**The White Hart**

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**The White Hart Ch. 01**  
  
I guess the White Hart used to be an ordinary sort of pub. A typical local based in a back street down from Worlds End, in the cheaper part of 'almost' Chelsea. John was the landlord, early 50s, fairly shrewd, jovial, but not a man to argue with at throwing out time. He and his wife Arlene were usually the only staff with an occasional Antipodean or Eastern European itinerant working for a week or two to earn a few pounds. Arlene was early 40s, would have been a looker 15 years ago but time had handed her a sad tired demeanour. John and Arlene did not converse a lot behind the bar as Arlene was usually in the kitchen unless they were busy. John was your typical mine host, ready to chat with the punters, or have a little bet. He would often buy you a drink in return and was always ready to gossip with the regulars about their sex lives.  
  
We were not surprised therefore one Thursday evening about 10 o'clock, when the conversation as it often did turned to sex. It was quiet and there were only about seven of us in the bar, three regulars standing at the bar and a couple of Hooray Henrys with their girls slumming it at the corner table. Masturbation was the current topic of conversation, and to listen to the three of us, we all knew what it was but never needed to resort to the hand as we were getting enough elsewhere. What a laugh, I am 28 and single, so can never get enough, Pete was about the same but married and had reached that marital state of getting it only every Saturday night whether he wanted it or not. Bill was nearly 60 and had probably forgotten what it was like.  
  
'I caught Arlene diddling herself last night,' mentioned John.  
  
Our mouths must have dropped open and we all looked towards the door to the kitchen.  
  
'I was not a happy bunny. I have told her before that she is not to do that without me there. I had to punish her again.' It went quiet.  
  
'I guess we need another 3 pints.' I said quietly. 'When you say punish what sort of punishment do you mean.'  
  
'Let the punishment fit the crime I say,' said John. 'I gave her 6 of the best with a cane and a bloody good seeing to. Mind you I think that's what she wanted when she let me catch her.'  
  
Our mouths were busying swallowing as we digested this information and started thinking about Arlene in a new light.  
  
Suddenly Bill laughed, 'Yes right John, you got us going there. I can see the hard-on these guys have got from here. Good story.'  
  
In truth he was not a million miles away. I certainly had found a small stirring in the groin just at the thought of it. We all laughed with Bill and agreed that yes, as fantasies go, it was a good thought to be going home with and maybe wanking was on the agenda after all tonight.  
  
John just looked at us. 'Arlene. Come here a minute luv.' We looked at each other and it went quiet again as footsteps were heard coming into the bar. 'Just stand there a second, luv. Turn around and show these lads your stripes.' I am not sure who was the most surprised. We certainly were not going to say a word.  
  
'But John?'  
  
'You know you were a bad girl. You know what will happen if you disobey me again.'  
  
Slowly Arlene turned around and lifted her loose print dress. From the back of her knees it inched higher and higher. Her stockings were followed by the stocking tops themselves and suddenly we could see suspenders and eventually a bikini style pair of panties. These were tucked well between her cheeks, as if she had been bending. Distinctive deep red horizontal streaks showed under and to the sides of the white opaque panties.  
  
A low whistle was heard as Bill said 'John, give us a round of Brandies, I think I need a drink. And give Arlene one. A drink I mean.'  
  
We did laugh as Arlene lowered her dress and went off to the kitchen. John delivered our glasses and delivered words to the effect of 'It does 'em good to know who's boss occasionally,' but he did carry a tot of brandy out to her.  
  
A small crowd came through the door at that moment and the three of us left 20 minutes later without any further meaningful conversations and a quick 'See you tomorrow John.' on the way out of the door. My imagination worked overtime and I arrived back in the pub at about 7.30 the next evening to be quickly joined by Bill and Pete. Well you can imagine the conversation was of little else until John had time to spend with us.  
  
'So is this a regular occurrence then?' Pete asks John, obviously thinking of his own missus.  
  
'I'll tell you what lads,' says John enjoying centre stage, 'we had the best fuck last night than we have had for a while. Gasping for it she was. Maybe we should experiment a little more.'  
  
Off he went to serve the crowd at the far end of the bar.  
  
By 10 o'clock again and a few pints later I was emboldened to ask John what sort of experiments he had in mind.  
  
'Well... buy a couple of bottles of bubbly between you boys and maybe we could have some fun.'  
  
A quick whip round produced a small wad stuck in a beer mug and a glass of champagne in everyone's hand, except Bill who claimed it made him fart and would contribute but not drink it.  
  
'Arlene' calls John... 'the boys would like to buy you a drink.'  
  
Arlene arrived at the door with a puzzled smile to find a glass of champagne pressed into her hand. A couple of glasses later and John opened the second bottle 'accidentally' spraying her as the champagne erupted.  
  
'Sorry luv, better slip out of your wet things . . Just do it here will you while you are looking after the bar. I am slipping off for a cigarette.'  
  
He left the room. Arlene reddened and topped up our glasses in silence. She fiddled with the buttons on her white frilly blouse slowly undoing them until it was open to the waist and pulled out of her short black skirt. As we watched she shrugged off the blouse and hung it over the door handle. Her nipples pushed against her white satin bra as she blushed further and refilled Bill's empty pint.  
  
'Is your skirt wet too?' enquired Bill, putting into words what I was certainly thinking. 'You'll catch your death of cold.'  
  
Her hands crept to the zip at the side and slowly lowered it to the floor to reveal matching white satin panties, stockings and suspenders. The tired forty year old face did not match the delightfully trim body so beautifully displayed. We of course were not the only people in the bar and the other customers quickly recognised something strange going on and after fifteen minutes when John arrived back she was so busy that her embarrassment had subsided.  
  
When he arrived she duly went back to their quarters and the evening closed quicker than we had hoped.  
  
Monday was the next opportunity I had to go in and was greeted by a jovial mine host and treated to a pint.  
  
'What a night Friday was,' he laughed. 'Twice the average takings and a good fuck at 11.30.' He had recognised that his wife not only enjoyed the humiliation but that he could make money out of it. This could only be a good thing. That night and over the next couple of evenings changes occurred in the bar. He told us that Arlene was told not to wear a bra, then he accidentally sprayed her with the soda syphon over her white satin shirt. It made a wet tee shirt competition look tame. Another evening at about 10 o'clock she changed into the shortest loose fitting skirt I have ever seen to rewrite the snacks menu standing on a chair in the bar. That evening they also served more cold Bud's from the bottom shelf at a hefty premium. More subtle changes went on. Arlene started to look less tired and appeared to be enjoying herself behind the bar. There were more bar staff, a very attractive Aussie bird with big knockers and 'a woman who made the food in the kitchen, so that Arlene could spend more time in the bar,' said John .  
  
Things were definitely looking up and as an original regular, because there were a lot of new regulars now, I was almost a favoured guest. Arlene however still spoke only when spoken to and never discussed her 'performances.'  
  
Just at closing time one evening, with Arlene in her micro skirt St. Trinian's style, her stocking tops plainly showing, John and I were discussing the new crowd and I was saying how difficult it would be to keep them interested.  
  
As we spoke we looked at the object of our thoughts to find her surreptitiously rubbing herself in the doorway. John called time and quickly ushered any couples and non-regulars towards the doors, wishing Sheila an early night and asking Arlene to collect the empties for her. He winked at me as he locked the doors to leave ten or twelve of us inside.  
  
As she was going from table to table picking up the remaining emptiy glasses john called out in a loud voice, 'Arlene, what were you doing there in the doorway? We saw you, you know.' Arlene went scarlet.  
  
'I don't know what you are talking about,' she said weakly.  
  
'Ben' he said to me, 'can you describe what she was doing?'  
  
'Maybe she had an itch,' I said weakly.  
  
'Where?'  
  
'About here,' I said gaining confidence and taking the opportunity to straighten my tumescent cock. I knew what was going to happen. So did Arlene.  
  
John moved a bar stool from beside the bar to the middle of the room.  
  
'Go and fetch my cane,' he said and she slowly moved towards their quarters. Three minutes later she came back, kissed the cane and handed it to him, looked beseechingly into his eyes and sighed as he looked at the stool. She bent over the stool, toes on the ground, arms hanging down the other side. He lifted her skirt and tut-tutted. 'You know better than that'. She stood up looking at the ground and slid her panties to her ankles. The pub was silent, as she bent back over the stool. John raised her skirt again laying it over her back.  
  
'Well would anybody like another drink?' he said, ever the pragmatist. The guys queued for the bar, standing in a line behind Arlene's naked bottom, not in a huge rush to be served. Eventually everyone had a drink and John flexed the cane in front of her, before moving behind her and placing the cane onto her cheeks. Six lashes were laid on at two inch gaps, as Arlene screamed, then sobbed, then squirmed, her cunt showing pinker and wetter with the passing strokes.  
  
'Show's over folks.Out!' as he ushered us toward the door undoing the fly on his trousers.  
  
I went home fantasising as to what might happen next week, my hand massaging my cock until I gained the privacy of my flat.  
  
Later that week I had the opportunity to chat to Arlene at the bar while John was away for a few hours. She was very honest that the humiliation turned her on and that their sex life had never been better. She really was beginning to enjoy working in the bar and not having to be in the kitchen. Profits were up and everything in the garden was rosy. 'Take your knickers off and I will buy a bottle of bubbly, ' I said. The idea obviously shocked her at first. John was not around to tell her what to do. She looked furtively around, slipped her hands under her loose soft mini dress and pulled her white g-string down her legs. I held out my hand for it. As she passed it over her eyes were aglow as she realised the champagne was on the bottom cold shelf at the back. Keeping her knees straight she bent from the waist and her dress rode right up her back revealing her thick outer lips with a fleecy abundance of dark hair. I sniffed the panties.  
  
'A wonderful nose,' I murmured, 'better than the champagne.'  
  
A little later as she walked around the bar she stopped by my stool with an armful of glasses, I slipped my hand under the back of her skirt as she hovered for a moment or two, just long enough to feel the slickly wet lips and I think we both realised that this was only the start.  
  
'I can make you do anything I wish now,' I said. 'I am sure that John would be very unhappy with you exposing yourself to me in his absence. If I told him, I might get banned, but you, well, you wouldn't sit down for a week. I think we will start by banning panties from now on. That's not too difficult.' There was no discussion, in fact I spied a small satisfied smile. She definitely liked to exhibit herself.  
  
The next stage in the evolution of this pub also happened later that week while John was at a meeting at the Brewery. Arlene and I both saw Sheila reflected in the mirror taking ten pounds out of the till and putting it in her pocket.  
  
'Sheila come here,' I said as she jumped guiltily. After a few moments she admitted that it was not the first time but had been taking a small amount away most nights. I explained how unforgiving John was, how awful prison could be and how her parents in Australia would be mortified when she was expelled.  
  
'But there is another answer,' I said as Arlene looked at me wonderingly. 'You know the penalty Arlene has to pay from time to time, we could come to an arrangement if I talk to John nicely.'  
  
She looked a little shocked but agreed. She had little choice.  
  
'Firstly give me your panties. I never want to see you wearing them again.' I held my breath. Like a dream she shimmied her hands up under her skirt and passed them over to me despite half a dozen other customers sitting around the bar.  
  
'I will speak to John later and tell you the punishment. All I can say is that is it will be less than if John had caught you himself,' I said formally, my mind working overtime.  
  
After 20 minutes conversation with John later that evening we called her over. John gave her the benefits of a sermon and pronounced the penalty. She was to receive, in public twelve slaps with the back of a hairbrush and she was to spend the evening wearing the clothes of our choice.  
  
She agreed and a small notice was duly placed on the wall thus.  
  
'Sheila has transgressed and accepted a public punishment of twelve slaps to be carried out by John at 8.00pm Saturday.'  
  
This gave her forty eight hours anticipation and the opportunity to reflect on her crimes. It also allowed forty eight hours of word by mouth advertising.  
  
Saturday of course the pub was crowded and pride of place was given to the bar stool placed in the middle of the room. More bar staff had been hired in the expectation of record takings and John had a contented air. A buzz went round the room as John strode to the stool and beckoned Sheila.  
  
She was wearing at our request a tee shirt but with epaulettes sewn on to the shoulders and a short soft black satin full skirt. She blushed prettily, and said 'Does it have to be twelve?'  
  
John just looked stern and pulled out a ten pound note and she bent over the stool. Her toes just touched the ground on one side, her hands clasped the legs on the other, her long blonde hair flowing over her head to the floor. The bar went quiet as he lifted her skirt over her back to reveal a delightful pair of unencumbered cheeks, pale and slightly goose pimpled with anxiety. Her bottom was raised high where she rested on the stool, her legs held as close together as possible. Her pussy lips and hairy little bum-hole gave the lie to the blonde hair on her head as she wriggled delightfully.  
  
'One' said John as she screamed in surprise,  
  
'Two' as the other cheek received its first surprise.  
  
'Three' as a little sob rent the air.  
  
By 'Six' she was squirming on the stool, her legs separating so that her toes could get a firmer grip on the floor. By 'Nine' she was rubbing her pussy against the stool and her lips were lubricating freely. At the end of the dozen her legs were wrapped around the stool as she tried to rub her clitoris upon the leather seat. She brought her hand up under the stool, sinking two fingers deep into her slit with her thumb rubbing her clitoris. As she came, shrieking and bucking, a round of applause rent the air and she stood up and leaned against John for support. Embarrassment reddening her face as the hairbrush had reddened her bottom.  
  
'Oh' she cried as she ran from the room to a standing ovation. The pub got back to almost normal, a crowd at the bar ordering drinks with mine host beaming from ear to ear and Arlene looking a little jealous. I slipped into the back room to take Sheila a large Vodka and tonic and the handcuffs she was to wear for the rest of the evening which she had obviously forgotten.  
  
'I cannot go back out there.' she stuttered between sips and sniffs.  
  
'Of course you can,' I said. 'You were a big hit, lets face it, you really enjoyed yourself and anyway you knew the punishment.'  
  
She swallowed the rest of her drink and grinned, 'I guess I did enjoy it. What do I have to do now?'  
  
I produced the handcuffs with two pieces of cord attached. She willingly held out her hands and I slipped the cuffs on and locked them into place. She looked a little less certain when I slipped the cords through her epaulettes and told her to put her hands up to her chin. She could not see what I was doing as I fastened the cords to her hem with safety pins. I moved her over to a full-length mirror, standing her sideways and pulling her arms down. She reddened again as she saw her hem rise up to her waist exposing her very red bottom in its entirety.  
  
'There that looks nice,' I said. 'I will be surprised if it is not slapped a few more times during the evening as you liked it so much. Off you go and clear up the glasses from the tables. You still have two and a half hours to closing time. How many times do you think you can come?'  
  
She started to try to rub herself but the cords were three inches too short to allow that.  
  
'You can probably play with your tits,' I joked as John shouted, 'Sheila the tables need emptying.'  
  
Sheila shuffled into the bar looking nervous and was treated to a roar of applause from the 30 or 40 customers, mainly but not entirely men. This noise hardly abated when the first table she came to saw the handcuffs and her hands being held up to her chin. They saw little as she leant forward and extended her hands to pick up two glasses, but the table behind did. Laughter broke out as she stood upright and held the glasses to her chin walking back towards the safety of the bar.  
  
'Far too slow,' said John. 'We are busy tonight, here is a tray.'  
  
As she stopped at the first table and bent forward, arms extended to pick up a glass at the far side of the table, a hand came down sharply on to already reddened area of her bottom. Her hands were unable to reach the far side of the table anyway and she realised she had to walk around the table stopping at every seat to pick up the empties. During the next couple of hours she was slapped, fondled, kissed and lost touch of the number of fingers that probed both orifices and clitoris.  
  
Eventually twenty minutes before closing time she gave in to her desires and lay across a table, groaning, 'Fuck me please. Make me come.'  
  
John produced a dozen drinking straws from a glass on the bar and shouted, 'Free drinks for the rest of the evening if you can make her orgasm with these straws only.' They turned her around to lie her on her back across the table and set upon her, blowing and sucking and prodding with the end of these straws. They pushed her tee shirt and bra up and three or four people concentrated on her magnificent breasts, blowing beer, blowing cooling air, and at other times sucking against the nipples. Her clitoris, vulva and inner thighs received the same treatment. It was worse than 100 lashes. Pinprick sensations, when she needed a strong cock or at least a handful of strong fingers. Needless to say John had no intentions of buying drinks for the rest of the evening and the ineffectual probing kept her at a peak but unable to come.  
  
He was quick to call time in case asking me to stay on to help clear up as they were a barmaid short. With alacrity I agreed recognising where my help would be most needed with Sheila coiled in a foetal position on the table groaning. I had my cock in her hand and transferred to her fanny within seconds of the doors closing.

'Yes... Yes,' she cried achieving the orgasm within seconds that had been denied her all night.  
  
We had our doubts whether we would see her again, but she arrived for the Sunday lunchtime opening about an hour late and looking very short of sleep. She shamefacedly admitted that she had not been able to stop masturbating to sleep for longer than an hour or so at a time, but grinned and said, as my hopes of a repeat performance dropped, that while she would keep to her part of the bargain and never wear panties again at work, she was pleased that her punishment was over, 'at least until the next time I do something wrong.'  
  
Every cloud has its silver lining and I resolved to watch her closely.  
  
As it turned out that was not completely necessary as two or three days later, Chris, one of the newish 'regulars' came up to the bar at about ten o'clock after a few drinks and asked if we would mind him bringing his girlfriend in for chastisement. They had been in the bar on the Saturday evening and Sonia his girl friend had not stopped misbehaving since. He had eventually smacked her bottom last night, to their most mutual satisfaction apparently, for throwing his dinner in the oven after an argument, but last night she had for no explicable reason wet the bed, and that was just something that he would have to deal with.  
  
He told her he would punish her later and she was consequently standing naked at home waiting for his return to hear her punishment. John was delighted to offer his premises, without even asking for a charge to hire the room. We left it up to Chris to determine the punishment but agreed that 9.30 Friday he could have the use of the centre of the saloon bar. We would put up a small notice accordingly, as much as anything to deter people who might be upset by it. John had no need to advertise the punishment, as the story spread by word of mouth. There were more people drinking there than ever before, I guess just in case something did happen. Arlene and Sheila were firm favourites around the bar but seemed to take longer and longer to collect the empties nowadays.  
  
Wednesday evening arrived and Chris and Sonia arrived with a small crowd of six or seven friends at about seven o'clock. There was no sign of anything amiss except that Sonia was a little quieter than usual. Chris was, if anything, making up for that, organising a whip round for drinks and generally making sure that nobody, particularly Sonia was going thirsty. Sonia was boxed in by the wall and on at least one occasion had tried to get up to leave the room. It turned out that she had not been told when or where her punishment was due to take place. Just before 9.30 a male friend seated next to her rose to go to the toilet and she jumped to her feet and followed. John and I had had our eyes on them for a while waiting for a clue as to what would happen next.  
  
Ross rose to his feet and said, 'Just a minute Sonia' and his friend stood still blocking her exit. She went a little pale as he continued, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, please excuse me for taking up your time and interrupting your evening's drinking but I have a sorry tale to tell. Sonia here has been a very bad girl and she knows she is due a punishment. Tell them what you did Sonia.'  
  
She went bright red and stammered. 'I only wet the bed a little. I had had too much cider and......' she tailed off.  
  
'Let the punishment fit the crime,' said Ross. 'Six smacks of the brush, because we are after all in the White Hart and that is the approved means of punishment .....and no wetting yourself while you are given them my girl, or the punishment will be a lot worse.'  
  
'Oh, can I go now then,' cried Sonia. 'I am already bursting.'  
  
A cheer arose as the bar understood her predicament. She was wearing a long hip length white sweater and ski pants. We waited to see how the punishment was to be delivered. Ross walked to the middle of the room with a low bar stool from one of the tables and asked four people sitting at a sturdy pub table to move to one side for a few minutes.  
  
He put the stool on the table and said, 'Right Sonia, the longer you delay the worse it will be if you need a pee. Take off your ski pants and knickers and bend over the table. I think the sweater will have to come off as well. It may drop in the way.'  
  
Now we knew and the bar hushed. Ross's friend loomed large in the doorway to the toilets so Sonia inched toward the table. 'I need to go,' she hissed as Ross laughed and patted the stool and John handed him the ceremonial hairbrush.  
  
She eased down her black ski pants and her sloppy jumper dropped over her hips covering her bottom and underwear completely. A little hiss and a boo arose from the crowd gathered around.  
  
'Jumper next Sonia,' he laughed. 'This has to be really embarrassing. I do not want you forgetting this in a hurry. She grasped the hem and eased it up to her waist and over her tits. Violet matching underwear caused a little frisson of interest, almost as much from the assembled girls as the men. A lacy push up bra, and soft French knickers, so as not to show a panty line under the trousers, I guessed. Movements were getting slower despite a damp patch showing in the groin of the panties. Ross had noticed this and was quick to ask whether it was leakage or arousal. What a predicament to answer that question.  
  
She looked down at the floor and whispered, 'I want to come.'  
  
Ross laughed not to be side tracked.  
  
'You have got a long way to go before that happens, knickers off and on to the table.'  
  
She slipped down her knickers to a rising murmur from the crowd. She was almost completely shaven, with just a tuft decorating the top of a lusciously pouting slit. Ross held out a hand and helped her to kneel on the table and she slowly bent over the table, affording those of us at this end of the bar a magnificent view of those puffy outer lips poking between her cheeks, moist and shiny with desire. The depilation had revealed a beautiful little puckered rosebud of an arsehole which captured my attention until Ross began the slaps. They were not as hard as John had given to either Arlene or Sheila, but certainly enough to cause a pink glow to spread over her cheeks. His was a much slower more deliberate style. He paused between slaps and asked Sonia if she was sorry yet. The sixth finished and Sonia scrambled to her feet.  
  
'Where are you going?' Ross asked smirking. 'John, piss me a couple of pint pots. Whoops, sorry I meant pass me a couple of pint pots.'  
  
Sonia went pale as she realised the meaning of his words.  
  
'I said the punishment must fit the crime and this is the real punishment. That was only the warm up.'  
  
The spectators in the bar had slowly got closer and closer and Sonia realised that there was no way she could get through to the toilets anyway.'  
  
She kneeled up on the table and then stood with Ross's helping hand on her arm. She squatted into a crouch and widened her knees for balance. Her outer lips parted to show deep pink neat little flaps as she slapped her hand over them, less I think worried about her modesty, a little late for that, but in an effort not to pee until she was told she could. She took the proffered beer mug and held it below her. With a cry of relief she started to pee, little spurts at first followed by a torrent, tailing to a trickle and eventually only drops appearing. She handed the glass to the nearest person, and grabbed Ross who was still supporting her arm by the hair.  
  
'Lick me dry,' she said, with a gleam in her eye. That caught the imagination of the bar and Ross had no option but to lay her flat across the table and place his tongue against her minor hole. She held on to his hair to bury his head deep into her slit.  
  
'Lick me hard.'  
  
Ross at last got into the mood and licked her hard and fast, his tongue disappearing into her slit and bum-hole. Dry was obviously going to be an impossibility, the harder he licked and nibbled the wetter she became until eventually the inevitable orgasm racked her body to another round of applause. As she struggled to her feet, reaching for her clothes, Ross said, 'What about me. I need to come.'  
  
'This is your punishment,' she said to the amusement of the bar.  
  
'I'm all right Jack, poor Rossie will have to wait till we get home.'  
  
Well that was over a week ago now, and we have a steady succession of minor punishments or humiliations almost daily. A couple came in one evening and were sitting quietly drinking and talking in one corner. As the girl came back from the toilet she was very obviously carrying her bra in her hand and bright pink. Half an hour later she walked the same route. Loud mutterings of 'She's back,' echoed around the bar as she sat down with her panties in her hand. John offered her a drink on the house for another walk from the Ladies but her boyfriend said that they would save that journey for another time. Two young ladies have been seen under the tables at their boy-friends feet helping themselves to bodily fluids and one girl lost a bet and had to wear a cheer-leaders outfit with no panties.  
  
So the old White Hart is a changed pub, John has ordered his new Jag and is having fun at the moment interviewing bar maids. We have been promised a final vote in the bar next Friday when he brings in the three finalists for selection. Arlene is now every mans dream of the older woman, as she spends a least one day a week shopping and one day at a health farm and as for Sheila, well she was caught taking ten pounds from the till earlier this evening!

**The White Hart Ch. 02**

John's first priority was going to be Sheila. She wouldn't admit why she had taken the money. The 'Committee' of regulars eventually decided that it was not a lack of money, as, although everybody always wants more, she had received a good rise from John and now all the regular staff were on profit sharing. We eventually decided that with these interviews for another barmaid going ahead she was worried about her position as 'first bar-maid' and that she was conscious that she had not transgressed recently. She certainly had not had another beating for a while now.  
  
We decided that while we were interviewing the other staff on Friday would be the best time. It would be easy to punish her, organise a vote so that she would know she was still the favourite bar-maid and show up which of the three interviewees would be likely to go along with our little games the best.  
  
This was all mooted on the Tuesday night of the week that the interviews were to be held. John was a little disappointed that we had thought about holding such important events upon the same night. He was thinking about his sales and knew that two good nights is better than one very good night. However he was appeased when two of the newer 'regulars' asked if on Thursday they could blackmail their girlfriends into removing some of their clothing and persuading the pair to make out on one of the tables in the middle of the saloon bar. This in John's eyes would be worth a couple of hundred quid onto the takings of the average Thursday.  
  
John called Sheila over and told her of the punishment he had decided. She was to receive ten smacks on her naked bum from John himself and another ten from each of the 'Committee,' that is Pete, Bill and myself. She would then have to continue to work naked for the rest of the night. It seemed only fair as an escalation of her last punishment.  
  
She wailed and cried and promised that she would never do it again. She promised us all a 'little party time' on our own, but please, please she didn't want to take forty smacks and have to walk around naked all evening.  
  
We told her the only alternative was to resign now and we would interview for two girls on Friday.  
  
More wailing and crying, 'Could she be punished right at the end of the evening, so that she only had to endure perhaps half an hour of naked serving.'  
  
I don't know why she bothered. It was exactly what she wanted, or possibly needed, in the first place and there was no way we were going to lighten the sentence. I did wonder whether I could barter perhaps five of my smacks for a little of that 'private party time.' I had still not screwed her in fact. Despite a lot of entertainment in the pub my love-life was no better than it had been six months ago. To be honest I still wasn't getting any. I had a few quick gropes with both Sheila and Arlene, though John must never find out, I did not want to get barred.  
  
We sent Sheila off, wailing and crying to clear the glasses. It was not long however before we saw her being groped by some lad in a corner, her crocodile tears long gone.  
  
Bill bought a round as he, John, Pete and myself decided to organise the little trials that our new barmaids should go through.  
  
'Should we invite Arlene to listen in and advise us,' I said. After all she is part owner and she might be able to tell us if we are going too far.'  
  
John was a little disgruntled at first vowing that 'the moment she tries to make it easier for them, is the moment she has to start doing the trials and I will interview her again for her job as part-owner.'  
  
Sounded good to me. Fun even.  
  
John called her down from upstairs on the pretext that Bill wanted to buy her a drink. It was still fairly early and she was not really due down for another half an hour. She normally came in about seven thirty for an hour before it got busy so that John could have an hour's peace and a meal before he was back on.  
  
'While you are here, 'John said, 'We need to talk about hiring this new barmaid. I guess it will be not quite a full time job, what do you reckon dear, seven to eleven, six nights a week. Every day really except Mondays, they are pretty quiet.'  
  
'So are you going to do the clearing up on your own, then John. What about these layabouts here who never leave before eleven fifteen, or even eleven thirty.'  
  
Harsh but probably fair.  
  
'True,' he said. 'I guess we are talking about midnight then. So thirty hours.'  
  
'Do they all want to work those hours,' said Bill. 'Thirty hours is quite a long part time job.'  
  
'They all said that they want to work at least fifteen to twenty hours and they know it is evenings.'  
  
'Well there is a possibility,' I said. 'If we like two of them they may be able to split the hours and we get twice the number of girls. Win win.'  
  
'Listen,' said John. 'We are not employing these bloody girls for your bloody harem. If you don't buck up and buy another drink I am thinking of banning you anyway.'  
  
I took the hint and put my hand in my pocket. We were down at the bottom of our beers.  
  
'So what little tests can we arrange,' said Pete. 'Would you like me to interview them all in the back room first. See that they are suitable like.'  
  
'Good idea,' said John. 'Bring your Missus as well, see if she likes them.'  
  
That put Pete in his place.  
  
'I have already done the interviewing. They can all pull a pint, change barrels, wash glasses and work the till. And hopefully not work the till like Sheila. They have all cooked before in pubs so if necessary they could help prepare the food as well as serve it. And they are all pretty good-looking. Isn't that right Arlene? She was there at the interviews.'  
  
'That's right,' said Arlene. 'All three of them seem to want the job, they could all do it and as John said they really are good looking, at least as good as Sheila, and that is saying something. You boys seem to appreciate her all right. The girls are, Jackie, who is thirtyish, tall, dark hair, from Scotland. Will you be able to understand her foreign tongue Bill?'  
  
'Anytime she wants to swap tongues with me I'll be ready for her,' Bill gagged, 'I'll take the low road, if she wants the high road.'  
  
'Yeah yeah,' we all laughed. 'You've got no chance,'  
  
'And the other two?'  
  
'Kimberly is a black girl of Jamaican extraction but brought up here in the UK. In Essex actually. In her twenties. Very tall, slim, fit, looks like a runner. Very pretty face. She'll be too fast for you Ben.'  
  
'They are all too fast for me,' I said, trying to look like I was crying to get a little sympathy from her.  
  
'That what I heard,' she said. 'In fact Pete here was thinking you might be gay. Is that right Pete?'  
  
Luckily I knew it was a joke but resolved to do something about it. While my sex life was a joke I didn't need everyone else joking about it.  
  
'And the third one?'  
  
'Oh I think you will like the third one,' she said. 'Urszula is about five foot three, very blonde and with attributes that you particularly will like Pete. She is Polish, and has been over here about four years. She used to work in a pub in Luton but found it boring. She has moved into a flat near here with three girl friends. She broke up with her fiancée who lived in Luton. He apparently got another girl pregnant, so she walked. John promised her that there was nothing boring about this pub and that she needed to come in on Friday to see around.'  
  
If Pete was going to like her attributes we all knew that she had big breasts. Pete was a tit-man.  
  
I started looking forward to Friday.  
  
'Well we only have a couple of days left to decide what they need to do, what tests,' said Bill with a glint in his eye. He could see them all in his mind's eye, naked, spread all over the table tops as he wandered from girl to girl with his twelve inch cock keeping them all happy. That's another thing that's not going to happen. Twelve inches huh. In his dreams.  
  
Pete was probably imagining them lining up to put his twelve inches between their breasts as he tongued Jackie. Another dream that was never going to happen.  
  
And as for me, I think I had them dancing on the bar, a bit like the film Coyote Ugly, except naked of course, while I got ready to plunge my twelve inches.... Well you've got the score.  
  
'Frankly,' said John, 'I don't think we can ask them to do much more on Friday than help around the bar, pour drinks, clear glasses and chat to the customers. They will probably be a bit shocked when they see Sheila getting beaten and stripped, so I will be a bit surprised if we even have one of them left willing to work here by the end of the evening.'  
  
We all thought about that. John had a point.  
  
Arlene then came in with a brilliant suggestion. 'Are you guys all going to be in on Thursday night? How about if we invite them in for an informal chat and a few free drinks on Thursday. Elliot and Archie are bringing their girl friends in to entertain us so they will get an idea of what a regular night is more like without having to be involved in going round the tables collecting the glasses while they get groped.'  
  
'Free drinks and girls,' said Pete. 'I'll be there and I know these two reprobates will be as well.'  
  
'Here here. Less of the free drinks,' said John. 'I can understand free drinks for the girls, well a couple anyway, but as for you scroungers. I will run a tab and we will discuss your contribution at the end of the night.'  
  
'If Jackie and Kimberly cannot make it perhaps you could ask Urszula to invite her flat mates,' I suggested.  
  
'In your dreams,' came back John. 'That sounds like far too many free drinks for your potential bloody harem. It is the three of them and only the three of them. And as for you three, best you stay in my good books by ordering another round. It's your turn isn't it Pete.'  
  
He never missed a chance to make money out of us.  
  
'Anyway I am going to get my dinner' he said. 'You will be down here for the next hour Arlene luv?'  
  
'Yeah sure. Don't wear yourself out eating your meal. It is going to be a long evening and you know I am off to my Zumba class at nine.'  
  
'He is hardly going to wear himself out eating, is he?' I said. Unless you were being sarcastic that he may fall asleep.'  
  
She looked at me like I had two heads. 'Oh you poor naive creature. No wonder you're still a bloody virgin. Where do you think Sheila is going now. Slipping out the back door for a fag? No she is off upstairs to give him a blow-job. Didn't you know?'  
  
'I had no idea,' I gasped. 'And I am not a bloody virgin. It's just been a while. Don't you mind then?'  
  
'Course not. I can have him any time I want. It gives me a break, and what makes you think I am going to Zumba.'  
  
She winked.  
  
Now I had no idea what was the truth and what wasn't. I was prepared to believe that Sheila was upstairs however. I remembered that she often disappeared when he did. It was a bloody nuisance sometimes when you wanted to get a drink.  
  
Good old Bill changed the subject, 'So how was your long weekend at the health farm. You look good on it. I tell you we don't need these flipperygibbits of girls around here when we have you to look at.'  
  
'That's very nice of you to say so Bill, but I am sure I won't find you watching me on Thursday night when there are three new girls all with short skirts on and the two girlfriends of that lot,' she gesticulated over the other side of the bar, 'taking their clothes off.'  
  
'That's true,' said Bill seriously, 'But I will be able to see you Saturdays Sundays and even Mondays when those little slappers are not around. And talking of seeing you. Here give us a little flash at those lovely legs of yourn, before you go off to your boyfriend Zumba. Who is he anyway? Some black lad?'  
  
We all laughed.  
  
'I have to be careful now about bending over,' she said. 'Now that Ben there told me I wasn't allowed to wear knickers no more. In fact I am a bit surprised that he hasn't asked to check I was still doing it.'  
  
Talk about familiarity breeds contempt, here I was with a tame submissive, not mine admittedly, at my beck and call, and I had hardly followed it up.  
  
My mouth fell open I am sure, as I started to apologise.  
  
'I don't need no apologies now Ben, but what with all these young girls, and that tart Sheila around it would show me I was appreciated every now and then if you did ask to check.'  
  
I did all that I could to rectify the matter by buying a bottle of champagne. I knew she wouldn't be able to drink it all, wherever she was going, but she is a part-owner so the profit was going straight back to her pocket and like her a husband she is a pragmatist.  
  
'A bottle of our finest house bubbly coming up,' she smiled, and then winked. 'Watch carefully boys we keep the bubbly on the bottom shelf as you know. Ooh, it is so difficult to bend over in this tight skirt, I'll just have to ease it up my hips an inch or three.'  
  
Frankly it was short enough that we could probably have seen her pussy without her hiking it a little higher but this way we did get to see her glistening little arse-hole as well.  
  
'Thank you Aline, for everything.'  
  
'Oh and can I have a bottle of that champagne, from the same place,' said a voice over my left shoulder. 'Oh, are you guys going to be in here on Thursday? You could be in for a bit of a treat, although my girl Penelope over there, the tall blonde one, doesn't know yet. She is going to be the treat, haw, haw, with her friend Hermione.'  
  
'Thank you Elliot, yes we will be here. John told us that you were having a bit of a 'celebration'. Or should I say a bit of a do.'  
  
'Oh very good Ben a bit of a do, haw haw. It will be me doing the doing when I get her home, haw haw.'  
  
Despite his silly ways and his even sillier laugh he wasn't a bad bloke, particularly if his crowd of Hooray Henry friends were elsewhere. We had shared a drink and a story or three from time to time when it was quiet.  
  
'I'll say, Ben old boy that Arlene has got bloody good legs hasn't she.'  
  
This was supposed to have been in a whisper I think but it was plainly heard by Arlene who was bending over at this particular moment getting Elliot his bottle.  
  
'She certainly has Elliot. Arlene, just stay like that a moment and let us appreciate those lovely legs of yours. Can you see Elliot, they go right up to her bum. In fact I know you know, because we can quite clearly see her bum can't we Elliot. Thank you Arlene. But have you ever noticed them from the front as well Elliot? Arlene would you mind turning round just as you are now without adjusting your skirt too much and showing Elliot that your legs go right up to your bum there as well. That's perfect Arlene thank you. I know it's not your bum at the front but it is your front bottom, as some people call it. It's nearly the same.' In fact it did look nearly the same because she had obviously shaved it for the health farm.  
  
Arlenes face was bright red, in fact the colour matched very closely with her lower lips which were poking out between her outer labia.  
  
'Say thank you Elliot.'  
  
'Ththththaaank you Mrs ...uh..Arlene... yyyyeeees, really attractive especially from the front.' He quickly paid for his champagne. I am not sure who was more embarrassed, him or Arlene.  
  
She addressed us again 'You little buggers, well I suppose it was my own fault. I guess I know I am appreciated again. I must go and check on the kitchen. If anyone wants a drink in a hurry just shout upstairs for that tart. He must have finished by now. He doesn't take that long.'  
  
John and his 'tart' were soon down and she did a couple of rounds of the bar clearing a few glasses and allowing the regulars a little sight of her stocking tops and often a little nipple or two as she bent over.  
  
She came up to the three of us and pushed her way between us to put the glasses on the counter. I didn't hear any complaint as I lowered my hand on to her thigh, just below the bottom of her skirt and started to ease my hand over her bottom, bringing the hem up with it.  
  
'Been nicking any more money then Sheila?' asked Bill subtly.  
  
'I'll bet she has,' said Pete. 'And I'll bet she is looking forward to Friday night, eh Sheila. A chance to get your clothes off and that bottom of yours pasted a bit.'  
  
'Well if she has been stealing more money from the bar,' I said, 'I don't know where she is hiding it, because it certainly isn't down her knickers. She isn't wearing any.'  
  
'Here you leave my bottom alone. I'll tell John and he'll ban you. You see if he don't.' John had conveniently gone into the kitchen with an order.  
  
'Think you're fireproof now you're giving him blow-jobs, do you?' I added with a leer. 'And, talking of blow-jobs, how would you like to make sure that my ten slaps don't hurt too much on Friday night? They could end up more like a sort of tickle, an encouragement, if you like. That is if we had a little private time out by the bins perhaps. You could see how my Ever-ready compares with John's.'  
  
'If you're talking batteries,' she said with a smirk, 'from what I've seen of the front of your trousers you're more like a triple bloody A. Hardly worth talking about. Wouldn't even run a pencil vibrator for a couple of minutes let alone a Duracell bunny like me.'  
  
We all laughed as she walked away knowing that yet again she had the verbal beating of me. Still, I did get to fondle her bum crack.  
  
I was intrigued however that my suggestion had not fallen entirely on fallow ground as she wandered back with more glasses and said 'Of course, if those slaps on Friday night are sort of gentle and do encourage a girl to get friendly, well, who knows what might happen.'  
  
As we all knew, she wasn't stupid even if she did steal tenners from the bar from time to time, mainly to be sure she got her bottom smacked.  
  
She wasn't going to give me anything in advance. It was going to be payment in arrears. Maybe.  
  
It was a quiet evening only livened up by a couple of girls sitting at a table with their boyfriends flashing their knickers at everyone in sight.  
  
They were quite blatant about it so the boys must have known and were obviously encouraging them.  
  
Bill called Sheila over.  
  
'Sheila, do you see those glasses on the table where the four of them are sitting, that table with the girls showing their knickers.'  
  
She nodded. She didn't even have to look over to know which table he meant.  
  
'Well, I could be persuaded not to smack too hard on Friday as well if you spill this half an inch of beer in this glass over that girl's knickers. Just wet enough that she has to take them off. What do you reckon? Will she have the nerve to take them off or is she just a prickteasy little tart?'  
  
Sheila never refuses a dare even without the promise of an easier time Friday. She held Bill's glass with the half an inch of beer in her right hand and collected two or three other glasses in her left. As she came up to the table where the four of them sat she appeared to trip and all the beer went flying straight between the girl's legs.  
  
'Oops sorry love. Are you all right. Do you want me to take them and get them dried out for you. Everybody can see that they are all wet now just as they could see them all dry but with a small wet patch earlier.  
  
Or if you want to do it yourself the toilet is over there.'  
  
She continued picking up glasses without a care.  
  
At first the other three sitting at the table looked a bit shocked and I wondered whether they were going to make a fuss to John. I know he would not appreciate having to buy them a free round of drinks to compensate them. Mind you as it was not their drink that got spilt they didn't have much of a leg to stand on.

The whole bar was watching them now to see what would happen. The boys recognised now what had occurred and you could hear them saying 'Go on Shelley, ask that cheeky barmaid to take them off and dry them for you. Or at least go to the toilet and take them off. Give them to me and I'll look after them,' said one of the lads.  
  
Surprisingly enough Shelley stood up and disappeared to the toilets. We looked forward to her coming back and sitting down again as we assumed she was going to take them off.  
  
The other girl, Jess, I think her name was, said to the two boys with a touch of bravado, 'If she had done that to me I would have made her take them off and dry them. Cheeky cow.'  
  
Without saying a word I handed my glass with half an inch of beer in it to Sheila who just happened to be wandering past me at that moment.  
  
She grinned and taking a long circuitous trip around the bar ended up at their table just as the girl came out of the toilet and took her seat. The whole bar was watching to see whether she would flash us as she had been doing before. She kept her knees together and put her legs under the table. You could hear the clucking and cackling 'chicken-like' noises all round the bar. She went red but then started laughing as Sheila pulled exactly the same stunt on Jess, soaking her knickers with half an inch of beer. 'Oops, sorry love. Did I hear you say you wanted a hand taking them off?'  
  
The two boys and Shelley all started applauding and so there was no way that Jess who was sitting there stunned could get irate.  
  
'Sheila put the empty glass on the table, knelt in front of Jess and before she could speak had pulled her panties down and off. She did not even have time to struggle as Sheila lifted her legs to slip them over her feet.  
  
'I'll just take these outside and dry them.'  
  
Leaving the empty glass on the table she disappeared off towards the door which led to the toilets and eventually the corridor to John's quarters. She did however stop to have a quiet word with a group of six lads sitting on their own near the door. I noticed her waving the knickers in front of them and that two of them followed her out.  
  
She returned a few moments later and continued picking up glasses. I noticed that a couple of the half dozen boys were at the bar ordering another round.  
  
'What did you say to the lads, Sheila.'  
  
She laughed. 'I asked if any of them wanted to use them to have a wank in before I put them in the tumble drier. I showed the two of them where the tumble drier is and told them that when the six of them had finished to put them in there. I set the dial for fifteen minutes. That should leave them hot dried out but possibly still a bit sticky. That white cum will look good dried on those black silk knickers.'  
  
We all laughed and watched the two lads try to encourage Shelley and Jess to open their legs again. So far with no luck.  
  
We watched all six of the lads troop through and then saw Sheila disappear out to collect them. You could see her smile as she walked back into the room whirling them around her finger.  
  
'Tell you what Miss, to show how sorry I am I will kneel here at your feet and put them back on you. I promise not to lift up your dress to show anyone your puss. Will that make amends, seeing me sorry, here at your feet?'  
  
Little actress.  
  
'Good idea,' said Jess. 'That was a horrible thing to do to another girl. Just because we were having a bit of fun showing them doesn't mean we are tarts like you, happy to not wear any.'  
  
Mistake, I thought. Big mistake.  
  
'Sorry Miss,'  
  
She stood up and lifted first one foot and then the other as Sheila pulled them up her legs. As she had said she slid them quickly under her skirt, pulled them up tight into Jess's slit and apparently pushed them up even further with her fingers.  
  
Jess screamed, pulled up her skirt and said, 'What's that. Take them off.'  
  
So of course Sheila did. Straight down to her ankles and left them+ there. What a sight she was holding her skirt up to the waist with her panties round her ankles.  
  
When she realised what she was doing she quickly sat and dropped her skirt back, but not before we had all had a good look at her pussy.  
  
Sheila walked back and high-fived the three of us as we sat at the bar. 'Perfect timing,' she said. 'They were still warm, and very sticky, all covered in cum. More white than black. Must have felt lovely on her little hot cooch. I hope she doesn't get pregnant.'  
  
John sent over a round of drinks for the two girls. He knew the boys would be happy anyway and they might just help the girls to get pissed enough to give the boys a treat before they took them home.  
  
We also saw the benefits of the extra drinks. Jess was the first one to sit with her legs apart. I guess we had all seen most of it anyway and she probably needed to let her crotch dry out a little from the sticky gusset. I noticed the panties abandoned on the floor.  
  
It wasn't long before, with even Jess nagging Shelley now, she also succumbed and spun her legs around to face the room before opening them a few inches. Then, as the adrenalin hit her, she opened them right out to a cheer, particularly from the six lads at the corner table who by now were pretty well pissed.  
  
Another quiet evening at the White Hart.

**The White Hart Ch. 03**

I was out with workmates the next night but turned up early enough on the Thursday to grab a meal and see if they had been in contact with the three new potential bar-maids. I was hoping that John's generosity would extend to a chilli. Dream on.  
  
However the girls had all said that they would love to come in, have a drink and see a typical evening.  
  
Pete, Bill and myself were all champing at the bit for these girls to arrive and when they did, well, we were not disappointed. They were all lovely and John and Arlene were at their best mine host behaviour.  
  
We all had a couple of drinks, including John & Arlene but it had all the makings of a busy night so neither of them could spend a lot of time with us. The girls did not seem to mind chatting to us though. John had been decidedly nice when introducing us, describing as three good guys who helped out a bit from time to time and were fairly instrumental in giving the place it's character.  
  
Urszula was definitely hot, and fun, while Kimberly was just drop-dead gorgeous. She had long legs which she certainly seemed happy to show under a tiny denim mini. Her breasts were not big, a B cup I was guessing, but she was all in proportion. She also had a nice sense of humour teasing Pete about the whereabouts of his wife, as soon as she found out he was married.  
  
Jackie was a bit quieter than the other two but still more than pleasant. She did have quite a strong Scottish accent which encouraged Bill to tell some slightly off-colour stories about the three years he spent working in a bar in Glasgow. He had opened up to her about his past more than he ever had to Pete and I. That alone made her a good barmaid.  
  
'So what is so special about this pub then,' asked Kimberly eventually.  
  
'Yes,' said Urszula, 'Arlene promised that I would not be bored in this pub, not like the one in Luton. So far it doesn't look much difference except a little more crowded.  
  
I decided it was time to ramp up the party a little.  
  
'Well what if I said that in half an hour or so a couple of girls in here were going to get naked.' I said.  
  
'What do you mean, that a couple of strippers are coming in?' asked Jackie.  
  
'No,' I said, 'Just that a couple of the girls in here now will just decide to strip off their clothes in the middle of the room.'  
  
They looked around. Excluding themselves there were about ten or eleven girls in small groups. There were four girls, all with partners, there with Elliot and his friends, a group of three, who looked a bit like hookers taking a break and a few more couples most of whom came in fairly regularly.'  
  
'Well I guess those three might start looking for business,' huffed Jackie.  
  
'Okay I'll bet all three of you your knickers, that two of them are naked by ten o'clock. What do you say?'  
  
They all laughed at me.  
  
'Not with those three girls over there looking like they are just waiting to drop them as in the proverbial whore's drawers,' said Kimberly.  
  
'And what do we get if you are wrong anyway?' asked Urszula.  
  
'Twenty pound each. And I will exclude those three from the bet. That should make it easier.'  
  
You're on,' said Kimberly. Jackie and Urszula looked at each other and nodded.  
  
'Sure.'  
  
Yes zat is okay. I bet as well.'  
  
We shook hands all around.  
  
'Tell you what, let us have another drink to celebrate the bet,' I said.  
  
'Arlene, a bottle of cold champagne from your bottom shelf please.'  
  
We all watched as Arlene caught my eye first and then slowly said. 'A cold one from the back of the bottom shelf?'  
  
'Yes please, that is the one. You know the ones I like. We will watch to make sure you are getting the right one, won't we guys.'  
  
She stalked slowly to the back of the small space behind the bar shimmied her tight skirt an inch or two higher and leant over as I knew she would exposing four or five inches of her delightful crack. I could practically see her pussy moistening itself as she stood there.  
  
'That's it. They are the ones. Thank you Arlene.'  
  
She opened it and poured a glass for each of the girls. Her eyebrows rose with a silent question. I shook my head so that she poured three more pints for Pete, Bill and myself.  
  
The girls were quiet while Arlene blew me a small kiss and went off to serve someone else.  
  
'Wow,' said Kimberly. 'Does she often bend over like that when she has no knickers on. And that doesn't count towards the bet as she didn't take her clothes off. And she is not a customer so for the bet I am going to exclude her and that Australian barmaid.'  
  
'That's fine,' I said. 'Yes, I will exclude them from the bet.'  
  
I looked so confident I guess that I could see that they had started to worry and wonder what they had got into.  
  
They were soon to be put out of their misery. All of a sudden Elliot jumped to his feet.  
  
'Ladies and Gentlemen, if I may crave a few minutes of your precious time. I would like to introduce you to my fiancée Penelope and to my buddy Archie and his fiancée Hermione.'  
  
Archie stood and raised his arms like a winning boxer saluting the crowd. Penelope a stick- thin blonde and a practically identical girl beside her, Hermione, half heartedly waved to the crowd.  
  
Archie and Elliot helped them to their feet turning them around so that they could wave to all corners of the pub.  
  
The girls and Archie quickly sat down as Elliot produced an envelope from which he dragged some large A4 sized photographs.  
  
'Ladies and Gentlemen, the other night I am sorry to say Archie and I caught our girls cheating on us.'  
  
The crowd quickly caught on to their role in the unfolding drama and we started booing and crying 'no surely not.'  
  
'Yes I am afraid so, and, what can I say, who do you think they were unfaithful to us with?'  
  
'Shame tell us. Who was it?'  
  
'No.'  
  
'Shame on them.'  
  
'Who were they with?' we chanted.  
  
'Each other. I am afraid. There they were, our fiancées, being unfaithful to us like a pair of lesbians.'  
  
'Shame.'  
  
'Disgraceful.'  
  
'What were they doing to each other?'  
  
Bill had shouted out this last remark almost as if he had prior knowledge of Elliot's intent.  
  
'Good question sir. What indeed were they doing? Well luckily Archie had his camera there and we managed to take some pictures to show you all exactly what they were doing together.' He brandished the dozen or so glossy prints.  
  
'I shall pass these amongst you so that you can see just what our tramp fiancées were doing.' The two girls were crying and holding hands. This had obviously come out of the blue and they were, not wrongly, mortified.  
  
'In fact Ladies and Gentlemen not only will we show you these photographs but if you go online to the address on the back of these photo's you will see more of the same posted for the world to see. As will their parents and their employers when we post off our little surprise packets.  
  
Hermione was practically beside herself, grabbing Elliot as he spoke trying to snatch the photo's from his hands.  
  
'Of course Ladies and Gentlemen, there is, I suppose, one way in which the girls may learn the errors of their ways. A way that will keep tonight, and the night they were caught in their memory and remind them of the error of their ways.  
  
The alternative to us, your employers, your families and the world at large seeing your photographs is for you to undress, here and now, get onto this table and show us what you were doing.'  
  
The room erupted in cheers.  
  
'Yeah.'  
  
'Okay get 'em off.'  
  
'Show us what you got girls.'  
  
You could see Hermione and Penelope sitting begging with Archie and Elliot who appeared adamant. They sat arms crossed waiting for the girls to start to undress.  
  
All of a sudden Elliot said something quietly to the girls which must have  
  
convinced them that this was indeed their only choice.  
  
Penelope stood and, still snuffling, removed her jumper to stand there in her bra and skirt.  
  
The room rent with cheers and applause.  
  
I saw even Kimberly and Urszula getting carried away, clapping and cheering.  
  
Hermione unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off while remaining seated.  
  
'Stand up. We cannot see at the back.' A voice cried.  
  
Archie helped her to her feet.  
  
The girls were both wearing low slung jeans and they were next to fall, the pair watching each other to choreograph their movements.  
  
'We still can't see,' cried a voice at the back.  
  
'Right girls, stand on this table,' said Elliot helping Penelope up onto the table top. Hermione was similarly helped up by Archie.  
  
'Right girls start to show us what you were doing on Friday night. Put your arms around each other and remove the other ones bra.'  
  
'Yeah right.'  
  
'More. Show us those tits.'  
  
They did, but both girls were, like the current fashion, stick thin, so tit lovers like Bill will have been disappointed.  
  
'That's right girls, now give each other a little kiss. Put your arms around each other and start to make out. Come on, you know how you were doing it.'  
  
All of a sudden the girls did look like they were properly getting into it. Their kissing started getting passionate. Tongues were flying.  
  
Archie and Elliot looked at each other and knew that the moment had come. They each grabbed a pair of panties and jerked them below their girl's knees.  
  
Whoops of pleasure roared around the room.  
  
Elliot helped the girls to lie down on the table top and whispered in their ears. They were still kissing passionately fingering each other's tits and pussies. He prevailed upon them to sixty-nine, which it seemed to me they were quite happy to do.  
  
'This Ladies and Gentlemen, is what they were doing. Disgraceful eh.'  
  
Great laughter and cheers followed this statement.  
  
'Free drinks', shouted John, 'for Elliot, Archie and the girls', he added more quietly.  
  
Of course the rush to the bar slowed as the other punters realised that they had not heard the whole announcement only the first two words. Still they were happy after the entertainment and were never going to argue about the price of a drink or two. Elliot and Archie did come up for their drinks however leaving the girls threshing about on the table surrounded by a little crowd of watchers.  
  
'So does that mean you are going to ditch the lesbians,' Archie was asked.  
  
'Oh no,' he said. 'They have been at it ever since school. I would be surprised if their parents and employers don't know they like another girl on the side. This is the first time they have ever done it in public though, and judging by the look of them they will be up for it again sometime. They just have to pretend to be pushed into it.'  
  
Elliot added, 'Mind you I have never had Hermione nor you Penelope, have you Arch? Shall we go back to my flat tonight, if we can ever separate the girls, that is. They look in the mood for a little foursome.'  
  
They looked to me like they would have no interest at all in the guys. At the moment you would have to throw a bucket of water over them to get them to separate.  
  
'So does this happen often in here?' asked Urszula.  
  
'Well I guess three or four times a week,' I said. 'It is certainly what John meant about you not being bored in here.'  
  
'What would we have to do,' said Kimberly.  
  
'Nothing specifically,' I said. 'Just assist and I guess appear willing to help the atmosphere along by wearing skimpy clothing, short skirts, revealing tops, that sort of thing. John will have described the profit sharing scheme and so you can see that this sort of thing does drag the punters in through the front door. If you wanted to go further of course then no-one is going to stop you. For example tomorrow, when you are coming in for your final interviews, Sheila the Aussie barmaid is baring all and being spanked in the middle of the floor because she was caught stealing from the till. It was that or the police.'  
  
'Stupid girl, said Bill. 'She probably had to steal it three times before we caught her. I'll bet she put it back twice.'  
  
We all laughed and Pete said 'Yes, she does like being spanked. It's happened before and it will be bound to happen again.'  
  
'Anyway,' I said, 'I think we had a little bet girls. Time to give me your panties. But wait just a moment.'  
  
I moved towards the centre of the room where the girls were peeling themselves off each other and getting down from the table.  
  
'Gentlemen, oh and Ladies of course. I must admit I had a small bet with a few new friends, young ladies in here interviewing for a job as a bar-maid, that something like that might happen and now of course they have to pay up. I am afraid it is nowhere near as much as you have already seen, but I do have three lovely ladies here willing to give me their panties, an experience which I feel I must share with you.  
  
Ladies, on the table perhaps?'  
  
Urszula looked more than happy to jump on the table and lower her panties to the ground. She was quick and efficient as she kicked them over to me and we saw nothing except a lot of leg and a little bit of backside as she was helped back down from the table.  
  
Kimberly of course was quite a bit taller with really long legs and so, standing on the table, looking nowhere near as confident as Urszula had, she was already showing off her white knickers.  
  
She quickly pulled them down, and dropped to a seating position on the table. Again no-one really saw much because her black skin under the heavy dark skirt literally left us in the dark.  
  
We applauded generously though, as she gave me her white panties.  
  
We waited for Jackie who it appeared had a problem.  
  
'Bollocks,' she said, followed by something completely unintelligible in Glaswegian as she stood and reached under her longish skirt to pull down her tights and her panties. She did not do it with particularly good grace and by the time she was down on the floor again, underwear firmly in her hand she was stepping it out for the door.  
  
I heard something about the fact that if I thought she was going to give me her knickers I could 'GO FUCK MYSELF.'  
  
I did not expect to see her for the next night's interviews.  
  
Now for the first time we heard from someone who I knew that I should never underestimate, but had forgotten.  
  
Sheila.  
  
'Ladies, oh and Gentlemen, if that's what you call yourselves. In my country we call someone who cheats on a bet a bloody thief. That's what we call them. What do you call them here? What do you call a person who makes a bet by lying to the other party? What do you do about someone who knows the result before the bet is struck? You see that's what I think we have here. We have Ben making a bet when he knew what was going to happen. Elliot, did you tell Ben here what you were going to do in advance.'  
  
'Yes.' He said.  
  
'The case is proven girls. So now we must make the punishment fit the crime. I think that Ben has to stand up here on the table and take his panties off.'  
  
Huge cries of approval from all over the bar.  
  
I heard Aline crying 'Go Sheila, you sort him out.'  
  
'And then,' she said, 'all of the girls involved in the bet can smack his bare arse. Ten smacks each I think is the usual punishment. Plus me of course, oh and Aline I think because he gives her a hard time too. What do you think Girls, and any of you men who think you are Gentlemen and want to hound out the cheats in society.'  
  
She had put together too good an emotive case. I knew that my chances of getting out of this unscathed were nil. I could even see Pete and Bill cheering quietly while trying to not get too involved that they may be recognised as co-defendants.  
  
I was hustled towards the table and found myself being helped up. I could not believe the evil glint in Sheila's eyes.  
  
I took stock of my situation and realised that there was absolutely nothing I could do. Luckily I had put clean boxers on just that evening, in the hope, perhaps, of getting one of the interviewees back to my flat.  
  
I thought briefly about stripping completely, as I know I have an okay body. Okay but not toned. Despite the hours I put in at the pub, there was little beer belly. I decided against it and just dropped my strides, kicked them away and posed for a moment or two in my Calvin Kleins.  
  
I noticed Urszula pick up my trousers for me so when I dropped the boxers I aimed them at her as well. Hopefully she wasn't about to do a runner with my wallet in the back pocket.  
  
My seven inches was only about five at this precise moment but I knew it was heading towards seven. I jumped down from the table and faced my prosecutor. She laughed and waited as she watched it getting bigger and bigger. Sod it. I was almost fully erect just standing there looking at her. She looked me more in the face than in the cock. Every few seconds she would lower her gaze just to see whether it was still growing.  
  
Eventually she broke the silence which had descended on the room by saying, 'I think we might as well spank him now and see whether that will make this pathetic specimen rise a bit.'  
  
Ohhh cruel. I just hoped I wouldn't get fully hard when they started spanking me. I did not know how I was going to react. Could I stand the pain? Would I enjoy it? I had never been spanked since I was six or seven I guessed. In fact I didn't really remember ever being spanked.  
  
She pushed me over to lay my tummy on the table. She spread my legs. My cock stretched out under the table facing the other side. My balls hung low under my arse crack.  
  
'Right Urszula first I think, then Kimberly, then Penelope, then Hermione, Aline and lastly myself.'  
  
There was little point about arguing whether Penelope or Hermione had been involved with the bet. I think I would probably have pulled the same trick if the situations had been reversed.  
  
Smack, smack smack. Urszula was really enjoying this. I could not see her face from where I lay but I could feel the enthusiasm she was putting in. Luckily she was not practised so I would have said it stung a bit rather than actually hurt.  
  
Her ten strokes were over and now the girl I was worried about, Kimberley, took over. She was fit and I fully expected this to hurt.  
  
It was a lot harder than Urszula had given me. I think she must have played tennis or squash at some time. About halfway through Kimberly's strokes I felt a hand playing with my cock. I had forgotten all about it until that moment and then I realised that yes I was rock hard. If whoever it was down there played with it to much I was going to ejaculate. Then I started to wonder who it was.  
  
It obviously wasn't Kimberley or even Penelope because I could hear them changing over. That was good. I wasn't unduly worried about the strength of these hooray girls.  
  
So I am fairly sure it wouldn't be Hermione, nor Aline, and hell, Sheila was still out there as well, so unless it was one of the boys or John, and I quickly put this right out of my mind, it had to be Urszula. When I realised this if it were possible I stiffened a little more.  
  
As Hermione took over I groaned a little. I am not really sure why. It was harder again, I should have realised that most Sloaney types play tennis. But was it pleasure emanating from my cock?  
  
It was and it was confirmed now.  
  
Sheila said 'Urszula don't you let him come yet. I want him hurting, just on the point of coming.'  
  
I groaned again and we all knew why.  
  
'Well done Urszula, keep it up, literally.'  
  
Oh, what was that? Was that her mouth on me? I think it was.  
  
And now Aline had taken it over. She was a working girl, not in the oft used vice style of course, but a lady who until recently at least had washed, cooked and generally kept house. She had a firm stroke. Strong arms from lifting barrels.

I was generally getting pretty sore now. The accrual effect was definitely affecting me. And I still had Sheila to come.  
  
Still it was of no matter by now, I may have been feeling sore but I was on top of the world. I was just about to come and I certainly wasn't going to warn anybody.  
  
A couple more sucks from that delightful mouth and....  
  
'Fuck... don't stop.' I cried out. 'I was just about to....'  
  
I realised that I had shot myself in the foot.  
  
'Oh you like it huh, would you like Aline to give you another ten.'  
  
'Nooooo please not that. Tell Urszula to keep sucking me. Please.'  
  
'I think you got him Urszy baby. And now it's my ten. Give him a couple more strokes Urszy, just to keep him on the edge.'  
  
She did but this time with her hand again. A couple of vigorous pulls, which, if I hadn't had a ten second pause while she stopped sucking me, would have given me the impetus to go over.  
  
'Stand up, Ben.' I did, conscious that my cock was now aiming directly at the ceiling. 'That's a little better. Still not great but at least it looks like a cock, even if it is a bit small.'  
  
Everyone laughed... except me.  
  
'Right now I am going to sit here and you are going to bend over my knee. I am going to hold your cock between my thighs while I punish you, and if you dare to come while you are down there and dirty my legs I will line all these girls up for another ten.'  
  
I groaned but lay over her knees, my cock was sticking down just past the bottom of her thighs. I knew it was sticking out the other side as I could feel, and just about see, Urszula holding and rubbing the head where she could reach an inch or two. I suppose I should have been grateful that she couldn't get her mouth down there.  
  
As Sheila gave me the first of her slaps I felt myself jumping up and down on her thighs. Her compressed thighs gripped my cock pretty firmly. Not like a hand, more like a dry pair of tits. What with that and Urszula, I did not think I was going to make the next nine strokes.  
  
But I did. I started doing sums in my head. I started trying to worry how much John's bill was going to be this month. I held out.  
  
The final straw was, as I started to rise Sheila slammed me back down again a couple of times, all the time pressing firmly on my dick.  
  
Finally she allowed me to rise, gripping my dick with a grip of iron.  
  
'Now Ben, how gentle were you going to be to me tomorrow night if I gave you a blow-job in the cellar? Did you know that John, your lieutenant here wanted to trade favours to take it easy on me tomorrow.  
  
I wondered whose side he was really on. And whose free drinks is he taking?'  
  
This girl was something else. My admiration knew no bounds for her sneakiness.  
  
'Shall I be good now, Ben. What is good though eh? Is good wanking you off here so all your mates and the whole pub can see your pathetic cock climaxing, or is good letting you run off to the toilet where we all know what you will be doing? What's good Ben?'  
  
'Oh too late to tell me I guess Ben, here you come.'  
  
She knew my body as well as I did. The gripping motion she had been putting on me succeeded in shooting three or four jets of spunk halfway across the bar.  
  
The cheering hit the roof. Louder even, I am sure, than when Penelope and Hermione had their panties removed.  
  
She released me from her grip and wiped her hand on my shirt.  
  
'I think he'll need a drink John,' she called out.  
  
'And as for you,' she whispered quietly in my ear, 'You know what I like and now what I don't. Or, more to the point try not to do things to me where I may want to get even. Don't get above yourself. Have fun with me, but always be just a little careful.'  
  
She winked and gave me a big kiss on the lips. 'I would offer you that blow-job now to make amends, but I don't think it would be any use to me.' She looked at my now shrivelled cock. My next thought was that there was no point in trying to take Urszula home either. It was just about closing time and I knew I would need a couple of hours at least.  
  
I cut my losses, finished my beer and agreed that I would see them all the next evening again. Hopefully I would be able to get my own back on Sheila.

**The White Hart Ch. 04**

I couldn't wait to get back there on Friday night. Again I ended up sitting at the bar, eating one of John's specials, a steak and kidney curry. Different, but actually rather good.  
  
There was an air of expectation about the place. John was pretty relaxed but even he was just a little on edge.  
  
'Now listen Ben, I don't want you frightening these girls off. I have already had one call from Jackie saying that she didn't think it was for her. She said she wasn't prudish but she wasn't giving her knickers to just anyone.'  
  
'Oh I'm sorry John. I did not mean to frighten her off. Are the other two all right?'  
  
'I hope so. I haven't heard from them. My feeling is to offer to let them share the job if they will do so.'  
  
'Sounds good to me, the best of both worlds.'  
  
Sheila wandered in wearing completely unsuitable clothes for the ordeal she was expecting.  
  
I could not resist teasing her a bit.  
  
'Sheila, what's all this about? Shouldn't you be naked already. I thought part of the punishment was to be naked all evening.'  
  
She flashed me an evil look. 'That's after the smacking, arsehole. I hadn't forgotten.'  
  
'Well,' I said, 'You are not much of a trailer for the event are you, jeans and a heavy jumper. What is the matter could you not find a jilbab to wear that would cover everything?'  
  
'Ha-ha very funny. Just you be careful how hard you smack me tonight. Remember the other night when I got my own back. It can happen again you know.'  
  
'I was just wondering if you wanted to take me outside and give me a little one-on --one time. To warm you up. Like you promised after you finished with me last night.'  
  
'I did not promise any such thing,' she said. 'All I suggested was that I would have given you one if you could have raised it, but there was absolutely no chance of that happening, was there? Still you can live in hope.'  
  
Bill and Pete wandered in and assumed their usual positions at the bar and Arlene came out to greet them. 'How are you boys, ready for a good evening?'  
  
'We certainly are,' said Pete, 'Can we just have a quick flash from you to warm us up like, prepare us for the big event?'  
  
She looked around to make sure that John was out of sight, turned around, flipped her skirt over her bottom and leant over. A neat 2 second flash. Her elegant stockings and suspenders beautifully framed her slightly plump arse.  
  
We were lost in admiration.  
  
'What a lucky man that John is,' said Bill.  
  
'Just John?' said Arlene teasing us again. She wandered back out to the kitchen as John came up the stairs from the cellar. By now it was about seven o'clock, the time we had agreed to meet the girls and there was no sign of them. By ten past however they were there, coming in together arm in arm.  
  
'We met up in The Red Lion first for a swift one,' said Kimberley. 'It gave us a chance to talk about the pub and particularly you lot. You seem to be part of the scene here.'  
  
'Oh right, so what did you say about us? More to the point, it doesn't matter if you really disliked us, what do you think about John, Arlene and the pub? After all we are only customers,' said Bill. 'Oh and did you know Jackie has dropped out. She doesn't want the job. Wanted to hang on to her panties,' he laughed.  
  
The girls exchanged looks and said that they were not surprised after she had walked out.  
  
'I guess that means it is a competition between you and me for the job,' said Urszula. I thought that I had better play this carefully. I did not want to put them off. 'So you are both still keen then?' I said.  
  
'I think it is a very good atmosphere, fun. My three flat mates wanted to come down here but I told them no, not until the interviews are finished. We do not live far from here but we had no idea that the pub was like this,' continued Urszula.  
  
I mentally rubbed my hands at the thought of getting her and her three flatmates down here.  
  
'I also live quite close to here,' followed on Kimberly. 'I did not tell my boyfriend all about it as I did not want him getting jealous, particularly before I have got the job. I am sure he will be happy when I have explained it all to him and he can come down and see us in action. He has always nagged me to be a bit more extrovert and flirt a bit more and I know he will like the money I will bring in.'  
  
It was a bit of a downer that she had a boyfriend, but I guess I could not have expected a girl like her to be single.  
  
John came out and asked the girls if they would spare a few moments for him in the back.  
  
They came back shortly and explained that John liked them both and that they had agreed to split the hours and cover for each other.  
  
On the strength of that, as soon as I saw Arlene back in the bar again I ordered the pair of them a bottle of the house champagne, - one of the cold ones from the back of the bottom shelf.'  
  
I got my normal smirk from Arlene and a little ripple of applause from everyone else who was at the bar as she bent over revealing her pretty, cuddly, backside and her compressed pussy lips.  
  
Sheila joined us for a glass, another of John's rules broken. The one about staff drinking while working.  
  
'So is this the best that John can get huh? I hope you know how to serve customers, you know flash a bit of leg and some tit, keeps the tips up see.'  
  
'And as for you Kimberley,' she continued, 'you don't look strong enough to move a barrel of beer around.'  
  
I thought I had better take the girl's sides as she could be a bit intimidating.  
  
'Well it looks to me like they will do okay,' I said. 'Look at how they are dressed compared to how you are dressed. Who's going for the tips now. Why don't you take them round the bar and introduce them to some of the regulars. You know they will buy more drinks that way. Has John put you on the payroll yet girls?'  
  
They didn't know. 'Well go anyway,' I said. 'I will make sure he knows you are circulating. The good news is that if he hasn't told you that you cannot drink at work he cannot complain if you let the guys buy you drinks and you drink them while you are working.'  
  
The three of them eased off around the room.  
  
I explained to John what they were doing and he thought it was a good idea.  
  
'Have you ever thought about relaxing the drinking on duty rule,' I asked. It seems to me that if you encouraged the patrons to buy the barmaids drinks you would have a win-win situation. They get happy and flirt more, the customers buy more drinks, and you get more money through the till.  
  
I could see the brain cells ticking over.  
  
'Let me talk to Arlene about that young Ben. You might have suggested something useful for the first time in your life.'  
  
By eight the bar was pretty full. Certainly all the seating had gone and there was quite a few of our new regulars standing in little groups in the corners and around the bars. There was a strange look about John's face. I knew what it was, although rarely saw it. It was a smile!  
  
Urszula and Kimberley were back at my side and magically, yes even they appeared to be dressed a little better. I quickly realised that they had wound the waistbands of their skirts around a couple of times, shortening the skirts to mini length. In fact if I had been seated at a table I'm pretty sure I would have been able to see their knickers.  
  
And talking of knickers, 'Oh Ben why so quiet tonight,' said Sheila now appearing beside me also dressed in a mini, but with a white crop top left over from the summer's wet t-shirt contest. 'Do you not want to bet them for their panties again? Perhaps on the likelihood of seeing a poor down-trodden barmaid forced to remove all her clothes? What's the matter Ben? Cat got your tongue? Or maybe you just don't want to join me naked out here again?'  
  
'Okay yes I will have a little bet with Urszula and Kimberley again for their panties, and before you both ask, no I have no advance knowledge of anything planned. I will bet that at least one more person, boy or girl, a customer and not one of us, will be standing out here naked from the waist down. If I am wrong, you can remove my trousers and underwear at eleven o'clock, for the last hour. Oh and you have to keep your skirts at that length!'  
  
I thought that this would be an interesting bet, it was only just after eight and it was getting pretty rowdy already. Also, as it was not for financial gain, it would give me an insight into how willingly the two girls would be prepared to strip off and expose themselves. I also knew that at least two of the customers already here were male strippograms, having a drink before they went off to deliver their special mode of telegram to a Hen-Night later.  
  
'Bet,' said Urszula, slapping my palm.  
  
'Agreed,' said Kimberley, slowly shaking her head. 'What am I doing now. I must be mad. Can I have them back before I go home so that my boy friend is not too suspicious.'  
  
We laughed. 'You certainly can,' I said. 'I want him on side in the future. I want him happy that his girlfriend walks around this bar without wearing knickers. I want him to be able to appear in here while you are working and just decide to take them from you on a whim. In fact I want you both so wired I want him to be able to walk in here and know Sheila or Urszula so well that he can ask them for their knickers. You will be so jealous you will offer yours to me, Pete or Bill to get your own back.'  
  
'Dream on,' she said. 'Anyhow I will not be working on the nights that Urszula is here, will I?'  
  
'It won't matter whether you are working or not. I can just see it now. You are working and Urszula here comes into the bar for a quick drink with her mates. Your boyfriend comes in and Bill over there persuades him to ask Urszula or one of her friends, or maybe all of her friends for their knickers.  
  
You will be so mad you will drop them on the spot, wind up your skirt and show the whole bar three things.'  
  
'Three things?' she queried laughing.  
  
'Yes, one, that you get big tips by ordering and serving people drinks half naked and two and three your ass and pussy. That's when we will know we have converted this pub's lifestyle properly.'  
  
Kimberley just took it in good part and laughed. 'It will never happen. Dream on.'  
  
I looked forward to buying him a beer or three one night. If he was half the fun she seemed to think he was, he would be on side I was sure.  
  
A hush gradually settled over the bar as John appeared from the back room, carrying a tall stool in one hand and pulling an apparently unwilling Sheila with the other.  
  
A small space was cleared for them in the middle of the seating area where everyone could see them.  
  
'Ladies and Gentlemen, you know why we are here tonight. Our beautiful, but dishonest barmaid, Sheila here, was caught stealing a ten pound note from the till. Rather than face dismissal and possibly being reported to the police, she has accepted a spanking in full and final settlement.  
  
She will receive ten spanks from me and ten from each of the three witnesses who saw her do it. Now, I am sure, Ladies and Gentlemen, that you will realise that for Sheila to steal this money in front of three witnesses, she must be either stupid or she must enjoy a public naked spanking. Which do you think it is? Do you think she is stupid?'  
  
A huge cry of 'Noooooo,' rent the air.  
  
'That is also my opinion, and that is why she will not only be spanked but will remain naked for the rest of the evening serving drinks and collecting glasses as usual. I am sure you will do your best to make sure that her red bottom stays red all night.'  
  
Cries of 'Yessss,' echoed around the bar and Sheila went a little red.  
  
'Take your clothes off Sheila and bend over the stool please. Bill, Pete and Ben, perhaps you would like to come over here and get ready please.'  
  
We made our way over as Sheila dropped her skirt and pulled off her cropped top. She bent over the stool.  
  
'Come now Sheila, you know it is on the bare. Lower them please. Or I will have to do it myself.'  
  
Sheila's Brer Rabbit moment had come when she shook her head, wriggled her bottom and more firmly gripped the stool legs.  
  
'I will have to do it myself then,' he said.  
  
This is what she wanted all along.  
  
He slowly eased them over her hips and she raised her feet one after the other to facilitate their removal.  
  
'One,' the bar chanted and whack, there was one.  
  
Two to ten followed fairly rapidly before first Bill then Pete took over.  
  
She was now up to thirty and her bottom glowed red. Little trails of arousal trickled down her inner thighs. I took up my stance and lowered my right hand to her bottom, in order to get my length right. I managed to ease my longest finger in between her labia and make it look like I was just measuring the length of my arm. I felt her push back onto my finger and heard her grunt quietly.  
  
The crowd reminded me why I was there. 'Thirty one,' they chanted, 'thirty two.'  
  
I completed the forty and helped her rise. 'Are you going to apologise to John now.'  
  
She gave me a dirty look before saying 'John, just let me tell you and all my friends here tonight that you are right. I am not stupid. Those of you who saw me remove Ben's clothes yesterday evening will vouch for that. Therefore maybe he is right, maybe I do like it or just maybe it makes me feel good from time to time to be reminded that in order to stay in your good books, you all like me like this. Don't you?'  
  
Another huge cheer reverberated around the room. John came up and kissed her on both cheeks.  
  
'Sheila be aware, that whatever your reasons are we love you around the bar, particularly like this eh lads. Also Ladies and Gentlemen may I take the opportunity to introduce to you Kimberley and Urszula. Come forward girls.'  
  
They stepped forward to join us in the middle and waved to the crowd.  
  
'I know some of you may have met these great girls earlier when Sheila walked them around the room. They have both agreed to join us as bar maids on alternative evenings and work together occasionally on big nights like this.  
  
Now let me tell you this. If you disrespect any of these girls I will disrespect you with the baseball bat I keep behind the bar.  
  
Seriously guys, anyone who upsets, my wife Arlene, Sheila, Kimberley or Urszula, or even Pat in the kitchen who I know rarely comes out, upsets me. You will be automatically barred and probably get a few bruises to boot. Remember.  
  
For those of you who don't know these three guys who helped me with the spanking, they are Bill, Pete and Ben and merely wankers who have more spare time than they know what to do with and therefore hang out at the bar here. It is however largely due to them that the changes to this bar that produces evenings like this have arisen so if I were you I would buy these wankers a drink from time to time.'  
  
We all laughed and he started making his way back towards the bar.  
  
I raised my voice, 'Oh Gents, if I may just have a moment, can I ask that you buy at least one drink tonight for the girl who is a good friend to have, and who you think is the best barmaid ever to have graced a bar. Jon has relaxed his rules on the girls drinking in order to ease the pain in her bottom. I give you Sheila.'  
  
'Sheila, Sheila, Sheila.' rattled through the room.  
  
'And one last little thing, our new friends Kimberley and Urszula have volunteered to remove their panties for you all for the rest of the evening if just one of you here strips below the waist for a moment or two.'  
  
No sooner had I spoken when the two guys who I knew were strippers jumped to their feet and pulled off their trousers. They had Velcro bands connecting the front and back so it was a second's work to remove them with a flourish. Neither wore underwear.  
  
Another huge cheer before the guys started chanting Urszula, Kimberley, Sheila, Urszula, Kimberley, Sheila.  
  
I left the floor to the girls, suggesting quietly that Sheila took them to the middle and removed their underwear for them.  
  
'The boys will like that.' I knew Sheila would like that as well.  
  
She would get her hands on their bodies and show them who was boss in one easy movement.  
  
'Well Ben,' said John back at the bar in my usual seat, 'that was inspired.'  
  
'What was that,' I said blankly.  
  
'Removing the drinks ban. I have sold at least twenty shots already for the guys to drink with Sheila. I may have to think about putting you on the profit-sharing.'  
  
I must have looked hopeful because he quickly followed it up with, 'Don't be daft lad, I was only joking. I will buy the three of you a drink though. Don't forget you haven't paid for your curry yet Ben.'  
  
I could see Arlene laughing behind him shaking her head. Maybe I should ask her for the bill when the moment arose. It might be cheaper.  
  
It was nearly eleven before we saw anything of the three girls. I could see that Kimberley and Urszula appeared to be enjoying themselves, clearing glasses, but not too many at a time. Mainly because needed at least one hand free to slap away the hands wandering towards their pussies.  
  
They were both taking it well though and I could see that they were going to be great assets to the bar.  
  
I felt Sheila grip my elbow. 'Have you got a moment Ben, out here at the back? I have something malfunctioning.'  
  
She led the way through to the back corridor where I asked what it was.  
  
'It's my wardrobe that's malfunctioning. I want you to do something about it. I want you to cover my tits with your hands firstly, while I give you that blow-job I half promised you. Secondly I want your help washing up tonight so that you can take me home and fuck the arse off me. You know what they say about the foreplay of Aussie men, 'Brace yourself Sheila.' Well I need you to spend at least an hour with your tongue on my clit. After that we can discuss me bracing myself. Got it? You said some really nice things about me out there today, despite what I did to you yesterday. Now you know that being nice to me pays off. Too much talking already. Drop those strides and get your dick out.'  
  
Urszula would have to wait for another day. I was in heaven.