

## Servicing The Debt

There was a certain humor to my situation. Sometimes it seems when things start to go wrong, everything goes wrong. As I watched the repossession company tow my car away I just shook my head and thought to myself "Well, its official now, I am totally fucked!". Three weeks ago my longtime girlfriend announced to me that she felt our relationship was just "too superficial" and unceremoniously dumped me. Two months prior to that I had lost my job as a graphics artist and even though I had been looking every day for work, I was still unemployed. Slowly but surely my money had run out. Already I was three months behind in my rent and now, no car! Without a car, how in the hell was I going to find a job. Without a job, how was I going to get back my car! Without a car or a job how was I going to find another woman? Yes, I was fucked big now. Well, I said to myself with a certain Scarlett O'hara logic, I will think about that tomorrow. As I walked up the stairs of the house I boarded in, I prayed Gina would not see me. Gina, the owner of the house, had been prying me for the back rent every day. If I could just stall a little while longer, maybe something would come up, I optimistically thought. As I walked up the stairs I ran into Victoria and Samantha, the other two tenants in the house. As usual, they politely said hello and coolly went about their business. When I first moved in, I imagined all sorts of erotic possibilities. One guy living in a big old house with three attractive women, I thought for sure something sexual would turn up eventually. Well, two years had passed since I moved in and the only erotic incident I had to report was "accidentally" walking in on Gina as she was showering one morning. Boy was she pissed that day. I opened the door to my room and began to drink the last six pack of beer I had in my little refrigerator. Drinking may not be the answer, but it sure did get my mind off of my troubles for a while. As had become a sad nightly ritual I dozed off into a drunken stupor. The next morning I was abruptly awakened to the sound of pounding on my bedroom door. "BOB!" Gina yelled "This is Gina, I want to know what you are going to do about your back rent TODAY!". I probably don't have to tell you but her shrieking and pounding did not particularly soothe the tremendous hangover I was experiencing. "Gina, Just a little more time, I promise." I feebly answered through the door. "I am getting very impatient Bob, I know you lost your job, and your car, so I don't mind telling you that your prospects for getting my money do not look very bright!". Well, I couldn't argue with her there. I made up a story about a hot job prospect I had that afternoon which miraculously seemed to temporarily satisfy her. My hot prospect was a cashiers job at McDonalds! All those years in college and it has come to this, I thought to myself as I wrapped myself in a towel and walked down the hall to the bathroom. As I passed the staircase I saw Gina, Samantha and Victoria all discussing something at the bottom of the stairs. As I passed, as if on cue, they all gave me a dirty, condescending look. I was so ashamed, not by being seen by them in my towel, we had all seen one another walking around the house in towels before, but I was ashamed by the fact that I knew they all were discussing me and my rent situation. Although I have enjoyed living here for the past few years, I had to admit that these three women, beautiful or not, were pretty cold. They barely tolerated my existence around the house, and even though I am fairly attractive, they had shown no interest in me whatsoever since I moved in. I was just the upstairs tenant, who now was behind in the rent. As I stepped into the shower I tried to think of ways I might be able to get out of this hopeless situation. It was a long shower. My mind kept drawing up a total blank. Well, I thought to myself, let me go get ready for my career in the fast food industry. When I opened the door to my room my heart sank. Everything I owned was gone! My TV, my refrigerator, all of my clothes, all gone. Even my bed was missing, the room was completely bare! As I spun around to go ask Gina what happened I was shocked to find her standing right behind me. "GINA! I HAVE BEEN ROBBED!" I screamed hysterically. "No, you have not been robbed" she said coolly as she casually whipped out a packet of papers. She then looked me squarely in the eyes and began to read the contents of the contract she was holding. "In the event that the Lessee, that's you," she said pointing

at my chest "Fails to pay the amount of rent agreed to in the contract by the 5th day of the month, the Lessor, that's me, has the right to put up for sale any contents of the Lessee's domicile with the balance of the proceeds from the sale after deduction for back rent and/or damages going to the Lessee." I just stood there with my mouth hanging wide open and stared at her in disbelief. "In other words I sold all of your stuff to pay off your debt!" she yelled as an evil grin came across her face. "YOU BITCH! GET MY STUFF BACK NOW!!" I screamed. She slapped me hard right across the face and said angrily "Listen Bob, don't get uppity with me or I will throw you out right now!" As I looked down at myself, wearing only a towel, and having no money or recourse, I tried to control my rage. "Oh, and by the way, that towel you have on belongs to me, remember?" she said as she ripped the towel off of me leaving me completely naked. With a smug look of total victory she walked back down the stairs, casually throwing the towel over her left shoulder. I was completely dumbfounded. Three months ago I had a girlfriend, a nice car, a good job and money in the bank. Today, I was reduced to nothing! My mind raced as I tried to think of a way to get her to get my stuff back. Hurriedly I ran down the stairs and met her in the kitchen. "Please give me a break Gina! You really can't do this to me, please!" I begged as I fell to her feet nearly crying. I was so desperate the embarrassment of being naked in front of her did not dissuade me from prostrating myself in front of her. "Oh for God's sake take it like a man! You shouldn't of overextended yourself!" This was like some sort of nightmare I could not wake up from. My humiliation was not over yet because at that very moment Samantha and Victoria walked into the kitchen. What a sight this must have been. There I was, naked and nearly hysterical begging at Gina's feet. As they walked into the room I vainly tried to cover myself with my hands. Victoria said nothing but just started to laugh hysterically. Samantha, also trying very hard to speak through her giggles said "Bad news Bob, you are still \$420 short!" I could not look them in the eyes I was so humiliated. "Can you believe it? The salvation army only gave us 20 cents for each pair of your underwear!" Victoria replied. This last comment was too much for them and all three girls began to scream with laughter. "Wh-what do you want from me?" I muttered. "Well, I tell you what Bob, you have five minutes to get out!" Gina said pointing at the door. I was panic stricken. What in the hell was I going to do, naked and now, homeless! Again, humiliating myself further I fell to my knees and began to beg again. As I knelt there pleading with them Victoria finally spoke up. "You know, if we kick him out now you will never get your money back." she said pointing at Gina. "You have a good point." Gina replied. "Ok Bob, we will let you work off your debt." Turning to the other two girls she said "You know, it will kind of be nice to have a house boy." Barely being able to restrain themselves from giggling, they both agreed. So, that was the deal. I was to be paid 10 dollars a day to clean, cook and do whatever else they wanted me to do. Out of that 10 dollars 3 went to pay for the food they would give me. I was not allowed to buy anything until the debt was paid. That meant that for the duration of my servitude I was to remain naked. Since I had no money, car or clothes I had no alternative but to agree to their terms. Gina agreed that if I paid off my debt they would go retrieve my belongings. For the next 60 days I was to be completely at their mercy. The first week they worked me like a dog. I cleaned out the basement and the attic, painted the living room and retiled the bathroom. The way their work schedules worked out one of them was always in the house supervising me. Victoria was the worst to work for. She told me it got her off to see me scrubbing and cleaning the floors with a toothbrush nude. Working around these women in the nude, although completely humiliating and degrading, also caused me to be in an almost nonstop state of arousal. They knew this too and they used this knowledge to torment me further. At night, as Gina would watch TV, she would have me kneel down in front of her and give her a slow foot massage for hours on end. As my fingers caressed the soles of her feet she would occasionally reach out with her free foot and lightly stroke my balls with her delicious toes. My intense erection alerted them to my life long foot fetish. Armed with this knowledge Victoria would have me give her a pedicure every morning as she prepared for work. Samantha, not to be outdone, commanded me to lick her boots clean when she got home from riding her motorcycle. It is a wonder I could still function with all of that blood constantly diverted from my brain to my cock. The girls also

began to get bolder as the weeks drug on. As I would walk by, one of them would reach out and catch me by my balls. Helpless to stop them they would stroke the shaft of my penis and flick their tongues over the top of my swollen glands. Even though I knew they would not finish me, I had no choice but to let them continue to taunt and tease my throbbing member. Gina always got a big thrill out of bringing my to the edge of orgasm and then abruptly ordering me to do some odd job. Laughing at my humiliating position they would follow me around the house and continue to stroke and prod me, thus keeping me hard for hours on end. Luckily I had at least some time alone to relieve this constant tension that was filling my testicles. Two weeks into my servitude, my last vestige of privacy, and thus my last hope for release was removed. As I was showering and jacking off furiously, Gina ripped open the shower curtain. "Do that on your own time!" she screamed. "I am not paying you to get sperm all over my tub, from now on you will not be allowed to ever be out of our sight." From that day on I was forced to bathe while someone was in the room with me. Even when I had to go to the bathroom, I was forced to keep the door open, and if I was longer than five minutes, one of the girls would come to investigate. My degradation was complete! Nighttime was the worst. To prevent me from jacking off as they were sleeping, the girls took turns keeping me in their room for the night. I was chained to a cot at the end of the bed and let out in the morning. Victoria loved to play with me when I was tied up and helpless, bringing me just to the edge over and over and laughing as I begged for her not to stop. She was a stunning beauty with perfect breasts and very long beautiful legs. As I struggled against my bondage she would do a seductive little strip tease ending with her rubbing her naked clit up and down my stomach while dangling her nipples just out of the reach of my tongue. As my helpless cock smacked against her ass while she straddled my stomach, she would laugh maniacally. I was so horny I thought sometimes I would literally burst. Gina slept with her feet in my helpless lap and purposefully shifted them up against my defenseless and exposed cock all night. Every night I spent in her room she would wear a little see through teddy and silken pantyhose. The feel of those silk encased feet massaging my nipples and tantalizing my balls almost made me weep with frustration. Nights with Samantha were equally alluring. She would not chain me to the cot but would have me tied spread-eagled in her bed. As I lay there completely exposed she would drip honey all over my chest, thighs and crotch and slowly begin to lick it off. When she finally would finish eating and I would pathetically beg for her to finish me, she would seductively yawn and fall asleep with her nose nuzzled in between my penis and my balls. By the end of one week I was about to lose my mind. All I can remember from the last few weeks of this torment is being constantly horny. Every night one of the girls would have me slowly eat them to one orgasm after another as I laid chained in frustrated bondage. Finally on the last night Gina said "Bob, tomorrow is your big day, you will have paid off your debt by then!" The girls looked at each other disappointedly, but I was licking my lips in anticipation. I still did not know what I would do or where I would go, but at least I would get my stuff back. More importantly I would finally be allowed to cum! The last four weeks had been complete hell! Going all this time without having an orgasm, coupled with the fact that I was naked all of the time and relentless teased and tormented most of the day and night, I could think of nothing but sexual release. Gina was almost tender with me as she chained me to the cot. "Good night Bob" she said gently as she laid the deepest french kiss on me I had ever received. My hands instinctively reached for her but were thwarted by the handcuffs. As I laid back down in frustration Gina's bedroom door opened and in walked Samantha and Victoria, completely NAKED! My already stiff cock actually became a little stiffer. Gina thrust her sopping wet pussy on my waiting mouth and I eagerly began to flick my tongue rapidly over her clit. As I enthusiastically wormed my tongue in and out of her love canal I felt Victoria mount me. "MY GOD!" I screamed out as I realized that they were finally going to allow me to have an orgasm. Within minutes I shot load after load of cum up into Victoria. It felt like I had released a gallon of spunk when all of a sudden all of the girls leapt off of me. "What! What is the matter!" I asked innocently. "Oh, that's going cost you!" Victoria said mischievously. "Hmmm, normally I won't let a guy do that until he has taken me out to a nice restaurant and we have seen a good Broadway show or something." Gina, now

understanding Victoria's plan said "You are right. I think you have been had. How much would a date like that cost normally?" Samantha, already laughing at the situation said "About 120 dollars for the dinner and 200 for good seats at a decent show." Gina, interrupting said "Yeah, and normally the guy would buy you some sort of token of his affection right?" Victoria nodded in agreement. "Well" continued Gina "That would be another 100 dollars easy." Victoria, now with an evil glint in her eyes said "I guess you are back in hock with us again! Lets see 120 for dinner plus 200 for the show and 100 for the gift will be 420 dollars." Samantha broke in and said "Boy that number seems strangely familiar. Hmmm, \$420 at 7 dollars a day will be". "OH NO!" I screamed as I did the math in my head "NOT ANOTHER 60 DAYS OF THIS!" My protestations were immediately drowned out by the sounds of three women simultaneously breaking into an uncontrolled hysterical laughing fit.