

Sweet Tooth

He gazed upon all of us. We were grouped by type, kind, color. Each one of us just like the others in our group. Each one of us dressed the same. Each one of us identical. He gazed upon all of us, his eyes hungry. Drool collected at the corners of his mouth. Licking his lips, he ran his pointer finger along the first row. I could feel those above me shiver under his touch. The sound of crinkling clothing interrupted the near-silent air. There were people behind him who weren't with him. His finger ran along the next line, hovering above me. This man picked me up. He picked me up and tossed something on the counter — something that clinked and sounded as it rolled around on the surface. I was all he picked. Just me. I was the only one.

He clenched me in his fist, the palm of his hand warm. My body felt like it would break in two. Heat from his hand destroyed my skin. Those fingers held me for mere seconds, yet they still destroyed me. His hand was hotter than the room.

He took me outside. Rain pounded on the sidewalk. Standing in wetness, a mud puddle and water droplets, he found the weakest point in my crinkly, shiny clothing. Using his teeth and knotted fingers, he tore them off my body, discarding them on the cement. He watched my clothing blow away in the cold breeze, colorful material skirting away on the ground before being swept upward and into the road.

My flesh was a milky, a light brown color. Some of it was left on the clothing he'd torn off me. My skin was soft and smooth with a swirl of stiff, white hair on my stomach.

His eyes were glued to me — such a hard stare. Deep, muddy green eyes stared at me.

A smile ghosted across his lips, his eyes sparkling. Never had I seen such hunger. I was stiff, watching him. That stare was of someone struggling with the idea of tossing me away... or, the other thing. That stare was of someone with a paunch, with diabetic toes and fingers, wondering what they should do with me.

What should he do with me?

“Well, I did pay for you....”

Pay for me? Was that what those shiny, round things were? The things he tossed on the counter?

Taking my flesh in his mouth, his teeth sunk into me. He tore the first bit of my flesh off. Searing hot pain shot through my body. Licking his teeth, my blood bathed the inside of his mouth. The man coughed. My blood was too sweet.

And yet, it burned. From his first bite, a searing hot flame shot through my torso.

He sank his teeth in me again. Tearing off another bite of my body, he chewed, chewed, and chewed. He masticated longer — a larger bite of my large body in his mouth. Swallowing a part of it, he continued to chew. He continued to manducate. A long, low, humming sound erupted from his throat as his teeth ground into me. Parts of my body he hadn't swallowed yet felt his throat trembling. Those parts felt him undulate. Those parts felt him hum. An odd vibrating sensation buzzed through my skin. It was biting, gnawing, burning, and tearing flesh from flesh.

He was having fun. He was having his way with me.

My white guts crunched between his yellow and orange, rotting teeth in a mouth that

held scraps of it in his gums. Hearing my body being masticated made my stomach do flip-flops, twists, and loopy-loops. His salivating on my skin caused my salivating from nausea... a deep, gnawing nausea. Was I drowning? No.

Each bite he took was breaking a piece of my body.

Crunch... crunch... crunch....

Splotches of white decorated the little, munching bones. My stiff insides crunched. It had given me structure — the white stuff. Now, it gives him pleasure. It's whiter than snow. It's nutty. It's hardened. It's like little grains... little, chewy strips of grains. I can hear the crunching between his yellowed teeth. He hums.

Sticky gold flooded from my shell, down his chin as he sucked out what he could. My golden blood clumped hairs from his beard together. He had strands connecting as one. My blood gave his beard an odd shine. He sucked drool back into his mouth between molars and canines. Sticky gold followed, mixing with spit.

Only a smidgen was left of me. I knew this day would come. It always comes for us... for things like us. It's what we're made for. Can't say I'm surprised. It's what we're made for.

He split the last part of me in half, sideways, separating my top from my bottom. I wanted it to end... but, he didn't. Gold bled onto his fingers. He slid a pointer finger into his mouth, sucked on it, then pulled it out. He slid in another, then another, then another, until they were covered in spit and no longer covered in my blood. Popping the rest of me into his mouth, he continued humming, chewing, and humming. He masticated on what

was left of me until there was nothing left.

My flesh had melted into his fingers. He still had some of me on him.

What was left of me burned as if being melted.

Did I melt?

Did a part of me *melt*?

Golden blood stuck together clumps of his black hair, including the hair in his beard.

He sucked his fingers again. He sucked his teeth.

Wiping me off on his white jeans, he didn't care about the splotches he left behind.

He didn't care about the light brown stains that would never come out. He didn't give a second thought about all I'd given him. He didn't, taking every sweet treat for granted.

He didn't, because he could always have another... and another... and another.

All that was left of me were a few brown stains on his white jeans and blue t-shirt, the beginning of another cavity, and the sticking and unsticking of his back molars.