

## A Night at the Hotel Motel Holiday Inn

It was a dark and stormy night when Rich Businessman #1 got out of his limo, put his arm around his current lover, and walked into the Hotel Motel Holiday Inn--the fanciest, most expensive, most prestigious hotel on the northern southerly side of New York. He made straight for the receptionist at the check-in desk, a pretty blonde with a dazzling smile.

Now, Rich Businessman #1 was a charmer. He was rich, handsome, and slick. He was a real cowboy Casanova. Only, he whipped employees rather than cattle, and wrangled with corporate lawyers rather than Indians. Needless to say, Rich Businessman #1 started smooth-talking the receptionist. He figured "Hey, if something happens tonight and it turns out I'm short one lover, she might come in handy. It's always good to have a back-up."

Eventually he made his farewell remarks and wished the receptionist a wonderful evening. She smiled and gave Rich Businessman #1 his room key. He thanked her and headed for the elevators, his arm around his current lover the whole time. Meanwhile the chauffeur brought in their luggage and handed it off to the lobby boy. The lobby boy followed the couple to their room, deposited the luggage, and wished them a good night.

With the lobby boy gone, Rich Businessman #1 and his lover started, well, "getting to it." Rich Businessman #1 was, unsurprisingly, a businessman, and he knew time was money. There would be no foreplay that night.

Back in the lobby, Rich Businessman #2 walked in with *his* lover. Rich Businessman #2 was, unlike Rich Businessman #1, not at all charming. He was blunt, guarded, laconic--a Spartan-like sort of man of strong build and sharp features. He checked in, got his key, and proceeded to his room without a word. His lover followed him, and the lobby boy followed her. The lobby boy deposited their luggage and wished them a good night. They promptly started having sex.

Then came Rich Doctor #1. Now, Rich Doctor #1 was a liberal sort of man, so he had not one but two lovers with him. He was affable, not exactly charming, but quite the conversationalist. He was a bit like Bill Clinton. Rich Doctor #1 graciously accepted his key and, with his promiscuous entourage in tow, went up to his room. The lobby boy brought up their luggage and bid them a good night. With the room all to themselves, Rich Doctor #1 and his lovers started having fun. Foreplay was involved, in this case.

Next came Rich Businessman #3. He was meek, weak, a computer geek. But he had all kinds of money, so he did quite well with the ladies. In fact, he had six lovers with him that night. They wasted no time checking in. The lobby boy followed them to their room and wished them a good night, whereafter Rich Businessman #3's lady friends, eager to please him, went to work.

And finally, in walked none other than Rich Lawyer #1. Rich Lawyer #1 was tired from an exhausting, month-long trial that saw not the slightest respite of any kind. Consequently, he had no lovers with him. He regretfully had not had any lovers since the trial began. So now he was desperate. He asked the receptionist if there were any young, attractive, single ladies staying that night at the Hotel Motel Holiday Inn. She said yes, there was one in particular she thought Rich Lawyer #1 might enjoy. Rich Lawyer #1 asked for this woman's room number. The receptionist gave it to him, and he went there. And then things happened.

Some time passed. The night wore on, still dark and stormy outside. It was just after midnight when Rich Businessman #1 came down to the lobby. He looked flustered.

"Hey, have you seen that girl I was with earlier?" he asked the receptionist.

"No, I'm afraid not," the receptionist replied. "You've lost her?"

"Yeah, I can't find her anywhere. I've looked all around our floor and she's not there. I can't believe it. I don't know how it happened. She just said she was going to the bathroom and then she was gone." Rich Businessman #1 was not a happy camper.

"What's her name?" the receptionist asked.

"Uh..." Rich Businessman #1 did not know his lover's name. But he was saved from embarrassment, for just then Rich Businessman #2 stormed into the lobby.

"Woman. Mine. Lost," he shouted at the receptionist.

"Hey, your girl is missing too?" Rich Businessman #1 asked. Rich Businessman #2 nodded his head, his eyes seething with rage, furious rage.

"Well..." the receptionist started to say, but suddenly she was interrupted by Rich Lawyer #1.

"Hey! Hey!" he shouted, running from the elevators to the receptionist. "That girl you hooked me up with? She disappeared!" Rich Businessman #1 and Rich Businessman #2 exchanged glances.

"I think..." the receptionist began, but again she was cut off, this time by Rich Doctor #1.

"This is a disaster, this is a disaster..." Rich Doctor #1 was muttering to himself. He looked up at the receptionist. "Miss, have you seen my women?"

"There is..." the receptionist started, but yet again she was interrupted, this time by a soft sound coming from around the corner where the elevators were.

"Psst!" was the sound. "Psst! Over here!" Rich Businessman #3 peered around the corner and waved his arm.

"It's okay, you can come out," the receptionist said. Rich Businessman #3 looked at her for a moment, adjusted his glasses, and then scurried out into the lobby.

"My associates are nowhere to be found," he said. "I searched everywhere. I did a thorough job, really. I even built a makeshift tracking device..." Rich Businessman #3 detailed how he rigged up some gizmo to locate his missing "associates", but nobody was listening anymore. The other rich professionals, as collections of men often do, had started grumbling.

"I can't believe this!" Rich Businessman #1 exclaimed.

"This can't be a coincidence. It's outrageous," Rich Doctor #1 said.

"I can't fathom how such a preposterous and most undesirable state of affairs came to befall all of us at the same time," Rich Lawyer #1 said.

"Rage," Rich Businessman #2 said.

"I hope we find them," Rich Businessman #3 said. Everyone else looked at him. Then they looked away.

"Guys, guys, guys..." the receptionist spoke up. They quieted down. "You really are completely oblivious, aren't you? I mean, come on! He's been hiding in plain sight this whole time!"

"Who?!?!?!" they asked. Then they looked around. Someone was missing.

In a room deep within the bowels of the Hotel Motel Holiday Inn, the lobby boy was having the time of his life. But just then there was a knock on the door. The lobby boy got up

from his... activities, looked through the peephole, and then opened the door. It was the receptionist.

“Did you get rid of them?” the lobby boy asked.

“We’re all yours,” the receptionist said, gesturing to herself and the others. She shut the door behind her.

The End