

Dentist

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

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Walking over to the company cafeteria for lunch Tuesday I was a basket case, and I knew it. I wasn't sure what I wanted to eat, even though I usually get about the same thing. I fumbled with my wallet at the cash register, and put my tray down on the table next to Yvette when I realized I hadn't gotten a fork. I sighed and went back for a fork, and decided a napkin or two would probably be a good idea.

When I sat down, Yvette's usual smile turned to a look of concern. "Ron, what's wrong?"

I can't hide anything from her. Yvette worked for me for a year and a half. I called her my administrative assistant -- she called herself my secretary. A few weeks ago she'd moved over to the credit and finance group; it was a promotion for her, and although I was sorry to lose her, at least she stayed in the company. We still ate lunch together, and now that she didn't work for me, the company "no fraternization" policy didn't apply to either of us.

I sighed and looked at her, trying to smile. "I went to the dentist this morning."

She frowned. She knew how I felt about dentists, having made and reminded me of appointments in the past.

"But it was just a checkup and cleaning, right?"

I nodded and started in on my lunch. "Yeah, but they want to make me king."

She looked puzzled for a moment, then smiled -- a sad, knowing smile. "A crown? You need another crown?"

I nodded. "Yep -- lower tooth with a very large filling and two cracks. A disaster waiting to happen."

"But you're going to have it done, aren't you?"

I nodded. "Scheduled it for next Thursday, although I don't know how I'm going to survive it."

I put down my fork and looked at her, shaking my head.

"Even with the cleaning, I was so tight in that chair that my neck is stiff. So is my stomach, and my legs -- I must have been rigid in that chair for half an hour. I don't know what I'm going to do next week."

"Did you talk to him? He's a sweetie. You know he won't hurt you."

I snorted. "Part of me knows that, but the other part of me is terrified. Maybe I should find someone that uses gas."

She shook her head. "No, he's one of the best dentists around, and you know that. That's why I go to him too. You've had other crowns done, how did those go?"

I tried a laugh -- it didn't work. "I was a wreck before, during, and after."

Her frown turned to a smile. "I've got an idea. Will you trust me? Will you work with me?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess so, anything that will help."

She squeezed my hand and changed the subject, telling me the latest corporate gossip. We finished our lunches and returned to our respective grindstones.

She called about two. "Hi, what's up?" I asked.

"We're leaving at a quarter to four today," she told me. She lived a few miles from my place; she drove over and we carpoled in. That saved us both time and grief. We used the carpool lanes on the freeways, we got better parking at work, and we could bail out of work at a regular time -- "Got to go, carpool!"

"Okay, I guess so, why?"

"Trust me."

I took a deep breath. She'd saved my life before -- might as well.

"Okay, see you about a quarter to four then." I made sure my calendar was clear for the afternoon.

She showed up on time and we walked out to my car. As we approached it, she said, "Keys?" I tossed her the keys and got in on the passenger side. Nominally we traded driving,

although I did it most of the time. The only thing I liked less than traffic was riding as a passenger in traffic.

Leaving early had its rewards though. We headed to an area near where we lived. She wouldn't tell me where we were going. When I asked, she responded, "Trust me." Okay.

We pulled into the parking lot of a nondescript two-story building across the street from a McDonald's. I looked at the sign out front -- a bunch of small offices -- tax/CPA, insurance, an accountant.... I groaned -- hypnclinic.

We parked and Yvette put a hand on my shoulder. "Ron, I asked you to trust me on this. Please, give it a try. I've worked with David, and he's helped me a lot. You wouldn't believe how screwed up I was before I came to work for you. Will you give it a try, for me?"

I liked the way she was looking at me. I smiled. "Yvette, I trust you. If you think it will help, I'll give it a try."

As we walked up the stairs, I had visions of standing on a chair barking like a chicken.

When we went in the door, which had a tinkling chime on it, we heard a man's voice call out, "Come on back!"

Yvette led me back from the waiting room area to the rear of the suite. We walked through a small common area, to two offices in the back. A tall, young man walked out of the right hand office. He extended his hand.

"I'm David. Pleased to meet you."

I shook his hand. "David, I'm Ron. I guess you know Yvette."

He smiled and nodded. "We've worked together for a few years." He turned more to Yvette. "Thanks for calling. How are you doing?"

David was a few inches taller than me, with short cropped hair and a short goatee. He had a muscular build with impressive biceps.

Yvette was quite relaxed around him -- that was a good sign. "Oh, I've been doing great. I started a new job a few weeks ago, leaving Ron in a lurch."

I laughed a little at that. "No, it was a good move -- quite a promotion. It's a better career path for you," I told her.

She put a hand on me and gave me a concerned smile. "But who's going to look after you now?"

David motioned us into the office. The layout was a little unusual. There were the usual bookcases, and one wall with plaques and nondescript serene pictures. Two recliners were against another wall. But rather than an office desk, there was a smaller desk with a computer, printer, fax, and phone. Next to it was a table with a little stereo, what looked like a mixing board, some other stuff, and two pairs of headphones. There was also a microphone on a stand connected to the mess. David pointed me to the chair closest to the sound setup.

“Why don’t you take the Chair of Change,” he intoned. I smiled and sat down. He handed me a clipboard with the usual paperwork to fill out. I went through that quickly.

David sat in a higher roll-around chair. When I handed him the completed paperwork, he glanced over it quickly.

“So,” he said, “Yvette tells me you don’t react well to dental work.”

I seized up at the mention of it.

He noticed and nodded. “And I think she’s right,” he said matter of factly.

We spent a few minutes talking about how I felt about dentists, and what was coming up. We spent a few very useful minutes talking about hypnosis, and what would and wouldn’t happen. I wasn’t worried about standing on a chair and barking like a chicken any more. I’d even relaxed some.

“So when are you going in?” he asked.

I froze up again, from head to toe. “Next Thursday at eight.”

He nodded. “Here’s what I suggest. Working together, we can help a lot with this. This afternoon, let’s just work at relaxation, and see how that goes. Sound good?”

I nodded. “I could use to relax.”

He smiled. “Okay, let me give you each a pair of headphones to put on. Ron, do you find the beach, and the sound of surf relaxing?”

I nodded, then said, “Yes, very much so.”

“Good. Just wanted to check. Okay, lean back in the Chair of Change, put these on, and we’ll get started.”

I slipped on the headphones, looking over at Yvette, who was doing the same. I kicked off my shoes and leaned the chair back. It was comfortable. The sound of surf started in my ears, soon followed by David’s voice, telling me to relax and let my eyes close.

We started relaxing from the top of my head on down. I lost focus somewhere, I'm not sure where. I remember the strange feeling of my hips relaxing -- strange but good. When we got to the toes, we went on an elevator ride, going deeper and deeper. I only remember bits and pieces from then until I heard his voice counting up to ten, and I was wiggling my fingers and toes, breathing a little deeper, and then opening my eyes.

I looked over to Yvette. She was taking off her headphones, and had an incredible relaxed look on her face. I smiled -- I probably looked about the same. I hadn't felt this relaxed in a long, long time.

"How was that?" David asked.

My mouth was a little dry. I swallowed once, then told him, "Don't have anything to compare it to."

"Do you think this would be a useful skill?"

He didn't ask if this would help with my upcoming dentist visit, but that was the implication, and I went rigid again. Then I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, trying to recapture where I'd been just a few moments ago. I didn't get all the way there, but I got sort of close. I opened my eyes and said, "Yes."

David smiled and nodded. "You're going to be good at this. We want to get you to the point where you can sit in that chair and relax more than you did today. Here's what I suggest. Let's get together tomorrow, Thursday, and Friday mornings at eight. Now that you know how to relax, the next step is for you to learn to achieve that state quickly and easily. We may want to practice more next week as well -- we'll play that by ear. How does that sound?"

I looked over to Yvette. She was smiling.

"Sounds good to me."

We talked about fees. He told me he'd do this on a fixed fee, and I wrote him a check. Yvette and I walked out a few minutes later. As we walked down the stairs, I said, "I can't believe how relaxed I felt!"

Yvette laughed. She put a hand on my shoulder and said, "You looked more relaxed than I've ever seen you. You're still looking relaxed. This is going to help."

I looked at her and smiled. "Yes, I think it is. Thank you again."

As we drove home, I asked, "None of my business, but what did he help you with?"

She frowned momentarily, then sighed and smiled. "A lot of personal things. Dealing with stress was one of them; that and overcoming some bad habits. Don't be surprised if you have some unusual feelings the next few days -- this stuff seems to stir things up."

I shook my head. "If I can relax in that chair next week..."

She laughed. "Don't worry. You will. Trust me."

We actually hugged briefly at my place before she got in her car and drove off -- other than a hug at the company Christmas party, that's the first time we'd ever made contact like that. It was nice.

I left voicemail that I'd be in late the next few mornings -- luckily I didn't have any early meetings scheduled. I was still relaxed, but tired, and turned in early.

And was up early the next morning, with Yvette arriving for the drive back to David's office. We went through the same routine -- put on the headphones, recline back, eyes closed, listen to the surf and drift away.

Until he said "dentist" and my eyes flew open and I almost leapt from the chair. My heart was racing. It took the rest of the session to get me calmed down again. David didn't think it was any problem -- that's why we had a few sessions scheduled.

The next morning he took a different approach. We started out the same, and he took me really deep -- I was very relaxed, and pretty lost. He took me to a place where I was looking for some words. I was looking for the words or the phrase that would send me back to this relaxed, calm state whenever I heard them. I found a scrap of paper or something, and read the words that were on it.

We left that place, and he brought me up again. Rather than doing it slowly, as he'd done so far, he did it quickly -- one, two, three -- eyes open. As soon as I opened my eyes, he said, "Dream time," and my eyes closed again, and I sank back down to that peaceful place.

I don't know how many times we repeated this. It got so hard for me to come up -- I was opening my eyes, but still deep in trance, and then I'd close them and go so much deeper again.

Finally he let me float for a while, then brought me up slowly.

As I opened my eyes and took off the headphones, he told me to just stay leaned back in the chair and close my eyes. That was easy.

Then he asked me to imagine that I was in the dentist's chair, and my eyes flew open and my heart started to pound.

He said, "Dream time, eyes closed."

My eyes closed, and I relaxed a little. We repeated that again a few times until I was going pretty deep again. Then he brought me up slowly.

I was surprised to see we'd only spent a little over twenty minutes -- I'd expected we were about at the end of the hour we'd scheduled.

David looked at me and gave me a tight smile. "You're going to need someone there with you," he told me.

I looked at him and said, "In the immortal words of the Sage -- No shit, honey."

He nodded. "I'm out of town next Thursday and Friday. Yvette, would you do it?"

I turned and looked at her. She blinked and shook her head, waking up. She smiled to me and said, "Of course."

David looked at the clock. He picked up a key on a large ring from the desk and handed it to me. "Go use the men's room down the hall and come right back."

I stood up slowly and put my shoes on. I took the key and headed out.

When I got back to his office, the chair I'd been in was pulled out from the wall a few feet. David waved his hand, indicating for me to sit down again.

"Ron, you're doing really well, but you've still got a fairly strong reaction. So, we're going to gang up on you. You don't stand a chance. How's that sound?"

I smiled. "Sounds good. What do I do?"

He smiled. "Lean back and enjoy it. You've got the easy part."

I leaned back, and pretty soon he had me back in that relaxed place again, without using the headphones. Then he started the one, two, three -- eyes open -- dream time -- routine again. After a few times, he counted, and then Yvette said, "Dream time, eyes closed." It was somewhat startling, and I didn't go very deep.

Then David brought me up, and as Yvette spoke, she pressed gently on the sides of my head with her fingers. The world fell out from under me.

I think we repeated that a number of times. I'm not sure -- I'd never been that deep before. We must have done it quite a bit, because the next thing I knew, Yvette's voice was bringing me up, and it was almost nine in the morning.

David asked me how I was doing, but I still wasn't with it yet. He suggested Yvette drive us to work, and I readily agreed. He told us we'd continue tomorrow, which was Friday, and then next week work on some specific things.

I was still in a daze going down to the car. I gave Yvette the keys. When I got in and buckled up, she suggested I recline the seat. I leaned it back as far as it would go, and put on my

sunglasses. She started the engine, then I felt a hand on my head and heard her say, “Dream time, dream time,” and the world fell away again.

When she brought me up, we were just getting off the freeway, about five minutes from the office. She immediately started asking me things about work. I didn’t realize it at first, but that was a big help getting my mind pulled together again.

She did it to me again on the way home. I got in the passenger seat, barely got buckled in, and she pulled the rug out from under me. When I opened my eyes, we were pulling into the driveway at my place. I struggled up and looked at her. She gave me quite the grin.

“That’s a great way to travel,” I told her.

She laughed. “I’m glad you liked it.”

We hugged after getting out of the car. “Sleep well tonight,” she told me.

David had told me he was also giving me suggestions to help deal with stress, and that the work we were doing would help me in a number of ways. I was sleeping better than I had in years. I was also worn out earlier in the evening. What had Yvette said earlier in the week? Something about stirring things up? We needed to go out to dinner together. She’d really saved me on this one.

Friday morning at David’s office the chair was already pulled out when we got there. I sat down, and before I could say much of anything, I felt hands at my head, and Yvette said, “Dream time.” My lights went out.

We spent the morning with me imagining I was in the dentist’s office, in the chair. It was hard at first, very hard. By the time we finished for the morning, it was getting easier.

But the world went to hell shortly after we got to work. I don’t know what I looked like when I sat down with my tray for lunch, but Yvette immediately asked, “What’s wrong? What happened?”

My hands were shaking. Whatever confidence I’d had was shot.

“The dentist called. They meant to tell me Tuesday, not Thursday. I checked the appointment card they gave me -- they’d written Thursday but the date was for Tuesday.”

She held my hand, looking concerned. “Well, reschedule it.”

I shook my head. “They don’t have a slot open for another five weeks, and the doc doesn’t feel good about letting it go that long. He must have a house payment to make.”

She grinned a little at that. “We’ll make it,” she told me.

“How?” I asked.

“You’ve trusted me this far.”

I smiled and nodded. I had. We ate lunch in silence.

I expected the same treatment riding home that I’d gotten the last few trips in the car. I was mistaken. I got to drive. Once we got on the freeway, Yvette put a hand on my shoulder.

“I talked to David this afternoon after lunch. He’s busy this weekend, but we went over what you need to learn. I can do it. We’ll need to spend a lot of time practicing this weekend.”

I turned and looked at her. She could undoubtedly tell I was giving her an “Oh, really?” look, even with sunglasses on.

She nodded. “I can do it. I can put you in a deep trance pretty easily, if you haven’t noticed.”

I took a breath, focusing on the traffic again. “I’ve noticed. It’s very nice.”

“I know what to do. We just need to work at it.”

I smiled. This cloud might just have a silver lining in it yet. “So you’ll go out to dinner with me tonight?”

She laughed. “That sounds wonderful. Yes, I’d be happy to. But we’re going to spend a lot of time together this weekend, to get you ready for Tuesday.”

I put a hand on hers. “Sounds pretty good to me.”

We went to a steak house -- red meat, and plenty of it. Driving back to my place afterwards, I asked, “Do we start tonight?”

She shook her head. “No, ten tomorrow morning. I’ll give you a chance to pick up the place first.”

I had to laugh -- she had me pegged. As a single person in a good-sized house, I tended to let things go.

She showed up a little before ten. I’d been up since eight, cleaning up, after spending a few hours cleaning the night before. I’d slept extremely well.

She had a clipboard with some paper on it. She was wearing loose fitting clothing, pants and a top. As I looked at her, I thought we should see more of each other. We could, now that she wasn’t working for me.

She looked around a little, then smiled and said, "I won't look in the closets."

I laughed. "Good idea. What and where?"

We walked through the living room area, through the kitchen, peeked in my office, and ended up in the den.

"You don't have a recliner, do you?"

"Nope. Thought of getting one of those fancy chairs from the Back Store, but haven't done it."

She pulled a pillow off the end of the couch and tossed it on the carpeted floor.

"That's what I'd expected. Okay, we work on the floor. On your back, big boy."

I gave her a questioning glance. She smiled and said, "Trust me."

I laughed a little and flopped down on the floor, putting the pillow under my head.

She sat at my head, putting the clipboard down next to her. I looked up at her and smiled. She smiled and said, "Close your eyes and take a few deep, relaxing breaths for me."

On about the third or fourth breath, as I was starting to exhale, I felt her touch and heard her say, "Dream time." My lights went out.

She played me like a yo-yo for a while, taking me up and down. Eventually she took me very deep and I got to float for a while. I remember something about parts of my body getting light, and some getting heavy, some getting stiff, some going limp.

She counted me up again, slowly, and I opened my eyes. She was sitting beside me. I smiled.

Then I noticed my right arm was sticking straight up in the air. I was puzzled.

"Can you lower your right hand?" she asked.

I tried. It wouldn't move. "No." It was strange, and exciting. I couldn't move or bend my right arm. I thought about grabbing it with my other hand, and I found that my left arm was limp. "I can't move my left arm either!" I told her.

She smiled and put a hand on my chest. "I know. And in a moment, I'm going to start counting to ten. As I count, your right arm is going to get heavier and heavier, and start drifting down to the floor. Your eyes are going to get heavier and heavier too, and the harder you try, they heavier they'll get, and when I get to ten, your eyes will close, your arm will go limp, and you'll go deeper into trance than you've ever been before."

She was looking me right in the eye as she spoke. She was smiling. I was excited, even a bit aroused -- my heart started beating fast. She started counting. My arm and my eyelids got so heavy. I really tried, but I couldn't keep my eyes open or my arm up. Did she skip 6? I was confused and fading fast. She finally said, "Ten," and I didn't feel my hand hit the floor.

Something went on, but I'm not sure what. She counted me up slowly again. She was still sitting by my side. She helped me sit up. It was a quarter to twelve.

"How was that?" she asked.

I blinked and moved around a bit. "That was fantastic. What was that about my arms? I couldn't move!"

She nodded. "Isn't that wild? It took me weeks to get to that stage. This afternoon is going to be fun. But now, what's for lunch?"

We walked about three blocks to a local burger place for lunch. We walked back, and after a bathroom break, we settled back in the den, ready to continue.

I expected her to pull the rug out from under me, but she did the relaxation thing, starting at my head and working down. I think she did, anyway -- I was gone by the time she got to my chest.

I opened my eyes and she was sitting beside me again. My right arm was sticking up in the air. I looked at her.

She said, "Watch this!"

She peeled open a little package, sort of like a bandage. She took out a little needle with a plastic handle. Then she stuck it into my right hand.

"I didn't feel a thing!" I told her. I closed my eyes, but I couldn't feel it!

I opened my eyes, hearing her open another package. She stuck another needle in the palm of my hand.

"Oh, these are sterile. I got them from the gal I go to for acupuncture," she told me, "Something else you should try." Then she unwrapped a third one and put it in the back of my hand, between the thumb and index finger. She even twirled it a little.

"This is amazing! I don't feel a thing!" I told her. "And I'm relaxed and calm. My heart should be pounding, but it's not!"

She nodded, smiling. She took out the first two needles and put the little plastic covers back on them.

She moved over me a little, leaning over me so her face filled my vision. Yvette is a very pretty woman. I've known that for a long time. She spoke softly to me. "This third needle is very special. When I pull it out, all the tension is going to flow out of you. You're going to relax completely, melting into the floor, going into a deep trance for me. Won't that be wonderful?"

I was practically there already, looking into her eyes. "Oh yes," I whispered.

"Take a deep breath for me then," she said as she sat back.

I did, and then she said, "Good. Hold it... Hold it... Hold it..."

She pulled the needle out of my hand and I melted into the floor.

When I opened my eyes, she was sitting beside me again. My arms were at my side. Wait a minute -- we were on my bed! And, we were both naked!

"What..." I started to say.

She put a hand on my chest and I stopped. I couldn't move -- I was limp. Well, almost all of me was limp.

"Now we're going to put everything together," she said, as she straddled me.

She was very pretty. She still had tan lines from the summer. Her breasts weren't large, but they weren't small, either. Her nipples looked so tasty. I was hungry for her.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I want your nipples," I told her.

She smiled, then moved one of her arms. Her eyes half closed and she moaned. I couldn't move my head, but I could see her shoulders and head moving around. I couldn't feel anything. Not a thing.

I figured out what was happening, and suddenly I was so sad. I closed my eyes, and found myself floating again.

Even though I was floating, I could hear her, or I thought I could. I could hear the bed squeaking, and hear her cry out. I was floating -- detached -- yet hearing her made me happy and sad at the same time. I was going deeper, running away ... from what?

She was speaking, and I opened my eyes, and I could feel her, feel us. She was still on top of me, and I could feel her weight, feel myself deep inside her, feel us moving apart and together. It was glorious.

I could feel, but I couldn't move. I looked up to her face. I could see with such clarity, see the droplets of sweat on her. I saw the droplets on her lower lip -- her lips looked so luscious.

She moaned and panted above me. I felt it building, and moaned as well. As I did, she cried out, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" After a few more firm, delicious, slow strokes I came, and the world spun. She leaned over and we kissed. I could move my arms again, and held her sweaty body to me.

We got up together. I noticed almost an hour had passed.

"Would you like to shower?" I asked her.

She laughed. She did look very pretty, standing there wearing nothing but a rosy glow.

"Yes, please. Want to join me?"

I shook my head. "No, not right now. I want to sit down again. I'll get you a fresh towel."

I got her a towel. She got into the shower. I went back to the den and sat on the floor. I closed my eyes and breathed slowly and deeply, letting myself relax and fall back to that special place, a place I now knew was inside me all the time.

I heard sounds in the kitchen and brought myself back up. She walked in, sipping a glass of ice water and wearing a towel. She sat on the floor in front of me, smiling.

I was smiling, but it was a sad smile.

She put a hand on my knee, and took a deep breath, giving me a lusty look.

"How did it feel," I asked softly, "that first time we slid together?"

She laughed and her head fell back. As she started telling me of what she'd felt, I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks. That first time is so special; I'd wanted it to be special. I realized I'd wanted to make love with her for a long time. I'd longed for that first moment, that first time together -- but I hadn't felt a thing. It had been taken away from me. There can only be one "first time," and now it was gone.

She looked at me, and her smiling, laughing face turned to puzzlement, and then suddenly to understanding.

"Oh my God, Ron -- oh, I'm so sorry..." she cried. She started to get up, but I held her arm, then pulled her to me.

We put our arms around each other. She cried, and I held on.

“Oh Ron, I’m so sorry... I didn’t mean to...” she sobbed.

I held her and rocked her. I didn’t know what to say.

We sat back after a bit. We both wiped our eyes. She sniffled a little and half smiled. “I’ll make it up to you -- I promise,” she told me, holding my hands.

But how can you make up for the mystery and wonder of that first time?

“What now?” I asked her.

Confusion and mixed emotions flashed over her face. She took a breath and started to get up, but I held her hands. She gave me a questioning look.

“Oh, Ron...” she said, a sad look on her face.

I took a breath. “What were you planning on doing when you first came in here?”

She shook her head slowly.

“Do you know how to ride a bike?” I asked.

She gave me an even more puzzled look.

I smiled. “When you were learning, and fell, what did you do as soon as you could?”

Now she smiled, and moved closer, straddling me. “I’ll make it up to you somehow -- I will,” she said. Then she put her hands on the sides of my head, moved closer to fill my field of vision, and said, “Dream time.”

At first I didn’t go as deep -- I felt her lowering me to the floor, and putting a pillow under my head.

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Tuesday was almost anticlimactic, except that I was still a little freaked out as Yvette drove us to the dentist’s office. When we walked in, I was surprised to see David standing there, talking to the good Doctor himself. The doc had his arms folded -- a doubting, defensive posture if I’ve ever seen one. That wasn’t very calming.

David asked me if I was ready. I said, “No,” and Yvette said, “Yes.” The doc laughed, and said, “Let’s go on back. Room 3.”

We were at the end of the hall. My heart was pounding in my throat by the time we got there -- that had to be the longest thirty feet I've ever traveled. I sat in the chair, and looked up at folks. I was freaking out. The doc stood there, arms folded. I heard Yvette say, "Watch this." I felt her hands on my head, heard her speak, and dropped like a rock.

I remember some of what went on. I remember the noises, being told to turn my head a little, to open a little wider, to bite down. I remember Yvette's hands on me a few times, sinking me back into calm.

Then her hands were on my head again, and she was counting me up, telling me how well I'd done, and how I'd only feel a little discomfort. I opened my eyes.

David was there. He asked, "How do you feel?"

My face was partially numb. "I feel great."

The doc was shaking his head. "Did you feel any needle sticks?" he asked.

"Nope, not a one."

He looked at David, and said, "Made a believer out of me!"

"Me too!" I added.

Yvette helped me sit up. We retired to the Doctor's office and he grilled me for a few minutes, wanting to know what I'd felt, what I remembered. I told him as best I could. He was still shaking his head, but smiling. After Yvette put me into trance, he'd tested me for sensation at David's request. I was limp as an overcooked noodle, and didn't respond to needle sticks. Even though I hadn't responded, he gave me a local anyway.

The doc shook David's hand, and told me he'd see me in ten days for the permanent crown, and gave me the usual precautions about the temporary. He took off to take care of his next victim.

As we were walking out, David handed me a piece of paper. It was a note, with my check attached. As I read the note, he said, "I'm returning your money -- somehow I think I'm going to get a number of referrals out of this."

"You will from me," I told him as I read the note.

The note said: "Yvette's trigger phrase is 'floating in clouds,' but 'dream time' will probably work pretty well with her now too. Have fun!"

I pocketed the note and the check. I held out my hand to him. "Thanks," I said as we shook.

Yvette gave him a hug, and we got into our car. She turned right where I thought we should have turned left. “Aren’t we headed for the salt mines?” I asked her.

She gave me a grin. “Your boss knows how traumatic the dentist is for you. You’re taking the day off. So am I.” She reached over and ran fingers on my thigh. I laughed softly and did the same for her.

“I may not be very good for kissing for a few hours though.”

“Oh, we’ll manage,” she said with a lilt in her voice.

(Got a better title for me?)

Work in Progress

Dentist

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