**Sibling Rivarly - Operation Birthday Suit (Prologue)**

Even Amy’s mother cared about her. Much to the chagrin of every other person in the store, Jenny decided to hand Amy back her original clothes, and sent her off to the changing room to hand back the offending underwear.   
  
Of course, this did not change the fact that the entire store had seen her bottom. Had it not been for her decision to change her underwear, they would have only seen her in a pair of Barbie panties. But alas, as she shuffled back towards the changing room, her bottom was joyously exposed by the teddy she had chosen. She felt the eyes of every single person burning the milky skin of that glorious backside. For many of the younger members of her audience, this was the first encounter they would have had with an undressed female. Her face was burning up as she realised this to be the case. But of course, as she marched through the store, clad only in lingerie, there was nothing she could do to hide her state of undress. The only solace she found was in the fact that her most private area was not showing, like it had been on a few occasions before. That time on the beach, where she had been displayed like a little girl, for instance. At least this time it was only her bare bottom that glowed like a beacon. As much as she hated her bottom, she was thankful that her audience could not see her womanhood. But still, her chubby ass was on public show! Eventually, she got behind that curtain, and she could put her posterior away.   
  
She was reprimanded by the store clerk, but the worst was yet to come. An idea was about to form in the head of her mother. Amy had had no clothes in her wardrobe, and her antics in the store had resulted in no change in that situation.   
  
Operation Birthday Suit was about to commence...

**Operation Birthday Suit (Part One)**  
Amy was apprehensive from the moment she left the mall. She knew it was unlike her mother to just let her off like that, and she knew something big was coming. She was still recovering from being displayed in lingerie to an entire store full of people, and just hoped that whatever punishment her mother had in store for her would not be quite so humiliating.   
She arrived home, and was greeted by Jess at the door.   
”How’d it go?” smiled Jess. “Did mum buy you a nice new wardrobe?”   
”No.” Amy replied. “Didn’t get the chance.”   
Before Amy could explain further, her mother marched up the garden path and ushered the girls inside. Jess could sense something had gone awry at the mall.   
”Do you care to explain yourself, Amy Louise Robertson?” boomed Jenny Robertson, with a mouthful of fury.   
Amy did not respond.   
”Attempting to steal? Do you think I’m going to stand for my daughter turning into a thief?”   
”No, Mum.”   
”You’re damn right I’m not! What do you think would be a suitable punishment?”   
Amy was slightly shocked. Surely her mother was not going to just allow her to choose her own fate? That would be far too easy, surely? She took a couple of seconds to think, her eyes fixed firmly on the floor to avoid the stern gaze of her mother.   
”I should be grounded,” she said, rather non-assertively.   
”Well there’s a good idea! I was thinking the same!” her mother began. Unfortunately, that is not where she ended, however. “But seeing as though you seem to enjoy exposing yourself so much, seeing as though we were unable to find you some more appropriate clothing, and seeing as you don’t currently own anything in your wardrobe, I think something else should be applied to your grounding!”   
Amy bit her tongue. Jess’ ears pricked up from her position on the couch, where she was pretending not to listen.   
”Amy, for the next three days, you are going to live without any of those slutty clothes. You are going to learn the hard way. You are going to be naked!”   
There was a gasp from the girl as she realized what this meant. No clothes. At all. Bare as a baby. She could hear Jess laughing under her breath. She could see her mum’s face not moving a single inch. She was absolutely, positively serious.   
”But what if-“   
”No buts. No buts at all. You are to remain completely naked, and under this roof at all times for the next 72 hours.”   
Amy tried to find solace in the fact that at least she wasn’t going to be publicly exposed this time, as she wasn’t going to be expected to go outside. But the fact remained that this punishment was by far the worst thing she had ever received.   
”What about if we have visitors?” she tried to find an excuse.   
”I don’t care. You are going to learn a lesson in humility, young lady! Now take your clothes off and give them to me!” Jenny barked.   
Amy actually cried. She thought about disobeying. She thought about running, but she had been drained of all of her willpower. She removed the hideous blouse and skirt that her mum had forced her to wear and just tossed them to the ground.   
Jess glanced over at her sister at this point. There she was, a popular, attractive, 18-year-old girl, reduced to her sturdy white bra and pink underpants before her mother. Her mother said nothing, but beckoned with her hand. Jess glanced back down at the magazine she was feigning to read, and then back up again, by which time her sister was naked, and trying to cup her clearly-bald pussy with both hands, exposing her pink, round, C-Cup breasts.   
”Good girl.” Said Jenny, and then just left her naked in the living room as she walked into the kitchen.   
Amy was just frozen in shock. Still trying to hide her no-longer-private area, her boobs fully displayed, she just stood with her mouth open. Jess could no longer contain herself, and just burst as Amy ran up the stairs, her bottom jiggling all the way, her hands not able to even hide any of its nakedness.

**Sibling Rivalry: Operation Birthday Suit (Part Two)**

Amy woke up, and she was naked. It had not been a dream. She got up and searched frantically for even a pair of panties to cover her bare bottom and her shaved crotch. But there was nothing. Not even a really old, embarrassing pair. Nothing.   
  
Cupping her private parts instinctively, she burst out of her run and ran on tippy-toes on the cold wooden-floor to the bathroom, just closing her eyes and hoping no one could see her naked body. She flung the door close behind her, and took a deep breath. She saw her reflection in the wall length mirror opposite her. She hadn’t had the opportunity to tan recently, and was relatively pale compared to the normal healthy glow of her skin. Despite this, her boobs hinted at triangular tan-lines where she would wear a bikini top in the garden. Likewise her genitals and shapely rear were slightly whiter than her gorgeous, creamy legs. How could she let people see her like this?   
  
After a shower, she threw a white towel around her body, and it felt good. She was able to hide away her body. Even if she was alone, she felt slightly more dignified. She wrapped a second towel around her dripping wet hair, and cleaned her teeth, making especially sure that the towel tied at her bosom was secure and did not fall off as her body shook with the brushing action.   
  
As she left the bathroom, the coast was clear, and the coverage of her towel meant she did not have to shuffle so quickly. She got into her bedroom, and despite the lack of any other’s presence, she kept the towel safely on her person as she threw the door shut behind her. She dried her hair, and straightened it, all the while thinking about how she could go about the day in her state of undress. After about half an hour of applying make-up and fixing her hair, she decided to venture outside her room.   
  
The house appeared empty. Still in her towel, she crept down the stairs and parked herself on the couch in front of the television. There was nothing on; an irony lost on Amy. She also failed to notice the voices from the kitchen, and it wasn’t until Jess came up behind her and laughed that she realised that she wasn’t alone.   
  
Before she could throw a stern look at her older sister, Jess had called her mother into the room, and Jenny appeared.   
  
“I hope that towel isn’t soaking the couch, Amy!” her mother snarled.   
  
After a momentary silence, Jenny beckoned her daughters into the kitchen to help her with the chores. In the kitchen was Jenny’s friend Angela, who was sat at the table drinking her coffee. Jess was handed the task of loading the washing machine, whilst Amy was to hang out the last load. As she folded, she was cautious not to come free from her towel, although strangely Angela did not bat an eyelid. She was almost done, and was about to head into the garden, thankful that her mother had let her keep the towel on.   
  
“Towel.” said Jess.   
  
“Huh?” Amy responded, confused.   
  
“Amy, you need to hand that dirty towel to your sister to load into the washing machine,” her mother advised her.   
  
“But I’ll be naked in front of Angela!” Amy protested.   
  
“Angela knows all about your punishment, and I’m sure she won’t mind.” her mother assured her.   
  
With that, the towel was whisked off by her mother. It took a few seconds for Amy to hide her nakedness from her mother’s friend, who tried to hide her laughter in her coffee mug.   
  
“Now go hang out the washing please.” her mother said rather unsympathetically.   
  
Amy made some rather childish breathing noises, and tried to hide her boobs and vagina, until her mother literally forced the washing pile into her arms, and this left her shaven area completely exposed. Amy held the tears back as she turned and shuffled into the garden, her bottom completely showing.   
  
The air was warm, and it was a gloriously sunny day outside. It would have normally been a day for spending in the garden. However, Amy’s reality is that she was in her birthday suit, running across the lawn. The wall around her backyard was low, and she could see her two ten-year old neighbours’ jaws drop as she shuffled over to the washing line, her naked private parts exposed to their eyes. She could hide her tits with the washing pile, but below her belly-button, they had a full view of her intimate area, and all its shaven wonder. They were giggling and pointing, and this didn’t change as she turned around.   
  
“Big bum Amy!” one of them laughed.   
  
“Haha, you got no clothes on! I saw your you-know-what!” taunted the other.   
  
“She didn’t even have any hair! She’s still a little girl!”   
  
Amy was crying, but they couldn’t see. All she knew is that her rump was jiggling, and they could see that. They had seen her kitty, as well. She just kept her back to them as she hung out the never-ending pile of clothes. Her rear-end was on show for a good two minutes, and all the while the two boys were laughing at it.   
  
“Why are you naked?” they asked.   
  
Amy didn’t reply.   
  
“My mom said she saw you in the mall running around in your knickers!”   
  
“Why aren’t you wearing clothes?” the same boy repeated.   
  
“I’m not allowed.” Amy finally sniffed.   
  
“Not even knickers?”   
  
Amy couldn’t even bring herself to admit to the fact that she had no underpants on in front of her two young neighbours. She would never live this down. They had seen her in the nude!   
  
She had to stretch upwards to finish the last few pieces, and her ass was glowing with embarrassment by then. Finally, she was out of clothes, so she just threw her arms over her pussy and her breasts, and ran back inside, the boys just staring at her in amazement as she scrambled back into the house.

**Operation Birthday Suit Part Three: Like Nobody’s Watching**   
  
After her humiliating ordeal the previous day, Amy was at rock bottom. Sitting alone, nude, in her room; the words of her young neighbours echoed in her head. How could she live with herself, knowing full-well that they had received more than an eyeful of her nude form as she hung out the washing in the garden.   
  
She tried not to dwell on it. But as she used her computer over the course of the afternoon, she glanced down at her naked self. Her nipples were protruding in the coolness of the air around her. Her bottom stuck to the surface of her wooden chair, forcing her to have to sit on a pillow. It seemed inconsequential, and no one was watching her, but it served as a reminder of the punishment she was up against. It was now day three of what her mother was referring to as ‘Operation Birthday Suit’; with all the air of a punctilious military leader.   
  
Amy had been humbled in these three days. The eyes of family friends and neighbours burned her skin, and she had become somewhat apprehensive to even leave her room. Where once minor disdain for her ample derriere occupied a backend of her mind; a complex now monstrous and overblown was now growing. She could not even bear to look at it in her own mirror. What she wouldn’t give for a pair of granny panties at that time. The thought of ever cavorting near the boys in a pair of hotpants was a nauseating thought indeed. She had, much to her chagrin, become her sister.   
  
Jess herself, whilst still reserved, virginal and innocent, thoroughly enjoyed watching her sister’s lesson in humility. She had schooled all of her friends as to the minor details of Amy’s little naked escapades, and they too were much amused by it all. Tasha and Laura, who had each before been stripped to various states of undress at the hands of Amy listened intently to each story, and took great pleasure in basking in the various embarrassments of Amy as Jess told them. All of the guys appreciated them too, and soon everyone knew. Jamie was especially disappointed, as his parents had forced him to attend ‘Science Camp’ all summer, and so he would miss it all.   
  
By about three o’ clock, Amy was bored. She couldn’t go on webcam with the rest of her friends, as she was without attire. She was steadfastly aware that she was becoming more and more like her sister, so she tried to be more comfortable with her nudity. It failed. She twitched and shivered, and fidgeted and stirred, and grew ultimately restless. Eventually, she decided to take the plunge. Her door ajar, she poked her head outside and called her sister’s name. There was no reply.   
  
Home alone, Amy figured she could take her chances. Besides, what was so wrong with being naked? It’s not like she was prudish, like her prissy sister Jess. She pushed her door open and quickly cupped her breasts with her left arm, and slapped her other hand to her crotch. Sheepishly she crept down the hall, towards the stairs. She bent over slightly at the waist, still not entirely sure. Again she called her sister’s name, this time followed by her mother’s, but yet the house refused to make a sound.   
  
She got to the banister and peered down into the living room. It was completely empty. She started to like the cold feeling of the wooden floor on the bare soles of her feet, and feeling more relaxed, dropped her hands to her sides and walked downstairs. The confident Amy was back.   
  
“Oh what the hell!” she smiled.   
  
Walking over to the leather couch as though she was fully clothed, she ungracefully threw herself down. She lay there, reaching for the remote, and flicked through the channels. There was very little quality on television for that time of the day.   
  
She grew excited at the prospect of spending the whole day unbothered by anyone else, unbound by rules and regulations, and free of even her clothing. She even found herself sticking to the leather seat a little too much. She giggled, and even the fact that her pussy was a little bit stubbly did not annoy her. No one was watching, so who she had no reason to care or to give regard to the little insecurities that had plagued her as of late.   
  
At that point, she flicked onto the music channels, and a recent video by Lady Gaga came on. A fan; Amy started to tap her feet. Before the second chorus arrived, she was already singing. She no longer cared. Singing at the top of her lungs, Amy leapt up from her position on the couch and starting dancing. She shook her hips and her butt and skipped around the living room. She clutched her imaginary microphone and climbed the central coffee table. She began to grind up and down, before bending forwards and snapping her neck back. Just like a stripper. Her naked breasts jiggled, the dimples of her backside almost glowing in their newfound freedom.   
  
She was great. It had been a while since she had danced, but Amy knew how to move. She had also never felt as invigorated as she did now she was dancing nude. As the song played towards its conclusion she had wiggled herself into a sense of almost complete transcendence from reality: she had become Lady Gaga. She took a bow as the song reached its climax from her position on the stage the coffee table offered, and revelled in the roar of the crowd and the flashing lights of the paparazzi. Lights so intense, she could see them even with her eyes closed and feel them on her sweating face. People were taking photos constantly, even as the cheers of crowd faded, and brought her back to reality. Still bowed, she suddenly realised where she was, and what she was doing. Opening her eyes, she saw the table and floor below her. She heard the once again silent house. But the flash of cameras did not stop.

**Sibling Rivalry: Operation Birthday Suit (Part 4)**

Recent events flashed before her eyes, and she felt hopeless. After incidents at the beach, the pool, the party, and countless other times, she was back at the scene of the original crime. Back where it all began in the living room. That could not have been a real camera, could it? She stood in shock, not wanting to turn around. Not wanting to turn around one little bit. Her hands shot to her generous rear end, and she turned around, forgetting that she was completely naked. Open-mouthed, she was greeted with the sight she feared the most.   
  
“Nice moves, Gaga!”   
  
“Jess!” Amy screamed.   
  
“Naked on camera! Naked on camera!” Jess sang, taking two more snaps which prompted Amy to finally cover her front side.   
  
Jess had been home all along, sunbathing in the garden, in her bathing suit and a pair of shorts. To most girls her age, this would mean a string bikini and hotpants. To Jess it meant knee-length cargo shorts and a one-piece which meant she was barely getting any sun at all. But this was not what was going through Amy’s mind at this very moment. She had the matter of nudity as a far more pressing issue. She scrambled for cover, behind the sofa.   
  
“I got you good, sis,” Jess laughed.   
  
“You bitch! You better not show them to anyone! Delete them! Delete them now!”   
  
“That would be far too boring. Besides, what are you gonna do? Fight me dressed like that?”   
  
Jess had a point, Amy could see. She had not a stitch on, and was suddenly very aware of it. Whilst a few minutes earlier she was just becoming accustomed to her punishment, she was now inwardly cursing it. At least she remained hidden from view, for now.   
  
“What do you want, Jess?”   
  
“Fun.” Her sister replied. “Maybe I should call over some friends?”   
  
“Don’t.” Amy pleaded.   
  
“Why not?” Jess asked facetiously, well-aware of the answer.   
  
“Because I’m naked, you stuck-up cow!” Amy barked.   
  
“Exactly, and you should be nice to me!” Jess slowly replied, enunciating the worlds in a very infantile manner.   
  
Amy sighed. She was resigned to the fact that her sister had the upper hand. Gone were the days when she was the dominant sibling in spite of her younger age. Her sister had her well-and-truly pegged. After all, she had photos of everything. She had covered nothing. Her kitty, her boobs, her bottom, all had been captured on a 10 mega-pixel camera. She’d never live it down if they were put up. Jess might have been a bit of a snob, and one hell of a prude, but she had connections. Even if they were removed on Facebook, someone would make sure they were uploaded elsewhere! Amy’s mind was constantly caught in avenues of panic, and each one reached a dead end. She was utterly defeated.   
  
“This one could be your profile picture!” Jess giggled as she scanned through the newfound gold dust she had caught on camera.   
  
She held the picture towards Amy, and although she didn’t want to look, she could clearly see that it was a full-frontal picture of her standing with her hands still on her backside, failing to cover anything from the camera.   
  
After she finished laughing, Jess sat down on the sofa, and Amy wondered what she was doing. Cupping her bareness, she crept up beside her to try and snatch the camera from her grasp. Alas, Jess was about fifteen steps ahead of her, and had strapped it to her wrist.   
  
“No way! This is too good!” Jess smiled.   
  
“Now what shall we do with you...”