



## What it's like inside CFNM (clothed female, naked male) fetish parties



By **Samantha Rea**, Freelance journalist  
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**'A chair was placed in the middle of the room, with a dildo taped to the seat. One by one we men had to sit on it, using the women's spit as lube, then we shifted up and down on the dildo, wanking while everyone watched.'**

Terry,\* who's 33, is describing the culmination of an event for those with a fetish for CFNM. The acronym stands for Clothed Female Naked Male, which pretty much sums up the nature of the fetish.

Terry, who works in HR, first discovered CFNM when he stumbled across it while looking at porn as a 16 year old. He tells Metro.co.uk: 'I was turned on by it, so I searched what it was, then went looking for more.'

Five years later, Terry acted out his fantasies for the first time at a CFNM party held at a house in Kent.

Arriving at the start of the night, Terry was told to remove his clothes. Then along with the 14 other men attending, he was given a glass of Champagne, a mask (the wearing of which was optional) and a g-string for the initial ice-breaker.

Terry explains: 'we put the g-strings on, then we were taken through to the ladies so they could guess the size of our cocks.'

The 30 women waiting for them were fully dressed and according to Terry, 'they were in normal clothes, like jeans and T-shirts.' Like the men, each woman had paid £45 to attend the event, with the entry fee covering food and drinks. Once the women had guessed the men's size, the g-strings were removed for the big reveal.

'We were measured soft and erect, and made to line up smallest to largest, then told to look at the ones bigger than us,' says Terry, explaining, 'it's mainly to embarrass the little ones.'

For Terry, feeling embarrassed is part of the fun – despite being at the larger end of the line-up. He explains, 'it's still embarrassing getting measured, and being naked with other people – especially when it's only the men who are naked. I like the embarrassment of being exposed, and the comments I get from being viewed. I enjoy it and get turned on.'

Activities at the event included being judged on the 'best balls' (criteria were size, firmness, bounce and overall look and feel) and 'ring toss' which involved the guys lying on the floor with their legs open while the women stood by their feet or a little further back, throwing plastic rings onto the men's erect penises. The rings were, 'like kids' toys – probably about 6 inches in diameter,' says Terry.

Other games included 'best helicopter.' This involved 'whizzing our cocks around like helicopters. The bad ones were knocked out of the competition and had to worship the women's feet,' says Terry, who actually rather likes women's feet.

Then it was 'decorate a cock.' According to Terry, the penis painting – carried out by the women – produced an Elvis, a few lions, a strawberry, and a squirrel. He adds: 'one was a banana – it was bent like a banana so that was an obvious one. Mine was an elephant.'



(Picture: Ella Byworth for Metro.co.uk)

Artwork: Ella Byworth for Metro.co.uk

The men were required to stay erect at all times without touching their genitals. Punishment for losing their erections included ice-cubes being melted on their bodies and being spanked. Recalling his punishments, Terry says, 'I was face-sat for ten minutes.'

The penis painting was followed by an 'edging competition', when the men were brought to the point of orgasm without cumming – if you cum, you fail. Describing the scene, Terry says: 'It was two women per man, and they'd each take it in turn masturbate him. When he gets close to cumming they stop – that's one edge. After 30 seconds or so – or when the twitching's stopped – they start wanking him again. We had to do it eight times.'

The men then masturbated in a competition to see who could ejaculate the furthest. The distances were measured, and marked by a little box. 'That became the distance to beat for the next ones up,' says Terry.

The final activities before The Dildo Chair consisted of, 'a sexy dance-off for the men, and seeing who can get the hardest erection – with the girls only whispering in your ear to get you erect. A judge was appointed to feel all erections.'

The party was the first time Terry had used a dildo. He says, 'it was cleaned each time, and a new condom was put on it, but I was very nervous. When it was my turn, I really didn't want it and I wasn't sure what to do, but I walked over and one of the ladies helped me get on the chair. My arse was lubed up, then I slowly lowered my bum over the dildo.' He adds: 'It was hard to relax, and it hurt, but there was no damage, so I didn't regret it.'

Terry has since been to about 15 CFNM events, some of which were a lot more low-key. 'Sometimes they're just cocktail parties – the men are naked, but nothing sexual happens,' he says.

He adds that, like the first event he went to, it's the norm for the women to be dressed in everyday clothes, and he's only been to one event where the women were dressed as dominatrices.

Annabelle, who organises CFNM events, echoes Terry when she says, 'only once did we do some dominatrix style attire. Usually we don't wear anything in particular – just normal clothes – nothing that excites the men too much.'

Now 34, the seed for Annabelle's interest in CFNM was sown at a hen party 15 years ago. 'We had a stripper, and I liked admiring him without having to do anything,' she tells us. 'Seeing attractive guys naked is always a winner, but with CFNM it's about power too.'

'You're controlling the naked man, telling him where to stand where, and what to do – it's exciting. I like dominating men, and I can't resist an opportunity to humiliate them.'

Coming home from the hen do, Annabelle ordered her boyfriend of 18 months to strip off and serve her drinks naked. 'I demanded it. I said "no sex unless you do as I say!" He went into a blind panic – he couldn't keep his clothes on. I think he was more worried than anything.'

As the relationship progressed, Annabelle ordered him to masturbate on demand, and to suck and worship her feet. 'It's thrilling to have a naked man at your feet,' she says. 'You should try it – I'm sure you'd enjoy starting sex with you clothed and your boyfriend naked.'

Initially, Annabelle was unaware that there was a name for her new interest. 'I just wanted more naked men in my life! Then a friend said, "this is CFNM!" I looked into it, and started watching porn on it and getting into groups and meet-ups around it.'

Annabelle found her first CFNM group on **Meetup** and from there she discovered **Walnut Walk**, a site 'where ladies can be a little bit naughty' with a chat forum, events and porn clips all geared to CFNM.

The first CFNM event Annabelle went to was at a nightclub in Holborn that had been hired out for the evening. She paid a £15 entry fee which included drinks, and arrived to find naked men holding trays of Champagne and canapes. The 40 clothed women and 20 naked men were left to mingle, but Annabelle was less than impressed.

'The guys were handsy and possibly not genuine CFNM fans, as they were all about touching, and "let's see your tits, let's have sex",' she tells us. 'They'd come over while we were chatting and put their dicks in our faces asking for blow-jobs, despite this being against the rules.'

However, the end of the night made up for it: 'After a couple of hours, the guys with erections stood at the front and masturbated for us, then left – this happened until all guys were gone.'

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