

## The Brighton Weekend

Jenny Harper was 28, tall, long-legged, with shoulder-length wavy brown hair and a body that turned heads on the street. She worked as a freelance graphic designer in Brighton and shared a huge flat on Marine Parade with Barbara, her old university friend who now managed a luxury boutique in The Lanes. The apartment had three bedrooms, a massive living room with a sea view, and one unwritten rule: whoever brought someone home could do whatever they wanted... as long as the other flatmate got to have a little fun too.

Friday night, Jenny was at club, dancing with a gin and tonic in hand when she first spotted Klaus.

Klaus was German, 31, 6'3", broad shoulders, almost white-blond hair cropped short, ice-blue eyes, and an accent that could melt panties at twenty paces. He wore a tight black shirt that showed every ridge of muscle and dark jeans that left very little to the imagination. In less than twenty minutes they were making out in a corner. In less than an hour they were in the back of an Uber heading to the flat.

The front door had barely closed before clothes started flying. Klaus's shirt ripped open by Jenny's eager hands. His jeans kicked across the room. Black Calvin Klein boxer-briefs flung onto the lamp. Jenny kept only her red lace bra and heels while Klaus lifted her against the living-room wall, strong hands gripping her thighs, mouth devouring her neck. They fucked right there standing up, then on the floor, then on the sofa, then on the floor again. Bottles of wine, gin cans, loud laughter, moans that probably woke half the building. When the sun started to rise, Klaus collapsed naked on the leather sofa, sweaty body gleaming in the grey morning light, cock half-hard resting on his thigh, and passed out cold.

Jenny, still tipsy and thoroughly satisfied, kissed his forehead, giggled to herself, stumbled to her bedroom, tossed off the bra, and fell asleep like the dead.

At 9:30 Saturday morning the front door opened again.

Barbara walked in from her shift at the boutique, 12 cm black stilettos clicking on the wooden floor, designer bag on her shoulder, platinum-blonde hair perfectly straight. She stopped dead in the living-room doorway and her eyes went wide.

There he was: an absolutely gorgeous man, fast asleep on the sofa, legs spread, completely and utterly naked. His body was a work of art, defined abs, powerful thighs, strong arms, and between his legs... Barbara bit her lower lip. Even soft, his cock was thick and heavy, resting on smooth shaved balls. Around the sofa lay the evidence of war: torn black shirt, expensive jeans, CK boxer-briefs, socks, high-end trainers, a Rolex, everything scattered.

Barbara's lips curled into a wicked little smile. She knew Jenny's rituals inside out. And she loved joining in.

Without making a sound, Barbara gathered every single item of Klaus's clothing. She neatly folded the torn shirt, picked up the jeans, rolled the boxer-briefs (still faintly smelling of sex and expensive cologne), slipped the Rolex into her own pocket, and carried the whole bundle to her bedroom. She opened the secret wardrobe, a full shelf dedicated to their shared "collection": clothes belonging to men who, once inside this flat, never needed them again. There were already fifteen complete outfits in there. Today would make it twenty.

After locking the wardrobe, Barbara knocked three times on Jenny's door.

"Jen... wake up, darling. There's a naked German in our living room and I just confiscated his entire wardrobe."

From the other side came a sleepy groan followed by a husky laugh.

"Coming."

Two minutes later Jenny appeared in a short pink silk robe, hair deliciously messy, eyes still half-closed but already smirking.

The two women walked into the living room.

Klaus was still out cold, snoring softly. Morning sun poured through the huge window and lit up every inch of his naked body. Jenny and Barbara sat on the large ottoman directly in front of the sofa, crossed their legs (Jenny in her robe, Barbara in tailored black trousers and a white silk blouse), and simply admired the view.

"My God," Barbara whispered. "You always pick the very best toys."

"I know," Jenny replied proudly.

They sat there for a good five minutes just looking. His cock twitched in his sleep, as if it could feel their eyes. Slowly it began to grow, thickening, lengthening, rising. In under a minute it stood fully erect, long, straight, veins prominent, the pink head already glistening.

“Look at that beautiful thing waking up,” Barbara said, licking her lips.

Jenny reached out first. Delicate fingers wrapped around the base of Klaus’s shaft, squeezing gently. He moaned in his sleep but didn’t wake. Barbara joined in, perfect red nails tracing the full length, circling the ridge of the head. The two women began a slow, synchronized stroke, one hand over the other, lazily jerking off the sleeping German like he was their new favorite toy.

Klaus started to stir. First his thighs tensed, then his abs. A deeper moan escaped. His eyes fluttered open, confused, trying to focus.

“Guten Morgen, handsome,” Jenny purred, voice sweet and mocking.

Klaus blinked several times. He looked down and saw two stunning, fully clothed women sitting in front of him, calmly giving him a leisurely handjob. His cock throbbed in their grip.

“Was... wo... meine Kleidung?” he managed, voice rough from the hangover.

Barbara gave a soft laugh.

“Your clothes? Oh, sweetie... you won’t be needing those for a while.”

Jenny picked up the pace slightly, twisting her hand around the head. Klaus let out a long groan, hips bucking involuntarily.

“Easy, big boy,” Barbara said, voice low and commanding. “The girls are in charge here.”

Klaus’s eyes darted around the room in panic. Not a single item of his clothing was in sight. Just his naked body, his rock-hard cock being expertly stroked by two strangers (one he vaguely remembered from last night, the other completely new), and the absolute certainty that he was at their mercy.

“Bitte... meine Kleidung...” he tried again, attempting to sit up.

Jenny pushed him back down with her free hand on his chest.

“Shhh. Stay still. We just want to watch you cum one more time before you leave.”

And they did.

For the next twenty minutes Jenny and Barbara put on a private masterclass in handjobs. Sometimes Jenny led the rhythm, sometimes Barbara took over. They switched hands, gently squeezed and rolled his balls, ran a nail lightly along the underside, spat delicately into their palms and kept stroking with slick, wet sounds. Klaus moaned helplessly, head thrown back, completely lost between overwhelming arousal and the burning humiliation of being stark naked while they stayed perfectly dressed, relaxed, and totally in control.

“Look how pretty he is like this, all hard and desperate,” Barbara commented, as if appraising fine art.

“I told you he was hung,” Jenny answered proudly.

When they felt him getting close, they sped up, hands flying up and down, gripping firmly. Klaus tried to hold back, but it was impossible. With a hoarse cry in German he erupted, thick ropes of cum shooting high, splattering across his chest, his stomach, even hitting the sofa. The women kept milking slowly until every last drop was out, giggling softly at the show.

Klaus lay there panting, body trembling, cock still twitching, utterly defeated.

Barbara stood, wiped her hands on a little towel already waiting on the coffee table, and picked up a small bundle she had prepared earlier.

“Good boy,” she said, kissing his sweaty forehead. “Now you can go.”

She handed him:

- his wallet
- his phone
- his car keys (the Audi parked downstairs)

Jenny disappeared into her room and came back with two items: an old band T-shirt of hers, size M (which would be ridiculously tight on him), and a pair of grey high-waisted yoga leggings she used for the gym, size S.

“Here you go, love. Best we can do today,” she said, tossing them into his lap.

Klaus stared at the women’s clothes, then at the two fully dressed women looking immaculate, then at his own naked, cum-covered body. He knew he had no choice.

With difficulty he pulled on the tiny T-shirt that clung to every muscle and left his midriff exposed, then wriggled into the yoga leggings that stretched to their absolute limit, outlining his cock and balls obscenely and leaving half his ass hanging out. No underwear, no socks, no shoes.

Barbara opened the front door.

“It was a pleasure, Klaus. Do come again... though next time we might keep the car too.”

Jenny blew him a kiss on the cheek.

“Send us a pic when you get home in that fabulous outfit.”

Klaus stumbled out into the hallway barefoot, face burning with shame and, strangely, lingering arousal. In the elevator mirror he caught sight of himself and nearly cried... and felt his cock twitch again inside the tight leggings.

Back in the flat, Barbara was already in her bedroom, lovingly folding the torn black shirt, the expensive jeans, the CK boxer-briefs, the socks, and sliding the Rolex onto the shelf.

“Collection updated,” she said, locking the secret wardrobe.

Jenny flopped onto the still-warm sofa that smelled of sex and laughed out loud.

“I think he might be my favorite yet.”

“Until next weekend,” Barbara replied with a wink.

And just like that, in Brighton, the collection kept growing... one piece of men’s clothing at a time.