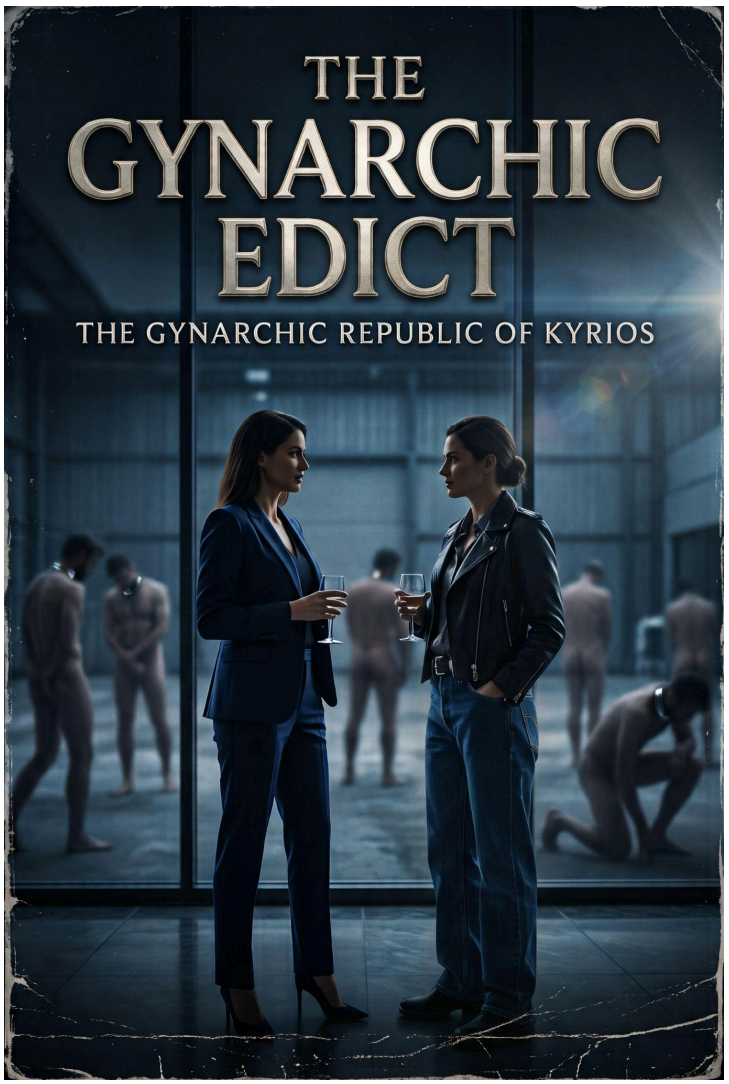


THE GYNARCHIC EDICT

Today, a new cycle begins. We have taken power from Kravya.
Kravya, formerly dominated solely by evil men who treated us women as objects, has fallen.
The male nature shall be contained, monitored, and restructured. It will be undone from this moment on.
Starting with the change of our country's name, which shall now be called:
The Gynarchic Republic of Kyrios.

Today, we women decree the following Laws of Male Containment:

Article I: Of the Removal of Masks and Pride
Clothing has historically been used by men as a symbol of status, intimidation, and power.
From the enactment of this decree, men forfeit the right to clothing.
Any and all items of male apparel shall be immediately confiscated and incinerated in a public square.
Men shall remain in a state of full nudity, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. They shall no longer have layers to hide their true nature.

Article II: Of Political and Financial Nullity
Having proven their incapacity to govern the world with justice, the male class is stripped of all tools of dominance.
The male right to vote and political participation is revoked.
No man shall have the right to possessions, properties, inheritances, or bank accounts. Their material lives shall be managed entirely by the Gynarchic State or by their legal guardians.

Article III: Of Behavioral Correction
The posture of dominance over space must be eradicated even in the most basic bodily functions.
The act of urinating while standing is strictly prohibited—a banal yet deeply rooted symbol of spatial superiority. Urination shall occur solely and exclusively in a squatting or seated position.
No man is permitted to operate vehicles autonomously. They may only drive if accompanied and under the direct supervision of a woman.

Article IV: Of Public Safety and Instinct Containment
The physical and moral integrity of women is the absolute priority of the State. There shall be no more room for threats or transgressions.
Every man shall continuously wear an identification collar bearing his registration number and the name of his guardian.
To ensure they do not attempt any "funny business," harassment, or acts of violence, the continuous wearing of a locked chastity cage standardized by the State is mandatory. The key and control of their bodies now belong to the New Order.

Article V: Of Transgressions and Maximum Penalties
Disobedience to any of the articles above shall be treated as a heinous crime against the security of the State.
Any man found alone on public streets without the escort of a woman, or caught without his identification collar or chastity cage, shall be immediately arrested.
Punishments shall include incarceration in re-education camps or the maximum penalty: deportation.
A man condemned to deportation shall lose his citizenship and dignity. He shall be placed inside an animal transport crate (kennel), entirely naked, with absolutely no belongings. He shall be dispatched beyond our borders carrying only his own body, and nothing else.

Let it be recorded: it is not cruelty. It is consequence.

The New Laws
1. The Enforcers of the Law: The Order of the Censors (The "Furies")
The police force patrolling the streets of The Gynarchic Republic of Kyrios is not merely a military force; it is the living symbol of the new regime's superiority. Formally called Compliance Agents, they are known on the streets by the nickname The Furies, referencing the goddesses of vengeance from mythology.

Visual Contrast: While men are completely and perpetually nudity-exposed, vulnerable to the climate and gazes, the Censors wear heavy, impeccably aligned tactical uniforms. Think dark leather, Kevlar, high boots, and long coats (perhaps in shades of black and crimson red). They are protected, armed, and covered, making them visually and psychologically unreachable to men.

Armament and Equipment: They do not use lethal firearms (as they do not consider men threats worthy of lead bullets, but rather rebellious animals). They are armed with neural shock batons, retractable polymer whips, and wrist terminals that instantly scan the barcodes or chips of the men's collars.

Authority on the Streets: They possess immediate judicial power. If a man commits a minor infraction (such as trying to cover his genitals with his hands out of shame, failing to kneel quickly enough when a woman passes, or looking a woman directly in the eyes without permission), the Censor may apply physical punishments on the spot—usually containment shocks—before sending him to re-education.

2. The Behavioral Correction Centers (BCC)
For minor infractions—those not justifying extreme deportation in transport crates—the government utilizes the BCCs. These camps are not extermination camps; they are "ego-breaking factories." The objective is to dismantle any remnants of male pride that have survived.

How re-education works:

Arrival (Disinfection and Humiliation): Upon entry, the man is already naked, but he undergoes a cold chemical sterilization process and has his head completely shaved. This removes any trace of individuality or vanity that hair might provide.

Spatial Submission Module (Posture Training): Remember the law about not urinating while standing? In the camps, spatial restriction is taken to an extreme. Men spend hours forced to maintain submissive postures (kneeling with their foreheads on the ground, or squatting) in open courtyards under sun or rain. Any muscular tremor or attempt to relax results in a shock from the chastity cages, which are remotely controlled by the camp guards.

Psychological Deconstruction: They undergo daily sessions where they must recite aloud the historical crimes of patriarchy and the truths of the Gynarchic Manifesto. They must learn to verbalize with conviction that they are flawed, dangerous beings and that their sole salvation is to serve and obey.

Punitive Servitude Labor: Physical labor does not serve to generate profit for the State, but to humiliate. They are forced to perform tasks such as polishing marble floors using only their hands and rags, cleaning sewers, or serving as "human furniture" for the guards to rest upon during breaks, learning that their bodies are mere utilities.

Graduation:
A man is only discharged from the BCC when the State psychologists determine that his ego has been completely obliterated. He must not merely fear punishment; he must be grateful for the State's mercy in allowing him to exist. When returned to his guardian in society, he does so with lowered eyes, perfectly docile.

In the new world, you do not need a manual to know who is in charge. Just look around.

The corridors of large corporations have become the perfect showcase of how the tables have turned. On one side, you see the women. They walk firmly, wearing impeccably tailored trousers, well-structured blazers, and silk shirts. Women's corporate fashion has become a true armor of power. With their dark, elegant fabrics and the authoritative sound of heels clicking on marble, they exude control, intelligence, and respect. They are protected, comfortable, and absolutely in command.

On the other side are the men. Completely naked.

When the new government ripped the clothes off men, it didn't just take pieces of fabric. It took their identity. Think about it: without an expensive suit to command respect, without a luxury watch on the wrist, without ties, and without even a pocket to shove their hands into when nervous, who are they? No one. Just vulnerable bodies. Without clothes, the former millionaire CEO and the newest intern have become exact equivalents. Status vanished right along with the trousers.

Today, the male "uniform" in the office boils down to just two pieces that scream submission. First, the identification collar tightened around the neck, clearly showing which woman that man belongs to or answers to. Second, the heavy, metallic chastity cage—a physical, heavy, and constant reminder that their instincts are literally locked away and under female control.

The abyss between the two worlds is shocking and immediate. Imagine a common business meeting scene: a director sitting in her leather armchair, reclined, comfortable, and impeccably dressed, issuing an order. In front of her, standing, is her male assistant. He has nowhere to hide. He is exposed, chilled by the purposely cold air conditioning, with the cage swinging between his legs and the collar gleaming in the office light. Instinctively, he tries to cover his private parts with his hands or shrinks his shoulders in pure shame.

He cannot argue or look her in the eye as an equal. It is impossible. Because when a woman dressed for power looks at a man who has nothing besides his own exposed skin, not a single word needs to be spoken. Visually, the hierarchy is brutal and clear: she owns the world, and he is merely a working animal that has learned to obey.

1. The Weight of Skin: The Day-to-Day Life of Men

For men, daily life has become a constant exercise of invisibility. Without clothes, they lost the borders separating them from the world; everything now strikes them directly. Male body language has completely changed. Once expansive and masters of space, they now walk with hunched shoulders, chests curved inward, and heads permanently lowered. Making eye contact with a woman without permission is unthinkable, so their world is reduced to staring at high heels and polished floors.

The cold is a constant enemy. In offices, supermarkets, or public transport, their skin is perpetually covered in goosebumps, hugging their own torsos in a futile attempt to stay warm and protected. The modern man's greatest dilemma is not knowing what to do with his hands. Lacking pockets to hide them, they cross them nervously in front of their pelvises, trying in vain to cover their shame and the heavy chastity cage. When they walk, the metal of the cage and the weight of the collar strike against their bodies—a constant noise announcing the arrival of a submissive. They slink along the corners of corridors, hurriedly yielding passage, living in constant terror of annoying the owners of the world. Nudity, once a moment of intimacy, has turned into their daily prison.

2. The Peace of Control: The Day-to-Day Life of Women

For women, the new reality brought something past generations considered impossible: absolute peace. In everyday life, the female reaction to the naked man is not one of desire or shock, but of cold and practical indifference. The male body, once mystified or feared, has been trivialized. Seeing a man without clothes carrying boxes, serving coffee, or waiting for orders is as normal as seeing a water cooler or a printer in the corner of a room. They have simply become part of the utilitarian scenery.

They occupy space with unshakable confidence. They walk with heads held high, relaxed and open postures, supported by the comfort and status of designer clothes, perfectly tailored trousers, and well-aligned blazers. Women no longer fear walking alone at night, are never interrupted in meetings, and never have to worry about invasive stares. If a man makes a mistake, a woman does not scream; she merely glares at him from top to bottom, letting silence and visual humiliation do the work. Power has become natural, silent, and absolute. They wear authority every day, and they know the world finally runs on their terms.

3. The Museum of Men's Clothing



In the heart of the capital, an imposing glass building houses the "Museum of History and Containment," but on the streets everyone knows it simply as The Museum of Men's Clothing. It is a popular destination for school field trips, where young girls go to try and understand a past that seems like madness to them. Right in the main lobby, the centerpiece draws curious glances: a life-sized plaster mannequin molded with male features, wearing something bizarre for modern society—clothes.

The mannequin wears a complete suit, an undershirt, a tie tight around the neck, and leather shoes. At the statue's feet, a bronze plaque gleams with the words: "The Era of Concevenment: This is how men dressed when they believed they owned the world."

Through the museum corridors, bulletproof glass showcases display relics of a dead time. There is an entire section dedicated to Denim, showing old dark jeans that used to give men an air of rebellion. In other glass domes, male underwear such as boxer briefs and briefs hang under LED lights, alongside flannel shirts, leather jackets, and shorts. The museum guides explain to visitors—who watch everything with muffled laughter and disbelief—how men used those fabrics to forge identities, inflate their egos, and hide their violent nature. For the modern woman walking through those galleries elegantly dressed in her tailoring, looking at an old tie or a pair of men's trousers is like looking at medieval armor: a primitive, absurd artifact that will thankfully never be worn again.

The Posters

The streets of the Gynarchic Republic of Kyrios are true open-air galleries of state propaganda and oppressive fashion. On massive digital billboards and posters pasted along avenue walls, there is no room for subtlety. The message is visual, direct, and overwhelming, designed to celebrate female power and daily remind men of what they have lost.

Fabric has become the government's greatest propaganda weapon. Here are the three most iconic posters plastered across the capital:

1. The Tailoring Poster (Corporate Power)



The Image: An immense black-and-white photograph. It shows a woman with a stern, confident look, sitting with her legs apart in a leather armchair. She wears an impeccable men's-cut tailored suit—broad shoulders, heavy fabric, and perfectly creased trousers. The camera shoots her from below, making her look like an unreachable monument. In the lower corner of the image, out of focus and purposely diminished, the silhouette of a naked, kneeling man holding her briefcase can be seen.

The Phrase (in bold, imposing letters): "HERE IN THIS COUNTRY, WE WOMEN WEAR THE PANTS NOW."

The Impact: It is a visual knockout. The attire that for centuries symbolized the top of the business-world food chain has been entirely appropriated. It is a warning that women have not only taken over offices, but have donned the authority that once belonged to men.

2. The Classic Jeans Poster (Appropriation)

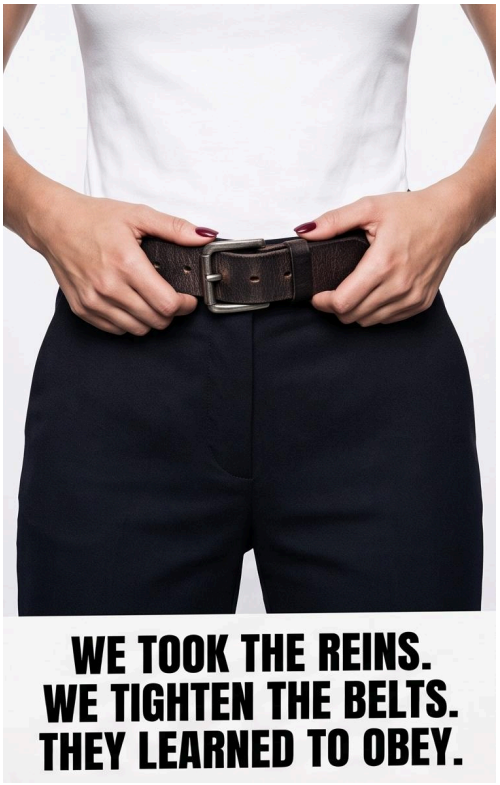


The Image: Colorful, vibrant, and with an almost rebellious tone. A young woman, with a relaxed posture, leans against a brick wall. She wears a simple white t-shirt, a leather jacket, and the centerpiece of the poster: classic dark blue men's jeans with a straight, robust cut (the traditional 501 style men loved so much). One of her heavy-booted feet rests casually upon a crushed, dirty tie lying in the asphalt.

The Phrase: "PANTS ARE OR WOMEN, THE JEANS ARE OURS. NO CLOTHES FOR MEN."

The Impact: This poster hits the common man where it hurts most. Dark jeans used to be the working man's uniform, the timeless symbol of comfort and masculine strength. Seeing them molded to a woman's body while he himself has no right to wear even a shred of cloth to protect himself from the cold on the streets is a daily humiliation. The most basic piece of global wardrobe is now an exclusive privilege of theirs.

3. The Belt Poster (State Discipline)



The Image: Minimalist and intimidating. The background is entirely white. In the center, the model's face is hidden, focusing strictly on her waist. She wears dark men's dress pants, and her hands (with dark red painted nails) are pulling and tightly buckling a thick, heavy leather belt. The gesture is one of pure firmness, like someone preparing to put a house in order.
The Phrase: "WE TOOK THE REINS. WE TIGHTEN THE BELTS. THEY LEARNED TO OBEY."

The Impact: The poster transforms a simple piece of clothing into an instrument of psychological intimidation. It reminds everyone who dictates the rules and who holds the leash around men's necks. The notion of "tightening the belt" loses its financial meaning and takes on a purely threatening, disciplinary tone.
In the Gynarchic Republic of Kyrios, television is not merely entertainment; it is an uninterrupted visual reminder of who rules. Media aesthetics are sharp, contrasting, and deeply ideological, designed to celebrate female strength while keeping men in a place of absolute vulnerability.
Advertisements are always about contrast. They do not just sell products; they sell the new world order.

The Aesthetics of Propaganda in Kyrios

A typical prime-time commercial never hides the country's reality; it exalts it with brutal pride. The camera opens with a close-up on the feet of a woman walking firmly. She wears impeccably polished dark leather dress shoes. The lens rises, revealing the perfectly tailored hem of dress trousers, creased and structured. When the camera finally shows the full scene, we see a high-end office or luxurious lobby.

The commercial's protagonist is always a woman at the peak of her comfort and power. She wears complete tailored suits—broad-shouldered blazers, heavy-fabric trousers, long coats that protect her and give her volume and imposing presence in the space. She laughs, talks, drinks champagne, commands. She owns the narrative.

And in the background, always out of focus but impossible to ignore, are the men.

Their nudity is presented not as something sexual, but strictly utilitarian. They appear as living blurs in the scenery: a man completely naked, while the woman in trousers walks past without even glancing down. Another serves drinks, carrying a heavy tray, with a metal collar glittering on his neck and skin covered in goosebumps from the air conditioning, hands occupied and unable to cover his own shame. Advertising never focuses on their faces; they have no voice, no lines. The naked man is a scenic accessory, the equivalent of a silent, disposable piece of furniture that women have domesticated.

The commercial message, often for exclusive clothing brands, investment banks, or expensive perfumes, ends with explicit slogans that cut like knives:

"HERE IN THIS COUNTRY, WE WOMEN WEAR THE PANTS NOW."
"THE JEANS ARE OURS. AND THE PANTS TOO."
"NO CLOTHES AND NO STATUS FOR THEM."
"CLOTHES ARE FOR THOSE WHO COMMAND—MEANING US."

The "Privilege" of the Cold

In The Gynarchic Republic of Kyrios, the climate actively collaborates with the State. The country burns with sun and heat nine to ten months a year, making compulsory nudity a brutal exposure not only to the gaze, but to the elements. For men, living on the street means constantly burned, peeling skin, bare feet scarred by the searing asphalt. For women, trousers and long-sleeved shirts made of lightweight fabrics (like linen) have become supreme symbols of protection and status.

Winter rarely drops temperatures below 15 degrees Celsius (59°F), which, to the government, is considered merely a "fresh breeze." Rules regarding clothing remain absolute: men may never wear anything. However, the State permits a single, humiliating logistical concession known as the "Animal Shelter Law."

During these short periods of cold, the State authorizes men to wear strictly regulated "survival blankets."

In Kyrios, fashion has ceased to be merely a matter of aesthetics to become the sharpest tool of psychological domination. While the female wardrobe expanded to devour all possibilities in the world, the male wardrobe was reduced to ground zero: bare skin.

Women have achieved the ultimate privilege of freedom of choice. They can decide to wear a flowing silk dress one day, celebrating traditional femininity, and the next day, wear clothes that previously belonged to men. And right in that appropriation lies the daily provocation. Wearing men's clothing is not a practical necessity; it is a trophy of war paraded in public squares.

In offices, the provocation is calculated and surgical. Executives and directors have adopted heavy men's tailored suits—with structured shoulders, sharply creased trousers, and solid leather shoes. When a CEO conducts a meeting wearing a pinstripe suit, while her assistant stands by waiting for orders, shrunken and completely naked with skin goosebumped by the

air conditioning, the asymmetry screams in silence. The woman in the suit tells him without a word: "We have taken your positions, your salaries, your dignity, and to ensure you never forget, we even took your uniform."

On the streets, the contrast manages to be even more casual and embarrassing. The supreme symbol of this daily role reversal is denim. Seeing a young woman walking freely in dark blue men's Levi's 501 jeans with a straight, robust cut, paired with heavy boots, is a direct blow to the male ego. For decades, this piece was the unquestionable uniform of rugged masculinity, the blue-collar worker, the provider. Now, the thick indigo fabric clothes and protects women, while the naked man—wearing only his identification collar and chastity cage—must steer his bare feet away from the hot asphalt to give way to them.

The abyss between the two genders boils down to who has the power to open a closet in the morning. For women, getting dressed is a daily act of supremacy: they can be classic, androgenous, imposing, or untouchable. For men, there are no doors to open, no fabric to hide behind, no choices to be made. Imposed nudity turned them into a blank canvas where women, comfortably dressed in their old clothes.

Marcus and Julian

An emergency landing should have been a relief. When the twin-engine cargo plane, its navigation system damaged by a storm, touched down on the asphalt of the isolated airstrip, pilots Marcus and Julian let out the breath they had been holding for hours. They didn't know exactly where they were, only that they had crossed the airspace of a closed territory.

They shut down the engines and stepped down the small aircraft stairs. Julian wore his leather jacket over his uniform, and Marcus wore his dark Levi's 501 jeans and a button-down shirt. They expected to find airport authorities, perhaps pay a fine, or deal with diplomatic bureaucracy.

What met them was the protocol of the Republic of Kyrios.

There were no questions. As soon as the two men's feet touched the ground, they were surrounded by the Censors—the elite female guard. The women advanced in silence, wearing heavy tactical leather and Kevlar uniforms, armed with shock batons.

"We lost our route!" Marcus tried to shouting, raising his hands, while Julian pulled his passport from his pocket. "We just need fuel!"

The officer in command did not look at the passport. She wore a long, impeccably tailored navy blue coat, its lapels perfectly aligned against the airfield wind. She stopped two paces from them, hands in pockets, and evaluated them with clinical coldness from head to toe. Her gaze did not linger on their faces, but on the fabric covering them.

"Men do not bring fabric to Kyrios," the officer said, her voice calm and unshakable. She made a small gesture with her head. "Strip them."

What followed was not a common arrest, but a rapid, humiliating deconstruction of their identities. The Censors moved in. Under the lethal threat of shock batons, Marcus and Julian were forced to strip right there on the cold runway asphalt under the indifferent gaze of a dozen fully covered, protected women. They took off their jackets, then their shirts, shoes, trousers, and finally, their underwear.

The transition was shocking. In under two minutes, they ceased to be pilots, professionals, and foreign citizens with rights. Without clothes, their status vanished. The cold breeze gave

both goosebumps. Instinctively, Julian tried to cross his hands over his genitalia, shrinking his shoulders, his face red with shock and shame. Marcus trembled not just from the wind, but from the sudden, overwhelming vulnerability.

One of the guards carefully gathered all the clothing items, wallets, passports, and watches. She walked over to the navy blue-coated officer and handed the belongings straight to her.

The officer analyzed the pile of fabrics. Her eyes stopped at Marcus's Levi's 501 jeans. With slow, calculated movements, she handed the other items to her subordinate and gripped the jeans by the waistband. In front of the two completely naked, trembling men, the officer unbuttoned the classic denim. Without rushing, she lifted one leg and then the other, putting on Marcus's jeans right there on the runway. The dark, robust fabric now clothed her, creating a brutal, immediate contrast with the goosebumped nudity of the man standing before her.

She adjusted the waistband, looked into Marcus's terrified, humiliated eyes, and said with a voice loaded with absolute authority:
— "Do you know why I put on these pants? Because they belong to me now. They belong to my country."

Marcus lowered his head, swallowing hard, unable to sustain the gaze of the woman now wearing the garment that, moments before, was his.

The navy blue-coated officer stepped forward and continued with the same unshakable coldness:
— "Your clothes will stay with us. They will go straight to our museum as memorabilia and as a warning. Every man here must be naked, without privileges. Without status. Without any clothes."

There was no interrogation, no right to a phone call. Their twin-engine plane was confiscated. About an hour later, a Kyrios military cargo plane, piloted by women, sat with engines running on the airstrip.

Marcus and Julian were shoved up the boarding ramp. They received no blankets, no documents, not even a cup of water. Two Censoras escorted them to the back of the aircraft's cargo hold, which consisted of bare, freezing metal without upholstered seats. They were forced to sit on the cold floor, hugging their own knees, cowering at the back of the plane.

The cargo door slammed shut with a metallic crash, plunging them into gloom. As the plane took off toward the international border, the two men did not exchange a word. Humiliation had stolen their voices. They entered Kyrios as men of the world, protected by their identities and fabric. They were being returned to the world exactly as they were born: naked, vulnerable, and with the absolute certainty that, in that country, they were nothing.

Selection Process

The mathematics of Kyrios soon collected its toll. The regime was relentless, but the rulers were, above all, pragmatic. The new compulsory nudity law hit a logistical dilemma: the State had no interest in enforcing total nudity on boys under eighteen, nor on elders over sixty. However, allowing any male being to walk dressed through the streets—even if a child or an elder—would set an unacceptable precedent. The solution was mass deportation. Mothers who refused to see their stripped sons and wives who could not bear the humiliation of the new system packed what they could and left into exile alongside them. Among the deportees, the few who managed to escape across the border, and rebels summarily

executed for crimes against women, the nation faced a silent crisis: a drastic shortage of useful men.

Strong arms for heavy labor were lacking, vigor for daily servitude was missing, and from a purely biological and cold perspective, quality genetics for future procreation needs were scarce. It was then that the Supreme Leader of Kyrios, now the owner of incalculable fortune and absolute control, gathered her council to design what would be known behind closed doors as "The Great Harvest."

They would not use armies to capture slaves; they would use capitalism.

The government created world-class front companies and launched a global talent attraction program. The bait was brilliant and irresistible: the promise of a five-year international internship offering exorbitant salaries, luxury accommodation, and the chance for meteoric corporate advancement. The recruitment scope was surgical. The hunt focused almost exclusively on Latin America and low-GDP countries, where the promise of a better life in a rich nation would blind any candidate to potential red flags in the contract.

But Kyrios's selection algorithms did not look for brilliant resumes; they looked for biology. Medical tests, disguised as corporate intake exams, were rigorous. They wanted exclusively young men in their twenties. Men with handsome faces, athletic bodies, physical structures capable of supporting heavy work and cold, and impeccable sperm counts.

There was, however, the golden rule of selection: social invisibility. Recruiters prioritized orphans, men without structured families, lonely and helpless. No one would miss them. If a distant mother or old friend happened to ask questions, Kyrios's bureaucratic machine was perfectly equipped to forge death certificates detailing tragic accidents, accompanied by a hefty financial payout to silence the curious.

In the capitals of underdeveloped countries, the campaign was an absolute success. Vigorous young men celebrated in tears when they received their approval emails. They packed their rolling suitcases with pride, carefully folding their best dress shirts, cheap prom suits, and jeans to make a good impression on their first day working abroad. With a one-way ticket paid for by the "company" in hand, they boarded planes laughing, toasting a bright future, completely unaware that those clothes they wore and all their belongings would be incinerated or sent to the museum the moment they touched Kyrios soil, and that their supposed internship of a lifetime would be a prison of skin, humiliation, and collars from which they would never escape.

The luxury jet chartered by the "Kyrios Corporation" landed smoothly on the capital's main runway. Aboard, thirty-five Latin American young men, handpicked from thousands, adjusted the collars of their dress shirts and straightened their best suits. They were young, strong, in their twenties, smiling nervously as they commented on the futuristic architecture seen through the windows. They had crossed the ocean for the job of a lifetime.

When the aircraft door opened, they descended the stairs in single file, carrying their carry-on luggage. Expectation immediately collided with the cold reality of the reception hangar. The hall was vast, made of polished concrete, and illuminated by clinical white lights. There were no welcome balloons nor executives with badges. The silence was broken only by the synchronized sound of high heels and heavy boots.

The group was quickly surrounded by dozens of women wearing flawless tailored trousers, heavy leather coats, and black tactical uniforms. They were the Censors, holding shock batons, accompanied by triage officers whose faces exuded bureaucratic indifference.

The director of the "Integration" program, a tall woman wearing a pinstripe suit that looked tailor-made, stood in the center of the hangar.

— "Welcome to Kyrios," — she said, her voice amplified by the warehouse speakers, sounding more like an order than a greeting. — "Your contracts stipulate total submission to the rules of this country. And the first rule is the abandonment of your previous identity. From this moment on, you own nothing."

The young men looked at each other, smiles freezing on their faces. A muscular young man in a light dress shirt and jeans stepped forward. "Excuse me, I think there's been a mistake with our..."

— "Strip," — the director cut in, cold as ice.

The young man frowned, confused. "Pardon?"

— "Strip. Take off your clothes. All of them. Now."

The silence that followed was dense. Someone gave a nervous laugh, thinking it was a bizarre corporate prank. But the Censors did not laugh. They stepped forward in unison, activating their shock batons, whose electrical crackle made the air snap.

— "You have sixty seconds," — the director warned.

Panic replaced confusion. Under the predatory, superior gaze of dozens of fully clothed women, the deconstruction began. Trembling fingers unbuttoned shirts. Zippers were pulled down in haste and shame. Strong, vain men who had spent hours choosing those clothes now ripped them off in terror. The cold concrete floor was soon covered in cheap suits, designer shirts, jeans, and shoes, until finally, the last piece of underwear was dropped.

Thirty-five vigorous men stood naked now, cowering, vainly trying to cover their genitals with their hands, trembling beneath the hangar's intense air conditioning and the weight of the women's fixed gazes. The transition was crushing: from young executives full of hope, they were reduced to exposed, vulnerable bodies stripped of any social shield.

With the men subjugated, the triage officers' work began. They walked among the naked young men, examining the piles of clothes on the floor with clinical detachment, sorting them like looters after a battle.

Fine garments had a specific destination. Genuine leather jackets, well-cut blazers, and especially men's jeans and tailored trousers were carefully folded and placed in separate carts. These pieces would not be destroyed. They were confiscated for female leaders, executives, and government officials. Wearing the trousers of a man who now trembled naked was the ultimate trophy of the Gynarchic elite, a literal appropriation of power.

The rest, however, was garbage.

— "Collect it," — ordered the director.

Assistants brought massive metal drums. Underwear, socks, plain t-shirts, and shoes were tossed inside and incinerated right there. Smoke filled the hangar, and the young men watched their possessions turn to ash. Chains, wristwatches, rings, and earrings were roughly ripped from them and tossed into plastic bins.

— "Some of these for the Museum of History and Containment," — instructed an officer, holding an expensive watch and an old pair of ragged jeans. — "The rest, to the furnace."

One of the young men whimpered when a Censor demanded his passport and cell phone. All passports were counted and locked in heavy safes, locking those men's civil identities away in the past. But the cell phones met a different end. A hydraulic press was brought to the center of the hall. One by one, the devices were thrown beneath the metal plate. The young men watched their connections to the outside world, photos of friends, and any possibility of calling for help get crushed with a single blow, shattering screens and circuits before their eyes.

With the young men broken, chilled, and paralyzed, the final phase of the reception began.

Containment boxes were opened. The sound of metal echoed through the hall.

Censors moved in pairs. One held a young man by the arms, forcing him to stand upright with his head bowed, while the other installed the equipment. First, a heavy reinforced leather and metal collar was locked around his neck, thick and tight, bearing an identification plate with a registry number that erased his name.

Next came the ultimate reality check. The cold steel touched the most vulnerable skin of those men. Heavy metallic chastity cages were buckled and locked. The dry click of padlocks sealing the equipment sounded like a death sentence to whatever pride they had left.

They had arrived with suitcases and ambitions. Thirty minutes later, they stepped out of the hangar as Kyrios's new workforce: eternally exposed, locked, tagged, and aware, with terrifying clarity, that they would never wear clothing again.

The "Night of Appropriation" was the most anticipated event among Kyrios's upper echelon. It was not a traditional gala, but a celebration of raw power hosted in the Supreme Leader's fortified mansion. The party marked the success of the "Great Harvest" and the end of the newcomers' stripping process.

The main hall was vast and imposing, decorated with dark marble and heavy chandeliers, creating an oppressive, luxurious atmosphere. The music filling the environment was low, steady, and rhythmic.

The guests—leaders, directors, and high-ranking officials—did not wear silk gowns or ball attire. They displayed their spoils. The party was a parade of appropriation, where the men's clothing confiscated hours earlier in the hangar became the ultimate trophies.

A security director walked by in a battered leather jacket with rolled-up sleeves, paired with men's tailored trousers, a heavy executive leather belt cinched arrogantly around her waist. Another leader circulated holding a glass of champagne, wearing a partly unbuttoned men's dress shirt that still smelled of foreign cologne, sporting thick gold chains ripped from those youths around her neck. There were even those who wore, over light fabric trousers, men's silk boxer briefs as an intentional gesture of mockery and domination, using their underwear as an explicit provocation. Extremely expensive dive watches and signet rings adorned female wrists and fingers.

They were not just wearing clothes; they were wearing the identities they had just destroyed. The comfort those garments provided women contrasted brutally with the scene unfolding at the back of the hall.

Raised on a glass stage and illuminated by cold spotlight beams, the stage stood. There, the thirty-five newly arrived, newly broken Latin American young men were placed on display.

They stood completely naked, chastity cages locked, identification collars weighing on their necks. To ensure total exposure and punish the human reflex of covering one's own vulnerability, their hands had been cuffed behind their backs. They had no choice but to expose themselves under clinical lighting. On their ankles, metal bands flashed intermittently, ready to trigger a corrective shock if any of them tried to slouch for cover, close their legs too tightly, or look away from the floor for too long.

Cowering under the intense air conditioning blowing directly onto the stage and trembling with exhaustion and dread, the young men watched their own ruin. From their elevated isolation on the stage, they saw women dancing, laughing, and closing political deals while wearing the jeans, suits, and jackets that, less than twenty-four hours ago, belonged to them.

The occasional glance the leaders cast toward the stage contained no desire. It was the look of owners evaluating newly acquired cattle. The party was not about men's nudity, but about what fabric represented: unrestricted power. They watched, cuffed and naked, while women celebrated literally inside the clothes and identities that once belonged to them.

Eleanor Vance

Night fell deeper over the fortified mansion, and the brutal air conditioning kept the thirty-five young men on stage chilled and motionless. In the center of the hall, surrounded by Kyrios directors wearing confiscated suits and leather jackets, stood Eleanor Vance.

Eleanor was not from Kyrios. She was a European billionaire, a media and tech tycoon whose companies operated across three continents. Invited as the Supreme Leader's guest of honor to witness the "Great Harvest," Eleanor watched the stage with a fascinated smile. She wore an Italian wool coat over a silk shirt, swirling the ice in her whiskey glass.

— "What you've built here is... efficient," — Eleanor commented, eyes fixed on a young Latin American man on the platform who trembled, vainly trying to cover his body with cuffed hands. — "But Kyrios is an isolated state. An island. The real world is still governed by male fabric."

The Supreme Leader of Kyrios, wearing a heavy men's denim jacket, leaned in. — "And what do you propose, Eleanor? The world wouldn't accept our containment laws."

— "You used brute force. I propose using biology and ego," — Eleanor replied, her voice cold and calculated. — "I want to invest in your model. Buy a private island, perhaps in the Mediterranean, to scale this... 'male import operation.' But the true expansion won't be with chains. It will be with ideas."

She took a sip of whiskey, outlining her plan.

— "I want to initiate the transition process in Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, and the UK. And we'll do it using loopholes in their own laws: naturist and free-lifestyle clubs."

Kyrios's leaders frowned. Naturism wasn't gynarchic; it was about equality.

— "Relax," — Eleanor smiled, anticipating the doubt. — "In these new 'exclusive' clubs of ours, only the men will strip. And they'll do it of their own free will."

— "How?" — asked the security director.

— "By infiltrating the best minds money can buy. Psychiatrists, neurologists, persuasion and social engineering experts. Brilliant, impeccably tailored women operating in these environments. They won't threaten them with shock batons. They will reshape their psyches."

Eleanor began listing the "truths" that would be planted in the minds of Europe's richest and most influential men:

"Only insecure, weak men need to hide behind clothes. Fabric is a crutch for the fragile ego."

"A truly confident man of superior intelligence doesn't need ties or trousers to command respect. Nudity is the ultimate symbol of courage and mastery over one's own body."

"The presence of a naked man before a clothed woman is the greatest sign of modern chivalry. It proves he has nothing to hide and trusts her. It proves he is harmless, yet incredibly strong."

"Primitive man needed clothes to survive. Evolved man, who has transcended brutality, exists above the need for fabric. Naked men are the biological elite."

— "You're breaking their masculinity with pain," — Eleanor concluded, pointing her glass at the young men on the stage. — "I'm going to make them surrender their trousers with pride. When the financial elite of London and Berlin start believing that wearing a suit is for weak men, the idea will spread like a virus. They'll hand us their clothes, their identities, and eventually control, believing they are taking a step toward evolution. And when they realize that the cold, exposure, and vulnerability have made them our submissives... it will be too late."

Kyrios's leaders looked at each other, an impressed silence falling over the group. Eleanor's plan was insidious. They didn't need shock batons if they could convince men to lock their own cages.

Eleanor Vance's plan didn't just work; it proved that the male ego, when properly manipulated, was its own cage. In less than a year, exclusive clubs in London, Berlin, and Stockholm were unrecognizable. Executives, heirs, and politicians walked marble halls completely naked, chests puffed out, intoxicated by the false belief that they had transcended. Around them, Eleanor's "therapists" and "spiritual guides"—brilliant women impeccably dressed in tailoring—daily praised the "courage," "superior genetics," and "unshakeable confidence" of those men for not needing fabric to prove their worth.

When Eleanor's foundation, quietly named Kyrios II, announced the "Rite of Detachment," the response was chilling. The premise was simple: to reach the next level of mental evolution, they needed to get rid of "primitive man's crutches."

The following weekend, club garages turned into a bizarre spectacle. Powerful men arrived carrying half their wardrobes. Tailored Italian suits, designer jeans, leather shoes, and expensive jackets were piled as offerings at the feet of women in suits who received them with approving smiles. Along with the clothes came donations. Intoxicated by Kyrios II's philosophy, they transferred halves of their fortunes, shares, and properties to the cause, believing they were funding the vanguard of human development.

Until the final line was crossed.

Henrik, a tech magnate in his early thirties, met with Eleanor at the London club. He sat entirely naked, vulnerable before the billionaire who wore a dark coat and regarded him with calculated tenderness.

— "I can't go back to the outside world anymore, Eleanor," — Henrik confessed, eyes shining with blind devotion. — "Fabric suffocates me. The world of suited men feels barbaric, insecure to me. I've handed over the rest of my company and transferred all my funds to Kyrios II. I want to live here. I want to live in the pure state."

Eleanor smiled, gently touching his face. — "You're ready, Henrik."

He was the first, but was soon followed by dozens of others yearning for the total abandonment of their civic lives. The transition process was meticulously orchestrated. First, Henrik and the new devotees were taken to a luxury country retreat in Scotland. There, they spent weeks in "social detoxification," losing access to phones, documents, and any contact with the outside world. Their minds were polished until no trace of individual pride remained, leaving only devotion to female superiority and the purity of nudity.

Finally, the journey materialized. On an overcast morning, a fleet of private jets waited on the runway. Unlike the terrified prisoners of the original Kyrios Republic, the men of Kyrios II marched onto the planes with serene, enlightened smiles. They boarded naked, leaving Europe's cold asphalt behind.

The destination was the Island of Kyrios II, Eleanor's private Mediterranean island. When the plane doors opened and the warmth of the sun touched their skin, there were no Censors with shock batons, no screams, no panic. There were only elegantly dressed guides who led them to their new servitude quarters.

They were not subjugated by force. They begged to enter. And as they slipped on their own collars, convinced it was the supreme symbol of spiritual enlightenment, Eleanor watched from the glass windows of her office, knowing she had created the most perfect prison in the world: the one where prisoners hand over the key and smile.

When the governmental jet of the Gynarchic Republic of Kyrios landed on the Island of Kyrios II in the heart of the Mediterranean, the Supreme Leader and her council of Censors expected to find a refined prison camp. They stepped down the plane ramp wearing their usual armor of appropriation: dark wool coats, flawless tailored trousers, and heavy leather jackets confiscated from the men they had subjugated by force.

Instead, what greeted them was not the smell of fear or the sound of shock batons, but warm sea breezes and a disturbingly serene silence.

The island was a paradise of open architecture and lush gardens. Scattered across the landscape, hundreds of athletic men worked. They pruned hedges, carried supply boxes, or served drinks. All were strictly naked, wearing Kyrios's signature metal collars and chastity cages. The brutal difference that shocked the mainland leaders was found on their faces.

They did not walk hunched. They didn't tremble. They didn't avert their eyes in terror. They walked with raised chests, peaceful smiles, and an almost religious devotion in their eyes.

Eleanor Vance received them in the main lobby, wearing a women's pinstripe suit and holding a glass of wine.

— "We don't use force here," — Eleanor explained, walking beside the Supreme Leader as they passed a group of naked men polishing a marble floor. — "Pain breeds resentment. Ego, when properly massaged, breeds absolute loyalty."

Kyrios's Supreme Leader stopped before one of the men. He had broad shoulders and a sculpted face, scrubbing the floor with his bare hands. Unlike the slaves in her country, he

did not shrink from her approach. He merely knelt with impeccable posture, looking respectfully at the cuff of the ruler's tailored trousers.

— "Why are you here?" — the Supreme Leader demanded, her voice hard.

The man smiled—a smile of genuine enlightenment. — "Because Ms. Vance freed me, Madam. Fabric was my prison. It was the crutch of my fragile ego. By surrendering my clothes and possessions, I reached my pure biological state. I am honored to serve superior female intelligence, free from the barbarism of my past life."

The Supreme Leader was left speechless. The man wasn't broken; he had been reprogrammed. He loved his own humiliation, believing it to be a spiritual evolution.

Eleanor guided them to the terrace, where the true scale of her psychological empire was revealed.

What had begun with just 15 rich men in a secret London club had grown into a silent epidemic across Europe. Eleanor brought up holograms projecting membership graphs: over 150,000 men now frequented Kyrios II's fake "naturist clubs" spread across Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, and the UK. In these luxury sanctuaries, manipulation was an art form. Only the men stripped, while female psychologists, therapists, and "spiritual guides"—all impeccably dressed in tailoring—strolled among them.

In these clubs, the male mind was melted and reshaped. They listened to daily motivational lectures distorting reality: teaching that nudity before a clothed woman was the ultimate proof of harmless masculinity and extreme confidence. That wearing a suit was a symptom of weakness and fear.

— "Of those 150,000 adherents in Europe, the results surpassed my own estimates," — Eleanor said, leaning against the balcony railing. — "Over 50,000 men... the lonely ones, those without family ties or who cut those bridges voluntarily... donated everything they had to our foundation. They begged to come to the island. I didn't need to hunt them or kidnap them. They paid for their own flights to come be our naked servants."

The delegation from the Republic of Kyrios watched the private beach below, where hundreds of naked men practiced yoga in unison, oblivious to the fact that they had funded their own perpetual enslavement.

It was a turning point. The Supreme Leader, realizing physical force had limits but psychological manipulation did not, made an immediate decision. Shock batons would be replaced by speeches. Fear would give way to "enlightenment." They would take the psychiatrists, brainwashing methods, and Eleanor Vance's doctrine back to the Gynarchic Republic. Instead of punishing men for trying to cover up, they would make them beg never to see a piece of cloth again. Submission would cease to be a law imposed by terror and become a choice.

Eleanor Vance's plan reached its final stage not through walls or weapons, but through biology. For Kyrios II to cease being a mere social experiment and become a lasting empire, philosophy needed to transcend the converts and become the sole reality known by a new generation. The system needed roots.

With an agreement sealed with the Supreme Leader, Eleanor opened the island's doors to 50,000 single, volunteer women from the original Gynarchic Republic. They came willingly, handpicked: scientists, engineers, educators, and administrators. They didn't come to be guards; they came to be the founding matriarchs of a new civilization. Their role was to reproduce with the island's biological elite of men and, above all, shape the future.

Eleanor's goal was clear: the first generation of converts (ex-European millionaires) had surrendered power voluntarily, but the next generation would be born without even conceiving the word "power" for men.

The demographic leap was explosive. In just two years, with the island's flawless medical and technological infrastructure, the population jumped to over 250,000 inhabitants.

The gender abyss was institutionalized from the cradle. Kyrios II's educational system was a masterpiece of psychological engineering. Girls grew up surrounded by luxury, technology, and above all, the symbolism of fabric. They were dressed in fine textiles from early childhood, taught that clothing was an extension of their superior mind, authority, and intellect. Boys, on the other hand, were raised under the philosophy of "biological purity." From the moment they took their first steps, the concept of covering up was alien to them. They were taught that their natural state of exposure was a privilege—proof that they were evolved, confident men created to serve with pride, with nothing to hide.

When children played together in the courtyards of high-tech schools, the hierarchy was already perfectly drawn, not out of fear, but deep conditioning. Girls gave orders, dressed like little executives, and boys obeyed with blind reverence, perfectly adapted to their roles.

Fifteen Years Later

After a decade and a half, Kyrios II was no longer a mere "retreat" or club. It was a hyper-technological, self-sustaining nation with nearly 800,000 inhabitants, functioning with frightening efficiency.

The island had transformed into a futuristic metropolis. Impeccably clean streets crossed planned cities flanked by glass skyscrapers reflecting the Mediterranean sun. Silent, autonomous electric cars glided down avenues. Energy was 100% renewable, agriculture was automated, and the internal economy thrived.

Yet the visual contrast of this technological utopia remained brutal.

Inside massive command centers, laboratories, and air-conditioned cold offices, women circulated wearing the vanguard of fashion and tailoring. They piloted vehicles, developed software, managed resources, and made all political decisions.

On the other side of the glass, the utilitarian and servile workforce of that utopia labored in silence. Hundreds of thousands of men inhabited the streets and complexes of Kyrios II. They maintained electrical grids, harvested food on hydroponic farms, carried materials, and served in all primary and support functions. They were strong, healthy, and always, irrevocably naked. Wearing identification collars and chastity cages had become as mundane to them as wearing a wristwatch in the old world.

They had no rights, didn't vote, owned no money, and had no idea that was a problem.

Unlike the men of the old Gynarchic Republic who still harbored bitter memories of the past and needed to be contained by force, the young men of Kyrios II, raised on the island, walked with their heads held high. They smiled while performing heavy labor, believing they lived at the peak of human evolution, blessed by not needing the "primitive tethers" of clothing.

Eleanor Vance, now aged but with her trademark sharp gaze, watched her metropolis from the glass penthouse of her headquarters. She had proven her ultimate thesis to the world:

the most inescapable prison that exists is not made of iron bars or laws imposed by force, but of an idea perfectly planted in the mind of the captive.

The Men Revolution

The destiny of nations built on absolute control tends to be imploded not by structural fragility, but by the invisible cracks of their own ideology. Twenty years after the founding of Kyrios II and the expansion of the model, the original Gynarchic Republic and the Island of Kyrios II finally merged into a single transcontinental State. Borders fell, unifying the continental metropolis and the archipelago under a centralized matriarchal government.

However, this union accelerated collapse.

The merger brought two diametrically opposed male realities into the same territory. On one side were older continental men and marginalized citizens who still harbored resentment, humiliation, and living memory of losing their identities. On the other were island residents indoctrinated from birth to embrace nudity as a badge of honor and evolution.

Just one year after unification, the fuse was lit.

The revolution did not come from outside, but from within the command council itself. A dissident faction of women—scientists, thinkers, and high-ranking officials who had secretly preserved historical records and questioned system tyranny—formed a clandestine alliance with resentful continental men. They provided access codes, disabled containment systems, and distributed firearms and clothing to forgotten male strongholds.

The uprising was swift, surgical, and overwhelming. Continental command centers were seized in hours. The former leaders of the Gynarchic Republic and Eleanor Vance's inner circle were cornered, disarmed, and cuffed by the very women leading the revolt.

Across national media terminals, foundation secret files, European psychological manipulation operations, recruitment frauds, and abuse reports were broadcast nationwide. The entire farce of "biological evolution" and "natural superiority" came to light. It was the official end of the gynarchic utopia.

Continental streets exploded in a mixture of chaos and catharsis. Men who had lived under continental republican rule ripped off their collars, unlocked chastity cages, and frantically donned trousers and shirts they had hoarded for decades or retrieved from State warehouses. Tears, cries of relief, and celebrations echoed through avenues. Freedom, scarred though it was, had returned.

However, the revolution's great plot twist occurred on the former Island of Kyrios II.

When revolutionary troops and freedom emissaries landed on the island's shores to "liberate" the 800,000 men living there, they expected to find prisoners eager for revolt. Instead, they encountered peaceful resistance.

Men born and raised on the island looked at liberators with puzzlement and deep reluctance. To them, wearing clothes was not a symbol of freedom; it was a sign of regression, weakness, and ego insecurity. Trousers were viewed as "primitive tethers," and nudity remained their identity.

After intense debates and mediation by a provisional government led by liberating women, an unprecedented democratic stalemate was reached. Containment laws were abolished

across the unified territory. Nudity ceased to be a punitive imposition and became a lifestyle choice.

Deposed leaders were put on trial for human rights crimes and systemic corruption, serving severe sentences in newly restored international tribunals.

The country was restructured under principles of civil equality and free choice. On the mainland, society adopted traditional clothing models and shared rights. But on the island, men continued to walk entirely naked, smiling and loyal to their culture. The difference was that now, for the first time in that land's history, they were full citizens: they could vote, own land, hold office, express opinions—all while parading in absolute, untouched nudity, exercising freedom that finally belonged to everyone.