**Noosa**

by Fenmo

**Noosa - 1**

Noosa is a sleepy town on the beach on the east coast of Queensland, Australia. It is one of those tourist stops that exists is a stepping stone between the great barrier reef in the north and the beaches and nightlife in the south. People usually make Noosa a halfway point in their trip, to relax on the beach, detox, and get ready for the next leg of the journey. But thanks to two cyclones, floods, then the Great Financial Crisis followed by the Eurozone crash, tourism is down and businesses are struggling.

This leaves the four pubs in Noosa battling for numbers. Every night of the week they run happy hours, giveaways, competitions and prizes in an effort to attract thrifty drinkers out for the night. The student crowd of Noosa takes full advantage of this, and a whole generation of young men and women are partying cheap and easy as a result.

Billy’s Backpacker & Bar has the monopoly on Monday nights. His “Bar Wars” drinking competitions draws the younger crowd in early, and the midnight wet t-shirt competition keeps them partying until late. The $200 prize money often attracts cash-strapped backpackers who don’t mind flashing some skin to boost their funds. It is not uncommon for European and South American girls to get topless –the winner is determined by the amount of cheering, and ‘skin to win’ is not an uncommon chant to hear coming out of Billy’s Bar at midnight.

Of course, sometimes (lately more often than not) there just aren’t enough backpackers, or those that enter keep their bras firmly in place. A few local glamour girls capitalise on this every week – competitors get free drinks all night, and if no one gets topless, then the girls can clean up a cool two hundred bucks just for dancing in their bikini top and looking pretty. Not bad for a Monday night out.

I tell you all this because it is necessary to explaining how Sandy ended up naked, on stage, in front of the whole student population of Noosa…

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It started as a bet between Sandy and Anne-Marie. The two students were fiercely competitive in their sports, and routinely took home local trophies for swimming, athletics and volleyball. In team sports they tended to play together, but in singular events they became intense rivals. It was the summer triathlon that gave rise to their bet – both believing themselves to be the sure winner, they agreed that the loser would enter and WIN the Monday night wet t-shirt contest at Billy’s Bar. Of course, there is only one SURE way to win Billy’s wet t-shirt comp – and that is to dance topless on stage for a cheering crowd of hundreds of partygoers. Yes, it would be safe to say that this is one bet you wouldn’t want to lose.

Summer happens over Christmas in Australia, so the girls had some months to train for the triathlon after graduation. Both young women put in long and hard hours that toned their bodies to peak physical perfection. By the time they stepped up to the starting line on race day, both Sandy and Anne-Marie were turning heads with their good looks and magnificent bodies.

“Do you know I’ve never trained so hard for a comp as this summer?”
“I know,” said Sandy, “I usually train hard but this bet has had me killing it! I’ve never been in better shape! All thanks to a little motivation…”
“Uhhh yeah just a little! I can’t believe we’re even still doing this bet.”
“Why, you scared?”
“No! I just feel sorry for you on Monday. You know the Facebook event has over 300 attending?”
“Hope you’ve been practicing your dance moves then, girl!”
“I’ve been practicing my swimming, dummy, I’ll leave the stripper moves to you.”
“Stripper nothing!” Said Sandy, “You know hardly anyone ever gets topless at Billy’s. This bet is practically win-win, you either take home a trophy or $200 consolation prize.”
“Only if you win, babe, that’s the bet. You HAVE to win.”
“Too easy,” Sandy waved away the fateful ultimatum. “How I about I win THIS race, then we’ll leave winning the wet t-shirt comp up to you.”

And with those fateful words, the two girls took their positions at the start line. I won’t bore you with the details. Both Sandy and Anne-Marie were in the top ten the whole race, Sandy always in the lead. Anne-Marie was pacing herself for the final sprint, where she left Sandy in the dust and won by a 1.6 second lead. Sandy took home the silver. She was more upset at coming second than at losing the bet. When the girls made plans to go to Billy’s on Monday night, Sandy was thinking about free drinks and prize money and how all the guys would look at her on-stage. A wet t-shirt over a bikini – so what? It would be fun, and loose, and just the medicine she needed to get over the disappointment of today.

Unbeknown to both girls, Billy himself was one of the attendees on the incriminating Facebook group. He approved of anything that brought in business, and an event with 300 attending was Big Business. As soon as he heard about it, he took steps to make sure that it was going to be a show. He called other backpacker bars both North and South, and arranged for free accommodation at Billy’s for their wet t-shirt prize winners. He was stacking the deck, as it were, filling his backpacker bunks with girls who love attention and are easygoing with nudity. Voyeurism is one thing, yes, but a local girl getting her tits out for the crowd on a bet? That’s how your bar becomes legendary.

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On the night itself both Anne-Marie and Sandy got very drunk. School was over, the race was run, it was a hot summer and time to party. Both girls had been to the beach that day, and at Anne-Marie’s suggestion they just wore their clothes over their bikinis. Sandy wore a skin-tight pink top tucked into a white ruffled skirt. She straightened her blonde hair but wore it loose about her shoulders. She wore her silver dolphin necklace, the one with a sapphire on its tail, and her Lucky Me bracelet. Her sandals were simple yet stylish slip-ons. They sat at the centre table in the main bar area, where people had to squeeze left and right to let them in. The place was crowded, loud with laughter, full of music and half-heard gossip. Sandy’s “CONTESTANT” wristband caused free jugs and shots to keep appearing at the table, which made both girls celebrities. They chatted with old friends and new, all the time getting more and more drunk, all the time getting closer to the magic time. At 11:30 the DJ announced that it was time for contestants to make their way to the bar, but both girls missed the call. At 11:45 a promo girl came to pick up the last stragglers. Sandy and Anne-Marie both went to a booth beside the main stage, where other girls were already slipping into the white t-shirts.

“Are you contesting?” The promo girl asked Anne-Marie.
“Not me! Sandy is though.”
“Okay, Sandy? Do you know how this works? Basically you will get called up to dance one at a time, then the finalists will dance together at the end. Here is your t-shirt, here is your towel for after. This is a wet t-shirt competition and your clothes WILL get drenched if you keep them on, I would suggest getting down to your underwear but you don’t have to. You can leave all your clothes here with me and we will put them in a locker until you collect them. Do you want a tip?”

“Um, yes?” The girl spoke so fast, Sandy could barely keep up!
“A lot of girls take their bra off during their dance, swing it around their head, and throw it into the crowd. That’s fine if you want to do it, but you will probably lose your bra. Do you know what I would do?” (Billy trained his promo girls to say this to every contestant, word for word)
“What would you do?” Asked Anne-Marie, enjoying where this was going.
“I would leave my bra with the rest of my clothes and just wear my bottoms under the shirt. It’s up to you though, I’ll be back to collect your clothes in a minute. Oh, and this.” The girl pulled a few pieces of paper off her clipboard. “Just write your name and age and sign on the second page. It basically says that you are over eighteen and understood everything I just told you.”
The promo girl walked off to the next group of contestants, and they could hear the spiel starting again. “Alright Sandy,” egged Anne-Marie, “it’s time to strip! Are you ready for this?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Sandy was in fact high on adrenaline, it was all becoming real for her here and now. The act of slipping off her shoes and feeling the gritty concrete floor made her heart hammer and touched her with an electric shiver. To get up on that stage and dance, in front of all those people? To stand before the jury of peers and be judged in the most animal and tribal way, declared worthy or unworthy with cheers or with jeers? Sandy slipped out of her skirt and was both frightened and exhilarated at the thought. Am I beautiful? Am I sexy? If the voice of the people cries out ‘YES’ then the question becomes the answer, YES I am beautiful and YES I am sexy and YES it feels so good to feel those old insecurities crumble into dust. Sandy suddenly realised she very much wanted to win this competition. She’d been winning her whole life, and she didn’t want to stop now when the prize was an invisible crown spun from gossamer self-esteem.

Sandy peeled off her pink top, and quickly slipped the thin white t-shirt over her head. She undid the strings of her bikini top and pulled it out her sleeve to pass to Anne-Marie. She was now barefoot, wearing nothing but bikini bottoms and a thin white t-shirt, in the middle of Billy’s Bar on a packed Monday night. One hand hugged protectively over her chest, the other penned her name and signature onto a page that said ‘RELEASE FORM’ that she didn’t bother reading. Anne-Marie gave her a hug. “You go girl! I know you can win this.” She dimpled, “Actually, you HAVE to win this, thanks to our stupid bet. Are you sure don’t want to back out?”
“Thanks Annie, but we made a bet and I’ll honour it.”
“Even if you have to get topless to win?”
“…Yes, even if I have to get topless. God, I hope I don’t! But how bad can it be, right?”
“It will make a nice video for your 21st birthday, anyway,” Anne-Marie held up her camera.
“You wouldn’t dare!” Replied Sandy, but Anne-Marie only grinned wickedly.
Sandy left Anne-Marie and followed the other contestants up to the stage. The six girls lined up at the back while the MC took centre stage.

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“Alright everybody it’s time for Billy’s famous wet t-shirt competition tonight are you excited! We have six lovely ladies from England, from Holland, from Norway and the USA, and even from our own sunshine country Australia! Can you put your hands together everybody for these lovely ladies who are going to do a sexy dance and who if you vote for them will take home a Two... Hundred... Dollar... Priiiize!” The crowd cheered.

“Alright it’s time for our first contestant, her name is Isabelle, she is twenty years of age and comes to us tonight from England, let’s see what she’s got!”

Isabelle walked out on the stage, had her shirt wet down by the promo girls, and began dancing to the R&B music. Twenty seconds in she ripped her top from neck down to belly button, and flashed first one nipple then the other before covering them up for the rest of the dance. The crowd loved her.

Melanie from Holland kept her bra on and received only moderate cheers. Susanna from Norway made a sexy strip out of her dance, and managed to take off her shirt completely while always keeping her breasts hidden under her hands. Leonie and Este from the USA seemed to realise that the ante had been upped, and both flashed the crowd during their dances but kept their shirts on. Then it was Sandy’s turn.

“Ladies and Gentlemen our last contestant tonight is also our youngest, her name is Sandy and she is eighteen years of age. Where are you from, Sandy?”
“Here… I mean, Australia.”
“I understand you’re here for a special reason tonight, Sandy, do you want to tell us about it?”
“ Um, I lost a bet.” Sandy was mortified! Her face was hot and red with embarrassment.
“She did indeed lose a bet, ladies and gentlemen! And now she was vowed to WIN this contest tonight! What are you going to do tonight, Sandy?”
“I’m… I’m going to win?” Sandy felt the words close about her like iron chains.
“Then let’s see you do it!”

Anne-Marie watched from the front row as her best friend put herself on show. Sandy danced on stage in nothing but a pair of string bikini bottoms and a wet t-shirt so thin and see-through that it practically wasn’t there. When the crowd started chanting her name – “SAN DEE! SAN DEE!” – Sandy came to the lip of the stage and grabbed her wet t-shirt at the collar. Then she ripped it from neck to navel, superman style, until her breasts were bouncing free for the cheering crowd. She danced like this, hands in the air, until she suddenly noticed the flashing of cameras and covered them back up. She finished the dance somewhat self-consciously, one hand always over her breasts, and returned to the line-up with a slightly troubled expression on her face. The MC then came out with the mike.

“Alright everybody it is time to select our finalists! Only four lovely ladies will make it into the finals, and you choose which contestants you want by cheering for them! So who wants Isabelle?” The MC called each girl in turn, and then declared the finalists to be Isabelle, Susanna the Norwegian, Este from the USA and finally Sandy. “Our finalists have one minute to convince you that they are the winner! This is your chance girls!”

Susanna was still topless from her first dance, and Isabelle quickly followed. The two began grinding each other centre stage. Sandy tried to pin the two sides of her ripped shirt together with one hand, but the tiny size of the shirt, and how it shrunk when wet, meant it kept popping open and flashing her nipples. She knew that there were cameras in the crowd and that those pictures could make their way online. She also knew that right now the only way to win this contest was to get topless and show it off like Isabelle and Susanna. Could she do it? Could she show herself off to all these people? The crowd began chanting “SKIN TO WIN! SKIN TO WIN!” and Sandy looked down to see Anne-Marie right there in the front row, pointing at her and yelling it as drunkenly and loudly as the rest. “SKIN TO WIN!” She had made a bet, and she had to honour it, there was a contest to be won, and there was only one way to do it.

Sandy peeled off the tiny wet t-shirt and, after a moment’s hesitation, threw it into the crowd. She was now wearing nothing but bikini bottoms. Her wet hair was plastered about her head, and the silver dolphin necklace with the sapphire in its tail winked between the curve of her breasts. Sandy and Este began to dance together, and teasingly Sandy began to pull up Este’s shirt in front. They grinded together, Este the ‘little spoon’ to Sandy. When Este raised her arms, Sandy flashed the girl’s breasts at the crowd, causing them to cheer. Then Este hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her own lacy underwear, and began inching them down. The girl was fully shaven, and she was able to take the panties almost to the top of her slit without really showing anything except the shaven V. The crowd went mental. It was only a tease, Sandy knew, but in that moment she could not help the mischievousness that overcame her… With both hands she grabbed the two sides of Este’s underwear, and yanked them down to Este’s ankles. Este was momentarily naked – shirt up under her armpits, panties around her ankles, hands still in the air and the shocked doe-eyed look on her face. Cameras flashed and guys in the audience hooted. Then Este was covering up, one hand over her mound and the other awkwardly pulled her twisted panties up her legs. She turned to Sandy, a look of dark venom in her eyes… Then the MC was back on the mike, and the moment was past.

“Alright girls can I please have you in a line at the front of the stage! This is the final vote, ladies and gentlemen, so I want to hear you cheer for the girl that YOU want to win! Alright, who thinks Isabelle should be tonight’s champion? What about the lovely Susanna? Can I hear it for the daring Este? And what about our very own Sandy?” The crowd cheered for every girl, but they cheered loudest for Este. “Daring” Este! Sandy had pantsed the girl cruelly and thoughtlessly, in the moment, and in the same moment had sabotaged her own chances of winning. The crowd loved Este, the girl who had truly gone “skin to win”, even though she had not willingly chosen to go that far.

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“Ladies and gentlemen tonight’s winner of our TWO HUNDRED dollar prize is Este! Congratulations Este!” The MC took a sip of his beer. “Now normally that would be it for the show tonight, ladies and gentlemen, but we have some unfinished business! Will Sandy please come back up to the stage!”

Sandy, who was still kicking herself at her own stupidity, went and stood by the MC. She was still topless, but stood with one hand covering each breast.

“Sandy, I believe you had a bet to win tonight. What was that bet?”
“I, I had to win the wet t-shirt contest, but I guess I didn’t.”
“Ladies and gentlemen, do you feel that she’s paid up on her bet?” The crowd shook his head while he was speaking, and the audience booed and hooted.

“I would like to give you the chance to win another prize, Sandy, I would like to give you the chance to say you paid up on that bet. I have two ideas. One is that we give you another dance, if you truly go SKIN to WIN like DARING Este, then we will throw in a two hundred dollar prize for you too. What do you say?”

“I…” She shook her head, “I can’t,” she said. The audience booed again. Even now there were cameras still flashing, and there was no way that Sandy was getting completely naked. She still remembered that stupid Facebook group – any pictures taken tonight could make their way through the whole town. But she didn’t want to walk away, she felt the weight of the peer pressure and public opinion crushingly upon her shoulders. She didn’t want to be the girl that piked on a bet! “What is option two?”

“Option two,” the MC rolled the words around in his mouth. “Do you see the reindeer head above the stage? Option two is I give you five rings, for a game of ring toss. Every ring you get on those antlers, we give you one hundred dollars. But for every ring that misses… you get two spanks.” The crowd roared its approval. “And the spanks have to be like this. Do you see these two yellow circles on the ground?” Underneath the reindeer head were two yellow circles. Each was about a foot in diameter, they were spaced three feet apart and three feet from the wall. “You have to put one foot in each of these circles,” the MC did so, and it looked like he was halfway through a star jump. “Now you see these two circles on the wall? Your hands must touch these,” he demonstrated, “the whole time you are being spanked. Are you game, Sandy?”

It looked ridiculous. The yellow circles on the wall were not even shoulder height. Anyone touching all four circles would have their legs spread wider than their shoulders, and the only way to reach the circles on the wall was to be fully bent at the waist. She couldn’t think of a more undignified position. Especially topless, as she was.

“So to recap, we will give you one hundred dollars for every ring you land on the antlers, and we will give you two spanks for every ring that you miss. Are you a good shot, Sandy?”

“Yes,” Sandy answered honestly.
“Do you want a chance to double your money?”

Sandy couldn’t help but feel she was being rushed, that she was being spun around faster and faster so that she couldn’t make the right decisions. Free drinks all night, the undeniable peer pressure of a cheering crowd, and the lure of prize money was being used to reduce her inhibitions and unbalance her decision-making ability. What should she do? The topless girl looked down into the audience and saw Anne-Marie, her lifelong friend, waving her arms and shouting “DO IT”. Sandy turned to the MC and simply nodded.

“Ladies and gentlemen it’s double or nothing! Sandy, if you get ALL FIVE rings on those antlers, then we will double your prize and you will walk away with ONE THOUSAND dollars! Do you guys like that?” Again there were cheers. “But if you MISS all five, Sandy, then you agree to ride the mechanical bull that Billy has set up for us especially tonight!” The MC pointed at the back wall, and there were whoops and whistles as the crowd noticed the mechanical bull that had been set up in the rear corner. The bull usually only came out on the first Tuesday of every month, but tonight Billy had it ready just in case it was needed… and his hunch had proved correct.

“Let’s do it,” Sandy said into the mike with false bravado. She was taking the bull by the horns, as it were, holding those glittering one thousand dollars in her mind’s eye and not thinking about the forfeits. Let’s just do this, she thought, let’s just get it over with. “Do I have to do it like this?” Sandy said to the MC, gesturing at her own topless state.

“What do you reckon folks, does she have to do it like THIS?” The crowd roared and waved their arms. “I think you do, Sandy! Here is the line – do not let your foot cross it, or your throw will be disqualified. Here is some liquid courage,” again Sandy was plied with free tequila, Billy’s own insurance against her taking a grand out of his pocket, “and here are your rings. Let’s play ball!”

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“What do you reckon folks, does she have to do it like THIS?” The crowd roared and waved their arms. “I think you do, Sandy! Here is the line – do not let your foot cross it, or your throw will be disqualified. Here is some liquid courage,” again Sandy was plied with free tequila, Billy’s own insurance against her taking a grand out of his pocket, “and here are your rings. Let’s play ball!”

Sandy took the heavy plastic O-rings in one hand and kept the other crookedly over her breasts. She tried to ignore the chanting crowd and the burning tequila in her belly and the way the reindeer head seemed to shrink and swell in her vision. Her first toss was pitifully low, and the second barely hit the wall below the head. Her face burning with the humiliation of missing, she aimed higher this time, and the shot would have been true if it hadn’t snagged in the bunting hanging from the ceiling. (Billy had placed that bunting a long time ago, very carefully. It lay right in the path of any perfect shot, and made it almost impossible to get a ring through to the antlers). Her fourth ring hit an antler and bounced off from the force of the throw, and there were catcalls and laughter as she stamped her feet in frustration. Her concentration was blown now, and her self-confidence with it. Four misses! And only one ring left. She wiped a curl of wet hair away from her face, unconsciously flashing her breasts for a moment. She had it now! Low and fast, under the bunting, nail the antlers in the middle so it won’t bounce off. She stepped forward, and made the throw, and it stayed dangling from the antlers! She had done it! But the people around her were laughing and cat calling.

“Sandy, Sandy, Sandy!” Chuckled the MC, “You stepped over the line, and that makes your fifth and last throw disqualified! That means you missed all five shots! Are you ready for a spanking?”

“What? But you said five misses was…?” Sandy was thinking of the mechanical bull.

“All in due time, Sandy, but you agreed to two spanks per toss first! That makes TEN spanks for one lucky audience member. Sandy, will you please ASSUME. THE. POSITIOOON!”

At this point in time it is necessary to rewind a little, and follow the events of one exceptionally pissed off American girl by the name of Este. Este, the girl next door; Este, the fun-loving backpacker; Este: the girl with a burning vengeance to be paid upon Sandy’s cruel prank. It was never her intention to be displayed and photographed nude in front of a whole bar. Flashing her boobs? Sure, who cares, it’s just some harmless fun. But it was something she chose to do, a risk against her modesty and reputation that she chose to take. When she had inched down her panties to tease the crowd though, she had never intended to show it all. Pictures had been taken, by strangers and by her travel-mates, and those things had a way of following you home. Yes, Este was very pissed off.
She had dressed quickly and was at the bar collecting the prize money from Billy himself when she heard the MC challenging Sandy. And when she heard about the mechanical bull, she was seized by an idea.

“Thanks for the prize money Billy! Say, while I was getting dressed I must have snapped the strap on my sandal. You don’t have any super glue behind the bar do you?”

“Super glue? I don’t know how good that will be on fixing your shoe, honey.”

“Please?” Este batted her eye lashes. “I’d be awfully grateful. I’ll give it back to one of the bar staff myself when I’m done,” she said that as it was clear that Billy (the old perv) wanted to get back to watching the show.

Billy nodded, and ducked quickly behind the bar to the tool box her kept there under the till. He rummaged for a minute and then came up with a tiny tube of super glue. “Here you go, love. Just pop it back when you’re done,” he said. And then he was gone.

By now Sandy was making her last desperate throw, and Este was back just in time to hear the MC calling, “ASSUME. THE. POSITIOOON!”

Este watched as Sandy looked at the yellow circles, then at the MC, then at the crowd, then back at the yellow circles. She seemed about to say something, and then the protest died on her tongue. She walked defeatedly to the circles on the floor and placed first one foot, then the other, leaving her in that “half star-jump” position of standing with legs spread. Then she bent forward… to touch the circles she had to bend almost horizontal. With her legs so wide, and her body so low, the audience had a direct-on view of the tiny strip of fabric that covered her sex. Then one could look further and realise – this tiny strip of fabric, the bikini bottom, was the only thing she was wearing. Wet, tanned, slim but full-breasted, she waited docilely bent over as if to receive a lover, breasts dangling, naked but for the completely inadequate bikini bottoms straining across her buttocks and mound.

The MC seemed to delight in the sight for a moment. “Ladies and gentlemen we are now going to put up for auction the privilege of spanking that beautiful derriere! For ten spanks, can I hear a starting bid of ten dollars, does anyone have ten dollars? Twenty? Thirty dollars, fifty! Fifty dollars, do I hear seventy five?”

“TWO HUNDRED!” Este waved her cash prize in the air. “Everyone shut up, that ass is mine!”

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 “TWO HUNDRED!” Este waved her cash prize in the air. “Everyone shut up, that ass is mine!”

“For two hundred dollars, I think we have a winner! Can I hear a round of applause for our wet t-shirt champion Este! Come up to the stage, Este. You have won ten spanks of this here prime Australian rump,” the MC gave a meaty slap to Sandy’s buttock, making her jump. The girl shifted uncomfortably and glared at the MC, but did not move her hands from the yellow circles. “Ten spanks, each to be delivered with an open palm, and Sandy here will count them out for you. Isn’t that right Sandy!” The MC slapped her ass again cheekily.

“That’s not fair! That’s two slaps already!”

“Those were just friendly taps, Sandy, Este is going to be doing the real spanking! You’re going to count them out for us Sandy, all ten into the microphone, and if you miss one then we’ll have to do it again. So count good! Got it? Great! Everyone, this is like golf, you’ve got to be quiet until you see a good shot! Let’s see you plant one, Este!”

Este took a stance behind Sandy, pointed one arm straight up at the sky, and swung her whole body into a massive bitch slap that landed with a deafening CRACK. Sandy’s whole body arched under the stinging impact of the blow, and her buttocks and breasts jiggled wildly.

“Ouch! What the ...?” Even the MC was momentarily speechless at the smackdown that had just been delivered to Sandy.

Leaning into the microphone, Sandy said sweetly, “THAT was for pulling down my underwear in front of everyone. Are you sorry?”

“Am I sorry? Bitch, you jus-”

CRACK, another spank missiled into Sandy’s tender flesh.

“Are you sorry?” Sandy whirled around to face Este and SHOVED her across the stage.

“ALRIGHT LADIES,” the MC interrupted the brewing cat-fight, “I’m going to need some promises and some apologies from both of you. Sandy, it is true that you pulled down Este’s underwear during the wet t-shirt competition. I would like you to say sorry. Este, just now you violated the fun spirit of our game by camel-spanking Sandy. I would like YOU to say sorry. Now shake hands…” The two girls limply shook hands after a moment, “And hug…” They hugged at arm’s length, “And now kiss… Just kidding, guys, that’s okay. Sandy, are you sorry?”

“I guess.”

“Este, are you sorry?”

“Yes.”

“That’s awesome, guys, because it means now we can continue with our game. Este, I need you to tone your spanking down, can you do that? Great. Sandy, I need you to resume the position… yes that position… come on you made a bet are you going to honour it? She’s going to honour it, ladies and gentlemen! That’s what I call sportsmanship! Okay, from the count of THREE this time, can we get SPANKIIING.”

Generously overlooking the fact that Sandy had missed the first two counts, the MC held the mike in Sandy’s face so that it caught her “THREE”, “FOUR”, “FIVE” as Sandy tallied up each spank. The audience chanted along with her, laughing and whooping every time she cried out or swore. When Sandy finally reached, “EIGHT! NIIINE, oh shi-TEN!” she simply rested, breathing noisily into the microphone, her whole body trembling and sweaty from tensing and relaxing after each punishing blow. After a few breaths she stood up and turned. She no longer bothered about covering her breasts, she simply wiped the sweat from her brow with one hand and grabbed the mike with the other.

“Someone better some f\_\_king shots and some ice because I am going to need BOTH.” There was a chorus of cheers, and as she walked from the stage towards the mechanical bull pit, she was showered with high-fives. Plenty of hands held out drinks, she downed four free shots and slapped the owner of a wandering hand (who was quickly thrown out) before making it to the foam ring around the bull. It is time to get this over with, she thought. I made a bet, I lost it. I had a forfeit, I couldn’t pay. I gambled to win, and I lost. Sometimes you can’t win. So make the best of it, have fun, and don’t look back.

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“Sandy,” the MC interrupted the girl’s drunken philosophising. “You’ve been a great sport tonight, and I feel bad that you haven’t won anything. Do you guys want to see Sandy win something?” The people in the bar whooped. “Do you think she deserves it?” They whooped louder. “I think she does too! Sandy, here’s the deal.” He slapped a garish pink cowgirl hat on Sandy’s head. “For every ten seconds you stay on that bull, I’ll give you fifty bucks. For every ten seconds you stay on that bull AND keep the hat on your head, I’ll double it.” He paused. “If you can last a full minute on that bull and still have your hat on, that’s six hundred dollars. Is that good money?”

…So make the best of it, have fun, and don’t look back...

The mechanical bull was in the centre of a ring of foam shaped like a kiddies pool. Sandy accepted the deal with two thumbs up and stepped into the ring. Someone tapped her on the shoulder when she reached the bull. It was Este.

“Sandy, I wanted to apologise for being such a bitch. I just went a little crazy when you pulled down my bottoms in front of all those people! But I guess I was being silly… I mean, it was just a prank, right? I feel so ashamed, I bet you wouldn’t have reacted so childishly against a stupid joke.”

“Most people know how to take a joke around here, yeah,” Sandy replied bitchily.

“I’m so glad.” Este gave Sandy a hug, a real one this time. The tiny tube of super glue hidden in her palm left a long streak of clear goo down the back of Sandy’s bikini bottom. “Here you go, let me give you a hand up.” Sandy put one foot in the stirrup and swung her other leg over the saddle. She put one hand on her pink hat, and the other on the saddle rope. She was ready.

To the tune of (I’m a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride! I’m wanted… Dead or alive), the bull began to move. It did not just buck up and down, the way Sandy had been expecting. It bucked forward and back, then jerked in vicious circles, stopping abruptly to kick left or right. When it spun, it spun off-centre so that Sandy was almost thrown off by the gee-forces.

Additionally, Sandy was quick to realise that the pink cowgirl hat was far too large for her head. She had to keep one hand clamped on it to keep it from flying off and the other in a death-grip on the saddle rope. This left her bare breasts bouncing and jiggling with every buck and swing of the bull. She barely had time to feel dismay at this when she noticed something else. Every time a bucking motion lifted her from the saddle, every time a spin sent her sliding in her seat, she could feel a tugging. Sandy was about to find out, in the most dramatic way, that Este had super-glued her bikini bottoms to the saddle.

With a single savage buck Sandy was cast flying through the air. She flew straight up and over the nose. Time stopped for a moment and she seemed to arc gracefully up and over… Leaving her bikini bottom behind, the strings snapped clean off on either side… then time sped up and she crash-landed unflatteringly on her bum. For a brief moment she starfished on the foam.

She knew something was terribly wrong.

The crowd was whooping and cheering. People were pointing at her. Cameras were flashing. The beady yellow lights of cameras recording video winked at her. With dreadful slowness, she looked down. Past her naked breasts, past the silver dolphin necklace with the sapphire in its tail, past her flat belly… to the gap between her legs. To the smooth bare skin. To her complete and utter nudity. In front of everyone.

Sandy screeched and jumped to her feet. People were pressed shoulder to shoulder in the circle around the bull ring, laughing and hollering and pointing their cameras, click click click. She pressed a hand down between her legs, and lay the other across her breasts. She still had the pink cowboy hat on… it was her only clothing left.

“Sandy,” laughed the MC, “That hat looks good on you! It’s won you a hundred dollars! Wait, where are you going?”

“Out of my way, assholes!” Sandy pushed her way into the crowd. It was time to end this circus, it was time to get some clothes on and go home. A hundred dollars! She’d gladly pay a hundred dollars to not be here right now. Tonight she would have a hundred dollars, and the world would have a hundred photos... photos that she didn’t want to think about. She had been on her back, arms and legs spread, naked in a pink cowboy hat… in a ring surrounded by hundreds of spectators! She would look like a cheap stripper!

Sandy made it through the crowd to the bar but was blocked there by Este and two of her friends. “Where are you going so fast?” Este laughed mockingly, “I thought you said you could take a joke?”

“Get out of my way, bitch!”

“Don’t you want your clothes?”

“I can get them myself, thank you very much.”

“I saw your friend leave with some guy, so I talked to the promo girls and offered to bring your clothes out to you.” Este smiled smugly.

“My clothes? What have you done with them? Where are they?”

The three girls said nothing, but Este gave herself a way with a glance upwards. Sandy, looking up, saw a piece of white cloth peeking over the edge of the mantle above the bar.

“You bitch!” Este must have thrown her top and skirt up there! Sandy would have to climb on the bar just to reach them. Furious, she vaulted naked onto the bar. Catcalls and wolf whistles started immediately. This splendidly naked girl, this beautiful nude goddess, was elevated to where everyone in the room could see her. She looked down upon a sea of faces and was momentarily dizzied. Then one face in particular came into focus.

“Anne-Marie!”

“Sandy! What the hell are you doing? Dancing naked on the bar?” She was shocked.

“No, I thought you left! I’m getting my clothes…”

“What? I have your clothes right here. I went to go get them…” It was true, Anne-Marie was holding a bundle of pink and white in her hands.

“But I…” Sandy reached up on tippy toes and to the white cloth on the mantle and pulled down… a scarf. A white scarf. Este had tricked her. Tricked her into climbing naked onto the bar!

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…meanwhile…

In the back corner of the bar, Billy was caught in agonising indecision. Whenever he brought out the mechanical bull, he mounted a rapid-shot camera to take pictures as the rider got dumped. Then he would take the best shots and put them up on the giant sports screen for everyone to see.

The pictures were open on the laptop screen in front of him. They were very… personal. Even with the release form signed and sealed in front of him, he didn’t know whether he could in conscience put pictures like these on the projector for the whole world to see.

But then, out of the corner of his eye, Billy saw the girl climb up on the bar. She was completely naked except for the pink cowboy hat and was twirling a white scarf! What a party girl, what a good sport! Relieved, Billy plugged the projector cable into his laptop. Any girl who dances naked on the bar isn’t going to mind a few raunchy pictures, he thought.

…meanwhile…

“Sandy, come down from there!” shouted Anne-Marie. But Sandy wasn’t listening. She was staring with horror at the huge projector screen on the opposite wall.
Sandy was on the screen larger than life. She looked like a rodeo queen – one hand on her hat brim, the other saluting the crowd, legs spread wide to straddle the bull… Except she was flying through the air, and the bull wasn’t there, instead her legs were spread and the camera was looking straight up between her thighs to the pink folds of her most intimate space. Her face was captured in shocked exclamation, eyes wide, mouth parted to yell, her whole expression one of moronic surprise.

Sandy stood frozen on the stage as the laughter began. Men were whistling and jeering, women were smirking behind their hands. People were holding their cameras high in the air and snapping photos – some of her on the bar, some of the shocking photo on the sports screen.

“Oh my god, what a slut!”

“She’s naked on the bar!”

“Dean’s going to wish he hadn’t missed this!”

“Don’t worry, we’ll share the pics on the facebook group!”

Sandy couldn’t move. She was dizzy, weak-kneed, bewildered. Standing on the bar above the sea of faces, futilely covering her breasts and groin with a flimsy scarf, she knew this was a moment of utter humiliation that the town would never forget. She jumped down from the bar. Through eyes blurry with tears she snatched her clothes from Anne-Marie’s hands and sprinted naked out into the street. The cat-calls and wolf-whistles echoed in her ears long after she had left all pursuit behind.

**Noosa - Afterword:**
Sandy’s internet fame was, in the way of these things, spectacular but brief. Shortly after the fateful night she accepted a scholarship to Sydney University and moved interstate, thereafter to pursue a promising career in physiotherapy. She still wears her Lucky Me bracelet.

Anne-Marie took a year off and travelled to Europe, having adventures of her own. Billy’s Bar lives on, despite the heat from local newspapers, though he has now banned any cameras during the competition. Surprisingly this has only increased the popularity of his Monday night contests, as girls know that “What happens at Billy’s, stays at Billy’s”.

Photos of Este went briefly viral while news sites covered the issue of drunkenness and antisocial behaviour amongst backpackers.

True to her word, Anne-Marie tracked down a video of the night on a German travel website and played it for a select crowd at Sandy’s 21st birthday. The pictures and videos from the night still float around in the internet ether, for those who know how to find them… but it seems that the event is slowly fading into history.

Life goes on, for us all.

-END-