**Nustock Body Freedom**

by RikkiBare

**Chapter 12: Peter – Tuesday**

Peter received a list of queries for Air-Con problems texted to his phone on Tuesday morning. He studied them with interest. A number of them were about the temperature settings. It seemed people wanted to make the air-con less effective and the thermostats weren’t working properly. They were making the house too cold, odd in the middle of an unprecedented heatwave. Suspecting people were wanting, or looking for an excuse to wear fewer clothes he checked his stock of CO stickers and set off just after 9am to visit a house in an upmarket suburb.

Passing through Main Street on the way to the western Golden Ridge area he observed the people coming and going in the early morning sunshine. On days before his break up with Sara he would have enjoyed looking at the women in their short skirts and speculating about their lack, or otherwise, of panties as the traffic crawled forward. This morning he resolved not to even look and certainly not think about them.

To his surprise there were far fewer skirts above mid thigh to be seen. There were women in demure longer dresses and lots in shorts, often very short, but considerably fewer mini skirts. Instead there were more people, men and women who were topless or even naked. It the fashion seemed to have changed almost overnight.

It was around 11 am when Peter got to the second house. He parked next to a late model Teslar in a graveled circular drive and got out of his truck. As he wondered if he should approach via the tradesman’s entrance or the front door the owner appeared from around the side of the building, toweling her hair. She was completely naked and had reddish bikini marks on her otherwise tanned skin indicating that she had only recently started going naked in the sun.

The house was very hot and the AC was turned off. He checked the living room thermostat and found it was faulty, he changed it and restarted the system. They then discussed modifications to the heating & cooling system to enable the work spaces, storage etc to be kept colder than living rooms and bedrooms. This would require more sensors and some alterations to the wiring. They then discussed additional electricity generation and Peter introduced his new employer and arranged a visit from the sales manger. He left the flyer and a couple of CO stickers.

When Peter finished discussing his last customer’s needs he went for an early lunch at the lakeside bar he sometimes frequented. He sat at his favorite table overlooking the beach and looked out across the lake as he waited for his burger and fries.

Two young women, Helen who often waited lunches at the bar and a friend, whom he did not know, came up onto to the terrace area. Helen went and spoke to Yolanda the owner of the bar and her employer. ‘As I’m fifteen minutes early we’re going to have a quick swim, can we leave our clothes behind the bar?’

‘Sure’ Yolanda replied.

Peter watch a little surprised Helen unceremoniously peel off her sleeveless top and drop her little white shorts. Now completely naked she placed both garments behind the bar. She then turned to her friend. ‘Suzie, give me your dress we can leave it here so it won’t get dirty on the beach’.

The other girl looked scared and shook her head. ‘I’ll keep it on until I’m ready to go into the water.’

The girls then headed down to the shore Helen boldly marched ahead naked, her friend slowly followed looking increasingly nervous. They turned at the bottom of the steps and walked back to a strip of sand in front of the bar. Here they both stepped out of their sandals and walked towards the water which was around 50 feet away. The lake was low as there had been little rain in the hills. The stiff breeze had whipped the water into six inch waves. They paddled into the shallows.

Peter could overhear Helen say, ‘Suzie aren’t you going to take your dress off?’

Suzie looked down and started to lift the hem and stopped, looking around at where a group of boys in board shorts were watching with interest she dropped it again. By this time Helen was waist deep and splashing the water over herself. Suzie waded in until the water was knee deep and stopped again lifting her hem to keep it out of the water. ‘I think I’ll just paddle today she said.’

‘Come on spoil sport, I want to play in the water with you. It’s much less fun on my own.’

Suzie turned back towards the shore and once again lifted her dress. The watching boys applauded and Peter, watching from the terrace, began to feel stirrings of the arousal he had been working so hard to suppress. Suzie dropped her hem again and turned back into the waves. This time she waded in further lifting her dress until the water was at mid thigh. Several slightly larger waves splashed at her hem and she pulled it up so that it almost revealed her crotch. She looked around again at the watching boys, shuddered and came to a decision. She released her hem and letting it fall into the water and waded boldly forward. As she got near to Helen she splashed her energetically. Helen replied likewise soaking the remaining dry parts of Suzie’s dress. They splashed for some time and then swam out beyond where Peter could see what they were doing.

After Peter had finished his burger and was getting ready to leave the girls emerged from the water and came onto the terrace. As they approached Yolanda asked ‘Helen will you serve those three people who are just sitting down please.’ Without batting an eyelid Helen took a rack of menu’s and condiments from the bar and holding them away from her wet body she approached the customers whilst still dripping lake water onto the board walk. ‘Hi, would you like to take a look at the menus. I’ll just rinse off the smell of lake and then I’ll be right with you.’ Helen then headed for the shower.

Suzie looking a little shocked followed her towards an open beach shower and started rinsing the lake water out of her dress which clung transparently to her body.

Peter struggled to control increasing arousal and finally succeeded, feeling rather proud of himself for this act of self control. A short time later Helen, wearing only a belt with an order pad and table buss cloth hanging from it came and cleared his table and brought him a coffee. ‘Do you like my new uniform Peter? She asked with a grin and a glance at his crotch.

He managed to respond ‘Very nice, you look really cool,’ whilst smiling and not getting an erection. Success!