

The Obsession of Bentley Squeamish

by Larry Strattner

The thing Bentley remembered most about her was she had no body odor. None. Her skin was clear and smooth and she had no smells conflicting with passion. He loved her also because she laughed with him about simple things. They had no conflicting humors. Her name was Lily Serre-Chaude Fleur.

At a business meeting he met a woman who smelled like strawberries and motor oil. He screwed her in an alley with her skirt up and his pants down while she hung onto a drainpipe. When they were finished she smelled like the inside chicane at Daytona raceway.

After the strawberry woman his olfactory epithelium seemed to grow cavernous, more pheromonally alert and he found himself compelled to insert his nose into any female orifice available.

Sadly he was forced to say goodbye to his first love, Lily. He had become a nucleotide-gated ion channel action-potential junkie. His condition persisted, unchecked, driving him to new dimensions in the concept of brown nosing until one night on his way to the bathroom in the dark he walked into a doorframe irreparably crushing his nasal cavity.

Lost, he died an eroded mouth-breather in a nursing home his room next to the city sewage plant. The attending nurse, knowing him by reputation, cracked his window open slightly to add to his pain.

