

Sex Dungeon for Sale!

by Patrick Wensink

Okay, so there's one more room to see. Careful, the stairs are a little on the steep side. Fifteen hundred square feet, washer/dryer hookups...oops, easy, just a few more steps. And, let me see, it's perfect for that home gym you were both telling me about.

Ha...folks, honestly, you're not the first to ask. How can I put this? The home's current owner uses this basement as a *rumpus* room.

No, no, speaking as a person who has seen a *lot* of real estate over the years, I think *sex dungeon* is too harsh a term.

Let me just emphasize the amazing *space* this room has to offer. It practically doubles the size of the house. Now, bear with me for a second, but can't you picture a treadmill in this corner? Or maybe a nursery? With your eyes and your hair, you two will have some gorgeous babies.

Ah...another good question. You know, I'm not a doctor. I have no way of knowing whether that's a gynecologist's table or not.

No, I wouldn't touch. It looks antique. My guess is it's some sort of European recliner...with stirrups.

Let's focus on three words here: Tons-of-Storage. Just look at all these cabinets. There's no telling what we could lock up.

Oh, um, well I don't know what that is. Yes, I suppose those are chains. Really, let's just put the padlock back where it belongs and move over here. There's so much to see. Time is of the essence. I already have three other couples scheduled to view this property today.

Oh, shoot. I should have mentioned not to wear flip-flops down here, ma'am. Okay, full disclosure time. There are some issues with puddles, as you can clearly see.

I'm sorry, puddles of what, you asked?

I'd call that rumpus. But honestly, for the price the owner is asking, this is a minor problem. I've seen homes with dirt basements that sold for twice this price. Folks, this place is a steal.

Another excellent question, sir. Most people don't notice the walls. Boy, you two have really done your homework. I wish I knew all this when I was looking for my first home.

God, me too. What did we all do before the Internet?

Yes, the walls are unique, aren't they? That's soundproof paneling. I'm told it's the highest quality on the market. You can really see the craftsmanship.

Oh yes, feel free to touch. I doubt there's any rumpus on the walls.

Ma'am, didn't you mention playing the clarinet? Well, you could toot your horn at all hours and the neighbors would never hear. Isn't that fabulous?

Why does the current owner have them?

This is your first home, right? Well, let me tell you a secret. We homeowners are always picking up pet projects that never come to fruition. Take my husband. He *had* to have a table saw last year. Do you think he's ever built me a deck? No. Same thing with soundproofing your rumpus room. Who knows? Probably an impulse buy, just like a *People* Magazine at the checkout counter.

Okay, so what do you say we take another look at the backyard? We're talking barbecue central.

...No...I can't say I heard anything. This is a great neighborhood for kids, probably just some tykes out playing football or tag.

Well, yes, I suppose the soundproof panels would work both ways.

Boy, you know, folks, there's an even bigger padlock on that door back there...and a sheet covering it up. I don't think the owner wants prospective buyers inside. We should respect his privacy.

Oh gosh, you know, I'm a city-girl, I couldn't tell you what a goat sounded like if my life depended on it.

Calm down, I wouldn't classify this as a *sex dungeon*.

Unless, of course, you're in the market for one.

*** * *This story appears in the book, "Sex Dungeon for Sale!". Available at Amazon for \$10.**

