

**A DENTAL PERSUASION**  
By Richard Tornello © 2011

“**OH** breath of a thousand camels”.

That’s what she called me one morning.

“And you ain’t no spring flower either,” I said, quickly moving out of her fists thrust.

“If you want to PLAY this morning, you’ll do something about that breath of yours, shave and freshen up. I can wait, and I will bring things to a simmer... while you’re busy,” she said, smiling, rolling onto her stomach.

Never one to say no to such an invitation I headed into the bathroom. I noticed the two new sonic style tooth brushes. My old battery operated one sat inside a coffee mug along with the stimulator and regular brushes. The old one has a rotary head and a pulsing brush. It works just fine. The sonic brushes make a humming sound like a UFO in a sci-fi movie.

A creature of habit, I used my old one, shaved and quick showered as per her verbalized commands. After the games had been completed she said, “come on you fuddy-duddy, try the new ones I purchased.”

“I tried it but I don’t feel clean after using it,” I said tongue in cheek. “Since I drink lots of coffee I sometimes mix baking soda with my nonfluoride tooth paste.”

“So try it your old way on the new one. *You always want me to try new things.*” She giggled.

So why not, and I added a glob to the head, put it in my mouth and turned it on. The vibration I felt the first time, really a hum, is different with the soda. I felt a vibration through my entire skull. “What did you just say?” I asked her, my mouth foaming like a mad man.

“Nothing.”

“What do you mean nothing? I heard you say something.”

“I didn’t say a thing. I was thinking about dinner.”

“I must be crazy but I swear I heard you say something, about pizza, clear as day.”

The next morning we were both getting ready for work. The aroma of fresh perked coffee drifted up to our suite from the kitchen below. She looked over at me, “well how did you like it?”

“Like what? We didn’t do anything.”

“The tooth brush, you idiot.”

“I don’t know I sort of like the old one.”

“Give it time.”

“Yeah whatever.” I thought, first your rabbit, now a brush, what’s next?

We’re still in the bathroom; she’s in her scanty undies brushing her teeth as I watch. She put the whole tooth brush in her mouth in a most provocative manner and looked at me. I was thinking a quickie would be nice, and about all sorts of positions. I notice that she dipped the brush head into the soda. Her teeth are always sparkling. Why she needs that, I’ll never know.

She looked at me in a strange fashion and said through a foamy dripping mouth, “Not gonna happen. Definitely not THAT!”

“What’s not gonna happen? I didn’t say a thing!”

“A quickie.

“I have to be at work, I have a meeting, and I’m clean.”

“I never said that, and since when did that *ever* stop you,” and I add, “before we were married?”

She flipped me a finger, the finger with the ring. “I got this,” she said laughing hard.

I wondered. A quickie is not an unusual thing for me to suggest. “I guess I was hoping out loud,” I responded. I knew I didn’t.

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The following morning we are both bent over our individual sinks brushing with the sonic brushes. She took my brush batteries and hid them. I dip mine in the soda. She mimics me. We begin to brush. I look at her, she looks at me. We both look at the brushes.

I rinse mine completely of toothpaste and soda, and brush again. She slowly does the same, staring at me all the while.

I stop, add the paste and soda. She does it too. I brush, she brushes. We stop, toothpaste and soda dripping and foaming from our mouths like two mad dogs.

“What did you say,” I ask.

“No, you first. What did you say?” she responds.

“I was wondering why you like that when you’re so close to orgasm. Then I heard you say that...”

“It brings me higher, just that little push you do,” she finishes my sentence.

I say out loud, “neither one of us said a thing. I thought it, and you answered it. Something is very strange here. Where did you say you purchased these brushes?”

“I got them mail order. I saw an ad on the internet something about the best cleaning anywhere in the universe.

“The dentist said sonics work better.”

“Well they do a hell of a lot more than clean that’s for damned sure,” I exclaimed. My old brush never did this. These don’t do a thing with that toothpaste we use. But when we add the soda, the load on the motor changes the frequency and somehow, I’m guessing here, there’s a chemical reaction tied to the frequency and the field of the motor that allows us to convey our thoughts to each other.”

“Yeah, but only in the bathroom while we brush our teeth. A lot of good that will do,” she says.

“Maybe that’s a good thing.” I quickly respond, adding, “We can transmit, but can we block? I’m sure we have private thoughts that are not meant for each other, no less anyone else. Could you imagine?”

“We could learn how,” she says.

At breakfast we look at each other and I tell her, “I’ve been giving this brush stuff some thought. I’m not sure I want to practice mind control, or mind reading on you, or you on me. As much as I wish I could read your mind, I’m not sure I really want to, most of the time anyway.”

She stands up, smiles and says, “Read This,” as her dress slips to the floor.

**THE END**

