



BETA

Baring Violet

Volume II

*Half-Way
To Naturism*

**Written by
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Daring Violet

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Half - Way To Naturism

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*At Beta Publishing, our speciality
isn't 'sex scenes' – to give you a clue
think of Lady Gaga's catchphrase**

**no pants*

TURNING OVER A NEW (FIG) LEAF

My name is Violet and one of my eccentricities is, I must admit, that I am a bit of an exhibitionist. Even back when I was a teenager and I'd go to a beach on the south coast on a hot sunny day with my friends, I'd accidentally on purpose let the towel slip when I was changing, so that everyone around got to see me in the altogether for a few seconds. I loved that.

But in my home town there isn't any opportunity for anything like that. The community is very close-knit – everyone knows everyone – and if I found some equivalent way to 'let my feelings' (and everything else) show, I'm sure it would get back to my parents (with whom I live) in no time, and one sure thing is that they wouldn't be amused.

But today I had two arguments – one with my mother, which ended all too familiarly with her shouting (just before I slammed the door and escaped into the comparative serenity of the top end of North St) "I've had it just about up to

here with you – it's about time you found your own accommodation.” The other argument was with my boss, who was complaining in his bullying way about another deadline I had missed.

Being an impulsive creature, that double whammy all in one day did it for me – I told my boss he could stuff his job, and walked out after collecting my personal belongings.

Twenty minutes later I was on the phone to my shocked mother, telling her that I thought she was right after all – it was time to move on to pastures new – a different job and a different town. I told her that I'd already left my job and that I'd be round for some of my clothes later that afternoon. I told her I'd arrange transport for the rest of my stuff as soon as I'd found lodgings or whatever, in _____ton, my chosen destination, which was a town about 25 miles away.

“But ... But ... you can't do that, all so suddenly, not in today's job climate. You must be out of your senses,” said my mother.

“Too late, I've already done it,” I said. “I'm going to draw out my £1200 savings, and that'll pay

for B & B and my shopping for a month or so while I get everything sorted out. I'll be round for my clothes, including that washing you were doing for me, at 3.30," was how I finished the conversation. "See you then."

I drew out £200 of my money and arranged B & B accommodation over the phone, after looking up what was available on the internet – I arranged it for 4 days initially, in case I wasn't happy with it and wanted to move on.

I went round my parents' house at 3.30 as I had said. My mother had calmed down a bit, thank goodness, and we had a reasonably unstrained conversation. But she told me that the colours had run from a jumper she had included in my washing and a lot of my clothes had been ruined, including some of my underwear. I tried not to let that upset me too much, and concentrated on collecting a range of what was available.

After – in the circumstances – fairly amicable goodbyes, with promises to be in touch quite soon, I made my way to ____ton.

It was on the way there that I had an inspirational idea. I had lost 8 of my pairs of knickers in the

wash. Well, that was the signal for the new wild and wanton me – I would dispose of my other 6 pairs too! This would be my opportunity to be ‘my true self’ at last.

I got to the B & B place I had booked and was quite pleased with it. The landlady was very friendly and first impressions were that I would be happy to stay there for quite a bit longer than those initial 4 days. This was the start of my new life.

THE BANK

The next day I went to the jobcentre to see what was available.

A job as a clerk in an administrative building of one of the banks, located locally, caught my eye, and I enquired about it. The bank was one of the biggest employers in the town.

The man behind the counter at the jobcentre arranged an interview for me for the next day, at 3pm.

For the interview I decided to wear my quite short green dress and a cream anoraky type coat.

When I turned up at the administrative building the receptionist showed me into a waiting room, where I was to wait for Mr Parke from Human Resources.

The waiting room was just a small room, with green walls and 2 doors, and just 4 chairs by one of the walls.

No-one else was in the room when I arrived, and I sat down on one of the chairs.

There was a loudspeaker by the ceiling from which was coming some pop music which I knew quite well. I found myself tapping my feet to the music.

After about 10 minutes a man came through the door on the right. From his expression I sensed something was wrong.

“Miss Dean” he said “I am Mr Parke from Human Resources. I have been watching you through the CCTV for the last 5 minutes and I have to say that we will be unable to offer you a post. We are an ethical employer here and uphold high principles.”

“But – but ... what about my interview?” I said.
“That’s been cancelled.”

The penny dropped. I had been a bit free and easy with my legs, tapping my foot to the music and those bloody CCTV cameras, which you don’t think about, get everywhere – it gets right on my tits – or more exactly, in this case, up my skirt!

But I was getting angry now. I said to him
“So – you’ve been watching me on the CCTV

for 5 minutes or so – well, I hope you had a good time – and didn't eat too much popcorn.” He said, “That will be enough, Miss Dean. I must ask you to leave.”

I left. With a parting:

“Well, I didn't want the lousy job anyway. For one thing your adverts on TV nearly make me puke.”

FINDING MY FIRST JOB IN _____TON

The next day I went back to the jobcentre. The lady behind the counter was a bit more talkative than the man had been a couple of days previously, and, after hearing my rather vague spiel about what it was I thought I'd like to do, and what it was I could do, she said "Actually we've just had a vacancy come through for an assistant in a rather trendy card shop. Do you think that might appeal to you?"

I agreed that it might be an idea.

She duly arranged for an interview for me that afternoon.

I turned up at the appointed time and introduced myself to the girl behind the till. She went to get the owner/manageress. The manageress appeared – a rather tall, middle-aged lady with squinting eyes and quite a stern demeanour. "Oh, you look a rather trendy young thing," she said. "I'm sure you'll do nicely."

She gave me details of what my basic duties would be – they didn't sound too onerous. The pay wasn't too bad either – just a little more than I had been getting in my previous job.

All in all she seemed pleasant enough, I suppose, and whilst I had ambitions to get something with a little more 'status' in due course, thought this would be alright for a few weeks, or even months.

So I accepted.

The manageress did warn me that she had failing eyesight – "Quite often you'll have to be my 'eyes' for me," she said.

"By the way," she said, "We try to make this quite a trendy shop, and the dress code for young women staff such as yourself is navy blue skirts or dresses (not trousers) – not too short, but not very long either – look at Natalie over there to see the sort of thing."

I gulped. Natalie's skirt was quite short, and with my little 'eccentricity' that could be interesting, especially when some of the stock displayed was so high up!

(And I could see a stepladder in the corner, obviously used for getting to the high stuff. Were there going to be some male customers in the near future going to their GPs suffering from a crick in the neck – not to mention aching from too much exercise lower down?)

Anyway, we agreed that I would start the following Monday at 9am.

FINDING MORE PERMANENT ACCOMMODATION

Things were looking up. Already I had a job lined up and now I was in a position to look for (more permanent) accommodation. It looked like I wouldn't have to spend very long in B & B after all.

I had in mind renting a 1 or 2 bedroom flat in the cheaper side of town – I had worked out that that was what I could probably afford.

I looked in the windows of several estate agents that did letting as well as selling, and 2 or 3 flats looked promising, judging by the photos and brief details given.

I decided which was probably my first choice and entered the shop. A charming young man dressed in a brown suit, white shirt and stripy tie welcomed me and I described my requirements and the flats I'd seen in the window, that I was interested in.

"You are working, I suppose?" he enquired. I

explained about my newly acquired post at the card shop.

“Good, good,” he said “of course you’ll need to get a reference.”

“That should be OK,” I replied.

“Are you looking for furnished or unfurnished?”

“Furnished,” I replied.

“Well, of those flats you were interested in, this one is furnished,” he said, getting the details.

“It is unoccupied at present and I can arrange a viewing for tomorrow afternoon. I’ll show you round myself.”

“That would be fine,” I said.

We arranged a time.

So, the next day at 3pm I turned up at the flat – it was just a 10 minute walk from town – and he was there waiting for me.

“Wonderful to see you,” he said. “I’m sure you’ll like it.”

I was dressed in a white T-shirt and quite short blue denim skirt.

“Come inside,” he said “it’s just up this flight of stairs.” I followed him and immediately noticed that it was practically bare – almost completely unfurnished.

“I thought you said it was furnished,” I said.

“It will be within a week,” he said. “I can show you pictures of the inside of the owner’s other flat, and I understand this will be furnished in almost exactly the same way.”

He got out a few photos and the furnishings as seen in them did indeed look quite good – a bit luxurious even.

He showed me round the kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. I must admit I rather liked the decorations. Then we came to the lounge. As with the other rooms, this was completely bare – apart from a couple of bean bags and a coffee table.

“I got my assistant to bring these bean bags especially,” he said. “It’ll take a little while to explain all the ins and outs of the contract. If you like the sound of it we can go back to the office and do the necessary paperwork,” he said.

“But I’ll be as brief as I can. Anyway, sit down, sit down.”

“I don’t mind standing,” I said.

“As I said, it’ll take at least a quarter of an hour, and I’m going to sit, anyway.” He sat down.

I gingerly crouched down and sat on the red bean bag.

His smile broadened, and he said “I’ll be brief, but not that brief – I will have to make you completely aware of all the advantages and disadvantages, the legal terms and conditions etc etc,” as he moved his bean bag 2 or 3 feet to the left so he was more or less facing me, and sat down again.

Frequently looking at me to see that I was in agreeance, he proceeded to tell me the advantages of the flat. He did seem to go into rather a lot of detail.

Twenty five minutes later he said that now it was time to put me into the picture about the legal side of it all. So he got out a 35 page document and proceeded to read – all of it. When he got to page 10, he paused for a breather, and I thought it my duty to make some comment or ask a question about the flat. So I said

“By the way, what are the views like?”

“The views? Good. Very good. Oh, from the windows. Yes, the main one in the lounge looks out over the street at the back of the flats. On the other side of the street is a newsagents.”

Suffice to say that I was with him on those two bean bags for two whole hours, and I really couldn't take all this information in anyway – it was all a bit too 'legal'. Anyway, he saw me to my feet with me agreeing to turn up at his office first thing next morning – it was now too late to do it that afternoon.

"Can I drop you anywhere in my car?" he asked.

"No, I'll be fine," I said.

MY FIRST DAY AT WORK IN _____TON

So – I arrived at Webster's card shop, bang on 9 the following Monday.

The girl on the till (of the week before) introduced herself again. Then there was Natalie, and Emmy and Gina. All quite young, like me. The manageress, Mrs Landon arrived and came over to me.

"Well then, Violet, you made it then. I see you've acquired a rather fetching navy blue skirt and white blouse. Very good, very good.

Your main job for the first few weeks will be the replenishment of stock on the displays.

We normally have on display up to about 6 cards of each design. When it gets down to 2, 4 more cards of that type need to be acquired from the warehouse to replenish that code number of card.

So, Violet, for your first few weeks you will be

responsible for this aisle on the right – birthday cards for family and relations. Natalie, show her the ropes, will you?”

The ropes? If she was of that bent, I thought, she might feel like tying me up with them, if we have to do too much work up the ladder.

The displayed cards and other stock in that aisle went nearly up to the ceiling, and steps would obviously be required to reach the ones at the top. In fact I could see a set of steps 30 feet away, towards the back of the shop.

Anyway, the manageress, saying she would be back for her usual inspection at 11, left for her office, leaving me to be trained by Natalie.

Natalie showed me how to, first, note when a particular design had gone down to 2 copies (or less), take down the code number, then go into the warehouse and find the supplies of that particular card. In fact we would do about half a dozen together, it being more labour saving.

Natalie did the first few, then she said that I should be able to continue unaided from then on. “If there are any problems, give me a shout,” she said, “Oh, and for the high stuff,

you'll need the steps, which are over there."

I happily went about my new work (I always was a fast learner), but studiously avoided doing anything very high up.

At 11, the manageress came out for her inspection, as promised. She noted a few 'statistics' in her notebook – I believe she noted how many customers were perusing the cards and other things in each aisle – things like that.

Then she came over to me and said
"Well now, Violet, how are you getting on?"
"Quite well, I think, Mrs Landon – I've done these ones so far (pointing to what I had done)."

"Yes, that's good," said the manageress, "Oh, but you haven't done these higher things here. Go and get the steps."

When I came back with the steps, she said
"See those 3 things – there, there and there – go up and get the code number for them. I'll hold the bottom of the ladder for you."

I gulped. But then climbed up. And waited for the cry of rage. Oh well, I thought, I lasted 2 hours in this job – now it's back to the drawing

board – and the jobcentre again.

But no cry of rage came. Then I remembered. The manageress had failing eyesight. Blimey, I thought, she probably thinks I've got beige panties on.

I noticed that Natalie gave me a bit of a look, though.

After 15 minutes on the shop floor, the manageress went back to her office.

Nothing much very eventful happened for the rest of the day, except that one young man came in and was perusing the birthday cards in the 'My brother' section – right near where I was climbing up to the 'posh' carrier bags. I could sense an 'agitated' feeling below, from the young man, and blow me if he wasn't hanging around that aisle for 40 minutes, hoping I would be going up those steps again (I was pretty sure).

I went out at 1 – my lunch break, and got myself a baguette, and continued with the work in the afternoon.

Natalie came over a couple of times, and

looked as if she was about to say something, but then didn't.

At 5.30, the manageress came out and said to me

"Well, how did it go? – are you coming back tomorrow, that is the main thing?"

"Oh yes, I quite enjoyed it, Mrs Landon. I'll see you tomorrow."

And so it was the end of my first day at work in _____ton.

MAKING A FRIEND

Today at the card shop I was given a task to do with one of the other girls – Gina. It was 5 weeks before Mothers day, and our stock of cards for that had just arrived. The task we were given was to clear space on the displays for these and to start putting them out. The manageress thought it would take probably over a day for us to do this.

Gina and I were getting on doing this when she said

“Do you mind if I ask you a question, Violet?”

“No, of course not,” I said.

“You er ... you don’t wear any knickers, do you – I’ve noticed it several times – especially when you’re up those steps.”

“Well actually, no I don’t – I haven’t since I moved to this town about a month ago.”

Gina laughed. “It sounds fun, actually. Though I wouldn’t do it, of course. No way. For one thing my mother would go spare. Other reasons too, of course. But like I said, it sounds quite a fun thing. Cool. What made you start?”

“Oh, I just thought about it one day, and it was something to do, I suppose.”

“Have you made many friends since you’ve been here, to go out drinking with, or something?”

“Not really, not yet” I said.

“We could go out for a drink if you like,” said Gina.

“My best friend has just moved to _____, so I’m really in the same position as you – hardly any drinking partners for a good night out.”

Her saying that cheered me up quite a bit. I had begun to be feeling a bit lonesome here in my new town – it wasn’t like it had been in my home town, with half a dozen close friends to call upon.

So I said “That would be nice – I’d like that.”

“What are you doing next Friday night?” she asked.

“Nothing, so far” I replied.

“Well, if you like, we could meet at The Mill Arms about 8 o’clock say, and I’ll show you 2 or 3 of my favourite pubs.”

“Yes – by the way, have you got a boyfriend?”

“A boyfriend? Not at the moment. But I’ve had 3 or 4 in the last year or so. A lad called Tom was my last. Oh, you thought I might be... no, I’m not a lesbian.”

“Oh, that’s a relief,” I said “in that case next

Friday sounds great.”

(For a moment I had been wondering what kind of ‘relief’ Gina was after.)

From then on, Gina became my closest friend, while I was in _____ton.

THE RELIGIOUS GROUP

I was in a pub in town one evening with my newly acquired friend – Gina, and we were sipping our lagers and lime, and I noticed a group of about 6 young men, mid-twenties I suppose, who were sitting at the next table. And I saw that they all had soft drinks. I remembered that a friend of mine from my previous life – back in my home town – had remarked to me that if you see a group of people like that, and they were obviously over 18, the chances were that they were a religious group, possibly just come from a Bible study even, or something like that.

This thought slightly amused me, and I looked at the group. Did they look religious? Well I looked at their bags, on the floor beside them. Yes, I could see a Bible in one of them. It looked like my friend knew what he was talking about.

I went back to my conversation with Gina. We were talking about some aspect of work, and she was talking quite quietly. I was straining to hear what she was saying. I leaned forward in my chair to be a bit closer.

Suddenly the chair collapsed from under me and I was on the floor. I had hurt my back a bit and my legs were all akimbo. I realised that some people – particularly those boys at the next table – probably had a good view of my fanny, but I was hurting quite a bit and I just couldn't be bothered to close my legs up.

One of those boys said "I say". He wasn't smiling and he didn't look amused. Then I heard another say "Straight to hell, straight to hell." I did a double take. Is that what he had said – straight to hell?

Some resolve was forming in me. I slowly got up and sat back on my chair.

"Did you hear what that man said?" I asked Gina.

"Yes, I did," she replied.

"Right, I'll bloody teach them," I said to my friend, "up to now the only people that have got to see my snatch was mainly through some accident, like an unexpected gust of wind or me falling over. But by golly from now on I shall bloody well engineer it. And as well as ordinary 'red-blooded males' who'll probably appreciate it, sometimes – just occasionally – I'll go out of my way to do it to those who probably won't appreciate it – deliberately make my 'mark' the

most innocent looking, ‘other-worldly’ person I can find, just for the hell of it – just to shock him out of his dream world, and to wake him up a bit. Who knows, maybe I’ll be the cause of him – well, becoming more normal, and noticing when someone is wearing a skirt (even though most of them will have panties on underneath). As I say, this is just to teach that bunch of so and so’s on the next table.”

Gina was clapping. She laughed “Well, you might need a ‘stooge’ sometimes, I think. Do you mind if I am that?”

I smiled and thought about it “Yes, I think I might need one. Yes, we could have some fun together. Why not?”

FIRST 'MARK'

(Gina and I had decided that tonight I was rather naughtily going to expose myself to someone who (we decided) would probably not be amused – our 'mark'.)

On the Friday night we met at The Cross Keys at 8 and had a couple of warm-up drinks.

"Who is going to be your 'mark' tonight, then?" giggled Gina.

I surveyed the room.

"I think we should start off with someone more or less on their own. So it would be anyone of 4 or 5. I think either that pretty gormless looking chap over there, who looks about 30, with the sports jacket that usually only old men wear these days, or alternatively that one over on the right, about 10 years older, with the pudding basin haircut, trying to look self-important, but nevertheless you can tell he's been in a minimum wage job for about 20 years."

"Yes, I see what you mean. If I were you I'd choose the second one, I think."

"Alright, I'll trust your judgement. Plan B?"

"Okay then, I'll just replenish our glasses – then

it's all systems go."

Gina went to the bar and got our drinks. We were both drinking white wine.

Gina went over and said to the man

"Hi there, I'm Gina. See my friend over there, Violet (pointing at me) – she's interested in you – why don't you come over and talk to us?"

I don't think the man was used to this sort of attention. He hesitated a few seconds, looking first at my friend, then across at me. I looked back – my best 'come hither' look.

He said "Alright then, I'll come over and talk to you."

They came over to where I was standing.

"Hello," I said "What's your name?"

"Henry," he said.

"And what do you do for a living?"

"I work at Asda," he said.

"Oh really. You're not the manager?"

"Er, no. I work on a checkout."

"Oh, so anyway – you could say you were in sales, I suppose."

"Well I am part of the team," he said.

"That's interesting," I said. "I'm in sales – in lingerie, actually." (That was the test. If he looked excited and enthusiastic at that, he wasn't our man, but if he looked non-plussed and as if he was getting out of his depth, then

he was.)

It was very much the latter. “So ...” piped up Gina, talking to me, “Oh but you don’t really walk the talk, do you, Violet?”

“Well, not really,” I said.

“Er, what do you mean by that?” asked Henry.

“Oh, Violet doesn’t really believe in all this lingerie lark – look, she’s got no panties on.” – and as she said that she lifted up my skirt at the back, revealing my bare bottom.

I showed mock outrage at Gina and shouted “Gina, what do you think you’re doing?”

It was all too much for Henry. He stumbled over his words...

“Oh my goodness. I – I’m afraid I like – nice girls – girls with a bit of – decorum.” And he stormed off.

MAKING MY 'MARK' (2) [A FAILURE, THIS TIME]

My chosen street to perform Plan C was not a very busy street – not many cars, not many pedestrians; but not too quiet. It did have a couple of bus stops.

My plan was (for most of the time) to wait at one of the bus stops (most of the time I would be the only one there) – and then wait for my 'mark' to approach. Typically a pedestrian would pass about every 2 minutes, so there were plenty of opportunities, if I was prepared to give it, say, an hour or so, to be sure I got the right man. And a man it was, that I was waiting for. But of a specific type.

He should be distinctly of the type described by words such as vague, colourless, dreamlike – otherwise there was every chance that he might really enjoy what was about to happen to him, which was not the plan at all, this time.

Five or six men of varying ages, approached and then passed me who I didn't think were the

right type. Then a man about 50 came along who seemed to me to be pretty vapid – boring, in a word. He was my ‘mark’ for today.

He was now about 40 yards away. There was ice on the road and pavement. I’d already done a recce and noted that there was a bit of ice on the pavement about 10 yards from the bus stop where I stood.

I made a show of looking at my watch, and making a decision, then went off towards the man. As I reached the patch of ice he was only about 15 yards from me. It was no trouble at all to slip up and end up ass over tit on the ground (an apposite word, me being without panties – or actually it was my pussy in full view as the man approached).

The man did a double take, and immediately came out of his slumber. There was a gleam in his eye as he quickened his pace and said cheerfully “Are you alright, miss,” taking me by the arm but, I noticed, making no effort to pull me up (and his eyes were very definitely trained, like a zoom lens, on my fanny).

Cripes and double cripes, I’d misjudged it. I’d got myself a randy old man and I’d made his

month – rather than sending him reeling as I had hoped.

Oh, well, back to the drawing board, I suppose.

THE FLASHY RAINCOAT

Today was Sunday – a day off, because the card shop didn't open on Sundays.

Gina and I were meeting at a coffee shop at 11.30, and then going on later to a pub/restaurant for lunch.

I looked up the weather forecast on the internet – they said to expect frequent showers today. So I put on my new striking (quite bright) blue raincoat over my short pink dress.

"That's a pretty flashy raincoat," said Gina when we met – "such a bright blue and quite shiny too. Is it new?"

"Yes," I said, "I bought it from Debenhams in their spring sale."

"Well, I must say, you make me look quite scruffy," said Gina.

We queued up for our coffees. I noticed there was quite a dishy young man serving – that was unusual for this place, it was usually just girls behind the counter. We took our coats off and sat down. We were discussing

the manageress's latest plan to sell 5 cards together, of practically any type (except the very large ones) for £3. Usually they were well over a pound each.

"Do you think it'll be more work for us?" I asked. "Maybe," Gina replied, "we may take some of the trade from that card shop at the top of the High Street – they used to be cheaper than us."

After we had finished our coffees, we chatted on for a few minutes, then it was time to move on to the pub/restaurant. I put on my bright blue raincoat.

Gina was laughing at me.

"Do that again," she said – "Take your coat off and put it back on again."

I looked at her a bit strangely, but did as she said.

"I thought so," said Gina, "when you shrug on your raincoat, your dress rides up at the front and, well, you show your pussy, honey."

At the back of my mind I realised that the young man serving at the counter, which was only about 6 feet away, had noticed too. There was a noticeable lull in activity from that vicinity as I made his day, not just once, but (thanks to

Gina) twice, in the space of 2 minutes.

The customer who had to wait a bit longer than usual for his cappuccino, could be heard saying “Come on son, get a move on – you look like you’re in a dream.”

“Yes, that’ll be Plan F” said Gina “props required: the flashy raincoat. You should get in some more practice at the pub. Maybe we’ll get the waiter to drop a few plates or something.”

THE SCREW

Today at work it was to be Plan D (no stooge required). When I go up the steps, in the normal way, only occasionally does anyone see anything (unless I was to wear a widely flared skirt – which would make things a bit too obvious – and even the manageress wouldn't fail to notice then – which would be the end of my post, and back to the job centre). I had a plan to make things more certain. I had noticed that there was a screw sticking out of one of the legs of the steps near the top. It was only a question of getting the hem of my skirt caught up by that screw, as I was descending ...

It was Friday today. I waited till the afternoon – there were usually at least 5 or 6 men in the vicinity of where I was working, and today was no exception. This should be interesting. I fetched the steps after getting from the warehouse a few of the product that needed replacing. I placed the steps underneath that display and climbed up. I looked round. Yes, a few men were showing interest. The product was a certain type of teddy bear. I placed the 4 where they were supposed to go.

Now for the tricky bit – and hoping that the manageress didn't appear at the wrong moment! Out of sight of the customers I fiddled with the hem of my skirt until it was definitely inserted in one of the ridges of the screw – and then began to descend.

As I descended I tried to seem oblivious to the fact that my skirt was staying put. I got to the bottom rung and then stepped off onto the floor. Yes, the front of my skirt was round my waist.

Then I feigned 'realisation' and there was a look of horror on my face. I looked round. Yes, the effect was stunning, alright. I guessed that a couple of the men would have higher dry cleaning bills than usual next week!

Another mission accomplished.

THE DVD EVENING

One of our colleagues from the card shop, Natalie, had invited Gina and I to a 'DVD and drinks' evening at the home of a friend of hers, Adam, who turned out to be a quite hunky 20 something bachelor who really considered himself 'one of the lads'.

When we arrived the others were already there, and had started drinking. There were 4 lads, including Adam, and us 3 girls from the card shop.

We were introduced to everyone and given a drink. I noticed there were 3 bottles of wine and lots of cans of beer on a table by the back wall.

Gina and I sat down on a sofa and joined in with the others' drinking and conversation – the DVDs were yet to start.

After 20 minutes Adam said "Right, time for the entertainment to begin. Tonight's main showing is 'Chicago'."

We all clapped and this Oscar winning musical began. During this tale of bad men and even worse girls, with musical numbers imagined in Renée Zellweger's head while she was trying to get off what could be a very long jail sentence.

When the film had finished, Roger, one of the lads, said "That was good, but not so raunchy as 'Moulin Rouge'."

"Well," said Adam, "I've got a DVD over here that's more raunchy than both."

And he went across to his cabinet, and came back with a Ben Dover DVD. "Oh, you can't put that on," said Ben "it's far too sexist, with these 3 girls present."

"Wanna bet?" said Adam "you don't mind, do you, girls?"

"You're the boss around here – you put on what you want to put on," said Gina.

So we had no choice but to watch this straight to DVD sex film which, unlike nearly all mainstream films these days, left absolutely nothing to the imagination – half a dozen scenarios where typically, half an hour after a chance encounter with a nubile young woman, Ben Dover has charmed the knickers off her and both he and his younger and much more

athletic sidekick have it off with her.

Ben Dover does most of the talking, the stud does most of the screwing. As regards the latter, Ben Dover, of fairly advancing years, puffs and grunts his way towards completion of the job, whilst the energetic stud looks as if he's practising for the Olympics.

And all with a few laughs along the way – if you've got that sort of sense of humour, that is. As Ben had said – 'very sexist indeed'.

"Do you know Virgin banned these DVDs from their stores, because they found out they were all set up," said Gavin.

"That's a bit rich," said Ben "of course they were bloody set up. Whenever you've got anything that mixes porn and comedy, they're all set up, bar none."

"Naturally," agreed Adam.

We girls kept quiet. There was not much to say.

Suddenly Roger, one of the lads, who had been quiet so far, and who had been sitting on a chair towards the back of the room, decided he wanted a better view. He came up to Gina and I, and said

“Come on girls, shove up – this is a 3 seater sofa” – and plonked himself down between the arm of the sofa and Gina.

Gina naturally moved to the right, towards me to make room for him, and I was shoved to the right too. My legs must have opened right out as I did this, for our host cried out

“Cripes, we’re watching a porno movie, and we’ve got a porn star in our midst Violet, you naughty, naughty wench, you’ve got no panties on, I see. Hang on a minute, I’ll go and get my movie camera, and we’ll make a porno flick of our own.”

And he went out of the room and came back a moment later with a video camera, which he pointed at my crotch. But by this time, of course, I’d very deliberately closed my legs up. I was blown if I was going to let him film my private parts so that he and his mates could drool over it at their next meet.

“Spoilsport,” he said.

“What do you expect?” I said.

“Well, I just thought you’d like to audition for my masterpiece,” said Adam.

“Piss off,” I said.

But there was no real animosity. Fair play, I

suppose – if I'm going to flaunt my exhibitionist tendencies, I'm going to have to expect the occasional slight humiliation. Par for the course, isn't it? So I took it in good part.

And I noticed that one of the lads, Ben, had changed his position, seating himself on a different chair in the room. I can see what he's thinking, I thought – he's been working out the angles. He's seated at just the right position to get an eyeful if I should cross my legs. But, what the hell.

A GAME OF TENNIS

"Shall we play tennis today?" I said.

"Tennis. What gave you that idea?" asked Gina.

"Well, it's a nice day. We've got the day off, and I feel we could do with a bit of exercise. They've got a couple of courts down at the recreation ground, and it's quite cheap, I think."

"What're you going to wear?" asked Gina.

"Well I used to play quite a bit of tennis a few years ago. Still got my old tennis dress. Should still fit."

Gina laughed. "A proper tennis dress!" she said "do you know, a lot of men only used to watch the women's tennis at Wimbledon because the women were always showing their knickers. My dad told me."

"They don't always," I said.

"They don't much these days," Gina agreed, "most of the girls these days wear shorts, or

if they wear a dress they wear cycling shorts underneath. Has been for a couple of years at least. This Me Too thing must have been coming along for some time.”

“Yeah, something like that,” I said.

“But they didn’t used to,” said Gina “quite a few years ago one of the girls was wearing a thong or something like that. All the men were queuing up behind her when she served because she was showing her arse. Everybody thought she’d forgotten to put any knickers on.

Imagine that. The big day at Wimbledon, after 5 years of winning regional competitions, and she forgets her nikkies. Yeah, the Wimbledon authorities got her to lift her dress up to prove to them she had something covering her pubes. As I said, she was wearing a thong – more or less.”

“But it’s stopped now. You don’t watch it for the sex anymore. It’s just the tennis now.”

“What type of tennis dress have you got?” asked Gina.

“Oh, just a normal one. Quite short, I think.”

“And how good are you at tennis?”

“Yeah, not bad. I had some lessons when I was young. Can serve pretty well.”

“Blimey, that’s the most dangerous bit. It’s the girls that serve well – when they do that. Pow! And their skirt ends up somewhere round their waist, and the whole of their knickers is on display.”

“Yes, I remember,” I said.

“And in your case, nowadays, it’ll be the whole of your arse on display.”

“Well, there might not be many people around,” I said.

“I’ll enjoy it anyway,” said Gina, “I’m not a lesbian but I enjoy it when you flash your privates around. It’s quite a laugh actually.”

“Oh, I don’t do it that often,” I said.

“But you will today, by the look of it,” said Gina.
“Oh well, alright. I’ll give you a game. I’ve got some gear too, but I won’t be showing much –

not compared with you.”

“Yeah, you’re on,” I said.

Three quarters of an hour later we were at the courts. We both had our tennis gear on under our coats. We took our coats off.

“Blimey,” said Gina, “you won’t have to bend over very far to show everyone what you’re made of. Or if there’s a bit of wind.”

“Or when I serve,” I added. “Yes, you’re probably right. It is a bit silly. But there’s not many people around.”

Just then a couple of young men turned up with their rackets and started practising on the other court. It looked as though they weren’t bothering with the proper gear – they were just going to play in their jeans, and trainers.

“See what I mean,” said Gina. “You’re in for it now.”

“Well, we’ll do a bit of practicing first,” I said – “without any serving, shall we?”

“Okay,” said Gina.

So Gina and I hit the ball a few times back and forth over the net. And I must admit – Gina was right – even without the serving it wasn't long before the lads realised they were onto a really good thing. I had to scramble for a couple of shots. I got away with the first one, but with the second, there was a shout from one of the lads.

“Cripes, did you see that – that bird over there's got no panties on. I just saw her arse when she went for that shot.”

Within 5 minutes the lads had more or less given up on their game and became spectators of ours.

“At times like this, you just have to grin and bare it – literally. There's no point in getting narkey. It's only natural that young men would want to have a bit of a look, isn't it?”

My strategy, actually, was to pretend I hadn't noticed that we were being watched – that my secret was out.

But Gina was amused. “Really, Violet,” she said.

I didn't really care. I wasn't shy after all.

After 20 minutes, Gina said
“Shall we have a game, then?”

“Alright then,” I said, “you serve first.”

“Yeah, I think I’d better,” said Gina.

Gina served.

It wasn’t that bad a serve, considering that I don’t think Gina had had lessons like me. It landed on the right part of the court and it had reasonable strength. I returned it over to her right side. She returned it back and I had to scramble forward and bend down to return it back – and I think the lads had another bit of a view (probably). But I scored a point anyway. Love-15.

Gina served again. I hit the ball into the net. 15 all.

Gina served again and I hit a real scorcher back, right out of Gina’s reach. However with the greater amount of energy used I felt my skirt lift and I heard laughter from the 2 lads. 15-30.

“You know what, Gina – you’re right. (And this could get worse unless)”

I got a white handkerchief out of my pocket, held it aloft and looked at the lads. “Game over,” I said. “We’ll go back to just practising, Gina – too much advantage to the lads with this.”

LOCKED OUT

It was my day off, and I decided to go shopping quite late in the afternoon – about 3.30. I bought 3 ready meals, some cereal, milk and coffee, and some shampoo and conditioner from the supermarket; and some picture hooks to put up a new painting I had purchased the other day, from a D.I.Y. store. I then went to Café Neros for a coffee.

I got back home about 5.30. Being spring it was light, though it would be dark in an hour or so. I then realised that I had locked myself out. I had left the keys on the kitchen table, I was sure of it. This was a disaster. I had never got round to getting a spare set to put in a 'safe place' for this sort of emergency.

There was a window open, but my flat was on the first floor. But if I could get to it I would be able to get in.

I rang Gina to see if she had any ideas.

"I do have a ladder," she said, "but as you know I live nearly a mile away from you and I don't

have a car. It is far too heavy for me to carry, I'm afraid. Do any of your neighbours have a ladder?"

There was a middle-aged woman who lived next door but one, and I knew she had a ladder. I'd see if she was in.

As luck would have it, she was. I explained my situation. She smiled and said that, yes, it was perfectly alright for me to borrow the ladder.

Then she said "As it happens, my son Stephen is here today. He can help you."

Alarm bells started to ring. "No, no, I'll be alright on my own," I said.

Stephen appeared in the doorway. "I overheard you two," he said, "you'll need someone to hold the ladder, won't you?"

"No, I'll be alright," I said.

"No, I insist," said Stephen.

So we both trekked outside. He put the ladder up against the wall. I was waiting for him to offer to climb up himself, but he didn't.

I looked at him. Held his eye for two or three seconds. “This could be your lucky day,” I said.

I climbed up some rungs. By the time I was half way up I knew that by then, so long as he wasn’t in a complete dream, he would be getting a real eyeful.

I turned round, looked down and winked – “told you it was your lucky day.”

“By Jove,” he said, “you’ve remembered that you’ve forgotten something today (apart from your keys).”

“That was pretty easy,” I said – “I always do.”

It took him a few seconds to work that one out.

“Bloody hell,” he said, and a certain part of his anatomy looked as though it was putting a strain on his jeans.

THE PLUMBER

Today my landlord had arranged for the plumber to do the annual check on the boiler and radiators. And I had taken the afternoon off – he was expected at 3.

He turned up on time, introducing himself and showing me his ‘I’ve got a job’ identity card. He was early thirties, I would guess, and on the plump side. At his request, I showed him where the boiler was (in the bathroom) and he got down to work.

I retreated to the kitchen, to continue preparing the beef casserole I was doing for a few friends this evening. First of all I prepared the meat and placed it in the casserole dish. My next task was to do the vegetables. I had done the potatoes and carrots and was chopping the onions when I heard a noise outside. The distraction caused me to place the knife at a funny angle, and the result was that two thirds of the onion jumped off the work top and on to the floor.

I was just crouching down to pick it up, and the

plumber chose that moment to come through the kitchen door, saying “Violet, I’ve checked the boiler, do you mind if I...”

I thought, ‘Blimey, these plumbers know how to choose their moments, don’t they – he could have got an eyeful then, for all I know.’ – as I scrambled to my feet.

My fears seemed justified as the tradesman clearly lost the thread of what he was saying. He repeated, hesitantly “I’ve, er, checked the boiler and, and I wondered ... ifif I, I wondered if I could now check the, er, radiators er – starting with the kitchen – if that’s alright?”

I avoided meeting his eye, but said that that was okay. And while he was taking, I think, about half an hour to check the kitchen radiator (about 28 minutes longer than usual, I was sure), I proceeded to get his life story – what schools he had been to, how he had started out selling TVs and things for Currys, but hadn’t liked it and had gone on to plumbing instead, how he had met (in a pub) his future wife, how they had married when he was 25 (and she 22) and gone on to have 2 children – how old they were now etc etc.

Then he looked up at one of my shelves, and said – “Oh, you have Gold Blend coffee too, my favourite coffee that is, I always tell my wife to get that.”

A really strong hint, if ever there was one.

I thought, well I suppose I'll reward his forwardness with a coffee, but I certainly won't reward him in any other way. So I made us both a cup of coffee, but was very careful when I sat down at the table. I certainly wasn't going to make his day twice, like he was obviously hoping for.

Another half an hour of aimless chatter from him (well, not that aimless from his point of view, I suppose) and he eventually went on to finish his tour of the other radiators in the flat, and left, for sure at least an hour after he was supposed to – probably with no time for another appointment that afternoon.

THE BARBECUE

Tonight Gina and I were going to a barbecue which they were holding at the Pig and Whistle. We met at the top of Archers St and walked the rest of the way together.

It was summer and it had been a hot day, so obviously they were having the barbecue outside, in the garden. When we arrived lots of other people were already there. All the tables were taken and quite a few people were sitting on the grass.

"Looks like we're going to be sitting on the grass," said Gina.

"Well, um...."

"Yes, that dress is rather short," said Gina "but we've no choice. You'll just have to take care, that's all – more care than that blond over there, anyway" (nodding towards the tall, thin girl with the blue top who was flashing her red panties). "Lets get a drink first, before we get any food," I said

"What do you want?"

"Oh, a rosé, I think – and I'll save this place for us," said Gina.

I went and got the drinks and rejoined Gina. Taking quite a bit of care, I sat down opposite Gina and said

“Be a good girl and tell me if I’m sailing too close to the wind, will you?” Gina giggled. I knew that meant ‘like hell she would’. Oh well, with friends like that

We chatted about what was happening in the World Cup, and then each went and got a burger and some salad. We sat down again and continued our conversation.

Then a dog came over and started wagging its tail. The smell of my burger was obviously too much for it – it jumped onto my lap and made a grab for the burger.

What with the dog messing up my dress and me reacting instinctively to the dog’s lurches, all my composure was lost – suddenly I realised that we were the centre of attention, and that my secret was out (if indeed it was much of a secret after 5 months in _____ton) – that I had no knickers on.

One wit shouted out

“Hey, Rover, leave that pussy alone.”

“Well, you’ve certainly outgunned the blond

with the red panties,” said Gina.

“Yes, I suppose I have – with Rover’s help,” I replied, “this’ll be enough food for me, when I’ve finished this – I think we’d better make a getaway.”

So Gina and I gobbled up the rest of our burgers, finished our drinks and trotted off to another pub – not long after Rover had trotted back to its embarrassed owners.

THE COUNTRY PARK

Today, a Sunday, we decided to spend at the nearby Country park. We were to spend a few hours by the lake.

We took a ready prepared picnic, and that made quite an early lunch. Then we had our eyes on the boats. You could hire them out for £8 an hour.

I mentioned to Gina that in my childhood my father had often taken me out on rowing boats like these, and I had learned to row quite well.

Gina was interested. "It'd be nice to go out in a boat for, say, an hour and a half, don't you think?" she said "you could do the rowing for an hour and then I'll have a little go for half an hour."

The weather looked as though it was going to hold, and so that's what we did.

I was sitting on the middle bench seat with the oars, and Gina sat at the back of the boat, watching me.

She was smiling and clearly enjoying herself. "Just keep right on doing what you're doing," she said "we're making good headway."

"Am I going straight – not round in circles or anything?" I asked.

"Yes, you're doing fine," said Gina "at the moment we're heading straight towards the boathouse about 300 yards away – and talking about straight – I think all the straight guys in the other boats are following us – did you know that when you pull the oars back, your legs open out? – if I was a lesbian I'd be a very happy girl right now. And I think those guys in those other boats are sharing the view."

"Thanks for letting me know, you could have told me half an hour ago," I replied.

Gina had waited before telling me that till I had nearly done my hour, so I think it's fair to say those guys had had very good value for their eight quid!

And a few of them looked only about 17 or 18 – I could well have been their first 'blood'.

When we changed over, a few of the lads had the temerity to clap, would you believe it. They knew their time was up, so they thought they'd show their appreciation, I suppose.

THE WINE / COCKTAIL BAR

This evening, a Thursday, Gina and I went out for a few drinks with a few of Gina's other friends. One of them, Owen, was celebrating his 30th birthday. There were 4 men and 4 women, all under 40.

Unusually, we met straight after work, at 5.30, and went to two pubs first – The Cross Keys and The Shire Horse where we ordered 3 rounds in total.

Then around 7.45 we went on to The Grapes, a pub cum wine and cocktail bar. It has 2 bars – a 'normal' one and one specially for wine and cocktails.

I don't think anyone apart from Gina knew of my 'eccentricity' (Gina had promised me that she hadn't told them), and I wasn't about to show them if I could help it. I was wearing quite a short blue dress, but not as short as some of mine, and it was a bit flared.

At this time the wine/ cocktail bar was still quiet – empty in fact, and we went in there. In one

area there were 9 or 10 seats, including a long bench type seat against the wall, and we made ourselves comfortable there. It was Gina's round, she went and got the drinks, complaining that she had had to get the expensive round (drinks were quite a bit more expensive here).

By this time everyone was fooling around a bit. Rex got his mobile phone out and started taking photographs. After a while people were making funny poses. Thinking it would be a laugh (and quite safe), I lay down along the length of the bench seat, and looked up smiling, my head cradled in my arm, my right elbow taking the weight.

I was confident no-one would go right round to the side where they might see something they hadn't bargained for.

Just then a man came into the bar who I recognised as one of the local voyeurs. I was pretty sure he knew about me. Sure enough, I saw his eyes light up and he very quickly made his way to a little alcove in the corner and sat down, just where – you guessed it – he could look right up my dress.

I couldn't very well stop the photographs being

taken at this stage, I just had to carry on laying there, and grin and bare it – literally.

After about 5 minutes I was able to find an excuse to conclude the photography session, and got up. When I looked over at our friend in the corner, he was looking in the other direction, of course. Oh well, I wouldn't charge him this time.

CLEANING THE WINDOWS

Today it was a Sunday and quite sunny and, unusually for me when I had the day off, I felt energetic. I know, I thought, I'll clean the windows.

My flat is on the first floor – you needed a ladder to get up to the windows. But although there is no front garden as such, there is about a 20 foot patch of grass between the front of the flat and the pavement. This made it perfectly safe for me to climb up a ladder placed against the front of the flat, so long as, like today, I had quite a long dress on. It was a summery one that came below the knees, and it wasn't very flared.

So I got the ladder and up I went, taking a wet leather that I had rinsed out, and set about the work.

Two or three people went by on the pavement and they barely gave me a glance. Good. I hadn't misjudged it.

I had completed 2 of the 3 windows, and had

just started on the third, when there was a gust of wind. I felt my dress open up and out below.

Need I worry? I looked down. Oh, that's torn it – there was a man who I recognised as who lived 5 or 6 houses down the road. He was 30 yards away, and was quickening his pace towards me. I think he had seen something.

When he was level with me he had the cheek to cross over the grass, come up right beneath me, and start talking:

"Hey miss," he said, looking up "I see you've left a few smears on those two windows, you know. That's really a job for professionals, don't you agree?" – he continued, still looking up. "I have a window cleaner for my house who is very reasonable. I can give you his telephone number if you like." As he said this I could see him peering up to get a better view, I was sure. It didn't help that there was another slight gust of wind and my dress opened out again.

"Good sailing weather," he said "That's one of my hobbies. You wouldn't like to come out in my boat one weekend, would you?"

"Er, no thanks," I replied, "I'm not very good on the water. Feel sick."

Then he tried to recruit himself as my handyman. Told me all the DIY things he was good at, and said his charges were very low (all the while looking up quite intently, of course). Then he started to get a bit rude.

“You know, you’re a very modern young lass, aren’t you? Does your mother know you dress like that?”

But he was quite charming in a way. I smiled down at him

“What do you think?” I said.

“I’ll take that as a no,” he replied.

Just then, his wife came up the road. He could see that she was possibly about to come over and join us, and then his /our secret would be out; so he made a hasty retreat back to the pavement, back to the ‘safe’ area. (That is, unless there was another gust of wind!)

THE LIBRARY

Thinking it might help with my career, I enrolled on a book-keeping course by distance learning. You got the qualification NVQ at the end of it.

Not seeming to be able to concentrate on studying in my flat very well, I decided to try spending a couple of hours working in my local library occasionally.

Today was the third time I had done this, and I was wearing my pink dress. I was feeling in a pink mood.

I walked into town with my newly acquired 'sort of' briefcase, entered the library and sat down at one of the tables in the reference library, and opened my books.

After about 10 minutes, two lads came in. One of them went on one of the computers, and the other, wearing black jeans, took a newspaper from the shelves and sat down at a table, opposite me.

A few minutes later I looked up and saw the lad

at the table looking over at me. He smiled. I smiled back and carried on with my work.

When the second lad had finished whatever he was doing on the computer he logged off and joined his friend at the table.

There is a no-talking policy at the library and, after looking up at me again, I saw the one wearing black jeans scribble something on a piece of paper and pass it to his friend.

After that they burst into laughter, and I could see the librarian, who was about 25 feet away in a corner of the room, looking over in their direction with a stern expression. So the laughter was a bit short-lived. Nevertheless I could see they continued to be in quite high spirits.

Half an hour later I decided that I had done what I was going to do before lunch, and packed up my things in my briefcase. I noticed that the lads had gone. Then I saw the bit of paper – that the first one had written on – still on the table.

Out of curiosity I walked over and looked at what was written on it.

I got a bit of a shock. On it was written, in red ink:

'Who cares if you can't access porn on the library computers – look over at that table opposite and we've got our very own porn show!'

.....

Volumes 3-5 are available for £10

(postage free in UK). Please order by writing to us and enclosing a cheque or postal order, made payable to G Burnell.

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(By now we should have at least Volumes 3 and 4 available)

[If you regard yourself as 'left of centre' you may also be interested in the book 'Confessions of a Letting Agent' by Citizen R Smith (Pseudonym)

- also relates to the 'no-pants' craze. Price: £10 including postage in UK]

Thanks:

G Burnell and Danielle Fernando

About G Burnell

After graduating from Oxford University, G Burnell held both technical and management posts in the UK Telecommunications industry. He then ran several small businesses. For the last dozen years, he has concentrated on his writing and he is, in particular, a Course writer. And also a journalist.

And he runs www.kiltsandsongs.com and www.schooldayspartiesplus.co.uk.

About Danielle Fernando

Going back a few years: – Apart from Danielle's habit of changing the colour of her hair quite frequently, there was another characteristic about her that got the men talking, in the 2010s – she went clubbing a lot, and was rather – well, outrageous. Now in her 30s, she is quite happy to write about her 'outrageous experiences' of a decade ago. By the way, Danielle is also a barista.

She is also a songwriter and accomplished singer.

The Daring Violet: Half – Way To Naturism series of books are not actually all about the same young woman. But the women have a couple of things in common: their name, and the fact that they are 'Half – Way To Naturism'.