**Beth**

I was a junior in college at the time and had gone to the local bar
to unwind with my girlfriend Beth. It was a Thursday evening and
Timothy's was fairly crowded, and the band had already started to
play. As soon as we walked in Beth saw some of her friends and made
her way through the crowd. I shouted that I would join her with two
beers.

I elbowed my way through the crowd to the bar and found myself at
two open bar stools. There were a group of guys next to them, and
being typical college kids we started flirting right away. The guy
sitting next to one of the empty stools was cute and while I waited
for the bartender to notice me, thought I would sit down and flirt.
I moved the purse on the bar out of the way, thinking nothing of
it. I had just broken up with my boyfriend of 4 months and was not
in the mood to be picked up. But flirting is fun, so while the
bartender retrieved the two Miller Lites I ordered I started
chatting with the cute guy, and some of his friends.

I do not think I was there for even two songs when all of a sudden I
was jerked around from behind by my shoulder. I spun around as I
was pulled and was face to face with Christine. She was in one or
two of my classes, and was a year behind me. I only knew her name.
We weren't friends. She was an attractive perky blonde, the type
that just turns my stomach.

Anyway, she was irate and asked me, "What the hell I thought I was
doing." I was surprised at her aggressiveness and it took me a
moment to figure out that she had been sitting at the bar. When I
looked at the guy and he sheepishly turned away, I put two and two
together and came to the conclusion that they were boyfriend and
girlfriend.

She grabbed my arm and went to yank me off the stool but I shrugged
her off and broke her grasp on me. She called me a slut and
suggested I go find someone that likes skanks. I thought her
comments were totally uncalled for, but figured she was probably a
bit drunk. Besides, I was only flirting.

I felt challenged by Christine so shoved her away, and though I
really had no interest in the guy, told her to "go find someone
else, someone that likes blonde bimbos." I gave her an extra little
shove.

That is all it was: a little shove as I was still sitting on the
stool. She glared at me, and just then a waitress was walking past
carrying a pitcher of beer. Before the waitress or anyone else,
especially me, could react, Christine grabbed the pitcher and threw
the cold beer right in my face. I was expecting her to just make
some derogatory comment back to me that I would ignore. I'd not
expect a face full of beer.

I was drenched, my hair, my top, and worse yet, the beer got into my
eyes, blinding me. I screamed "you stupid slut" as I pushed my
matted beer-drenched brunette hair off my face and rubbed my eyes to
stop the burning. I had started to pivot around in the seat to turn
my back to the crazed loon, but she grabbed my blouse. I had on a
sleeveless button down top and I don't know what I heard
first, "I'll show you who the slut is," or my top ripping as I felt
her hand yank me around.

My hands flew up to my top to keep myself covered, but she did not
let go of the material and with a good yank had me tumbling off the
stool onto the dirty wet bar room floor. I landed on my elbow and
was totally shocked at what she had just done. Before I could react
she had grabbed my torn top and was yanking it again this time
harder with two hands. I was on my back and kicked out at her and
rolled over and got to my knees with my back to her, holding what
little bit of my top I still had to my bosom. Though I still had on
my white bra it was a sheer, lacy, sexy little number that had a
front clasp and I felt embarrassed for anyone to see me in it.

I had one thought and that was the obvious one: to get away from her
and get the hell out of the bar. Everyone else though had different
ideas as the chant of "Catfight, Catfight, Catfight," rang in my
ears. Still holding one arm across my bra covered breasts, I put a
hand on the empty stool to help myself up. That's when I felt a foot
I could only imagine was hers hit me hard in my butt, sending me
sprawling face first onto the wet, and dirty, barroom floor.

As soon as I hit, I rolled over to my back just in time to see her
rush at me and jump down on my bare stomach and straddled me. I
screamed, "YOU BITCH," and slapped at her face. Christine leaned
back and I missed her.

The chant had since changed to "STRIP HER, STRIP HER, STRIP, STRIP,
STRIP." She got this evil grin on her face as she made short work of
undoing the front clasp on my bra before I could even grab her hands
to stop her. I tried to hold my undone bra to my breasts, but she
had gotten there first and had a hold of the cups. As a cheer rose
in the bar, I felt it better to cover my 36C breasts than fight over
my bra. She jerked my bra several times before the straps tore and
she triumphantly threw my tattered white lace bra into the crowd.

She tried to pry my hands off my breasts to expose me to everyone,
but I was having none of it and kept my hands firmly over my
breasts. She slapped me in the face and called me a slut and then
slid down over my thighs.

Sitting on them she quickly undid the button on my tan shorts as a
loud cheer went up. She started in on my zipper as I started to
thrash and roll to get away. I was petrified that she was going to
strip me totally naked publicly.

She stood up over my legs and grabbed the waist and started to scoot
them down my legs when I finally felt it was better to show everyone
my breasts then lose my shorts and knickers. I grabbed her blonde
hair and yanked her towards the floor. I slid out of the way so she
would not fall on top of me and quickly scrambled to my feet.
Totally embarrassed, not to mention humiliated, I covered my bare
breasts with one arm and hiked my shorts up and holding them pushed
my way through the crowd and out the door as everyone moaned their
disappointment.

The crowd did not part for me and I had to shove my way through it,
getting groped and fondled in the process. I ran all the way back
to my dorm room not even stopping to fix my shorts. I was in tears
and shaking by the time I made it.

It was months before I went back to Timothy's, and for the last year
I've been on the lookout for Christine, trying to avoid her like the
plague.