**Birthday Party Dressed Accordingly**

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Last month I had my anniversary coming up on the 11th of June. A week before John surprised me by having arranged a party with a friend, Tom, living at an hour's drive away. He lives in a great house in the countryside, all by himself (as he is divorced).  
  
John told me, that he had some friends over and we would have a great time with them.  
  
As we would have a party at home in the weekend before for family, close friends and relatives; that party would be on my actual birthday on Wednesday after. John told me I was to dress accordingly, which he explained meant I was expected to arrive in my birthday-suite...  
  
The idea gave me a tickling feeling in my belly and although I felt fear in the same time, John convinced me and I agreed.  
  
When the day came nearer, I felt doubtful, but having agreed, there was no way back.  
  
John had taken a day off, he gave me my birthday present; it was a beautiful clit clip with glass hangers on both sides I was to wear in the evening...  
  
In the afternoon we started preparing. He gave me a close shave of my pubic hair, leaving a small triangle half an inch above my clitoris. Then he went to collect the birthday-cake, and I took a bath.  
  
After that, I did my nails and make-up, brushed my hair and dressed for the ride; that is, took on my black stockings and pumps, and of course my clit clip.  
  
John came home and told me I looked marvelous - I had this strange mixed-up feeling of fear and diversion in the same time, just as I had when preparing to go out for a walk in the nude.  
  
I took a waistcoat to wear until we left; John told me not to close it, but leave it open so I would mentally be better prepared when we left.  
  
We had dinner and we talked about the party; John told me Tom had invited three friends, so I imagined that I would be with five dressed men all together, including John.  
  
That was already quite something, but what I did not know (John did, but kept it a surprise) was that each of the three was to bring two friends along..  
  
We drank coffee and watched television, but I could not concentrate; I was hot and exited but felt fear at the same time.  
  
Then John told me it was time to leave, and I changed my waistcoat for a long, black coat that I closed while walking to our car.  
  
We drove for about forty five minutes, having a conversation as if nothing was out of the ordinary. That putted me to rest. After leaving the highway, John parked the car along the road and told me to put the coat in the trunk.  
  
I got out of the car, opened the trunk, unbuttoned my coat and took it off, putted it in the trunk and closed it knowing I passed the point of no return. It was cold outside as I was all naked, so I slipped in the car fast.  
  
By now it was dark; the heating was on and I felt comfortable being naked and having John next to me.  
  
John asked me to take off my stockings and did that without hesitation as I was allowed to put my shoes back on for walking to the house.  
  
Some ten minutes later we arrived at Tom's house; my heart knocked at high speed when I saw more than ten cars were parked along the driveway but I realized there was no way back out... We got out of the car and John locked it.  
  
When we walked to the house I felt wet, I could feel my juices leaking on my inner thigh. Surprisingly, I didn't even feel cold when we reached the door.  
  
John rang the bell and Tom opened it - a flow of warm air flowed over my skin.  
  
The first thing Tom said was: 'Happy birthday, Joan!! Happy birthday to you both! Come in!'  
  
He opened his arms to both of us, he gave me a hug and I felt his jacket rub my skin; especially twinkling on my nipples.  
  
He greeted John and I kicked off my shoes.  
  
John said, 'Let's join the guests!'  
  
We followed Tom to the room, and he opened the door for us, letting me in first like a good host should.  
  
I was overwhelmed by all the eyes scanning every inch of my body and I lowered my hands in an attempt to cover my pussy, but realized immediately that I shouldn't as it was not going to help. I was really supposed and expected to go for it.  
  
I discovered two ladies in the audience - they were both dressed as all guests where.  
  
I felt all eyes on me, when Tom took me by the hand shouting: 'Hurray! Three cheers for Joan!' I felt my breasts bounce with every 'hurray' when he lifted my arm to the max..  
  
The audience cheered, it must have been quite a sight, and Tom led me to a bench in the center, where I was seated next to one of the ladies. John came in with the cake and put it on a table, Tom was assisted by some of the gentleman while he was opening bottles of champagne. The lady next to me was introduced to me as Barbara. She asked me if she should help me cutting the cake. That broke the ice, and we went cutting the cake putting the slices on plates. While working together, Barbara told me to wait serving the plates until she was undressed properly to assist me; she said: 'That's my birthday gift to you!' She went out of the room to return a few minutes later, stark naked as I was!  
  
We served the cake together, and took place to enjoy the cake and a drink. Then the second lady came over to us and introduced herself as Debbie.  
  
She told us she felt a bit awkward being fully clothed, and considered changing for more appropriate bareness.  
  
She would start undressing from the bottom and then move upwards. So, she went out of the room and returned barefoot without her skirt and panties a few minutes later. How brave of her!  
  
Now when all the guests had finished their cakes, Tom asked attention from everyone as it was time for my birthday gift.  
  
They had bought a beautiful book about nature, which was handed over to me. I stood up and thanked the whole group, and especially Barbara, who gave her own gift, her nakedness.  
  
We spend a few hours drinking and talking as if nothing special was going on, I spoke to several guys, who looked at my pussy as if I didn't notice; I lifted my left leg, and placed my foot on the bench next to me.  
  
They had a great view, I'm sure. One of them asked if he could massage my nipples, while we had a discussion about his work. I had no problem letting him, so we went on as if everything was normal. It felt great!  
  
Then Debbie came along, she had changed to 'all naked'; I admired her beautiful breasts; there was no reason for her to keep them covered.  
  
Tom asked for our attention again, he bowed and offered me his arm which I laid my hand on and invited me to follow him to the next room. In this room I saw a gynecological chair that was placed in the middle of it.  
  
He guided me there, had me make a half turn and asked me to take position which I did, helped by him and John who put my legs on the rests. I thanked them, then Tom handed John a plastic speculum.  
  
Tom helped me by removing my clit clip to make the insertion of the speculum by John easier, although I was wet enough to make the insertion very easy already. Now I was totally exposed to all.  
  
Barbara and Debbie were invited to take place aside of me; the gentlemen came to inspect my genitals outside and in.  
  
When all gentlemen had passed, Barbara was to take my place, and Debbie was next.  
  
When all three of us where inspected, we were told to sit in line on our knees and we were blindfolded.  
  
We then gave head to the gentlemen who had formed their lines leading to each one of us.  
  
After about half an hour all of them were satisfied, our blindfolds were taken off and the three of us were most gallantly helped up each by a gentleman that made a bow, bended and offered his left arm to take each of us back to the main room.  
  
I felt a bit sticky, having a lot of sperm on my body, hair and face, and I'm sure the others felt the same. I felt happy that the blindfold had prevented the cum from getting in my eyes and on my eyelids!  
  
It was clear we were to keep the cum in place and to let it dry on our faces, hair and bodies.  
  
We were seated and continued our conversations as if nothing had happened; drinks were served and I looked at Barbara and Debbie who had cum all over, and even their hair, faces and bodies were gleaming in the light.  
  
It looked a bit surrealistic but sexy, in the same time I realized I was looking like them, it gave me this strange mix of feelings; humiliation, pride, confidence and in control.  
  
Moments later I wasn't so sure of that anymore when a car came up the driveway, the sound increasing until it was parked.  
  
The sound of people getting out of the car was heard and then the doorbell rang.  
  
Tom stood up, saying: "That'll be our last party guests for your birthday, Joan!"  
  
I felt I got a bit red in the face, realizing I was to present myself but naked and cum covered.  
  
John stood up, came over to me and offered me his arm to present me to the guests to come.  
  
Tom showed them in, they were all wearing nice suits like the gentlemen that were already there. They came over to me, introducing themselves by name. The last-one handed me their gift; it was a box that was nicely wrapped in red shiny paper and decorative ribbons with bows around it.  
  
I thanked them and they told me to open the package for as they said, next thing it would be very useful to me.  
  
So I unwrapped the package and in a beautiful gift box with a transparent cover I saw a pink colored dildo; the gentleman called Harry, the one that presented me the gift said: 'Well, Joan, take it out, it is ready for use, the batteries are already in place!'  
  
For not being ungrateful I opened the box and took the dildo out, it felt solid and I switched it on, it started to vibrate and roar. I held it to the side of my neck, moving it upward to my right cheek where a dollop of cum was left. It felt a bit slippery and I switched of the dildo.  
  
Then John said: 'Well, let's go back in the other room so you can demonstrate your skills to the whole audience while being properly seated!'  
  
Now Barbara came to me saying: 'Let me help you, dear, give me your dildo, I'll take it for you so you can take your seat using both hands.'  
  
I thanked her and John offered me his arm and I felt so humiliated, but there was no choice so I had to go with the flow. I asked him: 'Was this all set up by you?'  
  
And he answered me: 'As a matter of fact, Tom and I came to this when we were brainstorming while preparing this evening for you. Trust me, you'll see that you'll love what is to come. I'm proud of you and you'll have a massive orgasm on stage knowing it's for all to see!'  
  
Although I trust John, my knees nodded on my way to my 'scaffold', I turned my back to the chair and John and Barbara helped me to take place.  
  
They laid my legs in the leg rests and Barbara handed me my dildo and I thanked her. She kept standing next to me, laying her hand on my shoulder and keeping it there. Again I had a strange mix of feelings that were contradictory; I felt humiliated and proud, strong and weak, sexy and slutty all in the same time.  
  
My audience had taken position in a half circle. I started my vibrator, closed my eyes and started to stimulate my vulva. I got wet and inserted my tool a few inches inside to get it wet for my next goal; my clitoris. It felt so good!  
  
I inserted my dildo again about five inches and enjoyed the incredible feelings it gave me; my uterus and vagina started to pull together and pulsate, making clear I was on the edge of orgasm. I managed to open my eyes somewhat, and in a haze I saw my belly, legs, knees, feet and toes that were stretching in my on-rolling orgasm, and I saw my applauding audience that threw me over the edge.  
  
After my orgasm, Barbara took my dildo from me and switched it off, then John came over and they helped me out of the chair together. I was still weak on my knees but John supported me wrapping his left arm around me guiding me.  
  
My audience went back to the room and so did we, taking a seat the three of us in a row.  
  
John told me he was proud of me giving such a wonderful performance. In the mean time, music had started and Barbara, Debbie and I were invited to dance. It felt a bit weird dancing close with my naked body touching the suit of the gentleman dancing with me, but I got used to it.  
  
After some time my dancing partner switched and I had several. All of my partners told me they loved seeing me masturbate and having my orgasm in front of them.  
  
In the beginning, I went a bit red in the face but I started to love the compliments and thanked them.  
  
After some half an hour, I said I was longing for a rest as I was exhausted from all the impressions I had that evening; my last partner took me to a couch where I was seated. John said it was about time to go home, but he first went out to start the car so the heater was on for me later on.  
  
We had another drink after which we said all of the guests, especially Barbara and Debbie, goodbye.  
  
John took the book and I took the dildo, we said a last farewell and Tom guided us out.  
  
At the door I stepped into my pumps and we went to our car; it was very cold outdoors at that time.  
  
I thanked Tom, who accompanied us to the car again, and John opened the door on my side so I could get in to the warm car and off we went.  
  
On our way home, John stopped the car at the side of the road to get my coat out of the trunk, he came to my side, opened the door for me to slip into it. I went back into my seat and nestled down thanking him for this wonderful evening.  
  
It was a birthday I never will forget!