

The Christmas Party

Brian was anxious as he got ready for work. He hadn't seen Natalie since Friday's Networking Event at the brewery and he'd spent the weekend seesawing between being turned on and shuddering with embarrassment as he replayed the night's events in his head.

He had received a text from Natalie on Friday night after he got home.

“You get home ok... no Uber damage I hope?”

“Yep home safe and think we got away with it!” Brian replied.

But he was unsure how Natalie would feel once she had slept and sobered and felt sick at the idea that he'd peed himself in front of her.

Brian was no idiot. He'd developed a pee

fetish at a very young age and he knew his bladder well. Throughout his life he had been lucky enough to find many partners who would accommodate his fetish and would pee themselves for him, but there was always a little sense that it was HIS thing and not theirs and the act's were often obligatory and prepared for. However he'd never let his guard down to pee HIMSELF in front of any of them. For some reason he saw that as something that may push them too far.

So he was kicking himself over Friday. *His* was no accident when he replayed it in his head. He knew he could have and should have used the brewery bathroom's before he left. He also could have used a tree. But his intoxicated state and excitement of Natalie's desperation seemed to have driven the situation and as embarrassed as he was now, he knew that he subconsciously, or perhaps consciously, wanted to put himself in that

situation.

He shuddered again playing it through his head and headed out to work, anxiously wondering what the mood would be like.

“Morning,” Natalie said as she came into the office.

Brian attempted to analyse the tone before asking how her weekend was.

“Good,” Natalie said.

His throat tightened a little, her tone seemed short, perhaps cold even as she sat down and dove directly into her emails. He wasn't sure what he was expecting. They'd both vowed to keep Friday's events a secret and the office was full of people, but there was certainly nothing reassuring about the vibe he was getting this morning from Natalie.

Perhaps she was embarrassed, maybe *she* was shuddering at what had happened. Hell, maybe she'd not even remembered anything given the amount of drink they'd both had that day.

No, surely not. She wasn't that drunk and she would have awoken to the mess of wet clothes in the hamper as a stark reminder.

“How was Friday guys?” asked a young staffer as she did the rounds of the room offering coffee.

Before he could speak, Natalie jumped in, “Not too bad... we met a few potential clients, but there were plenty of desperate people there.” she threw a subtle glance at Brian and he blushed and smiled immediately.

It was coming towards the end of the year and Natalie and Brian were confronted with organising the staff Christmas party. It had been a big year for the business and the team had worked their arse off on a few big projects, so Natalie wanted to do something special for the Christmas party.

She called Brian to her desk and he sat down beside her to look at her screen where she'd been looking at options.

“We could rent a big house on Moke island for a couple of nights,” she said while pointing to her screen. “Use the first day as a team planning day and the rest of the time we can relax, drink and do meals out?” she continued.

Brian agreed it was a great idea, the house could fit them all between the rooms and the pull-outs in the living rooms – it sounded like a perfect summer getaway for the team.

By the time the Christmas party dates had rolled around, it had been around a month and half since the brewery event and there had been no mention of what happened.

As he sat so close to Natalie in the office, he would occasionally catch her trademark rocking or leg bouncing and would try to find some reason to look in her direction casually and occasionally she'd have a small laugh or smile or make a throwaway comment like "can you go to the toilet for me."

But other than that it seemed like the brewery event was forgotten and their working relationship was as it always had been. That however didn't stop Brian from thinking about it on an almost-daily basis.

The weekend of the Christmas party arrived and the whole team made their way to the Moke Island ferry mid morning on a Friday. They would spend two nights on the island and the Queensland weather was said to be sunny and hot for the entire weekend.

Brian was as much looking forward to the break as he was looking forward to seeing Natalie frolicking on the beach in a bikini, but with the team there, he knew he had to keep a professional head on as best he could for the weekend.

After a ferry ride and short mini bus transfer, they arrived at their digs for the weekend – a large three-storey house overlooking the ocean and set back on a hill.

The staff all paired off and threw bags into rooms which all had two singles beds in them. Brian was one of three guys who worked at

the firm, the two others were young and had only recently started there, so they naturally paired off and into a shared room. The girls all did the same.

As Brian made his way around the house, he realised there was only the one room left on the top floor of the house and it seemed Natalie's bags were already sitting on top of one of the beds.

Brian figured it probably wasn't a good look, and a tad presumptuous to share the room with Natalie and put his stuff down on the fold out in the adjoining living room.

The top floor was a self sufficient loft with a large balcony, pool table in the living room, kitchenette and ensuite. Brian went to place his toiletries in the ensuite and noted that it only had a shower and basin... no toilet. That was down on the first floor and there was

another toilet in an ensuite on the second.

By now, Natalie had made her way up to the loft with another bag.

“Don’t you have a bed?” she asked.

“I’ll be fine out here,” Brian replied.

“Don’t be silly, there’s another in here... it’s fine,” Natalie continued.

Brian got up and moved his stuff into the adjoining room where there sat two single beds, roughly a metre apart from each other.

“Not looking forward to having to go up and down those stairs to use the bathroom,” Natalie said with rolled eyes.

“Yeah, going to be tough doing that trek in the dark without breaking your neck,” laughed

Brian.

“Might just have to do one of your famous holds,” he added cheekily, to which Natalie returned him her signature eyebrow raise.

The team decided that before they got stuck into their planning session, a swim was in order. They’d been sweating all morning on the ferry in the sweltering 35° heat and a cool off was definitely in order. With the house they were given access to a golf cart, an almost bus-like one with eight seats and storage in the back. If they all squished in, they could all fit to make the journey down and up the hill to the beach and restaurants.

They piled in and Brian drove everyone down.

As soon as they pulled up, the younger staff all stripped straight off to their bathers and bolted for the water. Brian watched

self-consciously as the two younger guys strode down with their chiseled and hairless abs on display. He shot Natalie a glance and she seemed slightly hesitant to shed her own clothes while the girls frolicked around in their bikinis without a shred of care.

“Eyes that way,” she yelled out to Brian as she pulled her dress off.

Underneath she wore a white floral-patterned bikini. She was more shapely than the other girls on the team, not overweight by any means, but her breasts were fuller, she had real hips that gave way to a glorious butt and thighs. Natalie was naturally tanned and with her South American lineage, was round in all the right places.

As she walked towards the water she half covered herself.

“God, who’s idea was this again? Going swimming with a bunch of models...” Natalie said sarcastically.

“You kidding?” Brian replied. “They’re the ones who should be jealous,” he continued and she shot him a quick smile and blushed a little.

The swim was quick and they all headed back to the house where they dove into three hours of strategic planning and brainstorming.

Half way through, Brian had cooked up a quick BBQ lunch and stocked up an esky with beers, ciders and plenty of ice.

The drinks were passed around immediately and aided the team in their brainstorming afternoon.

After a few drinks each, they ended the session and decided on another swim to cool off before coming back to get ready to go out

to dinner. They piled into the cart and made the journey down to the beach and again all ran down into the water.

Natalie made her way in slowly, as she always did. Although the water was a balmy 24°, Natalie still got in it like it was an ice bath. Brian took the opportunity to kick the lapping water at her playfully.

“Arrrrgggg, you’re dead,” she shrieked and ran after him while he dove into the water.

They bobbed around for a little, chatting about the day’s progress and who from the team had really stood out. Brian could make out the goosebumps on her arms and breasts as she swayed in motion with the water.

“If you feel anything warm, that’s just me peeing,” Natalie suddenly laughed loudly.

Brian felt a little twinge in his crotch and he laughed back, but did not move an inch, staying within an arm's distance from her.

After a while they all got out and headed back to the house for some more drinks and to get ready to go out for dinner.

They each took turns having showers and then made their way into the main living room for snack and drinks. Brian headed up to the loft to unpack his bag and Natalie was now in the room having just showered, and with only a towel wrapped around her.

“Sorry,” Brian said. “I’ll come back in a bit.”

He left the room and went and got himself a beer and came back. Natalie was dressed now and sitting on the end of her bed drying off her hair. She wore a short, thigh-length black dress. Not tight, but loose fitting and flowy.

Her tanned legs glowed under the light and Brian had to forcibly try to stop himself from staring. He grabbed his clothes and headed for a shower.

In the shower he could feel a slight buzz from the afternoon's drinks. He knew himself well. Once he had a couple of drinks in him, he was cheekier, flirtier, and more touchy. He knew he'd have to be more aware of it tonight and prevent himself from saying or doing anything stupid.

He got ready, went down stairs to meet the rest of the team where he saw Natalie lining up shot glasses on the table.

“Shit.” Brian mumbled to himself.

As the team crowded around the table, Natalie filled each shot glass with tequila and then made a quick speech to thank everyone for

their hard work throughout the year and for their contributions in the earlier planning session. They cheered and threw back their shots, and then headed out.

They left the cart behind as no one was sober enough to drive it and Natalie passed Brian a beer.

“One for the road,” she said jokingly as she opened it for him, not giving him an option to decline.

After the dinner, half the team made the trek back to the house to call it a night and Brian and Natalie joined the others at the pub where Natalie promptly ordered a round of shots.

“Shit,” Brian mumbled to himself again. He was already feeling buzzed and was worried about how he’d behave after a few more. At this point Natalie was pretty tipsy and she

dragged Brian to the bar to take his shot.

They pulled up some stools at a high bar table nearby and settled in with another round of beers while they listened to the two-piece band that was playing in the corner. As Natalie climbed onto the stool next to him, Brian caught a very quick glimpse of the pink panties she was wearing and felt another twinge in his crotch as he suddenly flashed back to the night of the brewery event.

She straightened her dress and he couldn't help but stare at her legs, taking in every inch of them through his eyes as though he was hypnotized by her skin.

The conversation at the table broke for a second and he snapped back to reality. As he looked up, he saw Natalie glance at him. "Shit," he thought to himself. Had she caught him staring at her? Natalie didn't seem

perturbed and she nudged him to catch up with his drink.

“One more before we get going?” Natalie asked the table.

A few declined as they were still working on the drinks still in front them. Brian also shook his head and gestured to the half beer left in front of him and she threw him back a playful scowl.

As she disappeared to the bar, Brian began to evaluate whether or not he should dash to the bathrooms. This had become a subconscious pattern when he drank as he knew how much holding turned him on, but unlike most drinking sessions, he wouldn't be going home to do anything “fun” about it. So he headed to the bathrooms to relieve himself.

As he began to let go, that familiar feeling of

release took over him and thought back to the brewery night. There was no way he would let himself get into that predicament with all the staff there. But he also didn't want to feel empty, in his drunken state, he wanted to feel *something*, so he cut himself off mid-stream and headed back out.

As he walked back through the pub, Natalie was coming back from the bar and she saw him coming from the bathrooms.

“Ohhh kaaay,” she laughed at him playfully and gave him a playful, almost flirting sideways bump.

“What?” Brian questioned innocently.

“Taking the easy road out this time,” she laughed as she put the tray of drinks down on the table.

He was confused, this was the first time she'd even hinted to the events of that night but maybe he had misheard or his twisted deviate mind had interpreted her comments the wrong way.

Natalie handed around the drinks and passed Brian a beer.

He gave her a defiant look and she gestured for him to take it. Then from the tray she pulled two tequila shots, placed one in front of her, and one in front of Brian.

“You’re off the clock now,” she said to him in a more empathetic tone.

He took the shot, they clinked glasses and downed them before chasing them with their beers. Natalie put hers down, and began to walk off to the bathroom and Brian couldn't help but feel disappointed. She reammerged and sat back down next to him.

Brian quipped, “Ohhhh Kaaaay,” and she laughed out loud and blushed a little, squeezing his arm.

As they wrapped up their last drinks, Brian was momentarily transfixed by Natalie’s legs again. Sat on the stool and legs crossed somewhat tightly, but dress sitting high enough to reveal most of her thigh and he was a little breathless just looking at them. He noticed them occasionally moving from side to side, the same way she’d done many times when she was desperate in the past, but assumed it was just her moving to the music. She had just been to the bathroom after all.

The six sat at the table started to make a move to leave. One of the younger girls, Gwen was pretty drunk at this stage and was very chatty. They walked out of the pub and out onto the footpath and two boys set course for the walk

home. The walk wasn't far, maybe a kilometre, but it was all uphill.

They all walked as a group until they reached the bottom of the hill, and the boys set a quick pace as they walked up it leaving Brian, Natalie, Gwen and Lisa to walk at their own pace. Lisa took her phone out and began to walk ahead while she made her call.

Since they'd left the pub, Gwen had chatted Natalie's ear off about every topic imaginable. At certain points of the walk, she had latched onto Natalie's arm and held her for balance in her heels.

Brian slowed up a little as the conversation turned to what Gwen's favourite TikTok videos were, and began to walk at the back of the group by himself.

Natalie occasionally turned to see he was still there and would gesture for him to come up and walk with them, but he would just smile and continue at his own pace. He was using this opportunity to admire Natalie's butt and legs as she walked. It was then he noticed she was wearing the same heels she wore to the brewery event. He would never forget those shoes and the image he had burned into his memory of her pouring her piss out of them as she said goodbye.

There was another flutter in his crotch again as he thought about it. He was glad he didn't fully release back in the pub as he now felt the pressure of his bladder again and he began to wonder if there was a way he could still enjoy himself despite everyone being around in the house, but concluded there wasn't. If he was to piss himself in the shower, there was no real way he could hide the wet clothing from Natalie as it would have to hang dry on the

loft's balcony.

He shook his head and continued to stare at Natalie's arse again as she walked. His eyes refocused as Natalie and Gwen walked beneath a street light. He squinted slightly.

“What is that,” he thought to himself. He sped up a touch and through the glow of the light, he swore he could see a thin wet line snaked down the back of Natalie's calf. His heart began to beat and he reasoned with himself that it was more than likely she she may have earlier spilled a drink, or that when they walked across some freshly watered grass earlier, her heel must have flicked it up.

She looked back and he felt her catch him staring at her again and he quickly looked in another direction. The hill was at its steepest now and even Gwen had quietened down as they strode up it's slope.

Natalie gestured for Gwen to walk in front of her and offered to give her a little push as she walked. Gwen obliged and seemed grateful for the help. Brian playfully placed his hands on Natalie's back and gave them both a small push.

“Ah, now THIS is teamwork,” Natalie laughed, while Brian continued to push.

He walked a little hunched over as he pushed, chin on his chest and face to the ground. It wasn't all bad he thought as he could help push the girls along while being able to stare at Natalie's arse covertly.

Another single droplet rolled down her leg. He followed it's trail from the bottom of her dress and it glistened clearly in the street light. Then another snaked its way down faster than the one before it. Just then a trickle, which had

gripped the inside of Natalie's thigh, ran down and around the back of her knee.

“Holy shit,” Brian murmured, perhaps too loudly. He gave her back a little squeeze. Seconds later several streams began to roll down the backs of both of Natalie's legs and onto the road beneath them. He was rock hard now, his throbbing cock pressed hard into his jeans. They were approaching the house now.

“We did it!” Natalie celebrated and offered high fives. Brian tried his best to hide his hardon from both girls, then Natalie pulled both Gwen and Brian in for a group hug. Brian tried to maneuver in a way that his cock would not press into anyone, but Natalie danced around a little and pulled him in closer until he stumbled a little while trying to hold his crotch away from her embrace. He could feel it now press directly into her and he instinctively went to pull away. She pulled him tighter

against her momentarily before letting him go and the three went quietly inside so as not to wake everyone up.

Gwen made a beeline for the toilet. The girls in the room with the ensuite were already asleep. Brian needed to pee now but figured he'd just go in the shower.

Natalie waited in the kitchen for Gwen and Brian made his way upstairs to the loft. He was confused. Should he say something to her? Was it an accident? Surely not? He reached the room and sat up on the bed.

Natalie made her way upstairs and sat on her bed to remove her shoes. As she did her legs sat wide apart, wider and less conscious than he'd ever seen from Natalie before. She always seemed like an expert in dress and skirt manoeuvring but right now he could see her pink panties, clearly wet and she seemed

unphased at her position. She glanced up, saw Brian quickly look away and laughed softly.

“See I didn’t take the easy road afterall,” she said softly.

“I noticed... what happened there,” Brian asked.

“Bathrooms were pretty gross,” she replied.

“I thought you were the boss of holding, thought you would have been able to make it home?” Brian continued.

“I’m sure I could have, but figured you’ve already seen me pee my pants once, so why hurt myself holding,” she laughed.

“Good point,” Brian responded with his heart in his throat.

“Want the first shower?” she asked.

“No you go, sounds like you need it,” Brian gestured.

Natalie giggled a little as she unzipped the back of her dress. She held it to her as she squatted down to pick out a change of clothes and a towel, then walked off to the ensuite.

Brian sat there pondering what had just happened and replayed the past five years in his head. All the times she sat desperate next to him in the office and in the car and his mind snowballed into all kinds of theories and wanted to ask her so many questions.

Suddenly, she reappeared in the doorway. She was wearing a satin night dress now and no bra. He’d never seen her without a bra and the sight of her full breasts cupped softly by such thin fabric instantly made him hard again. She

wore a towel on her head as she slowly dried it sitting on the end of the bed.

“Can I ask you a question?” Brian asked almost without thinking.

“Sure,” Natalie replied.

“You never seem too phased when you need to go and you don’t seem too phased about the networking thing or tonight,”

“Is that a question?” she said sarcastically.

“Umm, why I guess?” Brian replied.

“You saying I should be embarrassed?” She asked, and Brian couldn’t tell if she was joking or not.

“Well no, you shouldn’t be...” he said.

“Because you like it...” she said casually while looking down, still drying her hair.

“What?” was all Brian could muster. Now it was him on the backfoot and feeling embarrassed.

“Well... do you?” she continued.

He was speechless.

“It’s ok,” she said. I’ve known about your little thing for watersports for a while.

“How?” he asked red-faced.

“We’ve spent the best part of a decade sitting next to each other and you seem to perk up every time I need to pee,” she laughed.

“Maybe I’m just being empathetic, maybe YOU have a pee fetish,” he said accusingly.

“You’re the one who just wet yourself on the walk back,” he continued defensively.

“True, but you were the one with a raging hardon when I did,” Natalie replied.

Brian felt embarrassed.

“It’s fine Brian...” Natalie continued. “It’s nice.”

“What do you mean?” Brian asked.

“I was never phasd about the bathrooms, because I had a pretty good idea you were into it and if anything happened, well there would be no need to be embarrassed, and... well, it’s nice to be looked at like that, ” Natalie explained.

She stopped drying her hair and walked towards where Brian was sitting on the end of

his bed. She dropped the towel to the floor and put her hands on his shoulders in a reassuring kind of way.

“You might not realise it, but when I see you trying to catch a peek up my skirt or down my top, I don’t know... it feels nice to have someone look at me that way. Then whenever I’ve needed to pee, like in the office, and you’d pretend to block my path or casually find reasons to look over at me while I was swaying, it just felt great to feel attractive,” Natalie continued.

“After a while I started to wonder how you’d react if I actually had an accident. I nearly did a few times,” she laughed.

“But that afternoon at the networking thing, seeing your face and the physical reaction you had. It made me feel so hot and I liked it.” she finished.

Brian looked up, she was close now and he took her in slowly with his eyes as he lifted his head. Her nipples were hardened under her night dress which clung to her body perfectly.

“I won’t lie...” Natalie started again. “I thought it might feel weird, or gross, but it... kind of felt nice to not care and just let go,” she added.

“And it’s WAY more convenient sometimes than holding or trying to find a bathroom,” she laughed in an attempt to lighten up the room.

Brian finally spoke up.

“Guess my golden shower jokes made it kind of obvious,” he managed a small laugh.

“Hahaha yes well that did add to my inkling that you were into that kind of stuff,” she

laughed.

“I better go have a shower and get changed,” Brian said.

“One last thing,” Natalie said as Brian went to stand up and she pushed him back down.

“Rules,” she added.

“Huh?” Brian asked.

“We’re already crossing lines here with work and we’ve come too far to risk it, so let’s just agree that sex is the one thing not on the cards. It could ruin everything,” Natalie said seriously.

“Of course,” Brian said.

With that, Natalie came in for a hug, bent over and leaning towards Brian as she did. She

gave him a kiss on the cheek and whispered in his ear “I”m busting.”

“You didn’t just go in the shower?” Brian asked.

“Forgot to,” Natalie giggled. “I guess tequila makes me forgetful,” she continued.

“Shame the bathroom is all the way down there,” Brian replied.

Natalie glanced down at the front of Brian’s jeans and saw the bulge of his hardon. She reached down and squeezed in with one hand.

She laughed and sat herself down on Brian’s lap, her arms wrapped loosely around his neck. With her legs straddled either side of him, he could now see she was wearing navy blue silky panties. She rocked a little.

“So I assume it’s ok if I go?” she asked.

She had a cheeky smile and his cock flinched at her words.

“Saves me a trip down the stairs,” she added.

Suddenly Brian could feel a warmth spread across the front of his pants. He looked up and Natalie, who now had her eyes closed and she moaned quietly.

He attempted to look down at her crotch to watch and she leant back a little and hiked her dress up slightly for him. A flood of piss now poured through her panties and the front of her satin night dress was soaked. She rocked forward again and ground herself into Brian’s cock. He thought now that she was finished, but another flood of piss ran over the top of his jeans, down the hanging bed sheets and onto the towel she’d left on the floor.

Brian's own bladder was now aching with her sitting on top of him. He felt a puddle forming underneath him before it poured onto the floor. Natalie opened her eyes and surveyed the room.

“We might need to get some new towels up here,” she laughed.

She pulled her dress up one more time so she could inspect the damage. Her navy blue panties were now sopping wet and she touched them softly with her hand before doing the same to the front of Brian's jeans with a giggle.

She stood up, and picked out another change of clothes before heading towards the bathroom to shower.

“I’ll give you some alone time,” she laughed and walked out.

As she did, Brian stood up to survey the bed and floor. He took the wet-cornered bed spread and hung it out on the balcony. He was soaking wet now figured he may as well let go himself. Standing casually on the balcony, he closed his eyes and let go completely. Piss flooding down both legs and onto the ground beneath him. As he finished, he turned to find Natalie wrapped in a towel in the doorway. She was holding her wet clothes.

“Guess I wasn’t the only one, hey?” she said casually as she moved past him to hang her clothes up.

“Thought we were in this together Brian!” she laughed and gave him a final pat on the front of his pants.

Brian headed off for a shower and when he returned, Natalie was fast asleep. He crawled into bed and tried to contemplate what had just happened before dozing off.