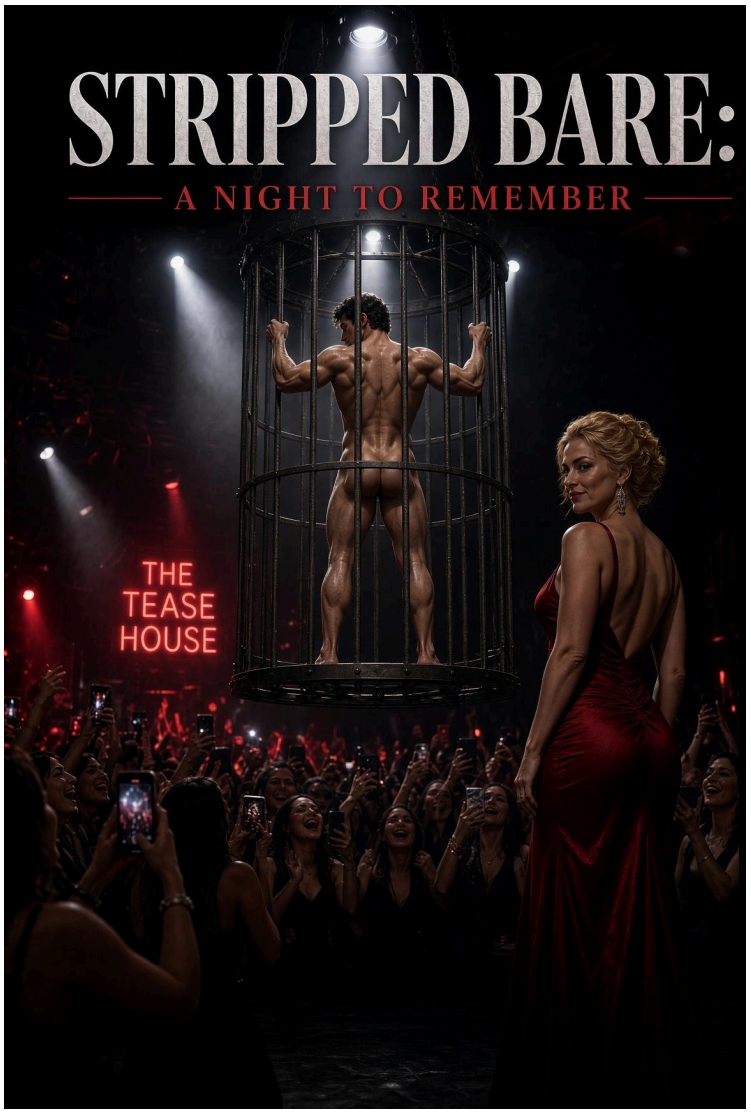
Stripped Bare: A Night to Remember



Dick Jayden considered himself the apex predator of the corporate food chain. As the head of his own company, he used his power not only to close deals, but to intimidate and harass the women who worked for him. Malicious comments, invasive stares, and purposeful 'bumps' were part of his daily routine. His female employees needed their jobs and, out of fear, endured it in silence. Dick’s empire seemed unshakable, until the day he decided to do business with Jenny Nightingale.

Jenny was a billionaire CEO—brilliant and lethal. During a visit to Dick’s office, she caught him cornering an intern near the coffee machine. Hours later, during a contract signing, Dick made the biggest mistake of

his life: as they said goodbye, he slid his hand saucily down Jenny’s waist, moving low enough to nearly brush her buttocks.

She didn't pull away. She didn't scream. Jenny merely smiled with a calculated coldness that he, blinded by his own ego, mistook for interest. In that exact second, Dick’s sentence was signed.

That very week, Jenny invited him to her mansion on Saturday night. Dick arrived driving his sports car, wearing an impeccably tailored suit and exuding the confidence of a man who thought the night would end in his own glory. Jenny welcomed him with champagne, dressed stunningly. They talked, drank, and she fed his narcissism with every phrase.

'You know, Dick,' she whispered, pouring another glass. 'I’m a serious CEO during the day. But I have a very naughty side... and I was thinking of showing that side to you tonight.'

Dick smiled, his gaze overflowing with malice. 'I’m all ears, Jenny.'

'Great. I have a surprise outside.'

She guided him to the mansion's entrance, where a luxurious black limousine awaited them, driven by a chauffeur wearing a cap and dark sunglasses. As soon as they stepped into the rear compartment, Jenny leaned in, undid the knot of Dick’s silk tie, and used it to firmly blindfold him. The limousine began to move smoothly.

In the dark, Dick’s senses were on high alert. Jenny’s voice was a velvety whisper in his ear. 'You’re a man of such power, Dick. So imposing in that suit. But you know what? We’re going to get rid of these clothes of yours. They’re just getting in our way.'

Aroused and convinced he was about to have the night of his life, Dick didn't hesitate. Blinded by the blindfold and by desire, he took off his jacket, shirt, pants, and finally, his underwear. Jenny collected each piece silently, folding them beside her. Dick sat there completely naked, wearing only his own tie as a blindfold, his heart racing in anticipation.

The vehicle finally stopped. The door beside him opened, letting the cool night air flood the cabin.

'Don't take off the blindfold,' Jenny instructed, her voice heavy with promise. 'This is a quiet, private place for us to have some fun. You are about to have the biggest surprise of your life. You can get out.'

He hesitated, feeling the breeze against his bare skin. 'And my clothes? Should I grab them?'

'Where we're going, we don't need clothes,' she retorted, her tone teasing.

That was enough for his ego. Dick got out, his bare feet touching the cold asphalt. The muffled thud of the door closing behind him startled him. The engine revved and, from the sound of the tires, he realized the car was pulling away.

'The limousine!' he exclaimed, feeling a sudden chill run down his spine. 'The limousine is driving away. And my clothes? She took my clothes!'

Jenny's hands touched his bare shoulders from behind. 'This is a night to remember, Dick,' she said, pulling him by the hands.

As he walked, the illusion of isolation began to crumble. Dick heard women's laughter. Electronic music pulsing through walls. The noise of a busy street. In a panic, he pulled the tie from his face and the red neon light blinded him for a second.

When his eyes adjusted, absolute horror paralyzed him.

He was not in a private mansion or a luxury motel. He was on the sidewalk of The Tease House, the city's most famous male strip club, on its exclusive women-only night. Dick was standing completely naked right in the middle of the huge entrance line. Dozens of women began to shout, hoot, and applaud. Dozens of cell phone flashes went off in his direction simultaneously.

Desperate, Dick crossed his hands over his private parts, trying to shrink into himself, his face burning red. 'Jenny! What is going on?! Where are we?!'

She stopped beside him, arms crossed, sporting a malicious and triumphant smile. 'So, Dick? Did you like my naughty side? Now listen up: you don't have many options. Are you going to run across town like this, without clothes, and get arrested for public indecency? Or are you

going to stay with me? I know the owner of the club. I can take care of you. We'll go straight to the VIP area; there you'll be treated like the stud you think you are.'

With no money, no cell phone, no car keys, and not an inch of fabric to cover himself, Dick was cornered. Trembling with cold and humiliation, he nodded.

Jenny guided him toward the entrance. The huge bouncer at the door laughed out loud at the sight. 'Hey, the strippers are supposed to use the back door!'

'He's my guest,' Jenny said with authority. 'We're going in.'

As they crossed the club's doors, Dick's nightmare intensified. The place was packed with women drinking and celebrating. As soon as they saw him cross the floor naked, desperately covering his groin, the frenzy was universal. Screams, whistles, and hundreds of cameras turned toward him. No one touched him, but the thousands of eyes seemed to dissect his dignity with every step.

'Jenny, please...' he begged, trying to hide behind her.

'They think you're a stripper, Dick. You look great like this. Naked. Now swallow your tears and keep walking,' she ordered, maintaining a firm pace.

They climbed the mirrored staircase to the VIP area. At the door, a woman in a black suit awaited them with a clipboard. Jenny exchanged a nod with the security guard, who opened the double door to a completely dark room.

'Go in there, Dick,' Jenny instructed. 'The VIP area is all yours.'

Relieved to finally find darkness, Dick rushed into the dim room and curled up in the corner. That was when the metallic crash echoed. The door behind him didn't just close; it locked with the heavy click of an electronic deadbolt.

The harsh, bright white lights turned on all at once, revealing the final trap. He wasn't in a private room. He was inside a giant, reinforced steel cage.

Outside, Jenny and the club owner held a remote control. 'It’s time for the big surprise,' Jenny said into the sound system microphone.

The club owner pressed the button. The floor beneath the cage opened, and the steel cage began to descend slowly from the ceiling, dropping directly into the center of the main stage of The Tease House.

Dick grabbed the steel bars, completely exposed under the spotlights. There was nowhere to hide. There were no shadows. He was floating in the middle of a sea of hundreds of euphoric women, screaming and taking photos from every possible angle.

'This is a mistake! It’s a misunderstanding! Get me out of here!' Dick bellowed, his voice shrill with terror.

Jenny’s microphone echoed through the club’s speakers: 'Yes, it is a mistake, Dick. And you were the one who made it.'

The strobe lights flashed. The music was deafening. And then, the coup de grâce. The crowd near the stage parted, and a group of women approached, taking the front row right underneath the cage.

Dick looked down and the blood drained from his face.

There they were. The coffee intern. The account manager. The receptionist. All the female employees of the company he harassed and humiliated daily were right there, holding their phones, recording every second of the boss's terror.

The intern raised her drink cup in a toast, smiling broadly. 'Here, boss! It’s us! You look very different without clothes... we almost didn't recognize you!'

The cage remained suspended. For hours, Dick Jayden, the great corporate alpha male, was reduced to a living showcase of absolute ridicule. He was filmed, exposed on the social media of dozens of employees, and mocked by an entire club. Every attempt to cover his body only generated more laughter. He was psychologically broken, stripped of his image and all his false power.

It was past two in the morning when the cage was lowered to the mezzanine level. Jenny walked calmly up to the bars. Dick was curled up in the center, crying in silence.

'It’s getting late and I’m leaving,' Jenny said, her tone professional and icy. 'Your clothes I’m taking with me. After all, you took them off inside my limousine because you wanted to. By rights, they’re mine. Oh, and the cage is programmed to open automatically at 5:00 AM.'

She turned and began walking toward the exit.

'Jenny! No! Come back here! How am I supposed to get out of here?!' he shouted, grabbing the bars, despair taking over his voice.

She didn't look back. 'Good luck on the way home. Enjoy the rest of the night.'

The hours dragged on like torture. At exactly 5:00 AM, with the club already empty and the work lights on, the cage's electronic lock clicked open. The steel door opened. Two monumental security guards approached, grabbed Dick by the arms, and without any ceremony, dragged him up the back stairs.

The alley's steel door was pushed open, and Dick was hurled onto the cold early-morning asphalt. The door slammed behind him, locking him out.

The city was waking up. The freezing morning wind swept the deserted street. Dick Jayden slowly stood up, feeling the rough asphalt under his bare feet. Completely naked, without a phone, without money, and with the certainty that by Monday morning the whole world would have seen his true size, he looked at the concrete streets ahead of him. His punishment had only just begun: now he had to figure out how to cross the city to get home without ending up in jail.