

The Christmas party

Part 2

Brian woke the next day, sheepishly covering his morning wood. It was painfully hard this morning after what had happened the night before.

“Morning,” Natalie sang out enthusiastically.

“Morning,” Brian replied.

The two put on their bathers and headed out to meet the rest of the team for breakfast.

They didn't talk much at first, but at the table, Natalie put a gentle hand on the top of Brian's thigh.

“You ok?” she asked.

“Sure, why wouldn't I be?” he responded and shot her a reassuring smile.

She gave his leg a squeeze and continued

eating and chatting with the rest of the team.

For the rest of the day, they lazed around the beach and as soon as it was open, alternated between the beach and the bar.

After a beer or two Natalie, who was sunbaking, said to Brian, “don’t let me have any tequila shots tonight... you know how I get.”

He went to speak before she interrupted.

“Probably the wrong person to ask,” she chuckled.

“Yes well I’m tempted to go and grab you a bottle right now,” Brian said and they both laughed.

As they sunbaked and swam, Natalie would announce quietly to Brian each time she had to

pee before striding down into the water.

“Tease,” he’d call back.

Brian couldn’t believe this situation. This openness with his boss about his pee fetish, but it concerned him that it couldn’t really continue this way – this intensity, once they went back to work. They did have to work together after all. He figured he’d just enjoy the banter.

The team all headed back to the house to get changed for dinner. Just like the previous night, they each showered and headed down into the lounge room for drinks and snacks.

Brian was finding it hard not to continuously find reasons to talk to Natalie and banter about wetting. He didn’t want to seem obsessive despite the fact that he couldn’t stop thinking about it.

He beat her downstairs to drinks this time as she took a phone call up in the loft. He wore dark blue jeans and a black tee shirt with vans and he'd even splashed on some cologne which he rarely did around his colleagues. The scent was Tom Ford's Ombre Leather and when he arrived down stairs, Lisa, one of the younger staffers, began to make fun nuzzling into his neck and groaning at how much she liked it.

Natalie made her way down the stairs and as he heard the steps, Brian instantly felt anxious and excited to see her. She wore a short denim skirt, a loose fitting button-up olive shirt and those same heels again from the Networking Event.

Already he began to feel a twitch in his crotch.

Natalie sat down with the others and Lisa passed her a beer.

“I think the Moke Island ladies are in trouble tonight, Brian’s wearing his secret weapon,” Lisa said to Natalie.

“Oh yeah? Let’s smell,” Natalie said to Brian.

He leaned over and she pulled him in closer by the arm, so much that he nearly lost his balance.

Natalie nuzzled into his neck.

“Wowzers,” she said, they really *are* in trouble.

Brian returned to the table and began to line some shot glasses up. He glanced in Natalie’s direction as he did and she smiled, shaking her head as she did. Brian smiled back and moved

the bottle of tequila he'd prepared into her view.

She laughed again and uncrossed her legs before slowly crossing them again. Brian had been looking straight at her as she did and he had a clear view of her panties. Not close enough to make out exactly, but white and sheer with a pattern he couldn't quite make out.

He looked up again and she lifted her eyebrows at him almost accusingly. And he went back to pouring the drinks. They gathered around the table and Brian handed around the shots.

As they cheered, Natalie gave Brian a little side bump.

“Hmm tequila hey?” she said before knocking back the shot.

They headed to the same pub they were at the night before for dinner. Before the food came, Natalie ordered a round of margaritas for the table and they cheered once more.

After they ate, another round of margaritas came out and everyone at the table was quite tipsy. Brian noted that the other girls had been shooting off to the bathroom every 20 or 30 mins. He didn't want to presume that something would happen again tonight, but he did know that he needed to pee and there was hours ahead of them so went and half-emptied his bladder.

When he arrived back at the table, Natalie got up and headed to the bathrooms.

“Damn,” Brian thought. Though this had happened last night too.

She returned to the table but Brian didn't ask if she went. He had a feeling he needed to play it cool so he stayed quiet.

More drinks were ordered and the girls all headed out onto the dancefloor including Natalie.

Brian watched attentively as she danced. She could really move and found himself soaking her in as she did. Her legs – those thighs... he let out an audible groan to himself before turning back to the table.

Lisa was very drunk now and managed to talk a group of people into sitting at their booth. The pub was made up of long high bars and stools and then low u-shaped booths.

As the night wore on, the younger crew started to peel off and head home, or move onto one of the island's night clubs. Finally there was just Natalie, Brian and Andrew, one of the

younger guys in the team.

At this point Andrew was pretty drunk so he didn't go along with the others to the nightclub. As they sat at the booth he chatted almost incoherently about girls, work, sports - anything and everything really. Brian had volunteered himself as the drinks guy and would return to the bar each time they needed a round. Like clockwork, he'd come back and Andrew would have slid around the booth to sit next to Natalie and seemed to be doing his best to impress her.

Natalie leaned forward to grab her drink from Brian. As she did her loose button up shirt sagged low where he could see straight down it. She wore a white lacy bra that seemed to match the panties he'd caught a glimpse of earlier that day.

She grabbed the beer and purposely wrapped

her hand around Brian's as she did and gave it a squeeze to get his attention. He looked at her and she mouthed the words "kill me" and shot him a smile.

With that, Brian produced three tequila shots and placed them in front of Natalie and Andrew and one for himself. Natalie laughed and shook her head. Brian scooted in on the other side of Natalie and placed his drinks down.

Andrew made some kind of incoherent toast before they all shot back their tequila. As she swallowed, Natalie grabbed Brian's hand down against the cushion of the seat and squeezed it hard.

"Eeeyuuuuk," she said at the same time, "that one hurt," and she took a skoll of her beer to wash the taste away.

Brian laughed. The pressure in his bladder had built back up and he considered another strategic run to the bathrooms. He went to slide out of the booth and she grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

“You’re not leaving me with him again,” she said with a scowl on her face.

So he slid back in against her and continued sipping on his drink.

By now the crowd in the pub had thinned and those remaining were generally blind drunk and on the dancefloor. Their booth sat on the other side of the pub and away from oldies who were dancing awkwardly to 80s rock anthems, which Andrew seemed to know every word to as he cheered and sang along.

Brian felt Natalie’s knees knocking into his and he looked down to see her legs swaying

back and forth and a hand laying atop of her tightly crossed legs.

She uncrossed them, keeping them tight as she did, but the angle of the low seat had hiked the front of her skirt up so that the hem sat slightly above her panties. Brian did his best to try not to stare at the incredible little white triangle it made.

Just then, Andrew made off with Natalie's phone in a somewhat drunken and stupid joke and she shot up and leant across the table yelling at him to give it back. He teased her with it and Natalie reached right across to grab it. As she did, the back of her skirt pulled up right in front of Brian and he caught the back side of what was a g-string and it cupped her pussy tightly.

Brian felt pressure in his crotch again. Both from his needing to pee and his now hard cock

tucked up against his waistline.

Natalie had a hand pressed against her as she got her phone back. She pressed into her crotch as she sat back down. “God, he’s out of control,” she rolled her eyes and then she winced them closed again as she rocked.

Brian was making an effort not to mention anything or ask her if she needed to go. He felt like he’d talked too much already and clearly wasn’t as inconspicuous as he thought.

Andrew danced his way back to the table and sat down. Natalie hugged into herself, crossed her legs and shot Brian a set of rolled eyes before turning back to Andrew as he incoherently talked about how much he loved everyone at work. As she listened, she uncrossed and crossed her legs constantly and Brian knew she must be busting. Too much to make it home he thought, but maybe enough

that she'd have to use the bathroom, he worried.

Andrew sat almost opposite Nat on the other side of the booth now, switching his attention from her to the band as he chatted away.

Brian felt Natalie jump a little and she uncrossed and crossed her legs again before grabbing his arm and squeezing his wrist to silently voice her boredom of the conversation. She scooted forward in her seat slightly and gave his wrist another squeeze as Andrew broke into his drunken rendition of Cold Chisel's Khe Sanh.

She hadn't let go of his wrist and as Andrew closed his eyes as he sang, he felt her grab his hand and place it between her legs. She giggled and his heart started thumping. His hand was resting on the inside of her thigh and she pushed it hard against her panties. They

felt damp and then suddenly wetter. He felt her pussy pulsate and push as she let a stream go into her panties. They wet through quickly and she retracted before he felt the thrusting push again and this time a trickle ran out against his hand.

She lifted her butt slightly and drove his hand underneath her and a torrent of piss poured through her panties, onto his hand and ran down the leather couch seat onto the floor.

Andrew turned back to the group and Brian reactively went to pull his hand from underneath her. Natalie grabbed his arm forcefully and held it firm so he couldn't move it and he felt another wave of piss running over his hand. She let go and he pulled his hand out from underneath her. Her legs widened under the table and she allowed him to rub her through her wet panties, keeping her gaze on the band all the while.

As he rubbed her she leaned over and whispered in his ear.

“Remember the rules.”

He stopped rubbing

“No, you can touch, but let's just not make this tricky hey?” she continued and she gently pushed his palm back against her pussy. As he did she let go small trickles of piss, each time freshly soaking through the sheer and lace of her panties.

He desperately wanted to look, he knew they'd be transparent with piss and he was rock hard.

“What are you guys up to?” Andrew shouted across the room and Brian dropped his hand.

“Just chatting,” Brian shot back, almost too quickly.

Natalie laughed and gave his hand a little squeeze under the table. Then she patted up his thigh and on his crotch and squeezed his rock hard cock before returning her hands to the table.

Andrew disappeared for a minute and Brian attempted to get up. He was tempted to run to the toilet strategically to help him slightly empty his bladder and help his hardon go down.

“No way,” Natalie said and grabbed his arm.

Andrew returned with a round of shots.

“Fuck,” Natalie said. “Last one,” she added.

The three threw back their shots and Andrew

headed to the dancefloor. Natalie, nudged Brian.

“Quick, let’s get out of here before he comes back with more shots, I’m seeing two of everything,” Natalie laughed, and they both scooted out of the booth.

They headed towards the door and Natalie moved Brian to walk behind her. He peered down at her arse and it became clear why. The back of her denim skirt was wet through in the arced shape of her butt and it glistened slightly as she walked.

Once outside, she didn’t seem to care and they walked the dimly-lit hill toward the house.

“How you going over there?” she asked cheekily as Brian struggled to hold. Natalie would slow her pace purposefully to tease him.

“Now who’s the one with a pee fetish?” he joked back.

She blushed a little and walked faster, casually poking him in the ribs along the way.

They arrived at the house and walked through the door. Natalie put her hands at Brian’s back and pushed him past the open bathroom door towards the stairs.

Another twinge in Brian’s cock and burst of pain in his bladder proceeded.

“If I didn’t get to, nor do you,” She laughed in a hushed voice.

“Where am I meant to go?” Brian asked, heart thumping in his throat.

“For you to figure out,” she laughed.

They reached the top of the stairs and Natalie reached behind her back, slid a hand up her shirt and undid her bra.

“Gah that’s better,” she sighed, pulling the white bra from the bottom of her shirt.

Her tits now perfectly outlined and pressed against her thin button up shirt. The top button undone and leaving only little material left to shield them from view.

“Want to watch a movie?” Brian asked.

“Sure... oh, can we watch *Get him to the Greek?*” Natalie enthused.

“It’s my favourite drunk movie,” she continued.

Natalie fired up her laptop and loaded the film

up on her screen. Brian headed for their ensuite briefly. He figured he could release a little into the shower drain without raising suspicion.

“Excuse me... movie is starting,” she sat down on his bed laptop in hand.

She hadn't bothered to change out of her wet skirt and it turned Brian on knowing she was willingly sitting in her wet clothes.

He shuffled in next to her and Natalie placed the laptop at the end of the bed.

A few minutes into the film and Brian found himself laughing hard and followed it with a groan and he pushed hard into his crotch.

“Naw you right there?” She teased and poked him in the ribs.

As she did a stiff spurt shot into his underwear and he felt it slowly soaking through those and into his jeans until a small wet patch appeared on the front of them.

“Guess not,” she said.

“Ok ok, you win. Can I go now?” he pleaded.

“Sure...” she said and Brian moved to stand up.

“But you’re confined to this room,” she laughed.

“No going downstairs,” she added.

“So... what am I supposed to do?” he asked curiously.

“Whatever you want, but I’ll tackle you if you try to leave,” she joked.

“Don’t tempt me,” Brian quipped and she threw him her trademark raised eyebrow.

She launched herself out of the bed and began to wrestle Brian back inside the room’s door. He submitted and ended up on the floor with her pinning his arms down leaning over him. Her shirt now plunged down toward him exposing her tits.

“Perv,” she said, as she used one arm to pull her shirt back into place.

They got up and went back to Brian’s bed to watch the film.

Brian went back to rocking, his cock pressed hard against his fly. Another spurt escaped and glistened slightly on the front of his jeans.

“Don’t torture yourself,” she laughed.

“You’re pretty cocky now you’re not the one busting,” he shot back.

“Cause of back in the pub? That was just the tip of the iceberg, I’m still busting,” she replied.

Brian’s heart thumped.

“See?” she added, as she shuffled back in the bed revealing a small wet patch on the white sheets.

“Hey that’s my bed!” he laughed.

“Whoops,” she said as she closed her eyes, widened her legs and held her breath.

Then shuffled back again revealing a much bigger wet spot.

Brian got out of bed and walked towards Natalie's and sat on it.

“In the room you said,” Brian teased.

“Hey!” Natalie jumped up and grabbed him, pulling him away from her bed and back towards his.

She fell backwards onto his bed as he stood at its side in front of her. Brian's bladder felt like it was going to explode but the throbbing of his hard cock was making it difficult to release. He was uncomfortable, drunk and uninhibited and decided he'd just go.

Closing his eyes to concentrate he pushed to let go a short burst into his jeans, then behind it another more controlled trickle and the blue denim of his jeans began to darken across his crotch.

Natalie sat up suddenly as she realised what he was doing. He stopped and took her in longingly through his eyes, her shirt slightly plunging and the curve of her breasts glowed under the lights. Her skirt had inched higher up her waist as she laid and that sexy white triangle of her panties was again exposed.

She was smiling a little and her face looked flushed with pink.

Brian held her stare and let another stream go and tried to keep it going. She raised her hand to his crotch and studied it as the wetness spread further across the front of his pants.

She ran her fingers across it and then pushed her palm against his cock and closed her eyes.

“Stop,” said Natalie abruptly.

Brian’s throat tightened and he felt a sobering

wave of shame.

She ran her hands over his crotch again, legs swaying beneath him and then undid his belt, jeans button and then zipper.

The immediate feeling of shame and lump in his throat made way for a shivering adrenaline as she inspected his wet underwear and released his hard cock from them.

Her touch, combined with his full bladder nearly made him cum right then and there.

“Ok,” she whispered.

He gave an initial squeeze to help push past the blocking of his hardon and a small trickle ran out and onto the floor beneath him. He pushed harder to try to keep it going and a stiff spurt of piss shot out and onto the bed. He looked at Natalie and she was lip-bitten with

one hand pushed forcefully between her legs.

Brian pushed again, holding his cock so as to aim it down at the floor this time and a slow but more steady stream flowed.

Natalie shuffled closer and took the hand he used to hold it and the fright of it, sent a stiff quick stream out of him, but hit the top of Natalie's thigh instead of the floor.

She didn't flinch as it did. She drove him now, her hand against his and she angled his cock from the floor toward her legs and he released again. She groaned a little as the slow stream trickled down her legs.

“Fffffuuuuuucccckkkkk,” she whispered before scooting in closer, her legs still pressed tightly together with her hand pressed tightly between them.

Another stiff stream hit her shirt around her midsection and she raised his cock slightly as he let more go. She raised it higher and higher until his stream began to soak her tits and she moved it from side to side letting both be bathed by him.

Her loose shirt now clung tightly to her chest, wet and outlining her hard nipples and she pulled the hand from between her legs and caressed her breasts as he slowly pissed on them.

She laid back on her back now, pulling him closer as she did and then ran her hand under her shirt as he pissed on her. He began to change aim and soaked the rest of her shirt, top of her skirt and thighs. As he did, she thrust her legs open, revealing her white lacy panties and he took aim at them. As his stream hit her pussy she moaned loudly and snapped her legs shut for a second before thrusting

them back open and sitting up to look closer. He hit her again with a short trickle and she moaned again, rubbing her pussy through her panties.

“Fuuuuuuckkk,” she moaned again and she momentarily stopped rubbing, her hand fixed on her pelvis and she held her breath, mouth wide open.

With a loud moan, Natalie began to piss right there on the edge of the bed. Short spurts into her panties while she watched it pour through the fabric and escape out the sides of the hem.

“Piss on me,” she whispered and Brian mustered what he had left to continue to piss on her covering her tits and then down back to her panties where he helped soak them further.

She was controlling her stream, not letting it out at once but in waves and Brian sat down

beside her to watch. He touched her, she pissed hard against his fingers and he began to rub his cock.

He pulled her panties aside and she pissed again, shooting a stiff stream onto his lap, then again and she groaned “I can’t stop,” and the stream gave way to a torrent forcing its way out of her and onto him.

“She thrust her hand between her thighs and pulled her panties back across and peed hard into them. She stopped and rolled off the bed suddenly and stood above Brian, legs apart his left leg between them.

Then she let go at once, a flood pouring from beneath her skirt and onto Brian’s lap. He started stroking himself and she inched forward so as to direct the flood down at his jerking hand.

“Fuck,” he groaned, cum shooting hard out of him and across the room. She laughed and returned her hand to her pussy while she finished.

“Holy fucking shit,” she sighed as she finally finished and breathed heavily before sitting down to catch her breath.

“Consider that your Christmas bonus,” she laughed and he joined her.

They did their best to mop up the mess with towels and already-wet sheets and then they both showered separately, using the time to wash the clothes, sheets and towels as they did before hanging them on the balcony.

“Sorry for ruining your bed for the night,” she said sheepishly.

“I’m happy to make the sacrifice,” he smiled

cheekily.

She now wore a pair of thin, grey and short cotton pyjama shorts and a singlet, again with no bra and Brian wore only a pair of white underwear. She climbed into bed and Brian retrieved a pillow and spare sheet from the closet before heading out into the living room and to the fold out.

“Night,” he said.

“Night,” she replied before turning off the lamp.

Brian unfolded the couch, threw his pillow and sheet down and crawled in. He had just started to doze before he felt movement on the bed and then someone slide in next to him.

Without saying anything, Natalie scooted backwards in the bed until she felt him against

her and grabbed his arm and pulled it over her waist.

They drifted off, neither moving much at all through the night.

Through the un-curtained windows, the sun poured its harsh morning light just hours later and the local birds chorused their morning song, causing Brian to wake.

As he came to, he could feel a raging morning wood and he suddenly felt a very sober self consciousness. He went to roll onto his back so as to not let it touch Natalie, but she grabbed his arm. “Five more minutes,” she groaned sleepily, so he stayed.

She pulled his arm tighter now around his chest and back her butt into him until it touched and then further still until she lay hard against him. She wiggled slightly and his hard

cock nestled between her thighs and butt and then she backed in a little more before giving a satisfied wiggle.

“Last time,” she whispered.

“Huh,” he replied.

She said nothing.

Then a warmth began to run through his underwear before a flood poured through the fabric and ran down his cock and into the bed. She emptied her bladder without moving and then the two simply lay there content and in the wetness until it was time to get up.

“Seems like you might have inherited a new pastime...” Brian said jokingly.

“Maybe,” she responded, a smile across her face.

They showered and cleaned the remaining mess as best they could.

“Back to reality,” Natalie said with a sigh and somewhat serious tone.

“No being weird at work ok, and as usual, let’s keep this to ourselves yeah? She said.

“Of course,” he replied.

“And let’s hope we don’t get a cleaning bill.”