



THE PUB

A short novel by Aline d'Arbrant
illustrated in 3D art by
Gynarchy International Editions



Gubret, September 15, 1993.

Dear Madam Director,

My Mistress Brigitte ordered to me to write to you to thank you initially for your excellent review that she reads regularly and with great pleasure. She also wishes that I tell you of her history, that of my forfeiture and my slavery, and, in parallel, that of her social and commercial success, because all that is connected.



I inherited a bar from my father, close to a small Limousin village. I was not bored between the aperitifs and the good fortune but my loneliness weighed me. I needed a woman and this is why I engaged a waitress, four years ago. Brigitte was beautiful, that yes! blonde, large, with roundness everywhere.

I immediately tried to seduce her. But a true virgin, in spite of her thirty-five years! She did her job but, as for kisses, she kept me at a distance.

Since I had this urgent desire, she benefited from it to make me do all she wanted. Then finally came the day when, she said to me:

"Marriage, dear boss, or nothing!"

I still hesitated a few times, but, finally, yielding to my impulses and the opportunity, I married her. It was on June 9, 1990. The five or six months that followed passed rather well. I was mad about her. But, gradually, she started to play the owner and to give orders to me.



I tried hard to retain dominance but she was too intelligent for me. She always succeeded in convincing me of her ideas. Then, little by little, I returned towards my friends, the belote card table and the aperitifs. One year after our marriage, she was treating me already as a good-with-nothing, lazy and a drunkard.



Then she started to more and more often to refuse me. Sometimes she would come to seek me at the belote card table and, in front of all my friends, to clutch me by the collar and to eject me from my chair. Sometimes I protested and sometimes I did not. Finally, I became so inebriated by alcohol that she did want even my services for the trade.



She decided to engage a waitress and, as it was she that kept the cords of the purse, I had to accept her decision. However, it did not totally displease me. I thought that I might occupy myself with my new employee as I had occupied myself in the past. I might have a good time.

Unfortunately, Juliet, the waitress whom Brigitte chose after two or three other candidates, in addition to being very beautiful and very desirable, was also exceptionally vigorous and muscular. She was Ghanaian and as flexible as a wildcat.

