

Chloe's eyes flicked briefly to the side to look at the approaching sign next to the highway before the arctic fox returned her attention to the road ahead. It was quite late and completely dark out, with only the minivan's headlights and the reflective cats-eyes in the road to guide her. She and her friends had expected to arrive at the hotel two hours ago, but they had gotten caught in a traffic jam so long they couldn't even see what had caused it, and it took a long time just to crawl to the first available exit and re-route from there.

After some hasty re-routing and winding country roads, they had gotten back to the highways ahead of the traffic jam, and it had been completely clear since then. Chloe was glad for that – she didn't normally drive a minivan, but it was the only way for her whole group of friends to get all the way out to the campsite with all of their luggage. Chances for the whole group to get together like this were becoming increasingly rare, and she wanted it to go well – it wasn't like it was back when they were all in high school together and could stop by anyone's house after class.

She turned her head to the side for just a brief moment to look towards the passenger seat, where her best friend Anna, a red fox with brown hair, had her phone out and was checking the GPS. "Hey Anna," she said before turning and looking forward again, raising her right hand to brush her black hair from her eyes, "Can you check the traffic reports for me?"

"Oh, sure!" Anna responded, speaking up over the pop music playing from the radio as she swiped over to another app on her phone.

As she waited, Chloe's ears swiveled back a little to listen to the others. Directly behind her was Sydney, a ferret with cinnamon fur patterning and center-parted brown hair down to her shoulders, who was talking with Hannah, the husky with blonde hair sitting behind Anna. From the sound of it, they were engaged in a contest to see who could come up with the most scandalous gossip about their ex-boyfriends.

In the back row, her last two friends in the group were making use of the spare seat between them to play cards. On the driver's side of the car was Kaitlyn, a red panda with her brown hair tied into a ponytail, and on the opposite side sat Makayla, a jaguar with jet black hair that hung over her left eye. Behind them, the group's backpacks, duffel bags and suitcases had been stuffed into the back, though it had required a bit of teamwork to make them all fit without blocking the back window.

All of them were wearing t-shirts and skirts for the weather – except for Hannah who was wearing a pair of cargo shorts. Before long they'd all be heading back to work or college or maybe both, but for now, this was their holiday. It had been Chloe's idea, but Anna had borrowed the minivan from her parents, Hannah had found the camp site, and Makayla had paid the bill. Anna and Chloe had been taking turns driving to make things a bit easier on each other, since it was a long trip – they were going to have to stop at a hotel soon and make the rest of the journey tomorrow.

"Highway 9 is still a huuuuuuuge mess," Anna commented as she looked at her phone. "I'm glad we took the long way around instead of trying to go through it."

"Yeah, but you swerved so fast to take that off-ramp, I think my face is still printed on the side window," Chloe joked with a giggle.

"It was that or get stuck for hours!" Anna fired back playfully. "Seriously, I've never seen this app show a road as BLACK before, normally it only goes up to red."

"Wow, it must have been a massive accident. What about us?"

"Nah, we're good, Highway 17 is clear all the way until our turn-off."

"Perfect!" Chloe exclaimed, pumping her left hand victoriously before returning it to the steering wheel. "Crank up the radio, then, let's go!"

Anna giggled and turned up the volume dial a little as the minivan continued down the dark highway. A few minutes later the song changed to one they all knew, and the group sang along to it – or tried, at least, going a little off-key and forgetting the words before subsiding into laughter.

When the song ended, a commercial began, and Sydney piped up from behind the driver's seat. "Hey, Chloe?"

"What's up?" Chloe replied, keeping her eyes on the road. "You want to stop for another coffee? It's a bit late."

"Um, no, the opposite, actually," Sydney replied. "The coffee wants out."

"I need a rest break too," Makayla added from the back.

Chloe giggled a little bit, but nodded in sympathy. "Yeah, same. How far to the next one, Anna?"

"Um..." the red fox intoned as she swiped around on the map. "Well, there's a turnoff in just a few miles, but it looks like everything there is closed this late."

Chloe frowned. "All right. Keep looking then, let me know when you find a place that's open. There's gotta be one."

"There is, but we already passed it..." Anna mumbled. "I'll keep looking, though."

With a nod, Chloe went back to focusing on the road. Other than Anna's frustrated grumbling as her attempt to find an upcoming rest stop was unsuccessful, several miles passed uneventfully, the card game in the back seat resuming while the conversation behind her shifted to Hannah asking about Sydney's upcoming term at the community college.

"Well, I found one..." Anna said at last, "...but it's after the turn-off for our hotel, so it's not really all that helpful."

"Yeah, that's no good," Chloe agreed. "We'll just have to go straight for the hotel. Sorry, Sydney. I'm going at the speed limit. It's not far to our turn-off."

Sydney shifted back and forth in her seat. "All right, I'll try and hold it."

"Don't just -try-, you'd better hold it!" Anna said in a mix of a scolding and teasing tone. "This is my parents' minivan, I'll never hear the end of it if I don't bring it back in good condition!"

"Believe me, I don't want to make a mess either. It'd be like Junior High all over again."

"Wait, what happened in Junior High?" Hannah inquired.

"A lot of things, I'll tell you about that one later," Sydney replied. "But there was this one time in chemistry class..."

Chloe relaxed a little, but now that the subject had been brought up, she was acutely aware of the pressure in her abdomen. She wasn't surprised that Sydney had it worse, since she was the smallest one in the group, and her preference for coffee didn't do her any favors. It had been quite a while since their last stop to get dinner, too...

Several more miles went by with nothing of interest beyond another catchy song coming up on the radio. "Okay, our turn is next!" Anna called out, and Chloe nodded, flicking the turn signal and getting into the rightmost lane.

Sydney gave a sigh of relief. "Good, I'm crossing my legs back here."

"Shouldn't be that far to the hotel, Syd," Chloe reassured her. Half a minute later, she slowed down as she took the off-ramp, turning onto the road that led into the city.

"Oh, uh," Anna suddenly blurted out as she looked at her phone, "I should have looked ahead, the streets are busy for some reason. Not, like, blocked, just busy."

"Have we got a way around?" Chloe asked.

"Not really... the hotel's right in the middle of it. Doesn't look like there's any accidents, just a lot of traffic."

"There's going to BE an accident if we don't get there soon," Sydney grumbled.

"I know, I've gotta go too, but please don't mess up the van," Anna responded.

Chloe took a deep breath, and continued the drive. The car was a lot quieter now, with only the radio breaking the silence inside it. It didn't take long to find the thick traffic as they got deeper into the city, and the reason for it was obvious: there were banners and signs hung in many places advertising a major concert happening in the city.

"No way, The Flying Drums are playing here?" Kaitlyn exclaimed as they stopped at a red light.

"They must've announced it after I made the reservation," Makayla mused. "The rooms weren't hard to get hold of. If I'd known they were playing I would have bought us some tickets too!"

"It's probably just as well that you didn't, or we would have missed it," Hannah pointed out.

"I just hope I can find a place to park," Chloe muttered.

"I don't know if I can hold it that long," Sydney groaned in audible discomfort. "If we don't stop soon I'm going to make a puddle back here."

Makayla shook her head. "I can only cross my legs for so long before I'll be joining her."

"No way, you can't pee in my parents' van!" Anna said in panic, twisting in her seat to look at the others behind her. "I'll be in so much trouble, and they'll never let me borrow it again!" Sitting back down, she looked over at Chloe. "Can we just pull over in the first spot you see? We can just find an alley or something."

Chloe didn't even get to respond before protests rose up from the back. "No way!" "Not a chance."
"There's too many people around!" "Not in public!"

She hit the accelerator as the light turned green. "Look, I'm not doing much better than the rest of you up here, trust me. Just hold on-" she leaned forward a little bit and peered out the front window. "Anna, is that the parking garage up ahead?"

"Huh?" the red fox replied, glancing down at her phone. "Oh! Yeah, it is! Don't worry, we're almost there! Just hold on and please don't mess up the van."

Chloe hurried through the next light which had just turned yellow when she reached it, staying close to the car ahead of her, and took the turn into the parking garage, stopping at the entrance to get a ticket at the gate. "Keep an eye out for the toilets," Hannah recommended as Chloe slid the window back up and drove forward slowly.

"And an empty space," Chloe added as she saw that the parking garage was packed, likely with the cars of concert-goers. Every spot on the ground floor was taken that she could see, so she headed for the ramp up to the next floor, only to get directed around the floor by someone in reflective safety gear. With a grumble, she took the long way around to get to the ramp and proceeded downwards instead to one of the underground floors.

"If there isn't a spot..." Sydney muttered, squirming heavily as their search on the first underground floor came up with nothing.

"There'll be one somewhere, or they wouldn't have let us in at all," Chloe replied. "Makayla, do you want to get out and go ahead to check us in?"

"Good idea," the jaguar responded, then growled in frustration. "Wait, no, my bag is at the bottom of the pile. We'd have to dig it out and then put everything back."

"Maybe I could let you all out while I find somewhere to park, then?" Chloe offered.

"I just saw the toilets, but there's a huge line," Hannah chimed in, making Sydney groan aloud. Chloe frowned and continued down to the next floor of the garage.

"I'm not gonna make it to the hotel," the ferret said flatly.

"Okay, okay," Anna immediately piped up, "Then we'll just have to find somewhere closer for you to go. Maybe the stairwell?"

"Not with these crowds," Kaitlyn said.

"The elevator?"

"There's a line, and we'd never get it just to ourselves," Makalya pointed out.

"Between cars, then?" Anna offered, more panic coming into her voice as she looked back and saw Sydney holding both hands between her legs. "I know it's not ideal, but we can stand nearby to stop anyone else from seeing. Better than making a mess of yourself, right?"

"Nnn..." Sydney made a disapproving sound through clenched teeth, but with another squirm, she stopped objecting. "I don't have a choice, do I? Okay. Let's do that. But I'm going first."

"Fine with me, I'll keep watch for you," Anna volunteered, glad that the crisis seemed to have been averted.

Chloe followed the garage staff's directions down another floor, driving past more and more parked cars. Frustratingly, she saw a space, but someone in an adjacent spot had done a terrible parking job and she'd never get the van squeezed in there.

"Over there!" multiple voices called out, and she saw Anna's hand pointing to the side. Chloe was relieved to see an empty spot up against the wall between two other cars, and went straight for it, carefully lining up the van and stopping in the space.

Sydney was undoing her seatbelt and tugging at the sliding door before Chloe had even turned off the engine. The others got out as well, with Kaitlyn and Makayla climbing out past the middle seats to get to the side doors, while Sydney looked around in a panic for a concealed spot. A few spaces away was the corner of the garage, with a maroon sedan in the space next to it.

"I'm just gonna go here," Sydney declared, "Keep an eye out for me please and let me know if someone's coming!"

Anna gave a nod as Chloe opened up the back of the van, and she grabbed a duffel bag from the top – it wasn't even hers, she just wanted it so she could look inconspicuous. "Okay, I'm watching. It's all clear right now."

Sydney put her back to the corner of the wall and slipped her thumbs under her skirt, looping them under the waistband of her bright pink cotton panties. There was a concrete block on the ground in front of the space to stop cars from getting too close to the wall, and as she pushed her panties down to her knees, she squatted partway beside it, getting ready to-

"Wait!" Anna called out to her, and Sydney froze, biting her lip and clenching her muscles to stop her bladder from releasing itself anyway. Each silent second that passed by felt like an eternity, and she felt her heart hammering in her chest, wondering if she should stand back up.

"What... what is it?" she asked tentatively, trembling a little from how badly she had to pee.

"There's another group coming. Several, actually. And a staff member." Sydney groaned in frustration; she was half-tempted to piss anyway if it was just other visitors, but not if there was staff around. She stood back up, leaning on the wall to try and look incognito, but it was hard to do so with how she had to cross her legs, her panties falling to her ankles as she stood straight.

"Okay, you're good," Anna told her, and Sydney quickly started to squat down again, keeping a hand on the wall behind her to support herself.

But no sooner had she assumed the position than she heard Anna call out for her to wait again, and she groaned out, "Oh, come on!"

"Sorry, but there's another group," Anna explained.

Sydney closed her eyes. "Does anyone have a towel?"

"I do," Hannah answered, "Why?"

"I can't do this, I have to pee NOW," she explained. "I'll just put the towel down on the floor of the van and go there, that way it won't make a mess."

"No no no no no no, you can't," Anna interjected. "Not in my parents' van!"

"It's the only option if I can't go out here," Sydney told her firmly. "I'm not going to wet myself and walk to the hotel with wet panties and legs!"

"Look, maybe there's some container we have or something you can..."

But Sydney wasn't listening. She tugged her panties up and hurried to the sedan's side, trying the handle, but it was locked. She tried the next one to no avail. "What are you doing?" Chloe called out, but Sydney didn't respond, and just moved on to the next car, and the next.

She gasped in surprise as the rear right door on a blue sedan opened up when she tried it. Tugging it open further, she peered inside; it was fairly normal as cars went, with tan cloth upholstery and pleather back coverings on the front two seats, a closed sunroof, and a tiny pine air freshener dangling from the rear-view mirror. "I, I found one!" she called out, "Quick, bring me the towel!"

"Wait, where's my bag?" she heard Hannah ask in confusion.

"Oh, I have it," she heard Anna say, "Just one second, I'll give it back."

"Just set it down, I'll take it."

"Sure... there you go."

"Thanks. Oh, damn, the zipper's stuck again."

Sydney squirmed as she felt another clench in her abdomen – and wetness against her loins. In a panic, she squeezed her legs together, but she had already released a small squirt of urine that had soaked into her panties. She had hit her limit, and stopping the flow was only temporary.

All but flinging herself into the car, she sat at the very edge of the seat and spread her legs as far apart as she could. With her left hand she pulled her skirt upward, and with her right, she hooked a finger under her panties, doing her best to avoid the wet spot, and pulled them aside sharply.

And it was just in time. The next pang of desperation hit, and won. A strong stream of piss blasted from her urethra and struck the back of the passenger's seat, pouring down the pleather surface and dripping down off the bottom of it onto the floor, soaking the thin upholstery there.

She let out a relieved groan over the sound of her piss drumming on the seat, her eyes unfocusing for a moment before she closed them as the sensation of relief overcame her. She still felt a rush from just how close she had come to disaster, equally relieved that she had avoided making a mess of herself in front of her friends.

Their voices brought her attention back to what she was doing, though she didn't focus on their actual words. She looked down at the heavy stream of urine she was spraying onto the seat, and shuffled forward a little to angle it downward into the footwell instead. The golden fluid struck the fabric much

more quietly, even after she soaked it completely in a matter of seconds, and it started to splash and foam where the stream was hitting it.

Part of her told her that she ought to stop, now that she was no longer so desperate – but as she looked at the dripping seat and the drenched floor, she realized that it really didn't make any difference at this point. She kept her legs spread, the left one hanging in the air while she rested the other one on the frame of the door, allowing her bladder to empty itself fully as more and more of her pee cascaded onto the floor.

"I found a... towel...?" she heard from beside her, and glanced over to see Hannah standing there with a towel in hand. The husky quickly glanced away as she saw what was happening, and Sydney's cheeks flushed deeply.

"I tried to hold it as long as I could," Sydney quietly apologized. It only took a few more seconds for her to finish, her stream trickling off and wetting the part of the floor closest to the seat, and she squeezed her muscles to get the last of it out of her – the damage was already done, after all.

Looking back down at the seat in front of her, Sydney blushed more deeply from the sight of what she had wrought. The seat was still dripping, and the floor was completely drenched, the gray fibers soaked to black with foam from her hard stream still on top of it. Looking down a little further, she could see that her panties were darkened too from where the little bit of pee she had spilled had soaked into them, and she tugged them down just a little bit so they wouldn't rest against her fur once she put them back into place.

"You, uh, still want the towel?" Hannah asked without looking at her.

"No, it's... a little late for that," Sydney admitted. "But do you have a tissue?"

"I've got plenty," Hannah answered, hanging the towel over her left arm before digging in her right pocket, tugging out a couple of tissues and holding them out, still without looking towards her friend to try and respect her privacy.

Sydney took the tissues with one hand as she kept her panties pulled aside, wiping one against her slit to clean up the bit of dampness there from her spill. It slipped from her fingers and into the puddle below, so she used the other one to clean up the remainder of the moisture, then tossed it to join the first one, since two wasn't really any worse than one.

But that still left her panties, and she frowned. She didn't want to walk to the hotel with wet panties, and they were only staying for a night so she didn't want to do laundry, either. Nor did she want to put them in with her clean clothes. So, making up her mind, she brought her legs closer together to slide her panties down, roughly pulling them over her feet and shoes. They got a bit bunched up as she did, and she slipped out from the car, dropping the panties on the seat before closing the door. She could always take some fresh ones from her bag.

Turning, she saw that it wasn't just Hannah; her entire group of friends was there, and she blushed deeply. "I'm sorry about that," she began, "but I couldn't hold it any more, and-"

"Neither can I!" Anna blurted out, and rushed around to the opposite side of the car to tug on the handle, pulling the door open.

Sydney's mouth hung slightly open as she watched Anna climb inside, and a moment later Chloe shoved her way past to pull open the door Sydney had just closed.

"Oof, hey!" Sydney snapped as she put her hands on the trunk to steady herself, "What're you doing?"

"Can't hold it any more," Chloe replied tersely. She was about to climb inside when she saw the huge puddle under the seat, and paused for just a brief moment before lifting her foot up high and putting it on the seat itself. She climbed in that way, hunched over into a squatting position as she awkwardly shuffled into the car, her back pressing up against the roof.

"What- Sydney, are these YOUR panties?" Chloe asked accusingly, but before the ferret could answer, Chloe just sighed. "Oh, forget it."

Sydney watched as Chloe tugged the door closed, a little dumbstruck. She turned to her side and looked over at Hannah, who seemed just as surprised at what had happened, though Sydney saw she was shifting from foot to foot.

"Um," Sydney muttered, "should we, like... keep watch?"

"Yeah, good idea," Hannah replied as she turned around.

Meanwhile inside of the car, Anna was sitting at the very edge of the seat and panting as she spread her legs out. Beside her, Chloe had one hand on the headrest of the passenger's seat to hold herself steady as she shifted her legs apart, both of them panting a little bit.

"Are... are we really gonna do this?" Anna asked as they tried to find good positions.

"I mean..." Chloe looked down at the floor, where the thin carpeting was still drenched, the foam from Sydney's pee still slowly disappearing. "Not like we can make it that much worse, right?"

"Yeah," Anna agreed. "Oh, shoot, I forgot my panties...!" she quickly pulled her legs back together and slipped her hands under her skirt, shoving her thumbs under the waistband of her white cotton panties to push them downwards roughly, all the way over her knees and down to her ankles.

"Me too," Chloe admitted. She tried to bring her legs back together as well, wincing as they pressed up against her belly, and she spread them apart again. Biting her lip, she kept her left hand on the passenger's seat while the other reached under her skirt and pulled her panties to the side with two fingers, exposing her pussy to the open air, her skirt hanging over her legs and otherwise keeping her loins hidden from Anna's view.

"No, wait, they'll get wet if I..." Anna muttered in frustration, wincing as she felt a pang of desperation in her belly. With a groan, she lifted her legs up, pulling them close to her belly, pressing her feet against the back of the driver's seat. Her left hand grabbed onto the inside of the door to steady herself and the other clutched the edge of the seat, maintaining her precarious position at the edge of the seat.

Despite her nerves, Chloe felt her body give in as she held the squatting position with her tail up and her slit exposed. In the quiet of the car's interior, she heard the hissing sound of her stream leaving her for a brief moment before it hit the fabric covering of the seat, pattering on it quietly at first but gradually getting louder as she soaked it. She closed her eyes partway as she savored the feeling of her desperation leaving her along with her urine.

Anna wasn't far behind her, letting out a groan of relief. Pale yellow pee flowed from her pussy in a downward arc and splashed near the bottom of the driver's seat, drumming on the pleather covering and dripping down onto the carpet below. Her breaths quickly went from a rapid panting to slower, deeper breathing as she relaxed, giving a deep sigh as her bladder gradually emptied.

Despite the situation, Chloe couldn't help but giggle. "Well, better here than your parents' van, huh?" she teased, feeling a little more playful now that the tense moment had passed. "I don't think I would have made it to the hotel," she admitted, her piss stream now splashing under her as she completely saturated the seat, the dark stain in the fabric spreading outwards.

"Hoo, yeah," Anna agreed, "I'd never have lived that down!" She took a deep breath as she kept relieving herself onto the back of the seat, her stream spreading out from where it struck and flowing down to the bottom before dripping off rapidly in several places. "And don't forget, even if we made it to the hotel, we'd still have to wait for Sydney to finish first."

"And then we'd have to figure out which one of us would go first," Chloe added. She shifted back a little to try and get more comfortable, and the sound of her pee suddenly changed; with a curious noise she craned her head down and looked between her legs to see that she was pissing directly onto Sydney's discarded panties, soaking the garment and turning the pink fabric dark all over. "Whoops," she muttered quietly to herself – but didn't bother to move back. After all, it didn't seem like Sydney wanted them back anyway.

Both of them had their attention suddenly drawn to the front of the car as they heard a sound from up front. The passenger's side door opened and they saw Kaitlyn climb inside, pulling the door closed, but she didn't sit down, instead standing in the footwell in front of the seat. She had her purse slung over one shoulder, having presumably retrieved it from the minivan before coming over.

"Sorry to barge in," she apologized as she got into position, glancing back over her shoulder for only a brief moment before looking forward instead. "I was going to wait until you were done, but I'm going to burst if I try and hold it much longer." With a quick motion under her skirt, Kaitlyn pulled her panties down to her knees, then hiked up her skirt at the back with her big, striped tail. Bracing herself on the dashboard, she lowered her hips down in a squat, positioning herself so that her rump was hovering a few inches above the seat without touching it.

"Oh, you're fine," Anna said, then burst into a giggle, making her stream splash all over the bottom of the back of the passenger's seat. "We're not really in a position to blame you!"

Chloe averted her eyes as Kaitlyn relaxed, and a heavy gush of the red panda's piss splashed onto the passenger's seat. "You know, when guys talk about girls always going to the bathroom together, I don't think this is what they have in mind," Chloe joked, giggling as well as she felt herself starting to finish, the flow from her slit gradually waning, and she squeezed out the last of it.

Kaitlyn chuckled a little as well as she held her half-squat, gradually drenching the fabric seat, the steady pattering sound turning to a splash as she soaked it through. Behind her, Anna let out a sigh as her stream trickled off, and she leaned forward a bit while clenching her muscles to get it all out of her body in one go.

"Um," Anna asked as she realized her predicament, "Do you have some tissues we can borrow?"

"Borrow?" Kaitlyn repeated incredulously, popping open her purse with one hand and reaching inside, "Nah, you can keep these." She tugged a couple of tissues out and tried to hold them behind her, but in the process twisted her body a bit, sending her stream off-center and making it splash on the seat closer to the door, the splashing sound disappearing as her pale yellow liquid landed on a dry part of the fabric.

Chloe stifled a laugh as she reached out and took both tissues, then held one to Anna. "Thank you," she said as she wiped herself dry. She'd already seen the two tissues Sydney had left behind, so she nonchalantly tossed hers into the puddle below before sliding her panties back into position.

"Yeah, thanks," Anna added, cleaning herself as well. Her feet slipped briefly on the smooth pleather backing of the chair, and she quickly scrambled to avoid getting her feet in the puddle down below, dropping her tissue in it instead.

With that, the two vixens made their exit, with Anna pulling her panties back up to her thighs before getting out and tugging them up the rest of the way once she had stood back up. Kaitlyn was briefly left alone inside of the car with the sound of her own hissing stream and the splashing of her urine on the seat, but only briefly, as the rear door behind her opened up again moments later.

"Forget something?" Kaitlyn asked aloud.

"Nope," Hannah's voice answered. The husky hesitated, looking at the mess in the footwell, then over to the other side, which was an even bigger disaster, Sydney's discarded and now piss-drenched panties still sitting on the wet seat. Frowning, Hannah glanced around, then sighed and unbuttoned her cargo shorts, unzipping them but leaving them on as she climbed into the back seat, pulling the door almost but not quite fully closed after her. Like Chloe, she kept her feet on the seat itself, but unlike the arctic fox, she faced the back of the car rather than the front.

"Bet you wish you were wearing a skirt now, huh?" Kaitlyn teased playfully as Hannah fumbled with her shorts, managing to slide them and her panties down her legs to her knees. The husky made a derisive sound as she shuffled forward, hanging onto the back of the seat to keep her balance, her legs spread out as much as her shorts would allow.

"And I'm surprised you'd do something like this," Hannah fired back with a mischievous tone. She let out a sigh as her strained bladder was granted its relief, a hard jet of piss narrower than it was tall spraying out from the top of her slit, landing around where the back and bottom of the seat met, soaking into the fabric of both and splashing around a little bit.

Kaitlyn huffed, wiggling her hips as her stream trickled off. "It was this or wet myself! And you seem to agree on which of those is better, since you're in here too." She tugged another tissue from her purse as she straightened up as much as she could in the confines of the car, reaching between her legs and giving herself a quick wipe. With an expression of disgust and a small noise of the same, she tossed the soiled tissue onto the seat behind her and tugged her panties back up.

Hannah gave a small laugh in agreement. "Yeah, you've got me there!" she admitted. Her thin vertical sheet of urine was showering the corner of the seat she was standing on, and she kept herself close to it even as the soaked it through, the top of the fabric glistening as the excess urine spread across it, the darkened part of the seat backing growing larger the longer she continued to relieve herself.

Kaitlyn made her exit, closing the door behind her, and leaving Hannah alone. The husky simply let out a sigh – she had to admit, she would never have thought to do this if the others hadn't first. She kept herself steady, but once she felt that she was running low on pee, she dug into a pocket on her shorts for a tissue, the movement causing her thin spray to splash onto the bottom of the seat more.

After a few clenches to make sure she had voided every last drop onto the seat, she gave her slit a quick wipe with the tissue. Without even wadding it up, she dropped it as the others had done, lifting her muzzle to glance out of the back window, seeing the others looking away from the car and keeping watch. Not wanting to keep them waiting, she pushed the door back open and hopped out, tugging her shorts and panties back up quickly, buttoning the shorts without zipping them.

"Is that everyone?" Chloe asked, and nobody spoke up. "Okay, let's go back and get our stuff and head to the hotel. I hope we can get in the elevator, I'd hate to have to lug our stuff up four flights of stairs!"

Wandering off, she led the others back towards the minivan. Everyone except one. Makayla let them walk away from her as she slipped back to the sedan, going around to the driver's side of the car. If she was quick enough, she could finish her business and catch up to the others before they even suspected anything...

The door opened up, and the jaguar slipped in, taking a glance at the rest of the car as she climbed inside. Wrinkling her nose in disgust at the sight of all the wet seats and floors, she double-checked to make sure the driver's seat was dry before taking a seat, pulling the door closed most of the way to avoid making any excess noise.

"I can't believe I'm doing this..." she muttered to herself. She shuffled her way to the edge of the seat, but quickly frowned; she didn't have enough space in the footwell where the pedals were to ensure she wouldn't get her feet wet. She glanced to the side, her frown deepening at the sight of the soaked passenger seat. What other option did she have? But the seat itself, or at least the front of it, was still dry, so maybe...

A strong pang of discomfort in her bladder made her grimace, reminding her why she was even thinking of relieving herself in a stranger's car. Lifting her rump off of the seat just a little bit, she reached under her skirt and pulled her panties down to her feet, tugging her right foot through the leg hole to let the black silk garment dangle around her left ankle. With her legs freed, she shuffled back on the driver's seat, and lifted her right foot to plant it on the dashboard, shuffling her way to the side with her left foot still near the pedals.

It was an awkward, and uncomfortable position, and she still wasn't sure it would be enough. After a moment of thought as her overfull bladder protested from still not being allowed to release, she shuffled further to the side, onto the center console between the two front seats. Raising her left leg, she brought it closer to herself, and put her foot on the driver's seat to keep herself steady. She gripped her skirt tightly with her right hand to make sure it didn't slip into the wet parts of the passenger's seat, shuffling her right foot along the dashboard, her back in the gap between the seats with her shoulders pressing against them.

It was... still awkward, and still uncomfortable, though the tiny bit of extra space afforded by the sunroof over her head gave her a little more room to work with. But with one leg raised high, and the other as

much to her side as she could manage, she was at least confident she would be spared from the upcoming mess, and took a deep breath.

As she let it out, her muscles relaxed enough that her urine came out as well. It left her urethra in a big spray – just like it always did, which normally was only an annoyance due to all the extra noise it made, but in a situation like this was an outright inconvenience. It showered all over the center console in front of her, splashing across the radio and A/C controls in the middle, with some droplets raining all across the gear shift and emergency brake.

Disgusted, she closed her eyes and looked away, even though she was grateful to relieve the pressure that had built up in her bladder. She tried to ignore it, but the sound of her piss raining against the plastic surfaces in front of her, drumming loudly in the enclosed space, was impossible to ignore – clearly she would have been better off picking a fabric surface like the others had done, but it was a little late now.

She took a little solace in knowing that, repulsive as she found it, it was a lot better than risking going to the hotel with a bursting bladder and potentially soaking her inner thighs. From morbid curiosity, she stole another glance at the center of the car, but it was unsurprisingly even worse than before; droplets of her piss were running down the controls, dripping down towards the footwells on both sides, and it was pooling up in the inset area around the gearshift.

She clenched her muscles, peeing harder as she tried to force it out of herself to get it over and done with quicker, her spray hitting the console with more force and making more noise. But it accomplished her goal; several seconds later the spray died down suddenly to something much gentler as she ran dry, and one last clench was enough to finish herself off.

Makayla let out a sigh, glad that it was over, and shuffled to the side back into the driver's seat. But she cursed under her breath when she realized that she had left her purse back at the minivan. Surely there would be something she could use to dry herself? But with a quick look around, she didn't see anything suitable; maybe there was something in the glove compartment, but there was no way she was going to reach across the soaked parts of the car for it...

Her eyes fell on her panties, still wrapped around her left foot. She remembered hearing Chloe's chastisement of Sydney for leaving her panties behind, and she tried to dismiss the thought, but it came right back. She didn't have anything else disposable.

With a growl of frustration, she tugged the silk panties off from her foot, around her shoe. She wiped the black fabric against her slit to dry herself, then tossed the panties onto the passenger's seat in disgust, wiping her hand on the edge of the seat even though she hadn't gotten her fingers wet. Eager to leave, she opened the door and slipped outside as quickly and quietly as-

"Took your time, huh?"

Makayla's head jerked up towards the sound of Anna's voice, and she saw both the red fox and Chloe standing there, both of them subsiding into giggles immediately when they saw the shocked look on Makayla's face.

"I, I was..." Makayla fumbled.

"You were doing the same thing the rest of us were!" Chloe told her before laughing. "You really thought we wouldn't notice you'd snuck off without us?"

Makayla grimaced and looked away. "Aw, don't be like that," Anna chimed in, "We're all equally guilty here."

"Yeah, we're not judging."

The jaguar breathed a sigh of relief. "Thanks, I just..."

Chloe wagged a finger at her, her other hand on her hip. "Come on, we've gotta go," she insisted, "we've wasted enough time here, and I want to get into a nice comfy bed before it gets any later."

Makayla nodded, and they rejoined the rest of the group, who had unloaded and sorted their bags from the back of the minivan while they were waiting. Within a minute, after the minivan was closed up and locked, they headed off for the elevators, fortunate enough that there was nobody in line in front of them. Hannah went to the front and jammed her thumb against the button, leaning on the wall next to the doors.

"...so, like, can you believe we just did that?" Anna suddenly asked as they waited for the elevator.

"I know!" Chloe immediately responded. "I'd never have done it as a dare normally, but..."

"I'm sorry, I just couldn't hold it any longer," Sydney chimed in. "I didn't mean for it to get out of hand."

Kaitlyn put a hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry about it, Syd."

"Yeah, now we don't have to walk to the hotel cross-legged," Hannah remarked.

Makayla gave a nod. "Or wet-thighed."

"Ugh, yeah," Kaitlyn agreed as the others giggled in response.

The elevator dinged, and Chloe shushed them. "Okay, okay, enough of that. I want some sleep, we've still got a lot of highway to cover." They filed into the elevator, paying little attention to the two people already inside. Raising a fist, she called out, "This time tomorrow, we'll be at Larch Falls!"

The others cheered in response as Kaitlyn pushed the button for the ground floor, the doors closing a moment later.

Chloe took another glance at her tablet. "Okay, just take the next turn on the right, and we'll be there!"

"Gotcha!" Anna confirmed, taking the minivan through the winding mountain roads.

"Finally!" Sydney called out from behind the driver's seat, taking a card from her hand and putting it on the seat between her and Hannah. "I've been waiting for this for months. I've got all my swimming gear ready! This is going to be great."

"It will! Makayla helped me arrange a white-water rafting excursion for us all when she made the booking. I've never done it before," Hannah mused as she drew a card from the deck. "What about you two? Anything you're looking forward to?"

"Bungee jumping!" Chloe called out, turning in the passenger's seat to grin at her friends behind her. "Anna and I are going to go together, it'll be great." Anna laughed in agreement, giving a thumbs-up to the others without taking her eyes off the road. "How about you, Makayla?"

"I want to learn how to fish," the jaguar answered from the back. "Their website says they'll teach you how to do it here. Plus it'd be nice to just spend an afternoon relaxing out on the water." She gave a quick glance over to Kaitlyn, whose gaze was fixed on the portable game console in her hands. "What about you, Kaitlyn?"

"I'm just gonna do whatever," Kaitlyn said with a shrug, not looking up. "I don't have a plan. I'll look around and see what looks like fun!"

Chloe gave a laugh from up front. "That's not a bad idea! You're more than welcome to join one of us if you want."

"I probably will, yeah. Just depends on how I'm feeling."

"We're here!" Anna suddenly called out, flicking the turn signal and turning past a big, painted wooden sign for the Larch Falls Campground, slowing down as she approached the open parking lot near a building with a big, colorful flag flying from the top of it.

"Awesome," Sydney said as she started gathering up the cards to put them back in their box. "Let me know if you see the bathrooms, I've gotta make a pit stop."

Chloe giggled and couldn't help remarking, "Sure, everyone keep an eye out for a blue car for Sydney."

"Chloeee!" Sydney huffed, blushing as the others chuckled around her.

The arctic fox giggled even more for a few seconds. "I'm just teasing. I could do with a bathroom break too."

"Yeah, I've gotta pee, just not like, super-bad," Anna agreed as she stopped the minivan. "We should probably just check in first though, so grab your stuff and bring it with you."

The group got out from the van, and Anna opened up the trunk so they could collect their suitcases, backpacks and duffel bags. The weather was bright and sunny, and Sydney excitedly pointed out a vividly colored bird in a nearby tree as they made their way to the central building. Makayla took the lead once they arrived since the reservation was in her name, and soon, they were walking away with a set of keys, maps, and pamphlets.

The walk from the main set of buildings to their cabin was quite long, though uneventful, and eventually they reached the cabin they would be staying at. It was quite long but only one floor high, and the inside was split up with bedrooms at the opposite ends with a shared living area in the middle. Each bedroom had two bunk beds, and curtained windows, but little else, while the middle area only offered a sofa and some chairs arranged around a long table. It was comfortable, if a bit cramped, and quite Spartan. There was a vague lemon smell in the air, indicating that it must have been cleaned earlier that day.

"Are we sharing this with anyone?" Chloe asked as she saw the extra beds through the open bedroom doors.

"Nope!" Makayla told her, setting her suitcase down in the center room with everyone else's bags. "This was the only one that had enough beds for all of us, so I reserved the whole cabin."

"Thank you!" Chloe said gratefully, the others echoing the sentiment.

"I call top bunk!" Kaitlyn announced as she pointed towards one of the beds, walking over and dropping her backpack by it.

Anna gave a small laugh. "We can figure out who's sleeping where later. First, let's find the bathrooms, then we can split up and meet back here later at dinnertime."

"Sounds good to me," Hannah said with a nod, following after Anna as she walked outside, "I saw a sign for sporting equipment rentals, I want to see what they've got."

"It says here they have archery classes," Makayla mused while looking over her copy of the pamphlet, "I've never tried it, but I might sign up and see what that's like."

Following Anna's lead, they made their way across the campground, back along the long trail to the main cluster of buildings. Along the way they passed another, much nicer-looking cabin, a pair of wolves pulling overstuffed suitcases away from it towards the parking lot. Her curiosity getting the better of her, Anna made her way over to the cabin, and pressed her head up against the window. She looked around in awe; unlike their cabin, it had a fridge and microwave, a small woven rug, a fireplace, an air conditioner, and even a TV on a high shelf.

"Wow, how come that one's so much nicer?" Chloe asked absently when Anna returned to the group and told them what she had seen.

"Well, I only saw the one bed," Anna said with a shrug. "Probably way more expensive, too."

Makayla gave a nod. "The other cabins are nicer, but ours is the only one that had enough space for all of us together." With a smile, she added, "And I wanted to spend this trip with all of you. If I wanted to be alone, I'd just go by myself."

"Besides, we should be out and about doing stuff!" Hannah chimed in, "It doesn't matter if ours isn't as fancy. We're just going to be sleeping there."

"Yeah, you're right," Chloe conceded. "Anyway, let's keep going."

Much further along, they came to a bare-bones concrete building with drinking fountains out front, and only three stalls inside in the women's side of the building, forcing half of the group to wait out front initially as the others each went in to relieve themselves. Sydney went in first, while the vixens and Kaitlyn volunteered to wait to let the others go before them, staying outside and chatting.

When Sydney came out first, Chloe couldn't resist teasing her again. "Was it better than the car?" she asked with a smirk.

The ferret snorted and laughed, making her reply of "Screw you!" rather insincere, especially as Anna and Kaitlyn laughed with her. Chloe just giggled, heading inside with Anna and Kaitlyn when Makayla and Hannah emerged to take her turn.

After that, the group mostly split up, though Chloe and Anna went off together to go check out various parts of the campground. The group didn't see each other again until the evening when they met back up at the central building for dinner; their cabin lacked a kitchen, but there was one available for them to buy food from, and none of them particularly felt like cooking after the long drive.

Once they had eaten, they went back to their cabin to relax, talking about what they had seen and found out earlier in the day, some of them sharing pictures taken on their phones of places around the campground. Sydney pulled her cards back out and they chatted while they played, passing the time and making plans.

"All right, play the next one without me," Makayla said between rounds, getting up from one of the chairs. The vixens and Sydney were sharing the sofa, with the other three on the individual chairs.

"Going to bed already?" Hannah asked.

Makayla shook her head. "I'll be right back, just heading to the bathroom before it gets much later. There isn't one here, so I'm going to brush my teeth while I'm over there too."

Sydney gathered up the cards on the table and began shuffling them. "Sure thing, see you soon."

The round passed, and the next one, and another without her returning. Chloe was starting to get worried when the door opened and Makayla came back, nonchalant and unconcerned about how long she had been gone.

"Uh, I fold," Chloe said, putting down her cards.

"We're not playing poker, silly," Sydney teased her.

"I know, I know. I'm gonna go to the bathroom now though. I didn't realize just how far it was until now."

The jaguar nodded to her. "It's quite a walk. At least there isn't a line at this time of day."

"I'll go with you, then," Kaitlyn said as she stood up. "Anyone else?"

"In a little bit," Sydney said as she tossed a card onto the table. "I'll go before bedtime."

Chloe and Kaitlyn left them, and Makayla returned to her seat. "All right, you and me," she told the ferret with a firm stare, "Let's play. Winner gets the top bunk."

Sydney blinked, then smirked as she gathered and shuffled the cards. "Oh, you're on."

Time passed, with the best-of-three round going to Sydney in the end. They were halfway into the next game with Hannah and Anna dealt back in when the other two girls returned, Kaitlyn shivering a little as she closed the door.

"Wow, it got cold in a hurry!" the red panda exclaimed. "I hope this place is insulated."

"No kidding, those seats were freezing. I think it's going to rain, too," Chloe told the others. "If you're gonna go, you'd better go now."

Sydney glanced over at Hannah, then at Anna. "Yeah, okay," she said, tossing her cards onto the table. "I don't want to get rained on."

"Same," Hannah agreed, setting down her cards. "Let's go."

"Just gimme a moment to grab my stuff," Anna said as she stood up.

"You can take my umbrella just in case," Makalya offered.

"I will, thank you," Sydney replied.

The three of them assembled at the door and left together. Kaitlyn hadn't been kidding; the temperature had dropped quite a bit, and although Hannah didn't seem to be too bothered, Anna and Sydney didn't have quite such thick fur. They didn't get far before Anna felt a drop of water fall on her, and Hannah took the umbrella from Sydney to hold it over the three of them as they stayed close together on the trail. There were lights embedded in the ground along it, but they shone only barely enough to illuminate themselves.

Sydney shivered as the wind picked up, her t-shirt and skirt offering little protection from it. "Ugh, how much further is it?" she grumbled.

Anna glanced around as they kept walking. "Well, there's that fancy cabin over there," she observed, "So we're probably... I dunno, a third of the way there?"

The ferret shivered again. "Would it have really killed them to have more than one bathroom at this place?"

"I mean, they don't have full plumbing out here," Anna told her. "And it's not like the parking lot's any closer, Syd."

"Oh, come on," Sydney moaned, "give me a break."

Hannah chuckled. "Is a regular cabin close enough to a car's cabin for you?" she suggested jokingly, pointing at the cabin that they were getting closer to.

"Not you, too!" Sydney griped, taking a playful swipe at Hannah's arm, sticking her tongue out at the husky. "You didn't seem to have a problem following my lead, did you?"

"Hey, Anna's the one who went for sloppy seconds," Hannah teased, but the fox seemed to be deep in thought. "Anna? Hey, anyone home?" Hannah asked, waving her free hand in front of the fox's face.

"Huh?" Anna said in momentary bewilderment. "Oh, sorry."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Well..." her gaze was fixed on the cabin door. "...what if we DID go in the cabin?"

Hannah came to a sudden stop, and Sydney backpedaled quickly to stay under the umbrella. "Wait, really?" the husky asked. "I was just joking, but..."

Anna gave a half-shrug. "We saw the people leaving earlier, right? So we know it's empty. Nobody'll mind, right?"

"I guess..."

Sydney shuffled from foot to foot. "Beats walking the rest of the way there and back. But how will we get in?"

Anna's thoughtful stare was replaced by a smirk. "Oh, you leave that to me," she said confidently. "Come on, let's go."

She led them over to the cabin door, digging into her pocket and pulling out her wallet. "These doors aren't the greatest," she told them as she took out her debit card, "there's a big gap between the door and the frame. So I bet if I do this..."

Wiggling the door handle and sliding the card about, it took her a few tries to get it into the right position. But with a bit of persistence she was able to force the lock open, and the door swung inward, leaving Anna grinning victoriously.

"That actually worked?" Hannah said in disbelief.

"Only because these are kinda cheap doors," Anna told her as she stepped inside. Sydney followed along, and Hannah came in a moment later after closing the umbrella. The ferret reached for the light switch, but Anna grabbed hold of her wrist before she could.

"No, don't!" she hissed, "We don't want to draw attention to ourselves."

"Ohh," Sydney responded in an equally hushed tone. "Good thinking."

Hannah lowered her voice to a similarly conspiratorial level, even though it was probably unnecessary. "Okay then, where's the bathroom?"

"Let's look around," Anna suggested. Splitting up, they tried to navigate the darkness of the cabin interior, which got a little easier as their eyes adjusted to the darkness. The main room had a three-seat sofa a short distance from the fireplace, with gray padding and exposed wood on the backs and sides. A coffee table was placed in front of the sofa, with a potted plant on top. The kitchen area lacked a sink, featuring just a counter, microwave, fridge and plastic rectangular trash can. A small dining area nearby featured a table with a white tablecloth, and a set of four dining chairs arranged around it. Finally, the center of the room had a large woven fiber mat to add a little more decoration.

The bedroom was a similar story. There was a double bed, its headboard up against the wall and one side only a couple feet away from the wall to make space for a bedside table. An armchair matching the front room sofa was nearby, perhaps having been moved by the previous guests. A rectangular wicker laundry hamper stood near the wall close to the door, and a small TV sat on a high shelf in the corner furthest from the bed. But for all the other luxuries the cabin seemed to have, a bathroom – or any kind of indoor plumbing – wasn't one of them.

"I can't find it," Sydney told them in a raised whisper as they regrouped in the front room. "They must not have one."

Anna sighed. "Okay, I guess we're walking the rest of the way."

Sydney glanced past her at the cabin door. While they had searched, the rain had come in more heavily, and now it was lashing against the glass on the door loudly. She shuddered at the thought of having to walk the rest of the way in such awful weather.

"Do we have to?" Hannah whispered.

Sydney froze, her eyes widening in the dark cabin interior. She would have expected a remark like that from Anna, but not from the husky. "W-What do you mean?" she inquired delicately.

Hannah gave a shrug that Sydney could barely make out. "We're already here, and nobody else is using the cabin. Maybe there's some jars or something left behind we can use."

"Hannah!" Sydney said with a shocked gasp.

"What? A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do, but getting rained on doesn't have to be part of that equation."

Anna, on the other hand, seemed a little excited by the prospect, leaning in conspiratorially. "Ooh, that's a good idea. Nobody will find out, right? It'll be dry long before anyone notices."

"Dry?" the husky asked, tilting her head.

"You know, if we have to find somewhere unusual to go..."

"Anna!" Sydney exclaimed.

"Oh, stop making such a big deal out of it, Sydney," Hannah said with a small, dismissive wave, making the ferret huff and cross her arms. "Everybody pees, and besides, Anna's right, it'll just dry out."

"Well..." Sydney muttered, then shuffled a little closer towards Anna. "I will if you will," she told her playfully.

Anna gave a quiet giggle. "I dare you to go first."

Sydney put a hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle of her own. "I double dare you!"

"Triple dare!"

"Quadruple dare!"

"Uh..." Anna trailed off and frowned. "Crud. What comes after quadruple?"

The other two burst into laughter that they quickly muffled when they remembered they were supposed to be being quiet. Anna smirked and swished her tail behind her. "Okay, okay, I'll go first. But..." she grinned widely and added, "...if I do, I get to tell you two where to pee!"

"All right, deal," Sydney agreed.

"Sure," Hannah concurred, leaning in close with her hands clasped behind her back. "You first, then."

Anna giggled mischievously and nodded. "Yep! Let me find a good spot." She glanced around in the dark cabin, picking out what details she could in the poor lighting. The bed was obvious, but a bit too much.

She could just squat in the corner, but she might get her feet wet as the puddle spread. The kitchen might have a pot or a glass or something...

But it also occurred to her that whatever she did would be the baseline for the other two to beat, and with her back turned to them, she grinned widely to herself. So just had to pick something reasonably naughty – enough to be fun, but not so much that they'd try and back out.

"Oh, I know," she announced as she walked towards the bed, but stopped in front of the bedside table next to it. It was small and square with a pair of drawers, and with a quick tug she pulled open the bottom one. It was completely empty, and she nodded to herself; it would certainly do.

As Anna tugged up her skirt with her left hand and hooked her right thumb under her panties to tug them aside, she heard Sydney ask from behind her, "Wait, there?"

"Sure, why not?" Anna replied cheerfully, with the tone of voice someone might use to decide on a take-out meal. "It'll contain the mess and I won't get any on my shoes." She glanced behind her, and saw Sydney leave the bedroom to go into the main room, while Hannah leaned on the wall next to the door.

Shuffling forward, Anna stood straddling the open drawer, glancing down to make sure she was lined up right. Letting out an exaggerated sigh of relief in the otherwise silent cabin, she relaxed her muscles and started to pee, feeling the warm fluid flowing out of her. Her stream went straight down and into the open drawer, the hissing of it leaving her urethra almost immediately completely drowned out as the pale fluid struck the flat wooden bottom. The drumming sound it produced echoed in the hollow interior of the drawers loudly enough to be heard throughout the near-total silence of the rest of the cabin.

"Anna!" Sydney hissed from the other room, "That's so loud! Are you taking a piss or drilling through a wall?"

The fox just giggled as she kept going, clenching her muscles just a bit to pee with more force, making the noise even louder. "Aww, it's fine, nobody's gonna hear," she remarked playfully, her tail swishing behind her. She glanced down again; it was hard to see in the darkness, but her stream was landing inside of the drawer, splashing all around inside of it, spraying the sides of the wood with droplets and flecks of urine.

"You seem to be enjoying this an awful lot," Hannah teased, observing Anna's wagging tail.

"Hey, I really had to go, okay?" Anna told them, though it was a lie; especially compared to their pit stop in the garage, she only had been feeling the need without any desperation. Maintaining her pose, she tried to calm her tail, the noise from her piss changing a little as it stopped soaking into the unvarnished wooden interior and started pooling up on top, making the incoming stream splash.

"It sounds like you're flooding it," Sydney said, sounding embarrassed.

"It'll be fine," Anna insisted, "I've been drinking lots of water. It'll dry out, no big deal." It only took a bit longer for her to start running dry, so she bent her knees to bring her loins closer to the drawer to make sure the rest of her stream trickled into it.

"Oh, uh," Anna mumbled as she realized her predicament, "Hannah, have you got tissues?"

"I left them at the cabin, sorry," Hannah told her. "They're in my other shorts."

"How many shorts did you bring?" Anna asked as she clenched and forced out the last bits of pee.

"As many as you have skirts," Hannah said matter-of-factly.

Anna thought to herself for a moment, then simply shuffled to the side. Pulling her skirt up high, she pinned it under her muzzle to free up her left hand and grabbed onto the bedspread, rubbing the corner of it against her pussy to dry herself off.

"Anna!" Sydney gasped out, shocked. Anna took another glance over her shoulder; the ferret's face was peeking around the door frame, her curiosity apparently having gotten the better of her.

"What? It'll dry, like I said," Anna told her as she dropped the sheet and put her panties back into place, then lowered her skirt before turning around. "Anyway, I believe it's your turn. And I get to pick where!"

Sydney's eyes widened enough that Anna could see it even in the darkness. "What? I..."

Anna stepped over and teasingly poked the top of the ferret's chest with her index finger. "You're not trying to back out, are you? Don't you remember what happened the last time you tried to welch on a bet?"

"When was that?" Hannah asked.

"Back when we were in Junior High. I'll tell you the whole story before bed."

Sydney let out a huff, glancing off to the side. "Okay, okay, fine! Let's get this over with. Where do you want me to go?"

Anna grinned widely, her tail swishing rapidly once again, almost a blur of red and white. "In that case... pee on the rug," she told Sydney, pointing through the door with her right hand.

"The rug?" Sydney repeated in disbelief, turning and looking behind her. "Can't I just go in a corner or something...?"

"Nuh-uh. Besides..." Anna stepped past Sydney and into the main room, putting her foot on the rug, making a scrunching sound. "It's woven fiber. It'll dry more easily but it'll still soak up enough that you won't have to worry about getting yourself wet. Better than pissing on your own feet, right?"

"That... um, actually makes sense," Sydney conceded, then let out a deep sigh. "All right, all right. Gosh, the things you get me into sometimes..."

"Do you REALLY want to hike all the way to the bathrooms, and back, in this weather?" Anna reminded Sydney as she walked to the center of the rug.

"No, not really," Sydney agreed. She started to squat down, then stood back up and reached under her skirt to slide her panties down to her knees. On her next squat she realized that this stopped her from spreading her legs, so she stood up once more, and turned away from the other two as she took her panties off completely, tugging them past her shoes.

"Having a little trouble there?" Anna teased playfully.

"I don't exactly do this often, you know!" Sydney fired back as she clutched her panties in her right hand. She squatted down again, this time with her legs spread, her left hand resting on the rug to help support herself. She took a breath, but gasped and closed her legs when Anna walked forward and stood in front of her.

"A-Anna!" she snapped.

"What? I've gotta make sure you actually go through with it," the vixen teased.

Sydney let out another huff, but said nothing else, just closing her eyes as she spread her legs again. Pretending that the other two weren't there – which was a lot easier since Anna was being quiet now – she focused on relaxing, and soon felt the tingle running through her indicating her release. She heard the hissing of her stream and the quiet sound of it splashing onto the rug, though it was mostly soaked up by the carpet fibers.

"There you go," Anna said, "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

Grumbling, Sydney just kept herself still. She frowned, though, as the part of the rug she was soaking became saturated and started to splash more loudly, easily audible through the cabin's quiet. Shuffling a little, Sydney turned her hips to pee on a different part of the woven fibers, but with her fluid spreading out, it only bought her another moment before her stream splashed again.

"You know you're only making a bigger mess, right?" Hannah told her as she wiggled around.

"Maybe she likes that," Anna suggested with a giggle.

"I do not!" Sydney protested, giving up and keeping her hips still, accepting that it was going to be noisy, letting her piss splash onto the soaked patch of rug. Opening her eyes, she saw Anna still facing her. "Are you still watching? Do you do this with your boyfriend or something?"

Anna shrugged. "Nah. Though I don't know if he'd like it or not. Guys are into all kinds of stuff."

"Tell me about it," Hannah grumbled. "My ex was something else."

Sydney turned her head and twisted without thinking, sending her pee splashing onto another section of previously-drier rug. "Wait, have YOU done this with your ex?" she asked.

Hannah just shook her head. "No. But he is the reason I'll never look at whipped cream again the same way."

There was a moment of relative silence except for the pattering of Sydney's stream on the rug, before Hannah burst out into laughter. "Sorry, I couldn't resist!" she managed to get out.

Sydney was grateful for the distraction as she started to run dry, and clenched to force out the rest of her pee. "So did that actually happen or not?" Anna asked.

"Not telling," Hannah teased, "This is way more fun."

Sydney froze as she realized she was in the same predicament as Anna: no tissues. But the bedspread was already a little wet, right? "Er... give me a moment," Sydney muttered as she stood up, keeping her legs spread, walking bow-legged into the bedroom to a different corner than the one Anna had used.

"Kaitlyn's got the right idea, she always has tissues," Hannah remarked as she glanced over at Sydney grabbing the corner of the sheets and pulling them under her skirt, giving herself a quick wipe.

"Hey, while she's doing that, it's your turn," Anna reminded the husky. Sydney listened in on the conversation as she awkwardly tugged her panties back on.

"Yep," Hannah replied without any fuss. "You want me to use the rug too?"

"No, I've got a better idea. How about the fireplace?"

"The fireplace?"

"Yeah! It's the middle of summer. Nobody's going to use it for months, it'll be dry long before then."

"All right, sure."

Sydney emerged from the bedroom to see Hannah standing with her back to the fireplace, her hands working on her shorts. Without any hesitation, she dropped them and her panties and then bent over in front of the fireplace, her fluffy tail hiking up high over her as she bent her knees just a little bit.

Hannah took just a moment to steady herself, spreading her legs as much as her shorts would allow, making sure she was stable. Once confident that she wouldn't tip over, she took a deep breath and focused on relieving herself, giving a quick glance to the other two; Anna was watching impassively, while Sydney seemed to be looking at her with a mixture of curiosity and surprise.

The husky's stream sprayed out behind her with enough force to hit the back wall of the fireplace, running down the sooty bricks to the bottom. The strong jet of piss pattered loudly against the wall and sprayed off all over the inside of the fireplace, mostly staying as a cohesive and thin sheet of urine with an occasional droplet flying away from it.

"Wow, you really had to go," Anna observed.

Hannah tilted her head in confusion. "Not any more than your average 'I've gotta pee' feeling. It just always comes out pretty hard for me."

"Ahh, so that's how you knew you wouldn't get any on your clothes?"

"Oh, uh..." Hannah blinked, looking thoughtful. "I actually didn't think of that. I haven't tried peeing standing up before. I just went with the first thing I thought of; I want to get back before the rain gets any worse."

"Fair enough!" Anna told her.

She didn't last as long as the others, going for several more seconds as she sprayed down the inside of the fireplace. The wood got another soaking as her waning stream splashed over it, then another when she gave another squeeze and forced it to not-quite-full strength again. It suddenly fell to a trickle that landed on the floor under her rump, and a final clench to get the last of it out sent a quick spurt onto the wet logs.

"I'm gonna need that bedsheet too," she said as she stood up, shuffling off awkwardly with her shorts still around her ankles.

"Oh, uh, don't use the corner nearest the door!" Sydney quickly blurted out, "I, um... yeah."

Hannah let out a chuckle as she disappeared into the bedroom, and Anna snatched up the umbrella from beside the front door. "Got everything?" she asked Sydney, "You didn't leave your panties behind again or anything, right?"

"No! I'm wearing them!" sticking out her tongue, she pulled up her skirt and flashed her panties at Anna.

"Oh, so NOW you don't mind me looking," Anna teased.

"You already saw me without them," Sydney fired back as she dropped her skirt back into position.

Anna's grin widened as far as it could. "I already saw you without them in Junior High, along with everyone else who-"

"Annaaaaa!" Sydney protested, lightly swatting the giggling vixen on the nose.

Hannah emerged from the bedroom with her shorts back on and fastened. "Come on, let's get going, before the rain or the wind picks up even more," she told the other two.

"Yep, let's go," Anna agreed, opening the cabin door, sticking the umbrella out, and opening it. She held it up as the other two joined her under it, Hannah closing the door after she left, and they started walking back towards their cabin at a brisk pace; the rain was still a drizzle, but the wind was indeed picking up.

For the first half-minute they walked in silence, then Sydney let out a long sigh. "Did we really just do that?" she asked.

"Well, I don't need to pee any more, so I'm pretty sure we did," Hannah said with a small chuckle.

Anna gave a giggle. "What's the problem? We saved ourselves a long walk in... THIS." She gestured vaguely with her free hand towards the sky.

"It was your idea," Sydney reminded her.

"Yeah, and you went along with it."

"At least I was trying to be quiet."

Anna gave a small shrug. "If a pee falls in a forest and nobody else is around, does it make a sound?"

Hannah snorted in amusement and gave a small chuckle. "All right, let's just act normal, we're almost there."

They closed the rest of the distance to their own cabin. Sydney opened the door and hurried inside, followed by Hannah, then Anna once she had closed the umbrella.

"You're back already?" Chloe asked, looking up from the table after tossing a card onto it.

Sydney froze and glanced at Hannah, not having realized just how much faster they had been. But Anna answered "Yep!" as she propped the umbrella against the wall beside the door.

"That was quick," Kaitlyn said. "Did you run?"

Chloe's eyes narrowed, and she gave the newcomers a skeptical look. "They don't look like they ran," she observed, but Anna just shrugged.

"No, we just found a spot outdoors," Anna told her, scuffing her feet on the doormat.

Unconvinced, Chloe leaned back in her chair, tapping her cards against her other hand. "Uh-huh. With only one umbrella? You'd be soaked."

"Not if you stand behind some trees," Anna insisted, but Chloe wasn't buying it.

"Yeah, yeah. Come on, tell me what really happened," the arctic fox pressed. "I know it was something, because your tail is wagging so fast I could stand behind it and feel a breeze."

Anna glanced behind herself, then turned back to Chloe. There was a brief pause, and then they both burst out into giggles and laughter. "All right, all right," Anna admitted as she rejoined them at the table, taking her seat, Anna and Hannah following after her. "You know me too well."

"I'd hope so," Chloe teased. "So go on, spill the beans."

Leaning in across the table towards Chloe, Anna began, "Okay, so, you know that cabin we passed by earlier? The fancy one?"

"Yeah. Wait, did you pee behind it?"

Anna shook her head, her grin still wide. "Not behind it. In it."

"What?" Makayla burst out in disbelief.

"I used the ol' credit card trick," Anna explained, making a swiping motion with her right hand.

"Was there a bathroom in there?" Makayla asked.

"Nope."

Kaitlyn raised an eyebrow. "So... you went on the floor?"

"Well, Sydney did."

"Hey!" Sydney exclaimed, "That was your idea!" With the group's eyes on her, she continued, "She went first, and then told us where to pee, and she made me go on the rug."

"I didn't MAKE you do anything," Anna reminded her, "You agreed to it, 'cause you dared me to go first."

Chloe giggled again. "Sydney, Sydney, Sydney, when are you going to learn to stop taking dares?" The ferret folded her arms and huffed, and Chloe looked back to Anna. "So where did you go?"

"In a drawer in the bedroom." Looking at Hannah, she added, "And Hannah went last, in the fireplace."

"At your suggestion," Hannah said.

"So you were all just... together?" Makayla cut in. "In the same room?"

Anna shrugged. "Not much different from a bathroom. Or even better, really, there was more space between us, instead of just some thin divider."

"Nobody's watching you while you're in a bathroom," Sydney insisted.

"Like I said, I had to make sure you followed through on your half of the dare," Anna reminded her with a wink.

"Did Sydney lose her panties again?" Kaitlyn joked, getting a few laughs and another huff from the ferret.

"I still have them, thank you very much," Sydney told her, sticking out her tongue.

"Better than the car?" Chloe asked Anna, who giggled.

"Yeah! Way more space."

Chloe leaned forward a little. "So, if I were to go into that cabin, I'd find an open drawer?"

Anna smirked and nodded. "It'll probably dry out, but yep!"

Makayla rolled her eyes. "I'd expect it from those two, but you?" she asked Hannah.

The husky gave a shrug. "Why not? They'd already gone, and I had to piss. No sense holding it if I don't have to, especially since it was going to be a long and miserable walk otherwise, and... well, it was kinda fun."

"Fun?"

"Yeah. Like... sure, it's a bit weird, but it's still doing something with my friends." Gesturing around the table, she added, "It makes for a great story too, clearly."

"And we do love a bit of gossip," Kaitlyn admitted with a giggle.

"Can't argue with that!" Chloe concurred, tossing her cards onto the table. "Anyway, we just started this round, so we'll call it a mulligan so you three can play."

"Sounds good to me," Sydney said as she reached for the cards to shuffle them, only for Kaitlyn's hand to reach out and snatch her by the wrist.

"Nuh-uh," the red panda told her with a shake of her head, "Not 'til you three have cleaned your hands."

"I didn't even touch myself!" Sydney protested as Kaitlyn got up, dragging the ferret with her into her room to get some hand sanitizer.

Kaitlyn sat on the lower bunk, holding her hand mirror in her left hand as she brushed her hair with her right. She had already gotten dressed in a skirt and a t-shirt with a video game logo on the front, and was taking the time to properly tidy herself up before leaving the room. Above her, Sydney was still sleeping soundly. Chloe and Anna had taken one bunk in the other bedroom, and Hannah had gone to their room. The bunk opposite was empty, but Kaitlyn had been on the top bunk and Makayla on the bottom, leaving the one she was sitting on unused.

Satisfied with her hair, she reached up and tied it into a ponytail with a pink scrunchie, then clipped a red barrette onto one side, making sure it looked just right before doing one on the other side as well. After a few final touch-ups, she put away her things and made her way out to the main room.

Makayla, Hannah and Chloe were all sitting around the table chatting to one another, though they looked over at the sound of Kaitlyn opening the door, giving her a wave and some greetings. While they were dressed as usual in t-shirts and skirts – or shorts in Hannah's case – Chloe had a baseball cap on, her ears sticking up through holes on the top.

"Morning," she replied, giving them a small wave as she came over and sat down.

"You're not usually up early," Hannah told her.

"I know! I slept like a rock last night. It's so weird waking up before my alarm." The red panda stretched her arms over her head. "I dunno if it's the beds or maybe because it's so quiet out here, but that was the best sleep I've had in a while."

"Or maybe it's because you weren't up until 2 AM watching videos," Chloe teased.

Kaitlyn chuckled. "Yeah, that might have something to do with it," she admitted. "What're people planning on doing today?"

"I'm going to go check the scheduled stuff," Chloe said. "I know Makayla wants the archery schedule, and Anna and I have a few things we're interested in. I might as well get the whole list and bring it back so we can all see what we want to do. Then Anna and I are gonna go bungee-jumping."

"Thank you," Makayla told her. "There's some other classes I was thinking about taking. But today, I want to take it easy. I'll probably just go for a walk after breakfast and take some pictures."

"Ooh, make sure to show us later!" Chloe said excitedly.

"Sydney and I are going to go swimming whenever she gets her butt out of bed," Hannah told them. "I'm going to check and see what sporting gear they've got too. They do rentals, most of it's free but you have to pay a deposit."

Kaitlyn leaned on the wall near them. "Hm. I'm not sure. I think they've got a clubhouse around here I'll check out. Honestly, I just want to relax and get some time to just zone out before work starts."

"Oh yeah, I forgot about that. When do you start at the new place?" Chloe inquired, sheepishly adding, "I forgot the name."

"Carport," Kaitlyn answered. "And I start the Monday after we get back. The schedule's a little more flexible eventually, but I've got to be there at nine for the first week for training classes."

"Well, it's your vacation," Makayla told her. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to. I just want everyone to relax and enjoy themselves."

"Thanks," Kaitlyn replied with a small nod. "Are we going to wait for the others before breakfast?"

"Go on without me," Hannah told them with a wave of her hand. "I don't know how long Sydney's going to sleep for. You know how she is."

"Yeah, and I already talked to Anna, she'll catch up," Chloe told them. "I've gotta go to the bathroom on the way though. Morning routine and all that."

Kaitlyn nodded. "Me too, we might as well all go."

Makayla, Kaitlyn and Chloe rose, giving waves to Hannah as they left. Thankfully, the inclement weather from the previous night had cleared up, and now the sun was shining brightly. Makayla took some stylish sunglasses from her pocket and slipped them on, while Kaitlyn did the same with a pair of sunglasses from her purse.

At first they talked about the weather and Chloe's plans to go bungee-jumping, walking along the path towards the central part of the campground. But along the way, they passed by the luxury cabin, and Chloe slowed down, giving it a thoughtful look.

"Something wrong?" Kaitlyn asked her when she noticed she had almost left the white fox behind.

"I'm just... curious," she answered, her tail starting to swish behind her.

"About...? Oh, Anna's story from last night?"

"I mean, I don't think she lied, I just want to confirm it myself," Chloe answered, and started heading for the door to the cabin.

"What are you doing?" Makayla asked, hurrying after her. Chloe tried the door handle and it opened, and she gave a quick glance to the others before heading inside.

"Well, it'll only look more suspicious if we stand out here gawping," Kaitlyn pointed out, and followed after her.

Makayla blinked, then hurried to follow. "Wait up!" she called out.

When Kaitlyn and Makayla went inside, taking off their sunglasses once indoors, they didn't see Chloe at first. Makayla saw the rug, remembering what Sydney had said the previous night, and gave it a distrustful look; when she examined it, a big part of the center of the rug was still darker than the rest, not having fully dried since the previous night. Curling her lip in distaste, the jaguar gave the rug a wide berth, not even setting foot on the dry parts.

"Chloe?" Kaitlyn called out cautiously. She took a quick glance at the fireplace; Hannah's deed was a lot more noticeable as parts of the bricks at the back of it were suspiciously free of soot compared to their surroundings.

"In here," came Chloe's voice from the bedroom, and the other two went over to investigate. Chloe was hunched over the drawers next to the bed, peering into an open one.

"Well?" Kaitlyn asked, curious.

Chloe gave a nod as she stood up and turned around. "Yep, not fully dry. They really did it!"

Kaitlyn gave a small giggle. "Well, yeah. Would they really lie about something like that?"

"I mean, probably not, but sometimes these things get a little exaggerated in retelling, you know?"

"Yeah, like when Hannah told us about how she beat everyone at the soccer tryouts in high school?"

"Or that one time when Mike was trying to impress Anna in Ms. Ritten's class?"

"Or in Junior High when Sydney-"

Makayla cleared her throat. "Now that we know they really did decide to turn this place into their toilet," she grumbled, "can we go? I'm hungry and I want to go out on the trails before they get busy."

Kaitlyn nodded to her. "Yeah, I'm starving. Probably because I didn't have anything to snack on."

Makayla turned and started heading out. "I'm surprised you didn't bring some chips along with you."

"I'm trying to cut back," Kaitlyn told her as she followed. "Figured this would be as good a time as any... that, and Anna wouldn't let me stuff a backpack full of snacks into the minivan anyway. Said she didn't want me snacking during the trip and getting crumbs everywhere."

A smirk crossed the jaguar's face. "How cruel," she joked.

"I know, right?" Kaitlyn agreed mirthfully. Stopping in the doorway, she twisted and looked back over her shoulder. "You coming, Chloe?"

She did a double-take at what she saw: Chloe was standing in front of the wicker laundry hamper, the lid open to reveal the fabric covering inside. She was facing sideways from where Kaitlyn was looking, and her right hand was underneath her skirt. Though Kaitlyn couldn't see clearly, the motion of her hand looked like she might have been pulling her panties aside.

Kaitlyn made a confused sound, and Makayla turned around and walked back, raising an eyebrow at the sight. Exasperated, she asked, "Chloe, what are you doing?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Chloe asked playfully, shuffling forward to straddle the hamper, her left hand bracing herself on the wall. Her skirt covered almost the entire top of the hamper, except for the bit underneath where her arm was, keeping her panties held aside.

With a mix of wonder and impishness in her voice, Kaitlyn leaned a little closer around the door frame and asked, "Are you really gonna do it?"

"Yep!" Chloe answered, giving a giggle and turning her head to wink at Kaitlyn. "Thanks to Anna, this place already needs to be cleaned anyway. And it's way more convenient than making the trek all the way to the bathrooms." Turning back to face the wall in front of her, she took a breath and stood still. "Plus, I can't let her outdo me. Anything she can do, I can too."

"I can't believe you," Makayla muttered, turning away from the door.

Stepping into the door, Kaitlyn raised an arm and leaned on it, smirking. "Are you two friends or rivals?" she joked.

"Why not both?" Chloe remarked, letting out a sigh a moment later. Kaitlyn tried to listen out, but all she could hear was the quiet hissing of Chloe's stream; underneath the arctic fox's skirt, her piss was falling downward into the hamper, hitting the fabric along the sides silently and soaking into it.

"Oh wow, you really are doing it," Kaitlyn said in a hushed voice. "I can barely hear it."

"Mmm-hmm," Chloe acknowledged, her tail swishing and wagging back and forth behind her as she relaxed, letting her pee flow out of her at its own pace. After a few seconds though, the fabric lining at the bottom of the hamper was sufficiently saturated that her stream started to splash and patter on it loudly.

"There, I hear it now," Kaitlyn told her, then giggled quietly. "Is there anything in there?"

Chloe shook her head. "Nope. I checked, but it's empty." After another few seconds of letting her stream splash inside of the hamper, she added, "I guess only Sydney leaves her panties lying around for me to pee on."

Kaitlyn snorted and then burst out into laughter. Behind her, Makayla was standing in the main room, her back to the other two, but her ears swiveled back to listen to what was going on. With how quiet it was in the cabin, she had been able to hear everything so far, and she wasn't sure if it was morbid curiosity or something else that stopped her from walking out the front door. The remark about panties made her grimace a little, though, reminding her that she, too, had abandoned a pair of panties in that same car.

"Maybe if she didn't drink so much coffee she wouldn't always be the one asking for a bathroom break," Kaitlyn quipped.

Chloe giggled a bit, her stream getting quieter as the motion of her body made it splash on drier parts of the lining for several seconds, the white fabric darkening to gray as the urine soaked into it. "Hey, she does deliveries, you've gotta stay alert when you're driving for long periods of time."

Kaitlyn let out a sigh, blowing a stream of air upward that blew one of her bangs around. "Yeah, I know," she muttered as she brushed her hair back into place with one hand, "I'm going to be driving all over the place once I start at Carport, and then I'll be in her shoes, living on coffee and looking for a bathroom every half-hour. Can't pee in the cars, after all."

As Chloe's stream gradually came to a stop, she clenched her muscles to make sure she got it all out. "Have you got any tissues?" she asked as she realized her situation.

"Always," Kaitlyn told her, opening her purse and pulling one out before stepping over and holding it out to Chloe.

Nodding, she slipped her hand out from under her skirt, taking the tissue and quickly bringing her hand back underneath. "Thanks," she said as she wiped herself. "So, are you going to go too?"

Kaitlyn was taken off-guard, a little bewildered by the question. "Huh?"

"You've gotta pee too, right?" Chloe brushed the tissue back and forth a few times. "You might as well, we're already- whoops!" she suddenly exclaimed as the tissue slipped from her grasp and fell into the hamper.

"Hm?"

"Oh, I dropped it," Chloe said, pausing a moment before slipping her panties back into place and taking her hand out from under her skirt. "Whatever. Anyway, are you gonna?" she asked again, stepping away from the hamper and leaving its lid open.

Kaitlyn thought it over. "I don't know, should I?" she asked, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

Chloe gave a giggle and leaned in towards her. "Totally," she replied, "I already did, so why not?"

"Hmm, I mean..." Kaitlyn hesitated.

"Aw, go on," Chloe encouraged. "I'm all done here, if you want a turn."

"Ehhh... it's dirty now," Kaitlyn told her with a shake of her head.

"Fine then, you can find something else. There's plenty of other stuff around here, and they'll clean it all eventually anyway. Look around," Chloe suggested.

Kaitlyn glanced around, the bed immediately drawing her attention since it was so big. It would be impractical to pee on directly, but maybe she could take a blanket off, or...

"Hmm..." going over to the bed, Kaitlyn picked up one of the pillows. There were four in total, two on each side, and quite unremarkable, with ordinary plain white pillowcases.

"Ooh, good idea!" Chloe suddenly burst out. "That'll soak it up nicely and keep it from splashing. 'cause I know you like being super clean and all..."

"What's wrong with that?" Kaitlyn fired back in mock offense. "Besides, peeing on a pillow isn't all that clean either, you know."

"Maybe, maybe not. But think about your alternative: those public bathrooms, such a long walk away, and who even knows the last time they got cleaned." With a devious grin on her face and her tail swishing rapidly, Chloe leaned in closer to Kaitlyn's side. "How many people have used them this morning alone, do you think? They're gonna be cold, and they don't have any of those disposable seat coverings here, and..."

"Ugh! Okay, okay, knock it off," Kaitlyn said, cutting across Chloe, who giggled. Biting her lip, she looked down at the pillow she was holding; it seemed like a more and more appealing alternative the more she thought about it.

"Am I wrong, though?" Chloe said in a final playful tease.

"No, you're not," Kaitlyn agreed. She dropped the pillow onto the floor, then got down onto her knees, straddling the pillow and adjusting it so the middle of it was directly underneath her loins, her pussy hovering just a couple inches above the fabric. Reaching under her skirt, she tugged her panties to one side just like Chloe had done, while the fox took a seat on the side of the bed, her tail still swishing rapidly.

"So do I just...?" Kaitlyn asked absently.

Chloe gave a nod. "Relax and let it all out like you normally would. Take a deep breath."

"All right." Inhaling deeply, then exhaling again, Kaitlyn tried to calm her nerves. The position was certainly a lot more comfortable than the awkward half-squat she'd been using in the bathrooms so far; there was no such thing as a clean public bathroom, as far as she was concerned...

After a few more breaths, she felt a tingle run through her, and let out a small "Oh!" before taking another breath. Her stream hissed quietly as she started relieving herself, the pillow under her readily soaking up her urine without a sound. "I'm doing it! I'm really doing it!" she said excitedly.

"Isn't it nice?" Chloe said to spur her on.

Kaitlyn gave a nod, taking another deep breath. "Oh, yes," she agreed, her stream flowing onto the pillowcase, soaking through it, and dampening the pillow itself underneath. Even when the fabric became saturated, it still didn't splash, since her slit was so close to it, the flow of urine simply spreading out over the pillow's surface before soaking in elsewhere.

Just outside the room, Makayla bit her lip. Though what was going on in there still repulsed her, she had been listening to the conversation and how much fun the two of them seemed to be having. Her curiosity was getting the better of her, and she pressed herself against the wall next to the door before trying to peek around it slowly, seeing if she could get a glance at what was going on without being noticed.

"Think you might do this again?" Chloe asked. "There's still three more pillows."

"It's very tempting," Kaitlyn admitted, her head tipped back a little. "This was a good idea, Chloe." With her skirt covering her legs, and in turn the pillow, Makayla couldn't see what was happening – something she was grateful for – but she could easily make out the quiet hissing of Kaitlyn's stream all the same.

"Heh heh, thanks!" Chloe said with a smirk and a chuckle. She glanced up, and her gaze met Makayla's for the briefest moment. The jaguar quickly pulled back around the corner, but it was too late; she had already been seen, and she grimaced, expecting them to tease her for looking.

Chloe spoke up, but all she said was, "You should join us!" Her tone was friendly, inviting – as if asking her to come join into a card game.

"Yeah," Kaitlyn agreed a moment later, "You're the only one who hasn't, now. You're gonna have to walk all the way to the bathrooms on your own if you don't."

Hesitantly, Makayla slipped back around the door. Kaitlyn was still looking upwards, but a few seconds later she let out another sigh and started digging in her purse again, apparently having finished emptying her bladder – though Makayla could barely make out the motions of her body as she tensed her muscles to fully empty out.

"I don't really need to go," Makayla lied, glancing off to the side.

"Yeah, I don't believe that," Chloe told her bluntly, but still with a smile and a friendly tone. "You haven't gone since last night, and I know you had at least three cans of ginger ale after that."

"Fine," she grumbled, glancing back momentarily at them, then away again when she noticed that Kaitlyn had a hand under her skirt to wipe herself with a tissue. "But I don't really want to."

"Why not?" Chloe pressed gently, while Kaitlyn scrunched up the tissue and tossed it into the open laundry hamper. "I'm not going to force you, but it'll save you a long walk. And we've already done it, so it's not like we're going to judge you for it."

"And Chloe makes a good point," Kaitlyn added as she started to stand up. "The public bathrooms are kinda... blegh. The seats aren't always dry."

Makayla's lip curled, but she didn't refute the point. Chloe looked down as Kaitlyn got up, and burst into giggles. "Oh wow, you totally soaked it!" she observed, pointing at the pillow. Both Kaitlyn and Makayla looked down, though the latter quickly glanced away again. The middle of the pillow was completely drenched with a huge wet spot that almost reached the sides, running forward and back from the center.

"Good thing I wasn't sitting directly on it," Kaitlyn said.

"Yeah, that would have been bad!" Chloe agreed with a giggle.

Makayla's tail twitched behind her as she listened, and she took a breath. "Let's say, hypothetically, that I did this," she told them tentatively, not committing to anything, "where would you suggest I go?"

Chloe brought a hand to her muzzle and looked around, humming in thought. A few seconds later, she pointed to a small gray armchair near the bed. It matched the sofa out in the main room, but was placed in front of the window-mounted air conditioner in the bedroom, and wasn't lined up with the walls, hinting that the previous guests had moved it. "How about the chair?"

Makayla's brow furrowed. "You must be joking."

"No no, hear me out," Chloe insisted. "It's big, so you won't miss. You can put your hands on the armrests, to support yourself. And it's got a fabric covering, so it won't splash."

Kaitlyn nodded in agreement. "It's a pretty good idea. It's that, or the bed itself."

The jaguar shook her head at Kaitlyn's comment. "No, thank you," she said firmly, "but... I suppose I can try the chair."

Chloe nodded and got up from the bed. "Go for it! Do you want me to leave the room?"

Makayla froze; for some reason she didn't understand, the suggestion sat poorly with her. All she knew was that she wanted to be in a similar situation to what the two of them had just gone through. "You don't have to," she said quickly, perhaps a little too quickly. "Unless you want to. I don't mind. Stay if you like."

Her backpedaling made Chloe tilt her head, but the fox didn't say anything about it. "Sure, then, I'll stay," and gave a little giggle as she sat back down. "Gotta make sure you do it, right? Just like Anna mentioned about Sydney."

Makayla gave a small chuckle and steeled herself as she walked over to the armchair. Chloe had been right; her drinks from the previous night had caught up to her, and just like any other morning, she needed to pee; she wasn't desperate, but she certainly felt the need.

"How should I...?" she asked, trailing off, gesturing vaguely towards the armchair.

"Squat over it?" Chloe offered, twisting in her seat to look behind her at the armchair. "Put your hands on the armrests and hold yourself up."

"I'm not sure how well that would work. I don't want to risk getting any on me," Makayla grumbled.

"Sit on an armrest, then," Kaitlyn suggested, sitting on the end of the bed. "You can lean against the back for support, it'll be kinda like using the toilet."

"Oh, that's a good idea," Chloe concurred.

Makayla turned away from the chair, reaching her thumbs under her skirt. Normally she would never have even considered undressing without being alone, but their encouragement made her self-consciousness disappear. She slid her blue silk panties all the way down to her ankles, then pulled her left foot through them, leaving them dangling around her right foot.

Taking a breath, she sat down on the armrest to her left. It was quite hard despite the cushioning over it, but it would have to do. She leaned against the backrest, as if simply reclining, stretching her left arm out across the back of the chair before turning her body a little towards the center. Lifting her left leg, she swung it over, resting it on the opposite armrest, which both spread her legs widely enough to ensure she wouldn't hit herself with her own spray, and lifted her skirt up enough that it would also be kept out of the line of fire. Although it also meant that her friends would be able to look up her skirt if they wanted, they were both refraining from giving her anything closer than an occasional glance in her general direction.

"...can't believe I'm honestly considering this..." she mumbled, then lifted her head. "Like this?"

"Yep, that should work," Chloe told her. "Just relax."

Makayla closed her eyes and inhaled. "I... tend to spray a bit," she admitted, even though it was an understatement.

"You'll be fine," Kaitlyn told her, "the way you're sitting, it'll all hit the cushion."

Giving a nod, the jaguar focused on relaxing, drawing a deep breath. Hearing their tacit approval calmed her down, and combined with the light pressure in her bladder, it didn't take long for her to relax enough to open the floodgates.

As normal, her piss came out in a spray that spread out, but it all struck the cushion, the shower of pale yellow droplets pattering on it gently. "Oh wow, you weren't kidding," Chloe said, and Makayla felt a twinge of self-consciousness in the moment before Chloe added, "That's quite a spray! I understand why you were worried about making a mess."

"Yeah, good thing it's all hitting the cushion," Kaitlyn agreed.

Makayla let out the breath she had been holding, and instead just focused on the relief she was getting from taking care of her body's need, the spray of droplets from her urethra continuing to rain down onto the cushion, pattering a little more loudly as the fabric got wetter. The act itself didn't feel any more likable than it normally did, but there was something about the situation itself that she was actually enjoying.

"Is there anything else I should do?" she asked the two of them.

"Not until you're done," Chloe told her, and Makayla nodded. So, she kept her position, one leg up and the other on the ground, not too dissimilar from what she had done in the car. But she had despised

that, and still found the memory distasteful even now, as she relieved herself in a similar position away from a bathroom. What was different this time?

She thought it over as the rest of her urine splashed on the cushion, getting louder as it drummed on the soaked fabric. Her wild spray covered a large area of the fabric, with a few random dry spots left here and there, though they were few and far between by the time she was done. The lack of a focused stream meant that there wasn't any foam on the cushion even as the spray lost power and trickled to a stop.

Kaitlyn glanced back as the sound disappeared, seeing that Makayla had finished. "Now clench," Kaitlyn told her, "Get it all out. You don't want to be dripping."

"No I do not," Makayla firmly agreed, taking another breath and clenching her muscles. Her spray returned for a brief moment, then again with much less power, and a final squeeze of her Kegels yielded only a couple of droplets.

Kaitlyn was already coming over with a tissue held in one outstretched hand, and Makayla accepted it gratefully. "Thank you," she mumbled, her cheeks slightly flushed. She reached under her skirt, bending her left leg at the knee to raise the fabric up further, and wiped herself clean. "Is there a trash can in here?"

"I think there's one in the kitchen," Chloe told her. Makayla nodded as she stood up and started to walk towards the door. But on the way, she approached the laundry hamper, its lid still open, and she hesitated, the fingers delicately holding the tissue curling slightly. Why not? Her friends had already...

Swiftly and casually, she changed her direction and instead tossed the tissue into the hamper with the other two. Chloe giggled a little bit, and Kaitlyn chuckled, both of them standing up.

"Okay, let's get going," Makayla told them.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Chloe asked playfully.

Makayla raised an eyebrow, and looked at the vixen, who was looking downward. Following her gaze, Makayla saw that Chloe was looking at her panties, which were still hanging loosely around her right foot.

Both of the other two burst into giggles as Makayla hurriedly bent down, pulling them back over her left foot before tugging them back up into place under her skirt. Her cheeks flushed, she glanced back and forth between Chloe and Kaitlyn. "Keep this to yourselves," she insisted, "I don't want you talking about me behind my back."

Chloe leaned forward, her hands clasped behind her back as her tail swished back and forth. "And what if it's not behind your back?" she inquired teasingly. "What if you're there with us?"

"N-..." Makayla began, then stopped, taking a deep breath. "If you want," she conceded, "as long as you tell them the FULL story."

"Of course," Chloe said with another fit of giggles.

"Pinky promise," Kaitlyn said, holding up her right hand and wiggling her pinky finger. Makayla reached out and hooked her pinky finger around Kaitlyn's for a brief moment before they separated.

"Now can we go?" Makayla asked again, "I'm not getting any less hungry."

"Hey, this is still faster than going to the bathrooms and back," Chloe pointed out as she started heading for the door.

"And don't forget, they've got hand sanitizer at the cafeteria entrances," Kaitlyn added.

"I'm sure you'll remind us," Makayla responded, heading out with the others. Closing the door behind her, she put her sunglasses back on as they exited into the bright daylight. "I can't believe I just did that," she mused aloud as they began walking again.

"Did what? The same thing the rest of us have already done?" Chloe asked rhetorically. "Don't get so hung up on it. It was convenient, and kinda fun, and besides..." Looking directly at Makayla, she continued, "You didn't want to be left out, right?"

Makayla glanced away, but didn't deny it. "Yes, I suppose that's true," she admitted after a moment, "though in the future, I'd rather be included in cleaner activities than that."

"I'll take it," Chloe told her with a giggle.

The girls' laughter rang out over the lake, drowning out the sound of the food sizzling on the portable camping grill in front of Sydney. The sky had been clear but the forecast hotter than normal in the afternoon, so at Hannah's suggestion they had elected to go down by the lake and enjoy the cool water once the heat came in. While Sydney and Hannah had gone swimming, the others had stayed in the shallow water. For a while they had played with a water polo ball Hannah had borrowed from the campground's equipment, and occasionally they jumped into the water off the end of the dock, with Anna cheering as she cannonballed into the water.

But as time passed and things cooled off, they had gotten out and toweled off and were now gathered together, sitting on their towels while dinner cooked. Even though the campground offered meals, they had all contributed to a last-minute grocery store trip on their way out of the city to buy a few things for just such an occasion. So once they had dried off, Anna, Chloe and Sydney had gone back to the minivan to grab what they needed for dinner – the hotdogs would expire first, so they had brought them out, along with the portable grill.

Sydney took a deep breath to calm herself as the laughter died down, using a pair of tongs to turn the hotdogs. To her right, Hannah held a hand to her chest as she caught her breath. They were still in their swimwear; the foxes and Kaitlyn were in two-piece swimsuits and the rest in leotards, with Sydney wearing her jacket over her leotard to protect herself from grease splatters while she cooked.

"...red pyjamas!" Anna suddenly burst out between giggles. Sydney tried and failed to keep a straight face and instead clutched the tongs tightly as the whole group subsided into raucous laughter once again.

"Okay, okay, okay," Makayla gasped out once she was able to stop laughing, "I can... I can barely breathe. Sydney, how's it looking?"

Sydney took a deep breath to calm herself again. "A few more minutes," she answered. "Chloe, could you get the plates out?"

Chloe nodded and grabbed the bag of paper plates, tearing open the plastic packaging. "Sure thing."

"After dinner, how about we play some volleyball before it gets dark?" Hannah asked the group, idly rolling the water polo ball around on her towel with one hand.

"Do we have a net?" Anna asked.

"Yeah, I saw one in the equipment shed earlier. They've got some Frisbees in there too we can use later."

Kaitlyn got to her feet and stretched her arms over her head. "I'll be right back, save a couple hotdogs for me," she announced.

"Where are you going?" Chloe asked.

"Just to the bathroom, gotta go before dinner."

Hannah started climbing to her feet as well. "I'll go with you. There's some toilets not far from here at least so we don't have to trek all the way back to the main site."

"Thank goodness," Makayla said as she stood up.

"Okay, who ISN'T coming along?" Anna asked, also rising.

"I'll go later, I've gotta stay here and cook," Sydney told them, clacking the tongs together for emphasis.

"I'm good," Chloe answered simply.

Anna raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yeah, I went during our trip to get the dinner stuff."

"I thought you were with us the whole time."

"I slipped off while you were digging around in the van," Chloe answered deviously, her tail rapidly swishing back and forth behind her. "There was nobody else around and the tree was right there, so..."

"Chloe!" Makayla chided in disbelief, while Anna burst into giggles.

"You're a naughty girl," Anna teased with a wink. "All right, we'll be back soon. Don't put any mustard on mine!"

"You can do the condiments yourself, I'm just sticking them in the buns," Sydney told them. "See you soon."

Hannah led the group off, leaving Chloe and Sydney behind. It was a short walk along the path in their sandals towards the small, stout concrete building that served as their destination, but they could tell before they arrived that there was a problem.

"Is that yellow tape over the doors?" Hannah asked, squinting.

"Oh my gosh, was there a crime or something?" Kaitlyn suddenly burst out, worried.

"Um... no," Hannah told her as they approached. "They're just closed." There was a laminated page taped to the door, and Hannah took a look once she was close enough. "Let's see... dear guests, yadda yadda... unforeseen issues... repairs... sorry for the inconvenience... alternatives will be provided?"

Anna walked over to the corner of the building and peeked around it. "Oh, yeah, there's a porta-potty over here," she told them, turning back to face the others and waving her hand.

Makayla wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, well, at least we don't have to walk all the way to the other bathrooms."

"Or go in the lake," Anna said playfully.

"Anna!"

"Hey, I'm here because I -didn't- do that," she fired back teasingly, wagging a finger at Makayla and then giggling a little. "Anyway, who's first?"

"We'd better make sure nobody's inside first," Makayla pointed out, knocking on the door with her knuckles. There was no response, so she pulled the door open, finding it empty. Her lips curled into a snarl of distaste, however, as she saw a few wet spots on the seat.

"Never mind, I can hold it until after dinner, I'll just go with Sydney," Makayla grumbled. "I'm going to head back and eat."

"All right," Anna said with a shrug, "We'll see you soon, then."

"Let me go first, I just want to get it out of the way," Kaitlyn told them, heading for the porta-potty as Makayla wandered back down the path.

"Hey wait," Anna began, but Kaitlyn was already shutting the door, locking it behind her.

"It's fine," Hannah said dismissively. "Let her go first."

"Sure, but I'm next."

"Nuh-uh. Tell you what, let's play rock-paper-scissors for it..."

Meanwhile, inside the porta-potty, Kaitlyn grimaced. Normal bathrooms were bad enough, but a porta-potty was even dirtier as far as she was concerned. Maybe Chloe had had the right idea...

The space was incredibly cramped, her tail pushing up against the door behind her as she stood. She could see at least a couple of wet spots on the underside of the lid and shook her head; even if she tried to do a half-squat, her tail might still get messy.

Slipping her thumbs under the waistband of the lower part of her swimwear, she pushed it down and let it drop to her ankles. Maybe she could try peeing standing up? She'd never done it before, but it was supposed to be possible. How hard could it be? If she didn't do anything it probably wouldn't work very well, but...

"Ugh, I left my purse behind," she grumbled to herself, but sighed and reached down between her legs. Sticking her hips out a bit, she put her index and middle fingers on either side of her slit and pressed in, pulling up a little to try and expose herself.

"Here goes nothing..." she muttered before taking a breath and trying to relax. After a few seconds, she felt herself starting to pee, but it didn't quite go according to plan – while her piss did go forward, it came out in a spray, missing the toilet bowl and hitting the underside of the lid.

Kaitlyn froze, panicking for a moment – but she wasn't getting any on herself, and it was dripping down from the lid into the tank itself anyway, so it was good enough for her. She didn't want to risk having it go straight down where it would soak her legs or feet or her swimsuit bottoms, so she tried to stay as still as a rock but for her breathing.

She watched as the spray continued to hammer against the underside of the plastic lid, too afraid of making a mess of herself to even try lowering it. The yellow fluid ran down and dripped off the bottom by the hinges, leaving wet streaks behind. But it was getting the job done, and she tried to distract herself by listening to the other two outside.

"Damn it! How do you always beat me?" Anna called out, easily audible through the thin walls of the porta-potty.

"Because you always pick paper first, that's why."

"I do?"

"You do!"

"Okay, fine, best of three!"

Kaitlyn let out a breath; they couldn't hear the noise her spray was making, or at least, they were too distracted. She stayed perfectly still for several more seconds until she felt her spray starting to wane, and quickly clenched her muscles to try and push it all out in one go, moving her hips forward as much as she reasonably could as well. Her spray came to a sudden end as she forced it out, with only one more clench needed to empty herself completely.

At least there was still toilet paper left, even if it was cheap and thin. Tearing off a few squares, she folded it up and dried herself with it before tossing it into the toilet, quickly tugging her swimsuit bottoms back up and getting out as fast as she could.

"How?" Anna demanded in frustration; Kaitlyn could see she had her hand into a fist while Hannah's was held out flat.

"Half of rock-paper-scissors is mind games," Hannah said with a playful grin. "Okay, Kaitlyn's done, my turn now."

The husky left Anna to grumble about her defeat, but she stopped just short of the door. "Kaitlyn!"

"Uh, it was like that when I got there!" Kaitlyn protested.

"No it wasn't," Hannah fired back. "But it sure is dirty now. Even guys aren't this bad! Just pee like a normal woman."

"The seat was wet!"

"Well it certainly is now! Maybe if you weren't such a germaphobe you wouldn't have made such a mess in the first place."

"Whatever," Kaitlyn said, giving up. "If a wet seat isn't such a big deal then why are you even complaining?"

""Wet' and 'soaked' are two different-"

"Yo, hurry it up, or I'm gonna pee on your leg," Anna interjected. Hannah paused for a moment, and Anna continued, "I'll totally do it. Don't think I won't."

"She totally will," Kaitlyn agreed.

"All right, all right," Hannah conceded, and stepped into the porta-potty, tugging the door closed. She sighed as she looked at the mess Kaitlyn had left; how was she supposed to keep her tail from getting stained yellow?

The seat and the flat parts next to it were still dry, though, and it gave her an idea. Raising her right foot, she set it down beside the seat, which let her lean her whole body over it. She supported herself by putting one arm against the back wall, using her other hand to tug the bottom part of her leotard out of the way to expose her slit.

Drawing a breath, she relaxed just enough to feel herself starting to pee, a hard jet of yellowish liquid gushing from her as usual. She heard the hissing of her stream and the splashing down below, but also a pattering sound; she quickly looked downward, cursing under her breath as she saw that she hadn't leaned far enough forward. Stray droplets from her powerful stream were hitting the edge of the seat, and though she managed to shift in time to avoid making too much of a mess, the damage was already done – the side of the seat closer to her was wet with a tiny puddle and numerous droplets all along the middle.

"Ugh, whatever," she grumbled. She tried to adjust her position, her stream wobbling and splashing a different part of the seat underneath her for a moment. Her mind wandered as she thought of how delicious Sydney's hotdogs had smelled, and of her plans for later. She wanted to go have dinner quickly so she could set up the volleyball net as soon as possible, and see if she could get the others to join in for a few games. Only Sydney had been on a sports team back at school, but she had played lacrosse instead, so Hannah hadn't really gotten the chance to-

The pattering sound of her spray hitting something snapped her back to reality. Her wandering attention had caused her to drift off-target again, giving the side of the seat a second coating of her piss. Tensing her muscles, she pushed hard, and brought her stream to a quick end shortly thereafter. Grumbling, she brought her foot down and tore off some toilet paper to dry herself with, but didn't bother trying to clean the seat – Kaitlyn had made a bigger mess of it than her anyway and hadn't even tried cleaning it up.

Slipping her leotard back into position, she opened up the door and stepped out. Anna was waiting right next to the door, and all but barged past her, stopping just inside without closing the door. "Hannah, you made an even bigger mess!" she complained.

Hannah shrugged. "Only because Miss Clean over here couldn't aim."

"I aim about as well as you do, apparently," Kaitlyn fired back.

Anna sighed and shut the door behind her, taking a disapproving look at the mess. How would she ever...?

She abandoned the thought without completing it; using the toilet properly wasn't even worth trying. So instead, she spread her legs apart as far as she could, hooked a finger under her bikini bottom, and pulled it aside. She didn't even look as she peed where she stood, her stream going almost straight down and landing on the floor of the porta-potty. It splashed loudly on the floor and showered the front of the bench and the door behind her with flecks of urine, but her feet were far enough apart to be spared from the droplets.

She let out a sigh, then giggled to herself; this was definitely naughtier than using a tree, and she'd have to tell Chloe about it later. Keeping her pose, her tail subconsciously flicked a bit behind her as she continued to soak the floor, until she noticed and reached behind herself to grab onto it so that it wouldn't get dirty by rubbing on the walls. The puddle wasn't getting any bigger though... which likely meant it was leaking out somewhere, either through the floor or under the door, the realization making her giggle once more.

As she felt herself starting to run out, she let go of her tail and reached for the toilet paper to tear off some of it. Her stream still splashed loudly in the porta-potty but became a little higher in pitch as her flow weakened until it trickled off entirely, and she clenched to get it all out before wiping and tossing the toilet paper away, slipping her bikini bottom back into place.

Twisting around, she unlocked and opened the door, awkwardly stepping out without standing in her puddle. Hannah and Kaitlyn were talking, and didn't pay her any attention, so she shut the door firmly behind her to hide her deed.

"...in the evenings, I- ready to go?" Kaitlyn said, interrupting herself when she noticed Anna.

"Yep, I'm starving," the fox told her.

"Same," Hannah agreed. "We brought ketchup, right?"

"Sure did," Anna answered as she started walking along the path back to the others. "And some potato chips."

"What? You told me we didn't have any!" Kaitlyn blurted out.

"Because you would've been snacking on them in the van!" Anna reminded her. "But if it makes you feel any better, I got a bag of your favorites, too."

"Ooh! Okay, I forgive you," Kaitlyn told her, giggling and following along.

By the time the three of them had returned, Sydney had finished cooking and they each had a pair of hotdogs set out on paper plates for them. Anna brought out the chips – regular ones for most of the group and the extra spicy ones for Kaitlyn – and various bottled and canned drinks retrieved from the

van earlier. Between bites they swapped stories and gossip and eventually got to reminiscing about high school.

Hannah let out a contented sigh as she leaned back, hands propping herself up on her towel. "This was such a great idea, Makayla. I'm going to miss hanging out with everyone once summer's over."

"We'll be around!" Anna insisted. "The university isn't that far away."

"Yeah, we'll make time to meet up on the weekends or something," Chloe added. "Right, Makayla?"

Makayla gave a nod. "I hope so. Business degrees aren't easy but I'll do everything I can to come to any meet-ups we have."

Sydney swallowed the last of her hotdog. "Same here," she asserted, "Community college shouldn't eat too much into my free time unless I need to go take a certification test or something. I'm still living at my parents' place for now too, and just driving over for classes, so I can hang out in the evenings or on weekends."

Kaitlyn glanced away over the lake and stared off into the distance silently. "You all right, Kaitlyn?" Chloe asked her.

"Oh, just... you all seem to know exactly what you want to do. I'm just kinda... I dunno, drifting," she muttered.

Hannah reached over and put a hand on her shoulder encouragingly. "Hey, we're drifting in the same boat. I don't know what I want either, but I'll figure it out eventually."

"Yeah, don't feel bad," Anna piped up, "Whenever you decide what you want, we'll be there to help you."

Kaitlyn flushed a little bit, but smiled and nodded. "Thanks, you all are the best," she told them. "Hey Hannah, you said you wanted to play volleyball after dinner?"

"Yep! I already brought the net over, I'll just need to set it up. Would you mind giving me a hand?"

"Not at all!"

Sydney got to her feet, straightening her jacket. "While you're doing that, I'm gonna go to the bathroom real quick," she told them.

"Oh, uh..." Anna suddenly said, glancing away a moment, then grinning as her tail swished. "You might want to go to the main one."

The ferret raised an eyebrow, staring at her. "Okay, what did you do?" she immediately demanded.

"Hey, it wasn't me this time! Those two made a huge mess," she insisted, waving a hand towards Hannah and Kaitlyn.

"It was already a mess!" Kaitlyn protested.

"Yeah, after you were done with it," Hannah reminded her.

"Okay, okay, let's not start that again," Anna cut in.

Makayla got up from her towel as well, putting her sandals back on. "Let's just get going," she told Sydney, "it's going to be a long walk."

"Ugh, fine," Sydney grumbled. "You four can start without us, I guess."

"Okay, see you soon," Chloe told her, the others chiming in with parting words.

Sydney and Makayla started along the path that ran along the edge of the lake, chatting to each other about their respective upcoming semesters, leaving the others to play volleyball. They came to the bathrooms, but they were unsurprisingly still closed, and Makayla didn't even bother checking inside of the porta-potty beside them. However, a little further along, next to the water, was a small wooden shed, one of its two doors left open.

Curious, Makayla stopped and peered through; it seemed to be a kayak shed. One of the side walls had hooks that held paddles, while the one opposite had life jackets of various sizes for guests who were less confident about their swimming skills. There were a few small racks of plastic kayaks in the middle, but some previous guests had carelessly left a bright yellow kayak just inside the door without putting it away properly.

"Makayla?" Sydney asked, snapping the jaguar back to attention. "Something up?"

"I was just curious what was in here," she answered. Sydney came over and looked inside, peeking around the open door.

"Oh, here's where the kayaks are kept," she observed, "I was curious, too. I might take one out on the lake the next time I want to just do something relaxing."

"Mm," Makayla responded, but her mind was elsewhere. She had an idea, but how could she word it...?

"Well, good to know, but we should get going. It's still a long way to the bathrooms."

"It is," Makayla agreed, and she had a moment of inspiration, biting her lip. "I..."

"What is it?"

"I don't know if I'm going to make it," she said quietly, pressing her legs together subtly. It wasn't an outright lie, but it certainly wasn't truthful. Yes, after having foregone the opportunity earlier and then having had a drink with her dinner, her situation hadn't improved. But she wasn't actually desperate yet, even if she definitely needed to go. Still, it really was a long way, which would make for an unpleasant walk in her bathing suit, and just because she could make it didn't mean she wanted to go through that.

"Oh," Sydney said in acknowledgement, and then her eyes widened, her voice suddenly full of sympathy. "Oh. Oh, I see."

Makayla turned and pressed her back up the door to pin her tail against it so it wouldn't swish. "Would you mind staying by the door and keeping watch for me?" she asked, keeping her legs tightly together to sell it better.

Sydney gave her a nod. "Of course," she answered without hesitation.

"Thank you," Makayla told her, and quickly slipped into the kayak shed. Her heart pounded; what was she doing? But there was a certain thrill that she was being pulled in by. If she had been alone, there was no question that she would have kept walking. But with someone else present...

She stepped over to the kayak on the ground – it was behind the door that was closed, so nobody would be able to see her from outside. Straddling it, she sat down beside the hole in the middle, her rump perched on the rim as she faced towards the seat. "At least the swimsuit makes this easier," she said to herself, but loud enough to be heard.

Sydney had taken up position by the door, leaning on the wall to try and look as incognito as possible as she watched out through the gap between the doors. "Why's that?" she asked.

Makayla used a finger to tug the bottom of her leotard aside as much as possible, slipping her grip further upward to get her hands as far from her loins as possible while still ensuring the fabric wouldn't slip back into place. "I don't have to take anything off. I'd hate to lose another pair of panties," she explained.

"'Another' pair?" Sydney repeated incredulously, glancing towards Makayla and then quickly turning her head to look back out the door when she realized Makayla was exposed.

Makayla froze up on the spot, realizing the significance of what she had just said. "I..." she began, but took a breath and closed her eyes. "In that car. Mine... got wet. So I left them there."

"Oh, I see," Sydney said, sounding compassionate once more. There was a moment of silence between them. "I thought you really had to go?" the ferret asked after a few seconds.

"I'm just nervous," Makayla told her as an excuse.

"Ah. Well, don't be," Sydney reassured her, "I'm not going to judge." She gave a wry smirk as she added, "After all, I'm never going to live that down. I'll forever be The Girl Who Peed In A Car That One Time. But we can keep this one between us."

Makayla's heart raced. "You'll keep it a secret?"

"I promise," Sydney told her.

With a nod, Makayla focused on trying to start peeing, but her excitement made it difficult. Even though her need wasn't dire, it was still enough that she was able to start relieving herself after just a few seconds; a relieved sigh went through her lips as she felt her bladder start emptying. Pale yellow droplets sprayed forth from near the top of her slit and rained down into the kayak seat below, pattering on the plastic interior, and Makayla's whole body relaxed despite the naughtiness of the moment.

"All clear?" she quickly asked Sydney.

"Yeah, all clear, I don't see anyone," the ferret responded.

"Thank you." Makayla took another few breaths, keeping her gaze on Sydney and away from her own stream as she showered the inside of the kayak. "I hope this is okay. It was already wet inside when I looked."

"It'll be fine," Sydney assured her, "They're made for getting wet, right? Just hang it on the rack upside down like those other ones and it'll dry out."

"Yeah, good point," Makayla agreed. She took a quick glance downwards; her spray was landing all over the place inside on the plastic, pooling up in multiple spots. The drumming of it against the plastic was steady, but thankfully not too loud. "Good thing this isn't made out of steel. It would be so noisy."

Sydney snorted and giggled. "Oh gosh, yeah, it'd be like hearing the rain hit a shed roof or something, just bum-brum-dum-badum-brum constantly!"

Makayla let out a small laugh before she stopped herself, her spray wobbling around and making a bigger mess for a moment. Sydney added, "I don't think they make them out of steel though, that'd be way too heavy. The metal ones are probably aluminum or something else lighter."

"Makes sense," Makayla agreed. Her spray was starting to splash, but just a little, as some droplets hit the bottom of the kayak where her urine was pooling up more deeply. She took another deep breath before asking, "Will you go too when I'm done?"

"Huh?" Sydney asked, momentarily surprised; she glanced at Makayla again out of reflex before quickly turning her head away once more.

"I've already made a mess," the jaguar grumbled with another momentary downward look. She didn't need to act to sound a little regretful at what she had done; even though she was enjoying the moment with her friend, the mess she was making was an unfortunate side-effect. "You can't make it any worse than I already have."

"Mmm..." Sydney sounded sympathetic again. "I mean..."

Makayla's spray was starting to wane, the droplets landing closer to her, but she was more focused on Sydney than on the last moments of her relief. "It'll be our secret," she told Sydney, lowering her voice to something conspiratorial.

Sydney giggled briefly, lowering her voice as well. "All right," she agreed, "if you'll keep watch for me."

"I will."

Makayla clenched her muscles to get the rest of her pee out of her, only to immediately realize a problem. "Oh, crap. I don't have anything to wipe with."

"Um..." Sydney rummaged around in her jacket pockets for a few moments. "Oh, I forgot I had these stuffed in here," she said, taking out a mostly-empty package of napkins. "Well, they're not tissues, but they're good enough, right?"

"That'll work, thank you," Makayla responded, holding out a hand expectantly. Sydney walked over and held out the package, letting Makayla pluck a napkin out from it. It was less than ideal, but good enough for her to give herself a quick wipe. She thought of tossing it aside for a moment, but that would just be more noticeable, so she dropped it into the kayak instead.

"Thanks," Makayla murmured as she slipped her leotard back into place and stood up. "Okay, your turn."

"Okay!" Sydney responded, stashing the napkins in her jacket pocket before straddling the kayak on the other side of the rider's hole. Makayla took up the spot by the door with her back to the wall, pinning her tail against it again. The door wasn't open very much, but she could still see down the path for quite some distance.

"Wow, you made a real mess, you weren't kidding," Sydney told her. Makayla's gaze slid over to the ferret; just as she had done, Sydney was sitting on the edge and tugging her swimsuit aside at the bottom. But since she was sitting on the other end, her back was towards the jaguar, so Makayla's gaze went unnoticed.

Makayla made a small noise of acknowledgement. She took another quick look outside, but it was all clear, so she returned her gaze to Sydney, feeling a small rush as she heard the ferret give a small groan, a brief hissing sound preceding the drumming of her stream on the inside of the kayak. "Feel good?" Makayla asked her.

"Yeah," Sydney answered, exhaling. The steady drumming sound of her piss against plastic indicated that she was peeing on the seat directly and not into the bottom that was already full of Makayla's urine, but the jaguar could also hear the dripping sound as excess pee spilled off the seat and down below. "I shouldn't have had that extra soda with dinner. It's all good now, though."

"I thought you would have learned your lesson in Junior High," Makayla teased lightly.

"Uuugh, don't remind me," Sydney grumbled, and Makayla chuckled. Remembering that she was supposed to be on watch, she looked outside again, but there wasn't anyone nearby. The whole shed was filled with the sound of Sydney's stream as she continued relieving herself, and even though Makayla felt a little repulsed by what Sydney was doing, there was some thrill in the moment of sharing it with her.

"So..." Makayla began, pausing a moment as she steeled herself, "If you ever need me to do this again, just ask, okay?"

"Do what?"

"Keep watch for you," Makayla clarified.

"Don't you find this super gross, though?" Sydney asked her, turning a little in her seat. Twisting her body made her stream change its angle too, and Makayla heard it splashing loudly as it started landing in the area below the seat.

She quickly looked back out the door to pretend she had been doing it the whole time. "Yes, but I want to help," she answered. "If it's a choice between me getting grossed out and you risking not being able to hold it, I'd rather not take the risk."

"Thanks," Sydney muttered, turning and facing forward again, her stream starting to trickle off. "I have to pee so often but I hate having to hold it. So if you're really okay with that I might take you up on it, that walk to the bathrooms here is brutal."

"Of course," Makayla told her.

Sydney clenched her Kegels, a few final spurts of pee splashing onto the kayak seat with a couple of drops spilling over it. She then dug around in her open jacket again to pull out another napkin, reaching down and wiping herself dry. "Oh, you dropped yours in here," she observed as she looked downward.

"It was an accident," Makayla lied. "But they're just plastic, it won't be hard for someone to clean."

"Yeah, and these things get dirty all the time anyway," Sydney rationalized as she tossed her napkin in with Makayla's, then stood up and adjusted her leotard to make herself decent again.

"Okay, let's put this away," she told Makayla.

"What?"

"I don't want anyone to get suspicious. Grab the other end. We'll just stick it in that empty rack on the bottom there." With a grin, Sydney added, "Think of it as hiding the evidence."

Makayla hesitated, then shook her head. "No, it's all dirty, and I don't have anything to clean my hands off with afterwards," she pointed out. "Just leave it there, it'll be fine."

Sydney nodded in agreement. "All right. It'd probably make a big mess if we turned it over, too."

"Exactly."

"Okay, let's get going--"

"Hold up," Makayla interrupted. "If we go back now they'll know we didn't go all the way to the bathrooms."

"Ooh, right, like Anna and the others."

The jaguar gave a nod. "Exactly. So let's just find somewhere nice to sit outside for a little bit before we go back. That way, this can stay as our secret."

"Got it! I think there's some picnic tables near here. Let's go there," Sydney said, turning for the door.

"Sounds good," Makayla agreed, and followed her out.

Anna grinned as she zoomed along the cycle path, with Kaitlyn and Sydney in a line behind her. Getting the bikes UP the mountainous terrain had been rough, and the three of them had stopped once up there to rest and drink some water, but the ride back down had been worth it. The trails were just steep enough that she barely had to pedal, but not so steep that she risked losing control. It was an exhilarating ride, one that had involved a lot of excited laughter and yelps from her and her friends along the way.

Sadly, it was coming to an end, and the trail leveled out as it hit the flat-ish section that the main campground was built on. "Slowing down!" she called out to her friends so they wouldn't run into her, braking a little to bring herself to a more reasonable speed, moving her legs to start pedaling.

They kept following the trail, which conveniently led back to the general vicinity of the equipment shed. Leading the other two, she stopped outside of it, and one of the campground staff was waiting there to help them return the bikes and helmets they had borrowed.

"What next?" Anna asked the others, looking around over the shelves and racks, "There's a soccer ball over there, or I think they have badminton stuff..."

"Ooh, they have some lacrosse sticks!" Sydney said excitedly, pointing and bouncing on her feet.

Kaitlyn wiped her brow. "I think I'm done," she told them, "that was fun, but I'm exhausted after the ride up earlier. It always looks so much easier in video games."

"Aww, okay," Anna said, but conceded. "What're you going to do?"

"They've got a clubhouse here, I'm going to get myself some drinks and then go there to relax," Kaitlyn said. "I'm surprised you didn't bring any board games up. Don't you work at a board game store?"

"I work at a -tabletop- game store," Anna corrected her as they walked out.

"What's the difference?"

"The games my store sells are the ones where you paint your own pieces. Or the kind that have like a billion pieces, rules the size of a magazine and about a dozen different decks of cards," Anna explained.

"Hey, I like those," Sydney said.

"I do too, that's why I work there, but I know Hannah and Chloe don't like them, so I just brought a couple decks of cards and some simple games that can have six players."

"Yeah, that's fair," Kaitlyn conceded. "They're probably too complicated for me, too."

"We can definitely go check out the clubhouse though," Anna told her, "I'm curious to see what they've got. Let's stop by our cabin first, though."

"Sounds good to me," Sydney agreed.

The three of them made their way along the path, talking about the bike ride they had just gone on, and different things they had seen along the trail on the way back down. Sydney had apparently seen an exotic bird, and did her best to describe it to the others while they walked.

As Kaitlyn listened to Anna's description of some of the wild flowers she had seen, she noticed they were coming up on the empty cabin. Memories of the last visit came back to her: Chloe and the laundry hamper, herself and the pillow, and Makayla on the armchair. She couldn't help but giggle at the thought; it had been a bit of a rush, and a surprising amount of fun.

"What's so funny?" Anna asked her.

"Huh? Oh, uh..."

Anna's gaze was already following where hers had been, and she spotted the cabin, before turning her head back to Kaitlyn. "Wait a minute," she said as she came to a stop, "did you...?"

Kaitlyn grinned and couldn't hold back a giggle. "Yep," she answered, "with Chloe." She almost added "and Makayla" but then remembered her promise, and simply left it at that.

Anna joined her in giggling, her tail flicking and swishing. "Welcome to the club," she joked, "that's everyone but Makayla. I don't know if I'll be able to convince her to try it, though."

"Oh, uh, yeah," Sydney chimed in, doing her best to sound convincing even though the events in the kayak shed meant she knew otherwise. "It doesn't sound like her thing at all."

"Well, anyway..." Kaitlyn continued, "Seeing the cabin reminded me that I kind of need to pee, and..."

She let it hang in the air, and Anna's grin widened. "Why not? We're already here."

"Should I?" Kaitlyn asked, lowering her voice a bit. "I do have to go, but..."

"Sure! How often will you get the chance to just go wherever you want without having to worry about cleaning it up?" Anna pointed out. "Plus, it'll save us another long walk to the bathrooms."

"Or a nearby tree," Sydney joked.

"Or someone's car," Kaitlyn teased.

Sydney huffed in response and fired back, "You keep making fun of me for that, but it was out of desperation. I'm not the one who keeps breaking into a cabin to piss in it just for fun."

"Well sure," Anna replied cheerfully. "But if we're -all- doing it for fun, nobody can make fun of anyone for that, right? So come with us."

"No thanks," Sydney told her.

"Aw, c'mon," Anna pressed, "You always need to go sooner than everyone else, and we've been together since breakfast."

"I didn't say I didn't need to go," Sydney grumbled, "just that I'm fine with going to the bathrooms."

"Really? It's a looooong walk," Anna emphasized. "Why hold it if you don't have to?"

"I..." Sydney began, but trailed off, glancing away and scuffing one of her shoes against the ground.

"Okay, fine, but I'm not going first."

Anna blinked, a little surprised at how quickly Sydney had changed her tune, but didn't complain. "Sure! Let's go, then," she told the others, and headed off for the door, with Kaitlyn and Sydney hurrying after her. Even though they already knew nobody else was around, Anna still furtively glanced to the sides before opening the door and slipping inside, the other two quickly following suit.

Anna couldn't be sure how much had changed since it had been so dark when she had last been inside, but there were some things that were obviously out of place when she peeked her head into the bedroom. The pillow on the ground immediately caught her attention, but the open lid of the laundry hamper seemed suspicious as well.

"I'm guessing that one was you?" she asked Kaitlyn, pointing to the pillow.

The red panda nodded. "Yeah. It worked pretty well! I knelt over it and it stopped anything from splashing."

"And what about Chloe?"

Kaitlyn pointed to the hamper, and Anna peeked inside, spotting the tissues. "Chloe was first, she went in there," Kaitlyn told her.

Anna chuckled and put on an overly dramatic voice, holding the back of her hand near her forehead as she continued, "Oh my, I can't believe my best friend would do such a thing! How could she possibly decide to pee in such a location? I thought I knew her better!" As Kaitlyn burst into giggles and Sydney just smirked, Anna went on, "Well, I'll just have to find a way to outdo her, I guess. This is a challenge! I can't just let her have the naughtiest pee in here!"

Kaitlyn gave a short laugh. "You two really do have that whole friendly-rivalry thing going on."

"Nothing wrong with some competitive fun, is there?" Anna replied with a shrug and a smirk, looking back inside of the laundry hamper and giggling when she saw the tissues at the bottom.

"That reminds me, she was standing up for that, and I also remember hearing that you were standing too," Kaitlyn said as she pointed towards the drawer of the bedside table, which was still open. "Could you maybe teach me how to pee standing up?"

"Uh... you pee, while standing up?" Anna offered. "It's not that hard."

"Well then, show me!" Kaitlyn countered, "You sound like you know how to do it properly."

"I mean, not really," Anna admitted. "I peed into that drawer, sure, but I was practically on top of it, so it's not like I could miss."

"Then how did-..." Kaitlyn began, only to cut herself off. "Wait a minute, how DID you use that porta-potty without making a mess?"

"Uhhhhh..." Anna stalled, but eventually just grinned sheepishly, rubbing the back of her head. "I didn't. Well, I didn't NOT make a mess, that is. I kinda just... peed on the floor, since you'd already-"

"Hey, you don't get to complain about my mess when you did something even worse!" Kaitlyn fired back, letting out a laugh. "I tried to get it in, that's more than you can say!"

"Wow, and you give me flak for peeing in a car as a last resort," Sydney piped up. "At least I didn't make a mess all over the floor."

"Not this time, anyway. Remember Junior High?" Anna was quick to retort.

"Oh come on, that was totally different!" Sydney protested.

"Well, anyway," Kaitlyn interrupted, "do YOU know how to pee standing up, Sydney?"

"Huh?" Sydney responded, taken off guard by the question. "No, I don't. I'm always sitting."

"Or squatting over a rug," Anna pointed out, and Sydney huffed again.

"Okay, or squatting, but that's not too hard to do. I've never peed standing up before."

"Never?"

"No, never."

"Not even in the shower?"

"No, I-... wait, you do that?"

Anna giggled. "Sure! Lots of people do. It just gets washed away immediately. Right, Kaitlyn?"

"Wait, why are you bringing me into this?" Kaitlyn asked. "But yeah, sometimes. I don't stand for it though, I always squat 'cause I don't want to get any on my legs."

"See?" Anna said smugly.

Sydney folded her arms. "Just because you two do it-"

"I bet Chloe does it," Anna asserted, "probably Hannah too. I bet even Makayla does!"

"I doubt that, but also, this is supposed to be about standing up, and either way, I know the least about it of everyone here," Sydney said firmly. "So why don't you go first, and show us how it's done?"

"Hey, this is at Kaitlyn's request. You'll do it too, right?" Anna asked as she looked over at the red panda.

"Oh, uh, I guess, but only if Sydney does too."

"What?" Sydney exclaimed.

"Anna's going to teach us, you should practice it too. You never know when it might come in handy!"

"I didn't say I was going to teach," Anna insisted, "I told you I don't know. But I'll try and figure it out myself if you do the same. Or maybe Sydney wants to try?"

Sydney let out a sigh. "How about we ALL do it?" she offered, "If only so that you stop going in circles."

"Sure!" Anna agreed immediately with a flick of her tail.

"All right," Kaitlyn concurred, "But who goes first?"

"I dare you to go first, Sydney," Anna said with a grin.

But the ferret wasn't having any of it, and shook her head. "Nuh-uh. I'm not falling for that again. And you agreed that I wouldn't go first before we came in, too!" she reminded Anna.

"Okay, you first then," Anna said to Kaitlyn.

"Why me?"

"You're the only one left," Anna said matter-of-factly, smirking.

"Okay, you know what, fine," Kaitlyn said, giving up. "Like you said, how hard can it be? But you're doing it after I do."

"Deal," Anna agreed.

"All right!" Kaitlyn said enthusiastically, pumping her fist. "...but where do I go?"

Anna looked around, her tail flicking as she thought it over. "How about the curtains?" she suggested, pointing to the windows. A curtain rail over the window near the bed supported a pair of green curtains, currently open.

"Sure," Kaitlyn said as she strode over to the bed, pulling another pillow off of it, turning and setting it down in the small gap between the bed and the window. She tugged the curtain partway closed and stood with the pillow between herself and the curtain, starting to reach under her skirt. But after a moment of thought, she instead pulled open the Velcro strap and took her skirt off entirely, holding it out towards Sydney. "Here, hold this."

"Huh? Why?" Sydney asked as she stepped over and took it.

"I don't want to risk it getting wet if it slips out of my hand or something," Kaitlyn explained. She pushed her pale blue panties down next, then spread her legs as best she could with the panties around her ankles. "Okay, I probably need to like... push my hips out, like this," she mused aloud, putting her hands on her hips and sticking them forward. "Right?"

Anna shrugged. "I dunno."

"Don't ask me," Sydney responded.

"Thanks a lot," Kaitlyn said jokingly. "Well, I've got the pillow there just in case. Let's give this a try."

She took a deep breath, letting it out, and drawing another, trying to relax. But the position was new to her, similar to but still distinct from when she had peed in the porta-potty, and it took a little longer for her to relax enough. Soon enough, she felt herself starting to pee, and she looked downwards at the curtains.

But her stream never made it there. It went straight down instead, soaking the panties pulled taut between her legs. In a panic, she let out a cry and tried to step backwards in reflex, but having her ankles effectively tied together caused her to stumble. She felt herself falling over, but the cramped space in the cabin meant that she fell onto the bed – while her stream, still going, splashed wildly across the floor and the pillow in front of her.

The other two were laughing uproariously at the sight, but as she overcame her panic, she quickly bent her knees to pull her legs closer to the bed so they wouldn't get splashed. Snorting, and then bursting into laughter as well, she stayed where she was, mostly on the bed with her rump hanging off of it, her stream sailing forward through the air to patter on the pillow, quickly drenching it.

"Okay, now that I have demonstrated how NOT to do it..." she joked, and the other two laughed harder. "Hey, this might still work! Let me just..." Taking a breath, she clenched her muscles to push her stream out with more force, sending the pale yellow fluid a little higher into the air, and further forward. It went off-target and splashed against the wall beside the curtains, but with a quick swing of her hips, she struck the curtains instead... and then overshot, hitting the wall between the curtains and under the windowsill.

"Yeah, that doesn't count," Anna told her between giggle fits, "You had to be standing when you got the curtains wet!"

"Eh, whatever," Kaitlyn conceded, sighing and leaning back as she let the rest of her piss splash wherever it wanted to go. It mostly landed on the pillow, splashing as she saturated part of it enough to form a small puddle, and then as it lost strength she sat up most of the way and let out the rest of her pee on the floor, clenching to get it all out. Once she was completely empty she sat up fully, grinding her slit against the bedcovers to dry herself off.

Once that was done, she looked downward, frowning heavily at her wet panties. "Ugh, I pulled a Sydney," she joked as she started moving her legs about, trying to get her feet out of the panties without having to touch them directly with her hands.

"Hey!" Sydney griped, "That was totally different!"

Anna was laughing hard again, her hands on her stomach. "A-Are you g-gonna leave them here t-too?" she managed to ask despite her laughter making it hard to speak.

"Yeah, I don't wanna touch 'em," Kaitlyn said as she managed to get one foot out of the panties, shaking and kicking her other foot until the wet garment made it past her shoe. The kicking motions sent the panties flying and then struck the wall, landing next to the pillow.

"Ooh, going for a Full Sydney!" Anna teased.

"Isn't it your turn next?" Sydney reminded her, tossing Kaitlyn's skirt back to her before crossing her arms grumpily.

"Yep, I can't do any worse than that!" Anna said with a giggle, going around to the other side of the bed to grab one of the remaining two pillows. She went back into the main room with it, as Sydney followed behind her.

"What, you're going to watch?" Anna teased as she turned one of the dining room chairs towards her, setting the pillow down below it so that it stuck out most of the way.

Sydney stuck out her tongue. "Gotta make sure you go through with it," she said, echoing Anna's remark from the last time the two of them had been in the main room of the cabin.

Anna just giggled, as Kaitlyn emerged from the bedroom, now with her skirt back on. "Okay, let's see," the fox muttered aloud. She lifted her skirt with one hand, hooked a finger under her panties, and tugged them aside. She let go of her skirt to try and spread her slit lips apart, but it immediately got in the way as it fell back into place, and no amount of maneuvering her wrists about seemed to help.

"I don't have enough hands for this," she grumbled. "Well, that's fine, just gimme a moment." Stripping off her skirt, she held it out to Sydney.

"Great, I've been demoted to being a clothes rack," the ferret grumbled as she folded Anna's skirt over one arm, to Kaitlyn's amusement.

"Could be worse," Anna told her as she pushed her panties down to her ankles before stepping out of them, the garment white cotton with light blue edges. "Here, catch."

She tossed her panties to Kaitlyn, who tried to catch them out of reflex and almost fumbled. "What-eww, Anna!" she cried out, tossing them away. "I don't want your panties!"

"Just keep an eye on them," Anna told her without looking over. She was spreading her legs wide to take advantage of being completely bottomless, and let out a sigh as she relaxed. However, her new stance didn't help; just like with Kaitlyn, her stream went almost straight down, landing on the pillow and soaking into it almost silently.

"Okay, okay, let's try something else," Anna said as she cut off her stream quickly. Reaching down with her right hand, she put her first two fingers on either side of her labia and pressed in gently, then pulled them up a bit, hoping that it would expose her urethra more. Relaxing again, the tingle in her loins from having stopped her stream went away as she picked up where she had left off, urine gushing from her once more.

Except it didn't come out as a stream. Instead, there was a wild spray of yellowed droplets of urine, splashing all over the cushion on the dining chair – as well as the back of it, several droplets missing it as well.

"Oh wow, what a mess!" Kaitlyn said, leaning in for a look. "That's just like-" she cut herself off before she could say Makayla's name.

"Just like what?" Anna asked.

Sydney, however, shuffled a little to her side; with those two distracted and not looking at her, she carefully hooked the tip of her shoe into Anna's panties on the floor, watching as the other two kept talking. The dining table was close to the kitchen area; while it didn't have a sink since there was no indoor plumbing, it did have a fridge, and the panties had landed close to it.

"Oh, uh, just like... one of those lawn sprinkler things!" Kaitlyn joked.

"Oh come on, it's not that bad!"

Smirking to herself, the ferret scraped her foot across the floor, pushing the panties closer to the fridge, then gave them one last shove to get them underneath it and out of sight.

Kaitlyn chuckled over the sound of Anna's piss landing on the soaked chair, pattering on the wet fabric. "Yeah, it's more like a showerhead!"

"You'll be getting a golden shower in a moment if you don't be quiet and let me try and figure this out..."

Sydney sidestepped back to her original position quickly, and just in time; Anna's efforts to move her fingers around were getting her no better results, and she clenched once more to stop herself. "I can figure this out, I need a do-over!"

"Sure, whatever you say," Sydney piped up as Anna turned to the next chair along. The fox turned herself around and bent over at the waist, attempting to mimic the pose that Hannah had taken up during their first visit to the cabin.

She curled her tail up high and put one hand on the dining room table to steady herself, keeping her legs apart. Although she peed in a stream once again this time and it did flow backwards, it didn't go back very far, barely striking the edge of the chair and then spilling off of it down onto the floor – landing directly on the wood as she hadn't moved the pillow over.

"Uh..." Anna said as she looked upside-down through her legs, "Third time's the charm?"

"You're supposed to be standing!" Sydney reminded her with a giggle. "Didn't you say it was easy?"

"Okay then, let's see you do better," Anna challenged as she kept her pose, letting the rest of her pee splash out onto the chair, and then the floor directly when she started running dry.

"Fine, I will!" Sydney told her, sticking her tongue out once more before heading into the bedroom to grab the last pillow. Although she was walking with confidence, she didn't feel it; her heart was beating rapidly as she panicked a little, not knowing what she was supposed to do, but she wasn't about to back down now.

By the time she came back, Anna had taken a tissue from Kaitlyn, and was wiping herself dry with it. "Gimme my skirt back first," Anna told Sydney.

"Here," Sydney told her, holding it out.

Anna took it from her and stood up, dropping the tissue so she could put her skirt back on. "Where are my panties?"

"Uh, somewhere?" Kaitlyn answered. "I tossed them over that way."

Sydney turned away to hide her grin as she went over to the kitchen area. There was a rectangular plastic trash can there with a bag still in it, and when she glanced inside, there were still a few wrappers and other bits of packaging left over from the previous visitors to the cabin. But more importantly, even for her short height, it was low enough that she ought to be able to pee into it... if she could figure out how it was done.

"I'll look for them later," Sydney heard Anna say as she dropped the pillow onto the floor in front of the trash can just in case. Taking off her skirt, she placed it on the kitchen counter, then put her hands on her panties – lowering her tail before actually pushing them down.

Anna giggled from behind her. "Come on, Syd, I already saw what you've got the last time we were here," she teased.

Sydney huffed as she stepped out from her panties and dropped them onto her skirt, looking back at the other two, who were both standing nearby and watching. "Well excuse me for having a little modesty."

"Girl, I watched you piss all over that rug over there a few days ago," Anna chided, "We're well past the point of modesty."

"Yeah, I think that kind of went out the window once we started watching each other peeing," Kaitlyn agreed with a giggle. "You were watching me a few minutes ago."

Grumbling, Sydney took up her stance in front of the trash can, straddling the pillow. All she knew, though, was what NOT to do, based on the attempts of the other two. But it was better than nothing, right? Anna spreading herself had worked better, but maybe she had just done it wrong...

Sydney tried putting two fingers on either side of her slit, and instead of pulling up, she tried spreading them apart to the sides gently. Her heart was still pounding, but she knew she couldn't put it off forever – and she did legitimately need to go, as well. So, closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and relaxed...

She braced herself for a spray, not wanting to panic like Kaitlyn had done, but instead, much to her surprise, her pee actually came out in a yellow stream that cleared the edge of the trash can and landed inside of it, rustling the black plastic. She stared in silent shock for a moment, but Anna was a lot quicker to comment.

"Oh, come on, really?" she blurted out in disbelief, "No way! You must have done this before!"

"No, never!" Sydney insisted, but then grinned deviously as her tail swished. "Like you said, it's easy, you just pee while standing!"

"I guess I have to get good," Kaitlyn remarked with a chuckle, taking it more in her stride. "I wasn't expecting you to actually pull it off."

'Neither was I', Sydney thought to herself, but she turned her head to stick her tongue out at the two of them once more. "Yeah, that's what you get for underestimating me," she teased.

"Congrats, though," Kaitlyn said in a more upbeat tone, raising a fist upward. "Achievement unlocked!"

Anna just giggled though. "Yeah, you really know what you're doing," she said with a smirk.

Sydney quickly looked back, and saw that while she was looking around, she had drifted off-target and was peeing against the wall behind the trash can. Quickly adjusting herself, she returned her stream to the trash as the two behind her laughed, but she just shrugged it off.

"Yeah, well, can you do this?" she asked rhetorically as she stepped up to the trash can as close as she could, leaning over it a bit and aiming her stream down by doing so. Moving her hips to direct the flow of her piss, she made it strike the wrappers inside, loudly rustling an empty potato chip bag, then striking an empty tin can to produce a hollow metallic sound. Some discarded napkins were in there too, and her stream soaked them through in seconds, producing a splashing sound as the downpour of fluid made them come apart.

"Nope, clearly you've got that over us," Kaitlyn said, chuckling.

"I bow to your expertise with peeing, o great one!" Anna jokingly replied, getting down on her knees and mimicking a worshipping motion, making both of the other two laugh.

"That's right, I'm a peeing master!" Sydney joked, wiggling her hips more to splash back and forth inside the trash can, rustling the bag with the rest of her fluid before she started running out. With a few final squeezes of her muscles she got out all of it, then turned around and held out her other hand to Kaitlyn. "Um... could I have a tissue?"

Kaitlyn giggled and tugged one out from her purse. "Sure, here you go."

"Psst, Sydney, I can see your pussy," Anna hissed as she got back to her feet, trying to tease the ferret.

"I don't care, look all you want, I won and that's what matters!" Sydney boasted as she wiped herself dry and then tossed the tissue over her shoulder, narrowly missing the trash can. Without looking to see if she got it in or not, she reached over for her panties and started putting them back on. "Did you find your panties?"

"No, they must have fallen behind something," Anna said with a shrug. "Maybe I'll find them on some future visit."

Sydney tugged her panties back up, then reached for her skirt. "Oh, so... does that mean you've 'Pulled a Sydney'?" she taunted.

Anna just giggled, though. "Naw. Only a Half Sydney," she said, leaning in and lowering her voice. "I didn't pee on them first."

"Hmph!"

"Last card!" Hannah warned the rest of the group, holding it up between two fingers and wagging it back and forth.

Sydney frowned at her hand before tossing a jack of spades onto the picnic blanket. Earlier, they had gone on the pre-scheduled white-water rafting trip, and while it had been a fun morning full of a lot of laughter and occasional screams, Kaitlyn and Makayla had declared that that was enough excitement for one day and had asked to relax for a while. So, gathering up some of their food, they took a picnic blanket out onto the grass near the main buildings to have lunch and then relax afterwards.

Anna grumbled and reached for the deck to draw a card. "You're gonna have to stop her, Kaitlyn," she said, looking at the card she had drawn, shrugging, and gesturing to Chloe to her left. "I can't play this, your turn."

Chloe tossed down a two of spades. "Chloe!" Makayla called out, and the arctic fox offered an apologetic shrug.

"It's the only spade I've got," she explained apologetically. The jaguar sighed and drew two cards, leaving Kaitlyn to scrutinize her hand.

"I don't really have anything that'd work... uh... should I change suit?" Kaitlyn asked the others.

Sydney looked at Hannah, who did her best to hold a poker face. "Chances are she has another spade," the ferret guessed, "So... probably?"

"But what if that's what she wants us to think?" Anna chipped in conspiratorially.

"Oh no, not that again," Kaitlyn grumbled, tossing down an eight. "Uhm... uh... diamonds!"

Hannah's poker face broke into a wide grin as she flicked her card onto the pile; it was also an eight. "Didn't matter what you picked," she quipped, winking at the others.

"Aw, come on!" Kaitlyn cried out before subsiding into laughter along with the others.

"Uuuuuugh," Sydney grumbled, putting down her hand. "I'm pretty sure you just won with all these points you're getting from me."

"Yep, I think so," Hannah said as she leaned over to look at Sydney's cards. "Works for me, I'm gonna go take a bathroom break before the next one."

"At least we're actually near the bathrooms for once," Makayla mused, gesturing vaguely in the direction of the concrete building at the other end of the grassy area. "It'll keep people from being tempted to mess up one of the cabins."

Anna and Chloe both giggled in response to that. Sydney gave a small chuckle and replied, "Yeah, and I went there before we ate, so I'm good."

"Same," Kaitlyn said, and Makayla nodded in agreement.

Hannah looked up and over at the bathrooms, frowning. "Looks like there's a line now, though," she grumbled. "I was hoping I could get back quickly enough for the next round."

"Just go pee on a tree like Chloe did," Sydney joked as she started gathering up the cards into a deck again.

Hannah just shook her head. "There's too many people around," she stated.

"I know, I wasn't serious," Sydney replied.

"Welllllll..." Anna mused aloud, "there's nobody over at the laundry room right now..."

Hannah's gaze slid over to the laundry room, which was close to the bathrooms since they both needed running water. "Hmm, yeah, that might work," she mumbled. "It's about the same distance away..."

Makayla frowned a little. "Are you seriously-?"

"I'll go with you!" Chloe piped up, cutting across Makayla's objection. "I didn't go after we got back. You coming, Anna?"

Anna's smirk broke into a wide grin as her tail swished behind her. "Nah, I already went."

"Huh? When?"

"I snuck off while you were making sandwiches," she said with a giggle. Chloe let out a gasp and then giggled along with her. "I just stood behind that big rock behind our cabin, problem solved!"

"Finally figured out how to stand?" Sydney teased.

"I just didn't have your natural talent for it, that's all," Anna fired back playfully.

"Anyway, if nobody else is coming, I'm going to go," Hannah interrupted, motioning for Chloe to follow.

"Yep, I'm coming," Chloe said as she got up. "We'll be back soon, I'm sure!"

"Could you teach me how to shuffle while we wait?" Kaitlyn asked Sydney.

"Sure, you just have to hold the cards like this..."

Hannah strode away from the group with Chloe in tow, heading for the laundry room, another concrete building with a wooden roof. The laundry room was empty of people, though the inside was warmer than outside from all the running machines, all three of the washers and dryers busily working. It was a very simple building, and other than a wall-mounted vending machine for detergent packets, there wasn't a lot else in the room.

"Huh," Hannah mused as she looked around, "I was expecting... more. Like, maybe a drain in the floor or something."

"Most of this place isn't very fancy, probably from being so far up in the mountains, I guess." Chloe shrugged and asked, "Do you want to go somewhere else?"

"I'd rather not, I'm already here," Hannah replied. "I'm sure I'll find something, just give me a minute."

"Well..." Chloe smirked to herself, her tail flicking behind her. "How about there?"

She pointed, and Hannah turned to look at what she was pointing at. Half-obscured by one of the washing machines was a red plastic basket of clothing. Hannah took a curious look at it; it was hard to tell at a mere glance, but she guessed that it was dirty laundry waiting to be washed since all the machines were busy.

"Hmm. I don't know, I don't want to make a mess for someone else..."

"If it were clean, sure, but it's just going to get washed anyway, so what difference does it make?"

"I suppose..." Hannah admitted, taking another quick look around, but unless she peed in a corner there weren't many other options. "Can you keep an eye out and let me know if anyone is coming?"

"Of course! That's why I came along," Chloe replied as she headed for the door, opening it just a crack and peeking outside. "Looks all clear to me."

Hannah stood by the laundry basket and gave it another look while she took off her cargo shorts; it was all casual wear, unsurprisingly for a campground. She placed her shorts on top of the closest washing machine, then picked a white t-shirt off the top of the laundry with her left hand so that she could cover up the mess she was about to make.

Putting one leg on either side of the basket, she did a wide squat to lower her hips down towards it, holding onto the machine she was mostly hidden behind. Chloe glanced over and gave her a thumbs-up before looking out the door again, so Hannah used her right hand to pull her panties to the side and expose her pussy, which was only a few inches above the top of the laundry pile.

Taking a breath, she relaxed and began pissing onto the laundry, a heavy and hard stream gushing at a slight angle and straight down onto the jeans at the top. The stream drummed loudly on the fabric, soaking into it but also starting to splash, and she shifted her hips to try and aim at something softer. The noise of the hissing stream and the pattering of it on the wet clothing was mostly masked by the running washing machine next to her, but Chloe still took another look over.

"There's no rush, you don't have to pee so hard," Chloe told her with a giggle.

"I'm not, this is just how it normally is," Hannah told her as she shifted and peed onto another shirt instead, drenching it in moments and soaking through it to the layers below.

"Wow, really?" Chloe asked in awe, staring for a moment before remembering she was supposed to be on watch, turning and looking out the slightly open door again. "So you could pee even harder?"

"I sometimes do, but right now I don't want to splash myself," Hannah answered, keeping her eyes downwards to watch what she was doing. As the shirt became completely soaked, her stream started splashing a little, and she shuffled back a little bit to find a new garment to drench.

"Sounds kind of handy," Chloe remarked with another giggle.

Hannah raised an eyebrow, but still didn't look up. "It mostly just makes more noise. Unlike you and Anna, I don't do this all the time."

"Heeeey," Chloe protested jokingly, "We didn't do stuff like this before coming on this trip!"

"Okay, but are you going to stop when we go back home?"

Chloe didn't answer verbally, instead just giggling madly, her tail flicking back and forth behind herself, so Hannah just chuckled knowingly. She tried squatting lower to minimize the splashing, still moving her hips around to spread the liquid around as much as she could.

"Really, it's all Sydney's fault," Chloe joked, "If she hadn't peed in that car then we wouldn't have had the idea."

"Uh-huh, sure," Hannah said disbelievingly, her hard stream coming to an end with barely a second of weakened droplets. She clenched to get the rest of it out and then raised her hips a little, wiping herself on the white t-shirt she had been holding before draping it over the top of the laundry to hide all the darkened fabric that she had soaked.

"Feeling better?" Chloe asked.

"Oh, amazing!" Hannah replied, feigning an over-the-top response as she stood up, slipping her panties back into position. "Never better, it's like the best sex I've ever had, while eating cheesecake at a concert." Dropping her voice back to normal as she put her shorts back on, she continued, "I was just peeing. Better than waiting twenty minutes in line, though, for sure."

Chloe laughed and stayed by the door. "Well, not so fast," she said as Hannah started walking towards her, "I need to go as well. Mind taking over on the lookout?"

"Sure, but where are you going to go?"

"I've got an idea..."

Chloe went over to the washing machine that Hannah had been squatting next to, and opened the lid. The machine came to a stop, the inside filled with water, bubbles, and clothes in the middle of being washed. Turning away from it, she pulled open the Velcro strap on her skirt, giggling as she saw the shocked expression Hannah was staring at her with.

"What?" she asked innocently, putting her skirt on the next washing machine and reaching down to take off her panties, "It'll just get washed away, it's fine. Besides, I've been drinking plenty of water."

"I hope Sydney realizes what she has unleashed on the world," Hannah joked as she peeked out the door.

"Told you it was her fault!" Chloe teased, dropping her panties onto her skirt, reaching into the pocket of the skirt to pre-emptively pull out a tissue. It was a little awkward to do so, but she put her hands on the washer and pushed herself up to sit on it with her rump hanging over the inside of the washing machine, holding her tail up high.

It wasn't a particularly comfortable seat, but it would do, and she sighed as she started to pee, the stream splashing into the water below. "It's not THAT different from using a toilet," she told Hannah, giggling briefly, her raised tail swishing and swaying from side to side.

"In the pose, maybe," Hannah retorted, keeping her eyes on the path outside. "What next, the fountain at the mall?"

"Oooh, that's a good idea," Chloe teased. She wiggled her hips a little, unable to see what she was doing, but able to hear the splashing of her stream and the occasional pattering of it hitting an item of clothing near the surface of the water.

"It wasn't a suggestion!" Hannah replied, exasperated, but she ended up letting out a small chuckle regardless.

Chloe shuffled back just a little bit more, spreading her legs a bit to try and peek between them, but the inside of the machine was dark and her body was in the way of the light, so she could only see her pale stream gushing into it before splashing inside. She tried pushing it out a little harder as she thought of Hannah's hard stream, and it struck the inside of the machine, drumming against the metal interior. She giggled before letting it go back to normal strength, sitting there for several more seconds before she trickled to a stop. After a few more clenches, she was completely empty, and she hopped off the machine to close the lid, which made it start working again.

Chloe wiped herself with the tissue she had taken, and then there was a click from the machine and they both heard the water draining out of it. She glanced back, then grinned over at Hannah. "See, it's fine. I even flushed!"

Hannah couldn't stop herself from laughing a little as the machine spun up, rocking slightly. "Get dressed and let's go, they're waiting for us," she told Chloe.

"Yeah, yeah, just a second," Chloe answered, looking around for a trash bin. But there wasn't one that she could see, so she tossed the tissue into the area between the laundry basket and the machine, leaving it on the floor out of sight, reaching for her panties.

She was almost dressed and just fastening her skirt when the machine buzzed and came to a stop. Chloe's eyes flicked over to it, then she looked over at Hannah in silence for a moment before frantically slapping the strap into place and hurrying over for the door. Both giggling, they made a quick exit from the laundry room, trying to straighten up and suppress their amusement as they went back to rejoin the others.

"Welcome back!" Anna greeted them, as Kaitlyn tried to shuffle the cards with limited success. "How'd it go?"

"Oh, fine, fine," Chloe told her as she sat back down, but Anna gave her a scrutinizing look, particularly at the arctic fox's swishing tail.

"Uh-huh. So, what happened? Where'd you go?"

"Well, there weren't any good spots, so we had to improvise," Chloe told her, excited to recount the story. "We found some laundry for Hannah."

"Like you said, it was just going to get washed anyway," Hannah reminded her.

Chloe giggled, then took a breath to calm herself. "Yeah, so, after that, I went in one of the washing machines."

"An empty one?"

"No, it was still going," Chloe said with a shake of her head. "They all were, actually. But, it stopped when I opened the lid, so I just sat on the edge and let loose. Though, uh, it must have been doing its final rinse, 'cause while I was getting dressed, it finished."

Anna burst into laughter when she heard that. "Chloeeeeee!"

"What? Come on, that machine holds what, like, ten gallons of water? More? I dunno, but I'm not that big, and it was already super diluted coming out of me. It'll be fine, there's no lasting damage," she reasoned. "Not like you-know-when," she added with a look towards Sydney, who just stuck out her tongue in response.

"I can't believe you, sometimes," Makayla grumbled.

"Well, you're not touching the cards with your dirty hands, so take some of this," Kaitlyn told them firmly as she reached into her purse and pulled out a little bottle of hand sanitizer.

"I didn't even touch myself, but very well," Hannah conceded.

"Me either, but sure thing, germaphobe," Chloe teased.

As Makayla waited for them so that the cards could be dealt, she stared off into the distance in the general direction of the laundry room. Though she was disgusted by what they had done, something tugged at her mind. She almost wished she could have gone with them and been included, but... there was more to it. What they had done was wrong, but on the other hand, they'd obviously had fun and were going to get away with it. Something about that seemed to resonate with her...

"Hey, Makayla," Sydney said, snapping her fingers, "you all right there?"

"Yes, sorry. Go ahead and deal me in."

"I already did," Sydney told her. Makayla looked down and saw the small pile of eight cards in front of her and picked them up with a mumbled apology; she would have more time to think things over later.

Hannah closed one eye as she bent over the pool table, placing her left hand on the felt and resting her cue between her thumb and forefinger as she lined up her shot, moving the cue back and forth. At the other end of the table, Makayla watched impassively as she idly took the tiny cube of blue chalk and rubbed it on the end of her cue.

With one strike, Hannah effortlessly sank the blue ball into the side pocket... or at least, that's how she imagined it going down. Instead, the blue ball bounced off the cushion, struck the cushion on the other side of the pocket, and then rolled off towards the middle of the table, while the cue ball rolled to the side near the red striped ball to give Makayla a perfect shot to follow up with.

The husky let out a sigh and straightened back up. "Well, it was worth a shot."

Makayla gave a small chuckle and set down the chalk. "You have to be gentler when going for a side pocket. Watch this."

Hannah watched as the jaguar strode confidently to take the shot that Hannah had accidentally provided for her, easily pocketing the striped ball in the corner. The 8-ball was close to the side, and she motioned for Hannah to watch as she gave the cue ball a much gentler strike; it hit the 8-ball and sent it slowly rolling to the side pocket, falling down inside.

Hannah clapped briefly, giving a nod of appreciation. "Remind me to never play against you for money."

Makayla just gave a small smirk as she pulled the triangle out to rack the balls once more. "You've been to my place, you know we have a snooker table in the basement. It's a great way to unwind."

"You'll have to teach me how to play that some time, too. I've only played pool before."

As Makayla racked the balls, Hannah looked around for the others. Earlier, the group had gone hiking along a mountain trail, and although the weather had been clear, the views gorgeous, and the photos plentiful, it had been quite an exhausting trip, so they had agreed to take it easy for the evening. At Anna's suggestion they had gone to the campground's clubhouse, which was a lot better-equipped than Hannah had expected. In addition to the pool table, there were two dart boards, a foosball table, and a cabinet full of board games.

Anna and Chloe were on opposite sides of the foosball table, excitedly spinning the handles as they laughed and yelped, both of them shuffling from side to side to follow the ball. Sydney and Kaitlyn were sitting at one of the tables with a checkers set in front of them; Sydney had one hand on her muzzle in a look of intense concentration as Kaitlyn smugly spun one of Sydney's lost pieces between her fingers. There had been other patrons there earlier, but it was getting very late, and their group were the only ones left.

Suddenly, the door to the clubhouse opened, and one of the campground staff stuck his head in. "Sorry to bother you, but I'll be locking up in five minutes," the wolf told them.

They gave their collective acknowledgement, and he left, closing the door. Hannah set her cue down on the table and Makayla did the same, since they obviously didn't have time for another round. Sydney forfeited and she and Kaitlyn started putting the pieces back in the box, as the two vixens continued their heated match, their friends gathering around them to watch.

Back and forth the ball bounced between the painted players, as the foxes scrambled from one end of the table to the other and back again. It finally slipped past Anna's goalie and fell down with a rattling sound, and she let out an "Awww!" as the others cheered, but her disappointment was short-lived; she gave Chloe a nod and they exchanged "Good game"s.

The door opened up again as the staff member returned, and the group obligingly made their way outside. The wolf flicked off the lights, then closed the door and locked it before heading off towards another building to continue his routine. Outside of the clubhouse was a dirt path leading towards other parts of the campground, with some dim lights stuck in the ground along one side to mark it. Nearby, there was a hot tub that had been turned off, and a few picnic tables, some rectangular and one round, the umbrellas that normally went in them having been taken out and set aside. Deckchairs and small square tables offered additional seating.

"Wow, what a nice night out," Kaitlyn commented as she looked upward at the sky. It was almost completely clear, with a gibbous moon and many visible stars.

"Oh, shoot," Sydney muttered, looking back to the door.

"What is it?" Chloe asked. "Did you leave something in there?"

The ferret shook her head. "No, I meant to go to the bathroom before we left, but I got distracted by your game."

"Ahh. Well, I guess we should head for the empty cabin!" Chloe joked, giggling.

"Chloe!" Anna gasped in mock offense, quickly subsiding into giggles as well. "How could you suggest such a thing?"

"I knooooow, I'm such a bad girl."

"Exactly. It's even further away than our cabin is from here," Anna pointed out, deliberately missing the point, making most of the others snicker.

"And the laundry room is closed at this hour..." Chloe added with a smirk towards Hannah.

"And there's no porta-potties out here for people to make a mess of," Added said playfully, looking directly at Kaitlyn, who gave an impassive shrug.

Chloe grinned and leaned in towards Anna. "And no sheds to sneak behind, either."

Hannah raised an eyebrow. "You two have been busy, haven't you?" she remarked.

Chloe's giggles only intensified. "Don't complain, you like gossip as much as the rest of us."

"Yeah, yeah," Hannah admitted.

"What ARE we going to do, though?" Sydney asked. "The main bathrooms are a long way from here."

"We'll just have to start walking," Makayla said impassively. "I'd rather go before bedtime as well."

Anna brought her hand to her muzzle, her tail swishing behind her. "Oooooorrrrr..."

Chloe tilted her head, looking at her friend in interest. "Oooooorrrrr...?"

Anna raised her right hand and pointed, the group's gazes following it. "Or, there's a perfectly good hot tub right there we could use."

The air was immediately filled with the other girls' responses. "Oh, come on!"

"Right out here in the open?"

"I mean, I guess..."

"It's not THAT far to the bathrooms."

"Ooh, naughty!"

The red fox just giggled, shrugging off the objections. "It'll be fine. Those signs always say 'No peeing in the pool', not 'No peeing INTO the pool', right?" She giggled at her own joke, then continued, "I mean, I'm not going to force anyone. But I'm gonna do it, so whatever you pick, it's getting peed in either way."

"Me too," Chloe added immediately, "Besides, it's so dark out here, nobody else is going to see us."

Hannah glanced around; the only light was coming from the path lights, which were barely enough to illuminate a few feet of ground around them. "Yeah, you have a point there," she agreed. "I've done enough walking for one day, I just want to get to bed and put my feet up."

"I had enough of holding it on the trip here," Sydney grumbled. "Screw it, I'll join you. Beats walking back with a hand under my skirt."

Kaitlyn sighed. "Fine, fine. The main bathrooms are always pretty gross anyway."

"By your high standards, maybe," Chloe teased with a giggle.

"...I'll join too." Makayla murmured.

The others went quiet for a moment. "Really?" Anna asked, "I figured you wouldn't want to."

The jaguar shrugged. "Everyone else is, and I don't want to make the trip to the bathrooms all on my own," she explained. "So I might as well. Just don't get any on me."

Chloe considered commenting on it being more of a concern for the rest of them with the way Makayla sprayed, but decided not to; her friend was stepping out of her comfort zone and she didn't want to tease her about it. "Well, if we all stand side-by-side, that should keep everyone dry," she said instead.

"Might be a bit crowded," Anna added, "but you can stand on the end too, that'll give you a bit more space."

Makayla gave a small nod of thanks. Anna stepped up to the edge of the hot tub, waving for Makayla to come stand at her left side, and Chloe took up the other spot next to Anna. Sydney was next, then Hannah, with Kaitlyn standing at the opposite end as she shifted her purse to her right shoulder. The hot tub was just barely long enough to accommodate them all standing shoulder to shoulder, but it would suffice.

"Gimme a moment," Hannah insisted as she fumbled with her shorts, undoing the button and zipper.

"I keep telling you to switch to skirts!" Anna remarked with a small laugh.

"And I keep telling you that I never have enough pockets," Hannah fired back playfully as she dropped her shorts to her ankles.

"All right, let's not stay here all night. Panties off," Chloe instructed. "Unless you don't have any," she added with a sly glance at Sydney.

"I'm wearing panties! I've only lost them once!" the ferret insisted, pushing her panties down to her knees and then pointing at them with both hands to make her point.

"Well, twice, if you count Junior High..." Chloe teased quietly, and Sydney grumbled as she stood back up straight.

Hannah followed suit, followed by Kaitlyn who took her time sliding them to her knees and then letting them fall from there. Makayla hesitated, but once all of the others had their panties around their ankles, she felt comfortable lowering her own as well, letting the silken black garment fall to her feet.

"You'll have to check my work, Sydney, since I only heard second-hand about the fine arts of peeing while standing," Chloe teased.

Sydney snorted and stuck out her tongue at Chloe. "It's seriously not hard. Just make sure to spread yourself to the sides rather than pulling upward." She pushed her hips out a little, lifting up her skirt with her left hand and demonstrating with her right, though it was a little hard for most of them to see while standing alongside her.

"Okay, you heard her, all together now," Chloe continued, tugging up her skirt with one hand and spreading her slit with the other, the others mimicking her action – except for Hannah who was already bottomless, and simply rested her left hand on her hip.

"Settle down, Chloe, you're not directing the cheerleaders," Kaitlyn commented.

"What, you don't think I can captain the Synchronized Peeing team?"

Kaitlyn snorted in amusement, and Makayla shook her head. "Let's get this over with," the jaguar said. "It's a bit cold to be standing around bottomless."

"Yeah, can we? I really need to go," Sydney agreed.

"Yep, breathe out and relax," Chloe told the others. She exhaled, and her pale stream was the first, hissing on its way out as it arched from her slit to splash into the hot tub in front of her. Sydney was quick to follow as she let out a sigh of relief, her short stature meaning the stream of her pee didn't go as far as Chloe's before hitting the water, clouding it with yellow.

Anna was next, the arch of her urine landing in the water next to Chloe's. Kaitlyn and Hannah started at almost the same time, the husky's stream shooting out hard and in a straighter line, a few droplets breaking off from the main jet partway down. Meanwhile, as the red panda relaxed, taking advantage of being able to spread her legs out, Kaitlyn's pee came out in a narrow spray, running almost clear, pattering on the surface of the water.

"You're doing it wrong," Sydney told Kaitlyn, "I said don't pull upward."

"Oh, sorry," Kaitlyn said, adjusting her fingers. Her pee started coming out in a slow stream, but broke up into droplets along the way anyway. "Eh, good enough."

That just left Makayla, who was still feeling a little apprehensive despite her earlier conviction. Anna took note, and said quietly to her, "Just relax. Pretend we're not here, and you're in a bathroom."

Nodding, the jaguar closed her eyes, reaching down and spreading her pussylips with her fingers in the hope that it would minimize the mess. The sound of the other four streams and one spray splashing in the water reminded her of her own need, and she took a deep breath. Letting it out, she felt a tingle run through her body as she started to relieve herself, but kept her eyes closed, hearing the multitudes of droplets splashing in the water a moment later over the combined hissing sound of the six of them emptying their bladders.

"You need to drink more water, Syd," Chloe said, breaking the relative silence.

"I drink plenty!" Sydney insisted. "We can't all be pissing mineral water like Kaitlyn over there."

The red panda snickered as she tried not to laugh at that remark, making her spray splash around more wildly. "I mean, with how many bottles I went through today, you might not be entirely wrong..."

Makayla hesitantly opened the one eye that wasn't covered by her hair, and glanced downwards. Her own pale yellow spray, much bigger and wider than Kaitlyn's, was splashing all over the water at the edge, a few errant drops hitting the side of the tub as well, and she carefully twisted her body just a bit to correct her aim, the numerous droplets landing closer to Anna's stream.

"I know you two have been best friends for, like, ever," Hannah added as she glanced over to the two vixens and their nearly parallel streams, "and you do pretty much everything together, but I think it's adorable that you even piss the same way."

"Aww, thanks," Anna said as Chloe giggled, and they moved their streams a little closer, sending droplets spraying off all over the water's surface when they collided for a few moments. The others were amused by the sight, and even Makayla let out a small chuckle.

"Can you believe guys do this all the time?" Chloe said as she straightened herself back out.

"And with strangers," Anna added.

"Right! But they have all these rules about it. You have to, like, be totally silent, and stare straight at the wall, like this." Chloe put on the sternest face she could and looked directly ahead as she continued to pee, her stream starting to wane, the others breaking into laughter at her impression.

"That's the real reason there's no urinals in the women's rooms," Anna joked as she also started running dry, with Sydney's stream trickling off a bit faster, as Chloe clenched her muscles to force out the last drops. "We'd be so much less uptight about it."

"Another mystery of the world solved," Hannah commented with a smirk as she started to run out too, Kaitlyn lasting a few seconds longer. The only splashing left, other than from a final few squirts from those who had finished, was coming from Makayla's potent spray. But even that didn't last for long before coming to an end, the splashing rising in pitch as her urine came out with less and less force.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" Anna asked her as the jaguar clenched to get the last spurts out of her.

"...yeah, it was okay," Makayla grudgingly admitted.

"No cold porcelain to deal with..." Anna reminded her.

"No wet seats..." Kaitlyn added.

"No waiting in line and holding it, either," Sydney remarked.

Makayla gave a nod. "Can't get around the cleanup, though. Who has tissues?"

"I've always got plenty," Kaitlyn said as she opened her purse and started passing them over, each girl passing them to the left until they each had one.

"Where are we going to put these, though?" Sydney asked when she was done wiping, "The only trash can around here is inside."

"Uh, good question," Chloe replied as she shuffled back, bending over and pulling her panties up as she held the wet tissue in her other hand. She looked around, but there wasn't much else outside other than the tables and chairs. But she spotted something curious; it looked like a pipe stuck in the ground, but it was set into a concrete block that, in turn, was embedded into the dirt.

She went over to investigate, and Anna came over as well. "Where's the flag?" she asked aloud.

"Huh?"

"There must've been a flag here at some point," Anna remarked. Then, with a shrug, she bent over and stuffed her tissue into the pipe. "Well, it obviously hasn't been used in a while, so nobody will mind."

"Sure, that works," Chloe said as she shoved her tissue in on top of Anna's. The others, now decent once more, came over and did the same, though both Makayla and Kaitlyn were a little hesitant, gingerly pushing the tissues in deeper with one finger.

Kaitlyn immediately dug into her purse for hand sanitizer after that. "Now let's head back," she insisted as she rubbed her hands together and cleaned them.

"May I?" Makayla asked, holding a hand out to Kaitlyn.

"You should have your own, I don't have much of this."

Makayla frowned, then stretched her hand out towards Kaitlyn, wiggling her fingers teasingly. "Then my hands will be dirty, all because of yoooooooouuuuu," she remarked.

Kaitlyn leaned back with a frown of her own and relented. "All right, all right," she said, raising the bottle and pumping out some sanitizer onto Makayla's hand as the others laughed from the sight. "Okay, fine. Who else wants some? Come get it, and let's get to bed already. My feet are aching."

"I think that went well," Chloe remarked as she held out a hand to Kaitlyn. "Maybe we can make the Synchronized Peeing championships after all!"

"Cham-PEE-onships?" Anna joked, to a chorus of groans.

"We're gonna go for gold!" Hannah punned back.

Chloe laughed and cheered, "The competition will be washed away!"

"A total washout," Hannah agreed. "We'll make a real splash on the stage!"

"A great PEE-formance!" Anna managed to exclaim between giggles.

With an exasperated groan, Makayla brought a hand to her face and sighed. But even as she shook her head, she couldn't help but smile, grateful to have her friends with her.

Makayla closed the eye obscured by her hair, holding her breath as she drew back the bow string, recalling the instructor's words. One clean motion, no hesitation...

She released the string and the arrow sailed through the air towards the target, punching through the paper and stopping halfway into the hay bale behind it. She'd hit the ring around the bullseye again, and felt proud; it was only the second time she'd done that so far, and while she hadn't hit the bullseye at all, she was happy that she had improved since the first shots of the day that had missed the target entirely.

"Nice shot!" Hannah complimented her from her side. "You're doing really well for a beginner."

"Thank you," Makayla answered gracefully. The instructor came by and gave her some more advice on how to hold her arms, and she alternated shots with Hannah for a little longer before she heard someone calling her name.

"Hannah! Makayla!"

Setting the bow down, Makayla turned around and saw Chloe standing nearby, just on the outside of the fence around the archery range. She waved to acknowledge her, and Chloe waved back, gesturing for them to come over.

"Sydney's making dinner for us," Chloe told the two of them once they approached, leaning on the fence. "She asked me to come and get you."

"Sure, just give me a few more minutes," Makayla told her, and Chloe nodded in response.

She and Hannah went back to take a few more shots, and though neither of them got any closer to hitting the center, they were able to consistently hit the marked parts of the targets. Once they ran out of arrows, they returned their bows and left to join up with Chloe.

"I expected you'd be a lot better," Makayla mentioned to Hannah as they walked, "Since you play a lot of sports on your own time."

Hannah laughed a little. "Sure, but firing a bow is different from hitting a volleyball or doing a slapshot," she said, mimicking the motion with an imaginary hockey stick. "Being good at one sport doesn't automatically translate to another."

"That's fair," Makayla admitted. "What's Sydney making?"

"Some kind of stew," Chloe told them, "She says she has a secret ingredient from her parents' kitchen that she brought along."

"Mm, I can't wait."

It was just starting to get darker as the sun approached the horizon while they walked along the path, as Chloe asked them about the archery lessons, then told them about her and Anna going bungee-jumping. It was a very relaxing walk, with little noise other than the rustling of leaves, and Makayla gave an absent sigh, enjoying the calm moment.

Chloe's spontaneous giggle brought her attention to the vixen, who was looking towards a nearby cabin. With a glance, Makayla confirmed it was the same one the group had already paid various visits to before, and it still seemed unoccupied... and uncleaned.

"Anyone else gotta pee?" Chloe asked, and turned her head towards Makayla. "Wanna go in there again?"

Hannah nodded. "I do, but... wait, 'again'?" she said mid-realization. "Did you...?"

Makayla felt flustered, not knowing what to say, and glanced away from them both. "I'm sorry, I forgot it was a secret," Chloe said apologetically, "But you DID say that it was okay to talk about while you were around, just not behind your back."

"What secret?" Hannah pressed.

Steeling herself, Makayla brought her gaze back to the others and looked directly at Hannah. "Are you really going to go with her?" she asked; she had no doubt that regardless of what they did, Chloe was going to be using the cabin as her toilet once again.

"Well... yeah. I'm hungry! I don't want to walk all the way to the bathrooms and back. Besides, all of us" she emphasized with a look towards Makayla, "have made at least one mess in there already. Can't make it much worse at this point. But what's this secret you mentioned?"

"I see," Makayla responded, ignoring Hannah's question. "In that case, since everyone else is, I might as well too." Her heart beat a little faster; despite her outward reluctance, she found herself excited about the opportunity, and was glad to have an excuse.

"Really? I'm surp-" Hannah began, but Chloe cut her off.

"The more the merrier! And I don't want to wait for dinner any longer than I have to either," she piped up cheerfully. Heading for the cabin, she was going to wave for the other two to follow her, but they were already walking with her, and she giggled a little as she slipped inside after making sure there wasn't anyone else nearby looking their way.

"What the..." Hannah began as she looked around inside, seeing the pillow left on the floor by the dining room table, and the one in the kitchen by the trash can. "Anna and the others certainly had a fun time, from the look of it."

"Oh, yeah!" Chloe said excitedly, "I heard alllllll about it."

"Did you, now?"

"Uh-huh! We've been swapping stories," she said with a giggle, then a look towards Makayla, who had just closed the door behind them. "Except yours, since I did promise to keep it a secret."

"I appreciate that," Makayla told her with a nod.

"Well, what happened?" Hannah pressed.

"I, ah... came with them and ended up joining in, using that chair in the bedroom," Makayla admitted quietly, pointing towards the bedroom door but also using it as an excuse to avert her gaze from the other two.

"Oh, uh, I meant what Anna and the others did," Hannah said at first, then chuckled. "But I'm glad to hear you've been joining in too, I don't want you getting left out if you don't want to be. You remember my promise from when we met, right?"

Makayla gave a solemn nod, but Chloe tilted her head. "Huh? What promise?"

Hannah glanced at the jaguar, who nodded her assent. "You remember her in the first year of high school, don't you?"

"Yeah. She came from a different primary school, and was always off by herself on lunch and on breaks," Chloe recounted. "And always really quiet."

"Well," Hannah continued, "One day, after I saw her hovering around, I went to introduce myself. And I told her that she was free to join me and my friends any time she wanted, and that she never had to feel like she was being left out again."

Chloe held her hands up near her mouth. "Oh my goooosh, that's so sweet!"

Makayla's cheeks flushed as she glanced aside, putting one hand on the back of her neck, and she mumbled, "Weren't you telling us about Anna and the others?"

Chloe giggled but gave a nod. "Right, right. Apparently, she and Sydney and Kaitlyn decided to try and pee standing up. But they didn't know how, so they tried experimenting."

Hannah gave a short laugh. "Oh, no. How badly did that go?"

"Kaitlyn made a huge mess, apparently," Chloe told them, "She fell backwards while trying to pee on the curtains in the bedroom. Then Anna tried on the dining room chairs." She pointed to the chair with the pillow under it for emphasis. "And then it was Sydney's turn – and get this, she actually did it first try!"

"Really?" Makayla asked.

"Yeah! She peed right into the trash can. She's proud of it too, I asked her about it and she said she's been peeing standing up ever since."

"I can't blame her, the seats in that bathroom are so cold in the mornings," Makayla muttered.

Chloe nodded, her tail swishing as she leaned in towards them. "So that's what they got up to. But the question is... what are WE going to get up to?"

Hannah looked over towards the bedroom, peering through the door as she walked a little closer to it. "I'm guessing those are Kaitlyn's panties on the floor?" she asked.

"Yep, she got them wet and, well, you know her, they're ruined forever at that point."

"And she couldn't hit the curtains from that close?" Hannah scoffed. "That should have been easy with the right positioning, I could make that with no trouble at all."

"Well, yeah," Chloe intoned as though it were the most obvious thing in the world, "You've got that really strong stream. You're like a firehose."

Hannah snorted in amusement. "Overselling it a bit, aren't you?"

"Should I be worried that you know exactly how everyone pees?" Makayla asked with a joking tone.

"Hey, after the hot tub the other night, we all know everyone's secret," Chloe remarked with a giggle. "And so you can back me up when I say that Hannah's got a really strong stream."

Hannah shrugged. "It's not that big of a deal."

"Oh yeah? Then let's prove it," Chloe challenged, stepping up and giving Hannah a playful poke just under her neck, tail swishing back and forth mischievously. "Let's see who can pee the furthest. I'm going to try and see if I can match you, and I bet you're going to go way further."

The husky's expression changed to one of confusion, her head tilting to one side. "You're... betting that you're going to lose?"

"I guess so, yep!" Chloe admitted with a laugh.

Hannah chuckled, shrugged, and folded her arms. "Well, if you want, I'm not going to back down from a challenge," she said with a wide grin. "Makayla, you want in on this?"

Makayla shook her head. "No, thank you."

"Mind being the referee, then?" Chloe joked, but to her surprise, Makayla nodded that time.

"Sure, I suppose," the jaguar answered nonchalantly. "Though I'm sure I could just look at the floor to see who got further."

"Yeah!" Chloe cheered, pumping a fist, "Okay, Hannah, let's do this thing." She started taking off her skirt, and Hannah followed suit by unbuttoning and unzipping her shorts. Chloe was the first to render herself bottomless, and slung her skirt and panties over the back of the sofa before taking a seat on it.

Hannah wasn't far behind her, tossing her shorts over the backrest, her panties hanging partway out of one of the many pockets on the cargo shorts. Now that Hannah was ready, Chloe shifted to pull her feet up onto the sofa cushion, and got into a squatting position while leaning back, supporting herself on the backrest with her arms stretched out across the top of it.

Giving her a glance and looking at the pose Chloe was in, Hannah did her best to imitate it, keeping her legs spread and her hips raised so that her stream would go further more easily. Makayla had wisely gotten herself out of the potential line of fire and was standing off to the side, leaning on the frame of the door to the bedroom as she watched them both.

"I'm afraid I don't have a starter pistol," Makayla joked.

"I've got your starter PISS-tol right here!" Chloe retorted with a giggle, pushing her hips upward for emphasis. "Okay, Hannah, go when you're ready!"

"Will do."

Makayla couldn't help but give an amused snort at the sight of the other two both holding their hips up in a reclined squat. Chloe was the first one to start, the pose letting her stream gush out at a slight upward angle, arching downwards shortly thereafter, breaking up into droplets along the way. As it picked up force it splashed across the coffee table in front of the sofa, before reaching out towards the floor further into the cabin.

Chloe grinned, but before she could boast, Hannah sighed and started pissing as well. Her stream came out with more force, reaching a higher distance before it curved back down, easily overtaking Chloe in distance and splashing onto the wooden floor a noticeable distance forward from Chloe's.

Huffing, the vixen tensed her muscles to push her stream out with more force, the pale yellow arch of her pee rising up into the air as she forced it out. The extra height gave it extra distance, and she struggled to look at the end of it, a problem made harder by her stream breaking up sooner and spreading out over a wider area.

"Catching up!" Makayla told her, and Chloe relaxed for a moment, letting her stream wane. Taking another deep breath, she clenched again, harder, forcing her urine out with everything she could give it. It took a surprising amount of effort, but she could tell she was peeing higher than last time...

"Oh, you're tied!" Makayla called out, and Chloe grinned to herself.

But her satisfaction was short-lived; Hannah grunted as she took her turn clenching her muscles, with an immediate and obvious effect. Her stream became a hard jet and rose higher into the air, reaching all the way to the middle of the cabin floor, raining down onto it with enough force to be heard throughout the whole cabin.

"Seems like Hannah wins this one quite easily," Makayla observed.

Chloe grumbled and un-tensed her muscles, returning her stream to its original distance. "Told you so," she told Hannah smugly. Hannah's only response was to close her eyes and push harder than before – sending her piss even higher and further for just a few seconds before she relaxed as well. "Show-off," Chloe said teasingly.

Hannah just chuckled as the two of them stayed in place for the last few seconds before they ran out, Chloe's stream trickling off and giving the coffee table another splashing, while Hannah lasted longer before her flow suddenly died down rapidly. Both of them lowered their hips a bit and clenched to get out the last of it, with Hannah's squirts hitting the coffee table directly while Chloe's landed underneath it.

"I'm still not sure if you wanted to win or lose," Hannah said as she reached behind her and dug around in the pockets of her shorts while they hung on the backrest, "But I'll take it either way. I told you I don't back down from a challenge."

"I'm fine losing this time," Chloe said cheerfully as she pulled her skirt onto the cushion next to her and pulled a tissue from her pocket as well. She gave herself a quick wipe, then balled up the tissue and tossed it towards the potted plant, but it bounced off the side of the pot and fell onto the floor. With a

chuckle, Hannah balled up her own wet tissue and tossed it as well – but it went too far to the side and landed on the table in one of her own small puddles.

Makayla shifted a little as she watched. Her friends had clearly been having fun, and she wanted to join in – to feel included, yes, but there was something else that called to her. Yet at the same time, her rational mind kept telling her that it was wrong; she had absolutely no excuse. Not that she had really had one at the kayak shed either, but what was done was already done...

"Did you already go, Makayla?" Hannah asked her while standing up, catching her attention.

"Hm? No, I didn't," she answered honestly.

"Well, are you going to pee in here, then?" Chloe inquired as she sat up and started pulling her panties back on. "Or would you rather find a tree outside or something?"

"I..." Makayla began, trailing off as she was lost in thought again. She felt so conflicted. For a few moments, she HAD been considering slipping off and finding somewhere to pee on her own. But wasn't she just into it because her friends were, and she felt included that way? That still seemed accurate, but there was more to it than that. She would never have even considered it before coming on the trip, but now, even looking back on when she had peed in the car at the parking garage, she found it far less unappealing than it had been at the time.

Chloe saw Makayla's pensive expression, and got to her feet as she tugged her panties up the rest of the way. "Hey, nobody's forcing you, but at the same time, nobody's stopping you either, you know? And you can go basically anywhere at this point," she added with a giggle, "it's not like you can make things any worse than we already have!"

Hannah nodded in agreement. "And right before we came in, it sounded like you were up to it. Is it because we're here? We can leave if you want."

Makayla shook her head. "No, that's not it. It just... doesn't feel right."

Hannah got to her feet, tugging her shorts up. "I know you feel that way. You've always been the good girl, always put your family and school and your career first. But this is a vacation! We're here to relax! Didn't you tell us how much you were looking forward to this for weeks beforehand? How much you wanted a nice break before going to university, to unwind and de-stress and just get away from it all?" With a smirk as she finished fastening her shorts, Hannah added, "It's fine to break the rules just this once if you think it'll be fun."

Makayla hummed in thought, but still felt and looked uncertain. "And besides," Chloe piped up, "How often are you gonna have the opportunity to just pee wherever you want, without having to worry about getting caught or cleaning up? Heck, that's half of why I'm doing it. I'll never get a chance like this again!"

Makayla bit her lip. Something in those words clicked with her; Hannah was right in that she had wanted to relax and unwind, and she certainly had been doing plenty of that. But she still hadn't metaphorically let her hair down; she was still overly concerned with keeping up appearances, even if it meant passing up on chances to have fun to do it.

"All right," she said aloud, taking a deep breath. "Yeah. You're right, you're both right." Rising from her position leaning against the door frame, she took a step forward clenching a fist and pumping it in front of herself. "I don't have anyone else to answer to. I can do whatever I want for once! And nobody else will ever find out! ...except Anna and Kaitlyn and Sydney," she quickly added.

Chloe giggled again, but flashed her a thumbs-up. "They don't have to find out if you don't want them to."

"No, I'm through with that," Makayla declared, holding her head high. "I'm not going to keep secrets from my friends, especially when I don't have to! Tell them if you want – no, I'll tell them!" She felt determined and full of energy, riding a rush of confidence. "I'm going to piss all over something, and nobody's going to stop me! And I'm going to enjoy it, no matter what anyone else thinks! I don't even care if you watch!"

"Yeah, you tell 'em!" Chloe cheered.

"That's the spirit," Hannah encouraged.

Makayla grinned – and then faltered, frowning. "But, um... where should I go?" she asked, drawing a blank for ideas of her own.

"Hey, that's up to you," Hannah told her, "Just pull up your skirt and piss on the floor if you want!"

"Why stop there?" Chloe asked rhetorically. "Go big or go home! But we are running out of spots..." her eyes glanced around the room for a few moments. "Well, how about the dining table?"

"The table?" Makayla repeated.

"Yeah! Anna got the chairs, but the table's still dry. It looks pretty solid, too, so I'm sure it could take your weight."

Chloe was thinking over what else she could say to convince Makayla, when to her surprise, the jaguar simply agreed with an "All right, sure." She strode over to the dining room table, carefully checking the chairs to look for one that Anna hadn't used.

Chloe giggled once more. "It'll be dry by now," she teased.

"I know, but they're still dirty," Makayla replied as she put her feet up onto a clean chair, holding onto the back of it for support. She reached out and put her hands on the table, cautiously putting her weight on it – but it was solid with four big wooden legs, and it felt like it could have held up all three of them.

"You'll probably want to take off your clothes before you get up there," Hannah pointed out.

"Good point," Makayla conceded, hopping back down to slip off her skirt and panties. She surprised even herself with how easy it was for her to strip in front of her friends, but she was still riding her excitement from before, and quickly went to the sofa to drape her clothes over the back of it before returning to the dining table.

Carefully, she climbed up onto it, at first on her knees until she was in the middle of the table, and then she cautiously rose to a squat, bunched forward to keep her balance. A brief twinge of guilt for what she was about to do went through her as she squatted, legs spread, pussy bared. "I can't believe I'm letting

you talk me into this," she said quietly, but it was half-hearted, and Chloe just grinned widely as she saw through it.

"That's what you said last time," the arctic fox teased, her tail swishing back and forth so fast it was a blur.

Makayla gave a brief chuckle, not contesting the point, and tried to relax. At first, she closed her eyes, but then she opened them and looked downward; she wanted to see this, if she was really going to do it. It was the only way she could properly understand this change in her desires. The table was covered by a white fabric tablecloth – nothing as fancy as silk or linen, but better than plastic. She shuffled her legs apart so that her feet wouldn't get wet; despite her growing interest in the act, she still had no desire to make a mess of herself.

"Go on, do it," Hannah encouraged after a moment as Makayla breathed deeply. "Let it all out. Show that tablecloth what you think."

"That poor tablecloth will never see it coming," Chloe joked with a grin.

Makayla smiled and took one more breath. As she let it out, she felt her muscles relaxing and her urine starting to leave her. As always, it came out in a spray, falling the short distance between her pussy and the table, raining onto the fabric and soaking into it. The fabric darkened quickly under the barrage of slightly yellowed droplets, and though she felt some momentary gratification, she saw that the thin tablecloth wasn't absorbing very much of it – already, a puddle was starting to form on top of the saturated fabric, and it was spreading towards her feet.

But she didn't panic; instead, an idea came to her. She wanted more. "You two shouldn't stand in front of me," she warned, looking up and glancing at Chloe and Hannah. They were quick to take heed and stepped away to the side, leaving Makayla free to do what she had in mind.

Leaning back, she moved her hands back behind her and used them to prop herself up as she took up the same position the other two had done on the sofa – her legs still in a squat, but with her knees wide apart, and her hips raised up. She didn't even stop peeing as she did so, her spray leaving a line of wet spots on the tablecloth as the angle of her spray changed.

However, her spray was even worse than she had expected – droplets flew forward and through the air to patter on the floor by the dining table, without getting anything close to the distance that Chloe had attained, let alone Hannah. She felt guilty again as she saw the enormous mess she was making, her piss spraying onto one of the chairs that Anna had peed on, and a wide area of the floor.

But the other two were both laughing at the display. "Wow, that's crazy!" Chloe called out, "I couldn't spray that much if I tried!"

"I'm going to stand behind you, just in case," Hannah told her with a smirk, "But feel free to go wild! Don't hold back!"

Makayla's embarrassment faded as quickly as it had come. "This is why I had to hold back for so long," she joked, "I'm too powerful otherwise!"

"I'll say," Chloe agreed, also moving around to Makayla's side as Hannah did, "I bet with the right position you could hit everything in the room!"

"Well, I can certainly try," Makayla said before taking a breath. She clenched her muscles to force her pee out, hoping to get some more distance – but instead, it only sprayed across an even wider area, wetting a larger section of the floor, some droplets hitting the edge of the tablecloth as others landed on the woven mat opposite the main door. "Well, I'm not beating either of you in distance, but you can't match my coverage!" she teased as she un-clenched, and started swaying her hips from side to side, reveling in the mess she was making.

When she felt herself starting to run out, she found herself feeling disappointed that it was over already, and clenched again to try and keep herself going as long as possible. When her spray died down for the last time, she pushed herself back into her original squatting position, keeping herself steady.

"Could I have a-" she began, but both Chloe and Hannah were already holding out tissues to her. She took both of them; the position and her spray had caused a few drops to run down between her legs, but she had been so caught up in the moment that she had barely noticed, and she quickly began wiping herself as dry as she could, dropping the tissues onto the tablecloth when she was done with them.

Climbing off of the table via the chair, she made her way back to the sofa to dress. Coming down from her rush, she felt a little ashamed, so when Chloe came up to her and asked, "Sooo, how was it?" she shook her head and didn't answer.

"Aw, don't be like that," Chloe insisted.

"It was... just a one-time thing. I just wanted to-"

"Don't give me that! I saw you having a ton of fun!" Chloe moved around in front of Makayla as the jaguar tried to look away. "There's nothing to be ashamed of, especially not among your friends. You do know you're the only one who pees in the bathrooms any more, right?"

Makayla blinked. "Really?"

"Like, yeah," Chloe told her, as though it was obvious. "Anna and I are always finding spots to go."

Makayla looked over to Hannah, who shrugged. "A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do," she said flatly, "And I ain't got time to go on a hike every time I need to pee."

"Kaitlyn just goes out behind our cabin each morning," Chloe continued. "And Sydney says she refuses to hold it any more, but I think she's just looking for excuses to stand."

"I... see," Makayla conceded.

Hannah nodded in agreement. "So don't feel bad. Remember, you're always welcome to join in anything we're doing." Grinning a little, she added, "Even if it's sneaking off to piss."

"We've still got a few more days here before we've gotta head back," Chloe reminded her, "so you should make the most of them. Remember, how often can you just pee wherever you want and not have to worry about it?"

"Thank you," Makayla replied. "If I ask one of you to come along and keep watch for me, will you?"

"Of course," Hannah answered immediately.

"Any time," Chloe told her.

"Now hurry up and get your clothes back on unless you want to walk back bottomless," Hannah said firmly. "I'm starving, and Sydney's probably waiting for us. I don't want cold stew!"

"Ooh, ooh, Anna, come over here!" Chloe called out, turning and waving to the red fox. "This one is loaded! Take a look!"

Anna hurried over to where Chloe was crouched down next to a bush, its branches holding a bounty of wild berries, ripe and juicy and ready to be picked. "Good find!" Anna praised, "There are so many berries, this is perfect!"

Chloe knelt down and reached out to start picking berries. "We hit the motherload!" she called in a sing-song voice, humming as she and Anna plucked berries off the bush. In lieu of a proper basket, Anna had washed out a large plastic tub that had been full of cookies at the start of the trip, and had long since been emptied. It had a lid, so it would serve well enough to carry the berries back in, and they gently deposited the berries in there with the others they had already found.

Makayla and Sydney had taken a boat onto the lake to go fishing, claiming that they wanted to do something more relaxing, while Hannah had instead decided to go on a hike along one of the trails. Kaitlyn had gone to the lake as well, but only to relax by the shore in the sun and enjoy the warm weather.

So, the two foxes had made their own agenda for the day. They had started at the clubhouse to discuss ideas over a game of checkers, and had eventually settled on going into the forest to explore and look for things they could forage; the map of the campground indicated a few areas of the surrounding woods that were considered safe, so they had chosen one and headed off together. Anna had wanted to get some berries to share with the group, and Chloe had taken just a few wildflowers they had come across, putting one colorful flower in her hair and another in Anna's.

"I think that's all of them," Anna eventually said from the other side of the bush once they had picked it clean. "Any more over there?"

"Just a couple," Chloe answered, tugging the last few berries free and adding them to their hoard. "This is great. Even with Kaitlyn's snacking habit, this should be plenty for everyone."

Anna giggled and nodded. "Wish we had some ice cream to have these with. We've gotta make sure to wash them first."

"Time to head back, then?"

"I think so, yeah." Anna stood up and stretched, brushing dirt off of her knees. "Unless you wanted to look for something else out here."

Chloe shook her head. "Nah. I know there's mushrooms out here but I don't know how to make sure they're good ones."

"Yeah, better play it safe," Anna agreed, holding out a hand and helping Chloe to her feet.

"Keep an eye out on the way back though," Chloe said teasingly, "'cause I've gotta pee."

Anna gave a giggle and swished her tail, picking up the tub of berries. "Yeah, me too," she agreed. "Got any ideas on where we should?"

"Hmm..." Chloe thought it over as they started walking, picking their way through the trees. "Let's find a clearing somewhere that's got some bigger bushes to go behind," she suggested. "We can make sure nobody else is around that way."

Anna nodded, following after her. "Yeah, I don't want some random guy seeing me," she agreed.

"What if it was your boyfriend?" Chloe teased.

"I mean, if he wanted to? He's not some random guy though."

"Fair, fair." Chloe ducked under a low branch as they progressed. "Though you know, after everything we've done so far, peeing on a random bush seems kinda... tame."

Anna laughed aloud in response. "Yeah, true, but we'll take what we can get. They can't all be super daring."

"There are sooooo many places I'd go if I thought I could get away with it," Chloe said with a giggle. "Or if I didn't have to worry about cleaning up after."

"Oh yeah? Like where?"

"One of those picnic benches. It'd be nice to just pee under it without having to get up from lunch!"

Anna giggled, but replied, "Why stop there? Go in the cafeteria, especially when it's colder out. Just pee on the floor under the table."

"Ooh, Anna, you're so naughty," Chloe teased, her tail swishing back and forth deviously. "I almost want to go down to the lake and pee off the dock, but it's way too open."

"Well, why not go at night?" Anna suggested. "Maybe we could head down there after dinner. If nobody's around, we could even go skinny-dipping. This is the only chance we'll ever get to do it!"

"Anna!" Chloe gasped before giggling and swishing her tail, "You are right though, we'll never get the chance again..."

"We can just tell the others we're sneaking off to pee somewhere."

"We probably will if it's that late," Chloe said with a chuckle. "You know, I kinda wish the windows at our cabin were bigger. It'd be nice in the mornings to just stick my butt out and pee on the grass that way without having to go outside."

"I think Kaitlyn would like to do that too," Anna joked. "It's a pity that other cabin doesn't have a bunk bed. I'd love to get up on the top bunk, sit on the edge and pee off it."

"Yeah. There's not a whole lot left in there that hasn't been wet recently," Chloe remarked, snickering.

"Especially after what Makayla did," Anna agreed. "I'm surprised! Sydney asked why you three had taken so long, and she just came right out and told us. 'Sorry about that, we just went to go pee at the cabin.' Sydney's expression was priceless!"

Chloe grinned widely. "I'm a good influence."

"You're corrupting our sweet, innocent Makayla!" Anna protested with mock offense, subsiding into laughter a moment later as she failed to keep a straight face. "Seriously though, I'm glad she's loosening up."

"Me too," Chloe agreed.

They kept walking for another couple of minutes before Chloe narrowed her eyes, trying to peer through the trees. "Hey, what's that?" she asked, raising an arm and pointing.

Anna looked where the other vixen was pointing. "Huh? Hey, I think it's a tent. Oh, that must mean there's a clearing there!"

"Let's take a quick look, maybe there's nobody around," Chloe suggested, already heading over to it before she had finished her sentence.

"Wait for me!" Anna called out, hurrying after her, occasional twigs snapping under her feet.

Sure enough, they broke into a small clearing that someone had set up to camp in. There was a blue tent, vaguely dome-shaped, of the kind that could assemble itself if unpacked right, with a big square flap with rounded corners on the front of it. There were no signs of anyone else in the clearing, though, and it was hard to tell if the site was even still being used. "Hello?" Chloe called out, but there was no response. Cautiously, she crept over to the tent, peering through one of the small mesh windows on the sides.

"Anyone in there?" Anna asked, a little worried, but Chloe shook her head.

"Nope. That's weird. There's not a lot in there at all, just a sleeping bag."

"Huh." Anna set down the tub of berries and walked around to the other side, peering in through the other window. "I see a cooler in there too, but it looks empty."

"That's so weird," Chloe repeated. "What do you think happened?"

"I dunno, maybe they had to leave in a hurry. Maybe they got hurt."

"Or maybe someone was pregnant and went into labor!"

"Or maybe they got arrested?"

Chloe lowered her voice to a whisper. "Or maybe... they got eaten by something!"

Anna wasn't sure if she was being serious or not, until she saw Chloe's swishing tail. "Or abducted by aliens!" she said, playing along.

"Or ghosts!" Chloe said in a hushed whisper.

"Or... alien ghosts?"

"If you see glowing lights at night, don't follow them!" Chloe said mirthfully. "Okay, well... I guess that means we're fine, then. This is perfect, there's some bushes over on this side, I can just pee right here."

Anna stood up and looked at Chloe over the top of the tent, seeing the arctic fox turning away from her towards a small clump of bushes at the edge of the clearing. "You're right, it does seem kind of tame."

Chloe giggled as she squatted down by the bushes. "Yeah, it'll be the most normal pee I've taken in several days."

"Amateur," Anna teased, "It'll be the most normal pee I'VE taken since that first trip to the bathrooms after our arrival."

"Wait, really?"

"Uh-huh," Anna told her, "Because that night was the first time I went to the cabin."

"What about that porta-potty?"

"Does it really count? I just peed on the floor, after all."

"You're a baaaad girl," Chloe chastised before giggling uncontrollably.

"Sure am," Anna agreed, her tail flicking. "But really, you're just gonna pee there?"

"I mean, I guess I could pee on the tent..."

"Nuh-uh, one better," Anna said, lowering her voice conspiratorially. "I dare you to pee IN the tent."

Chloe gasped, standing up and turning back around. "Anna, you naughty girl!"

Anna just grinned. "Go ooon, weren't you just talking about the places you'd pee if you could get away with it? Or are you... scared?"

"I'm not scared," Chloe asserted, wagging a finger at Anna. "What if someone comes back before it dries, though?"

"It's a tent, tents are waterproof, it'll be fine," Anna told her. "It's got those mesh windows, so air can get in just fine, it'll dry out."

"Yeah, I guess," Chloe conceded. "Okay, but only if you keep watch for me."

"Sure thing!"

Chloe bent over to unzip the tent, slowly at first, then tugging the zipper around the rest of the way to fully open the flap. She stuck her head inside and looked around, but there was nothing new that she hadn't seen the first time; a cooler with the lid left open, and sleeping bag, rolled up but not tied up. Not wanting to leave footprints behind, she slipped out of her shoes and crept inside in her socks, getting onto her knees.

She didn't have many options, so she crept over to the cooler and took another look inside. It wasn't completely empty; the bottom was covered in water, so there must have been some ice left in it at some point, but that made it harder to tell how recently it had been abandoned. Still, it would be

relatively contained, and it had to be dumped out and cleaned anyway, so would it really matter if she added a bit more fluid to it?

Preemptively pulling a tissue from her pocket, Chloe then took off her skirt and set it aside, kneeling over the cooler and lowering her hips to try and sit on it. But it was an unwise move; the plastic was cold and the narrow edges were uncomfortable, so she quickly raised her hips back up, hovering over the cooler slightly. Looking down to make sure she was positioned right, she reached down and tugged her panties aside with two fingers, shifting back slightly to line herself up.

With a sigh, she relaxed enough that her stream flowed out from her urethra with a quiet hiss, only to be drowned out by the sound of it drumming on the bottom of the cooler, splashing as well on the water already in there. She was a little surprised by the sudden noise in the otherwise quiet clearing, her ears pricking up, but she didn't stop, instead just smirking to herself as she relieved herself without concern for being heard.

"Good thing nobody's around to hear that, huh?" Anna joked from outside, peeking inside of the tent.

Chloe just giggled, speaking up over the noise her stream was making as it splashed louder due to the rising fluid level. "What's the big deal? I'm just pouring out a warm one," she joked, shifting her hips back and forth just a bit to splash into different parts of the cooler, changing the sound it made a little.

"Yeah, a warm and frothy one," Anna retorted. "I don't think bitters are supposed to be salty, too."

"A pint of golden ale, fresh from the tap!" Chloe joked before cackling with laughter, making her stream splash wildly inside the cooler. It was no longer hitting the bottom, just splashing loudly, changing in pitch as the cooler got fuller and fuller.

"Isn't that a bit watered-down?"

"It's an all-natural brewing process," Chloe said before adding, "Aren't you supposed to be keeping watch?" She didn't look back over her shoulder, just keeping her eyes on her stream to make sure she didn't end up splashing herself by accident. As her stream lost strength the noise lessened, until the last drips were falling into the cooler and sending ripples over the surface of the accumulated urine.

"I am, there's nobody around," Anna answered as Chloe clenched her muscles to send a final few squirts into the cooler, before wiping herself with the tissue she was holding. She tried to shuffle away, but her knee knocked into the cooler, and in reflex she dropped the tissue on the floor as she grabbed the edge of the cooler to hold it in place and stop it from tipping over. "Whoops!"

"You okay?" Anna asked.

"I'm fine, just nearly knocked it over. That would have been a disaster!" she answered with a laugh as she shuffled away, leaving the tissue where it had fallen.

"Yeah, the tent would have been soaked," Anna said with a chuckle.

"More importantly, my skirt would get drenched!" Chloe replied, returning her panties to their proper position. "I don't want to have to walk back bottomless. How many Sydneys do you think peeing on a skirt and leaving it behind counts for?"

"At least a Double Sydney, maybe even a Triple," Anna joked, her voice coming from the side of the tent instead of just outside the front. Reaching for her skirt, Chloe quickly put it back on, backing out of the tent and carefully sticking her feet back into her shoes.

When she stood up, she saw that Anna was over by the bushes, lowering herself into a squat. "Hey, what do you think you're doing?" Chloe asked accusingly.

"Huh?" Anna replied, turning her head sharply to look at Chloe. "Don't scare me like that. Anyway, I'm going to pee."

Chloe folded her arms. "Really? You don't get to just pee on the grass after daring me to pee in the tent." Grinning widely, she gestured towards the open flap and continued, "Now it's your turn. I dare YOU to pee in the tent. And not in the same place I did!"

Anna stood up with a chuckle. "Oh, that's how it is, huh? Sure, just keep watch. I've got an idea. Hold the flap open for me."

Chloe obligingly held the flap open for Anna as she strode over to squat down right by the tent entrance. The red fox pulled her panties to the side, keeping her legs spread wide to hold her skirt up and out of the way, and pushed her hips forward a bit as she put her other hand on the ground to steady herself.

Taking a breath, she exhaled as she started peeing, her slightly yellowed stream gushing out in a downward arch that barely cleared the edge of the tent. It splashed on the floor, and though a lot of it sprayed off in droplets, some of it started soaking into the material.

"Uh, Anna? I thought you said tents were waterproof."

"Did I?" Anna asked, but giggled and continued peeing into the tent. "I guess I meant water -resistant-, whoops. Oh well, it's already wet, might as well keep going!"

"Anna!" Chloe called out amidst her laughter.

"Besides, you're supposed to be keeping watch, not watching me," Anna reminded her, echoing Chloe's earlier words.

"There's nobody around," Chloe told her after taking another quick glance at their surroundings.

"Well then, watch this!" Anna challenged, shifting her fingers so that she pulled up a little on her pussy. Just like at the cabin, her stream started coming out in a spray instead, though the rain of droplets pattering on the floor of the tent was her deliberate intention this time. The wild spray reached a little further into the tent as well, hitting previously-dry parts of the floor.

"Annaaaa, you're making such a mess!" Chloe teased.

"Oh, I'm just getting started," Anna announced as she leaned back further, raising her hips up, trying to mimic the position Chloe had told her about from her last trip to the cabin. It had the desired effect; her spray sailed higher and further into the tent, and as Anna shifted her hips from side to side, keeping her legs spread, the golden shower of urine landed all over the inside, hitting the rolled-up sleeping bag as well as she thoroughly drenched the inside of the tent. Despite her best efforts, the insides of her legs got a little wet, but she would take care of that later.

"Okay, that's pretty impressive. Only Makayla could outdo that."

"Yeah, but she's got super-spray powers or something," Anna replied as she wiggled her hips back and forth, wildly spraying the inside of the tent with what remained of her bladder's contents. Once she started to run out, she pushed herself back up and let go of her slit, letting the rest of her piss splash in a stream at the front of the tent. "Before we head home," she added as she forced out a few more splashes by clenching her muscles, "we've gotta all get together for one last big go at the cabin. The hot tub was fun, but I want us to really go wild before we have to head back."

"We do," Chloe agreed, "and I'm gonna outdo you for sure."

"Nuh-uh," Anna fired back as she tugged out a tissue from her pocket to wipe herself with. "I'm totally gonna come out on top. I'll think of a really wild place to go, it'll blow you out of the water." One tissue wasn't enough to clean her thighs, so she tossed the first one into the tent and pulled out two more to get the rest of it with.

"We'll see about that!" Chloe challenged.

Once Anna had cleaned up and thrown her other tissues in with the first, she slipped her panties back into place and got to her feet, picking up the berry container. "Okay, time to head back, we need to wash these before dinner."

"Yep, let's go." Chloe headed off with Anna back through the forest, leaving the scene of the crime behind.

"...and then he had the gall to just pretend that everything was fine, like that whole night had never happened," Sydney said, whipping her arm horizontally to send the stone out over the lake. It only bounced once, then sank into the water. "He didn't even apologize."

"Yeah, you were totally right to dump him," Kaitlyn agreed, sitting on her towel behind the other two, watching the ferret hunt around for another suitable stone.

"Absolutely," Makayla concurred, throwing a rock to the lake, watching it sink without skipping. "You deserve a lot better."

Sydney let out a sigh, picking up another flat rock and standing up. "Thanks. I'm really glad I had you and the others by then. It made things a lot less rough on me."

"We're here for you any time," Makayla reassured her.

"Just try not to have so much comfort food if there's a next time, yeah?" Kaitlyn teased.

"Uuugh, I put on like ten pounds from that," Sydney groaned as she hurled another rock, managing three bounces. "Thanks for getting me back into shape afterwards."

"Hey, I knew something was up when you got up later than ME," Kaitlyn joked.

Sydney and Makayla both laughed in response, taking turns throwing stones for a little bit longer. When she ran out of suitably flat rocks, Makayla stretched her arms over her head, gazing out over the lake and up at the darkening sky.

"The sun's starting to set," she observed, "we should probably head back."

Sydney tossed one last rock, but only got two skips out of it. "Yeah, I'm on dinner duty again. We've got a few more things to use up from what we brought up in the van. I'm going to make us some chili."

Kaitlyn got to her feet as Sydney spoke, stretching before grabbing her towel. "Sounds good, how spicy are you making it?"

Sydney chuckled, looking out over the water before sticking her hands in her jacket pockets. "I'll mix in some extra spice in yours after I spoon it out, don't worry. If I made the whole thing to your tastes, Hannah would burst into flames."

Kaitlyn chuckled as she rolled up her towel and stuck it under her arm. "Okay, ready to go."

Makayla nodded. "Same. Let's go and hear what Anna and Chloe have been up to THIS time."

"Yesterday was a tent, I'm not sure how they'll top that," Sydney mused as they started walking. "As long as they don't get us kicked out."

"We've been pretty good at not being found out so far," Kaitlyn pointed out. "And those two are as good at avoiding trouble as they are at causing it."

"You can say that again," Makayla agreed. "I never expected this camping trip to have such an unorthodox side to it."

"Hey, it's not like it hasn't been fun," Sydney piped up. "When Anna made me pee on that rug, it was a bit harrowing, but looking back on it, it was kind of exciting, in a naughty way. It's like a big shared secret."

Kaitlyn shrugged. "I guess. And all because they've got so few bathrooms around here."

"I'm just saying, there's going to be some fond memories that aren't captured in pictures."

"And shouldn't be," Makayla quipped, making the others chuckle.

They continued along the path back towards the main campgrounds. "On that note, I do have to pee, though," Sydney told the other two.

Makayla gave a nod. "Then let's find somewhere to go close by and save ourselves the long walk."

"So, the cabin?" Kaitlyn suggested.

"If we don't find somewhere better," Sydney replied. "I just don't really want to hold it."

"I'll keep an eye out," Makayla offered.

Continuing along, after the path turned away from the lake shore, they passed by one of the camp's equipment sheds. It had already been closed up for the night, a large padlock hanging from the handle of the door. They'd been by it many times, but this time, something was different: a red pickup truck

was parked next to it, with the Larch Falls campground logo painted on the doors. The back of it was empty as far as they could see, and there was nobody inside it. The windows had been left down, and around the rear-view mirror hung a tag with the campground's logo on it, probably the same kind that could be found at the gift shop.

"Huh, that's new," Sydney said, changing course and walking over to take a look at the truck.

"I've seen them around in a few places," Makayla told her, "they usually keep them around behind the main building."

"Hmmmmmm..." Sydney hummed out loud, for several seconds at an unnaturally high volume for emphasis as she looked at both of her friends in turn.

Kaitlyn giggled, flicking her tail. "I think I know what's going through your mind," she teased.

"Really?" Makayla said incredulously, but she was wearing a smirk of her own.

"I don't see anyone around, and they left the windows down. It'll dry out just fine," Sydney replied with a wide grin. "For real though, as nice as this place is, I'm kind of annoyed at them for having so few bathrooms to begin with, and then shutting down one of the few that they have."

"It is pretty annoying," Kaitlyn agreed. With a chuckle, she added, "But you could always, you know... drink less coffee. Then you wouldn't have to pee in other people's cars."

"Listen, I'm not giving up my coffee just because of their poor bathroom arrangements!" Sydney asserted in a joking tone. "And I wanted to upgrade, cars are nice and all, but a truck is where it's really at." She tried the handle on the passenger's side of the truck, and it opened up easily. "Good, I didn't want to have to climb in through the window."

"You're small enough that you could easily fit in," Kaitlyn said as she followed and stood just outside. "Are you joining, Makayla?"

The jaguar shook her head, but simply responded in a cordial tone, "No, thank you, but I'll keep watch for you."

"Thanks," Kaitlyn said with a nod before turning back to Sydney. "Try not to make too much of a mess, I want a turn when you're done."

Sydney scoffed as she closed the door, looking out of the window at Kaitlyn. "For you, one errant drop is 'too much of a mess'," she fired back, sticking out her tongue, then checking out the inside of the truck. It was in fairly decent condition, with pleather seats, though it was old enough to still have a cassette tape deck in the front set of controls. She glanced over to the driver's side of the truck, but unsurprisingly, the keys had not been left in the ignition. Slung over the top of the seat was a set of jeans and a t-shirt with the camp's logo on it, most likely the work clothes of whoever had last used the truck.

Folding her arms, Kaitlyn retorted, "Well, try not to get 'one errant drop' on your panties, this time."

"Yeah, yeah," Sydney said, brushing her off, slipping her left hand under her skirt to tug her panties aside. "Wow, it's been a while since I actually, you know, -sat down- to pee. There's not enough room in here to stand, even for me."

"Are you going to keep standing when you get back home?" Makayla asked.

"Sure, why not?" Sydney replied, pulling open the glove compartment of the truck, which was empty except for the owner's manual of the truck. "It's way more convenient. I'm getting better at it, too!" Leaning back in the chair, she raised her legs and spread them out, shuffling her hips to the edge of the seat, resting her feet on the dashboard as best she could. She pulled her skirt up to let it rest on her belly, then reached down and spread her pussylips to the sides a little bit, like she did when she was standing.

"I tried what you suggested, but it still came out as a spray."

"I guess you're just too darn powerful," Sydney teased playfully. Settling in and breathing deeply, she let out a little sigh as she started relieving herself, her leaned-back position helping her stream to get enough distance to land inside the glove compartment. Her aim was only slightly off, causing it to hit the top of the compartment rather than the back.

She let out a little hum of relief over the sound of her hissing stream and the pattering noise of the fluid hitting the plastic as she shifted her hips, adjusting her aim to hit the back of the glove box. "Hey, this is just like that car," she said after a moment, "I had to lie back and keep my legs up like this too."

"You've come so far," Kaitlyn said, pretending to be in awe. "Your peeing ability has greatly improved since Junior High."

Rolling her eyes, Sydney let out a sigh and didn't dignify that with a response. Instead, she glanced down to make sure her aim was still good, watching the golden stream splash inside of the glove compartment, running down the plastic interior to pool up at the bottom. A good amount of it had already soaked into the owner's manual, staining the pages, and the excess was pooling up around it.

The glove box wasn't very deep, however, and the rising level of urine soon spilled out at the corners, running down the dashboard a little bit before dripping into the footwell. "Glad my feet aren't down there," Sydney muttered to herself. Otherwise nonplussed, she continued to pee into the glove box despite the fact that she was overflowing it, listening to the liquid drumming on the back of the cavity.

"Hey Kaitlyn," she began as her stream lost strength, but Kaitlyn's arm stuck in through the window before she could say any more, holding a tissue between her thumb and forefinger. "Oh, thanks," Sydney said, clenching her muscles to give her stream more strength for a moment before it stopped completely, then one more clench to get out a final squirt. Once done, she took the offered tissue and started cleaning herself with it.

"You really need to get your own," Kaitlyn chided.

"I have my own! They're just really hard to get at right now," Sydney protested. She tossed the tissue into the glove box, then returned her panties to their original position of covering up her pussy. Awkwardly, she opened the door and shuffled her way out, keeping her feet off the floor and out of the puddle on the floor in front of the passenger seat.

She climbed out, and Kaitlyn took one look inside before scowling. "That's a lot more than one errant drop, Syd."

"Yeaaaaaah," Sydney admitted sheepishly. "Hey, look, the seat's dry, don't worry about it."

"Of course I'm going to worry about it!" Kaitlyn objected, "I can't stand on that floor!"

"You CAN..."

"I'm not going to."

"Okay then, what are you going to do?"

Kaitlyn looked at the truck thoughtfully. "See anyone, Makayla?"

"Nobody," the jaguar answered, standing in front of the truck.

"Okay then, Syd, gimme a boost," Kaitlyn said, shutting the door.

"A... boost?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna climb in the window."

Sydney blinked. "Oh, uh, all right," she conceded, standing by the door and holding both hands out, palms up. "At least get out of your shoes first."

Kaitlyn obliged, putting a sock-covered foot in Sydney's hand as she climbed up the outside of the truck, sticking one foot in through the window, then pulling up her other leg. She sat down on the door itself, with her upper body and ringed tail sticking out the window, reaching inside and grabbing onto the back of the seat to steady herself.

"Not even trying to be subtle, huh?" Sydney teased from behind her.

"That's why we have a lookout," Kaitlyn replied. She spread her legs as wide as she could, reaching under her skirt with her other hand and pulling her panties to the side. She kept her right leg as close to the door as possible, and stretched the left one out over the dashboard to keep it well away from the mess Sydney had made. The door wasn't exactly a comfortable seat, but it would suffice, so after a few moments to relax she was able to start pissing.

Her stream hissed on its way out as a downward arch, landing on the far corner of the passenger seat. It splashed back towards the center of the seat and spilled over the edge down into the footwell, and in reflex she tried to pull her right leg back, wincing as her heel thumped against the inside of the door. The motion made her stream wobble, splashing back and forth over the seat and the center area, and she quickly took a breath and tried to steady herself, not wanting a repeat of what had happened at the cabin – falling backwards out of the window would be very bad.

"I'm surprised you're even going in there at all after Sydney did," Makayla jibed, glancing back at Kaitlyn.

"Look, is it so wrong to want to be clean?" Kaitlyn retorted without looking up, shifting a little in her uncomfortable seat and making her stream splash about again, striking the base of the gear stick.

"Besides, it's already dirty, I can't make it much dirtier, and the important thing is that I stay clean."

She leaned forward slightly, looking out over the top of the truck instead of into it, her stream splashing on the seat again, most of the piss running towards the back of the seat. "Do you think this'll beat whatever Anna and Chloe peed on today?"

"I dunno," Sydney said in mock thoughtfulness, "They're a pretty crafty pair..."

Kaitlyn chuckled, turning slightly to let the rest of her urine splash down into the footwell, thoroughly drenching the minimal upholstery down there. Once she finished, with a few squeezes of her muscles to get the rest of it out, she leaned forward to prop her upper body up against the truck frame so she could dig into her pocket and pull out a tissue to wipe herself with.

"All done?" Sydney asked.

"Yep," Kaitlyn told her as she tossed the tissue into the footwell and put her panties back, carefully turning sideways and pulling one leg out through the window, then the other. Stretching out her legs as she held onto the door, she carefully lowered herself enough to stick her feet into her shoes, then got down the rest of the way to do up the laces. "We can head back now."

"Sounds good, let's go."

The two of them started to walk off, but then they heard Makayla call out, "Wait."

Kaitlyn stopped and looked over. "Hm?"

"I... changed my mind," Makayla explained, "I need to pee too."

Sydney burst into giggles. "You can't 'change your mind' about needing to pee!" she teased, "You either have to go or you don't!"

Makayla scowled for a very brief moment, then raised her muzzle. "Okay, fine, I changed my mind about peeing here in this particular location," she clarified. "I might as well, right?"

"Oh no, that poor truck is about to be hit by the sprinkler system," Kaitlyn teased.

Makayla snorted in amusement. "You're not going to try and stop me, are you?"

"Nope!" Kaitlyn answered, flashing a thumbs-up and a wink. "I don't want to get caught in your AoE. So, where're you gonna go?"

"Over on this side," Makayla answered, gesturing to the driver's side. "Could you boost me up?"

"Sure!" Kaitlyn said enthusiastically, the three of them going around to the driver's side of the truck.

"I'll keep an eye out," Sydney told them both as she turned away, scanning the grounds around them.

Makayla bent down to undo her shoelaces, but also slipped her panties down to her ankles, taking them off completely and stuffing them into a pocket on her skirt. Only then did she get Kaitlyn to help her up into the window the same way Sydney had done, the jaguar soon sitting on the open window, spreading her legs out as wide as she could.

Looking inside, she saw the mess the other two had made on the passenger's side, only a little repulsed by the sight, but the driver's side was untouched... for the moment. Riding the rush of her excitement, Makayla reached out and tugged the work clothes off the back of the driver's side seat and onto the seat itself, then reached up with one hand and grabbed the top of the truck frame while her other hand held her skirt up and out of the way.

Letting out a slightly exaggerated moan as she relaxed her muscles and started to piss, Makayla kept her head down to watch the spray of her urine she unleashed upon the interior of the truck. Many droplets

landed onto the jeans and t-shirt, darkening and soaking into the fabric, but many more missed the clothes and either went too far to the left, landing in the driver's footwell, or too far to the right, hitting the seat and its back.

But she didn't care, or rather, she reveled in the mess she was making. She'd never be able to get away with something like this normally, and the rush she was getting from doing so was intense. She wiggled her hips slightly, sending a shower of piss splashing all over the clothes and seat, and then she pushed her pee out harder, spraying over a wider area and spraying the center area down heavily. Other than the positioning, it wasn't entirely unlike when she had peed inside of the car in the parking garage – except this time, she was enjoying it. Sydney had been right; there would be a lot of good memories from this trip beyond the campground activities.

"Are you -trying- to make a mess in there?" Kaitlyn teased, standing on her tip-toes to peek inside.

"It's not as if I can control the spray," Makayla answered to dodge the question, twisting to the side to aim for a new target: the steering wheel. Droplets of her urine splashed all over the front of it, running down the pleather covering and dripping off it from numerous places, more and more piss flowing over it as she kept her torrent trained on the wheel.

When she felt that she was running low, she wiggled her hips back and forth as much as she could while keeping her legs spread wide, uncaring exactly where the spray went and instead just trying to hit as much as she could, clenching and pushing with her muscles to use up what was left in her bladder for an even bigger spray. The spray came to an end quickly as a result, and she sighed, clenching twice more, but only the first one got anything out of her.

"Here," Kaitlyn said before Makayla could speak up, holding out a tissue.

"Thanks," Makayla told her, quickly cleaning herself up. She tossed the tissue aside without looking at where it landed, then turned around and got back out, landing on the grass and quickly sticking her feet back into her shoes.

Once she had done them up, they headed off back towards their own cabin. "Should've brought my hand sanitizer with me," Kaitlyn told them both. "Didn't think I'd need my purse to just go and chill by the water for a bit. You two WILL be taking some when we get back."

"Yes, yes," Makayla said dismissively.

"So," Kaitlyn followed up, "What's gotten into you recently?"

"Me?" Makayla asked.

"Yes, you! The one who used to get grossed out at the mere mention of pee, and now you've joined the club with the rest of us."

"Well..." she started, trailing off a bit.

"You don't have to answer," Sydney piped up, nudging Kaitlyn with her elbow to get her point across.

"No, it's fine, I'm just thinking," Makayla told them honestly. "I'm... still figuring it out. I like doing it with you – and Chloe and Anna and Hannah too – it's just... fun to do something with friends."

"Kinda makes sense," Kaitlyn said with a nod, "I've got a bunch of games I only play with other people, even if they have single-player, just 'cause they're way more fun with friends."

"Right. But..." Makayla let out a long exhale. "...I don't know. It's complicated. I just know that sometimes, in some situations... I kind of want to do it? But not all the time. I'm not sure why."

"That's understandable," Sydney empathized, "It's not always easy to figure yourself out, especially when something changes suddenly."

"Yes," Makayla agreed, "I'm sure this won't be the last time it happens on this trip."

"What about after we go back?" Kaitlyn asked.

Makayla gave a shrug. "I honestly don't know. When am I going to get the chances to pee in unusual places in the first place? It's so hard to say right now."

"Makes sense," Kaitlyn responded. "Well, there's a lot worse you could be doing to cars than this, if it makes you feel any better. Plus, we even left the owner a few presents to make up for it."

"I'm still wearing my panties!" Sydney protested.

Makayla was about to say the same, but then realized hers were still in her pocket. For a brief moment, she panicked and felt flustered, but then realized that as long as she didn't say anything, she'd be able to get away with it. If nobody found out she was going commando, would it matter?

"I meant the tissues," Kaitlyn clarified.

"Ohhh. Hey, you never know, maybe the driver's into that!" Sydney suggested with a giggle. "I heard it from Anna, she says guys are into all kinds of weird things."

"Well, yeah," Kaitlyn said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. "I get all kinds of weirdos showing up in my stream sometimes. A few times when I've said I'm taking a bathroom break, there's been someone who says I should take the camera with me. It's probably a joke, but I'm sure one of them was serious."

"If you say so," Makayla said incredulously. "I don't really see the appeal. Why would a guy want to watch you pee?"

"You've never had a boyfriend, have you?" Kaitlyn asked.

Makayla's cheeks flushed again. "...no," she admitted after a moment.

"You'll understand when you do," Sydney told her matter-of-factly, then giggled a little bit as they kept walking.

"They sound like more trouble than they're worth," Makayla grumbled.

"Sydney. Sydney, get up." Halfway up the bunk bed ladder, Anna reached out with one hand to shake the lump in the bedcovers.

"Mmh," it replied.

"Sydney, wake up!" Anna insisted, shaking the ferret harder. When that still proved insufficient, she slipped a hand under the edge of the bedcovers, then hopped down from the ladder, pulling the sheets off of the top bunk and from Sydney entirely.

Sydney yelped as she fully woke with a start, hearing Anna and Chloe both laughing from beside the bed. "Glad you could finally join us," Chloe teased.

"Come on, you can't sleep in late today," Anna told Sydney as the ferret glared daggers over the edge of the bed at her. "We have to be out of here by noon."

Sydney yawned widely, sitting up and stretching her arms as best she could in the space between the top bunk and the ceiling, wearing only a t-shirt and her panties, her brown hair a rumpled mess. "Mmh, okay, okay, fine," she grumbled, shuffling towards the ladder. "Feels like it went by so fast..."

"Yeah, I wish we could stay even longer," Anna said solemnly. Brightening up, she added, "But I had a great time, and I think everyone else did too! Maybe we can come back and do this again next year."

They left the room only once Sydney had climbed down, letting her dress and make herself presentable. She emerged she had combed her hair and donned a fresh set of clothes, finding the rest of her friends sitting at the table playing cards, their bags already packed up and lying on the floor nearby.

"Morning, sleepyhead," Makayla greeted her teasingly.

"A girl needs her beauty sleep," Sydney replied, stretching her arms over her head. "What's the plan?"

"Are you all packed?" Anna asked.

"Just about, I did almost all of it last night."

"Okay, we're going to go get some breakfast, come back, grab our bags, and hit the road," Anna told them as she started gathering up the cards from the table. "But first..."

She glanced over to Chloe, who giggled. "We're all gonna pay that cabin one last visit," she told them, both vixens' tails swishing back and forth behind them. "One last little group event before we head out. I'm sure you've all gotta go, right?"

"Only because you told me not to go out back," Kaitlyn reminded her.

"Well, yeah, I didn't want you to be left out! But yeah, let's go out with a bang. Or a splash, as the case may be," she said with a chuckle at her own joke.

"Whatever you do, I can do it better," Anna teased.

"Nuh-uh!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Nuh-uh!"

Hannah cleared her throat to interrupt their exchange. "Fine with me."

"You didn't really give me much choice, but I'm down anyway," Kaitlyn said with a smirk.

"Yeah, I've really gotta go, and I don't want to hold it all the way to the bathrooms," Sydney agreed.

Makayla gave a nod. "It's the last chance I'll get to do something like this."

"Sweet!" Chloe exclaimed, standing up abruptly and bumping the table. "Then let's go!"

Anna stuffed the playing cards back into their box, then tossed it on top of Hannah's duffel bag. "Right behind you."

Leaving their bags behind for the moment, the group of girls headed off down the path for the fancy cabin, giggling and whispering conspiratorially to one another as they did. There was someone coming the other way down the path when they got close, so they stopped and made a show of pretending to argue over where they were going to go until the other guest passed by, only then sneaking their way into the cabin itself.

Hannah entered last and closed the door behind them. "AIIIIIIII right," Anna proclaimed, practically skipping with excitement towards the center of the room, "Who's gonna go first?"

"I'm not gonna hold it waiting for everyone else," Sydney announced as she stepped forward. "Hey Kaitlyn, you said you were trying to hit those curtains in the bedroom, right?"

Kaitlyn blinked, surprised at being addressed. "Yeah, it didn't work out so well though..."

"Well, my turn! I bet I can do it!" Sydney called out, marching off towards the bedroom, the others following after her. The ferret strode over to the bed and slipped off her shoes before climbing up onto the bed and standing at the edge of it, facing towards the curtains by the window. She shoved her panties down halfway to her knees and spread her legs a bit, her left hand holding up her skirt as she spread her pussylips apart with the first two fingers of her right hand.

"Ooh, someone's tempting fate," Anna teased, "You're not worried about getting your panties wet again?"

"Nope," Sydney answered confidently, sticking her tongue out at the red fox. "I've been getting a lot of practice. Check this out!"

Taking a deep breath, Sydney relaxed and let her stream start flowing, the downward golden arch sailing forward through the air. The extra height from standing on the bed helped it land just below the middle of the curtain on the right, soaking the fabric, some of her urine even passing straight through the thin fabric and striking the window frame behind it.

"See? See?" Sydney boasted.

"Yeah, you beat me pretty soundly," Kaitlyn conceded with a chuckle.

"And I can do this!" The ferret twisted her hips a bit, sending her stream splashing across the windowsill, pattering on the painted wood, before reaching the other curtain. Her pee ran down through the fabric while some went straight through again, and she twisted back and forth to keep splashing one curtain and then the other to get them both thoroughly drenched.

Anna gave a giggle. "Now you're just showing off!"

"Well, yeah, that was the whole point," Sydney countered, grinning wide. Taking a breath, she clenched her muscles and pushed her stream out harder, the arch going further and drumming against the glass of the window for a moment before she relaxed, letting it return to its original strength. "No more cold seats in the morning for me!" she bragged, her tail swishing back and forth, alternating between both curtains again until she started to run out of urine, her stream waning. When it started hitting the floor between the bed and the window, she pushed her hips forward, and the last drips fell onto the bedcovers between her feet without hitting her panties. With a couple quick clenches to fully empty herself, the last squirts hitting the wall under the window, she held out a hand for the tissue Kaitlyn was already offering her.

"And that's how it's done, girls," she boasted as she wiped herself, wadding up the tissue and tossing it onto the wet floor before pulling her panties back up.

"And without getting any on your panties, either!" Anna joked, but Sydney just rolled her eyes and shook her head with a dismissive chuckle.

"Not bad, not bad," Hannah admitted.

Kaitlyn nodded in agreement. "I've gotta learn how to do that for the next time the seat's dirty."

"EVERY seat at a public bathroom is dirty to you," Chloe teased.

"Well, okay, yeah, but that looked way more comfortable than the hovering squat I have to do." Reaching up, the red panda stretched her arms over her head as Sydney hopped down off of the bed. "Guess I'll go next. Maybe on the bed?"

"No, I want the bed!" Anna and Chloe both exclaimed at the same time.

Both of the foxes turned and narrowed their eyes at each other, and Kaitlyn shook her head. "All right, all right, fine, I'll go somewhere else. There's barely anything else left in here that we haven't already used, though..."

Sydney snapped her fingers in a moment of inspiration. "Didn't you say you wanted to try it standing up?"

"Yeah, but I don't want to make a mess of myself here and then make everyone wait while I go take a shower," Kaitlyn answered. "It didn't work so well last time."

"Okay, but what about a different pose?" Sydney suggested.

"I'm listening..."

"This way." Sydney beckoned for Kaitlyn to follow her out into the main room, and she did, the other four soon coming along after. Sydney led her over to the kitchen area, where the pillow she had brought over was still lying on the floor in front of the trash can.

"Try this," Sydney said, turning to face sideways relative to the wall. She raised her left leg and set her foot down on the wall, her right foot at an angle as she kept her legs spread apart. "No matter what happens this way, you won't get splashed, even if it goes straight down. And you don't have to hold your skirt up either, since your legs are so spread out."

Kaitlyn thought it over, then reached under her skirt and pulled her panties down to her ankles, slipping her left leg out of them. "Sure, it's worth a try," she agreed, and did her best to mimic Sydney's stance, raising her right leg and planting the sole of her shoe on the wall above the trash can, panties dangling from her ankle. It wasn't a particularly comfortable position, but with both feet against a solid surface, she was fairly stable.

"There you go, give that a try," Sydney encouraged as she stepped away to avoid any potential mishaps.

From an abundance of caution, Kaitlyn grabbed her skirt and pulled it up anyway before trying to relax her body. She needn't have worried; her stream didn't even come close to hitting the trashcan, let alone going in it, instead arching just a few inches towards her raised leg on its way down to splash on the pillow.

"Well... it's kind of working," Kaitlyn observed as she glanced downward. She shifted her body a little, but her lazy stream rained down on the fabric, soaking and staining it and starting to splash as it got wetter.

"Yeah, but you're staying dry, aren't you?" Sydney pointed out.

"True, true," Kaitlyn conceded. She tried clenching her muscles to push it out harder, but it made her stream go further forward, breaking up into a spray of droplets partway along that struck the floor next to the pillow. She quickly relaxed again, letting her piss splash onto the pillow, where it started to foam a little. "I'm not sure how practical this will be in a public bathroom, though..."

"Fair point," Sydney said, shrugging.

"But you don't NEED a public bathroom when you can go like this," Anna teased.

"Yeah," Chloe agreed, "Anywhere secluded will do!"

"The park..."

"An alley..."

"A parking garage..."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it," Kaitlyn said, dismissing them with a wave of her hand. She let the remainder of her piss fall onto the pillow, the stain on top of it having spread out almost to the edges, a tiny puddle forming where the fabric was completely saturated. "I don't really need to do this as much as you two do, though."

Anna gave a giggle. "Hey, it would make for an entertaining stream!"

"I don't do THOSE kinds of streams!" Kaitlyn fired back as she pulled a tissue from her skirt pocket and wiped herself dry, tossing it vaguely towards the trash can and not caring when it missed and fluttered to the floor beside it instead. "My streams are comfy, and chill, and wholesome."

"The wholesomest," Sydney joked. "Thanks to me and the other chat mods, anyway."

Kaitlyn put on an overly dramatic tone, raising the back of her hand to her forehead. "The life of a video game streamer is one fraught with struggles," she intoned, then snorted and subsided into giggles.

"Okay, well, not really, but anyway, I'm all done. Who's next?"

"I'm doing the bed!" Anna proclaimed.

"Nuh-uh, I am!" Chloe insisted.

"It's the naughtiest thing here, so I'm gonna do it."

"No way, I had the idea first!"

"You did not!"

"Did too!"

Hannah glanced over at Makayla, who was standing with her arms folded, chuckling a little at the sight. The husky paused a moment, then walked past the arguing vixens and headed for the fridge in the kitchen, undoing her shorts along the way.

"Okay, we'll do rock-paper-scissors for the bed," Anna offered.

"Nuh-uh, you're just gonna keep raising the number of rounds until you win," Chloe told her.

"Fine, we can put it to a vote for which of us gets to do the naughtiest-"

Anna was interrupted by the loud sound of water hitting hollow plastic, and both foxes turned their heads sharply towards it, ears swiveling towards the noise. Hannah had opened up the fridge door while they were arguing and had pulled out the crisper drawer at the bottom of it, her shorts and panties around her ankles as she squatted over it. One hand was hanging onto the inside of the fridge door, the other on the opposite frame to support herself, and she was looking at the pair with a broad smirk, pissing at full blast into the drawer, the hard stream echoing loudly inside of the empty space in the drawer.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said in a very unapologetic tone, "did I interrupt your discussion?"

Anna and Chloe both stared in silence as Hannah grinned at them, her stream starting to splash as her piss spread out into a thin layer on the bottom of the crisper drawer. Kaitlyn burst out into laughter, holding her stomach as she did. "Ooh, you two got out-played! Get wrecked!" she joked.

"You snooze, you lose," Hannah added, shifting her hips back a little, her hard stream spraying downward. Her piss was spraying off from the point of impact all over the place, flecking the inside of the plastic container with droplets, some of it collecting enough to run downward and leave streaks on the transparent surface. The pool on the bottom wasn't very deep simply due to the size of the drawer, but it was enough to produce an echoing splashing that all the others could hear quite clearly.

Anna glanced over to Chloe and gave an apologetic shrug. "Guess we should call this one a draw, huh?"

"Yeah," Chloe agreed, giggling. "I can't top that."

Hannah chuckled as she let what remained of her bladder's contents gush out, but right when she felt herself starting to run dry, she leaned forwards and raised her hips, putting both hands on the floor. The

last vestiges of her stream splashed onto the shelf above the drawer, hitting the clear glass and spreading out over it, with the final squirts from her clenching joining it after her stream was over. Pushing the drawer back into place, she fished around in the pockets of her shorts for a tissue, drying herself with it and dropping it onto the floor as she got to her feet and shut the fridge door fully.

"Hey," Chloe said to Anna excitedly, "I've got an idea. Let's soak something together!"

"Ooh!" Anna liked that idea, her tail swishing back and forth rapidly. "Yeah, let's do the bed!"

They both turned to head for the bedroom, but Makayla was standing in the doorway, and moved to block them. Keeping her arms folded, smirking broadly, the jaguar shook her head. "The bed is mine," she told them firmly. Winking at them, she added, "As the financier of this vacation, I have made the executive decision that I will be the one who gets to use it."

"Ooooh, someone's feisty," Anna observed with a giggle. "Okay, you can have the bed, as long as we get to watch."

"Of course," Makayla replied, tail flicking behind her.

"Okay, okay," Chloe mused aloud, glancing back and looking over the main room. "Then... let's do the sofa together!"

"Great idea!" Anna agreed, and they both scurried over to it, Chloe taking up the right side of the sofa while Anna was at the left.

"Let's see some co-op!" Kaitlyn encouraged as she leant on the wall behind the sofa for a good vantage point.

Facing towards the center, Chloe raised her left foot and put it on the cushion as close to the back as she could, leaving her other foot on the floor. Anna did the same, the red fox also following suit when Chloe took her skirt off and draped it over the armrest behind her, both of them then reaching down and tugging their panties aside to expose their slits to the open air.

"Ready?" Chloe asked.

"Ready!" Anna answered. "I'll count us up.," she added with a giggle, putting her right hand on the back of the sofa for support. "One, two, PEE!"

They both relaxed, but Anna went first, her pale stream gushing out and striking the cushion she was standing on moments before Chloe did the same on the opposite side. The gray fabric of the cushion quickly darkened where it was being splashed, a good amount of their pee soaking into it before it started to pool and spread outward, the twin splashing sounds mixing in the air.

Reminded of her last time on the sofa, Chloe leaned back, putting her left hand on the armrest behind her as she pushed her hips up and out. Her stream rose and landed on the central cushion instead, leaving a wet trail on the two cushions, and Anna giggled before copying her again, one hand on the armrest behind her as the other kept her panties held aside.

The foxes' streams both pattered on the middle cushion, and they moved their hips about a little bit to try and aim for dry spots, darkening as much of the fabric as they could. More than once, their streams

collided in the air, sending droplets spraying off all over the central cushion and the backing of the sofa behind it, a few stray drops landing on the floor or on the cushions they were standing on.

With a giggle, Anna suggested, "We should do this more often!" Twisting her hips to the side, she deliberately sprayed the backrest for a moment, splashing a dark curve across it.

Chloe giggled as well and mimicked Anna's motion, her splash landing slightly lower. "We should," she agreed, "with our combined power, nothing is safe!"

"Or dry!"

They both laughed, garnering chuckles from their friends, returning their attention and their streams to the center cushion, deliberately aiming for the few dry spots that were left. Anna's stream weakened first, but she pushed it out harder to keep it on the middle cushion as long as she could, while Chloe was content to let hers wane and splash another dark line on the cushion she was standing on. Both of them straightened up and squeezed out the last few squirts, while Kaitlyn and Hannah stepped up to offer them tissues.

"That just leaves Makayla," Chloe said in a sing-song voice as she dried her slit, leaving the tissue on the cushion she had been standing on.

"Sweet, innocent Makayla," Anna chimed in, tossing her wet tissue onto the middle cushion, "Whatever could she be planning?"

Makayla turned with a swish of her hips, looking back over her shoulder. "You'll just have to find out," she teased before heading through the doorway into the bedroom.

With a mixture of "Ooh"s and giggles, her friends followed after her, finding Makayla on the opposite side of the bed to the window, her shoes removed and her skirt already over one arm as she slid her panties downward. Bundling both garments up, she held them out towards Sydney as the ferret approached. "Could you hold onto these for me?"

"Sure," Sydney answered, taking the balled-up clothes and holding them under one arm. "You're really doing this, huh?"

Makayla took a deep breath as she climbed up onto the bed where the pillows had once been, squatting down and spreading her legs as widely as she could, her hands held behind her to grip onto the headboard of the bed. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous," she admitted, "but if I don't give this a try now, I'm not going to get another opportunity."

"Yeah, go for it!" Kaitlyn cheered with a fist-pump, standing next to Sydney.

The foxes stood at the other side of the bed, but away from the wet part of the floor where Sydney's pee was still glistening on the wood. "Ooh, are we getting a show?" Chloe teased.

"Should be a good one," Anna added with a giggle and a swish of her tail.

Hannah stayed over by the door, leaning on it and watching. "Go on then," she encouraged, "You got the best spot in the cabin. Show us what you can do with it."

The jaguar nodded, drawing a deep breath. "See, none of you could hope to cover the whole thing," she said as she tried to relax. "So it has to be me. I'm going to soak this bed from end to end – just watch!"

There was a brief near-silence as she took a few more breaths, but then, she felt the tingling sensation of her release starting, and she let out a cross between a groan and a growl. "Here we go!"

Her spray shot out as normal, sending droplets scattering across the bedspread, but her spray was only landing a short distance in front of her. Twisting her hips to send her piss splashing to the sides of the bed, she started leaning back, using the headboard to support herself. Her spray rose, both reaching further and spreading out over a wide area, the foxes quickly shuffling back as they cheered her on.

"Go, Makayla!" Anna called out.

"Let it all out!" Chloe cheered.

Makayla swelled with confidence and swayed her hips from side to side, gradually raising them too, showering the bed in pale golden droplets that left a myriad of dark spots on the fabric. Since she wasn't focusing her spray long enough to saturate any part of the bed, there was no splashing, just the hissing sound of her spray as it left her. It grew louder as she clenched a little, her piss coming out in a wider spray and hitting more of the bed, the jaguar panting a bit from excitement.

"You're almost at the other end!" Sydney called out, "Just a bit more!"

Relaxing her muscles, Makayla raised her hips further, still not quite as high as they had been during her last visit to the cabin – she didn't want to overshoot the bed. Her spray was harder and harder to aim the further she sent it, but she wasn't particularly concerned about where it landed as long as it was on the bed somewhere. With a grunt of effort, she clenched again and her stream sprayed harder, hips swaying to aim back and forth from one corner of the bed to the other.

"You got it!" Anna said excitedly.

"Nicely done!" Chloe agreed.

Makayla relaxed a little, reveling in the moment – being the center of attention, her friends all encouraging, while riding the inexplicable rush she got from the situation. She began lowering her hips to bring her spray back, the bedspread getting a second coating, gradually straightening herself up again. "How's that?" she asked, "None of you could pull that off, huh?"

As the others chuckled or giggled in agreement, she returned to her original squatting position, then leant forward a bit to send her spray almost straight downwards onto the head of the bed where the covers didn't reach. She let the rest of her piss spray down there, concentrating it on that one spot, soon soaking it enough for the pattering of her piss on the wet, soaked fabric to be audible to the rest of the room. Eventually her spray waned to a trickle, and two more clenches later, she was empty.

"Here," Kaitlyn said, offering a tissue. "You all owe me, like, an entire pack each at this point. You're lucky I brought so many."

Makayla chuckled and gave herself a quick wipe, then shuffled her way off the bed. "Go on," Anna told her, and she looked at the fox curiously.

"Just leave the tissue there," Chloe clarified. "Look at the mess you've already made. What's a little more?"

Makayla paused, then smirked and tossed the tissue onto the wet spot at the top of the bed, getting some cheers and brief applause from the vixens. Taking her clothes back from Sydney, she quickly got herself dressed again, while Kaitlyn very insistently went around to each person to give them some hand sanitizer.

"Well, that was our grand, golden finale," Anna said as she rubbed her hands together. "But it's time for us to leave."

"Awwwwww," Chloe moaned, sagging her shoulders. "Well, I guess we have to."

"I'll drive first," Anna told her as she started heading for the front door. "Let's get some breakfast, grab our stuff, and head back."

One by one they filed out, with Makayla going last. Halfway through the door, she paused, looking back over her shoulder at the inside of the cabin, and the state of the room inside. Reaching inward, she turned the lock switch on the handle, before slipping out and tugging it closed behind her, the lock clicking behind her as it snapped into place.