

AS I LEAF THROUGH THE SEXUALLY CHARGED PICTORIALS

in adult men's magazines, I'm often left with the cold, shadowy feeling that something's missing. Or, rather—something *isn't* missing—namely, a tooth. To remedy this, I will hoist a pen and carefully blacken out a tusk in the young lassie's grille...mmm...*there*. That's better. That's much, MUCH better. It's SO much better that I am compelled to wrap my paw around my cock and aim for that little black gap in her mouth.

A few years back I spent a long, torturous night with a red-headed heifer who had big taters and a tiny brain. This, mind you, was a REAL woman instead of the ink-on-paper holograms which you convince yourself are real while you pathetically jack your knob atop your piss-encrusted, stray-pube-covered toilet seat. But this particular portly specimen seemed more interested in gobbling the caramel-coated snack foods I'd purchased for her than in having anything approximating good sex. She jacked me off and I jacked her off, then we commenced to snoring. Even the seedy hotel atmosphere, which is usually wildly erotic for me, failed to spark the mood.

The next day we returned to her crib, and as we were lounging about in our undergarments, she removed a prosthetic tooth from top-row center and launched into an agonizingly dull 45-minute explanation of how she'd had the tooth fashioned by an orthodontist. But I wasn't listening to what she had to say. I was spellbound, staring at that glorious gap. Golden choirs of heavenly, harp-playing cherubs flew through that li'l hole in her mouth.

I thought, "Why the fuck didn't she take out that tooth last night?" I knew that if she'd removed the horrible fake incisor the night before, I'd have been hard as granite and slamming her cranium against the headboard with my furious, flamenco-influenced hip thrusts.

I had a similar orthodontic sexual epiphany back in the winter of '99 at the Oregon Correctional Intake Center on my way to

prison. We were herded into a classroom, handed #2 pencils, and instructed to fill out a 567-question personality test by an unremarkable-looking woman who, I reckon, was in her mid-40s. She wasn't bad-looking—slim and proper with neatly clipped bangs which swung back and forth while she walked up and down the aisles handing out the tests—but there wasn't anything outstanding about her which raised my drawbridge, either. That is, until she parted her lips and smiled...and revealed a set of steel braces. Blinding, divine, whiter-than-white, ultra-luminous fluorescent light flashed off those wondrous braces. It was an Erotic Valhalla for me.

I have other dental fetishes such as an affinity for bucktoothed women with that cute little bunny-rabbit overbite which pushes out their lips and makes it look as if they've been sucking cock all their lives. And speech impediments caused by dental problems, such as lisps and the oh-so-sexy whistling "S," are also the tops with me.

Naturally, there are limits to this fetish. I don't want her to be toothless. A mouth full of rotting tombstones isn't a turn-on, either. Dentures don't do a thing for me. The idea of her drooling all over my cock with her bare, bleeding gums doesn't exactly spin my spurs. I don't want some rotted-toothed sea hag with purple, green, and black teeth slurping on my Love Rod, if that's what you were asking.

Perhaps there's something wrong with me, but how can something be wrong when it feels so right? My raging tumescence for orthodontically challenged females undoubtedly has a psychological basis, but if the fetishist were to come to terms with the roots of his fetish, t'would cease to be a fetish, t'wouldn't it? And so I waddle onward, brazenly straddling the line between fetish and perversion. Yet it occurs to me that any sort of orthodontic irregularity calls attention to a girl's mouth, which in turn calls attention to what that mouth is good for.

If a woman has a set of perfect, gleaming choppers, it makes it easier for her to bite you. And maybe that's why I like a girl with dental problems. It gives her a sweetness and vulnerability, a goofy, childlike smile which conjures warmth and cuddliness; by contrast, a woman with a grille that would do a Great White Shark proud is more likely to be emotionally distant and domineering. I don't like perfect women. They don't need love. For me to be interested, the girl has to be damaged in some way. A girl with dental problems likely has more problems than that.

Peut-être I suffer from a silly, fatal romantic streak which makes me think I'm emotionally equipped to conjure an invisible Tooth of Love where no real tooth exists, or that my overbearing affection will prove to be an ersatz set of emotional braces that will straighten out the poor girl's soul. In my own delusional way, I'm not that much different from Romeo, Valentino, or that dude who selflessly threw his jacket over the mud puddle and let the bitch walk over it, ruining a perfectly good jacket.

in defense of
women with
**BAD
TEETH**

