

Excerpt #1: The Job Interview

The air seemed fresher with Rosalie in the room, as if a cool breeze followed her. “When did you first become interested in dentistry?” Calvin inquired, intoxicated by this woman’s presence. She was so alluring and incandescent, so perfectly dressed and coiffed, that she seemed computer-generated.

In her soft, mellifluous voice, Rosalie explained that she had always enjoyed putting her fingers in people’s mouths. As a young girl, she giggled at the warm, wet feel of teeth and tongue. As a teenager, a human mouth was a mysterious cave, a complex, intriguing orifice begging for exploration. Even as an adult, she loved to slip on a plastic glove and probe inner cheeks.

“I see you had one previous position,” Calvin said, peering at her resume. “Hygienist to Seth Puddicombe in Cobb. Why did that only last four months?”

“I wanted to move to Solon Springs,” she explained, “so it was just a matter of relocating.” In truth, it was more than that. The fifty-five-year-old Dr. Puddicombe had fallen in lust with Rosalie and couldn’t keep his roving hands off her. At first she encouraged this behavior, but a few weeks into the affair, she grew restless. She needed a new, younger, and better looking challenge.

“I can understand wanting to live in Solon Springs,” Calvin said. “It’s a great place.”

“I look forward to treating every tooth in this lovely town,” she said.

Overwhelmed by Rosalie's interest in all things oral, and ecstatic that he found someone as fascinated with tooth care as he was, Calvin offered her the position. She accepted without hesitation.

"Since you'll be our only hygienist, it'll be a baptism by fire," Calvin warned.

"Well," Rosalie replied with a clasp of her hands, "I'm ready for the heat, Dr. Rhodes."

Excerpt #2: Incident On the Dental Chair

Calvin hesitated momentarily. Then he blurted it out. "Would you be willing to floss my teeth?"

It was an odd request, a peculiar question for one colleague to ask another. But there was something about the moment and its intimacy that allowed the question to be asked. Calvin understood that if Rosalie agreed to do this, if she agreed to floss the dentist's teeth, there would be no turning back; their lives would change in some perilous, irrevocable way.

Rosalie lit up with excitement. "Absolutely," she declared. She grabbed a roll of mint waxed floss and almost dropped it in her haste. "In fact, it would be my extreme pleasure to floss you, Calvin."

She uttered his name. Emerging from her lips, its sound was classical music to Calvin's ears. Chopin. Debussy. Bach. He wanted her to repeat his name again and again; he didn't think he would ever tire of hearing it.

Calvin stretched out on the plush leather chair as Rosalie stood behind him. Almost simultaneously, each took a deep, nervous breath. Then the dental hygienist began to floss with the utmost care, one upper tooth after the next, dislodging all unwanted food particles. Rosalie was determined to prove that she was a flawless flosser. Little did she know she didn't have to prove anything because in Calvin's eyes, she already *was* flawless. Still, she did her best, and her best was exemplary. After Rosalie finished flossing Calvin's upper set, she politely asked, "Would you rinse for me please?"

Like an eager young pupil, Calvin reached for a paper cup and filled it with water. He rinsed thoroughly as Rosalie watched closely. One rinse. Two. Then he tossed the empty cup into the trash container which was directly under the small sink. "Very good," Rosalie commented like an exceptionally pleased schoolteacher.

"Thank you," Calvin replied, as if rinsing one's mouth was a task that could be poorly executed.

In order to plunge at Calvin's bottom set of teeth, Rosalie stepped to the side of the reclining chair. With impressive flexibility, she flung her leg over Calvin's torso, straddling him. He held still. Then she went to work on his bottom teeth as his blood tingled.

She flossed him. She flossed him with total conviction. Not only did she rub his gums back and forth until they bled, she cleaned the side of each tooth as the floss ascended to the top. It was the best, most thorough flossing Calvin had ever received.

After the job was complete, Rosalie remained on top of him. “Rinse, please,” she ordered. Again, Calvin reached for a paper cup and filled it with water. Because of Rosalie’s proximity, it was impossible for Calvin to rinse without the right side of his head gently brushing against her breast. She didn’t mind. She didn’t budge. After rinsing twice, Calvin tossed the cup to the floor, this time missing the trash container by about six inches. “I didn’t make it inside,” he said with disappointment.

“Don’t worry,” she softly told him. “You’ll have another chance.”

Surrounded by spoon excavators and sinks, straight chisels and shiny metal picks, the sexual tension that had been simmering for weeks finally reached a boiling point. The dentist and his hygienist ignited in a powerful, combustible way. As articles of clothing were tossed on the carpet, Rosalie lowered her body down onto her elbows, and spread her legs. With fumbling fingers and racing hearts, the two of them kissed, licked and groped, bounced and bobbed, causing the large leather reclining chair to speak in audible squeaks and squeals.

Both Calvin and Rosalie seemed to be moving unconsciously, subliminally, instinctively. Their bodies shifted and shook, lifted and took time finding the most satisfying positions as if taking orders from some unknown, omnipotent power that exuded control. The experience was a surreal symphony.

Now on top, Calvin held her, handled her, and squeezed her with all his strength, as if he intended to break her ribs. His wife would have pushed him away if he’d tried that with her, but Rosalie didn’t mind. In fact, the harder he squeezed, the more she seemed to enjoy it.

“Don’t hold back, Calvin,” she whispered. “I want your full weight on me.”

The dentist accommodated her request. “Now bite me gently with those perfect teeth of yours,” he commanded.

Not only did Rosalie oblige, she committed totally, willingly, gratefully. Again and again. Her lips, eyes, and teeth, seemed to devour him with no-holds-barred hunger. Then he began to bite her lightly on the neck, careful not to draw blood, but careless about everything else. Calvin had never experienced anything like this; it was the closest to pure bliss he could imagine. How could he ever want it to end? Calvin’s dark leather dental chair, soft as a cloud, became the comforting new center of his universe.

Excerpt #3: Caught in the Act

Silently, furtively, Calvin let himself into the office and raced to the examination room. After removing his shoes and loosening his belt, he stretched out on the comfortable reclining chair. He could hardly wait to have the woman he loved in his arms.

When Calvin heard the office door open, he could feel a surge of adrenaline bombard his body. Then Rosalie appeared in the doorframe. In a simple green blouse and off-white skirt, she was so exquisite, so naturally beautiful, that Calvin wondered if he was seeing a mirage.

She approached slowly, as if in a magnificent dream, and climbed on top of him. The first kiss was warm and tender. Seconds later, clothing began to peel off, and the kisses became more passionate. Rosalie was down to her bra and skirt, Calvin his white jockey shorts. His hand slid up her soft, shapely legs. She wasn't wearing underwear.

Carnal intoxication flooded their minds and bodies, and they joyfully, blissfully lost themselves in each other.

When they first heard the muffled sound, they ignored it. But when the sound became louder, they instantly looked at the door which was in the midst of opening.

In one dizzying, life-changing second, they saw Imogene standing in the doorway, snapping pictures of them at play. She clicked once, twice, three times. For Calvin, each click felt like an electric current bombarding his brain.

Everything became so clear so quickly. They were caught. Ambushed. Entrapped. In a mad scramble of socks, buttons, undergarments and outer clothing, the couple managed to dress in record time, but not before Imogene bolted from the office. She wouldn't give them the slightest chance to grab her camera and crush it.

Calvin and Rosalie appeared shattered, shot, as if Imogene had been holding a handgun instead of a camera. "I don't believe it," Calvin muttered. "I don't believe it."

"Oh my God," Rosalie said. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God."

"Did that really happen?"

"It happened."

"Why?" Calvin asked frantically. "Why would she do this?"

Rosalie's blouse was back on and Calvin's pants were halfway up his legs.

"Because she's a manipulative, jealous horse's ass."

“Jealous?” Calvin was perplexed. “Who is she jealous of?”

“You,” Rosalie stated with certainty. “She’s jealous of you because you have *me*. She wanted me as a friend and heaven-only-knows-what-else, and I refused. I could hardly stand to *look* at the woman let alone be bosom buddies.”

Calvin paced maniacally. He wanted to pick something up - a chair, a lamp, a research book - and throw it violently through the window. “All right, so she wanted you, and you refused. Why would she take pictures? Who does she plan to show them to? My wife? What does she want? Money?”

“You can’t interpret the mind of a sociopath.”

Dread was descending on Calvin so rapidly that the lights in the room seemed to dim. “I want to kill her. I want to choke her. I want to pull every tooth out of her pit bull mouth.”

“I’ll help you,” Rosalie said.

“Do you think she’ll come back to the office?”

“Sure. For show and tell. I’m sure she’ll have plenty to show, and we can tell her we won’t take this lying down.”

“I can’t believe it,” Calvin said. “My entire future, everything I’ve worked for, is in this deranged woman’s hands.”

The stage was set for a fiery, ferocious battle.

* * *

