

I have always wanted to find somewhere to get muddy that is relatively private and easy to get to by car. I hate having to transport everything miles across fields. Unfortunately, even living in the country, I have never found my ideal spot. I then decided to ask a farmer if I could get access to his field to play.

It took a long time to summon up the nerve but eventually I met a farmer nearby a suitable mud patch and I asked the question. He asked me why and I explained I liked to make silly videos where people fell over or things like that. He seemed okay with it and I showed him the path I wanted to park on. He said as long as I made sure not to block the lane he was happy and I was sorted. It was far easier than I'd imagined.

So, the next week, after a heavy storm, I packed my clothes in the car along with my water spray and drove to the farm track. Driving past the site I turned and parked as close to the wall as possible judging that there was enough space to pass my car.

I had two outfits with me. A male one and a female one and I planned on using both. Stripping off my clothes I redressed in the male set of white boxers, pale blue jeans, red shirt, grey socks and black lace up shoes. I then set up my camera and tried to work out how to film it. I hadn't lied to the farmer as I always liked to come up with a plot, however feeble, as to why I was getting muddy. The entrance to the field had two large ruts filled with water where the tractor had driven in and out and I was hoping the bottom of each rut would be muddy. I had just decided that my plan was to try to walk on the hard mud between the ruts then slip and fall over.

As I was positioning the camera for the best coverage I heard a tractor coming down the lane. I waited for it to pass and to check I'd left enough room. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised when it stopped alongside me as the farmer probably wanted to check I was behaving myself. The door opened to reveal not the farmer, but a woman in green overalls.

"Morning." she said as she climbed down.

"Morning. The farmer said it was okay to film here." I offered as an explanation.

"Oh I know. My husband told me you were likely to be filming here and I popped down to see if George Clooney was coming."

Joining in with the comment I replied, "I'm afraid he won't be here today. Just me." I took the opportunity to look more closely. The overalls did a good job of hiding her as did the large green boots and the purple wooly hat pulled down tight but she looked to be about thirty. I was more interested in the zip at the front of the overalls as it was pulled down a fair way hinting at some good size breasts and no other clothing. Well not that I could see.

"That's a shame. Maybe I'll come back tomorrow."

She paused then continued, "My husband told me you want to film in the mud. Is that right?" Okay, stop looking at her breasts as she is married to the farmer. "Yes, that's right. Just a bit of fun really. Slapstick humour."

She looked past me to the field and said, "Not that muddy. Would it help if I drove my tractor through a few times?"

Trying to pretend it didn't matter too much I said, "Oh, okay. Thanks."

"No problem." and she climbed back into the tractor. Even in the overalls I could see a nice shaped bum.

I moved the camera and she drove into the field. The rear wheels pushed the water out and I could see there was already a fair amount of mud. She drove through a few times until all the water and mud was mixed together before reversing out onto the lane. She then climbed back down.

"So what have you got planned?"

"Well I was going to walk in the middle of the tracks and then slip but there isn't really a middle any more."

She looked then said, "Why not try to edge along by the fence. If you hold on to the fence it's bound to break as it's so old."

"Are you sure. The last thing I want to do is break anything."

"Don't worry. We're replacing it soon anyway."

"Okay thanks."

Then came the awkward bit as she just stood there. I was expecting her to go as I'm not used to having an audience.

Sensing my unease she said, "Would you rather I went? I was just interested to see what you were going to do."

My mind was in turmoil. Part of me wanted her to go and part of me wanted her to stay and it was this part that won the day. "No. you're welcome to stay."

She stepped back as if trying to keep out of the way whilst I set my camera up again.

"I don't want to intrude but would it be better if I held the camera and filmed you? I'm sure I could capture more for you."

That was something else I'd always wanted and so I seized the opportunity and said yes.

I took the camera off the tripod and showed her the basics which really only amount to start, stop and zoom.

As I now had a camera person I took the opportunity to expand my story and had her film me walking down the lane and through the gate, stopping when I saw the mud. I then inched along the narrow strip of dry grass by the fence holding the top rail. As she had predicted it broke and I fell backwards into the mud which came over my waist and was lovely and creamy from the mixing. Making a big show of struggling I got to my feet and then wading through the mud and on into the field.

When I stopped I saw that she had followed me through the mud which must have come over the top of her boots.

We stopped filming and I thanked her for her help. Realising I was now going to get undressed she excused herself but not before grabbing my interest.

"I notice you didn't get totally muddy. Any reason?"

"To be honest it's always difficult to get clean so I tend not to go completely mad."

"In that case, when you're changed, why not come up to the farm. I have something to show you."

"Okay I will." I replied, more than a little intrigued.

"Just follow this lane up and pull into the first gate on the left. I'll meet you there in about half an hour."

"Thanks. See you then."

She climbed back into the tractor and continued down the lane whilst I set about stripping off all my clothes and washing off as much mud as possible with the water spray.

The tractor returned as I was finishing off my shower and I hid behind the car to cover my nakedness but I guess she could see most of me from her high vantage point.

Once dried and dressed I turned my car and drove up to the farm as instructed. As I turned in through the gate I saw the farmer's wife standing in the yard outside a big barn.

I climbed out and looked round. It was a big farm with a lot of machinery parked up.

I followed my host in through the main door into what was clearly a livestock barn although it was currently empty.

Pointing up she said, "There's a high pressure shower hose we use for cleaning the floor. That would make short work of any mud but it is cold." Then, pointing to the side she continued, "and there's a room there where you could change in private. No more trying unsuccessfully to hide behind your car."

That answered that question. "Sounds ideal but it would be a fair way to come to get washed and changed."

"I think I might have the answer to that as well." and she led me back out into the yard and round the side. Indicating the view she added, "That good enough for you?"

I looked and saw a huge area of what can only be described as swamp. Liquid mud stretched about thirty metres in every direction.

"It always gets like this in the winter as the cows churn it up as they go through. To be fair it isn't only mud, if you know what I mean."

I did and that didn't worry me a bit.

She then threw me a question that took me by surprise, "Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Does she like playing in the mud?"

"No. Unfortunately not although she knows I do."

"Okay."

Realising we hadn't been introduced I held my hand out, "I'm Alan."

"Monica. Nice to meet you." then she continued, "So would you like to use this area?"

"Of course."

"Well it would need to be when the cows are out. Are you free Friday morning, about ten?"

"Yes."

"Okay, well I'll meet you here at ten. I'll need to be here as you're on the farm but I can help with the filming if you like."

"That would be great." and I meant it.

"Got any ideas of what you're going to do?"

"No, not yet."

"Can I make a suggestion?"

"Sure."

"How about wearing a nice suit. That would obviously be something you hadn't planned on getting muddy."

"Good idea. I'll see what I can do."

As she turned to leave she added as if an afterthought, "Or you could wear that nice little dress you brought today." and she was gone.

She must have seen the dress on the back seat.

As I drove home I gave some thought to her ideas. Most of me wanted to dress as a female but I really hadn't got the bottle so instead went shopping for a suit.

With only a few days to get ready I turned to my favourite shops, the charity shops. At only the second I found the perfect suit. a three piece light grey suit which must have been expensive as new and looked as good as new. A few more shops and I found a nice pair of black leather shoes and with the addition of a new shirt, tie, boxers and socks I was ready.

When I arrive on Friday morning I was already dressed and as I parked in the yard Monica appeared. She was not in overalls this time and was wearing a pair of short black heeled boots, a pair of pale blue denim jeans and a pale grey sweatshirt. Without her hat I could see she had short blonde hair.

"Morning. You look very smart."

"Thanks."

"Not that it's any of my business but won't the suit get ruined?"

With my confidence quite high I replied, "Oh, I hope so. That's what makes it so much fun for me. To be honest I quite often rip and tear my clothes anyway so everything will go in the bin apart from maybe the shoes as they clean up quite well."

She just nodded and then indicated the mud. "Everything is ready. I have set something up for you if you like."

I followed her over and saw there was a large steel drum in the middle of the mud with a very thin plank leading from it to the concrete we were standing on.

"I thought you could try walking the plank."

I loved the idea but added, "It would be better if I could walk from the drum towards the camera."

"Or, how about I film you from the other side of the drum as you walk out?"

"Not quite sure what she meant I agreed and got the camera from the car.

Taking the camera she said, "Give me a moment to get ready and then you can start." and with that I watched in shock as she walked straight out into the mud. Almost immediately it came over her knees and she struggled to lift her legs as it was thicker than I imagined.

Once she was the other side of the drum she started the camera and shouted, "Okay, off you go. Have fun."

I was already having fun just watching her but climbed onto the plank. Although thin it was surprisingly stable and I found little difficulty in walking. That was no good so I now started to put on a show of wobbling. Once I did that it was easy and with great acting skills I tumbled off the plank and into the cold mud. It was great and I could feel it slowly working it's way inside my clothes. I struggled to gain my feet and then decided to try and climb back onto the plank as if trying to rescue myself.

As I did so Monica shouted, "Hang on. I have an idea."

She came over and said, "Let me film you falling off the plank from close by then you can do it again from a distance."

"Okay. I'll just fall off onto my feet."

Then to my amazement she squatted down in the mud covering her jeans completely as well as the bottom of the sweatshirt.

I climbed onto the plank and fell past the camera before she returned to her original position.

"Are you going to go right under this time?" she asked.

"I'll try." and with that a bit more wobbling and down I went. This time I didn't try to save myself and made sure I went right under. It felt very weird but enjoyable.

I then thrashed around as much as I could making sure everything was completely ruined before eventually wading to the concrete where Monica joined me.

"Shower time." she said and led me into the barn.

Turning on the water I saw it was more of a deluge than a shower and I stepped under the icy water. The one advantage was the power of the water soon washed all of the mud off me.

However I waited to see what Monica was going to do.

"I'm off to change. Hang around when you're ready as I want a quick chat." and with that she was off towards the farm.

I was kind of hoping she was going to get under the water as well but I was glad I didn't have to make a decision about whether to strip in front of her.

I gradually removed my clothes and finished washing before towelling myself dry and dressing in my spare clothes. Bundling all my wet clothes into a bag I put it in the boot and sat in the car to wait for Monica.

She re-appeared soon afterwards wearing her green overalls, boots and hat.

"Did you enjoy that?"

"I certainly did. Thanks very much."

"Do you want to do it again?"

"Of course. In fact I was thinking this suit might clean up well enough for another session."

"Oh no. Next time I want to see you in that dress."

I felt myself going red.

"Don't try and tell me you don't want to."

I just shook my head.

"Right. That's settled then. Next Friday you will arrive here at ten and I want you dressed in that dress along with undies, shoes and whatever else you normally wear."

Again I just nodded but said nothing and got in the car and drove away. part of me was over the moon but the other part was frightened.

Although I had a dress I had only pair of old knickers which were going under the dress and I decided that I needed to go shopping. As well as some nice new undies I also bought a pair of strappy cream high heels.

On the Thursday I decided I might as well go the whole way and spent an hour or so shaving all the hair from my body apart from my head. It just made the underwear feel even nicer.

The following morning I put on the white lacy undies set of bra, thong and suspender belt along with the white lace top stockings. I was too overlooked to dress further and pulled on my tracksuit bottoms and sweatshirt, put everything else in the car and set off.

I stopped half way and finished dressing. The dress was a white knee length full skirt dress with a lace overlay. I then put on the shoes which made it more interesting to drive and also my wig. I have two wigs. A short dark one for getting messy and a long black one for special occasions and this was one such occasion. Finally a pendant necklace and a little dress watch.

As I drove up the lane my heart was beating wildly and I pulled into the yard to see Monica standing there in her green overalls. I was expecting more but never mind.

As I got out she laughed but in a kind way. "You look good."

I then remembered I had even got a handbag and I got it out and hung it from my wrist.

She walked over and looked me up and down before saying, "No make-up?"

"I never have. Not really sure what to do."

"That's no good. Come on."

She led me into the farm house, kicked off her boots and took me up to her bedroom. I was unsure as to whether I should be there but had little time to think as she pulled off my wig and sat me down.

She looked at my face then said, "The dress will have to come off as well. Don't want it getting dirty do we." and before I could reply I felt the zip being pulled down. I just let the dress fall forward off my shoulders and then Monica started on my make-up. When she'd finished I looked at myself in the mirror and felt really good.

She helped zip up my dress then replaced my wig and brushed it through. I then followed her downstairs feeling very confident when the door bell rang.

"That'll be Hilary." and she went to the door and opened it.

Standing there was a woman who must have been Monica's sister as they were so alike. She was dressed in beautifully tailored short, tight shorts, a pink camisole top, white socks and white trainers.

Turning to me Monica said, "This is Hilary." then to Hilary, "and this is Alan but we can't call you that today."

"Davina. That's the name I like."

"Okay, Hilary, meet Davina."

I just smiled and all of a sudden I was nervous again. Still too late now and I said, "You must be Monica's sister."

They both laughed and Hilary said, "God no. We have known each other for twenty years but that's all. I live about five miles from here."

Monica then said, "Hilary is going to help with the filming so why don't you sort her out with the camera and I'll be out in a minute."

I did as I was told and Hilary seemed quite happy with the buttons. Only a few minutes later Monica reappeared and gone were the overalls. Instead, black high heeled leather knee boots, a tight black leather skirt and a equally tight white jumper. the other surprise was she now wore a wig similar to mine and it totally transformed her.

"I thought what we'd do is use my pick-up truck to drive into the mud and get stuck. You would get out to push and then I would do the same."

"You're going in the mud dressed like that? Those things will get ruined." I suggested.

"I thought that's what you liked?"

I couldn't disagree. "What about your truck though?"

It's okay. I can pull it out with the tractor."

That settled I got into the passenger seat and Monica behind the wheel. Hilary then filmed us in the cab and also driving along the track. Then it was time. Hilary stood at the edge of the mud and filmed us driving towards it. We stopped just short and she then filmed from behind as Monica drove at speed into the mud making sure we got far enough out before getting stuck. Then I watched as Hilary waded into the mud to film me getting out. I gingerly lowered my shoes into the mud which was a lot thicker than it had been the week before. I made a big show of pulling my dress up to avoid the mud and took my handbag and headed to the back of the truck. I then made a big show of trying to push the truck before Hilary went round to the drivers side and filmed Monica getting out. I watched mesmerised as those gorgeous boots sank below the surface. She then came and pretended to push as well.

Now the plan was to fall as the truck moved but it really was stuck fast so Monica went as if to get back in and fell to her knees. She rolled over and held her hand to me. As I tried to pull her up I ended up falling on her. Soon we were rolling around in the mud trying to get each other as muddy as possible.

Eventually we called a halt as we were both exhausted and climbed out with some difficulty. My handbag was nowhere to be seen but that didn't matter. For the first time I saw Hilary who was covered in mud up to her chest but had a great big grin on her face.

I headed towards the shower but Monica stopped me and held up some scissors, "Do you want your clothes removed before the shower or afterwards?"

I hadn't considered that happening but quickly replied. "Afterwards I think."

"Okay." and she turned on the water. All three of us got under at the same time and it was only a few minutes before all the surface mud was off although all the clothes were a uniform brown.

Squatting in front of me Monica said, "What about the shoes?"

I thought for a moment about what I had on and then said, "Everything can go. Every single thing I am wearing."

She just smiled and started to cut the straps of the shoes until I was standing on just two soles.

Moving up she cut through the dress hem then tore it up to the waist. This was repeated in a few places before she finished the cutting and the dress fell to the floor.

Normally when I do these sort of things I don't get too excited at the time but this was all together different and I was already fairly hard.

Looking at my dick sticking over the top of my thong Hilary said, "I think he enjoyed that. Keep cutting."

She tore some holes in my stockings before cutting the four straps on the belt and then through the belt as well. The bra straps went next followed by a cut between the cups to remove it completely. Finally the thong was snipped though on both side letting my hard dick free.

Looking at me Monica then asked, "You sure you mean everything?"

I nodded and she slipped the scissor blade under my watch strap. One snip and it fell to the floor.

The necklace just snapped as she pulled with the stones falling on the concrete by the watch.

Then she started to cut my wig. A little at a time disappeared as she made it shorter and shorter before finally pulling it off and throwing it away.

Looking down at my prick she then said, "I think that needs a hand."

Slightly alarmed I said, "Aren't you married?"

"I am but Hilary isn't."

With that Hilary took my prick in one hand and cupped my balls with the other. With only a few rubs I was squirting cum and it ran down over her hands.

Wow. That was very unexpected but the fun hadn't finished. Handing me the scissors Monica said, "You turn."

"You're joking?"

“Well if you don’t want to do it.” and went as if to take back the scissors.

Realising I had to act fast I grabbed her jumper and cut up the front through the wool. I left it hanging open and knelt down to tackle the skirt. The leather was good quality and it took quite some effort to cut through it but finally it fell to the floor. Underneath was a set of black undies and stockings. I laddered the stockings before removing the bra, thong and suspender belt in the same way mine had been destroyed. Underneath was a beautiful body which curved in all the right places.

I stood up and Monica said, “Carry on.”

She only had the boots and the wig and I wasn’t sure which she was referring to so I squatted down and went for the boots. I half expected her to stop me but she didn’t and I struggled to cut through the boots but finally cut them to the ankles.

All that was left was the wig and she didn’t flinch as I gradually reduced it in length until it was no more.