**Girls in the Men's Room**

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I'm sitting in a bar, with a bunch of friends. They were all jabbering on about their jobs, their families, their lives, and I was just watching the game on the television in the corner.

I could hear a couple of girls in the booth behind us, bickering at each other, so I started to listen in.

"You could have just taken them off," one said.

"Then I'd have been delivering pizza to complete strangers without my panties," the other replied.

"You could take them off now," the first one suggested.

I heard the noise of a chair being dragged across the floor.

"In the men's room," the first one said. "And send us a picture of you in there."

I looked around the table, to see if anybody else was hearing this. It didn't look like it. I sat there, stunned, then thought maybe I could go and check this out - a girl in the men's room, taking her panties off. I looked over my shoulder towards the bathrooms, meaning to get everybody to move so I could get up, and watched a girl come out of the men's room.

She looked to be about 20. Slim, brunette. Cute. She was wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and had something clenched in her fist. Jesus Christ, this was actually happening.

I watched her disappear into the booth behind ours, then went back to pretending to be watching the television, but I was straining to hear the conversation behind me.

"I dare you to go and take a picture topless in there," I heard the brunette say. "And not in a stall, in the mirrors."

I glanced over my shoulder, and watched a shorter, thicker redhead walk off towards the bathrooms. She was wearing a dress, and had a nice ass.

I wondered how long she was going to be in there, absentmindedly watching the television.

"Your turn," I heard the redhead say. She'd been a lot quicker than I'd expected, so I didn't get to see her from the front. They were egging each other on. I started to wonder how far they were going to go.

I heard the chair drag again, and the brunette went back to the bathroom.

I'm my imagination, I could see her, pulling that T-shirt off. I wondered if she was wearing a bra. She had smallish tits, from what I could tell, so maybe she wasn't wearing one.

I watched her walking back to their table.

"That's cheating," the redhead said, "you have to undress in the main area, like I did."

The brunette headed back to the bathrooms. She wasn't in there long at all, and then she was heading back. I was thinking she didn't have a bra on after all, but they're strange creatures, women.

I heard the brunette "I want you to take off your dress and panties, then bring your panties back here. I want a picture of you in there, naked."

Holy shit, I had to see this. However, I couldn't quickly get out, and I didn't want to blunder in there and scare her off. So I watched over my shoulder as the redhead headed to the bathrooms. She was in there less than a minute before heading back. She was quite pretty, and had some pretty big tits. She wasn't wearing make-up, and was pasty white. I wouldn't mind seeing her naked, that's for sure. The way her tits were moving, I didn't think she was wearing a bra. I knew she wasn't wearing any panties under that short dress. Not any more, anyway.

"OK," the redhead said as she sat down, "naked in there, but a picture taken by somebody else."

Then she said "he doesn't count."

I strained and turned a bit further - there was a guy with them!

I saw the brunette look around the bar, then say "who?"

"Go in there and wait to see who comes in. It could be anybody, and that's the fun of this."

Me, I wanted it to be me. I started getting the people between me and the aisle to shuffle out of the way so I could go to the bathroom.

I saw the brunette head into the men's room as I got to the aisle and stood up. There was nobody else I could see heading towards the bathrooms, and I hurried over there. I glanced over at the redhead before heading in.

Inside, there she was, the brunette, standing in front of the stalls. I pretended to be surprised.

"What are you doing in here?"

"Can you take picture of me, for a friend?" she asked.

She held her phone out to me. I took it, and pointed it at her.

"Hang on a sec," she said.

She pulled her T-shirt off over her head and put it on the counter by the sinks. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her nice little tits stood out proudly on her chest. Her nipples were already crinkly and stiff. She pulled her jeans down past her knees. She still didn't have any panties on, and her close cropped pubic hair stood out.

I stood and looked at her, and she gestured to the phone. I lifted my hand and took a picture of her, standing there. She wasn't naked, but I made sure you couldn't see her jeans.

As soon as I'd taken the picture, she was getting dressed again. She pulled her jeans up, and the T-shirt over her head. She took the phone from me and tapped away on it for a few seconds, then headed towards the door.

"Thanks," she said. "Hey, stay here and I'll send my friend in. You can suck her tits if you want... she likes that."

She left, leaving me standing there by myself, in the middle of the bathroom. I wasn't sure I believed what had just happened, and I was looking at myself in the mirror when the door opened.

The redhead walked in, bold as you please.

"Hi," she said, handed me her phone and pulled her dress off over her head.

She was what we'd call Rubinesque - she had a pretty flat tummy, but big tits, thighs and ass. Her nipples were small, and looked to be getting stiffer as I looked at them. She was completely shaved down below, and I could just see her puffy pussy lips.

I just looked at her, dumbly.

"How do you want this?" I asked, gesturing with the phone.

"How about in the mirror, with you holding my tits?"

I went around behind her, and squeezed her left tit, while taking a picture over her shoulder.

She took the phone from me and looked at the picture.

"I suppose you're waiting to suck them," she said.

"I thought that was the dare, yes," I said, trying not to grin too hard.

She held my phone up, and I put her left nipple in my mouth. She was fiddling with the phone, and after a few seconds I moved and started sucking her right nipple. If anything, they got harder.

"You can stop now," she said, reaching for her dress.

I stepped back, and she put her dress back on, and played with her phone - I'm assuming she sent the pictures to the brunette.

"Tell you what," she said, "stay here and I'll send her back in. Slap her tits, and she'll suck you off."

I grinned at her, and leaned my weight against the sink to wait for the brunette to appear again.

I wasn't disappointed - she was the next person in.

"Let's go in a stall," she said, taking her T-shirt off, and I followed her in. She hung her top on the coat hook, and locked the door.

"Do you really want me to slap you?" I asked.

"That's the dare," she said, "I want red marks all over my tits."

I pulled on her nipples, gingerly, and as I held her tits away from her chest slightly, she slapped the left one with her hand, hard. The sudden noise in the tight, enclosed space made me jump, and she seemed to find this funny. Fine, if that's what she wanted... I slapped the right one, and she seemed to enjoy that. I slapped it again, harder, and she like that too. I slapped the left one, hard, and she looked down. You could see red marks alright, and she gave me her phone to take a picture. She took the phone back, and sent the picture.

She wiggled her jeans down her legs, and knelt down in front of me, then started pulling at my jeans. I batted her hands away, and unzipped. I pulled my jeans down to my thighs, and she handed me her phone, then leant forward and sucked my dick into her mouth. I moaned slightly. She'd been sucking for a few minutes when I heard the door open, and then bang shut. She took my dick out of my mouth and put a finger to her lips to tell me to be quiet, then went back to sucking my dick.

I'd only taken a couple of pictures, but she stopped and stood up to take the phone back.

She sent at least one picture from her phone, then sat down on the toilet and pulled me towards her, going back to licking and sucking my dick, while stroking my balls with her left hand - her right hand was holding her phone.

I heard the door open and close again, but I was too busy concentrating on gently sawing my dick in and out of this girl's mouth to think much more about it.

A few minutes later, I came. I blasted away, and she just sat there and let me cum in her mouth.

When I was done, she got up and pulled her jeans up. She didn't say anything, or even look at me much at all, and I got dressed as she put her T-shirt back on. She gave me a weak smile, and unlocked the door, heading out.

I followed her out the door, and headed back over to my table. I bet none of them would believe what had just happened to me, so I wasn't going to say anything.

I glanced over to the table with the girls at it, and watched the brunette kiss the redhead, then sit down.

I got everybody at our table to shuffle up so I could sit down, but at the end, I could no longer hear the girls talking. I saw them go to the bar together, and about ten minutes after that they left, so I went back to watching the game.