**Casey's Rise**

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**Casey's Rise Ch. 04**

Michael Reine sat at his desk with a coffee and checked his emails just as he did every weekday morning. It was a dull job that would never change the world but he was ok with that. It paid the bills.

An email from his friend and colleague Matt caught his eye. "Check this out" it said in the subject. Matt was always sending him porn and usually it was something disgusting that they would laugh about together at the water cooler later. He double-clicked the attachment and wasn't disappointed. His screen was immediately filled with a woman's shaved genitals, and he watched as she reached down and stretched out her unusually dangly inner labia. Michael guffawed. Dirty bitch. Some women had no shame. Then the woman in the video stepped back from the camera and Michael spat coffee all over his monitor. It was his daughter Casey!

He looked around the background of the footage in disbelief at first, but sure enough it was Casey's old bedroom in his own house. It was her. There was no denying it. The video kept playing and he thought he should have felt angry. Instead he started thinking about the countless nappies he had changed on that same body when she was a baby. How he'd held her tiny body in his arms as she cried until he put a bottle in her mouth. Her first steps. How he'd taught her to ride a bike and how overjoyed she'd been to get her first one that Christmas morning. Playing catch in the backyard, and hide and seek around the house. The memories came flooding back and a tear rolled down his cheek.

He was about to close and delete the video when something caught his eye. He went back to the start when she had first stepped in view of the camera and he watched it again. Something wasn't right. Sure she was smiling... but there was also a haunted look in her eyes. She was acting! And she wasn't happy about it!

He Googled her name and quickly found her website. There were subscriber-only sections but also a lot of free content which seemed to be clips from webcam footage. He clicked on the oldest one and watched as Casey lay on her bed looking at her phone as she slowly undressed and started masturbating. Again, her eyes were telling a different story to what she was actually doing. Perhaps only a father could tell, but something was definitely wrong here. She was scared and humiliated, and something on the screen of that phone was the key to it all. He downloaded the video and put it on a USB stick along with the video Matt had emailed to him.

Later when he got home, he called his wife Sue over to his laptop.

"Sue, there's something you need to see," he began. "Did you know Casey has been doing porn?"

"I suspected something like that," Sue replied sadly. "I saw her walking around naked at the supermarket being photographed one day. It didn't seem to be something above board. I was disappointed in her but I moved on. She's out of our lives now anyway."

"I think we've made a terrible mistake Sue. Look at this."

Michael played the video he had downloaded from Casey's website.

"OMG Michael!" Sue gasped in shock. "You're her father! How could you look at something like that?"

"Jesus Sue, I'm not looking at that. Look at her eyes. She's clearly terrified. Look at how she keeps looking at her phone. Someone is making her do that stuff."

"OMG, you're right!" Sue acknowledged. She started to cry. "What have we done Michael? Who would do that to our baby girl?"

"Is Casey's phone still under our family plan?" Michael asked. "Maybe we could get the records and find out?"

"Yes, it is," Sue remembered. "Casey, or rather Jolene's been paying the bills since she moved out but we still have access to the account. I'll call the phone company tomorrow and see if we can get all the records."

A few days later they poured over the text records. Almost all of them from around that time were from the same number and they confirmed what they had feared. Casey had been blackmailed and some of the texts indicated that the blackmailer had something on Jolene, and they were using whatever that was to force Casey to degrade herself. The penny dropped almost immediately.

"IT'S FUCKING JOLENE!" Michael shouted.

"Oh no, it can't be," Sue responded in disbelief. "She was always a bit self-centred and narcissistic but she wouldn't go this far would she? Especially not to her own sister?"

"Well, look at who's benefitting from this chain of events Sue! Look at where Casey's living now and what she's doing. Do you want to see her website? Jolene manipulated her into Indenturing to her and now she's pimping her out as an Internet whore."

Sue started crying again.

"Oh poor Casey!" Sue cried in despair. "What do we do now? Do we call the police or what?"

"Police should definitely get involved but there's one problem we need to solve first," Michael said.

"What's that?" asked Sue.

"All this evidence is circumstantial," Michael replied. "While we can show Casey was blackmailed, we can't prove it was Jolene. We need to get that phone."

"But how do we do that Michael? Jolene's bound to have covered her tracks."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," Michael responded. "Remember what she was like as a teenager? All the lies and what she did to that boy she was seeing by stalking him and tracking his emails? She nearly ruined his life. It was all impulse and she was so overconfident that she never considered for a moment that she might get caught or anyone would stop her, and it was her carelessness that did put a stop to it in the end. I'd almost put money down that she still has the phone somewhere. We have to be careful though. If we tip her off or she gets a whiff that something's up, it'll definitely disappear."

"So how do we do that?" Sue asked.

"Obviously we have to talk to Casey. She's the only one close enough to find out, but we need to talk to her anyway even if we can't get her out. She needs to know that we know what happened and that we still love her."

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Casey was more than a little surprised when her phone rang and the caller ID indicated it was her parents' land line. What could her mother want now? They hadn't spoken since Casey had moved out.

"Casey, it's your Dad. Can we talk?"

Her father called her? Holy fuck! Casey assumed he'd discovered her porn career and braced herself for the inevitable rant.

"I guess so Dad. What's up?"

"Is Jolene around?" he asked.

"Um... she's busy," Casey replied. "But I can go get her if you like?"

"No. Sorry, I mean I don't want her to know I'm talking to you."

"Oh ok. I can go out into the back yard I guess. Hold on a sec'." Casey moved out onto the back deck and closed the door behind her. "Ok, go."

"Ok, I'll be quick. Your Mum and I know the truth of what happened now, and first of all I want to say that we're both really sorry."

WTF?

"Oh Dad..." Casey began.

"Shoosh pumpkin," Michael cut in. "We'll have to save a proper apology for another day. We shouldn't talk long and I don't want you getting all emotional and tip Jolene off about what I'm about to tell you."

"Ok..."

"We know Jolene blackmailed you using text messages, and we think we can get you out."

"You know?" Casey asked in disbelief.

"Well, we know enough. What we need is the phone she used. Have you seen another phone anywhere?"

"Um... No I haven't. I can ask her wife though?" Casey suggested.

"She married a woman? Sheesh! Why am I not more surprised?" Michael responded with an obvious eye-roll in his tone. "Ok, look. We better cut this short so I'll leave it there. See what you can do, and if you find it call me back when it's safe ok?"

"Ok Dad, sure," Casey replied.

"Now I need you to do one more thing," Michael continued. "I want you to walk back inside and act really angry. Then tell me to get fucked in a loud voice and hang up."

"Dad!"

"Just do it Casey ok? Really lay it on thick. I expect Jolene's monitoring everything you do so you need an excuse for this phone call. If she asks, tell her I found your website and I called to give you a dressing down about it."

"Ok Dad, you asked for it," Casey warned.

"Go for it pumpkin."

She re-entered the house as her father suggested.

"DAD YOU CAN GO GET FUCKED OK? I DON'T WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR BULLSHIT TO YOURSELF IN FUTURE!"

Casey then pretended she was about to throw her phone across the room and at the last moment decided against it, shaking it in anger instead.

"Holy shit Casey," Cassandra asked in surprise. "What was that all about?"

Casey noticed Jolene had stuck her head out of the bedroom door to see what all the commotion was about.

"Fucking Dad!" Casey replied. "He found my website and rang me up to give me an ear-bashing about it."

"Fair enough then," Cassandra nodded. "I probably would have given him a whole lot more than that."

Casey noticed Jolene smile and walk back into her room. Her father's ruse had worked!

She wasn't sure how she felt about what her father had told her though. While she was glad that her parents now knew the truth of what had happened, she didn't want her life to change. She liked the life she had now. Becoming a fulltime nudist was her worst nightmare in the beginning but she had made her peace with it and now she found it exhilarating and freeing. She had a mission to expose and destroy the patriarchy while promoting female sexuality and body positivity. Even the porn wasn't without its perks, and for the most part even enjoyable. Altogether it had changed her outlook on life and broadened her horizons.

However, while she had been happy to develop a relationship with her sister, Jolene had changed everything recently. Her narcissism had reached new heights with demanding that the girls now call her 'Mistress' and stand at attention in front of her whenever she snapped her fingers. Not to mention the clit piercings and the spankings the other night, which Casey suspected wouldn't be the last. She was becoming a tyrant and it was making everything unpleasant. The clit piercings weren't exactly awful as it turned out, but the way the girls had been forced to get them was. But the worst was the spankings. They may well be Indents but they weren't children! Casey knew what her sister was like, so while it made her angry, she could get over it. Cassandra on the other hand hadn't been the same since. That was evil. Jolene gone too far and something had to be done to reign her back in.

This couldn't just be Casey's decision alone though. This affected Cassandra as well. Both of them were now permanent nudists and had produced a plethora of pornography on the Internet. None of that could ever be changed. Taking Jolene out might fuck all of that up and leave them destitute and naked for the rest of their lives. What would happen to their Indentures if Jolene went to jail? Would they be re-sold to someone else? Maybe it was a case of 'better the devil you know' and just to put up with Jolene's bullshit? She would need to discuss it with Cassandra. This had to be a joint decision, assuming that phone still existed and Cassandra knew where it was. When could she get Cassandra alone to talk about all this though?

Later in the day Casey heard the sound of a very noisy V8 engine outside the house which could only be one person. She rushed outside excitedly to greet Greg and check out his work. If the new supercharger sticking out of the bonnet wasn't completely obvious, the noise it made sure was. Greg gave it a little rev and she heard the distinctive whining from the drive pulleys. She put her hands over her ears and Greg smiled in response. At last he switched off the engine and stepped out to give her a hug. She instinctively put her hand on his crotch while they were kissing and noticed he wasn't wearing his chastity cage.

"Oh hello, what's going on here?" she lightly scolded. She had the key so he shouldn't have been able to get out of it.

"Oh I'm so sorry babe," Greg replied sheepishly. "It was driving me nuts so I had to cut it off."

"How do you mean?"

"It was giving me a rash and it started getting seriously whiffy down there. It was like a little penis terrarium and I couldn't get it properly clean." Greg admitted.

"Eww, gross. Fair enough I suppose," Casey responded with some disappointment. "Maybe we should try a metal cage style one next time? We know what size you are now and that should be easier to maintain so it never has to come off until I want it to?"

"Yeah maybe," Greg considered, getting slightly hard at the thought.

"Never mind for now. We'll talk about it later," Casey added.

"So what's this then?" Greg asked while touching Casey's new piercing.

"Do you like it?" Casey asked. "It was Jolene's idea. Cassandra has one too."

"It's fucking hot!" Greg replied with a smile. "Just when I think you can't get any more awesome, you go ahead and do something like this!"

"Yeah, I kinda like it too," Casey agreed while looking down at it.

"Does it hurt?"

"Not really. It stung a bit for the first day but it's not too bad now. It might be a few weeks before it's completely healed though."

"I'll have to go easy on you for a while then," Greg suggested with a smile.

"Nah, it should be ok. It hasn't been worrying me doing the cam work at least anyway."

"So, do you like the blower?" Greg asked while sweeping his hand towards his car.

"It's very shiny, and noisy," Casey replied. "Was it a lot of work?"

"Fucking shit-tonnes as it turned out. I had to cut a bigger hole in the bonnet and there were other clearance issues to deal with. One of the pistons was rooted so I had to get a whole new set. I don't think I've slept more than a couple of hours in the last three days."

Just then Amelia rode up on her bicycle, interrupting the conversation.

"Amelia!" Casey squealed.

"Hey Casey. Hi Greg." Amelia responded.

"Hey girl," Greg replied. "I gotta go take a shower so I'll catch up with you two inside later."

Amelia immediately noticed Casey's new jewellery.

"OMG Casey, what have you done now?" she laughed.

"Do you like it?" Casey asked. "It was Jolene's idea. Cassandra got one too."

"Did it hurt?" Amelia asked.

"A little when it first went in but not as much as I thought it might," Casey admitted. "It's ok now."

"You know what? At first I thought it looked painful but I'm starting to think now that it looks kind of cute. Maybe I'll get one too one day..."

"You do you Amelia," Casey laughed. "So have you come around for more nude time? Everyone's here today."

"Yeah, I was thinking about it," Amelia admitted, "but now I'm feeling a bit chicken."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Casey assured her. "You're amongst friends here. Would you like me to bring everyone up to speed first while you undress in my bedroom again? That way you can just walk out when you're ready and they'll all be expecting it so there won't be any surprises."

"Um..."

"Well you don't have to if you don't want to," Casey replied, sensing her reluctance.

"No, I want to. Um.... No fuck it, let's do what you said and just get it over with," Amelia decided.

All the girls were soon sitting around the dining table drinking coffee while chatting and looking at their phones. Greg finally finished showering and joined them, which was Casey's cue to introduce Amelia's nudity experiment to them all. Casey looked at Amelia for a final confirmation and she nodded her agreement. She then got up to undress in Casey's bedroom as she had last time, leaving Casey to prepare everyone.

"Um... just so you all know," Casey began. "Amelia's been experimenting with nudity and I've invited her to join us here so she can do that amongst friends whenever she wants. Is that ok?"

"Yeah, fine with me," Cassandra replied with a shrug.

"Sure," Jolene added.

"I'm ok with it," Greg chimed in, more than happy for there to be another nude girl around, especially if it was Amelia. He had often wondered what she looked like naked.

"Ready when you are Amelia," Casey called out.

"Ta dah!" Amelia said with a big smile and a pose as she re-entered the room.

Everyone smiled. Greg even clapped.

Amelia felt really self-conscious at first but settled a bit as she sat back down and everyone resumed what they were doing. Jolene kept looking at her in a thoughtful way though.

"So have you considered doing cam work at all Amelia?" Jolene asked.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Amelia replied honestly. "For now I'm just following Casey's lead and experimenting with my personal freedom. That's enough for me for now."

"Sure, sure," Jolene replied. "You come and see me if you ever change your mind though."

"Yeah, no worries," Amelia responded with a slightly embarrassed smile. "I know where to find you."

Casey and Cassandra looked at each other with big eyes to express their horror at that idea. They couldn't let Amelia fall into Jolene's clutches. At least not without her knowing exactly what she would be getting into. Casey also wondered when she would get a chance to talk to Cassandra about what her father had told her. An opportunity to do both was about to present itself while they were all eating lunch.

Jolene took a bite of her sandwich and then spat it back into her hand.

"Motherfucker..." she said as she looked at what she had just spat out. "I just broke a molar. Shit! Cass, can you call the dentist for me and get me an appointment?"

"Yes Mistress," Cassandra replied.

Greg gave Casey a puzzled expression hearing Cassandra call Jolene 'Mistress'. Casey rolled her eyes in response.

"They have a cancellation and can fit you in in about an hour if you like. Will that do?" Cassandra said to Jolene after speaking to them for a few minutes.

"Perfect!" Jolene told her.

As Jolene left for her appointment, Casey knew this was her opportunity. She wasn't sure it was a good idea for Greg and Amelia to learn the truth as well, as much as she wanted them to know it though. Greg was fiercely protective of her and could react badly, maybe even violently. Amelia was just coming out of her shell and being more accepting of her body. If she learned Casey had been coerced into becoming a nudist against her will, it might ruin that for her. Still, she needed to know what Jolene was like before she got in too deep with her, and Jolene rarely left the girls alone for any length of time to allow a conversation like this to happen. It was now or possibly never.

"Guys, I need to tell you all something and it isn't good," Casey began. "Jolene tricked me into becoming a nudist and doing porn. It wasn't my decision."

Ok, it was out there now. There was no taking that back.

"What do you mean Casey?" Greg asked.

"She blackmailed me Greg. She gave me a story about how she was dealing drugs and a cop had all the evidence and was blackmailing her. One of the things he wanted from her was my phone number. Then I started getting all these texts making me expose myself and do sex stuff, with the threat that if I didn't do it he would take the evidence he had on Jolene and have her arrested, but it was her all along."

"What the fuck!" Cassandra exclaimed.

"Why didn't you tell us Casey?" Amelia asked in shock.

"I wasn't allowed to. That was one of the rules," Casey explained. "I wasn't allowed to tell anyone that I was being forced to do it. I had to claim it was all me, and then it wasn't long before there was also heaps of photos and videos of me doing degrading things to myself, and I was under threat that it would all be sent to my parents and everyone at the whole school if I didn't keep doing it. All I could do was hope and pray that it would all blow over quickly, and I also wanted to save you being in pain Amelia. It wasn't like there was anything you could do to help, and I only met Greg after it had all started."

"But I could have at least held your hand and supported you," Amelia responded.

"Yeah maybe," Casey replied, "but it escalated so fast and I was scared to take any risks that might end up with Jolene in jail and my nude body all over the Internet, which back then was a terrifying concept for me."

"The fucking bitch! We have to get you out!" Greg responded angrily.

"Oh no, don't get me wrong," Casey continued. "I've made my peace with it and I don't want anything to change. I like my life how it is. I like being nude now and everything I'm doing for female empowerment and body positivity. I even like doing porn. I forgave Jolene for what she did ages ago and even thanked her for it. Without her I wouldn't have experienced any of this, or even have met you Greg. I don't regret a thing now. However, Jolene has been starting to go nuts lately and it might be time to do something about her."

"You're not wrong there girl," Cassandra added, turning to Greg and Amelia. "She fuckin' spanked our asses, literally, a couple of nights ago and told us we had to start calling her Mistress and shit. Then she made us go get our clitties pierced whether we wanted to or not. But what can we do about it? We're both indented to her now. She has all the power."

"Well there might be a way we can have her arrested for what she did to me, which would probably put her in jail," Casey responded, "but that might fuck everything right up for us as well. Do you really want all this to end Cassandra? You wanted this remember, and you seemed to be happy with it up until recently? If we go through with this, will our indentures just be re-sold to someone else and we end up doing God knows what? That could be a million times worse than anything Jolene might put us through. Is it better to leave well enough alone?"

"Nah girl," Cassandra replied. "It don't have to end. I Googled that shit already. You and me are voluntary indents. If we were sentenced to Indenture for a crime, that'd be a different story, but as voluntary Indents our contracts would just be cancelled if our owner got busted for something. We'd be free. Then we could just come back here and keep doin' what we do without her."

"Oh really?" Casey responded. "I guess that makes it a whole lot easier. But still, do we really want to get rid of Jolene? With all of her bullshit, do we really want to go on without her? She does keep us all organised and motivated."

"Fuckin' oath I want to get rid of the bitch," Cassandra replied without hesitation. "She fuckin' lied to me and she's treatin' me like shit now, and I'm fuckin' stuck married to her! I still have to make love to her and it makes my skin crawl now. I feel like I'm bein' raped every time we do it. I'm more than ready to end this shit right now, and we don't need her to take care of business. We both are more than up to that now. So what do you need Case? How do we bust her?"

Ok, that was it then. If Casey was a bit on the fence about it, it had to be done for Cassandra's sake alone.

"Ok then. Have you seen another phone somewhere?" Casey asked. "Not her usual one. This might be a burner."

"Um, yeah I think I have actually," Cassandra replied after thinking about it. "She keeps all her goodies in her bedside drawer and I saw one in there once. Lemme go check."

"Wait! Have you touched it already?" Casey asked.

"Nah, I didn't think nuthin of it at the time. Course I didn't know none of this about you then Case," Cassandra replied.

"Ok, don't touch it directly then," Casey cautioned. "It might be worth preserving any fingerprints on it. Still, we need to make sure it's the one she used. Have you got any gloves or anything?"

"Good thinkin' girl," Cassandra considered. "I'll stick a couple of sandwich bags over my hands and not touch nuthin that don't need touchin'."

They all marched into Jolene and Cassandra's bedroom and sure enough the phone was there just as Cassandra described.

"It's still got a bit of juice. It's bootin' right up. Oh the charger's here too," Cassandra observed. "Cool, there ain't no password on it. Ok... text messages... Here we go. There's only one contact. This the shit Case?"

Cassandra showed Casey the screen. It showed the last few texts on the day when Jolene made her strip in the college cafeteria in front of everyone and she was arrested for it, which led to her having to Indenture to her sister and register as a nudist to escape the charge.

"Holy shit! That's it!" Casey exclaimed. "Ok, turn it off and put everything back exactly the way it was and let's get out of here."

"Stupid bitch," Cassandra commented. "She done the crime and didn't even bother hidin' the evidence. Now she gonna do the time."

Casey immediately called her father.

"Dad, we found it! We found the phone!"

"Excellent! Ok, hold tight Casey. I'll go to the police station right now and get the ball rolling."

Casey was more than a little surprised when a squad car with two police showed up barely an hour later. She guessed her father must have made quite a scene and demanded immediate action. Jolene hadn't even returned yet.

"Constable Bill Walters and John Ericson. We have a warrant to search the premises," one policeman said as Casey answered the door. Their eyes widened at first when they saw Casey was naked but then resumed their professionalism when they saw her crescent tattoo.

"Yes, this way officer," Casey replied and led them into the bedroom. "It's in that top drawer."

The officers both put on latex gloves and then photographed the open drawer before putting the phone into an evidence bag.

"You might want to take the charger too," Casey suggested. "There's not a lot of battery left."

"You haven't touched it have you?" Constable Walters asked.

"We had to check it was the right phone so we booted it up about an hour ago but we covered our hands with plastic bags."

"Oh, that should be ok. Worst case scenario we may have to get everyone's prints as well so we can rule you out if it comes to it, but it probably won't be an issue if you kept your hands covered. Where is Ms Jolene Reine now?"

"She had to go to a dentist appointment but she should be back any moment."

As fate would have it, Jolene returned right at that moment. Her face was lopsided and her speech was slightly slurred with half of her face still numb from the anaesthetic.

"What's going on? Why are there police outside? Is everyone ok?" she asked in alarm.

"Are you Jolene Reine?" Constable Walters asked.

"Yes, I am. What's going on?" Jolene replied.

"Jolene Reine you are being charged with blackmail and deprivation of liberty of the person known as Ms Casey Reine. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court. You have the right to talk to a lawyer for advice before we ask you any questions. You have the right to have a lawyer with you during questioning. If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you before any questioning if you wish. If you decide to answer questions now without a lawyer present, you have the right to stop answering at any time. Do you understand your rights?"

"What the fuck?" Jolene responded. "This is bullshit! What are you talking about? Get your fucking hands off me! I want to talk to a lawyer! Now!"

"Hold still please Ms Reine. You will be given the opportunity to call a lawyer when we're back at the station."

"You're not putting handcuffs on me!"

Jolene's face was all fury as she twisted out of the constable's grip and got into the kickboxing stance Greg had taught her. Greg quickly stepped in from behind and wrestled her to the ground, pinning her there until Constable Ericson was able to cuff her.

"WAS THIS YOUR DOING, YOU FUCKING CUNT?" she shouted at Cassandra while she was still pinned to the ground. Cassandra just looked at her with a smirk.

"I'm gonna kill you, you fucking bitch! Ow! That hurts. Jesus do they have to be so tight?"

"Casey did she put you up to this? Why?" she pleaded, noticing Casey watching on.

Casey remained silent. It was painful for her to watch her sister being treated like this, in spite of everything she had done.

Jolene was still kicking and struggling as she was led out to the squad car but she was no match for the policemen's strength with her hands cuffed behind her back. Soon the house was silent again. It felt really eerie.

Amelia emerged now wearing clothes again. She had stayed in Casey's bedroom when the officers showed up, but she had heard all the commotion.

"Holy fuck!" she said.

"You're not wrong there," Greg agreed. "You should have felt how strong she was. It took everything I had to keep her pinned. I got the knee in there at the end though."

"Good!" added Cassandra. "The bitch deserved a whole lot more than that."

Casey could hardly believe everything that had just happened. Yes, Jolene needed dealing with, and the horrible secret she'd kept to herself for so long was at last now out in the open, but she suddenly felt like something was wrong. She felt empty and lost, like her whole world had just come crashing down. The sister she thought she'd gained, as crazy as she was, was now gone. It felt like their lives were now in the balance.

Amelia decided to head for home on her bicycle while she still had daylight and leave them to their thoughts. Greg, Casey and Cassandra gathered around the dining table. The mood was somewhat sombre.

"Ok, so what do we do now?" Casey asked, breaking the silence.

"I think first we can get rid of these plugs in our asses," Cassandra decided.

"I'm not sure about that," Casey responded. "I'm pretty much used to mine now and I do think they are great for our brand. I get comments all the time, and one regular who likes watching me take it out and put it back in over and over again. They are kind of a hit."

"Yeah ok, maybe," Cassandra considered. "But why all the time? Why not just when we're performing?"

"That works for me," Casey agreed. "So maybe just when we're on camera or out in public then?"

"Done deal," Cassandra replied while pulling hers out right there in front of Greg and Casey.

"What about our piercings?" Casey asked. "Have you got any wire cutters Greg?"

"Oh, that would be kind of a shame," Greg responded. "Those look fucking hot, and don't you think they're good for your brand as well? Unless they're annoying or painful?"

"I kinda like mine," Cassandra replied," and it does keep me horny all the time which I kinda like as well."

"Yeah same," Casey admitted. "Ok, so those stay. Now getting back to business. What do we need to do there? Oh crap! I just remembered only Jolene has admin access to our cam channels."

"We don't need admin access to run our shows. What's the prob'?" Cassandra asked.

"We're talking about Jolene here," Casey replied. "As soon as she gets access to a computer again she'll probably shut down our channels or lock us out. Should we start from scratch with new channels then? That might mean we lose all our regulars."

"We can tell them the new addresses while we still have access to the old channels," Cassandra pointed out. "The damage should be minimal."

"Yeah ok, but she also owns my car and the lease on the house," Casey pointed out. "Not to mention the electricity account, Internet and fuck knows what else."

Everyone went silent again for a while.

"I might have an idea," Cassandra started. "I don't think it's enough that she goes to jail. I want her to go through fuckin' everything she did to both of us Case."

"Yeah that'd be nice if it was a fair world," Casey agreed.

"You reckon she might get indenture?" Cassandra asked.

"Not with the deprivation of liberty charge," Casey answered. "That'll mean jail time for sure."

"What if you decided not to press that one then?"

"Um... maybe. The blackmail is technically non-violent so that'd probably only mean indenture for her then, but what difference would that make to us?"

"We could buy her ass!" Cassandra said with an evil grin.

"Really?" Casey asked surprised. "But where would we get the money?"

"Pa will give it to me from my trust fund." Cassandra replied confidently.

"Ok... but would you really want her around again?" Casey asked. "You know what she's like. She'll eventually figure out a way to fuck us over."

"She won't have that much power. We can just sell her if she don't behave," Cassandra shrugged. "She ain't gonna have many choices if we own her ass."

Casey smiled at that.

"It'd sure solve a lot of problems," she considered. "We could make her sign over the website and other stuff. And if she agrees to do porn the same as us then we'll make a shit-tonne more money as well, and if that doesn't work out we can sell her to someone else and pocket that. Well, at least we'll make sure she knows that's an option for us and threaten her with it. That should be enough to keep her on her toes, but do you seriously think we can do that though and she'll accept it without a fight?"

"Yep," Cassandra responded. "She don't have nowhere to go except out on her ass if she fucks up. She can't afford to fuck us over, and don't worry. I'll be watchin' her like a hawk!

"You're right Cassandra," Casey admitted. "She deserves to be punished and this might just be the way to do it, but we can't be too cruel and it can't last forever. We need to make sure she has something to lose so it's within her interests to behave. She won't do all this for us but she will do it for herself."

"You at least gotta let me spank her ass though," Cassandra responded.

"I suppose so," Casey replied. "That seems fair enough. Just the once though ok? Like I said, I know how her mind works and we have to make sure she has something to lose if she doesn't behave, and everything to gain if she does. She'll be trying to get back as much of her old life and her standing with us as possible, and it's within our interests to give her that as long as she plays by the rules."

"You guys are seriously gonna do this?" Greg asked incredulously.

"You know what Greg?" Casey responded. "If the chips fall that way then I think we should go for it. There's a risk sure, but there's also a lot of reward and it solves some other problems. Plus she's still my sister and maybe I'd rather she was here with me than anywhere else if that's going to be an option."

"Damn! Ok then," Greg replied. "I don't know how you can still have any feelings for her after everything you've told us tonight but I guess blood is blood."

"Oh, she's going to pay Greg," Casey assured him. "Don't you worry about that."

"Damn straight!" added Cassandra, giving Casey a high five.

"Ok, tomorrow I'll get in touch with the police and let them know I want to withdraw the deprivation of liberty charge as long as Jolene accepts the blackmail charge. Hopefully that'll get Jolene to plead guilty, but even if she doesn't it should mean just indenture for her," Casey said. "Cass, you'll need to tee things up with your father so he can front you the money to buy Jolene's indenture when the time comes. Hopefully we can get in before she goes to auction, and hopefully she doesn't get jail time anyway."

"That won't be a prob'," Cassandra advised.

"Ok cool. But we can't lay any money down until I speak to her first," Casey advised. "I want to make sure she's good with what we want her to do. As much as I'd like to have her back here with me, there's no way I'm walking out of there with her until she's naked and registered, ready to become a porn star. If she doesn't want to play ball, she can just go to the highest bidder. Fuck her."

Cassandra's eyes lit up at that. Greg was smiling too.

"Damn! So there'll be three naked chicks living here then? Plus Amelia when she comes over," he mused.

Now it was Casey's turn to smile. Boys...

"I saw the way you watched us when Case and I were on cam together the other night Greg," Cassandra teased while smiling at him. "You seemed to really like it?"

"Um... yeah..." Greg admitted somewhat embarrassed. "Well, you're both fucking hot! I'd have to be dead from the waist down not to like it wouldn't I?"

"So which part did you like the most Greg? Was it when I kissed her?" Cassandra asked as she sidled over to Casey and kissed her on the mouth. Casey smiled as she approached and didn't resist the kiss when it happened.

"Or was it when I touched her gorgeous titties?" Cassandra continued, putting her hands on Casey's breasts.

"Faark... you girls will be the death of me," Greg responded.

"So which of us did you think about kissing and touching the most when you watched us Greg? Was it just Casey? Or was it me too? Or maybe you were thinking about having both of us at once?" Cassandra asked. "Or maybe you don't have nuthin to compare it with just yet? Is that the problem?"

Cassandra left her position beside Casey and walked over to Greg. She put her hand under his chin and made him look into her eyes. Then she bent down and kissed him square on the mouth. Greg was too shocked to resist at first but even more shocked when he felt her tongue probing his. Casey watched on amused. Cassandra truly had no shame.

"You know Greg..." Cassandra continued, breaking away from the kiss and looking him in the eyes again. "I ain't never had a man before. Did you know that?"

"Um.. yeah... Casey told me," Greg admitted. "I thought you were gay though?"

"I never thought I was gay Greg," Cassandra purred. "I like who I like, and I've liked you for a long time."

She kissed him again.

"Waddya say Greg? You wanna make a woman outta me?" Cassandra asked. "What say you Casey? You wanna join us here? It's startin' to feel a bit lonely with just the two of us over here."

Casey got up with a smile and joined Greg and Cassandra, alternating kissing between the two of them. She hadn't seen this coming but was happy to run with it. Just seeing the look on Greg's face was worth it alone, but feeling her lips on Cassandra's and smelling her perfume while she also held Greg's cock in her hand at the same time was breathtakingly awesome.

Soon the girls had Greg undressed and he was as naked as they were.

"Faark... I dunno if I can hold out much longer," Greg admitted with a pained expression. "You two are driving me crazy. Cass, if you want to do this we better do it soon!"

Cassandra took Casey and Greg's hands and led them to her bedroom. Soon she was guiding Greg into her as she lay on her back in the standard missionary position so she could keep kissing Casey at the same time. Casey reached out to Greg and ran her hand down his side and let it rest on his buttock so she could feel him thrusting. She felt him tense up as his orgasm came, so she pulled away from Cassandra and raised herself up so she could kiss him through it. As he pulled out and lay back, she went back to kissing Cassandra and allowed her fingers to explore her body.

With all of their performances on camera together they'd never touched each other between the legs before, but then those performances were just acting. This was different. There was no one watching. The only reason for it was because they wanted to. As she allowed her fingers inside Cassandra's vagina she felt Greg gently push her legs apart and soon his tongue and fingers were inside her as she continued to work on Cassandra. After a few minutes she felt Cassandra's tell-tale puffs into her mouth as she came, and the sensation sent her over the edge as well. Oh God! It was fucking magical.

Later the three of the fell asleep together, each with their arms draped over each other.

**Casey's Rise Ch. 05**

Judge Melvin Sturt sat at his desk and reviewed his cases for the morning. One name caught his eye immediately: Casey Reine. Was that the same Casey Reine he watched online? He tuned into her shows regularly after taking to watching camgirls a few years prior after his wife had passed on. Casey was one of his favourites. He even booked one-on-one sessions with her fairly regularly and felt like he had gotten to know her a bit. Nice girl. Many times he didn't even ask her to perform for him. He just liked having someone to talk to during those long and lonely nights. He'd met her once too. What was it, six months ago or so? She'd made the ironic choice to register as a nudist and indenture to her sister to get out of a charge of streaking at her school, something he intended to only give a minor sentence of community service for. Now what was she here for? Oh, she wasn't the defendant. She was just called as a witness. Blackmail? This could be interesting. He read the testimonies. Holy shit! It was the same girl, but upon reading further he suddenly realised that he'd been misled about the true nature of Casey's original charge. It made him angry. She held a place in his heart even though she only knew him as "Professor Fondlebottom" online and had no idea who he was in real life. Her sister needed to pay if this was all true...

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Casey and Cassandra both felt very nervous walking into the courtroom with Casey's parents and Greg. While they were both fairly used to being naked out in public now, being naked in this very sober and austere place made them feel more than a little conspicuous. They'd both been summoned to give testimony if called upon to support their statements. They hoped that wouldn't happen today though. Today was just a hearing where Jolene would enter a plea, and they expected she would plead not guilty in spite of Casey dropping the deprivation of liberty charge so they'd be back another day to take the stand.

At last Jolene's case came up and she was led out to the courtroom in handcuffs. Casey recognised her lawyer Monique greeting her.

The judge looked at the files again and then looked at Jolene.

"Would the defendant please rise," the bailiff requested. Jolene stood up with Monique.

"Ms Jolene Reine. You are charged with the blackmail of your sister Casey Reine. How do you plea?" asked Judge Sturt.

"Your Honour," Monique answered. "My client wishes to enter a plea of guilty and asks that the court consider the financial duress she was under at the time."

Guilty? Holy fuck! That was unexpected. Casey had assumed she'd pull out everything in her arsenal to try to worm out of it. The evidence must have been too strong so Monique had advised her to cop it sweet so she could at least try to stay out of jail.

"I see here there was also a charge of deprivation of liberty that has been dropped?"

"Yes your honour," Monique replied. "My client was happy to agree to no contest over the blackmail charge on that basis."

"I see," the judge responded, quickly realising what was probably going on. So Casey didn't want this miserable bitch to go to jail then? That could only mean she wanted justice in some other way, and maybe payback as well. He could give her that opportunity at least then and see if she took it. Either way this bitch would get what was coming to her. He looked at Jolene directly. "Ms Reine, I am appalled at what you have done to your own sister against her will. You are a deplorable human being. You lied and forced her into a life she would not have chosen for herself, and that is damage that now cannot be undone. There is no excuse for that, financial or otherwise. It was heartless and without empathy. I feel the sentence I pass should reflect the pain you inflicted upon your victim, which will affect her now for the rest of her life. Is Ms Casey Reine in the court?"

"Yes your honour," Casey answered standing up.

"Casey," the Judge began. "I remember your original charge many months ago when you chose to register as a nudist and indenture to your sister to have the charge dropped. Am I to understand that was all under duress and your sister misled you and cornered you into that decision?"

"Um... yes your Honour," Casey admitted.

"And since then you've been engaging in pornographic modelling at your sister's insistence?"

"Yes your Honour."

"Well, it seems I have been made a fool of," Judge Sturt announced. "Bailiff, do we have a list of the defendant's assets?"

"Yes your honour," the bailiff answered. "We have cash assets to the sum of $238,354.25, two vehicles - a two year old Ford Mustang and a Mazda MX-5, the Indenture of one Cassandra Bloccato and various personal affects."

Holy fuck! Jolene has that much money?

"I see," Judge Sturt acknowledged. "I am ready to pass sentence then."

"Yes your Honour," Monique answered.

"Ms Jolene Reine, I am sentencing you to a term of Indenture of 20 years and I am awarding all of your assets to your sister who you betrayed so callously," the judge announced.

Jolene hung her head and Monique put her hand on her shoulder reassuringly, but neither of them seemed surprised by the sentence. Maybe anything was better than jail?

Then the judge turned to Casey. "Casey, I am releasing you from your indenture and giving you the option to reverse your nudist registration. I also offer you first option to purchase your sister's Indenture for the sum of $1.00 if you so desire."

Casey was shocked. $1.00? A twenty year indenture was worth tens of thousands of dollars. Had someone told him their plans to get revenge on Jolene or was this just his version of justice? An even bigger shock was that she suddenly had her wish to turn back time and make a choice about her life now. She could wear clothes again if she wanted! Holy fuck! It had been so long since she had worn anything and she never expected she would get that chance again, but here it was. But what about her plans with Cassandra to continue their lives as they were? The court case had gone exactly the way they had hoped. Well, much better than they hoped apart from this one factor that she never expected would be on the table. What about her body positivity message? Would all that be seen as hypocritical and go down the toilet if she changed? She would be seen as a victim rather than a voice. So much of her life now hinged on being a nudist. Did she really want to give all that up and try to live a 'normal' life? Or become a mere 'Madam' to Jolene and Cassandra? There was too much to lose she realised. She wanted to be a part of it, not just an observer, and she had to be a part of it if she wanted to continue getting her message out there. She should probably get a second opinion from her parents and friends just the same though.

"Your honour?" Casey asked. "May I have a moment to speak to my family?"

"Of course," he replied. "The court will recess for ten minutes."

Most of the courtroom cleared and Casey's mother Sue turned to her.

"Casey, you can't seriously be considering staying nude?" Sue asked. "This is your chance to get your life back."

"It's not that simple Mum," Casey replied. "This is my life now. I know it's hard for you to understand but I think I'm doing something important, and it's something I enjoy now. Plus I have Cassandra to think about now as well. She's still a nudist too."

"Yes, I read your blog and I think I understand your position," Michael replied. "That's very interesting stuff and you might be onto something. Is it worth giving up your clothes for that though?"

"I think it is Dad," Casey responded. "I have so many people following me and listening to what I say, and that's important to them and to me. Plus I'm used to being nude now and everyone I care about has seen me already. The porn stuff, well I know you won't want to hear it but I don't exactly hate doing it, and you heard the kind of money it makes. Plus it's a strong part of my message as well."

"Yes, that's true," Michael admitted. "I'm not sure I like my little girl doing that stuff just the same though."

"Dad, human sexuality is a normal and natural thing! There shouldn't be all this shame around it! It should be out in the open and celebrated! None of us would even be here without it!"

"Ok ok," Michael responded sensing she was getting a bit excited. "If this is truly what you want with your life now then your mother and I will support it. It's not like you can take back what Jolene made you do now anyway. Are you considering buying her indenture? I would've thought you'd want nothing to do with her now?"

"I am but I need to talk to her first," Casey replied. "If I could get her back home it would tie up a lot of loose ends, but Cassandra and I have plans to put her through everything she put us through and put her to work the same as she did to us as well, and she has to agree to that before I take her on. Are you cool with that? She's still your daughter too."

"She deserves whatever she gets Casey," Sue chimed in. "I guess we'll have two porn star daughters now but at least you're doing it of your own free will now and Jolene will be reaping what she sowed."

"You know we'll support you whichever way you go Casey," Greg added. "I'm not so sure about bringing Jolene back but you know her better than I do. If you think you can make it work then I'm with you."

"Yeah, we got you girl," Cassandra added with a smile while placing her hand on Casey's shoulder.

"All rise," the bailiff announced, cutting their conversation short as the judge re-entered the room.

"Casey, have you made your decision?" asked the judge.

"I have your Honour," Casey replied. "If it's ok, I'd like to retain my nudist registration?"

Holy fuck! She was asking if she could stay nude! If the Casey from six months ago could see this now she would never have believed it. She felt Cassandra and Greg's hands on her shoulders. She looked at them briefly and saw they were smiling.

"That is fine with the court," Judge Sturt replied. He had hoped she would decide this way. It was so exciting watching her on the cam and knowing she was never covered up, but learning today that it hadn't been voluntary had tarnished the fantasy. At least now she was choosing it freely and he hoped she would be back on the cam soon. In the meantime he could give her some justice for how it had happened, and restitution for what she had endured.

"And of your sister's indenture?" he continued.

"If it's ok, may I have some time to speak to her first?"

"No problems at all. Just let the clerk know when you've made your decision. I will place a 48 hour stay on her auction in the meantime."

"Thank you your Honour," Casey replied.

"Ok, if there are no objections?" Judge Sturt asked while turning to Monique.

"No your Honour," Monique replied as she rubbed the back of Jolene's arm. Jolene looked miserable.

"Ok then. Case is dismissed. Bailiff, next case please."

Jolene was noticeably crying as she was led back out by an officer.

"Holy fuck Casey!" Cassandra squealed once they were all outside the courthouse.

"Oh, I'm so sorry Cassandra," Casey replied. "I thought the court would set you free as well. I'll talk to a lawyer and see what the process is for me to release you."

"Don't worry about it. It don't matter to me. I'm just glad I'm not attached to that bitch anymore. I have a new and better wife now instead," Cassandra replied with a cheeky smile.

Casey laughed at that and they hugged.

"Ok, let's all grab some lunch to celebrate and then I'll come back and see if I can get in to see Jolene," Casey announced.

After lunch Casey's parents had to return to their jobs so they left and wished them the best of luck with Jolene however it turned out. Casey decided it would be better if Cassandra waited outside with Greg so she could talk to Jolene alone, thinking what she had to say would be better received if Cassandra wasn't there to gloat and stir her up.

An officer led Casey out to the holding cells which she remembered well from the time she was arrested and made to wait in one for hours completely nude. She would never forget the terror she felt during that time, and the constant humiliation that followed in the days and weeks afterwards under the control of her sister.

At last she spotted Jolene and the officer left them alone. Jolene was sitting silently in her cell and did not look happy. Her eyes were red from crying.

"Oh Casey!" she started as she noticed her standing outside. "Why did you do this? Did Cassandra put you up to it? Now everything's ruined! I thought we had a good thing going? Are you going to get me out of here? Please say you will."

"Ok, well first things first," Casey began. "Charging you was mostly Dad's decision. Cassandra had nothing to do with it. He found out what you did and wanted to put a stop to it. Now, I would have left well enough alone just the same if you hadn't started treating Cassandra and I the way you did. That was awful and it had to be stopped. At the end of the day this is something you brought upon yourself, and you have to accept that and be ready to change before I even consider anything else. So yes, I can get you out of here, and nothing has to be ruined, but you have a tough decision to make."

Jolene hung her head silently for a moment. Then the penny dropped and she looked back up at Casey.

"You're going to make me do porn aren't you?" she realised sadly.

"Yes, I'm not going to lie to you. You will be doing porn but that's just part of it. This is your opportunity to make it all up to us and also make it even better than it was. If you want me to buy your indenture, you're going to become one of us. You're going to go through everything you put Cassandra and I through, and you're going to be a part of our brand so we can make the business even more profitable. That means becoming a registered nudist, losing your pubes, the piercing, the butt-plug. Everything."

"Oh God Casey!" Jolene replied in shock. "I can't do that! Why would you do that to me?"

"Oh don't take it personally. It's just business," Casey replied, using Jolene's same words against her. The poetic justice was simply delicious.

"But I thought you forgave me? Why would you do this to me?"

"I did forgive you Jolene, but I didn't forget what you did, and no one forced you to turn into such a bitch. That's on you."

"I'm so sorry Casey," she replied distraughtly, "but please don't make me become a nudist! I thought I was doing what was best for you but I know now that it was wrong of me to do that to you. I'll do whatever you want but please don't humiliate me like that. I can't become a nudist! Not all the time. I just can't! Please!"

"Look Jolene, that discomfort you're feeling now is only temporary," Casey continued, once again using Jolene's words against her. "You will get used to being nude. If I wasn't sure of that I wouldn't have considered asking you to do it at all. Think of it this way - you're going to be nude all of the time in your new career anyway so you won't be covering up anything that people can't see anytime they want. You'll be fine. You'll see."

"Oh please Casey! I'm begging you! I can't be a nudist and I can't do porn! I just can't!"

"Jolene, you're not going to go through anything worse than what you put me through. There won't be any male talent but you are going to have to get used to getting that money-maker out in the open and showing people what it can do, and I expect you to act like you're into it. If you don't, your life can never be more than a sad pity-party and the clients will stop booking you for the kind of work I wanted for you. Do you understand that? It is what it is now."

This was almost fun.

"I'm not a slut Casey!"

That was interesting. So apparently she thought Casey and Cassandra were sluts then? Whatever sympathy Casey may have had for her just disappeared.

"No, you're a fucking sociopath Jolene, and if you want out of here so we can get back to what we were doing, you'll agree to this. All of it. I'm not walking out of here with you unless you register as a nudist and agree to throw yourself wholeheartedly into a porn career. You're going to be useful, manageable and profitable or it's not worth my while. This is a business decision remember? If you agree, then you can be out of here and back home tonight, but if you don't then you'll be going up for auction the day after tomorrow and who knows who will buy you and what you'll be doing."

"I'm not a sociopath! I love you!" Jolene protested. "I just wanted what I thought was best for all of us!"

"I know what you are Jolene. You are a sociopath no matter how much you deny it, but you're my sociopath. I love you anyway," Casey responded. "You'll be my secret weapon for whenever I need you, but until that time comes you'll be on a short leash and earn your keep. And don't try to trick me either. If it turns out that you can't be managed, then I do have the power to sell your indenture to someone else who probably won't be as forgiving as I am. Don't ever forget that. Play the game and you can still have a happy life outside of your career and other duties. Fuck any of us over in any way and you're out."

"Are you threatening me Casey?" Jolene asked with visible tears in her eyes. "How could you?"

"I'm telling you the truth of how it's going to be Jolene. That's a fuck-tonne more than what you gave me in the beginning. So what's it going to be?"

Jolene started crying.

"Please Casey! I'm begging you!"

"What's it going to be Jolene? Do you want to leave with me today or do you want me to leave without you?"

Jolene started sobbing uncontrollably while Casey folded her arms and watched her unmoved. What happened next was unnerving. Jolene looked up at Casey through her tears and noticed she wasn't buying it, then she suddenly stopped crying and appeared to be completely composed apart from the residual redness of her eyes. It was as if a switch had flipped inside her.

"Fine. You win. I'll do it," she said with a calm and steady voice while looking straight into Casey's eyes. She obviously already knew this would be her fate and was just trying to manipulate her way out of it all along!

Casey gave her a smile.

"You made the right choice. Wait here. I'll be back."

About twenty minutes later Casey returned with a male officer carrying the now familiar briefcase that would apply the registered nudist crescent tattoo.

"Ms Jolene Reine. I understand you wish to register as a nudist? 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."

Jolene looked questioningly at Casey.

"Here's the bill of sale for your indenture Jolene," Casey said while holding it up to her after realising that was what she wanted to see.

Jolene looked closely at it then she turned back to the officer.

"I do," she said to him.

"Ok, if you could just sign here," he said to Jolene handing her the document and a pen through the bars. She signed and handed it back to him. "Now if I could have your left arm?"

Jolene held her arm through the bars and the officer held it while placing the box from the briefcase onto it. He gripped her tightly all of a sudden and Jolene felt an intense burning sensation on her wrist briefly. She stared at it afterwards, coming to grips with what she knew she now had to do and the path that was now firmly set before her.

"You may undress when you're ready Ms Reine."

As she started to undress, the officer unlocked her cell and turned to Casey.

"She's all yours," he said to her. "I'll escort you to the exit and then you're free to be on your way."

"Thank you," Casey responded.

Jolene knew she was beaten, well at least for now, so she undressed without complaint and was at last standing in the cell naked. Then she realised it was one thing to know when you've been beaten but completely another to suddenly find yourself naked and knowing you were about to walk out amongst the public that way. Her face turned bright red and she was overwhelmed with the urge to cover her breasts and privates as faces started appearing in front of her as she walked. Casey was surprised when she felt Jolene's hand taking hers but she accepted it and guided her sister through the busy foyer past all the heads swivelling to look at the two naked women.

Casey looked back at Jolene and saw terror and humiliation written on her face. It was heartbreaking to see and she remembered having exactly the same feelings when she was in the same position, but she also remembered who put her in that position. As hard as it was to do this to Jolene, it was something that she needed to go through whether she accepted the pain she had caused or not.

"Well look what the cat dragged in," said Cassandra as they emerged from the courthouse. "How's it feel 'mistress'?"

"You don't have to call me 'mistress' anymore Cass. I'm sorry I did that to you." Jolene responded humbly.

"You don't know what sorry is yet bitch," Cassandra replied.

Jolene didn't respond. She just put her head down and made her way to the car.

"I don't agree with Casey bringing you home again Jolene," Greg said to her angrily once they were all in the car, "but I'm glad to see you're at least getting a taste of your own medicine. So help me, if you hurt her again, woman or not, I don't think I'll be able to hold myself back from kicking your ass. Understand?"

Jolene just nodded and started crying silently with her head down.

They were barely in the door once they got home when Cassandra spoke up.

"First things first bitch," she announced, taking a seat on the couch. "Get your ass across my lap!"

Jolene looked to Casey in horror.

"Sorry Jolene," Casey said to her, "This was something I promised Cassandra and I think it's important that you go through it to know what it feels like."

"Please Casey? I've learnt my lesson. There's no need for this," Jolene begged.

Casey just nodded towards Cassandra's lap in response. Clearly getting out of it wasn't an option.

"Fine," she said as she reluctantly she lay across Cassandra's lap and braced herself for what was about to happen.

Cassandra didn't hold back and soon the tears were streaming down Jolene's face in response to the pain and humiliation. Greg didn't know whether it was more arousing, horrifying or surreal to watch one naked girl spanking another. Jolene's butt cheeks were bright red. Holy fuck!

"Ok, that's ten for me." Cassandra stated. "Casey, you want another ten for you?"

"No, that's enough Cassandra thank you," Casey responded. "That was payback and Jolene earned it and took it, but it's the last time anyone is spanked or otherwise physically punished in this house. What will happen now though Jolene, is you'll be doing all of the cooking, cleaning and yard work from now on, at least until you've served your penance. Remember though, if I catch you spitting in our food or any petty shit like that, or if you prove to be too much trouble, you will be sold. Do you understand?"

Jolene just nodded her head, obviously still too humiliated to speak after being spanked by Cassandra in front of everyone.

"Ok, now other than that, I want things back much the way they were here as soon as possible. You'll be doing cam shows from now on Jolene but outside of that I want you to have as normal a life as possible, and I don't mean that sarcastically. I do want us all to be friends here again one day."

"I ain't promisin' nuthin yet," Cassandra responded. "at least not until I see she's pullin' her weight and bein' legit."

"Ok, just try your best then please Cassandra," Casey requested. "I know we all need time to get past this, but it needs to happen so we keep all the good things that happened here up until recently. Just don't be unnecessarily cruel or nasty is all I ask."

Cassandra rolled her eyes and nodded at the same time to show she reluctantly agreed.

"Ok, now tomorrow," Casey continued. "Cass, can you book the salon and the piercer's? We'll need another door knocker piece the same as ours. We'll also need to go to Tim's to get another matching butt-plug and a set of dildos, and a couple more Lushes, and then to the mall to get another laptop and camera. We'll need another baseball bat too. Jolene, you'll need to shave first thing in the morning."

"Oh please Casey! I don't like being shaved. It gets itchy and uncomfortable," Jolene begged.

"It won't be that way for long," Casey assured her. "Once all of the follicles are dead, the stubble all falls out and it doesn't get itchy anymore."

"But I don't want to look like that!"

"It's what the clients want Jolene. It looks cleaner and more pure if you like, but mostly it allows the people paying to watch you to see you in more detail."

It was so delicious using Jolene's words back against her.

"Fine," Jolene replied hanging her head.

"We also need to get you in shape," Casey added. "We'll start out by getting you running and using the gym equipment, as well as your martial arts training. Greg can probably help there. Starting tomorrow you're going to be on a diet as well."

Jolene just nodded silently. The humiliation of being spoken to like this was unbearable and she definitely did not feel comfortable being naked in front of everyone, even more so now with Casey pointing out she was out of shape.

"What we gonna do about sleepin'?" Cassandra asked. "I ain't sleepin' with her."

I guess we'll have to get another bed for you Cass," Casey realised. "We can put it in your cam room and rearrange it a bit so it works. For tonight maybe Jolene can take the couch?"

"Nah, I'll take the couch," Cassandra decided. "That other room feels too much like hers. Too many bad memories now. Turnin' my cam room into a bedroom sounds better."

"I don't mind the couch if you want the bed Cassandra?" Jolene spoke up.

"You'll sleep where we tell you to sleep bitch, so shut the fuck up," Cassandra responded.

"Ok, that's enough now Cass," Casey butted in. "We have a solution now. Jolene is back in her old room and we'll get a new bed for you in your cam room. Problem solved."

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Later that night, Greg and Casey were surprised when Cassandra knocked on their bedroom door.

"That fuckin' couch sucks," Cassandra complained. "Mind if I join you guys again?"

It wasn't long before they were all making love again. Greg found Cassandra's aroma and passion intoxicating, and being with Casey at the same time was mind-blowing. In the time he had known Casey he'd learned to expect the unexpected and just run with whatever happened but he never dreamed he'd have two beautiful and permanently naked women in his life. He also realised that Cassandra with all her bossiness and boldness had ticked all the right boxes for him and she had found her way into his heart. As much as he loved Casey, he wanted Cassandra in his life too. Apparently the girls were feeling the same way as it was about to unfold.

"You know Casey," Cassandra began when they were all laying together afterwards, "way back when I told you I wanted to be just like you, the truth was I had a mad crush on you the whole time. I just didn't wanna admit to myself that I could have feelings for a woman. Plus I knew you were with Greg so you were probably into dudes anyway."

"That's sweet Cass," Casey replied. "Truth is you were probably on the money back then, but that was before I knew how crazy your kisses would make me."

"Yeah, being naked together with you so close to me when we did that first cam show together got too much for me and I couldn't hold back. I was so fuckin' scared afterwards that I'd grossed you out and you wouldn't want to go near me again though," Cassandra confessed.

"I wouldn't want it any other way now," Casey responded while kissing her affectionately on the mouth and running her fingers through Cassandra's hair.

"I have to confess I'm feeling that I'm into both of you," Greg clumsily added, not wanting to be left out.

"I'm totally into you too Gregster. If you hadn't hooked up with Casey already, I would've been onto you like a shot. I'm glad it was you who got my cherry," Cassandra smiled while kissing him.

"I was so happy to be a part of that moment. It was beautiful," Casey added.

"So we're all cool with this then?" Cassandra asked. "So how do we keep it going?"

"I guess we're a throuple now," Casey giggled.

"I thought you had a subbie hubby here though Case?" Cassandra asked. "How come he's not wearing a cock-lock then?"

"You told her?" Greg asked slightly shocked.

"Oh we tell each other everything," Casey admitted. "Um... he was for a while Cass but it didn't work out."

"Why's that?"

"It was just a plastic one for training," Casey explained. "It had a few hygiene and comfort issues. We were thinking about trying a stainless steel one, but now that the three of us are doing this together maybe it doesn't work? How do we have a female led throuple?"

"I don't see it should be a prob' and I don't wanna get in the way of what you guys were into," Cassandra responded. "You can still be in charge or he just has two girls in charge instead of just one. He's still got a tongue and fingers hasn't he? It's not like we've got cocks and we still manage to please each other right?"

"What do you think Greg?" Casey asked. "Wanna give it a try?"

"Oh God!" Greg exclaimed. "You two are wild! Yeah ok, if it's what you want Casey. I'll give it a try. I'm not sure my nuts won't explode though. It's hard enough lasting longer than two seconds when the three of us are together as it is."

"This will help you then," Casey replied with a smile.

"Ok, it's settled then," Cassandra decided. "When he's with us and locked up, he fucks like a chick does. He'll be our boy-lesbian. So what, we each have a key then Case? How do we decide when he gets unlocked?"

"Maybe we won't have to unlock him at all anymore one day Cass," Casey teased, "but in the meantime we just agree on the dates he gets unlocked."

Greg was rock hard again listening to them talk about him this way.

"Oh, I think he likes that idea Cass," Casey commented after noticing Greg's erection. Soon the girls both put it to good use.

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Meanwhile in the other bedroom, Jolene lay on her back blankly staring at the ceiling, brooding over her situation. This wasn't how it was supposed to go!

"Stupid! Stupid! STUPID!" she suddenly spat out into the darkness, repeatedly slapping her face and tearing at her hair. "Why didn't I cover my tracks better? How did I allow this to happen? I gave them a better life! Why did they turn on me? They should have been thanking me!"

Then just as suddenly she went silent again and returned to looking at the ceiling, feeling her chest rise and fall as she breathed heavily through her nose. Now her face hurt. She hoped she had slapped some sense into herself.

Ok, so where did she stand and what were her options now?

Cassandra was stubborn and pig-headed. She was a natural exhibitionist and could be easily persuaded if you took your time and worked with her, but if you worked against her you would hit a brick wall. Her submissive side had turned out to be just rebellion against her life of privilege, and it had a limit. Jolene had read that all wrong and now Cassandra's defences were right up. There was no fast solution there. She would just have to go back to the old version that Cassandra knew and loved until she slowly came around again. In the meantime Cassandra was right where she needed to be, making money with that beautiful face and body, and there was still a payoff from that even if it wasn't Jolene's name on the bank account anymore. Getting her onside again was just a matter of time.

Her sister? Casey's intelligence and pragmatism meant that she was a survivor and quickly adapted to anything life threw at her. That, along with her astonishing naivety and trusting made her perfect for pushing into this life originally. Anyone else would have smelled a rat much sooner, or have collapsed into self-pity or tried to run if they did get caught up in it. She was no idiot though, and while she didn't like making waves she certainly wasn't submissive. Her exhibitionist tendencies had come out through humiliation at first. Now though she was more driven by her political viewpoints, but even she couldn't deny anymore that showing herself off turned her on, and she was committed to her porn career. It took very little to convince her to do anything for reasons of either business or pleasure, or even just for the sake of choosing the path of least resistance. Family was important to her too. She had her limits though. It was a stupid move to try dominating her. It should have been obvious that would fail. Casey liked to please, and while she might tolerate some bullying, she would never stand by and allow someone she cared about to be bullied. She should never have spanked Cassandra in front of her. The way to get through to her now was to take her side with all that fempower stuff and work the family angle, but mostly play the game and try to be the best porn star possible for her. That would hurt a bit but it was the only way to regain her trust.

Greg, the big country boy. He obviously worshipped pussy so he could be easily manipulated with some flirting, but at the same time he was totally smitten with Casey so any genuine attempt to get him in bed would likely offend him. Would he kick her ass as he had threatened? She suspected he probably would. He had got the knee in when she was arrested after all. The bastard. He would have to pay for that somehow one day. Maybe an "accidental" cheap shot in training... The way to get him onside now was to show him that she was loyal to Casey and was following the rules. It would take time, but with Casey's support he would come around.

Amelia could be a wildcard, although she would be backing Casey before anyone else. She seemed to be totally buying Casey's fempower message and their friendship was strong. This new nude phase of hers was interesting. If nothing else that girl needed to get in front of a camera ASAP. That was something she would need to try to push Casey into talking to her about. She had a shaved pussy too. That was always a strong indicator of a girl interested in sex and prepared to be seen.

Ok, so for now she had to show all of these people that she was on Casey's side and prepared to do whatever was asked of her. First thing tomorrow she would shave her pussy and make everyone breakfast. Then go along with getting permanently depilated and pierced, and whatever else Casey wanted her to do. Some of that would suck but there was no avoiding it now so she would take it as an opportunity to show she had changed and excel at it. It was time for porn star Jolene! She would shine at it and work her way into being one of the girls of the house. Where it would lead her, time would tell.

It was going to be a long game but she was up to it.