

Dan and Heidi

The Affair Pt 2

It had been a week since Dan had babysat for Heidi and Tom – a week since Heidi had drunkenly wet herself in front of him and he was wracking his brain to find meaning. Was it a drunken one-off or was it something more. He did know that he was now spending more and more time at his window hoping for glances of Heidi through hers or to see her out by her car.

When he did, Heidi would throw him a friendly wave and he'd jump at the realisation that he'd been sprung at the window.

Dan's girlfriend Ella, was due to spend the weekend there with him after an intense week of studying and Dan was concerned about the visit. After what had transpired the week before, he wasn't sure what the vibe would be like if they were to bump into Heidi and Tom.

Then, on Friday before she was due to arrive, Ella sent a message to their group chat, “Friday afternoon wines at Dan’s?”

As he read, his heart began to race a little.

“Just what the doctor ordered,” came a reply from Heidi.

“See you around five,” she added.

Dan spent the rest of the afternoon nervously pacing around the house. He was both excited and nervous to see Heidi again and when he heard their knock on the door he lept up a little too fast to go and answer it before Ella could.

He opened the door and Heidi was standing alone with their two kids.

“No Tom?” Dan said a little too fast.

“He’s on his way home, he’ll be here soon,” she said with a smile.

Dan felt a little more comfortable now. The kids ushered past him and straight up the stairs while Heidi gave Dan’s arm a quick squeeze hello and took off her shoes.

She was wearing a loose fitting short summer dress that had a low neckline with her amazing cleavage pushing out through it. Her tits looked incredible, naturally full and he was mesmerised by them for a second while Heidi made small talk and asked about his week.

She made for the stairs and he followed behind. As she made her way up, Dan couldn’t help but sneak a glance up her dress. She wore plain black panties with laced edges and his heart beat harder with each step.

They sat around the table for a few hours

chatting about the week and thankfully nothing of the week before came up. Tom seemed happy enough so Dan felt a little relieved as they left for the night.

The next day Dan was thumbing through his phone when he received a notification that one of his favourite bands, *The Hard Truth* was playing the following weekend. He'd missed their last show, but due to a cancelation of their next show, the band had opted to stay in town and do a second date a short drive from his house.

He mentioned it to Ella and she wasn't all that interested in going. In fact, Dan and Ella didn't really share the same taste in music at all.

“Why don't you see if Tom wants to go?” said Ella.

Dan wasn't overly excited to spend any one-on-one time with Tom, but also didn't want to go alone. He knew Heidi was a fan of a few of their songs so he messaged on their group chat.

“Anyone a *Hard Truth* fan? They're playing at the Arts Centre this weekend.”

Eventually Tom replied, “Yeah I'd be keen to see that.” and the two made plans.

He didn't hear anything from Tom during the week so as the Friday show approached, Dan sent a message to confirm.

“Still good for tonight?”

“Think so,” Tom replied shortly.

Dan didn't know what to read into that

“I’ll organise an Uber for 6:30 and we can grab dinner and a beer beforehand,” Dan wrote back, to which Tom replied with a single thumbs up.

Those thumbs ups infuriated Dan and he began to regret asking Tom altogether.

6:30 rolled around and Dan went down to meet the Uber. He could hear some hushed arguing coming from Heidi and Tom’s window as he walked past. He got in and waited and after a couple of minutes, messaged Tom.

“I’m down in the Uber.”

He shot back a message “sorry mate, not feeling great. I’m not going to make it. Heidi’s on her way down.”

Dan didn’t know what that meant. Was she

coming to tell him Tom wasn't coming?
Suddenly she appeared in the light of her front door and then walked towards the car. She was wearing a short, loose-fitting black dress, black heeled boots and a leather biker jacket.

She opened the door and slid into the back seat next to him before speaking.

“I'm so sorry, he's being a massive arsehole and doesn't want to come, it's so rude. I told him I'd go instead, do you mind? I totally understand if you don't, or if there's someone else you can give the ticket to?”

Dan smiled.

“Of course not, just don't feel like you have to come,” he said.

“I'd do anything to get away from the vibe in that house at the moment,” she said.

Dan instructed the driver to go.

They arrived at the venue and grabbed a table at the neighbouring restaurant and ordered a couple of burgers and a beer each.

Conversation felt easy with her and they ate, drank and laughed for the next hour.

Suddenly it was time to head in. Dan sent Ella a quick message to let her know what had happened and she seemed surprisingly ok with him spending the night out with Heidi instead.

When he caught up to Heidi in the lobby, she was holding four beers.

“The line up is always huge so I figured we may as well get them two at a time,” she laughed and Dan grabbed two, carefully wrapping his hands around them so as to overlap fingers with Heidi.

They opened the doors and the crowd began to filter into the theatre.

“Hold these for me?” Heidi said gesturing to both beers and then made off to the bathrooms.

When she returned she grabbed the bottles, wrapping her fingers around his the same way he’d done minutes earlier.

“I haven’t been to a concert in years,” Heidi said.

“Not the greatest for someone with a small bladder and who’s had two kids,” she laughed.

Dan smiled awkwardly wondering if she even remembered their encounter a few weeks back.

“Buuuut I guess I’m here with the right person if it goes pear shaped,” she laughed and headed towards the doors.

The theatre was small and intimate. Once the warm up band started it was dark and they sat sipping their drinks while others had to squeeze past their legs to get to their seats.

Dan sat on the aisle with Heidi next to him. He knew she’d have to squeeze past him to get to the bathrooms and he was just excited to feel her against him when she did.

They alternated shouts at the bar and before long Heidi was barely able to make it through two songs before having to dash to the bathrooms. He would watch her legs bouncing and swaying and his crotch would spasm thinking about her desperation.

At one point she caught him staring at her legs

instead of at the band and she slid a hand down her thigh into his field of view and flipped him the bird jokingly.

Before long she got up again and did the usual shimmy past his legs to get out to the bathrooms. As she did, she suddenly fell forward towards him and he caught her mid fall. Heidi began to laugh and rather than standing back up, she let herself fall more into Dan, where she eventually ended up legs either side of one of his and she was perched more or less on top of his thigh. She hugged into him.

“Naw, this is a nice hug,” she said and squeezed him tight.

He could feel his leg between hers and the warmth of her crotch against him and he didn't want to let go.

She eventually stood up and continued on her way to the bathrooms and returned once again with a round of drinks. This time allowing Dan to guide her past him with his hands and she seemed unphased by his hands on her hips and, finally, her ass.

She sat down and handed him a drink and his inebriated state assisted him in another flirtatious hand wrapping as he cupped the bottle. This time he felt her finger run along his skin a little and she sang softly to one of the band's songs.

The band thanked the audience before kicking off their “final” song for the night and Dan and Heidi both stood tall with the crowd for its duration. Heidi swayed in rhythm and Dan was fixated by her movements, her dress playing catch up with each turn of her hips and it took all of his discipline not to touch her.

Heidi’s phone lit up and she opened a message from Tom. In the dark Dan could read, “going to bed, front door is unlocked.”

Then Heidi’s reply, “few songs still to come, see you in the morning xx.”

Dan was curious. The band had announced this would be their final song for the night, although he was sure there would be an encore... there normally was.

The band hit the final chorus of the song and Heidi leant over to Dan, “should we make a move now so we can grab an Uber before everyone else?” she asked.

“Sure.” Dan replied, and the two slid out of the darkness of the theatre and out into the brightness of the foyer.

They made their way out of the venue and down to the taxi rank where they could be picked up. Dan could hear the roar of the crowd in the distance and heard music fire back up.

“Must’ve done an encore,” Dan said.

Heidi’s face was buried in her phone as she booked the car to pick them up.

“Got about 10 minutes,” she said before tucking her phone back into her clutch.

Outside was chilly, not freezing but there was a stiff breeze blowing and Heidi pulled her leather jacket lapels across her in a vain effort to block the chill.

She sidled up to Dan and briefly rested her head on his shoulder and he did his best to block her from the cold. She stood with her legs tightly crossed, he assumed to retain some body warmth and as he glanced down at her legs, he could see in the streetlight that they were peppered with goosebumps.

They talked about the show and their plans for the weekend. Heidi asked Dan how things were going with Ella.

“Yeah ok, she’s been pretty flatout with her studies lately,” Dan responded, not wanting to spend more time than he had to, talking about his girlfriend.

This was a sign to him that he was developing a thing for Heidi and despite her being married, he didn't want to share much about his own relationship.

She sighed briefly. "Just don't get married," she said in what seemed like a half joking way.

"It takes the fun out of it, y'know," she continued.

"How so?" Dan said curiously.

"You kind of just become flatmates. There's not a lot of spontaneity," Heidi explained.

"You know Tom, he really makes you work for a compliment," she laughed.

“I can see that,” Dan said carefully.

“So it’s not just me then?” she asked.

Dan tried his best to tread lightly.

“Well I don’t know him all that well, but for example, that time you came down the stairs the other week...”

Heidi interrupted, “yep... I remember, he gave me nothing. I thought seeing me in that lacy thing might have got his attention.”

“It got mine,” Dan said sheepishly and his heart began to beat faster in his chest.

“I know, your whole voice changed.” She giggled.

“Thank god though because I felt like shit until I saw your face,” she continued.

“Is that....” Dan paused.

“Is that what?” Heidi asked.

Dan tried to gather his thoughts. His drunken state made him want to ask, but the crispness of the night was sobering him enough to consider his words.

“Is that what?” She asked again.

“Is that...” he tried again, before trying to think of another subject to segue into.

“Is that why I wet myself?” She laughed.

Dan’s face went instantly red.

“I wasn’t sure you remembered,” Dan mustered.

“Of course I do, and yes... a little. I wanted to be looked at like that again and remember what it felt like to have someone not wanting to look away,” Heidi explained.

“I also felt bad for how Ella outed you in front of us, it seemed pretty personal and, I guess I just didn’t want you to feel embarrassed,” she continued.

“Did *you* feel embarrassed?” Dan quizzed.

“No actually. Maybe because I was drunk, but the way you looked at me when I did it made me feel sexy – beautiful. I haven’t felt that in a while,” she replied.

“And like I said, at least you have an interesting sex life. A pee kink is a bit more exciting than a fortnightly missionary sex date in the dark,” she laughed.

“Ella’s not really into it,” Dan confessed.

“She’s not?” Heidi replied.

“Well, occasionally she’ll oblige, but only in the shower, in her underwear and she doesn’t really get off on it,” Dan explained.

“I guess it’s not for everyone,” Heidi said sympathetically.

“Yeah,” Dan agreed.

Their Uber arrived right as they began seeing others exiting the theatre and they both got in the back seat.

The drive was around 20 minutes and once they got going, they sat more or less in silence.

Heidi spoke first.

“I hope you don’t mind that I came tonight and not Tom,” she said.

“I probably would have asked you directly to begin with but thought it might be weird,” Dan replied.

Heidi smiled a little.

“Maybe,” she agreed.

“I had so much fun though,” she continued.

“Me too,” said Dan.

He was leaning across the car seat now so as to not have to speak too loudly in front of the driver. His hand was resting a few inches from her thigh, which, with her dress slightly hiked up in her seated position, was exposed and Dan couldn’t stop studying her skin.

As they drove, he found himself inching his hand closer and closer, hoping for an “accidental” touch of her skin. With each bump of the road he’d move closer until eventually he felt her skin against his fingers. His heart was thumping and he worried she may recoil. Then Heidi shifted toward him slightly and his fingers were now resting completely against her thigh.

Without wanting to be too obvious, he subtly stroked her skin with his finger, the softness of it, the coolness - he was breathless at its touch, but noticed a small amount of swaying and jiggling of her legs.

He realised Heidi hadn’t been to the bathroom before they made their early exit from the concert and until that point, she was having to go every few songs.

They were now only a few blocks from their complex and Dan felt disappointed that his time alone with Heidi was about to end.

As the car made the final turns towards their drop off point, Dan became more brazen with his touch, finding excuses to lean in to talk to Heidi while softly moving the palm of his hand across her skin for no other reason than him wanting to remember how she felt.

A wave of jealousy struck him as they turned into their street.

“Why and how did someone like Tom get someone like Heidi,” he thought to himself, and his stomach turned at the idea of her waving him goodbye and returning to her sleeping husband.

Heidi instructed the driver to stop in front of the house before their complex where there

was room to pull over and the two thanked him and got out.

There was some awkwardness that hadn't been present at any other point in their night and Dan was afraid it was caused by his not-so-subtle touching of Heidi's thigh.

“You ok?” Heidi asked.

“Yeah, the night just feels like it ended abruptly,” he mustered.

“I did, didn't it,” she replied.

With that she grabbed Dan's hand and began walking in the opposite direction.

She was almost dragging him along when he asked “where are we going?”

“You'll see,” she said.

Around the corner from their complex was a large park with equipment, a BBQ area and a huge grassy area under some trees.

She held Dan's hand tight as she made her way carefully down the grassy hill in her heeled boots until they reached the cover of the trees.

She turned to face Dan and his heart began to race.

The hand which she held, she now lowered and placed back against her thigh. She let it go briefly, before using her hand to push Dan's against her skin and allowing him to stroke her skin again.

"It's nice to be touched," Heidi whispered in a low tone and she stepped closer to Dan. She was shaking a little and he could feel her

goosebumps now against his fingers.

He had his palm now freely running up and down the length of the thigh, each time going a little higher with his touch, so much that the hem of her dress would lift with each stroke.

She placed her hand against his again and pulled it higher still up the back of her dress and he caressed her ass and felt the soft cotton of her panties beneath his fingers.

He used that same hand to pull her closer and then she came a little closer still under her own steam.

Heidi wrapped her arms around his waist and kissed Dan softly on his lips. She smelled incredible and Dan kissed her back, softly at first, but then pulling her ass toward him. He pulled her in tight and her crotch pressed into his. His cock was pushing hard against the

inside of his jeans and he could feel it now pressed against her.

She giggled as she kissed him, pulled away slightly to inspect his crotch, saw the bulge and gripped it tightly in her hand before kissing him again. With her hand firmly wrapped around his cock, she guided him so that it nestled between her thighs and through his jeans he felt her pussy now against him.

Heidi thrust her pelvis in hard and close and kissed Dan passionately, her tongue now dancing inside his mouth. She grabbed his hands, placed them behind her and he pulled her hard against him.

She started to smile as she did laps of his mouth, then a short giggle. Then he felt it – warmth.

His crotch began to feel warm and wet as Heidi slowly peed against him through her dress, soaking the front of his jeans and then running down the inside of his legs.

He wanted to look so badly, but also didn't want her to stop. He took one hand off her ass and slid it between her knees and slowly up the inside of her thigh. She instinctively grabbed it, widened her stance, and thrust it against her sopping panties before letting another large flood into them. He rubbed her pussy through them softly as she peed and moaned softly.

Dan finally pulled away to catch a glimpse and Heidi hiked her up her dress in unison to allow him to see.

She wore a pair of plain white cotton panties under her dress that were now transparent with piss. Dan's quick assessment under the park

lights was that Heidi favoured a Brazilian and her sopping white panties acted as a viewing window to her perfect pussy.

Heidi closed her eyes again and let go completely. A torrent of piss poured through her panties, over Dan's hand and trickled in different directions down the inside of her legs. Dan watched as the trickles ran down into her boots and splashed onto the grass and he began to rub her pussy again and she finished.

Heidi moaned softly as he did, then smiled, dropped her dress back down and pulled Dan in to kiss him again, her wet crotch pressed against his.

“Sorry,” Heidi whispered in Dan's ear.

“Why on earth would you be sorry?” He enthused.

“I couldn’t help it... you better not be weird with me after this,” she said in a serious tone.

“No way,” replied Dan.

He wanted her badly and was rock hard still. Heidi noticed and grabbed his cock through his wet jeans and gave it a squeeze.

“You going to be ok with this?” she giggled.

Dan nodded and they began walking back.

Right before they turned into the driveway, still hidden by the complex wall, Heidi stopped and kissed Dan again.

“How are you going to hide all that?” Dan gestured to her wet shoes and clothes.

“Well it’s not too hard when you do all the

washing, I'll just throw it all in the bottom of the machine and sort it out tomorrow," she said.

Dan nodded again. And they walked into the driveway, Heidi headed for her front door and Dan for his.

Dan went inside and grabbed a whiskey and sat out on his back patio to process what had just happened. His bladder was hurting, jeans were soaked and his cock still throbbing. As he sipped his whiskey, he simply let go in his chair, piss pouring onto the floor beneath him, while he thought of Heidi.

“Bing”

A message appeared on Dan's phone from Heidi with a picture of her piled up wet clothes.

“Another sign of a good night I guess,” it read.

“One of the best I’ve had,” Dan shot back.

“Sorry to leave you hanging back there, my mind is a bit confused. Thank you for looking at me the way you do though,” she said.

“I have no control over it,” Dan replied.

“I know, I see you in the window,” she said with a winky-faced emoji.

“Damn, sprung,” Dan replied.

“Just don’t get caught,” Heidi said.

“Same goes for you!” Dan wrote.

“See you tomorrow on the driveway for some ‘normal’ afternoon drinks?” She replied.

“Definitely,” said Dan as he deleted the thread and went up to shower.