**Nustock Body Freedom**

by RikkiBare

**Chapter 19. Sara – Thursday Night Out**

Sara awoke on Thursday morning intensely wet with dreams of a threesome with Peter and Jane rolling round her head. A quick finger fuck brought her to orgasm before she had to shower and leave. During breakfast she was still very hot and considered riding to work naked. Still lacking confidence for this she went to Jane’s closet for the shortest lightest dress she could find. She chose a thin strappy backless sundress with a tribal print. It was very full and floated loosely around her body.

Cycling to work at first the dress worked well on the bike. She found that sitting on the back of the skirt with the sides tucked in a little she could ride without it flying up. This was ok until she stood on the pedals to go up a small hill. When she free wheeled down the other side her skirt hadn’t caught on the saddle and the wind caused the front to blow up wrapping itself around her middle and the whole skirt streamed out behind her. This meant she was completely naked from her naval downwards.

As she slowed for the lights she spotted a young woman on the side walk looking at her. Once stopped she started to pull the skirt back down but the remembered DD’s comment on the bus and told herself, ‘be bold and own it Sara.’ She decided to let her skirt float where it would. She met the woman’s eye with a grin and a wink. The woman looked embarrassed at being caught looking but then relaxed and returned Sara’s smile. Sara felt a thrill which overcame her initial feeling of embarrassment and once more the feeling of arousal came to dominate. The lights changed and Sara was on her way.

Once in the office her arousal was becoming much stronger as the thoughts of having both Jane and Peter together in bed with her once more brought her to the point that she had to slip into the rest room and rub one out before washing and starting her day.

The office was once again really hot, and the Air Conditioning seemed to be almost totally non functional. After the first hour she removed her dress and worked naked. Sitting nude at her computer had started to to feel normal. Some of her co-workers were still dressed but with very little clothing and it was disappearing fast, by lunch time hardly a stitch was left on anybody.

Around four Jane phoned. ‘I’m so sorry that I didn’t manage tell you I was going to be away last night Sara. I did try to call you in the afternoon but got no answer.’

‘My phone was out of battery. I was pretty surprised you weren’t there but you really don’t have to let me inhibit your love life, I know we had great fun on Tuesday but we agreed it could never be the main event for either of us.’

Sara gave Jane a quick summary of the change in the work dress code and her experience of the TV filming. With even more enthusiasm she also told her about the three visitors, the woman called Joan and her two men.

‘They set me thinking and I’ve been thinking ever since. It’s been hard to concentrate on work today. I went up early and really enjoyed your present.’

‘Ok I really want to hear. The main reason I phoned was to say Alison and her brother, Martin are home and want to go out for the evening.

‘But I thought Alison went off to university on Sunday. Blanke Schande College, or something.’

‘That’s right for induction week. She’s back for a quick visit before classes start on Monday. She came to meet with her brother as she hasn’t seen him for a year and it was the only time he could make it.’

Please come too, we are going to dinner at the Kardoma, you will remember it belongs to Maria the woman you met who was talking about the body freedom pledge last Sunday. It’s now reopening and they are offering free dinners to their friends and members of the NBFA. It’s a special night to practice their service before they open to the public on Saturday.’

‘Sara, I really want you there we have a real something between us so no arguing. I will pick you up when you finish work. We will go and have our hair done and then meet Alison and Martin at the restaurant at 7.00.

‘But I only have your little ethnic dress with me. It’s nice but not right for a classy restaurant.’

‘No dress for you tonight Sara. The Kardoma is re-opening as a clothing optional restaurant and, knowing’ Maria, it really should be defined as “clothing tolerated – just.” She wants us to dress up with super accessories but no concealing clothing. I will bring what we need.’

‘You mean I will be going out to dinner NUDE!?’

‘No not nude, true we wont be wearing clothes but we will be really dressed up in lots of accessories? My mom has a great collection of jewelry. I’ve borrowed some fabulous items and you can wear my red 3 inch heels.’

Sara was beginning to panic. It was one thing to work nude in a small office, and even go out into the showroom. But a smart restaurant! HELP! She was still unsure about working the whole day nude out in the Nutech showroom tomorrow and now this. ‘Oh Jane! I don’t know I’m ready for this.’

‘Come on! It will be a great night. Maria has this great chef and it will be the same crowd we were with last Saturday. No one will judge you or criticize you.’

‘But it’s Alison’s brother. He was in my year in high school, I even went out with him a couple of times. He tried to get inside my bra in the drive in and was very disappointed when I turned him down. Now the idea of Martin nude – that’s scary!’

‘You will be surprised at Martin now. He’s changed a lot and is doing a PhD at MIT. He won’t be nude. According to Alison Stanford doesn’t allow nudity yet and the best Alison can persuade him to do is wear a Greek style tunic and go commando. Alison also wants to tell us all about BSC, it’s quite something.

Sara didn’t want to let Jane down, nor did she want to dine alone with Jane’s parents again. As she had done so many times that week she steeled herself and decided. ‘Ok I suppose. Pick me up at five and I’ll come with you to the hairdressers. Which one is it?’

‘Top to toe. They’re great. They have a body paint room and all. You can shower there and we can accessorize you all ready to go. My Mom’s treating us.’

‘I can’t say no can I?’

Jane laughed, ‘You could but I know you won’t.’

After hanging up her phone she sat for a few moments. Shaking with fear she was was also on fire and again leaking a wet patch onto her chair cover. No one else was in the office as her fingers migrated of their own volition to her labia and her clitoris nestling under its little hood. No! Masturbating in the office was not a good idea! She dragged her fingers away and headed for the bathroom. Hidden in a stall she brought herself to the relief she desperately needed. After washing her pussy in cold water she returned to her desk and made a real effort to concentrate on processing the last four orders.

Just as five o-clock came around she had to go out front to deliver a package of memory boards to a customer. Going through the door naked was still scary and she hesitated wondering who was out there.

Steeling herself for the encounter she pushed the swing door with her ass and backed into the showroom. then turned round. The customer was a young man in a lightweight tunic. He grinned upon seeing her and his tunic tented. ‘Hi, it’s Sara isn’t it? This place gets better and better. All this and computer parts too.’

Sara smiled awkwardly and moved quickly towards the counter restricting his view to her upper body, which he seemed to be enjoying. She looked at the docket in her hand. Mike Jenkins?’

‘That’s me.’

‘Your address please?’ He gave it, she handed him the package and processed the card payment. He grinned and said as he left. ‘Nice to see you – bye.’ and left holding his package against his stomach to mask his erection.

So Sara was naked behind the counter when an equally naked Jane walked in the door a few seconds later. ‘He looked like a happy customer.’ she laughed grinning at Sara.

‘Happy customers come back,’ Sara laughed. She added, ‘I love the power over men one gets just by not wearing clothes.’ She had been doing the “fake it till you make it” routine but now she really began to believe it.

‘Great you are feeling upbeat Sara. Lets get going.’

Sara looked down at her friends crotch and to her horror saw a thin trickle of blood running down her inner thigh. ‘My god Jane you’re bleeding.’

Jane grinned, ‘David triggered this last night. I knew I was due but though it wouldn’t come until Friday. Bit of a nuisance, I’ve been free bleeding all day and managing to control it well.’

‘But going out tonight unprotected?’

‘Not likely I’m not that extreme. I’ll wear a cup tonight. Top to Toe have got these new hypoallergenic ones and are going to give me one to try out.’

Did you know about this when you booked tonight?

‘Sure and Kardoma are cool with it.’ Jane paused and with a shy little grin, ‘May I use your rest room?.’

‘Sure you know where it is. I’ll shut down the computer and pick up my purse and things.’ Sara grabbed her purse whilst Jane was in the Ladies. She thought about putting her dress on but fearfully decided against it. Saying good night to her colleagues she left naked by the front door and walked with Jane to her Mother’s small red Toyota convertible.

Top to Toe was a newly opened establishment in an old building on main street which advertised on the window: All over grooming for men and women. There were several staff, men and women, with brightly colored tool belts and painted designs decorating their otherwise naked bodies. The salon was furnished with both standard hairdressers chairs and narrow padded tables. A room off to one side was signed Body Paint in ornate script.

Several customers of both sexes were having a variety of treatments, about a third of these were naked and most of the others were topless. One of the tables was occupied by a naked man lying face down. A woman assistant was painting his buns with something thick and laying strips of cloth over it. Jane smiled at this and said ‘Wow he will be yelling in a minute’.

Waxing?’ asked Sara. Jane nodded as they were guided to an open plan shower area with three heads in the back. They were told ‘Please shower first and then come to the shampoo station.’ They were directed to the showers by a skinny boy in his late teens. He had no body hair and was wearing a cock ring which made his large uncircumcised penis project straight ahead, even though it was not erect.

When they were showered and their hair had been professionally shampooed, the manger sat them down before a mirror and asked what they wanted. She was a woman in her late thirties with a perfect all over tan and a dramatic silver pendant engraved with her name Jennifer.

Jane was clear and decisive. ‘Hair cuts, just a trim for me and whatever Sara wants. Then all over grooming. I would like my landing strip trimmed and one of those clip on hood studs I was looking at last time I came in. Then I would like some Khol designs.

‘I think you have some credit left for us by my mother?

Sara told the manager that this all sounded great. ‘But please just a light trim on my pubes. I’m just getting used to this naked thing and one of the compliments I’ve had was for my ‘lovely wild bush’ so I would like to keep most of it for now.’

Jennifer squatted down to examine Sara’s vulva and guided her legs apart. She then replied. ‘I suggest we keep it as a triangle just tidy up the edges and remove these stragglers.’ She tweaked some projecting hairs. ‘Then perhaps we should wax down beside your labia and everything below. You have some great shapes and that will show them off great.’ Would you like a stud too? Or maybe some clip on rings?’

Sara blushed. ‘No I don’t think so I’m not yet comfortable seeking lots of attention.’ she added after a pause, ‘I would like a discreet design somewhere. Just Khol I think something like Jenny’s perhaps?’ Jenny was the hair dresser who was already cutting Jane’s hair. She had fine scroll patterns painted on her hands and around her left breast and right bun.

‘Fine, Jenny will cut your hair and then you will go to a body table for the lower down work.

An hour and a half later everything was finished. Jane had produced for Sara a gold pendant necklace with a large ‘paste’ ruby which hung between her breasts and a pair of red strappy sandals with three inch heels and studded with small rubies to match the necklace. Her henna designs ran all the way up her left leg and round to her right breast. There were also some discreet stars on her newly waxed outer vulva. Jane was decorated similarly but with green stones. Small embroidered clutch purses completed their outfits. They headed to the restaurant in the Toyota with the top still down and arrived just before seven.

It was a smart roadhouse and they were greeted by a young man in a short purple jacket and nothing else except for a peaked cap, he parked the car for them. The door was opened by a similarly attired doorman and they went into an ornate lobby where a receptionist in a long, transparent gown greeted them and checked their booking. Her gown was composed mainly of silver threads which displayed her all over tan and total lack of underwear. A waiter in a silver bow tie and a tiny side pouch guided them to their table.

Looking around whilst they waited for Alison and Martin, Sara was able to observe the other customers. Most were naked but well groomed and nearly all wore jewelry or some kind of body paint. Men often wore leather accessories, sometimes with metal studs. The most common items were arm or thigh holsters to hold their wallet and phone. Other men were resplendent in the kind of jewelry usually worn by women. Laughing at Sara’s surprise at this Alison explained that this was how some trans people expressed their nature when naked. There was also women with men’s style decoration.

There was welcome brochure on the table with the mission statement of the restaurant and of the Body Freedom movement. There was also a warning that photography was permitted and customers were encouraged to take pictures and share them on social media as widely as possible in order to promote the restaurant. By coming in naked people were giving permission for naked pictures of them to be taken and shared un-blurred. The website included pictures taken when the restaurant was open and that they often featured naked customers. This explained the smart phones out on tables that Sara had been surprised at.

Alison and Mark arrived some time later.

‘How was Blanke Schande College, have you run away already?’ asked Jane.

‘Not yet!’ Alison Laughed, ‘It’s certainly a weird place, but exciting too. I’ve been meeting new students and settling into our co-ed dorm. We have a freshers ball on Saturday and classes start next week. I’ll tell you all about it later.’

Sara took one look at Alison, blinked and then stared. She was decorated all over with dark brown henna patterns enhanced with bright abstract designs in red, and ochre. ‘Wow, who did that artwork?’ Most dramatic was strong pattern on her chin which really stood out.

‘A fellow student ,Arana did them he’s a New Zelander and half Maori,’ Alison pulled her phone out from a thigh pouch and opened it. ‘Here he is working on my left leg.’ The picture showed Alison lying nude on a sofa and a naked, heavily tattooed brown man kneeling on the floor painting the inside of her leg near her groin. The design on my face is a “moko kauae” a Moari women’s traditional chin tattoo. Real ones are permanent but this is only henna. What do you think?

‘Great, I love these face designs.’ Jane looked at the picture, ‘A lover already, you don’t waste time do you!’

‘No he’s not my lover, he’s Holly Mepingana’s partner. She’s our dorm mentor.’ He’s normally naked in our dorm all of us are.’

Jane said, ‘I thought the BSC men were always clothed?’

‘So they are normally, we are rebels in our co-ed dorm.’

Alison turned attention away from herself, she looked Sara up and down. ‘OMG, Sara what a difference a few days makes. On Saturday you so shyly took off your clothes in public for the first time and now you look so great, your tan lines have almost disappeared and you look totally at home.’

‘I’m still learning’ laughed Sara, ‘I still have doubts, when Jane called me today and invited me here I was shaking in my sandals when she told me we would be naked in a smart restaurant. Tomorrow will be the test when I will be working naked in the showroom all day.’

Mark wore a creamy white Greek “chitoniskos” style tunic which hung loosely to around mid thigh. It was made of very fine cotton fabric and gathered into a clip over his left shoulder in such a way that it nearly slipped off. The sides were completely un-seamed and swung open and it was held in place by a gold chain belt. He greeted Sara with a smile and a peck on the cheek and commented how beautiful she and her outfit were and how much she had changed.

‘The whole town seems totally different to me. I arrived back on Tuesday night and went down main street yesterday, there were dozens of naked people, men, women and children just hanging out or going about their business with nobody taking any notice.’ Mark said, ‘You two Alison and Jane have had a spectacular effect. And now this place!’ He waved his hand at the scene in the restaurant.

Alison agreed, ‘ Having been at BSC for several days Nustock makes it look pretty out of date. The men, all fully dressed, with their eyes bulging and pants tenting seem positively medieval. Sure they were mostly freshers and I am told they will soon settle down but it’s really strange.’ Alison added thoughtfully, ‘BSC claims that they transform their male students into good, considerate, respectful citizens and the new freshers certainly need transforming.

‘Are you regretting going there?’ Jane asked. ‘I know you chose BSC in the spring before our town poll and it seemed to be the only way that you could be naked in college, but now?’

‘I’m still trying to make up my mind. BSC has such a strict dress code. Fighting to allow body freedom is very different from being required to be naked at all times. It is very strange and feels so authoritarian compared to the relaxed attitude of most other colleges where you are supposed to be dressed but nobody really cares if you don’t bother to put a robe on to visit the bathroom. With the changes in the country and the possibility that other colleges will start allowing nudity I could yet move.’

‘I only arrived at BSC with one dress and burned it as part of the induction ceremony so I drove here naked yesterday. I borrowed a lab coat for crossing one of those county’s that penalise you for driving naked but got nearly all the way across before remembering to put it on. On the freeway I passed a cop car which had stopped a nude driver and made them get out of the car. That was scary, it could have been me and a heavy fine!’

Alison shook herself at the memory and changed the subject, ‘Sara how is Peter doing? Have you seen him since last Saturday?’ she asked.

‘No, he phoned a few times but I told him to keep from contacting me until Saturday.’

‘What do you want from him especially now that you are fucking Jane?’

Jane blushed very slightly when this was announced and then grinned. She reached over to Sara, who was looking very embarrassed, and gave her a kiss on the cheek. ‘I told Alison all about us this afternoon, I hope that’s OK lover?

Sara was red with embarrassment but returned the kiss quickly full on the lips. ‘Of course it’s OK I’ve been trying to “own it”, my new lifestyle that is, but it’s still difficult.’ She told them about the bus ride and meeting DD who told her to “own it” when she flashed a bus full of people on Monday.

This lead to Sara describing her whole week. She got more and more relaxed as she did so even when she described how Daniel caught her masturbating in the living room. This story delighted of her friends. Laughing she said, ‘I’ve been Jilling-off a lot since I’ve been going naked or commando and sometimes I forget where I am. Daniel was the only time I’ve been caught though.’

When Sara described for Alison and Mark the visit from Joan and her two men Jane squeezed her hand and looked at her with a question in her eyes.

Sara silent response, conveyed by her expression was, ‘Could it work, a threeple, the two of us and Peter?’

Jane smiled, lifted an eyebrow and nodded.

‘I wonder how my meeting with Peter will go? Sara asked the group, ‘Should I be strict with him or forgive him? – will he have changed? – Will he have seen me naked on TV? The advert will have aired tonight and maybe even my Naked interview. Wow – that’s scary!’ Sara had a lot of questions churning around in her brain and had no idea what to do about them.

Her three friends suggested she saw how the strip down sale went and to decide what to do on Saturday morning when Peter rang.

Dinner over the Kardoma changed emphasis from dining to a party atmosphere. The opening night of the Kardoma continued with a singer and guitarist and speeches from Maria and her partners. Then a wild modern Central American band got the whole establishment dancing. Getting into the spirit Mark shed his tunic and they were four naked dancers.

Jane asked Mark to danced a slow number for old times sake, in memory of his being her first lover. He was now naked having abandoned his robe when it fell off as he got up to visit the bathroom. Se worked herself against him and when the number ended he was half erect.

Sara danced close with Alison feeling her presence as a solid muscular woman intensely. She was so different from Jane, the only woman she had pressed nakedly against. Her muscles felt hard and strong but were nothing like those Peter or any other male partner she’d had.

Then they danced a series of fast numbers as a group before Jane and Sara partnered for another slow number which left Sara highly aroused and risking becoming almost lewd in the way she pressing herself against Jane.

An hour later Sara danced the last dance with Mark. Dancing with Mark developed into a kiss. This was a strange experience for Sara. It compared very favorably with the only other time she had kissed him, four years ago. The kiss was relaxed and friendly despite their both being naked in marked contrast with the tense teenage grope of that time. Pressing her breasts against his muscled chest seemed normal and natural whereas his hands groping through her bra had been off putting before. Now she became even more hot and aroused and would have continued against her better judgment, even to the extent of going home with him. Mark gently disengaged and returned her to Jane. who hugged her close.

When the Kardoma finally began to close up the four hugged as a group and then Sara and Jane kissed goodbye to Alison and her brother Mark before all heading home.

They had to wait around whilst the car park park boy fetched their car. Sara hugged Jane close. Now outside in the entrance they kissed passionately, and then as they settled into the Toyota and the roof was folding down Sara was still feeling wet and on fire. She reached across to Jane’s leg and stroked it. Jane laughed and leaning over kissed her again. Sara returned it with passion and reached over to fondle her vulva. Jane gently moved her hand off. ‘Wait until we get home I need to be calm to drive,’ she told her.

It was past midnight when Sara and Jane arrived at Jane’s home and the house was in darkness. They crept in and closely embraced went straight upstairs. Once in Jane’s room Sara could wait no longer and without even removing her sandals or jewelry she dragged Jane onto the bed. There followed a session of love making more intense than they had ever had before.

After they came down from the heights of passion they slept in each other’s arms.

Awakening a few hours later Sara suddenly felt sad and burst into tears. Jane held her face and kissed the tears away, ‘oh love, what is the matter?’

‘Its was so perfect last night, both at the restaurant and here afterwards that I don’t want to leave you and go back to Peter.’ Sara paused, ‘and yet I want him too and I know you won’t be happy with just me. Your last night of passion with your ex shows that you really want, need? a man – as I do, I could have so easily fucked Mark there and then in the car park. His penis was massaging my clit so beautifully and I was positively dripping.’

Sara paused and suddenly asked, ‘Do you really think a threeple could work, for us? For you?’

Jane hugged her hard, ‘Wow what have I and my friends done to you my lovely, shy proper Sara?’ She thought for several minutes and both of them remained silent. Then she said in a slow soft voice, ‘I might share you with Peter. But take him as a lover? That will need thinking about.’

‘I agree that will need som deep thought but it will be really hot thinking about it.’ Sara guided Jane’s hand down to her slit which was once again running wet.