**My Girl Gone Wild**

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Ok sweety. Let's go out tonight shall we?  
  
There is a little pub not far from our place how about we head over there for a little pub food and entertainment.  
  
I take you by the arm as we go through the door, I buy some drinks and we order our food at the little bistro.  
  
We sit and chat drinking our drinks and eating our food, how good is Aussie pub food? Like not Pizza in Rome good, but bloody good none the less.  
  
I notice they have a little flyer on the table that the pub is running a wet shirt competition tonight. I sort of wondered why the place was filling up a bit more than usual. Looks like they are offering a prize of $1000 not bad for a little pub comp.  
  
Well my mind being what it is, I start to think that you would be a dead certain to win. You have great boobs, how could you not win.  
  
I slide the flyer across the table pushing it slowly with just my index finger to show you, as soon as you see what I have slide across to you, your face flushes beautifully as you blush.  
  
"No fucking way" you say.  
  
"Go on, you would win I reckon" I say.  
  
"No FUCKING way! " is your reply.  
  
Hmmm, I can see you read and reread the flyer, I think it has piqued your interest. The guy in bar gets up on their little stage at the end of the pub and announces that the wet t shirt competition will be starting soon. He is met by a heap of cheering from the guys in the pub, me included. You just give me that "really" look.  
  
The guy on the stage calls for contestants to make their way to stage so he can get things started, there is a lot of cheering and cat calling, wolf whistling as two women make their way forward. Looks like we might only have two starters.  
  
The guy on the mic tries to get further volunteers out of the crowd, talking up the prize money and the like to try to get further ladies to join the competition.  
  
You have turned in your chair to look toward the stage so you can see what is going and I have shuffled my chair so I can see the action. So effectively I am now sitting right behind you so you do not see me raise my hand and wave to the guy on the stage and then I point down to you. He sees you and his eyes light up, that man knows a winner when he sees one.  
  
Looking straight at you, he holds eye contact with and attempts to get you to join him on the stage. Talking on the mic encouraging you to join the competition. The crowd starts cheering you on and egging you to join. You sit there laughing, embarrassed shaking your head no, over and over.  
  
The guy on stage continues to implore you to join the comp but you still laugh it off, he comes down off stage and makes his way through the tables in the now crowded bar and seeking out women and trying to get other ladies to join the comp. He manages to get another lady to join the comp, she looks totally embarrassed but he is a smooth talker and very charming in his attempts to woo the women in the crowd.  
  
He moves through the tables until he comes near ours. All the time he is talking directly to you and you can tell that he is making a bee line to get over to you. He reaches out and takes your hand and continues imploring you to join the competition. You are still saying no but without the conviction of before, I can see that you may be starting change your mind.  
  
All of a sudden, you stand up and the cheer from the crowd is deafening. You are so flushed I can tell this more than just a little embarrassment, I think that you are actually enjoying the effect you are having on all of the guys in the crowd.  
  
You have on your jeans and a nice tank top over your bra. You turn to look at me and I am cheering more than any other guy in the bar. You take that as enough encouragement and hand in hand with the MC with the mic you make your way as he leads you up to the couple of stairs up to the little stage.  
  
The MC continues to work the crowd as you climb the stairs to join the three other lovely ladies on stage.  
  
On stage a female assistant is organising a table on that she is arranging several pitches of water. Once done she motions to all four of you on stage to move to the wings where I cannot see what is going on. The MC is making his way back to the stage revving up the crowd as he goes. The noise in the little pub is deafening.  
  
The MC explains the rules each lady will come on stage one by one then all will come back on stage and the crowd will judge the winner by the amount of noise that they make.  
  
"OK" says the MC "let's get things started". The crowd just goes nuts.  
  
He calls the first Lady out of the wings and onto the stage, one of the women who were first on their feet and up on stage at the start of proceedings.  
  
She is wearing jean shorts as she was before and a white t shirt that looks like it has been through a tornado, there are more holes in it than there is t-shirt. You can tell she is not wearing a bra under the half-destroyed t-shirt and she bounces in all the right ways as she joins the MC in the middle of the stage.  
  
The crowd goes wild as she bounces up and down with her arms above her head her midriff exposed as the MC takes a jug of water and pours it down the front of her shirt soaking it through. I can see her mouth "fuck" so I guess the water was little colder than she anticipated.  
  
Her nipples stand upright under her sodden T shirt which is now basically transparent, and it clings to her breasts. She continues her little dance and bounces up and down and the crowd laps every bit of it.  
  
After a several minutes the MC motions her off stage and waves to indicate that the next lady should make her way out of the wings. This is the semi-reluctant lady that got up there just before you went up.  
  
She seems much more reluctant pulling down at the 'barely there' t-shirt which keeps riding up her breast. This poor shirt had a worse time I think with that tornado that went through.  
  
The MC pours the jug of water down the front of this lady's shirt and her face confirms that the water is indeed cold. She keeps moving her hands to cover her breasts, it seems she is feeling more exposed than what she anticipated as the t shirt is basically transparent and now that it is wet it is clinging to her breasts and riding up her stomach even more. She keeps pulling it down which only draws it tighter over her erect nipples.  
  
The crowd are loving it, her embarrassment only making them call for more. The MC motions for the next girl and the one currently one stage eagerly moves into the wings. The poor love cannot get out of there quick enough.  
  
Hey, look it is you up next! You look fantastic still in your jeans but now with your midriff bare exposing your lovely tummy and the 'barely there' white t-shirt, all hacked up. It is like it has been thrown under a lawn mower before they let you wear it.  
  
Old mate MC gets the jug of water as you approach, I can see your breast sway under your t shirt, I love your tits unrestrained like that. The way they move as you walk is compelling.  
  
The MC pours the water over your t-shirt and the crowd goes nuts.  
  
How does it feel to be up there in front of all those guys with your boobs so overtly on display? The water has made what there is of the remnants of a t-shirt totally transparent and your nipples are rock hard. I so want to jump up there and fuck you right there on stage. There must be at least 50 guys in this pub all staring at your tits all with rock hard cocks. Have you ever had this effect on so many men before?  
  
It looks like you are enjoying yourself, being the centre of all this male attention. You move about on stage letting your boobs swing and sway, the t shirt is plastered to your breasts so that every outline of the curves of your tits is on show for everyone to see.  
  
You surprise the hell out of me, you are laughing and getting off on the guys up the front cheering you on. You run your hands up under your breasts and push them together and walk to the front of the stage, the crowd is going off. You push one hand up between you boobs to draw up the t shirt into your cleavage, your nipples are covered but only just and the material of the t shirt leaves nothing to the imagination anyway but the lower half of your breasts are totally exposed for everyone to see.  
  
You throw your hands up in the air as your tits bounce up and for several seconds one of your nipples pops out one of the many gaps in the t-shirt in front of all these men. Wow. I never really expected you to get up on stage, let alone put on such a show. I really was only teasing you with the flyer. The crowd is loving it, you are a shoe in to win, I think.  
  
The MC directs you to the wings as he calls out the next contestant, she has seen the effect you have had on the crowd and she was the first to jump up when they called for contestants I think you might have some competition here.  
  
No sooner had the MC wet her t shirt than she runs her hands up under her top and pushes the t shirt up over her tits. She wanders about on stage with both tits both totally exposed. The men love it. She goes even further and raises her hands above her head and lifts the wet tattered t shirt up and off over her head. Swinging and waving the t-shirt above her had she looks like she is stranded on a deserted island and is trying to get the attention of a ship.  
  
She then reaches down to undoes her pants and she pushes them down slowly over her arse as she turns to present her butt in her panties to the crowd. They love it.  
  
OK, so she has raised the bar.  
  
The MC calls all contestants back onto stage, but the shy bashful girl does not come out. Your nipples are still hard as fuck as you stand next to the topless girl who had hitched her shorts back up.  
  
The first girl realises to win she needs to get her top off too, so she takes it off and flings the t shirt into the crowd to even more raucous cheering. So there you are with only a tattered t-shirt barely covering your boobs, the bottom half of both breast are exposed under the hacked up t-shirt and your hard nipples point the way and everyone can see every bump of your areolas through the transparent t-shirt.  
  
The crown starts to chant. "Skin to win, skin to win, skin to win"  
  
It is obvious every guy in the bar wants a look at your tits. You laugh again as you realise what they all want and you turn slowly away from the crowd so with your back to everyone your cross your arms across your chest and slowly draw up the hem of your shirt over your breast and up over your head. Your raise an arm and swing the shirt above your head still with you back to the crowd.  
  
Then you cover your boobs with one arm whilst still swinging the t-shirt above your head you turn around to face the captivated crowd. They are all yours, you have everyone's attention.  
  
You fling out into the crowd the t-shirt from above your head and as you do so you let your another arm move down so that the tops of your breasts are fully exposed with your arm only just covering your nipples and areolas.  
  
The girl next to you who flashed her arse previously starts to undo her pants again to try to win back the fickle crowds attention, it has the desired effect as she turns around again and pushes down her pants to show her butt again in her panties.  
  
In response you move forward to the very front of the stage and throw both of your arms up into the air like a gymnast sticking a landing and let your boobs out for all the guys to enjoy.  
  
The other girl pulls her panties up into her butt crack like a wedgie to show her arse checks to the crowd.  
  
With you right at the front of the stage the guys in the front row reach up to grab at your boobs, they can only reach up to your belly as you are on the stage and slightly higher but bugger me if you don't bend forward so the guys in the front row have the opportunity to grope your breasts and pinch your nipples.  
  
Still bent at the waist you move across the front of the stage so that other guys can have a feel as well. They are loving it. You really know how to work the crowd.  
  
So with the three of you on stage, one trying to get attention with just her naked boobs, one flashing her butt and you letting guys have a feel the crowd goes berserk and they want you all to take it up another notch so they start a new chant.  
  
"Bush is best, bush is best, bush is best."  
  
It is quite obvious where they want this to go, contestant number one is having none of that she shakes her head and wags her finger at the crowd. The other one with her shorts still down on her thighs turns her back to the crowd again and drops her panties to her thighs to show her bare arse to her fans. The crowd noise again erupts as she is bent over mooning the crowd as they are all enjoying the view of her pussy and arse between her butt cheeks.  
  
You simply stand upright, so the hands that were just all over your breasts are now clambering all over your tummy and the waist band of your jeans. They are fumbling and fighting over the button on your waist band and zip of the fly.  
  
I cannot imagine what it must feel like to have that many guys hands all over you, it makes me even harder seeing you up there in full control and savouring the effect you are having over all these men.  
  
The random hands now have your jeans unbuttoned and your zip undone, I can see you are wearing nice pink panties, they are lovely. But it takes less than a second before they are being pulled down as well. So now your jeans and panties are both down to your thighs and your lovely pussy is out for the whole pub to admire. And admire they do as your arms are still up and out above your head. The look on your face is priceless.  
  
Hands paw at you pussy, your thighs, your pubes. There are more hands on your than I can even count. I can see you press your thighs together as some cheeky bugger tries to slip a finger into your pussy. I can see at least three of four hands fighting to touch the lips of your pussy and you throw your head back and laugh again. You are absolutely wild tonight.  
  
You shuffle back slightly, just out of reach of the guys in the front row and bring your hands down to push your jeans and panties further down to your knees.  
  
The crowd, chants continue "bush is best, bush is best" no doubt who the competition winner is tonight.  
  
I cannot wait to get you off stage so I can fuck you. We might not even get out to the car park before I have to take you.  
  
That must have been amazing, to have random strangers' hands all over your pussy whilst ever guy in place is looking at your naked body.