**An English Girl in New York**

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I felt my inhibitions lifting away at the same instant that the wheels of the plane lifted off the tarmac of a grey Heathrow morning. I had already had a couple of drinks in the BA lounge, it would have been rude not to, I felt, and these were now joined by a glass of champagne on the plane.

My thoughts were already turning to what I could do, what I could enjoy on my escape from my hum drum London existence, four days in New York with no one to tell me what I could or could not do for once.

I had enjoyed my time in Heathrow, walking through the luxury shops and looking at all the expensive goods for sale. Tempted by a few things, I had decided not to purchase anything as I was confident that there would be better deals to be had in the states.

I was sitting next to Rich, my new colleague who was travelling with me. Going off to head office in New York to present our new plan to the group management, and to try and persuade them that they should spend another ten million pounds in London, building out the algo trading facilities and expanding more into Europe and further East.

I had decided to wear casual clothes to the airport, even though it had drawn caustic comments from Craig, my supposed boyfriend. A tight white camisole top over the top of a T shirt bra and some thick black leggings over a thong. The top was quite low cut for me, and certainly nothing like the conservative blouses that I wore to work, and Craig had expressed his disapproval with the way I looked as I left. I couldn't really care less about his views on this, he was happy enough to show me off as a trophy girlfriend with his friends and colleagues.

The top showed off my nicely rounded 36B breasts, but the mildly padded bra made sure that the overall effect was perfectly decent, even if you could get a decent view of my cleavage. My pure English heritage meant that my skin was almost pure white, particularly in April, and it also showed off the sprinkling of freckles across my chest. I did have a fleece in my bag in case the plane was too cool, but didn't feel the need of it yet.

The leggings were very figure hugging but I knew that, as I worked out often, they mainly just accentuated my legs, at least they were quite thick fabric and so didn't show anything through. I always wore a stretch thong with no big ridges under leggings because I hate VPL on other girls, and I quite like the feeling of the thin strip coming up my ass. Anyway, the top was quite long and mostly came down low enough to cover my ass.

Craig and I had not been getting on for the last few weeks as he demonstrated an irritating mix of a mania over-controlling what I wore when I was with him, in combination with a complete disregard for my time when he was out with his friends. He was on his final chance, or perhaps just slightly past his final chance. It wasn't clear to me yet.

I had already noticed Rich stealing a few furtive glimpses down my top as we had moved through the airport. Every time I had leant forward to pick up my case or my bag, I knew that my breasts pushed more deeply into the top, and afforded him a fuller view down between them. It didn't bother me, boys will be boys. I felt a bit of a thrill at it in fact, but it surprised me as he had always seemed rather bored by me at work. Perhaps it was the way that I always dumped the grunt work on his lap.

The Champagne was already doing it's magic upon me, I could feel, as I felt the warm glow of contentment settle upon my normally nervous and stressed mind. I put on a couple of movies and enjoyed the freedom to go offline for a while.

We were staying in the WTC Hotel Downtown looking over the new Oculus, and I was delighted to be given a room, high up on the 48th floor. The view was amazing, all the new WTC buildings with gaps through to the New Jersey shoreline and left down to the Statue of Liberty. Directly opposite was a new building still under construction and it was strange to stand there, so high above the city and yet be looking out onto a building site just twenty meters away. The floors were all complete, but there were no windows and only a metal rail around the floors to stop anyone walking off.

Rich and I wandered out of the hotel and into the pure white heaven like entrance of the Oculus train station and shopping arcade. It was like walking into the rib cage of a huge beached white whale, towering white ribs reaching up to the ceiling.

I suggested that we better get our shopping in early, and while I was hoping to go uptown to the big department stores later in the week, we thought that Sunday afternoon might not be the best time, and so we wandered into the shops that were more local.

I visited a few of the nice boutique clothes shops, but they were all a little too pricey for me and I didn't see anything that I loved enough to justify the expense. Rich was starting to seem a little bored, when we came across a huge Rebecca's Lingerie store down one of the pure white wings of the mall. Craig wasn't much of a lingerie fan, he preferred to get straight down to it, rather than enjoy the thrill of the tease, but I had always enjoyed wearing pretty little things.

'Shall we go in here?' I suggested to Rich with a nervous grin.

'Errm, maybe it would be better if you go by yourself, I think there is a B&O shop down there, I can meet you there.' he replied, sensibly.

I thought about it for a few minutes, I quite liked the idea of embarrassing him by choosing lingerie with him, and the idea of getting him to decide between lacy knickers seemed a bit of a laugh.

'Don't be so boring, come on, it will be fun.' I insisted, taking his arm and leading him in.

He obviously wasn't too bothered because he complied with barely another murmur.

The store seemed to be divided into the knickers, bras and sensible things on one side, and the more fun lingerie items down the other. I headed over to the lingerie to see what kind of thing American ladies were wearing for their guys. Rich trailed along behind me looking bemused and trying not to catch the eyes of any of the other women who were doing their own shopping.

I stopped in front of a collection of lace and lacey negligees.

'Hmm, what do you think of this?' I asked, holding up a mauve lace negligee. I wasn't exactly sure what it was for as you certainly couldn't wear it out in public, but it was beautifully soft and I could imagine would be incredibly sexy to wear to show off your body.

Rich looked at it, then back at me with a cheeky grin obviously enjoying the invitation to imagine me wearing it.

'Yeah, it looks like a lot of fun. I would certainly like to see any girl in that.' he commented.

I knew he didn't have a girlfriend at the moment, having been dumped a few months back. I had always found him very professional in his dealings with me, but it was fun to see a different side to him. He was a good-looking guy, probably 27 a couple of years younger than me.

'I think I will see if I can try it on, you never know with US sizes.' I commented, taking a couple of plausible looking candidates in both black and dark mauve.

I walked across the store and was quickly accosted by a pretty, smiley girl who was obviously desperate to help make a sale.

'Hello, my name is Kirsty, is there anything that I can help you with today?' she asked with classic American retail politeness.

'Hi Kirsty, I would like to see whether these fit me, would it be possible to try them on. I am visiting from London and need to check the size.'

'Oh, I love you accent, I would love to visit London, it sounds so great. Of course you can try them on, just follow me. In fact we have just the thing for you, we have a dressing room specifically for couples with a private room where the groom can wait for you.'

With this she walked swiftly off towards the corner of the room, expecting our obedience.

I laughed at her presumption that Rich was my fiancé.

'Come along Rich, we seem to have an appointment together.' I commented.

'What?' he replied bemused.

'Don't worry, you can wait outside, I won't be long.'

Our new leader, Kirsty ushered us through a thick red curtain into a small richly furnished area with deep red carpets, a couple of floor length mirrors and rather too much gilt decoration for my tastes. A comfy red sofa was arranged along one edge.

At the end of the two square meter area was another thick red curtain leading into a smaller dressing area.

'So here you are, you can get changed through there, while you partner can wait here on the sofa. Just to be clear, he has to wait here, there are strict rules.'

Both Rich and I giggled, and Kirsty was forced to give us a hard stare to highlight her seriousness.

'I don't think that will be a problem, Kirsty.' I observed.

'Well maybe I should wait here to help you with getting any other sizes.' she replied suspiciously.

I took the two items through into the changing room and pulled the curtain back across. I hung my bag and fleece on the hook and then slid my top over my head. I slipped off my running shoes and leggings and then looked at the potential garments.

The first one was black with a halter neck and then two lace triangles to cover your breasts. The main body was also lace with a double thick lace frilly skirt that would just about cover your ass. I looked at it and wondered what I should try. I slipped it over my head, but with the thick t-shirt bra on underneath, it looked faintly ridiculous, certainly not alluring at all.

I smiled to myself and thought 'in for a penny, in for a pound.' I reached behind my back and slipped off my bra, pulling it through the straps of the halter neck. Without the bra, the whole thing looked completely different, the two lace triangles wrapped themselves tight around my breasts, pulling my nipples against them. They were not wide in themselves, and the inside curves of my breasts were exposed right down to where they curved in at the bottom.

The sensation of my nipples pressing into the soft lace was lovely and I immediately felt them harden and start to press deeper into the gauze fabric.

I turned around and looked in the mirror, as I suspected the skirt just about covered my ass, and the double layer of lace meant that you could only just make out my thong through the material. I decided that I would buy it, even though Craig would discard it within a few seconds of my appearing in it. It might lighten up a few dull winter evenings.

'How are you doing in there, is there anything that I can help with.' inquired Kirsty from outside.

'No I am fine thanks, it looks great.' I replied.

At this point I had a thought, what if I opened the curtains and gave Rich a quick thrill? On one hand I was a bit hesitant, but the more I thought about it, the more that the idea of having someone other than Craig see me looking a bit sexy appealed to me. Somehow, knowing that he was such controlling influence all the time meant that the idea of showing off a bit now that I was out of his reach seemed like fun.

I had never been that shy anyway, on holidays to Spain with my girlfriends I had always sunbathed topless whether there were guys around or not. Craig didn't like me to do that anymore, and as a result I always felt a little bit aggrieved when I put on my bikini top, not that I really minded, just that I didn't like to feel controlled.

I took a deep breath and then pulled back the curtain and walked out into the small area outside the changing room. Rich was looking bored and was checking something on his phone. Kirsty seemed to have got tired of waiting, and had wandered off back into the store. After a couple of seconds, Rich glanced up at me, obviously expecting me to be ready to leave and did an immediate double take as I stood there in front of him wearing lace lingerie that covered perhaps fifty percent of my breasts, and even then only with a thin lace covering.

'What do you think?' I asked with a grin.

'Wow, I mean, like, I don't know quite what to say. I mean as a co-worker, I am not sure there are words.' he spluttered. I put my hands above my head, looking him straight in the eye and invited him to look at me. He decided to take me up on my offer and I watched as he studied my cleavage, nipples and partially covered breasts. He let out an appreciative sigh.

'So you think I should buy it?' I inquired.

As I did so, I did a little twirl round, knowing that with him sitting on the sofa, the short skirt would swing away from my body, revealing my thong, and as I turned around, my ass. I could feel myself become even more aroused at the thought of him looking at my thong, barely covering my sex.

'Yeah, sure, I am sure your guy would love to see you in that.' he replied. Once again I watched as his eyes scanned down my figure, skipping gleefully from my nipples to my cleavage and then down to my pussy lightly covered with a thin cream thong.

At this moment, Kirsty made her return and walked around me, fussing over the details of the fit and generally expressing her satisfaction with the way that it looked.

'You have a great body, you must work out to keep this firm muscle tone, it makes this kind of lingerie look great, the lace pulled onto your skin. Are you happy with it?' she asked eventually.

'Yes, I think so, it looks lovely.' I replied.

'You are a lucky guy.' she observed turning to Rich, who giggled a little at the on-going misunderstanding.

'While you were trying that on, I found a couple of other items that I thought you might like to try, what do you think?' Kirsty asked with a wink.

She held up a lace string and lace bra both in very light black lace. They were both decorated with pretty red rose details and looked really lovely. Craig didn't go for very feminine lingerie and I knew he wouldn't approve, but I thought they looked great.

'If you buy the negligee then I think we could give you the string as a complementary gift, so you could try them on now.' Kirsty remarked.

I decided that I was having too much fun to stop now, and so I returned to the changing room. I slid the negligee over my head and slipped my thong down my long firm legs, standing completely nude in the changing room. I generally shaved the lips of my pussy, leaving a neatly trimmed triangle of hair perhaps a centimeter long above it. Craig wasn't a great fan of going down on me at the best of times, but he wouldn't even consider it when I was anything other than freshly shaved.

I pulled the lace string up and noted that it was a lot more revealing than my sensible cream cotton one that I had removed. You could clearly see my light brown hair through the thin lace, and bottom of the triangle was a lot thinner, leading it to start to slide into my vulva lips almost as soon as I had pulled it on.

I put the bra on as well, Kirsty had judged my breast size well as it fitted very well. It was also very revealing, giving a clear view of the light pink circles and slightly puffy peaks of my nipples.

I studied myself in the mirror, if the negligee had been quite revealing, this was quite simply one step away from nude. Neither the string nor the bra covered a great deal of my form, and even the parts that they did cover were effectively visible through the thin lace. And yet I could feel my clit starting to buzz with anticipation of exposing myself in it.

I pulled back the curtain, ignoring my obvious trepidation and emerged into the changing area once again, feeling my feet sink into the soft deep carpet.

This time, Rich was not looking bored, or playing with his phone, although I did notice that one hand was resting on a slightly raised bulge in his trousers.

'What do you think?' I asked challengingly, making eye contact with him.

He missed no opportunity this time, and his eyes were immediately scanning down over my barely covered body, drinking in my nipples now pressing hard into the individual strands of the lace. He lingered a little longer over the lace string, perhaps checking out the way that the fabric was slowly being subsumed into the lips of my pussy, creating a bit more of a camel toe effect than I would ideally choose.

'Yeah, well obviously you look absolutely amazing.' Rich replied with a huge grin on his face.

'Looking good girl.' chimed in Kirsty appreciatively.

I put my hands above my head and played with my hair, slowly rotating on the spot, and checked myself out in the various mirrors. I didn't normally wear very sexy lingerie, but now that I had tried it again, I realized how much I liked it, and more surprisingly how much I liked being viewed in it.

Once I felt that they had had a good look, I walked back into the changing room and put my top and leggings back on, over the top of the new lace bra and thong. I checked myself out in the mirror and it was obvious that I was wearing much more sexy underwear. The black bra straps were visible over my shoulders, the lace of the cups covering my tits showed through a little the thin white material of the camisole top.

Perhaps even more outrageous was that my leggings clung skin tight, and there was a definite indentation where the thong was starting to pull itself into the lips of my pussy. I would never have ventured out like that in London, but somehow being away in a new city with no one to judge me meant that taking a risk seemed like a fun idea.

I paid and then met up with Rich on the way out and we walked out back into the pure white mall.

'So, that was unexpected Emily, here I was thinking we were on some super professional business trip, now I find you modelling lingerie for me.' he remarked with a grin.

'I was just getting some shopping in, I just wanted to get your opinion on things.' I replied.

'Yeah, like any guy would have thought you looked anything other than completely fabulous dressed like that.' he commented.

'If you say so.' I continued, walking off more quickly to close the conversation.

After a trip to a few more shops, we set off back to the hotel but on the way back we walked past a nice looking Irish pub next to a classic American fire station. I was feeling a bit thirsty and quite fancied a drink.

'Hey, let's I get a drink.' I suggested to Rich.

'Sure, I fancy a beer.' he replied cooperatively.

We walked into the bar and it was pleasantly busy, with a nice bubble of conversation but still a spare table near the back with a couple of stools. I went and sat at the table, with my Rebecca's Lingerie bag by my side. I perched myself up on one of the stools facing down towards the heart of the bar and waited for Rich to go and get us a couple of drinks.

The majority of the bar clientele were guys, generally in single sex groups of twos or threes. As I had walked through the bar I had notice a couple of groups of really good looking guys dressed in tight jeans and t-shirts who obviously spent a lot of time in the gym judging by their physiques. As I had walked passed a few of them, they had been obviously tracking me, but quite subtly as well, not so I felt I was being stared at.

Now that I was sitting at my table, I could still see that a few of them were checking me out still, and I wondered whether I was the subject of their conversation. There were two other couples in the bar, but no obvious single girls.

Rich came back with my G&T and sat down with an IPA, and we had a pleasant chat about the upcoming week. He seemed intent on ignoring the shopping trip that we had had, although he did occasionally glance down to check out my tits, especially when I leant forward to pick up my drink.

Once we had finished our drinks, I went up to the bar to get another round in. I made a specific choice to go to a gap at the bar next to three great looking American guys who were obviously enjoying themselves and having a good laugh.

As I was waiting for the barman to serve me, they definitely noted my presence and all three of them seemed to turn towards me, even as they maintained their conversation. As I listened to them, I realized that they must be firemen attached to the next-door fire station.

'Hey Mam.' one of them called out, and I turned to face them. 'Where are from exactly, with that accent?'

'Good evening Gentlemen, I am from Islington in London actually, are you all really New York firemen?'

'Oh wow, listen to that, a real English babe, too much! You better believe it, we are from Engine Company No. 10, I'm Chris, this is Bill and Owen.' the guy continued.

I chatted with the guy for a few minutes, and while I was talking to him, his two mates who were a little bit merry, were a little bit bolder with the way they that checked me out. One of them was definitely looking at my leggings, and I wondered just how explicit the view was by now.

The drinks arrived and I walked back to Rich, I checked myself out in the mirror behind him to see how I looked. The slight indentation at the front was a little bit clearer now although it wasn't really obvious unless you were looking for it, which from what I could tell the guys certainly were.

Rich and I had a nice discussion about work things, but then once he had drained his second drink he decided that he had had enough, and as it was already midnight in London time, he decided he was going to go to bed early.

I wasn't feeling anywhere near ready to go to bed however, and even though he was going back to the hotel, I didn't want to at all. Once he had left the bar, I wandered back to the bar and went up to the three firemen.

'Hello Gents, do you mind if I hang out with you for a while, my colleague has decided to call it a day, but I fancy another drink. Would it be OK with you?' I asked.

Perhaps unsurprisingly they were delighted that I had decided to join them, and they made a gap for me and fetched a barstool over for me to sit on.

I spent the next half an hour asking them about all their firemen stories, which they had obviously told a few times, and presumably enjoyed embellishing every time they told them. As I was sitting on a barstool and had to stretch to get to my drink on the bar, my top was obviously hanging forward a bit, and was giving them a great view of my tits, especially as they were protected only by the light black lace of my new bra. They took great advantage of their situation, their drinking reducing their reserve in being caught eyeing me up.

In return I made sure to check out their physiques as well, and also made sure I took a look at the bulges on the front of their jeans. They were all in their twenties, super fit but not too muscular, just really fit. I started to enjoy their attentions and could feel myself becoming a little sexually aroused as I watched them continue to explore how much of my tits they could see.

I was playing along with them in some ways as I continued to leave my drink on the bar, and then lean right forward to retrieve it. As time went on, they would all three hesitate in their chat as I did so, just enjoying me displaying myself to them.

They bought me another drink, and then in addition, also bought a round of whisky that they then insisted we all drink as shots. I was feeling increasingly drunk, and also became bolder in my teasing, leaning further forward and allowing my top to ride lower and lower. The front was now low enough that you could see a clear centimeter of the lace at the top of the cup visible above the fabric of the camisole top.

I was feeling overly bold now, and was drinking up their attentions. They were looking at my tits completely openly now, and they knew that I was enjoying it. I could see from the bulge in their trousers that they were all aroused by me.

Chris was standing really close to me now, and as he listened to me, he rested his hand on my shoulder, uncovered as I was wearing a strappy camisole top. I could feel his warm hard fingers resting on my bare shoulder. I wondered whether I should tell him to back off, but I was enjoying the attention, and my own arousal made me increasingly tolerant of his overstepping the mark.

'So guys, do you want to show me your fire-engine after these drinks?' I found myself asking them. I don't even know why, but somehow the idea of having three guys showing me round a fire-station seemed like a good idea to me at that point.

'Hey, yes mam, we certainly would.' Chris replied enthusiastically.

'Come on then, let's go, this has got to be any girl's dream, three hunky firemen to show me their engine.' They all guffawed, amused by my ambiguity.

We all collected our things, and walked out of the pub. They took me round the side of the fire-station, and let me in the side door. Inside was a huge red, gleaming engine in the classic American style with ladders and hoses and a big bell on the front. I walked around it, admiring it's lines and it's macho beauty.

'So what's in the Rebecca's Lingerie bag?' Chris asked me after I had completed my circumnavigation of their engine.

'Oh a little negligee, that's all.' I replied, grinning back at him. I took it out of the bag, and held it up to them. I could see all three of them undressing me in their minds as they imagined me wearing it, their eye's turning to wolfish desire.

'Do you think you would try it on for us?' his friend Bill asked, increasingly unable to control his lustful voyeurism.

'Do you think you would like to dress up as firemen for me?' I shot back without thinking.

'We certainly will if you want us to, if that is the deal. We have to get out of the way of the engine, up to the top floor, in case there is an emergency, but we would be most willing to comply with that request.' Chris replied at the double.

I had always loved the firemen fantasy, and to suddenly have three of them ready to play a little game of dressing up seemed like a brilliant idea, especially thinking back to the way I had enjoyed exposing myself to Rich earlier.

Then again, I thought to myself, where was this leading to, I would find myself wearing next to nothing in a strange city, in front of three hugely aroused guys. While they all seemed really nice now, with their mam's and such like, this was not a path without risk.

Oh what the hell.

I followed Chris up two flights of stairs, passed a room where a few other guys were watching a game of baseball, but did not turn to give us a second glance.

'So you can get changed here, and we will be up in a few minutes, and I bet you will look better in your negligee than we will out firemen stuff.' he observed with a smile.

The room was a large bright room with windows overlooking the new World Trade Centre buildings. It was very well maintained with a wooden floor shined to a high gloss. There were lockers round the edge of the room and a few bunk beds at the far end.

He closed the door, leaving me standing there with my bags.

Well, how did I manage to get into this I suddenly wondered to myself. Effectively I had offered to give three firemen a strip show for free in their Engine Company HQ. And yet I could feel a real desire to go through with it, I desired to enjoy their attention, to push my own limits and see where it took. I had wallowed in their desire in the bar, becoming more and more aroused as I watched them lust after me.

I took off my top, my bra and leggings, rescuing my new lace thong from where it had become completely enveloped by the lips of my pussy. It was completely soaked with my own juices already, reflecting what I knew already, that I was desperate for sexual satisfaction.

I took the negligee and lowered it over my breasts, noting how it caught on my rock-hard nipples as I pulled it down over them. There was no mirror to check out how I looked, but I brushed my hair and then quickly refreshed my lipstick so that I looked as presentable as I could. Like they were going to be looking at my face.

Almost immediately there was a knock at the door, it was do-or-die time, but my bravery held up and I quickly invited them in.

They were each dressed in their fire fighter's uniform trousers, a white vest, and their crash helmets. I could enjoy their brilliantly toned bodies even better dressed like this, and there followed a moment when we all simply regarded one another. Each of them walked around me, their eyes flicking down from my face down over my collarbone, down to my cleavage, drifting slowly over my lace encased breasts, my nipples poking hard out at the lace cases. Then they moved down over my stomach to my lace thong, hidden behind the skirt of the negligee.

I in turn looked at their muscular arms, and shoulders, their pecks straining at the white vests and perfect flat stomachs.

'Take off your tops.' I commanded without thinking about it, my desires overcoming my self-control and good sense. Each of them obeyed immediately, discarding helmets and vests. Now their perfect forms were even better exposed, six pack stomachs honed to a firm ripple of perfect muscle.

I licked my lips in anticipation of what it would be like to touch them, they were by far the best-looking guys I had ever seen. Craig was fit enough, went to the gym from time to time, but he was nothing like this. They encircled me, each of us enjoying a moment of psychological pleasure at the experience of unfulfilled physical desire.

I wondered to myself whether they were all expecting to fuck me, whether this was going to end up as some kind of group sex session. I wanted sex myself so much that I knew I would not resist, and yet there seemed to be a kind of unspoken bond here that said they would not take me without me making the first move. They had suggested the lingerie, and yet had as yet made no physical move to actually touch me.

However, I did not feel like we were done, I wanted to go further, explore the situation. It was an almost dream-like out of body feeling, as if I was watching the whole scene from above.

Take off your trousers, I mean your pants.' I ordered authoritatively, in some way interested to see what they would do next. I didn't really doubt that they would do what I wanted, not that I was really sure what I wanted. What was the end-game I was expecting?

Obviously, they obeyed without question, discarding trousers, braces and boots, I watched entranced as they stood in a line facing me and slid them off, exposing three hard cocks, all thrusting hard in towards my face. I had never seen more than one guy at a time naked before, and there was a sudden change in the atmosphere of the room. I had let three warm hard genies out of the box and now I had to decide what to do about it.

They were all three, standing facing me, their legs as perfectly sculpted as the rest of them. I could see the sides of their beautiful firm bums as well. They had big grins on their faces as they obviously felt that by making them strip naked, I had in some way opened the doors to something explicitly sexual.

In my mind, I supposed that they were right. Why else had I told them to strip naked if I didn't want sex. But what actually did I want, I thought through a few hardcore porn movie scenarios that I had seen and didn't think that I really wanted three guys fucking me at the same time. However, for sure I wanted to cum, and I reckoned there was no way they were going home without it either.

They continued to stand there expectantly, continued to explore my body with their eyes, drifting back and forth between my face, tits and legs. I turned my back to them and without leaning too far forwards, bending at the knees, I pushed my lace thong down until I could let go of it and let it fall to the floor.

I reviewed the situation as a I sang a song quietly to myself and danced for them. Here I was in a fire station in New York with three fire-fighters. They were all naked and aroused, ready for sex, and I was dancing around for them wearing a thin lace negligee that covered perhaps ten centimeters around my sex, and not much else.

I danced a little more vigorously, spinning round a little allowing the negligee to swing away from me and expose just a little more ass, perhaps giving them a view of my neatly trimmed pubes, perhaps even the lips of my pussy. They were entranced, I could see from their eyes that they were definitely all focusing on my thighs now, so I deduced that I must be giving them the kind of show they wanted.

I could see their cocks, hard, bobbing in time to their hearts, desperate for me, longing to fuck me, and yet waiting obediently for my permission.

I raised my hands to my hair and played with it, elbows raised high, hands running from my nape up to the top of my head, knowing that this would pull the hem up even higher, expose even more of my pussy. I turned to face them completely, meeting each of their eyes in turn and then swiftly pulled the negligee over my head. I stopped dancing.

We stood looking at each other. All nude now, fully exposed to one another. They each gaped at my snow-white body, my light pink nipples hard as they could be, puffed up in expectation and arousal. They studied my flat stomach, my firm fit legs and arms. But mostly they studied my pussy, the triangle of short hair above the mons, the exposed shaved lips below no doubt glistening with my juices.

'Look guys.' I finally spoke, finally deciding what exactly I wanted. 'I know you might think that this is a bit strange coming from a nude girl that is standing in front of three nude firefighters having teased you all for the last hour or so, but I am really not that kind of girl.'

They all looked somewhat confused, perhaps a little disappointed. I was glad they didn't look angry.

'I can see you all want to cum, and I do too, but, I mean this is odd, and you might be annoyed, but I don't do group sex. However, I do really want to cum with you now. What do you think?'

Sam took a step forward, not in a threatening way, but I moved back a little as a response.

'Hey, look Emily, I understand that, but how's about we have ourselves a little deal. You sit down over there on that chair, and we all cum together like you said, but you let us cum onto you. But we don't touch you. Unless you want to.'

My pussy almost exploded with anticipation, I loved to watch guys make themselves cum, I knew they loved to watch me. I wasn't exactly mad about being smeared with cum, but I could live with it for sure, and they looked like they would stick to their side of the deal.

I walked over to the chair, sat down and almost without thinking, opened my legs and started playing with my clit. I didn't even consider how brazen it was, just to sit there in front of three guys, my legs wide apart, the pink insides of my pussy pulled wide open by one hand while the other started to brush and play with my clit.

The guys walked over and stood in front of me, each of them grasping their cocks with the same love and attention that I was massaging my clit. Two of them had nice regular sized cocks, pretty much like the handful that I had experience of, but the third was enormous. It must have been at least nine inches and had a girth to match. I had never seen anything like it, and I wondered what it would feel to have it fucking you, pussy stretched out to let it in.

I could see that already the tips of their cocks were glistening with pre-cum, a small amount of liquid having already escaped from their tip as they had been eyeing up my ever more exposed body. I wondered how long they had been hard for now, had they been aroused in the bar as I had leant forward and exposed my lace covered tits. Or was it just since they had come up here and I had put on the lingerie.

With my left-hand I started to press my first and second fingers deep into me, while my right continued to press, play and massage my clit. I knew it would not be long now, and could feel my orgasm starting to build.

I leant forward and indicated for each of the guys to come forward towards me. I was curious about the big cock, but wanted to give each of them a little reward for their patience and good nature. Once the first one was close enough, I took it into my mouth, planning to give it a little kiss and lick just to say thanks.

Of course, the first guy Chris completely misunderstood my offer and immediately started pumping it like crazy, just as it was entering my lips I felt the first spurt of cum hitting my tongue. I swiftly wrapped my lips around the end, and started to suck on it with enthusiasm. The last thing I wanted was it to go in my hair.

His cum was sweet and plentiful, I swallowed the first two shots, but even after that there was another couple more. He screamed out in pleasure as I licked his cock, moving my tongue around his slit as the last of it was pumped into my mouth. Once it had stopped cuming, I continued to lick and suck him until his groaning died down.

My own orgasm was beyond my own control by this time, and I started to cum, screaming out with pleasure as my hands joined in a duet of pleasure, my left hand pressing deep into my soaked pussy, playing with the insides. My right-hand brushing and squeezing my clit, round and round, up and down.

As I opened my mouth, it was immediately re-filled with the huge cock I had wondered about earlier. I could barely get the whole of the tip in my mouth, even with it stretched to the full extent. It hardly mattered because once again I felt a warm hard stream of salty thick cum pump deep into my mouth. Even as I was trying to adapt to the enormous cock in my mouth, barely able to breath, I saw the third guy, whose name I couldn't even remember start to pump his cum over my face and forehead, obviously unable to wait or resist the opportunity.

In the midst of my own massive orgasm with my own fingers pressing with ever increasing force on my clit, I was impervious to feelings of guilt and I closed my eyes and gloried in the nasty slutty reality of my situation. My mouth with full of two guys' cum, I was swallowing it down so that I could continue to breath, and at the same time my face as smeared and covered in a third guy. Getting it in my hair was the least of my worries, it was all over my face, dripping down onto my tits, drops all over my legs.

The guys stood back and looked down at me, their cocks starting to droop as their ardor left them. What was that look in their eye, were they disgusted with me, or victorious over me, or still just lustful, it was difficult to tell.

I was never one for just one orgasm though, and even as they stood back, I gave them one last memory as I slammed my hand into my pussy, rubbing with my right vigorously on my clit as I came one last time.

Eventually we were all done.

I decided that I could not really deal with a messy leave taking. I wiped my face and body clean with one of their musky smelling vests and quickly slipped my thong, bra, leggings and camisole on. They even watched me dress lecherously, still hungry to fuck me I felt.

'Guys, well, thank you, and I hope you enjoyed yourselves.' I exclaimed as I picked up the last of my things and walked out the door.

I walked back to the hotel, barely able to believe what I had done, and yet with a nagging feeling that perhaps I had discovered a new side to myself. While I felt a certain amount of horror, there was at the same time a desire to try it again.

I was in New York for a few days, and who knew what still lay ahead.