**Casey's Rise**

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**Casey's Rise Ch. 09**

Casey glanced out at the sea of pretty faces before her. Girls had come out in droves, and many had driven for hours from towns and cities all across the State. There must be almost a hundred here! How could she choose just twenty five? Did they all really accept the possibility of becoming nudists and porn stars? She remembered what it had been like for her when Jolene had first tricked her into it. It was unbelievably humiliating, an impossible thing to do. Yet, here they all were, apparently of their own free will, and excited about it.  
  
They'd decided to conduct the auditions in the lobby at The Crescent. It was awesome to at last see a presence in the resort along with all the girls' cars parked outside in the car park. It was a taste of things to come for everyone. Luckily the Crescent was equipped with a PA system so they'd set up a mic and gathered seats from the restaurant for the girls to sit on. Casey prepared herself to address the audience while Jolene, Cassandra and Amelia stood off to one side. Amelia had even chosen to disrobe before everyone started arriving so she was as naked as the rest of the team. Greg was absent. They'd decided it would be best if he sat this one out so the visiting girls might feel more comfortable.  
  
It was time. Casey nervously swallowed and approached the mic. A hush grew over the crowd as she stood in front of it and all faces turned to the naked woman about to speak.  
  
"Good afternoon ladies. My name's Casey Reine."  
  
Applause suddenly erupted and Casey was forced to stop and wait for them to finish. To her surprise it didn't. Instead, one by one the girls got to their feet and cheers joined the clapping. What the hell? Casey had no idea she was this famous or had made such an impact. At last it finally quietened down again and they settled back into their seats. Casey was blushing now.  
  
"Um... Err... Thanks for that," she started. "Ok, first I just want to say thanks to everyone for coming here today. I had no idea we would get so many. I wish we could take you all but unfortunately we only have twenty five scholarships on offer this first year. However, being our first year we're not quite sure just how things will go. On your application forms please do put down any other skills you have as there may possibly be other opportunities for some of you to join the staff at the resort on a full time basis. Plus there is always next year if you miss out this time. If you're not successful it doesn't mean you aren't beautiful. I look around and I see we may have to make our choices by drawing names out of a hat. You're all absolutely gorgeous!"  
  
"We love you Casey!" someone called out.  
  
"Err.. ok I love you too," Casey replied somewhat amused. "Ok, first things first. I assume you all read my post asking for expressions of interest and you know what becoming a Crescent Girl will mean. The first thing we need to address is that these scholarships and everything else we're offering involves registering as a nudist. You might wonder why that is? Well, it's a very important part of what we're doing. It shows the world that we are female and proud of it..."  
  
Casey was forced to pause after everyone started clapping and cheering again.  
  
"Ok thanks," she continued with a smile. "Being nude identifies you as a Crescent Girl and that comes with a lot of privileges including opening doors for you in your future careers, but I want you to really think about it. I want you to consider that it is for life. You'll never again wear clothes and everyone you know, including your families, and everyone you meet for the rest of your life is going to see everything you have. That won't be easy, but you won't be alone. As a Crescent Girl you become part of a sisterhood. I promise that you will always be loved, cherished and treated fairly while in my care, and you will always have a sisterhood here for life, but I want you to consider that once you make that commitment, you can't get out of it again."  
  
Casey looked around and saw a lot of faces nodding. Some were smiling but others appeared to have concerns.  
  
"OK, let's all get naked!" she went on, "I want you to experience what it feels like to be nude in a place outside of the privacy of your homes. For anyone who doesn't want to, please don't feel that you have to, but also recognise that becoming a Crescent Girl won't be for you. I thank you for coming anyway and I wish you well."  
  
Casey waited as the audience responded. One girl in the front row immediately stood up and stripped. Others around her followed her lead and started removing their clothes as well. Casey noticed only two decided to leave at that point. At last everyone present was as naked as she was.  
  
"Ok, look around," Casey suggested. "Get used to being seen. Imagine walking in the street. Imagine your families seeing you. Your parents. Your brothers, sisters. Your grandparents. Imagine being photographed. Are you ready for that?"  
  
Some looked nervous and stood awkwardly but others were completely unashamed and moved as naturally and normally as if they were still clothed.  
  
"Ok, look at me," Casey continued. "You may notice certain other things about me. The first thing is that I have no pubic hair. As a Crescent Girl you too will not have pubic hair, or hair anywhere on your body. There is a treatment that everyone will receive that will remove it permanently so you will never have to shave again."  
  
"Yeah! Bring it on!" exclaimed the girl who was first to strip. She was a fit looking girl with her hair in pigtails, brown eyes and a very cheeky smile. Casey noticed she was clean shaven already. She was obviously a strong contender for one of the first twenty five girls.  
  
"The next thing is you may notice my piercing. You all will receive those too. Around behind you'll see I'm wearing a butt-plug. These too are important whenever you're in the public eye. And the final thing is high heels, perfect hair and makeup. All of these things identify you as a Crescent Girl and will be what we expect to see whenever you're conducting Crescent business or representing the Crescent Girl image, which is pretty much anytime you're outside of your homes. They are Crescent Girl trademarks which will identify you in society and show the world that you are proud of your female body and your sexuality, and what those things actually look like in order to destroy patriarchal oppression of the real female form."  
  
Everyone started applauding again. Once it had died down again Casey continued.  
  
"As you know, we are asking you to sign a two year indenture. During that time we will cover all of your living and educational expenses to receive your diplomas, and you will live here at The Crescent. Outside of your studies, you will be trained and rostered on to perform duties within the resort to ensure you are proficient and experienced in all of the day to day running of a resort or hotel so you will finish as the best of the best in your fields. Now, I want you to understand that an indenture is not the same as an employment agreement. Once you sign, you are committed until the end. Counselling and assistance will be provided for anyone struggling with either their duties or their studies but you may not quit, legally, emotionally or otherwise. You will be committed as nudists then so we can't let you back out, for your own good as much as ours. And yes, one of those duties you'll be performing will be porn, and lots of it, but only of a certain kind. You will be doing photoshoots, videos and daily webcam work, but you will not be doing anything involving sex with men. Crescent Girls do not work with male talent. The porn you will be doing will mean you will need to lose any inhibitions you have about your bodies. Crescent girls do not have boundaries when it comes to displaying their bodies. And yes, that includes your vagina. You are going to be showing it off in graphic detail and doing things with it you've probably never even thought of. We show what most other girls won't."  
  
Casey paused and looked around. Most girls were nodding. Many, including the pigtailed girl were smiling excitedly. No one raised any objections so she went on.  
  
"Why do we do porn? Because fuck the patriarchy! We are taking their money and reclaiming our bodies! They can look, and pay through the nose for the privilege, which keeps us in business, pays for your educations and gets you a high paying career, but they cannot touch without your permission."  
  
They all started clapping and cheering again.  
  
"What do you get out of it? At the end of your indentures you will leave not just with diplomas and a wealth of work experience, but with a cash bonus of 10% of your porn profit, and you will almost certainly have several high-paying career offers to choose from. You will be our first alumni in two years' time and enquiries from prospective employers willing to pay well above standard wages for the privilege of employing a Crescent Girl are already piling up. Your nudist registration and all of the experience you gain here plays no small part in that."  
  
More clapping and cheering.  
  
"Where do we sign already?" asked the pigtailed girl in the front row.  
  
"What is your name?" Casey asked her with a smile.  
  
"Ellie Eadie ma'am," she replied.  
  
"Casey is fine," Casey responded. "Ok, after this I'll have everyone complete an application form, and we'll also take a Polaroid picture of you to pin on it. That will be destroyed or returned to you afterwards if you request it. No digital copies of you will be kept or distributed anywhere, and no one else will see it apart from me, and Cassandra, Jolene and Amelia you see over there. Does anyone have any questions?"  
  
"Um... Casey?" a red haired girl in the second row with a colourful tattoo on her left shoulder and pierced nipples asked. "Are tattoos ok?"  
  
"Tattoos are fine provided they are tasteful," Casey responded. "If you make it through the selection process with one already, you'll know we like it too. If you want to get one afterwards we ask that you come to us first for our approval, but once you finish your indentures we can't stop you doing whatever you want. We do ask however that you represent the Crescent Girl image of beauty and femininity and any tattoos are professionally done."  
  
"How about piercings?"  
  
"Piercings are the same. You do you. If you like it, chances are we will too. Yours look nice and you'll notice my sister Jolene has nipple piercings as well, and we of course all wear the Crescent Girl VCH piercings as I mentioned."  
  
"Ok thanks. What about her over there?" she asked, gesturing towards Amelia. "Why isn't she pierced?"  
  
"Amelia will be joining the rest of you as a Crescent Girl very soon," Casey replied. "She will be working full time at The Crescent and you will come to know her well. Amelia?"  
  
Amelia stepped up to the mic.  
  
"Hi ladies," she began. "You're all so brave! Yes, I'll be joining you once we've made our selections and I'll be there with you to get the legal documents and our nudist registrations signed. After that we'll go to the salon to get our body hair treated and then our new piercings. I'll be with you every step of the way. Ok?"  
  
"Does the piercing hurt?" asked a petite brunette girl in the front row.  
  
"From what the others have told me, it doesn't hurt very much at all. It just goes through the skin over your clit, not actually through your clit. You feel a little pop which is no worse than getting a needle at the doctor's and then it might sting a little bit when you wash it for the next few days, but it's only through the skin so it heals fairly quickly and doesn't hurt much."  
  
"Oh, ok. Thanks Amelia. I thought it went through your whole clit. Thank God for that!"  
  
"What about the butt-plug?" another girl asked. "That doesn't look very comfortable."  
  
"Um... while I'm not wearing one today, I have tried it," Amelia admitted. "It's a bit awkward to get in the first time but once it's in it doesn't feel too bad. Casey tells me you get used to it pretty quickly and forget it's there after a while. Ok, I'll hand the mic back to Casey now and she'll answer any other questions you have and introduce you to the rest of the team."  
  
"Thanks Amelia," Casey responded as she stepped up to the mic again. "Ok ladies, I'll hand you over not to my big sister Jolene. Jolene?"  
  
Jolene confidently stepped up.  
  
"Good afternoon everyone," Jolene began, "My role at The Crescent is business manager and financial controller. Any issues you have with money, I'm your woman."  
  
One of the girls put her hand up.  
  
"Yes?" Jolene asked, nodding towards her.  
  
"Dorothy. Most people call me Dottie. Um... I have a car and I assume a lot of the girls here also have cars. I assume as Indents we won't have any incomes coming in. Will we have any sort of allowance for fuel and stuff like that?"  
  
"Unfortunately we won't have room for private vehicles here once guests start coming," Jolene explained, "but we will have a fleet of bicycles plus two Crescent cars you will have access to as needed. We're also looking at getting a minibus. Your transport needs will be covered so I guess you can sell your cars or just keep them aside until your Indentures are finished."  
  
"What about makeup and shoes and feminine hygiene stuff?"  
  
"We'll cover all of that for you. You won't have to worry about a thing," Jolene assured her.  
  
"My family is poor so this is an opportunity for me to get a diploma and training that I otherwise wouldn't have had," a brunette girl began. "I thank you for that but I have to wonder are we being exploited? Are you getting the better end of the deal?"  
  
"I'm glad you asked that," Jolene replied. "Yes, we are asking a lot from you but you are getting a lot in return and that costs money. Plus we have to make a profit. However this also goes well beyond what you'll be doing for us during your two year indenture. As a Crescent Girl we'll be working hard to set you up for life. As Casey mentioned, we expect that you won't just gain employment at the end, but you'll be paid well above what you might have been paid otherwise, and we already have a number of employers queuing up to do just that. That's what we want Crescent Girls to be about. We want you to be recognised, respected and overpaid."  
  
"I worry about being naked though. Is it even safe?"  
  
Casey stepped back up to the mic.  
  
"We'll be equipping you for that as well," she began. "While being nude doesn't necessarily mean any greater risk than if you were clothed, I think it's important to be aware of your surroundings and avoid putting yourself into risky situations. My partner Greg will be giving you all martial arts and self-defence training, and a lot of that is as much to do with prevention as it is about actual fighting. In my time as a nudist I have had a couple of overly enthusiastic fans get a bit handsy but a well-placed kick or elbow can work wonders."  
  
Everyone laughed.  
  
"You'll all be bad-asses in no time," Casey continued. "Ok, I'll hand you over to my other partner Cassandra to talk about your other training."  
  
"We love you Cassandra!" came a voice from the back.  
  
"Oh fuck yeah girl! I got you!" Cassandra responded. "Yo' ok, I'll be taking you chicks through the resort process, teaching you reception, bar and wait duties, as well as gettin' your asses out on the cams! That's somethin' I personally dig about all this and I can't wait to see you all doin' the same. I ain't never had orgasms like it. It's a total fuckin' rush!"  
  
"I've seen your performances Cassandra and I have to say you really seem to get into it," one girl responded. "Are you saying it isn't all just an act? You actually enjoy it? I've been trying to imagine myself doing it and I'm kind of scared."  
  
"Yeah, you're scared at first for sure," Cassandra admitted, "but that's part of the rush as well. Your adrenaline's pumpin' and you can't believe you're doin' it but then you're cummin' buckets and it's all good. You're getting' your female thing on and showin' the world! I'll be there with you to help you out, and you can always come talk to me if you need to or you want some more ideas. You ain't alone girl. Never will be after joinin' with us."  
  
"Thanks! I still worry though," the girl continued. "I never imagined myself as a porn star before but I really love Casey's message and I agree about letting go of inhibitions. I guess it's one thing to agree but quite another to be actually doing it."  
  
"Yeah, maybe it ain't easy the first time but there's also a lot about that first time you'll wanna take a minute to appreciate and enjoy," Cassandra explained. "It won't ever be quite like that again. Just chill a bit in the moment and remember all the reasons you wanted to do it. Remember it ain't a bad thing, just a new thing and there's a lot of good stuff in it. I can't wait most days for when I switch on that cam and get ready to strut my stuff. Even now I'm gettin' a girl boner just thinkin' about it."  
  
Everyone laughed again.  
  
"You go Cassandra!" Ellie yelled out.  
  
"You got it girl," Cassandra responded. "Ok, you all got nuthin to worry about. We'll be here with you the whole time, and you ever have problems you come see us ok? Ok, I'll hand you back to Casey now and we'll start gettin' some applications filled out."  
  
"Thanks Cassandra," Casey replied as she took position at the mic again. "Ok, if there's no further questions we'll move onto filling out the applications and getting Polaroids of you. Please feel welcome to come and see me in private or PM me in the forums if you have any concerns that you don't want to ask out loud here. After we have your Polaroid please feel welcome to dress again and leave. Once again, thank you all so much for coming. It's been a pleasure to see you all here."  
  
Casey wasn't surprised to see Ellie come straight up to her.  
  
Ellie Eadie loved sex. She'd discovered it early in puberty and barely a day went by when she wouldn't masturbate or enjoy the attentions of a boyfriend. Unlike most women who went through life quite oblivious to the effect their curves had on men, Ellie relished it. She gave her hips a little extra swing as she walked and noted with a smile as men watched her ass as she moved. A male cashier could always expect to be treated to a glimpse of her breasts as she "forgot" to do her top button up and leaned forward a little more than necessary to look straight into his eyes with a cheeky smile to watch his response. After she'd heard Casey's message and saw the post asking for expressions of Interest, she was immediately sold on the idea. She hadn't stopped masturbating every night for almost a full week just thinking about becoming a nudist and a porn star. She was born for this!  
  
"OMG Casey! I'm such a fan," she began. "Thank you so much for this opportunity. I so hope I'll get in."  
  
"Thank you so much," Casey responded. "So tell me Ellie, what is it that appeals to you and why do you need a scholarship?"  
  
"Well my folks aren't doing so great but mostly I just fell in love with your message and I want to live my life just like you are. I love the idea of being a camgirl and becoming a nudist."  
  
"That's great to hear. What about your family though? Are they going to accept you doing this?"  
  
"Um... no, I expect I'll get a bit of flack, especially from my Nan," Ellie admitted. "Nan's a bit old-school and she carries a bit of clout around town, but I can deal with her."  
  
"Why, who's your Nan?"  
  
"Um... my Nan is Eunice Bernstein. She used to be the Dean of the college we'll be going to but she just retired."  
  
"You're Dean Bernstein's granddaughter?" Casey asked in shock. "What the fuck Ellie? She's never going to be ok with this at all. Are you sure this is what you really want with your life? It could mean becoming estranged from your whole family. I almost lost my relationship with my parents when I started doing this."

"Nan can get fucked, pardon my French," Ellie responded. "She's still stuck in the dark ages and she's never done anything good for me or my folks other than whine about the length of my skirt or letting me go out on dates."  
  
"That does sound like Dean Bernstein," Casey admitted. "Ok, while I don't want to be responsible for you losing your relationship with your family, I don't want stand in the way of you getting what you want either."  
  
"No Casey. That's all on me, not you," Ellie replied. "You're giving me an opportunity here and my crotchety old Nan isn't going to stand in my way of getting what I want."  
  
"Ok, then," Casey conceded. "So do you have any other academic or work experience we should also consider?"  
  
"Um... well I've been working part time as a barrister so I can work an espresso machine, and I've also been waitressing at the same place. I'm a fast learner as well."  
  
"Excellent!" Casey responded. "Well, I think you're perfect for our scholarship program. I can't make any promises until we get together later but I'll definitely be recommending you to the team."  
  
"Oh my God! Thank you!" Ellie exclaimed. Then to Casey's surprise she got up and hugged her.  
  
How ironic it would be to have Bernstein's granddaughter as a Crescent Girl? It was almost poetic, and Ellie was such a great match for the kind of girl they were looking for. She was pretty, a total flirt, and she needed a leg-up to land a decent career. Casey could tell she would fit right in. She took the Polaroid and pinned it to Ellie's application, then marked the top with a big asterisk before bidding her farewell.  
  
Casey interviewed several more girls. Some were ridiculously enthusiastic like Ellie. Some obviously weren't comfortable at all with being nude but still were pretty and needed the scholarship. Casey's heart bled for them and she wished she could help them all. She added a plus sign to any she thought would still be a good fit despite their nervousness, and a minus sign if it seemed like they might struggle too much. At last the group had dwindled and the last few girls dressed and departed. She was left with eight applications marked with asterisks, fourteen marked plus signs and just four marked with minuses. Cassandra, Jolene and Amelia had similar results, although Jolene had no minuses at all.  
  
"Oh my God," Cassandra announced. "Some of these chicks are seriously fuckin' hot. How do we choose? Do we knock out all of our minuses to start with?"  
  
"I'm not so sure about that," Jolene responded. "Yes, some of those are going to struggle but we probably need to look at it more from a business perspective. Which ones are going to be the best earners, and what they look like plays no small part in that I think."  
  
"I think it's more than just looks," Casey replied. "Enthusiasm can count for a lot more when it comes to getting in front of a camera. Plus others have customer service skills which will help in the resort."  
  
"But even the ones who were nervous still deserve a chance," Amelia said. "Getting a chance to escape poverty is a great motivator."  
  
"That's true," Casey agreed. "We need some way to decide though. Personally I think the ones who were the most enthusiastic are going to be best for business. Plus they're less likely to have any regrets."  
  
"Nervous isn't necessarily a bad thing," Jolene argued. "As a matter of fact it can be very good. Sure, it's going to mean they'll have a tougher time adapting and it doesn't exactly lend itself to the most enthusiastic performances on camera, but that doesn't mean they won't be popular. A lot of guys totally dig the shy and nervous thing."  
  
"Ok... I see where you're coming from and I kind of agree but I still don't like the idea of anyone being uncomfortable here," Casey considered. "I say we select from our asterisks as our first choices and maybe we can keep all of the others on file to get them back for a second interview if we find we need full time staff."  
  
"That could be a good starting point," Jolene responded. "How many asterisks have we got?"  
  
"Um... lemme count," Cassandra answered. "I've got them all in piles already. This is the asterisk pile. Ok, one, two, three... We have eighteen."  
  
"So we still need another seven anyway," Amelia noted. "I have to side with Jolene here. I don't think we should count anyone out just because they were nervous. If they had the guts to come, I don't think it's fair not to consider them, and it'll pay off for them and us in its own way anyway. I was way more nervous than you guys when I first started my cam career and look at me now."  
  
"Yeah, you're right Amelia," Casey finally agreed. "So how do we choose then?"  
  
"I know you guys are going to hate this," Jolene began, "but we're going to have to be a bit picky with their physical appearances. That means knocking out any that are a bit overweight, bad tattoos or less than perfect smiles and so on. The reality is people aren't going to come to the resort if we have a stack of dogs here and the studios aren't going to book them either."  
  
"Jolene!" Casey scolded.  
  
"Well it's true," Jolene replied. "I said you'd hate it but that's life. That's cold hard reality."  
  
"Jo is right and so is Amelia," Cassandra agreed. "We gotta make our choices based on the best lookers. That may mean we gotta knock out some of our asterisks as well if we got a better looker in one of our other piles. All these girls deserve a chance."  
  
"I suppose you're right," Casey reluctantly conceded. "There's one there I want in though. Her name's Ellie Eadie and she's perfect. She's Bernstein's granddaughter too. We can't let that one get away."  
  
"You're shitting me?" Jolene asked in disbelief. "Can I see her application?"  
  
Cassandra dug it out and handed it to her.  
  
"Oh her? Yes, I definitely think she'd be perfect, and being Bernstein's granddaughter is pure gold!" Jolene laughed.  
  
"I have one in there too," Amelia announced. "Her name's Anita and she's the sister of a guy I just started seeing. His name's Bernard."  
  
"You have a boyfriend?" Casey asked in surprise. "Why haven't you said anything? Ok, what's the story? Where did you meet and what's he like?"  
  
"Oh, I wouldn't call him a boyfriend," Amelia responded. "We've only been on two dates which is why I haven't said anything yet, but he's been booking private sessions on the webcam for months. That's how we met."  
  
"Damn girl. You took one of your clients home? How you know he wasn't some stalker?" Cassandra asked.  
  
"Or a rapist," Casey frowned.  
  
"Um... let's just say I took a few precautions," Amelia responded as she fished a small keyring out of her bag and waved it at Casey.  
  
"You have him in chastity?" Casey laughed.  
  
Amelia just smiled and Casey got up to high five her. Cassandra also came over to give her one.  
  
"Oh God, are you guys still doing that to poor Greg?" Jolene asked.  
  
"OMG Jolene, is that empathy again?" Casey laughed.  
  
"No, I don't give a fuck what you do to him," Jolene replied smiling. "If he likes it and you guys get off on it, more power to you. It just must be hell for him having two beautiful pussies in front of him and he can't have either one."  
  
"Well, I think it's brilliant," Amelia intervened. "I love having that power. I became Bernard's online key holder before we even met in person and it's more than obvious he loves it too. Plus then I knew he couldn't be a rapist even if he wanted to be one."  
  
"He could still be an axe murderer though," Cassandra pointed out.  
  
"Honestly guys, he's a total sweetie. I've met his family and they're all lovely," Amelia replied. "I'm a big girl. Trust me. His sister is totally hot too. Check her out."  
  
They all poured over Anita's application and unanimously decided she was in as well. An hour later they finally had their list of twenty five names and it was time to lock up and go home.  
  
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Joe Bloccato took a drag of his Cuban and blew the acrid smoke into the air as he sat at a balcony table at his gentleman's club. He looked over at his friends, Judge Melvin Sturt of the Nudist Registration Board, Dillan Schneider of the State Education Department and new Dean of the State Technical College, and Herb McLintock, head of the State Indenture program.  
  
"I trust there are no further barriers to my daughter's business venture?" he asked the group at last.  
  
"None from me," Judge Sturt replied, ashing his own cigar. "With or without our friendship, this is one venture that would have my support regardless. It stands to increase tourism, create employment and bring money into our community. Not to mention adding an undeniable element of beauty to our fine town. I also have a soft spot for Casey and would do what I could within the confines of the law to see her success."  
  
"Yes, she is one hell of a beautiful girl and such an enthusiastic performer," Joe agreed. "I have not met her personally yet but from everything Cassandra tells me, she is of good character and beyond reproach."  
  
"I would unreservedly concur," Judge Sturt agreed.  
  
"And of her sister?" Joe asked.  
  
"She is under control," the judge responded. "Casey tells me she is now fulfilling a purpose within their enterprise."  
  
"Is good," Joe nodded, and then chuckled as he remembered whipping her as she was chained spreadeagled in front of him.  
  
"I must say I'm surprised you allowed Cassandra to enter the nudist registration program and become a performer," Herb interjected.  
  
"You've met her Herb," Joe responded. "Would you want to be the one to tell her she couldn't do something?"  
  
They all laughed.  
  
"Is good," Joe continued. "If my little girl is happy then I am happy. I am just glad that she found a place that she fits. It was looking like I would have to create a role for her within one of my companies and I am certain that would not have been without its problems."  
  
They laughed again.  
  
"Good for her then," Herb agreed.  
  
"And of your department?" Joe asked Herb.  
  
"We have a few voices of dissent within the Indenture program but nothing I cannot handle," Herb replied. "As Mel said, it is a positive use of it and has economic benefits to our community. As long as the girls truly are volunteers and there are no provable accusations of exploitation or abuse then we shall have no problems."  
  
"And what say the Education department?" Joe asked turning to Dillan.  
  
"Eunice Bernstein is making some noise but she will quieten down in due course," Dillan assured him. "She was in breach of the anti-discrimination act and has no leg to stand on. Frankly, we were lucky to evade a lawsuit so she has no supporters within the Education Board. We will threaten to withdraw her pension if she does not enter her retirement peacefully."  
  
Their attention was suddenly drawn to the sight of a beautiful young Asian woman taking the stage. A recorded musical accompaniment began and she started singing. Her voice was clear and well-trained, but her standout feature was that she was completely nude!  
  
"Oh my God! Who is she?" Herb asked. "She's breathtaking!"  
  
"Yes, she is beautiful," Joe agreed. "Her name is Tina Soung. She is the daughter of one of my executives."  
  
"Did her father fuck up?" Dillan asked with a knowing smile.  
  
"No, I have no dispute with Jimmy," Joe explained. "This was an issue between Cassandra and her. Tina is the product of what happens to girls with big mouths and poor manners. She has learnt her lesson well as you can see. She performs here every Friday and Saturday night and has for some months. Cassandra does not know so please not a word gentlemen."  
  
They all nodded their assents and stayed silent as they listened to Tina's singing and watched her naked body gently swaying in time to the beat. She was mesmerising.  
  
"Oh right. Would she be part of the incident I heard about outside the courthouse a while back? I believe Cassandra was involved in some sort of altercation involving a girl stripping in the street?" Judge Sturt asked.  
  
"Yes, that would be the one," Joe concurred. "Cassandra told me of it but did not want me to intervene, but poor manners are something I take very seriously."  
  
"Perhaps she would be a suitable candidate for your daughter's business venture?" Herb suggested.  
  
"I understand they have more than enough volunteers already," Judge Sturt informed them.  
  
"Is good. Young Tina has a different path set before her," Joe replied. "She has quite the career ahead of her as a singer."  
  
"Nude I presume?" Judge Sturt asked, always pleased to see a pretty body on public display.  
  
"Indeed. Well, that is up to her now but so far this is what she chooses," Joe responded. "You see, singing nude here in the beginning led to her making her mark in the entertainment industry. She is now considering registering as a nudist so she can perform at other venues and accept a recording contract that she has been offered. She knows full well that her nudity is her drawcard and performing dressed again would likely send her back to obscurity, and thus she is caught in a catch-22."  
  
"This is a rare gift," Dillan stated as he watched Tina's performance. "I must thank you for bringing us together here and allowing us to see this."  
  
"Is my pleasure gentlemen," Joe replied. "Enjoy."  
  
Joe's thoughts returned to Jolene as the men watched Tina singing. Sure Jolene got what was coming to her but since then it had been a point of contention between him and Cassandra. She was angry with him for it, and apparently Jolene still feared him. That may have been suitable before to ensure she treated Cassandra with respect, but now that he had a business connection with Jolene it could become a problem. He knew her type, and fear may not be the ideal motivator in this new relationship. She would be looking for revenge sooner or later and she may just be intelligent enough to blind-side him somehow. She needed to feel safe and to have some control. It gave him an idea. It was time they talked. He could maybe kill two birds with one stone...  
  
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Jolene lay in bed later that night and fondled her nipple rings as she thought about Joe Bloccato. As she did most nights, she fantasised about turning the tables on him. Sometimes she imagined it was him chained up naked while she wielded the whip. Sometimes she fucked him with a strap-on dildo while he begged for mercy. Over time it turned from a revenge fantasy to an erotic one, and she would wind up masturbating. She could see his face twisted in pain in her mind as she orgasmed. Then at last she would be able to sleep.  
  
In real life though, the man terrified her and this new business partnership would inevitably mean a greater involvement with him. She planned to avoid that as much as possible and hoped that Cassandra would be his sole contact. And so it was that she almost lost her bladder when her phone rang the next day and it was him!  
  
"Is Joe Bloccato. We should talk I think?"  
  
"Um... ok. What is it you want to talk about?" Jolene asked hesitantly.  
  
"We need to talk some business and we need to talk some personal matters I think. Would you like to come for lunch? Just you and I today. I'll cook for you ok?"  
  
"Um... no offence but I'm not sure we should be alone," Jolene replied, terrified she was being led into a trap.  
  
"Hmm... is not good that you fear me so. Our business before is finished business. Now we have a new business. I would very much like to get to know you better. Can I send a car for you? You tell Cassandra you're coming here. If she knows you're with me then you'll know you'll be safe."  
  
He obviously wasn't going to take no for an answer.  
  
"Ok Mr Bloccato. I'll tell Cassandra. No need to send a car. I'd prefer to drive myself over if that's ok?"  
  
"Please, call me Joe," he replied. "I understand. Shall we say midday?"  
  
"Ok, midday is good," Jolene replied. "I guess I shall see you then."  
  
Jolene hung up and immediately went to the bathroom to throw up. What the fuck had she just agreed to?  
  
"Are you ok girl?" Cassandra asked after hearing Jolene heaving.  
  
"Um... I'm not sure. Your father just invited me to lunch at his house and I said I'd go."  
  
"Oh fuck, ok," Cassandra responded. "I can go with you if you want but you'll be ok. If he was going to mess with you he'd come to you. If he invited you to his home then it means he wants to be friends."  
  
"Really?" Jolene asked in surprise. "He said he wants us to be alone. So you really think I'll be safe?"  
  
"Definitely girl," Cassandra assured her. "If he was going to fuck you up he wouldn't have called first. This will be somethin' good. Maybe even a chance to get past this fear you have of him? You keep me on speed-dial if you want?"  
  
"Thanks Cass. Ok, I trust you and you know him. If you say this is a good thing then I'll go along and see what he has to say. Hopefully I don't accidentally pee myself when I see him."  
  
Cassandra gave Jolene a hug.  
  
"Remember you're a bad-ass," Cassandra assured her, "but you won't need to be today. He just wants to talk."  
  
Jolene felt a little more confident about the meeting but her legs still felt wobbly as she approached the front door of Joe's house and rang the doorbell. He answered wearing an apron. It immediately put Jolene more at ease.  
  
"I hope you like spaghetti?" Joe asked.  
  
"Umm... yes definitely," Jolene replied.  
  
"Please come in. You like some wine?" he asked.  
  
"Please. Yes, that would be lovely."  
  
"Please join me in the kitchen. Is almost ready."  
  
Jolene followed Joe inside and then took a seat on a stool at the kitchen counter as he poured her a glass of wine.  
  
"I see your piercings healed ok?" he asked.  
  
"Umm... yes. Totally healed now." Jolene replied, not forgetting for a moment the circumstances that led to them being there.  
  
"And Cassandra tells me you're good to her and you're doing well in your career?"  
  
"She is my friend, yes. And my career is my life now. I have to thank you for making the resort available to us. We're all very excited."  
  
"Is good. Yes, I am excited too," he replied. "Ahh, spaghetti is ready."  
  
Joe scooped some pasta onto a plate and served it to her. Jolene picked up a forkful. It was delicious!  
  
"As I mentioned on the phone, our former business is concluded and behind us now," he began. "I hear nothing but good things about you and I am impressed that you learnt your lesson and accepted it."  
  
"Ok thanks I guess," Jolene responded, unsure of what she was doing here.  
  
"Tell me though. I am curious. Why did you do those things to Cassandra?"  
  
"Um... I thought that was what she wanted," Jolene replied honestly. "I thought she had a submissive side, but it turns out I was wrong about that. I'm really very sorry I did that. It won't happen again I can assure you."  
  
"I know. Sorry is no longer necessary. You have paid for your mistake. It is behind both of us now. Tell me though, do you feel pleasure when you strike someone?"  
  
"Umm... I hadn't really thought about it. I've only done it whenever I thought it was necessary," Jolene answered.  
  
"There have been others besides Cassandra then?" Joe asked.  
  
"Not in the same manner. I used physical force to defend myself recently and another time last year when I defended my sister's honour."  
  
"How did you feel in those circumstances?"  
  
"Um... I guess I felt good. It felt satisfying and made me feel powerful," Jolene admitted.  
  
"And you like men too?" Joe asked.  
  
Where was this going?  
  
"Sure. Cassandra was the only woman I've ever been with. I had boyfriends before her."  
  
"Would you like to spank a man the way you did to Cassandra?"  
  
Did he want to use her to spank someone for him?  
  
"I'm open to the idea," Jolene replied tentatively, not quite understanding what he might be hinting at and hoping to leave her options open so she could go either way depending on what he said next.  
  
"Would you like to spank me?" Joe asked.

Was this a test?  
  
"Do you want me to spank you Joe?" Jolene asked, now feeling quite puzzled and nervous.  
  
"If you are a woman who finds pleasure in such things, I think I am a man who may find that quality equally pleasurable," Joe replied with a wry smile.  
  
Joe took his apron off and then started undoing his pants. He paused briefly and looked at her again.  
  
"You can say no if you do not want this," he offered.  
  
Jolene now felt confident she knew what he wanted.  
  
"Drop those pants and get across my lap Joe!" she ordered in her best school mistress voice as she moved to one of the dining chairs.  
  
Joe's face brightened at that and moments later he lay across her lap with his trousers around his ankles. Jolene tried an experimental slap across his buttocks.  
  
"You hit like a girl," Joe taunted. "Remember the whipping I gave you buttana? Now is your chance to repay me."  
  
That was enough for Jolene. She immediately set about spanking him with everything she had. Each blow caused a most satisfying jolt through his body. A smile spread across her face. Her fantasy had come true! She suddenly felt his erection against her thigh. Joe felt it too. It was the first erection he'd had in years without chemical assistance. Then to Jolene's surprise he dropped from her lap and kneeled on the floor before gently pushing her legs apart and going down on her. To her greater surprise she was up for it. Spanking Joe had gotten her quite aroused and she pulled his head into her crotch as she wriggled forward in the chair while spreading her legs further apart. For a moment she remembered who Joe was and a stab of fear spread through her body but it was forgotten as waves of orgasmic pleasure took over.  
  
As her orgasm subsided, she was surprised again as Joe once again positioned himself across her lap. He was still every bit as hard as before and she felt him rubbing his erection against her leg as she commenced spanking him again. Each spank caused him to thrust back and forth and soon she heard him grunt and felt his semen spilling over her thigh.  
  
"More wine?" he asked as he stood up and wiped himself with a tissue and handed the box to Jolene.  
  
"That would be lovely thanks Joe," Jolene replied, now feeling a lot more relaxed in his presence. She cleaned his mess from her leg and accepted the glass.  
  
"Need I say this stays between us," Joe stated. "Cassandra or anyone else cannot learn of this. If they do, we cannot be friends anymore. Understood?"  
  
"I understand," Jolene replied without hesitation.  
  
"May we meet again like this?" he asked.  
  
"I would very much like that yes," Jolene replied honestly. While the encounter was brief and he was twice her age, not to mention being her former girlfriend's father and the cause of a lot of anxiety over the last few months, it had been a truly satisfying and highly arousing experience. The power play was bizarre but also intense. She was definitely up for more. This might also open up opportunities for her. If she occupied a special place in Joe's life, who knew where that could take her? He wasn't someone she wanted to piss off though. She would have to tread carefully.  
  
As she drove home she realised she felt as if a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. The fear and stress she had been feeling about Joe now had a level of optimism. He could be her ticket to improving a lot of things about her life. She no longer felt like she was stuck forever in a rut.  
  
Cassandra rushed up to her as she arrived back home.  
  
"You ok girl? Did everything work out?" she asked with some concern.  
  
"Yes, fine actually," Jolene replied with a reassuring smile. "We talked and I feel a lot better about things now. You're right about him looking after us I think."  
  
"Told you," Cassandra affirmed. "He only ever invites people to his house if he wants to be friends. Did he cook for you?"  
  
"He did yes," Jolene confirmed. "Spaghetti."  
  
"Pa makes the best spaghetti," Cassandra said, drooling slightly at the thought. "If he cooked for you then you're practically family now."  
  
About an hour later there was a knock on the door from a florist with a huge bunch of flowers addressed to Jolene. The others all wanted to know who had sent them but she just smiled and explained the meeting with Joe had gone very well and she was now satisfied that going into business with him was a good idea after all.

10