**Miranda and the Charity Fun Run**

**by [redfacedandnaked](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1051107&page=submissions)©**

Hello. I'm back again with another embarrassing story. I don't know why but I find it irresistible to share them with you like this. Perhaps it's the anonymity of the internet and the frisson of excitement I get from imagining you reading about my misfortune.  
  
It was a few weeks since the incident at the art class. Linzi and I were taking part in a 5km fun run. To raise money for charity we had agreed to be sponsored to wear fancy dress and to carry a collecting bucket round the course.  
  
Now, if I had been organised I would have sorted out my costume and maybe even tried running in it, but I hadn't. Linzi hadn't either, but her French maid costume fitted fine. From the moment I put mine on I regretted my choice.  
  
Linzi had suggested that I should also wear a sexy costume. Her reasoning was that since I had enjoyed my experience at the art class it would be good fun and no nudity would be involved this time. I pointed out that I had enjoyed the art class in a totally humiliated and very embarrassed sort of a way, but had to admit something about it had been quite fun in the end.  
  
After rummaging through our wardrobes we settled on a neon pink boob tube and black mini kilt-style skirt, teamed up with stockings and suspenders. I had some doubts, but the thought of showing my self off in an excusable (it was for charity) and controllable way was too appealing to resist!  
  
The boob tube meant I had to wear a strapless bra. I knew it would be less supportive and controlling than my sports bra, but figured that I could cope since it was only a fun run and not the Olympics so I'd only be jogging slowly. Linzi also dared me to wear the black slightly see-through panties that matched the bra and suspender belt, so under my skirt I'd only be wearing skimpy tanga-style panties. (In case you don't know they have virtually no sides, just the elastic waist-band bit! Only they go round my hips not my waist. Have a browse round the knickers department in a big store, you'll find them.)  
  
Linzi drove us to the start at a park near the town centre. The 5km route took us along main roads in the town centre. They were closed to traffic and always heavily lined with spectators. Lots of other runners were in fancy dress and I quite enjoyed the naughtiness of being dressed in such a tarty way! We took our place in the middle of the hundreds of runners and at the sound of a klaxon set off.  
  
The problem with my costume was evident after 100m. As you know I'm quite curvy and the strapless bra wasn't meant for running. My boobs were bouncing like jellies being carried on a trolley going over a cobbled street and this was causing the boob tube to slide down exposing my bra.  
  
After watching me stop to tug it up for the fifth time, Linzi suggested with a smile "Why don't you just take it off, it's only like wearing a bikini top on holiday?" I thought for a moment and decided to do it! I peeled off the top and made my way over to the roadside and in a moment of madness, flung it in a waste bin!  
  
Three young guys cheered and whistled at me, reminding me I was in public with no top on. I blushed but plucked up the courage to take the collecting bucket over and I said "come on then lads, pay up, it's for a good cause!" It worked! One threw in a £5 note and the others threw in lose change. "We're going to raise a fortune" exclaimed Linzi.  
  
By half way round the bucket was very heavy and we were having a good time. We arranged to empty the bucket and a friend was waiting. We made our way over the barrier to where she had her car and emptied the bucket. Our friend drove off.  
  
Climbing back over the barrier disaster struck. My skirt caught on a nail or something and as I jumped over it tore off completely, breaking the fastening beyond repair. Several people were watching and they laughed loudly at my predicament. Dressed in just my bra, panties, suspender belt and stockings and running shoes I tugged at the skirt to free it. No-one offered to help, but with one final tug it came free – and I fell back onto the floor, legs in the air. Through slightly tear-filled eyes I looked at the crowd of on-lookers. There were women and children laughing at the slapstick and men copping an eyeful. I blushed very deeply.  
  
Linzi came over to help me up, unable to keep from laughing. "Well that's torn it!" "Ha ha, very amusing." We talked the problem over. The skirt was too badly ripped even to wrap it round me to provide some coverage. We were halfway round the course so going back was no quicker than going on and if we carried on there would at least be the other runners, for cover. "Anyway," said Linzi, "you'll raise loads more money collecting in just your underwear!"  
  
At first I was feeling very self conscious, wincing at every wolf-whistle. Linzi kept dragging me over too the side of the road, right next to the crowd, to collect change in the bucket. She also stopped me from running too quickly thus prolonging my ordeal. I could tell that she was doing it on purpose, but when I complained she slowed down even more!  
  
I'm blushing as I type this, thinking about how I must have looked. Picture it, if you can. My bra was basically pushing my boobs up and forward in a 'have a good look at these boys' kind of way and allowing them to bounce wildly when ever I broke into a jog. My panties were not only slightly see-through but as I ran kept bunching up in the crack of my bum, giving anyone behind me a clear view of my rounded bum cheeks. It was a view that inspired more than one passing runner to deliver a playful slap as they passed. Finally I have on a suspender belt and stockings, which made it just that bit more embarrassing. Bra and panties would have been ok; after all I've been on a beach wearing just that much. Stocking and a suspender belt are, well, underwear, to be worn under a skirt. That was the extra touch that made the situation slightly humiliating and not just embarrassing. You may well ask why, in that case, didn't I remove the stockings. Quite simply – I didn't think of it until I was typing this out! You try to think logically when you're out in public in your underwear!  
  
It got worse. Some men, clearly used to doing this in the sort of places they visit, tucked folded up notes into my cleavage and the band of my panties, as if I were a stripper or lap-dancer. Several times groups of men insisted on having their photos taken with Linzi and me. She always agreed, making it impossible for me to refuse by reminding me that it was all for charity. There must be dozens of photos of me in this outfit lurking on their mobile phones. (Gosh, you might even be looking at one right now!)  
  
We were within sight of the finish when the final indignity was visited upon me. A group of three men got us to pose with them. By now I was getting used to them assuming that it was ok to put their arm round me or to put a hand on my bum and cop a feel. I didn't like being pawed like this but felt I couldn't complain. Then I felt something behind me – before I could stop or re-act someone had undone my bra and whipped it off. The tallest one held it out teasingly. I tried to grab it but he pulled it out of my reach and threw it to one of the others. Instinctively I made another grab for it but it was gone. They were making me play 'piggy-in-the-middle' with my bra while one of them video-ed it on his phone. Well I wasn't going to play that game. Ignoring the shouts, I didn't even bother covering myself as I jogged off to the finish. If you were there you'd have seen my boobs bouncing freely.  
  
I waited by the car, arms across my chest for Linzi. She took ages as I'd left her to carry the heavy bucket. "Sorry Miranda," she said. She put the bucket down with a thump. "You raised an awful lot for charity, if that's any consolation." It was some consolation, at least until Linzi found the short clip of braless me on the internet. It was weird watching myself but oddly exciting.  
  
So that's the story of my charity fun run. I hope you enjoyed reading it.  
  
Kisses,  
  
Miranda x x x