

Sally had dreamt of this day for many months. Well, not this particular day but this occasion. She had always enjoyed getting messy and this was to be her most adventurous yet.

It all started towards the end of last winter. She had been driving home from the station and had to take a detour along some country lanes because of an accident. It was on one of these lanes she glimpsed a field of mud. She couldn't stop at the time but returned the next day to investigate. She backed her car into the gateway and got out to have a closer look. It was just as she glimpsed, a large area of thick clay obviously churned up by the tractors. She had to take a closer look and slipped off her shoes and placed them by the gate before climbing over and stepping into the mud. Her legs sank almost to her knees coating her jeans in a thick layer of sticky wet clay. Not having any spare clothes she reluctantly climbed back over the gate and retrieved her shoes. Remaining barefoot she drove home to clean up.

She then decided to drive that way to and from the station and hoped to have an opportunity to get muddier. As spring arrived however the ground started to harden and by April it was obvious there was to be no mud until autumn at the earliest. It was then that she came up with her ultimate thrill. She would purposely wait until September before using this route again and then she wait for the first time it was muddy and she would go right in whatever she was wearing and carrying. Over the next few months this played on her mind and she got so aroused. She only hoped the reality would be as good. Once September arrived she started to drive that way but it had been a dry summer and start to autumn and there was no mud. She didn't go to the station much and the next two visits were the same. Only one trip in October and whilst there was now some mud there was also a farmer working in the field.

And now to the present and here she was sitting in the car ready to go in. Her mind went back over the day and she relived every moment, in some ways putting off the event but also making sure every details was etched in her mind.

She had risen early as she had arranged to meet some friends in town for a girly lunch. After her bath she had breakfast before putting on her makeup and getting dressed. As lunch was to be in the smartest restaurant in town she dressed appropriately. Starting with a new cream basque and matching lace shorts she then added white hold up stockings before putting on her favourite white silk blouse and calf length suede skirt. As it was a cold day she added a cream lambs wool jumper which she could take off if it got too warm. A new pair of knee length high heel suede boots went on her feet before she collected her small dress shoulder bag and went downstairs.

In the kitchen she transferred a few things for her ordinary handbag such as her phone, purse, makeup and handkerchief. After a quick look in the mirror she took her cream Burberry raincoat and went out to the car. Looking at her watch she realised she was later than she planned so she took the main road to the station and just made the train in time. Her time in town was everything she had hoped it to be with some shopping, a fantastic lunch and some more shopping. With a bag of new undies in one hand and a bag containing a new white sundress she headed home. Without really thinking she took the country route and one glance at the field told her today was the day.

Sally came back from her memories and looked out the window. The sunlight was going and it was now or never. The sensible side of her told her to drive off but the wicked side was in control. Her heart was banging so loudly she felt sure she would have a heart attack. With one last deep breath she opened the door and felt the cold air rush in. Getting out she straightened her clothes before pulling the coat from the passenger seat. Once fastened she took her bag and placed the strap over her head so it wouldn't slip off her shoulder. As her plans dictated everything. She took the two shopping bags from the back seat and walked to the gate.

She leant over and placed the two bags on the ground. Pulling her coat and skirt up she clambered over the gate. She laughed inwardly as she realised she was trying to avoid getting dirty!

Picking up the bags she took one last look over her shoulder and walked forward. Her lovely boots sank straight away with the hem of the skirt and coat inches from the mud. So far she felt her feet were still dry and she put that down to good quality boots. She took another couple of steps forward and found the mud was actually shallower. However there was still plenty to go and two more steps saw her sink in over knees. Now her coat and skirt sat on the mud although any damage was not yet visible. However the mud was so thick Sally found it almost impossible to free her feet. She was also hampered by the bags and so as she tried to get free she lost her balance and fell over to one side landing on her handbag and the underwear bag. She didn't move for a moment and felt the cold mud on her leg. Pushing herself upright forced the underwear bag completely under the mud but she managed to regain her feet. However she was still stuck fast and only remained upright for a moment before falling forwards onto her front soaking most of her coat and briefly submerging her face in the icy mud. Realising there was no point in any pretence of trying to get clear of the mud she just rolled onto her back covering the rest of the coat and pushing the dress bag under the surface.

To complete the messing of the coat she rolled over and over until her coat, face and hair were completely covered. Only then did she undo the coat to expose her blouse and skirt. Although stained in places they were still recognisable. Sitting up she wriggled out of the coat and threw it back towards the gate. Then she lay back down in the mud and felt the cold water soaking the back of her blouse. Again she rolled around coating her clothes and wrapping the skirt tightly round her legs. Once satisfied with the mess she again sat up. Grasping the blouse at the bottom she pulled and was rewarded as the buttons flew off along with bits of material. Pulling the blouse from her arms she threw that to one side. She knew the skirt would be too tough to rip but reaching round she snapped the button off and with some serious pulling she felt the zip break. She wriggled the skirt down her legs and this too was thrown to the side. The stockings were already black and ripped but she added some more damage with her nails. She was undecided what to do next so turned on her front and pushed her face down into the mud. Although cold she didn't feel it as she was so highly charged. As she lay on her front she pushed handfuls of mud down the front of her basque snapping the thin straps in the process. She started to lift her hips and slam them back into the mud creating gorgeous slurping sounds as she did so.

Although she was tempted to pleasure herself in the mud she wanted to complete this session fully aroused so she stood up and pushed her mud cake knickers to the ground and followed them with her basque. Now naked apart from her boots and remnants of stockings she picked up her clothes and carried them back to the gate where she threw them over near the car. Back to the mud and she retrieved the two bags of shopping which she then carried to the car. Finally she returned to the mud and in the gloom she hunted for her handbag. Eventually she found just a broken strap sticking up from the mud. She pulled and there was a slurping sound as it emerged. Making her way back to the gate she climbed over and opened the boot. She bundled all the muddy clothes into the boot apart from her coat. Shutting the boot she saw the mud all over the outside and knew there was to be a huge cleaning job the next day. With great difficulty she put her coat back on and climbed into the drivers seat spreading mud everywhere. She started the engine and set off finding it difficult to steer with wet muddy hands.

Once home she got out of the car and locked it before heading inside and up to the bathroom leaving large muddy footprints on the carpets. She turned on the water and climbed into the bath just as she was. Gradually the bath filled with warm water which mixed with the mud to form a grey soup. All the while Sally was rubbing herself all over. Not so much to clean herself but more to enjoy the complete mess. Once the bath was full

she concentrated more on her pussy and with one hand on her breasts and the other rubbing her clit she finally reached a screaming orgasm.

She lay for some time before starting again and this time the orgasm was even more intense followed by a third. Now completely drained she shrugged off her coat, boots and shredded stockings and stepped into the shower. It was all she could to stand as she was shattered. She didn't bother trying to wash properly and just let the water flow until the majority of mud had gone.

Stepping out of the shower she made her way to the bedroom, pulled back the duvet, climbed in still dripping and was asleep in seconds.

The next day was a huge cleaning session but that's another story,