**Young Liberated Women Ch. 01**

**by [BrooklynObserver](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1121415&page=submissions)**

Over the weekend I visited an old friend in Philadelphia. She goes to a small liberal arts school there, and lives with three of her classmates. In all, there's Jenn (my friend), Quinn, Rebecca and Tati. Jenn warned me before I left Brooklyn that her roommates were rather liberated women, which after a bit of questioning turned out to mean often naked. That's fine, I said, I'm not one to be offended by a little nudity.

I arrived friday night to find the girls drinking sangria in their unreasonably hot and muggy apartment. Jenn introduced me, showed me around, and explained that Tati is morally opposed to air conditioners. "You're lucky we're all fully clothed," she said. "Most nights like this we'd have stripped down by now." Lucky indeed, I though.

Back in the living room I was handed a perspiring glass of sangria and joined the conversation. Circumcision, Quinn was arguing, destroys the most sensitive areas of the penis, and ought to be considered mutilation. "What's your take on it, B?" She asked. I had just sat down and all four of them were looking at me, waiting for my opinion on circumcision. I said I agreed with Quinn, and they went back to discussing it amongst themselves, giving me a moment to survey the scene.

Quinn, the apparent leader of the group, was tall and golden haired, with a smart sarcastic glimmer in her eyes. Her lightly tanned skin glowed against her gauzy white summer dress, and when she leaned forward for her drink the low neckline of the dress fell forward showing us most of her equally luminous breasts.

Rebecca, with her huge brown eyes, her long curly black hair, full lips and generous curves, was a veritable Jewish princess. Her brown tanktop wasn't concealing the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra over her big soft boobs. And her short cotton shorts showed off her ample thighs.

Tati, on the other hand, was petite. She had short cute brown hair under a colorful, vaguely Indian headband, and wore an all-but-threadbare thriftshop t-shirt through which her most obviously perky nipples demonstrated their perkiness. When she sunk back into the couch, the t-shirt hugged her small, firm upturned breasts.

Jenn didn't know it, but her friends' soft young bodies had given me a pleasant minor hardon. We all went to bed, warmly drunk off sangria, and I slept on the couch with images of the girls writhing in my head.

I awoke the next morning to Quinn crossing the livingroom to the bathroom wrapped in a towel. She smiled at me and closed the door behind her. But the door was a french door. And it had no curtains. My sleepy brain put this all together and I realized that I was looking into the bathroom at the shower curtain, and that just around the corner, out of sight from the livingroom Quinn was sitting on the toilet, peeing. I decided on the spot to pretend to have fallen back asleep, facing the french doors. Quinn flushed the toilet and emerged back into view completely naked.

Saturday morning sun slanted in through the bathroom window, illuminating her gorgeous hair and already luminous golden skin. Her back curved gracefully down to her soft round ass, and from there it was all smooth leg down to the tiled floor. She turned around and the sunlight struck her breasts, which tapered to her golden nipples like soft cones and levitated effortlessly over her perfectly smooth belly. She moved and the sun set fire to her golden bush. Then she turned on the shower and disappeared behind the vinyl curtain.

Jenn emerged from her room looking sleepy and suggested we make some breakfast. As we ate, Quinn came out of the bathroom and joined us at the table, wet and wrapped in her towel. "You wanna shower, B?" She asked. "I'll get you a towel." After we ate she went upstairs and returned wearing a tight t-shirt and underwear, holding a towel for me.

I went into the bathroom and decided I'd go about things as if I wasn't visible from the livingroom. I was definitely aroused by the thought of Quinn watching me like I had watched her. I stripped down, not turning around to see if she was there, and took a shower.

When I pulled back the curtain to grab my towel I was surprised by what I saw: Rebecca was sitting on the couch flipping through a magazine. The surprising bit was that she was topless. She looked up at the sound of the rings against the rod, smiled at me, and went back to her magazine. Her tits looked even better now then they had the night before through her tank top and a haze of sangria. They were very big, sagging ever so slightly in a youthfully pleasant way and capped by a pair of dark, rich, round nipples. As I dried myself Quinn joined her on the couch and unabashedly watched me, smirking sweetly. Even before I was completely dry I had to pull on my boxers; the combination of Rebecca's tits and Quinn's attention was making my cock hang a little heavy.

Back in the livingroom, fully clothed, I sat on a chair and talked with Quinn. "Are you comfortable with our bathroom setup?" She asked.

I told her it didn't bother me at all, and that I actually really liked the openness it introduced. That was the truth.

"Cool," she said. "And what about us walking around topless?" She looked slowly at Rebecca's chest.

"Again, I like openness. And I've always been comfortable with nudity. Just act like I'm not even here."

"Cool," she said again, as if this were an interview, which I suppose in a way it was.

Then Tati came downstairs, and I wasn't surprised at this point when she was wearing only a pair of vintage red running shorts with white piping. She bounced down the last few steps into the livingroom, and I think we all watched her pert little breasts bounce with her. She was all smiles this morning and she giggled when Quinn told her I had taken advantage of — and enjoyed — their shower.

"Well good, that's where I'm headed," Tati bubbled, and after getting herself a glass of water she leapt into the bathroom and promptly yanked off her shorts.

"For being such a natural girl, I'm surprised she shaves her pussy," Quinn said quietly, gazing at Tati. We had all, at this point, seen Tati's shaved pussy, and were admiring it as Quinn spoke. "Usually girls like her just let it grow."

"Well maybe her BF likes it nice and smooth when he goes down on her," Rebecca said. "Boys like that."

Quinn shot me an Isn't that true? sort of look.

"It's true," I said, looking up just as Tati's tight round ass disappeared into the shower. Rebecca stood and walked over to the bathroom, her ass (easily twice the size of Tati's — but variety, my friends, is the spice of life) jiggling under her cotton shorts and her uninhibited breasts quivering beautifully. She opened the door and announced to Tati that she was going to pee, which she did, without shutting the door. Liberated indeed, I thought, rejoicing that I had decided to visit Jenn, The girls' openness warmed me, and I wished we could all spend the day naked, together, discussing sex and bodies and openness.

Tati finished her shower, and milled around the bathroom for a good while completely naked. Her petite frame had a perfect softness to it, with just the right amount of firm young chub in just the right places. Her soft lines only broken by her sharp, hard nipples pointing up and out. Tati's cute bounciness had sass to it, I thought, and her little tits were the embodiment of that sass.

Quinn was watching her with me. "She's beautiful, huh?" She said.

"Yeah, really," I replied. Quinn laughed a little and walked upstairs.

\*To be continued\*