

# The Networking Event

It started innocently with a few quiet drinks at a work networking function.

Brian and Natalie had been working together for a good 5 years now. Natalie owned a mid-sized website firm and Brian had been her first employee. Together they'd grown the business into a successful and well-known local firm that now boasted 12 staff. Brian and Natalie were both in their mid-30s and often found themselves outnumbered in the office by a team 10 years their junior, whom didn't get their jokes or share similar lifestyles, so when the opportunity came up every now and then, to attend a local networking afternoon, the two would justify what was obviously a junket, as a bonefind business development opportunity.

To be fair, there was always every intention of throwing a few business cards around the room in an attempt to sell the firm to potential new clients. However it was often the good food, free drinks and entertainment, coupled with an afternoon away from the monotony of the office, that attracted them to what are normally quite boring affairs.

Brian and Natalie have had a typical working relationship over the past five years, they've clashed and argued at times, but have also had some good times. Lines have never been crossed, despite an underlying sexual tension between them and Brian in particular, has often found himself trying to catch unobvious glances as she moved around the office.

With her South American heritage, Natalie had a natural and shapely beauty. She wasn't one to make herself up before work, instead opting for no makeup and likely a pair of jeans, denim skirt or jump suit in the office. This kind of look was generally Brian's type, but their working relationship and differing opinions helped to cement his fierce "not at work" policy. That policy however, rarely prevented him from checking her out as she bent over, revealing the visible line of her underwear, her cleavage or, if he really lucked out and she was wearing a short skirt, a brief glance at her underwear. As far as he could tell, she favoured brazilian cut panties and thongs and it drove him wild.

Brian had hid his pee fetish well throughout his life, from friends, colleagues and it even took him some time to feel comfortable enough with partners to share his desperate desire to have them pee for him. He'd often find himself at

home with his imagination wondering and picturing Natalie doing just that. It was such a far fetched idea though, that he'd quickly move on to something else rather than torture himself with an idea so far from reality.

If they had a long drive to a work meeting, he'd sometimes see her bouncing her leg in the driver's seat and he'd wonder if she had to pee. Sometimes it was her that would openly admit to being busting and all kinds of thoughts would explode in Brian's head, willing there to be some kind of traffic jam that would result in her wetting herself there in the car with him next to her.

After a few close calls, where he didn't react at all, Brian found himself with Natalie on a long trip back from a client meeting and they decided to stop in at Ikea to pick up some office furniture. As they parked, Natalie admitted she'd needed to pee since before the meeting and was struggling. As usual, Brian's heart started racing at the idea of her having an accident, although he knew the likelihood was zero. As they made their way through the maze of Swedish homewares, Natalie began to squirm and, with a surprising laugh, told him that she was nearly at breaking point and if she didn't find a toilet soon, she was going to piss herself. He noted that she didn't seem very concerned, or at least not as concerned as he'd expect someone to be in that situation.

Right then, Brian's fears were imagined. Up ahead, he saw the familiar and universal sign for bathrooms and knew this fantasy was dead in the water. She told him to keep an eye out for bathrooms and right as they came into sight, she seemed to be looking elsewhere and walked straight past. He thought then, that this might have been the last chance. There was nothing left between the store exit and the car and that they still had an hour's drive ahead of them. Then right as he thought they were clear, she turned and saw the sign. "WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING," she said, with a faint laugh and flirting slap on the arm. "Oh I didn't see them," Brian replied, trying his best to be believable. "Yeah, right," Natalie quipped as she made a beeline for the bathrooms.

His fantasy may not have come to fruition, but from that day he held just the slightest feeling in his stomach. Why did she not seem stressed about wetting herself? Why did she not care that he'd seemingly guided her away from the bathrooms? Most women he knew in that situation would have marched up to the nearest staff member and demanded to be taken to a bathroom and not

casually walked around shopping like that.

It niggled at him as he wondered what might have happened and was he way off the mark or was there some kind of possibility that she also was a pee fan? Over the next year or two Brian found himself in several situations where Natalie would be bouncing in the car seat next him and each time he'd try to very subtly guide the conversation. One time he even poked at her ribs and asked, "does that help," and she laughed and yelped simultaneously for him to stop and she put her hand between her legs. He'd joke, "the seats are leather," or "do you have a towel I can grab you to go into." She'd never react negatively and the conversation would linger around her need to pee for a little longer than he thought was normal, but nothing ever happened or came of it. Natalie seemed to have the ultimate holding ability. She did share that she'd once not made it as a teenager and had to simply go in her pants and Brian immediately wondered again if this was normal or, in a situation like that, would someone normally hide behind a wall, remove their clothes and pee rather than giving up and peeing themselves.

At one team work event, the topic of Golden Showers came up and the youngest in the group asked what they were. Brian noted that Natalie was quick to educate her and, filled with enough dutch courage he added, "don't knock them until you've tried them."

He'd never been so flippant with this sort of talk before and realised he'd basically just admitted to the whole company that he'd engaged in that kind of sex. But with Natalie the innuendo and Golden Shower jokes would continue.

An email landed in Brian's inbox one spring afternoon, "should we go to this?" it read. The email was an invite to another "networking" event at a brewery. It was to be held that coming Friday afternoon by the beach and there would be comedy acts and free beer. "I'm in," Brian replied.

One thing that excited him about these events was that Natalie would often ditch the jeans and jumpsuits for a cocktail dress and heels and he knew that even if the event was to be boring, seeing how her dress hugged her body would be enough for it to be a great afternoon.

That Friday, Natalie arrived at work in a beige summery short dress and heels and his heart started beating a little heavier. Brian on the other hand wore simple black skinny jeans, as he always did, with chelsea boots and a button up shirt. They opted to grab an Uber so neither had to drive.

For four hours, Brian and Natalie endured the same predictable work conversations they'd come to expect from these events while sampling every beer on the menu. By the end of the event Brian found himself feeling far more drunk than he'd realised and he tucked Natalie's arm under his to help her navigate the stairs on the way out to the street. As he did, he noted that they'd walked straight past the bathrooms and that he'd not seen her duck off to the bathrooms for at least the past hour.

They made it down the stairs and into the late afternoon light. "Quick one at the beach before we head home?" Natalie asked. "Sure," Brian replied.

They headed into the bottle shop which sat next door to the brewery and they each headed to different sections to pick out drinks. Brian had grabbed another beer and headed over to Natalie who was looking at the brightly coloured wine seltzers, ciders and pre-mixes.

As he approached, he noticed a familiar swaying and definite left heel raised from the ground. He came closer and saw her legs were not stood naturally, but instead closed together somewhat tightly. "What are you going for?" Brian asked. "Not sure, can't make up my mind," she said with a prominent sway.

She picked out a four pack of seltzer's and they walked to the counter. "Do you have a bathroom?" Natalie asked the cashier. Brian's ears pricked up. "No sorry, try the brewery next door," the cashier responded.

They left and Natalie headed back towards the brewery and Brian instantly felt deflated. He surmised that any idea that she'd ever wet herself was just his creative imagination running wild. But as they got to the front door, they realised that with the event now over, the doors were locked tight and staff inside were wrapping up and cleaning.

Without so much as a disappointed grunt, Natalie turned back towards the

footpath and said “oh well,” and set off towards the beach. Brian’s heart began to beat again. He knew this area well. He’d grown up surfing along these beaches and knew pretty well what was around, and what wasn’t. If he could lead her down one road towards the beach instead of another, he knew there’d not be another venue to stop at to check for bathrooms, so he did. Although she didn’t mention it once along the way.

It was dusk, bordering on dark when they got there, and rather than the sand, they opted to sit on the grass overlooking the beach to avoid the gaze of late afternoon surfers and swimmers. Brian sat first and as Natalie attempted to sit, she stumbled a little while trying to cover her crotch with her dress. “Fuck, flashing the world my undies,” she said jokingly. “Lucky them then,” Brian replied and Natalie raised an eye in a sarcastic but jovial way.

Brian knew that he was clearly being assisted by the booze at this point, he’d never been that frank or loose with his words before, and was just sober enough to realise he might have been out of line, but was snapped quickly out of it as Natalie made a second attempt to sit, this time revealing the crotch of her silky white and black polka-dotted panties. Any idea of reining himself in disappeared in that moment.

They chatted and drank, Brian finishing his beer quickly and Natalie offered him a Seltzer.

“I won’t be able to drink them all anyway,” she said.

He opened the can and realised that he too was starting to feel the bladder pressure of the afternoon’s drinks and began to wish that *he* used the brewery bathrooms before he left. But he noticed Natalie’s crossed legs bouncing from side to side and figured she was in a worse spot than he.

“Plenty of trees around,” Natalie said.

“Huh?” he replied.

“You guys are lucky, the world is your toilet,” she responded.

“I’m too classy for that. And anyway, can’t you do the same, couldn’t women secretly just go under their dresses without anyone knowing?” he continued.

His heart thumped, there was that word vomit again... “this is your boss” he thought.

“I guess we could but it’s not really very secret when you’ve got to try and get your underwear off or pulled out the way,” she said.

“Ah yes true, so your only option is to let the world see, or deal with wet undies,” Brian replied as casually as he could.

“Pretty much,” Natalie said. “And speaking of which, I need to find a bathroom badly before I end up doing just that.”

“Damn,” Brian thought. “I’ve seen you hold for longer than that, you’ve still got two more drinks to finish,” he said worriedly.

“If I have another drink right now I won’t be making it to the bathroom trust me and it’s you that will have to be seen with me,” she said jokingly.

He teased, “sounds like a challenge to me,” and opened her can. The raised eyebrow came again but she took a small sip and shifted positions.

It wasn’t long before she had a hand subtly placed between her legs, trying not to be obvious about it, but definitely trying to aid her situation. Brian’s own situation had worsened and as much as he was enjoying the idea of her possibly having an accident, he knew it would probably not happen and the last thing he wanted was to have one of his own in front of his boss.

Natalie opened her phone and studied the maps for anywhere nearby that might have a bathroom but couldn’t find anything.

“Is there a public toilet here anywhere,” she asked.

“I don’t think so, not here. I think the nearest one is about a kilometer away,” Brian replied.

“Shit.” Natalie said.

“Will you make it?” Brian asked.

“Fuck. Shit. I don’t know,” she groaned in pain.

“So I suppose now wouldn’t be a great time for me to go be a guy and use a tree then,” Brian joked.

“No way. This is your fault. If I have to wait, so do you,” she replied.

Brian took a chance. “Ride or die huh? We either both make it, or both end up wet?”

“Yep,” Natalie replied.

“Well I’m wearing black jeans and you’re wearing a dress so at least it shouldn’t be too obvious,” Brian laughed.

Natalie shifted uncomfortably. “I’m not even kidding if I burst, you’re going to have to in solidarity.”

“Of course,” he said with his heart in his mouth and a definite throbbing in his pants. The skinny jeans didn’t leave much to the imagination at the best of times, but he was getting hard and could feel the weight of his cock pressing against his fly so was doing his best to hide it from Natalie.

It occurred to him that it was dark, there was no one around, apart from the odd late afternoon jogger and that if Natalie’s situation was in fact this dire, she could always find a tree, hike her dress up and end her desperation without the need for wetting her pants. He was curious, as he was in Ikea, as to why she seemed so nonchalant about her predicament and why she wasn’t working harder to fix it.

“We’re fucked,” she said. “You and that last drink!”



“Ok, ok, my fault. Should we just stop delaying the inevitable and give up?”  
Brian said, only half joking.

“You mean, just go?” she asked.

“Yeah,” he said.

“Hmmmmm fuck. Ummm. I don’t know what to do. You’ll tease me forever at work,” she said.

“Well you’ll tease me right back,” he quipped.

At this point she was rocking back and forth with her knees up and arms tucked around them swaying side to side. As she did, Brian tried his best to hide his gaze as her swaying legs flashed under the street light above them. Her thighs drove him wild and he was desperate to see her panties again as she shifted.

“Ok then you go first,” Natalie laughed, her hand now buried between her legs.  
“No way, you’ll set me up,” Brian responded.

“We’ll go together,” he said “I’ll count.”

“Oh my fucking god Brian you’re serious?” she laughed.

The nerves choked his voice and he began to wonder if his intoxicated state had misjudged the situation. Then, as he began to fidget and stutter into a response, Natalie cut in.

“If you don’t I’m going to kill you,” she said.

He could feel himself already on the edge of letting go and was shaking slightly with a combination of fear and excitement.

Natalie’s phone rang and she answered and began a conversation that seemed to be organising a catch up with friends for later that night. “Yeah I just need to go home, change and I’ll come ‘round,” he heard her say.

Her rocking seemed to slow to a stop while she was distracted by the call, but Brian's had intensified. Suddenly he felt an uncontrollable spurt into his jeans and the warmth spread quickly around his rock hard cock. "Fuck!" he mumbled under his breath and managed to cut off the stream. He subtly gazed down. His jeans were black, but in the light there was a small but noticeable wet patch.

He realised that unless this happened, he was going to be caught or worse, lose complete control in front of Natalie.

She ended the call.

"You got to go?" Brian asked.

"Yeah soon, we'll grab an uber and they can drop me on the way to your place," she said.

"FUCK." Brian thought. This was over. He would have to find a tree but would still have this wet patch she would see.

"Not busting anymore then?" said Brian in one last ditch attempt to reignite the conversation.

"Hmm less," Natalie said with a smile.

She shifted to one side and looked beckoningly at the ground she'd just moved from and smiled. Then leant up onto her knees, turned to inspect the back of her dress.

"Shit," she laughed and she pulled the back of her dress around into the light revealing what looked like a small wet patch.

"If you ever tell anyone about this, you're fired." Natalie laughed as she sat back down.

"What happened?" Brian asked playing as dumb as possible.

"I think you know..." she replied. "I guess I can't hold as well as I used to. A

bit came out.” Natalie burst into laughter.

Brian felt an immense pressure as his cock pressed harder into his jeans. He could not believe it, though slightly disappointed to have not seen it happen. He thought back to the half-second glimpse he got of her polka dotted underwear and wondered if they were now wet or if Natalie had somehow been able to maneuver them out of the way.

“Well at least you got control of it,” Brian said, heart in his throat.

“Yeah, I’ve got pretty good control, even when I’m drunk,” she laughed. “Still busting though,” she added.

“Plus, you weren’t very inconspicuous over there when I was on the phone,” Natalie gestured.

“What do you mean?” Brian asked.

“When I was on the phone. You didn’t hide it very well,” and she gestured to his crotch and the clasped hands he was using to cover his wet patch.

“Damn I thought I got away with that,” Brian laughed and removed his hands slightly so as to try and still shield her from his raging hard on.

“Well we made a pact so, I guess I went in solidarity,” Natalie giggled. “Didn’t think it would be enough to wet my dress though,” she added.

“I’m still busting,” Brian said.

“Should we just go behind a tree? I won’t look...” He added out of guilt.

“I’m not fussed,” she replied.

Then added, “...but I *am* done with this pain and want to finish these drinks.”

And then finally, “going behind a tree isn’t going to hide that wet patch.” giggling.

Brian suddenly felt a little embarrassed. His earlier explosion was far more evident than Natalie's. And worse, it was obvious what was happening as he burst where he didn't even know and could barely tell with Natalie.

"Very funny," Brian said.

"It's alright for you with a dress to hide everything. I couldn't even tell you cracked," he continued.

"I didn't crack, it was a conscious and strategic decision," Natalie laughed playfully.

Brian replied curiously, "so how'd you manage to save your undies without me seeing?"

"Oh, I didn't. They're wet," she said confidently as she resumed rocking.

Brian was both in shock, and felt like he was going to explode. He shifted uncomfortably and suddenly he felt the warmth escape into his jeans again. More this time and enough for him to see a brief glisten appear on his crotch. He did his best to place his hands in front as he cut himself off.

"Whoops," Natalie laughed.

"You're in trouble over there," she added.

"I thought we were in this together," Brian replied sheepishly.

"Ok ok," Natalie said, taking another gulp of her seltzer.

She stopped rocking for a minute and her eyes closed and she jumped a little and thrust her hand between her legs. "Fuck, nearly lost it then," she said.

"You just peed?" Brian asked?

"Well a little, I'm only going as far as you buddy," she replied

“Jeez girls have it good, you can pee your pants in a park under a dress and no one can even see, meanwhile, look at this,” Brian laughed and knelt up to reveal the extent of his last burst of pee.

“Well you don’t seem too stressed about it,” she said, using her eyes to gesture at his crotch. He looked down and realised his hardon was almost exploding from his pants and sat back down quickly.

“Don’t worry Brian,” she said. Safe to say neither of us are in a position to make fun right now and she squeezed hard into her crotch.

With that Brian felt a wave of calm come over him. He was already soaked, Natalie had seen it and he was still busting. Almost without thinking, a hard stream spurted from his hard cock and cut off instantly with the throbbing of it. But this time, he relaxed a little and a second, longer trickle followed. He could hear his heart beating in his ears and wondered if he should just completely let go.

“Finally given up?” Natalie said with a wide eyed gesture. Brian cut the short stream off and rocked again not knowing what to do.

“Don’t have a lot of control over it right now,” he laughed awkwardly.

Natalie took her hands out from her crotch and straightened up the front of her dress. As she did, Brian caught another glimpse of her panties. The bright white fabric he saw earlier in the day he could tell was now dimmer, damp and thought he could make out a distinct wet line on the front of her panties where the material merged from dry to wet.

“Right there?” Natalie said

“Fuck, sorry, I...” Brian didn’t really have words. But Natalie gave a sarcastic eye roll and smile and pulled her now crossed legs back up to her chest with her arms wrapped around them.

“Fuuuck,” Natalie moaned with her face now wincing and she pulled harder into

her chest.

There was that little jump again, Brian thought and tried to reposition himself to perhaps see behind her knees and shins. Natalie, still sipping on the remains of her drink, suddenly let go of her legs, pushed her dress between her crotch and sat up a little so as to see beneath her.

The grass glistened and she pushed hard into her crotch again before sitting back in the wet grass, not bothering to pull the back of her dress out of the way.

“Whoops,” Brian said.

“Shut up,” she laughed loudly and pulled the front of her dress up slightly to inspect it.

Brian could see there was now a sizeable wet patch where she’s pressed it against her.

“Yep, definitely going to have to have a shower and change,” she giggled. “How do I get myself into these situations,” she sighed.

Brian had continued to let small spurts go hoping it would ease the pressure of his bladder but it wasn’t working, his body was screaming to let go.

“Let’s finish these last couple and then I’ve gotta go home,” Natalie said. “Got to have a shower now before I meet the girls,” she added.

She got up again on her knees to lean over to grab the drinks and Brian noticed the back of her dress was now quite wet and it clung to her arse as she leaned over. The beige material of her dress was more transparent now against her skin and the outline of those brazilian-cut panties was clearly evident.

This was getting to be too much for Brian. His heart was racing, he dick was pressed uncomfortably hard against his jeans and he was busting.

He felt another spurt coming and he didn’t bother to try and stop it. Now his jeans and undies were already wet, it flowed more freely and unhindered by dry

material.

Natalie leant over to pass him a seltzer and saw the pulsation and subsequent glisten of his jeans.

“Woah, hold on there buddy boy,” she said and her words caused a momentary stop in his flow. That clenching feeling he was having to do over and over again, so as to not let go completely, was beginning to hurt and the booze was shedding inhibition by the minute.

He was unsure why she’d said that, his brain was a mess with hormonal urges and rational thoughts duelling constantly at each other.

Natalie sat again, slightly closer now and knees returned to their position pulled into her chest with arms wrapped around them and the can of drink in one hand.

She took a big sip.

“Ok, I’m good,” she said.

“Huh?” Briand said, slightly confused.

“Just get it over with,” she laughed.

She took another sip and sat as though she were part of an audience waiting to be entertained. She gave a wide-eyed gesture as she swallowed.

“No point waiting, we’ve gotta get going soon and better here than in the Uber,” she joked.

“But...” he protested.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. I promise,” she conceded.

“No it’s...” he stuttered

“Oh, and yes there’s no way I’m going to make that car ride either so don’t worry,” she giggled and they both laughed drunkenly.

Natalie received a text and Brian felt the urge again. The first wave escaped with pressure and he felt it immediately run under him, before his instincts could cut it off, he concentrated a little and relaxed to let more go. Then more and more. Not a steady stream, his hard on would not allow it, but in waves of warmth that was spreading around him. This was no wet patch now. He was now soaked.

Natalie put the phone down and caught a glimpse of the growing darkened black patch on the front of Brian's jeans as it made its way across his thighs.

"No way to hide it now," she said.

And her tight grip on her legs released and she let her knees fall back to a cross-legged position, with her hands pressing the front of her dress into her crotch again.

"Nope," Brian said. The more he peed, the less hard he became and it was now easier to let his bladder full of drink release more and more.

Natalie flinched as she plunged her hands deep into her crotch and winced her face again, but then quickly opened her eyes in an almost surrendered manner. She inspected the dress, clicked her tongue as though she were slightly annoyed and then let the dress flop back to her legs with a shrug of her shoulders.

"There you go, now neither of us are hiding it," she said.

Brian laughed, "yes well as you can see, this is quite public," gesturing to the glistening pants as trickles of piss cascading from his fly.

"Wow you're really going," she laughed and sat up a little to take a better look.

Brian looked slightly embarrassed and she sat back down.

"Fuck this," she said and took a deep breath.

She flinched again and seemed to resist every urge to thrust her hand between



her legs again. She held her breath again and then sighed shortly, eyes closed.

Brian could help but shift clumsily to try to see her, to get closer and witness something he'd dreamt about for years. His movements distracted her and she opened her eyes just in time to catch him on an awkward lean as he tried to peer at the tiny gap between her crossed legs and dress.

His eyes darted to indicate that wasn't what he was looking at, but he knew he was sprung. She laughed and shook her head.

"This is hard," she groaned. And all that Brian could muster was an awkward laugh.

Natalie then leant back into the grass, her arms stretched out behind to prop herself up at a 45° angle and her legs still crossed.

She winced and then stopped and started giggling uncontrollably. "Fuuuuck, it's tickling my butt," she laughed.

And she caught Brian's gaze. Suddenly, without moving her arms she lifted her knees, feet still on the ground. Closed together at first but then she let them widen.

"Happy now?" she asked. Brian could now see straight between Natalie's legs. Her panties, weren't now damp, they were clearly wet, sopping even and clung to her pussy tightly.

"Remember, you ever mention this, you're fucked," she warned. And with that Brian saw her pelvis raise a touch before seeing a cascade of clear piss fall from Natalie's panties. The force grew stronger and she would instinctively go to close her legs each time but would relax them again. A puddle appeared beneath her and Brian could feel the one beneath him. He'd finished peeing now and relief was immense.

He noted that she didn't seem to be peeing uncontrollably. The slow and steady streams seemed to be within her control and perhaps quite purposeful.

“Is she enjoying this?” Brian wondered.

“Oh my god, that feels better,” Natalie exclaimed and she promptly sat back up and took another big gulp of her drink. She got up to inspect her dress and a series of trickles ran off the hem and down the back of her legs.

“Oh god,” Natalie giggled as she wrung out the fabric.

Brian noted that Natalie didn't seem at all grossed out by the experience.

“Feel better?” Brian asked.

“God, yes,” Natalie replied. “Well I mean apart from the embarrassment of having just pissed my pants in public anyway,” she added.

Brian was once again rock hard at the glistening trails running down Natalie's calves.

She offered him her hand in a gesture for him to stand. He grabbed it and stood up, more or less under his own steam, and immediately felt the now-cooling piss running down his own legs, leaving their own trail down his jeans.

“Told you this job would be a hoot,” Natalie said sarcastically. I really should have used the toilets in the brewery I guess,” she added.

“And miss this bonding experience?” Brian laughed.

They packed up their things, drank what was left of their drinks, and started to walk, purposefully in the darkness of tree shadow and not along the path lined with lights.

Natalie's phone lit up and she opened the Uber app.

“You ok for them to drop me and then continue on to your place?” She asked.

“Sure,” Brian said.

“We better find a dark pick up spot,” Natalie laughed.

They found a dark enough corner where neither could really see any real evidence of what had transpired and ordered the car.

After some awkward work chat, the car approached.

“Maybe stand behind me,” Natalie said and Brian did so, using her dress, which essentially now looked dry, to shield him. They both got in the back seat.

The drive was supposed to take around 20 minutes, but Friday traffic built up as they drove.

Brian’s phone buzzed.

Text message from Natalie. “This guy better hurry up or I’m going to end up with a cleaning bill and a one star.”

Brian replied, “You feel sick?”

Natalie: “No, already need to go again.”

Brian laughed at his phone, looked at her and she gave him a joking death stare.

He said in a low voice, “sorry, can’t help you there.” And gave her a poke in the ribs.

She thrust her hand onto his to pull it away and her body seized in spasm from the poke. “I’ll kill you,” she said. And Brian tried to free his hand to poke her again flirtingly. Her grip was tight though and she wouldn’t let it go.

Natalie pulled his hand down toward the car seat and pushed it into the fabric under her butt. He felt the dampness of her dress on the upper part of his hand and the seat felt damp against his palm.

“Did you go!” he whispered.

“No, it's from my dress!” she hushed back.

Brian didn't say anything and she smiled and continued rocking.

They eventually reached her house and Natalie seemed to be in a state. Rocking her legs around and quickly pulling her seatbelt off. Brian knew this was the end but was content with what had transpired in the park.

“Thanks,” she yelled out to the driver. “Do you mind waiting a minute, I've just got to grab something from inside,” she continued.

The driver nodded.

“Got a sec?” Natalie asked Brian.

He agreed and got out of the car with her slightly puzzled.

He followed her towards the front door but she detoured for her gate and towards the back door. She got her keys out of her bag and fondled them towards the door.

“What's up?” Brian asked.

“Need me to make sure you get home safe?” Brian laughed.

“Yeah right, she said sarcastically.”

“Well at least you made it to a bathroom this time,” said Brian.

“Yeah... remember no word of this ok. Especially to the team. Never,” Natalie said seriously.

“Of course,” Brian nodded.

With that she came in for a hug, Brian's leg slightly between her legs. He felt a twinge in his cock as it hardened. He heard a faint laugh from Natalie as it pressed against her.

Then a noise, “tick, tick, tick”.

He went to recoil to see what it was but she held tight. tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick in rapid succession. Then he felt a warmth against him and again on his leg. And he recoiled again to see. This time she started giggling and let go. As she stepped back from him he saw her legs stood apart with trickles running down the inside of her tanned thighs. She wasn't busting. She wasn't having an accident as far as he could tell.

Her door was open and bathroom right there. This seemed purposeful.

Her piss wasn't flowing uncontrollably from her dress. But in more controlled releases down the inside of her legs, until finally he heard a gushing and it cascaded from her dress. She didn't bother pulling it out of the way, she rested one hand on the front of it and it soaked through as it went on and on, splashing onto the floor, running down her legs and even into her shoes.

Brian was rock hard again and desperately wished he too needed to piss, but that would have been obvious.

The stream slowed and she giggled.

“Guess you didn't make it?” Brian said.

“Guess not. Now remember your promise,” she replied.

She turned towards the door and slipped off her shoes, piss pouring out of them.

“I'll see you Monday,” she said as he walked away.

“See you Monday,” Brian yelled out.