

What goes around comes around

Five hours. Five hours you've been stuck here in this frigid and poorly ventilated tiny conference room, wearing an uncomfortable dress shirt, slacks and a tie, being bombarded with questions from fools who don't know what they're talking about. It explains why this office is trying so hard to hire, but the number of things they got flagrantly wrong in the questions they were asking you was crazy. And then the manager at the end of this gauntlet of interviews apparently had nothing better to do than try and pick at every tiny flaw he could find in your resume, your attire, the way you spoke, and even your name. Not only that, but the advertised salary was just what they would *eventually* pay, and most of the benefits wouldn't even kick in until at least a year at minimum.

But finally, at 5:30 PM, this onslaught finally ends, and you can get out of here. While you're not desperate enough to take such an awful job, you're desperate for something else: although they did keep you supplied with water throughout the whole thing, at no point were you given time to take a bathroom break. As a result, you were fidgeting with the need to piss a good half-hour ago, and are rapidly approaching your limit now, so you'll have to take care of that before you head back home.

Apparently done with you, the manager simply opens up his laptop and starts work on something else, telling you to find your own way out with a dismissive wave of your hand. You try to ask him where the bathrooms are, but before you can even get two words into your question, he gives you a death glare and repeats his demand that you find your own way out, keeping his stern gaze fixed on you. It's not worth starting an argument over, so you simply leave. Better to get out and find a better place to work another day.

Just outside of the conference room is a long corridor running through the office building, and you start to head down it. The carpets are old, thin, and patchy, colored an ugly brown to go with the beige walls, illuminated by the hanging fluorescent lights buzzing above your head. Keeping an eye out for the bathrooms, you head to the first intersection of corridors and glance down each. At one side is a soulless cubicle farm made up of dull gray dividers, but to your right appear to be some enclosed offices. You're about to press on when you notice that the one closest to you has the name of the manager from your interview on the plate beside the door...

[Perfect! I want to go in there and get some *payback!* \[Revenge Ending\]](#)

[Too risky, he might come back while I'm in there...](#)

If you can't stand the heat...

You shake your head. Better not to take the risk, as satisfying as it would be. But with a sharp pang in your abdomen, your bladder reminds you that you still need to find some solution to its fullness, so you walk onwards with a brisk pace through the deserted office building. Well, mostly deserted; it might be half past five but there are still some people here and there working late, or the cleaning staff starting their rounds.

As you walk, you pass a break area: a combined kitchen and dining room, both painfully corporate. The tables and chairs are plain cheap wood that look like they were taken from a school, and the kitchen has just the bare essentials. Some coffee machines, the pots holding the remnants of the day's final brews, stand on the faux-marble counters next to a fridge with a list of rules taped to the front. The snacks are all just as insufferably corporate: Instead of dried meat, it's plant-based jerky. No potato chips, just pita chips. No pretzels, just veggie sticks. The cheese sticks are vegan cheese made from sunflowers or something.

Still, the more important feature is that at this time of day, the kitchen area is empty. The checkered floor extends to the side of the building, with big plate glass windows overlooking the car park and the nearby road and sidewalk, and the industrial park on the other side. Perhaps the solution to your problem lies in here, depending on how you want to go about it...

[I want to find a spot to pee in here without being noticed. \[Stealth Ending\]](#)

[Screw that, I'm going to go piss against the window! It won't matter if I'm seen! \[Exhibitionism Ending\]](#)

[Still too risky, I'd better keep going.](#)

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Afraid of the dark?

You squirm in place for a moment as you make your decision, your desperation rising. A spasm in your bladder forces you to cross your legs; you won't be able to hold it for a whole lot longer. You'll have to walk with one hand between your legs and just hope that nobody sees you before you can find a place to go.

Awkwardly holding yourself, you hurry along down the corridor, passing by a janitor in a side passage who, thankfully, doesn't notice your presence. You wince from another surge of desperation, having to stop for a moment and hold onto yourself tightly. You've got to find somewhere, fast! You glance around; just another cubicle farm to your right, but on your left, there's a door marked as a supply closet. With a quick glance around, you confirm that there's nobody watching you, and you hurry over, pressing up against the door.

But just as you are about to open it, you hear a sound from inside. Maybe it's nothing. Maybe if there is someone in there you can hold it long enough for them to find what they need and leave. But you'd better decide fast: as you debate with yourself what to do, you find yourself subconsciously shifting from foot to foot to try and hold your bladder just that much longer.

[It's worth the risk! Just head on inside!](#)

[No, I'll have to keep looking for a better spot!](#)

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Overflow error

Scurrying away from the closet door, you hurry down the corridor and arrive at a corner. You're getting fairly close now, you're sure – both to your own limit and to the bathrooms. But at the corner of the building is the company's pride and joy, their server room, with big glass windows along the edge of the corridor providing a glimpse at the racks of blinking lights and cables inside.

Curiously, though, the door to it has been left open. It's propped all the way back by a chair, and several tall fans have been placed by the door to circulate air out from the server room and into the corridor. They must have had some sort of air conditioning failure in there. But from a quick glance inside, you don't see any sign of maintenance staff, or even any tools or equipment indicating they're anywhere nearby. Even the lights have been switched off and there's just a sign taped to the door that says "DO NOT CLOSE".

As you peer inside you feel a strong pang of desperation from your bladder, making your legs buckle, forcing you to put both hands between your legs and hold tightly to avoid making a mess of yourself. The bathrooms are just ahead, but there another completely unoccupied room here with plenty of cover, and the opportunity to wreak some havoc while you're at it...

[*Yes, I'm going in here. It's going to be a washout! \[Destruction Ending\]*](#)

[*No, I have to keep going... I'm almost at the bathrooms, I can make it!*](#)

[*\(Go back\)*](#)

Final destination

Each step is harder to take than the last, and you grit your teeth with effort as you hurry towards the restrooms. You must be quite a sight, hobbling along in a hurried shuffle with both hands between your legs, so it's a good thing there's barely anyone around at this hour to see you in such a state.

But you get there, at long last. You reach the toilets, turning the corner into the little side corridor under the sign for the toilets. You've still got both hands between your legs and are barely holding on, but you've made it.

The short corridor has three doors; this place has gone with separated unisex bathrooms. The first one has an open door and a janitor inside busy cleaning it, but you stop outside the second one and peek at the sign on the handle. 'Vacant'! Perfect! You're safe!

Then, just as you take the risk of moving a hand away from your crotch and out to the handle, someone barges past you. "Coming through!" you hear, as the person shoves you out of the way to take the bathroom before you can. You stagger back and barely stay upright, but you still feel a small squirt of liquid escape you, dampening your undergarments.

You grit your teeth and shudder, barely preventing any more urine from escaping you. Barely recovering control of your body, you take a deep breath and try to assess your options. There was one more door, right? Sadly, you look over to it, and you see an "Out of order" sign taped to it, and the sign on the handle says 'Occupied' since it's locked. So close, and yet so far...!

But as you start to slump in defeat and look forward again, you see the one in front of you still says 'Vacant'. It looks like whoever it was that barged past you didn't lock the door when they went inside. There's one final option available if you don't want to have an accident...

[*Fuck him, I'm coming in! \[Golden Shower Ending | Male Target\]*](#)

[*Fuck her, I'm coming in! \[Golden Shower Ending | Female Target\]*](#)

[*There are other bathrooms... I can make it... right...? \[Wetting Ending\]*](#)

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Come into the closet

With one final glance down the corridor to confirm nobody else is around, you push open the closet door and slip inside. The light is already on, and you can quickly see why: two half-undressed red foxes are pressed up against a copy machine and were evidently in the middle of making out when you barged in. One is a man with short black hair while the other is a woman with long blonde hair, they're both dressed (mostly) in business casual: a button-up white shirt and black slacks on the man while the woman is wearing a pale blue blouse and a darker blue skirt.

That said, the man's slacks are around his ankles and his shirt is halfway unbuttoned, while the woman's blouse is open to reveal a white bra underneath, her skirt raised up by one of the man's hands reaching under it. They both stop when you come in, of course, and make half-hearted attempts to cover themselves, but they know they're busted. "It's, uh, not what it looks like!" the man protests feebly, knowing full well that it's exactly what it looks like.

"Please don't tell HR," the woman insists. "I'll let you join in if you want, just please don't report us!"

You have far more important things to worry about than a couple of horny employees at a company you don't even work for, still holding one hand between your legs to avoid pissing yourself. The two of them notice this quickly once they get past their initial panic, and the two of them share a knowing glance as you try and figure out how to get yourself out of this situation.

"Or..." the man suggests, gesturing towards your crotch, "One of us could help you out with that problem you have... we can make the evidence disappear, if you get my drift."

The vixen picks up on what he's suggesting and gives a nod, smirking at you. "We save you from an accident, and you saw nothing... deal?"

[Deal; I want his help! \[Piss Drinking | Male Target\]](#)

[Deal; I want her help! \[Piss Drinking | Female Target\]](#)

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Professional peedback [Revenge Ending]

The manager's office is a fancy modern glass-fronted enclosure with the company's logo frosted onto the panes, so that not even the managers get anything resembling privacy. The manager who interviewed you hasn't locked his door, so you slip inside without any issue.

Inside is cheap computer desk with an empty docking station on top, and an extra monitor connected to the docking station. Papers, folders and writing implements are scattered messily across the desk, and there is a set of drawers on the right hand side under the desk. There's a small trashcan under the left side of the desk, and the floor is covered by an almost irrelevantly thin brown carpet. Behind the desk is a swiveling office chair much like all the others, with dark green padding, and there's a filing cabinet in the corner.

Unzipping and opening your slacks as you move behind the desk, you pull the chair out with the other hand so you can stand as close to the desk as possible. Reaching between your legs, you pull your cock out from your underpants, holding it in one hand as you take a breath. The moment you start relaxing, a heavy gush of piss from your aching bladder sprays out and onto the top of the desk, pattering on the cheap wooden surface. You aim the stream back and forth, spraying the docking station, getting urine into the connector, and then aim up at the monitor, your piss running down over the black screen to drip onto the desk under it.

Then, with your free hand, you reach down and tug open the topmost drawer. Inside are some more miscellaneous supplies like rubber bands and sticky notes, all of which are soon swimming in piss as you shift over and spray the inside of the drawer with your stream. You open the drawer under it, then push the top one closed, your piss splashing on the edge of the top drawer briefly before it begins raining into the second drawer and the notepad inside of it. The third drawer is empty, but that doesn't stop you from pissing into it anyway, making a pool of urine inside of it before you shove it closed.

With all the drawers closed your piss splashes onto the carpet directly, pattering loudly and soaking into it, rapidly making a dark stain in the brown fiber. A puddle forms soon as well, and you turn in place, painting a dark line along the carpet all the way over to the trash can. Your stream rustles the plastic bag inside and makes a hollow drumming sound within the plastic receptacle, and as you feel your bladder finally starting to empty out you turn again to face the chair behind you. The rest of your weakening stream hoses down the padded swivel chair and soaks into it quickly, and you shift a little closer as you run dry to get all of your piss onto it. With a quick clench of your muscles you get a few more squirts onto it, and then a final shake of your cock frees the last droplet from the tip.

As you shove your cock into your pants and make yourself decent, you pause a moment to admire your handiwork: the puddle on the desk in which the docking station sits, the big dark stain on the carpet, and the wet spots on the chair. Satisfied with your post-interview feedback, you stride out, letting the door swing closed as you make your way back towards the entrance.

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Hot and fresh [Stealth Ending]

The kitchen is unoccupied for the moment, but you never know when someone working late might stop by on their way out. So you'd better find somewhere relatively hidden to pee just in case you need a few seconds to hide yourself.

Close to the back, there's a gap between the fridge and a nearby wall. A cylindrical metal garbage can has been placed there, one with a foot pedal for its lid, but there's some empty space between the can and the fridge that you could hide behind. Now all you need is something to piss in.

A quick search of the cabinets only turns up company-branded coffee mugs and glasses that are far too small to hold the contents of your strained bladder. But then your eyes fall on something that would be big enough: the coffee pots resting on the coffee machines' hotplates. You snatch up the emptier of the two, with only a cup or so of lukewarm and probably bitter coffee left in it – it'll be even bitterer soon, that's for sure.

Carrying the pot behind the fridge, you press your back against the side of the humming appliance, completely hiding yourself from view from the corridor. You set the pot down on top of the trashcan for a moment to free up your hands, quickly unzipping and opening your slacks and tugging your underpants down just a bit. Grabbing your cock in one hand and the coffee pot with the other, you bring the top of the pot closer and take aim before relaxing.

Almost immediately you start blasting a hard jet of piss into the pot, splashing in the remaining coffee in the bottom of it, and you have to clench your teeth to suppress a relieved groan. You quickly adjust the pot and your dick to hose down the inside of the glass instead, pale yellow fluid pouring down it now with only the hissing of your stream and the quiet ringing of urine on glass audible to you. You let out a quiet sigh through your nose, watching your stream as it gushes into the pot, which you can feel gradually getting heavier in your hand.

Your piss continues to pour in and dilute the coffee, making the dark brown liquid gradually paler and slightly more transparent as your urine raises the fluid level. It's not long before there's more pee than coffee inside the pot, but you're still going strong, your stream gushing hard against the pot's inner wall. You can see the swirling liquids inside as more and more piss pours into it, the immense sensation of relief slowly fading as your bladder empties out.

You finally trickle off, the waning stream splashing in all the piss and coffee for a moment before you clench to get the rest of it out. Tapping your cocktip on the rim of the coffee pot to get the last drop of it off, you stuff your shaft back into your underpants and set the pot down on the trash so you can make yourself decent again.

With a final furtive glance around the fridge, you head over to the sink and dump the pot into it, leaving it upside-down in the sink. The janitors will surely come by and take care of it, so you head on out from the kitchen and back towards the exit.

[*\(Back to the kitchen\)*](#)

[*\(Back to start\)*](#)

If you've got it, flaunt it [Exhibitionism Ending]

Having had enough of this place, you strut right over to the windows and stand directly in front of them. You're only on the second floor, and you can see the car park and the nearby road – and, if anyone looks over at you during this, they'll see you. Not that you care, you'll be gone before long and nobody who sees you is likely to care enough to cause any trouble; even if they do, you'll be on your way home by then.

There's no need for subtlety. You simply unzip and drop your pants, shoving your underwear down to let it hang around your ankles. You don't want to be caught by the inevitable puddle, so you shift back a little bit and hold out one hand to lean on the window and brace yourself, while your other hand takes hold of your cock and points it towards the plate glass window.

In full view of the car park, you groan as you give your bladder the release it has been demanding. Your piss sprays against the window and spreads out from the point of impact, a few droplets spraying onto the floor while the rest of it pours down the glass in a big rippling sheet that breaks up into a multitude of rivers. The yellowish but mostly clear fluid flows all the way down and begins to pool up at the bottom of the window, starting to spread over the checkered kitchen tiles.

Glancing down, you see that a few people in the car park seem to have noticed. A couple of them give disapproving looks and continue on, but some keep on staring, and you grin, moving your cock back and forth to splash more of the window. Your stream follows your aim and more piss pours onto it, drumming against the glass, previously dry parts of the window getting a quick coating of your urine. The puddle at the bottom continues to spread across the linoleum floor as you add more piss to it, reflecting the overhead lights.

You let every last drop you have splash onto the window, giving a clench to force the last squirts out, and a shake of your cock before you step back. The puddle is quite large and is still growing as the last of your pee flows off the window and onto the floor, and you quickly grab your pants and pull them back up to get dressed again.

Now that you're empty, you're free to leave. Confidently striding out of the kitchen, you leave the puddle by the window behind and head for the exit.

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Cache flush [Destruction Ending]

Hurrying in past the opened door, you flick on the lights. Racks of servers run along two walls on the sides, and another rack runs down the middle. The best efforts of the fans have kept it at a barely manageable temperature, though it's still quite sweltering inside, a struggling air conditioning unit at the back barely bringing in enough air to keep the place going.

You wouldn't want to spend too long in here with how hot it is, even if you weren't bursting to piss. So, you stop in front of the closest rack to the door, unzipping your pants in a hurry to reach in and tug out your cock as quickly as you can. Without you holding yourself any more, your bladder gives in before you're fully in position, causing you to splash a line of piss onto the bottommost server racks and part of the carpeted floor without even intending to. But, ceasing your resistance, you let your stream blast onto the servers directly in front of you, spraying whatever happens to be in the way.

The flickering lights on the server taking the brunt of your stream quickly go out, and you start lifting and lowering your cock to send your stream all up and down the rack, splashing several servers at once. Some of them short out a little more violently, emitting sparks and trails of smoke, but soon most of them are non-functional. Stepping to the side without stopping your stream, you move on to the next rack, spraying piss haphazardly across the metal frame of the rack itself as well as the floor along the way.

Along you go, aiming your stream up and down, showering expensive servers in your pale urine, some of them managing to survive while others fail immediately and some short out after you've moved on as the salty wastewater drips through them. When you start to run out of urine, you take aim at one of the servers on the current rack that's still functioning, aiming for the exhaust vents and watching your piss splash into it, sparks flying within shortly thereafter.

Suddenly, there's a loud bang from that server, and black smoke rises from it, the smell of ozone reaching your nose. You hurry out from the server room, shoving your cock back into your pants and zipping them up as fast as possible as you flee the scene – and not a moment too soon. You're barely halfway down the corridor when the fire alarm goes off and you hear a loud hissing from behind you as the fire suppression system activates, spraying chemicals from valves on the ceiling.

You make your way for the exit as quick as you can without looking guilty. Hopefully whoever is on-call gets paid well for all the hours they're about to rack up!

[*\(Back to the server room door\)*](#)

[*\(Back to start\)*](#)

Makin' it rain [Golden Shower Ending | Male Variant]

Fuck this! You were there first!

You shoulder the door open while your hands are busy unzipping your pants; you're not going to make it if you don't do both at the same time. You don't even bother to close the door after you burst inside. The unisex bathroom is tiny, featuring just a toilet and a wall-mounted sink in the cramped space, little better than what you'd expect to see in an airplane.

The man who shoved past you before, a deer in a button-up shirt whose tan pants are around his ankles, has only just sat down. He looks up as you barge in on him, but before he can even utter a word of surprise, you have your cock out and held in one hand, piss gushing from the tip the moment it clears the waistband of your underwear. A deep groan escapes your throat as you get the long-awaited relief, your piss striking his front and soaking through his shirt in moments, darkening the fabric and plastering it against his chest. It soaks the fur underneath and mats it against his body as well, and he seems to be too surprised by what's happening to react at first, your piss splashing loudly against his drenched body.

Another groan leaves your throat from the intense relief after being so close to having an accident. Your piss cascades down his front, drenching his shirt all the way down, soaking into the fur underneath. Even with how much is being absorbed, you're peeing out so much that it reaches his loins and drips down past his own cock and into the bowl below, splashing in the water. Your aim drifts as you stop paying attention and revel in the relief, and he splutters and flails his arms as your stream strikes his face.

An awkward moment passes as you abruptly run dry, a few final drops falling onto the floor between you. He shakes his head to get your urine off of it, and in the moment of his distraction, you quickly back out from the restroom and tug the door closed, cutting off his "What the fuck-" as he tries to get up and chase after you. You shove your cock back into your pants as you run as fast as you can for the exit, holding up your pants with one hand as you try to put as much distance between you and him as you possibly can manage.

At least you kept dry, though!

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Makin' it rain [Golden Shower Ending | Female Variant]

Fuck this! You were there first!

You shoulder the door open while your hands are busy unzipping your pants; you're not going to make it if you don't do both at the same time. You don't even bother to close the door after you burst inside. The unisex bathroom is tiny, featuring just a toilet and a wall-mounted sink in the cramped space, little better than what you'd expect to see in an airplane.

The woman who shoved past you before, a deer in a thin shirt whose skirt covers her lap while her panties are around her ankles, has only just sat down. She looks up as you barge in on her, but before she can even utter a word of surprise, you have your cock out and held in one hand, piss gushing from the tip the moment it clears the waistband of your underwear. A deep groan escapes your throat as you get the long-awaited relief, your piss striking her front and soaking through her shirt in moments, darkening the fabric and plastering it against her breasts. It soaks the fur underneath and mats it against her body as well, and she seems to be too surprised by what's happening to react at first, your piss splashing loudly against her drenched body.

Another groan leaves your throat from the intense relief after being so close to having an accident. Your piss cascades down her front from between her cleavage, drenching her shirt all the way down, soaking into the fur underneath. Even with how much is being absorbed, you're pissing out so much that it reaches her loins and soaks into the waistband of her skirt, spreading to the pleats. Your aim drifts as you stop paying attention and revel in the relief, and she splutters and flails his arms as your stream strikes her face.

An awkward moment passes as you abruptly run dry, a few final drops falling onto the floor between you. She shakes her head to get your urine off of it, and in the moment of her distraction, you quickly back out from the restroom and tug the door closed, cutting off her "What the fuck-" as she tries to get up and chase after you. You shove your cock back into your pants as you run as fast as you can for the exit, holding up your pants with one hand as you try to put as much distance between you and her as you possibly can manage.

At least you kept dry, though!

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Time's up! [Wetting Ending]

You turn around and resign yourself to having to find another set of toilets, only for you to make it about one step before you succumb to desperation. Your bladder refuses to hold it any more, and you fall to one knee and then the other, both hands going between your legs, but it's too late.

Even though you try and hold your cock with both hands through your pants, it's not enough. Warmth and wetness spreads across your lap as your bladder starts emptying against your will, and you let out a groan. The fabric of your pants darkens and sticks to your legs as piss soaks into it, two big wet marks traveling down your inner thighs. Fruitlessly keeping your hands between your legs, you feel the fabric saturating with your own piss, and it soon soaks through enough to drip onto the carpet under you.

A puddle forms underneath you as you keep peeing hard, pale yellow liquid pouring off the bottom of the crotch of your pants and onto the floor as more of it keeps running down your legs. Giving in, you reach out with both hands and rest them on the ground, letting your bladder empty the rest of the way; there's no point fighting it at this stage. You can hear it splashing onto the carpet, and feel your wet pants sticking to you, as you piss yourself right outside of the toilets you tried so hard to get into. Eventually you run out, but your bladder is the only thing that's dry, as you're still dripping with the remnants of your accident and will be for a while yet.

As you slowly get to your feet, soaked with your own piss and leaving a puddle on the carpet, steeling yourself for a wet drive home, you have to wonder if there was maybe some way this could have been avoided...

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Fresh from the tap [Piss Drinking Ending | Male Variant]

"Sure!" the man says as he gets down onto his knees in front of you. He definitely seems eager for this, and since his girlfriend gives a jealous "Lucky you" as he does, you have to wonder if they've both done this before...

You unzip your pants, but he takes over from there, tugging them down and your underwear as well to free your cock from its confines. Wasting no time, he opens wide and takes the tip into his mouth, gently closing his lips around it, and you relax with a satisfied groan. You hope he can handle it as your heavy stream blasts into his muzzle, but from the groan he makes before he swallows the first mouthful, you're fairly sure that he will.

In the quiet confines of the closet, you can easily hear the gulping sound of him swallowing your urine one mouthful at a time as it gushes into his maw, and his tongue presses against the underside of your cock lightly to feel the swollen urethra on it. He keeps one hand on your hip to hold steady as he presses his nose against your crotch, his other hand reaching to his waist and rubbing at the bulge in his underwear, clearly enjoying this.

As you keep relieving yourself, you put a hand on the back of his head lightly, to which he offers no resistance. Gulp after gulp of your piss disappears down his throat, the sound of it mixed in with his quiet groans and, soon, the sound of him stroking his hand back and forth along his cock as he pulls it out from his briefs.

He gives a quiet whine when your piss stream starts to weaken, as if asking for more, so you push a little harder to keep the flow going for him. He drinks it all down eagerly, and when your stream comes to an end he licks over the tip of your shaft to get the last drops before he finally pulls away with a gasp, licking his lips.

"Thanks for the drink," he tells you, his hand still stroking along his dick at a steady pace. "Glad I could be of help."

You exhale and pull your pants back up as he returns to his ladyfriend, and as you slip back out from the closet you hear him ask her, "Now, where were we...?"

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Fresh from the tap [Piss Drinking Ending | Female Variant]

"Mmm, sure," she says as she gets down onto her knees in front of you. She seems quite excited by this prospect, and since her boyfriend gives a quiet "Darn" and leans on the wall when he isn't picked, you have to wonder if they've both done this before...

You unzip your pants, but she takes over from there, tugging them down and your underwear as well to free your cock from its confines. Wasting no time, she opens wide and takes the tip into her mouth, gently closing her lips around it, and you relax with a satisfied groan. You hope she can handle it as your heavy stream blasts into her muzzle, but from the lusty hum she gives before she swallows the first mouthful, you're fairly sure that she will.

In the quiet confines of the closet, you can easily hear the gulping sound of her swallowing your urine one mouthful at a time as it gushes into her maw, and her tongue presses against the underside of your cock lightly to feel the swollen urethra on it. She keeps one hand on your hip to hold steady as she presses her nose against your crotch, her other hand reaching under her skirt and teasing at her pussy underneath, clearly enjoying this.

As you keep relieving yourself, you put a hand on the back of her head lightly, to which she offers no resistance. Gulp after gulp of your piss disappears down her throat, the sound of it mixed in with her quiet groans and, soon, the sound of her pumping her fingers in and out of her wet pussy at a steady pace.

She gives a disappointed sound when your piss stream starts to weaken, as if asking for more, so you push a little harder to keep the flow going for her. She drinks it all down eagerly, and when your stream comes to an end she licks over the tip of your shaft to get the last drops before she finally pulls away with a gasp, licking her lips.

"Just what I needed," she tells you, her hand still sliding in and out of her wet folds. "Thanks for that, handsome."

You exhale and pull your pants back up as she returns to her boyfriend, and as you slip back out from the closet you hear her ask him, "Think you could give me a second helping of that...?"

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