

# We have a Game - part 2

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*I wasn't quite satisfied with the first orgasm so we found another bar*

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We didn't go straight to the other bar. To be honest I was a bit washed out and we needed to say some things. So we went for a quick supper around the corner and discussed what had just happened and what perhaps we thought our boundaries were. I admitted that I liked being out of control as I was earlier, as long as I knew J was around if it all went wrong. He admitted he loved seeing me being taken by others as well as the flashing and dirty behaviour we had previously done. So after dinner J took me to another pub that he had scoped out. The other bar was a bit too quiet for being naughty even if perfect for flashing. This one was loud, plenty of blokes making conversation although there were a few women there too. It was an old fashioned pub with a horseshoe shaped bar. One big area at the apex with three little private snug areas down one side. It had a spiral staircase on one side leading up to the toilets, altogether perfect for flashing. We went round to the last snug and there were already six blokes in suits there, drinking away and being a bit boisterous. They weren't too keen on J pushing his way in but they perked up and were all smiles when I followed him in. There was a spare stool in the corner and I was offered it; so I sat at the bar which was tall and came up to my chest. We ordered drinks and the guys seemed to have forgotten us when J whispered that I needed to go to the toilet. Up the spiral staircase which was very visible from our little booth. 'Make sure when you come down you stumble a bit as if you are drunk. Oh and lose your bra.' I always do as I'm told but only when it suits me, but I stumbled a bit on the way down, then stopped and looked around, all the time flashing off my stocking tops. Making my way back to the booth, one of the guys met me at the door. 'You alright love; your boyfriend said he had to go back to the office to pick something up. He wouldn't be long, but he asked us to look after you as you might have had a bit to drink.' 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'please I need to get to my seat.' Smiling between themselves two of them propelled me back to my seat at the bar. They half assisted and half hoisted me onto the stool and as I sat I could see J at the bar on the other side of the horseshoe. The fact that when I was sat my stocking tops were completely on display wasn't lost on all six of the guys. In my 'tipsy state' I didn't notice at all. Apart from the six guys in the snug, nobody else could see as I was close up to the bar top. They passed over my drink and crowded around. As I looked out across the bar I could see J on the other side of the horseshoe. None of the six guys had noticed him. He motioned thumbs-up to me and I responded in kind. I was comfortable and really looking forward to what was going to

happen. I realised then that J had delivered on everything we had discussed over dinner. A loud bar to hide the noise of an orgasm, I was mostly hidden in the corner and I had six blokes to play with. They weren't going to stop playing. They would egg each other on and I felt that J would come back to put a stop to it if it got out of hand. He motioned his finger across his neck and a little wave. I got the message. Wave my hand and he would close it all off. This was the ultimate, I was sort of in control but I had no idea where it was going to go. The first thing I did was to turn myself round so I was facing the bar. This meant I had turned away from most of the guys, but hid myself completely from anyone else. All that was visible was my chest up and my elbows and arms on the bar top. If some of the guys lost something the two either side of me had the bonus view. I managed to make my dress ride up completely and if they didn't notice I made a few totally ineffectual attempts to pull it down. Not only were my stockings on view, but there was nothing hiding my thong and I was using the bar front to keep my knees well apart. The guys either side both 'looked after me' by making sure I didn't fall off and held a leg each. 'Are you being naughty, boys?' I gasped before turning my head and smiling to each of them in turn. 'I'm feeling a bit tipsy,' I followed up with. Were they going to go for it or just chat? I had done everything apart from asking them outright as encouragement. Was what I had done enough to get them to perform. It seemed they were not going to progress further so I decided to give them a further nudge or call it a night. Twisting slightly to one side, I managed to 'accidentally' bring my hand up to the guy on my right's trousers front and rested my hand on his cock through the fabric. It was hard and I gave it a bit of a rub. He decided to share the news with everyone in the booth and they all crowded round with expectant faces. Dropping both hands from the counter and hidden from view of the normal bar, I eased open his fly and released his stiff tool. I started to then slowly move my hand up and down to the extreme pleasure of the guy on my right and the cheers of the other five. The chap on the left was galvanised into action plunging his hands into my knickers. He wasn't very subtle, but I wasn't interested in that right now. I just wanted my pussy to be filled with moving fingers and my clit played with. I didn't last very long with his hands moving around so much and a little orgasm washed over me. With my body vibrating from head to foot with the whole craziness of the situation and the atmosphere of sex in the booth, I came again very hard shortly afterwards. My stroking didn't take long either as my visible orgasm and faster hands triggered the guy off. He spurted hot come all over my leg. I could feel it against the stocking, the sheer wantonness burning like acid. The guys worked out a system without informing me. The guy who had just been feeling me up, moved me round to the left and someone else moved to take the right hand place. His fingers moved straight in. So fast was the changeover that I gasped in shock, the beginnings of another orgasm coming far too soon. The guy on the left was obviously waiting for me to start on his cock, but I wasn't in a fit state with those fingers pillaging my honey-pot. He unzipped himself and guided my fingers and around the shaft. He wasn't quite as big as the last guy, but he did last a bit longer. Enough for the man with fingers like pistons to bring me off. Initially rubbing my g-spot and then moving on to my g-spot and clit. God it was so good. Using my hand to pull his cock was beginning to become difficult as my concentration was wandering at times. He didn't need much and another splash of hot spunk hit my legs. I think this was about the point that I felt that I had lost

control, the guys were doing to me whatever they felt like doing. I wondered where this was going but had got to the point of not caring. If they pulled me below the counter and gang-banged me I would have welcomed it. All I wanted was more orgasms. The next guy seemed to have a bit more about him, as the orgasm provider twisted me around the new participant brought with him another stool. 'Let's make you a bit more comfortable love,' he said and motioned me to stand up. I had pretty rubbery legs, but complied. He bent down below the counter and pulled my knickers down to my ankles and eased them off, before pocketing them. 'Souvenir,' he muttered as he positioned the stools behind me, then lifted my skirt up in a bunch around my waist and popped me on the stools; one bottom cheek on each. My God I was feeling fully exposed and the whole of my pussy area was hanging in a gap in space. It was open for him to do anything he wanted to. I half expected him to slip his cock in and start to fuck me (in my imagination he already was) but he limited himself to his hands. When I say limited; the depth and intensity he was able to deliver with the access he now had, he might as well be fucking me. I almost screamed with pleasure as he pushed his thumb in deep to my pussy, rolling it over and over my g-spot whilst his two fingers hammered away at my clit. He certainly wasn't gentle. I felt like his fingers were a vice and he was milking orgasms out of me as easy as shelling peas. I had to lay both arms on the counter and stuff my fingers in my mouth. The bar staff came over to check for empty glasses so he released his grip and I gained a measure of control back. I grabbed the cock in front of me with my left hand and pulled for all I was worth – I just wanted the guy to come so I could get back to having orgasms again. He didn't last long and I let go as more hot stuff trailed my bare legs this time. He managed to hit above my stocking tops with my changed seating position. The guy in possession of my pussy didn't let go, he motioned one of the other guys into place and my arm was back in action. It was wonderful; he was making me come time and again. I was slightly confused by bringing off another cock but it didn't distract me much. Again the hot wetness hit my legs and another guy took his place and he lasted about thirty seconds. This meant that everyone except Mr. Pleasure Giver had been taken care of. He wasn't interested in getting his turn quite yet as he kept playing with me. With no distractions I was able to concentrate on my pleasure totally and I lost count of time and space shortly afterwards. Orgasm after orgasm washed over me as he turned a single into a double and then a treble. I was feeling so washed out at that point I was tempted to call over J to come get me, but I really felt sorry for the last guy. He had given me so much pleasure with nothing in return. He allowed me time to recover, chatting to me alone. The other guys moved away now they had been sated. Different scenarios went through my mind, should I drop to my knees and blow him off. Perhaps sit on his cock or allow him to take me outside somewhere and fuck me. In the end he opened his fly and put my hand on it. A simple solution and one that was quickly brought to a climax. He didn't last more than a dozen strokes when he shot off over my bare thighs too. So I waved to J and he smiled at me. He wandered round now I had finished. Pulling down my skirt I realised I had no panties for the journey home. I didn't care.