**The Birthday Suit Club**

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**The Birthday Suit Club: The Beginning**

First let me set the scene for you. My name is Jamie. I call myself Jamie753 because when I was seven I received a very stern lesson that small children should be not allowed near gas cans, especially when they have matches.  
  
I suffered third degree burns over seventy-five percent of my body. The doctors say I'm a miracle. Obviously I survived, but I wasn't always happy about that fact.  
  
If you've ever seen anyone who has been badly burned you can appreciate why I don't go out much. It's not like people try to be hurtful, but when they see someone like me they can't help flinching away. Even though I know they don't mean to, it still hurts.  
  
It's been eleven years since the fire, but I still don't have much contact with people. As a matter of fact I've become pretty much of a recluse. My family is pretty well off financially so my folks set me up with a home of my own on their property out near our swimming pool. Not because they were ashamed of me you understand, but rather to give me some independence.  
  
It's a place where I could allow my scars to show and not have to worry about someone seeing me. It had gotten to the point that I didn't much like people coming around.  
  
My older sister, Gail, had been concerned about my becoming a hermit or something worst. One day she spotted me as I trying to sneak close enough to overhear her telling one of her college girlfriends, as in acquaintance not lover, about a recent experience where in she had deliberately let several people see her boobies.  
  
Gail instantly decided that this was a way to get me to allow some people to get near me. Later that evening she came over to my house. She told me that she had seen me trying to overhear what she said. She said that if I would let some of her friends come over to my house, that in exchange she would get them to tell me about times they had been caught naked.  
  
We finally agreed that in exchange for the girls coming over to my house to tell their stories I would have to physically be in the room with the girls. This was more difficult for me than you may think since I had become so alienated and especially around girls. It hard to have someone you could be attracted to thinking you're a monster.  
  
On my part I insisted that I be allowed to keep the lights turned way down. I also asked if I could post their stories. Gail said she felt the girls would agree if I ensured that they could not be identified in any way.  
  
The only other concession I got from her was that she had to tell me the whole story she had told that afternoon since I had missed a lot of it.  
  
Since being naked is often called being in a birthday suit, I chose to call this collection of tales, The Birthday Suit Club.  
  
This is the story of Gail's recent experience. First a bit about Gail. She is 26 years old, light brown hair, well proportioned body and just misses being beautiful because she inherited a couple of dad's facial features.  
  
Not to sound like a pervert, but one day I had happened to be looking out the window when Gail was sunbathing by the pool. She was laying face down with her top untied when the automatic sprinklers came on. In her surprise she had jumped up and as a result I know that she has good sized boobs with well-defined, dark brown nipples.  
  
Anyway back to the story. Even though she doesn't need the money Gail has a part time job at a local burger shop. She's been there almost a year and soon after being hired was promoted to late shift manager. She is smart and good with people.  
  
Over the last few of months several fast food places and convenience stories in our area have been robbed. The witness accounts are always about the same. Two guys come in wearing masks. One guy had a sawed off double barreled shotgun, which he uses to frighten the customers. The other guy carries a piece of pipe and a cloth bag. He has the employees put all the money in the cash registers in the bag.  
  
In a couple of robberies people had tried to resist only to be hit with the pipe. On this particular Tuesday night Gail was on duty as the late night manager. There were three other employees working with her. Tommy and Billy were running the food preparation line and Sally was handling the counter. Gail had just gone into office to write up the activity report.  
  
The activity report is to let the owners know when they come in each morning if anything went wrong or if something needed to be ordered or stuff like that.  
  
Just before leaving the counter, Gail had helped Sally with a large number of orders placed by members of a local bowling league, who came in every Tuesday after their games.  
  
Moments later in the office she was dumbfounded to hear a loud male voice demand that everyone stay still and no one would get hurt. She looked through the two way mirror to see the two crooks.  
  
She could see that some of the customers wanted to try something and she was fearful that in the face of the sawed off shotgun, they would get seriously hurt or killed. She quickly decided that the best option was to come up with a way to try to distract the robbers so that if the customers did act they would have a better chance.  
  
She watched as the robber with the bag called Tommy and Billy up front. He then made Sally empty her register into the bag. Gail noticed that even though he was in the middle of a robbery he took the opportunity to check out Sally's chest. It gave Gail an idea.  
  
Knowing that he was going to wanted the money in the other registers, that as manager, she would have to come to the counter with the keys she recognized that this was the time for action.  
  
Gail quickly pulled off her uniform blouse. It had snaps down the front. Then she shucked her bra and pulled the top back on, quickly snapping the snaps back together. She had just finished when the robber acting on information from one of the other employees, called for her to get out front with the keys. As she hustled to compile she could tell from where his eyes went that she was putting a show.  
  
When she got to the counter, the pipe man nudged his cohort and told the him that he was missing a hell of a erotic show. Without considering what he was doing, the shotgun wielder turned towards her, Gail put the second phase of her plan into action. She jerked open her top and shouted, "Would you like fries with these?"  
  
The bad guys were totally stunned. Fortunately for Gail's plan several members of the police bowling league weren't. Before the robbers had a chance to regain their composure, they were securely handcuffed and laying on the floor. Gail was so caught up that it wasn't until Sally noticed and then pointed it out to her that she realized that she was still standing there holding her shirt wide open.  
  
She quickly pulled it back around herself. She was surprised to discover that when she had ripped the top open it had torn all the snaps loose. Hearing a unintelligible sound, she turned her head and saw Tommy and Billy both standing there doing their imitation of a fish out of water. Their mouths were opening and closing with only incoherent sounds coming out. Turned back to the front she saw most if not all of the police bowlers smiling great big smiles at her.  
  
Then one of the bowlers, who also worked as a photographer for the local paper, asked Gail come around front of the counter so he could get a picture with her and the two not so tough now crooks. He got out his camera. He had the two alleged bad guys held in place by some of his cop buddies. He told Gail to stand between the culprits and put her hands on their shoulders.  
  
Gail correctly figured that he and everyone else in the place was hoping for a repeat of her boobie display, but she was very careful how she held her arms. When she was in position her top hung open but only the inside edges of her boobs were visible.  
  
She could see the disappointment in everybody's face. It was actually kind of funny. However what she hadn't counted on was that just before the picture was taken, Sally reached around from behind her and pulled the sides of Gail's blouse wide open.  
  
Before Gail could react the photo was taken. Gail quickly grabbed her blouse and covered herself back up. She spun around to see who had done it and found Sally literally rolling on the floor laughing and begging for Gail to forgive her. Sally claimed she had just gotten caught up in the moment. She promised that she was do anything to replay Gail if Gail would forgive her.  
  
In the meantime all the guys were high-fiveing each other. Even the bad guys weren't as downcast.  
  
The whole situation; the robbery, the flashing, the arrests, the being exposed to everyone combined to be so funny that Gail couldn't remain mad at Sally.  
  
The next day the newspaper ran the story about how the robbers had been caught and how Gail had engineered their defeat.  
  
There was a picture of Gail, the bad guys, and the cops on the front page, but it had been cropped so that only the upper half of Gail's breasts was visible.  
  
She even agreed that the caption that was added to the picture was pretty funny. It read "The two boobs that caught the two boobs."  
  
She told me that later she found out that some copies of the paper had been printed with the full picture of her and the others on the cover. Those copies had been provided to friends of the editor.  
  
She suspected that copies of the original picture were probably still being handed out around the police station.  
  
I asked her if she minded. She said she had mixed emotions about it. Sometimes she was pissed off, sometimes it was exciting.  
  
Then she told me that she had decided that Sally's punishment for exposing Gail would be to come over the next evening and tell me her story, but that'll be for another time.

**The Birthday Suit Club: Claire's Story**

For my twentieth birthday I had decided what I wanted from my father. You see my father owns a personal defense products business and every couple of months he published a catalog of the items he sells.  
  
My father believes in the business saying "sex sells". So each cover of his catalog featured a beautiful woman in various states of undress or minimal attire. I had decided that for my birthday present I wanted to be photographed and to appear on one of my father's catalog covers. I knew my father would be hesitant to agree so I began laying the groundwork ahead of time.  
  
About six months before my birthday a particularly revealing photo was on my dad's catalog cover. I asked him if he thought that the picture might be considered by some to be pornographic. He replied that what is porn or art is in the eye and mind of the beholder. So I asked him how he felt about this particular cover. He said that he didn't decided on the picture that was used. That it was up to the photographer and the catalog publishing company. He told me that he specifically had set it up that way so that he could not be accused of doing it for his personal enjoyment.  
  
I asked him how he would felt if the girl on the cover was his own daughter. He responded that he trusted the photographer's discretion to only provide the publisher with classy photos and that he how he considered this cover.  
  
This was step one. By this conversation he couldn't tell me no later on the basis that he didn't want his daughter displayed like this.  
  
Step two began a few months later. He began asking questions in a roundabout manner to try to find out what I wanted for my birthday. I would pretend to not understand or change the subject to avoid answering.  
  
You see, my dad considered the twentieth birthday to be a momentous occasion. A person is no longer a teenager, but they're not considered an adult. It's the in between age. So he wanted to be sure that we kids got exactly what we wanted. By a couple of days before my birthday he was getting really worried.  
  
Finally I told him that I wanted to be on the cover of his catalog. You could see his relief. I guess he thought I was going to ask for a yacht or something else wildly extravagant. Without considering what he was saying, he agreed. While he was still in this state of relief I told him the rest. That I wanted the photograph to be a collaboration between me and the photographer and he was not allowed to attend the photo session or to see what photo we choose until it appeared on the catalog cover. Also he wasn't allowed to tell the photographer that I was his daughter thereby changing the kind of picture that might be taken.  
  
Now he was back to being worried. I reassured him that I wouldn't do anything to get him arrested or shot by my mom. My mom and dad had divorced years ago and they had gotten joint custody of me and my two older brothers. Both of the guys were living on their own so the custody thing with them was over.  
  
Since I was going to be twenty-one in a year I would finally have control of who and where I was going to be staying, so if either started to play mind games with the other I'd just pick the other and neither wanted to risk it.  
  
Since he had already agreed to my birthday gift, he somewhat doubtfully promised to abide by my conditions. The next day he set up my appointment with the photographer for the Saturday after my birthday. Which was on Tuesday if you want to know.  
  
The day after he set up the appointment I called the photographer to see what I should bring or if there was anything special I should do. He had me described myself and asked me what ideas I had for my photograph. I told him that I would leave that to him. That I just wanted it to be erotic as possible without getting my dad in trouble. He suggested that I not wear any tight clothing as that would leave marks in my skin that would take time to recover.  
  
So on Saturday morning I arrived at his studio wearing sandals and an oversized men's shirt with a belt loosely looped about my hips. That's all. I felt quite daring and scared.  
  
The photographer's assistant answered my knock. She wasn't what I was anticipated. She looked like your favorite grandmother. She had gray hair, was a little overweight and looked to be about 70 years old. She saw my expression and laughingly told me that nobody every expected her when they arrived. She told me her name was Marcie.  
  
Explaining that the business only handled private sessions on the weekend, she locked the door behind us and escorted me back to the studio. I was puzzled about how small it was. From the outside the building looked huge, but the studio was fairly small. It was set up to resemble a bedroom minus one wall. I assumed the area of the missing wall was where the camera was set up.  
  
When I commented on the size of the studio, Marcie told me that most of the space in the building was used for prop storage. By having an extensive collection of props, the studio could be set up for almost any theme that could be imagined. A few seconds after Marcie and I arrived in the actual photography area, John joined us. John was the photographer.  
  
John was another is a string of surprises. He was a counterpart to Marcie. Marcie had been anticipating my reaction and burst out laughing. She told John that I had been surprised when I saw her and so she knew that I wouldn't be expecting John. We all joined in the laughter. When we calmed down John confessed that Marcie was his wife. I told them that I would never had thought that the photographer that was responsible for the daring pictures on the catalog covers would look like they could be grandparents. They replied that they were, in fact, grandparents.  
  
Marcie went on to say that John had taken up photography when they retired and they both discovered that they had a flair for it and in particular for artistic photography. John stated that he enjoyed the excitement of trying to achieve a picture that would cause its viewers to adjust their own perceptions. That way each person saw the picture in a different way.  
  
Marcie added that meant that each person could see the exact same thing but interpret it differently. While we talked about other various things Marcie had me fill out a modeling release.  
  
This is required so that should the model change her mind after the picture is published she can't sue the photographer. It involved proving that I was over eighteen and certifying that I was posing of my own free will. When all the paperwork was done John asked me what kind of picture I had in mind. I told him that I wanted it to be the most erotic picture that had ever appeared on the cover of my dad's catalog. Of course I didn't actually tell him that it was my dad's catalog.  
  
At my statement, John and Marcie exchanged a smile. I asked them what was going on. Marcie replied that she and John had been toying with the idea for a photograph that they believed would be extremely erotic. Additionally they had come up with a caption for picture would have double meaning, but that it would be so subtle that most people would have to have it explained to them. John chimed in that if it worked, they picture would be the most talked about catalog cover ever published. Marcie said that the photo would require a special body type and that when I had described myself over the phone they thought I might be the type.  
  
Her next words obliterated the lighthearted mood I had been enjoying. She told me to take off my shirt. I stammered that it was all I had on. Marcie said that she could tell that the second she met me. Oh boy. This was it. It was put up or shut up time. Slowly, one button at a time, I began unfastening the shirt.  
  
Recognizing my hesitation, Marcie asked me if I had ever posed nude before. My progress with the buttons slowed even further. My head bowed to avoid looking at them, I confessed that I had never posed before period. John must have heard our conversation, but wisely let Marcie handle it.  
  
Marcie asked me if I were sure I wanted to go on and that they would understand if I wanted to stop. I was at the last button. I recognized that this was the last chance to call it off before I went too far. I could stop it here and go home. My mind flashed the thought that this is probably what my dad was expecting I would do when I faced this moment of truth.  
  
To hell with that! I didn't even try to unhook that last button. I just grabbed the sides of the shirt and jerked. As the shirt flung open I allowed the motion to let slip off my shoulders, slide down my arms and fall to the floor. I was so proud of myself for not giving in.  
  
That feeling lasted about a second, then it hit me. 'Do you realize you are standing here, with two people you just met, with nothing on but a pair of sandals,' my mind shrieked. Instinctively my hands leaped to cover myself. Marcie came over and put her arm around my shoulders. She told me that it was normal to experience a roller coaster of emotions; freedom, embarrassment, excitement, confusion, liberation, and so on. She suggested that while John continue getting the cameras and lights and such ready, I remove my sandals and then she and I could go over and check out some of the props they planned to use.  
  
We went over to the set, which as I said, appeared to be some kind of bedroom. My hands were still trying to simultaneously cover all the exposed areas that had previously been for my eyes only. On the way I saw a bath towel and without thinking, reached to pick it up. Marcie stopped me. She told me that if I yielded to my urge to cover up now I would probably not be able to go through with the photo shoot and from experience she knew that I would regret it as long as I lived.  
  
Somehow I sensed that she was right. So I took a deep breathe and willed myself to stand there as close to normal as I could meaning my arms lowered. Seeing that I was willing to go on, Marcie motioned John to come over. John began to explain the idea for the picture. He told me that I was to appear as if I were getting ready to take a bath and heard a noise. I would have the towel around me as I pretended to look out the window.  
  
I said I understood, but that it didn't sound all that erotic. John and Marcie assured me that it would be. Marcie took the towel I had been about to grab and handed it to me. Something had changed. I don't know if it was my decision that I was going to do this no matter what or if I had begun more comfortable with being naked in front of my new friends or what, but I didn't seriously consider wrapping it around myself like I would have done just a few minutes before.  
  
Marcie had me swing the towel around myself, then grip the top two corners in my left fist. Then she told me to hold my fist up in front of myself.  
  
I did it like most people would normally do about neck high. She motioned me to move my fist down. I lowered it a few inches. Shaking her head, she motioned it lower. I lowered it more. Further she said. I replied that any further and my boobs would be exposed. A smile was her only reply.  
  
Okay, now I understood. Or so I thought. Then she guided me over to the window and told me to act like I was looking out to see what had made a noise. Okay I thought, but if the camera's behind me why am I bothering to have the towel down below my boobs. Oh well, I'd just have to trust them. One more thing, Marcie told me, hold this in your right hand handing me another prop.  
  
This was pretty much the pose John and Marcie had me do that day. Of course they had me use different expressions. They had me turn a little this way or that. John gave me instructions to move my right hand inward, then outward, then up, and so on.  
  
Later at my suggestion, which I admit kind of surprised myself, we tried some without the towel. My thought was that at least the picture would be a little risqué with my butt exposed. However I could sense that neither of them thought it was an improvement. It was after these towelless shots that John called an end to the session.  
  
At first I thought he was mad that I had made a suggestion, but it turned out that the reason he called an end was that four hours had passed since I arrived. Now that it was over I realized that I was actually exhausted. I would never have thought that modeling would have been that tiring however it was a relief to just be able to relax.  
  
I figured that I would help Marcie and John pack up the props and photo equipment since they had given up their Saturday to this assignment.  
  
When we finished we stood and talked for a few minutes, then I said I better head home before my family came looking for me. John suggested I might want to get dressed first. Damn, looking down I realized I was still naked. We all laughed about the difference four hours could make. I went from embarrassed about being nude to forgetting to get dressed.  
  
After putting my shirt and sandals back on and as we were walking towards the front door John asked me if I were interested in more modeling. I told him I'd have to see how these turned out, but that I thought I would. Both of them said they thought I would be happy when I saw the cover.  
  
Three months later the issue with my picture came out. I can described how I felt about it in one word, WOW!! See if you can picture this image. The caption of the picture reads, "someone is in for a nasty surprise".  
  
I'm standing at what appears to be a bedroom window. From behind the towel I've wrapped around myself is so large that the back has dipped down and the top couple of inches of my ass cleavage is exposed. A couple of guys who knew it was me in the picture, told me that the towel hanging low like that was sexy as hell.  
  
The top of the window was satin finished so my face is indistinct. However if you very carefully check out the lower glass in the window I'm supposed to be looking out you can just make out the reflection of my bare breasts. Since my nipples are naturally well-defined they are easy to detect once you know to look for them.  
  
Then as you study the picture more you find your eyes being pulled over to the right where there is a three-sided mirror sitting on a dressing table. In the large center section you can see a reflection of a masked person peeking in the bedroom door.  
  
At this point most people assume that the caption means that I'm about to get a nasty surprise. But for those who look a little more carefully and most don't until it's explained to them, in the corner of the bottom, right panel of the window you can see what Marcie handed me. It's a 38 Special revolver, like the ones the detectives always use to have in the old cop shows.  
  
Now you can guess who's going to get a nasty surprise. In case you're wondering, I never did find out whose reflection that was in the three-sided mirror. But that makes it kind of exciting, don't you think?

**The Birthday Suit Club - Kelly's Story**

I turned 18 just before the annual Christmas shopping season, so I got a job working in the shipping department at one of the warehouses for a national chain of retail stores, never mind which one. There were about fifty people working there with most of them temporaries like me.  
  
We had two permanent supervisors, Don and Doug, as well as the full time bookkeeper. Her name was Edith. Don came on duty when the warehouse opened at 5 AM. He worked till 1:30 in the afternoon. Doug came in about 1:00 to get up to speed on what was going on and then took over when Don left.  
  
D and D as we called them, showed us how to run the equipment we used to unload and load the trucks that arrived at the warehouse. While Edith, who became a kind of surrogate mom for us temps, taught us all the forms we had to fill out so the information could be entered into her computer and inventory kept straight.  
  
I was scheduled for the evening shift, but since I was trying to earn enough money to buy a car, I always came in early. D and D were always glad for the help because every day we got more and more stuff coming in and correspondingly more and more trucks going out. It seemed like no matter how fast we got there was always another truck waiting to be unloaded or loaded. We were constantly hustling to keep up.  
  
Therefore I was doubtful the day D and D said that the evening before Christmas we'd be lucky to see more than one incoming truck and that there wouldn't be any outgoing. They had asked for a volunteer to work Christmas eve so they could be home with their families and since I wanted the money I volunteered.  
  
As I had been told only one truck showed up and it was only partially loaded so I had it empty in a hurry. I signed his paperwork and watched him leave. Then I went back to Edith's office to enter the information in her computer.  
  
When I finished and stepped out of the office someone grabbed me from behind. Before I knew what was happening he had my arms pinned behind my back. Someone else threw a bag over my head and between them they forced me back into the office and tied me to a chair. When they finished tying me up they removed the bag. By this time someone had turned Edith's desk lamp so that it was shining right in my eyes. I could barely make out their images, but I could see that there were four of them and that they were all wearing ski masks and dark clothing. One of them pulled out a roll of white tape and used it to gag me. Thinking back on it later I realized that not one of them had said a word.  
  
Back to the story. They must have known what they were doing because one of them used Edith's computer to locate a shipment of the new toy that was all the rage that year. Even though I couldn't see from where I was tied in the chair I could hear them using the forklifts to load a truck.  
  
When they finished they came back into the office. Apparently it had been hard work because Don had removed his ski mask and I instantly recognized him. He must have seen the look on my face because his hands flew up to his face. Dammit was all his said.  
  
Then I was even more astounded when one of the others reached up and pulled her mask off. It was Edith. The other two then followed suit. As I had expected one them was Doug and the other was the truck driver who had made the delivery earlier.  
  
The truck driver asked Edith what they were supposed to do now. She replied that they had to figure out a way to keep me quiet. Don asked if she thought they could buy my silence. The trucker startled me when he said they might have to make it permanent. Edith angrily replied that he should shut the fuck up.  
  
She went on to say that money might work, but she had another idea. Then she lead them out of the office. About twenty minutes later they came back in. Don was holding a obviously new cell phone. It occurred to me that they probably had got it off one of the shelves.  
  
Edith came over to me and told me that she thought I was so pretty that I ought to be in pictures. Then she instructed Don to take a couple of photos. When they examined the images Edith said that she was right, that I was very photogenic, but that she thought the pictures needed more of an edge.  
  
Then she pulled a pair of scissors out of her desk drawer. I can tell you a lot of thoughts flashed through my mind, but what she did wasn't one of them. She reached up inside my pale yellow T-shirt and cut the straps of my bra, then she cut the band between the cups and pulled the tattered remains out.  
  
My glance downward revealed the sight of my nipples pointedly making themselves conspicuous. Looking up I saw the men were captivated by the show. Don got ready to take another picture, but Edith told him to wait. Then she got the spray bottle she used to water the plants in the office and as I feared she completely soaked the front of my shirt.  
  
The second the cold water hit my nipples they slammed erect. Then she had Don take the pictures. When she showed them to me I could see the humiliating display I was unavoidably flaunting.  
  
Then she unfastened my jeans and pulled them down around my bound ankles. When she stepped back, Don took more pictures. When Edith came forward again I tried to beg her with my eyes to stop, but obviously she was getting caught up in the moment. She very carefully cut off the bottom of my T-shirt. Don didn't have to be told to take the pictures this time.  
  
While Don was taking them Doug started to move forward, that is until Edith told him to back the fuck up. I don't know what kind of hold she had over him, but he instantly complied.  
  
They all crowded around to show them to me. I saw myself; sitting there, my arms tied to the chair's arms, white tape covering my mouth, rock hard nipples poking out against the clinging, wet T-shirt that was so short almost the entire lower half of my breasts were hanging out the bottom.  
  
Then I felt someone reach around from behind me and start to pull up the neckline of my shirt. The way the material of glued to my nipples and the fact that they were so hard made it feel like they were being pulled off. I jumped from the sensation, which lead to several results. The first was Edith grabbing the hand and jerking it away. The second result was that since the hand still had a grip on my shirt it was pulled completely up over my breasts. The third result was Don seized the chance to take more pictures of my now totally exposed breasts.  
  
Edith was so busy berating the trucker who was the one who had taken hold of my T-shirt that Don had time to take easily a dozen pictures. When Edith came back over she quickly realized what had happened. With a kind of "what the hell" shrug, she cut off the rest of my shirt.  
  
Then with a flash of inspiration she picked up a Santa Claus type hat laying on her desk and put it on my head. At which point she let Don continue. He must have taken a couple dozen pictures of me like that.  
  
Edith in the meantime told the driver to take the load to the buyer and meet them back at the house later. I was the only one to see him snap a couple of the photos with his cell phone.  
  
They took so many pictures I was beginning to think that this would go on forever. Edith came back over and cut off my sole remaining garment, my panties. Don took a batch of pictures of me like that.  
  
Finally Edith called a halt. She came over to me and showed me several of the pictures. She pointed out that anyone who knew me would instantly recognize me despite the tape over my mouth. She went on to tell me that in exchange for my silence she would keep copies of the pictures from being mailed to everybody in town and in my school.  
  
Additionally she would keep her boys, as she called them, from raping me, which the bulges in their pants were obviously showing that was a possibility. Looking back on it, I don't believe she would have let them, but at the time I wasn't going to risk it, so I nodded my agreement.  
  
Whereupon she told me she was going to untie me and remove my gag, but that to prove my sincerity I had to pose for some new photos without the restraints and wearing nothing.  
  
They took pictures of me being bounced around bare assed while running a forklift. Front and rear view photos of me leaning out the window between Edith's office and the warehouse. More photos of me sitting in the employee's break room reading the paper apparently unconcerned that I was totally nude. We went out to the chain link fenced area and with Doug directing me I posed first with my breasts pressed hard against the fence then turned and pushed my ass against it. They took pictures of me using the office manager's copier to make copies of my breasts. They got photos of me rubbing his pipe across my nipples.  
  
While in the employee's break room I had to go to my locker and get out my uniform shirt which I hadn't been wearing since I had expected to be the only one working that night. Don took pictures of me leaning over from in front showing the shirt hanging down and my boobs visible as well as pictures from behind with my ass exposed. When they were done Edith took the cell phone and put it in her pocket.  
  
When Edith was satisfied we returned to her office and they tied me back up, gagged me again, and this time blindfolded me. You see, while I had been posing for the new pictures Edith had explained that the robbery was sure to be discovered so this way she and the boys could slip away and when I was discovered I would have a convincing display to prove my innocence.  
  
That's how it went. A couple of hours later the gate guard called to be relieved so he could use the bathroom and receiving no answer, had locked the gate and come looking.  
  
When he found me he called the cops and was told not to touch anything. I tried to get him to cut me free, but with the gag all I got out were mumbles. From the sounds while we were waiting I'm sure he took pictures of me too.  
  
When the police arrived they examined the ropes and stuff and from our description they realized that there was no way I could have tied myself up, much less totally naked. Their photographer took more pictures of me naked before they finally untied me and let me cover up.  
  
I told them that I never got a look at the burglars, but that there had been more than one. Later the truck that had hauled off the toys was found empty. The company wanted me to stay on, but I declined citing fear of a reoccurrence. As far as I know no one was ever charged in the crime.  
  
I don't know for sure whatever happened to the photos, but a couple of years later a friend of mine said he had seen a picture of a girl tied to a chair, with a white tape gag and wearing nothing but a pair of panties and a Santa Claus hat on the Internet and that she looked a lot like me.  
  
Fortunately or unfortunately, he hadn't thought to copy it and couldn't remember where on the net it was located. However, it sounded a lot like the ones the trucker would have snapped as he left.

**The Birthday Suit Club - Cheryl's Story**

This happened in my senior year of high school. I had been asked to the senior prom, but there was no way I could afford a prom dress. You see money was tight in my family since my mom had died without any life insurance. About a month before the prom I had a flash of inspiration.  
  
The time for the prom was quickly approaching and I desperately wanted to go. I had a part time job after school and on Saturdays, but most of that money went to help Dad with the expenses of raising four kids by himself.  
  
In addition my boss's birthday was coming up and I really wanted to get him something special, but as you know special usually means expensive.  
  
To give you a little background, my job was at a pawn shop helping the owner with clean-up and record keeping and such. He was a delightful, elderly man, named Abraham Gold.  
  
After I had worked for him a few months I came to realized that Mr. Gold didn't need to be running his shop. There were little clues that I noticed that made me decide that he had all the money he wanted or needed. He was very thrifty, like he always brought his lunch in a brown bag every single day. He often told me that running the business was probably what keep him alive. His wife had died years earlier and his kids were all grown and living some distance away. I think the fact that my Dad was also a widower was the main reason Mr. Gold had decided to hire me.  
  
I mean his business really didn't do enough business in the evenings to justify my being there and he could have taken care of the disarray from Saturday on Sunday if he wanted. However I'm sure Mr. Gold realized that things were difficult for my family financially.  
  
One of the great things about Mr. Gold was that if I told him about any problem I was having he wouldn't try to solve it for me, rather he would ask me questions until usually I figured it out for myself.  
  
It was good training for my two situations. Despite the fact that Mr. Gold seemed to consider himself some kind of old family adviser for me, he never missed a chance to tease me whenever he noticed someone in the store trying to sneak a peek down my blouse whenever they thought I wouldn't notice it. This peeking was probably because I have no difficulty pushing out the front of a shirt and I like scoop neck blouses.  
  
As a matter of fact as the time I worked at his store had gone  
  
by I caught on that he enjoyed the thought that someone else might get a look at my breasts more than if he got a look himself. A kind of surrogate voyeur if there is such a thing.  
  
It was when he teased me that I had deliberately allowed a customer to sneak a peek down my blouse as I cleaning the front of the glass counter that my plan to solve both problems was conceived. By the way I hadn't even noticed the customer's efforts.  
  
I reviewed my plan over the following week. I decided it would work. My only concern would be if I could keep my courage up long enough to finish it.  
  
Tuesday evenings were always our slowest of the week and fortunately that day was also Mr. Gold's birthday. I put my plan in action. The first part was that instead of my usual outfit, I wore a sweatsuit with his favorite college's logo on it.  
  
I was still getting my courage up at 7 o'clock when Mr. Gold announced that he was going to close early in honor of his birthday. You see, the shop's normal hours were till 8PM weekdays and 6PM on Saturdays. It was do or die time.  
  
I told him that he had one more customer. He looked around the store and since there was just him and me, saw no one. In a puzzled voice he asked who. Me, I told him. Still puzzled, he asked what I meant. I told him that I wanted to sell my sweatshirt. He laughed and said that he guess he could offer two dollars for it. Done, I said and pulled it over my head and tossed it on the counter in front of where he was standing. To say the least, he was surprised, but he pulled two dollars out of the register and put them on the counter.  
  
Moving quickly before I could chicken out, I asked how much he thought my sweat pants were worth. He quickly answered three bucks. Done, I said again and slid them down off my legs and tossed them on the counter on top of the sweatshirt. He added three singles to the first two.  
  
The place where I was standing was an open area about halfway down the counter which ran down the full length of the store from the sidewalk end to the wall that divided the business part from the offices. There were only two things between me and the front door. One was a shoulder high rack of golf equipment that stood about five foot tall and was turned at a 45 degree angle. The other was a similar, but slightly longer rack of used DVDs and CDs which was located between me and golf rack.  
  
Now the game was getting serious. I knew if I wanted to be sure that this was to work I had to do it when the chance of someone walking in was still possible. That's why the front door was still unlocked.  
  
Taking a deep breathe I asked what he was willing to give me for my jogging shorts. Mr. Gold was quick on the uptake. He realized what I was doing and because I had told him about the dress that his friend who owned the dress shop down the street was holding for me, he knew how much money I needed. And he decided to prolong the game.  
  
He offered me twenty dollars. I told him I wanted $40.00. He finally agreed to $30.00 if I threw in my shoes. He pulled out three tens out of the cash drawer, but didn't sit them down on the counter. I knew what he was waiting for. I took off my shoes and set them on the counter, then grasping the bottom hem of the shorts, I pulled them down. I stepped out of them and added them to the other clothes.  
  
He placed the tens on top of the singles. I had purposely worn an oversized university T-shirt and it had been tucked into the shorts to disguise it's length, so I was still somewhat shielded if I lost my nerve. I wasn't surprised when my voice quivered a little when I asked him how much he would be willing to give for my shirt.  
  
He offered thirty, but I knew that I needed another $165.00 and I was starting to run out of clothes so I pushed for sixty. He exclaimed that no T-shirt was worth $60.00. We went back and forth and settled on $45.00. Now I had $80.00 on the counter and I was down to bra and panties.  
  
Then the bell on the front door tinkled. I was too afraid to look. I thought about who it might be, the police, my Dad, someone from school. Oh, shit. I almost collapsed from relief when Mr. Gold announced it was only the wind. The wind sometimes did that, but good grief it picked a heck of a time for a reminder.  
  
Looking directly at Mr. Gold, I asked him what he'd offer me for my bra. He had me walk closer while he pretended to be examining it to prolong my agony and eventually said he go $40.00.  
  
A little quick mental arithmetic told me that I would still be $80.00 short, so I said I wanted $70.00 because I knew he would want to haggle. He did and we settled on $55.00. I unclipped my bra and forced myself to set it on top of my other clothes.  
  
I was on an emotional roller coaster. One minute I was so scared. I mean here I was standing in a store that was open for business and my boobs were totally exposed to my boss. The next minute my whole body was quivering from the excitement.  
  
Now all I had left was my panties and I was still $65.00 short. At that point the doorbell tingled again. I assumed it was the wind again, but Mr. Gold shocked the hell out of me when he asked whoever had come in whether we could be of any help.  
  
I was too terrified to look. I heard a male voice respond, 'no thanks, just looking.' My mind screamed "What is he 'just looking' at?  
  
Slowly, almost as if afraid my body might crick and draw attention, I turned my head. There was a stranger standing on the door side of the golf equipment rack looking down at the clubs. Since I could see him I knew that he could see me if he glanced up, what a show he was going to get.  
  
I silently pleaded that he wouldn't. He moved around to the other side of the display without lifting his eyes. Apparently he didn't see anything that interested him because he stepped around the end of the rack and headed for the door.  
  
After he left I took my first breathe since he entered. Turning back to Mr. Gold I saw that he was ecstatic. This was a good time to hit him with my final request.  
  
"How much for my panties?" I asked. He didn't respond immediately. Instead he counted the money on the counter top. And he counted really slowly. It came to $135.00. He told me that he knew I needed another $65.00 and he was prepared to pay that for my panties, but with a condition. And what was that I inquired. He replied that I would have to take the trash out in my birthday suit.  
  
He knew he had me over a barrel. Without the other $65.00 I couldn't get the dress so either I agreed to his condition or I had just risked some strange man seeing me topless for nothing.  
  
I agreed reluctantly, but got him to agreed that I could put my shoes back on in case of broken glass in the alley. My panties joined the rest of my clothes and I put on my sneakers. I couldn't believe I had agreed to go outside naked. Granted the chances of anyone being in the alley was slim, but my plans hadn't included any public nudity.  
  
I headed for the back of the store to get the trash. Just as I got to the curtained doorway leading into the back, he told me not to forget the basket up front.  
  
As matter of fact, I had. I ran to the front of the store where we keep a trashcan for customer use, picked off the top, pulled out the bag, put the top back and turned for the rear of the store. Uh-uh he called. You have to put in a new bag. Oh, damn. Fortunately we keep extra bags in the bottom of the can.  
  
Jeez. I was standing in clear view of the street in my birthday suit.  
  
I picked the top back off, got out a bag, put it in place and replaced the top. Then I haul ass, bare ass mind you, to the rear of the store. I was barely inside the curtain when I heard the front bell ring. Whew, good timing.  
  
Without waiting to try to find out who it was I gathered up the rest of the trash into a large trash bag and went to the back door. The pawn shop was the second business from the corner. When I opened the back door a little crack and looked to see if anyone was within eye shot I noticed that the backdoor was a little ways set back from the rear of the building. This meant that someone would have to be pretty much in line with the alley to see me.  
  
Funny I had never noticed that before. Must be do to my change in priories.  
  
I couldn't see anyone so I opened it further and looked down the other way. The coast was clear. Time was a wasting, so gathering my courage I leaped out the door and sprinted across the alley to our dumpster. Throwing the trash bag in, I turned to see the door slam shut.  
  
Damn, I had forgotten to prop it open. Now what? Do I go pound on it to get Mr. Gold attention and maybe also get the attention of every other person within earshot or do I wait out here in the alley, nearly as naked as the day I was born, till he comes looking for me.  
  
Further pondering of my choices was avoided when I heard Mr. Gold's voice inside the door calling my name. I raced back across the alley and told him to open the door. His reply turned my blood to ice. He said he couldn't get the door to open. Then he told me to come around to the front door and he promised he would be there holding it open for me. I knew the door sometimes jammed if it slammed shut and besides, no matter what else, I refused to believe that Mr. Gold would deliberately lie.  
  
On the other hand, I am confident that the mental image of me running around the block, au natural, to get to the front door was titillating him.  
  
Without any other choice, I agreed. A little breeze blowing down the alley reminded me of my state of dress and I hurried back to the side of the dumpster. I was about to take off for the corner when I recalled that there was a small passageway to the front of the buildings a few stores down the alley.  
  
It would be quicker to go out the alley to the street, go down to the corner, and run over to the store door, but that would mean exposing myself to a wider variety of people. I realized that the passageway would allow me to get to the front of the block with very little chance of being seen. Then I could check to see if anyone was around before making my dash to the pawn shop.  
  
I looked out from beside the dumpster, then took off for the passageway. A couple of steps before I got to the passage headlights pulled into the other end of the alley. I knew I didn't have much time now. I sprinted to the far end of the passage. I figured whoever had pulled into the alley must have seen me and even now were probably coming after me.  
  
Deciding speed was more important that caution, I burst out of the passageway and hung a quick right turn and ran right through a group of businessmen walking down the sidewalk. I must have made their evening.  
  
Before they could react I was through them and racing for the pawn shop. As he had promised Mr. Gold was waiting with the door open. I never slowed down as I went through the front door and headed for the back room. Seeing the businessmen started after me, Mr. Gold shouted that we were closed for the evening and then he closed and locked the door.  
  
When came into the back he brought my $200.00 and gave it to me. In the meantime I had begun to catch my breathe after my exertions. The funny thing was I was so relieved to be back in the store that I totally forgot I was standing there, taking deep breathes which were causing my boobs to jiggle, while standing buck-ass naked in front of my boss.  
  
It was until I noticed where he was looking that I realized my condition. I hastily covered myself with my arms. Then I asked Mr. Gold to get my clothes. Where are they he asked. Right there on the counter I said. Oh, no he replied those are my clothes, I bought them, remember. OOPS.  
  
After letting me panic for a minute, he said that he would be willing to sell them to me for $200.00. WHAT!, I responded. Holding up a hand to stop me from saying anything else, he quickly offered to make a trade for them. All I could think was, now what?  
  
He said, 'first you need to drop your arms, that position doesn't look comfortable. I figure, what the heck, he's already seen it, so I complied. Next and second I want you to go home with me to see my roommate, Hiram, It's his birthday, too'.  
  
I asked him if he expected me to accompany him in the nude. He said that I could wear my T-shirt, but that when we got to his apartment door we would wait till we were alone, then he wanted me to take it off so he could surprise Hiram when we stepped inside.  
  
Seeing the look on my face, he quickly said that being naked was all I would have to do and then only for a couple of minutes, just to surprise Hiram. I didn't see where I had many options short of physical force and I decided since he enjoyed showing me off that showing me off to his roommate would probably be his ultimate thrill.  
  
However I wasn't going to let him off that easy. I told him that I wanted a raise, too. As I suspect, he really wanted to surprise his buddy so he agreed, not without a little good-natured grumbling first through.  
  
He went and got the T-shirt and put the rest of my stuff in a bag. After I got covered up I called my Dad to warn him I'd be a little late going home. We went to the back door and between the two of us got it unjammed. We went out it and he set the alarm. Then we went to his car and left for his apartment. When we got there he left the bag of clothes in the car. I left my shoes there too.  
  
He told me that after we surprised Hiram he would give me a ride home.  
  
He lived on the third floor. As it was an old building we had to walk up. Fortunately for me his apartment was at the far end of the landing so it was the last one. There was no one in sight so as we had agreed I pull the T-shirt off again and he stuck it in his pocket. He unlock the door being very quiet. He pushed it open and we stepped inside. It was pitch back. He closed the door behind us. That's when the lights came on and all his friends jumped out of hiding and yelled, "SURPRISE!"  
  
It certainly was for me!  
  
And it was pretty surprising for his friends too.  
  
I instinctively knew that it was too late to try to hide my goodies so as calmly as I could I just stood there totally naked in front of what I guessed was about twenty to thirty people.  
  
As we stared at each other I saw that they were all much older than me. Some were Mr. Gold's age. Others were probably twenty or twenty-five years younger than Mr. Gold and the rest were probably in their forties.  
  
When Mr. Gold finished laughing he told them the whole story. They were impressed that I cared so much for Mr. Gold that I was willing to risk being seen naked by strangers to give him my birthday present.  
  
In turn I learned that they were friends and family members. Not one of them was named Hiram.  
  
Later when he took me home he told me it was the best birthday present he had ever received.  
  
As Cheryl was leaving she turned and told me that she's still working for Mr. Gold and still gives him birthday gifts.