nodded at Surly – “he's Nev, and Will's playing too, this is Ben and it’s Mac’s lucky night to join us for the first time for a game.”

My hair was long. I tossed it over my shoulder and put it in a tail so I could play without it getting in the way. Of course this pushed my chest against the shirt. All of them were watching me. Surly's opponent, Will, could not take it and fouled, Surly Nev won.

"Ok then Honey, you are up. Here’s my $10, bets on the table if you want to play.”
"OK, but no touching right, no messing about, I’m not a hooker, just fancy a game or two of pool - agreed?”
They all nodded or grunted.
I turned away from them, to hide myself a bit, and put my hands up the sides of my skirt which was tight, but not so tight I had to show more than a bit of cheek to manage this. With a moments hesitation as I confirmed to myself I could do this, pulled off my knickers and stepped out of them, careful not to let them touch the slightly grubby floor. I rearranged my skirt, and turned back to them, the little black thong hanging from my left index finger, right hand on my right hip with my left hip thrust out and a grin on my face.
"$10 against my knickers. Do I break?”
"How do we know you are not wearing 2 pairs?” Nev was becoming a bit of a pain.
"I’m not, Mr Suspicious, but I’m not going to prove it now, that was not the bet, you will just have to trust me.”

Though I did not play badly Nev was a better player, he kept putting my behind towards the bench where the others sat, and I was aware that the skirt was tight enough to show it off, and short enough to show an awful lot of leg, though I hoped everything else was still hidden. As it was there were a couple of shots I would have taken had I had jeans or even knickers on, but the stretching was out with the possibility of more of me on show than I was yet ready for. I had 2 balls left on the table when he sunk the black and picked up his $10 and my knickers – putting both into his pocket.

"Beat you then girlie, Stan you up next then?”
"Can I stay on for another game?” I wanted to sound keen but not begging or whiney.
"No”
"I’ll bet my shirt.”
"I won, wait your turn.“ said Nev, though the others looked keen.
There was a chorus of “Come on Nev”, “’drather see her play”, and “Let her put her shirt on the table.”
"OK, it’s up to you Stan. I’ll pretend missy here won if Stan will play for her shirt rather than my $10”
"I’ll play her, though she can keep her shirt. What do I want with her shirt?” I guess Stan was not the sharpest tool there that night.
"Idiot, all bets on the table during the game.” said Will.
"Oh”
"Stan, I get the shirt back when I choose to leave.” I just wanted it clear to him.
The others agreed for him.
"If he wins I'll win of of him for you Miss Sarah.” said Will who may have been the sweetest one there.
Stan said "She can have it back anyway, but not till she is ready to leave.” At last he was catching on.
"Still no touching boys, I'll leave straight away if this gets out of hand.

Bottom of Form

Pool Room 3

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Facing them I unbuttoned my shirt – there were only seven buttons and two had been undone anyway, opening it I revealed my bra to them, and then slipped the shirt from my shoulders.
“Can I leave it on this hook, as it will get in the way when we play?” I asked Stan.
"Yup.” He replied not taking his eyes from my bra, though none of the others were either. It was white, as I mentioned and just lacy enough to be see through, especially where my darker nipples pushed at the lace, and it lifted and showed my tanned breasts to perfection.

I was surprised at how calm and relaxed I felt, when planning this I had been sure this moment would be difficult. Try as I might to kid myself it was just like a bikini top, I knew just how much my nipples showed through this bra – especially pumped up as they were now.

During game I asked “can someone get me a beer? I can’t go to the bar like this” and sure enough Mac jumped up to leave me alone with them, this was my return signal to tell him I was going to be OK to go the whole way.

Poor Stan could not concentrate on the game; he kept staring at the lacy bra and the peeking nipples, my bare legs, and my toned stomach. He was not good enough to stretch me or make me adopt unusual poses or positions to take advantage of my lack of clothing. I won easily.

“So, who’s next” I said as the black sank down. Ben Jumped up “My go Sarah, for $10? Or do you want to loose more clothes?”
“I’ll play you for your $10 Ben, but I’ll cover it with my shirt over there if you like?”

Ben liked, so I set to play another game in my heels, skirt and bra. Unfortunately that view was not enough to distract Ben for a second game. Though he was better than Stan at keeping me with my bottom pointed at the other guys, and again I had to choose carefully a couple of shots. Eventually I was left the black to win, but the only way to play it was to raise my right knee onto the table, and I knew everyone would see that I had not lied about a second pair of knickers. I chose a different shot and fouled leaving an easy run to the black for Ben’s game.

Will was up next, Nev had gone for some beers "If I can play again and I can persuade Nev to give me back my knickers Will you play me for this skirt? I get skirt back at end though - OK.”

Nev returned with some beer.
"Err Nev, can I have back my knickers? For nothing?” I asked
"No.”
"Give her the knickers Nev.” said Will.
"No”
"Go on, you have seen what my knickers look like on the table - don’t you think its worth giving them back to see what they look like on me?”
"If I win I’ll give you the $10 for them. You cant loose.” Said Will.
"Why”
"Well I can’t bet my skirt then, so I’m off.”
"Why not bet the $10 or your bra?” Nev I really disliked, enough to leave now, but Stan, Will and Ben were OK.
"I need the $10, and I won’t cover a $10 bet with my bra.”
"OK, I don’t want them, what would I do with them?” Nev finally agreed.
"His missus would go spare.” The others chuckled at that.

Nev handed me my knickers, and though I was less than keen on putting them on after he had had his hands on them I slipped them on, and wriggled them under my skirt, before (still facing away from them) checked I was covered. I undid my skirt, and slid it down my legs, bending from the waist to show of my firm and tanned behind not much covered by my thong. Checking once again the knickers covered my front properly, I turned to face them
"Thanks Nev. See I was only wearing one pair.”

Pool Room 4

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81.178.4.204

It’s true, they covered my pussy, but mostly because it was well trimmed, they were not tiny, hot stripper knickers, but neither were they everyday ones. From there faces I could tell I had chosen them well. Again I was surprised that I did not freak out. Though the thong was black and opaque there was not a lot of material, so not a lot of me was covered. Either because I felt so in control, or because Mac’s presence made me feel safe, I was surprisingly calm, though admittedly excited.

There are few things that distract a man like a woman in high heels, a thong and a bra. Even when the bra and thong don’t match men seem not to care. Though it was the most relaxed of the games I played that night, and Will was a true gent, friendly, and chatty so I barely noticed how little I had on. Poor Will however had five of his balls on the table when I sunk the black. He just smiled, and took another look at me.

“Winner stays on – I guess its Mac next”
“Go get her Mac” said Ben.
Mac was a bastard. He was very good, better than Surly Nev, and he had seen me before in this getup and less so even standing in his eye line while he shot did not help me. He kept putting the white where I really had to stretch or lift one leg, with my back to the guys, or facing them to show all my cleavage. He was sneering.

Shots I would not dare have made in just the skirt, I attempted in the knickers, ensuring that the guys saw all but the last few inches of my skin. Eventually he won because I made a silly foul when my breast touched the ball I was leaning over and knocked it into the pocket – it was the black ball and almost deliberate on my part. I had gotten to the stage where it was either leave or go the whole way, the knowledge of those strangers eyes all over me was making me excited in that special way, not to mention both hard of nipple and more than a little damp.

"Well, that’s it, played you all. I’ve still got $10, (I had spent some on some beers), and I've run out or beer. I need the money to get home, and there is nothing else I am going to bet for $10. So I’m going to put my skirt and blouse back on and leave you guys to it. Thanks for the games"
"Come on, I'll buy you a beer and you can play one last game. No bets.” Will said
"Got to bet, you said so at the start.” I replied.
"No, no don’t worry.” Said Stan
"No rules are rules you said.” I argued.
"You will need more than $10 for a ride from here, I’ll give you a lift home.” This was Mac.
"No, no lift, thanks I’ll get a taxicab”
"I’ll bet $20 against your bra. $20 Will be enough to see you home and cover you for one last game, if you are up to it.” said Nev who was quite into this now. More I think to humiliate me than because he wanted another game.

"No, $10 the man outside said $10 would be enough.”
"That was earlier, by this time it will be double fares.” Nev grinned at me.

"I’ll walk after $10 worth, and $20 is not enough of a bet for my bra"
"$30 against the bra - all bets on the table.” said Nev, surly no longer.
"Not sure $30 is enough, not bets on the table. I have only time for one more game, what can you come up with between you?” I hit the line!
"Are we being scammed.” said Will.
"You are not; I have not been playing worse that I can. But what have you got to loose, even if I were?"
"I’ve only got $10 left
"I’ve got $30
"I’ve got $15
"I’ve got $50
"With mine we can make it $130." Ben said.
"That’s a lot of money, to see my chest.” I said.
"$130 for the lot" said Nev as I knew he would.
"I’m keeping my shoes on.”
"You are kidding" asked Stan.
"No I keep my shoes on this floor is filthy.”
"No about the Knickers" this was Ben, they were all keen now.

"No I’ve bet them before already. $130 and I’ll cover it with my bra and knickers; Bets on the table. Who am I playing?”
"It’s Nev's turn. OK” said Will, I think he knew Nev could extend the game as Mac just had.
"Nev, one game of pool I get to walk out after the game. No touching by anybody or I dress and leave and that means not during or after, win or loose.”
"OK, your skirt and bra stay on the hook though.” said Nev.
"That’s the deal, but I still get my skirt and shirt back, whatever.”
"After the game you get your clothes back, no one will touch you we all agree." said Nev and the others confirmed it.
"I loose I’ll leave my underwear here – you can throw it away or keep it as a memento. I win I get the $130.“
“You don’t have to leave it here anyway we don’t want it, but if you loose you don’t wear it out?”.
"Someone better get me a beer then we have a bet.”
"Wait till I get back with the beer then.” Stan left for the drinks.

Pool Room 5

Wed Apr 26, 2006 11:58

81.178.4.204

He came back and handed me the bottle. I took a sip and put it on the table.
"Money on the table.”
Mac placed the $130 down on the table in the corner as close to where the five of them sat as it would go.
"Cover the bet” said Stan.
Facing away from them I removed my bra. I turned to face them right arm across my nipples, the other holding the bra. I walked to where the money was and put the bra down covering the money with it. Then I walked back to my beer.
Six pleading eyes, Neville’s smirking ones and Macs still unreadable watched me. For the first time since entering the bar I felt a flutter of nerves, so I reached, right handed for my beer - uncovering my chest.

"Are they worth $130. They are real.” I asked, trying for calm but feeling my heart in my throat and a blush across my chest.
"They are fine, but that was not the bet.”
"That’s right - these were.” I indicated my little black thong.
Again I turned my back to them. With both thumbs I hooked my waist band, and quickly slid my knickers down my thighs to the point where I released them and they fell to the dirty floor, not caring now as win or loose I was not putting them back on. I held the pose for a second, knowing what they could see even though my thighs were touching each other. Then I stood and took a backwards half step out of my knickers – bringing me closer to them, and bent again, this time even further down, legs as straight and close together as I could make them and still reach the floor with my right hand which grasped the tiny scrap of material. I straightened and with my left hand I covered myself and turned to face them. I reached out with my right hand, with the knickers in it and dropped them on the edge of the table, deliberately just missing so they slid off and hit the floor.

I grabbed my beer, again with my right hand and took a long drag, then put it back on the table. I walked to the cue rack, right amongst the guys, and with my right hand I took my cue. I walked back to where I had stripped. They were all watching me, having seen the all around view and a bit of a close up now they were all intently focussed on my still covering left hand.

"Oh, you want to see? I suppose I can’t actually play with my hand here. OK.”
Now I was nervous, I had been excited al along, and had been getting more so. Taking my knickers of had not bothered me, walking so close to the guys had made me feel just powerful and very attractive but I had not considered this moment before, I was not sure I could do it now. It was a great feeling the excitement and the nerves.

I slowly slid my left hand round onto my hip; exposing that trim line of fur just an inch or so wide and 3 inches high that they so wanted to see. I was not sure what to do, but knowing they just wanted to look, I again grabbed my beer and took another sip. Then deliberately I caught the eye of each one in turn as I stood for that long minute that felt like an hour.

“Do you need them on the table? I asked.
No response so I put down my beer, and leaned my cue on the table this time bending from the knees I picked up my thong and walked back towards them, this time not covering up, I dropped my little knickers on the bra.

Standing naked but for my heels and no more than three feet from any of five guys seated with eyes at my crotch level I felt so powerful, so in control, but at the same time terrified it could all go wrong now and I could get pawed, groped or even raped. With a hitch in my voice I asked “Bet is covered – though I’m not any more.” I laughed, nerves suddenly gone, “I can see some drool how about some pool. Who's break is it, Nev?”

I can’t remember much of the game, I know I started trying to keep my legs together – not a natural pool stance, but as the game wore on, and Nev constantly backed me into the other guys part of the table – so they were all behind my naked behind seeing all. Or put me in positions I needed to place one leg on the table I decided to sod it and just play pool. He deliberately extended the game, allowing me to pot six balls to his one before I realised just how much control of the table that gave him as he left me almost impossible shots – shots I could not have made clothed.

Eventually he left me slightly open – though it was the same shot I had declined while playing Will. This time I took it. Leaning right over the table the toes of my left foot just touching the floor with my right knee bent and my whole left shin flat on the table, arse up and with all the guys behind looking into my wide open and clearly visible pussy. I lined up the shot slowly, every breath causing my erect left nipple to touch the cloth of the table and the cue sliding over my right nipple as I paused then shot and sunk the black. I held the pose for a second or so – not for there pleasure but for mine. I didn’t come – though a little touch I might have done. I looked over my shoulder at there slack faces, for them the game forgotten, watching them for a moment as they looked deep inside me. I stood and looked at them, these strangers who had seen everything in the most obvious close up in a way even boyfriends in the past had not. I smiled and sat on the edge of the table, waiting for calm and my legs to stop there shaking.

For a second the nerves and self consciousness, forgotten the entire game, returned. The fear of rape swelled back up and I thought I may have to run away, grabbing my clothes as I escaped from them. But Nev reached out his hand to shake mine, and the fear went away “Good game” he said. I shook the hands of all the others, gentle Will “Money well spent”, slow Stan “I enjoyed that”, friendly Ben “See you again?”, and Mac, my security blanket.

I walked around the table. “Last look before I get dressed I said posing for them. Then I slid my skirt up my legs and my shirt over my shoulders buttoning the important buttons. I was glad to leave my knickers – even had they not been on the floor I knew there touch may well set me off and I did not want an orgasm in front of these men. I walked back to the money picked it and my bra and knickers up – good lingerie is hard to find. I walked from their lives.

-End-