**Nustock Body Freedom**

by RikkiBare

**Chapter 1. Peter’s Obsession**

It was Saturday morning and Peter sat on the low leather couch in Starbucks window watching the girls walk by. Following the poll which made public places in Nustock clothing optional a good few went out bare breasted and some completely nude. Nice though this was for Peter it was the fashion for short skirts worn commando that was for him the primary attraction.

In the last few years great more and more women had been habitually dressing in mini skirts in preference to shorts or jeans. Often they were very very short and since the ‘nudist poll’ they were frequently worn without underwear even by women who didn’t dare to go nude. That this resulted in many women accidentally flashing their genitals, which didn’t seem to matter to them. Indeed it was fairly obvious that some flashing was totally deliberate.

Despite the very low sofa being right up against the window Peter couldn’t be sure most of the time if a particular beauty was pantie free or wearing skanties. Then one would stroll by and the wind would catch her thin skirt revealing a beautiful bare butt or pussy and he was in heaven.

A tall athletic mixed race woman in her late twenties with short jet black hair cut in a distinctive 1920’s ‘bob’ paused opposite the window. She was dressed in a formal ‘business’ suit comprising a dark blazer with red piping and matching mini skirt. Her jacket was tailored around her ample bust, it was close fitting and cut to show lots of cleavage down to the single button which was low down, below her sternum, below that it curved away to reveal a bare navel. Peter thought there was no way she could be wearing a bra. Her skirt hung low on her hips revealing a flat muscled stomach, it was slightly flared with side pleats to match the red piping on her jacket. It stopped just above mid thigh. The fabric was thin enough to have shown a visible pantie line, but Peter couldn’t see one, so she quite likely wore no underwear, or did she? There was a bulge on her right thigh, so she had something on underneath her skirt. The only other things he could see she was wearing was jewelry, a matching set of earrings, pendant and naval stud. All featured a gold celtic knot and small diamonds, getting larger as they went down. Tiny chips in the earrings, bigger in the pendant, larger still on the naval stud.

She crossed the porch and was peering close against the window looking into the back of the lounge for somebody. Then her phone rang and she reached under her skirt to pull it out of a thigh pocket. Peter caught a flash of red but he was almost sure she wasn’t wearing panties. Her skirt dropped down again.

As she talked on the phone she glanced down and, spotting him looking at her, gave him a wink and a little smile. A few minutes later she finished her phone call and lifted her skirt to put her phone away. This time she lifted it up a lot further to fully reveal a red phone ‘holster’ at the very top of her thigh. Peter however was not interested in the holster as he also had a great view of a perfectly shaved mons pubis and deeply convoluted labia. In her pierced clitoral hood was a brilliant diamond stud which partnered the jewelry above. His eyes popped and he nearly came in his pants.

At that moment a voice called across the restaurant. ‘Hi Pete!’ Sara had come in the door on the other side. She rapidly approached him saying, as she got near enough to not have to shout, ‘I hope you have not been waiting too long, I got a bit held up in Walmart.’

‘Did you get what we wanted?’

‘Most of it, it’s all stashed in the car. Do you want another coffee?’

Peter nodded hoping his erection wasn’t too obvious.

Sara glanced down at him and then turned towards the counter with a pained expression on her face. She has seen it all before.

The woman outside had disappeared when Peter looked back out of the window. He sat up more and prepared himself for a normal conversation. He watched Sara returning with two coffees and some pastries on a small tray. She looked great with her auburn hair neatly bobbed. She was wearing tight denim shorts and a soft creamy shirt knotted to leave her midriff exposed , ‘just a pity she would never wear short skirts and go commando’, he thought ‘I’m lucky despite that I just hope I don’t blow it.’

Sara was a bit quiet for the rest of the day but the atmosphere improved and they visited a movie before returning home.

A similar thing happened the next week. This time they were in an open air bar and a woman in a short thin sun-dress was squeezing between the tables. Her skirt rode up displaying beautifully rounded tanned buns. She caught him looking and, turning round, deliberately flicked her skirt up to flash her pussy at him. Peter was already in a state of arousal having been speculatively watching girls passing for the last hour, and it was the last straw and he felt himself jerk and shudder ejecting enough into his boxers to go through and stain the fabric of his cargo shorts.

Sara was sitting opposite him at the table and getting more and more annoyed by his ‘wandering eye’. She spotted his developing stain a few minutes later when she turned round from a conversation with her friend Jane. She glared at him, ‘Peter sometimes you disgust me.’

He felt sheepish and deflated hanging his head and getting a sympathetic look from Jane, who said ‘Don’t be too hard on him it’s probably because you never go outside your front door without jeans or shorts.’ Jane was two years younger than Sara and a high school senior who herself always went commando and often totally naked. Jane was wearing a short sundress that day she was keeping her legs closed and being careful not to flash Peter whilst her friend Sara was around.

Peter muttered an apology and promised to try to do better. He made the excuse that with so many people like Jane nude or nearly nude lots of the time he couldn’t help looking. He even suggested he might go to a therapist to control his arousal.

‘Respect, that’s what you need Peter. We are happy with our bodies and don’t mind who sees them but salacious ogling is not just seeing.’ Jane had told him this more than once.

Sara finished her drink and stood up. Hugging Jane who had also risen she said. ‘I think it’s time to take my little piglet home.’ Having said their goodbyes Peter and Sara drove home in frosty silence.

A few weeks later they were invited to a party thrown by Ronnie, a work colleague of Sara’s. It was large and crowded and they both circulated, talking and dancing with a variety of friends. There were many girls, mostly high school students who wore very few if any clothes. At least half of them had nothing on underneath their short dresses or skirts.

Several of the boys wore kilts or, the latest fashion, Roman or Greek style tunics. One or two of the boys were also naked. This made Peter uncomfortable, he associated tunics of nudity for men with their being gay. Whilst he considered himself not homophobic he still felt uncomfortable when presented with a view of another man’s tackle. Sara’s friends Alison and Jane had criticized him for this in the past saying ‘Nudie men are not always gay and if they are so what? It’s great that they don’t have to hide in the closet any more. Besides we like to see a bit of dick now and then, sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.’

Later Peter was dancing with Lulu Davis, a high school senior known to them all. She was dressed in a very short ruffled skirt and nothing else except for a painted on representation of a bikini top. The dance got pretty close and steamy. His hand strayed under her skirt to her butt, which resulted in her gripping him even closer pressing her painted breasts against his bare chest, he had unbuttoned his shirt earlier in the very hot sweaty evening. His fingers worked their way down and round until he was caressing past her anus to her vulva, his hand hidden, or so he hoped, by her skirt. He felt her wetness and his penis, which was pressing against her stomach through his jeans, began to get very uncomfortably hard.

At that point Peter was grabbed by the shoulder and wrenched away from Lulu. Sara had spotted him and was having none of it. A big fight ensued which ended in both Sara and Peter being ejected from the party by Ronnie’s elder brother who was a six foot tall basketball player and in charge of ‘security.’

Coincidentally some late guests was just arriving and paying off their cab as Peter and Sara were ejected into the night. Sara leaped in slamming the door and Peter heard her calling to the driver to, ‘go just go, head into town I’ll tell you where in a minute.’

Peter was left staring at the red rear lights of the disappearing cab. He drove home alone feeling really wretched and hard done by. Over the next few days he tried several times to contact Sara but, except for one text that simply said “leave me alone, I may contact you next weekend,” her phone was either switched off or his calls were summarily rejected.