Tristan and Miss Jones

by ColebaltBlue

Summary

a short one-shot about Tristan being a flirt in the surgery.

"Tristan!" Siegfried bellowed from the back of the house. Tristan was lounging beside me as I sat in the surgery speaking to Miss Jones about her coughing Airedale terrier. He was there to help me, but was instead spending an inordinate amount of time doing everything he could do to help Miss Jones instead.

"TRISTAN!"

Tristan just smiled at Miss Jones as she shyly and quietly tried to explain her dog's cough. I glanced up at Tristan.

"Tristan," Seigfried's voice was growing more insistent and closer as he undoubtedly made his way down the long hallway in search of his brother.

"Now, Miss Jones, please tell me again when he started coughing?"

"Well, um, he-"

"No problem, Miss Jones," Tristan interrupted, bending down to gracefully scoop the Airedale into his arms. His timing was perfect as he turned towards the door his brother was bursting through, looking over his shoulder, "just follow me and we'll do a quick exam."

I shook my head and hid my smile as I looked down at the book, writing in Miss Jones' name and logging her exam visit.

Siegfried stared at Tristan with suspicious eyes, knowing all too well that Tristan's helpfulness...
towards Miss Jones had as much to do with her pretty face and ignoring his brother as it did from a desire to treat a coughing terrier. He looked at me, trying to draw me into admitting a roll, but I merely lifted my head and called out next.

"What was that all about?" Siegfried asked as he watched Tristan walk Miss Jones down the hall to the surgery at the back.

"A terrier with a touch of a cough."

"Who now requires a full exam?" his suspiciousness rolled off of him waves.

I shrugged at Siegfried before turning to smile at the young girl who approached carrying a kitten with runny eyes and a nose.

Thirty minutes, two dogs, and one rabbit later I noticed Tristan had not yet returned with Miss Jones and her terrier. I left the empty waiting room and wandered back to the surgery. Siegfried was bent over the counter mixing medicines and completely oblivious to anything including the faint sound of Tristan's voice drifting down the hallway. I followed it to the exam room. It sounded like Tristan was discussing the finer points of dog nutrition with Miss Jones. I peeked in the half closed door and saw her nodding up at him with wide eyes. He was looking at her with his winning smile, a hand resting on the dog.

"How's he doing?" I asked, interrupting them and startling Miss Jones who looked flustered.

"Oh hello, Jim. He's fine, just grand. Just a touch of a cough. A little antibiotic should clear him right up. I had a quick listen to his lungs, nothing to worry about." He smiled at me.

"Good, well, we're due at the Brown farm this afternoon." I let the sentence hang, the implication clear that he was now the one holding us up. He didn't stop smiling.

"Right, right, well I will go mix up some medicines and we will have your boy back to normal in no time, Miss Jones, no time at all."

I shook my head at Tristan as he walked past me, carrying the Airedale down the hallway towards the back room, a dazed-looking Miss Jones followed him. I returned to the front waiting room to tally up the book. Tristan entered a few minutes later and dramatically laid himself across the chairs against the wall.

"Oh, be still my heart," he said, clutching his chest.

I didn't say anything in response.

"The Browns, you say?"

"Yes, we have to vaccinate their crop of yearling racehorses this afternoon and I need your assistance."

"Right, right, Jim. Grand. Let us be off then, I have to be back in time for dinner with Mary."

"Mary?" I asked as Tristan rose from the chairs and headed out the door.

"Mary Jones, what a lovely girl..."

Tristan Farnon was working his magic again.

I followed him to the back to gather my things for our visit to the Brown farm, walking in just in
time to hear Siegfried admonish his brother for using surgery to secure dates with pretty girls. I smiled and selected my equipment as Siegfried continued his lecture, leaving to load the car just as he was starting in on professionalism in the veterinary surgery. Tristan would surely follow in just a few minutes, smiling and whistling, his mind already on his date with Miss Jones tonight.

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