

Dan and Heidi

The Affair | Vol 3

Heidi makes it her own

Dan awoke to the sound of knocking on his front door.

Checking his doorbell camera on his phone, he saw that his girlfriend Ella was standing there with coffees in hand waiting to be let in. In a slight panic, Dan scooped up the piss-wet jeans he'd left on the floor of the bathroom the night before and bundled them into the washing machine before greeting Ella at the door.

As he opened it, he could hear Ella's voice chatting loudly with someone. He opened it and saw she was chatting with Tom and Heidi who were getting the kids in the car and heading off to breakfast.

“Did you guys have fun last night?” Ella yelled across the driveway, and Dan had an instant flashback to the park where Heidi flooded her panties before they returned home.

“Yeah, the show was great,” Heidi said nonchalantly as Dan stuck his head out and gave his best rendition of a casual wave.

“Feeling dusty?” Tom yelled in Dan’s direction.

“Oh, no. I didn’t really drink that much,” Dan lied for Ella’s benefit.

Heidi smiled a little and got into the car and they said their goodbyes.

Dan was surprised by how amazing Heidi had looked so early in the morning after a late night. He was sleepy and felt like a mess.

“Do I get a kiss hello?” Ella said impatiently.

Dan apologised and kissed her on the cheek and they headed upstairs.

While Dan felt guilty about what had transpired, he decided he wouldn't say anything to Ella. Heidi was married and if he were to tell her, she would likely tell Tom or confront Heidi and he wasn't prepared to ruin their marriage over a drunken night.

Ella had finished a round of exams and now had a lot more freetime so began to spend more and more time at Dan's. While he enjoyed her company, he felt a little suffocated by her constant presence in his home. It didn't help that his mind kept regurgitating memories of Heidi and having her there meant he had to be far more careful with his time at the window hoping to see her.

A few weeks passed and Ella was making herself more and more at home. Dan had been making an effort to toe the line and invest in their relationship. After one romantic, Friday

night date, they returned to Dan's and headed upstairs. He began to kiss her and guided her towards the shower, the one place she'd been ok with partaking in his pee fetish.

She pushed back against him, "not tonight," she said and broke from his embrace.

"Why?" Dan said, puzzled.

"I just don't want to, that's your thing," she replied tersely.

Dan swallowed his disappointment but his blood continued to boil. He'd been honest with Ella from the start about his fetish and it was like she had no issues with leaving him unfulfilled. He couldn't help but to think of Heidi again and when Ella returned from her shower he said, "we should have the neighbors over again, it's been a while."

Ella agreed and said she'd reach out to them and they could do a home-made pizza night.

The next day, Ella messaged the group chat.

“Pizza night at ours tonight?”

Dan read the message and was annoyed by Ella's use of the term “ours”.

He saw that Tom and Heidi had seen the message and quickly forgot about Ella's choice of words as he anxiously awaited their response.

A separate message appeared from Heidi.

“You ok if we come over?”

Dan replied, “Of course, it was my idea :-)”

“Ok just wanted to check, didn’t want it to be weird ;-)” Heidi replied.

And then Heidi’s response to the group message came through “that sounds great, what time should we come around?”

Ella called out to Dan to chat about when they should have them come around, but Dan was already mid-response.

“Come over whenever you guys are free,” he said.

Ella scowled a little. “I was going to tell them to come around six,” she said in a grumpy tone and Dan muttered something under his breath about her taking over his life.

Heidi arrived with the two kids in tow around 4pm. She had a cooler bag in one hand and an open ginger beer in the other. As usual, she looked incredible. Heidi seemed to be a fan of summer dresses, living in Queensland, most women were, but none seemed to look as effortlessly amazing as Heidi did.

As Dan made his usual bee-line to meet her, Ella too headed towards the door, leaving Dan somewhat disappointed and a little annoyed when it was Ella who answered the door and welcomed them. She gave Heidi the obligatory half hug, half kiss on the cheek welcome before squatting down to high five the kids while Dan awkwardly attempted a similar greeting, for no other reason but to feel her close to her again. Heidi however forwent the mid air cheek kiss and instead pressed her soft lips against his face, smiling as she pulled away. Dan's heart skipped along quicker and he gestured towards the stairs, letting everyone

go before him.

Ella went first guiding the kids up in front of her and Dan couldn't resist going last as Heidi made her way up the stairs in her short orange dress. The brief glimpse he got revealed a black pair of panties, seamless and a brazilian cut that hugged the inside of her ass as she walked. From what he could tell, they weren't cotton, satin maybe but they made his heart thump.

“Tom still at work?” Ella asked.

“He's at home just wrapping up a few calls and then he'll be over,” Heidi explained.

Tom arrived soon after and as was becoming tradition for the group, they sat around the table each adding to a playlist as they drank and snacked.

Dan found it difficult to play happy families, here Heidi was sitting across from him and when she spoke, he didn't just listen, he watched her lips intently like what she had to say would save the world from destruction. He much preferred when the topic of conversation was initiated by her or Ella because Tom spoke with an air of douchebag about him. He always had an opinion and his opinion, according to him, was always the right one, even if it was completely and factually incorrect.

Dan and Ella prepped the pizza's and Tom simply sat scrolling through his phone while Heidi attended to their kids who were fighting over Dan's gaming console.

Heidi called out to Tom "Want to give me a hand?"

“You’ve got it,” he replied before burying his head back in his phone.

Dan made his way into the living room to see what the kids wanted on their pizza, but hoping maybe he could lend a hand, which he did by showing the two another game that they could both play at the same time.

“Thank you,” Heidi sighed and Dan smiled back.

He returned to the kitchen and Heidi sat back at the table before throwing some angrily-whispered words at Tom.

They ate and Dan set the kids up with a movie, blankets and pillows on the couch in case they wanted to go to sleep and then returned to the table where things were still tense. Heidi excused herself and announced she had to use the bathroom and squeezed past the back of Tom's chair. At this point Tom was drunk and each time he spoke he came across obnoxiously and seemed like he was in a mood.

“Don't say that too loud, Dan might get excited,” Tom laughed regurgitating Ella's revelation of Dan's pee fetish months before.

Ella laughed along with Tom and Dan's face went red with a combination of embarrassment and fury. He caught Heidi's gaze and she looked mortified as she thumped Tom's arm.

“Don't be such an asshole,” she said and Tom

played the situation down.

“Oh he’s alright,” Tom continued drunkenly before returning to his opinionated and uninformed lecture about the property market, which Ella seemed enthralled by.

Heidi returned and Dan stayed pretty quiet letting Tom and Ella wax lyrical about the state of the world.

Right then Dan felt a foot brush his leg and he looked up to see Heidi trying to catch his gaze.

“You ok?” her lips mouthed.

He nodded.

“Sorry,” she mouthed again and he felt her foot brush up and down his leg again affectionately.

Another hour passed and Tom checked on the kids who were almost asleep.

“We better get these two home,” he said to Heidi.

“Yeah, I just need to use the bathroom and we’ll go,” she replied.

“You can’t make it the 20 metres home?” Tom said sarcastically

Heidi shot him a look and headed upstairs and Tom sat back down to wait.

A few minutes later Heidi had made her way down the stairs and gathered up the kids' things to go home. Dan and Ella walked them down the door before hugging and kissing them goodbye. As Heidi hugged Dan her kiss on the cheek lingered a little, or so he thought.

Dan and Ella went back upstairs and cleaned the kitchen before settling in to watch a movie. Ella had insisted on a particular rom com, which frustrated Dan when within the first 10 minutes of it starting, she was scrolling through TikTok videos loudly on her phone.

From where he sat on the couch next to the window he had a clear view to Tom and Heidi's and he could see them settling in on their own couch, Heidi also phone in hand and he felt his vibrate in his pocket.

A private Facebook message from Heidi.

“Check your sock draw... ps. love your lucky four leaf clover ones.”

Dan tried hard not to smile and got up. “Just going to the bathroom,” he said.

“Want me to pause it?” Ella asked.

“No it’s ok,” he replied.

As he made his way up the stairs, his phone buzzed again.

Heidi again. “Hope this makes up for Tom’s behaviour. I’m so sorry.”

Dan was puzzled.

He walked into his room and into the walk-in robe. He opened the second draw where he kept his socks. Nothing immediately jumped out at him. He went to reply to Heidi when he realised he couldn’t see the pair of lucky socks she’d mentioned in her message. He rifled through the draw and at the very bottom, he found them and sitting right there next to them was a folded pair of black panties. He recognised them instantly from earlier when he’d studied her walking up the stairs.

Dan checked that Ella was still sitting downstairs before heading back to collect them from his draw.

He pulled the lucky socks out of the way and noticed they felt damp. He grabbed the panties and as soon as his hands wrapped around them, he knew instantly that they were wet.

He pulled them from the draw to inspect them and the distinct outline of wetness ran from the front to the back. Dan's cock instantly rose as he smelled the faint smell of piss.

Dan grabbed his phone and starting thumbing his response, "best gift I've ever received."

He immediately saw "Heidi is typing" pop up into the chat box.

"Omg I was so nervous, my heart is pumping worried that someone else would find them."

He replied, “no need to worry, do I get to keep them?”

“If you want them? As long as you don’t get caught with them...” she said.

Dan went into the bathroom and locked the door before stripping off his jeans and underwear and began to rub her wet panties against his hard cock for a moment. He knew Ella would be wondering where he was so he hid the panties inside his lucky socks and returned to the couch where Ella was still attached to TikTok.

Dan checked the window to make sure Heidi wasn’t sitting too close to Tom to send another message.

“Wow this is your 3rd accident...”

She responded. “No it’s not,” with a winking emoji.

Dan sent back three question marks.

“I’ve had two kids so I’ve had plenty, they just weren’t all as fun,” she replied.

“Glad to hear you found the last three fun then ;-)” Dan shot back.

“5” came Heidi’s reply.

“Umm 5?” Dan asked, slightly puzzled.

“Yes, well, I don’t know if you can call them accidents if you’re home alone hanging out the washing and decide to just let go,” she replied.

“It’s your fault Dan!” She added.

“My fault?” He asked.

“Yes, well... I have a confession... that first time in the shower... It was a massive turn on watching your face, and how it felt. So I thought I’d try it again and... picture you watching.” she replied.

Dan could see Tom chatting to Heidi in their living room.

“I better go, see you tomorrow?” Heidi added before Dan could reply.

He considered his reply for a minute and his heart raced as he began to type. “I hope so...”

Once he hit send, he saw “Heidi is typing...” pop up in the chat box and he realised how invested he was in this response.

Finally the words “me too x” appeared on the screen and Dan breathed a sigh of relief.

The next day, a sunny Sunday, Ella planned to head back to her shared house to check in with her flatmates and spend the night doing her washing and prepping for the week ahead. Dan was glad for the break. Sunday's were fast becoming the only day he had to himself.

He spent most of the morning pottering around the house. It was a blisteringly hot day and just after lunch he heard Tom and Heidi's kids outside playing. He made a beeline for the window, hoping to see Heidi. She was outside with Tom and their kids while Tom washed his car. She wore another short dress, black this time. Dan made his way downstairs and headed out onto the driveway pretending to get something from his car. His plan worked and Heidi yelled out to him so he ventured toward them and they chatted about their day.

Heidi mentioned she was off to the football that afternoon with her cousin and Dan felt

slightly disappointed that there would be no impromptu driveway drinks later.

Dan waved them goodbye and headed back home wishing it was him going to the football with Heidi.

Around an hour later he received another message from Heidi. “I need to hang out some more washing’ ;-). Might be worth checking out the easement.”

Tom and Heidi’s back fence backed onto an easement, a purpose-built gap between properties designed for drainage in case of flood and additional access for the maintenance of the property’s fences. It was basically a narrow concrete pathway that stretched along the back of all the homes on Tom and Heidi’s side of the complex.

Dan’s heart began to race and he wrote back,

“I might go check that everything is in order down there.”

Dan walked down and out of the driveway, along the road and then slipped into the entry to the easement. The back fences were made of timber with small gaps. From a distance you couldn't see through them, but if you stood up close you were able to see into the backyards of the units. Dan quietly made his way down to Tom and Heidi's, his heart throbbing in his throat. As he approached he could hear Tom upstairs so he picked a gap in the fence and peered into their small courtyard.

Heidi wasn't there, but he could hear someone just inside the laundry door and then she appeared in the courtyard, basket in hand.

Heidi put the basket down on a chair next to the washing line.

“You here?” she asked in a hushed voice. Dan could see her legs crossed tightly and she swayed from side to side as she began to pull clothes out to hang.

“Yep,” Dan whispered back.

He saw Heidi smile and she started to hum a song and sway as she hung the clothes, stopping intermittently to place her hand between her crotch and check behind her for any sign of Tom. She made her way to the section of clothes line closest to the fence where Dan stood and widened her stance, unclenching her legs, still humming and swaying. As she reached to peg each item, her dress lifted revealing her thighs but not quite high enough to reveal her panties. It was a tease that was driving Dan crazy and he shook with anticipation.

Heidi went to push her hand between her legs

again, but seemed to resist the urge to cross her legs. She pushed into her crotch for only a second before pulling her hand away, gripping the hem of her dress and finally revealing a pink cotton pair of panties before dropping it again.

Dan studied the inside of her thighs and soon saw the first trickle snake its way down the inside of her tanned leg before wrapping its way behind her knee and onto the grass. Heidi repeated the manoeuvre, this time revealing a distinct dark wet patch on the crotch of her pink panties and another trickle flowed into them as she did before dropping her dress again.

Another trickle gave way to a more pressurized dripping from under her dress.

Right then Dan heard Tom coming down the stairs and into the backyard and he froze, heart

in throat.

Heidi turned toward Tom, seemingly calm.

“Is my blue button up in this load? I need it for tomorrow,” he asked. Dan could still see the droplets and remnant trails of piss glowing on the back of her thighs against the sunlight and her legs were again pressed closed, almost crossed. He knew how hard it was to stop when you began to open the flood gates.

“Umm, yeah I think so, if not I’ll make sure it’s ready,” she replied hurriedly.

“Need a hand?” Tom asked.

“Nooooo!” Dan screamed internally.

“It’s ok, I got it,” Heidi said.

She seemed to be trying hard not to grab at her crotch again.

Tom began to walk away but stopped before going backside, opting instead to sit on the outdoor couch on their back veranda.

“Fuck,” he thought he heard Heidi whisper and she continued to hang the clothes. She dropped a peg close to the fence and squatted down to collect it.

“Stay,” she mouthed silently.

She continued hanging, slowly running out of items to hang but continued checking over her shoulder to see if Tom was still there. Soon Tom had dug out his phone and Dan could hear some kind of sporting highlight package bellowing from its speaker. Heidi went back to the laundry briefly before returning with a basket of what seemed to be dry clothes and replaced the empty basket on the chair.

“Why don’t you fold them upstairs?” Tom asked inquisitively.

“It’s so nice out here, just want to get some sun.” She said, in an almost cold tone.

Tom’s attention returned to his phone.

Heidi kept the basket of clothes and chair between her and Tom and continued to face towards him. Her legs were now beginning to quiver and remained crossed tightly. Dan’s face sat maybe a foot or two away from where she stood on the other side of the fence and he studied her legs intently and longed to touch them. Her thighs weren’t the athletic kind you see airbrushed in ridiculous magazines, they were real, had shape, a natural tan and a hint of cellulite and it drove him wild. So many women he knew disliked their legs and he could never work out why. Each time Heidi leant forward to pick up something new to

fold, the back of her dress would lift to reveal the wet back of her panties.

Heidi looked up toward Tom who was still engrossed in his replay and keenly watched him. It was then a series of trickles snaked in all different directions down the backs of her legs before running off her feet and silently onto the grass. The more she let go, the more Heidi was able to uncross her legs with a torrent now running down the inside of her thighs. She seemed to stop holding back now and let it all go at once, using her legs to control the liquid's trajectory to the ground so as not to let it splash.

She finished and stood there for a few more moments, letting the final drips fall from her dress to the floor. With Tom still not paying attention she brushed the backs of her legs before dropping something on the ground close by the fence again next to Dan.

She squatted to grab it, legs wide giving Dan a close up view of her panties which now clung almost transparently to her pussy. By now, Tom's highlights package had finished and he began talking to Heidi about her plans for the afternoon. Dan was amazed by how calm Heidi was standing there having just soaked her panties. She told him they would be at the football for a few hours and then was going to head to the pub with her cousin afterwards.

Dan quietly made his way out of the easement and headed back toward his place, trying in vain to hide his hard cock that was pressing against his denim shorts.

By the time he reached the door he had a new message from Heidi, "Enjoy the show?"

Dan considered his response... he stood inside his doorway still rock hard. He snapped a

picture of the bulge in his shorts and captioned it “absolutely...” before hitting send and then immediately regretting it.

Heidi is typing...

“Wow, looks like you did... I see we’ve progressed to pics now ;-)” she wrote.

Dan typed slowly.

“Did *you* enjoy the show?”

Heidi’s reply came somewhat swiftly, “God yes. I think you’ve broken me Dan. I’m obsessed. Who would have thought.”

Dan smiled and typed his reply. “That was a pretty brave effort with Tom there! I nearly bolted.”

She replied, “I wasn’t going to be able to stop

once I started, anyway I don't think he'd look at me long enough to even notice. Knowing you were right there watching was....
Wow..."

Dan was sitting on his lounge, in his usual position where he could faintly see into Tom and Heidi's living room through the windows. With the sun glare on the glass, he couldn't see well, but he *could* see Heidi now sitting on their couch with her phone as they messaged.

"I'm about to go get ready, I hope you have a great afternoon xx," her message read.

As Dan started thumbing his reply another message came through... "I owed you a photo." Heidi said. Then a second or two later, a photo of Heidi's dress pulled up revealing the wet pink panties that she was clearly still wearing while sitting there messaging him.

“WOW... you just made my afternoon,” Dan replied.

An hour or so later, a car that Dan assumed to be Heidi’s cousin’s, pulled up in front of their house. Heidi appeared in the doorway wearing a green and white floral dress that buttoned down the front from her bust to the hem along with a supporter cap. Dan trained his eyes on Heidi as she made her way across the driveway and into the passenger’s seat. Her large, natural breasts burst from the low cut dress, helped by the black bra she wore underneath it.

As they drove off, Dan felt a sudden sadness, he realised how much he came to rely on peering out his window in hopes of seeing her or catching a glimpse through her window. He went to the fridge, retrieved the obligatory Sunday beverage and sat with his laptop trawling his go-to porn sites for new wetting

updates. After scrolling mindlessly, he found himself distracted and nothing that appeared on his screen would measure up to Heidi and what he'd witnessed her do so he shut the site down, grabbed another beer and settled in to watch the game he knew Heidi was at.

He wasn't normally a diehard football fan, but thought that at least by watching this game he'd have something useful to chat about with Heidi the next time they spoke. By mid afternoon Dan was starting to feel the effects of the beers he'd drunk and with the house to himself, and linger effects of Heidi's earlier show still buzzing in his pants, decided he'd write the afternoon, and possibly night, off with his own wetting fun. The one rule he would impose on himself would be that if he needed to go, he would, wherever and whenever that moment came but that place could not be the bathroom.

Dan had seen many women, former girlfriends all wet themselves for him, but he was never open with his wanting to join them, for some reason he felt ashamed to mention it and most of his partners weren't so much into the fetish as they were partaking in it purely because it was his thing, so he figured him peeing his pants probably wouldn't be a turn on for any of them.

So for this reason, when Dan found himself alone at home he'd take the opportunity to indulge his fetish in its most pure form. He enjoyed it most when drunk because a) it contributed to needing to pee often and b) it stripped him of any inhibition and freed him to embrace the enjoyment. There was also the added benefit that the more he drank, the less odourous the aftermath would be.

There was something about just simply peeing himself in a shower or toilet that didn't quite

stack up anymore.

He closed all the curtains to the house as he felt his bladder come to its first crescendo and returned to the couch to watch the football. As he sat, he began to let short bursts of piss go into his dark blue jeans before letting go a two-second stream that ran over the top of his cock around and down beneath him. He got up to inspect the couch to find a bigger wet patch than he planned for beneath him.

He'd only just released a small amount of what he knew was built up inside him when he decided to change. Dan made his way up the stairs toward his room, letting short bursts go into his jeans again as he did. He surveyed his room for ideas.

Opening all the draws and scanning the wardrobe he suddenly remembered the pair of panties that Heidi had left him and went to

retrieve them. Dan stripped off his wet jeans and underwear and pulled out some new clothes to replace them with. He was still bursting and knew the new clothes would likely not stay dry for long. Before redressing, Dan grabbed Heidi's panties and drunkenly rubbed them against his hardening cock. He closed his eyes and thought of her and imagined how she'd peed in them secretly in his home. The fabric felt cool and soft against his skin as he began to jerk himself through them slowly while letting a long stream of his own piss into them, the stream soaking them before cascading to the carpeted floor of his bedroom.

He wasn't yet ready to let go completely, nor let the day's build up of turn-ons allow him to cum just yet. Dan tossed the wet panties into his ensuite shower where he planned to use them later. He dressed in some grey sweatpants, white Calvin underwear beneath

and tossed his previously wet clothes into the hamper before heading back to the game, via the fridge for another drink.

By the time he sat Dan was already uncomfortable in his need to pee again. The short releases were not providing any real relief as his bladder filled with more and more liquid. His phone beeped and stomped his leg to aid his desperation as he unlocked it to find a photo from Heidi. The first one was from 20 minutes ago and he kicked himself that he'd not seen it earlier. It was a classic selfie she'd taken sitting in the grandstand, taken from the requisite high angle to demonstrate the beer in hand. It showed her cleavage off beautifully.

Dan smiled and snapped a photo of his TV playing the same game to send back to her and immediately got a response. "Thought you'd find this interesting..." with a photo of what appeared to be the line to the women's

bathroom followed by a wincing emoji.

“Well you have a new skill to use if you need it,” Dan teased.

“Considered it... don’t you worry!” she shot back.

Dan’s attention turned back to his predicament and with a new-found excitement at their exchange, decided to let go again in his sweatpants. As it began to trickle into his pants, his initial reaction was to not let out too much, but he was so drunk and turned on the trickle gave way to a gush and rather than cutting off the gush he let it run a few moments, feeling the warmth wrap around undearth them before soaking into the couch cushion.

A large wet patch appeared and Dan knew he’d have to wash the cushion and its fabric

cover, if Ella came over the next day, he'd simply say he spilled a drink on the cushion. With that he hovered over it and let go again, rubbing himself slowly as he did with piss splashing over the cushion and floor beneath him until finally he found a place in his mind where he thought "fuck it" and let go entirely over the seat and puddled over the timber floor.

His bladder was finally empty so he made his way upstairs to change again for a possible round three later that night. He figured he'd have a quick shower beforehand, so he tossed his wet clothes into the hamper and jumped into the shower. Under the water he ran the fabric of Heidi's panties against him again. He was so pent up now that he felt he would explode at any moment and wanted to savour it a little more so stopped, washed himself and got out of the shower.

After dressing in another pair of white Calvins and skinny black jeans he decided to try to distract himself by cooking dinner as the game was now finished and he wasn't quite ready to clean up, he figured he'd cook, eat, have another couple of drinks and then add to the clean up a little later before throwing everything in the washing machine overnight.

Dan did his best to cook up tacos, making more of a mess as he went that he knew he'd have to deal with in the kitchen. He ate, spent a good half an hour or so cleaning up the kitchen and sipping on his beer as he did. It was around 830pm when he finally finished washing the last few dishes, and he was starting to struggle again and nearly at bursting point. He took one last skoll of his beer to add to the pressure before wiping down the bench for the night.

Just then he heard a noise down stairs in the

entryway to his house that sounded like a door being closed. He figured it may have been the breeze blowing it shut, but also that he thought he had already closed it that afternoon. He turned back towards the bench and began to wipe it down when he heard a whispered voice.

“Heeeelllloooooo there.”

He jumped and turned, there Heidi was at the top of the staircase and walking into his kitchen.

“I... hope you don't mind, I had your spare key with me and knew Ella wasn't here and I... uhh just thought I'd be neighbourly and come check on you,” she said with a bashful smile.

Dan had forgotten about that spare key. Ella had given them a set once after she locked

herself out while staying at his house while he was at work.

Dan suddenly remembered that in the next room there was a soaking wet couch and huge puddle on the floor and his heart began to race.

He mustered a reply, “I thought you were at the pub.”

“I went for a bit, but it was pretty rowdy in there so I came home... Uh, I mean here,” she said.

“Tom doesn’t know I’m here,” she added.

As she scanned the room, Dan went to her quickly before she was able to head into or see into the lounge room. He couldn’t think of anything else and wrapped her up in a hug and her previously tense body seemed to relax.

She seemed a little shocked at his hug but quickly returned it with equal pressure. He sat her down in a chair at the dining table with its back facing the lounge room entry.

“Do you want a drink?” Dan asked enthusiastically and almost out of breath.

“Ah sure, I was nervous you were mad I was here,” Heidi said as Dan made his way to the fridge.

“Oh, not at all,” he said and she looked at him a little puzzled as he handed her a beer from the fridge.

Dan made his way quickly to the linen closet, pulled out a bath towel and did his best to hide it in front of him as he casually walked into the lounge room leaving Heidi on her own at the dining table.

He threw the towel onto the floor where the puddle still sat and it soaked the mountain of liquid in quickly, but was soon too sodden to finish the job, he wiped up what he could, checking behind him as he did before turning his attention to the couch cushion. He went to turn it over before realising the other side was just as bad and then as he looked around the room for something to cover it, he heard her.

“I might head off...” she said trailing off as she suddenly appeared in the room. She saw the towel and then the couch and Dan’s face flustered instantly as he turned toward her.

She stepped closer, “what happened?” she asked curiously.

Dan was mortified. He looked Heidi up and down. He’d never seen her look more sexy and she’d snuck into his house and this was about to fuck everything up.

He dropped the cushion and opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. The look on Heidi's face went from curiosity to serious.

“Is this why you're being weird?” she asked.

“Huh?” was all Dan could muster.

“You seemed super weird when I came in and my heart sank, I thought you didn't want me here or that I read things wrong,” she continued.

“You have no idea how much I want you here,” he said honestly and struggling to keep eye contact.

She stepped forward again and had a closer look at the couch and the floor. Her eyes softened.

“You gave me a heart attack,” she sighed letting out a short laugh.

She grabbed his hand and led him back to the table, grabbed their drinks and led him back to the living room before sitting further down the couch. Did she not realise what had happened or did she not care? Dan’s mind was spinning.

Dan put on a movie which they barely watched as they chatted away. He sat about a foot away from her the more she spoke, the more he wanted her. But with her husband in the house a few doors down, he wasn’t sure where this was going, or could ever go. As she sat, the buttons on her button up dress would occasionally give way to her skin, black bra or ride up beneath her so that those thighs of hers would be almost fully exposed and he couldn’t keep his eyes on the TV any longer. He rested his hand next to her like he did in the car on the way home from the concert they’d been to

and inched in closer and closer until his fingers found contact with her thigh.

There was no jump or flinch and with the dutch courage that the beer had afforded him, he began to stroke her leg a little. After a few minutes, he noticed again she didn't move or flinch so his stroking made way for more of a massage.

She groaned a little. "Can't remember the last time I had a massage," she said.

Dan smiled. I guess she didn't mind him touching her so he continued to massage her right thigh and down to her knee and she continued to make slight noises of enjoyment as he did. He attempted to reach across toward her left leg to do the same, but it was awkward and ineffective and she swung her legs around toward him. He grabbed them and swung them all the way around to rest on him forcing her

to slip backwards into a laying down position on the couch. She giggled and propped her head up with a pillow.

He began with her feet and as he rubbed them she groaned more loudly, “fuck that feels good,” she said.

He worked his way up her left ankle, shin and calf before repeating the massage on the right.

By now Dan was hard. Feeling her skin under his fingers was everything he imagined and more.

He began to work up over her knee, massaging the bottom part of her thigh before making his way up a little higher with each pass up and down. Each time he ran his hands up higher, his heart began to race a little more. Her legs were pressed closely together as she laid back and as he reached mid thigh, her other leg

began to prevent him from rubbing her anywhere but on the top part of her thigh. He thought he may have gone too far north before her legs relaxed, opening slightly to allow him to continue.

He continued long passes up and down, inching higher each time. Heidi's eyes were closed and her noises still audible as he relaxed her aching muscles. Her legs widened more and more as Dan began work on the inside of her upper thigh, her panties now exposed. They were white with faint orange, blue and pink tie dye pattern through them. She opened her eyes and caught his gaze studying her, closed them again and widened her legs further. Dan continued north and massaged into the very top and inside of her thigh, his heart beating fast with her pussy now millimeters from his hands... he stayed there massaging while he pondered what to do and she shifted her butt down a fraction

resulting in the side of his hand now rubbing against her panties as he continued.

She let out a little moan as he reacted by pushing a little harder against her.

“Dan...” she said, almost out of breath.

“Yeah?” he replied.

“I’m sure this won’t surprise you, but... I’m... buuuuussssting.”

Dan felt a jolt in his crotch as he heard those words.

“Me too,” he said in a shaky voice.

His eyes were trained on her crotch as he continued to massage her thighs and she began to squirm a little before a sudden quick and strong spurt turned her white panties

transparent. She gasped.

“Fuck,” she said, and went to get up.

Dan stopped her.

“It’s fine,” he said softly.

“Ah so that’s why your other cushion is wet then,” she giggled and laid back down, widening her legs again for Dan to continue.

He worked his way back up the inside of her thighs again and Heidi began to squirm harder and breath heavily. Her pelvis began to rise and down as he worked up and down her legs and she was fighting hard with the urge to place her hand between her legs to aid her desperation. She moaned loudly as Dan’s hands made they’re way again to the very top of her leg and thrust her pelvis forward.

Her green button up dress had now ridden up both back and front, her panties clearly visible and she didn't seem to care. Dan heard the trickle before he saw it. The sheen of release appeared on the front of her panties with a centred stream pouring through them and trickles running out each side. She stopped, opened her eyes to gauge Dan's reaction and caught him staring intently at her pussy, she let another sharp burst go and watched his face light up.

Dan couldn't resist anymore, both his hands were vainly rubbing her legs still and he took his left and ran it lightly over her pussy, using his thumb to feel the wetness. She thrust forward and moaned softly as he did. He saw her stomach push forward slightly as she initiated an attempt to control another stream. Dan let the piss run through his fingers and rubbed her as he did.

“Fuuuuuuccckkk,” she whispered.

Dan rubbed her harder, circling his fingers around her and working her clit with his thumb through the wet fabric and she thrust forwards and backwards slowly as he did. She was struggling to control the short streams now and they became more frequent. Dan grabbed the front of her dress and held it hard against her and Heidi let go once again soaking the front of it smiling.

He pulled it back and returned to rubbing through her panties and a bigger torrent poured through them. He slid his fingers down one side of them and her stream stopped suddenly. He softly caressed her lip and Heidi bit down on hers. She reached down and pulled her panties hard to the side and Dan could hear the fabric tearing a little as she did. She pulled hard a second time and Dan heard a louder tear and the fabric moved aside, her

pussy now exposed. A sudden and hard spurt shot out of her, landing on the fronts of her legs, then running down onto his.

Heidi shot up into a seating position, swinging her legs off Dan and pulling them high into her chest with her feet either side of him. Her stretched panties slipped back to their home against her wet cunt and Dan looked at Heidi a little shocked by her sudden movements.

“Your turn,” she said forcefully. And she pulled him around to face her.

“What do you mean?” Dan asked sheepishly.

“Piss, I know you have to. I know you *want* to. Now *I* want you to,” she said, in a commanding tone.

Dan was rock hard and his cock was almost bursting out of his jeans. He was kneeling now

and there was no hiding the bulge in his pants. Heidi rubbed his cock softly as though trying to encourage him to pee, watching intently as she did.

Dan had to focus. He was absolutely bursting, but starting to pee with such a hard cock was going to be hard. He closed his eyes, concentrated and pushed. He felt Heidi inch towards him. And he felt the very first tiny trickle began, and he felt it soak into his underwear. Not enough to soak into his jeans, but it made the second attempt a little easier.

Dan pushed again and as the trickles tried to abate, he pushed again harder, turning them into a short stream that put a glisten at the top of his crotch. Heidi ran her hand over it and Dan went again, this time able to continue the stream for a good few seconds and the wet patch spread across his whole front. Heidi groaned again and grabbed his cock harder as

he did.

Dan was now able to control it more and let a torrent go into his jeans, re-soaking the front and down the inside of his legs onto the couch. Heidi began to touch herself and she pulled her dress up a little to reveal the cascade of piss she was now emptying from her bladder into her panties, through her fingers and into the couch cushion. She grabbed his hand and placed it on hers and they both let the flood run over their hands for what seemed like an eternity. The puddles now soaking half into the cushion and half running off onto the floor beneath them.

Dan pushed again, hoping to completely release himself. As the first glisten appeared on his jeans, Heidi launched at him and started tussling with his belt buckle, then button and then fly in an urgent mess of movement. She reached down into his jeans, first examining

his wet Calvins with her hand, then beneath them, pulling his still-hard cock out and over the top of his jeans.

“Go,” she whispered and aimed his cock toward her. Dan pushed again, but her touch had made him so hard again that it was difficult. A still short spurt shot out and onto Heidi’s dress and she whispered a moan. Another, then another, each one becoming stronger and longer. She took control of his aim and guided the stream up and down her before laying back, pulling him down to hover over her.

Dan took his cock back into his hand and slowly emptied himself, showering Heidi’s green dress, legs and cunt with his piss. He pulled her dress down at it’s cleavage to reveal her black bra and she helped him with vigour however it was held too tight by it’s buttons to clear her massive tits. She grabbed at it with

both hands and pulled hard, popping the first two buttons and exposing her black laced bra and tits and Dan resumed soaking them as Heidi then pulled the cups of that down too allowing him to piss directly onto them until he was empty.

Heidi reached up and pulled Dan toward her and when she felt the weight of his body against her she kissed him, her tongue dancing inside his mouth as he felt the wetness of her dress soak through his t- shirt. She wrapped her legs around him and he felt his cock now pressing hard against her pussy, with the fabric of her panties was now the only thing keeping him from being inside her. They grinded and kissed for a few seconds before Heidi thrust her hand down between them, grabbing his cock and pushing it hard against her panties. She then grabbed at the fabric and stretched it over his cock, using it to jerk him a little before pulling them hard to the left. They

made another tearing sound as Dan pushed down toward her again, this time with no fabric resistance and he felt the warmth and wetness of her pussy wrap around the end of his cock before she grabbed him around the arse and pulled him hard towards her. She groaned loudly as the full length of his cock slid inside her.

“Oh, fuuuuuuck,” she mustered.

Dan pushed hard into her with each thrust and soon Heidi’s legs began to tremble before she turned her face into the couch pillow and screamed the sound of her orgasm into it.

She turned back to Dan.

“On me,” she whispered, out of breath.

The fire of climax was now burning deep in Dan’s cock and he could feel it rising

unstoppably so he withdrew and with only one or two strokes, he exploded the weekend's worth of antics across Heidi's panties and stomach.

“Holly fucking shit,” Dan groaned as he gasped for air. They both took a few seconds to breath before Heidi sat back up and kissed Dan passionately once more.

When they stood up, they surveyed the room, the couch was sodden and Heidi gasped, one hand over her mouth, “I’m so sorry,” she said nervously.

Dan reassured her it was fine and that he could wash the covers and pillows.

Heidi asked if she could take a quick shower, so Dan showed her up the stairs and directed her to his ensuite shower, completely forgetting about the panties he'd left there

earlier. She turned on the faucet, let the water heat up and got in, still wearing her dress and panties.

“I recognise those,” she laughed, as she bathed under the shower head. Her dress now clung to every inch of her body and she bent down and removed her panties from underneath it.

“You can add these to your collection,” she said and placed them next to the other pair.

Dan let Heidi finish and got her a towel. He hoped Tom would be in bed so she would be able to get in the door without being caught. Heidi took the towel and wrapped it around her and then wrung the dress out diligently into the sink before slipping it back on. The button-less top half plunging a vee down past her now-braless breasts.

Heidi kissed Dan again.

“I don’t know what this is,” she said.

“But I haven’t felt this alive in a long time,” she continued.

She kissed him again and they said their goodbyes. Dan watched Heidi creep across the driveway towards her unlit house, shoes, bra and handbag in hand before she disappeared into the doorway.

Dan had begun the long clean up when he received another message from Heidi to let him know all was good and everyone was asleep at her house.

And then a final one.

“So does this mean I have a pee fetish now? ;-)”