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

by[schmoe90](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5080957&page=submissions)©

It was the day after Christmas. I hate Christmas, so I left the wife at home and went to the bar to see if anybody was about. I stood at the bar, chatting with Len, the barman, and scanned the crowded room to see if there was anybody I knew in.  
  
Sipping my beer, I saw her. The redhead who'd sucked me off in the men's room years ago. God, I still fantasise about those nights when I jack off.  
  
She looked older, but then, it had to have been three years, so she was older. She still looked pretty though, and I bet I've aged like milk. She was with an older couple, and I wondered if she was in town visiting her parents or something. There wasn't anybody else at the table, but I could see she was wearing a wedding ring. Still, so was I.  
  
I think she noticed somebody looking at her, as she turned her head slightly, then looked right at me. I could see her trying to place me, and then that bolt of recognition as she probably did.  
  
She turned and said something to the older couple, and stood and walked over to me. She was wearing a white blouse, a longer skirt and sensible shoes. Sensible - not like the sexier stuff she was wearing when I'd seen her before.  
  
"Long time no see," I said as she came up to me. I'm sure I was leering - the last time I'd set eyes on her, she'd been naked, sucking off John. We'd come in here for months afterwards, hoping to see her again. Different days, different times, but we never had.  
  
"Yeah," she said, "I've moved away."  
  
"Oh, so you're just in town visiting for Christmas?"  
  
"Yes," she said, "I'm staying with my folks."  
  
Just then, somebody pushed past her, pushing her in to me. Her tits were mashed against my arm, and I grabbed her bum. I could remember seeing her, bending over with her bum pointed at me. She stood up straight again, but I didn't do anything to move my hand. I squeezed gently, stroking her cheek. She just looked at me while I did it. She looked like she came to a decision.  
  
"Men's room, disabled stall," she said, and walked back to what I assumed were her parents.  
  
I watched her finish her drink and say something to them. When she picked up her coat, I finished my beer, left some money on the bar and headed to the bathrooms. I went in the men's room, and luckily it was early - nobody was in there. I went in to the disabled stall and held the door closed. I didn't lock it.  
  
I heard her come in, her heels clicking on the tile floor, and I opened the door. She came in and locked it, hanging her coat and bag on the hook. She stood there looking at me.  
  
"Aren't you going to text your friend?" I asked her.  
  
"No," she said, "this is all me."  
  
She started unbuttoning her blouse.  
  
"Don't just stand there," she said, "strip off."  
  
I didn't have to be told twice - I closed the toilet lid and took my jacket off. I folded it in half and put it on the toilet seat, then pulled my shirt and T-shirt off over my head and put it on top. I was unbuttoning my pants and she was still doing her blouse, slowly, watching me.  
  
I pulled my pants down and stepped out of them, leaving me in my boxer shorts, and she had taken off her blouse and hung it on the hook. As I pulled my shorts down, she turned her skirt around and undid the buttons to take it off.  
  
I stood there naked, looking at her in her underwear as she hung the skirt up and turned back to me. It wasn't real sexy underwear like she'd been wearing before, but there was a bit of lacy edging there. I didn't care, I was just happy to be here again.  
  
"Here," she said, handing me her phone from her bag, "take some pictures."  
  
"Can I use my phone too?" I asked.  
  
"If you do, I'll flush it," she said with a grin.  
  
Oh well, I'd just have to rely on the old memory for this. I took a picture of her standing there in her lingerie. Her tits looked a little saggier than before, and her belly was probably a bit bigger. No matter, she was much better looking than the wife ever was, and I married her.  
  
"I want one of you," she said, taking the phone.  
  
She took a couple of pictures of me standing there naked with a huge erection, then gave the phone back.  
  
"Want to undo my bra?" she asked, and I nodded, stepping forward before she could turn her back to me. I reached around her, feeling her soft skin as I fumbled for the catch, then I pulled it forwards off her, exposing her big tits.  
  
I took a couple of pictures, then handed her the bra so she could hang it up with the rest of her stuff.  
  
When she turned back, I reached for her tits, and she didn't stop me. I gave her back her phone so I could use both hands, and squeezed and stroked them, pinching and pulling her nipples until they were stiff like little pink erasers. I could hear the little clicks from her phone as she took pictures, and I leant in and took first one, then the other nipple in my mouth, biting and sucking on them, and running my tongue over them. If anything, that made them harder, and her small areolae were all crinkly when I stopped.  
  
I ran my hands down her sides to the waistband of her panties, and slowly slid them down her legs. I sat down on my stuff on the toilet so I could pull them down to her ankles. She had a fuller bush than I'd seen before - it was trimmed, but no longer a little landing strip or shaved. Bright orange, I liked it. I leant forward and kissed her just above her pubes, and I could smell her arousal. She was still taking pictures with her phone. She lifted her feet one at a time to let me take her panties off her, and I handed them to her.  
  
She gave me the phone back again, and hung her panties on the hook with her other things.  
  
She posed for me as I took pictures with her phone. She stood with her feet apart, hands on her hips, then with her hands behind her head. She turned around and looked over her shoulder, grinning. We swapped positions and she bent over the toilet, then spread her legs further apart. She reached back and pulled her cheeks apart so I could see her puffy pink pussy. She lifted her tits and pushed them towards me, then lifted them to her mouth and sucked her nipples. I just kept taking pictures.  
  
Finally she sat on my stuff and pulled me over to her by my cock.  
  
I took pictures as she wiped my cock over her face and tits - I could see little trails of pre-cum on her soft white skin.  
  
Finally she lifted my cock to her mouth, and licked around the head. She made an O with her mouth, and slowly slid it in, licking the bottom all the way. She kept going until her nose was in my public hair, pressed up against my belly. She stroked my balls with one hand, the other around my bum, holding me to her, swirling her tongue all over the bottom of my cock by the root. She looked up at me, eyes watering, and I took pictures while I came, emptying my balls down her throat.  
  
I felt her swallow, again and again, gently squeezing my balls, and eventually she let go as my cock started to soften. She slid her mouth off me, sucking all the way, then wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She looked up at me and smiled, and I took pictures.  
  
Eventually she was done, and she took her phone from me and put it in her bag.  
  
"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.  
  
"No," she said, "I have other plans."  
  
She started to get dressed, and I watched her stepping in to her panties. She hooked her bra back on, then pulled it around and tucked those wonderful tits away again, and I started getting dressed too.  
  
Once we were fully dressed, she pulled her coat on and put her bag over her shoulder.  
  
"How do I look?" she asked.  
  
"Ravishing," I said, and I meant it.  
  
We left the stall together, she washed her hands quickly and left. I wondered what other plans she had, so I darted out, but she was gone. Again. Maybe I'll see her again in another few years.

**The Girl in the Men's Room on Her Last Night**

It was a few days after Christmas. I was sick of the decorations in the house, and nothing new on TV, so I went to the bar for a drink. I was stood at the bar, chatting with Len, the barman, when she came up next to me.  
  
"Buy a girl a drink?" she asked.  
  
I recognised her voice. It was the redhead. I hadn't expected to see her again after she'd sucked me off a couple of nights ago. I waved Len over.  
  
"I thought you'd have gone home by now," I said to her.  
  
She stood next to me. There was a spare seat, but she didn't take it. Standing was closer. She put her hands on the bar, the left one holding her phone. I couldn't help but notice no wedding ring. I could have sworn she was wearing one last time, but maybe I was mistaken.  
  
"Not yet," she said. "I'll probably go back tomorrow. Not much to go home to, really."  
  
She asked Len for a large white wine, and when he brought it over, she thanked him and chugged it pretty damn fast. He stood there, looking at her with an amused look on his face.  
  
"Another?" he asked. She nodded, wiping her mouth with her thumb.  
  
He poured her another glass, and she left it on the bar. Len went to serve another customer.  
  
"Dutch courage?" I asked. She nodded.  
  
"So I hooked up with my friend again for my last night before I go home," she said, "and he's telling me what to do." At this, she jiggled her phone. "Interested, or should I go somewhere else?"  
  
"Oh god, I'm in," I said, looking forward to seeing her naked again, and maybe getting my dick sucked.  
  
"Why do you this?" I asked her.  
  
"Because it turns me on," she said. "I like doing things that a lot of people would find scandalous, and I guess I like the thrill of maybe getting caught. And hey, why shouldn't I?"  
  
She turned and looked at me.  
  
"Why are you doing this?" she asked me.  
  
"Look love, I'm old, past my prime, and the wife's just waiting for me to drop dead. This is the most fun I've had in years."  
  
She touched the front of her phone, and it lit up. I watched her type away on it, then watched it buzz a few seconds later. She turned it towards me so I could see the screen, then when it went dark after a few more seconds, and she put it back on the bar. I remembered what it had said.  
  
Undo the middle button  
  
I looked down at her long coat. It was a dark blue colour, and looked to be wool. Nice coat, but without some sore of belt or something, it hid her waist, her shape. I could see her bare legs at the bottom, and her feet in fairly low heeled, sensible, shoes. The coat looked to have five large, round, flat buttons, and I looked around to see if anybody was watching us. A sea of blank faces, talking amongst themselves or watching one of the TVs on the walls. I waited for her to undo the button, wondering how far she was going to go while we were standing here at the bar.  
  
She stood there, watching me for a minute, then softly said "go on then."  
  
Oh, he meant for me to do it. OK then. Trying not to be obvious, I reached for her front, and undid the middle button. She was still facing the bar, so nobody could see.  
  
She typed on her phone, then the reply came in.  
  
She showed me the message.  
  
Put your hand in  
  
She put the phone down again.  
  
Decisions, decisions. She was standing on my left. Fairly close, but if I used my left hand, it'd be awkward, but if I used my right hand, I wouldn't be able to get that far in. Rather than draw too much attention, I used my right hand. Without turning towards her, I could get my fingers in her coat. I felt her soft, smooth, naked flesh. Interesting... was she only wearing her underwear under there?  
  
I sat there, with my arm across my front, stroking her belly slightly, while she typed on her phone again. It went dark while she was looking at it, and then lit up again a few seconds later. She showed me the message.  
  
Undo the next button down  
  
I slid my hand down to the next button, and pushed my thumb against it until it went through the button hole. I was about at the limit of how far I could reach, so I went back to stroking her belly. She'd watched me do it, then leaned towards me slightly.  
  
"Use the other hand," she whispered.  
  
She picked her wine up and took a sip while I pulled my right hand out and then leaned away from her for a second and reached in with my left. With a larger opening, it wasn't that awkward, and when my hand went in I could feel all the way down her front. She wasn't wearing panties, as I discovered when my fingers met the hair over her pussy.  
  
I stood there, beer in my right hand, my left hand inside this girl's coat, stroking her pubic hair. I leaned forward a bit, and could get my hand down to the crease where her leg joined her torso, but her legs were clamped together so I couldn't get between them. I wiggled my fingers a little at the join between her thighs, and she relaxed, shifting her weight a little until I could get my fingers in and just about feel up and down the slit of her pussy.  
  
She finished her wine, then tapped my arm. I pulled my hand out and turned towards her. I could feel a little dampness on my fingers, and I absentmindedly sniffed them as I watched her head for the men's room. I hadn't seen her redo the buttons on her coat.  
  
I pulled my wallet out, and left some bills on the bar for Len, pinning it down with my empty bottle before following her.  
  
I was pretty sure there was nobody in there, as she hadn't come out again, and sure enough, it was empty. I went over to the disabled stall, and the door was unlocked. I locked it behind me, and turned and watched her sitting on the toilet, tapping on her phone.  
  
She turned the phone to me and showed me what it said.  
  
Undo the next button up  
  
She stood up, and I undid the button. I could see her cleavage from the bottom, and it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra either. I stood there while she tapped away for a few seconds. She showed me the response.  
  
Put your hand in  
  
I put my hands in, to find she wasn't wearing a bra either... I immediately hit her tits. I squeezed and stroked them both, feeling her nipples stiffen as I tweaked and pulled on them - I like to think it wasn't just my hands behind colder than her warm skin. I was still stroking them when he phone buzzed again.  
  
She looked at it.  
  
"He wants a picture," she said, handing the phone to me.  
  
I took a picture of my left hand inside her coat. Then a picture of just her, with her coat open. You could see skin, but nothing scandalous, so I pulled her coat around to expose one tit, then took a picture like that.  
  
I gave her the phone back, and she tapped away while I stroked her exposed tit.  
  
She showed me the response.  
  
Suck it  
  
I leaned forward and put my mouth over her nipple. As I held it gently in my teeth and ran my tongue over it, I could see her taking pictures out of the corner of my eye.  
  
She pushed me away gently, and sent a message on her phone. She showed me the response again.  
  
Undo the other buttons  
  
I reached out and undid the very top, and very bottom button, pulling her coat apart to see her in her full glory. She stood there and took over holding the coat with one hand, and gave me the phone with her other. I took it, and as she held her coat wide open, I took a couple of pictures with her phone. She held the sides close together so you could see skin all the way up, so she was obviously naked under it, but you couldn't actually see anything. I took a couple more pictures. Her phone buzzed while I was holding it, and we both looked down at it.  
  
Take off coat  
  
She slid her arms out of the coat, and went to hang it up on the hook on the door. I heard the door to the men's room open, and somebody else came in. She put her finger to her lips to tell me to be quiet, and finished hanging up her coat, leaving her in just her shoes. I took a couple of pictures of her standing there, naked, but she wasn't posing like last time.  
  
She took the phone from me, and tapped away for a little bit, then showed me the new message.  
  
Holding tits  
  
She stood in front of me, and I ground my dick through my pants against her naked butt while I reached around and held her tits together. She took a couple of selfies like that, and I like to remember it as she was wiggling her butt back against me.  
  
I reached down and stroked her stomach, down to her pubic hair, and ran my fingers through it, scratching softly while she sent a picture.  
  
We stayed like that while we waited for the response.  
  
Sucking dick  
  
She pulled away from me and turned to face me, giving me the phone. I took pictures as she knelt down in front of me and unzipped my pants, pulling them and my underwear down slightly. My already hard dick popped out, almost hitting her in the face, and she took hold of it with one hand, while shuffling my pants lower with the other. She wiped my dick across her face, then put her tongue out and licked the head. She slid her hand down the shaft as she put her mouth over it. She held the tip in her mouth, licking around it and looking up at the camera on the phone while I took more pictures.  
  
She let my dick out of her mouth, and stood up, taking her phone back. She still slid her hand up and down my dick while she looked though the pictures using her thumb to swipe through them until she found one to send.  
  
She let go of my dick so she could send the text message with the picture. I moved forward ever so slightly until the tip of my dick was against her pubic hair. She looked up from the phone at me, and just as the phone buzzed again, there was a knock on the door.  
  
She panicked and pulled away from me, reaching for her coat, and the guy knocking said "are you OK in there? Do you need me to get somebody for you?"  
  
"I'm fine thanks," I said, starting to put my dick away.  
  
"Are you almost done?" he asked, "I'm busting for a piss."  
  
Ah shit. He was obviously disabled, and obviously wanting to come in. She looked worried as she pulled her coat back on and did up the buttons, and I did up my pants. I figured we were going to have to be caught, so I took a deep breath and opened the door.  
  
"What the fuck?" the guy said, looking at her. "Are you OK?"  
  
"I'm good," she said, stepping aside to let him in.  
  
He was a younger guy, probably around her age, maybe younger. He seemed quite rugged looking, with some build to his shoulders, but that made sense. His legs looked like they were missing from just above the knees, and his wheelchair was blocking the door completely so we couldn't get out without climbing over him.  
  
"What's going on then?" he asked.  
  
"We're just having a bit of fun," I said. "We wanted some space, and I didn't realise anybody would want this stall."  
  
"Look, I'd love to get to the bottom of this, but can you wait outside? Like I said, I'm busting."  
  
We both filed out, and he closed the door behind us. I looked at her, and thumbed towards the door. She shook her head, and looked at the door. I think she wanted to see what would happen now, now that we'd actually been caught.  
  
She tapped away on her phone again, probably letting her friend know what was going on. She looked up when the toilet in the stall flushed. The door opened and the guy came out in his wheelchair.  
  
"So, what's going on?" he said.  
  
"Can we go in the stall?" she asked. "I don't want anybody coming in and getting the wrong idea."  
  
"Wrong idea?" he said. "What's the right idea? Let me wash my hands."  
  
He came out and wheeled over to the sink. She went into the stall, and I watched him park his chair sideways to the sink so he could reach it.  
  
"Pass me a towel, will ya?" he said. I reached over and tore one off from the dispenser and handed it to him. He dried his hands and threw it away, then backed back into the stall. I came in last, and shut the door, locking it.  
  
"Right," he said, "I'm all ears. Go."  
  
She looked at me, and seeing that I wasn't in a rush to start talking, started.  
  
"So I have a friend, OK, and he's sending me... tasks to do, on my phone. And I do them, and send him pictures back to prove I've done it."  
  
"Like coming in to the disabled stall in the men's room?" He sounded sceptical.  
  
"Yes," she said, maybe a little relieved, "like that."  
  
"And where do you come in?" he asked me.  
  
"I guess I was one of her tasks," I said.  
  
"What, like 'take a picture with somebody in the disabled stall in the men's room'?"  
  
"Yes," she said.  
  
"Show me."  
  
She looked confused.  
  
"Show you what?"  
  
"Show me the picture of you, in here, with him."  
  
She relaxed. She took her phone out, unlocked it and rifled through the pictures, then showed us. It was the one of her, with just three buttons undone on her coat.  
  
"Are you topless under there?" he asked, seeing skin in the picture.  
  
"No!" she exclaimed, trying to look shocked.  
  
"Then take your coat off and show us," he said.  
  
"No!"  
  
"So you are topless?"  
  
"Not exactly," she said. "Look, are you with anybody?"  
  
"No," he said. "I just stopped in for a drink on my way home."  
  
"Do you want to see if he'll let you join in?"  
  
The guy glanced at me, a little confused. "Uh, sure?"  
  
"Just give me a minute," she said, and started tapping away on her phone.  
  
The phone buzzed almost immediately. She checked it.  
  
"He wants a picture of us," she said, handing me the phone. "Do you mind?"  
  
She stood next to the wheelchair, then bent down to get her head close to his level. I took a picture. She straightened up and took the phone back from me. She sent the message, then we waited for the reply. The guy waited with a slightly bemused expression on his face.  
  
When her phone buzzed, she showed us the message.  
  
New guy unbutton coat  
  
Well, I figured that was only fair, as I'd done it already. She handed me the phone, then went and stood in front of him, and he started at the top button. I reckon he still thought she was only topless.  
  
When he got down to the third button, and could see her cleavage, he said "Ha! I knew it, you're topless!" then kept going. He went quiet as he undid the bottom button, and could see she was actually naked.  
  
"Not exactly topless," she said.  
  
She faced me, and I took a picture of her, and you could see her chest, but not her tits, and her pussy. She took the phone back and tapped away, sending that last picture to her friend.  
  
"Can I take a picture of you too?" the guy asked, shuffling around to get his phone.  
  
"No," she said. "I'm the only one I want having pictures of me."  
  
"Other than your friend," I pointed out.  
  
Her friend replied fairly quickly, and we all looked at the phone.  
  
Old guy take off coat  
  
She gave me the phone again, and faced the guy in the chair. I took the coat by the shoulders, pulling it back off her, leaving her standing naked in front of him. I could swear she was holding her belly in, and her shoulders were back from me taking the coat off so her tits were sticking out. I thought she looked magnificent. I took a picture of her from behind, in front of the guy, and gave her the phone so she could send it. The guy just sat there, staring at her, the whole time. She showed us the response.  
  
New guy suck tits  
  
She gave me her phone, then sort of bent forward, trying to get her tits where he could get to them. He was pawing at them and pulling her nipples, but it didn't look like they'd come up with a comfortable way for him to suck them.  
  
He moved his gloves from his lap into a little side pocket.  
  
"Sit on my lap," he said.  
  
"Are you sure? I'm heavy."  
  
He nodded. She straddled him, and sat on his lap, facing him. She started off with her arms around his neck while he sucked her tits. She looked at me and realised the view wasn't good, so she put her hands behind her head, with her elbows up. I took pictures, as he just went to town on her tits. He was biting them softly, licking and sucking them, and rubbing them all over his face. I started to feel a little jealous, but then I figured I'd get my turn soon enough.  
  
I carried on taking pictures, and he ran his hands down her sides to her waist, then started squeezing her butt too.  
  
After a few minutes of this, she took the phone back from me and stayed sitting on his lap as she chose a picture and sent it.  
  
She sat there, with his face between her tits until her phone buzzed again. She showed us the message.  
  
Make out with old guy  
  
She struggled upright again, climbing off his lap, gave him the phone and came over to me. I could see red finger marks and bite marks on her white skin. She put her arms around my neck, pulling herself to me, and gave me a peck on the lips. She didn't seem to be wearing much if any makeup, definitely no lip stick, and I couldn't smell any perfume, so there was no reason to worry that the wife would notice anything. I put my arms around her, by her waist, and pulled her in to me tightly. My hands roamed all over her back and butt, and I ground my hard on against her. I kissed her, passionately, and after a few seconds, she opened her mouth slightly and let my tongue in.  
  
I turned us sideways on to the guy, so he could get better pictures. After a short while of kissing, I turned her around so her back was to me, and had her facing him. I was behind her, up against her tightly, and this time I'm sure she was grinding her butt against me. I palmed her tits, pushing them together and tweaking her nipples between my thumb and fingers. She reached an arm up and held my head to her shoulder and neck, and I kissed and lightly bit her there. I had to stop myself from leaving a hickey. The guy was taking pictures throughout, until she broke away and retrieved her phone from him. After selecting a picture, she sent a message, and we all waited with baited breath to see what she'd be told to do next.  
  
Blow new guy  
  
Well, there it was. She showed him the message, and he was immediately starting to undo his pants. She handed me the phone, and squatted down in front of him, helping him shuffle his pants out of the way. Once his dick sprung clear and into view, she took hold of it with one hand, sliding up and down, whole she cupped his balls with the other. She leant forward and licked the head for a while, then put her mouth over it. As she reached the bottom and started sliding her mouth back up, I could see her tongue sucking out slightly, licking the underside. She gazed up into his eyes as she did this. I remembered how much she seemed to enjoy sucking dicks, and took picture after picture as she slid up and down.  
  
He reached down and felt her tits, awkwardly, and after a few seconds she straightened her legs so she was standing up, and moved towards his side a little, with her legs straight and bent at the waist. Throughout this transition, she never stopped sucking his dick. I moved around behind her, and took some pictures through her legs, with her tits hanging down and his hands on them. I went to her side, and took some from there, just as he groaned softly, and started cumming.  
  
She didn't swallow, she held her head up and turned and looked at me while holding his dick in her hand, then opened her mouth so I could see it was full of cum. I took a picture. She showed him too, before swallowing his cum down.  
  
"That was amazing," he said as she stood up and took her phone back from me.  
  
She went through at least some of the pictures, before choosing one and sending it over. I watched her with anticipation, as I was expecting to be next. She showed us the message when her phone buzzed.  
  
Jack off old guy  
  
I was a little disappointed, to be honest, and I guess it showed on my face. I could see her pause for a second, then she gave the guy the phone then pulled me over by the toilet. She undid my pants, and pulled them, and my underwear, down to my thighs. Then she had me sit down on the toilet, then took my dick in her hand. She ran her tongue all over it, then, holding it, straddled me. For a second I started to think she was going to fuck me, but she sat facing me, with her pussy lips surrounding my dick. She ground herself backwards and forwards, jacking me off with her soaking wet pussy. I leaned back, and supported myself with one arm behind me. The other hand went to her tits, massaging one, then the other. She was sliding from my balls to just before the head, and I could feel her juices all over my groin. My dick was splitting her pussy lips, and it looked amazing. I wished I had pictures of this.

I saw the guy moving around, taking pictures with her phone. It had all happened so quickly that his dick was still out.  
  
She held my hand to her tit as she ground herself in to me, then took it off her and brought it up to her mouth. She put two of my fingers into her mouth, sucking on them. After a minute, when they were good and wet, she moved my hand back down to her tits. By this time I was getting close to cumming, so I let go of her tits and pulled my shirt up, just before I came over my stomach. Luckily she only sucked me off a few days ago, and I've been jacking off to my memory of that every night since, so there wasn't a lot of cum.  
  
She slid back a bit, with her pussy still split by my dick, and reached over and retrieved her phone. She held it up, pointing down at our laps, and took a picture. Still sitting on my lap, she sent the picture to her friend.  
  
Really quickly, a reply came back, and she showed us.  
  
Lick it up  
  
She made a face, then lifted herself back off and away from me, standing up. She gave her phone to the guy, then squatted down next to me and sucked up the blobs of my cooling cum. She licked up where the cum had been, then she lifted my softening dick up and licked that clean too.  
  
She stood up and took her phone back from the guy. Without looking at it, she grabbed her coat and dropped it in a pocket.  
  
"Boys, I've enjoyed this, but I've got to go."  
  
She pulled her coat on, and started buttoning it up as she opened the door. The stall door closed, and the guy locked it again, then we heard the rest room door bang closed as she left.  
  
"That was fucking intense," he said.  
  
"How many times have you done that?" he asked as I pulled my pants up. I noticed he'd got dressed again.  
  
"Come on, I'll buy you a drink and tell you everything I know."