**Careful what you wish for**

by Emma

After being thrown out by my partner, I went off the rails, big time. I started taking silly risks , just to get the attention I needed to give me a buzz. I took up running again, for the first time since school. There were two reasons, I wanted to get fitter, but I also wanted to show my body off. No tracksuit or joggers for me, I wanted kit like proper athletes wear, so I bought professional kit - little crop top vest and tiny 'sprayed on' shorts - basically very small bikini bottoms.   
  
I loved the shorts as they hardly covered anything. My 'camel toe' was visible at the front, and the shorts also tended to slip off my ass and into my bum crack as I ran, leaving my cheeks bare. Best of all though, they were so low at the front, that you could see part of the tattoo, that I had on my pubis, peeping out. Always attracted attention!   
  
So that's how I dressed to go running, and it definitely had the desired effect - guys couldn't take their eyes off me. My favourite run was to drive up to Limpley Stoke, near Bath,park, then run along the Kennet & Avon canal towards Bath, stop for a cold drink at one of the many canal/riverside pubs, then run back along the bank of the river Avon. Nice circular run, with a break in the middle to be eyed up by the boys. And eye me up they did - I was invariably the centre of attention when I stopped for a drink, and I loved it. Never bought my own drink, never sat alone. Pulled a few times as well - I wasn't fussy - backs of cars in the car park, in the gents toilet at the pub - the more risky the better. It was one huge adrenalin rush. Until it went too far.   
  
One evening, in the first spell of warm weather we had this spring, I set out on my run. Stopped halfway for my cold drink. Sat outside in the beer garden to drink it. I sat in the corner, well away from the pub, on a wooden bench. Only I didn't sit on it properly, I sat straddling it, with the thin material of my shorts stretched across my wide open pussy. I could feel my bare ass cheeks on the wood, where my shorts had ridden up. I'd sat in the corner for a reason - it was very near a group of well dressed lads, all suited and booted, who I knew full well wouldn't be able to keep their eyes, and probably their hands, off me.   
  
I was correct - I'd only been sat there a couple of minutes when the group gravitated towards me. They chatted me up. They were very drunk. They were also very 'touchy feely', stroking my legs, back, hair. I didn't object - I loved it! With no opposition, they grew bolder, stroking my bare buttocks, fingering the visible part of my tattoo on the top of my pubis.....   
  
By now they had surrounded me - I was invisible from the pub - but I knew people were there and being touched up in such a public place was turning me on. I don't know if it was the small moan I let slip, or the growing wet patch on the crotch of my running shorts, but one of the guys was encouraged enough to slip his fingers down inside my running shorts, and along my hot wet slit.   
It felt so good, so right, so hot, and so so public! They gently lifted me up, and my shorts were rolled down clear of my pussy - simultaneously other hands rolled my cropped vest up over my head, baring my breasts. To all intents and purposes I was naked in the pub beer garden - and I didn't care!   
  
Didn't care? I was beyond caring. Naked outside, hands all over my breasts, rolling my nipples, fingers in my pussy, bringing me closer and closer......   
  
Then it stopped. Angry voices. Angry female voices! Slut! Tart! Bitch!   
Directed at me. The guys backed off like little kids caught with their hands in the cookie jar. I was now face to face with four angry girlfriends - very angry girlfriends - and guess what? - it wasn't their boyfriends fault - it was mine. I was the one that had been stripped, but it was my fault.   
  
They dragged me, still topless, and with my shorts round my knees, through a side gate from the beer garden, and on to the path by the riverside - the very same path I used to run back to my car - so I knew how quiet it was. I tried to struggle - to scream - to shout, but I got punched in the stomach for my troubles, and something stuffed into my mouth. I was dragged to the rivers edge and stripped of what little I had left on - off came my shorts, trainers and socks, and into the river they went.   
  
I won't repeat all of what they did to me - it has no place here - but they left me in considerable pain and still with a five mile walk back to my car, in broad daylight, stark naked. Was I seen? well, put it this way, this part of the river Avon is very popular with fishermen.......   
  
I still love to attract attention to myself by the way I dress, but now I'm a little more careful about what I wish for.   
  
xxxlovexxx   
  
Emma