**Girls Trip**

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**Girls Trip: Night 01**

This trip was exactly what they needed, a chance to get away from their jobs and families and just unwind. The three of them had been close friends since their twenties, and had grown only closer in the two decades since.

The hotel was nice, but not too fancy. They'd saved a lot of money by going in the off-season, with the added benefit that there weren't too many people around. In fact, that night as they sat in the hot tub they found they had the entire area to themselves.

There was Janice, the health nut, slim and fit with short hair that she'd sooner die than admit wasn't naturally blond. She had the body to show off, and dressed appropriately in a black halter-topped bikini. Sitting to her right was Sharon, her long mousy brown hair tied up to keep it out of the water. The years had put a few extra pounds on her, but to her fortune she carried a lot of it in her chest and butt, wrapped now in a very modest red two-piece bathing suit Finally with short dark curly hair, there was Cathy, the largest of the three women. Her size hadn't come with age, rather she had always been and quite content to be "fat and happy." She had poured herself into a simple one-piece suit, it was... blue.

They sat there in the whirling water, talking about old times and sipping tropical drinks. The conversation soon turned to their sordid affairs, or rather unsordid, as it seemed to revolve around the things they hadn't done.

"You've never taken in the backdoor?" Sharon asked in sly surprise.

"No," replied Cathy, "that's weird... and Bob's way too big to fit back there?"

The other women eyed her, finally Janice asked what they were both thinking. "How big IS he?"

Cathy held up her hands about six inches apart, then slowly started moving them out to the familiar length of her husband's cock as a grin crept across her face.

Sharon splashed at her, "Oh come on, he is not!"

"Swear to God," replied Cathy, "Not an inch less and thick as my wrist." She put her hand around her wrist to illustrate her point, "Maybe a little thicker."

"Well, I don't think I'll ever look at Bob the same way again," Sharon said before taking a long sip of her drink.

Feeling like she'd suddenly put herself in the spotlight, Cathy turned the topic to her friends. "What about you two, how big are your guys' things?"

Sharon and Janice thought for a second and both held up their hands fairly average lengths apart before all three collapsed in a fit of giggles over the absurdity of suddenly all knowing the size of each other's husbands' dicks.

Once the laughter subsided Janice kept things rolling, "So, what else HAVEN'T we done? Sex in public?" both women shook their heads, "I suppose none of us have been with another woman."

"Nope," said Cathy.

"I don't think I've ever even seen another woman's vagina" laughed Sharon.

"I'm not sure I've even seen mine," replied Cathy with a chuckle.

Janice raised an eyebrow, "What, you've never just accidentally SEEN another woman in the locker room or something like that?"

Sharon thought for a moment, "Well yeah, but that's just a little bit, I've never seen like, the whole thing up close."

"Oh," replied Janice, "In that case, neither have I."

After a brief laugh the three grew silent. Here they were in this hot tub, nobody around, dressed in bathing suits, they were all thinking it, but waiting for someone else to suggest it.

Finally Cathy broke the silence. "Well... we could just like... show each other," she managed to spit out while avoiding eye contact. And after a few seconds of without response blurting out "No, nevermind, I'm sorry, that's weird."

Finally, Sharon replied, "I mean, we're all adults, there's nothing weird about looking at each other's bodies right?"

"Absolutely not," chimed in Janice, "If anything it's healthy curiosity." "So, who goes first?"

The three friends looked at each other in silence. "Well it was Cathy's idea," Sharon eventually brought up.

Cathy's cheeks flushed, she looked at her friends waiting for her response. Eventually she managed to sputter out a reply, "O... okay, but you have to promise that you'll do it too." Once both women had sworn oaths that were sufficient to convince Cathy of their intent to comply, Cathy climbed up onto the edge of the hot tub and timidly spread her legs. She looked away and grabbed the edge of her bathing suit, then with a quick "I can't believe I'm doing this," pulled it to the side.

Sharon and Janice gazed intently into the dark curly hair between their friend's legs. "Can we... get a little closer?" asked Sharon.

"Um... yeah, fine," Cathy replied, "Just hurry up."

The two women floated over and looking closer could see her plump outer lips meeting together in a single clean slit through her crotch. "Could you maybe... spread it a little?" asked Janice.

"Oh jeez, are you serious?" asked Cathy, face growing redder by the second.

"Please?" added Sharon.

Cathy sighed, "Fine." She reached down and gently parted her mound, revealing her thin pink inner lips, pressed together and meeting under her hood. Cathy's friends just looked on silently, they had never imagined this was what Cathy's vagina looked like, they had never really considered it before at all. By this point Cathy was beet red and running out of new levels of embarrassment. "Okay, that's enough!" she said before covering herself and slipping back into the water, "who's next?"

Sharon and Janice just sat there quietly. "You... both promised!," Cathy sputtered out nervously. She was already imagining the two of them telling everyone about the dumb thing stupid Cathy did on their trip when Sharon pulled herself up on the edge.

"Okay, I guess I'm up," she said nervously.

Cathy and Janice moved in closer as she pulled her bottom aside. Water dripped from the thin carpet of brown hair as they eyed every fold. Her lips were thick, and darker than the surrounding skin, completely different from Cathy. Sharon reached down and gave them a light tug, "I guess I've got a bit more down there, but nobody's ever complained," she said with a sly smile before letting them fall back into place. Unlike Cathy, Sharon looked directly at her friends as she exposed herself. If anything it felt liberating, like she had been keeping a secret from them that was finally revealed.

"Could you... spread it a little? Cathy sheepishly asked.

Sharon considered it, "Well," she eventually said, "one good turn and all that." She reached down and gently pulled her labia apart, Cathy couldn't help but think that it looked like a butterfly spreading its wings. After holding it for a bit, she let them snap back together, covered herself, and reentered the water. "Well Janice, you're the only one left," she said with a smile.

"And now we finally get to see if you're a natural blond," added Cathy, provoking a laugh from all three women.

"Oh you think so?" Janice said as she stood up. She hooked her thumbs under the sides of her bikini bottom and yanked them down. When she straightened herself, Cathy and Sharon found themselves staring in defeat at her completely bald crotch. "Well girls," she said patting her mound, "I guess the mystery remains."

"You naughty girl," said Sharon, "I never would have expected."

Janice just smiled as she sat down on the edge of the hot tub, raising one leg and resting her foot beside her. "Well," she said gesturing towards her pussy, "Come take a gander."

They moved in and saw exactly what they were expecting, tight, thin, perfectly symmetrical lips, a perfect shade of light pink sticking out of the smooth tanned flesh surrounding it. It was a very "Janice" vagina. As they watched, she pulled on her mound and let it snap back with a slight jiggle. "Well girls," she smirked, "what do you think?"

They both thought she was showing off, but chose to keep that to themselves. "Looks great Janice," Sharon said politely.

"How much did all of that cost?" asked Cathy, prompting a series of playful swats from Sharon.

Janice just smiled, "this is all natural," she said in an intentionally ambiguous tone, "you can touch it if you want."

"Are you serious?," asked Sharon.

"Sure, there's nothing wrong with that," Janice replied casually, "Just don't go inside me or anything like that."

"Yeah no, I'm good," said Cathy, holding her hands up and returning to her seat at the other side of the hot tub.

Sharon kept her eyes fixed on Janice, a strange anticipation building inside her. She reached out her hand and gently brushed along the outside of Janice's lips with her finger. It was so smooth and soft that she got chills. She ran her finger down the center, the soft lips parting slightly as she did. Deep inside she felt that this was as far as she could go, she lowered her hand back into the water and just started for a few more moments.

As Sharon watched, she noticed Janice's lips begin to loosen, and Janice's pink clit poke up from beneath its hood. She looked up at Janice, "Are you getting turned on?" she asked with genuine surprise.

Janice swung her legs shut and placed a hand over her crotch, if it was the first time Cathy or Sharon had actually seen her look embarrassed. "Sorry," she blurted out, "It's just... I have this... you see..." She collected herself and continued, "I have this... fantasy, where someone watches me... you know... touch myself," She paused to regain more of her composure and continued, "You were there staring at me, my mind started to wander, and I guess it took my body along for the ride."

Sharon suddenly felt bad for bringing attention to it. "Well," she started, we are all here, and the way things are going, I guess it would be okay if you wanted to... you know... in front of us. Right Cathy?"

Cathy panicked at being put on the spot, "Oh, yeah, right, totally cool... I mean, yeah, that's something I'd like to see." Despite her awkward phrasing, her sentiment was genuine.

Janice smiled, "Well, if you're really okay with it." It was immediately evident that her momentary brush with embarrassment had little effect on her arousal, as her legs slowly spread revealing her clit still staring out at them. She brought a hand up to her breast and began rubbing it softly beneath her palm as her other hand slid down her toned stomach, across her barren mound, and on towards her awaiting pussy. She glided her fingers slowly up and down her hood before moving on to clip, rubbing the tip with a gentle circular motion. She threw her head back and took a deep breath, exhaling a slight quivering moan.

Sharon and Cathy just watched in silence, occasionally glancing over at the other, neither knowing how they were supposed to react to this sudden escalation of events. Janice lowered her gaze back to her two friends, biting her lip as she felt their eyes on her during this most private act. Her movement became faster and stronger, her lips dancing beneath her gyrating fingers. The motion was hypnotic, drawing the other women as they stared into her. The movement changed, up and down, faster and faster, Janice's lips and things jiggling slightly with each motion. She bent forward, letting out shallow quivering breaths, and suddenly cupped her hand over her mouth, muffling a scream as her whole body began to shake. She sat for a moment with her head down, drawing deep breaths and releasing them with a slight quiver. Eventually she raised her head and leaned back, "Well," she started, "Thank you for... indulging me."

Cathy could only sit there, not knowing how to respond. She looked over to Sharon, who responded by pulling herself up onto the ledge of the hot tub, revealing the mysterious disappearance of the bottom half of her bathing suit.

Janice smiled, "Is that a challenge?" she asked, lazily running her fingers around the edge of her lips.

Sharon's only reply was to grasp her thick hood firmly between her fingers and begin coaxing her clit out to play. Janice and Cathy watched as the folds of skin slowly pulled back revealing her shiny pink button. By now Janice had moved her fingers inward and was slowly pressing up and down her slit, moist lips hugging the tips of her fingers as she went.

Sharon grasped her clit between her fingers, drawing a sudden breath as the pleasure shot through her body. A smile crept across Janice's face as she watched her friend, and for the first time it hit Sharon how real this all was. Things had been moving so fast that it seemed like a fantasy, but now she was completely aware that she was being observed and her actions reacted to. However this sudden realization didn't put her off at all, in fact she found that she was even more excited. She could feel her clit swelling as she rubbed it between her fingers, she glanced down at herself to be sure it was actually her who was doing this.

Cathy couldn't help but stare, looking back and forth between Janice and Sharon. She'd known them for so long, and yet was seeing a side of them that had remained hidden until now. Sure they talked about sex stuff, but she'd never connected it to the reality of them actually performing those acts. She watched Janice's fingers sliding up and down, barely dipping into her glistening crevice. She turned and watched Sharon's clit sliding between her fingers. She looked at their faces, Sharon in the height of pleasure, Janice basking in the afterglow, and without knowing how it got there, found her own hand between her legs.

She couldn't help herself, her fingers moving of their own accord. She felt guilty, like she was using her friends for her own selfish pleasure, but she couldn't stop herself. She knew what she had to do, she lifted herself out of the warm water and into the cold night air coming to rest on the hot tub's edge. Sharon and Janice broke their fixation on each other's bodies and turned to her in surprise. Their smiles showed it was a pleasant surprise, but a surprise nonetheless. Cathy avoided eye contact with her friends, "Well, I didn't want to be the only one left out," she said, trying to act cool.

The two women's eyes were glued to Cathy as she slipped her stubby fingers between her legs and began massaging herself through her bathing suit. She got up the courage to look back to her fiends, they were both watching, but their gazes felt warm and inviting. She wanted to satisfy that gaze, she wanted to show more of herself to them. She slid her suit to the side and dove her fingers into her ample fold, rubbing up and down her deep crease as her friends watched. She turned her attention to Janice, who had once again taken to the hypnotic circular rubbing of her clit, her other hand slid inside her bikini top to grasp her nipple. She turned to Sharon, rubbing herself much faster now and tugging on her lips with her other hand. Cathy's fingers had situated themselves firmly on her clit, and she found herself matching Sharon's speed. Sharon began to spasm as small squeaks escaped her mouth, she released her lips and took several deep breaths. She leaned back with a look of satisfaction on her face as she continued to slowly rub herself.

Cathy became fixed on Sharon's lips, when she'd seen them earlier they were held tightly together, but now they dangled from her, swaying and jiggling as her fingers brushed against them. Cathy wanted them to see more of her, all of her. She spread her legs further, and pulled her suit as far to the side as she could with her free hand. Sharon and Janice leaned in to watch new development, and Cathy could feel their eyes on her. She plunged two fingers inside her, sliding in and out in rhythm with the rubbing of her clit. Looks of delight took over her friends' faces as they watched their "shy friend" pleasuring herself with complete abandon.

Suddenly Janice's head snapped to the left, and then turned back with a look of terror. "Someone's coming!" she cried out in a loud whisper. In a panic, all three women jumped back in the hot tub, the water sloshing violently with the sudden influx of mass. They all sat there quietly, trying to act as natural as possible as they heard footsteps approaching. A woman in a maid's uniform rounded the corner, she walked up to a door, unlocked the door, and entered. Moments later, she emerged carrying a large plastic bottle and returned the way she came. Once the coast was clear, the three of them broke out in a fit of laughter, at the unusual situation they had all just put themselves in, and once that calmed down the conversation returned to more mundane topics.

After a while of returning to normal chitchat, a thought occurred to Cathy. "Hey," she asked, "did you two ever put your bottoms back on?"

Sharon and Janice looked at each other, and then almost as if they'd rehearsed it, they simultaneously held up their suit buttons and grinned.

"Seriously," Cathy replied, "You've just been sitting here asses out this whole time?"

Janice spoke up, "Well it's not like anybody could see what we're wearing below the water... and besides, it feels so much nicer having the water caress your bare skin." She spun around letting her bare ass breach the surface of the water before sinking back down.

Sharon floated herself across the hot tub, "Yeah, it's great," she added, "You should try it."

"Yeah, well I can't really take the bottom half of this off," she said tugging on her one-piece suit, "it's either on, or it's off."

"Oh, well if that's the case," replied Janice with a sly smile. She reached behind her neck and untied her top, letting the fabric fall off revealing her breasts.

"Janice," hissed Cathy, "What if someone else walks by?"

"Oh what if they do?" Janice replied, "They'll just tell me to put my top back on that'll be it." She untied the back and removed it from her completely, tossing it to the ground outside the tub along with her bottom. She stretched her arms over her head "There that feels much better," she said. Cathy and Sharon watched Janice's breasts rise and fall with her arms, they'd seen her topless before, while changing and things like that, but that was always with an unspoken understanding that they weren't really supposed to look. But now, in this place, on this night, they suddenly found that unspoken rule lifted.

Her breasts were small but firm (suspiciously firm Sharon thought) and tanned all over, with light quarter-sized nipples perfectly centered on each one. Janice was clearly proud of the girls, and was taking great delight in showing them off. "Well," she said, "Don't you two feel silly sitting there all covered up now?"

Somehow that made sense to Sharon and she reached back and unhooked her top, her breasts sinking several inches into the water and she too placed her discarded modesty outside the tub, as if to mark that she was in there nude. Cathy and Janice were eyeing her, and she realized that she wasn't quite exposed. She straightened herself, lifting her breasts out of the water. They were large and pendulous, and hung quite a bit further down than Janice would have liked. A light tan line cut across each one right above her large dark nipples. She lifted them in her hand and said "I guess they're pretty nice, I just wish they were still up here," before letting them side back down her wet chest, swaying gently then coming to rest.

Once again Cathy was on the spot. Maybe it was the hot water, or the new supportive bond they'd forged that night, or maybe just the alcohol, but this suddenly seemed like a very good idea. She slid the straps off her shoulders, pulled out her arms, and shimmied the stretchy blue fabric down her breasts, past her stomach, over her butt, and finally down her legs. She felt reluctant to let it leave her grasp, but eventually dropped it outside the tub as the other woman had done. While she had taken her suit off, it was almost like she hadn't. Her tanned arms and chest contrasted strongly against the pale flesh that the suit had been hiding. She slipped her arms under her breasts, bringing them together and surfacing them. They were huge, both women had known this, but this was actually the first time they'd seen her topless, and seeing them fully presented like this made their size all the more evident. Her nipples were similarly large, but such a light shade of pink that the areolas were nearly imperceptible. After a few moments she let them drop back into the water, "Okay, you seen 'em" she said as she leaned back taking in this new experience. Janice and Sharon were right, the hot water felt amazing swirling over her bare breasts and stomach, she let herself float up a bit to let the jets caress every inch of her exposed flesh.

The three women reveled in this newfound freedom, laughing and playing in the safe warm water and welcoming support of each other's non-judgmental gazes. They would rise briefly, letting the cool night air kiss their nude bodies before dropping back below. As they laughed, and splashed around, and just generally enjoyed each other's company, Cathy finally got the courage to bring up something that had been on her mind for a while. "Hey," she began timidly, "so earlier when we were... I never got to... you know... finish." As soon as the words escaped her she began to turn red, suddenly wishing she could shove them back inside her mouth.

Sharon looked at her with sympathetic eyes, "Oh yeah," she said softly, "I guess in all the excitement we kinda forgot about that. Please, be our guest." Janice was silent, but smiled in agreement.

Cathy suddenly felt very warm and soft, her two best friends, who she loved dearly, were encouraging her to pleasure herself in front of them, not as part of a shared ritual, but just because it was a desire that she wanted to satiate.

She brought her hands up to her chest and began to run them downward, her normally heavy breasts feeling almost weightless in her hands. Her nipples were staffed by the time she reached them, taking each between her fingers and squeezing gently. She looked at her friends watching her perform this sensual act, their faces familiar and welcoming, she felt like she could do anything in front of them and it would be okay.

She brought her hands down further, running them across her large stomach, feeling it sway gently with the motion of the water. She pressed further, down to her thighs, big and soft, she suddenly felt that they were as desirable as any other woman's. Her hands slowly moved up the insides of them towards their final destination. When they got there her fingers found her clit eagerly awaiting them anxious to play. She let out a small sigh as she made contact, her fingers finding the spot familiar and comforting. She began rubbing up and down, pleasure shooting through her with each movement. Soft moans escaped her lips as her speed increased, her other hand rubbing and clutching at her soft thigh.

Janice and Sharon just watched calmly, as if this were the most normal thing in the world for them to be seeing. Janice leaned over and whispered something in Sharon's ear, the two women looked at each other, then back at Cathy with wide smiles. Cathy had no idea what they were up to, and was too focused on her own pleasure to really be concerned about it. The two women slid themselves around the edge of the hot tub, each coming to rest on either side of Cathy.

Sharon leaned into Cathy's shoulder, raising one hand out of the water to run it through Cathy's thick curly hair. From the other side Janice began running her fingers up and down Cathy's arm. Cathy's clit swelled even fuller, prompting her fingers to move faster and faster. The two women smiled at Cathy's reaction to their attention, prompting them to move in even closer, pressing the outsides of their thighs against hers. They both opened their legs slightly, allowing her soft thighs to rest on top of them as she spread them wider. Janice turned slightly, pressing her breast into Cathy's arm. The stiff nipple rubbing against her skin made Cathy even more excited, now rubbing herself uncontrollably, trying to stifle for frequent moans.

Quite pleased with the reaction Janice slid her hand down the side of Cathy's breast, gently pinching her nipple, her actions concealed by the churning water. Cathy sucked in a deep breath as Janice's thin fingers clamped tighter on her nipple, making her own press hard into her pulsing clit. She grasped wildly beneath the water with her free hand, eventually finding Sharon's and clutching it tight. She felt like the three of them were connected, as is somehow if she rubbed herself hard enough she would be able to share the sensation with them. Her body shook as the waves of pleasure washed over her, her hand tightened on Sharon's, her breath came fast and shallow, until despite her efforts she released a loud squeal of orgasmic delight.

Janice released her nipple but kept her hand on the quivering breasts, Cathy's fingers intertwined with Sharon's, and for a brief moment the three friends sat together basking in the afterglow. Once she had caught her breath, Cathy spoke up, "We... should probably get going, I'm pretty sure everyone in the hotel heard that." The three women giggled and playfully teased each other as they redressed, wrapped themselves in towels and scampered back to their room all feeling very giddy and a bit naughty.

Once the door closed, Sharon began wiggling out of her wet suit beneath her towel, suddenly feeling very silly. "I suppose modestly isn't really necessary anymore," she said, dropping the towel and stripping down in full view. Janice and Cathy followed suit, and after handing their wet clothes in the bathroom, found they were all standing together completely nude. In this setting, alone and private, there was a different feeling to it. There was no thrill of the possibility of being caught, only the three of them with nothing to hide. Even after all the years they had known each other it was like they were seeing their friends for the first time, completely revealed, completely open to each other. "Would it be weird to have a group hug right now?" Sharon asked, feeling a bit overwhelmed by the emotion. Her friends' only response was to step in and put their arms around her. They stood there for a while, their naked bodies pressed together, it felt very good. The feeling wasn't sexual, instead it was as if a yearning for closeness that they'd never even known they'd needed had been suddenly met.

They knew eventually they would have to release each other, just as they knew this trip would eventually end. But for the time being, they chose to ignore all that and just enjoy the moment.