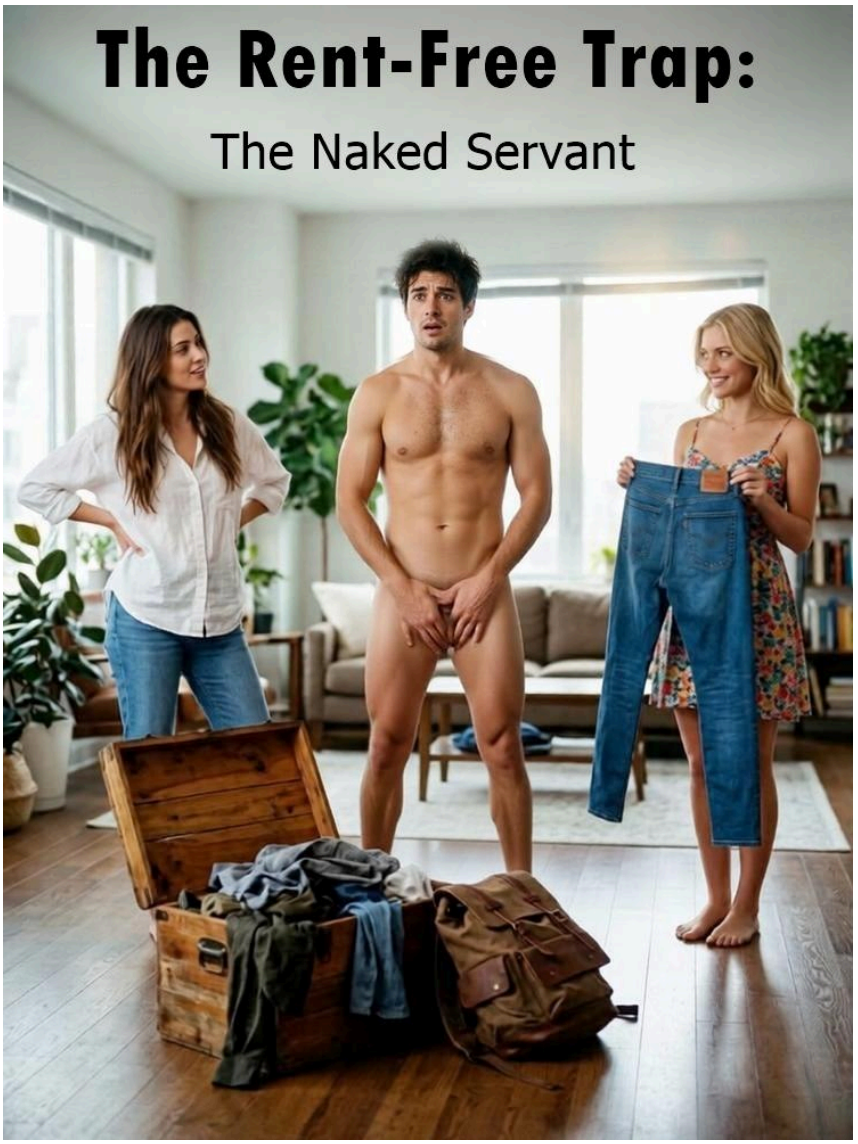


The Rent-Free Trap: The Naked Servant

Being far from home and broke is the downfall of many a backpacker. For those unable to find casual work, the situation can quickly turn into a real nightmare. Greg arrived in the city with the promise of a job at a well-known pub, only to discover that the place was closed for renovations for another three weeks. With his cash flow severely compromised and the prospect of sleeping on the streets looming, he was thrilled to discover an ad that seemed to be the answer to his prayers: a rent-free room in the city center.

He arrived at the address, a spacious and well-decorated apartment, where he was greeted by Clara and Sophie, the two young and elegant owners. Relieved, he walked in, still carrying the weight of his trip on his back.

"Welcome, Greg," Clara said, pouring a glass of wine while Sophie locked the front door with a definitive click. "The room is yours. No rent, no expenses. But, as we said in the ad, we are very peculiar about the house rules. There is one condition."

"Anything," Greg sighed, smiling and opening his arms. "I'll wash the dishes, clean the floors, paint the walls if they need it."

Sophie gave a half-smile and crossed her arms. "You will do all of that. But you will do it naked. You need to take off all your clothes right now, and remain completely naked the entire time you live here."

Greg let out a nervous laugh, expecting them to laugh along. Neither of them moved a muscle. His smile vanished.

"Wait... are you serious?" he stammered, alarms going off in his chest. "I can't be naked all the time, it's cold, it's... weird."

"It's our rule for living rent-free," Clara replied relentlessly, taking a sip of her wine. "It's your choice, Greg. Total nudity, or the cold streets out there for three weeks."

Vulnerable, broke, and in a new country where he knew no one, Greg felt the despair hit him. He tried to rationalize the situation. He wasn't used to the customs here—perhaps this CFNM lifestyle was something culturally established or an avant-garde trend in this region. He swallowed hard. They were offering a roof over his head. He reasoned that he should follow the women's orders for now, keep his mouth shut, and accept it.

"Alright..." he murmured, defeated, lowering his head.

Wasting no time, Sophie stepped forward and pulled the heavy backpack off his back, setting it aside. "Great. Start with your feet."

Reluctantly, Greg bent down. He untied his old hiking shoes and took them off, followed by his sweaty socks, feeling the cold floor beneath the soles of his feet.

"The watch and those chains around your neck too. No metal pieces, no distractions," Clara ordered.

With trembling fingers, he unclasped the watch from his wrist and took the silver chain off his neck, handing them to Sophie. Next, he took off the coat that protected him from the wind outside, and then pulled his t-shirt over his head, revealing his broad, sweaty, and muscular chest.

"Now the jeans," Sophie said, her eyes fixed on him.

Greg's face burned with shame. His hands moved down to the waist of his dark blue Levi's 501 jeans. He slowly unbuttoned the metal buttons of the classic Levi's fly, one by one. The thick, heavy pants slid down his thighs and dropped to the floor. He stepped out of them, standing in the middle of the living room in only his white underwear.

He crossed his hands in front of his body, trying to protect himself. "Please... not the underwear."

"Absolutely everything, Greg," Clara retorted, her voice full of authority. "Take off the underwear. Now."

With a trembling sigh of surrender, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of the white underwear, pulling it down to his ankles and kicking it aside, standing completely and embarrassingly naked in front of the two fully clothed women.

Sophie gathered each item from the floor, and the two walked over to a large, sturdy solid wood trunk sitting right in the middle of the living room. They threw all of Greg's clothes and belongings inside, closed the heavy lid, and Clara threaded a thick steel padlock through the latches, locking it with a loud, echoing click. She tucked the key into the cleavage of her own dress.

The dynamic was established instantly. The women made him do the household chores completely in the buff all afternoon. While he cleaned, Clara took the key from her cleavage, opened the thick padlock on the trunk, and fished out Greg's Levi's 501 jeans. Right in front of him, she put on the thick denim garment. The fit looked surprisingly good on her body. She smoothed the fabric over her thighs, looked down at the kneeling backpacker scrubbing the floor, and gave a teasing smile.

"These jeans look great on me, and you look great like this, naked," Clara said, mocking him, while Sophie laughed, delighting in Greg's exposure.

Later, Clara grabbed her phone to text Amanda, a friend of theirs who worked as a taxi driver. Clara typed quickly, bragging that a gorgeous naked man was cleaning the house at that very moment. Across town, Amanda replied immediately: "Another one? This one is handsome then. I need to go over there and see this."

Amanda's message revealed the true game of that apartment: Greg wasn't the first naked man there. Clara and Sophie had set this exact same trap for other tenants before.

At dinnertime, the doorbell rang and Amanda arrived, still wearing her taxi shift clothes. The three women sat at the table, and Greg was instructed to serve the food and drinks. He walked back and forth, serving the dishes completely naked under the evaluating stares, giggles, and brazen interactions of all three. They dined excitedly, chatting and enjoying the view of their newest private servant.

When the night came to an end and Amanda got ready to leave, the situation took a turn Greg hadn't expected. Sophie walked over to the trunk in the middle of the room, unlocked the padlock, and took all of his things out of it. She grabbed the backpack, the shoes, the socks, the watch, the chain, the coat, the t-shirt, and the white underwear. Bundling it all together, she handed the belongings into Amanda's hands. The only thing of Greg's that wasn't handed over was the 501 jeans, which Clara was still wearing.

Greg's eyes widened and he took a step forward, completely clueless as to what was happening, but Sophie's severe glare made him freeze in place. Amanda smiled, said goodbye to her friends, and walked out the door. She went down to the street, put all of Greg's things and clothes into the trunk of her taxi, and drove off into the night. Without a single belonging, locked in that apartment, and entirely naked, Greg finally realized the scale of the trap he had fallen into.

When morning came, he was already up, dusting the living room furniture according to the strict instructions Clara and Sophie had left behind.

Around noon, the doorbell rang. Sophie opened the door with a wide smile. It was Amanda.

Greg stopped cleaning and felt his face burn with humiliation and shock as he looked at the taxi driver. Amanda strutted into the room. She was wearing Greg's t-shirt, which hung loose and comfortable on her shoulders, and the hoodie he used to protect himself from the cold. To top it off, her legs were wrapped in a pair of jeans—another pair of Levi's she had fished out of his backpack the night before leaving.

"Good morning, big guy," Amanda said, twirling in the middle of the room with her hands in the pockets of his jeans. "You know what? Your clothes are amazing. This hoodie is perfect for working, and these other Levi's fit me perfectly. You have good taste."

Clara emerged from the hallway at that exact moment, still wearing the classic dark blue button-fly Levi's 501s she had taken from Greg yesterday. The three women exchanged knowing glances and openly laughed at the large, muscular backpacker, who stood there completely naked and defenseless, watching his clothes being worn as trophies by them.

"Girls, it's a beautiful day outside," Amanda announced, jingling her car keys. "Let's go for a ride."

Greg took a step back, relieved for a second. "I... I'll stay here cleaning the kitchen until you get back."

"No way," Clara snapped, her tone sharp. "You're coming with us. Our new pet isn't staying home alone."

"But... I don't have any clothes!" Greg protested in panic, instinctively covering himself with his hands.

"That's exactly the idea," Sophie smiled. She grabbed his muscular arm and pulled him toward the door. "Walk. We'll take the garage elevator, no one will see you in the basement."

Left with no choice, the defeated giant obeyed. The cold air of the building's basement hit Greg's bare skin as soon as the elevator doors opened, giving him goosebumps. Amanda walked over to her parked taxi and unlocked the doors.

"In the back seat. All three of you," she ordered, taking the driver's seat and starting the engine.

Clara got in first, sitting near the window. Sophie shoved Greg inside. The backpacker was forced to settle into the car, feeling the shock of the cold leather upholstery against his bare skin. Sophie got in right after him and slammed the door shut.

Greg was squeezed into the middle of the backseat. On one side, Clara's leg brushed against his, clad in his sturdy button-fly 501 jeans; on the other, Sophie pinned him in with her elegant dress. Up front, Amanda adjusted the rearview mirror, wearing his t-shirt and hoodie, with a sadistic smile on her lips as she saw the reflection of the terrified hostage.

Totally exposed, without a single thread of fabric on his body, and wedged between two fully clothed women, Greg shrank his shoulders as much as he could while trying to cover his own nudity with his hands.

"Let's go see the city's sights," Amanda said.

She shifted into gear, and the taxi rolled out of the dark garage, hitting the bright, bustling city streets, taking the once-proud backpacker on a ride he would never forget.

Amanda's taxi left the quiet residential neighborhood and quickly plunged into the heavy downtown traffic. It was late morning, and the sidewalks were packed with hurried pedestrians, executives heading out for lunch, and tourists taking photos. In the back seat, Greg's pulse was racing. Squeezed between Clara and Sophie, he tried to sink into the leather seat, bending his knees and keeping his hands firmly crossed over his groin.

"Relax your shoulders, Greg," Sophie said, noticing the giant's muscle tension. "You're going to end up getting a cramp."

"Please, Amanda, don't go through the commercial center..." he begged, his voice cracking as the daylight flooded the cabin at every corner.

Amanda looked in the rearview mirror, her eyes shining with amusement above the collar of the hoodie she'd stolen from him. "Relax. The back windows have a bit of tint. They can't see everything... unless they look really closely."

At that exact moment, the traffic light ahead turned red. Amanda braked smoothly, stopping the car at the pedestrian crosswalk of one of the busiest intersections on the main avenue. The traffic around them came to a halt. Outside, just a few feet from the taxi window, the flow of people on the sidewalk was intense.

Greg held his breath. He was less than three feet from the glass. Clara, still wearing his Levi's 501s, lowered her phone and leaned slightly forward, giving more room for the light to shine directly onto the backpacker's broad, completely naked body.

A group of executives stopped at the edge of the sidewalk, waiting for the light to change. One of them, holding a coffee cup, looked absently toward the taxi. His eyes drifted past Clara, slid to the space in the middle of the seat, and suddenly widened. He nudged his colleague next to him, who also turned his head, frowning in disbelief.

Panic hit Greg like an electric shock. He tried to shrink back even more, but space was limited. His broad back, muscular chest, and exposed thighs were on full display under the sunlight streaming through the windshield.

"They... they're looking!" Greg gasped, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. He tried to pull the fabric of Sophie's dress to cover his legs, but she slapped the back of his hand sharply.

"Get your hands off that, you pervert," Sophie scolded, though a wide smile played on her lips.

Clara laughed openly, leaning her head back against the seat and lifting her knee slightly, showing off the dark denim of his jeans, forcing Greg to sit up straighter so he wouldn't bump into her.

"Let them look, Greg," Clara said, loving every second of his despair. "A big, strong man like you should be proud of your body."

On the sidewalk, the scene was drawing attention. The tinted glass hid the finer details, but the massive silhouette, the pale skin color under the sun, and the obvious lack of any fabric from the waist up and on the knees were unmistakable. An older woman covered her mouth, scandalized, while a group of teenagers in school uniforms began to point and laugh, pulling their phones from their pockets.

"Amanda, please! The light is green, step on it!" Greg practically whimpered, his eyes closed, his face as red as a tomato, hiding his face behind his own sweaty hands while phone camera flashes went off outside.

Amanda laughed loudly in the front seat, adjusting his t-shirt which she wore under his hoodie. She let the car slowly slip into first gear, moving the taxi only a few feet before stopping again due to the traffic ahead, prolonging the torture for another thirty agonizing seconds.

"What's the rush?" Amanda asked, laughing. "It's a gorgeous day, and I think our neighbors loved meeting your new guest."

When the traffic finally moved and the car pulled away from the laughing, pointing crowd, Greg leaned his head against the back seat, panting, his heart pounding in his throat. He knew now, with absolute clarity, that as long as he was in the hands of those three women, he wouldn't have a single second of peace, control, or dignity.

The taxi finally returned to the building's garage, and Greg was escorted back to the apartment. The relief of being locked between those four walls and away from the crushing stares of the public was immediate, but he knew the humiliation was far from over.

Over the next three weeks, reality set in, and the apartment became his entire world. The large, proud Australian backpacker lived exclusively as Clara and Sophie's private servant—and completely naked. The routine was relentless: he cleaned the rooms, scrubbed the floors, prepared the meals, and served drinks to the two of them and to Amanda's frequent visits, always flaunting nothing but his own skin. The contrast between the man's athletic, vulnerable body and the luxury of the always well-dressed women became the trio's daily amusement. The room indeed had no rent, but the price exacted was his total submission.

But time, however long it seemed, passed.

On Monday morning, the renovations at the downtown pub were finally completed, and the job Greg had been waiting for was guaranteed to start. The agreement had come to an end.

The doorbell rang early. It was Amanda. She walked into the living room carrying the same bundle she had taken away three weeks ago. With a

smirk, she threw Greg's heavy backpack and the pile of clothes onto the living room floor.

Sophie was drinking coffee on the couch and pointed at his things with disdain. "Your time is up, big guy. The deal is done. You can get dressed."

Greg almost cried with relief. His hands shook as he knelt on the floor. The first thing he grabbed was his white underwear, slipping them on quickly and letting out a long sigh as he felt the basic protection of fabric against his skin for the first time in twenty-one days. Next, he put on his t-shirt, his hoodie, his socks, and his old hiking shoes. He put the chain back around his neck and adjusted the watch on his wrist.

However, rummaging through the pile of clothes and the backpack, he stopped. The main piece was missing.

He looked up. Clara was leaning against the hallway doorframe, holding a cup of coffee, with a victorious smile on her face. The thick denim fabric hugged her legs and waist perfectly. She was wearing his dark blue Levi's 501 jeans.

"My jeans..." Greg murmured, taking an uncertain step forward. "I need them to leave."

Clara gave a soft laugh, running her manicured fingers over the row of metal buttons on the classic Levi's fly. "Oh, no, Greg. These jeans stay here. They fit me incredibly well, and they're my jeans now."

"But... they were my favorite..." he tried to argue, his voice weak.

"Consider it an extra cleaning fee, or just a souvenir of your time with us," Clara replied relentlessly, shrugging. "Find something else in your backpack. Your time here is over."

Without the strength to argue with the three women who had completely dominated him, and desperate to get out of that place and regain his freedom, Greg swallowed hard and lowered his head. He dug through the bottom of his backpack and found an old, wrinkled pair of twill shorts. He put them on in silence, feeling the chill on his shins, hoisted the heavy luggage, and slung it over his broad shoulders.

He walked toward the door Amanda held open. As he called the elevator in the hallway and turned back one last time, the image that remained etched in his memory was of Clara, Sophie, and Amanda laughing together in the middle of the living room. Clara smiled at him, slipping her hands into the pockets of her inseparable Levi's 501s.

The metal doors slammed shut. Greg was finally free to restart his life in the city, but he knew that, alongside his favorite jeans, he had left his backpacker's pride locked inside that apartment forever.