

CFNM Lifestyle



She came into the bedroom that night already wearing the smile of someone who had won. The soft light from the hallway framed her silhouette: tight black dress, stockings, heels clicking softly on the wood floor. I was still in sweatpants, lying on the bed, and she walked over slowly, like a woman who knows she doesn't need to rush.

She sat beside me, traced a single fingernail from my throat all the way down to the waistband, and spoke in that low, velvet voice that always makes my knees weak.

“Love... I need to tell you something I've never told anyone else.” She leaned in, lips brushing my ear. “Many years ago, I've had this fantasy. I used to lie in bed at

night imagining the man I loved completely naked while I stayed dressed. Not just in the bedroom... everywhere. All day, every day. Him exposed, vulnerable, beautiful, and me fully clothed, powerful, in total control of when he's touched, when he's looked at, when he's allowed to feel pleasure. I dreamed of a love so deep that he would strip away everything (literally everything) just to prove he belongs to me. I want the sight of you naked to be as normal as breathing. I want to walk past you in the kitchen while I'm wearing a pencil skirt and blouse and watch your cock twitch because you know you're not allowed to hide it. I want to sit on the couch in jeans and a sweater while you kneel naked at my feet. I want to come home from work in my office clothes and find you waiting, bare, hard, desperate for my attention... because only I decide when you get it. That's what CFNM means to me. It's not a game. It's the purest form of love I can imagine: you giving me your modesty, your privacy, your freedom... and me giving you absolute safety, adoration, and pleasure in return."

She kissed me softly, then pulled back just enough to look into my eyes.

"I've been in love with you for years, and every time I pictured forever, it looked exactly like this. You naked. Me dressed. You mine in every possible way. If you truly accept the clothed female, naked male life (24/7, no exceptions, no going back), we'll donate everything you own today. Every shirt, every pair of pants, every pair of underwear... all of it gone. And our lives will change forever, but only for the better, because we'll finally be living the love we were born for."

My heart was pounding so hard it hurt. I could feel the heat radiating from her body, the scent of her perfume, the weight of her gaze on my skin.

"I'll take care of you, baby," she whispered, sliding her hand inside my sweatpants and wrapping her fingers around me. "With love, with tenderness, with a desire you can't even imagine. I'll dress you in nothing but my attention. I'll feed you, bathe you, fuck you senseless, spoil you rotten... but you will never wear clothes again unless I personally put them on you for the five minutes we leave the house (and even then, only if I feel like it). I just need you to say yes. For me. For the love we have."

I said yes. Immediately, breathlessly, desperately.

The next morning she woke me with soft kisses on my bare shoulders. Sunlight poured through the curtains and painted gold across her silk robe while I lay completely exposed beside her. She smiled like a queen surveying her kingdom.

“Time to make it real, my love.”

She opened the closet and, piece by piece, took out everything that had ever covered me. Shirts were folded with ceremonial care. Jeans, suits, jackets, belts, socks, boxer briefs (everything went into black bags). I stood in the middle of the bedroom, naked, cock already half-hard just from watching her claim me. When the last bag was zipped, she turned, cupped my face in her hands, and kissed me so deeply I almost came on the spot.

“Now you’re only mine,” she whispered against my lips. “No barriers. No hiding. Ever.”

And it was true.

From that day on, the house became our private paradise of clothed female, naked male. I cooked breakfast while she sat at the table in a crisp white shirt and pencil skirt, legs crossed, sipping coffee and watching my cock sway with every movement. She’d reach out casually, stroke me once or twice, then go back to her phone, leaving me throbbing in the open air. She worked from home some days in tailored blazers and heels, walking past me again and again, brushing her clothed hip against my bare one, never letting me forget the contrast: her powerful, covered, untouchable; me naked, owned, constantly seen.

At night she’d come to bed in satin pajamas or lace lingerie while I stayed bare beside her. She’d trace every inch of my skin with her fingertips, telling me how beautiful I looked completely exposed for her, how the sight of my naked body against her clothed one made her wetter than anything else in the world.

A week later she came home with the legal papers.

“I need one more little thing, love,” she said, straddling my lap while I sat naked on the couch. She was still in her office outfit (blazer, blouse, tight skirt) and the feel of the fabric against my bare skin made me dizzy with need. “I want a general power of attorney. Everything in my name. The house, the land, the accounts, the car... everything. I want you to depend only on me, so you can never leave, so you

never even could if you wanted to. I want the whole world to know, legally and irrevocably, that you are mine.”

I signed without hesitation, trembling as her clothed body pressed against my naked one. In front of the notary I wore only the thin robe she allowed (and the moment we stepped back into the house she tore it off me and fucked me right there on the living-room floor, still in her heels and blazer, whispering, “Now you truly own nothing except my love.”

I had never felt so free, so cherished, so completely adored.

A few days later she brought home the little velvet box.

She made me kneel in the bedroom while she stood over me in a silk robe, hair still damp from the shower.

“This,” she said, opening the box to reveal the gleaming steel cage, “is so your pleasure belongs only to us. When I’m not here to touch you, it stays locked away, waiting for my fingers, my mouth, my pussy. Every drop, every throb, every orgasm from now on is mine to give or withhold. Look at me, love.” She lifted my chin. “This isn’t about denying you. It’s about making every single release a thousand times more intense because it comes from my hand, because you waited for me, because you saved it all for the woman you love more than life.”

She kissed the tip of my cock reverently, slid the cold ring behind my balls, fitted the cage with tender precision, and clicked the lock shut. Then she slipped the key onto a thin gold chain and let it fall between her breasts.

“Now I carry your desire right here, against my heart, everywhere I go.”

That night she edged me for hours (still fully dressed in a cashmere sweater and leggings) while I writhed naked on the bed, begging, tears in my eyes from the intensity. When she finally unlocked me and rode me to the most shattering orgasm of my life, I sobbed her name and told her I loved her more than I ever thought possible.

The following week the collar arrived (soft black leather lined with velvet, a delicate silver heart engraved with our initials).

She buckled it around my throat while I knelt at her feet, naked and trembling.

“I’ve always loved the idea of a pet,” she confessed, voice thick with emotion, “but I never wanted a dog or a cat. I wanted you. My sweet, obedient, gorgeous naked pet who crawls for me, who wears my collar proudly, who lets me lead him on a leash because he trusts me with his entire soul. You are my love, my partner, my best friend... and now my cherished pet. There will never be another. Only you.”

She attached the leash, gave it a gentle tug, and I followed her on hands and knees to the bedroom, cock swinging beneath me, heart bursting with love.

Months have passed.

This is our life now.

I greet her at the door every evening completely naked, kneeling, collar in place if she texted me to wear it, cage gleaming if she decided I needed the reminder that day. She walks in still dressed from work (power suits, elegant dresses, jeans and boots) and the contrast still takes my breath away: her clothed perfection, my total exposure.

She cups my face, kisses me slow and deep, runs her hands over every inch of bare skin she owns, and whispers the same words every night:

“My darling... you have nothing left in this world except me. No clothes, no money, no possessions, no name on anything. You gave me every last shred of control to prove how much you love me... and I love you so fiercely it hurts. I will never disappoint you. I will protect you, worship you, fuck you senseless, and cherish you every single day of our lives. You are mine, and I am yours, forever.”

Then she leads me (sometimes by the hand, sometimes by the leash) to our bedroom, unlocks whatever restraint she chose for the day, climbs on top of me still half-dressed, and makes me come so hard I see stars, screaming her name, knowing I am the luckiest man alive.

Because in the end, I have nothing. Only her. And she is everything I ever wanted, everything I will ever need.

Months have passed.

This is our life now — deeper, dirtier, more loving every single day.

Some mornings she wakes me with a soft tug on the leash that stays attached to my collar all night.

“Come, puppy,” she whispers, already dressed in yoga leggings and a sports bra, hair in a high ponytail. She leads me naked through the house, opens the back door, and walks me out into the private garden we surrounded with tall privacy fences the very first week. The grass is cool under my knees and palms. She stands fully clothed, coffee in one hand, the other holding the leash loosely.

“Go potty, sweetheart. Good boys do it outside.”

I crawl to the far corner we designated, lift my leg against the tree like the pet she turned me into, and pee while she watches with that proud, possessive smile. When nature calls for more, I squat the same way animals do — no shame, because her eyes on me are pure love. She never looks away. She never lets me hide. The humiliation melts into the deepest arousal I’ve ever known, because every second of exposure is proof that I belong to her completely.

When I’m done she praises me softly — “Such a good boy for Mommy” — and leads me back to the center of the lawn where the garden hose waits.

“Time for your bath, pet.”

I stay on all fours while she turns the nozzle to a gentle warm spray. She’s still in her workout clothes, not a drop of water touches her. The water runs over my back, my ass, down my hanging cock and balls. She soaps a soft sponge and washes every inch of me herself — shoulders, spine, ass cheeks, between them, the sensitive skin behind my balls, the head of my cock until I’m shaking. Then she changes the nozzle to a thin, focused stream.

“Hold still, love.”

She slips a gloved finger into me first, lubed and gentle, massaging my prostate in slow circles until I’m moaning into the grass. When I’m open and desperate, she slides the narrow hose tip inside me — just an inch or two — and fills me with warm water for the enema she gives me every few days “to keep my puppy perfectly clean inside and out.” I whimper, belly swelling slightly, cock dripping pre-cum onto the ground beneath me while she strokes my back and tells me how beautiful I look completely owned.

When she's satisfied, she pulls the tip out and lets me release everything right there on the grass, water and shame and ecstasy all mixed together. She hoses me down again, cleans me a second time, then kneels behind me — still fully dressed — and presses two fingers deep into my ass.

“Now come for me, baby. Hands-free. Just from your prostate, just because I want to watch.”

She milks me slowly at first, then faster, crooking her fingers against that spot until my whole body locks up. I scream into the morning air, cock jerking untouched, thick ropes of cum shooting onto the grass while she keeps massaging, drawing out every pulse, every drop, until I'm sobbing from the intensity and the love.

Only then does she pull her fingers free, wipe them on a towel, and kiss the back of my neck.

“Good puppy. Clean and empty and all mine.”

She wraps me in a big warm towel, carries me inside like I weigh nothing, and cuddles me on the couch — her clothed, me naked and trembling in her arms — whispering over and over how much she loves me, how proud she is, how perfect our life is.

Later that night she does it all again in a different way: she'll be in an evening dress and heels for a video call with friends, and I'll be under the desk, naked, leashed to her ankle, quietly licking her shoes while she chats and laughs, my cock caged and dripping because she decided today was a “no-touch” day until she milks me again at bedtime.

Every scene, every day, every breath is CFNM lived to the fullest: her always dressed, always in control, always radiating power; me always bare, always seen, always cherished beyond words.

Because in the end, I have nothing. Only her. My love.