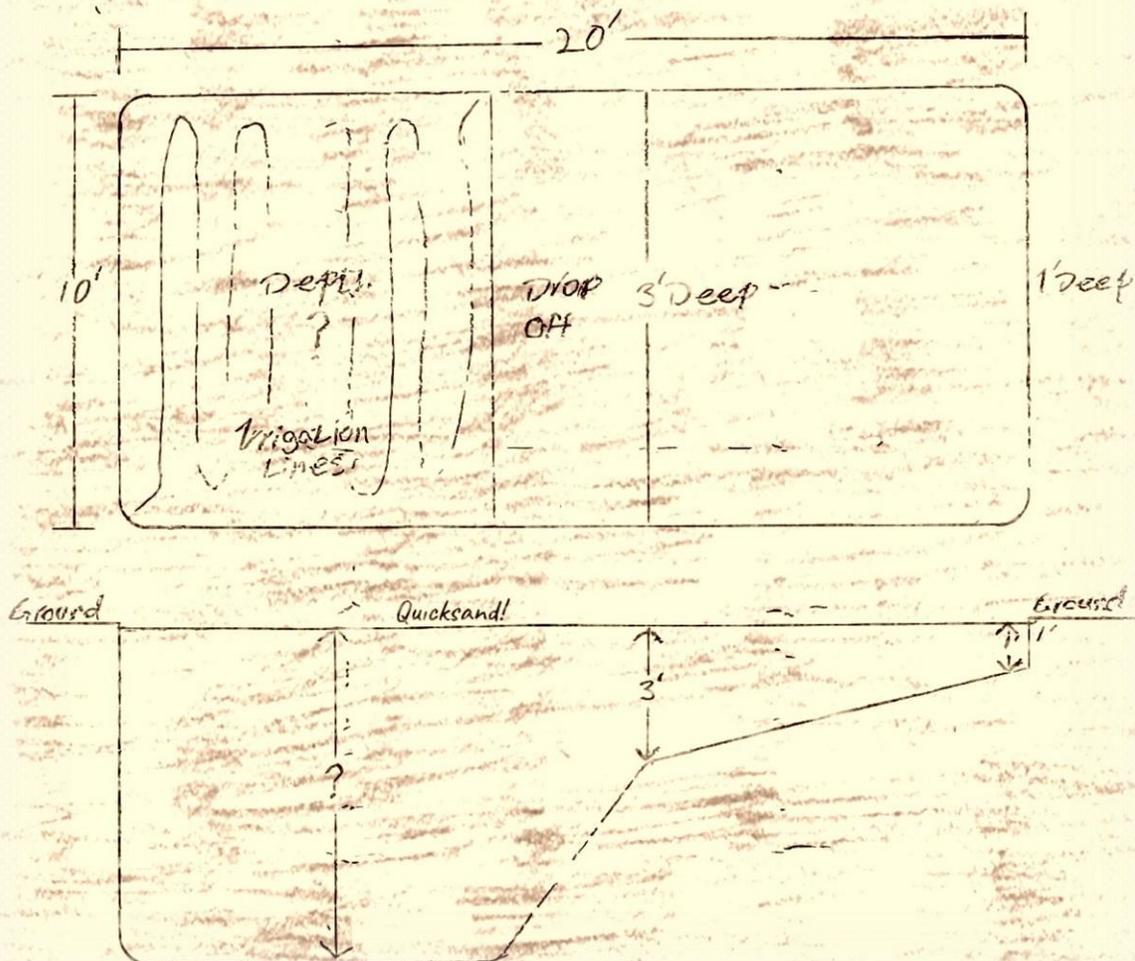


A Backyard Experiment

By Theo



– The Build –

One lazy Sunday evening, disinterested with the other pastimes around her house; her mind too frustratingly restless to sleep, Nikki sat down with her laptop on her couch and began browsing through the suggested videos on YouTube for anything that might catch her interest. Scrolling past the news headlines she was all too weary of, songs she's heard way too many times in

the past few days, videos of cats, dogs, other animals and people doing stupid and annoying things she's seen too much of, a rather peculiar video eventually caught her attention. The thumbnail appeared to show a woman sinking in quicksand; the title indicating the same. *Now why on earth would YouTube suggest a video like this for me?* Thought Nikki with a baffled chuckle. Still, it caught her curiosity, and it was something different for a change, so she decided to watch it.

The video featured a woman hiking somewhere out west sinking into a patch of red clay along a river canyon. She tried to escape, but only ended up sinking deeper, all the way to her thighs before someone helped her out. At first the video seemed unremarkable to Nikki, but then, she became perplexed by how the woman actually seemed to be having fun with it, giggling and laughing the whole time, joking about almost getting "swallowed alive" by quicksand. The video only made her more curious. She scrolled through the recommended videos beside it, finding and watching other videos with similar circumstances. She'd never known much about quicksand, other than it was dangerous, so to see people laughing and seemingly having fun in it was strangely fascinating to her. Stranger still, with each video she watched, she started feeling oddly disappointed the women weren't sinking much deeper than their knees or thighs. Soon she happened upon some quicksand scenes from movies in which the woman goes under, but it seemed all too fake, and staged. She wanted to see them sinking deep in real mud, real quicksand.

She Googled "sinking deep in quicksand," and before long came across a plethora of photos, videos and fetish websites with women playing and sinking deep in real mud and quicksand, often going under, and even stranger still to her, becoming aroused by the experience. *Why? How could someone be turned on by this?* Thought an ever more bemused Nikki as she continued to browse absorbedly through the seemingly endless pages of content. Her bewilderment was only broken when she heard her grandfather clock ring thrice. She couldn't believe how much time she'd spent looking at all this stuff and she had to get up and go to work in the morning. She drifted off to sleep again questioning the thought of being aroused by mud and quicksand. Still, she was fascinated by the strange curiosity, however doubting it could ever affect her in such a way.

The next day, tired and with little business at the storage and equipment rental company she worked at, Nikki just couldn't get the thoughts of the videos and things she'd seen and read last night out of her mind. The more she thought of it, the more her fascination grew. The next few nights, she continued to research all she could find on quicksand and mud, and during the next few days at work, she started to catch herself staring out the window, daydreaming and fantasizing what it'd be like to sink in quicksand when business was slow. Awoken from her trance once by the phone ringing she embarrassed herself as she began to answer with;

“Floyd's equipment rental, Quicks—ahem...Nikki speaking, how can I help you?” Luckily, it was just a wrong number, and she soon drifted back into her daydream. She started to think of places nearby where she might find deep mud to experience it for herself, but of the few places that came to mind, none she thought were secluded enough for her preference and despite having learned from all she'd read on the internet that it was virtually impossible to actually drown in quicksand, she still felt apprehensive about sinking for the first time in a place she knew little of. What if someone were to see her? What if she became stuck, and couldn't get out without help? Then, what if no one was able to find her and free her? But how else could she experience it for herself? If only there was some way she could have some control over the place, and environment she thought. Again, her fantasizing was interrupted by another phone call, this time a man inquiring about renting an excavator to build his own pool. She quickly provided some options and ballpark figures for such a project, followed by the usual suggestion he hire a professional, with the typical reply of; “hmm—well...thank you, I'll see if I can make that work.” Loosely meaning, “I can't afford a professional!” She always thought.

Hanging up the phone, Nikki was struck with an idea; what if she could make her own quicksand pool on her own property? Her house was situated on a few dozen acres of mostly dense woodland, well away from a back-country road with neighbors few and far between. Her backyard gently sloped away from her house and narrowed as the forest encroached from both sides with a small gap at the far end that led to a small, even more secluded clearing not even visible from her back deck. She was familiar with and had access to all the earthmoving equipment her

company offered. The more she thought about it, the more she convinced herself she could do it, and how much safer it'd be as opposed to sinking in some unpredictable place she didn't know. She soon began sketching her idea behind the counter whenever she could. An area about ten by twenty feet with a shallow area on one side progressing deeper and deeper, allowing her to slowly work her way to the deep end, play and experiment with different things. She left a question mark on the depth of the deep end, figuring she'd see how it looks as she digs. At first, she figured she could just fill the hole with water and gradually push the dirt back in, but then she thought, when it dries up, she'll have to dig the hole all over again if she wanted to continue using it. Instead, she decided to put irrigation lines on the bottom so she could continue using her quicksand pool for as long as she wanted.

When Saturday came, Nikki discreetly drove to work early to "borrow" a backhoe and eagerly returned to begin digging her quicksand experiment. The soft soil, largely devoid of rocks allowed her project to progress quickly. When the backhoe would dig no deeper from the edge, she used the shallow side as a ramp to drive the backhoe down into the hole and dig deeper. By midafternoon, she stopped to see how deep the hole was, finding it now just at the top of her head. She wondered for a moment how much deeper she should go. Eventually she thought, she would want to experience bottomless quicksand, so she decided to continue digging. An hour or so later, she checked again, this time finding she could just barely grab the edge of the hole while standing on her toes. *Maybe a little overkill?* She thought, but it shouldn't really matter, after all, it's not that easy to go under anyway. She arranged the irrigation lines as evenly as she could at the bottom of the hole, hooked up the water hose and tested it. The water wept out too slowly she thought, so she took a drill and made the holes larger. Testing again, the water began gushing up like fountains at a water park. Satisfied with that, she pushed the dirt back in the hole and packed it down just as it was getting dark. The next morning, she dropped off the backhoe at work hoping no one would ever know she'd used it, and quickly drove home, her excitement building all the way.

— First Encounters —

Arriving home, Nikki quickly changed into a bikini, went out back and turned on the water. She ran down to her project site and eagerly waited to watch the hard packed dirt transform into the quagmire she was hoping for. But after ten or fifteen minutes, nothing exciting seemed to be happening. She kept checking the water to see if it was flowing, and each time it appeared to be, from what she could tell. Another ten, twenty, then thirty minutes past, and still, nothing. *Maybe it isn't going to break the surface? Maybe it's ready?* She thought. She tied a rope to a nearby tree, just in case, and cautiously walked out to the middle of the deep end, finding the dirt still dry and hard the whole way. She jumped up and down and pumped her feet, and still nothing happened. Now almost an hour since she'd turned on the water, she was beginning to think her experiment had failed. *What could've happened? Where did I go wrong?* She thought, holding her chin and mindlessly scanning her surroundings, not noticing the dirt just behind her was now darkening. Only when she felt a coolness creeping up around the sides of her bare feet did she look down, realizing her feet were sinking into the dirt, now a few inches over her feet. Startled, She lurched forward towards the edge just as one of her feet began to drop precipitously. Her feet sinking with each step, she stumbled to the edge, just barely able to take another step before her foot was again swallowed mid-calf. She sprinted up to the house, turned off the water and hurried back.

Her mad dash for the edge had left several footprints in the moist soil, deepening closer to the middle where the soil had darkened. Nikki picked up her rope again, and slowly walked towards the middle, paralleling her earlier footprints by a few feet. Again, she was surprised and disappointed as the ground still felt solid under her feet. She started to wonder if she should turn the water back on, until, she noticed the ground was bouncing some with each step. She again started jumping, and the whole surface began rippling around her, and water started bubbling up in her footprints. "It feels like a water bed, just like some of the videos I saw!" She exclaimed, giggling in excitement. Then, the next step she took, it happened, her right foot suddenly plunged into the ground, nearly to her knee. Again, she stumbled and stepped forward slightly with her left foot to catch her

balance, but it too plunged mid-calf into the moist ground. She tried to take another step with her right foot, then again with her left, but they wouldn't come up, instead only sinking deeper. In just a few seconds she had already sank to her knees. She pulled harder, pumping her legs, but each time she pulled on one, the other just sank deeper, and the movement caused the wet soil to collapse in tightly over her feet and around her calves. Before Nikki knew it, the soft wet ground was rising swiftly up her thighs. Surprised and frightened by the feeling of nothingness beneath her feet, and the rate at which she was sinking, she grabbed the rope and started pulling, dragging herself through the now muddied soil to the edge where she hastily stood up and took a few steps back. She looked back at the mud pit, then down at her body, covered for the first time in mud. "It's—just how I imagined real quicksand would be! My feet really got stuck, and the more I tried to pull my legs out, the more I sank!" she thought out loud, her head swimming with a rush of emotions, hardly believing she had actually made her very own pool of quicksand in her backyard!

Nikki walked slowly around the edges for a while deciding what to do next as she tested and played with the mud in her hands. Soon the surface of the pool appeared to have evened out, taking on a more uniform dark and muddy appearance that faded into the shallow side where some of the soil still appeared dry. Water now filled the holes that her legs had made during her first encounter. She started walking into the shallow side, playing with the mud at the point where the ground turned moist and began to give way under her feet. As she disturbed the dirt, the moistness crept further from the deep end. She inched her way closer and closer to the deep end as she tested and played with the mud, getting stuck and unstuck a few times, trying to get a feel for the mud. The closer she got to the middle, she could feel her feet sliding down the incline, pulling her into the deep end. Eventually she again found herself stuck mid-way up her thighs, slightly deeper than she was a few minutes ago. She again worked her way out and back to the edge, this time hardly using the rope. She stood on the edge and wondered for a moment if she really needed the rope, but decided it was still best to have it when she goes deeper, just in case.

With that, Nikki decided it was time to try the deep end again. Her safety line in hand, she took a deep breath, and two big steps towards the

middle. With a soft nervous yelp, she sank almost instantly to her thighs before she could even reach the middle. Again, feeling nothing beneath her feet, she giggled timidly as she tried to move and pretended to struggle like the trapped damsels in all those movies and videos, all the while sinking herself deeper and deeper into her quicksand pool. But as the mud inched its way up her thighs, filling the gap between her legs, Nikki gasped, as she was taken aback by something she hadn't expected. A certain feeling of pressure, fullness and warmth swelling from her womanhood, her nipples bulging through her bikini top. She could hardly believe what she was feeling, but there was little sense in denying what her body was telling her, the feelings she was having. She was becoming aroused. She winced and moaned softly in pleasure as she moved and pushed her hips deeper, enhancing the pressure of the mud caressing her femininity. Letting go of her rope, she pushed her bikini top aside and lustfully rubbed mud all over her breasts and upper body. Slowly the mud crept upward over her hips and up her midriff, the added weight of the mud on her upper body and wiggling of her hips gradually pushing her deeper. And the deeper she sank, the more pressure she felt on her ever more sensitive femininity, the slightest movement now sent sharp, tingling tremors of pleasure up her spine. As the mud reached her breasts, it took over for her hands, softly rubbing and caressing them better than her hands ever could as she wiggled and shimmied her chest, further enhancing her pleasure. But a moment later, with most of her mud-covered body now being one with the mud around her, her sinking slowed. Believing this to be her buoyancy point, her arousal seemed to plateau. Frustrated, she pushed her hands down into the mud and in between her legs to move her bikini bottom aside, eliminating what little barrier it provided. Feeling the mud on her bare womanhood added an extra tickle of pleasure, but still, it wasn't enough for her. She started fingering herself, but despite her best efforts, she could only, barely maintain her arousal. She felt like she'd sank deep enough for today, but disappointed that she hadn't achieved the orgasm she was hoping for, she thought aloud softly, "maybe I need to go deeper?" At the same time, feeling the pressure of the heavy mud pressing in around her chest, making it difficult to breathe, a shiver of fear surged through her spine. "I wonder how hard it's going to be to get out of this?" She said softly and worriedly as

she looked down at the mud which had slowly crept up, almost to the top of her shoulders while she was fingering herself. Strangely though, Nikki's body soon responded to her fear by sending a renewed surge of arousal up her spine, its arrival marked by a long, deep gasp as her body jerked and trembled in pleasure. She wiggled, shimmied and gyrated her body in any way that felt good and made her sink deeper. The grainy, fuzzy texture of the now watery mud felt like hundreds of wet tongues synchronously licking every inch of her body. Steadily, the mud rose up over her shoulders and closed in around her neck. Her chin now just above the surface of the mud, she was enjoying her renewed and again growing arousal immensely. She knew the climax she so craved was near, but at the same time, her prudence held her back, as she feared she had already gone too deep. The last thing she wanted was to be trapped here, unable to free herself or worse, somehow push herself under and drown before she could escape. Her mind was quickly becoming overwhelmed by this confusing mix of fear, and pleasure, a pleasure better than any sex toy could ever provide. Ultimately, this unbelievable sexual stimulation would overpower her fear, and she could do no more to resist a climax. With another deep gasp and a soft scream of pleasure, she clinched her eyes and tilted her head back as her body tensed and quivered in intense orgasmic pleasure, stronger than she'd ever felt before.

Slowly, Nikki recovered from her blissful oblivion and regained her composure. She then noticed she had sunk a little more during her climax, the mud now touching her bottom lip with her head tilted back slightly. She again began to wonder if she could get out from this depth. She didn't feel as if she was sinking any, but her feet were pointed straight down, and still, she could feel nothing beneath. She tried to push herself up some, but the once watery mud seemed to be settling tightly around her, holding her firmly in her current position, and she was afraid to move much, fearing she'd only sink deeper. She looked at her rope, laying on the surface little less than a foot away and to the left of her face, so frustratingly close, and yet so far from her trapped hands. Her left arm rested straight down beside her; her right still tucked between her legs resting against her womanhood, and she could barely move either one in the heavy mud. She had to bring her hands up to the surface to grab the rope, but again, she was afraid any

attempt to move her arms would surely push her deeper, at least momentarily, but she had only mere inches to spare before her mouth and nose slipped beneath the mud. This perilous predicament she put herself in, and the fact that she was now struggling for real to escape, sent a tremor of renewed arousal through her still hyper sensitive body. This time however, her fear and desire to extricate herself from her predicament would prevail. Ultimately, she concluded her best bet, and maybe her only option was to slowly bring her hand up to grab the rope. She started moving her left hand up, even staying close to her body, she still felt the movement gradually pulling her deeper, the mud creeping upward over her bottom lip, and then, over her mouth. Now only able to breathe through her nose, she began breathing faster and faster as she felt the mud inching closer to her nose while her hands inched closer to the surface and rope. She was in a slow-motion race with the mud, all the while still distracted by her ambivalence of panic and pleasure. Just as she felt the mud touching her nose, and with her hand seemingly inches from the rope, she panickily grabbed at the rope, sinking her in over her nose. She let out a muffled scream, and her eyes opened wide as she watched her hand fumbling to get a grip on the rope. Finally, taking hold of the rope, her eyes closed briefly in relief watching the rope draw taut as she began pulling. She pulled as hard as she could, briskly coming up to her mouth to take several much-needed deep breaths. “Next time...I think...I’m going to tie the rope to my wrist.” she thought aloud between breaths. Her respiration returning to near, normal, she again pulled on the rope, slowly rising to her chest where she felt she could push herself out with her hands. With moderate effort, her body caked in heavy mud, she rocked back and forth, and pushed with her hands behind her, eventually working her way up to a point where she could crawl to the edge of her pit.

Nikki laid on the edge for a while, catching her breath and resting. After a few minutes, with the sun indicating it was now late afternoon, she stood up and walked to the shallow end of the mud pit to sluff off the layers of mud covering her body back into the pit, and walked up to her house. Carefully she tipped toed through her house, trying not to touch anything or ruin her carpet on the way to her bathroom to wash off the remaining mud. All throughout her shower, she was completely lost in thought. Nikki could

scarcely believe all she had just experienced, the flurry of emotions she felt, excitement, fear, pleasure, helplessness, accomplishment, and a certain feeling of having cheated death. The whole experience was exhilarating. She was astounded by how much her homemade quicksand pool was so much like she'd imagined real quicksand would be, based on all the things she had read and watched over the past week. She thought quicksand was only something you'd find in some remote jungle, desert, island, maybe along a river, but here she had made it in her own backyard. She had experienced pretty much everything she'd learned about quicksand was true. In the beginning, the surface was solid enough to walk on, though it felt like a water bed. Then, as she disturbed the surface more and more, without warning, it just melted beneath her feet and she couldn't stop herself from sinking. She sank quickly up to her waist, but unless she struggled, it was hard to sink any deeper, hence why you shouldn't struggle in quicksand. She found even the small amount of added weight from her upper body being covered in mud caused her to sink faster and deeper without moving, maybe to her chest. Even if she could only sink naturally to her chest, she could still force herself deeper. But she also felt, despite her natural tendency to float in the mud, once she sank herself deeper, the thick, heavy mud wouldn't really allow her to float back up on her own. It was just as much of a struggle to sink herself deeper as it was to pull herself back up. And most perplexing and unexplainable to her, she really did find it irresistibly arousing.

Nikki also couldn't help but contemplate the more serious aspects of her adventure today. As she went deeper, it became so much harder to move and breathe, more difficult than she'd imagined, and once the mud closed in over her shoulders, she felt the weight of the mud above her made it even more difficult to push herself up. Pushing her arms down and allowing them to rest against her sides also gave her no leverage when it came time to extricate herself. And the mud was fresh and relatively watery, how much harder would it be to move if it was drier, and thicker? As her body tensed and trembled during the peak of her climax, she sank a little deeper without even noticing. She even wondered if she had blacked out briefly due to the difficulty in breathing, and intensity of her orgasm. *What if I'd gone under completely? Would I have even realized it in time to*

escape? Would I have been able to get out at all without the rope? Even if I hadn't gone under, without the rope, I probably would've been trapped there, unable to escape on my own! But before she could finish those fearsome thoughts, she felt the water turning cold and hastily finished her shower. As she was drying off, she again thought about how much she still enjoyed herself, despite all the ways she thought it could've gone horribly wrong. And still, sometime she wanted to experience what it's like to go under completely, "briefly," she emphasized to herself with a nervous chuckle. After a quick dinner, she settled on her couch to watch TV, but soon fell asleep. For the first time in a week, she didn't stay up on her computer for hours watching and reading all things mud and quicksand.

– **Experimenting** –

Nikki awoke late in her bed the next morning, not even remembering how or when she climbed into bed and had to rush to get ready for. After an unusually busy and difficult day at work and several errands to run, she arrived home just as the sun set. Too late and too tired to resume her quicksand experiment she thought. The same cycle more or less repeated throughout the week. She thought very little of mud and quicksand for a change, except for when she couldn't help but tell some friends at lunch of how she got; "stuck in some mud" while walking along a creek by her property over the weekend. She took great pride in telling a heavily watered-down story of how she got stuck in some mud along the creek bed, "It's not like it was 'quicksand' or anything. I just sank a little, and got stuck for a minute. It was actually a kinda fun adventure!" Nikki laughed with her friends.

As the week droned on, Nikki couldn't wait for the weekend. When a co-worker offered to work for her Monday and Tuesday in exchange for helping with an errand on Saturday, she jumped at the opportunity to have her own three-day weekend. More time to play and experiment in her new pool she thought. Sunday morning, exactly one week since her first quicksand encounter, she went out to check the condition of her pool and decide if it needed any water. She found it vastly different from when she'd last seen it. It had rained some early last week which must've filled in the

holes she'd made, but the last few days it had been dry and sunny, which dried up the water on top, giving the mud a smooth, silty appearance, much like a mudflat she thought. The ground around the pool had absorbed some of the water and become soft, making it difficult to find the original edges, especially around the deep end. She almost started sinking at one point when she got too close. "Not just yet!" she chuckled. She sampled the mud on top with her hands finding it smooth, and creamy. She really liked the way it looked and decided to leave it just as it is.

Again, Nikki changed into her bikini and started walking into the thick mud on the shallow end to see how deep she could go before she got stuck. The mud at the edge was like clay, barely yielding and molding to the bottom of her feet, but just a few small steps further, her feet started sinking in. The mud was so thick, her feet left deep footprints and "tubes" in the mud as she got deeper. The tubes initially allowed a pathway to pull her feet out, but the deeper her feet went, the more the tubes tightened around her legs and feet as she tried to pull them out, making it all the more difficult with each step she took towards the deep end. At times, while trying to pull out one foot, the other foot felt as if it sank another inch or so, even when she thought her feet were flat on the bottom. After a few more steps, she was sinking to just above her knees and could barely pull her feet out. She decided this was deep enough for now in the thick mud, and as soon as she freed her feet she'd go back. Easier said than done. Each time she pulled on one leg; the other leg sank deeper still. She would gain maybe one inch pulling up, and lose two inches deeper on the other. And the more she moved her legs, the more the mud began closing in over her feet and tightening around her legs. "I didn't think it was quite this deep this close to the shallow end? I must be on the bottom?" She thought aloud. She continued pumping her legs and sinking until she finally felt a solid bottom, but by then the thick mud was more than half way up her thighs and had closed in tightly around her feet and legs.

Nikki was really stuck, but the fact that she had gotten herself so horribly stuck was more amusing and arousing to her than anything else. She giggled as she tried jumping and jerking on her legs; leaning forward and backwards. "I'm soooo stuck, it's like I'm in concrete!" She said aloud with a laugh. In all her movement, the mud had crept a little higher up her

thighs and was now rubbing on the bottom of her bikini. She gasped softly in pleasure, but tried to control herself. She had other ideas for today.

"Okay—it's time to get myself out." She said with a trembling voice. She pushed with her hands on the surface of the mud, and rocked her legs back and forth trying to make space around her thighs. She had to keep moving her hands as they sank, leaning forward and pushing, leaning back and pushing. It was working, but ever so slowly. The constant movement slowly started to loosen the muds sticky grip around her legs. Her feet had come off the bottom, and were pointed down to streamline their slow ascent, just as she was almost out to her knees. As soon as she could bend her knees, she sat down on the mud to rest a moment. Her brief break allowed the now moistened mud to settle again tightly around her still trapped lower legs and feet, but at least from here, she could grasp her leg from behind her knee and pull with her hands to free the rest of her leg. Slowly, one by one, she freed her legs and feet, and slid herself back across the surface of the mud to the edge. The whole ordeal had taken almost an hour. "Oh, my legs are aching! That was, so hard to get out of, and I wasn't even waist deep?" She thought aloud as she rested on the edge for a while.

Now Nikki wanted to try some different footwear to see if she could get more stuck compared to just her bare feet. She rinsed the mud off her legs and feet and went inside to gather some test subjects. First up, a pair of red high heels. "These heels are more like flats in the mud!" She laughed walking along the soft edge, her heels sinking into the mud almost causing her to fall backwards. Walking a few steps into the deeper mud, the high heels felt little different than her bare feet. *Sexy...but not very exciting.* She thought, so she quickly moved onto another subject, short hiking boots. "What if you ran into this deep mud while hiking?" She thought aloud. She stepped in about half way between the end of the shallow side and the spot where she got really stuck in her bare feet earlier, quickly sinking to just below her knees. The hiking boots performed about as expected, much harder to pull out, harder than when she was thigh deep and she lost one boot in the process, having to pull it out by hand. "Okay, maybe hiking boots aren't really the best thing to be wearing if you run into deep mud or quicksand on a hike!" She thought aloud. Next, rubber rain boots. *Aren't rubber boots what you're supposed to wear when trudging through the*

mud? She thought. Wanting to use some undisturbed mud, she went to the other side of the pit, opposite where she tried the hiking boots, and stepped in. The wide bottom of the boots at first allowed her the support to take several steps into the mud, but each step became more and more difficult as the boots sank deeper, and as more mud clung to the boots, they became heavier and heavier to lift up. And as before, the harder she worked to pull one boot out, the deeper the other boot sank. Inevitably, the boots became mired about mid-calf and the only way she could move them now was down. Every attempt to pull on one boot yielded little if any upward progress, and only sank the other boot deeper. The mud didn't feel quite as thick as the other side, but it was every bit as sticky. As the mud neared the top of her boots, she tried pulling on the boots with her hands but to no avail, the mud just closed in over the top of her boots, sealing them even more tightly in its sticky grasp. She thought maybe she could pull her legs out of the boots, but it was too hard to maneuver her foot through the tight ankle of the boot. Nikki pumped her legs again slowly, thinking the bottom must be close, but she just kept sinking. She put her hands on the mud in front of her, and tried to push herself up, but that had little effect. She felt water slowly filling the boots around her feet, only working to hasten her descent. The boots might as well have been lead weights around her feet. Again, she didn't think it was quite this deep here, the soil below must have absorbed the moisture from above and deepened her shallow end some. Just as earlier, she stopped sinking a little more than half way up her thighs.

Now Nikki was REALLY stuck, and much more worried about getting free than earlier. Her bare feet afforded her much greater flexibility than the boots. With her bare feet, she could wiggle her feet free from the suction of the thicker mud at the bottom, and point her toes down to pull her feet up through the same space in the mud that her legs had just occupied. But the boots offered her feet little if any flexibility to push against the weight of the mud above her boots. And with the unbreakable suction of the mud below, Nikki might as well have been anchored in cement. She knew the boots would be the hardest to pull out, but she didn't count on sinking this deep. How embarrassing she thought, to be trapped only thigh deep in mud and not able to get out on her own. She could definitely see how someone

could get hopelessly stuck in mud while wearing boots. At least now she felt she was on solid ground, maybe. She hadn't thought to bring her rope, never imagining she'd need it in mud that was merely thigh deep. She soon concluded, the only way she was going to get out now, would be to somehow pull her feet out of the anchored boots. She pulled, and wiggled her right foot as hard as she could, and slowly it started to budge. Slowly and painfully, she squeezed her foot through the narrow ankle of the boot. After what seemed like forever, finally she got to where she was standing on the ball of her foot. She then started on the left. After both her feet were past the ankle, she was able to sit down on the surface of the mud and pull her legs out with her hands as before.

Once again, Nikki had freed herself from her mud pit, and was slowly pushing herself back to the solid ground behind her. "Now I have to go get the stuck boots out." She thought out loud with a groan. After a short rest, she figured the best, and perhaps only way to get the boots out was to dig them out. She went up to her shed; got a shovel and got back into the mud to start digging. Nikki thought the task would only take ten, maybe fifteen minutes, but she hadn't counted on how she'd keep sinking into the mud, and having to struggle to reposition herself over and over again. She ended up kneeling on her knees to keep from sinking, which also made it harder to lean over to dig. The sides of the hole kept caving in, and water partially filled the hole, so she ended up feeling around in the muddy water with her hands for the boots. After a while, she had dug down to the ankle around one boot and was able to pull it out, but the other boot proved to be more of a challenge. She had to dig it out almost completely before it would budge. Pulling as hard as she could, it finally and suddenly came free as she fell backwards, throwing the boot up over her head, landing somewhere behind her, closer to the deep end. She turned around and reached for it, but it was too far away, so she had to move further into the deep end to grab it. By the time she grabbed it and threw it to the edge, she was again mired waist deep in the mud. She pulled her legs out to her knees, leaned backwards, and rested for a moment in the mud. After a few minutes rest, Nikki was starting to enjoy laying in the soft embrace of the mud and thought for a moment that she might see how deep she could sink here. But not knowing exactly how deep it might be here, and not having her rope, she decided

that wasn't the best idea. She struggled some to work her lower legs out, eventually managing to get on top of the mud and crawl to the edge. She laid down for awhile and looked back at the mud, again covered chest to toe in mud. Leisurely rubbing the mud on her legs and womanhood, she then realized her bikini bottom was missing. Not really wanting to get stuck again today, she crawled back into the mud and searched for it, finding it quickly near where she picked up the boot, and crawled back to the edge. The last thing she wanted to do today, was to sink and get stuck again in the deep end, feeling so exhausted and with her arms and legs aching from fighting against the thick mud all day, she wondered if she'd even have the strength to free herself one more time. With that, Nikki decided to call it a day. She used the shovel to fill in all the holes she'd made throughout the day, and misted the top, hoping it would return to the same nice, "mudflat" appearance it had that morning, before rinsing herself off and going inside. It had been an exhausting, but fun day in her mud pit. *Still better than a busy day at work!* She thought.

– Confidence Building –

The next morning, still sore from the day before, Nikki went out to inspect her mud pit, finding it still quite watery on top. She decided to leave it for today so it could dry out some, and went about some lighter chores around her house and property. The following day, she checked her pit again. It had again returned to the silty, mudflat appearance she liked so much. She decided it was time to take another dip in the deep end, maybe even try going under. Again, she undressed down to her bikini and stood at the edge, looking around. "No one's ever gonna see me out here? And I'll be covered in mud anyway! Besides, the mud just keeps pulling it off me anyway." Nikki said out loud with a laugh as she removed her bikini and threw it aside. She again approached the edge with much excitement, and some trepidation. After all, this would only be her second experience sinking deep in quicksand. She thought she would just try to walk across and see how far she could get before she was completely mired and unable to move. This time, she tied her rope to her right wrist, took a deep breath, and stepped in. She sank immediately to her knees, but she kept trudging along,

one labored step at a time. The mud today was much thicker and stickier than during her first encounter, just thick and sticky enough for her to not be able to pull her leg up before her other leg sank in over her knees. Nikki had learned by now, that once she was in over her knees, any continued attempt to walk was futile, and only made her sink deeper. She was again stuck and sinking, with nothing beneath her feet. She acted scared and panicky, struggling and sinking herself deeper, but as the mud reached her bare femininity, her pleasure began to build rapidly with every inch she sank. She made some halfhearted attempts to free herself, pushing against the surface of the mud with her hands, but eventually she just pretended they too were stuck, and she couldn't free them. As the mud touched her breasts, she again started rubbing mud all over them, fueling her fire growing within. She now was at the point where she had to work to sink deeper, so she put her arms down deep into the mud and wiggled her whole body to make herself sink. She pretended to panic and struggle hard as the mud slowly enveloped her breasts, again taking over for her hands as it continued its halting climb to her shoulders. "help! I'm stuck in quicksand and sinking! I can't get out! Somebody please help me!" She yelled softly, playing out her fantasy, but hoping no one would actually hear her, though she knew that was unlikely as secluded as her property was. The thought that it was so secluded, while best for avoiding an embarrassing situation, was also somewhat unsettling to her, knowing that no one would ever hear her if she really needed help. No one could help her, only she, and her rope could rescue herself now. She tried pushing herself up a little, just to reassure herself she could escape the thicker mud. Barely rising up, it was indeed holding her down much stronger than before. She tried a gentle tug on her rope, but with her arm incased by the thick mud, it was very difficult. Again, she questioned the situation she was sinking herself into, and how hard it would be to escape, even with the rope. But all those thoughts were fleeting as another wave of sexual pleasure rushed through her body. Gradually the mud climbed over her shoulders, and around her neck as she again wiggled and shimmied her way deeper. As the mud crawled up her neck and up to her chin, surges of pleasure pulsed through her body with the slightest movement. The texture of the mud was so different, silky and sticky, contouring, clinging, and sucking on every

possible pleasure zone on her body all at once, driving her senses wild. She couldn't believe how much better the thicker mud felt. Her hearing slowly faded as she leaned her head back as far as her spine would allow. The thick mud rising up over her face formed a gradually narrowing ring around her. By now, her breathing was fast and ragged, and her eyes wide open in awe and terror as she looked at the mud towering several inches over and around her face, as if she was looking up from the bottom of a well. Her mind was again overwhelmed by feelings of panic, alarm, and intense pleasure as the mud began creeping in over her mouth. *This is it!* she thought as she took one last quivering breath through her nose just as the mud covered it. Her eyes were the last to be covered, allowing her to watch as the ring of mud slowly closed over her. Looking up at the sky just as the ring closed, an uneasy thought crossed her mind; *will I ever see the sky again?* All then went dark, and her body was consumed in immense orgasmic ecstasy. It was surreal to be completely submerged in mud in the midst of climax, so different from being under water, completely dark and quiet with the exception of her heart throbbing in her chest, and her muted vocalizations of pleasure, all the while feeling the pressure of the mud all around, tightly embracing and caressing every inch of her body all at once, driving her senses over the edge into a euphoric oblivion. Gradually, her senses returned from her state of euphoria, and she quickly realized the same pressure that felt so good to her a moment ago, was also rapidly squeezing the life out of her. Her fear, as well as her desire to breathe took over, sending her into a now very real panic. She frantically struggled to pull the rope tight against the heavy mud pinning her arms to her body, and bring both her arms together to pull. The mud was pressing in ever tighter around her body as she felt herself sinking deeper into her seemingly bottomless quicksand trap. All the while she grunted and clinched her mouth as she fought her instinct to breathe. She stretched her legs and feet as far as her body would allow, pointing her toes straight down, hoping to feel a bottom, if only to stop herself from sinking. But there was still nothing but mud beneath her. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, her hands came together, the rope drew tight, and she pulled with all her waning strength. Her arms lifting up with the rope as she pulled, she inadvertently pushed herself deeper still, how deep she really didn't know,

but still, she couldn't feel the bottom. At least now she had the leverage she needed, and could feel the pressure around her diminishing. After an indeterminate amount of time under the mud, she finally felt it thinning above her head just before she broke the surface. She frantically reached for her mouth to wipe the mud from it and gasp for the air she so desperately needed.

Her mind fuzzy from lack of oxygen and orgasmic hangover, Nikki rested at neck level, waiting for her panting to lessen before she languidly worked her way out and on to her back, where she laid for some time. She looked up to the sky and smiled, excited to once again see it. She could scarcely comprehend what she had just experienced. She had gone under completely in quicksand, and escaped successfully! Her mind was again flooded with a befuddling mix of exhilaration, terror, lust, and an even stronger sense of cheating death. Despite her frantic struggle to get to the surface, she enjoyed the experience beyond measure. This time however, she was almost sure she wouldn't have escaped without the rope. Her frenzy to escape, had pushed herself deeper than she ever could've imagined. *Would I have ever been able to push myself up from that depth without the rope? Would I even be able to work myself up at all in my panicked state?* She thought. At that point, she decided if she wanted to continue using her quicksand pool, she'd better learn how to get out without the rope, and to control her fear so she could think more clearly. That would be her experiment for tomorrow. That thought in mind, she rolled over and slid herself to the edge, cleaned up as best she could, and walked back to her house.

The next morning, Nikki set out to practice sinking and getting out on her own. First, she sank herself with the rope tied to her wrist, intending not to use it. She trudged out into the middle of the mud and sank just to her chin, before she practiced working her way out, all the while trying hard to suppress her arousal. She pushed herself back up to her waist without pulling once on the rope. Then, she sank herself back down until she was under, pausing briefly under the mud before she calmly began working her way back up. She broke the surface and continued working her way out to the edge where she took a break. Satisfied with her performance, she reluctantly untied the rope and threw it into the middle of the quicksand

pool. She worked her way back to the middle, grabbed the rope, and pulled it closer, making sure it was within reach, just in case. Then, she again started sinking herself up over her head. She felt much freer without the rope, but was happy to quickly and calmly get back to the surface. She crawled back to the edge, and contemplated her next move. She knew for her to have complete confidence in herself, she had to do it one more time, with the rope well out of reach.

Slowly and hesitantly, Nikki pulled the rope out of the mud and threw it aside. She thought maybe she should jump in, just in case she became discouraged part way out. *Would I just...go under instantly?* She wondered. She stood on the edge, encouraging herself. "You can do this!" She said to herself several times, her voice quaking. Without any further thought, she leapt straight into the middle of the quicksand, instantly sinking to her midriff. Relieved she hadn't gone under instantly, she went to work, struggling and pushing herself deeper. Up to her neck she enjoyed the moment, being totally free in the mud, with nothing on or around her at all. Now it really was only her who could rescue herself. With a few, fast, heavy breaths, she pushed herself deeper. The mud again crept up over her face and closed in over her head like a narrowing tunnel. She stayed under for about half a minute before she started to push herself back up. As her head broke the surface, she wiped the mud from her face and threw her arms up in triumph, quickly lowering them as her lifted arms made her sink some. She had conquered her fears! She relaxed for a moment chest deep in the mud. After a while though, an idea came to mind to avail her new found confidence. She wondered, just how deep can she sink, could she find the bottom? She decided to try sinking with her hands up over her head as far as she could reach to gauge how deep she was. When she dug the hole, she could just touch the edge standing on the bottom, so she figured her hands should go under just as she touches the bottom. Slowly, she worked herself deeper into the mud, using only her legs, it was much more difficult to push herself deeper. She stopped again just before her face went under to take several deep breaths. Then, she went under the quicksand again, for her fourth time today. She could feel the mud slowly creeping up her arms as she pushed herself deeper and deeper. When she felt only her fingers remaining above the surface, she pointed her feet straight down, hoping to

feel the bottom. But still, she could feel nothing beneath her. Feeling the tips of her finger slip beneath the surface, she continued working her way deeper and feeling for a bottom, and still, she could feel nothing, not even the irrigation hose. When she could hold her breath no longer, she brought her arms down, bringing her up quickly, almost as if she was swimming. She broke the surface and quickly wiped her face to take a deep breath. After catching her breath, she worked her way up to her chest again to rest for a moment, hardly believing how deep she'd been, and how deep it was. It was almost as if it really was bottomless. The only way she could explain it was the soil at the bottom must have softened, and deepened her quicksand pool.

After slowly working her way back to solid ground, Nikki once again laid at the edge of her seemingly bottomless quicksand pool, basking in her accomplishment today. She now had complete confidence in her ability to escape from quicksand, even when deeply submerged. But then, a thought occurred to her. After suppressing her arousal on her first submergence today, she never really felt it again. After cleaning up and walking up to her house, she contemplated this for the rest of the day. Later that evening, still deep in thought as she tried to relax on her couch after dinner, she gradually came to a conclusion. She remembered reading something once about people being aroused by life-threatening situations. Maybe, it wasn't just the feeling of the mud pressing and rubbing on her body and womanhood. Maybe, it was also the feeling and thoughts of not being totally in control of her situation, the feeling of helplessness, the shivers of fear that trembled through her body thinking of the peril she was in, trapped, and sinking in quicksand, maybe unable to escape. Maybe that was the driving force behind her overwhelming sexual sensations, and maybe she'd somehow lost that when she lost her fear, and gained her confidence. She knew now that quicksand wasn't all that perilous, she knew now she could escape at will. She then wondered, how or if she would ever again feel aroused sinking in quicksand? Pondering all this, she once again dozed off on her couch.

– The Mad Scientist –

Nikki awoke the next morning, groggy and still on her couch. She glanced at her phone which she had not looked at all day yesterday, and to her horror, discovered it was Wednesday, almost eleven in the morning, and her boss had been texting her since yesterday afternoon because they were drowning in customers and desperately needed help. She called her boss, furiously racking her brain for any excuse that might make any sense at all as the phone rang and rang. But there was no answer. Nikki waited a tense moment before dialing again, but before she could, her boss called her.

“Hiya Floyd.” Said Nikki anxiously.

“Hey Nikki, Sorry I missed ya but ya know, it’s pretty hard to answer my phone when I’m having to work the front desk cause some idiot didn’t show up to work today! Where the hell have you been!?” Said Floyd sarcastically with an increasingly angry tone.

“I was, umm...out of town.” Replied Nikki sheepishly.

“Outta town? Where too Nikki? Alaska!?” Snapped Floyd.

“Well I meant to—” Nikki started to say but was interrupted.

“Let me ask you something. Why do I have here, a backhoe, that has an eight—no, almost nine-hour discrepancy on it?” Questioned Floyd.

“I don’t know, I guess maybe I just...wrote it down wrong, or made a math error?” Said Nikki innocently.

“you just...wrote it down wrong? Or could it be because you’ve been too busy, ‘doodling,’ and ‘dawdling,’ and staring out the window ‘daydreaming’ about...whatever? Don’t think I haven’t noticed you not paying attention at work Nikki!” Berated Floyd.

“What? No, look, I’m so sorry I missed your texts and overslept, but I can be there in like thirty minutes, and I’ll make it up to you somehow?” Said Nikki imploringly.

“Don’t bother Nikki, in fact, don’t even bother coming into work again cause I’ve already got someone else here who wants to work, can write and do basic math!” Floyd said snidely as the phone clicked off. Nikki tried to call Floyd back several times but he wouldn’t answer. And so went her

steady job of four years. Her mood varied between somber and frustrated as she staggered and fumbled around the kitchen making herself some breakfast. By the time she'd finished, she decided there wasn't anything she could do about her job today, and there was no use in dwelling over it any further. It wasn't the first time she'd had a fight with her boss, and maybe he'd cool off in a day or two like he usually does.

Still pensive about her lost job, and losing her desire for mud and quicksand, not knowing how, or if she could get it back, Nikki tried to make herself busy, picking up around the house to take her mind off things. Putting an arm full of things away in her closet, she jumped back as a small dumbbell fell. Luckily it missed her feet, instead landing in one of her black leather riding style boots that she hadn't worn in months. Picking up the boot, feeling the extra weight in it, a new idea came to her. *What if I added weight to these boots and sank with them on?* She thought, knowing just a little extra weight from rubbing mud on her upper body caused her to sink faster and deeper. Quicksand not being all that frightening now, knowing she had to work to make herself sink deeper, and go under, she wondered if these boots with added weight would allow her to sink without moving and struggling? Those thoughts rekindled her interest in quicksand, and soon she started thinking about how she could add weight to her boots. And it would give her something to do to take her mind off losing her job. She picked up her boots and went out to her shed, looking for the heaviest thing she could find. She soon found some lead blocks, but how to get them in the boots with her feet? Looking over her boots, it came to her. She could cut the sole's off, make a mold of the sole's, cast them in lead and glue them back to the bottom of her boots. It all sounded crazy, but it just might work.

Nikki feverishly went about creating her lead sole boots. She cut the sole's off and made a plaster mold, then melted down the lead in her oven and poured it into the cast. All the while she felt as if she was some mad scientist creating some wacky new invention, which wasn't far from the truth she thought. She was kind of mad, and it was a wacky idea. After the lead cooled, she broke the plaster mold and inspected her new sole's. They turned out okay and were heavy, at least ten, maybe even fifteen pounds each she thought, but she didn't bother to weigh them. She super glued the lead sole's on to the boots and sprayed on several layers of liquid rubber to

make it look normal. *Probably didn't need to go that far*, she thought, but she just had a can of liquid rubber laying around that she'd never used before and thought it would make them look like they used to. She let her creation dry overnight. The next morning, she went out to her shed and tried them on. They were so heavy, walking around on solid ground was difficult enough. She wondered for a moment if this was really a good idea, thinking back a few days ago when she was stuck in the mud so badly with the rain boots. But her apprehension only heightened her curiosity. Soon, her desire and curiosity to see if she could sink spontaneously, and rekindle her interest and lust for quicksand overtook her apprehension.

Wearing only her lead sole boots, Nikki could hardly wait long enough to walk down to her quicksand pool. Without further thought, she walked right in, as if she didn't know it was there and had blundered into the trap. Again, acting out her fantasy, she acted all surprised and panicky, struggling to pull her boots out, though naturally, she only made herself sink faster, faster than ever before in fact. The mud soon reached her crotch, gasping and oohing she was delighted to feel what she was hoping for. Having not tended to her mud pit in a few days, the mud was thicker and stickier than ever before, feeling all the more pleasurable to her. She put her hands on the mud to slow her sinking for a moment and grinded her hips, rubbing and pushing her womanhood in the thickest, stickiest mud on top to thoroughly awaken it. But her hands seemed to have little effect in slowing her descent, the mud continuing to climb slowly and unabated over her hips and settle tightly around her waist. She remained still for a moment to see if her movement was causing her to sink. But instead, she watched as the mud continued to inch up to her navel. She really was sinking without moving, maybe an inch or so every few seconds.

Nikki was so excited! She had succeeded in making her fantasy real, to be able to fall into quicksand and just keep sinking, deeper, and deeper without even trying, just like the damsels in all those movies and videos she had watched on the internet. And just as she hoped, this sense of not being in control was fueling her rapidly building arousal. She again lustfully rubbed her breasts and body in mud, moaning and trembling in pleasure as she slowly and effortlessly sank to her chest. As the mud settled tightly around her chest, she again felt the pressure of the mud making breathing

difficult, and began questioning the situation she had put herself in. She again remained still, and watched as the mud continued to climb, slowly and persistently up to her shoulders. She again tried to slow her sinking, but she could now barely move her arms, pinned against her stomach by the heavy mud, and in moving them she only felt herself sink more. She worked with her legs as she did before to push herself up, but what little upward progress she could affect, she quickly lost, sinking back down to where she was as soon as she stopped moving. After several minutes of trying to push herself up, she had only just barely managed to stay shoulder deep in the mud, and when she stopped trying, she just continued to sink. Nikki started to come to a horrifying realization. She really wasn't able to get out on her own, and fighting against the suction of the mud and the weight of her boots pulling her down would ultimately prove a losing battle, for she knew that she would soon tire, and the relentless quicksand would not. She'd hoped that the boots would simply give her neutral buoyancy, but it was much more than that, they instead took away any and all ability to float that she once had. It was just as if she willfully put herself in a car with no breaks. And she had made another, terrible mistake. Having instilled in herself complete confidence that she could escape on her own, she had neglected to bring her rope. She looked over at the rope, still laying where she had thrown it a few days ago, where it was of no help to her at all. She tried pushing her boots off, but they were much narrower and tighter around her ankles compared to the rain boots. She tried to bring a foot up to reach the zipper to unzip them, but the mud was just too thick, and the movement only pulled her down. Out of desperation, she screamed loudly for help, " Help! Somebody please help me!! I'm sinking in quicksand and I can't get out!" this time, hoping against hope someone would hear her. She began to panic and struggle for real now, but her uncoordinated movements only worsened her dire situation, causing the mud to slowly cover her shoulders and close in around her neck. Even through all this, her arousal continued to soar, fueled by her now very real fear. Her arousal was also very much like a car with no breaks, but also with a stuck accelerator.

A flurry of thoughts went through Nikki's mind, not believing what was happening to her, and what she had done. *How could I let this obsession with quicksand make me do something so foolish? How could I*

be so stupid to make something that just keeps pulling me down? How could I be so careless not to bring the rope? "What have I done to myself!?" She wailed loudly. Her fantasy was now all too real. She really was that damsel, helplessly trapped and uncontrollably sinking into a bottomless pool of quicksand; one of the ones, that didn't escape. A victim of her own creations. She struggled to keep her head above the surface, but no matter what she did now, she was still slowly sinking, if only a few inches a minute. But at that rate, she would be under in several minutes. Again, consumed with a bewildering mix of paralyzing fear, and intoxicating sexual sensation, she had no choice but to allow her sexual tension to release. With the mud creeping up over her chin, she leaned her head back as her body tensed, gasping and whimpering softly, then clinching her lips as she felt the mud touch them. Her eyes opened wide, then fluttered and closed as her mind went numb. Moments later, as her senses slowly returned, she opened her eyes, looking straight up at the sky with the mud again towering around her face. She knew any further struggling was now pointless, even if she could just maintain this depth, the mud towering over her would gradually cover her face. She instead tried to relax, resigning herself to this fate she'd brought upon herself. The mud slowly covering her mouth, she took several, deep shuttering breaths through her nose while she could. All she could do now, was watch the sky and clouds rolling by as the ring of light above her slowly closed. Just as it did, she made one last desperate move, reaching up to the surface with her arms and hands, perhaps in a last hope, someone heard her cries for help and would find her just in time. But it also pushed her ever deeper into the mud, and her hands soon slipped under. All again was dark and silent, except for the sound of her heart pounding out of her chest, then slowing, and quieting. Her mind starting to become fuzzy, she felt that she was no longer sinking, and her feet were touching solid ground. *Finally, I can feel the bottom!* Was Nikki's last thought, as if it really mattered at this point. As her mind faded from consciousness, she again felt a feeling of descent, but this was more a sensation of falling, an odd sort of weightlessness.

The strange sensation came to an abrupt stop, as Nikki heard a muffled, echoing bang. The pressure of the mud surrounding her was gradually replaced by a tingling sensation, followed by a fleeting, dull pain across her face and forward body. Her head was dizzy, and she no longer felt upright, instead feeling as if she was lying face down on the ground. She heard her grandfather clock ticking, as she cautiously lifted her head and opened her eyes. Scanning her surroundings, she soon realized; she was laying on her living room floor, in front of her couch. "Was it just a dream?" She whispered. She stood up and frantically searched for her phone, and upon finding it, she let out a gasp of relief when she saw it was Wednesday morning, just after seven AM. Better still, she had no texts or calls from her boss. She exhaled slowly in relief. "It was all just a bad dream." She said softly and repeatedly, holding her head in her hands. As she slowly pulled her hands down over her face, her eyes glancing down at her feet, she shrieked. She was wearing the same boots from her dream, minus the lead sole's. She cringed and trembled as she hastily removed the boots and threw them aside. Whether she didn't remember wearing them last night or had subconsciously put them on in her sleep, she couldn't be sure. "That was so freaky. At least they weren't covered in mud or anything. That would've really freaked me out!" She thought aloud as she sat down on her couch to collect her thoughts. Only then did she notice the telltale feeling of wetness in her panties, indicative of a recent orgasm. "Oh my God, that was the most vivid and terrifyingly real dream I've ever had!" She thought aloud with a quavering voice. But for now, she could dwell on it no longer. As it was, she would probably be a little late for work.

It would be a while before Nikki thought again of mud and quicksand. But after a month or so, her interest, and desire for mud and quicksand slowly started to return, albeit more reserved and safety conscious, now that she had experienced what could happen if she was too careless and obsessive, if only in a dream. She would go on to enjoy her quicksand pool occasionally countless more times, eventually, even sinking with those same boots on. But always with her rope within easy reach.