

# Its all in the details

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Sabina had been talking to Max for at least 5 months. They met online but were thousands of miles from each other not to mention daily responsibilities. Both were trim as they worked out consistently> Sabina preferred dancing at the clubs to aerobics and Max loved the iron at his local gym. Both caught the eye of the opposite sex but Sabina admitted she also caught the attention of her own, either way it was always appreciated. Both lived their lives in denial of their ages, the late 40's. In the world of singles oriented websites with fleeting emails from disappearing characters Max and Sabina were a consistent duo. Phone conversations were intermittent but their emails were not. They chatted about anything and everything, from the mundane of popular culture to the intensely erotic. Sabina took special joy in photographing and modeling her most recent purchases and emailing them to Max. Max took special joy in each and every email. To Max chatting with Sabina was like free chocolate pudding. They found comfort in the ability to be able to tell someone about themselves without worry of condemnation Many times they commented to each other of their own local dates; of how Mr. Pilot was going to be in town next week and that he offered to take Sabina to Phoenix for a weekend. Max would bemoan another deceptive date, where he should have recognized the shoulder pads of the woman's photograph dated back to the days of Duran Duran. They weren't jealous of each other at all, they took comfort in knowing they wouldn't find anyone as complimentary as each other. Eventually this was an itch that just had to be scratched, they agreed to meet at hotel for a weekend at a location new to both of them. Sabina's flight would arrive in the early afternoon where she would hire a car to the resort while Max arrived the previous day. Sabina reminded herself to keep calm but she was nervous as hell. She remembered that Max took care of the details and that she was to ask the front desk for an envelope with her name on it. The attendant was pleased to be able to provide her with the note and asked if there was anything else she could do for Sabina: "No, I'm taken care of." "Dear Sabina I'm so happy that you've arrived; it's about time isn't it? I've taken care of the details, you don't have to check-in just ask the person at the desk to give you a room pass for #654. As I had mentioned I had some business to attend to in the city but will meet you in the lounge at 5:30 pm. Max" With a skip to her step, Sabina took her room key and hit the button to the elevator that took her to #654. When she entered the room Sabina put down her bags and took in the space they would share for the weekend. A very plush room with a King bed and zillion count sheets. An extra large bath with glass shower walls and views of the mountains that were priceless. "Nicccceeeee" came as a whispered murmur from her lips. On the bureau where she laid her keys she spotted a

second envelope with her name on it. With a tilt to the angle of her vision she picked up this envelope and opened it as well. "Dearest Sabina, after all this time I feel enormously guilty that I wasn't able to meet you at the airport. I would like to make this up to you in the best manner I'm capable of. I know you'd like to take a long bath as you have some time before we meet. In the bath you'll find your favorite composer on the CD and a bottle of the best champagne in the hotel. Max" Now this man had Sabina off balance, she was not prepared for this. Her first and only husband had a romantic notion as often as tree stumps come back to life. But as she walked into the bath, there was the CD: Mozart. A knock on the door distracted her momentarily and she went to the spy hole and noticed it was room service: champagne....on ice. "Nicccccceeeee" It didn't take long for Sabina to strip and slip into the bath. Warm water, bubbles, champagne...good gawd she felt like a Courtesan and didn't have a guilty bone in her body. "It's nice to be the Courtesan" came from a giggling Sabina. When the water started to cool and before she started to pickle Sabina got up and wrapped the hotel robe around herself and went to her bed to unpack her things. Skirts, jeans, bras, they all came out and she went over to the bureau to place them in the drawer, where she found another note: "Sabina, now before you think I'm a kook in writing all these notes I want you to know that I'm taking care of everything. Max." She interrupted herself: "Max your dead wrong, I don't think you're a kook, I just don't think you're going to get any sleep tonight." She proceeded again: "Go to the closet and look to your left, I would like to see how these fit when I meet you this evening. Max" Wide eyed and amazed once more she walked to and opened the closet. Inside and to the left hung a a dress and matching shoes. She took a quick half inhale and dared to look at the labels "Versace Halter Dress - Black" and Manolo stilettos." To the right were some of Max's items including a dress shirt that appeared to have been worn, a temptation Sabina could not let pass. She took the fabric of his shirt to her nose, inhaling his scent. Her first contact with him as a man and now she had his scent, a smell she loved and liberated or not, she craved. "Max, you're Certifiable but now you're not getting any sleep tomorrow night.....or the night after." It took some time for Sabina to collect herself and do her hair and makeup, she was starting to pace and her nerves resembled a Starbuck's junkie forced to drink decaf. The clock was going double speed and she had only a few minutes before she had to meet Max when she started to put away her unlimited amount of make up and girl items. Where to stash them so Max doesn't see? She looked all over the bathroom, then she spied a discreet drawer below the sink. "There! Max is still a guy and will be oblivious to this." She opened the drawer and was stunned to see another note and a small box. "Sabina, did you like the dress and shoes? I hope so and I have one last favor to ask of you." This was a curious vein of thought because the last thing Max was doing was forcing favors upon her. "Inside the box is a special toy and before you slip on your thong I'd like you to slide this toy inside your delicious pussy. Max" Now dear reader, what choice does Sabina have at this point? I don't think so either. Sabina takes a long look at the device. Its egg like in shape, seemingly coated in a kind of plastic with a three inch looped cord. With little options available to her at this point and time running out she opens her legs and leans against the sink shelf while slide the egg inside of her then covering her pussy with her thong. She proceeds to take the hotel by storm in search of this depraved man. Sabina reminds herself that Max had said the

cocktail lounge and when the elevator door opened she had no idea where that was. But she heard the unmistakable sound of lots of people chatting and glassing clinking..not to mention the sounds of broken glass. Sabina appears at the entry to the bar but the bar is jammed shoulder to shoulder men and women, she thinks to herself that this is simply unfair. Then, a gentle purring commences in her pussy. "WTF! As her eyes grow wide and she's frozen in trying to comprehend whats happening. It does take a moment. You, the reader would take a minute like Sabina does, wouldn't you? She decides to start working the room by going left. The purring slows to almost nothing. She stops. She turns and goes back from where she came. The purring starts to recover. She pauses at the entrance and looks out, the purring recedes again. Back again she turns. Sabina thinks to herself that he must be "a twisted fucker but I think I like even more". She commences to go to her right. The purring increases. Sabina now has a thought "If he thinks for one moment that I'm some Stepford robot, he's wrong. I'm the Courtesan." She now pauses and walks to the bar, her face is flushed and she feels on edge. The purring is constant and her body has reacted. She's becoming increasingly wet and inflamed. As she stands at the bar waiting for the bartender she clenches her legs and cheeks and feels a delicious thrill as the little egg does its wonder inside of her. When her drink arrives she takes an unusually large sip and thinks "game on" The purring increases. After four steps she doesn't know what her limit is as she closes her eyes and stands still within herself. Impervious to the men and women around her, glorifying from within the thrill of the purr. She continues to walk another thirty feet, eyeing both men and women, paying special attention to spot the man behind this plot. At thirty feet, the purring subsides. She's stops cold as she needs the purr to continue its reliable tone and beat. She continues to climb higher and its just too good, she needs the buzz. 7 feet and four steps back, the purring inside of her increases once more. "Oh gawd" she tells herself. She can't really think or speak in coherent thoughts...just single words and images. She spots a man angled away from her, about Max's size with the hair color and style that seems right. He's mixed in with other people but he's not conversing with them, he's ignoring them. She's intrigued. Two steps closer the beat continues faster. Next to the tall intriguing man, a seat opens up. Not so gracefully she steps herself to the chair and gracelessly falls into it. Her head leans towards the nape of the neck of the tall man. She has to see if he smells like the man's shirt...the buzzing increases to a frenzy. White lights and blindness, a crescendo of sensations of pleasure cascade thru the mind and body of Sabina. In a moment's time she utters: "Thank You" She hears: "A pleasure"