**Nustock Body Freedom**

by RikkiBare

**Chapter 6: Peter – Sunday 2**

Back in his van on the way home Pete reflected on how things were changing and once again vowed to work on himself and catch up. The casual laid back nudity in the Sylvester’s house took some getting used to, especially the older people.

He was coming to an increasing awareness that his automatic responses and his roving eye was would continue to get him into trouble. He had felt himself getting aroused at the sight of a thirteen year old girl in a wet dress and this scared him. He resolved to focus his interest on women he knew and who would appreciate his interest, be more respectful and inclusive even in hi fantasies. He resolved that Sara would be his center of interest.

It was three in the afternoon by the time he got home and he fixed himself a rather dispiriting cold lunch. He had no more Sunday emergency calls and looking at the mess of beer cans and late night snacks, the residue of drowning his sorrows the night before, he decided to clean up the house. The living room was too dispiriting to start on and he wandered into the bedroom. Looking around the room it needed an effort here as well. The bed was very disrupted. His side was thrown back and rumpled, Sara’s side was a great pile of her clothes, left there after her preparations for the party. It consisted of assorted jeans and tops with just one long dress, all of which had been rejected and left abandoned on the bed. He slowly picked them up and hung them in the closet. As he did this he began to feel even more depressed.

He missed her terribly and blamed himself for causing all the trouble. At the same time he resented the way she insisted on being so timid when it came to dress style. Why was this? He himself dressed in a pretty boring way. He avoided those new styles which men were more and more frequently wearing. He stuck to the conventional jeans, cargo pants or shorts. He saw anything else as way out and exhibitionist despite many men a lot older than him going around in tunics or Scottish Kilts.

He supposed Sara was partially taking her cue from him. She strongly believed in the equality of the sexes and dressed in a style that was very similar to his own. He thought, perhaps if he were to dress more adventurously she would follow suit? If he liked seeing women in shorts skirts and showing lots of flesh, why shouldn’t she like men dressed the same way? He thought some more. What was it like to wear the clothes he would like her to wear?

When he had finished clearing up the house he browsed the internet to see what current fashions were. Also he was concerned about misogyny and looked this up. Was he a really a misogynist? A vouyer? A bad person? He didn’t think so but ogling strange women maybe this was disrespectful?

Thinking about this for some time and looking at the images of men’s fashion he decided to try something out. Sara was not shy at home with just him there. They both slept nude most of the time and were casual about being naked indoors, often showering early in the evening and remaining naked whilst watching TV.

Two years ago he had bought Sara a mini skirt as a present, it was a short denim one and she wore it in the house when she was feeling generous and trying to accommodate his fetish. She wore either on it’s own or with a cropped tee shirt . When he tried to persuade her to go into town in it she had said,‘Sorry Peter I’m not going out in that even if I was wearing panties, it’s much too short.’

He now dug in the closet and found it. Removing his jeans and the rest of his clothes he pulled it on and was surprised that it fitted him comfortably. He added a T shirt and walked around. Studying himself in the full length mirror on the closet door. It didn’t look bad, even attractive, not actually much different from jeans shorts except his tackle felt really cool. Excitingly cool. Looking in the mirror he watched the tip of his penis emerge from below the hem as he became aroused. If he was to wear it outside he would need much better control. He decided to keep the skirt on for the evening as he finished cleaning the house and prepared and ate his dinner. He then settled to watch TV.

Well into the movie he went and got another beer and sat down sprawling his leg across the arms of the chair. Chancing to look down he realized the skirt had rolled itself up and his tackle were fully on display. He looked and laughed. This skirt style was not as easy as it seemed.

Peter remained in the skirt for the rest of the evening while he searched on the net for “Nustock Body Freedom Association” Joan Sylvester had mentioned this organization whilst chatting after he had finished his repair to the Air-Con. He soon found their Facebook page with Sara’s friend Alison’s face staring out from it and one of their bike ride demo’s where both Jane and Alison were right in the forefront. There were not many other pictures and they were heavily censored with pixelation of both breasts and genitals. Other references to Body Freedom were out of the area, Mostly San Francisco and other parts of the Bay Area. Here, one website http://www.mynakedtruth.tv/ had amateurish movies about various campaigns against the nudity ban of a few years ago. There were a few other reference from the valley, some hostile and hardly any from the mid west.

Peter took off the skirt and put it back in the closet where he found it. He went to bed, naked as usual, but sleep eluded him. He missed Sara and was still fearful she wouldn’t have him back. He sat up and sent her a grovelling text message saying how he would really, really respect women, in future and wouldn’t pressure her to show off any flesh she wasn’t happy with.

Trying once again to sleep he couldn’t stop thinking about both the Sylvester’s clothes free household and his experiment with the skirt. He shortly found himself fantasizing about going out with Sara with them both dressed alike in tee shirts and mini kilts without underwear. This got him aroused and he ended up jacking off to the image of them fucking on a park bench in these revealing outfits. After his orgasm was over he felt guilty again and finally went to sleep in his sticky mess.

He awoke to his alarm bleeping loudly and had to rush to have breakfast and get to work.