

suddenly and without warning

≡ MENU

Laughing Gas

Nov 20 | Matias Travieso-Diaz

My fantasies run wild when a beautiful woman comes to my office.

"Please open wider."

With those breasts, you have to be great in bed.

"Please rinse."

I'll have you eating out of my hand soon. Women are all the same.

"What's your name again?"

...

"My cousin is also named Christine. She's tall like you, but thinner. And not as attractive."

...

"But it's the truth! I bet your husband says that every morning."

...

"Oh, I'm sooo sorry. So young to be a widow! Please excuse me, but how did he die?"

...

"Like a friend mine! He ate canned peaches that were past their expiration date. I can only imagine how much you must have suffered. Does it hurt when I press here?"

...

Let's take X-rays.

"Christine, you have four cavities. I recommend we start treatment soon."

...

"No worries. There is more than money in the world. There is friendship and mutual appreciation. Christine, we just met but I feel we've known each other for years. See, for me there have been only two women in the world: my mother . . . and another one. My mother is dead. The other one lives, but is deader than my mom."

I've this line down so well that I can recite it without thinking.

"I've given up on love and women. It's only when I run across exceptional women like you, that I yearn for a new friendship. For me, love no longer exists."

Now I'll sit on my stool, beneath you, and glance at you with glittering eyes.

"Christine, can we be friends? Yes? Thank you so much."

Now I squeeze your hand inside mine. I get up, my back turned as if to hide my feelings. I resume in a quivering voice.

"So, what do you say? Do we start treatment today, or leave it for later?"

...

"Why don't you want to start treatment today? Are you afraid of the pain? Yes, I'll have to sedate you. No, we won't do anesthesia. I prefer working with nitrous oxide, known as laughing gas. You'll feel nothing. Honest. Do you trust me?"

...

"OK! Let's get started."

I'll put the little mask over your mouth and get you to relax.

"Christine, I'm going to ask you a few questions. OK? Yes, you may laugh as we talk."

...

"So, do you like me? More than your husband?"

...

"You didn't really like him. Then why did you marry him?"

...

"You were pregnant?"

...

"Have there been other men in your life?"

...

"What happened to them? They all died!!?"

...

"How did that happen?"

...

Something they ate? That sounds strange.

"Are you a cook?"

...

"Did you make anything special for your husband before he took ill? What? Ahh, I love lobster, too. And for your first lover? Also? And the second?"

...

What the hell!

"Christine, I must cut short treatment today because I'm running late. Would you like to come in on Thursday?"

...

"OK. Let me finish cleaning your gums."

"You get ready to leave. I help you straighten your dress. We smile. You walk to the door and turn.

"Doctor, why don't you drop by my apartment sometime, have dinner and drinks?"

"Many thanks. What is your specialty?"

"Lobster thermidor. I make my own bechamel sauce. Didn't you say you like lobster?"

"I love it. Let me see what would be a good day for us to get together. I hope I'll come to see you soon."

Or I won't. Are you worth the risk?

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