

A Brighton Flatshare

Greg, a backpacker from Latin America, with tanned skin and muscles defined by manual labor, arrived in Brighton with a heart full of hope and a worn-out backpack. The pub where he was supposed to work was closed for renovations, leaving him with few euros in his pocket and broken English that barely helped him get by. Desperate, he saw an ad in a North Laine café: "Rent-free apartment for a man willing to follow special rules. Contact Jenny or Barbara." With no options, he called, his voice trembling as he tried to understand the rapid English response.

In an elegant penthouse with a view of Brighton's sea, Greg was greeted by Jenny and Barbara, two women with cunning gazes and smiles that promised trouble. Jenny, brunette, sported long, silky hair, wearing high-waisted jeans that hugged her curves and a sheer blouse, unbuttoned just enough to reveal the tantalizing curve of her breasts. Barbara, blonde, wore a tight, short dress that barely contained her form, riding up dangerously as she sat. The apartment smelled of expensive perfume and tension, and Greg, in his Levi's 501 jeans, red T-shirt, hoodie, silver wristwatch, and two gold chains around his neck, felt out of place. "So, Greg," Jenny began, reclining on the velvet sofa, crossing her legs with deliberate slowness, "you want to live here, no rent, right? For free?"

Greg furrowed his brow, deciphering the words. "Yes... I, uh, no money. Need... place," he replied, his thick Latin accent making the words hesitant.

Barbara laughed, a low, provocative sound, as she approached, her dress riding up slightly. "Great. But Brighton has laws, you know? Here, the flat's owner sets the rules. And the tenant obeys everything. Everything. Otherwise..." She mimed cuffing her wrists. "Police. Jail. Got it?"

Greg's eyes widened, his heart racing. "Jail? Serious? I... no want problem." He had never heard of this CFNM thing, but the idea of being arrested in a foreign country terrified him.

Jenny stood, approaching with a smile that mixed sweetness and danger, biting her lower lip deliberately. "Just follow our rules. The main one: you do all the household chores."

Greg, relieved it seemed simple, replied quickly: "Okay, no problem."

Jenny paused, her mischievous gaze intensifying as she bit her lip harder, her voice dropping to a low, provocative tone. "But you must be naked. Completely naked. Not a stitch of clothing."

Greg swallowed hard, his face flushing. "Naked? No... clothes?" he asked, his broken English heavy with shame.

"Nothing," Barbara confirmed, with a predatory smile. "It's Brighton's law. If you don't obey, the police will come for you. Want to risk it?"

Greg shook his head, confused and scared. He didn't understand local laws, and the girls seemed so certain... Maybe it was true. "Okay... I do," he mumbled, his hands sweating.

"Perfect," Jenny said, pointing to the center of the room. "Take it all off. Now. Hand each piece to Barbara."

Greg hesitated, his heart pounding. Under their hungry gazes, he began. First, the silver wristwatch, which he unfastened with trembling fingers, handing it to Barbara. She took it, twirling it in her hand like a trophy, her eyes locked on his. "Nice," she murmured, tossing it into a metal chest nearby.

Next, he removed the gold chains from his neck, the cold metal brushing his warm skin. Barbara took them, her fingers grazing his chest lightly, sending a shiver through him. But instead of tossing them into the chest, she draped them around her own neck, the gold gleaming against her pale skin. "These stay with me for now," she said, her smile provocative, eyes fixed on Greg's reaction.

Greg swallowed hard and removed his hoodie, folding it clumsily before handing it over. Barbara took it, deliberately brushing her fingers against his, her smile widening. "Good choice, Greg." He continued with the red T-shirt, revealing his broad, defined chest, glistening under the room's soft light. Barbara took the shirt, sniffing it blatantly before tossing it into the chest. "Hmm, smells like man," she teased, winking at Jenny.

Greg, increasingly nervous, unbuckled his Levi's 501 jeans, the zipper's sound echoing in the tense silence. He slid the jeans down his muscular legs, handing them to Barbara. She held them against her body, smiling. "I think I just got myself a new pair of jeans. I love wearing men's pants." To tease him further, Barbara, knowing the effect it would have, slipped off her short dress in a slow motion, standing in black lingerie before sliding Greg's jeans over her hips. The fabric hugged her curves, the low waist accentuating her figure. She did a little twirl, the jeans clinging to every contour, and asked Jenny with a playful tone, "Looks great, doesn't it?"

Jenny, laughing heartily, leaned forward, her sheer blouse revealing even more of her breasts. “Perfect, Barbara. He’s never seeing those jeans again.” The two laughed as Greg, red with shame and a growing heat, tried to process the scene, his arousal betraying him as he watched his clothes come alive on Barbara’s body.

He hesitated, his trembling hands on the waistband of his white briefs. “Need to take... briefs too?” he asked, his broken English thick with embarrassment.

Jenny stepped closer, so close he could feel her body’s warmth. “Yes, it’s mandatory,” she said, her voice sweet but firm. “They’re the cherry on top.” Before he could react, Jenny grabbed the white briefs and yanked them down in one swift motion, leaving him completely exposed. Greg tried to cover himself with his hands, his face burning, but Barbara was already there, snatching the briefs and laughing.

Barbara gathered the rest of his clothes—the hoodie, T-shirt, shoes, socks, briefs—and Greg’s backpack, which held his passport and wallet. She tossed them into the metal chest, locking it with a padlock that clanged shut. The jeans and gold chains, however, stayed with her, a constant reminder of her control, glinting around her neck and hugging her hips as she moved. “Done,” she said, dangling the key in front of him. “Now you’re ours.”

Greg, naked, felt the cool air of the penthouse brush his skin, his body vulnerable under the women’s gazes. Jenny circled him slowly, her sheer blouse hinting at the curve of her breasts as she appraised him.

“Now we’re going to give you a bath.” They take him to the bathroom, and once there, Jenny asks him, “Do you need to pee?” He responds, embarrassed, “Yes, I need to pee and poop.” They look at each other and laugh, saying, “Sit on the toilet and do it.” “But with both of you watching me?” Greg retorted, his face full of shock. Then Jenny and Barbara sit him on the toilet, and Jenny hugs him. He automatically wraps his arms around her waist and rests his face on her stomach. Jenny strokes his hair while speaking softly, “In this house, you won’t have a minute of privacy; you will always be exposed. Besides having your masturbation supervised, you must ask for permission to use the bathroom and have someone supervising you, understand?” He nods in agreement, and Jenny finishes by saying, “Get used to it. If you want to use the toilet, it will have to be the way we want, or you’ll have to go outside, naked, and do your business. We won’t give you your clothes back if you choose to be disobedient and not follow our rules. So, what’s it going to be?” Greg says he prefers to use the toilet in his very poor English. Jenny says, “Great, then start pushing to relieve yourself.” Greg felt embarrassed but began to push. First, the sound of pee hitting the toilet, then the sound of farts, which made Barbara laugh loudly, embarrassing Greg even more. But Jenny ran her hands through his hair and said, “Don’t mind her, be a good boy and keep going. You’re doing well.” After Greg relieved himself, they bathed him, washing him thoroughly. They weren’t disgusted by anything, as they had previously worked as a nurse and a paramedic.

After bathing him, they began shaving his body hair—his chest, pubic area, and legs, leaving him completely smooth. Barbara then said: “Get to work, Greg. The house needs cleaning. And we want to see every muscle of yours in action.”

The household chores began, and Jenny, with a mischievous smile, handed Greg his own white briefs, now in her hands. “Use this to clean the furniture,” she ordered, holding the garment with her fingertips as if it were a trophy. “We want to see you dust... with style.”

Greg, naked and his face burning with shame, took the briefs, feeling the familiar fabric in his hands. He began wiping down the coffee table, the makeshift cloth gliding over the wood as Jenny and Barbara leaned back on the sofa, laughing loudly. “Look at that, Barbara, he’s polishing with his underwear!” Jenny exclaimed between giggles, clapping her hands. Barbara, still wearing Greg’s jeans and gold chains, leaned forward, the gold glinting around her neck. “What a sight, Greg! Nothing like a man cleaning with his own undies,” she teased, her tone dripping with mockery.

Each of Greg’s movements seemed to amplify the humiliation, the fabric of the briefs brushing against the furniture as he tried to maintain his composure. Their laughter echoed, and he felt their eyes fixed on every curve of his exposed body. When he finished, Barbara stood up, took the briefs from his hand with a sly smile, and tossed them into the metal chest with the rest of his belongings. “These have done their job,” she said, locking the padlock with a loud click, sealing away another piece of his dignity.

The afternoon was a dance of humiliation and desire. Greg, still reeling from the supposed “Brighton law,” swept the floor while Jenny issued orders, sitting with her legs crossed, her jeans accentuating every curve. “Lower, Greg. Show us that body.” Barbara, now wearing Greg’s jeans and gold chains, corrected his posture, the gold swaying against her skin as she moved. “Lift your arms. No, not like that—we want to see everything.”

Each task was an excuse to display him. He scrubbed the floor on all fours, feeling their eyes burn into his skin. Jenny “accidentally” brushed her hand against his back as she passed, while Barbara gave light pats on his shoulder, laughing. “Good boy. But you need to try harder.”

The desire grew in Greg, intensified by the sight of Barbara wearing his clothes, the gold chains gleaming on her neck like a trophy. He tried to hide it, but Barbara noticed, pointing with a smile. “Look, Jenny, he’s enjoying this.” Jenny leaned in, her lips inches from his ear. “No relief without our permission, Greg. If you want it, we supervise. Got it?”

He nodded, his face red, his mind spinning between fear and arousal. The girls led him to the sofa, where they made him sit, naked, under their gazes. “Show us how you do it,” Barbara ordered, Greg’s jeans hugging her thighs as she leaned forward. “Slowly. We want to enjoy it.”

Greg obeyed, each movement amplified by their eyes. Jenny murmured taunts, Barbara gave precise instructions, and the air was thick with tension. When he reached his limit, Jenny raised a hand. “Stop. You still have the bathroom to clean.”

The following hours were a sensual torment. They made him bend, display himself, each task designed to keep him exposed and vulnerable. But at the end of the day, Barbara called him over, her tone serious.

“Greg, you’re not trying hard enough. You didn’t show... enough enthusiasm.”

“I did everything!” he protested, his English stumbling.

Jenny shook her head. “Not enough. Rules are rules.” Before he could argue, they opened the door and, with a playful push, threw him into the hallway, naked. Brighton’s cold breeze hit him, and the door slammed shut, their laughter echoing. “Come back tomorrow if you learn to obey properly,” Barbara shouted.

Greg, heart racing, tried to cover himself, the sound of the sea mixing with his adrenaline. He wasn’t sure if he believed in their “law,” but one thing was certain: Jenny and Barbara had control, and he was trapped in their game, aroused and humiliated by the sight of Barbara wearing his jeans as part of their wicked play.

The night air in Brighton was chilly, whipping through the corridor like a cruel reminder of Greg's vulnerability. Locked out, completely naked, he pounded on the door with one hand while desperately covering his penis with the other. "Please... Jenny! Barbara! Open! I... nude! No can stay here!" he begged, his broken English laced with panic, the words tumbling out in a frantic whisper. His muscles tensed against the cold, his tanned skin prickling with goosebumps, but the arousal from the day's torments lingered, making his humiliation even more acute.

Inside, Jenny and Barbara leaned against the door, stifling their giggles as they listened to his pleas. "He's really squirming out there," Jenny whispered, her eyes sparkling with amusement. Barbara nodded, adjusting the gold chains around her neck—the ones that had been Greg's just hours ago. "Let him stew a bit longer. It's good for him."

Minutes dragged on like hours. Greg pressed his body against the door for some semblance of warmth, his heart racing as footsteps echoed in the hallway. A group of young women, laughing and chatting from a night out, turned the corner and froze at the sight of him. "Oh my God, is that...?" one gasped, her eyes widening as they raked over his exposed form—his broad chest, defined abs, and the futile attempt to shield his manhood with shaking hands. The others burst into giggles, one pulling out her phone for a quick snap before they hurried past, whispering and glancing back. "What a freak show!" another teased, their laughter echoing down the hall. Greg's face burned with shame, his hands pressing harder, but the exposure only heightened the twisted thrill coursing through him.

Finally, the door cracked open. Jenny and Barbara peered out, their expressions a mix of mock pity and delight. "Ready to come in, Greg?" Jenny asked, tilting her head. He nodded vigorously, shivering. "But only if you crawl," Barbara added, her voice commanding yet playful. "On your hands and knees, like the good boy you're going to be."

With no choice—his mind reeling from the cold, the stares, and the fear of more exposure—Greg dropped to all fours. The rough carpet scraped his knees as he crawled through the doorway, his body on full display, the women towering above him. They shut the door behind him, their laughter filling the warm apartment once more.

"Now, Greg," Jenny said, circling him as he knelt on the floor, "if you want to stay in this flat, there are new rules. You'll wear a chastity cage—to stop you from masturbating without our permission, and for our protection, of course. A big, strong guy like you needs to be... contained." She smiled sweetly, but her eyes gleamed with dominance.

Barbara nodded, producing a small, gleaming metal chastity device from a drawer, its cage designed to encase and restrict. "And besides cleaning the house, you'll become our pet. Our little puppy, Greg. You'll fetch, beg, and obey. Sound fun?"

Greg looked up from his position on the floor, his body aching from the day's exertions and the lingering denial. "I... no choice," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper, defeat mixing with a strange, submissive excitement.

"Smart boy," Barbara purred. They guided him to sit on the edge of the sofa, and with deliberate slowness, Jenny fitted the chastity cage around his manhood, the cold metal sending shivers through him as it clicked shut. The lock snapped into place, confining him completely, the sensation of restraint amplifying his helplessness. Barbara then took the key, dangling it teasingly before slipping it onto one of Greg's gold chains—the very ones now adorning her neck. "This stays with me," she said, letting the key rest against her skin, a symbol of her total control.

To complete his transformation, Jenny fastened a black leather collar around his neck, its buckle clicking shut with finality." She tugged gently on it, pulling him closer. "There. You're dominated now, pet. Our rules, our way."

Greg, collared and caged, felt the weight of his submission. He was theirs—exposed, controlled, and utterly enthralled in the wicked game of Jenny and Barbara's Brighton flatshare.

The next morning, the sun filtered through the penthouse windows, casting a warm glow over the polished floors Greg had spent the previous day cleaning. His body ached from the hours on his knees, the tight chastity cage a constant reminder of his new role. He was sweeping the living room, naked except for the collar, when Jenny sauntered in, her phone pressed to her ear. She wore a casual tank top and yoga pants, her curves accentuated by the tight fabric, a playful smirk on her lips.

"Hey, Amanda," Jenny said into the phone, her voice dripping with excitement. "You need to come to the flat tonight before we hit the club. If I told you, you wouldn't believe it, but come prepared—it's something we've always talked about doing, and now we did it."

Greg paused, glancing up, the broom trembling in his hands as he caught the name. Amanda? His heart thudded, the collar feeling tighter around his neck.

Amanda's voice crackled through the phone, curious and teasing. "No way... you're telling me there's a man in the flat?"

Jenny laughed, leaning against the counter, her eyes flicking to Greg with a predatory glint. "I won't spill all the details now—it's a long story. But yeah, there's a man here, and he's not wearing a single stitch of clothing."

"You're joking, right?" Amanda replied, her tone a mix of disbelief and intrigue.

Jenny grinned, pulling the phone away to snap a quick photo of herself and Barbara—who had just walked in, still wearing Greg's Levi's 501 jeans and gold chains—hugging Greg from behind as he stood frozen, naked and caged. She sent the photo, and moments later, Amanda's voice exploded. "Holy shit, I *have* to see this in person!"

"Seven tonight, then," Jenny said, hanging up with a satisfied chuckle.

Greg's stomach churned. Another woman? His mind raced, the cage tightening painfully as his body betrayed him with a surge of arousal at the thought of more eyes on him. He resumed sweeping, trying to focus, but the weight of the collar and the key dangling on Barbara's neck kept him on edge.

At 7:00 PM, the doorbell rang. Greg, still naked, hesitated, glancing at Jenny and Barbara, who were lounging on the sofa. "Go on, pet," Barbara said, twirling the chastity key on the gold chain. "Answer the door."

He crawled to the door, his knees aching, and opened it to reveal Amanda—a striking redhead with fiery hair tied in a messy bun, wearing a short black leather skirt and a white blouse that hugged her curves, the top buttons undone to reveal a glimpse of her breasts. Her green eyes sparkled with mischief as she took in Greg's exposed form, the chastity cage glinting under the hallway light. She reached out, grabbing his hand with a confident grip. "Hi, I'm Amanda," she said, her voice warm but laced with a dangerous edge. "You must be the new pet."

Greg mumbled a shy "Hello," his face burning as he withdrew his hand and scurried back to his chores, the broom shaking in his grip. Amanda stepped inside, and Jenny and Barbara leapt up, enveloping her in a hug.

The three burst into laughter, Amanda's eyes darting to Greg as he dusted a shelf. "Where the hell did you find this gorgeous guy?" she asked, her paramedic's confidence shining through.

"He found *us*," Jenny replied with a wink. "Let's head out, and I'll tell you everything on the way."

Jenny clapped her hands sharply. "Greg, darling!" she called. He crawled over, the tag on his collar jingling, stopping at her feet. She leaned down, her gray tailored trousers and black blouse accentuating her commanding presence. "We're going to the club to have some fun. As a good pet, you stay here and take care of the flat. We don't know when we'll be back."

Amanda, her leather skirt riding up slightly as she shifted, eyed Greg with a grin. Barbara, in a pink satin blouse and Greg's Levi's, the chastity key gleaming on the gold chain around her neck, caught Amanda's gaze lingering on the jeans. "Nice jeans, Barbara. New?" Amanda asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Greg gave them to me," Barbara replied with a sarcastic smirk, patting the denim.

Amanda pouted playfully, crossing her arms. "You guys have Greg here, Barbara got his jeans, and I don't get to have a little fun? Let me take the rest of his stuff to my place so I can join in on this."

Jenny glanced at Barbara, then back at Amanda, a knowing smile spreading across her face. "Okay," she said, as if it were a spontaneous decision. But Greg didn't know this was all part of their game—a calculated move to push his boundaries further. It worked. His eyes widened, panic rising in his chest as he watched Jenny lead Amanda to the metal chest.

"Is this... necessary?" Greg stammered, his broken English barely audible, his hands twitching as if to reach for his belongings.

Jenny turned, her expression stern. "While you're in our flat, your clothes belong to us, Greg. We can do whatever we want with them—including giving them away if you're not a good boy. Will you be a good boy?"

He nodded weakly, his throat tight, unable to muster more than a whisper. "Yes..."

"Good," Jenny said, unlocking the chest. She pulled out Greg's backpack—containing his wallet, passport, shoes, red T-shirt, hoodie, and white briefs—and handed it to Amanda, who slung it over her shoulder with a triumphant grin.

"Bye, Greg," the three women chorused, their laughter ringing as they sauntered out, leaving him alone in the flat. The sight of his possessions disappearing with them sent a jolt through him—a mix of terror, fear, arousal, and pain as his trapped manhood strained against the chastity cage. He was in a stranger's home, naked, caged, collared, with no money, no passport, nothing. "How did I let this happen?" he wondered, his mind spinning. Yet, beneath the panic, a dark thrill pulsed through him, the fear and arousal intertwining in a way that left him dizzy.

The women piled into Amanda's white Ford Focus, tossing Greg's belongings into the trunk before speeding off to the club. Hours later, after a night of dancing and drinks, Jenny and Barbara returned by taxi, their laughter echoing as they stumbled into the flat. Greg, still awake, knelt in the corner, his chores done, the collar a constant reminder of his place.

Amanda, meanwhile, drove home alone. In her bedroom, she dumped Greg's backpack onto the bed, curiosity piqued. She unzipped it, revealing four pairs of briefs, two pairs of socks, three T-shirts, a hoodie, a sweater, and two pairs of jeans—a Levi's 505, a Wrangler, and a pair of sweatpants. She ran her fingers over the fabric, a sly smile spreading across her face as she imagined the power she now held over him.

The next day, Amanda's day off, she strutted into Jenny and Barbara's flat, exuding confidence. She wore Greg's Levi's 505 jeans, the denim hugging her hips, and his cozy sweater, the sleeves slightly too long, adding a playful edge to her look. Greg, still naked except for his collar and cage, froze mid-task—polishing a table with a rag—when he saw her. His eyes darted to his jeans and sweater, now adorning Amanda's body, and his face flushed with a fresh wave of humiliation.

"Look at our puppy, still working hard," Amanda teased, sauntering over to him. She tugged lightly on his collar, her green eyes gleaming. "I love your wardrobe, Greg. These jeans fit me perfectly." She spun, showing off the Levi's, the fabric stretching over her curves. Jenny and Barbara, lounging on the sofa, burst into laughter.

"Told you he'd be a good sport," Barbara said, twirling the chastity key on her gold chain. "What do you think, Amanda? Should we give him a new task to earn a little... reward?"

Amanda grinned, crouching down to meet Greg's gaze, her blouse dipping to reveal more of her cleavage.

"Oh, I have an idea. Since I'm part of this now, let's make it fun. Greg, you're going to cook us dinner tonight—naked, of course. And if you do it well, maybe we'll let you *kiss* the key." She tapped the chastity key on Barbara's neck, her voice dripping with mischief.

Greg's heart raced, the cage tightening as his body reacted to Amanda's presence and the promise of a reward, however teasing. He nodded, his voice barely a whisper. "Okay... I cook."

Jenny clapped her hands, delighted. "Perfect. And while you're at it, Puppy Greg, make sure the flat sparkles. Amanda's staying over tonight, and we want everything perfect for our new guest."

As Greg crawled to the kitchen, the women settled onto the sofa, their laughter filling the room. Amanda leaned back, crossing her legs in Greg's jeans, her fingers brushing the sweater as she watched him work. The sight of him—collared, caged, and utterly submissive—sent a thrill through her, a perfect addition to the wicked game Jenny and Barbara had crafted. Greg was theirs, and now Amanda was part of the power play, each piece of his stolen wardrobe a trophy in their control.

The aroma of garlic and herbs filled the penthouse as Greg labored in the kitchen, his naked body glistening under the warm lights. He chopped vegetables with trembling hands, the collar jingling with every movement, the chastity cage a constant, aching reminder of his denial. The women chatted casually in the living room, their voices carrying over, praising his efforts while occasionally tossing teasing comments. "Smells delicious, Puppy," Amanda called, her voice laced with amusement. "Keep it up, or no reward for you."

By dinner time, Greg served the meal on his knees, placing plates of steaming pasta and salad before each woman at the table. They ate with relish, moaning appreciatively at the flavors, their clothed forms a stark contrast to his exposed vulnerability. Jenny, in her tailored gray trousers and black shirt, fed him scraps from her fork like a pet, her fingers lingering near his lips. Barbara, the pink satin blouse clinging to her curves, adjusted Greg's Levi's on her hips, the key to his cage swaying tantalizingly. Amanda, in his 505 jeans and sweater, crossed her legs, her leather skirt from the previous night swapped for his stolen clothes, her eyes devouring him as he knelt.

"That was exquisite, Greg," Jenny said, wiping her lips with a napkin, her gaze intense. "You've earned a reward. Stand up, pet."

Greg rose unsteadily, his body tense with anticipation, the cage straining against his growing arousal. The women circled him slowly, their hands brushing his skin in feather-light touches—Jenny's fingers tracing slow circles on his chest, Barbara's nails grazing down his back, Amanda's palm resting possessively on his thigh. The CFNM dynamic electrified the air, their fully clothed bodies pressing against his nudity, the fabric of their outfits—a mix of silk, denim, and wool—teasing his sensitive skin. Greg's breath hitched, his manhood throbbing painfully within the cage, the denial of days building to an unbearable peak.

"Not so fast," Barbara murmured, her breath hot against his ear as she dangled the key from her gold chain. "We decide when." They made him wait, their touches exploring every inch of him—Amanda's hand sliding down his abs, stopping just short of the cage, Jenny's lips brushing his collarbone in a ghost of a kiss, Barbara's fingers dancing along his inner thighs. Greg's muscles quivered, his broken pleas—"Please... I need..."—falling on deaf ears as they edged him with words and caresses, the tension coiling tighter, his body a live wire under their control.

Finally, Barbara unlocked the chastity cage with agonizing slowness, the metal falling away like a shackle released. Greg gasped as freedom rushed in, his manhood springing to life, hard and aching under their watchful eyes. "Three orgasms, Puppy," Jenny whispered, her voice husky. "But only how we say. And you'll cum on your own clothes—the ones we 'borrowed'."

They spread out his stolen items on the floor: the red T-shirt, hoodie, and briefs from the chest, now retrieved for this purpose. Greg stood in the center, his body quivering as Amanda's hand wrapped around him first, stroking with expert slowness, her sweater—his sweater—brushing his skin like a forbidden caress. "Look at us, Greg," she commanded, her red hair framing her face as she built the rhythm, her strokes deliberate, pausing at the edge to draw out whimpers, the room thick with the sound of his ragged breathing.

Jenny took over, her tailored trousers pressing against his leg as she pumped rhythmically, her free hand pinching his nipple lightly, sending jolts through him. "You've been such a good pet. Cum for us... on your shirt." The pressure mounted, his hips bucking involuntarily, until he exploded with a guttural moan, ropes of release splattering his red T-shirt, the fabric soaking under their approving gazes, his body shaking from the intensity.

No respite—Barbara stepped in, her Levi's hugging her as she teased him back to hardness with feather-light touches, the key now dangling between her breasts like a taunt. "Again, Puppy. On your hoodie." She varied her pace, slow then fast, her satin blouse whispering against him, building the fire anew until the second

orgasm ripped through him, fierce and unrelenting, his seed marking the hoodie as she milked every drop, his knees nearly buckling.

Amanda finished him, her 505 jeans a cruel reminder of his loss, her strokes firm and unrelenting, her other hand cupping his balls with just enough pressure to heighten the edge. "One more, Greg. On your briefs—the ones you used to clean." The third climax hit like a storm, powerful and exhausting, his release coating the white briefs as waves of pleasure crashed over him, leaving him spent and trembling on the floor.

The women, their bodies flushed with the power they wielded, began to undress slowly, heightening the shift in dynamic. Jenny peeled off her trousers and shirt, her curves revealed in the soft light. Barbara slipped out of the pink satin and Greg's Levi's, the gold chains clinking as they fell. Amanda shrugged off the sweater and jeans, her red hair cascading down. Naked now, they pulled Greg into their midst, bodies pressing together in a heated tangle.

Jenny straddled him first, guiding him inside her with a gasp, riding with fierce rhythm, her nails digging into his shoulders as she climaxed hard, her body shuddering in ecstasy. Barbara joined, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss over Greg, who thrust into her from below, the sensation overwhelming as she screamed her release, waves pulsing through her. Amanda took her turn, grinding against him with wild abandon, the group dissolving into a frenzy of limbs, touches, and moans—fingers exploring, mouths claiming, each reaching shattering orgasms in unison, bodies slick and quaking in the afterglow of their shared intensity. Greg lay there, entangled with the three women, his mind a haze of exhaustion and bliss. The game had evolved, but he was still theirs—now more than ever.

As they caught their breath, bodies still intertwined in the dim light of the penthouse, Amanda propped herself up on one elbow, her red hair tousled, a satisfied glow on her face. She glanced at Jenny and Barbara, her voice husky from the exertion. "You know, what you've done with Greg here... it's the dream of so many feminist women, especially those craving gynarchy. Having a naked servant handling all the household chores, completely under control—it's the ultimate power flip."

Jenny chuckled, tracing lazy circles on Greg's chest with her finger, her brunette locks falling over her shoulders. "Exactly. Men like Greg—strong, capable, but stripped bare and obedient. It's empowering, isn't it? Watching him crawl, clean, and beg... it's intoxicating."

Barbara nodded, her blonde hair disheveled, the gold chains still around her neck glinting as she shifted. "Totally. In a gynarchy world, this would be the norm—men serving, exposed, without a shred of ownership. Greg's our perfect example: no clothes, no possessions, just pure submission. It's what we've always talked about—turning the tables for good."

Amanda's eyes lit up with fervor, her paramedic's practicality mixing with her passion for CFNM and BDSM. "You get it. And think about it—this is what the sisterhood at the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective preaches. 'Women Rule, Men Serve Bare'—that's their slogan. They're all about radical feminism, gynarchy, CFNM, and FEMDOM. Extremists who believe men shouldn't have anything, not even clothes. They want a world where guys like Greg are the standard: naked, collared, and devoted to women's whims." Jenny sat up slightly, intrigued, her hand still resting possessively on Greg's thigh. "The Gynarchic Empowerment Collective? Sounds intense. You've been going to their meetings, right? Tell us more—could we bring Greg as a showcase?"

Barbara leaned in, her voice eager. "Yeah, imagine parading him in front of a room full of like-minded women. He'd be the star example of a successful conversion— from independent backpacker to devoted pet. It could inspire so many to start their own 'flatshares' here in Brighton."

Amanda grinned, her green eyes sparkling with mischief. "Precisely. The Collective is all about spreading the laws: men stripped of everything, serving naked and humbled. Showing Greg off would be huge—a living proof that gynarchy works. We'd be heroes. And with CFNM and FEMDOM at the core, they'd eat it up. Let's do it—next meeting's in two days. We can leash him and lead him in."

Jenny exchanged a glance with Barbara, both nodding with excitement. "We're in," Jenny said decisively. "Greg's coming with us to the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective. 'Women Rule, Men Serve Bare'—he'll be the perfect poster boy."

Barbara laughed softly, tugging Greg's collar playfully. "Hear that, Puppy? You're going to help spread the revolution."

Greg, still hazy from the ecstasy, could only nod weakly, his body tingling with a mix of dread and dark thrill at the thought of more exposure. The women sealed the plan with a shared kiss, their dominance solidified, ready to take their game beyond the flat.

On the appointed day, Friday at 11:00 PM, Amanda arrived at Jenny and Barbara's flat in her white Ford Focus, the engine humming softly under the streetlights. She honked lightly, and the door opened to reveal Jenny and Barbara, dressed in sleek black outfits that exuded power—Jenny in a fitted blazer and skirt, Barbara in leather pants and a top that accentuated her curves. Between them, Greg knelt naked, his collar gleaming, the chastity cage a constant ache. "Time to go, Puppy," Jenny said, clipping a leash to his collar. "You're our star tonight."

They led him to the car, Greg crawling awkwardly down the steps, his knees scraping the pavement, the cool night air raising goosebumps on his skin. Amanda watched from the driver's seat, her eyes hungry. "Put him in the front—shotgun seat," she called. "Let him be our trophy pet for the ride."

Jenny tugged the leash, guiding Greg into the passenger seat, where he sat exposed, his hands folded in his lap, trying to cover himself. He had no idea his backpack, clothes, passport, and wallet were stashed in the trunk, a secret cargo adding to the women's glee. As the car pulled away, the women chatted excitedly, their laughter filling the space, Greg's heart pounding with a mix of fear and forbidden excitement at being displayed like this.

Upon arriving at the discreet venue—a converted warehouse on the outskirts of Brighton—they parked in the shadows. Before stepping out, Jenny handcuffed Greg's wrists behind his back, the metal cold and unyielding. Barbara tied his ankles with a white satin scarf, the fabric soft yet binding, limiting him to shuffles. Amanda secured a ball gag in his mouth, the rubber ball pressing behind his teeth, straps fastening around his head to silence any protests—men weren't allowed to speak at the meeting. Finally, they pulled a black hood over his head, plunging him into darkness, his world reduced to muffled sounds and the tug of the leash.

Jenny led him by the hand, her grip firm, while Amanda and Barbara carried his belongings inside—the backpack slung over Amanda's shoulder like a prize. The place resembled a sect hall, with dim lighting, banners proclaiming "Women Rule, Men Serve Bare," and rows of chairs filled with women in elegant attire, their conversations buzzing with radical fervor. It wasn't a cult, but the intensity felt electric, a gathering of extremists advocating for gynarchy, CFNM, and FEMDOM, where men were to be stripped of everything, even clothes.

Amanda approached the leader, Florence Willows—a stunning woman in her fifties, with silver-streaked hair and an aura of authority. She wore tailored trousers, an expensive button-up blouse from a luxury brand, high heels, and gold jewelry that shimmered under the lights. Florence's eyes scanned Greg from head to toe, a slow smile spreading across her lips. "You weren't lying when you said you'd bring a surprise, Amanda. Tonight's meeting could change everything—and it's thanks to this bold move."

Florence turned to the group. "Follow me, ladies. Let's get Greg to the reserved room behind the stage and leave him there until it's time to present him."

Amanda and the others followed, leading Greg into a small, dimly lit room with chairs, a bathroom, a table, and a small bed. They laid him on the mattress, attaching another handcuff to chain him securely to the frame. Florence approached, leaning close to his hooded ear, her voice low and soothing. "Do you need to relieve yourself, Greg?"

He nodded frantically, the gag muffling any sound.

Florence chuckled softly. "I shouldn't tell you this, but... you don't have permission to use the bathroom now. You'll relieve yourself during the meeting. We have plans for you tonight. You'll be the first of many."

Greg's body tensed, a wave of panic surging through him, mingled with an unprecedented rush of excitement—the fear twisting into arousal, his caged manhood straining painfully. The women left, locking the door behind them, leaving all of Greg's things they'd brought on the table. The sounds of the meeting starting to build outside.

The night was just beginning.

The meeting began, and a hush fell over the warehouse as Florence stepped to the microphone. Over two hundred women rose to their feet, a sea of powerful, successful entrepreneurs, their eyes gleaming with shared purpose. Florence raised her hands, her voice commanding yet reverent, and recited the words attributed to Agatha Hawthorne, headmistress of Blackthorn Academy:

"A man aroused, denied, and naked will do anything we command.

A man aroused, denied, and stripped will surrender everything to us.

A man aroused and denied will do anything we order.

A man without his fine clothes, without his money, naked, vulnerable, and aroused, will do anything we command, anything we desire.

Strip him of his clothes, and he will be ours.

Women Rule, Men Serve Bare."

The women echoed the words in unison, their voices rising like a war cry, reverberating off the walls with fervent intensity. As the ended, they sat, the air charged with anticipation.

Florence continued, her voice steady and commanding through the microphone. "These words come from Agatha Hawthorne, headmistress of Blackthorn Academy. Legend has it she learned them from her aunt, Polly, a courtesan who mastered the art of control. Agatha passed this knowledge to a select few she trusted, including the unorthodox governess Elizabeth Mayfield, a name many of you know. Elizabeth was notorious for disciplining the young men in her care with nudity, stripping them of all clothes and dignity, leaving them utterly vulnerable and naked. Sadly, the last we heard, she changed her name to Amelia Harper and vanished."

Florence paused, letting the weight of the history settle. "How do I know these stories? How did this gathering of women begin? I'll tell you, as we have new members tonight, and the story bears repeating. Years ago, a journal came into my possession—Elizabeth's Journal. It details every method she used, every lesson she learned. She may well have pioneered the CFNM practices we cherish today. Elizabeth may be gone, but her legacy lives on through us."

The crowd erupted in applause and cheers, the energy palpable. Florence raised her hands for silence, and the room quieted instantly. "This journal came to me after the funeral of a family friend, Marlene, widow of Edward Barrister. I visited her children, and one of them, a close friend at the time, showed me a chest containing Marlene's personal effects. Inside was Elizabeth's Journal, not labeled with Marlene's name but Elizabeth's. Out of curiosity, I borrowed it to read. I don't need to tell you—it turned my world upside down. And now, here we are."

Florence's eyes gleamed as she shifted to introductions. "Ladies, tonight we welcome two new members, joining us temporarily—Jenny and Barbara, brought by one of our most dedicated and passionate members, Amanda." The crowd murmured approval as Jenny and Barbara stood, waving briefly. Florence continued, "Jenny and Barbara, if you wish to join the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective fully, you must read Elizabeth's Journal."

A young woman approached, handing Jenny and Barbara each a leather-bound copy of the journal, its pages worn but revered. Florence smiled. "Read it carefully. After, you'll face a rigorous vetting to prove your worth. But given what you've accomplished—and the gift you've brought us tonight—you've already shown you're deserving of this sisterhood."

The crowd leaned forward, sensing a shift. Florence's voice grew fervent. "Ladies, you don't yet know, but tonight marks a turning point for our Collective. We will unveil something that will set our mission in motion. Starting in our flats, then in homes and mansions, then across this city, this county, and eventually the entire nation, we will claim the possessions, money, properties—and yes, the clothes—of men. They will be ours. We will create a museum and place all the clothes there as a symbol of our achievement, as our trophy. Men will be forced to see men's clothing in our museums, but they will no longer be able to wear it."

The women jumped to their feet, applause and cheers erupted throughout the building, and then they began chanting loudly, "Women Rule, Men Serve Bare," echoing once more. Now Jenny and Barbara cheered enthusiastically along with all the women in the room.

The meeting was just beginning.

As the fervor died down, Florence's voice took on a commanding edge. "Tonight, we present living proof of our vision. Amanda, Jenny, Barbara—bring forth your offering."

The crowd buzzed with excitement as Amanda, Jenny, and Barbara re-entered the room, Jenny tugging Greg's leash. His hooded head bobbed slightly, the ball gag silencing any sound, his wrists cuffed behind his back, ankles bound by the satin scarf, forcing him to shuffle awkwardly. The chastity cage gleamed under the dim stage lights, a stark symbol of his submission. The women parted, revealing Greg to the audience, and a collective gasp rippled through the room, followed by murmurs of awe and approval.

Florence stepped forward, her heels clicking on the stage, and gestured to Greg. "Behold, sisters, the embodiment of our creed. This man—once a free traveler with possessions, pride, and autonomy—now

stands before you stripped of everything: clothes, dignity, control. Amanda, Jenny, and Barbara have transformed him into the ideal servant of gynarchy—naked, caged, collared, and obedient.”

Amanda stepped up, her red hair catching the light, a proud smile on her lips. “This is Greg, our pet. In just days, we took everything—his clothes, his passport, his identity—and made him ours. He cleans, he serves, he begs. He is the first step toward our vision for Brighton and beyond.”

Jenny and Barbara placed Greg’s backpack on a table center-stage, unzipping it to display its contents: his red T-shirt, hoodie, briefs, jeans, socks, wallet, and passport. Barbara held up the passport, waving it like a trophy. “This was his freedom,” she said, her voice ringing with triumph. “Now it’s ours. His clothes, his money, his very identity—all surrendered to us.”

The crowd erupted in cheers, some women standing to clap, others whispering excitedly to their neighbors. Florence raised a hand, and silence fell once more. “This, sisters, is what we can achieve. Greg is no longer a man with rights or possessions. He is a tool for our pleasure, a servant for our needs. And tonight, we demonstrate his submission.”

Jenny tugged the leash, forcing Greg to shuffle forward, his body trembling under the weight of over two hundred gazes. Amanda removed his hood, revealing his flushed face, eyes wide with a mix of terror and arousal, the ball gag still in place. The crowd murmured, some leaning forward, others snapping discreet photos with their phones. Barbara unfastened the satin scarf from his ankles, allowing him to stand fully, though his wrists remained cuffed.

Florence approached Greg, her presence commanding, her gold jewelry glinting as she circled him like a predator. “Look at him, ladies. Aroused, denied, and naked—just as Agatha Hawthorne prescribed. He will do anything we command.” She paused, leaning close to Greg, her voice low but carrying through the microphone. “Won’t you, pet?”

Greg nodded, his muffled groan barely audible through the gag, his body betraying him as the chastity cage strained against his evident arousal. The crowd laughed softly, the sound laced with delight.

Amanda stepped forward, holding a small remote. “To prove his devotion, we’ve prepared a demonstration.” She pressed a button, and the chastity cage emitted a faint buzz—a vibrating mechanism designed to tease without release. Greg’s body jerked, his knees buckling slightly, a stifled moan escaping the gag as the sensation overwhelmed him. The crowd gasped, then applauded, the energy in the room electric.

Jenny took the microphone, her voice confident. “This is what we’ve achieved in our flat. Greg cleans, cooks, and serves—naked and controlled. His every move is ours to dictate. And this is just the beginning. Imagine every home in Brighton with a man like this, stripped and submissive, their possessions ours.” Barbara added, “We took his clothes, his money, his freedom. Now we offer him as proof that Elizabeth’s Journal works. Every word in it—every technique—has molded Greg into this. And we can mold others.” Florence raised the journal, its leather cover gleaming under the lights. “This book holds the blueprint. Amanda, Jenny, and Barbara have shown us the way. Now, we take this model to every corner of Brighton—flats, houses, mansions. We strip men of their power, their clothes, their pride, and we claim what’s rightfully ours.”

The women stood again, chanting “Women Rule, Men Serve Bare” with renewed vigor, their voices shaking the warehouse. Florence turned to Greg, her smile both regal and menacing. “You, pet, are the spark of our revolution. And now, as promised, you’ll relieve yourself for us.”

Amanda pressed the remote again, increasing the vibration’s intensity. Greg’s body convulsed, his muffled cries growing desperate as he reached the edge, unable to hold back. With a shuddering gasp, he climaxed within the cage, the release spilling onto the stage floor, his body trembling under the weight of humiliation and ecstasy. The crowd roared with approval, some clapping, others shouting encouragement, the atmosphere charged with triumph.

“Men like Greg—naked, controlled, and ours. Let this night mark the beginning of our conquest. We start here, in Brighton, and we won’t stop until every man serves bare.”

As the crowd cheered wildly, Jenny, Barbara, and Amanda exchanged triumphant looks, their hands resting possessively on Greg's leash. His belongings remained on the table, a symbol of his surrender, as the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective set their sights on a new world order, with Greg as their first, perfect example.

Florence raised her hands, the crowd quieting. "And now, sisters, the ultimate test of submission." She nodded to Amanda, who increased the vibration. Greg's body convulsed, his muffled cries growing desperate as he reached the edge, unable to hold back. With a shuddering gasp, he climaxed within the cage, his release spilling onto the stage floor in hot spurts, his body trembling in ecstasy and shame. The crowd roared, cheers and whistles filling the warehouse.

Florence stepped to the table, gathering Greg's belongings. "Now, we claim what was his." She distributed the items with ceremonial flair: Barbara kept the Levi's 501 jeans and gold chains; Amanda claimed the Levi's 505 jeans and sweater; Jenny took the watch; a woman named Mia received the Wrangler jeans; young Olivia got the shoes; Ava claimed one of the T-shirts; Evelyn took the sweatpants. Florence held up the passport triumphantly. "This stays with me—as a trophy for every meeting." The backpack, now empty, was hung on the entrance door as a symbol.

Greg's eyes widened in despair through the tears, his body shaking, but bound and gagged, he could do nothing but watch his life vanish into the hands of strangers.

The remaining items—wallet with ID and spare change, socks, and briefs—were piled in a small fire pit on stage. Florence lit it, the flames crackling as they consumed his last remnants of freedom. "This symbolizes the end of his liberty," she declared, the fire's glow casting shadows across the room. Greg's muffled sobs were drowned by the crowd's approving murmurs.

Florence turned, her voice excited, almost shouting into the microphone. "Ladies, Greg has relieved himself by ejaculating. Now, he'll relieve himself another way for us. He'll squat and pee and poop, like the good puppy he is. Because that's what puppies do for their owners. Pets feel no shame, and Greg must be trained to have no privacy, accustomed to total nudity."

The women formed a circle around Greg, their eyes hungry. Florence commanded, "You won't leave until you pee and poop like a good boy." Greg, humiliated beyond words, squatted, his body betraying him again as he relieved himself on the stage floor. Some women wrinkled their noses in disgust, others laughed outright, a few shouted encouragement, and many watched in silent fascination, the air thick with the mix of scents and sounds.

"Good boy," Florence said, patting his head like a dog. She continued, still in the circle, "Ladies, everything done here proves our point. Greg has no will of his own—he is ours, as other men will be."

Greg cleaned the mess with his remaining briefs, the fabric soaking up the humiliation, then tossed them into the fire under Florence's orders. The flames consumed them, the smoke rising like a final surrender. Florence, excitement in her voice, shouted into the microphone: "Just as Greg, other men will be naked, without properties, without money, without clothes, doing domestic services, carrying our shopping on the streets completely naked and vulnerable, locked in chastity belts, and they will do what we command." The warehouse shook with noise—cheers, applause, chants. They ended the meeting reciting Agatha's text once more, voices unified in power.

Florence hugged Amanda, Jenny, and Barbara tightly, a broad smile on her face. "I'll be in touch soon. I want to visit your flat, and you must come to my mansion."

Afterward, Greg was led back to the car, the hood removed only once inside. His face was blank, expressionless, as they drove away to the flat.

Following the meeting, Florence set her plans in motion, buying flats and placing ads in newspapers targeting foreign backpackers, luring them into the same trap of naked submission, CFNM, and total control. The revolution had begun.

The Gynarchic Expansion

Following the electrifying meeting of the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective, Florence Willows wasted no time in advancing her ambitious vision. With her considerable wealth and influence, she began purchasing flats across Brighton, transforming them into carefully curated spaces designed to ensnare and subjugate. Her next step was to launch a program targeting young men, aged 18 and older, who were single and without family ties. The program offered an irresistible lure: a full scholarship to study in Brighton, with all expenses—housing, food, and travel—completely covered.

Florence's strategy was deliberate and calculated. She focused on foreign men, particularly immigrants like Greg, who were unfamiliar with local laws and customs, making them more vulnerable and easier to "break" into submission. Drawing from the success with Greg, she saw an opportunity to replicate the model on a larger scale, creating a network of controlled, naked servants under the guise of opportunity.

Partnering with key members of the Collective—women with significant clout, including policewomen, lawyers, judges, and prosecutors—Florence crafted a meticulous plan. These women, all powerful and successful, shared her radical vision of gynarchy and were eager to support her. They provided legal and logistical cover, ensuring the program operated smoothly and discreetly, shielded from scrutiny.

There were also hypnotists, mentalists, psychiatrists, psychologists, doctors, airline pilots, martial artists, women in the Navy and even a female CEO of a local TV station.

The first phase was to spread the word. Florence and her team leveraged the internet, targeting Latin America and South America through carefully crafted advertisements on social media, educational forums, and international student websites. The ads promised a transformative opportunity: a chance to study in the prestigious city of Brighton, with full financial support and a vibrant new life. The allure of escaping economic hardship or limited prospects drew thousands of applications within days.

Florence, alongside her trusted inner circle, sifted through the applications with precision. They selected five young men—each young, fit, single, and far from home, with no local connections to complicate matters.

These men, hailing from countries like Brazil, Argentina, and Colombia, were chosen not just for their qualifications but for their vulnerability, much like Greg had been. Their isolation in a foreign land would make them pliable, ripe for the Collective's methods of control, rooted in CFNM and total submission.

With the support of her powerful allies, Florence ensured every detail was in place: the flats were furnished to project warmth and opportunity, but equipped with hidden mechanisms of control—locks, cameras, and spaces designed to reinforce dominance. The selected men would arrive under the pretense of a scholarship, only to find themselves ensnared in a carefully orchestrated trap, stripped of their possessions, identities, and autonomy, just as Greg had been.

The stage was set, and Florence's vision of a gynarchic revolution was taking shape, one flat, one man, at a time.

Arrival of the Five Men

The five young men selected for Florence Willow's program arrived in Brighton on a crisp autumn evening, each stepping off their respective flights at Gatwick Airport with a mix of excitement and apprehension. They were unaware of the true nature of the "scholarship" that had lured them across continents, believing they were embarking on a prestigious academic opportunity. Florence's team, backed by the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective's influential network of women, had orchestrated every detail to ensure a seamless and discreet transition into their trap.

Felipe, 19, from São Paulo, Brazil, was the first to arrive. A lean, athletic young man with dark curls and hopeful brown eyes, he carried a worn backpack containing a few T-shirts, a pair of jeans, and a cherished leather bracelet from his late grandfather. As he exited the terminal, a woman in a sharp blazer, identifying herself as Clara, a program coordinator, greeted him warmly. Her smile was disarming, and her fluent Portuguese put him at ease. She guided him to a sleek black van, where he was told his luggage would be taken directly to his new flat. Mateo, jet-lagged and trusting, handed over his backpack without hesitation, unaware it would be cataloged and stripped from him later.

Lucas, 20, from Buenos Aires, Argentina, arrived next. With tousled blond hair and a confident stride, he carried a small duffel bag packed with essentials: a soccer jersey, sweatpants, and a notebook filled with sketches. A woman named Sofia, another Collective member posing as a program liaison, met him with a clipboard and a professional demeanor. She spoke Spanish with a comforting familiarity, chatting about Buenos Aires as she led him to the same van. Lucas, eager to start his new life, handed over his bag when Sofia explained it would be "processed" for security. His trust in the program's legitimacy blinded him to her predatory glance.

Diego, 21, from Bogotá, Colombia, stepped off his plane with a nervous energy. His lanky frame and shy smile hid a quiet determination to escape his hometown's economic struggles. His suitcase held a mix of clothes—two button-up shirts, a pair of khakis, and sneakers—along with a family photo he kept close. A woman named Elena, a police officer in the Collective, greeted him in perfect Spanish, her badge subtly

displayed to convey authority. She assured Diego his belongings would be safe in the program's care and ushered him into the van, where he joined Mateo and Lucas, the three exchanging tentative smiles, unaware of their shared fate.

Mateo, 18, from Santiago, Chile, was the fourth to arrive. His compact build and quick wit made him stand out, his backpack stuffed with a hoodie, a pair of cargo shorts, and a dog-eared novel. A Collective member named Victoria, a lawyer with a commanding presence, met him with a warm handshake and a polished speech about the opportunities awaiting him. Felipe, thrilled at the prospect of studying abroad, eagerly followed her to the van, handing over his bag when prompted. Victoria's calm professionalism masked the thrill she felt, knowing he was walking into the Collective's web.

Joaquín, 22, from Lima, Peru, was the last to land. Broad-shouldered and soft-spoken, he carried a small suitcase with neatly folded clothes—a polo shirt, jeans, and a pair of sandals—along with a journal where he wrote poetry. A woman named Rosie, a judge in the Collective, greeted him with a maternal warmth that eased his nerves. Her impeccable Spanish and kind demeanor made Joaquín feel safe as he surrendered his suitcase and boarded the van, joining the others in a mix of curiosity and fatigue.

The van, driven by a silent Collective member, wound through Brighton's streets under the cover of dusk, the city's lights casting long shadows. Inside the van, they were given a drink with a high dose of "Tadalafil" to make them aroused, their penises hard, and unable to think clearly. It was part of the plan. These women had thought of everything. The "Drug" was prescribed by Dr. Isabella, Florence's friend. The men, seated together in the back, exchanged small talk about their flights and hopes for the program, their accents blending in a chorus of optimism as they sipped the spiked drink. The five men drank it all. Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Rosie took turns reassuring them, their voices soothing but laced with an undercurrent of control. The van stopped at a modern, seemingly upscale building—one of Florence's newly acquired flats—its facade glowing with an inviting warmth that belied its true purpose.

Inside, the men were led to a communal lounge, furnished with plush sofas, a sleek coffee table, and large windows overlooking the city. The space felt luxurious, designed to impress and disarm. Florence herself awaited them, her silver-streaked hair catching the light, her tailored trousers and designer blouse exuding authority. She welcomed them with a charismatic smile, her voice rich and commanding as she outlined the program: academic courses, cultural immersion, and a "unique community living experience." The men, dazzled by her presence and the promise of a new life, nodded eagerly.

As the men asked about their bags, Clara, a master of hypnosis and a highly skilled mentalist, stepped forward with a calculated smile. "All your personal items will be stored securely tonight," she explained in fluent Spanish, her tone reassuring yet firm. "We need to inspect and catalog every item in your bags to ensure compliance with local regulations. This is standard procedure for immigrants in our country and city. Your belongings will undergo a security check to confirm everything is in order." Her words were laced with authority, and the men nodded, still weary from travel.

Then Clara's voice took on a chilling edge, sending a shiver down their spines—a mix of fear and an inexplicable thrill. "As you should know, the owner of the flat sets the rules. And the owner has very strict rules that must be followed to the letter. Failure to comply could result in arrest and deportation. You don't want that, do you?" The men, their English rusty, mumbled in unison that they did not. Clara continued, her gaze piercing. "Excellent. One of our rules is CFNM. Do you know what that means?"

The men exchanged confused glances, shaking their heads. Clara's smile widened, her tone both inviting and commanding. "It stands for 'Clothed Female, Naked Male.' To participate in this scholarship program, you must spend tonight completely naked."

Mateo, his voice trembling, spoke up. "Naked? What if we refuse?"

Clara's expression hardened, her voice carrying an authoritative bite. "Then I'll have to escort you to the police station, file a report, and you'll be deported, banned from ever returning to the United Kingdom. So, what's it going to be? Seize this unique opportunity, or be sent back?"

The men, their minds clouded by the promise of the scholarship and the subtle effects of Tadalafil-laced drinks they'd been given in the van, exchanged nervous glances. The drug was already working, stirring an involuntary arousal that mingled with their fear. Reluctantly, they agreed, desperate to stay and seize the opportunity. Clara's smile returned, now laced with triumph. "Excellent choice, gentlemen."

Florence, seated in a classic English armchair, observed silently, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction as the scene unfolded. Sofia stepped forward, placing a large silver tray on the coffee table. "Place your wallets, phones, IDs, and passports here," she instructed, her tone leaving no room for hesitation. The men, visibly anxious, complied, their faces etched with fear and uncertainty as they placed their most precious

belongings on the tray. Sofia carried it out of the room, the clink of metal and rustle of paper echoing in the tense silence.

Elena then handed each man a large plastic bag. Clara's voice rang out again. "Put all the clothes you're wearing into these bags—everything, including underwear, socks, and any accessories. You must be as you were born, completely bare." The men hesitated, their cheeks flushing with embarrassment, but the Tadalafil's effects were undeniable, their bodies betraying them with visible arousal. Slowly, they began undressing, folding their shirts, pants, and socks, placing them into the bags. When they reached their underwear, Clara's voice cut through their hesitation. "Don't be shy, gentlemen. You're men with beautiful bodies. Now remove your underwear and place it in the bags. We don't have all night."

With burning faces and trembling hands, they complied, stripping off their briefs and adding them to the bags. Elena collected the plastic bags, now filled with their clothes, and exited the room, leaving the men standing naked, their hands instinctively covering their groins. Their erections, fueled by the Tadalafil, were impossible to hide, amplifying their vulnerability and shame. The air was thick with tension, the men's arousal a testament to the Collective's mantra: "A man aroused will do anything a woman commands." Clara, her voice now almost soothing, said, "Follow me to your rooms, where you'll spend your first night in Brighton completely naked." The men, overwhelmed by the drug's effects and their own disorientation, followed without protest, their erect penises and swaying balls a humiliating spectacle as they trailed behind her.

Each man was led to a small, impeccable room with a bed, desk, wardrobe, and heater. But there were no sheets, blankets, or fabric of any kind—no towels, only small paper napkins. Even the curtains were made of plastic, ensuring no means of covering themselves. Hidden cameras, installed in every corner, allowed Florence to monitor their every move.

After the men were settled, Florence convened with her team in a private office. She held their passports in her hands, gazing at them like trophies. The backpacks, suitcases and the plastic bags of clothing were already being inventoried, their contents cataloged for later distribution or destruction, just as Greg's had been. "These five are perfect," Florence said, her eyes gleaming. "Young, isolated, and malleable. We'll follow the same playbook as with Greg—strip them, cage them, collar them. By the next meeting, they'll be ready to showcase."

In a moment of euphoria, Florence grabs the clothes from the plastic bag and throws them into the air, scattering them all over the room. She laughs and says:

"All their belongings and clothes are ours now. Congratulations, girls. In just a few hours, these boys are under our control. Five guys, completely naked. That sounds very promising."

The women nodded, their faces alight with anticipation. The flats were equipped with everything needed to enforce the Collective's vision: chastity devices, collars, leashes, and spaces designed for total control. The men, still clinging to their dreams of a new life, had no idea they were already ensnared in Florence's gynarchic revolution, their first night in Brighton marking the beginning of their descent into naked submission.

First Night in Brighton

The heavy door of the modern Brighton flat clicked shut behind the five young men—Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín—as Clara led them to their individual rooms. The air was warm, but their naked bodies shivered, goosebumps prickling their skin, not from cold but from the raw vulnerability of their exposure. The Tadalafil-laced drinks they had consumed in the van pulsed through their systems, keeping their erections persistent and their senses heightened, a cruel cocktail of arousal and shame. Each man clutched his hands over his groin, trying to preserve a shred of dignity, but the effort was futile under the watchful eyes of Clara and the hidden cameras embedded in the walls.

The rooms, though impeccably clean, were starkly minimalist. Each contained a single bed with a thin mattress, a small desk, a wardrobe, and a wall-mounted heater humming softly. The absence of sheets, blankets, or any fabric was deliberate—no towels, no curtains, only small stacks of paper napkins on the desks, useless for covering anything substantial. The plastic window blinds gleamed under the fluorescent lights, ensuring no privacy. The men's footsteps echoed on the hardwood floors, their bare soles sticking slightly with nervous sweat as they were ushered into their assigned spaces.

Mateo entered his room first, his dark curls damp with perspiration, his brown eyes darting nervously. The reality of his nudity hit harder as Clara's gaze lingered, her smile both maternal and predatory. "Get some

rest, Mateo,” she said, her voice smooth as silk. “Tomorrow’s a big day.” The door closed behind him, and he sank onto the bare mattress, his erection throbbing painfully, the Tadalafil amplifying every sensation. Unable to resist the overwhelming urge, Mateo gave in, his hand moving to his groin. He masturbated feverishly, his breath ragged, unaware that the camera hidden in the smoke detector captured every stroke, every shuddering climax—three times in the night, each release a mix of relief and shame, his body trembling as he tried to quiet his gasps.

Lucas, in the next room, paced restlessly, his blond hair falling into his eyes. His soccer-honed physique glistened under the harsh light, his arousal an embarrassing betrayal. He opened the wardrobe, hoping to find something to cover himself, but it was empty except for a small metal box he couldn’t open. “Mierda,” he muttered, his Buenos Aires accent thick with frustration. The Tadalafil’s relentless grip pushed him over the edge, and he succumbed, masturbating twice in quick succession, his hand moving frantically as he leaned against the wall, his moans stifled but audible. The camera, disguised as a light fixture, recorded every moment, his flushed face and clenched jaw a testament to his loss of control.

Diego stood frozen in his room, his lanky frame hunched as if to make himself smaller. The family photo he’d carried in his suitcase flashed in his mind, now locked away with his belongings. The Tadalafil’s effects were unbearable, and he gave in, masturbating four times throughout the night, each time more desperate, his hands slick with sweat as he tried to muffle his groans. He pressed his back against the wall, the cool surface grounding him momentarily, but the camera in the corner, hidden in a thermostat, captured every quiver, every release, his Bogotá-bred shame warring with the drug-induced arousal.

Felipe, the youngest, curled up on his mattress, his compact frame trembling. His quick wit was useless here, replaced by a gnawing dread mixed with an unwanted arousal that made his cheeks burn. The Tadalafil overwhelmed his restraint, and he masturbated three times, his small frame shaking with each climax, his whispered curses in Spanish barely audible. He tried to hide under the desk, as if it could shield him from the exposure, but the camera in the ceiling vent recorded every movement, his youthful vulnerability laid bare.

Joaquín, the poet from Lima, sat cross-legged on the floor, his broad shoulders slumped. His hands rested awkwardly in his lap, unable to fully conceal his drug-induced erection. Longing for his journal, he instead gave in to the Tadalafil’s pull, masturbating twice, his poetic murmurs turning to low moans as he released onto the floor, his body shuddering with each wave. The camera, hidden in a light fixture, zoomed in on his furrowed brow, capturing the conflict between his shame and the relentless arousal.

In the private office down the hall, Florence Willows sat with Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Rosie, the air thick with anticipation. The men’s passports were spread across a mahogany desk, each one a trophy in Florence’s eyes. A large monitor displayed live feeds from the hidden cameras, the five men’s naked forms filling the screen in grainy detail. Clara, her mentalist skills attuned to their emotional states, smirked as she watched Mateo’s third climax. “The Tadalafil is working overtime,” she said, her voice tinged with satisfaction. “They’re breaking themselves already, and we’re recording every second.”

Sofia sipped her wine, her eyes glued to Lucas’s feed. “These videos will be our leverage tomorrow. They think they’re alone, but they’re performing for us. It’s perfect.”

Elena, the police officer, chuckled as Diego’s fourth release played out. “They’re so desperate, they don’t even suspect the cameras. This footage will make them compliant—nobody wants their shame exposed.”

Victoria, the lawyer, leaned forward, watching Felipe’s trembling form. “We’ll show them the recordings after breakfast. Tell them unsupervised masturbation is a crime in the flat. They’ll be too humiliated to resist the chastity cages.”

Rosie, the judge, held Joaquín’s passport, her fingers tracing the cover. “Their isolation and arousal are our tools. By morning, they’ll beg to be caged just to avoid further punishment.”

Florence leaned back in her armchair, her silver-streaked hair catching the lamplight. “Perfect,” she said, her voice low and commanding. “Let them exhaust themselves tonight. The videos will seal their submission. Their clothes, their possessions, their wills—all ours.”

As the night wore on, the men, driven by the Tadalafil, continued their desperate acts, each unaware that their most private moments were being recorded. Mateo collapsed after his third release, his body spent but restless. Lucas lay on his bed, panting after his second climax, his hands still trembling. Diego curled into a ball, his fourth orgasm leaving him drained and ashamed. Felipe hid his face in his hands, his three releases a blur of guilt. Joaquín whispered poetry to calm himself, but his two climaxes left him hollow, his body betraying his mind.

The next morning, after a sparse breakfast served in the communal lounge—still naked, their arousal dulled but not gone—the men were gathered around a large screen. Florence, Clara, and the others stood before them, their expressions a mix of stern authority and amused superiority. Clara pressed a button, and the screen flickered to life, showing high-definition footage of each man masturbating in their rooms. Mateo’s frantic strokes, Lucas’s clenched jaw, Diego’s desperate moans, Felipe’s trembling form, and Joaquín’s quiet gasps played out in stark clarity, the men’s faces burning with horror as they watched themselves. Clara’s voice cut through the silence, her tone cold and commanding. “Masturbation without supervision is a serious offense in this flat. It violates our rules and jeopardizes your commitment to the program. You’ve all broken the rules on your first night.”

Mateo stammered, his voice shaking. “We... we didn’t know...”

Florence stepped forward, her presence towering. “Ignorance is no excuse. To ensure compliance, you’ll each be fitted with a chastity cage. This will prevent further violations and keep you focused on serving the flat’s rules. Refuse, and we’ll report this behavior to the authorities, along with the footage. Deportation will be the least of your worries.”

The men, their faces pale with shame, nodded weakly, their eyes darting to the floor. Sofia and Elena brought out five gleaming metal chastity cages, each designed to encase and restrict. One by one, the women approached, their hands steady as they fitted the devices. Mateo winced as Clara locked his cage, the cold metal a stark contrast to his lingering arousal. Lucas gritted his teeth as Sofia snapped his shut, the click echoing in the silent room. Diego’s lanky frame trembled as Elena secured his, her badge glinting ominously. Felipe’s compact body tensed as Victoria fastened his cage, her lawyer’s precision unnerving. Joaquín’s broad shoulders slumped as Rosie locked his, her maternal smile now a mask of control.

Each cage was secured with a small padlock, the keys handed to Florence, who slipped them onto a chain around her neck, a mirror of Greg’s fate. “These stay with us,” she said, her voice dripping with authority. “Your bodies, your desires, belong to the flat now. Follow our rules, and you may earn rewards. Disobey, and the footage goes public.”

The men, now caged and humiliated, stood in a line, their hands no longer covering their groins but hanging limply at their sides. The cameras, still rolling, captured their defeated expressions, the chastity cages a physical reminder of their submission.

Florence raised her glass, the women toasting in the office later that morning. “To the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective,” she said, her eyes gleaming. “And to the men who will serve bare.” The footage, now stored securely, was a powerful tool, ensuring the men’s compliance as their training began. The flats, designed as both sanctuary and prison, held them in a grip they couldn’t yet comprehend, their first night in Brighton marking the irreversible start of their descent into Florence’s gynarchic revolution.

Introduction of Collars and Training Beginnings

The morning after their humiliating introduction to the chastity cages, the five young men—Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín—stood in the communal lounge of the Brighton flat, their naked bodies tense under the fluorescent lights. The chastity cages, cold and unyielding, were a constant reminder of their exposure and the damning footage from the previous night. The Tadalafil’s effects had dulled, but the psychological weight of their situation kept their nerves on edge. Florence Willows, flanked by Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Rosie, presided over the room, her silver-streaked hair gleaming, her tailored trousers and blouse exuding authority. The air was thick with anticipation, the men’s eyes darting nervously, aware that resistance was futile after the threat of the recorded footage.

Clara stepped forward, her mentalist skills sharpening her presence as she held five black leather collars, each with a small metal tag engraved with a name: “Puppy Mateo,” “Puppy Lucas,” “Puppy Diego,” “Puppy Felipe,” and “Puppy Joaquín.” The tags jingled softly, a sound that sent a shiver through the men.

“Gentlemen,” Clara began, her voice a blend of warmth and command, “you’ve accepted the chastity cages to ensure compliance with our rules. Now, we introduce the next step in your integration into the flat’s system: your collars. These symbolize your commitment to serving the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective’s vision. You will wear them at all times.”

Mateo’s brown eyes widened, his voice barely a whisper. “Collars? Like... dogs?” His Chilean accent trembled, but Clara’s gaze silenced him.

“Exactly,” she replied, her smile predatory. “You are our pets now, here to serve and obey. The collars mark you as such. Refusal means we revisit the footage from last night—and the consequences we discussed.” The men flinched, the memory of their recorded masturbation sessions burning in their minds. Deportation loomed as a terrifying threat, reinforced by Elena’s police badge and Victoria’s legal authority. One by one, the women approached, their movements deliberate. Clara fastened Mateo’s collar, the leather snug against his throat, the tag dangling prominently. Sofia secured Lucas’s, her fingers brushing his neck as he clenched his jaw, his blond hair falling into his eyes. Elena buckled Diego’s, her badge glinting as his lanky frame stiffened. Victoria placed Felipe’s, her lawyer’s precision making the act feel ceremonial, his young face flushing with shame. Rosie fitted Joaquín’s, her maternal demeanor contrasting the cold finality of the buckle’s click, his broad shoulders slumping in defeat. Each collar was locked with a small padlock, the keys joining the chastity keys on Florence’s chain, a gleaming symbol of her control. Florence stepped forward, her voice rich and commanding. “These collars are not just accessories—they are your identity now. You are no longer Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, or Joaquín. You are Puppy Mateo, Puppy Lucas, Puppy Diego, Puppy Felipe, and Puppy Joaquín. Your purpose is to serve, to obey, and to prepare for the Collective’s next meeting, where you will be showcased as proof of our vision: ‘Women Rule, Men Serve Bare.’”

The men stood in a line, their nakedness stark against the women’s clothed elegance, the collars and cages amplifying their vulnerability. The cameras, still hidden, recorded every moment, ensuring their submission was documented for the Collective’s archives.

Training Begins

The training began immediately, designed to break the men’s wills and mold them into obedient pets before the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective’s next meeting in six days. The women, guided by *Elizabeth’s Journal* and their success with Greg, followed a rigorous regimen rooted in CFNM, FEMDOM, and psychological control, leveraging the men’s isolation, arousal, and fear of exposure.

Day 1: Orientation and Rules The men were gathered in the lounge, kneeling on the hardwood floor, their knees aching as Clara outlined the flat’s rules. “You will remain naked at all times,” she said, her voice unwavering. “You will address us as ‘Mistress’—Mistress Florence, Mistress Clara, and so on. You will perform all household chores—cleaning, cooking, laundry—without question. Disobedience, including touching your chastity cages without permission, will result in punishment, and the footage from last night will be sent to the authorities.” The men nodded, their eyes downcast, the collars’ tags jingling with each movement.

Sofia assigned their first tasks: Mateo and Lucas were to scrub the kitchen, Diego and Felipe to clean the bathrooms, and Joaquín to dust and vacuum the lounge. The women supervised closely, their presence a constant pressure. Mateo’s hands trembled as he scrubbed the counters, Mistress Clara’s eyes boring into him, commenting on his “beautiful form” as he worked. Lucas, mopping the floor, flinched as Mistress Sofia’s heels clicked closer, her hand grazing his shoulder “accidentally.” Diego, on his knees scrubbing tiles, felt Mistress Elena’s gaze, her badge a reminder of her power. Felipe, polishing faucets, blushed under Mistress Victoria’s scrutiny, her lawyer’s voice correcting his technique with chilling precision. Joaquín, vacuuming, sensed Mistress Rosie’s maternal smile, but her key-laden chain glinted ominously.

Day 2: Behavioral Conditioning The women introduced behavioral training, using rewards and punishments to instill obedience. The men were taught to crawl when entering or leaving rooms, their knees scraping the floor, the collars’ tags jingling. Mistress Clara, leveraging her mentalist skills, used subtle hypnotic cues—soft tones, rhythmic tapping—to deepen their compliance. “You want to please us,” she whispered to Diego during a break, her voice lulling him into a trance-like state. “Obedience feels good, doesn’t it?” He nodded, his mind foggy, the chastity cage a constant reminder of his captivity.

Rewards were teasingly sparse: a brief touch on the shoulder, a murmured “Good Puppy,” or, for exceptional obedience, a glimpse of the chastity key dangled by Florence. Punishments were swift and humiliating. When Lucas hesitated to crawl quickly enough, Mistress Sofia made him kneel in the lounge corner for an hour, his cage exposed to the women’s amused glances. The cameras captured every moment, adding to the men’s growing sense of being watched.

Day 3-5: Skill Development and Submission The men were trained in specific skills for the Collective’s meeting. They practiced serving food and drinks on their knees, balancing trays with trembling hands as the women critiqued their posture. Mistress Victoria taught them to respond to commands like “fetch,” “stay,” and “beg,” treating them like pets. Felipe, the youngest, struggled with “beg,” his compact frame shaking as

he raised his hands like paws, but Mistress Clara's hypnotic encouragement—"You're safe when you obey"—coaxed him into compliance.

The women also introduced leashes, clipping them to the collars during training sessions. Joaquín, led by Mistress Rosie through the flat, felt his poet's spirit crumble as he crawled behind her, the leash taut. The men were taught to maintain eye contact with their Mistresses, their gazes a mix of fear and reluctant arousal, the chastity cages preventing any release. The footage from the first night was referenced often, a psychological weapon to ensure compliance. "You don't want more videos circulating, do you?" Mistress Elena would say, her badge glinting as Diego nodded frantically.

Day 6: Final Preparations By the sixth day, the men were visibly changed. Their initial resistance had eroded, replaced by a conditioned obedience driven by fear of exposure and the Collective's authority. They moved with a practiced subservience, crawling smoothly, responding to commands without hesitation. The collars felt like extensions of their bodies, the tags' jingle a constant reminder of their new identities. The chastity cages, though still uncomfortable, were a normalized part of their existence, their arousal now a tool for the women's control.

Florence gathered them in the lounge, inspecting each man as they knelt in a line, their bodies glistening with sweat from a morning of chores. "You've done well, Puppies," she said, her voice dripping with approval. "Tomorrow, you'll be presented at the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective's meeting. You'll demonstrate your submission, prove our vision: 'Women Rule, Men Serve Bare.' Fail, and the consequences will be severe." She dangled the chain of keys, the metal glinting, and the men's eyes followed it, their bodies tensing with a mix of dread and conditioned desire.

That evening, the women fitted the men with leashes and practiced their presentation. They were taught to shuffle in unison, heads bowed, hands behind backs, the chastity cages and collars on full display. Mistress Clara used her mentalist techniques to calm their nerves, whispering phrases like "You exist to serve" as they practiced. The cameras recorded every step, ensuring the Collective would have a record of their transformation.

In the private office, Florence and her team reviewed the footage, their faces alight with triumph. "They're ready," Clara said, watching Mateo's obedient crawl. "The footage from their first night, combined with this week's training, has broken them. They'll perform flawlessly tomorrow."

Florence nodded, her eyes gleaming. "The Collective will see what we've achieved. Five men, stripped of everything, serving bare. The revolution is spreading." The women toasted, their glasses clinking as the men, in their rooms, lay on their bare mattresses, their collars heavy, their minds racing with the impending reality of the meeting. The cameras never stopped rolling, capturing their final night of preparation for the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective's grand showcase.

Journey to the Gynarchic Meeting

The evening of the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective's meeting arrived, a palpable tension hanging over the Brighton flat as the five young men—Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín—were prepared for their debut. After six days of rigorous training, their spirits were worn, their bodies conditioned to obey through the weight of their collars, chastity cages, and the ever-present threat of the incriminating footage from their first night. In the last few days, their submission had deepened: they ate from bowls placed on the floor, lapping up their meals like puppies under the watchful eyes of the women, and were made to relieve themselves—pee and poops—on a designated rug in the corner of the lounge. Afterward, they cleaned their own messes with paper napkins, the act a humiliating ritual that reinforced their status as pets. The cameras never stopped rolling, capturing their final night of preparation for the Collective's grand showcase, every moment of their submission etched into digital memory.

To mess with the boys' minds, the women wore their clothes. Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Rosie wore their jeans, their underwear, and their T-shirts, which they cut in half and made them relieve themselves on them. The women paraded around in their jeans every day, leaving them aroused. One day, Florence used their passports as teacup holders.

At 10:30 PM, the sleek black van pulled up outside the flat, its engine humming under the dim streetlights. Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Rosie, dressed in elegant black attire—tailored suits, dresses, and heels that exuded power—entered the lounge where the men knelt in a line, naked except for their collars and cages. Florence Willows, the orchestrator of their fate, stood at the center, her silver-streaked hair catching

the light, her designer blouse and trousers a stark contrast to the men's vulnerability. She held a bundle of leashes, her chain of keys glinting around her neck.

"Puppies," Florence said, her voice commanding yet laced with a chilling warmth, "tonight you will represent the Collective's vision. You will be showcased as proof that men can be stripped, tamed, and made to serve bare. Do not disappoint us." The men nodded, their eyes downcast, the tags on their collars—engraved with "Puppy Mateo," "Puppy Lucas," "Puppy Diego," "Puppy Felipe," and "Puppy Joaquín"—jingling softly.

One by one, the women prepared them for transport. Clara approached Mateo, clipping a leash to his collar and handcuffing his wrists behind his back, the cold metal biting into his skin. Sofia secured Lucas, tying his ankles with a white satin scarf to restrict him to shuffles. Elena gagged Diego with a rubber ball gag, the straps tight around his head, silencing any protest. Victoria hooded Felipe, pulling a black fabric hood over his face, plunging him into darkness. Rosie bound Joaquín's ankles and wrists, then fastened a gag, her maternal smile belying the act's severity. Each man was hooded last, the world reduced to muffled sounds and the tug of their leashes, their senses heightened by fear and the lingering effects of their training. The men's belongings—backpacks and suitcases containing their clothes, passports, and personal items—were loaded into the van's trunk by Sofia and Victoria. Mateo's leather bracelet, Lucas's sketch-filled notebook, Diego's family photo, Felipe's dog-eared novel, and Joaquín's poetry journal were all cataloged, ready to be displayed as trophies of their surrender. The women worked with precision, their movements a choreography of dominance, ensuring every item was accounted for.

The men were led, shuffling and stumbling, to the van. Clara guided Mateo, his leash taut as he crawled awkwardly down the steps, his bare skin prickling in the chilly night air. Lucas followed, Sofia's firm grip on his leash keeping him in line. Diego, gagged and hooded, shuffled behind Elena, his lanky frame trembling. Felipe, blinded by the hood, relied on Victoria's steady pull, his compact body tense. Joaquín, broad-shouldered but subdued, followed Rosie, his muffled breaths audible through the gag. They were loaded into the van's back, seated on the cold metal floor, their bound bodies pressed close, the leashes tethered to hooks to keep them secure.

The drive to the converted warehouse on Brighton's outskirts was silent, save for the women's occasional whispers and the men's stifled grunts. The van's interior was dark, the men's hoods amplifying their disorientation, their chastity cages a constant ache. The women, seated upfront, exchanged satisfied glances, their cargo of belongings a symbol of their control. Florence, in the passenger seat, clutched the chain of keys, her mind already envisioning the meeting's triumph.

Upon arrival, the van parked in the shadows of the warehouse, its industrial facade hiding the fervor within. The men were unloaded one by one, their leashes tugged as they shuffled across the gravel, the cold biting their bare feet. Their belongings were carried inside by Sofia and Elena, the bags slung over their shoulders like spoils of war. The warehouse buzzed with the energy of over two hundred women, their elegant attire and fervent conversations filling the air under banners proclaiming "Women Rule, Men Serve Bare."

The men were led to the same small, dimly lit room behind the stage where Greg had been held before. The space was sparse—a few chairs, a table, a small bed, and a locked bathroom door. Each man was secured to the bed frame with additional handcuffs, their leashes tethered to metal rings on the wall. The hoods and gags kept them silent and blind, their muffled grunts the only sound in the confined space. The women worked swiftly, ensuring the men were immobile, their belongings stacked neatly on the table, ready for the presentation.

Moments later, the door opened again, and Greg was brought in by Jenny, Barbara, Amanda and Florence. Like the others, he was naked, collared, caged, hooded, gagged, and bound, his wrists cuffed behind him, his ankles tied with a satin scarf. Greg, having lived naked in the flat for weeks, stripped of all possessions, had no backpack or belongings to bring—his clothes, passport, and identity long since claimed by the women. Seeing the scene, five handsome, completely naked young men in that room, the women huddled together, laughing, and Florence said, "Girls, these are our newest addition. And believe me, we're going to double that number in no time." Jenny asked, "Where are these young men from?" Florence replied that everything would be explained at the meeting.

Amanda led Greg to the corner of the already crowded room, handcuffing him alongside the others, his leash tethered tightly. As she fastened him in place, Greg's hooded head tilted, catching the faint grunts and shuffles of the other men. In the darkness of his hood, his mind raced, his muffled thoughts forming a chilling realization: "*I'm hearing male grunts. Are others trapped in the same snare?*" The sounds of their

restrained movements—muffled moans, the clink of handcuffs, the rustle of leashes—confirmed his fears. He wasn't alone in this nightmare.

The women exited, locking the door behind them, leaving the six men in their bound, hooded silence. The air was thick with their collective tension, each man lost in his own world of fear, arousal, and submission, unaware of the others' identities but sensing their shared fate. The cameras in the room, hidden in the ceiling and walls, recorded every moment, capturing the men's vulnerability for the Collective's archives.

Outside, the warehouse hummed with anticipation as the meeting began. Florence Willows stepped to the microphone, her presence commanding the room. The crowd of women rose, their voices joining in the ritual chant of Agatha Hawthorne's words, a war cry of gynarchy: "A man aroused, denied, and naked will do anything we command. Strip him of his clothes, and he will be ours. *Women Rule, Men Serve Bare.*" The chant echoed, the energy electric, as the women prepared to witness the unveiling of Florence's newest acquisitions, the six men waiting in the back room, bound and ready to be showcased as living proof of the Collective's vision.

Gynarchic Meeting Showcase

The warehouse vibrated with the energy of over two hundred women, their voices still echoing from the ritual chant of Agatha Hawthorne's words as Florence Willow stood at the microphone, her silver-streaked hair glinting under the stage lights. The air was electric, charged with the fervor of the Gynarchic Empowerment Collective's vision: "*Women Rule, Men Serve Bare.*" The six men—Greg, Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín—waited in the dimly lit room behind the stage, bound, hooded, gagged, and caged, their muffled grunts a prelude to their unveiling as Florence's newest acquisitions, living proof of the Collective's vision.

Florence raised her hands, silencing the crowd, her tailored blouse and trousers accentuating her commanding presence. "Sisters," she began, her voice resonant with authority, "tonight marks a milestone in our revolution. You've heard the stories of Elizabeth Mayfield's journal, of Agatha Hawthorne's wisdom. Now, I share how we've turned vision into reality. Five young men—Felipe from Brazil, Lucas from Argentina, Diego from Colombia, Mateo from Chile, and Joaquín from Peru—were lured to Brighton under the guise of a prestigious scholarship. Through careful planning, my team—Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Laura—executed a flawless operation. We used their dreams of opportunity, their isolation as foreigners, and their trust in our authority to bring them here. They arrived with suitcases and hopes, but within hours, we stripped them of everything: clothes, possessions, dignity. Now, they serve us naked, collared, and caged, as pets of the Collective."

The crowd erupted in applause, the sound thunderous, some women standing to cheer, others whispering excitedly. Florence's eyes gleamed as she continued, "Each man receives daily doses of Tadalafil, prescribed by our trusted physician, Dr. Isabella, ensuring constant arousal to heighten their vulnerability. Clara, our skilled mentalist, employs hypnosis and mesmerization techniques to deepen their submission, bending their wills to our command. Tonight, you will see the results of our work—and the first of our triumphs, Greg, who paved the way."

Florence nodded to Amanda, Jenny, and Barbara, who stood ready at the stage's edge. "Bring forth the first of our cause," she commanded. Jenny tugged Greg's leash, leading him from the back room. His wrists were cuffed behind his back, ankles bound with a satin scarf, forcing him to shuffle awkwardly. The ball gag silenced his voice, and the chastity cage gleamed under the stage lights, a stark symbol of his submission.

The hood still covered his face, heightening the crowd's anticipation. Amanda and Barbara flanked him, their elegant black attire a stark contrast to his nakedness, as they guided him to the center of the stage. The crowd gasped, murmurs of awe rippling through the room as Florence gestured to Greg. "This is Greg, sisters—the first to be transformed by Amanda, Jenny, and Barbara. Once a free man with possessions and pride, he now lives naked in their flat, stripped of everything, serving as our model of gynarchic control. He cleans, obeys, and submits without question, a living testament to *Women Rule, Men Serve Bare.*" Amanda removed Greg's hood, revealing his flushed face, eyes wide with a mix of fear and conditioned arousal, the gag still in place. The crowd cheered, some snapping discreet photos, their excitement palpable.

Florence raised a hand, and silence fell. "And now, sisters, witness the full scope of our achievement. Bring the others." Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Laura emerged from the back room, each tugging a leash. Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín shuffled onto the stage, their bound bodies trembling, their chastity cages glinting, their hoods and gags keeping them silent. One by one, the women removed the

hoods, revealing the men's faces: Mateo's dark curls and nervous brown eyes, Lucas's tousled blond hair and clenched jaw, Diego's lanky frame and shy gaze, Felipe's youthful flush, and Joaquín's broad shoulders and haunted expression. The crowd erupted again, the sight of five more men—each a fresh conquest—igniting a frenzy of applause.

Florence stepped forward, her voice ringing with triumph. "These five were lured to Brighton, their dreams exploited, their lives claimed. Like Greg, they've been stripped, caged, and collared. Dr. Isabella's Tadalafil keeps them in a constant state of arousal, their bodies betraying them to our will. Clara's hypnotic techniques have broken their resistance, ensuring they obey without question. They eat from bowls on the floor like puppies, relieve themselves on a rug they must clean, and live for our pleasure. They are no longer men—they are our property."

The women in the audience stood, chanting "*Women Rule, Men Serve Bare*" as the six men stood exposed, their eyes darting nervously, their bodies tense under the weight of countless gazes. Florence signaled, and Sofía and Elena brought forward a table laden with the five men's belongings: Mateo's backpack with his leather bracelet and T-shirts, Lucas's duffel with his soccer jersey and sketches, Diego's suitcase with his family photo, Felipe's backpack with his novel, and Joaquín's suitcase with his poetry journal. The bags were unzipped, their contents displayed like trophies.

Clara stepped forward, holding a small fire pit. "To symbolize their complete surrender," she announced, "we destroy the last remnants of their former selves." She gathered the men's underwear and socks—Mateo's briefs, Lucas's boxers, Diego's trunks, Felipe's briefs, and Joaquín's sandals paired with socks—and tossed them into the pit. Victoria lit a match, and the flames crackled, consuming the fabric in a blaze of orange and black smoke. The men's eyes widened, their muffled grunts audible through the gags, the sight of their belongings burning a visceral blow.

Florence raised the remaining items—shirts, jeans, and personal effects—distributing them to the crowd with ceremonial flair. "These are your trophies, sisters," she declared. A woman named Olivia claimed Mateo's leather bracelet, another took Lucas's sketchbook, a third received Diego's khakis, a fourth got Felipe's hoodie, and a fifth accepted Joaquín's polo shirt. The crowd cheered with each distribution, the items passed around like relics of conquest. Florence held up the passports, wallets, and IDs, her chain of keys glinting as she spoke. "These—Mateo's, Lucas's, Diego's, Felipe's, and Joaquín's identities—stay with me, to be displayed at every meeting as proof of our power." She placed them in a velvet-lined box, a permanent trophy for the Collective.

The men, now stripped of everything—clothes, possessions, identities, and autonomy—stood as property of Florence and her group. Greg, still gagged and caged, watched in silent horror, his earlier realization confirmed: others had indeed fallen into the same trap. Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín, their faces flushed with shame, felt the weight of their new reality, their bodies trembling under the crowd's scrutiny, their chastity cages a constant reminder of their submission.

Florence turned to the audience, her voice soaring with visionary zeal. "Sisters, our work here is just the beginning. Now, we cast our net wider, to a new aquarium—Eastern Europe. We will replicate our success, luring young men with promises of opportunity, stripping them bare, and molding them into our service. To make this possible, I have the honor of working with a brilliant and powerful ally: Polina Semyonova, Vice President of Maksim Tech and Motors, a Russian visionary and enthusiast of our cause. Please, Polina, stand."

A tall, striking woman with sleek black hair and piercing blue eyes rose from the front row, her tailored red dress accentuating her commanding presence. The crowd applauded as Polina waved gracefully, her expression one of fierce determination. Florence continued, "With Polina's influence, we will target Eastern Europe through carefully crafted advertisements on social media, educational forums, and international student websites. These ads will promise a transformative opportunity: the chance to study in the prestigious city of Brighton, with full financial support and a vibrant new life. The allure of escaping economic hardship will draw thousands of applications in days, and we will select the most vulnerable, the most eager, to join our ranks."

The crowd murmured excitedly, the prospect of expansion fueling their fervor. Florence's gaze swept the room, landing on another figure. "And we are joined by another formidable ally: Linnea Ahlin, CEO of Linnea Kvinnor Tech, from Gothenburg, Sweden. Please, Linnea, stand." A blonde woman in her forties, her sharp features softened by a confident smile, rose, her navy suit impeccable. The audience clapped warmly as she nodded in acknowledgment. "Linnea is a powerhouse in Sweden and Scandinavia," Florence said, "and she will serve as our representative and president in Gothenburg, leading our efforts to spread

gynarchy across the region. I have connections with influential women both within and beyond the United Kingdom, and Polina Semyonova and Linnea Ahlin are proof of our growing network.”

The crowd erupted once more, chanting “*Women Rule, Men Serve Bare*” as Polina and Linnea stood, their presence amplifying the Collective’s ambition. Florence’s voice rose above the noise, her vision clear. “With Polina and Linnea, we will build a network of flats, homes, and cities where men serve naked, their possessions claimed, their lives dedicated to our pleasure. Greg and these five men are the foundation; Eastern Europe and Scandinavia are our next frontiers. Soon, every corner of the world will echo our creed.” And now Florence calls Polina to the microphone and says: "Ladies, Polina will talk a bit about the work she has been doing in Russia. Speak, dear, tell us."

Polina takes the microphone and says: "Ladies, it is an honor to be here. Without further ado, my desire is the same as yours, to strip men and make them our naked servants. I intend to bring four young men from Eastern Europe, handsome, without family, and unknown. But I plan to bring one I know well, the son of the owner of 'Maksim Tech and Motors,' Viktor Maksim. A 20-year-old, spoiled, and chauvinistic young man. I have been seducing him for a few weeks, exciting him and denying him, as you say here, and he is now in the palm of my hand.

Although he doesn’t need a scholarship, I convinced him to come here to Brighton because it would be an ideal place to have fun. And he is already enrolled in Florence’s program and will come here. However, he will be kept separate from the other young men at first. Clara will use deep hypnosis on him, and Dr. Isabella will prescribe medications to keep him pliable and aroused all the time so that he accepts everything we command. I really want to see this spoiled boy without money, without clothes, completely naked, without identity, and without a passport.

Once he is naked and broken, we will use the footage to blackmail him because a scandal like this could harm Maksim Tech and Motors. From a spoiled rich boy to a naked servant. Thank you, ladies."

The warehouse shook with applause, the chant reverberating as the women celebrated their shared dream. And now Florence calls Linnea Ahlin to the microphone and says: "Ladies, Linnea will share her ideas. Tell us, dear." Linnea takes the microphone and says: "Like Polina, I’ll be brief, ladies. At the company where I am CEO, Linnea Kvinnor Tech, 90% of the employees in our offices are women. The building has five floors, and we at Linnea Kvinnor Tech use two floors, with 76 people working on those two floors, including eight men, all young entry-level employees under 25 years old. The other three floors are used for storage and parking. The older employees and men are in Stockholm. One day, after talking with Florence, she sent me the Elizabeth Journal, and it completely changed my perspective. So, I conducted a simple test. During a job interview with a 19-year-old young man named Sven, I asked him the following: 'Will you do everything I tell you, Sven?' He said yes, and I continued: 'Everything, without objections, Sven?' He said yes again. So, I told him to take off all his clothes and stand naked in front of me. He questioned: 'Naked, here, why?' So, I told him to leave because he was a liar.

He had said he would do everything I asked, but now he was refusing to follow a simple order. And I didn’t want liars in the company. He said: 'No, please, give me another chance.' I said: 'Okay. Take off all your clothes, stand completely naked and barefoot, then hand me your clothes, Sven.' Embarrassed, he undressed in front of me, and my hidden camera recorded everything.

After he was completely naked, he handed me his clothes. That young man was standing there, completely naked, in front of me. I said to him: 'Very good, Sven. Do you know why I asked you to get naked? Because the company’s dress code is that no man can wear clothes inside here. Do you accept working here for eight hours, naked, Sven?' He stayed silent, but the salary was very good, and he accepted. I gave him his clothes back and said I would call him soon.

I made all this up, but my little prank became reality. I held a meeting with just the women and said I was going to change the office dress code: women in pencil skirts or tailored pants, button-up blouses, high heels, and the men, completely naked. They laughed, thinking it was a joke, but the expression on my face made them realize I was serious.

After that meeting, we held a vote on the new dress code for men, and we women, with 90% of the votes, won. The men in the office were shocked, but there was nothing they could do. They either accepted the new naked dress code or would be fired, and since the salary was very good, they all accepted. And today, all the men who work with us are like that, completely naked.

Now, I’m going to start hiring Swedish men and men from other countries to take them to the farm I just bought, and there I will make sure these men are stripped of their clothes and possessions, becoming our property."

While Linnea spoke, the big screen showed the footage of Sven's interview and the daily routine in the office with naked men.

All the women clapped and shouted, a mix of excitement and euphoria.

Florence signaled for the men to be led back to the room, their leashes tugged as they shuffled offstage, the cameras capturing every moment. In the back room, the men were secured again, their gags and cuffs ensuring silence and compliance.

So Greg went to the flat with Amanda, Jenny and Barbara and Mateo, Lucas, Diego, Felipe, and Joaquín went to Florence's flat.

Florence, Clara, Sofia, Elena, Victoria, and Laura gathered in the office post-meeting, joined by Polina and Linnea, toasting with champagne. "The Collective is stronger than ever," Florence said, her eyes gleaming. "Greg was the spark, these five are the flame, and with Polina and Linnea, we'll set the world ablaze. More flats, more men, more power." The women clinked glasses, their laughter mingling with the distant sounds of the men's confinement, as the gynarchic revolution expanded, one naked servant at a time.

Would they build something like "CFNM Island of Peternia".

If you search online, you'll find information about Island of Peternia.