

A black and white photograph of a salt shaker pouring salt onto a pile of salt. The shaker is tilted, and a stream of salt is falling from its perforated top, creating a small mound on the surface below. The background is dark and textured.

# MILDRED DOWNS

*Omorashi Adventure Author*

## *A Pinch Of Salt*

An AB Discovery Book

*A Pinch of Salt*

# A Pinch Of Salt

by

Mildred Downs

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# ~ Chapter 1



Ellen Hull watched torrents of rain slash across the university parking lot one dreary Monday afternoon and chided herself for leaving her umbrella in the car. She prepared for her sprint to the car by unhooking her bra strap and pulled her blouse free of her white slacks. With one last look around the laboratory, she firmly closed the door behind her.

Screwed to that solid fireproof door was a metal plaque bearing the name Prof. Ellen Hull Ph.D.

Ellen, a thirty-eight-year-old spinster, was an only child who grew up solitary and relied solely upon herself for social and recreational activities. Blonde hair, curvaceous figure, and the absence of a ring on the "*taken*" finger drew the notice of many, but her haughty countenance and owlish stare through large round glasses kept the vast majority of suitors at arm's length, the more persistent all proved to be lacking in subtle but important peculiarities. While brilliant, eccentric, and did not suffer fools, Ellen was enthusiastic about sharing her life with the right person. At this point, their gender not an issue. Outside of the laboratory and classroom, she was generally left alone, but professionally was highly regarded. This depressing state of affairs may have persisted, except that Ellen provoked the gods to laughter and in response, they meddled.

Earlier in the day, an improbable black-humored scene involved Doctor Hull as she stood in the cafeteria line buying her morning cinnamon bagel and tea. The comedy involved the preserved head of an executed mass murderer and a contract worker cleaning the building's sub-cellar for a large computer

installation. A murder's decapitated head, stored in a whole-brain collection was ensconced, presumably for all time, in a white enamel stew pot, the lid affixed with ancient masking tape. To Ellen's right, a nondescript gentleman in a cardigan sweater was adding milk to his coffee when a soul-curdling scream erupted from a nearby stairwell. While she stared into the coffee drinker's blue eyes, he was instantly displaced by a horror-struck man holding an empty white pot stinking of formaldehyde. Ellen listened to his nightmare tale of a severed head falling on the floor and then trying to gnaw at his ankles as he fled to safety. The man in the cardigan sweater left hurriedly during the chaotic scene so Ellen paid for his abandoned drink and left it with the cashier upon his return. Security soon had the uproar under control, but no head was found, publicly or officially.

As Ellen tapped her ceramic key on the lab's electronic lock and turned towards the elevator, she found the blue-eyed coffee drinker standing quietly before her. He was holding a cardboard box under one arm and looked alarmingly innocent. After a knowing look, she asked, "Does that box need a home tonight, Dr... er?"

"John Sparr, and yes it does, if you please, Dr. Hull," he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

Her urge to pee disappeared, replaced with a crick in her neck. As she reopened the lab, Ellen noted John's scent, thoroughly male but with a subtle damp acrid smell, an intimate and lovely odor in her opinion. In moments they decided to place the box, with suitable cautions attached, under the glass hood, a vented workstation used when an experiment involved dangerous chemicals and the like, essentially hidden in plain sight. The content of the box was never mentioned, but it was delightfully plain they were on the same page. His offer of supper delighted her and was accepted promptly with a smile. In those few moments of physical closeness each thought they detected a well-loved aroma, a hint of urine, and agreed to meet at a nearby restaurant to test the waters.

Ellen was aware that Dr. John Sparr taught brain development at the university medical school, although they had never been introduced. She, along with her lab assistants Joe Benton Ph.D. and Penny Handy, a Ph.D. candidate, did research in brain chemistry, and so were on equal footing. Ellen taught a course in the medical school to third-year interns. Academically, their fields overlapped, however, their circle of friends were in different orbits. Actually, their friends were sparse, as both were rather private people and conscious of their vulnerable lifestyles. If indeed, they shared the same kinks in their personal lives, it would be a dream come true for both.

Over their Waldorf salads and iced tea, they came to realize their day-to-day habits were similar. For instance, they admitted, sheepishly at first, that late mornings found them away from their offices, yet proceeded cautiously lest their reasons hint at behaviors too outré for the other to countenance. However, seduced by their enthusiasm and before the entree arrived, they were obliquely referencing *omorashi*, an obscure Japanese practice of retaining urine to the point of pain. Nevertheless, for all that muddled subtlety, every word, each tiny detail caused John's palms to dampen and Ellen's lips redden with raw anticipation.

By the end of dinner two pairs of eyes, dazzled by what each had admitted about themselves, had elevated their trust and intimacy threshold to the extent she allowed John a frank look down her blouse and felt his fingertips lightly brush her left breast as she sat herself in the car. Noting his tasteful delicacy, Ellen impishly parted her legs, freeing her musky scent and inviting John to slide his fingers along the inside of her thigh and over the slippery fabric covering her crotch. While he refrained from that intimacy, as John leaned into her car to kiss her lips she felt his rampant cock press against her forearm.

He asked softly, "Follow me home, Elle," and she said yes with her eyes.



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Ellen parked her car behind his in the driveway and entered through his unlit back entrance. Thrilled, but chagrined by their soiled clothes, they staggered through the darkened house leaving a trail of coats and shoes to the master bathroom. He reached behind the door, placed a folding chair in the tub, and sat on it. Ellen, cramping with the need to empty her bladder, stepped over the side of the tub and settled herself on his lap, her back to him. John put his arms around her, molding her breast while his other hand slid down over her tummy and came to rest over her mons. She turned her head for a kiss, swaddled by his hands stroking her body, so different from her own caresses. His hand fumbled under her freed blouse and squeezed her nipples as she tried to relax her bladder. Nothing. She reached down and entwined her fingers with his, feeling for wetness, pushing, straining for the flow to begin — again, nothing.

Finally, after a few deep breaths, a wonderful, painful pressure grew hot and bright, a viscous gush trickled over her sex heating their fingers, staining the fabric of her crotch. Ellen moaned as the wetness spread across her bottom and John cried out as he experienced his new love's piss percolating through his clothes wetting him to the skin. It was a moment they would never forget, clumsy though they were — it only got better.

She stood up to straddle his lap facing him, and he hugged her pleading for her to pee as hard as she could. Ellen cried out like a little girl as her urine gushed noisily through her clothes and soaked them both. The odor of fresh pee encompassed them. At last, she could wet her pants and John could wet her too. It was a dream come true. All was silent except for the intermittent dripping into the tub

Breaking the spell, John whispered, "Let's go to bed."

"Ummm."

They removed each other's sodden clothing as though opening an ornate birthday present. Naked below the waist, John ran his

fingers over the burnt-umber stains decorating her panty gusset. He detected a whiff of bowel and kissed them before giving her his soiled briefs. Messing had not been mentioned because so many people who enjoy *omorashi* shunned the "brown stuff" for many reasons - infectious diseases, the stink, the difficult clean-up involved, and so on. Dropping them to the floor, he placed his hands under her breasts and held them gently, lightly massaging her nipples. Ellen felt his force behind the tenderness in his eyes as well as the soft, heavy length of cock she fondled almost reverently.

He led his lover into the bedroom where Ellen almost squeaked with delight at the flannel sheets decorated with childish Pooh Bear characters. He pulled the sheet up around their shoulders and rolled on his side to face her.

"It's been a magic day, but I hope your mattress is protected, she warned."

"Silly girl, don't worry about a thing. I changed the sheets this morning but didn't realize I'd have a wet brain scientist rolling around on them. Let's relax and sleep, cause my stomach is still knotted up. We'll have lots of time to share our lives..."

"Okay Johnny, but tell me one thing, are you okay with number two? 'Cause I don't really mind if you don't enjoy that."

"I don't mind it at all. We can get into that if you don't mind. I usually go around 10:30 and I leave work and come home to go, but, yeah, I like it."

"Me too, I don't go at work if I can help it, I go home about that time and do it there too. I'm really glad you like it."

He drew her close to him. Wet with pee and sweat, they made love again slowly and spent as they fell sound asleep.

He looked at her in the morning sun, hair tousled, eyes radiant, draped seductively with a sheet. She kicked it off and rolled toward him in fragrant disorder. John leaned over and kissed her deeply, one hand gently massaging her nipples, the other buried in

the smooth lips of her labia. Ellen's fingers squeezed lightly up and down his cock, capturing last night's stickiness in her hand.

"Do it on me," she whispered. Jetting a stream over her breasts, he cupped the excess and massaged her neck and shoulders, kissing her lips lightly.

"Johnnie, how did you discover you enjoyed this... incredible... thing?"

He pulled the sheet back over them and began.

"My dad worked on cruise ships and was gone weeks at a time. His younger brother would come over to see my mother all the time and I guess they'd gotten nervous that I'd mention something about it. Anyway, mom worked out an arrangement with her sister Millicent to let me stay with her during the week. As it turned out, I had a great time with my aunt."

"But how did you get interested in wetting your pants?"

"Oh, I'll never forget that. One afternoon we were swimming in the pond and as Millie was climbing onto the raft, I swam up behind her and felt warm water gushing from her bum. It stopped before she climbed onto the float but the scent of her urine trapped in the bathing suit material so close to my face made me feel dizzy. She saw my reaction and it must have given her an idea to include me in her little world."

"Did you let her see you wet yourself?"

"Actually, she did it first. She was on a lawn chair reading a book when I noticed water splattering from the bottom of her seat. I just watched this puddle getting bigger. Later on, I was working on my bicycle and noticed her peeking at me, so I decided to pee my pants for her.

After I finished, she called me over and said, "John, many people would find that behavior troubling, but..." She kissed me on the cheek, felt my backside, and set me on her lap. "I don't."

John rolled onto his back, sinking into the pad of soaked towels under the sheet and Ellen snuggled up beside him. "What happened after that?"

"There were rules, consequences, of course, like never do it in front of the company. I had to tell her when I needed to go in code. For instance, if she was sitting around gossiping with her friends, I'd jiggle her elbow and ask something like can I go rowing in the skiff? Most times she'd say 'No,' meaning do it in the toilet, or 'Wait a little bit' or 'later,' that was obvious. But the first time she said 'Go ahead,' shocked me, cause there were three other ladies at the table playing cards!"

"Don't tell me you did."

"Yup, right in my khakis, on the rug, filled one shoe. Turns out she meant I could go play in the boat, not wet my pants."

My goodness, what happened?"

"Diapers happened. Well, pull-up pants. I didn't get yelled at and the ladies just checked out the wet places on my pants. Actually, I didn't mind wearing them, they felt nice, and if I asked 'please', Millicent would too.

"But obeying her rules worked, and when I got older, I was introduced to Deidra, the daughter of Millicent's lover. We were together for three years before she went to France and eventually married there. So basically, I was brought up by a group of lewd, wealthy women, given a fantastic education and a totally skewed outlook on family life. That's about it in a nutshell, how about you?"

"Well, my pee games were different, I was all by myself ..."

"Pee games! Yikes Ellen, oh shit, look at the time!"

In the shower, they stood outside the cone of spray spurting on each other before reluctantly rinsing to join the world-at-large. Ellen put on John's smallest cotton brief, explaining it was roomier in the back. Within an hour the bed was fresh and crisp, tiles and

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porcelain gleamed like a glass eye. Driving to the university that Tuesday morning, neurological research suddenly became a job.

## ~ Chapter 2



Penny Hardy woke in five o'clock murk tangled in damp flannel pajamas with a whole hour to pleasure herself before leaving her aromatic cocoon. She slipped both hands under the waistband to message her clit, occasionally relaxing her bladder.

She diverted pee over her tummy and let it dribble over her hips to join the pool soaking her legs and back. On a whim, she turned over to wet her front, including her bra and hair. Penny metered her flow and enjoyed multiple spends as she wallowed in her puddle. Regardless of how wet she was, she always lusted for more.

*If only Joe were here, she wished.*

She had a predicament. She hadn't told Joe Benton, her lover, soulmate, fellow lab worker, and soon-to-be husband about her full-blown bed wetting fascination. True, they loved peeing their pants and on each other, "leaked on the bed" when fucking and such, but she needed to tell him the whole story — and today was the day. They had a lifestyle of meaningful work along with a kinky love life at home and in the lab as well. The reason for this was their boss, Ellen Hull, liked and trusted them, as well as being extraordinarily prurient herself — she understood, and probably would have joined them if invited.

Time was up, the alarm clock broke the fairy spell of lubricity. Penny sat on the side of the bed and sponged the pool of cooling urine lapping around her bottom into a yellow Big Bird plastic pail. She had a routine for cleaning and camouflaging her playpen. To a casual glance, it was a catch-all room for seasonal sporting equipment, exercise machines draped with blankets, and boxes of old papers. But under that staged clutter was a peeing paradise

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with drying racks for sheets and clothes fit for a little princess. Most important was the wizard circulating fan that kept the room fresh and sweet.



Doctors Hull and Sparr went their separate ways, John to his lecture hall and Ellen to her lab. Enraptured by her night of incontinent fucking, she plunged her hand between her legs as soon as the lab door closed behind her, furiously messaging John's bikini briefs into her pussy. It made her wriggle with lust to realize a spurt of pee over John's fingers felt like an orgasm to him.

During their morning shower, Ellen had grabbed his index finger and pressed it against her soapy anal ring. To her joy, he pushed it in as far as he could reach, eagerly encouraging scat play. They would need a special place for that, of course — a secure nest close to the university where they could indulge their smellier, dirtier fantasies.

Ellen grabbed her phone and messaged, *"How 'bout muffins at the cafeteria after class? Just had an idea."*

*"Sure, in about 25 minutes. Are your lab folks in yet? Don't want 'em getting curious about that box."*

*"No, they won't. Penny's setting up an experiment after early class. Joe is using the microscope most of the day. Don't worry, they're cool, wait till you meet them, kindred spirits! Bye."*

On her way out, she noticed a large sign taped to the darkroom door from yesterday, **"In the Dark – No Admittance."** She poked her head into the empty room, flicked on the lights, and inhaled the tell-tale aroma of sex. She smiled. On her right, two rubber aprons hung on pegs to protect their clothes from photographic chemicals. A curtain hung in front of a closet full of

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clothes. An unzipped backpack hung on the wall filled with clean panties, briefs, bras, and toilet paper. A large water-proof utility bag crouching on the floor contained soiled articles of clothing and towels.

Opening the heavy plasticized bag, Ellen's nose was assaulted by the smell of stale urine-drenched towels and various articles of clothing. Poking the splotched, stiff crotches of underwear, Dr. Hull suppressed an urge to put them in a tray of soapy water to be discovered by her deplorably dirty associates.

Leaning against the far wall was an air mattress, no surprise there, and in the furthest corner a large cabinet filled with photographic supplies plus a large stack of folded towels, sheets, and a blanket. She was puzzled by a small microwave oven sitting on top of a small refrigerator with a few plastic bowls, paper towels, rubber gloves, and large sealable plastic bags stacked alongside. However, there were no utensils and the small fridge contained only photographic film.

It was obvious that Joe and Penny worked hard to finish the lab's work then used their stolen time for fucking and pee games. Dr. Hull was an envious lady as she left their lair. She had no privacy at all and hadn't been invited to share their sanctuary, but kinky behavior always went hand in hand with paranoia, hence the secrecy.



John Sparr had already gotten the addresses of three apartments for rent near the school and set up an appointment for one later that afternoon. Ellen applauded his initiative and excitedly planned a play session later in the morning. She dearly wanted to empty herself into John's underpants. However, one episode of



sitting on John's lap and managing to wet her pants before making love wouldn't guarantee a lasting relationship.

She played it safe. "Love to, let's have another cup of coffee."

John slipped his house key off the ring and pressed it in her hand, "Leave whenever you can get away from here. I'll join you soon."

With a glance at their watches and a quick kiss, they parted to take care of work-a-day details. Ellen went back to her office, a wainscot and glass partition about seven feet high set in one corner of the laboratory containing a desk, filing cabinets, and bookcase which gave her a touch of cover. Penny and Joe had open work spaces in the lab, but they had the darkroom — until the day came when the university switched over to digital imaging.

Ellen found Penny setting up her experiment and noted that the "**No Admittance**" sign had been taken down.

"Morning Penny, I'm stepping out for a couple of hours and back after lunch. Any questions come up just call me, okay?"

Penny nodded, "Sure thing. It's a routine day at the brain. Joe is downstairs taking photonics till whenever." She noticed Ellen's waistband had a tuft of masculine underwear sticking out. "Psst, Ellen, you're showing back there."

"Oops, well yeah, thanks. I'm wearing, well, they're John Sparr's, but keep it quiet for now, okay?"

"Absolutely. Sometimes I wear Joe's and he wears mine. *Vive la difference* kind of thing." She noticed Ellen's look, "Sorry about the smell, I missed some spots this morning."

Ellen made a dismissive gesture. "Can I go into the darkroom with you while you touch up, I've got something personal to ask."

"Sure." Penny waved her into the sanctuary. Ellen noted her discolored bra as Penny washed her front and between her legs

under her slacks. "Looks peed, but I've got to show it to Joe today, otherwise I would never be wearing this to work."

"Don't worry about that, look what I'm wearing," replied Ellen. "Nobody is going to walk in here, pull down your pants and fire you for having a wet spot! It's the urine smell in here that has me concerned. I have to deal with that in the lab as well." Penny noted the collusion. "I really envy you and Joe. It's like your own seraglio here. But we've got to pay attention to appearances when John gets involved."

Penny nodded in agreement, "Our situation is too good to lose. If you don't mind sharing, this can be your haven too. I think Joe and John will agree to complicity. We'll bring our funky clothes home every night and get rid of the hamper."

"That's a good start. By the way, do you or Joe have a washer and dryer?"

"No, we use the laundromat in our apartment building, why?"

"I have a set, and I wouldn't mind washing your things at all. It would be much safer and private all around. I'm not prying, but if your clothes are really dirty, a laundromat is chancy... Ask me how I know."

"I don't know if I should just say thanks or be totally embarrassed."

"Just say thanks, oh, what the hell is that tiny microwave oven for?"

"For warming stuff up."

"Stuff?"

"Y'know, warming cold underwear and stuff, hate sitting in the cold stuff."

"You bad girl, what a naughty idea. Anyway, please tell Joe, we've all got to be Mr. and Mrs. Clean, no exceptions, especially with John's squeaky-clean reputation. Okay?"

"Understood. A matter of professional life and death. No accidents allowed, and may all go according to plan."

And with that vital communication in the open, Ellen left for John's house before breakfast affected her digestive system.

Joe finally appeared in the lab with hot coffee for them and was accosted by a serious-faced young lady who marched him into the darkroom.

"Big news my man, so listen up."

He was used to pronouncements like this and kept quiet.

"Okay, hygiene is now the rule of law for everyone, including Ellen. This is from her lips to our ears."

Penny's recital was succinct and ended with their boss's offer to wash their dirty underwear and towels in her own washer rather than be caught with soiled clothes in a public laundromat. Joe was impressed.

"I was aware she knew what we did in here," Joe commented. "She swings that way herself, but now that John Sparr is involved, the bar has been raised. He is too high profile to be involved in anything irregular. I'm really surprised he smuggled that head out of the public's view. But Penny, do you really want her handling our underwear?"

"Know what? I think she'd enjoy doing it, and I don't care. We can hand wash some things if you'd feel better. But they're into the same things we are. She came right out and said so. Ellen asked me to wash 'cause Dr. Sparr might come around later today and think I'm a danger to their reputations. Then guess who's looking for another lab to work in. She stayed in here while I washed myself - not embarrassed at all."

Joe nodded soberly at her earnest soliloquy.

"And what a day to wear peed panties!" he exclaimed

"I only did it 'cause I wanted to explain something to you, but now I'll just show you after work."

"Guess what, We're leaving early. Oh yeah, that head in the box! I think we can help Dr. Sparr get rid of it. Got an idea that might earn us points. I know 'party-hearty' Maloney. Paul, what a hot shit, I knew him in school. We used to deliver new hearses to funeral parlors, made good money too ..."

"Wait, you mean Paul, the son of Michael Maloney & Son? The undertakers?" asked Penny.

"That's him. They throw a party every few weeks. Big house, very sociable, I've only met his wife Anna once or twice, she looks like a damn movie star, all legs. Very nice people, you'll like them."

"Certainly different, let's go for it. A party at a funeral home, well, hmm. Have to wear all black and pearls I suppose."

Joe grabbed his phone and left a message about needing a hearse delivered to up-state Maine. A few minutes later, Paul returned his call.

"Well, hello dude, still have your fingers in other people's brains?" Paul mocked his old friend. "Or are you more enlightened now and stick them into pussies."

"Hey buddy, how's it going? Yeah, I'm with Penny Handy from the lab."

"Very good. Why not bring her over some evening, Anna and I haven't seen you for almost half a year, man."

"How about Friday, I'll make a batch of Buffalo wings with the magic sauce. Oh yeah, can I bring a human head over to be cremated?"

"Bring it to the party? Right! Hey, here's the chicken wings in this bag and in this one, ah, not wings." Paul laughed. No, no, bring it over tomorrow like seven in the morning, and ring the bell at the loading dock in back. Either I or a guy named Chris will take it.

Could this be the disappearing head the worker says attacked him over at the research center a couple of days ago?"

"Yup, this is the monster, and this made the newspapers? He was a mass murderer from the 1890s and some long-dead research guy wanted to see if his brain was "different" from a normal brain. If you want, you can keep him for your collection."

"Nah, I'll pass. Got an idea, Joe, we're having some friends over Saturday for a small party. This would be a way to widen your rep as a cook, too. Can you come over about eight?"

"No problem, that's great. Should we wear anything special? 'Cause when I told Penny about your parties, she started fantasizing about wearing all black to a wake party. The idea got her hot!"

"Oh *really*?" Paul asked.

"Really, I can smell her steaming," Joe said smiling.

"Look, come over around seven-thirty; buy her a flirty black dress with all the toys. We'll invite some folks who play that narcoleptic fantasy game, does that turn your crank?"

"Absolutely, but I'm not sure exactly what turns *her* on."

"Leave that to Anna. She'll take Penny as far as she wants to go and leave her wanting more. She is really into dark theater and knows how to make a newbie comfortable. I guarantee you'll be peeling her panties off by the end of the night, dude."

"Damn, man, this is going to be one interesting Saturday night. Okay, Buffalo wings it is. I leave Penny in Anna's hands. And see you early tomorrow Paul. Thank you for the favor. Good night, buddy."

"Not a problem, see ya."

Penny had undressed and stood in her bra and panties. "This is how I looked after I got out of bed, soaking wet."

"Bed soaking wet too?" Joe's erection put her anxieties to rest. "Wish I could have gotten out of bed with you. Maybe we can get

out of the lab when Ellen comes back from lunch. Hope we can wait that long."

"There's always a bottle and zip-loc bags, we'll be fine. Now, what time is the party, what will I wear, who's going to be there?" asked Penny eagerly.



Ellen stood in the middle of John's kitchen and felt the visceral heat of being in a safe place with no rules, only the prospect of forbidden pleasures. His home was modern and well designed, a comfortable space embodying music, paintings on the walls, and a comprehensive library.

It was only when she entered the private areas of the house that she became aware of another facet of John's character, a dark manifestation that made her shiver, not in apprehension but anticipation. In an anteroom at the end of the hall, bottles of labeled solutions filled a Chinese cabinet, manuscripts on alchemy and Pagan recipes, funerary furniture, masks of birds and animals, and rare books of forgotten deities and gods lined the walls. She felt him enter the room before she heard him.

"Johny, what's all this? Are you a wizard in your spare time?"

"Hardly, I just have an interest in where people go when they're sated. Not just in the body, but in their souls, in their hearts and heads — and who or what guides them."

"Fascinating. I noticed the bedside tables are wrought iron and pitted marble, are they very old?"

"Very. Actually, that table came from a mausoleum destroyed in an earthquake in Romania in 1872. Those red stains on the marble top were made by an iron goat's head that rusted away to a ball of oxide, reduced to metal mush in a wet, black tomb. And last

night, you placed your glasses on that patient surface before we made love. What went on in the centuries that table stood bleeding rust?"

"I kind of feel very tender towards that table, and yours, what is its history?"

"They are a pair, mine held a large bronze bowl filled with water or oil. It was used for scrying, seeing the future. The bowl has acquired an incredible patina, I have it downstairs and occasionally use it for that purpose."

John led her into a smaller bedroom, snuffy and close, containing a rickety double bed with a pink sheet spread over an old mattress. It looked like a room in a flophouse. Two chairs, a wooden table, and a small air conditioner stuck in a small window comprised the furniture. They slowly undressed and laid together on the crinkly mattress. "Inside or outside? John whispered.

"Inside, deep inside."

Their first climax happened in minutes, the second wasn't as frenzied. Blood-hot gushes of cum inundated her womb. They wet each other, joyfully rubbing their bodies in cooling pee for almost an hour. With no time left for a proper wash, they dabbed each other with a warm soapy washcloth and dried off. It was almost time for John to teach his afternoon class, but Ellen couldn't put off her need any longer.

"John, I've got to go, now."

"Go? Where?" John stared at Ellen as she stood quivering in the middle of the dingy room.

"I have to poop, I can't hold it."

She bolted from the room, leaving him staring at her hands clamped over her bottom, hoping to stem the contents of her bowels clamoring to get out.

"Did you make it, hon?"

She smiled and nodded around the doorway as she pulled her briefs and slacks up. Hearing no flush, he went into the bathroom to view two well-formed feces of surprising length floating in lightly tinted water. He brushed his finger along one and wiped the velvety-slick residue on his handkerchief before reluctantly flushing them away. "Honey, they're so beautiful, I wish I was there when you did them."

"There wasn't time, and you have to go and teach now."

"Did you think about doing it in your pants, how nice it would feel?" he asked with his finger under his nose.

"If we had more time I'd do it, but ..." she smiled, knowing he was no stranger to dirty underpants. "We need safe space, a play pen."

"We'll have one, maybe by tonight. Y'know, I don't remember seeing toilet paper ..."

"I didn't use any, the second I stopped I pulled my pants right back up," she kissed him.

"Let me see them after I've taught my class, all right?"

"I promise, and I want to see yours." They drove back to work, so excited by their deeds and plans they forgot about the odiferous lake soaking into the bedding.

Dr. Hull's one-thirty return to the lab fit right into Joe and Penny's estimation. They relayed Joe's plan for getting rid of the Head-In-The-Box and Ellen promised to clear it with John that afternoon and get back to him. Due to everyone's urgent private business appointments, the lab was closed for the remainder of the day.

That afternoon John and Ellen viewed a third-floor apartment listed on the internet in a quiet neighborhood near the research center. It had off-street parking with room for a second car, a newly renovated bathroom, a large modern shower, and a quiet-flush



toilet with sufficient space around it for two to play on comfortably. A tiled floor and generous closet space were unexpected luxuries. Large windows looked out onto house walls and provided ventilation, light, and privacy. Two bedrooms and an open concept design allowed room for entertaining. The other tenants in the building worked away from the dwelling during the day and the landlord rarely needed to visit. They rented the apartment on the spot.

As soon as the landlord closed the door behind him, they were in each other's arms. This was their dream come true, a safe place where they could indulge their every fantasy. But not quite yet. They set to work measuring the bedrooms and living room for adequate air conditioners and a stackable washer-dryer combo.

"We'll have to make sure the floor is waterproof and soundproof as much as possible. We only have to deal with the downstairs folks, and we're not too loud," John mused.

"Oh John, before I forget, Joe Benton, my post-doc, can safely cremate the Head-in-the-Box, but you need to let him know it's okay as soon as you can. They know I'm with you this afternoon."

With Ellen's urging, he called Joe and asked about his scheme. Joe was canny and after giving him the briefest of explanations, concluded with, "Dr. Sparr, the less you know the better. I'm okay with risking my reputation because I know who I'm dealing with. Say the word and it's done by 9:00 tomorrow morning."

"Dr. Benton, I trust your judgment. This will save everyone embarrassment. If all goes well, don't bother to call, we'll be seeing each other anyway. Thanks for taking this on, I appreciate it."

"John," Ellen laughed. "Do you realize we probably made Joe and Penny dry their hands to answer the phone. Do your folks have a place that they can go to play around?"

"My staff are in the medical buildings where there's is a lot more traffic, but Joe and Penny, yeah, I could see that happening. He