

# Deep in the Woods

By JT Keller

## Prologue:

Robyn Dresner loved her indoor mud bath dearly. Luxurious clay, available all year long, regardless of New England's climate and the weather it brought. Such a thing was necessary for someone like her, who effectively couldn't have sex in the absence of her fetish. If Robyn wasn't wet and messy, she was undoubtedly dry, and things could get very uncomfortable. Mud was best. A few cups of pudding or a can of shaving cream were acceptable, but she didn't want to be coated. She wanted to be enveloped. To be buried under a viscous pool of heavy muck, like a weighted blanket gripping every inch of her body. That was why she needed a mud bath. That was why she saved up and shelled out all that money. It wasn't something she could simply plan to replace or upgrade either, so she went big. It had heating, a vinyl headrest, a little rack for holding wine glasses, and best of all: it was relatively deep. Unfortunately, 'relatively deep' wasn't always 'deep enough', because 'deep enough' meant quicksand.

"Does the spot not get much sunlight?"

"Oh, no! It gets sunlight! It's just that the soil loses a lot of heat over the Winter. That's why Winter's coldest towards the end than around the solstice and the opposite for Summer. The ground has to build up heat over the Summer and..."

Robyn was overexplaining. She already had a bad habit of rambling on, but the nervous anticipation was getting to her. It was no small thing to be taking Clarissa to an actual mud pit for the first time. Sure they'd roleplayed sexy quicksand scenarios plenty of times in that fancy mud bath, but this was the real stuff. Sufficiently deep mud came with its own caveats though, so Robyn fretted about all the ways her companion might be disappointed and tried to temper her expectations. Finally catching what she was doing, Robyn cut her explanation short.

"...anyway, it's gonna be a lot colder than the bath. Just letting you know.

Clarissa smiled warmly at Robyn and gripped her hand just a little bit tighter. The young Miss Laplace was a very quiet woman, but always seemed to know how to reassure Robyn that she enjoyed listening. It was one of the many things Robyn adored about her companion. The two complemented each other in ways that made them quite a match. In a more contentious manner though, Clarissa was a rather felicitous foil to Robyn's partner, James.

James was the kind of guy you could hit the town with. A partner. The kind of guy you bring to karaoke night at the bar, who takes the mic even though he knows he can't sing, and who keeps your drinks safe. A lot of guys thought they were gentlemen, but James was the real deal. He was always willing to help, and never expected a thing. He definitely didn't expect Robyn of all people to ask him out. He knew she wasn't entirely uninterested in men, but in all the sketchbooks she'd filled with muddy women, there wasn't a dude to be found. Robyn's fetish didn't appeal to him, but Robyn did, and he made it clear he felt pretty lucky to have her.

Clarissa, on the other hand, wasn't very outgoing. She was the kind of girl you could spend all day at home with. A companion. To most people, she was a grumpy, little goblin, but to the few she cared about, there wasn't a sweeter soul in the world. She was the kind of girl you curl up on the couch with and share a bottle of wine, who's comfortable with awkward silences,

and who kicks your ass at every video game you're foolish enough to challenge her to. With Clarissa, Robyn felt like the lucky one. Polyamory was tolerable, but boyfriends were a deal-breaker to the strictly sapphic little lady. She seemed to really like spending time with Robyn though. She seemed to like it so much that she didn't want to stop.

The linear trail Robyn and Clarissa walked ran beside a river with soft, silty banks. The most enticing areas were beneath the trail's rickety bridges, where smaller streams merged with the river proper. That mud was too out in the open for their use, but gazing at it on the way to her private spot always got Robyn's blood flowing. She slowed their stroll to a stop at one such bridge. With their hands still finger-laced together, Robyn and Clarissa leaned on the rail to look out across the river, glittering in the afternoon sun. Of course, the mud-lover's attention inevitably turned downward to admire the earth. Clarissa's soft voice broke the silence.

"Forgot to ask, what kind of scenario were you wanting today? Begging to go under and having your wish granted," her mouth curled into a smirk, "or begging to be spared and having your wish denied?"

Robyn twirled a lock of her brown bob in one finger of her free hand, replying, "I just want to go under so bad, I couldn't possibly pretend I don't."

"I had a feeling that was the case. Always happy to oblige willing prey."

One of the biggest things Robyn loved so much about Clarissa was that for some reason she couldn't possibly fathom, the little ginger was enthusiastic about her weird, niche fetish. Previous partners had enjoyed the mud play, and were perfectly accepting of the quicksand aspect- though apprehensive, but it was clear that Clarissa genuinely loved watching Robyn disappear under the mire. James was among those willing to get messy with Robyn, but for whom the thought of their beloved girlfriend being sucked under was a real mood killer. Clarissa had no such hangup. In the mud bath's limited space, it was impossible not to notice how vigorously she brought herself to climax up above, while Robyn did the same below.

"Is this the stream?"

"Mhm! I just try to wait until there's no one around to see me heading into the woods."

Clarissa looked up and down the trail at the other folks enjoying the warm weather. There were a lot of straight couples walking with hands held like they had just been doing. Dog-walkers. Bicyclists- mostly casual, but one guy looked like he was preparing for his next triathlon. A chatty group of middle-aged women, power walking together. She looked back up into Robyn's eyes.

"I don't think anybody really cares, Luv."

"Hrmm... I don't know..." Robyn replied while taking a look of her own in both directions, brow knitted with concern.

Clarissa began dragging Robyn off the bridge to travel upstream, "Come on. We're just a normal couple going to make out in the privacy of the woods," she said, pronouncing 'privacy' with the short 'i' of a Welsh lass.

Robyn knew her companion was right, but it didn't stop her from letting out a little yelp and speeding her steps to get out of sight as quickly as possible.

"So... this is my spot."

Robyn brushed her hair aside. They were well away from the trail now, looking down at a grassless patch of dark, grayish-brown dirt, loose and saturated with water from the stream

they'd followed into the woods. Only a few feet over- and down, lay their destination. She felt as if they were entering a make or break moment in their relationship, and it was filling her stomach with butterflies. A soft peck graced her cheek from a petite ginger woman standing on her toes, and then she felt hot breath on her ear accompanied by a whisper.

"Looks marvelous, Luv."

Robyn blushed and smiled as Clarissa affectionately nibbled her ear, granted a few more kisses, and lowered her heels back to the ground. She began removing her blouse and spoke again in her typical volume.

"Can't wait to see it devour you."

Robyn basked for a moment in the words and lingering feeling on one side of her face. "Hey, Rissa?"

Clarissa looked up from undoing her capris, "Hm?"

"I love you."

"Love you too," she replied, returning a smile.

Robyn proceeded to remove her sundress, then both watched the other remove their bra and panties. Clarissa closed the gap between them, wrapped her arms around Robyn's waist, and rested her head against the taller woman's chest. Robyn put one of her own arms around Clarissa, and used the other to stroke her long, red hair. A small patch of much shorter, red hair tickled her thigh with its curls.

"What do you say when you want me to slow down or ease up?" Clarissa asked, beginning a ritual she had insisted upon when their relationship first became sexual.

Robyn replied with their safeword, "Marzipan."

"And when you need to stop and break character to voice a concern?"

"Marzipan marzipan marzipan" Robyn repeated in quick succession.

"What is Cocoa going to do for Madam Frasier?" Clarissa referred to their roleplay personas.

"Whatever her Mistress tells her to."

"What's Robyn going to do for Clarissa?"

"Only what she's comfortable with."

"What does Madam Frasier do with Cocoa when she's tired?"

"Discard her."

"What does Clarissa do with Robyn when she's tired?"

"Cuddle her."

"What's going to happen when Cocoa goes under the quicksand?"

Robyn bit her lip at the thought of her ultimate desire, "She's gonna stay there."

"And what's going to happen to Robyn?"

"She's going to come back up, safe and sound."

"What is Cocoa to Madam Frasier?"

"Hm?" Robyn was caught off guard by the new prompt, "Oh, uhh... her toy?" The role Robyn had specifically chosen for Cocoa, that best suited her fantasies."

"And what is Robyn to Clarissa?"

Robyn thought about how to appropriately answer, "Her...um..."

Clarissa tilted her head up to look Robyn in the eyes, "The most important person in the world."

At that, Robyn's tender heart melted, her eyes welled up, and a big dumb grin spread across her face.

"Say it, Luv."

"She's the most important person in the world to her."

### **The Main Event:**

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... sooooo 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.

## Epilogue:

Robyn could hold her breath for about a minute and a half. Most people probably would have attributed this impressive feat to Robyn's time on her high school swim team, but as she often explained to the folks asking how she managed those showstoppers at karaoke night, it was playing flute for the marching band that really helped. Unfortunately, orgasms had a way of letting some air slip out, so generally, Robyn wouldn't stay under for more than 45 seconds. She could probably last the full minute, but it was hard enough to hold herself down against the buoyancy when she had the oxygen to power her muscles, and it was good to save some breath for clearing the thick coat off of her surfaced face. 45 seconds however, was still far too long for Clarissa's comfort. She was a firm believer in bdsm contracts, committing the wills, wants, won'ts, dos, and don'ts of their sexual play to paper, under the header of that safeword they hadn't needed today, 'Marzipan'. Maybe in some couples it was the submissive who limited the length of breath play their dom was allowed to exact upon them- likely through more conventional methods of suffocation- but it was Clarissa who had put her foot down while writing the first draft of their contract. Robyn found herself unable to negotiate any more than 30 seconds, and even that took a lot of convincing. She was pretty miffed at the time, but the disappointment was outweighed by the simple, undeniable truth: her companion cared for, and would fight to protect her. Despite all that, it was Clarissa who was barely letting Robyn breathe right now.

Clarissa was a hungry animal, snogging her lover with all the ferocity that entailed. Beneath her, Robyn lay on her back in the shallow area of the mud, happily enduring the beast's attack. The lips on their faces weren't the only ones kissing. Tribbing was the most common follow-up to their role play when Clarissa wasn't strapped up. Robyn dreamed of grinding groins with another woman as they both succumbed to the quicksand, but there's not much leverage to work with without solid ground beneath you. Sometimes, she could really curse the physics of quicksand for the various ways they denied her. She *did* like surviving to sink again though, so it wasn't all disenchantment. Finally, Clarissa relented from making out with Robyn to unburden herself.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! Bloody, fucking, muddy minx!"

Sounded enough like praise to Robyn. She removed one of her hands from boob-groping duty and reassigned it to the small of Clarissa's back, where it could help the lass maintain full contact.

"So cute, covered in mud! I wanna fuck the shit out of you!" Clarissa sat up and gripped Robyn's throat with both hands while the tribadism continued.

"Marzipan!" So much for not needing the safeword.

Clarissa eased her clenched hands, "Sorry Luv. Is this good?"

Robyn smiled and nodded.

Clarissa returned a smile, and resumed her words of encouragement, albeit in a softer tone, "You're doing so good, Robyn. So, so good." Her eyes were locked on Robyn's. "I'm almost there, Luv. Almost... fucking... NGH!"

Robyn felt Clarissa's grasp tighten again for a split second, then significantly loosen. The moan she heard from her lover was immensely gratifying to Robyn, as was the ginger's exhausted collapse that followed. She helped her companion find the crook of her neck, where Clarissa spent so many nights resting her head. There was a notable difference in the rise and fall of her chest on nights they spent in the mud bath, but the heave of her bosom against Robyn's own was greater now than ever before. She decided she'd be the one to break the silence, "So uh... did you enjoy it?"

Clarissa laughed, "I had a fuckin' blast, Luv. Are you alright? Sorry I got a little overzealous with your neck there." She nuzzled into that very same neck, giving it a few kisses.

Robyn stroked Clarissa's mud-caked hair. "It wasn't too bad, I was just worried about the swelling later. That's the part that really gets you."

"Right. We'll have to keep an eye on that tonight." There was a moment of silence before Clarissa spoke again, "How long were you under for? It felt like a while."

Robyn rolled her eyes.

"I know you're rolling your eyes at me. How long?"

Robyn sighed, "You know I'm not actually counting. I just kinda let my lungs tell me how long it's been."

"And?"

"Annnd it was probably like... 40 seconds..." The last two words were dripping with Robyn's guilt. Clarissa knew she hated to lie. All she could do was avoid answering, but her little companion would prod until she did. "Sorry..."

"It's alright, Luv. It was a pretty intense session, and I don't blame you for getting carried away. Just please be more careful in the future."

"I will."

"Thank you, Robyn." Clarissa fondled one of Robyn's breasts, less for pleasure, and more as a show of affection.

"Hey, Rissa?"

"Yeah Luv?"

"Is it alright if we stay in here a little while?"

"Of course."

"Are you gonna take a nap?"

"Yeah."

"Want me to sing something for you?"

"Yeah."

Robyn thought for a minute about what to sing before landing on a [decision](#). She closed her eyes and started crooning. Her neck received a few more kisses over the course of the song, but by the end Clarissa was fast asleep in her arms. The events that transpired since they had undressed replayed in Robyn's head, reinforcing a sense of certainty that she was truly loved, quicksand fetish and all.