Saskia's Web: No Clothes For My Man



The freezing wind blowing from the canals of Amsterdam was not the greatest shock Mateo faced upon leaving the humid heat of his hometown in Latin America; the true hurricane in his life had a first name, a last name, and cutting blue eyes: Saskia. She was the personification of the modern European goddess—tall, endowed with unwavering self-confidence, a lethal smile, and a magnetism that left him completely blind from the moment they bumped into each other at a café in the Jordaan neighborhood. When they started dating, Mateo felt like he had hit the jackpot. He was dazzled, willing to do anything to fit into that perfectly organized, liberal, and almost utopian world she seemed to command. What he didn't know, however, was that his total ignorance of the rules, laws, and customs of the Netherlands would be the perfect blank canvas for Saskia's games.

It all started a few weeks before the city's big summer festival. They were sitting on her apartment sofa, sharing a bottle of wine, when Saskia adopted a professorial tone, soft yet charged with an authority she knew how to wield like no one else.

"It's a cultural thing, Mateo," she murmured, tracing his jawline with the tips of her fingers. "In the Netherlands, neutrality doesn't exist when it comes to rights. Participating in the Pride and feminist march isn't an invitation; it's a moral duty. Especially for a Latin man... You know the stereotype you carry, don't you? If you don't go with me, people will think you're just another machista, a misogynist stuck in old ideas. You're not like that, are you?"

Mateo, desperate to prove he was a modern man, deconstructed and worthy of that spectacular woman, agreed instantly. Not only would he go; he would be the most enthusiastic participant.

The day of the march dawned vibrant. The center of Amsterdam had transformed into a sea of colors, loud music, fluttering flags, and an incalculable crowd of people celebrating freedom. Mateo was fascinated, holding Saskia's hand as she skillfully guided him through the maze of narrow streets and crowded squares. Gradually, however, she pulled them away from the main route, drawing him toward a secondary square where a huge white tent had been set up. The music inside was hypnotic electronic beats, and the strong smell of acrylic paint and incense filled the air.

When they entered, Mateo froze. The interior of the tent was packed with women of all ages, dressed in bohemian clothes or colorful aprons, holding palettes and brushes. What shocked him, however, were the easels: there were no canvases. The space was filled with completely naked men standing on improvised pedestals while women painted their bodies with neon colors, abstract symbols, and slogans.

Mateo took a step back, his eyes wide, but Saskia squeezed his hand. She looked at him with an expression of rehearsed surprise, an ironic smile playing at the corners of her lips.

"Oh, love, I'm so sorry. I completely forgot to warn you," she brought her hand to her mouth theatrically. "The newbies. Since this is your first official march as a resident and my boyfriend, tradition requires you to participate in body painting. And, well, newbies need to be naked. It's the country's custom. A metaphor about stripping away patriarchal prejudices and being reborn as an ally."

Mateo's blood ran cold. "Saskia, I'm not going to get naked in the middle of a public square! This is crazy, it must be illegal!"

That was when the true master entered the scene. Saskia didn't fight. She didn't raise her voice. She stepped closer, invading his personal space, wrapping her arms around Mateo's neck. Her lips brushed his ear, her voice dropping to a velvety and dangerously seductive whisper.

"Illegal? In the Netherlands? My love, you're in Amsterdam. Nobody cares about a naked body. But they do care about fear."

She pulled back just enough to look deep into his eyes, using all her charm and a heavy dose of reverse psychology.

"Are you ashamed of me? Or of yourself? I thought you were a secure man, Mateo. I thought you trusted me. It's just paint. It's art. It's a rite of passage to prove you have nothing to hide, that you surrender yourself to me and this country body and soul. But... if your fragile Latin ego can't handle it, we can go home. I'll explain to my friends that you didn't have the courage."

The mix of provocation, affection, a challenge to his masculinity, and the fear of disappointing her short-circuited the young man's brain. Her mind games were a labyrinth he didn't want to leave. He swallowed hard, looked at the other men around—who looked perfectly calm and integrated—and, defeated by his girlfriend's lethal charm, began to unbutton his shirt.

Saskia watched with a predatory gleam in her eyes as Mateo took off his shirt, shoes, socks, and finally his beloved Levi's jeans, followed by his underwear. He crossed his arms, feeling the cold air give him goosebumps, but he was soon pulled by three excited women who placed him in the center of a circle. The paint was cold at first, but the quick, artistic brushstrokes soon covered his torso, legs, and arms with glowing geometric patterns and vibrant colors.

While Mateo had his eyes closed, distracted by the tickle of the brushes and the initial shame he tried to suppress, Saskia sprang into action. She grabbed his Levi's jeans and, with impressive agility, put them on. The pants were loose at her waist, but she adjusted them with an improvised belt, rolling up the cuffs. Then she collected Mateo's shirt,

shoes, and underwear. She walked silently out of the tent and approached a dreadlocked guy passing by eating french fries.

"Hey," Saskia said with a dazzling smile, handing the bundle of clothes to the stranger. "Can you throw this away for me in the trash can on that corner? My ex-boyfriend was an idiot."

The guy, bewitched by her smile, took the clothes and nodded, walking toward the trash can.

Saskia returned to the tent just in time to see the finished work of art. Mateo was covered in paint from head to toe. He looked like a neon tribal warrior, vulnerable and majestic at the same time. She approached him, now wearing his jeans, with his wallet, cell phone, and car keys heavy in the pockets.

"You look perfect," she purred.

Before he could ask about his clothes, Saskia pulled a small, delicate black leather choker from her pocket. In the center gleamed a metal pendant with the letter S. With quick movements, she fastened the collar around Mateo's neck.

"Saskia, where are my things? And why are you wearing my pants?" he asked, his voice trembling with anxiety and temperature shock.

She smiled, giving his face an affectionate pat. "Your other clothes are stored in a safe locker at the back of the tent, my love. But your pants... I decided to wear them as a symbol for the march. It represents a deconstruction of roles. It means that, today and always, I am the one in charge of this relationship."

Mateo was so dazed, so out of his element, and so intoxicated by her absurd confidence that he simply nodded, allowing himself to be guided out of the tent.

The march was a delirium. Mateo paraded through the streets of Amsterdam completely naked beneath the body paint, the choker with the letter S marking his neck, while the crowd cheered the paintings. With every step, the shame diminished, replaced by an anesthetized acceptance of his new reality. Saskia walked beside him, majestic in her Levi's jeans, holding his hand as if displaying an exotic trophy. She

introduced him to her friends, all of whom praised the "cultural courage" of the Latin guy, validating the brilliant lie she had planted.

The climax of the day happened in Vondelpark, where a giant stage hosted the closing shows. The sun had already set, and Mateo's body, despite the heat of the surrounding crowd, began to feel the chill of the European night. They were squeezed near the barrier, the music pulsing in their chest, strobe lights illuminating the neon paint on Mateo's skin.

That was when Saskia turned her back to the stage, looking at him with a smile that mixed malice and absolute triumph. Without saying a word, she unbuttoned the Levi's. Mateo widened his eyes. Beneath his baggy pants, she was wearing her own black skinny jeans, tight and flawless.

She plunged her hands into the deep pockets of the Levi's and pulled out Mateo's leather wallet, his cell phone, and his car keychain, carefully stowing them in her own jacket. Then, she pulled the jeans down her legs, held the garment up in the air, and, with a flick of her arm, hurled the pants into the frenzied crowd jumping to the DJ's beat. The pants vanished into a sea of hands within seconds.

Mateo stood mute, his eyes popping out of his sockets. The shock was so profound he forgot he was naked in the middle of thousands of people.

"Are you out of your mind?!" he shouted, trying to overcome the volume of the speakers. "Saskia, my clothes! That wardrobe in the tent doesn't exist, does it? You threw my pants away!"

She stepped closer, her face lit by the stage lights, her eyes overflowing with relentless amusement. She hooked a finger on the choker around his neck, pulling him down slightly until her lips almost touched his.

"Enjoy the show, my love," she said, her voice cutting through the music straight to his soul. "You look great dressed in paint, courage, and me."

Hours later, the parking lot was almost empty. The walk to the car was the longest of Mateo's life. The cold asphalt under his bare feet, the biting dawn breeze beating against skin now caked with dry paint. When they reached the car, Saskia unlocked the vehicle with the keys she herself had confiscated.

Mateo opened the passenger door. The synthetic leather seat was freezing, and he let out a whimper as he sat down completely naked, hunching his shoulders and crossing his arms to try and preserve some warmth. Saskia got into the driver's seat, comfortably dressed, the heater turned up to maximum and directed only at him. She started the engine, looked at the paint-covered boyfriend shivering in the seat beside her, and flashed the brightest, most victorious smile of the night. The young man from Latin America had not only experienced Europe; he had been completely and irrevocably tamed by it.

The following weekend proved that the march had not been an isolated event, but rather the beginning of a new and relentless dynamic. Saskia had been invited to a party in Utrecht, at the home of Lotte, one of her best friends from college days. The night was fueled by Dutch beer, loud music, and Mateo trying to keep up with the frantic pace of conversations in English and Dutch. When the party finally cleared out in the early morning hours, Saskia pulled Mateo onto the flat's living room sofa. Alcohol pulsed in both their veins, and they had sex right there amidst the mess of empty cups. Exhausted and intoxicated, Mateo passed out immediately, his heavy body sinking into the upholstery, completely naked. Saskia, with an enigmatic smile, simply covered him with a thin sheet and went to the guest bedroom.

Morning light flooded the living room with aggressive clarity. Mateo opened his eyes slowly, his head throbbing with a hangover. He stretched, feeling the flat's cold air, and the sheet slipped to the floor. That was when he heard the clinking of cups against saucers.

He turned his face and froze. Sitting at the kitchen island, just a few feet from the sofa, were Lotte, the owner of the flat, and Fleur, her girlfriend. Both were drinking coffee calmly, their eyes fixed on him with expressions of pure amusement.

Panic hit Mateo like lightning. He frantically grabbed a plush sofa pillow and smashed it against his pelvis, his face burning a furious shade of red.

"Good morning..." he stammered, his voice hoarse. "Where... where are my clothes?"

Lotte let out a loud, crystal-clear laugh, resting her chin on her hand. "Good morning, Sleeping Beauty. Your girlfriend went to the market to buy our breakfast. When she was leaving, she grabbed all your clothes off the floor, bundled them up in her hand, and took them with her."

"Took them with her? Why?!" Mateo asked, squeezing the pillow tighter, feeling like the most vulnerable man in the world.

Fleur smiled, sipping her coffee. "We asked the exact same thing. She looked at the clothes, looked at you sleeping, and said: 'What does he need clothes for? He won't be using them right now.' And she simply walked out the door."

Before Mateo could process the level of that insanity, the front door clicked open. Saskia walked in radiant, her blonde hair tied in an effortless bun, carrying bags of fresh bread, cheeses, and juice. She looked at the scene in the living room—the friends laughing and the boyfriend cowering behind a pillow—and flashed an innocent smile.

"Saskia!" Mateo blurted out, trying to sound angry, though his position didn't help at all. "Where are my clothes? Why did you leave with them?"

She placed the bags on the counter and shrugged, taking off her coat. "Babe, relax. I thought you'd sleep in. I have no idea where I left them, to be honest. I think... I'm not sure, but I think I tossed them in the back seat of the car before heading to the market."

"You think?!"

"Come have coffee, Mateo. The bread is warm," she ignored his desperation, pulling out a chair.

With no other option and starving, Mateo had to make the walk of shame from the sofa to the table, holding the pillow strategically in front of his body under the amused gazes of the two Dutch women. He sat rigidly, the pillow on his lap, trying to eat a croissant while Saskia chatted animatedly about trivia as if it were the most normal scene in the world.

Half an hour later, Saskia wiped her hands on a napkin and stood up. "Well, girls, the party was great, but it's time to go. Ready, Mateo?"

He stared at her, incredulous. "Saskia, I'm naked."

"And your clothes are in the car, my love," she replied with a wink. "You can get dressed inside. The street is empty; it's Sunday morning. Make it quick."

Mateo swallowed hard. He said goodbye to Lotte and Fleur with an awkward wave, dropped the pillow on the sofa, and, covering his privates with both hands, desperately ran down the building hallway, skipped down the stairs, and bolted across the cold Utrecht sidewalk to the parked car. He threw the passenger door open and dived inside, panting.

Saskia got into the driver's seat moments later, laughing softly. She started the ignition, and the car pulled away from the curb. Mateo immediately stretched toward the back seat, groping the upholstery in search of his pants and shirt.

"Saskia... there's nothing back here."

Before she could reply, the car's multimedia system beeped, announcing a call from Lotte. Saskia answered, putting it on speakerphone.

Her friend's voice echoed through the vehicle's interior, full of humor: "Look, Saskia, I just found your boyfriend's clothes stuffed inside my washing machine. What do I do with them?"

Mateo froze, slowly turning his neck to look at his girlfriend. Saskia kept her eyes on the road, but a devilish, victorious smile split her face.

"Oh, Lotte," Saskia replied with lethal sweetness. "You can donate everything to charity. He looks much better naked."

She hung up. Mateo sank into the cold leather passenger seat, his skin covered in goosebumps, his heart beating in his throat. He was completely naked, crossing Dutch highways in broad daylight. Throughout the entire ride, while Saskia hummed along to the radio tunes, visibly enjoying the absolute power she held over him, Mateo cowered, praying to every saint he knew that no highway patrol car would pull them over.

The shock of the return trip from Utrecht had barely passed when, three days later, the level of Saskia's mind games reached a new plateau in her Amsterdam apartment. Mateo was starting to get used to the feeling

of always walking on eggshells, knowing any slip-up or hesitation would be turned into a lesson on the "European open mind."

It was a Wednesday night. Mateo was in the bathroom taking a hot shower, trying to relax his tense muscles after a day helping Saskia reorganize the apartment. When he turned off the shower and pulled the glass door of the stall, he noticed the towel he had left hanging was gone. In fact, his underwear and the sweatpants he wore to sleep had also vanished.

He opened the bathroom door, peeking into the hallway. "Saskia? Did you take my towel?"

"Come to the living room, love," her voice sounded soft from the other room.

Mateo sighed, already expecting a trap. He walked naked down the hallway, wetting the wooden floorboards, and stopped at the living room archway. Saskia was sprawled on the sofa, wearing elegant silk pajamas, holding a glass of red wine. At her feet on the rug sat a large black trash bag.

"What is this?" he asked, instinctively crossing his arms.

"I was looking through your side of the closet while you were showering," she said, swirling the wine in her glass. "And I realized your clothes don't fit the city. They're too... conservative. Too Latin. They lack boldness. So, I bagged it all."

Mateo widened his eyes. "Everything? Even the clothes I was going to wear right now?"

"Especially the clothes you were going to wear right now," she smiled. "We're going shopping this weekend to rebuild your style. Until then, we're practicing Dutch minimalism. Inside this apartment, your new rule is skin."

"Saskia, this has nothing to do with culture, you just like seeing me embarrassed!" he retorted, though his voice lacked any trace of real authority.

The intercom buzzed suddenly, cutting off the argument. Saskia smiled even wider. "Ah, perfect. Our dinner has arrived." She pointed toward the

front door. "I ordered Thai food. It's already paid for through the app. You just need to go get it."

The blood drained from Mateo's face. "You want me to open the apartment door for the delivery person... naked?"

"Why not? In the Netherlands, we have a very natural relationship with the body. If you wear anything, you'll be disrespecting the minimalism we just adopted," she used that impeccable professorial tone, the exact one that always cornered him. "Besides, who is the only one wearing pants in this relationship?"

"You," Mateo muttered.

"Then go get my food. The guy is waiting in the hallway."

With his stomach churning, Mateo walked to the door. He placed his hand on the metal knob, hesitated for a second, and, knowing Saskia was watching him with hawk eyes, pulled the door open in one swift motion.

The delivery guy, a young Dutchman with his bicycle helmet still on his head, stood in the hallway holding a brown paper bag. Mateo stood static, completely exposed on the threshold. The guy looked at Mateo's face, looked at the bag, handed it to him, and said with the city's classic coldness and indifference:

"Smakelijk eten." (Enjoy your meal).

The delivery guy turned his back and walked toward the elevator without a second glance, as if delivering food to a completely naked Latin man was just another Wednesday in Amsterdam.

Mateo closed the door slowly, resting his forehead against the cold wood while holding the food bag. Behind him, he heard the sound of slow, ironic clapping.

"Very good," Saskia whispered, coming up behind him and trailing her fingernails lightly across Mateo's naked back. "You're learning fast."

Saturday morning dawned cloudy, typical of Dutch weather. When it was time to leave for shopping, Mateo sat on the edge of the bed, completely naked and feeling trapped. He looked at Saskia, who was already

impeccably dressed in knee-high boots, a leather skirt, and a turtleneck sweater.

"Saskia... I have nothing to wear. The trash bag with my clothes was already taken by the collection truck yesterday," he said, his voice bordering on desperation. "How do you expect me to get to the store?"

She smiled, walked over to her own closet, and pulled out a long, beige women's trench coat that fell just below her knees, and a pair of modern wooden Dutch clogs. She tossed the items onto the bed.

"You're going to wear this," she decreed.

Mateo blinked, confused. "A coat of yours? And underneath?"

"Underneath? Absolutely nothing. Not even underwear," she replied, crossing her arms with that look that accepted no refusals. "You will wear only the coat, button it up to your neck, and put on the clogs. It will be our little inside joke as we walk down the street. But pay attention: if you unbutton this coat in public, the game ends and the consequences will be worse."

With no alternative, Mateo put on Saskia's trench coat. The fabric was soft, but the sensation of being completely naked beneath a single layer of women's clothing in the middle of the street was terrifying. The freezing Amsterdam wind swept under the coat's hem with every step, constantly reminding him of his vulnerability. He walked tensely, holding the hem of the coat with sweaty hands, while Saskia paraded beside him, holding his arm, radiating confidence.

They arrived at a unisex designer boutique in the trendy De Negen Straatjes neighborhood. The store was minimalist, with burnt concrete walls, giant mirrors, and salespeople who looked like runway models wearing asymmetric, avant-garde clothing.

"Stay here," Saskia whispered in his ear, pointing to the center of the store. "Don't move."

While Mateo stood planted in the middle of the boutique, clutching the trench coat to his body, Saskia browsed the racks. She wasn't picking out normal clothes. She selected sheer fabric blouses, extremely tight

leather pants, and pieces with strategic cutouts. None of it resembled the casual, Latin style Mateo used to wear.

She returned with a pile of hangers and shoved him toward the fitting rooms at the back of the store. The problem was that the Dutch fitting rooms in this boutique didn't have doors—just a heavy velvet curtain that didn't close completely on the sides.

"Get in," she ordered. "Try on the leather pants and the black mesh shirt."

Mateo stepped into the cramped cubicle. With trembling hands, he unbuttoned the trench coat and let it slip off his shoulders. He was midway through trying to pull on the ultra-tight leather pants when suddenly the sound of curtain rings sliding loudly along the rod echoed out.

Saskia had pulled the entire curtain to the side, wide-opening the fitting room to the rest of the store.

Mateo widened his eyes. He had the leather pants stuck around his knees, his genitalia and torso completely exposed to the boutique's main mirror. Two Dutch saleswomen and a customer shopping for shoes turned their faces toward them.

"Saskia! Close that!" Mateo whispered in panic, trying to cover his groin with his hands while pulling up the pants at the same time.

She didn't move a muscle to close the curtain. On the contrary, she leaned against the doorframe, appraising his body coldly.

"The lighting out here is better to see the fit. Drop your hands, Mateo. Stop being so prudish. In Europe, the human body isn't a taboo. Show me how the pants fit on your hips."

The saleswomen didn't look away; in fact, one of them smiled faintly, used to the eccentricity of the store's clientele, and murmured something in Dutch to her colleague. The customer pretended to look at a shoe, but watched through the mirror's reflection.

Mateo was burning with shame. His face was beet red. But Saskia's calm, dominant voice had a paralyzing effect on him. Defeated, he removed his hands from the front of his body and pulled the leather

pants up to his waist, zipping them under everyone's gaze. The pants were so tight they felt like a second skin, outlining every detail of his anatomy.

"See? Wasn't that hard?" Saskia said aloud so the saleswomen could hear. She turned to one of them. "He's from Latin America. He's still learning to free himself from the body traumas of the patriarchy. We're doing shock therapy."

The saleswoman nodded sympathetically. "It's working. The pants look perfect on him. Do you want me to bring the leather collar that matches this line?"

Mateo's heart stopped. Collar?

Saskia broke into a predatory smile. "Please. And bring his trench coat to the register; he won't be wearing it anymore. He's leaving the store wearing exactly this."

When they left the boutique, Mateo walked the bustling streets of Amsterdam wearing skin-tight black leather pants, a mesh shirt that left his chest fully visible, and a discreet yet unmistakable black leather choker around his neck. The women's trench coat had stayed behind at the store. He was the center of attention wherever he went, but Saskia walked right beside him holding the leash of the situation, displaying her newest artistic and submissive creation for the whole city to see.

The announcement of Saskia's parents' visit brought Mateo a brief, foolish glimmer of hope. In his mind, parents—no matter how European or modern they were—represented an authority figure that could put the brakes on his girlfriend's eccentricities. He imagined that for the first time since arriving in the Netherlands, Saskia would be forced to act like a traditional girlfriend to keep up family appearances. He couldn't have been more wrong. For Saskia, the visit wasn't a moment of retreat; it was the perfect stage for her masterpiece of absolute domination.

On the afternoon of the dinner, Mateo watched her step out of the bedroom, and the air seemed to leave the apartment. Saskia wasn't wearing an elegant dress or casual clothes. She wore a tailored men's suit with an impeccable Italian cut and navy blue pinstripes. The tailored pants fell perfectly over shiny black leather oxford shoes. The white shirt was buttoned to the top, tie-less, giving her an aura of unquestionable,

almost predatory authority. She looked like a tycoon, the personification of control.

"Sit down," she ordered, pointing to the vanity chair. Her voice didn't sound like a request, but like an executive command.

Mateo obeyed, hypnotized and confused by the androgynous, powerful figure before him. Saskia opened a professional makeup kit. With firm, precise movements, she began working on his face. She applied foundation to soften his sharp features, dusted rosy blush on his cheeks to give an air of innocence, and used eyeliner to wing the corners of his eyes, leaving him with a docile expression. The final touch was a delicate peach-toned lipstick. The man staring back in the mirror no longer looked like the proud Latin man of weeks prior; he looked fragile, vulnerable, a doll ready to be manipulated.

"What are you doing, Saskia? Your parents are arriving!" he protested, his voice cracking as he tried to wipe his lips.

She grabbed his wrist in mid-air with surprising strength, her blue eyes as cold as ice.

"My parents are intellectuals from Amsterdam, Mateo. They despise the mediocrity of the traditional man. If you greet them like the typical machista Latino, they'll hate you. Today, we're going to show them that we transcend gender barriers. You're going to show that you've surrendered completely to me, that I am the authority of this house. That is the true Dutch mentality."

Before he could argue, she threw the clothes he was supposed to wear onto the bed. There were no leather pants or mesh shirts this time. There were thick, immaculate white tights. A pair of black, patent-leather Mary Jane doll shoes. And, center stage, a pastel pink dress heavy with lace, ruffles, bows, and tulle—a classic Coquette Princesscore style.

Panic hit him. "I'm not wearing this. I'm a man, Saskia! One thing is a march, another thing is turning into a... a..."

"A sissy?" she finished the sentence with a cruel, satisfied smile. "A submissive doll? Mateo, you already paraded naked, lost your clothes, wore my pieces. Your traditional masculinity no longer exists in this postal code. Put on the tights. Now."

The psychological pressure, the fear of being kicked out of the apartment, and the strange, sickly dependence he had developed on her paralyzed him. Trembling and with tears of humiliation burning in his made-up eyes, he slid the white tights up his muscular legs. He put on the pink dress, feeling the ruffles rustle around his thighs, and slipped into the women's shoes. Saskia added the final touch: she tied a pink satin bow in his hair and buckled a thick pink collar around his neck where the name SASKIA glittered in silver letters.

The doorbell rang.

Saskia walked to the door with heavy, confident steps in her men's shoes. She opened it with a wide smile. Her parents, Johan and Anika—a couple in their sixties wearing thick-rimmed glasses, sustainable designer clothing, and an air of academic superiority—walked in smiling.

"Saskia, darling! You look magnificent," Johan praised, admiring his daughter's suit. "A truly dominant posture. The patriarchy trembles."

Anika hugged her daughter and then narrowed her eyes toward the living room, where Mateo stood rigidly, hands crossed over the lace apron of the pink dress, his made-up face burning with shame.

The young man closed his eyes for a second, waiting for shock, disgust, or at least confusion from the elders. He waited for Johan to say this was absurd.

Instead, Johan took off his coat, handed it to his daughter, and walked over to Mateo, analyzing him like someone observing a postmodern sculpture in a museum.

"Fascinating," Johan muttered, adjusting his glasses. He turned to his daughter. "You managed to deconstruct him completely in such a short time, Saskia? It's an impressive deprogramming. He has abandoned all the territorial aggressiveness of the Latin male."

Anika smiled, taking a glass of wine Saskia offered her. "I was worried when you said you were dating a South American, dear. I feared he would try to take control." She pointed her glass toward the pink dress and her daughter's name collar. "...to see that you've put him precisely in

the place of aesthetic and psychological subordination is brilliant. You are in absolute control. Congratulations, daughter."

Mateo felt the floor drop out from under him. His last shreds of dignity were crushed not by shouts, but by the calm, philosophical approval of her parents. They didn't think their daughter was crazy; they thought she was a modern goddess who had tamed a wild beast, turning him into a harmless, skirt-wearing mascot.

Dinner was a surreal spectacle. Saskia sat at the head of the table, suited and upright, pouring wine and leading intellectual conversations about European politics with her parents. Mateo was instructed to sit in the lowest chair, in silence, dressed as a princess, treated less like a son-in-law and more like the hostess's private, exotic geisha.

Whenever Mateo tried to join the conversation using his natural voice, Saskia looked at him coldly, and her mother shook her head.

"Shhh," Anika said with a paternalistic smile. "Girls in dresses don't interrupt when the leaders are talking."

At the end of the night, as her parents said goodbye at the door, Johan gave a friendly pat to Mateo's made-up cheek. "Be a good girl for our daughter," he said before leaving.

When the door closed, Saskia loosened the collar of her men's shirt, poured herself another shot of whiskey, and looked at Mateo, who remained paralyzed in the middle of the room, the pink ruffles contrasting with the expression of pure defeat of a straight man who had lost the war without even realizing he was on a battlefield.

The limit of what is acceptable, even under the veneer of "European liberalism," has a very clear line, and Saskia had crossed it irrevocably. The ruin of her private empire began on a Sunday afternoon when her longtime friend Amanda showed up at the apartment for coffee unannounced.

Entering the living room, Amanda froze. The scene before her eyes turned her stomach: an adult man, completely naked and wearing a black leather collar, was on all fours on the floor, serving toast and tea on a tray balanced in his trembling hands while Saskia laughed and drank as if he were an invisible servant. Amanda's shock was silent but

profound. When Saskia went to the bathroom to retouch her lipstick, Mateo raised his reddened eyes to his friend. He didn't need to say a word; the desperation and panic in his gaze begged for rescue. He whispered only: "Get me out of here, please. I'm a prisoner."

Amanda nodded quickly, her heart pounding. She had always been modern, but this wasn't cultural deconstruction; it was torture, captivity, and psychological abuse. She knew she had to act, and she knew exactly who would help her.

That same week, Amanda gathered a small group of friends who were also already suspicious of Saskia's growing arrogance. The plan they crafted was a poetic, merciless mirror of her torturer's own cruelty.

On Friday, Amanda invited Saskia for a "girls' night out" at a luxury bar in downtown Amsterdam. Flattered and with her ego inflated, Saskia left her "pet" locked in the apartment and went out to celebrate herself. Amanda paid for round after round of expensive cocktails. Alcohol dissolved Saskia's defenses, and arrogance did the rest. Amidst laughter and boasting about how she had "a submissive personal slave," Saskia ended up blurting out the password to the digital safe while explaining how she controlled Mateo's life. It was all Amanda needed.

On the last drink of the night, while Saskia was distracted by the music, Amanda discreetly dropped the powder of a strong sleeping pill into her "friend's" glass. Minutes later, in the passenger seat of Amanda's car, Saskia fell into a deep sleep.

The operation entered a critical phase. Amanda and two other friends drove to Amsterdam Central Station. With tickets bought in advance with cash, they carried Saskia's limp, sleeping body onto the night train bound for the main station in Prague—a long, uninterrupted 12-hour journey across Europe.

They laid Saskia down on the private cabin bunk. Amanda's gaze was cold and calculating as she fulfilled her promise to Mateo. Together, the women stripped Saskia completely. They removed the designer dress, the lace lingerie, the expensive shoes, the jewelry. They confiscated her cell phone, purse, cards, ID, and Dutch passport. They left her there, an arrogant woman reduced to absolutely nothing, exactly as she had done to the Latin guy.

Before leaving the train, Amanda locked the cabin door from the outside, handed the conductor a generous tip, and said with a friendly smile: "Our friend drank too much and is a very heavy sleeper. Please don't disturb her until you arrive in Prague." The train whistled and pulled away into the early morning fog.

The second part of the plan was executed with the precision of a military rescue. The friends drove to Saskia's apartment. Amanda used the confiscated keys and safe password to open the door and the metal box. Inside, untouched, was Mateo's green passport.

When Amanda unlocked the bedroom, Mateo was cowering in the corner, naked and shaking. The sight of Amanda holding men's clothes—jeans, t-shirt, sweatshirt, and sneakers bought in a hurry—made him break down into uncontrollable tears of relief. He dressed with trembling hands, feeling the texture of cotton and denim against his skin as the greatest of luxuries. Amanda handed him his passport and an electronic airline ticket to Latin America departing from Schiphol airport in a few hours. Mateo hugged her, thanked her with a choked voice, and set off into the dawn, reclaiming his life, his freedom, and his dignity.

But Saskia's friends weren't finished yet.

Hearing the roar of airplanes cutting through the sky outside, the women opened Saskia's closet doors. They filled huge black trash bags with every dress, leather pants, tailored suit, shirt, shoes, socks, and winter coat. They gathered the bedding, the towels, everything made of fabric. They emptied the apartment with a righteous fury and took everything to the Salvation Army donation boxes across town. When the sun rose, the apartment was immaculate, silent, and completely devoid of any clothing.

A thousand kilometers away, the sun was also rising in Prague, illuminating Saskia's despair.

She woke up to the jolt of the train stopping at the final station. Her head throbbed from the sleeping pill. When she opened her eyes, she realized the air was freezing and the rough fabric of the bunk scratched her skin. She looked at herself, feeling her blood freeze in her veins. She was

naked. And there wasn't a single piece of clothing in the cabin. The door had been unlocked from the outside by station guards.

Desperate, cold, and dizzy, she tried to peek down the hallway for help, but she was spotted by passengers who immediately called the Czech police. Within minutes, officers entered the cabin. Saskia tried to argue in English and Dutch, crying with embarrassment, attempting to cover her body with her hands while being dragged out of the train wrapped only in a silver emergency thermal blanket and handcuffed under the shocked stares of the crowd on the Prague platform. She was thrown into a cold cell, naked under the silver blanket, cited for disturbing the peace and public indecency. The reality check was crushing. The power and confidence were gone; she was just a caged animal.

It took nearly 24 hours for her liberal parents, Johan and Anika, mortified and scandalized by their daughter's international arrest, to fly to the Czech Republic with lawyers to pay her bail and release her.

The return to Amsterdam was made in sepulchral silence. Saskia wore a long, closed coat of Anika's, her gaze empty and defeated, feeling firsthand the horror of forced exposure. When Johan unlocked her apartment door and let her in, she ran to the bedroom, desperate to find Mateo, to vent her fury on him, or just to put on comfortable clothes and cry.

She found the safe wide open and empty. Mateo had vanished as if he had never existed.

She opened the closet. Empty. The drawers. Empty. Not even a towel was left in the bathroom. The house was a reflection of how she had returned: absolutely naked and stripped of everything.

On the kitchen island, untouched, was her cell phone.

With trembling hands, she turned it on. There was only one notification on the lock screen. A message from Amanda. Saskia felt her legs weaken and had to lean against the marble counter as she read the words that definitively sealed her defeat:

"If you file a report about what happened, we will also go to the police and report you for abuse, unlawful confinement, captivity, and

kidnapping. We have photos and know everything you did to him. Learn to live with your own medicine."

The modern Dutch goddess let her phone slip from her fingers until it shattered on the floor. The chic Amsterdam apartment, once the stage of her absolute dominion, was now just an empty, silent prison where she would have to learn, naked and alone, the true weight of submission.