**The Pub Game**

(A Dawn story)

We settled into a pattern over the next few weeks. Every Friday our

housemate, Paul, would go away and Alex and I would spend the night watching

pornography, masturbating and making love. During the day on Saturday I

would wear skimpy clothes, or less, around the house, or we might drive off

somewhere for me to be a little more public with my exhibitionism. I had to

make sure we didn't go into town as I didn't want to meet anyone I knew from

university. And on Saturday night we would go next door and have a meal with

Alfred and Gladys. I would wear some sexy outfit from the box she had given

me. We would spend the first part of the evening often just talking about

this, the way it revealed my body and so on. Later on we would talk about

more general things and I would forget that I was there on display. They

became quite close friends. I told them a couple of my stories from my

summer vacation, which made Gladys laugh and Alfred shake his head in mock

dismay. I was quite happy, in its own way it resembled a conventional

set-up.

It was one such Saturday when I first met Vic. I was wearing a loose

see-through blouse that I had unbuttoned all the way to the bottom button.

When I bent over to give Alfred some tea he had a clear view of my naked

breasts and his hand trembled as he took a biscuit. I was also wearing a

very short, flared skirt with no knickers so when I gave a drink to Alex,

Alfred got a good view of my naked bum too. This was all part of the silent

agreement we had. I would flash and exhibit myself to them and they wouldn't

touch me, although Gladys in particular liked to discuss it. "Ooh, I really

like the way your boobs push out in that," she would say, or, "make sure

Alfred gets a good eyeful when you give him this."

She was busy making dinner and I was sitting next to Alfred, so he had a

good side view of my breasts as the blouse opened out. This was actually the

first time I had worn something that gave them a clear view of my breasts,

so I was quite exhilarated. There was a knock at the door. I covered myself

up, but before anyone could move a tall, skinny man was in the lounge,

having opened the door himself. He was slightly younger than Alfred, but

still in his fifties. He had ferrety features and deep-set eyes. He didn't

look at all trustworthy.

"Hello!" he called as he came swaggering into the room. Then he saw me and

stopped. His immediate attention was taken by my legs which stretched out

before me and which the microskirt hid almost nothing of. Then he noticed my

top and how much of it was undone and the flesh on view. He then leered at

me knowingly. I felt a bit repulsed by him.

"And who might you be?" he asked patronisingly.

Gladys had come out of the kitchen. She was flustered, "oh, err, this is

Dawn and Alex. They're students. From next door. Popped in to say hello."

I could see she was embarrassed and also worried about what he might say to

all their friends.

"Aye, aye," he winked at Alfred. "You didn't mention her Alfred. No wonder

you've had a smile on your face down the club. Pleased to meet you Dawn, I'm

Vic." He offered me his hand, which I shook reluctantly. He ignored Alex

completely, but that didn't seem to bother Alex. He seemed to be quite

enjoying everyone else's awkwardness and was grinning happily.

"I just popped around to see if you were coming down the club later. But I

guess not. Busy I suppose," he said eyeing me up and down. I wanted to run

out, but I couldn't give him the satisfaction of squirming, so I sat still,

trying to be relaxed.

Just then a woman entered. She didn't say anything, but looked at me and her

eyes widened momentarily. She then disappeared behind Vic.

"Come on love, Alfred and Gladys are entertaining their young guests

tonight." Everything he said seemed to have lewd connotations.

"I'll see you out," Gladys said. "We'll see you on Tuesday."

We all stood and followed her out. In the crowded hallway, as Gladys was

saying goodbye to Vic's wife, I felt a hand go up my skirt. I turned my head

to Alfred, startled, before I realised Vic had managed to get behind me and

was now mauling my bum, while his wife was talking to Gladys no more than

three feet away. I stiffened as his hand groped my naked bottom, and then

slid quickly between my legs to just touch my pussy. I clamped my legs

together hard and he tugged his hand away.

"Nice meeting you," he said, as they left.

Back inside the lounge I told everyone what had happened. Alex, being the

little pervert he is, thought it was great and I could see he was excited by

the thought of me being touched up while surrounded by everyone. I must

admit I half shared his excitement, while also feeling somewhat degraded.

"Oh, he is a one alright," Gladys said. "Always after the ladies he is. When

I was a bit younger he used to come onto me all the time. You might not

believe it now but I used to be a bit of a looker." She preened her permed,

bleached hair at this point. "And I had a figure as well. Not quite as good

as yours Dawn, but the fellas used to be after me."

"I bet they did Gladys. How did that make you feel Alfred?"

"Oh, aye, they were always after her. Especially that Vic. I didn't mind

though. I trusted her. It's nice to have a lady that other men admire -

isn't that so Alex?"

"Oh yes. Did you wear stuff like Dawn then Gladys?"

This elicited one of her trademark cackles, "ooh no love. I would have been

arrested if I'd worn stuff like that back then. I wouldn't have minded

though, think of all the attention I could have had eh?"

"Would you have liked it Albert?"

"Aye, would have been fun like."

"Well it's never too late," I teased her.

"I don't think anyone wants to see my saggy boobs, love. They reach down to

my waist now. No, showing yourself off is a young person's game. You enjoy

it while you can, all too soon you'll be covering yourself up, not exposing yourself."

"So, that Vic is a bit of lady chaser is he? I can't imagine he gets much

success."

"I don't know," Albert said, lighting one of his roll-up cigarettes. "It's

all about trying. If you keep on asking you'll get lucky occasionally. I

remember a few years back, at Ruby's wedding. There was this young barmaid

there, about your age. Pretty she was. He was all over her, pestering her

all night. She kept giving him the brush off and we all thought he had no

chance. Late in the evening I went out the back for a breath of fresh air,

and I heard this zipping sound. I ducked down behind a car and I could see

them at the back of the car park. She was on her knees, sucking his, you

know, knob. Then he pulled her top off. She had luscious tits all big and

white in the moonlight. He lifted up her skirt and shagged her from behind

over some bins. I could see his bony bum going in and out and she was

gripping the bins, crying with pleasure. So you see, you never can tell."

This was the most I had ever heard Alfred say. Gladys looked a bit shocked.

"You never told me that Alfred," she said, stony-faced.

He blushed, "well, I weren't proud of having spied on them like. I felt kind

of grubby afterwards."

I patted his knee, "don't feel grubby Alfred. If they were doing it there I

can tell you they wanted to be seen. I wouldn't mind betting they knew you

were there."

"My God, do you think so? I never thought of that. Oh, dear." He looked

ashamed.

Gladys took pity on him, "don't worry love. I would have done the same. You

should have told me. It's a good story, isn't it you two?"

"Oh yes," Alex said. "I want to hear more about this girl's tits."

"Alex! Do you think about nothing else?" I scolded him. The others laughed.

We passed the rest of the evening pleasantly, and when we went to leave

Alfred gave my bum a light pat.