

# Deep in the Woods (Grim Version)

By JT Keller

Waist deep in a soft pit of quicksand, Madam Frasier curled her finger, motioning her playtoy to come. Cocoa was hers to use as she pleased, and so the sub obediently followed her Mistress's silent command. The mud was quick to accept her, squishing around her foot and between her toes until it formed new surfaces where the feet had been. The Madam gently rubbed the silt between her legs and beckoned Cocoa a couple steps closer. Each step was gooier than the last, allowing the mud to claim more of her legs. She still towered over Frasier, but Cocoa's will belonged to the Madam, and in the end her Mistress would be far above her.

"May I come deeper, Madam Frasier?"

"Not yet," Madam Frasier said, wrapping both hands around the back of her plaything's thighs. "I need my fill first."

Cocoa could feel the little bit of extra warmth on the muddy hand that had been stroking the Mistress's pussy. A kiss to the inner thigh drew her attention, and she looked down to see piercing blue eyes gazing deep into the bottomless, brown pits that were her own.

"Besides my darling," Frasier continued between kisses, moving steadily upwards, "such affairs... are best... enjoyed..."

Cocoa felt breath escape the lips hovering barely a hair's breadth from her outer labia, and her own breathing increasing. She gasped when finally, a kiss landed on her other thigh.

"...slowly." Madam Frasier finished.

Not a moment sooner than Cocoa had exhaled, a wet tongue slid from the bottom of her waxed lips to the top, parting them for a subsequent kiss. The passion in her Mistress's slow tongue kiss was palpable. While Madam Frasier was savoring Cocoa's flesh, she dipped her hands into the mire, scooping thick globs of mud to smear up her toy's legs. With another couple handfuls of muck, she gripped Cocoa's butt and dove deeper into the feast. Cocoa began to fondle herself. There were gentle bites between the work of the rough tongue, and sucking lips. Soon enough, she had sunk to her thighs, and the Mistress's mouth found higher ground, but she had not completely removed her attention from the plaything's vulva. Cocoa inhaled sharply as she felt a hand shove mud where once there was a face.

"My beautiful playtoy, I simply must have all of you."

"I'm yours, Mistress. Use me as you like. I only ask that when you're done, you let me sink for you."

"Perhaps..." Madam Frasier kissed the side of her toy's waist, "should you sufficiently please me, my playtoy..." her palm heel pressed against Cocoa's pubic bone, "then you might be rewarded."

With the gray-brown sludge easily in reach now, Cocoa made another request, "May I muddy your hair, Mistress?"

Frasier turned upwards, her curling lips pressing against the bottom of one breast, "You may."

While Madam Frasier slurped at the tit in her face, Cocoa took up a handful of mud and ran it over the head of the Madam, who returned a pleased sigh. The moments that followed nearly caused the Mistress's toy to swoon. Tender lips suckling at one nipple, a hand caking the

other in a thick coat of mud, and silty fingers sliding betwixt her labial folds were intense enough on their own, but it was the instant her crotch made contact with the surface that made her lose control. Nothing could prevent that expression of the quicksand's hunger for her from bringing a slew of contractions to bear, and her ragged breathing gave way to a small cry. Almost involuntarily, she gripped her Mistress's hair and pressed the freckled face into her chest.

"Good girl," Madam Frasier praised. "You may just earn your place in the depths."

The playtoy's grip loosened as the orgasm subsided. "Thank you, Mistress. I hope I can continue to please you until then."

"I have every confidence you will, my darling." Frasier wiped some of the mud from Cocoa's untasted breast. "My expectations are high." Undaunted by the remaining dirt, she wrapped her lips around the succulent nipple. Just beneath the surface, she slipped a pair of fingers into her toy's vaginal canal.

Cocoa drew in a deep breath, held it for a moment, then slowly exhaled. She closed her eyes and rubbed another glob of mud into Madam Frasier's hair. The next handful went to her own, running from the scalp to the back of her neck. Her breathing remained deep while she savored the pleasure of those fingers buried inside her. Round grains of silt provided an extra element of friction, gentle to the flesh, but potent in gratification. She longed for that soft, ooey-goey substance to envelope her entirely.

With her plaything descending deeper, Madam Frasier moved her attention upwards, dragging her tongue up Cocoa's neck and eliciting a shudder. Kissing and sucking on the neck, she scooped a cup of mud with her unoccupied hand and redecorated the very tit she'd recently cleaned. The other soon received a coat of its own from Cocoa herself. Frasier bit her neck a little harder than usual. Not so hard it would break the skin, but enough to grab her toy's attention.

"Ahh!"

"Cocoa, my darling. That breast- along with the rest of you- belongs to me. Did I give you permission to fondle it? To splatter it with muck?"

"N- no Mistress. You didn't."

Madam Frasier took hold of Cocoa's throat, gradually tightening her grasp. "Perhaps you'd like a reminder of your place."

"I'm sorry Mistress," the toy whispered, "Please, punish me."

With Cocoa's throat held firmly in the one hand, Madam Frasier clenched the other, fingers still deep in her playtoy's pussy and palm heel grinding her clit. She watched Cocoa bite her lip. "You'll pay by cumming for me again, won't you?"

Cocoa could only whimper in response, and let the sensations guide her into giving what she owed. Her head grew lighter, but her blood flowed freely where she needed it most. Her Mistress's movements were slow and deliberate. She couldn't tell if she had sunk deeper, or the Madam had used her to climb a little higher, but they were now face to face, staring into each other's eyes. It was the extra push she needed for release. Cocoa writhed in her Mistress's clutches. The hand grasping her throat loosened, and slithered to one side of her face. She also felt the fingers slip out of her below.

"There you go. That wasn't so hard was it?"

Blood rushed to the dizzy damsel's head, "N- no Mistress. Thank you for allowing me to make up for my disobedience."

"Of course," Madam Frasier delicately massaged her toy's clitoris, "After all, you are my favourite playtoy." Their faces met.

"Thank you Mistress!" Cocoa smiled.

They closed their eyes and took a few slow breaths. Then, they kissed. They kissed unlike a Mistress and her toy. Cocoa felt as though they were breaking character, kissing as equals, governed by love for one another. She didn't mind though, and it was hardly her place to tell her Mistress how she should be used. Madam Frasier's fingers ran through her mud-slicked hair, and so she did the same in return. With so much to cover, there were still clean locks of red draped from Frasier's head. Cocoa loved her Mistress's vibrant hair and the myriad freckles that far outpaced her own smattering. She even loved the freckles that dotted Madam Frasier's lips, hidden by an amazingly resilient brand of lipstick, still unsmudged by their current passions. Cocoa lifted one eyelid to see the woman making out with her, and found her Mistress was already watching back. With their heads tilted in opposite directions to make room for each other's nose, they couldn't make perfect eye contact, but it still invigorated them. Eyes closed once again, they kissed like it would be their last. Finally, Madam Frasier slowed her pace to a stop, and held the tip of her nose to Cocoa's.

"My darling playtoy, you've been such a pleasure to use. I have another task I need you to complete before I'm done with you though."

"Anything, Mistress."

"My tits are in need of relief. Be a good little bitch and take care of them, would you?"

"Mistress, I'd be honored."

"Then let's get you properly aligned," Madam Frasier said, laying her hands on Cocoa's shoulders. She pushed down, lifting herself at the sacrifice of her plaything's level. Enjoying the sight of Cocoa's boobs plunging under the quicksand, she licked her lips almost on instinct.

"Mistress?" Cocoa nestled her head between the big, filthy breasts in front of her.

"Yes, my toy?"

"May I pleasure myself while I partake of your bosom?"

"Hmm... I suppose it *is* out of my reach now. Very well."

Cocoa smiled, "Thank you Mistress!" She kept one arm around Madam Frasier's back to hold herself in place, nuzzled Frasier's chest, and moved her other hand into position.

Madam Frasier tried not to giggle while Cocoa used her own face to sweep the excess mud from one breast, repeatedly brushing an erect nipple in the process. She gasped when her toy finally latched onto the sensitive nub. Then, she did as Cocoa had done, and spread her pussy.

Cocoa was pleased to notice what her Mistress was doing under the surface. Unlike herself, Madam Frasier didn't allow mud within her sticky cavity, but everything else beyond the first barrier was fair game, and plenty responsive. Another woman's vulva, slathered in mud, was also enough of a turn-on to raise the pace of her strokes, though she made sure not to let it interfere with her oral performance. She didn't simply suck. Her tongue flicked and rounded Frasier's nipple, and her teeth grazed the tiny bumps around the areola. Cocoa was skilled with her lips and tongue. She'd primarily trained through cunnilingus, but the talent translated well to pleasing nipples, and she had an excessive fondness for boobs. At least, it was excessive by her Mistress's standards. The well-endowed, little domme was accommodating though, and by the titillated sounds she made, Cocoa was sure it was paying off for Madam Frasier. Sensing

that breast had received adequate relief, Cocoa dragged her face across the chasm to fulfill the other half of her directive.

"Mmm... Such an obedient plaything. It'll be a shame when you're gone, but what good is a toy I can't swallow up?"

Thrilled by words of her irresistible reward, Cocoa pressed her face hard into her Mistress's perfect titty, and continued.

A long moan drew out of Madam Frasier, "That's it... suck it dry, bitch." Her composure tended to slip when the sensations mounted. "Fuckin' suck me off!"

Cocoa used the words of encouragement to intensify her undertaking. Lips locked around the savory nipple, she tugged with rhythmic movements of her head, aggressively running muddy fingers over her vulva in tandem.

The Madam's digits were busily handling their own task. "Ohh... my cunt's so fuckin' wet!"

After another minute, Cocoa noticed Madam Frasier slowing down. She gave the supple tit one last slurp before releasing it, and directed a coy smile upward. "Did you cum, Mistress?"

"Not yet, my darling. I don't think I'm ready."

Cocoa tilted her head to the side. "I'm sorry Mistress. Is there anything else I can do to help?"

"There is... *something* you can do." The smile forming on her face was devious, but positively magnetic. "Something I *know* will do the trick."

"What is it, Mistress? I'll do whatever you need."

Madam Frasier's grin cracked open, baring her teeth. Then, she let her face relax, and handed down her final order, "Give in to the quicksand."

Cocoa was beaming.

"Surrender the last of your will, and let the dark, sticky ooze consume you."

"Mistress..." Cocoa's heart swelled, "You're so generous."

Madam Frasier leaned down, caressed the cheeks of the best damn playtoy she could ever ask for, and whispered, "Goodbye Cocoa. Your reward awaits." The Mistress and her toy kissed. It was brief compared to earlier. Gentler. The kind of kiss that marks a sorrowful parting of two lovers whose destinies diverged. They shared a smile as Frasier straightened back up. She shimmied herself to where she could feel a bottom again. Lying back in the shallows with legs spread, she could show Cocoa how much she appreciated her final act.

Cocoa admired the silt-drenched pussy from her spot in the deep, and reintroduced a pair of fingers to her soft interior. The quicksand beckoned, and she would heed its call. Slow strokes signaled that her Mistress was ready, and so she allowed herself to descend, as if she had any other choice by this depth.

Madam Frasier could hear the plaything's breaths from where she lay. Not yet the kind of deep breath one takes before they submerge, but the slow, deliberate inhale and exhale of someone overcome with vorfreude- the joyful, intense anticipation that comes from imagining future pleasures. She understood that phenomenon quite well. How could she not, when she was feeling it right then and there herself?

Watching the pace of her Mistress's strokes, Cocoa did her damndest to synchronize the muddy slips and slides of her two busy fingers. It made her feel connected to Madam Frasier in those crucial, last moments. Her shoulders dipped under the surface, which quickly reformed

where they had been, delicately seizing her throat. No words could express the gratitude she longed to share with her Mistress, so she let her grunts and moans say what they could for now, and put her faith in the quicksand's ability to give the benevolent Madam her ultimate thanks.

Likewise, Frasier bit her lip, holding back the torrent of gracious obscenities she desperately wanted to howl. Instead, she accelerated her movements, and not just those of her fingers. She twisted and bucked, making sure her toy remained unobscured by her trembling legs, and her off hand gripped a hefty breast, periodically pinching the tip to twist and tug. When the mire reached Cocoa's chin, her legs snapped tight together. She turned on her side and pulled her knees to her chest.

There was little time left to watch, but Cocoa gazed lovingly at the cute little butt staring her in the face, naughty bits still visible, and a hand squeezed tightly between the thighs, determined to finish the job. They were both so close now. She found Madam Frasier's face peeking over the muddy bum, brimming with ecstasy. Having soaked in the sight, the playtoy met her Mistress's eyes, smiled, and threw her head back. She focused on the sensation of the silt creeping over the sides of her face, letting it fuel her climactic intentions, and prepared her lungs for the end.

Madam Frasier rubbed furiously. She forced herself to release her lip from the grip of her teeth for fear of breaking the skin, resulting in a breathy gasp. Shuddering uncontrollably, Frasier kept her eyes locked on the culmination of their sexual endeavor.

The mud trickled around the details of Cocoa's countenance. There was no breath deep enough to sustain her forever, but she had no plans of being saved, so she simply drew in a breath capable of carrying her through the rapturous conclusion, and the quicksand swallowed Cocoa whole. Now the plaything belonged to the earth.

Madam Frasier unleashed the flood she'd been holding back, "YES! Yes you beautiful fucking bitch!" Her hand was vibrating.

The words were muffled to the point of indistinguishable beneath the surface. With nothing to see and little to hear, the tactile sensations dominated Cocoa's body and mind. The soft friction of the silt's grit, the dense pressure of the mire's grip, the quivering colloidal mass, and those two little fingers, two depths deep. Her climax came hard and fast, but refused to leave so quickly. It was unlike the previous two, in which her clit played the central role. The pleasure permeated her body, radiating from head and heart, both captured by the swirling synthesis of bliss and trepidation that came from accepting the quicksand's unyielding devotion.

Up above, Madam Frasier lifted her head from the curled up ball she had become to watch the bubbles bursting on the surface. The only scraps of Cocoa that would ever escape. The last evidence of her presence. When their frequency subsided, Frasier ignited. She gasped and moaned, convulsing in the shallow edge of the quicksand that had claimed her toy. "Fuck! Fuuuuck! Oh Cocoa... you were so... soooo delicious..." Her muscles began to relax, and her hand slowed to a massage. With a satisfied grin on her face, she settled comfortably into her bed of muck.

Well past the point of no return, the obedient submissive did what subs do best: submit. Cocoa gradually released that vital, last breath. Her fingers slowed to a stop as her contractions waned. She relished the quicksand's firm embrace, and drifted deeper into the soft, sticky abyss, ever so content.