

The Naked Weekend



The party at Astrid and Nora’s house had been absolute mayhem—the best kind. Bass shaking the walls, colored strobes, the air thick with gin and perfume. Around three in the morning, Lucas—a friend of a friend they’d been eyeing all night—finally hit the floor. One last tequila, a wobble, and he face-planted onto the massive L-shaped sectional, dead to the world.

Astrid and Nora exchanged that look. The one that made people’s knees weak.

Astrid brushed his hair back, voice honey-sweet. “He’s out cold.” Nora’s smile was pure sin. “Perfect.”

They waited until only their inner circle remained. Then the ritual began—slow, deliberate, almost reverent.

Sneakers unlaced and tossed aside. Socks peeled off. Belt unbuckled with a soft metallic sigh. Jeans dragged down strong thighs. T-shirt lifted over his head. Finally, the black boxer briefs—tugged down inch by inch until his cock flopped free, soft against his thigh.

The remaining guests whistled and cheered quietly. Phones came up. Astrid blocked every lens with a lazy smile. “No evidence, darlings. This one’s private.”

When the last person left, Nora gathered every stitch of clothing into a tidy bundle and handed it to Emil. "Take these to your place. I'll pick them up Sunday night. He's staying with us... exactly like this." Emil glanced at the naked man sprawled on the couch and laughed. "You two are demons. Done."

Door locked. Lights dimmed to a warm amber glow.

Astrid (still in high-waisted black leather pants and a cropped cashmere sweater) and Nora (in a tiny silk slip dress over sheer black tights) kicked off their heels and slid onto the sectional, one on each side of him. Warm, clothed bodies pressed against cool, bare skin. They fell asleep curled against his shoulders, his naked form trapped deliciously between them all night.

Saturday, 10:12 a.m.

Sunlight striped gold across his bare chest, stomach, cock, thighs. Lucas woke with a groan, registered the unfamiliar feel of leather on every inch of skin, and shot upright.

He was completely naked. Not a thread.

Two soft, fully dressed bodies kept him gently pinned.

Astrid's voice, low and amused, from his left. "Good morning, beautiful."

Nora stretched on his right, silk dress riding high on her thighs. "Took you long enough to join us."

He tried to cover himself. Nora lazily pulled the pillow away. Astrid's manicured fingers traced slow circles around his nipple.

"Why the hell am I naked?" His voice cracked.

Astrid smiled, eyes glittering. "Because we decided you belong this way. And because you were too drunk to stop us when we undressed you... piece... by... piece."

Nora leaned in, lips brushing his ear. "Every single thing you owned is gone, baby. Clothes, shoes, underwear, phone, wallet—everything. Locked away until tomorrow night... maybe longer."

Astrid's hand drifted lower, nails grazing his abs, stopping just above where his own hands were failing to hide his rapidly hardening cock.

"House rules," she purred. "You stay naked. All weekend. No blanket. No towel. No mercy. Just you, bare, for our eyes only."

Nora stood, walked to the kitchen, came back with coffee, and handed it to him. He had to take it with both hands. His cock sprang free, fully erect, a bead of pre-cum already glistening.

Astrid tilted her head, admiring. "Look at that. Already dripping. Someone loves being the only naked one in the room."

The entire weekend became one long, exquisite CFNM fever dream.

Breakfast: him perched on a cold marble stool, bare ass sticking to it, cock resting heavy against his thigh while Astrid buttered toast in her leather pants and Nora poured juice, casually reaching over to stroke him whenever they felt like it.

Every mundane moment turned electric:

- Walking to the bathroom, cock swinging with every step while they watched from the hallway, sipping coffee.
- Bending over, ass on full display, hearing their soft intake of breath.
- Trying to sit modestly; Nora spreading his knees wide with her stockinged foot. "Good boys don't hide."

They never undressed. Not once. The contrast was intoxicating: soft cashmere, cool leather, silk, and lace brushing against his constantly exposed skin.

Teasing became torture.

Astrid straddling his lap fully clothed, grinding slowly, whispering filth while Nora filmed from behind, zooming in on his desperate, untouched cock.

Nora making him stand in the center of the room while they circled him like predators, trailing fingers over every inch, commenting on how pretty he looked blushing, how hard he got from just their eyes.

Sunday afternoon in the private backyard: warm oil poured over his back, ass, thighs, dripping between his cheeks. Astrid's gloved fingers teasing his hole while

Nora stroked him from underneath, bringing him to the edge again and again, never letting him come.

By Sunday night he was a shaking, leaking mess—cock purple, balls aching, every nerve screaming.

9:52 p.m.

The intercom buzzed. Emil left the bag at the door. Astrid carried it in and placed the neat stack of clothes in the center of the coffee table like an offering.

Lucas was still on his knees exactly where they'd left him for the last hour: legs spread, hands resting on his thighs, cock rigid and shining, chest heaving. Two full days naked, two full days of touches, stares, whispered commands, and zero release.

Astrid and Nora stood in front of him, perfectly dressed—Astrid now in a tailored black blazer, half-unbuttoned silk blouse revealing black lace, and a tight pencil skirt; Nora in dark skinny jeans and a thin cashmere sweater that showed the outline of her nipples. Both wearing the same calm, predatory, loving gaze.

Nora crouched slowly until she was eye-level with him. With one finger she scooped a thick drop sliding down his cockhead and brought it to her lips, licking it off deliberately, never breaking eye contact.

“So, sweetheart...” she whispered, voice husky with lust. “Do you actually want to put those clothes back on?”

Astrid stepped closer, undid another button on her blouse, letting the little silver key on its chain (a key he had never seen open anything) swing between her breasts.

“Or do you want us to burn every last stitch right now,” she murmured, voice low and velvet, “and keep you exactly like this—naked, hard, on your knees... forever?”

Silence so thick you could hear the slow drip of pre-cum hitting the hardwood.

Nora leaned in until her lips almost touched his, sliding two fingers beneath his balls and squeezing gently, making him moan out loud.

“Tell us, Lucas...” she breathed against his mouth. “Do you want to be our clothed boy again out there in the world... or do you want to be our naked boy in here, twenty-four seven, coming only when we say?”

Astrid knelt too, both women now flanking his face, perfume mingling, clothed bodies brushing his bare skin.

Astrid gripped his chin firmly but tenderly, forcing his eyes to hers.

“Last chance, baby,” she said, eyes blazing. “Put the clothes on and walk out that door right now... or stay on your knees, naked, and let us fuck you until you forget clothes even exist.”

She released his chin. Both women rose, stepped back, and stood waiting.

Lucas stared at the pile of clothes. Then at his own throbbing, aching cock. Then up at them—at the dressed bodies that had owned him all weekend, touched him, denied him, adored him.

He opened his mouth.

And whatever came out was only a ragged whisper...
But I need to work tomorrow.

Okay, we understand.

Let's make a deal: "You'll go to work tomorrow and after work, you won't go back home, but you'll come straight here, take off your clothes and be naked with us..."

He accepts the deal. Lots of sex and CFNM awaits him.

