

## Dirty Thoughts

May 2022

"Hey, Heather – wait up a bit! Tell me again. Why on earth are we doing this?"

"Doing what, silly? Aww, is wittle Ashwee scared o' messin' up her pwetty new boots?" Heather's blonde head turned back, the jovial expression on her face clearly showing her amusement at her friend's protests. "I *tol'* ya not to bring your spankin' new duds for a hike in the woods!"

Ashley ducked under a scruffy cedar branch and flushed at the joking condescension in her friend's voice. "I know, I know. But you didn't say where we were going – or how far! What's the big idea, anyway? Can't you just tell me instead of showing me?"

"Hold yer horses just a bit longer, 'kay? We're almost there!" Heather ducked and sped forward between the trees, her boots crunching through last year's fallen leaves as she made her way down the slope. "An' believe me, I think you're gonna be pretty impressed! Not every day a city girl like you gets to see somethin' quite like this..."

*City girl... Wittle Ashwee...* Ashley shook herself, trying her best not to dwell on the tingles of excited anticipation that were rippling through her. Why, oh why was it so... enjoyable... to have her friend teasing her like that? Of course she'd had a secret crush on Heather for nearly a year now. But that was a deep, dark mystery – a dirty little secret she wouldn't for the life of her have brought up, even while away at college. And most certainly not now – not when she was Heather's guest for the holidays, staying here at her family's home in the conservative depths of rural Tennessee...

Never mind all those dirty thoughts of hers. For now, as they made their way down the last steep incline, the trees were finally falling away – and the two young women stepped out from their sheltering embrace. Before them lay a clearing: a good half-mile long, from the looks of it. It was a low-lying area, hummocky and uneven, with the muddy waters of a creek rushing along through the scrub to one side. Patches of grass sprang from the sticky red soil at intervals, and the waning sunlight of the late spring day glimmered in small puddles across the wide expanse.

But it wasn't the grass or the creek that arrested the two girls' attention. It was the network of muddy paths, pits, tubes, and ditches that crisscrossed the entire area.

"What the heck?" Ashley's brow furrowed beneath the hand she held up to screen her eyes against the setting sun. "It's just- just a-" "It's a mud run, silly! Ain't ya ever heard o' one before?" Heather

was grinning ear to ear as she turned to gauge her friend's reaction. "I ain't never gotten to run one myself, of course. But that all changes tomorrow – when you and me give it a go together!"

"What, me? Tomorrow? What is it, anyway – some sort of- of race?" But Heather was already on her way toward the nearest path, waving her friend to follow reluctantly. "Course it's a race! Only the most down an' dirty kind of race you can imagine! Here, come on! I want you to see what it looks like up close. Ya know, so you see what we'll be doin' tomorrow-"

"But my boots-!" "Aw, guess you're right," Heather conceded, with a quick glance downward at her own already-muddy shoes. "Welp, no sense gettin' 'em dirtier!" And off they came – along with her socks. "There we go! Now, come on – let's get them new boots off o' ya! Here, I'll give ya a hand-"

Ashley was alternating between spluttering protests and shivers of furtive excitement, as the now-barefoot Heather squatted down before her in the moist dirt and helped her out of her Doc Martens. "B-barefoot? In the *mud*?" "Hell yeah!" Heather beamed cheerfully, squinting up through her blonde locks at her nonplussed friend. "Super good for your skin, ya know! Ain't mud 'zackly waht they use in those fancy-ass facials and stuff?" She chortled as Heater stepped gingerly down into the damp soil, her face a mixture of disgust and anxiety. "Come *on*, girl! Ya can't be squeamish about somethin' harmless as a bit o' mud!"

Well, what choice did Ashley have but to follow her friend, shivering at the incomparable feeling of the wet, sticky mud squishing up between her bare toes at every step?

Heather drew to a halt on the brink of a giant mudhole, its murky depths completely invisible thanks to the reddish water filling it to its mucky brim. "See, this here's one o' the obstacles on the course! Tomorrow you and me, we're gonna be goin' through here lickety-split. How deep ya reckon it is?" Ashley wrinkled her nose, trying not to let her disgust show. "Uh... I don't know. A couple of feet?"

"Only one way ta find out!"

Ashley let out a shriek as she felt herself slipping- falling- propelled by her laughing friend's hands over the edge and down into the muddy water. There was a titanic splash, and everything went brown and wet around her as she fought desperately to find her footing. And then, as her knees and feet sank deep into the sticky bottom of the mudhole, she found herself rising, spluttering, panting and blowing as her dripping head emerged into the evening air.

Only to find herself blinking and spluttering in the face of Heather's loudly laughing – and similarly bedraggled – face.

"Aww, not nearly as deep as I thought!" Heather splashed forcefully beside her in the filthy water – but Ashley was having none of it. "Heather- my- my clothes! You got me all- I'm covered! I'm filthy!" "Yeah, sorry 'bout that," Heather conceded, glancing down at her own wet T-shirt that was now stained reddish-brown and clinging to her D-cup curves. "Know what? No reason to get 'em any more dirty..."

And over her bedraggled head went her T-shirt, leaving her plump breasts clad in nothing but a mud-stained blue brassiere.

"Wha- what are you- You-" "Oh, lighten up!" Heather giggled, clearly relishing her friend's dismay as she squished her way to the edge of the hole and began struggling out of her torn jeans. "Ain't nobody here but us tonight, girlie. An' besides, underwear covers everything that a bikini does, right?" Off came the dripping, mud-covered jeans, and then Heather's long, bare legs were plunging back into the filthy water. "See? So much better. Hell, I bet I could swim in here if it was a little bit deeper! Now let's get you out of yours too, 'okay? I don' wanna be the only one havin' a good time here – an' besides, clothes just weigh ya down..."

Ashley protested, of course. But caught between her friend's good-natured insistence and her own blushing desire to impress Heather, she relented – and shivered in silent embarrassment and excitement as she felt her friend tugging first her jeans, and then her muddy shirt free from her body. Of course it was a bit mortifying to see the glaring difference between her own barely-B-cup boobs and her friend's well-endowed chest. But maybe if tried to divert Heather's attention elsewhere, or focus on something else...

Like maybe some playful revenge?

It took only a moment to splash behind her friend and to give her a single, forceful shove. "Hey-!" And down Heather stumbled, arms flailing, her face sinking with an audible splat and squish into the gooey mud on the brink. "That's for pushing me in here!" Ashley crowed, heart thudding as the now-unrecognizable, mud-covered face of her secret crush turned to face her. "I told you I didn't want- to get- dirty..."

"Oh, you don't want ta be *dirty*?" Heather spluttered – and even though she was grinning fiercely, Ashley backed away through the muddy water from her steady, squelching advance. "No- no- I was

just getting even! Don't- *aaaabhh!*" And as Heather lunged and Ashley simultaneously lost her footing in the thick mud beneath her, down both lingerie-clad young women went in another enormous, mucky splash.

"Don't wanna be dirty, huh?" Heather was gloating when the spluttering Ashley cracked her eyes open and found herself lying in the shallow muck along the mudhole's far side. Her secret crush was lying squarely atop her, and under their combined weight both were sinking deep into the gooey muck below them. "Don't wanna get yer pwitty hair and face all messed up, huh? Sure would be a shame if yer friend were to... do it for ya!"

And as Ashley shrieked and twisted and writhed in the muck, Heather let out a gleeful laugh and begin smearing handful after handful of red-stained muck squarely into her friend's face and hair.

"See? Not so clean now, huh?" Heather crowed, as her filth-covered friend writhed and spluttered helplessly beneath her. "Now maybe we'd better take care of the rest o' ya, just to be sure-" And down went Heather's probing, muck-encrusted hands: down into the shallow water, rubbing fistfuls of mud over her friend's front... including her sensitive and bra-clad breasts.

Electrified and awash in unwelcome sensations as she was, Ashley couldn't restrain the guttural little yelp of pleasure that escaped her filthy lips at the sensation of Heather's hand on her boobs. For Heather was not only rubbing them: she was massaging them, her fingers worming their way under her bra, packing the shallow cup full of the cool, gooey muck surrounding them both. "See? All- dirty- Such a dirty bitch..." Heather was gloating... but through the mud covering her face, Ashley could tell that she was quickly realizing something far more startling than her friend's cup size.

"Ohhh... Hang on. You sure seem ta like that, doncha?" She leaned heavily forward, her own mucky cleavage pressing closer than ever to Ashley's mud-covered – but wide-eyed – expression. "Yeah? Aww, ya never tol' me ya liked playin' with *girls*, Heather! Or am I jus' seein' things?" She wriggled atop her prone friend, breasts juddering provocatively with a squelch before Ashley's eyes, which were filled with shameful longing at the sight before her. "Yeah? What about if I reach down... here?"

Ashley was spluttering and shaking her head then, biting back a shameful little moan of pleasure as her crush's hand slithered down through the muck and found her panties beneath the water. "Well, whaddya know? Little Ashley here does like it when I tease her, doesn't she?" "Uh- no- no- I mean," she managed, but just then Heather giggled and pressed home, eliciting a tiny *meep!* of

pleasure.

"Uh-huh, you do!" Heather chortled, and she was shaking her filthy face as she rose, still straddling her prone friend. "Look at ya! You're just a dirty little bitch who loves mud-wrestling with girls, aren't you? Just a dirty little thing who loves tusslin' with her friend! Oh, lemme tell ya – I guess it's a darn good thing I signed us up for this mud run tomorrow! You're gonna *love* it, 'specially if I wear somethin' like this..." She giggled and shook her muddy chest provocatively, clearly relishing the wide-eyed, shame-filled gaze of her friend beneath her. "Doncha worry, Ashley. Your secret's safe! Though I really think I wanna see how ya like tusslin' outside o' the mud, too..."

She bent low, her crusted lips close to Ashley's own filthy ear. "Yeah? Whaddya say we shower up once we're done here, hmm? Together? An' then maybe sweet wittle Ashwee can show me just how much she likes it when I touch her? Oh, I bet you'd love makin' out with me, wouldn't ya? Just two good friends, havin' their super-special girlie time together..."

Well... at that point there wasn't much Ashley could say or do to the contrary. All she could do was blink up through the filth, nodding silently and shamefully, letting the shivers of pleasure and anticipation sweep over her. Her now not-so-secret crush Heather was atop her, after all: forcing her down, teasing her, tantalizing her with those incredible curves of hers...

So much for keeping those dirty thoughts of hers locked away!