

My husband, Tony, and myself have always enjoyed getting messy but each of us get something different out of it. I love the getting dressed and made up, the anticipation of the first drop of mess and the feel of the mess invading my clothes. Tony likes seeing new clothes trashed, exposure in public and repeat sploshings. Having spent a whole evening discussing how we could both get more out of it we came upon a plan, or at least the outline of a plan.

My side of it was to select four sets of clothes to be trashed. Two sets would go and two would be kept but neither of us would know until the day. Tony was to organise the mess. Now he would know what mess he'd picked but I wouldn't although he promised to come up with a way of neither of us knowing exactly what the mess was until it arrived. I was intrigued.

The venue for this epic session was our garage. It was at the bottom of the garden and vehicle access was via a lane at the back. It hadn't had a car in for years and had been used for storage. We had finally got round to clearing it out so it was ideal. Tony said he would sort it out and made me promise not to go in before the big day.

I now turned my attention to what to wear. I knew the clothes had to be special and I started with an outfit I had recently bought for a dinner we'd been to and Tony had said how much he liked it. It was a designer leather suit but not at all bulky. The short jacket and tight knee length skirt were made out of the softest Italian leather. With that went a cream silk blouse, cream lacy undies, hold up stockings, black suede high heels and a little black vanity bag.

I knew Tony had always wanted to trash my wedding dress but I wasn't sure. It was the sentimental value that worried me most so I left it for the time being. It was while I was out shopping with a friend I got my next outfit. I was looking through evening dresses and she asked me what the occasion was. I said it was a romantic evening for two which was sort of true. She then said I should borrow her new gown as she was sure it would be perfect. Now it was difficult to say no as I couldn't tell her my plans for the evening so I agreed to try it on hoping it wouldn't fit. It fitted perfectly and was gorgeous. It was floor length white silk edged in diamanté and strapless. It has a matching bolero jacket also edged in diamanté. The side slit in the dress reached to my thigh and showed the lovely matching white heels. I couldn't not agree to borrow it and I realised I could always tell her I wore it as she would never know.

I still had three outfits to find and my next one came from a large clothing discount store that sold lots of designer clothes and unlike some high street chains these were genuine prices. It was a black knee length strapless dress with a matching long jacket. It was on sale for £125 reduced from £550. The best news was it was on sale or return.

As the next few weeks passed we refined our ideas and I was getting turned on by every little thing. Unfortunately I couldn't find the other two outfits and the more aroused I became the more my mind turned to my wedding dress and my friends dress. Eventually I couldn't wait any longer and they joined the selection. I didn't tell Tony what I had picked to wear but set about getting all the other bits to go with the outfits. Eventually I declared myself ready and we picked a day for the following week.

What I had done was to seal the name of each outfit in an envelope and Tony would pick one. I would then fully dress in the chosen outfit and let Tony see for the first time. Then he would pick one of four envelopes with two saying yes and two saying no.

Because our plans involved a lot of time we started early in the morning although I don't think I could have held on all day anyway.

I started by taking a long bath before drying myself and styling my long dark hair up into a bun. I then set about putting on my make-up taking immense care over every little bit. This was what turned me on the most. Knowing it was all to be ruined on purpose.

Finally I was ready and walked downstairs to Tony. We were both naked and he chose an envelope with shaking hands. I opened it to reveal the wedding dress. My heart felt like it was going to explode out of my body. Without letting him know the contents of the envelope I went upstairs to get ready. My original underwear had long gone so I had started with some new lingerie. A cream basque dotted with little pink flowers and matching silk knickers went on. The cool silk contrasting with my hot skin. Then a pair of white silk stockings came out of their wrapper and were fastened into place. A pair of long silver earrings and a thin silver neck chain were the only jewellery. I took the dress from the wardrobe and sat it on the floor. It was quite a traditional dress with its large hooped skirt and tight corset top. I stepped into it and pulled it up but I would need Tony to

fastening the lacing so I held it to my body before slipping on the white heels and heading downstairs.

Tony's face was a picture when he saw what I was wearing. He didn't say a word as I turned to let him tighten the lacing but I could feel his hands shaking.

Once the dress was fastened he shuffled the four envelopes and picked one out. I let him open this one and I wondered how long I could hold my breath as the anticipation was unbearable. The answer was no and I was full of mixed emotions. Thankful my wedding gown was to be saved but frustrated at not getting messy. However it was off upstairs again to undress. I purposely took my time removing all my clothes and putting them away in their respective places before returning downstairs naked.

By now I was beside myself with sexual tension and we both agreed to stop and make a cup of tea which we did. What a sight we must have made both sitting on the settee drinking tea. Me in my full make-up and Tony with the biggest hard on I have ever seen!

It did relax me slightly but then it was time for the second envelope. It was the designer dress and jacket. Upstairs again I put on my Agent Provocateur underwear. A black lacy bra, a black suspender belt, black lace shorts and black seamed stockings. The stockings are always a fiddle to get the seam straight and especially when you are shaking with excitement. The dress was next and I kept the labels in in case it went back. It fitted me so well and the hem was just above the knee. It was a little difficult getting the zip done up as the dress was so figure hugging but eventually I managed it.

Then I put on the same earrings as before but this time a silver pendant and silver dress watch were added before I slipped on the jacket. It was not designed to be fastened and hung just above the hem of the dress. Picking up my black shoulder bag I slipped in everything we had discussed at length. My mobile, my travel make-up kit, car keys and a small purse containing money. My black patent stilettos were too high to cope with stairs so I carried down before slipping them on. This time I knew the chance was in favour of a mess.

Tony shuffled the envelopes and picked one out. This time it was yes and I thought I was going to wet myself. I got Tony to cut out all the labels as the clothes wouldn't be going back. He read each one and smiled at the prices.

Now it was his turn to dress and I had given him a list of clothes I would like him to wear. Although this was about me getting trashed he wasn't going to escape. He disappeared upstairs and returned a few minutes later wearing tight white jeans which seemed to be struggling to hold his manhood. Also a pair of white trainers and a tight white t-shirt.

We had agreed to walk round to the garage rather than down the garden. Partly to keep the shoes clean and partly as we both liked to be 'seen'. As we walked slowly arm in arm we must have looked a sight although I wonder what people would have thought had I been in my wedding dress. Once in the garage I was amazed by the transformation. All the junk had gone and the floor was covered in black rubber matting. In the middle was a large armchair with a second matching one nearby. Tony explained he had got them from a charity shop but they looked new.

Looking up I saw four big tanks with pipes coming out and all ending over the chair. Also hanging down were four ropes. He told me to sit in the chair and pull one random rope. He then asked if I wanted to know what was in the tanks. I thought about it for some time before agreeing I did want to know but not which rope operated each one. Apparently even he didn't know which one was which but told me the contents. One contained iced water, one contained mud from the local farm, one was full of old paint and the last contained food. When I asked what food he told me he had bought it from a supplier of slops. It was all out of date and contained tinned tomatoes, beans, cooking oil, cereals, chilli sauces, pie fillings, chutneys and lots more.

I couldn't wait any longer and sat down in the chair, straightened my clothes and placed my bag on my lap. Grasping one of the ropes I pulled. I heard a noise as the tank opened but nothing happened for a moment, then I felt the first lumps hit my hair. It was only as the muck ran down I managed to identify it as the food. I moved my head forward and was rewarded by the muck flowing down inside the back of my dress. Leaving back I directed some down my front and in between my breasts. Gradually the food built up in my lap before flowing down my legs and over my shoes. Still the muck flowed and I raised myself up to let it get under my bum and soak through to my backside when I sat back down.

Now it was time to take part and I revelled in rubbing it over my face smearing my make-up then into my hair which came down covering my face. Wriggling the dress up I made sure plenty of food got inside my knickers whilst I massaged what was in my bra.

Eventually the flow stopped and Tony then came and sat on my lap coating his clothes in the muck. We kissed passionately whilst rubbing more muck into every orifice. We had already agreed that we would not make love yet and so eventually we stood and helped remove each other's clothes. Normally we would just cut or rip them off but this time we undressed carefully before dropping the clothes into a large plastic bin and walking up the garden to clean up.

We showered together to help clean off all the food and it took the rest of the morning before we were clean. Especially my hair which seemed to be full of little sticky with pieces of food. Then it was time for the next bit of fun but not before grabbing some food for lunch. After lunch we dressed and headed for the garage to clean up. We both dressed casually in t-shirt and jeans. Tony wore trainers and I plumped for knee boots. The tank of food was still dripping onto the chair so the first thing Tony did was to seal the end of the tube and remove the rope that operated that tank. Next we moved the chair out into the garden and I retrieved my bag. Opening it up I was surprised to find the contents were still clean. I guessed this was because the food was so thick.

Tony had a big plastic dustbin and two dustpans and we used these to scrape up all the food on the floor. It was a tiring job and we were both dripping with sweat and fairly well covered in food by the time the majority of the food was in the bin. Tony took the bin outside to add the food from the chair whilst I got a bucket of soapy water and started to wash the floor. Finally we had finished and we stripped off all our clothes and dropped them into the bin along with our clothes from the first session. Something about this also turned me on as the casual clothes weren't that dirty.

Then it was back to the bathroom and this time we took a bath together to help relax and recharge ourselves for the rest of the day. After the bath a shower and another wash of my hair before into the bedroom to repeat this mornings ritual. First the hair and then the make-up. I had been tired but as I got ready I started to get aroused again and I was buzzing.

Declaring myself ready I went downstairs naked and Tony was sitting waiting with the envelopes propped up on his hard dick. I picked one out and opened it. It was my neighbours dress. No going back now and I would have to come up with a really good excuse if it was to get ruined. Upstairs I selected the white basque I had bought for this outfit. On went some really expensive sheer flesh coloured stockings and then the matching high cut knickers. I took the dress from the bag and stepped into it. I have a hook on a string to help with dress zips and it was definitely required for this outfit. Clipping it into the zip I pulled the dress up around me and pulled the string over my shoulder. With a few wriggles I zipped it into place and it clung round me like a glove. Reaching over my shoulder I unhooked the string and I was trapped. Putting on the bolero jacket I fastened the one clip at the front before heading downstairs. Again the shoes were too high for safety so I only put them on at the last minute.

Now there was a fifty percent chance of a reprieve and my hands were definitely shaking as I opened the envelope. It was a yes. Tony went up to change and I knew what he was going to wear. I had bought him a suit in a charity shop some time ago. It appeared to be brand new and was absolutely stunning. It was a three piece pale grey silk suit and he had added some black patent dress shoes, a white shirt, red tie and I would guess white Calvin Kleins. When he came down he looked great.

As we walked round to the garage I felt a million dollars with my stocking leg flashing through the side slit of the dress. The second chair was in place and I sat down taking great care to keep my modesty for now. I took hold of one of the three remaking ropes. Was it to be icy water, cow poo mud or paint. I braced myself and pulled. As before nothing happened the the first drop landed on my dress. It was paint. I watched as the blue paint ran slowly down the white silk staining it forever. Then the deluge hit and I made sure it ran everywhere. Once my head and top were coated I pulled the dress open and watched as the muck coated my knickers. More and more flowed and I made sure my shoes also got coated. Tony was watching and I beckoned him over. He needed no second invitation and jumped onto my lap ruining his suit. We kissed passionately as the paint flowed slowed. I could taste the paint in my mouth but that didn't stop me.

Eventually the paint stopped flowing and we got to our feet with great difficulty. It was really difficult not to rip off my dress but we had agreed before how things were to be done so we helped undress each other and added the clothes to the bin. Then it was up the garden to clean up.

It turned out that some of the old paint must have been gloss as it was extremely difficult to get off. Not only that but I would certainly need a hair cut and tint as I was going prematurely grey! By now I was ready for bed but the day was a long way from finished. My outfit for cleaning was a pair of white linen trousers, a white linen shirt and white sling backs. Tony went for gorgeously tight blue denims, a red t-shirt and white trainers. The cleaning up was long, hard and very messy but eventually the garage was clean and the clothes went in the bin as before. I asked Tony what he was going to do with the other two tanks and he said that the water could go but he would keep the mud for a bit. I wondered what that would be like in a few weeks as I could smell it now.