



AMORY
PUBLISHING

GIRLS!

**BRINGING
ON THE
REVOLUTION**

G. C. Burnell

F 375

KF27

Girls – Bringing On The Revolution

We're in 2017. The austerity campaign launched by the Conservatives has been going for about 7 years, and Theresa May has just won an election. America too has a quite extreme right wing President – Donald Trump.

Changing the subject

For a while now I have noticed that many young women are going out, especially at weekends (evenings), what I would describe as almost unbelievably outrageously dressed (compared to when I was a young man). That is, for instance, the wearing of quite short skirts or dresses, with nothing underneath, seems to have become quite common.

For reasons best known to themselves, most young men (at the young peoples pubs and nightclubs) either don't notice it, or pretend they don't (I'm not sure which).

But I do notice it.

And this is a story (a fictional story) which gives a 'sort of' explanation. Who knows, it may even have some validity (be fairly near the truth – I wouldn't be that surprised).

First, a bit more non-fiction:

Insights on sexuality

As I have written (above), it is now common practice for young women to go out on a Friday or Saturday night very provocatively dressed indeed.

And I must admit I sometimes 'have a look' when this happens near me.

But 35 years ago virtually every man would have done the same – though in fact girls virtually never behaved like that, then.

But these days it appears that only a few men 'look' - even if the girl seems to want men to.

And I can't understand how this absolutely amazing change has happened.

But consider this:

I have read a fair amount about Freud and there is a part of his work that I am particularly keen on. That is, his ideas about sexual repression and repressed aggression. He believed that we had a sexual drive and an aggressive drive, and that if we could overcome problems with both of these we would be well on the way to emotional health.

As I have said elsewhere, we may think of sexual repression as what happens when our sex drive isn't satisfied.

We will then have a reduced 'life force', and maybe other emotional or even physical problems.

Obviously, for a couple (we are assuming heterosexual) who are in a good relationship, sexual repression can be avoided by (the couple) having quite a lot of sex.

However, there are many men, who for whatever reason, cannot find girlfriends (let alone a long term partner).

But these men have sexual needs just like everyone else.

And for these men, the only answer is what may be termed sex substitutes.

Some of these are:

Porn films

Strip clubs

Erotic fiction

[That is not to say that those who can find girlfriends quite easily shouldn't indulge in these things too, of course.]

And – if we spend much time in 'ordinary' pubs and nightclubs – enjoying the sights provided by the (minority) of girls (Sorry – young women) who are very provocatively dressed.

[That was just a short foray suggesting that these girls who go out without their knickers may actually be doing quite a bit of good (that is, they are part of the reason why some men are less emotionally impaired than they might otherwise be).]

Anyway – back to the story!

And about these girls who dress very provocatively – it could also be said that quite often they don't seem to take much care – nuff said.

Okay then.

So – I had noticed that something was going on – for quite a few months I would go in a pub, there would be quite a few girls around maybe, and some of them very provocatively dressed. And I couldn't really get my head round this at all. Okay, I could see that it had become some sort of fashion for the girls to go out sometimes without knickers – yes.

But to make it, at times, quite obvious seemed a bit beyond me.

I started to wonder about how careless the young women had become, all of a sudden.

And then one day something happened that, for me, made the jigsaw fit together in a way it hadn't really done previously.

What happened was that I met this girl (Lindy), this very attractive girl, in a pub, and we got on

like a house on fire, I suppose you'd say.

And yes, I had a one night stand with her – though it didn't go any further than that – she had a train to catch going miles away the very next day, and so it ended before it had really begun.

But during that evening we had talked for about 3 hours – seriously I mean, it wasn't about what was on TV or anything like that. And, yes, she let the cat out of the bag.

She was drinking quite fast, and by about 9.30 she'd really had a bit too much (mind you, I had too). And as it happened I noticed that she had no panties on. Of course, by this time I knew that it wasn't that unusual. But it was unusual for me to get into a long conversation with one of these knickerless girls.

I had had brief conversations with a few of them before, but had never, you know, brought the subject up. Maybe a couple of times after 4 or 5 pints, I'd felt like saying "By the way, I hope you don't mind me saying, but haven't you forgotten something tonight?"

Yes, I'd felt like it a couple of times. But I'd never actually done it. But that particular evening I did (at long last) bring the subject – the unmentionable subject – up.

I said something like:

“You know, I've noticed recently that quite a few girls, yourself included actually, when you go out, you – er – wear no knickers

She smiled. (That was a relief.)

She said “Well, since you've brought the subject up, I'll let you into a secret.”

“Go on.”

“I expect you think us girls are getting pretty careless these days – you know, not really taking our mother's advice – always keep your legs together – have you heard that one before?”

“Yes I have – and I was beginning to wonder.”

“Well, I'll let you into the secret. A lot of the girls like the men to think that they've just

been getting careless – but it really isn't that at all."

"What is it then?"

"Well, usually it's quite deliberate."

"In a nutshell....."

You know, things are getting pretty crazy, don't you think? Politics, for instance. You look around. Everyone's so bloody extreme, including – especially, the leaders. I mean, Theresa May's much more right wing than Margaret Thatcher ever was – with all this ridiculous austerity. Then, of course, in America, President Trump. Absolutely incredible, really. It's no joke at all – the world really is going mad.

Anyway, the many women who hate all this came up with this idea – no panties, no drawers as a form of rebellion.

Think about it. What else is there?

It probably has more effect, actually, than almost anything else you could think of. For instance Suppose they had decided to

deliberately do bad at their jobs. If a Data Input clerk, say, deliberately very often put the wrong figures into the computer, all she would achieve would be to get the sack within 2 weeks – and that wouldn't really be achieving much at all. Do you see? Don't you agree?"

"Yes I think I see."

Lindy went on to say that there were regular meetings for these women on Facebook – and real physical ones too. (Here, if into all this, the groups of girls would make their action plans.)

"No," she said, "it was very rarely carelessness."

Well, that was a turning point for me, I must say.

I continued to take advantage of the situation, of course – whether it was carelessness, or deliberate, it didn't make all that much difference to me – I was still seeing more 'sights to behold' than I had for years without actually getting the girl into bed or, say, going to a strip club.

And then, a few weeks later, in a pub, I

overheard a conversation a group of about half a dozen girls were having:

And would you Adam and Eve it – they were talking about none other than this no pants lark – trying to think up various ways, in that line, which would make a real impact. They were all very attractive 20 somethings (and so I had no doubt that they would indeed be able to make a very significant impact).

My mind was working overtime and I formed a bit of a plan.

First, though, I needed a bit more Dutch courage. I got 2 pints of my favourite brew (both together – I didn't want to waste 10-15 minutes being in the queue twice).

I gave myself 30 minutes to down those 2 pints – I didn't want it to look like I was on a real bender. Then I walked over to who I thought seemed the most approachable girl, and I said:

“Excuse me, I couldn't help overhearing your conversation – and I know all about it – these 'no pants' projects and all that, because I had a girlfriend who was into it all, you know.”

They all looked at me, as one. No-one said anything.

“Look, I’m a journalist, and I’m on your side. I hate all this austerity that the Government has brought in, too.

And I think I can help you – as a journalist, I mean.”

“Go on,” said the tallest one.

“Well, why don’t you include me in your group, as an honorary member, like. And I’ll report on anything you do – write a book about it, maybe.”

“We’re not a soft touch, you know – we’ll want some of the profit of the book – we have quite high expenses.”

“I’ll happily give you half.”

“But we don’t know that you’re any good. You might be just average – or not even that?”

“Well, my last book, about the franchise industry, sold 30000 copies. That’s pretty good

for these days, now that so few people read books. And it had good reviews too. I'll get you a copy if you like."

"That'd be good," said Julie.

"But how about if we gave you a trial, too?"

"How d'you mean?" I replied.

"Well, as a first step, you write up just two of our little sexcapades – that's our term for it – and we see how it turns out.

If we like how it turns out, we'll maybe take you on. If not, it's bye bye baby."

"I'd agree to that."

"Well, why don't you sit in on the rest of our meeting tonight – we're here till closing time, and it's only 9.10 now – and if there's any sexcapades that takes your fancy, just let us know. If we can fit you in with our transport arrangements, you could have booked yourself a ride."

"Deal," I said.

I won't give you a running commentary on the whole meeting - I'll just report on the bit about the project I chose for my first trial.

It was at 10.30 that Terri raised the question:

"Is it still on for next Monday morning at the railway station?"

"Oh yes," replied Emma "me and Carol are doing that."

"Just go over the plan, would you?"

"Well," said Emma "we'll buy our tickets for the 11.20 train to Brighton (arriving at the station at 10.35, a few minutes after the previous train will have departed). We'll sit down on a convenient bench. I'll be the one wearing no panties, and Carol here will surreptitiously take notes. She'll record how many men (and women) appear to notice, with an estimate of probability – and if there are any 'certainties' who get themselves into a state, that'll go down too – it sometimes happens."

(This interested me even more than some of the other projects that had been described:)

“I’d like to take that as my first trial,” I said.

“I’ll need a 5 minute interview with both your girls before it, and double that time afterwards. Also I’ll be present at the execution too, though around 50 yards away.”

“Sounds fine,” said Emma “we’ll meet up at the Costa coffee shop that is just round the corner from the station at 9.45. We’ll have time for a coffee and for you to give us our interviews.”

(Later a more ambitious plan was discussed about an evening event that involved several of these groups of girls – and I decided to take that as my second trial – it was to be at the White Star the very next day after the railway station event.)

Next Monday morning

I arrived at Costa a couple of minutes early, and the girls were already there – but they were waiting for me to buy the coffees. Well, I wasn’t going to complain about that. I still couldn’t believe my good fortune (assuming, that is, that I could impress everyone with my trial). In just a little while, I could be spending

quite a bit of time with these 2, and the other few women, who would very often be 'sans culottes' – one or other of them, or some, or most even! – the mind boggles.

"Hi Mike. Thanks." – as Emma took the coffee I handed her. Carol took her coffee too. I sat down, joining them.

"Are you already changed?" I asked Emma.

"Oh yes, you didn't think I was going to go into the ladies, take my knickers off and put them in my handbag, did you?"

"Well, no....."

"Good." (And we all laughed.)

"I did have a list of a few questions to ask the girls, which I proceeded to do (I won't bore you with those).

At 10.30 we walked round to the station entrance and bought our tickets (to Brighton, which was about 30 miles away).

"Are we actually going there?" I asked.

“Oh yes, you’re buying us lunch in the most expensive restaurant we can find – didn’t you know?”

“We’ll see,” I said.

(It’d be well worth it as far as I was concerned. It wasn’t often I had the company of 2 such attractive young women – about 15 years younger than me too – I was nearly 40.)

The girls found their bench, as did I (about 45 yards away from them).

I noticed that Emma wasn’t being shy at all. Even from the distance I was at I could see her legs were noticeably apart. Anyone quite close, looking in that direction would have got an eyeful, to be sure.

It was quite busy at the station, and it was clear that about half a dozen, I would say, did (get an eyeful). In fact one quite old man (must have been about 65) got so carried away that he very obviously missed his train.

Our 45 minute bit of enjoyable work at the station came to an end when our train arrived,

which we boarded. I joined the girls. They were grinning. I said to them, under my breath "say nothing about you know what during the journey – we'll wait till we get to the restaurant."

With that, no-one said a great deal on the train. We were aware, however, that a few people in the same carriage were looking at us quite a bit.

Emma was sitting quite modestly on the train, so it couldn't be 'that' – but it was certainly quite possible that a couple of those in the carriage had noticed when she was on the bench.

We got to a restaurant and, yes it was quite expensive.

Carol said that her figures showed that about 8 people had probably noticed (maybe 6 men and 2 women), and in the case of 2 of the men (including the old bloke) the fact that a big impression had been made was as certain as these things can be.

Carol also said she did notice that 2 or 3

people did give the impression that they were quite offended, and in fact there was a vicar on the station – but he was at least 30 yards away, and she didn't think he saw anything.

Since the girls were still quite excited (and no-one was driving) we decided to stay in the restaurant a couple of hours or so. As everyone relaxed with a few drinks I noticed that sometimes Emma gave me a bit of a view too (I'm sure it wasn't deliberate), but she did know she had, because she looked at me, laughed and blurted out – “Ooh, fanny time.” (I was glad my trousers weren't too tight!)

I had managed to get all the information I needed from the girls before we were a bit worse for wear, fortunately. We said our goodbyes about 3 o' clock, with me promising I'd have my report ready for the next meeting at the Red Lion Pub (in 8 days time – the meetings were fortnightly).

I explained that the conversations the girls had (with each other or me or others in the vicinity) wouldn't necessarily be the same as 'in reality', though I would of course take notice of what the girls reported to me after the event (but

I wasn't intending to use tape recorders etc and exactness wouldn't be possible – nor did I think it was even desirable).

So – with the excitement having worn off, both by the alcohol and the 3 hours that had elapsed, we made our way back to our homes.

2nd sexcapade – the next day

A Tuesday evening had been chosen because the place would be not too busy, and therefore there would be the opportunity to take 3-4 tables near to each other – necessary since there were likely to be at least 20 of us.

For the same reason we had decided on quite an early time for the start of the reverie – 7.30. As the 'journalist-in-chief' I had arrived 15 minutes early, as I didn't want to miss any of the action.

At 7.28 the first group arrived. A group of 5 girls. They made their way over to me – they had been told about my presence at the event. "Group 23 (Hampshire) reporting for duty," said their leader. 5 strong tonight. No nix each of us." "Okay," I said. "What do you

want to drink?" I asked. (It had been agreed that I bought the first group a drink.)

After I had taken their orders I went up to the bar and was served by a grumpy looking barman.

I got the drinks and rejoined the group. I placed the tray on the table and the girls helped themselves. I was not the manager, just the journalist. I took a backseat throughout the proceedings. By the time I had returned 2 of the other groups had arrived and there were now 13 girls. (Just 2 groups still to go.)

By 7.50 all the groups had arrived, making 22 girls. They introduced themselves to me.

Although Heidi, over on my left, was going to be the overall manager tonight, there were going to be no speeches, not even a pep-talk. The girls already had their instructions (and had seen photographs of the inside of the premises).

At the front of the very large room – enough tables for 200 or so drinkers, I should say – were the toilets. You went downstairs to the gents,

but the ladies had to climb quite a few steps up to theirs. And with all these girls having no panties on, that should be interesting!

"You are a lucky sod," said Ava, who had caught my eye, "surrounded by all us girls, most of us pantie-less most of the time." "I am indeed," I said, "and from where you're sitting, you're proof of the pudding."

She was slightly embarrassed about that, because she realised what I was saying – she was sitting rather immodestly. "Well," she said, so you've seen my ammunition! And you'll probably see it a few times more before this war is over, won't you?"

"Maybe," I replied.

The girls knew that their main job this evening was to each make at least 2 trips to the ladies during the course of the evening – that would be at least around 45-50 knickerless jaunts up those stairs – enough to catch quite a few peoples' attention, without a doubt.

And they did!

We had estimated that there were 4 tables that would be 'in the firing line' – these were all situated near the stairs that led up to the ladies loos. The people sitting at these tables, we felt, would have a very good view of the girls' derrieres as they climbed the stairs. It was fortunate that tonight none of these tables were occupied by any kids. If they had been, the operation would probably have had to be cancelled, and reconvened for another date. But tonight it appeared – so far – that we were lucky and that would not be the case.

At the target tables were:

At one table were 2 middle aged men with short hair, dressed in sports clothing – could have been army, I suppose. One had a blue tracksuit on, and the other a grey sweatshirt and blue jeans and trainers. They were drinking lagers, and were chatting away – about football I think, but maybe their topic of conversation might change over the next half hour.

At another table were a couple in their late 30s, at the moment perusing the food menu. The man, dressed in old looking clothes and

a patterned jumper, and also a woollen hat, looked a bit miserable, I felt. Maybe our girls would liven up his evening in a little while!

At the third table were 5 lads, early twenties I should say, mostly in T-shirts and jeans. Four of them were drinking bitter and the fifth lager. They were talking animatedly.

At the fourth table were 3 young women, perhaps late twenties, dressed up a bit in quite expensive looking dresses. Career women, I thought. They were drinking Prosecco.

Your guess is as good as mine about these peoples' reaction to the proceedings which were about to take place.

It was about time for the action to start – that is, for the first 2 or 3 girls to make their first trip to the ladies.

So I said (to those in earshot) "Well, as the journalist, the most important thing is for me to record the expressions on the faces of the people near the action, and maybe overhear some of their conversations too. So I'm afraid I'm going to leave you now, and take a seat at

the front.”

“You mean you’re going to be looking up at our arses,” said Tess “How much are you paying to do this job?” “I’m not paying the organisation anything,” I said. “Neither are they paying me anything. I just get a 50% cut of the proceeds of the book, when it’s published, and the other 50% goes to the organisation. That is the agreement.”

“Oh, it’s fine,” laughed Tess “We’re not shy after all, are we girls? Fuck, he’ll probably see some of our fannies too.”

“I probably would if I carried on sitting here,” I said. “In fact,” – (but I thought it was best to remain silent at this point, and not mention about the 2 girls, Gaynor and Denise who were giving me a bit of a treat at the moment).

So I got up and made my way to the front, near the toilets. There was a vacant table that was ideally positioned to take in the expressions (and maybe overhear comments if the talkers weren’t too quietly spoken) of those at the 4 target tables. Yes, and the view up the stairs would be almost as good as at the target

tables too.

I looked round. There were about 15 people at these tables, as described earlier. They at this moment weren't aware of what was going to transpire.

The first girl from our group started to ascend the steps. It was Charlene. A quite tall girl with a short skirt – if she didn't 'show' anything to us here below, the whole evening was likely to be a damp squib. But yes, she gave me a smile at the simultaneous moment that practically the whole of her arse came into view. It must be a sign, I thought. Looking round, I sensed that probably 3 or 4 of those at the target tables had really noticed. Their expressions lingered longer in the direction of the girl than one might normally expect. One of them spilt some of their drink.

The 2nd girl ascended the steps a couple of minutes later. She was quite a bit shorter than the first girl, and with a slim build.

She was one of my personal favourites of all the girls. Could be very witty. And she didn't show embarrassment in the least on

the occasions when (we had both known that) she had given me a treat. In fact she gave the impression that she really enjoyed it.

Anyway – yes, her arse came into view too. It wasn't just going to be the very tall girls.

I saw that 3 of the 4 men who had (obviously) noticed the first girl also noticed the second girl. They will probably be thinking that this might not be coincidence, I thought – and will be keeping their eyes peeled. Things can only get better.

The third girl, 3 minutes later, dressed in blue, was someone I hadn't met till tonight. But – well, she played her role to a T. Quite a sight to behold.

And so it went on.

By the time 10 girls had made the knickerless trek, there were about 8 men (and 2 women) taking a keen interest. Two men in particular were getting quite excited. As per the instructions, the next girl made a show of 'noticing' these men getting excited, and went over and talked to them. Within a minute she

was joined by one of the other girls, and these two proceeded to chat-up the interested men, showing a total lack of embarrassment and being very careless with their legs. The men couldn't believe what was happening.

While this was happening, another 3 or 4 girls made that trek up to the toilets.

"Just how many of you are there?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, about 20. We're having a knickerless party."

"I can see that," said the other man, "can we come?"

"Oh no, it's ticket holders only."

"Well, how do you get a ticket?"

"Too late, I'm afraid," said Lauren

"Oh well, we've got you for now, haven't we?"

"Yes, I suppose you have. And you've been having a good look, haven't you?"

"I'll say," said Mick

"Are you married?" asked Lauren

"Well, yes, but my wife needn't know about this, need she?"

"S'ppose not."

"Anyway, nice to know you. Bye for now. (And the girls retraced their steps and rejoined the other girls.

I can assure you that the evening was one of the most exciting of my life. It ended 20 minutes after last orders, with many of us being a little worse for wear.

A week later we were back at the Red Lion – the next of the regular fortnightly meetings.

"Yes, thank you for your reports on the 2 sexcapades you attended over the last 2 weeks," said Jessica.

"Now, we are pleased with you. So – you are being transferred to be the journalist for our 'business section'.

We have a copywriter who has agreed to write 5 sales letters, apparently from different firms in the Recruitment (Hospitality and Catering) sector, all with extremely good (though different) 'opening offers'.

Here is an example:"

Recruitment (Hospitality and Catering)

40% off opening offer

Our 3 owners have between them 38 years management experience in Recruitment of hospitality and catering staff.

They have each resigned from their former employers to form a new 'breakaway' Recruitment Consultancy –
Ace Recruitment (Hospitality and Catering)

Your firm has been chosen to be offered our amazing opening deal:

As long as you take between 2 and 4 of our contract staff (fully experienced in various aspects of the hospitality and catering field – we are sure we can find just the right employees for you) – you may have them for any length of time up to 6 months for 40% off the

normal price.

If you look at our figures you will see that the hourly rate you will pay is almost as low as you would have to pay if you had to recruit them yourself, going through all the turmoil and expense of advertising, interviewing etc.

“Etc etc,” said Jessica. “Now, your job will be to visit these girls – the ones who are taken on by the firms, perhaps on a fortnightly basis. You will pretend to be their manager at the agency. But your real job will be to have conversations with the girls, and take details about any ‘anecdotes’ the girls tell you about – of their time working at the firm in a knickerless state. Understood?”

“Sounds good to me,” I said.

“That’s agreed then,” replied Jessica.

I proceeded to drink 2 or 3 more pints with these girls before toddling off home. I had a lot to think about.

AMORY
PUBLISHING

www.AMORYPUBLISHING.co.uk

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

After graduating with a mathematics degree, G.C. Burnell took "technical posts" in a couple of large UK telecommunications companies, and later moved into sales. He then ran several small businesses. Recently, he has been teaching as well as, of course, writing.

