**Casey's Rise**

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**Casey's Rise Ch. 01**

*Author's note: This is a sequel to the Casey's Fall series. There are many elements in this story that will be more enjoyable and make more sense if you read that first.*

Casey rolled over in bed and watched Greg sleeping. He was here so often these days that he had practically moved in, but neither of them thought much beyond how much they enjoyed being together to talk about it much beyond that. It was what it was and it was great! Since graduating he had been enjoying working as an assistant chef at a local restaurant but some of the shifts took their toll on his sleep patterns.

She looked up at her diploma on her bedroom wall. Taking pride of place beside it was a framed picture of the moment she first managed to fit a baseball bat inside her vagina along with a tiny scrap of white material with part of a red polka dot in the corner. It was all that remained of the last piece of clothing in her life, a beautiful white dress with red polka dots that she had burned in front of her friends when she bid a final farewell to clothes as part of her nudist coming out party.

Was it really only 6 months since she became a registered nudist? It seemed hard to believe that she'd ever worn clothes at all now. Whole days would go by without it even crossing her mind. Even when she went out of the house, people were so used to seeing her that she was rarely bothered. Even the cars had stopped honking for the most part when she rode her bike. About the only time she ever was stopped at all was by fans wanting to meet her or get a selfie, and that was fine. If ever anyone did get out of line, Greg was usually there, and even if he wasn't, he had taught her enough about martial arts to handle most situations herself. After the restaurant incident last year when she was grabbed by a drunken fan, all of the girls in the house had received his tutelage and they trained several times each week learning holds, kicks, and quick "knock 'em down" techniques to get themselves out of any bother if they ever needed to.

She'd performed the baseball bat feat many times since then but that first time was special. She noted the excited expression on her face in the picture looking straight at the camera, her legs spread wide and both hands pointing down to her hairless pussy stretched to accommodate the bat. She realised soon after that it was that it wasn't so much about finally getting the bat inside her that made that moment, but more that she'd not just accepted who she was but had embraced it. She wasn't ashamed about being nude anymore and she was even proud to show off her pussy with its protruding inner labia and all. She knew right there that people loved her body and loved watching her, and while she had no choice about it to begin with thanks to her sister Jolene tricking her into it, at the moment she knew she had genuinely started to enjoy showing it.

Casey put her arm over Greg fondly as he slept. She loved how he doted on her and treated her like a princess. Even in bed he was totally selfless, spending hours massaging her and going down on her, often without asking or seemingly even wanting anything in return. She thought it a bit odd at first and even now it troubled her a little, but he really did seem to like it that way and then she realised she liked it too. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy giving Greg pleasure, but certain positions like the standard missionary or blowing him on her knees just didn't seem to sit right with her anymore. She figured it was resentment for what she had learned about how the patriarchy had shaped female sexuality and now she loathed being in a position of submission to a man, even one she loved as much as Greg. She quite enjoyed being on top of him though, but easily her favourite position was when they had their tongues in each other's mouths while giving each other hand jobs. She loved making him blow all over his stomach and loved teasing him by removing contact just as his orgasm started so that he whimpered and begged for her to come back. He definitely enjoyed that too and often couldn't stop talking about it afterwards.

She got up to make breakfast for the house and discovered Cassandra already up, completely naked as usual and brewing the coffee.

Cassandra was around so often these days she may as well move in as well. From day one when she first stripped in the house and performed her first cam show, she and Casey's older sister Jolene had become a couple and were now almost inseparable. It was a strange and unexpected union. Neither of them had thought of themselves as gay before they met each other. Cassandra even had a reputation as a bit of a homophobe and everyone knew Jolene had several boyfriends in her past. Stranger still was that both were alpha-woman and they fought almost constantly, but judging by the noise from Jolene's bedroom most nights they fucked just as hard as they bickered.

Cassandra had a swag of photoshoots under her belt now but mostly she loved the webcam. Some days it was hard to drag her away from it. As a trust fund brat she never needed money and happily let Jolene handle all of that and invest it however she saw fit. She couldn't care less about the money. As long as her cam room was full and the tips came in thick and fast was all that mattered to her. For Cassandra it was all about performing for the camera and getting orgasms from strangers on the internet, and she never seemed to tire of it.

Back in college Casey used to think of Cassandra as a frenemy. In those days she was kind of a bully and seemed to take pleasure in making Casey feel like dirt, but then it turned out that the reason for her meanness was because the whole time she had been jealous of Casey and wanted to be just like her, even down to doing porn and being nude in front of people. Unlike Casey who had at first hated being naked, Cassandra insisted from the day she did her first cam session that she too should be able to spend her time in the house naked, and heaven help anyone who suggested otherwise. While she hadn't yet taken the step to register as a nudist like Casey, she had followed in her footsteps and had all of her body hair permanently removed, so now there were two naked girls with hairless pussies in the house on any given day.

"Morning Cassandra," Casey greeted. "Is it a cereal day or should we make pancakes or something?"

"I'm good with cereal," Cassandra replied. "Jolene will be too, if she ever raises her lazy ass. Hey, have we got any more Lushes? I think mine's fucked. The battery gave out half way through my cam sesh last night. I had to resort to a dildo show."

"Yeah, there's at least two new ones in my bedroom closet. I'll get one for you later."

"Cool thanks," Cassandra replied. "You up for another duet tonight?"

"Sure, sounds great," Casey replied.

Cassandra and Casey performed duets fairly regularly on the webcam after discovering it more than doubled their tips whenever they did it. Their audience seemed to love seeing both girls reacting simultaneously to their Bluetooth vibrators responding to the tip sound. One minor issue was that Cassandra always lost control as soon as she became aroused and couldn't help sticking her tongue down Casey's throat. Casey was startled by it the first time it happened but she was used to it now and had even come to enjoy it. While exciting and arousing in its own right, it was worth it for the tips alone. They both understood it was just an in-the-moment thing though and Cassandra was all Jolene's again as soon as the cam went off. Even Greg was cool with it. Actually more than cool. Casey had discovered he'd been logging into their channels to watch whenever he was home and he seemed to like what he saw judging by the way he threw himself into going down on her afterwards. Casey thought it was cute and decided not to let on that she knew when he was watching. Still, it bothered her that he often didn't want her to return the favour and she wondered if she was failing him. Was she a bad lover and he was taking matters into his own hands when she wasn't around? Was there something she should be doing?

"Somethin' on your mind?" Cassandra asked, noticing Casey's pensive mood.

"Um... no it's probably nothing," Casey replied, shaking herself from her thoughts.

"You sure?"

"Um... well... Ok, well you might be able to help," Casey began. "Greg is a great lover. Well more than great actually. He's very, very generous if you know what I mean, but he hardly ever wants anything in return. I mean, that's cool I guess. It just seems strange and I worry if he prefers getting himself off when I'm not around rather than letting me do it or something? Maybe I'm crap in bed?"

"Nah, sounds like you got yourself a subbie hubby there," Cassandra replied.

"A subbie hubby?"

"You know, a submissive guy."

"Oh, I don't think Greg's like that," Casey replied quite shocked. "You know him. He'd have to be one of the manliest men going."

"Nah, it don't mean that," Cassandra responded. "You must have come across these guys in your cam room before? They just worship pussy. Literally. They fuckin' love the power it has over them and they find it intoxicatin'. They like givin' rather than gettin'. Probably half the guys watchin' us are like that. They ain't even wankin'. Just watchin' and ringing that tip bell to see us get off."

"Really? No, no one's ever mentioned it. But don't they get blue balls and stuff?"

"Probably. But I think they're into that as well."

"But how do I know he's not rubbing one out when I'm not looking?" Casey asked, still worried she was doing something wrong by him.

"Well if you really give a shit you should lock that cock up," Cassandra stated.

Casey gave her a puzzled face.

"Fuck Casey, you really are naïve. You know, a chastity cage? Don't tell me you've never seen one of them before girl?"

"A chastity cage?" Casey replied still puzzled. "Oh yeah, right. Some pervert at a client barbecue we had last year was trying to get me to do a dominatrix shoot that involved those. Isn't it all make-believe bullshit though?"

"It don't have to be," Cassandra shrugged. "As far as I know there's plenty of guys out there wearin' 'em long term. The dude at our sex shop reckons they're amongst his best sellers so someone's buyin' them at least. These guys just like havin' the chick in charge I reckon."

"Holy shit!" Casey responded astounded. "So does he want me dressing in leather boots and cracking a whip or something? Does he want to watch from the closet while I fuck other men? I'm not sure I wanna do that. What do I do?"

"Well fuckin' ask him," Cassandra replied. "Maybe he does want that stuff or maybe he doesn't. There's only one way to find out."

"Oh ok, I guess you're right," Casey replied thinking about it. "So how do I get him to wear a chastity cage for me? Do I pin him down and force him?"

Cassandra laughed.

"As if your skinny little ass could make him do anything he don't want to do. Just ask him that as well. If he's into the idea he will. If he's not, he won't. Why do you always overthink shit?"

"Well, the world's not black and white to me and I worry about fucking things up, and I definitely do not want to fuck things up with Greg. He's very important to me." Casey replied.

"Fair enough," Cassandra replied. "But seriously, you gotta talk about this shit with him or you'll never know. That's gotta be where it starts right?"

"Yeah, you're right," Casey nodded.

Cassandra disappeared back into her bedroom and closed the door behind her, which probably meant Jolene was about to be woken up in a very pleasant way. Casey smiled at the thought and then took the opportunity to Google information about male submission. There was a lot of kink stuff, none of which surprised her. In her time as a cam girl she'd heard just about everything. Well, apart from male submission as a singular concept. She'd never really connected the dots. She'd just put it down to sexual fantasy rather than something any man would be driven by.

The kink stuff was good for ideas, and she learned lots of things she could do to send him into his "sub-space", but what she wanted more than that was to learn about the psychology of a submissive man, and once she did, there it was again. Damn patriarchal standards had shaped men's sexuality just as much as it had women's. A man was supposed to be dominant, a pillar of strength, using his penis like a sword penetrating the vaginas of women swooning in the face of his masculinity. Sure, some men were indeed like that, and would be even outside of a patriarchal society, but many men didn't feel that way at all and found themselves trying to live up to standards they knew were contrary to their true natures, and that created a dichotomy for them which came out expressed as kink in their private lives while in their real lives they maintained images of business leaders, bosses, tradesmen, and husbands and fathers in a modern nuclear families.

Even marriage itself had been shaped by patriarchy. It was a way to control the vagina and make a woman property. A father would hand the reigns of his daughter over to her new husband. One man handing ownership of a woman over to another. She even gave up her name, taking on the name of her husband in the ceremony. White dresses symbolised the prize of her purity. The hymen was valuable and without it she was worthless. The womb had to be controlled. Life came from there and that wasn't fair. Why should a woman get all that power? How could a man truly know if a child was his? The hymen meant no man had been there before, and the wedding ceremony meant no other man ever would. A mother on the other hand always knew she was the mother of her child, no matter how many men she had been with. It was such bullshit. The bloodline should be traced by hers, not his. It was all back to front and upside down and the world was a shit-fight of unhappiness because of it. It had shaped politics, economies and relationships all the way down to attitudes that led to street harassment and even slut-shaming. It was time to stop living like that and Casey decided right then that it would start with her relationship with Greg.

So what a submissive man wanted was to be led. Not necessarily in some S&M fetish fantasy way, but that stuff wasn't without its fun either. In day to day living he wasn't necessarily some slave grovelling at his mistress's feet begging not to be whipped for some minor infraction. He didn't need to be weak by any means, and she couldn't really see Greg in that way anyway. A matriarchal relationship was more like a queen and her knight. He served her, defended her and trusted her, and she loved him and depended on him for it. That was more like Greg.

It was time to talk to him, and now she was armed with a stack of ideas to try to see how he responded...

She finished her coffee and went back to her bedroom to find him still sleeping. She got back in bed beside him, pulled the covers back and started stroking his chest and pubic hair until his eyes started to open.

"Good morning beautiful," he said, pulling her closer.

"Hey baby," she responded, grabbing his morning wood and gently stroking it.

"Are you horny darling?" Greg asked with a smile.

"Maybe..." she replied, "but first you need to go shower and brush your teeth!"

Greg laughed but he desperately needed to relieve his bladder anyway. Casey took the time to gather up some sashes and tie them to the caster wheels at the corners of her queen-sized bed. She nervously hoped she had read this right and didn't end up looking like an idiot.

Greg soon returned dripping. He never seemed to dry himself properly and Casey wondered how he could stand it. He always explained that it didn't bother him and he knew he would dry off soon enough anyway so he didn't see the point in giving it any thought.

"Lay down," Casey requested as she took the towel off him leaving him naked. "Ok give me your hand."

Greg hadn't noticed the sashes tied to the bed and was surprised when Casey pulled one up and started tying it around his wrist. He didn't resist though and then willingly held up his other wrist when she asked for that too. Soon he was tied spreadeagled naked in the centre of the bed and sporting a huge erection.

"All tied up and helpless," Casey declared. "I'm in charge now."

"I guess you are," Greg replied excitedly while gently testing the bonds.

"Ok, wait here. I'll be back soon," Casey told him.

She made her way to the kitchen and stopped for a second cup of coffee which she took her time drinking. Then she gathered a bowl and went to the bathroom to collect shaving gear. In the meantime Greg's heart was pounding in anticipation as he wondered what she was doing. She'd also left the bedroom door open which didn't help with his nervousness. He worried that at any moment Jolene or Cassandra might walk by and see him tied naked to the bed. He could feel that his erection had subsided as well due to the inactivity and pre-cum had leaked onto his stomach adding to his humiliation, but he was powerless to do anything about it. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing not being able to clean it up when his girlfriend was about to walk back in and see it, but it was also thrilling.

Casey returned, locking the door behind her and then put the items on her desk in Greg's full view.

"What are you going to do with those?" Greg asked, his eyes getting big.

Casey didn't answer right away. Instead she sat beside him and started stroking his chest and pubic hair again, gently pulling it and pretending to be giving it consideration.

"I think all this has to go," she said at last. "You don't have a problem with that do you Greg?"

Greg swallowed, but then suddenly worried about how he would explain it if any of the guys saw it in the locker room. Then he remembered he was no longer at college or playing football anyway.

"Um... no, I guess not. Not if it's what you want," he replied with a noticeable tremor in his voice. Casey noticed his erection had returned.

"It looks to me like you want me to take it Greg," she replied matter-of-factly while stroking his erection to emphasise her point. "Tell me you want me to do it Greg."

Greg remained silent, enjoying Casey's attention on his organ. She took her hand away.

"Didn't I just ask you something?" Casey asked while raising an eyebrow. "Ask me to shave you Greg. Beg me for it."

Greg was dying and his balls were starting to hurt. He would've given anything in that moment to feel her hand on him again.

"P-please shave me," he whimpered.

"As you wish," Casey responded while gathering the bowl and shaving cream. "So where should we start? The chest?"

Greg's breathing increased and he looked at Casey with pleading eyes. OMG, was this the same girl?

"Maybe the armpits?" she said while gently pulling at his armpit hair.

"Oh please not the armpits!" Greg pleaded.

"I dunno Greg. You did ask me to shave you and I do like to be thorough," Casey teased.

Greg's chest rose and fell again as he tried to deal with the adrenalin. His pulse was racing now.

"Maybe down here?" Casey asked while pulling gently on his pubic hair. "Yes, I think this has to go first."

Without giving him a chance to object, she sprinkled water onto his pubic hair and then began spraying a liberal amount of shaving cream onto the area. She smeared it up onto his stomach and partway down his legs. Then she gave his penis a few strokes with her hand covered in shaving cream before she started shaving him. Greg couldn't believe she was doing this to him. He was so hard now and wanted desperately for her to touch him but the only time she did was to move him around out of the way to allow the razor to do its work. Not even the area under his balls escaped her attention. Soon he was as bare as the day he was born down there.

"That's much better already. Hmm... what next? Your snail trail?" Casey said as she ran her fingers along the strip of hair leading up to his navel. Soon it was gone too.

"Now, let's see. I think all this chest hair has to go next," Casey said while running her fingers through it once again. Then she sprayed dollops of shaving cream in various places before spreading it over his whole chest area and into his armpits. Greg was breathing hard again but as she commenced shaving she stopped and looked at the razor, frowning for a moment.

"Don't go anywhere," she said with a smile, and then left to fetch a new razor, leaving the door open behind her again. Naturally she took her sweet time about it and it was a full five minutes before she returned. Greg was freaking out but in no way wanted it to stop. This was a new side to his girlfriend and the rush he was feeling was overwhelming.

When she returned she immediately recommenced shaving Greg's chest and at last he could feel a breeziness over his body he'd not experienced before. The difference the light covering of masculine body hair had given him was surprising once it was suddenly gone.

"And now just the armpits to go," Casey announced.

"Oh please not those too," Greg begged.

"Why not?" Casey asked acting surprised. "You asked me to shave you Greg remember? I'd hate to be anything less than thorough for you."

"Well, it's a chick thing isn't it, and I'm a man," Greg reasoned.

"And what difference should that make?" Casey asked, having fun messing with his head. "You asked for this Greg and I'm not sure I could still respect you if you changed your mind now. You want me to respect you don't you Greg? You care about making me happy don't you?"

"Of course I do Casey. I love you! But please don't make me do this," Greg moaned.

Casey reached down and stroked his penis again, feeling it harden in her hand.

"Ask me to shave your armpits Greg."

Greg stayed silent so Casey released his penis again.

"Hmm...?" Casey asked.

"Ok ok. Fuck, you can shave my armpits," Greg replied, now feeling extremely horny and frustrated.

"Oh I dunno Greg," Casey teased while running her fingernail up and down Greg's penis. "I'm not sure you really mean it. Maybe if you ask me really nicely I might consider it?"

Greg lay breathing heavily for a moment.

"Hmm...?"

"Ok ok. Casey please shave my armpits!"

"C'mon, you can ask me nicer than that. Ask me with feeling. Beg for it."

"Oh God Casey, you're killing me here," Greg said with a pained expression on his face. "Please, pretty please Casey, sweetest of all girls. Please shave my armpits?"

"Hmm... ok then I guess," Casey replied, "since you asked so nicely."

Casey finished the job and then wiped Greg's body all over with a washcloth. Then she stood up to admire her work. Greg sure looked different without any body hair, but more than that there was something very appealing about seeing him all tied up and helpless, which along with the way she'd been acting with him for the last hour or so made her feel sexy and powerful. She realised she was really wet.

"There's something I want to talk to you about Greg," Casey said as she took up position beside him again and teased his penis with her fingernail.

"Oh yeah? What's that?" Greg asked.

"Well, I've been noticing you like to please me in bed but quite often you don't want anything in return," she began.

"Yes?" he said. "I love you girl and I like seeing you happy."

"Well, how would you like to make that official?" Casey continued.

"Um..." Greg gulped. "What do you mean?"

"Would you wear a chastity cage for me?"

"Oh God Casey. Seriously?"

"You seem surprised?" Casey asked.

"Well, I actually thought about it already a while back," Greg admitted. "I was going to ask you what you thought about the idea but then I chickened out and forgot about it."

"Ok, it's settled then," Casey decided, realising that Cassandra had nailed it about him. "You're going to wear a chastity cage for me."

"OMG really?" Greg asked surprised. "But when would I get to cum?"

"Well that would be up to me wouldn't it?" Casey stated. "You won't be able to get hard in the cage so orgasms would be out of the question unless I let you out."

"Oh God! So how often would you let me out?"

"Um... how long do you think you can handle?"

"I'm not sure," Greg replied. "Maybe a week? Maybe two?"

"Let's try three weeks to start with then," Casey declared.

"Three weeks? Seriously?" Greg asked in shock.

"Oh c'mon. That'll seem like nothing to you eventually baby," she smirked.

"What do you mean?"

"Three weeks is just the starting point Greg. After that it gets longer. Maybe one day you won't even need orgasms at all anymore? Won't that be good?"

Greg stiffened even more under Casey's fingernail.

"Oh fuck Casey," Greg moaned. "You're killing me here. I need to cum so bad now. Won't you help a man out here? Even just untie me so I can DIY even."

"Greg, my dear, sweet boy. Your DIY days are over now already. History. Just a memory for you now. I hope the last time you did that it was good because it won't be happening again after today."

Casey was enjoying herself.

"Oh please Casey. You gotta let me cum. I feel like I'm gonna explode!"

"Hmm... such a little organ to cause so much trouble," Casey said as she continued teasing his cock. "You'll be so much better off when it's all safely locked away and can't cause you all this pain. Maybe if I kiss it better it won't hurt so much?"

She began kissing and running her tongue up and down his shaft while looking up at his face.

"Would you like a little blow job baby?" she asked. "Would that make it feel better?"

"Oh fuck yes," he replied.

She took him into her mouth while continuing to look up into his eyes. His penis was rock hard and starting to twitch. She knew his orgasm was imminent so she pulled away from him, causing him to whimper.

"Would you like to be inside me darling?" Casey asked while standing up so he had a good view of her body. She stroked her pussy to make sure she had his attention.

"Oh please Casey. You can't do this to me! Please let me cum. I'll do anything!"

"Anything?" she asked while straddling his body and sitting on his stomach. She reached around and dragged her nails across his balls and up the length of his penis.

"Yes, anything! You name it you go it!"

"Ask me to lock you into a chastity cage. Tell me you'll come shopping with me today to get one. We'll lock you up and I'll hold the key, and you'll go at least three weeks before you have another orgasm. If you ask me nice enough I might let you cum."

"Yes yes anything!"

"Ask me baby."

"Please Casey! Fuck! Ok, I promise to come with you and buy a cage for me. I'll put it on when we get home and give you the key, then I won't have another orgasm for three weeks."

"Ok, you got yourself a deal." Casey said. Then she raised herself up and guided him into her. She was so wet and it felt so good grinding on his pubic bone with him deep inside her. She also noticed how different the skin on skin contact felt on her pussy. She could feel Greg was close now. Then as she felt his orgasm and heard his moans of relief, the sensation quickly took her over the edge as well.

Once they recovered Casey reached over and started undoing Greg's bonds.

"Ok, let's go shopping!" Casey announced.

After dressing, Greg couldn't help but notice how his T shirt clung to his freshly shaved chest. It felt weird. Casey as usual set out completely nude after a quick shower and douche, wearing only a pair of Chucks to protect her feet.

Casey had a late model Mustang at her disposal now after Jolene bought it for her as promised. She wasn't allowed to have possessions as an Indent so it officially belonged to Jolene but she had full use of it if she ever needed it. Most of the time she preferred to cycle if she had to go anywhere though. Today they decided to take Greg's car, a fully restored '78 Trans Am, and soon they were making their way to the sex shop that Casey and Cassandra were so familiar with that they were now on a first name basis with the shopkeeper.

"When we get there Greg," Casey started, "you're going to ask Tim to see his chastity cages."

"Oh fuck me, how embarrassing," Greg replied. "Are you sure you can't do it while I wait in the car?"

"I could," she responded, pretending to consider it, "but I think it's important that you do it. I want you to show me this is important to you and you'll go through a bit of embarrassment for me. I'm worth it aren't I?"

Greg looked briefly at Casey and saw she had the cheekiest of smiles.

"Fine..." he responded through gritted teeth while smiling back.

Soon they were stepping out into the street not far from the adult shop. As usual Casey's nudity attracted a few stares and one request for a selfie from a fan. Casey recalled how mortifying it had been for her being naked in public for the first few weeks she had to do it. These days she couldn't say she was completely used to it but it wasn't mortifying for her as such anymore. More exhilarating than anything else, and the sex was always so much better after a day spent in public.

"Casey!" greeted the shopkeeper. "So good to see you again. What can I do for you today? More Lushes already?"

"Hi Tim! Nah, not this time. My man Greg here has something he'd like to ask you," she responded while turning to Greg.

"Um... I wanna chastity cage," Greg mumbled.

The shopkeeper clearly hadn't heard him and looked back at Casey with a puzzled expression.

"C'mon Greg, big voice," she urged him. This was so cute.

"Um... yes, I want to buy a chastity cage," Greg replied a little louder, trying to pretend he was confident in asking, like it was a normal thing to ask from a shopkeeper.

"A chastity cage!" Tim replied. "Yes, I have heaps. I have everything from polycarbonate to stainless steel, enclosed or birdcage styles. Even a soft silicon one which a lot of athletic guys seem to like. Some of these also go with a PA piercing. Are you pierced at all Greg?"

"The fuck now?" Greg asked in shock. "Nah, not pierced. Um... I guess we can count those ones out."

"Maybe down the track hey hon'?" Casey suggested, teasing him.

"Um..." Greg responded giving her an "are you serious" face.

"Ok, do you know what size you are?" Tim continued.

"Oh I dunno. Normal size. Average I guess," Greg replied.

"Everyone thinks they're average," Tim laughed, "and that can be anything from a virtual micro-penis to a baby's arm monster-cock. But it's not so much about the size of your weapon, but more the measurement around your junk where it meets your body. That'll give you your base ring size. Schlong length may factor in when it comes to long term comfort. Have you worn one before Greg or is this your first time?"

"Um... first time."

"Ok, well I'd recommend polycarbonate, at least to begin with. This model comes with five different sized base rings and different spacers so you can experiment to find the most secure fit you're comfortable with. Later on you'll probably want to go to a stainless steel if you're considering long term wear. They're easier to keep clean and have a built-in lock instead of a padlock, but the polycarbonate one is the way to go first so you can get an idea of the size you'll need."

"Oh ok, I guess one of them then," Greg decided.

"Ok, there's a choice of colours. Standard clear? There's also black, red, pink, even a camo one?"

"Ar... standard clear will be fine."

"Good choice hon'," Casey added. "It's gonna look really cute on you."

Greg gave her a pained look.

"Ok, would you like me to bag that up for you?"

"Definitely," Greg replied, not wishing to be seen carrying it in the street.

"Done deal," Tim responded as he scanned the box and put it into a bag before handing it to Greg. "A word of warning though. You may find nocturnal erections a bit uncomfortable the first week or two if you're going to be wearing it at nights but you'll get used to it. The cage length can help a lot there too. A lot of guys think leaving room to grow is better but it's actually better to have a snug fit that prevents the penis from getting too hard."

"Uh... ok thanks," Greg replied, not comfortable talking about his erections or admitting he was going to be wearing a chastity cage to this man.

To Greg's great relief he was soon paid up and back in his car with Casey.

"See that wasn't so bad was it baby?" she said to him while smiling to herself.

"Uh-huh..." Greg said as he started the engine, trying not to look at her.

Back home Casey pretty much dragged him to her room and tore his clothes off. Then she tore open the box in her eagerness to get Greg locked up. She'd never really considered doing this to him or any man before, but now for some reason she found it totally hot and couldn't wait to see him in it.

"Um... ok. Oh I see," she said working out how the pieces went together. "Right, these are the base rings. Let's try the middle one? Oh shit, I'm worried I'm gonna hurt you."

"Here let me do it," Greg said while gathering up the pieces and heading to the bathroom.

"Where are you going?" Casey asked.

"Bathroom."

"No do it here. I wanna see."

"Jesus Casey. Can a man have some privacy?"

Casey pouted.

"Fuck, fine," he responded. "Ok gimme that whatsit there. Now that bit. Ok, this must go on here. Now the padlock..."

"Ooh, this is my bit," Casey said while holding the lock out of his reach until he held still. Then she put the lock through and clicked it shut. "Ok, show me how it looks."

Greg stood in front of her, now with his cock sealed, and did a little turn for her. He felt kind of silly but also seriously turned on.

"Look what I got baby," Casey said while holding the keys up in front of him.

Greg couldn't decide if he was more embarrassed or aroused so he just looked at Casey while breathing heavily. His cock suddenly tried to get hard and he wanted her badly.

"Come here Greg," Casey said, pulling him back onto the bed with her while kissing him, and then guided his head down to her pussy. Oh God he was good at going down.

When it was over she glanced down at his penis straining within its new confines and put her hand on his balls, caressing them gently

"I guess none for you hey babe?" she said.

"Oh God Casey. I wanna get hard so bad right now," Greg admitted.

"Well, that's the point isn't it Greg? You can't now. Now you're my little chastity boy and I decide if and when it gets hard," she teased, and then she felt her stomach growl. "Fuck! What's the time?"

"Getting' on six. Why?" Greg asked.

"Shit, I gotta cook dinner and then I promised I'd go online with Cassandra tonight. Wanna watch?"

"Um... err..."

"C'mon Greg. I know you watch anyway. I don't mind," Casey admitted to him.

"You know? How?"

"Sometimes I see two connections from our IP address in the cam room. I know one is Jolene watching Cassandra and there's only one other person in the house not in front of a camera."

"Fuck!"

"It's fine. You're just a man. You can't help it," Casey teased. "So do you like watching us online or would you prefer to stand in the doorway tonight? Your choice."

"Um... online is fine."

"You know what? I want you watching from the doorway tonight," she decided, changing her mind. "Cassandra won't mind, and I wanna see your face."

And so it was. When it came time for Casey and Cassandra to go online Greg watched from the doorway as the girls kissed and petted each other, reacting simultaneously as their Lushes responded to the tips. Greg wished more than anything he could make love to his beautiful naked girlfriend or at least rub one out one last time. Cassandra wasn't exactly awful to watch either. This was agony, but also totally hot!

During the night he woke up several times as his nocturnal erections tightened the base ring uncomfortably around his balls. On one occasion he had to get up and walk around until at last the erection subsided. He went back to bed and watched Casey sleeping for a while, scarcely believing this new direction she'd suddenly taken him on. God he loved her. Just when he thought he knew her she'd turned everything on its head. There was never a dull moment around Casey.

**Casey's Rise Ch. 02**

*Jolene and Cassandra lay in bed caressing each other's hair after another amazing love-making session, when Cassandra suddenly started coughing and hacking.*

"Fuck Jo! I wish you'd clean up a bit at least if you don't wanna shave it," Cassandra complained. "I got a pube in my throat yet again. Jesus!"

Jolene laughed.

"No seriously," Cassandra continued. "I'll even do it for you. Let me go get a razor and fix you up a little."

"I don't need 'fixing' Cass," Jolene objected. "I'm not on camera and this is how I prefer to look. We've been through this."

"I need a glass of water," Cassandra said rolling her eyes. She couldn't understand Jolene's objection to letting a razor near her pubic area. She liked getting head. Why not make things more pleasant for the person giving it then? Sure she trimmed it and kept her bikini line waxed, but a little more attention in those more intimate areas wouldn't go astray.

"And what is with these fucking clothes everywhere?" Cassandra demanded as she kicked them out of her way. "Why don't you ever clean up?"

"You know where the laundry is," Jolene responded. "Or get Casey to do it. It's her job anyway."

"She's your sister, bitch. You may own her but you gotta give her a bit of respect too. You wouldn't have none of this shit without her."

"And she wouldn't have any of it without me," Jolene pointed out.

"Yeah right..." Cassandra replied rolling her eyes again. Jolene's ego was astonishing sometimes.

Cassandra coughed and hacked a few more times as she left to get her glass of water, giving Jolene the opportunity to admire her naked body as she walked away. Cassandra was so gorgeous. She had such a fucking attitude though, which came from being a wealthy only-child spending her whole life always getting her own way. That attitude was endearing to a point, but she desperately needed taming and Jolene had a plan to do just that.

"I love you. You know that right?" Jolene told her as she returned.

"Yeah, I know. I love you too," Cassandra replied as she lay back beside her and kissed her cheek.

"We need to stop fighting all the time though."

"Yeah, I know that too," Cassandra admitted. "I'm sorry I get so wound up about trivial shit. You mean the world to me."

"I feel the same way."

They kissed and pulled each other closer.

"We should get married," Jolene announced.

"Oh?" Cassandra asked surprised. "We don't hold with none of that do we? Casey is damn right about patriarchal bullshit, and marriage is a big part of that crap, 'specially for us gay chicks. Why would we want any part of that?"

"I wasn't thinking of that kind of marriage." Jolene continued. "I was thinking maybe you might like to become my Indent and we base our relationship around that? Like a commitment to each other kind of thing?"

"Are you serious Jo? You want me to give you my freedom?"

"Oh c'mon. It won't be that bad. You've seen how I treat Casey. How much better would I treat my lover? This would put an end to our fighting too."

"Yeah, coz you'd be in charge of me so I'd always have to back down..." Cassandra replied, starting to get a little pissed off. "Why should I have to be the one who backs down? Why can't you become my Indent?"

"Because I'm not wired that way," Jolene responded. "You are though. You just won't admit it and you'll never be completely happy until you do."

"You really think I'm like that?"

"Definitely. Think of how you like being nude around people. You love that exposed and vulnerable feeling. Remember how much you used to envy Casey? You want to be humbled. You want someone to tell you what to do, but you're too proud to admit it so you keep rebelling against it which is what your short fuse is all about."

"Fuck... hmm... maybe you're right," Cassandra mused.

"Ok," Jolene continued, "imagine how you'd feel right now if I told you to get down on the floor and masturbate with a big dildo in front of me, and you did it because you had to, not because you wanted to."

"Oh God, that would be so fuckin' hot," Cassandra admitted. "I never thought about it like that. I've always made myself do shit like walkin' 'round with my ass out and wankin' on camera, but I think all along I've been wishin' and pretendin' it was someone else tellin' me to do all that."

"I know baby, and it can be that way for real if you want it to," Jolene assured her, realising her argument was winning. "I think it's time you registered as a full time nudist too."

"Holy fuck Jo!"

"C'mon, I know you've been fantasising about it for ages. That's the whole reason you refuse to wear clothes around here. You want it to be your real life. I think it's time that it was."

"Shit... Yeah, maybe..." Cassandra admitted. "But I got a wardrobe full of awesome clothes. I dunno if I wanna give that up. Plus it's one thing to be walkin' 'round here naked. I'm not sure if I can do that out on the street as well."

"Are you worried about people seeing something they shouldn't?" Jolene asked. "Cass, you're on a public webcam every night and there's 30 or 40 pictorials and videos of you on a dozen websites. Anyone can see whatever they want of you anytime they want."

"Damn. Good point. I still got nearly a year to go before I'm 21 though so I can't legally register yet. Maybe we should wait 'til then? I guess I could just ask Pa though. He'd be cool with it."

"You won't have to as my Indent. I'd be your legal guardian then so I could approve it for you the same way I did for Casey."

"Yeah right. Holy fuck though Jo! I dunno if I'm ready to do take that step just yet. I was kinda considerin' maybe I wouldn't worry about takin' it that far ever."

"I think you're ready for it, and you have the most beautiful body I've ever seen. It's doing the world a disservice keeping it hidden away. Think of how proud I'll be showing off my gorgeous little nudist wife."

"Fuck Jo, you sure have a way with words," Cassandra responded, starting to soften. "Yeah maybe. I gotta think about it some more though."

"You know you want it Cass. You've been playing the part for six months now and I know deep down you want it to be reality. I say we do it without delay. Let's do it today!"

"Today? Holy fuck Jo. I dunno... Oh God, seriously?"

Cassandra couldn't believe she was actually considering this. She'd had everything handed to her on a silver platter her whole life. Could she really give all that up and become someone's servant? Could she really give up wearing clothes full time and walk around nude in public like Casey did? Could she take a massive step like that on the spur of the moment? The thought of being Jolene's naked little slut was making her seriously horny again though so maybe she did want it. She grabbed Jolene's hand and pushed it down into her crotch. Jolene knew what to do from there.

"Judging by that reaction I'd say that's a yes then?" Jolene asked with a smile.

"Yeah, I wanna be your ho'," Cassandra agreed breathlessly. Jolene was amazing with her fingers.

"Today then?"

"Whatever you want Jo. Oh God you're gonna make me cum!"

"Today it is then."

After Cassandra recovered from her orgasm they discussed details.

"I guess I'll have to tell Pa I'm moving in full time then," Cassandra considered. "Although he probably hasn't even noticed I've been away anyway, that's if he's even been home as well. He's always away chasin' deals. Fuck, what am I going to do with all my clothes?"

"You can give them to charity," Jolene responded. "That's what we did with Casey's wardrobe."

"Yeah, but she probably only had shitty jeans and K-Mart stuff."

"Not all of it. Some of it was nice."

"Maybe. But we're talking Gucci, Oscar de la Renta, Louis Vuitton here. You name it, it's in there."

"Well I guess there's going to be a lot of well-dressed homeless people then."

Cassandra laughed.

"You may have a point Jo, but maybe not with them wearin' it. That'd be a waste. But if I sold it all and donated the money, it could probably help out a lot of folks stuck in bad times."

"You can be so sweet sometimes Cass," Jolene said while stroking Cassandra's hair.

"Fuck, we won't have time to send out invites and shit if we gonna do this today," Cassandra realised.

"Nah, I wasn't thinking that kind of ceremony," Jolene responded. "For us it's more about what comes after."

"Yeah ok," Cassandra agreed. "I can't say I'd really want anyone I know there anyway. Too hard to explain to some people. They just wouldn't get it."

"Exactly," said Jolene. "This is just about you and me."

"How long you want me to sign up for?"

"Up to you," Jolene responded. "Two years is the minimum under the indenture laws, but it can be anything up to twenty."

"Um... twenny might be a bit much. Waddya reckon? Maybe five?"

"Five is good. After that you can decide if you want to sign up again or if we want to go in a different direction, or maybe we've had a gutful of each other by then and want to call it quits."

"Don't be sayin' shit like that Jo!" Cassandra scolded. "You thinkin' 'bout getting' rid of me already?"

"Never!" Jolene assured her, "But we have to be realistic and consider these things."

"Ok, but then what happens if it don't work out and I'm still stuck as your Indent for fuckin' years?"

"I'm not planning for that, but if it did come to it I'd still be pimping you out on the webcam and other stuff like that. You'd still be my little nude ho'." Jolene said as she ran her fingertips down Cassandra's side.

"Fuck! Well I guess we're doin' this then." Cassandra decided. Her head was suddenly spinning at the idea of it all. Could she really do this? Naked forever? Jolene's property? Shit! Really? She suddenly felt horny again. Damn, it sure was giving up a lot, but at the same time she'd never felt happier than when she started doing porn and hooked up with Jolene, and now she was getting all wet again at the idea of making it permanent. Shit, if this wasn't destiny she didn't know what was.

"Ok, let's get ready then and get you dressed up for the last time so we can go down to the courthouse," Jolene announced. "Hey, maybe you could burn your last dress the same as Casey did as a final farewell to clothes?"

"I ain't burnin' none of my shit you crazy bitch," Cassandra responded in shock. "Any one of my pieces could probably feed a family for a week!"

"Haha, yeah you're right," Jolene laughed. "You're so beautiful. You act like a boiled lolly, all hard and sticky, but you're really a marshmallow aren't you baby?"

"Get fucked!" Cassandra laughed. "You tell anyone and I'll kick your ass!"

It took the women nearly two hours to get ready but that was mostly because of Cassandra. Hey, if it was the last dress she was ever going to wear, that was no easy decision.

At last they were sitting in Cassandra's Porsche, both dressed to the nines.

"Hey, do we need to get a lawyer to put something in writing about all your stuff like your car?" Jolene asked. "I don't want anyone thinking I'm only doing this to get your money. I got plenty of my own now."

"Nah, it's cool," Cassandra replied. "I don't really care about 'stuff' anymore, but it all officially belongs to Pa anyway. About the only stuff I do own is my clothes and that ain't gonna be a problem much longer."

"Oh ok. So you're sure?"

"Yeah definitely."

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The courthouse was surprisingly busy for the time of day and Cassandra suddenly got nervous as she looked around and realised she was going to have to walk back out of the place naked in front of them all very soon. Holy crap! Was this really happening? It felt like a waking dream. She looked over at Jolene. It was rare to see her all dressed up and made up like this. She was so gorgeous, and all bossy and businesslike right now as she spoke to the clerk over the counter.

"Yes, that's right. We need an Indenture agreement for five years and also a nudist registration," Jolene was saying.

Fuck! It was really happening!

"J-O-L-E-N-E. That's right. Reine. R-E-I-N-E. And Cassandra. No she's going to be the Indent. That's her behind me. C-A-S-S-A-N-D-R-A. Bloccato B-L-O-C-C-A-T-O."

"Ok Ms Reine. I'll need you to sign here and Ms Bloccato to sign down there."

"Cass we need you to sign," Jolene said turning to Cassandra.

Cassandra came up and stood beside her. This was it then. If she had any doubts, now was the time to back out. Shit fuck shit. She was really doing it! She felt she was on another planet as she watched her hand signing the form.

"Ok, I just have to witness down here as the court's representative," the clerk continued. "Now the nudist registration. I understand Ms Bloccato is under 21 and the Indentor is to approve the registration?"

"That's right," Jolene replied.

"Ok. There's a formal thing I have to do first."

She turned to face Cassandra.

"Cassandra Bloccato. Do you state that you enter into this registration of your own free will knowing it is permanently binding? If you agree say I do."

Holy fuck!

"I do." she replied.

"Ok, I just have to get you to sign here Ms Reine. And Ms Bloccato, if you could sign here please?"

Jolene signed without hesitation but it took Cassandra a moment to gather her nerves. Goddammit! Was she actually going through with this? This wasn't like buying a new dress that she could return if she didn't like it, or even a tattoo she could cover up if she changed her mind later. This was a permanent commitment. All the same she wished these thoughts were deterrents. Instead her adrenaline was pumping at the thought of it all.

"Fuck it Cassandra, just do it," she told herself and then she signed. Her head was really spinning now but as nervous was she was, she still couldn't stop smiling.

"Thank you," the clerk responded. "Ok just wait here a moment. I'll be back."

Jolene turned to face Cassandra.

"I'm so proud of you right now Cass. I love you."

"Oh fuck girl, I'm shitting my pants right now. I love you too," she replied as she took Jolene into her arms and kissed her.

The clerk returned after a few minutes carrying a briefcase and then opened it on the counter in front of them. From it she produced a rectangular object attached by a cord. Both girls knew what it was and what was about to happen next.

"I hope this thing has enough charge," the clerk said. "We don't get many of these. Oh here we go. The battery indicator says it's nearly full. Whoever used it last must have charged it up. Ok Ms Bloccato. If I could have your left hand?"

Cassandra held out her left arm and allowed the clerk to place the rectangular object on the underside of her wrist. It had a padded surface which felt quite pleasant on her skin.

"Ok ready?" the clerk asked.

Cassandra nodded. Her heart-rate was sky-rocketing.

The clerk suddenly gripped her hand with surprising force and Cassandra felt a burning sensation. It only lasted a few seconds though and when she removed it she looked down at the familiar crescent tattoo which Casey also sported. Oh fuck! She'd really done it!

"You may undress when you're ready," the clerk announced with a smile.

Cassandra nervously looked around and then started unbuttoning her dress. She hadn't bothered to wear underwear, figuring there was no point, so there was only the single garment to deal with. Finally she slipped out of it and handed it to Jolene. Oh God she was naked!

Cassandra had spent a lot of time naked over the last six months but this was the first time she'd been naked in a public place. It was nerve-wracking. She looked around and saw she was now the centre of attention. All eyes were on the naked girl who had suddenly appeared.

"Wow, what's she doing naked in the courthouse? Oh she must have just registered as a nudist. You don't see much of that around here."

"Yeah, check out the tattoo."

"Pretty. Nicely shaved pussy too."

"Oh, I know her. Her name's Cassandra. I've seen her online."

"I wonder if she knows Casey Reine."

"Yeah I've seen them online together. They'd have to be two of the hottest chicks in porn. Who's that with her though?"

"No idea."

Jolene took Cassandra's hands and kissed her passionately.

"Hello wife," she said.

"Oh fuck Jo! We really did it!" Cassandra replied excitedly.

So what do you want to do now?" Jolene asked. "We still have a couple of hours until dinner. We could go to a nice restaurant to celebrate later? Maybe we could take a walk on a beach 'til then?"

"Nah, take me home Jo. I need fuckin' real bad right now."

Jolene laughed.

"Ok, that sounds pretty good to me too."

Cassandra took Jolene's hand and they made their way out of the courthouse and into the street with Cassandra wearing only her heels now. This was seriously going to take some getting used to. Everyone was looking at her and it was making her even hornier. How did Casey deal with this? People were stopping and staring. Phones came out all around her. As out of place and conspicuous as she felt, it was exhilarating beyond anything she'd felt before. Oh God, her nipples were hard and she could feel a wetness between her legs. Could everyone see it? It made her blush and she bit her lip to try to focus on getting to the car. She was so horny right now she felt like she might explode.

"Cassandra!" said a voice on the street. It was Tina, one of her old posse members from back in college and high school. She was a well-dressed girl of Asian appearance who was never far from Cassandra's side back in the day.

"Oh hey girl. How you doin'?" Cassandra replied, making no effort to cover herself and feeling slightly annoyed to bump into an old friend right now. She was so horny and desperately wanted to get back home alone with Jolene as soon as possible.

"Good, good. I see you went all the way with the whole slut thing then?" Tina replied icily, nodding to Cassandra's public nudity and the new tattoo.

Cassandra felt Jolene step forward behind her so she put her hand back to signal to her that she had this.

"Yeah, I just registered. Got married too. This is my wife Jolene," Cassandra replied pleasantly.

"Is this the trashy bitch that got you all fucked up at the end of last year?" Tina asked with obvious disgust. "I guess I'm not surprised she turned you into a total whore as well."

"Tina, you're talkin' about my wife. You got some mouth on you," Cassandra replied. "You forget who my Pa is and who your Pa is?"

Tina suddenly turned white.

"I-I'm sorry Cassandra. You just surprised me is all," Tina replied looking at her feet.

"I don't think you sorry enough bitch! You got a problem with nudity? I think you need some first-hand experience to snap you out of that shit. Gimme your dress," Cassandra demanded.

"Oh please Cassandra!" Tina begged. "I'm really sorry. I was out of line. I wish you all the best."

"Dress bitch," Cassandra repeated, holding out her hand.

Tina's shoulders slumped and she reluctantly started unbuttoning her dress, then took it off and handed it to Cassandra. Jolene looked on with amazement.

"Bra and knickers too," Cassandra demanded.

Tina looked nervously around and then stripped and handed those to Cassandra as well. There were several people watching now and Tina nervously tried to cover her breasts.

"How's it feel now bitch?" Cassandra asked.

"I'm sorry Cassandra," Tina replied. "Can I please have my clothes back now?"

"I'm thinkin' about it," Cassandra replied. "Have you learned your lesson yet?"

"Yes Cassandra. I'm a stupid bitch and I've learned my lesson," Tina replied while covering her breasts and hunching over with her legs together.

"Ok, now if you don't wanna end up registered and livin' out your days like this, you'll remember this experience won't you?"

"Yes Cassandra. I'm really very sorry," Tina replied. "Can I please have my clothes back?"

"Don't forget it bitch," Cassandra replied throwing Tina's clothes at her feet. "C'mon Jo, we got places to be."

Tina quickly gathered them up and dashed behind a bush beside the footpath to quickly dress again as Jolene and Cassandra walked away.

Later in the car Jolene turned to Cassandra.

"Just what do you have on her to make her strip in the street like that?" she asked.

"Oh her father works for mine, but that ain't all I got," Cassandra replied. "All them girls back at school were the same."

"Did you have any real friends then?" Jolene asked

"Not really until I met Casey, then you and Greg. Amelia's the real deal too," Cassandra replied honestly. "Mostly those bitches I used to call friends back then were just suck-ups."

"Just who is your father to have them so scared like that?" Jolene enquired.

"Officially he's into hotels and property but he has his fingers in a lot of pies," Cassandra answered without really giving too much away. "He's a pussycat though. Bitches are all scared of me coz they know Pa will do anything for me, and if they work for him he has leverage."

"That's interesting..." Jolene mused which caused Cassandra to smile. "Hey, do you think you could talk any of them into becoming camgirls?"

Cassandra laughed.

"I probably could, but I'd have to ask Pa first," she replied. "It probably wouldn't be a good idea unless he needed to bring any of his dudes into line. Gotta keep something up his sleeve, but I'll tell him so the idea is in his head at least. Then if some bitch comes knocking on our door one day we'll know Pa sent her. Fuck Jo, I'm so horny! Drivin' my wheels stark naked is fuckin' amazing!"

Jolene put her hand on Cassandra's bare leg.

"We're almost there now Cass you poor thing," Jolene responded lovingly. "We'll get you sorted soon enough. I'm crazy for you right now as well."

Greg and Casey were sitting at the dining room table as they walked in.

"Where have you two been?" Casey asked, surprised to see them both fully made-up and Cassandra walking in naked from outside.

"Look what I got Casey!" Cassandra said excitedly while holding her wrist up to show Casey the tattoo.

"You registered! Holy fuck! Well how does it feel?"

"It feels fuckin' amazing. And that ain't all. I'm Jolene's Indent now too so she owns two bitches now."

"Seriously?" Casey responded. "What made you want to do that?"

"Well we wanted to get married and decided to do this instead. It's our way of committin' to each other."

"Holy shit! So when did you decide to do this? I had no idea you were even thinking about it."

"Um... a few hours ago actually," Cassandra admitted. "I guess your sister got a way with words but I knew I wanted it too. It's cool."

"Well, I wish you both all of the best and hope you're very happy together," Casey gushed.

"Yeah, same." Greg added and got up to give the girls a kiss on the cheek. "Well done guys."

"Thanks Casey. Thanks Greg," Jolene responded. "We're both stoked."

"Hey we should get a cake or something," Casey added. "This calls for a celebration!"

"Actually Jo and I were kinda plannin' to do some of our own celebratin'. I don't s'pose you guys would mind gettin' scarce for a few hours?" Cassandra asked.

"Yeah, no worries," Casey said with a knowing smile, and then turned to Greg "Let's go get a cake and grab a drink somewhere Greg."

As soon as they were alone Cassandra grabbed Jolene's hand and dragged her into the bedroom. Her heart was racing as she feverishly started undressing Jolene and kissing her passionately at the same time.

"Wait!" Jolene said pushing her away. "I want you to get the biggest dildo you've got and get down on the floor in front of me and don't stop until you cum."

Cassandra smiled and immediately obeyed. Oh God what a rush!

"No, leave your heels on and squat," Jolene demanded. "C'mon, legs wide open. You can do better than that!"

Cassandra's expression got more serious. She was in ecstasy being treated like this.

"Oh fuck Jo. I'm gunna cum!"

Cassandra was usually fairly quiet when she came, tending to breathe heavy and fast while her body shook and shivered. This time she wasn't though. This time she screamed almost as loud as Casey usually did, and all the while she looked straight into Jolene's eyes. She had barely finished, when she was up and pushing Jolene back on the bed, stripping her naked as fast as she could. Her mouth was all over Jolene's and she made her way to her neck and tits. Oh my God she loved her.

She felt Jolene's hands on her head pushing her down. She didn't need to be told that twice and soon her tongue found its way amongst Jolene's folds. Jolene never came in a hurry so Cassandra made herself more comfortable and enjoyed Jolene's hands stroking her hair, occasionally looking up to meet Jolene's eyes as she worked. Soon Jolene pulled Cassandra's face in hard against her pussy and allowed herself to cum.

Cassandra wiped her mouth and took up position at Jolene's side.

"I love you Jo. I can't believe what we did today but it feels totally fuckin' hot."

"I love you too Cass and it's hot for me too. Now I have my very own nudist girlfriend. You've made me the happiest woman in the world today. Oh, I have a present for you."

Jolene reached over to her bedside table and opened a drawer to produce a butt-plug just like Casey's with a blue jewel on the end.

"Are you going to make me wear one of those too now?" Cassandra asked surprised.

"Uh-huh," Jolene replied confidently. "It's our trademark."

"I'm not sure if I want that in my butt all the time."

"Roll over Cass."

Jesus! Cassandra did as requested and rolled over onto her stomach. Jolene moved down and Cassandra felt a dollop of spit land on her rosebud. Oh God! Really? The next thing she felt was the butt-plug pushing against her entrance. She wasn't sure she wanted this and clenched involuntarily.

"C'mon, relax a bit for me," Jolene demanded.

And then it was in.

"Ok, have a bit of a walk around. Get used to what it feels like," Jolene suggested.

Cassandra obeyed and walked around the room. It felt really weird. Not painful as such. Maybe even kind of nice? This would take some getting used to.

"Try a squat with your legs wide out like you did before."

"It'll fall out won't it?"

"Let's just see."

Cassandra obeyed and was surprised when it stayed in place.

"See," Jolene pointed out. "It stays in all by itself."

"Fuckin' hell," Cassandra replied. She hadn't felt true humiliation before, even when she was naked in public earlier. It was a new experience and it was making her horny again. What the fuck?

"Now, if we just add some heels, you're wearing your new uniform now just like Casey does. I expect you in uniform at all times apart from sleeping or exercise. Are we clear?"

"Yes ma'am," Cassandra replied with a smile. Oh God she really was horny again now. "Wanna fuck again?"

"No, maybe later if you're good," Jolene teased. "Casey and Greg will be back soon."

"Can I rub one out quickly then? You can watch again if you want?" Cassandra pleaded.

"I said no Cass. You'll cum if and when I tell you to and not before. I'll make you wear boxing gloves and cuff your hands behind your back if you can't behave yourself. Now say 'thank you Mistress' and go clean yourself up."

"Thank you Mistress," Cassandra responded while pouting.

Jolene's timing was almost perfect as Greg and Casey came back through the door almost right at that moment.

"We're back!" Greg called out. "We got cake! I also got us a couple of bottles of Champagne and a carton of bourbon and colas."

Cassandra emerged nude and wearing her heels.

"Cassandra, are you wearing a butt-plug now too?" Casey asked after noticing it.

"Um... it's an Indent thing. Our trademark," she replied.

"Did Jolene make you do it?"

"Um... yeah. Kind of," Cassandra replied. She seemed a lot meeker than usual. "I don't mind I guess."

"Oh wow. Don't worry. It grows on you after a while and you kind of forget it's there," Casey sympathised.

"All good," Cassandra responded.

"Ok, let's celebrate!" Casey announced trying to brighten the mood. "I can't believe you guys are married now. Champagne anyone?"

Soon there was merriment all round and they partied until well after midnight. No one worried about the webcams that night.

**Casey's Rise Ch. 03**

Casey had the house to herself for a change. Greg had a new supercharger that he wanted to fit to the Trans Am and decided a complete tear down of the engine was in order. He had a few days off before his next shift so he'd decided to go back to his parents' house to use his father's workshop. Jolene and Cassandra were out shopping and weren't expected back until dinner time. The housework was up to date so Casey had the rare opportunity for a true day off doing whatever she pleased. She decided to text Amelia.

"Watcha doing?"

Ding.

"Bored AF. You?"

"Same. Wanna come over?"

Ding.

"Yeah, I could use a friend right now. C U soon."

Amelia was well used to Casey being nude these days so it didn't even raise an eyebrow when she answered the door that way.

"Hey girl. How you been? Come on in," Casey greeted. "Can I get you a coffee or something?"

"Yeah, I'd kill for a cuppa. Thanks!" Amelia replied.

"So what's up?" Casey asked. "Your text sounded like something was bothering you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I'm just feeling a bit down," Amelia admitted. "I can't find work and Mum is struggling with the bills. Life is just sucking a bit right now."

"Don't worry. You're brilliant and it won't be long before someone snaps you up," Casey assured her. "How's your love life?"

"Fucking lousy. I just ditched yet another loser a few days ago. I'm starting to worry all men might be creeps."

"Yes there's plenty of assholes out there," Casey agreed, "but then you get guys like Greg as well."

"You struck gold there Casey. I wonder how I find one like that?"

"You might have been with one already and you just didn't know it," Casey mused. "I've been thinking lately that there's a lot of guys in denial about their true natures and they behave like assholes trying to live up to a bullshit standard."

"Are you still on about the patriarchy fucking everything up?" Amelia laughed.

"Well it's true!" Casey stressed, raising her eyebrows. "Once your eyes have been opened to it, you can see the damage it has done everywhere! Ok, tell me what's been annoying you about the men you've dated and I'll almost guarantee it's related to men trying to live up to patriarchal stereotypes."

"Well they start out nice enough, holding doors open for me and bringing me flowers and stuff, but as soon as I get them in bed it all starts going downhill," Amelia explained. "I feel like they just use me to get off and then I stop having any value in their eyes. Some of them want me to do really disgusting things, which I won't, but even if I did they'd just leave me hanging anyway. For example I'm so sick of blowing a dude to have him refuse to return the favour."

"See? Patriarchy, just like I told you."

"How so?"

"Well, firstly they're objectifying you," Casey explained. "They're not seeing you as a human being. They're seeing you as prey, something to be conquered, and once they've completed their mission it's all over. It's patriarchal standards that have made men act that way and also led women to accept it as normal."

"Why are they such lousy lovers then?" Amelia wondered. "If they were trying to impress me, shouldn't that continue into the bedroom?"

"Well, they think they are impressing you. They've grown up watching male-centric porn. It's all about the dude's pleasure. His orgasm, the so called 'money shot', so they think they're pleasing you by giving you that. The woman's sexuality and her pleasure is mostly ignored."

"But doesn't the stuff you do just enforce that by showing off your body and not leaving anything to the imagination?" Amelia asked.

"Not at all," Casey replied. "That's all about my pleasure. My orgasm. Even on the webcam it's all about them giving me pleasure, and they happily pay to do it."

"I honestly don't know how you do it Casey. I'm dying from embarrassment just thinking about doing what you do."

"Well that's because you have inhibitions, and once again we can blame the patriarchy for that. It's learnt behaviour. You've been taught that your sexuality should be kept hidden. That there's something shameful about your body. Once you let go of that it frees you from the shame. Everything is out there in the open. No more secrets to cover up."

"Ok..." Amelia considered, "but how do you get past that? How do you relearn everything that feels natural and normal to you?"

"Well, you know how I did it," Casey responded. "I became a nudist. Now, that may not be for you but maybe it is? Have you ever tried it?"

"Um... that would be a solid 'no'," Amelia replied honestly. "The only time I've had my clothes off in front of someone else was when I've had sex, but even then I usually kept the lights off and we were pretty much face to face. I've never walked around out in the open naked in front of anyone."

"And why not? Could it be because you think there's something shameful about your body? I'll tell you what, you can try it here if you want and maybe start trying to let go of that stuff?" Casey suggested.

"Oh I dunno Casey. I'm not sure I'm comfortable with that idea."

"C'mon give it a try," Casey encouraged. "It's only us here right now and I'm already naked so you know I won't be judgy. Cassandra's registered now too so even if everyone was here, no one would give a fuck about another nude girl in the room."

"Cassandra registered? Holy crap! What brought that on?"

"Oh, it was their version of a wedding. Cassandra indentured to Jolene and decided to register as a nudist at the same time. They call each other wife now. It's so cute."

"Cassandra's Jolene's Indent? Wow! So has Cassandra moved in or are they getting their own place?" Amelia asked.

"She was practically living here already anyway. As far as I know they're not planning to move out. It's a big house so there's plenty of room. Who knows what they'll do next though? I didn't know they were even talking about getting married until Cassandra came home with a crescent tattoo and jumping up and down like an excited schoolgirl about it."

"That does sound like Cassandra," Amelia laughed. "Um... shit. I dunno about getting naked. I'd feel really weird taking my clothes off in front of you."

"Up to you," Casey responded. "But that hesitation you're feeling is probably one very good reason why you should. You shouldn't feel ashamed of your body. Look, if it makes it any easier, why don't you go undress in my bedroom and come out when you're ready?"

"Um..." Amelia replied. She couldn't believe she was considering it, but maybe Casey was onto something? It was at least worth a try. "You know what, fuck it. I'm gonna do it!"

Amelia got up and went into Casey's room. She was blushing like crazy, but without giving herself a chance to think about it further, she quickly stripped off her clothes and folded them onto Casey's bed. Then she stood facing the doorway with her heart racing as she thought about stepping out naked in front of her friend. With a deep breath she took a step. Then another, and then she practically ran back into the living room.

"Ok here I am!" she announced, with her legs together and arms stretched out wide.

Amelia had a curvier figure than Casey's with much larger breasts. Casey estimated she was at least a C cup. She had a little puppy fat but she was nowhere near obese. Her light brown hair and brown eyes accentuated a pleasant and friendly face, and she kept her bikini line neatly trimmed. Altogether she was really cute.

"So how do you feel?" Casey asked.

"It feels really scary. Like I'm doing something really wrong. Fuck, I can't believe I'm standing here nude out in the open like this!"

"Well, come and have a seat. Can I get you another cuppa?" Casey asked.

"Ok sure. Yeah same as before. White and one," Amelia replied.

"Coming right up."

"Holy crap Casey! I don't know how you walk around outside like this. Don't you feel really self-conscious?"

"I won't lie. I did at first," Casey admitted, "but I got used to it. The hardest part was probably dealing with the haters and people who seemed to think that my body was their business and they had the right to judge me about it, but I got over that too. I realised if they had a problem with me it was theirs, not mine."

"That's actually a very mature way of looking at it," Amelia considered. "What about doing porn though? Do you really think that's advancing the feminist cause?"

"Definitely," Casey replied. "Well, not all porn. I do porn that shows off my femininity and sexuality. I don't work with male talent, or do anything where a man might get the opportunity to objectify me or use me just for his own pleasure."

"What about all that stuff with putting baseball bats and other things inside you? Isn't that objectifying yourself?"

"No, that's showing off my vagina and there's nothing more feminine than a vagina. I'm showing that I'm proud of my female body including my pussy," Casey explained.

"They're still wanking over you though aren't they? Isn't that them using you for their own pleasure? I've heard that men get a dopamine rush when they look at porn and over time that gets addictive. Eventually they go down the rabbit hole and end up with unrealistic expectations of sex. In some cases they end up preferring porn to being with a real woman. That can't be good for anyone can it? Isn't what you do feeding into that?" Amelia pointed out.

"Well, I know for a fact that they don't all wank over me, but yes, that can happen," Casey admitted, "but if you do get yourself a boyfriend with a chronic porn and masturbation addiction, there are ways to turn that back to your advantage."

"How?"

"You don't let him cum. You make him work for it," Casey replied with a smile. "And that begins by making sure he gives you 100% of his attention to you in bed before you even consider giving him anything in return. Control the penis. Control the man."

"And how do you do that?"

"Get him to wear a chastity cage."

"I thought those were just toys?"

"They don't have to be just toys as it turns out..." Casey smiled knowingly.

"OMG! Have you got Greg wearing one?" Amelia laughed.

"We just started experimenting with it," Casey admitted with a smile. "He was wired that way to begin with though. It may not work with all men but with him it definitely does. He was a sweetheart before but now he's become a total romantic. He dotes on me constantly and we both know exactly where we stand in the bedroom. It totally lends itself to female sexuality too. I love it so far."

"Doesn't he just beg and you give in though?"

"I probably would but we get around that by setting dates. If he's not due for an orgasm, we both know it won't be happening."

"Don't you miss getting a sound rogering though?" Amelia asked waggling her eyebrows.

"If I want that I can have it," Casey laughed, "but it's not my favourite thing to do anyway. I can wait until he's due."

"Ok, to change the subject," Amelia continued, "Why did you shave your pussy? What's it feel like without pubes?"

"The clients wanted it to begin with but it grew on me after a while. Why, do you want to shave yours?"

"Kinda, yeah," Amelia said. "I always wondered what it would feel like."

"Well do it," Casey suggested. "It's just hair. It grows back it you don't like it. Wanna do it now?"

"Oh God! Do you think I should?"

"Sure, go for it," Casey giggled. "I can get you a new razor and you're welcome to the bathroom. Or I can give you a hand if you want? I'm not squeamish about female anatomy anymore so I don't mind."

"Eww! Um... no that'll be fine. I can handle it myself," Amelia responded. "Ok, I guess this is a day of new experiences so I may as well add shaving my pussy to it as well. Lead the way old friend!"

Soon Amelia was in the shower and carefully shaving off her pubes. As she finished she stepped out to dry herself and inspected her work in the mirror. She laughed at how weird it looked. She hadn't seen herself like that since before puberty.

"What do you think?" she asked Casey as she stepped back into the room.

"It doesn't matter what I think," Casey smiled. "It only matters if you like it. I think you're pretty either way."

"Thanks Casey. Um... I think I kinda like it. I might run with it for a while and see how it goes."

"Sure. You do you. That's what it's all about," Casey responded. "Are you hungry at all? I think we have some leftover chicken. I can whip us up some chicken sandwiches?"

"Oh, hell yes," Amelia replied, suddenly realising she was very hungry.

The two girls chatted and laughed over lunch, until Amelia decided she needed to get back home to her mother. Funnily enough she was sad to dress again and commented as much to Casey.

"You're welcome to come back and have some 'nude time' anytime you like Amelia," Casey told her. "Like I said, there's two nude girls living here already. One more won't be a problem."

"Ok, I might just do that," Amelia decided. "After today I kinda wanna see what it feels like being naked in front of some other people to get an idea of what you go through every day."

"I'm pretty much used to it now," Casey laughed, "but it's still kind of exhilarating being out in public."

The two girls hugged as Amelia departed.

Casey spent the rest of the afternoon having a few wines and working on a blog she had started about female empowerment and the benefits of matriarchy. It was linked from her webcam site but Jolene was ok with it as long as she didn't say anything anti-male that might discourage her subscribers. That wasn't a problem though. Casey wasn't anti-male in the slightest. Quite the opposite in fact. She just loathed patriarchal standards and the damage she considered that it had done to both male and female sexuality, and society as a whole. She had written about everything close to her heart including vulva shapes, matriarchal societies, female led relationships, masturbation techniques, and even several toy reviews. If anything it had boosted the number of subscribers, and her blog now had thousands of followers and the comments were almost always positive.

She was in a really mellow mood after the wine and Amelia's visit, so was saddened to have it suddenly spoiled by Jolene and Cassandra returning in the middle of a terrible row. Jolene went straight to her bedroom and slammed the door.

"What the fuck is going on?" Casey asked Cassandra.

"Jolene's just being a cunt," Cassandra answered while rolling her eyes. "She promised me she'd look after me if I indented to her, but ever since then she's been treatin' me like a slave. 'Do this Cass'. 'Get me that Cass.' Fuck!"

"Well you kind of are a slave Cassandra," Casey pointed out.

"Yeah, but I'm also s'posed to be her wife. A bit of respect wouldn't go astray," Cassandra replied.

Just then Jolene came back out of her bedroom. She was clearly not in a good mood.

"Ok, you two, stand in front of me right now!" Jolene demanded. "There's going to be some changes around here starting now!"

Casey and Cassandra were startled into action and immediately did as she requested.

"Feet shoulder width apart! Hands behind your neck! Stand up straight! Casey stick your tits out more. Same for you Cass!" Jolene ordered.

The girls obeyed, not wishing to anger her further.

"Ok, now if I tell you to stand in front of me, this is what I want to see. Got it?" Jolene barked.

Casey nodded but Cassandra just stared straight ahead glassy eyed.

"Got it Cassandra?" Jolene repeated.

Cassandra nodded as a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Right, "Jolene continued. So from now on you're both going to refer to me as 'Mistress'. Got it?"

The girls nodded, now feeling quite intimidated.

"I don't hear you?"

"Yes Mistress," the girls responded in unison.

"You two need to learn what it is to be Indents. Tomorrow I'm taking you both to get your clits pierced. Got it?"

Casey swallowed. That sounded painful but Jolene did not sound like she was going to accept no for an answer.

"Yes Mistress," Casey responded dejectedly.

"Fuck you Mistress!" Cassandra replied angrily.

"RIGHT!" Jolene shouted. "Cassandra, I've had about enough of you! Get across my lap right now."

"Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?" Cassandra asked incredulously. "Are you seriously goin' to fuckin' spank me?"

"Yes I'm seriously goin' to fuckin' spank you," Jolene replied, mimicking Cassandra's tone, "but I'll tell you what. You can be spanked right now or you can choose not to be spanked right now. Which will it be? C'mon, your choice. Do you want this to be resolved or not?"

"Fine!" Cassandra responded.

"Fine what?" Jolene demanded.

"Fine Mistress!" Cassandra revised, albeit somewhat sarcastically.

Cassandra lay across Jolene's lap, more in anger and to call her bluff than in actual submission, so it came as a great shock when the first slap met her buttocks. It was much harder than she expected too and she jumped.

The second one if anything was even harder. Tears started to well up in her eyes.

"Ow!" Cassandra cried at the third blow. Her backside was bright red with handprints now. Jolene was not holding back in the slightest.

Cassandra jumped and screamed "ow" in reaction to each of the next four smacks and was openly sobbing now. Casey could not believe what she was witnessing. Seeing Cassandra crying and being assaulted and humiliated like this suddenly became too much for her. She stepped up to Jolene and got into a kick boxing stance with her fists clenched at her sides.

"ENOUGH!" Casey shouted.

Jolene stopped the spanking and glared at her.

"Casey, if I see that fucking leg come up, so help me..." she warned, knowing that Casey had a seriously wicked round-house and could easily kick above her own height.

"What are you doing Jolene?" Casey demanded. "She's supposed to be your wife! Why would you do this to her?"

"Casey, there are things going on here that you don't understand and I shouldn't have to explain myself to you. You're my Indent, my property, and you'll do as you're told. Got it?"

"No, I don't 'got it' Jolene. This is wrong. How can you not see that?"

"Right, you're next then," Jolene responded.

Just then Cassandra broke free and ran to her room. Jolene let her go.

"So you want to spank me now too?" Casey asked angrily.

"I'll give you the same choice I gave Cassandra. You can lay across my lap right now or you can choose not to do it and we leave this unresolved."

"Fine! Sorry, fine 'Mistress'!" Casey spat and got into position across her sister's lap.

Ten blows came hard and fast. Casey could not stop a few tears from falling in response to the pain but she was determined not give Jolene the satisfaction of hearing her cry out.

"Go to your room now Casey," Jolene demanded. "Don't you ever defy me or question me again, and don't you dare ever raise a fist or threaten to kick me again. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress," Casey replied drying her eyes, and then turned and walked with her head held high to her room. It would take more than that to break her.

What the fuck had gotten into Jolene all of a sudden? They were all happy. The business was doing well. She even got married. Why was she suddenly dissatisfied and demanding all of this control? The way she was going about it was out of character as well. Normally she was manipulative and encouraging, not authoritative. But then it wasn't out of character for Jolene to have a melt-down and lash out in anger from time to time. It was the first time that anger had been directed at her though. Casey guessed she would wait and see if Jolene snapped out of it again. If not, she would have to find a way to reason with her. Tonight was not the night for that. It would have to wait until Jolene's mood changed.

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Meanwhile at Amelia's house, as she went to bed she looked at her nightie for a moment and then decided to leave it on her dresser. It felt so free and naughty being in bed naked. Her hand crept down to her newly shaved pussy and she thought about how she had stripped and spent a large part of the day nude. She started thinking about what it would be like to be permanently nude and hairless like Casey. She imagined walking around in public like that with nothing ever hidden or covered up. She rubbed her clit and thought about how she would feel masturbating in front of someone else like Casey and Cassandra did, or on camera with lights shining on her as the photographer came in for a close-up on her genitals. She threw the covers off and spread her legs as wide as she could. With one hand she parted her labia and let her fingers explore inside while squeezing her breasts with her other hand. In her mind the photographer was telling her to do it and there were other people watching her in the studio urging her on. In the fantasy she was a wanton porn star who got turned on doing this. This was how she made her living and she wanted people to look at her. The thought had her moaning and she was soon having one of the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced. Afterwards she felt slightly disgusted at herself for having those thoughts but it also made her smile. Her mother worked the night shift so she decided right then that she would relive the fantasy of being a nude porn star whenever she had the house to herself from then on.

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The next morning Jolene seemed to be in a good mood and was acting as if none of the events of the previous evening had even happened. It wasn't the first time Casey had seen Jolene's mood do an about-face like this but the true test would be if she had changed her mind about going through with the piercing threat. That would show she was back to herself again.

"Are my two girls looking forward to some new jewellery?" Jolene asked.

Ok, obviously she was still in the same head-space as last night but just coming at it from a different angle. Casey looked at Cassandra and noticed she had a haunted look in her eyes. Being spanked by her wife had seared her soul, and as an Indent she was in no position to even leave the relationship now.

"Yes Mistress," they replied, although in reality neither of them were in any way looking forward to having their clits pierced. It sounded unimaginably painful, and Casey remembered how outraged she had been when Jolene had arranged for her pubic hair to be permanently removed on the same day she became an Indent and learned that she had tricked her into it. She loathed that someone could change her appearance against her wishes. This was every bit as bad as that, but with pain as well.

"Oh don't look at me like that," Jolene said with a smile. "It's a 'VCH", a vertical clit hood piercing. It just goes through the skin over your clit. It won't hurt any more than getting a needle at the doctor's. You won't even need anaesthetic. Just a quick pop and it's done."

"Yes Mistress," they replied, still fearful and not looking forward to it just the same.

"I've picked out the cutest little pieces for you," Jolene continued. "I've got you matching barbells with a little crystal door knockers the same colour as your butt-plugs. Whenever you walk around you'll feel the knocker gently tapping on your clits. It's supposed to feel really nice."

Inwardly the girls were horrified. Having a piece of metal stabbed through your clit hood did not sound like it would feel nice in the slightest.

Later as they were walking down the street approached the piercing clinic, Casey was filled with trepidation at what was about to happen but she noticed Cassandra was just passive and silent, which was way out of character for her. Casey's heart was breaking about it. She hated seeing Cassandra's spirit broken like this. Even when it came time for Cassandra's piercing, she just got up on the gurney and spread her legs robotically without any emotion at all, and as the needle went through, her only reaction was a slight jump.

"Just checking again ma'am," the piercer asked turning to Jolene, "you definitely want the bead sealed so it can't be removed? This will mean that the only way to get it off again will be to cut it off which will destroy the piece."

"That's correct," Jolene replied. "That's what you girls wanted right?"

Cassandra and Casey just nodded knowing they had no other option. Casey grew even more concerned about Jolene's behaviour now. There had been no talk of this being a permanent thing beforehand. She was clearly trying to dehumanise them, treating them like slaves and decorating their bodies as she saw fit. The marriage was almost certainly a sham to get Cassandra under her control.

"Ok now hold still now honey," he said turning back to Cassandra. "This won't hurt but it will mean you won't be able to remove it again. I just apply a solution to the thread of the bead and then there's a chemical reaction as I screw it on so that it becomes permanent. I just have to be careful I don't get any of the solution on your skin."

Cassandra didn't react. She didn't even look down at her jewellery afterwards as she got down. Casey could see it looked like a ring set into the top part of the barbell with a blue crystal bead attached to it. It jiggled delicately as Cassandra got up and took a few steps away to make way for Casey to get up.

Casey was not looking forward to this and her heart was racing.

"Ok, just a little sting," the man said after Casey was in position, and then almost before he'd finished saying it she felt a sharp pain at the top of her pussy.

"Ok, be careful not to move during this next bit," he warned.

Then a few moments later she felt pressure in the area along with the man's gloved fingers against her pubis.

"Ok, all done," he said.

Casey looked down and saw an identical piece to Cassandra's in her own pussy. It still stung a bit but the greater outrage was that she couldn't remove it now. As she walked back to the car she could feel the tapping sensation Jolene had described. Every now and then her legs bucked slightly as it stimulated her clit a little too much. She wondered how she was going to be able to run with it. Would it make her cum? Could she maybe put some tape or something on it to stop the tapping while she ran?

She noted that she wasn't the only one noticing her new jewellery either. Plenty of people were staring at the two nude girls as they walked along, and their eyes were drawn directly to the new jewellery in their pussies. One man even grabbed his crotch as if in pain before sitting down on a bench as they passed. Casey was used to reactions like that but wasn't sure she liked that it was a direct reaction to the jewellery, and the way everyone's eyes were drawn there now. It made her feel like a walking vagina instead of a whole person.

Once they got back home Jolene asked them to stand in front of her. They obediently assumed their positions with their feet shoulder-width apart and hands behind their necks. Cassandra was still silent and expressionless.

"OMG you both look so cute!" Jolene exclaimed. "This is definitely a new trademark for us. Are you both ready to go online tonight and show it off?"

"I am Mistress," Casey replied, "but I think Cassandra needs a night off."

Jolene looked Cassandra up and down.

"I think you're right Casey," she decided. "Are you ok Cass?"

Cassandra remained silent at first but then started crying.

"Oh sweetheart," Jolene said sympathetically, "I'm sorry I had to come down so hard on you but it was for your own good. You know I love you right?"

Finally Cassandra opened her mouth.

"You should have told me it would be like this Jo," she said.

"I know baby," Jolene said to her sadly. "I hated having to do all that but you understand it was necessary don't you? You want to become the real you and stop pretending don't you?"

Cassandra's lip quivered.

"Maybe," she responded. "I guess I just didn't think it would be this hard."

"It won't be this hard forever," Jolene assured her. "There's just no easy way to deal with your old pretend attitude. It's going to need a firm hand every now and then, but only when it's absolutely necessary. Do you like your new jewellery?"

Cassandra looked down at her pussy for the first time since the piercing.

"It's ok I guess," she replied, and then sniffed and smiled faintly through her tears. "It might even be kinda hot."

"That's the spirit," Jolene said. "Now do you want to do your cam show tonight or do you need a night off?"

"I'll be fine," Cassandra replied.

Later in bed Casey couldn't help but play with her new jewellery. She hated the idea of Jolene changing her body yet again, and she suspected that somehow the idea was to dehumanise and humiliate her. Maybe it did look cute and feel kind of nice though? It may take a lot of confidence and effort to get people to see her as more than just a vagina now though, but maybe she was up to it. She had a fan base that went well beyond her porn career and she could control her own narrative. The bigger problem now was Jolene in her day to day life. She was becoming a tyrant!

Meanwhile in Jolene's bedroom, Cassandra was repulsed by Jolene's tongue toying with her new jewellery. As nice as it felt physically, she hadn't forgiven her for the spanking or the way she had forced her to get the piercing. She didn't mind getting the piercing. It was just the way it was done that disturbed her. There was nothing hot about it. It was brutal and unfeeling.

She started thinking about talking to her father. While legally she was out of options, her father had other ways to deal with things... Cassandra wasn't sure she wanted to take things that far yet though. She still had feelings for Jolene, just not too many good ones anymore. She wasn't sure she could count on her father's help this time anyway. He had laughed at her and told her she was on her own when she had told him about indenturing to Jolene and registering as a nudist. She would almost certainly have to deal with this and resolve it on her own somehow, or just learn to live with it. Maybe it wasn't a bad thing anyway? Perhaps Jolene was right and she did need to be treated like this to start being true to her submissive tendencies? It sure had been hot when Jolene first started making her masturbate in front of her and paraded her out on the street in front of everyone. It made her horny as fuck every time. It just seemed to take a turn and started feeling wrong and confusing recently. One minute the smiles were gone and they were replaced with anger and threats. Then the next minute Jolene would be all sweet again. It was fucking confusing. No, it wasn't the fantasy she had been promised and she just couldn't love or trust this new Jolene.

Maybe Casey had some ideas? Casey obviously wasn't happy about this new direction Jolene had taken either. She had stood up to her during the spanking episode, but then she had just ended up spanked as well. She may be next to useless to count on for help, but maybe at least they had a common bond and could cry on each other's shoulders, assuming Jolene allowed it? The fucking bitch needed to be taught a lesson. But what could be done? She had willingly handed Jolene all the power. She felt like an idiot, but she also felt betrayed, confused and miserable.