**Susie's Weekend Adventure**

by Jessie

Susie was a 4 foot 11 inch, 35 year old single female who was in pretty good shape due to working out at the gym, trying to slim down her hips and thighs. Recently she realized that she works way too much and that she is just working for a life, instead of living a life. She had done some dares in the past but that seemed to be a distant memory.

Susie had been given a job, tasked to work with a client on improving processes at their establishment. This would be a week-long visit all paid for and covered by her office. She was to go to the facility on Friday and introduce herself. She would spend the weekend there to settle in, and then start first thing Monday morning. The company would cover any weekend monies used. Susie was normally not a big spender and packed enough clothes to not have to worry about any large clothing purchases.

On the flight over, she organized her itinerary for the training to follow. She arrived at the facility early Friday and introduced herself. She met the team she would be working with. Later she had lunch with the team and was feeling confident that the team is well prepared and anxious to begin. Near two o’clock in the afternoon, she left and decided to go back to her hotel to take a nap. When she arrived, she went straight up to her room, slipped her shoes off, pulling off her blazer, and collapsed on the bed. An hour later she woke up refreshed and anxious to see the city.

"Maybe I'll go out to a club. Watch the people dance, chat and watch the mating rituals here. Hmmm what do I wear....To hell with it! No one knows me here. Everyone lives in the suburbs and now I'm in the city! I think I want to dress slutty... HA!"

She went into to the bathroom and pulled back her hair in a tight ponytail. Susie then removed all her makeup in order to start fresh. Usually, she didn’t wear much other than base and lipstick... but tonight is different.

"Here goes..." Susie said to herself, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

On went the base. Some light blush, eyeliner... thick and dark. Dark eyeshadow and long eyelashes. Ruby red lipstick, with black lined lips. More base on her neck to her chest. She was a small chested young woman, size 32C, but at least she had something.

Susie then pulled off her blouse, careful not to mess her makeup, and removed her bra to better blend the makeup onto her chest. As she looked in the mirror, she kind of liked the way it was all coming together. If she were to see someone like this on the street, she would think that she is a conceited slut.

"Lol…not bad," Susie laughed, and next the panties came off. "I need a trim."

She walked into the bathroom to get a towel, scissors and a razor. And some oil. Placing the items on the bed she went back into the bathroom to lather up. Water, soap and another towel. Then back to the bed.

"Trim, trim, trim to nice and short. Now the razor. Maybe a small landing strip?" She smiled to herself.

Susie was starting to feel really sexy. She continued to clean and shave. More cleaning... more shaving.

"Ok?" She stood in front of the mirror. "... me! It's not straight! Shave it all off, then!"

And so, off came her pubic hair. All of it, every wisp.

"Next the oil!" Susie thought. "It keeps me from chapping."

Susie reached for the oil and started rubbing it on, first over her shins, and then up to her thighs.

**Susie's Weekend Adventure - Part 2**

David was a nerdy 20 year old boy. He hated his job at the hotel but at least he did get some nice tips. Today, Mr. Shotz, his boss, was using him for food deliveries to the guest rooms. Up to three dinners would fit on his cart and he was ordered to go directly to each room and politely knock until answered. He was to place the tray on either the room's desk or on the counter near the bathroom.

Mr. Shotz handed him the list for these deliveries. The second delivery was for Mr. Randall on the 5th floor, room 512. Mr. Randall said he would not be in until later, but to leave the food on the counter.

"No tip there!" David thought to himself.

The last is the top floor, room 621. Mrs. Jackson, she was the nice looking business lady who always reserves at this hotel. She was very nice and tips very conservatively.

"Maybe 2 dollars there," David thought.

The first drop off went as planned. New guests with a toddler, hence the chicken strips.

"One dollar tip! Crap!” David complained. “Bad tip day.”

Next stop was Mr. Randall.

"No Tip Randall... great!” the young man sighed. David exited the elevator and turned right. "Room 521. All the way to the end... great!"

David slid in his master key to let himself in. He was to be as quiet as possible due to other guests possibly sleeping. He slowly turned the lever and placed his foot between the door jam and the door. He quietly slid the tray off of the cart and slowly opened the door.

"Now balance the tray on one hand.... and slowly close the door… Why are some of the lights on?"

He slowly turned to face the room. There, in the middle of the room, was a beautiful woman lying on the bed, caressing her legs... her eyes closed as if she was enjoying the feel. She reached for some fluid next to her and squeezed some on her belly. David couldn’t help but look at the lady's crotch. Completely and totally bald! It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He just watched as she massaged the fluid into herself. She brushed her fingers around her sex… slowly rubbing around her clit. Then just above it.

David then realized where he was, and what he was watching.

"Oh my F'ING god! I'm in the wrong room!" He thought wildly. His member was throbbing in his pants, begging for release... "I gotta get out of here..."

Slowly, as quietly as he could, David turned to leave. A moan escaped the lady.

"No!" David thought to himself "…don’t!"

He opened the door and made his way out of the room. He found himself flushed and sweating. Quietly he replaced the tray and stiffly walked away from the room. He was feeling a bit dizzy and returned to the elevator.

A sudden, impulsive thought crossed his mind. “Hey, maybe I can get another glimpse.”

He rushed back to room 512. Knocking on the door, but no answer. Knocked again... still no answer. So out came his master card key. He slid it in, slowly opening the door.

"No lights! And a different layout,” he muttered, disappointed. “Right room now! Just deliver the food, David!"

**Susie's Weekend Adventure - Part 3**

Susie's hand was rubbing her body with the oil.

"God this feels so good!"

She thought back to the last time she felt this way. It seemed so long ago now. Almost like a movie she once watched. It was when she had arrived home from traveling during her "playful" period. She had been wearing a silky rayon sea blue dress, no panties, no bra. She was waiting for her luggage at the luggage claim area in the airport. The area was packed from all the arrivals at the same time. A few cute men in the crowd had caught her eye. Luggage started coming through the conveyer. People pushed their way closer. Susie recalled the feeling of her dress being pulled up a bit as the crowd of humanity pushed closer. Susie had reached down to pull her dress down, but it slipped out of her grasp. She touched her own thigh. She moved her hand to touch her sex.

"Oh My God!" Susie was now moaning as she slid a finger into herself.

Then she heard a noise, “click”.

"What the hell was that?" She thought, sitting up.

Still covering her sex with her hand, she walked to the door. Looking out the peep hole.

"Nothing!" she sighed. “Well, the moment's gone… I better get dressed. Now, what to wear?"

Susie started to go through her luggage. "Hmm. I have this black lace top. But it doesn't show much. The lining makes it very conservative. But if I cut it here…"

Off comes the lining and into the trash can. She held the top up to her chest.

"Oh crap! Too sheer!"

Again, Susie looked through her luggage. There was a black teddy top.

"Hmmm. Spaghetti straps...okay!" She pulled it on and looked herself over in the full length mirror. "Too long!"

Out came the scissors again: snip… snip... snip. Then she tried it on again.

"Hmmm... you can see my bellybutton now! Nope, need to cut some more." Snip... Snip... snip... "Now? Oooh! Ha! The bottom of my boobie! Ha, now there's that slut! Bottoms now... should I go with leggings? Boring. Skirt? Conservative and boring. Jeans? Hmmm... They look too 80's ish. I know, I’ll tear them!”

Susie laughed out loud. “Ha ha! My good ol' scissors are really getting a workout!”

Snip ... snip… And after quite a bit of tearing and cutting they looked quite slutty, indeed.

"Slide them on slutty sista! And no panties… Woo! They fit looser now! And to finish it off, black high heels!"

Regarding herself in the mirror, Susie said, "Now, frizz up the hair.... and I'm ready!"