**Cassie's Tasks**

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**Cassie's Tasks Pt. 01**

"Cassie, could you come into the house for a minute?"  
  
Mrs. Jackson's voice startled Cassie out of her nap. The Jacksons were supposed to be back until tomorrow.  
  
Still distracted by Mrs. Jackson's unexpected presence Cassie climbed off the poolside chaise lounge where she had been dozing and followed Mrs. Jackson inside through the sliding glass doors.  
  
Once inside she spotted Mr. Jackson leaning against the back of the living room couch. "Hello, Mr. Jackson," Cassie said working to present a casual attitude.  
  
"Hello, Cassie. Nice day for a tan, huh?" he replied with a grin.  
  
Noticing where his eyes were looking, Cassie glanced down and suddenly remembered that since she had been alone she had taken advantage of the pool area's seclusion to sunbathe nude. Now she was standing in front of the couple whose home she was house-sitting totally naked. Instinctively her arms sprang to cover her exposed body.  
  
"It's a little late for that, Cassie," Mrs. Jackson commented wryly. "We've been home for a half an hour and Doug's been trying out his new camera while you were sleeping."  
  
As she finished speaking her husband clicked the remote he had been holding and to Cassie's distress a image of her laying on her stomach with her naked ass in full view appeared on the Jackson's 73" flat panel TV. The screen was so large that her image was life size.  
  
A click of the remote changed the image, now Cassie was laying face up and every inch of her body was displayed. The images kept changing until one came up of Cassie face with a man's penis dangling near her mouth. That picture had been taken just as she exhaled so her mouth was slightly open.  
  
"Now why don't you drop your arms like I said, dear?" Mrs. Jackson asked.   
  
"But I'm naked and your husband is standing right there," Cassie pointed out.  
  
"I doubt if this is the first time a man has seen you naked. Besides he's been looking at your body for the last thirty minutes like I said," Mrs. Jackson stated. "Now drop your arms Cassie."  
  
"Please just let me get dressed," Cassie implored.  
  
"If you don't drop your arms, Cassie, I'm going to have Doug forward those pictures to all his friends. I'm sure his friends will forward copies to their friends and so on. I wouldn't think it would be too long before some of the people you know get copies and think about what your family say when they find out about them."  
  
"You wouldn't, you couldn't," Cassie pleaded.  
  
"Doug," Mrs. Jackson simply said.  
  
"I've already got the cued up, Madeline. I think I'll send the first copies to Reverend Johnson and Mayor Stanley. And of course I can't leave out Professor Tatum."  
  
Professor Tatum was Cassie's favorite instructor at her college. The others seeing them would be bad enough, but if Professor Tatum saw them she would just die.  
  
Reluctantly she lowered her arms.  
  
"I think you made a wise decision, Cassie," Mrs. Jackson said. "That wasn't so hard was it? Now hold your arms out so Doug gets a good view of your goodies."  
  
Cassie wished the ground would open up and swallow her, but it didn't happen. She raised her arms and held them straight out from her sides.  
  
"Now stand still so Doug can get some more pictures," Mrs. Jackson instructed. As her husband commenced photographing Cassie's naked body Mrs. Jackson continued, "Have you posed naked for other people, Cassie? Maybe a couple of your boyfriends? Maybe all of them?"  
  
"Just one," Cassie said in a whisper.  
  
"Speak up girl, I can't hear you."  
  
"Just one," Cassie repeated a little louder.  
  
"I still can't hear you. I certainly hope aren't trying to be difficult. After all we're just trying to work at a mutually agreeable solution to this situation, Cassie."  
  
"I posed nude for one person," Cassie confessed.  
  
"Who was the lucky individual?" Mrs. Jackson asked.  
  
"My freshman year math instructor."  
  
"You posed naked for your professor? Why?"  
  
"I was going to fail and I needed the credits to maintain my scholarship," Cassie admitted.  
  
"Did you just pose or did you fuck him too?"  
  
"My instructor was a woman. She had me pose with her husband. The deal was that I posed nude with him in ways that looked like he was having sex with me, but we never did actually do it."  
  
"Did you ever hear anything about the pictures?" Mr. Jackson asked.  
  
"I was wearing a mask and I had applied a couple of fake tattoos, one on my arm and one on my leg. A few weeks later one of my classmates showed me a picture in one of those magazines where people advertise for sex partners. My classmate said that she thought the girl in the picture was me until she noticed the tattoos."  
  
"It was you though, wasn't it?" Mrs. Jackson asked.  
  
"Yes, it was me."  
  
"How did you feel?"  
  
"I wanted to throw up," Cassie answered.  
  
"Is that all?"  
  
"I was also a little excited," Cassie confessed. "Can I put my arms down? They're getting tired."  
  
"You know, Cassie, if this were just a case of you lounging by the pool with your tits and pussy spread out, I wouldn't mind. In fact, I kind of appreciate it because I know when Doug and I go to bed tonight he's going to fuck my brains out thinking about you laying there naked.   
  
"However something you didn't know is that we installed security cameras in the house before we left and the system is tied into our computer so we've been able to watch your every move while we were on the cruise," Mr. Jackson said.  
  
Seeing Cassie's horrified look Mrs. Jackson continued, "That's right, Cassie, we saw everything you did. If you had just tried on my clothing I could have overlooked that. If you had just masturbated in our bed, I probably would have overlooked that too. However when you masturbated on our bed, with my dildo, laughing at our homemade sex videos," she paused to let Cassie realize that they indeed knew everything she had done. "Well, I think you need to be punished."  
  
"So that means you're not going to pay me for house sitting," Cassie said hopefully.  
  
Both of the Jacksons burst out laughing wildly. When they were eventually able to calm down a little Mr. Jackson replied, "Why no, Cassie, you're going to be paid for house sitting. After all you did a good job of watching the house and taking care of things like watering the plants."  
  
"That's right, Cassie," Mrs. Jackson added. "We wouldn't dream of not paying you, but you need to pay for abusing our trust. So we've decided that we're going to give you one task for each day you've been here. Complete these six tasks and nothing else will ever be said about what's happened."  
  
"And if I refuse?" Cassie asked.  
  
"In that case," Mr. Jackson inserted, "You folks are going to see what you've been doing. Everyone at your college is going to get a copy of these pictures," pointing to the image on the TV, "and the video Doug just took is going to end up a every porno website on the internet. Of course with your confession about trading your naked body for grades means your instructor will undoubtedly be fired and you will probably be expelled for cheating."  
  
"But, of course, it's entirely your choice, Cassie," Mrs. Jackson added mockingly. "We wouldn't dream of forcing you to do something you didn't want to do."  
  
It didn't take a genius to make the decision facing Cassie. "Okay what do I have to do?" she sighed in surrender.  
  
"Talk about a fortuitous coincidence. We've been thinking about selling our house and moving for awhile now," Mrs. Jackson stated. "However in order to sell the house the real estate magazines we've been reading suggest we make a home tour video. We're decided to make two versions. One will be a little risqué and in the other, let's just say your womanly charms will play a large part of the appeal. Your first task is to be the star in both of them."  
  
"I can't do that!" Cassie declared. "Everyone will know it's me. I'll be . . . "  
  
"Calm down Cassie. Your story gave me an idea. I have a geisha girl mask upstairs. You'll be wearing that for the second video. Sorry I don't have any fake tattoos."  
  
'At least that's something,' Cassie thought.  
  
"Follow me, Cassie," Mrs. Jackson commanded.  
  
About twenty minutes later the two returned to the living room. Cassie was now wearing one of Mr. Jackson white sleeveless t-shirts. The bottom edge had been cut off so high that the bottom edges of Cassie's breasts were showing. Her nipples were plainly discernible just above where the shirt ended leaving no doubt that there wasn't anything but Cassie inside it.  
  
While they were gone Mrs. Jackson had taken one of pairs of denim shorts Cassie had brought along and shortened it so much that all but the crack of Cassie's butt were exposed. In addition, before returning to the living room Cassie's hair had been brushed and make-up had been expertly applied.  
  
At the same time Mr. Jackson had lowered the thermostat and the resulting cold air brought Cassie's nipples to full attention.  
  
"I thought you were going to have her wear one of your dresses, honey?" Mr. Jackson asked.  
  
"None of them would fit her. The girl's got boobs in places I don't even have places," Mrs. Jackson replied with a grin. "I decided to take advantage of what nature has provided."  
  
"That's okay with me. My shirt looks better on her anyway," he laughed.  
  
"Cassie, the way we're going to do this is that Doug will start on the porch with the video camera. You open the door and welcome him in. Don't use his name. We want the effect to be like that of you talking with a prospective buyer. You will show him around the house, explaining the various things that you think would appeal to someone looking for a house. Do you understand?" Mrs. Jackson asked.  
  
"Yes," Cassie answered quietly.  
  
"Here's an earpiece that you can put in your right ear. Your hair will cover it and it will allow me have you emphasize things I think you should mention that you might not think of," Mrs. Jackson said as she passed over the earpiece.  
  
They did a few practice walk throughs and Mrs. Jackson decided it was time for the real thing.  
  
Mr. Jackson took his place on the porch. Since his hands were occupied with the video camera Cassie supplied the knocking sounds.  
  
Then she opened the door. "Hello sir. Welcome to the Jackson home," she began her presentation. "Won't you please step inside."  
  
As she was speaking Mr. Jackson dipped the camera and zoomed in on Cassie's not quite naked boobs. When she turned away to lead him into the living room he shifted the focus to the healthy amount of ass being displayed.  
  
When she stopped and turned to face him again he managed to tear himself away from her body long enough to slowly panned around the living room, pausing at various points as Cassie gave an introduction to the room.  
  
"To your left is a beautiful picture window which lets in plenty of natural light and allows you to see anyone approaching as they arrive. Continuing around the room you can see the working fireplace with a lovely marble mantel. The wall beside the fireplace features full width, floor to ceiling shelving. To the right of that you can see the hallway that leads to the bedroom and baths which I'll show you a little later in our tour. Just pass the hallway is one of the kitchen's two entrances permitting easy access if you're hosting a party or just having a few friends over. Moving on you can see the wall dividing the living room from the eating areas of the home. Please notice the 73" widescreen TV which comes with the house and has a stereo surround sound system included."  
  
As he paused on the TV, Mrs. Jackson punched the remote and one of the photographs of Cassie face down sunbathing nude appeared.  
  
Determined to get through this ordeal Cassie resumed her speech, "At the other end of the wall you call see the second passage to the kitchen and dining room and to the right of that is the door leading to the enclosed two-car garage. That basically brings us back to our starting point. Now if you'll follow me we'll take a look at the kitchen and dining room." Cassie finished her speech and led the way through the right side entrance to the eating spaces.  
  
As she stepped forward Mr. Jackson tilted the camera down slightly which enabled the lens to catch the play of muscles in Cassie's legs and ass as she walked.  
  
As Cassie entered the dining room Mrs. Jackson whispered over the earpiece for her to continue to the far side of the dining table while Mr. Jackson stopped just inside the doorway.  
  
"As you can see we're now in the dining room. This window wall behind me," she said as she stretched out her arms to emphasize the width of the glass wall, "keeps everyone whether inside or out involved with any social activity you might be holding. The two doors lead out onto a deck which is a lovely place for dining and entertaining during our beautiful spring and fall weather."  
  
What Cassie didn't realized until they review the video is that raising her arms she also raised the bottom of the cutoff t-shirt which allowed the bottom halves of her nipples to come into view.  
  
Whether she had noticed what happened or not Mrs. Jackson continued giving instructions. "The use of your arms was terrific, Cassie. Continue using your hands to point out the various features as you explain them."  
  
Following the directions Cassie gestured toward the breakfast bar separating the dining room from the kitchen as she prepared to continue speaking.   
  
Mr. Jackson had the lens focus set so that everything Cassie gestured the jiggling of her breasts that resulted was caught for all to see.  
  
"Here is a wonderful breakfast bar for those occasions that don't call for the use of the whole dining room and in addition it makes a great location for placing the serving dishes during larger get togethers."  
  
"Moving forward you can see that kitchen has had a major renovation recently. Now it's ready for the chef in your family to prepare an assortment of taste-tempting treats." She paused briefly to allow Mr. Jackson to pan around the kitchen.  
  
"Included with this beautiful home are new kitchen appliances including a double oven, a six-burner gas fired stove top, a side-by-side refrigerator as well as a separate freezer. Also a new dishwasher and my personal favorite, a five shelf, pull out pantry for easy access to your non-refrigerated ingredients."  
  
Each time Cassie described something she stepped over to it. If the item featured a door, she pulled it open. Each action provoked movement inside her shirt and each movement was dutifully recorded on Mr. Jackson's camera.  
  
Cassie's presentation continued into the bedrooms and bathrooms. After that she lead the way to the garage and showed off the nearly new washer and dryer located there.  
  
When she leaned forward to open the dryer door her shirt rode up and Mr. Jackson had positioned himself perfectly to get a shot of her hanging ta-tas.  
  
All in all it took about twenty minutes for her to conduct the inside portion of the tour. Moving outside she pointed out the condition of the house and the grounds. Walking around back she showed the way around to the pool and hot tub as well as the seclusion that had allowed her to sunbathe topless while house-sitting.  
  
As her presentation was wrapping up she followed the instructions she got over the earpiece and she stepped down into the hot tub and lower herself till just her head was above water.   
  
"After a long tiring day at work it's a pleasure to come home and relax in your own personal hot tub."  
  
Standing up she didn't realized that when she came out the t-shirt had turn nearly translucent and it had molded itself to her chest.  
  
Later during the review Cassie decided she couldn't have been anymore exposed even if she had simply taken it off while in the tub.  
  
The outside portion of the tour added around ten minutes bringing the total to approximately a half an hour.  
  
After returning inside Mr. Jackson connected the camera to his computer and after downloading the video played it back on the large screen TV.  
  
While Mr. and Mrs. Jackson commented at the various segments of the show, Cassie stood in shock as she watched scene after scene of her unrestrained breasts bouncing around under her shirt. She saw her nipples sneak into view several times. The scene by the dryer had revealed her entire boobs from behind.  
  
When it ended Cassie said, "I thought I was going to wear the mask while we were filming the X-rated version?"  
  
"Why would you think that was the X-rated version, Cassie?" Mrs. Jackson asked.  
  
"Because half the time my boobs were bouncing all over the place and in the other half my ass was hanging out. Several times my nipples were in plain sight. How can you show that to couples and expect them not to be offended?"  
  
"Simple, Cassie," Mrs. Jackson answered. "If it's a couple and neither one is interested in your display it won't be a factor. If it's a couple, the woman probably won't be interested in you, but if she wants the house she know how to use his feelings about you to encourage him to buy no matter what he actually thinks about the house. On the other hand if the husband is actually interested in buying the house we expect he will subconsciously associate your erotic display with the house and that will induce him to want to buy it even more. Lastly if his wife is very interested in your presentation it will encourage her husband to buy the house knowing that she will be turned on every time she remembers you. Hell if they buy the house we'll give them their own personal copy. All in all it's a can't lose deal for us."  
  
"But I look like a slut," Cassie exclaimed.  
  
"Oh, I don't think so," Mrs. Jackson disagreed, "but even if that were true, would you rather be seen as a slut by a few prospective buyers or have everyone you know see you with my vibrator stuck in your pussy?"  
  
Recognizing that Cassie had resigned herself to going ahead, Mr. Jackson stepped in to point out, "It's time for the second video."  
  
"You mean you still want to do the other one? Even after that one turned out to be little more than soft-core porn?" Cassie asked incredulously.  
  
"Of course, silly," Mrs. Jackson laughingly responded. "You didn't think you were going to get off that easy after what you did while we were gone do you? Time to strip, Cassie."  
  
Devastated at learning that she was still going to have to go through with making the second video, Cassie pulled the still damp t-shirt over her head and put it in Mrs. Jackson's outreached hand. Then she unbuttoned the shorts and slipped them off. The shorts had been cut so high that Cassie hadn't been able to wear any of her panties underneath.  
  
Mrs. Jackson took them out the kitchen and chunked them in the trash since she didn't expect Cassie would ever want to wear them again.  
  
Not surprisingly as Cassie as she started undressing, Mr. Jackson had picked up the camera and began filming the action.  
  
Once she was naked Mr. Jackson gave a low whistle of approval. It took all of Cassie's willpower not to bring her arms up to cover herself.  
  
Mrs. Jackson returned to the living room and paused to give her husband ample time to film the naked girl standing in front of him. After a bit Mrs. Jackson escorted Cassie back upstairs to repair her hair. There wasn't any reason to repair her make-up since she would be wearing the mask.  
  
When they were all back downstairs Mrs. Jackson told everyone to retake their starting places.  
  
Mr. Jackson went back out the front door and Cassie took her position just inside it. Fighting a severe case of nerves Cassie couldn't bring herself to knock on the door until Mrs. Jackson insisted over the earpiece that she do it.  
  
With trembling hands Cassie knocked on the door and then pulled it open.  
  
As she started her act she mentally went forward on auto pilot.  
  
Mr. Jackson already had the camera prepared so he was able to film her apparently calmly opening the door despite the fact that her titties and the patch of pubic hair between her legs were in plain sight. At last he zoomed the image back, stopping when Cassie's naked body was visible from the top of her head to an area near her knees was in view.

When he motioned her to begin she started repeating her speech. "Hello. Welcome to the Jackson home. "Won't you please step inside." Cassie stepped back and Mr. Jackson stepped inside.  
  
This go around, following Mrs. Jackson's whispered instructions, Cassie stepped into the center of the living room. This allowed Mr. Jackson the opportunity to keep her in the video as he panned around the room picking up the various feature of the room as Cassie mentioned them.  
  
The second video followed the basic format of the first one except when they got ready to go out the front door Cassie refused to venture out until a passing car was out of sight.  
  
The outside part generally followed the same script as the first except instead of entering the hot tub, Cassie took a seat on the lounge and began rubbing suntan lotion on her tits. She ended it saying, "I hope you've seen something that arouses your interest."  
  
When they finished the second taping the all returned inside to watch it on the big screen. Even though Cassie was completely bare in the second video everyone agreed that the first one was more erotic due to the titillation.  
  
After the video ended Mrs. Jackson told Cassie that she had successfully completed her first task. Then she told Cassie to be back at the house on Thursday morning no later than 8AM. When Cassie asked why, Mrs. Jackson told her it would be a surprise.

**Cassie's Tasks Pt. 02**

Mrs. Jackson had told Cassie to be back at the house on Thursday morning no later than 8AM. When Cassie asked why, Mrs. Jackson told her it would be a surprise.  
  
The next few days alternating raced by or dragged on forever for Cassie. When she was worrying about what the Jacksons had in store for her the minutes seemed to take forever to advance. On the other hand it only seemed like seconds before she once again found herself on the dreaded porch.  
  
Mr. Jackson opened the door to her knock and invited her in. Once inside with the door closed behind her he told her to strip. Having already resigned herself to whatever fate had in store for her, Cassie pulled the shirt she was wearing over her head and tossed it on the nearby couch. Reaching between her breasts she unclipped her brasserie and slipped if off her shoulders. Once it was in her hands she threw it onto the couch too.  
  
Glancing at Mr. Jackson she saw that he was fixated on her exposed boobs. Before she lost her nerve she unfastened her jeans, pushing them and her panties down her legs. Holding on the armrest she slipped off her shoes and pulled off the pants and underwear.  
  
Just as she finished standing back up Madeline walked into the room.  
  
"Douglas, you scamp," she jokingly scolded her husband. "You know Cassie doesn't have to be all naked yet. But you just couldn't wait checking out her goodies, could you."  
  
Mr. Jackson nodded sheepishly.  
  
Having her nudity dismissed so causally was almost as bad as learning she had gotten naked just for his amusement.  
  
Turning to Cassie she continued, "Not that it really makes a difference, dear. You're certainly going to strip down to your birthday suit before this day is done in any case."  
  
"Speaking of birthday suits, you're here to help us celebrate our grandfather's. . . ," Mr. Jackson began.  
  
"My grandfather's," Mrs. Jackson interrupted.  
  
"As I was saying, you're here today to help us celebrate her grandfather's birthday, Cassie," Mr. Jackson continued.  
  
"So come with me, my dear, I have the perfect outfit for you to wear on this special occasion," Mrs. Jackson said taking Cassie's hand and leading her away.  
  
To Cassie's surprise the outfit wasn't anything like she had been fearing. It was a reproduction Roman toga. It was made from a heavy weight, white cotton material. Slipping it over her head and looking in the mirror Cassie was relieved to see that the bottom came a little lower than mid-thigh. She had expected the hem to be much higher.  
  
The top of the dress left one shoulder bare, but it was cut so that her bosom was completely concealed. The material was dense enough that her dark nipples were shielded and the waves of cloth radiating from the single shoulder strap essentially disguised the movement of her breasts when she practiced walking across the room towards the mirror.  
  
There was a gold buckle at the top of the shoulder strap and a gold chain hung down from it. At approximately waist level the chain split in two. Mrs. Jackson took the loose ends and clipped them around Cassie's waist. This brought the waist in, but to Cassie's surprise Mrs. Jackson tugged the material up so it was slack above the chain.  
  
Despite the fact that she was not wearing anything under the dress Cassie felt adequately clothed. Maybe this wasn't going to be as bad as she had feared.  
  
"Granddad always thought the Romans were some of the best people in history," Mrs. Jackson explained as she studied the effect. "So I thought bringing you dressed in a Roman outfit would make his day. And of course the Romans didn't wear any underwear so neither can you."  
  
Cassie guessed that in addition to delighting Mrs. Jackson's grandfather with the Roman outfit, at some point today's task would involve meeting people to whom the couple would drop not so subtle hints that Cassie was naked underneath.  
  
Despite her concerns, the trip to the senior center where Mrs. Jackson's grandfather lived passed reasonably pleasantly even when Mr. Jackson tried to get Cassie to wash the windshield when they stopped for gas. Mrs. Jackson squashed that idea saying the dress might get messed up.  
  
To Cassie's surprise neither of the others said anything to the receptionist or any of the residents or guests about her undergarment condition when they arrived. Several of the people they met even complimented her on the dress.  
  
When the group reached the grandfather's room Mrs. Jackson introduced her Cassie to her grandfather. During the introductions Cassie learned his name was Harrison J. Biggs. However he told her to just call him JB like everyone else did. He went on to tell her that the J didn't stand for anything, but he still preferred it to Harrison.  
  
As the introductions were being made they gathered around the bed. Mrs. Jackson was standing near her father's head on his right side. Mr. Jackson had pulled out his camera and moved around to the other side.  
  
Spotting the camera JB asked what the hell that was for. Mrs. Jackson told him it was to record him opening his birthday present to which JB rolled his eyes.  
  
She motioned Cassie to move up next to the bed near where JB's right hand lay. "This is Cassie, granddad. She's here as a special treat for you." Picking up her grandfather's hand she gently laid the gold chain from Cassie's dress across his palm. Cassie assumed it was so he could felt the texture.  
  
Mrs. Jackson smiled down at her grandfather and said, "Time to unwrap your present, grandpa." Closing his hand in hers she gave the chain a sharp jerk.  
  
Before Cassie could do anything the loop at her waist popped apart and what she had thought was merely a decorative adornment on the shoulder strap released.   
  
It was actually a catch holding the front of the strap to the back half. When the clasp released the two parts of the strap separated. With the combination of the looseness of the dress and the weight of the fabric when waist chain being gone meant there was nothing to stop the dress's plummet until it hit the floor.  
  
JB's eyes widened in disbelief. In one second Cassie had been transformed from a elegant young Roman lady to a panic-stricken naked woman right before his eyes.  
  
Both of them were frozen in shock. Not so the other two. "Isn't this the greatest birthday gift you ever got, granddad?" Mrs. Jackson asked excitedly.  
  
Cassie had been totally unprepared for her sudden unveiling and as soon as she realized what had happened she grabbed the dress off the floor and bolted into the bathroom. JB's attention was riveted on Cassie's naked ass until she was out of sight.  
  
Once she was out of the room he turned to his granddaughter and stated, "You mind explaining what just happened, girl? It didn't appear that Cassie was exactly a willing participant in your little gift giving plan."  
  
"Maybe not exactly willing . . ," Mr. Jackson began only to be cut off by a piercing glare from JB.  
  
"Grandpa, think about it. If she wasn't part of it why wasn't she wearing any underclothes," Mrs. Jackson pointed out quickly as she realized that he wasn't as happy as she had hoped he would be with her gift.  
  
"Her reaction when you . . .," JB started.  
  
"No, when we jerked the chain," Mrs. Jackson interrupted.  
  
"Alright, her reaction when we pulled the chain was not the reaction of someone aware of what was about to happen," JB said.  
  
"Okay," she began. "The truth is Cassie owes us some favors. For instance, last weekend she made a couple of video tours of the house for us so if we decide to put it on the market people can look at it online. One of the videos she did in the nude. Nudity doesn't bother her like other people. And since today is your birthday we called in another favor. Of course we didn't tell her exactly what was going to happen so it would be a surprise for both of you. It made it more exciting that way, don't you think."  
  
"Yeah, exciting. She certainly looked excited, didn't she, JB stated in a dry tone of voice. "Why don't you two go get something to eat downstairs and let me see if I can get Cassie to accept my apology."  
  
"Oh, granddad, you don't have to apologize to Cassie," Mrs. Jackson said with a dismissive wake of her hand. "When she thinks about it, she'll be glad to have one more favor off the list."  
  
"That's fine for you, but I still feel like shit for tricking her. Go on, get out," he insisted. "I'll call you on your cell phone when it's okay to come back."  
  
After they left the room and the door had closed behind them he called out to Cassie from the bed. "Cassie. Can you hear me in there?"  
  
"Yeah," she answered in a tearful tone of voice.  
  
"Honey, I'm really sorry that you ended up naked in my room." He paused and then went on, "Actually, I'm thrilled that you ended up naked in my room, I'm just sorry you were tricked into it. They're gone. It's just the two of us here now. Would you please come out of the bathroom."  
  
He saw the door open fractionally. He watched as Cassie glanced around the room to see for herself that the others had left. When she saw they were alone she opened the door and stepped out.  
  
JB saw that she had pulled the dress back on and was holding the shoulder strap together.  
  
"Would you like a hand with that," he asked gently.  
  
Cassie nodded and stepped over to the bed.  
  
"You're going to have to come over to the other side, Cassie. My left arm doesn't work so good," he told her.  
  
Cassie stepped around to the other side of the bed.  
  
"You're also going to have to lean down so I can reach that clasp if you want my help, darling."  
  
Cassie took a firmer grip on the front of the dress and leaned over.  
  
"Let's see, okay, I know how this works. I should I'm the one who designed it."  
  
"You designed this outfit," Cassie asked in surprise.  
  
"Yep. I was a clothing designer for a while. Actually I was a costume designer for B movies years and years ago."  
  
"You worked in movies," she asked quickly.  
  
"It'd be more accurate to say I worked on movies. Most people figure actors are the one who work 'in' movies. Hold still I've almost got it. Yep there we go."  
  
Cassie stood up and carefully tested to make sure the dress would stay up by itself now. She was glad when it did.  
  
"What's a B movie?" she asked.  
  
"They were low budget films usually involving young actresses hoping for their big break, ending up naked as often as possible. That's why that dress was designed to drop so quickly."  
  
"So this was a movie prop?"  
  
"As I recall it was used by a girl named Donna Dunes in The Fall of Roman Clothes. Donna Dunes," he snorted before continuing, "her agent came up with that name because her only talent was on her chest and Don't You Want To See These wouldn't fit on the marquee.  
  
Despite being in the room with a man who had just seen her naked, Cassie found herself relaxing and laughed at his story.  
  
"Seriously Cassie, I'm really sorry you were humiliated by my brain dead granddaughter and her dumb, but stupid husband."  
  
Cassie broke up at his description and any linger tension between them vanished and she sat on the edge of his bed.  
  
"Okay, my turn for confession. Please don't let your granddaughter know. I heard her tell you that I'm not like other people when it comes to nudity and she's right to a degree. I don't hate being naked around others. I have actually put myself in that kind of situation, but . . ."  
  
"But only when it's your idea, right?" he interrupted.  
  
"Yeah. Dammit, I can't believe I'm really sitting here with a man I just met, whose granddaughter just tricked me out of my clothes as some kind of wacky birthday present, calmly telling you these things about myself."  
  
"Sometimes the easiest way to get something off your chest is to tell a stranger."  
  
"Off my chest you say. Is that some kind of joke?" she said coyly glancing down at what he had just seen up close and personal.  
  
"Yes, I did and I meant it," he replied with a grin.  
  
He paused and looked thoughtful, "You said you sometimes put yourself into nudity situation deliberately."  
  
"That's what I said. I can see from the smile on your face that your have something on your mind you old pervert?" she asked with a grin of her own.  
  
"I've got a friend named Archie down the hall and he just learned he has inoperable stage four liver cancer. He doesn't have any family since his wife died a couple of years ago and they never had kids. Today is his birthday too and he's never going to get to see another. In fact, he'll probably never see another Thursday. What do you think the chances are. . .," and he paused."  
  
"Of a repeat performance for your friend?" she inquired looking at him.  
  
"Yeah, something like that," he replied.  
  
"And he's really going to die soon? You're not bullshitting me, just to get me naked in front of both of you old delinquents?"  
  
"Cross my heart and hope to have to move in with my granddaughter," he solemnly said making the sign of an X over his chest.  
  
She broke out laughing. "Okay. Call your friend, but first tell me how you want to do this."  
  
"My suggestion, and it's only a suggestion, is that you," he paused to figure the best way to say it, "lose the dress and get behind the door. I'll call Archie and have him shuffle down here. When he comes through the door I'll say 'Happy Birthday'. That should give the door time to fully close. When it's shut you shout 'Happy Birthday, Archie' and when he turns around you give him a big ol' hug. If the shock doesn't kill him it'll be the best gift he'll get for the rest of his life."  
  
Cassie thought about it for a couple of seconds and said, "I've got a different idea, but I think he'll like it. Go ahead and call your buddy."  
  
She stood up and taking hold of the chair on her dress placed it in JB's hand, "Care to do my unveiling again you pervert?"  
  
JB grinned and tugged on the chain.  
  
"Well that didn't stay on very long," she said with a grin and for the second time she was naked in JB's room.  
  
She picked up the dress and hung it in JB's closet. Then she stepped over into the corner of the room behind the door and watched as JB called Archie. JB may have been doing his friend a favor, but his eyes never left her naked figure.  
  
She was beginning to wonder if this had all been a ploy for JB to get another look at her without her clothes when the door opened and Archie hobbled inside.  
  
Like they had discussed JB hollered 'Happy Birthday Archie'.  
  
As soon as the door closed Cassie stepped forward and started belting out the Happy Birthday song.  
  
Surprised to be hearing a female voice coming from behind him, Archie shuffled around. When he spotted the naked girl his eye sprang open. As Cassie finished the song she stepped forward and enveloped him in a giant big hug. It was a good thing she did because without it he would have collapsed on the floor.  
  
Feeling him trembling in her arms concerned Cassie asked "Are you okay, Archie?"   
  
"Have I died?" he whispered.  
  
"Not yet, you old fart," JB called from the bed.  
  
"Then why is a naked angel holding me?" Archie questioned.  
  
"Because I don't want you to fall and get hurt on your birthday, Archie," Cassie explained. "Happy Birthday."  
  
"So you're a real person, not an angel?"  
  
"I'm afraid so, Archie. Looks like you're going to have to stay here a little longer," Cassie replied. She stepped back, but keep her hands on his arms.  
  
"And you really are naked?" Archie said as he ran his eyes down and back up her naked form.  
  
"It seems so, Archie," Cassie answered.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because JB thought since it's your birthday and this is my birthday suit, the two things just naturally go together," she replied with a grin. "Don't you like your present?"  
  
"Oh hell yes," he replied enthusiastically coming to life for the first time. "I was afraid you were just another one of those, what do you call it, hallucinations."  
  
Taking his hands in hers, Cassie raised them up and placed them over her tits. "No hallucination here, Archie." She felt him tentatively squeeze her breasts. Then again with more passion.  
  
"Don't tear them off, you old coot," JB called.  
  
"Let me be your guide boobs and help you over to the chair next to JB," Cassie quipped with a grin.  
  
Archie took her at her word and his hands never left her tits until he was seated.  
  
"I think I'd better put something on in case someone comes in," Cassie said. She stepped over to the closet and pulled out the dress she had placed there. Observing that both men were completely consumed with watching her, Cassie moved back into the center of the room to give them the best view as she got dressed.  
  
First she piled the material of the dress into a circle, then she stepped into the circle and knelt. Taking hold of the strap she slowly stood up and ever so slowly pulled the material up her legs, hesitating for a second just before it covered over the tiny patch of pubic hair. Then teasing them as she drew the strap upwards until the material caught under her right boob.  
  
Since Archie had already got his feel, Cassie walked over to JB and said in a little girl voice, "I seem to have hit a snag mister. Could you help little ol' me out, kind sir."  
  
JB raised his hand and placed it under her titty, "I'll lift and you pull, my dear."  
  
"Oh thank you sir," she continued in the little girl voice. "I don't know what I would have done without you."  
  
"It's my pleasure I assure you, miss."  
  
During their back and forth banter Cassie could felt JB's hand lightly fondling her boob like a buyer at a farmers' market trying to judge the firmness of a piece of fruit.  
  
She signaled him that it was time to stop when she said, "I do believe you've solved my dilemma, good sir."  
  
Wistfully releasing his grip, JB let his hand drop back to the bed. Cassie pulled the dress the rest of the way up and now that she knew how the clasp worked she was able to fasten it herself.  
  
Once she was ready JB said, "Well I guess we ought to call those ying-dings and tell them they can come back."  
  
At Archie's puzzled expression he explained how the Jacksons had tricked Cassie to get her naked as his birthday gift.  
  
As he told the story Cassie realized JB really was pissed at his relatives' deceitful actions.  
  
His feelings were matched by Archie's. When he heard what had happened, Archie summed it up in a single word, "Assholes."  
  
The ride back to the Jacksons' house a little while later was especially quiet. Their big surprise had not gone off anyway near what they had expected. However they had to agree that Cassie had done her part.  
  
Two days later Archie passed away. Cassie went to the funeral. It turned out that Archie had a lot of friends and most of them took time off to attend the funeral.  
  
One of his late wife's sisters saw Cassie crying as she stood next to JB's wheelchair and went over to comfort her. She introduced herself as Mary and asked, "Did you know Archie well, dear?"  
  
"I only met him once a few days before his death, but I can truthfully say that from the moment he laid eyes on me he was able to see the real me," Cassie answered very tongue-in-cheek.  
  
JB had a sudden fit of coughing to cover his laughter as he realized what Cassie was really saying.  
  
"He did have a way of getting in touching people," Mary replied proudly.  
  
"I can honestly say he touched me that day," Cassie agreed.  
  
JB sounded like he was going to cough up a lung as he tried to control his mirth.  
  
"Archie was much like his friend JB," Mary stated as she placing her hand on JB's shoulder."  
  
Cassie answered, "I actually met both of them for the first time that day and like Archie, JB touched me too."

A nearby nurse rushed over when his coughing got so strong it seemed like it might tossed him out of his wheelchair.  
  
When he had calmed down and the nurse had stepped away Mary whispered, "Was that the day you sang Happy Birthday to Archie in your birthday suit?"  
  
"WHAT??!" Cassie demanded in disbelief.  
  
Mary broke out in a giggle at Cassie's shocked expression, "You didn't expect a story like that to remain a secret did you? Everyone at the facility knows what you did for Archie."  
  
"Who told?" Cassie asked fixing her eyes on JB.  
  
"JB didn't say a word and neither did Archie. One of the student nurses heard you singing and peeked in the door. She saw you singing au natural and thought singing Happy Birthday in your birthday suit was such a great thing to do that she told the other students, who told their instructors, who passed the word to the staff and soon everyone knew about it."  
  
"You mean to say that everyone here knows I let JB and Archie see me naked a couple of day ago?" Cassie asked in a dismayed voice.  
  
Mary reached out and put her hand on Cassie's shoulder and said, "Don't be upset. It was a great thing you did Cassie. You gave Archie something that nobody else could ever give him. You gave him yourself and in doing that you provided him something to think about besides the fact that he was about to die. From the bottom of my heart, thank you."  
  
"That's right, Cassie," JB added. "You'll never know how much it meant to Archie. And to me too, for that matter." He paused for a moment and the added, "By the way there's a sign up list going around the building if you decide to start a singing career. Last I heard about forty people have signed up."  
  
"There are forty guys at the center that want me to come sing Happy Birthday to them in my birthday suit?" Cassie asked incredulously.  
  
"No," Mary injected with a grin. "Some of them are women."  
  
"You mean to tell me that there are women there who want me to come to their room, get naked, and sing to them?" she asked in disbelief.  
  
"Why is that so improbable, Cassie?" Mary asked. "I doubt that its just that they want you to come just so they can see you naked, but more likely to vicariously live the moment through you. Can you imagine how liberating it would be for them to have the ability to do what you did? You need to recognize that they have had to give up a significant part of their independence when they enter an assisted living facility. To be able to choose to be nude for a stranger is a tremendous freedom. You should treasure it."  
  
Cassie thought about what Mary had just said, "So you think that they admire me and wish they could be in my shoes," she paused, "or out of my clothes as the case may be?"  
  
JB answered this time, "If you had done what you did for Archie for money that would be one thing, but you did it because you wanted to make him happy. You put your ego on the line for someone else. I think that's a greater gamble than risking injury since injury is external and the ego is at the core of your very being. I can't imagine being emotionally strong enough to put myself in the position of giving someone the opportunity to hammer my inner self like you did, Cassie."  
  
"You two are sure making a little nudie recital sound all noble and everything," Cassie said with a smile. "Okay, you've convinced me. When's the next birthday?"  
  
"Well, mine is today and I'm on the list," Mary confessed.  
  
"Oh, Mary, I'm so sorry. I don't have enough time to go back to the center, do my act, and get home today," Cassie said with genuine regret. "I promised my folks I'd be there for an important delivery they're expecting. It's one of the deals where someone has to be there to sign for it or they send it back."  
  
"Well, this is a pretty secluded location, Cassie," JB pointed out.  
  
"Secluded?" Cassie asked incredibly. "There's got to be at least a dozen people standing around here."  
  
"Yeah, but they're all people who have signed the list," JB replied. "And we've got nothing to do but retell old war stories we've all heard a hundred times until the bus arrives to take us back. Except of course for those two student nurses standing over there. We always have to be accompanied on these outings, however I'm sure they won't protest."  
  
Before Cassie could answer, JB put his fingers to his mouth and gave a loud whistle. Once he had everyone's attention he asked if anyone would mind if Cassie sang Happy Birthday to Mary. Since the story of Cassie and Archie had already spread through the center everyone instantly knew what he was really saying.  
  
Comments such as; 'go for it', 'you go girl', 'let the show begin', and such along with a round of applause definitely signified that eceryone approved of the idea.  
  
Cassie suspected the residents would be for it, but she glanced at the nurses to confirm they willingness to go along. Both of them were clapping as hard as anyone.  
  
A quick look around didn't reveal anyone else nearby so Cassie decided to do it.  
  
She turned her back to Mary and said, "Since it's your birthday, you should be the one to unwrap your gift."  
  
Mary reached over and unclipped the snap at the top of Cassie's dress. Then she took hold of the zipper tab and slid it down to bottom. Cassie turned around and held out her arms to Mary. Mary gripped the shoulder straps and with one quick motion pulled the dress free and let it fall.  
  
Stepping to the side Cassie freed her feet of the garment so she wouldn't trip and stooped to pick it up. When she was standing up again Cassie laid the dress on JB's lap. Turning her back to Mary once again allowed Mary to pop the clip on Cassie's bra. Then pivoting back to face Mary, Cassie smiled at Mary and gestured to the bra. Mary reached over and curling her finger into the gap between Cassie's breasts, snatched it way and waved it like a victory flag.  
  
Everyone watching applauded the result.  
  
Cassie wasn't sure exactly how she was going to shed her panties, but Mary solved the problem for her. She took hold of Cassie's shoulders and rotated here to face the others, reached down and grabbed the waistband, then jerked them down to Cassie's ankles.  
  
The watchers went wild with their approval.  
  
That problem solved, Cassie stepped out. Mary stooped over and grabbed them, then waved both undergarments over her head.  
  
Cassie waited for everyone to calm down a little then she turned to Mary and began singing Happy Birthday. When she finished all the others clamored for an encore so Cassie sang it again.  
  
Eventually she ended up singing it four times before declining a fifth rendition.  
  
When she finished she motioned for Mary to hand her the clothes she had been waving.  
  
Mary said, "Oh, no. You told me to unwrap my present and the recipient always gets to keep the wrappings. Besides I am very frugal and believe in regifting.' She turned to face the others and continued, "Bruce here's your gift in remembrance for how close you were to Archie's heart," and she tossed him Cassie's bra.  
  
"And for wearing out the seat of your pants sitting with Archie and listening to his war stories, Larry here's a new seat cover for you," and she tossed Cassie's panties to him.   
  
Still addressing the others more so than Cassie Mary said, "Of course since it was his idea for Cassie to undress for Archie, I think its only fair that JB gets to keep her dress."  
  
Stepping over to a somewhat flustered Cassie Mary put her arms around Cassie's shoulders and said, "For being such a wonderful gift to Archie, here's a gift for you." JB handed Mary an envelope and Mary passed it to Cassie.  
  
Puzzled Cassie pulled the envelope open and pulled out a card. On the card it was written,  
  
A special day  
  
A special gift  
  
A special giver  
  
A special friend  
  
Love always, Archie  
  
Clipped to the card was a check. Cassie read the amount and gave a shriek. Archie had given her $10,000.00.  
  
Mary said, "Somehow Archie found out you wanted to buy a car, but didn't have any money. Since you gave him something he could treasure on his journey into the next life he wanted you to have something you could use on your journey through this life. Thank you for being special, Cassie." Then Mary gave her a kiss and a great big hug.  
  
The others crowded around and hugged her and congratulated her on the gift as well. Which is not to say that there weren't a few quick butt pinches or boobie squeezes thrown in for good measure.  
  
The sound of a horn blowing signaled the arrival of the center's bus and reluctantly the residents started making their way to it.  
  
It wasn't until most were walking off that Cassie remembers she was still naked.  
  
"Oh shit," she whispered.  
  
"What's wrong," Mary and JB, who were the last ones to leave, said.  
  
"Duh, I'm naked," Cassie replied gesturing towards herself.  
  
"Can I please have my dress, JB?" she pleaded.  
  
"Sorry Cassie. I gave it to Larry to take back for me because it hard to hang on to it and work my wheelchair at the same time," he answered before adding casually. "Why?"  
  
"Because I'm naked and I need something to wear home, silly."  
  
Mary said, "There's something over there," as she pointed towards a bench near Archie's grave.  
  
Cassie saw something too and she sprinted over and saw it was a package addressed to her. She picked up it and ripped away the wrapping.  
  
Inside she found a replica of the Roman toga dress she had worn when she first visited JB, however this one was made from luxurious royal blue material.  
  
Turning to face JB and Mary, Cassie held it up and said, "How?"  
  
JB chucked as he answered, "I told you I designed the original. I just gave the design features and what I guessed was your measurements to a couple of the ladies who still sew and they whipped it up."  
  
Cassie raced back over and gave him a hug. Then turning to Mary she said with a grin, "You are so bad, girl."  
  
The horn tooted again and Cassie quickly whipped the dress over her head and pulled it down into place. Then she took hold of the handles on JB's wheelchair and they all made their way to the bus.  
  
After helping get JB situated and saying good-bye to everyone Cassie stepped back out of the bus. Just before closing the door the driver leaned over and asked, "Were you naked over there?"  
  
Laughing she answered, "I'm naked everywhere, just sometimes it's under my clothes."