**Law of Unintended Circumstances**

Ch. 01

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Liz's job wasn't bad. The hours weren't exactly what she liked, but the 15% shift premium was nice. And swing was better than night. As the nursing supervisor, 3 to 11 meant more like 2:45 to 11:15. But she worked close enough to be home by 11:30 or so.

At 33 she knew that she had to take care of herself. She had some weights that she'd work with a little, and a treadmill. But during the nice days of the year she loved going for a run. The scenery was better, even if she took the same route almost any night.

It all started one night when she thought about doing something more than just a little different.

"Maybe I can go without my t-shirt," she thought to herself. Shocked, she considered what she had just thought. First came the Crocs. She liked them, cool and totally slip resistant. She slipped off her scrubs and tossed them in the wash. Next came the panties and bra, plain and appropriate for the job. She went to her drawer and pulled out a pair of "running" panties and a jog bra and put them on. She then pulled on her shorts, a nice breathable pair that she liked when the days were a little warmer. She grabbed a t-shirt, then stopped. And thought. And thought. "What the hell," she mumbled. And put them back in the drawer. "It's more than a swim suit," she said out loud, as if talking to someone.

After putting on her socks and running shoes, she slipped her key around her wrist and headed out the door. Despite the temperature, she shivered for a moment, excited about what she was going to do.

Ten minutes later she wasn't even aware of what she was wearing. Her watch reminded her that it was time to change tempo, and she picked up the pace. Even though Liz knew she couldn't sustain it very long, she loved the challenge of a six minute mile. Which meant 6:15. When she had completed two miles, she slowed down to her usual 8 minutes, still a pretty good pace. She was proud of her placing in the 10Ks she had run and had considered a marathon at some future date.

Soon she had finished her loop and saw her house just ahead. She was happy to find herself fairly wet with perspiration. After letting herself in, she went to the fridge and grabbed some PowerAde and chugged it down. Then came the water. Finally, her thirst slaked, she went to her bedroom and slipped off her clothes and showered. It was while she was showering off that she realized that she had run without her t-shirt. "Naughty girl," she thought to herself, then laughed, She'd seen plenty of women doing exactly the same thing.

A few nights later she was going through the same routine when the thought hit her. Why not try panties and bra? She'd seen women in triathalons doing the same thing. It was certainly more than some of her bikinis. She carefully put the shorts and t-shirts back in their drawers and soon was ready to head out.

The run was uneventful, other than actually hitting her six minute pace, if only for a mile or so. But she came home satisfied.

A week later, she suddenly realized that she wanted to go a little further. At first, Liz was stunned at what she wanted to do, but soon decided to do it. She took off her t-shirt and jog bra and opened her lingerie drawer. "Yeah, the red lace will do the trick." She slipped it on and headed out. Again, uneventful. She was a little unhappy that she hadn't made her six minutes, but 6:07 for the two miles wasn't bad.

Two days later was her day off. As usually, she slept in to avoid throwing her schedule off. But this always gave her time to run a slightly longer loop. As she was getting dressed, she thought about the other day. She giggled for a second, then wondered if she could do it. She pulled the black bra and matching panties out of the drawer. She looked at the garters and hose and laughed. That was way too much. And besides, the running shoes wouldn't fit. She finished "dressing" and was soon running, mind in its usual place. It was a good run, long and satisfying.

She got home Tuesday night and suddenly found herself pondering "the next step". Saturday night had been pushing the boundaries of what she wanted to do. Or had it. "Oh my god," she said out load, "what the hell I'm I getting in to?" Then put up all of her running clothes and pulled out the same black panties. For a second she wondered how uncomfortable it would be. Her breasts had always been a point of embarrassment ever since high school. She had been a "late bloomer" and hid in the locker room afraid that the other girls would laugh at her. Now she found herself wondering if that was why the guys found her "undesirable", or why she was always willing to have sex with them so quickly. Her bras were between an A and B cup and she always had to check the fit carefully.

As soon as she moved from a walk to a jog she found that her breasts didn't jiggle as much as she was afraid they would. She was happy with what she had done, and as she "undressed", she puzzled herself about going all the way.

Friday night she thought she might be ready. "I can always turn around and head home," she told herself. "I'll know pretty quickly if I can do it."

So she undressed, put on her socks and shoes, grabbed her key and put it on her wrist and walked out the door. Two minutes later she was exhilarated, enjoying the sudden liberation. Her run was even more spectacular than usual. She didn't even try for her target, reveling in her sensations.

As she approached her house, she saw some girls on the porch across the street from her house. "Fuck," she thought. She stopped and considered her options. Her door was inset a ways and the porch was on the near side. She crossed the street and ran through the yards, away from the street. She got to her yard and stopped a few yards short of the porch. She took a breath, pulled the key off her wrist. "One, two, three," and she took off, trying to run a four minute mile. She turned into the porch.

There, standing in front of the door, was Angie. The girl from across the street.

"Hello Liz," she proclaimed. "Enjoy you run?"

Liz turned. The other two girls were standing behind her. "Oh no," she thought. "What have I gotten myself into?"

"We've been watching you and your hijinks for for a couple of weeks. I suspect that this has been going on for quite a while." And with that, Angie stepped away from the door and, with a flourish, invited Elizabeth into her own home.

"I suspect we're going to have some fun over the next couple of weeks," Angie proclaimed.