**The Girl in the Men's Room**

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So imagine this, I'm at a bar with a couple of friends, watching the football and I decide to go and take a piss. I can hear an electronic bleeping from one of the stalls where somebody's playing with their phone.  
  
I finish up, zip up, and go and wash my hands. I dry them, and just as I'm heading back out, I hear this girl's voice. Coming from behind me.  
  
"Excuse me, sir?"  
  
I turned around. There was a girl coming out of one of the stalls.  
  
"What's wrong?" I asked her.  
  
I looked at the urinals to check I was in the right bathroom.  
  
"You know this is the men's room, don't you?"  
  
"Yes," she said, "it's just I'm on a dare from a friend, and he sent me in here."  
  
She held up her hand, and jiggled her phone at me.  
  
"He wants me to get somebody to help me with whatever he wants me to do next, and," she hesitated for a second, "he says it'll be worth your time."  
  
"What's that mean?" I asked, suspiciously.  
  
"I honestly don't know."  
  
What could possibly happen? She was decent enough looking, in a shortish dress. Red hair, long, curly, and I like redheads. I'd say she was about 5'4", big tits, and probably in her early to mid 20s.  
  
"Here, let's go into the disabled stall, it's bigger, and I don't want anybody walking in and getting the wrong idea."  
  
She went to the disabled stall, and curious about what was going to happen next, I followed her. There was nobody else in there, so it's not like she was going to rob me or steal a kidney or anything.  
  
She shut and locked the door behind me.  
  
"I just want to take a picture of us so I can show him you're helping me," she said, and came and stood next to me and snapped a selfie of us both.  
  
I'm not much to look at. I'm 52 years old - in good shape for a 52 year old, I reckon, but no six pack or anything the kids like these days. It's not like I'd have expected to catch her eye. There was definitely something odd going on here. Still, it's not like my wife's going to find out - she doesn't care what I get up to as long as I don't wake her or her damned cat when I come in.  
  
The girl was tapping away at the screen on her phone, and after a few more seconds, it bleeped again. She'd received a text message. She showed it to me.  
  
"Take off dress"  
  
I was pleasantly surprised. It seemed like this was going to be interesting enough after all.  
  
She turned around and took off her dress and hung it on the hook on the door. When she turned back, she was blushing all the way down her front, standing there in just her white underthings. She had incredibly pale skin, and a little bit of a belly on her. Thick legs, and had a nice, round bum. I like girls with a bit of meat on them.  
  
"Take a picture," she said, passing me her phone "and I'll send it to him."  
  
I took a picture and handed the phone back. She tapped away for a few seconds, then we stood there silently, waiting for a response. It bleeped. She showed me the message.  
  
"Have him take off bra"  
  
I had her turn around, and unhooked her bra for her.  
  
"Can you take a picture from back there, so he can see you've done it?"  
  
I took a picture of her bare back with her bra undone, but the straps still on her shoulders.  
  
Still facing away from me, she took her bra off and hung it up with her dress, covering her tits with her arms before turning back to me. She was still blushing furiously.  
  
With one arm across her tits, she tapped away on the phone. It bleeped in response.  
  
"Front"  
  
She sighed, and gave me the phone. She put her arms down by her sides, and I could see her fists clenched like she was fighting to do this. I got a good look at her tits. They were big, and a bit saggy. Little pink nipples. They looked like they were getting hard. It wasn't cold in there, so it was probably embarrassment.  
  
I took a picture of her standing there, topless, and gave her the phone back. She tapped away on it for a few seconds, and we waited. I read the message as soon as the phone beeped.  
  
"Have him take off panties, want pictures"  
  
I grinned at her. She texted the guy back.  
  
"Don't want to"  
  
He quickly replied.  
  
"Yes you do"  
  
For a second, I thought she was going to bottle. I was fine, I'd got to see her tits. She sighed and told me to take her panties down while she took pictures.  
  
This was fucking outstanding. I knelt down and put my thumbs in the waist band, and pulled them down her legs, slowly. Very slowly.  
  
Well, she was a natural redhead, as she had a pretty little landing strip. I could just see her puffy pussy lips under the hair.  
  
She'd been taking pictures as I slid her panties down, and she stepped out of them, then bent down quickly and picked them up and hung them with the rest of her clothes, standing there naked other than her shoes.  
  
She tapped away on the phone for a second, then it bleeped with his response.  
  
"Pic from him now"  
  
She gave me the phone again, and said "he wants you to take a picture."  
  
I took my time framing the picture of her standing there naked, and gave the phone back. Tappity tap on the phone. It bleeped again.  
  
"Pic of him sucking nipples"  
  
She told me to suck her nipples, like I hadn't just read what she'd been told to do. I had no idea how far this was going to go, but I was enjoying myself immensely. I reached out and pulled on her nipples, one at a time, and lifted her fat tits before sucking each nipple, with her taking pictures while I did. Her nipples tasted sweet and pure. After a minute or so, she stopped me, and went back to tapping away.  
  
The phone bleeped. Her hands were shaking slightly. She showed me the message.  
  
"Pic of you sucking his dick"  
  
She handed me the phone, then knelt down in front of me. I couldn't really believe this was happening. She undid my pants and pulled them down my hips. My cock was hard and already straining against the front of my boxers, and she picked it up, stroked it a few times, and put the tip in her mouth.  
  
She looked up at me, and I took the picture. God, she looked sexy.  
  
She let go of my cock, got up and took the phone from me. Tapped away for a few seconds, then we stood there and waited for his reply.  
  
"You can do better than that"  
  
Oh my god, she was going to do it again. She handed me the phone, knelt down again and put my cock back in her pretty little mouth. She slid her mouth most of the way down my shaft, and I took another picture.  
  
Somebody else came in, and she put her finger to her lips to tell me to keep quiet. Damn straight, I didn't want anybody interrupting this.  
  
She got up again, and I gave her the phone back. Tappity tappity tap again. I looked at her. She didn't look embarrassed any more, and if anything, her nipples were harder. I think this was turning her on. The situation, obviously, as I doubt she could even pick me out of a line up. Well, other than my pants being down, of course.  
  
I wondered if I was going to get to fuck her. I'd have to get cleaned up before going home, or the wife'd kill me.  
  
The phone bleeped again, and we read the message.  
  
"Cum on tits"  
  
I was happy about this. She actually seemed happy about this. The guy outside had finished, and was washing his hands while whistling. She handed me the phone.  
  
She knelt down and sucked on my cock for a little while. It felt great, as she swirled her tongue around the head and got the shaft all nice and wet.  
  
The main door banged closed.  
  
I watched as she bobbed her head up and down on my cock for a few minutes. It felt better than great. The wife has been known to suck me off, but it's usually begrudgingly, like on my birthday or something. This girl seemed to really know what she was doing. I could tell I was getting close.  
  
She took my cock in her hand and proceeded to slide her hand over the spit-lubed shaft, jacking me off over her nice big fat tits. There was an awful lot of cum, as I just kept cumming and cumming.  
  
When I was finally done, I told her to smile and took a picture of her, covered in cum, and gave her the phone back. Tappity tappity tap. I noticed she'd made no move to clean up or get dressed yet.  
  
Her phone bleeped again. She showed me the message.  
  
"Give him a kiss, tell him to be quiet about this and go back to Dave"  
  
She reached up and gave me a kiss while taking a picture of the two of us.  
  
She grabbed some toilet paper and wiped her chest, then cleaned the little dribble from the tip of my cock, and put it away.  
  
She threw the paper in the toilet and flushed it.  
  
"Please don't tell anybody," she said. I nodded. Who'd believe me?  
  
She tapped away on her phone, then got dressed. I stood there and watched her as she did, taking in every detail I could as she covered herself.  
  
I asked her to send me the pictures, but she said no. She told me to leave first, so I went back to my table. I wasn't really listening to the guys, and I watched her come out of the bathroom corridor, and go back to sit with some bunch of guys.  
  
I watched her to try and figure out which of the guys was the one telling her what to do, but none of them seemed that interested in her. She fiddled with her phone again, making me think maybe he wasn't even there, and after about 15 minutes, she got up and left. I was tempted to follow her, but then figured this was a one-off, a story I could tell around the camp fire.