**Casey's Rise**

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**Casey's Rise Ch. 11**

"Are we all set?" Casey asked as she finished up her address to the team of nervous Crescent Girls gathered around her waiting for the first guests to arrive. "Ok, let's go!"  
  
Everyone looked beautiful. All around were naked breasts, curves and openly displayed hairless vulvas. Hair and makeup were perfect, butt-plugs were in place, piercings jiggled slightly with movement and heels clip-clopped across tiles and hard surfaces.  
  
All of the girls had been naked for a few weeks now. While some were enjoying it and others were somewhat indifferent about it, a few were still adapting. It was still a constant struggle for them to stand up straight and not try to hide anything. The true test they knew would come when they were naked around clothed people, even more so when they graduated and went on to their new lives where they might be the only one naked at a new place of employment. It was a strange and terrifying feeling but they hoped by then that they were used to it.  
  
They quickly scattered to their positions after Casey dismissed them. Four girls joined Greg in the kitchen to help prepare the lunch menu. Others stood by in the restaurant and the pool bar. Cassandra and Ellie got ready at the reception desk. Other girls milled around in the lobby ready to act as bellhops. Others were outside helping to direct people to parking and assist with baggage. So far so good.  
  
At last the first guests arrived and stepped out of their cars smiling as naked Crescent Girls approached them with trolleys. This place was everything they'd been promised.  
  
"Looks like you've got some protesters out there?" one man mentioned nodding towards the street outside as he stepped out of his car.  
  
"Oh really?" Patrice replied as she tried to look where the man was pointing.  
  
"Yeah. You can't see them from here but they're just outside the front gate," he replied.  
  
"Thanks, I'll check it out," Patrice responded as she signalled to another girl to take over her trolley as she went out to take a look. Sure enough there was a small group of people holding up hand-painted signs.  
  
"PUBLIC NUDITY IS OBSCENE."  
  
"END WHOREDOM NOW."  
  
"BAN NUDITY."  
  
"WE ARE CAMDOS. CITIZENS AGAINST THE MORAL DECAY OF SOCIETY."  
  
Patrice frowned and then quickly walked back in to find Casey.  
  
"Casey we might have a problem. We have protesters outside the front gate," she informed her.  
  
"Seriously?" Casey responded in surprise. "I better go take a look."  
  
Patrice led her back outside and Casey looked around in dismay at all of the placards. Then she noticed an all too familiar face - Bernstein!  
  
She grabbed her phone and texted Jolene.  
  
"protesters outside. Bernstein is here."  
  
Ding.  
  
"Be right there."  
  
"Ms Bernstein," Jolene began as she walked straight up to the former dean of the technical college. "What is the meaning of this?"  
  
"We're simply making a stand against your lewdness," Bernstein responded curtly while looking a Jolene with complete contempt. "I will not stand by and allow you to exploit these young women like this, and I will not stand by and allow our society to be corrupted by such disgusting public displays."  
  
A cheer went up from the other protesters.  
  
"The law is not on your side Ms Bernstein," Jolene responded standing her ground. "Everything we are doing here is legal. Shall we see what the police have to say about this?"  
  
"Call away," Bernstein challenged. "We have a right to protest and we are in the public domain. We are well within our rights to be here."  
  
More cheers.  
  
"Ok, fine," Jolene replied, "but we also have a right to run our business. If you interfere with that process, we will not hesitate to get the police involved."  
  
"Threaten away all you like Ms Reine. We will not be defeated!" Bernstein replied, causing more cheers behind her from the other protesters.  
  
"What are we going to do about them?" Casey asked worriedly as they walked away.  
  
"Ignore them for now," Jolene responded. "If they get any worse I'll give the police and maybe Joe a call."  
  
"You're talking to Joe?" Casey asked in surprise.  
  
"Oh... um... yes, we've settled our differences," Jolene carefully admitted while blushing slightly as she recalled their recent encounters.  
  
"That's good I guess," Casey replied. "I'm not sure I could be as forgiving after what he did to you."  
  
"He had his reasons and those are behind us now," Jolene explained. "Besides, we're in business with him now so we have to move forward."  
  
They approached the front desk to bring Cassandra up to speed.  
  
"Bernstein's outside with a bunch of protesters," Casey began. "We're going to ignore them for now but if they start interfering with the guests or anything, let Jolene know and we'll get the police involved."  
  
"Fuckin' bitch!" Cassandra responded.  
  
"Nan's out there?" Ellie asked in surprise. "Do you want me to go and talk to her?"  
  
"I don't think that would be a good idea," Casey replied. "At the moment they're fairly quiet. We don't want to get them riled up, and seeing you might just make things worse."  
  
"Oh ok. If she starts giving us trouble then, just let me know if you want me to give it a try," Ellie offered. "She may not listen to me anyway but you never know."  
  
"Thanks Ellie. We'll see how it goes for now," Jolene responded. "Back to more important business, how are our first guests going?"  
  
"The first few have checked in," Cassandra replied, "and we've had three more bookings over the phone today. We only have six more rooms left!"  
  
"That's great news!" Jolene responded with a smile. "How are all the girls going?"  
  
"So far so good. I've got two volunteers practisin' a dildo show for the private members' bar tonight. They're kinda excited but a bit nervous," Cassandra laughed.  
  
"Oh, I'll go check them out and see how they're going," Casey decided.  
  
The members' lounge was empty apart from the two girls as Casey entered. The private members' bar was turning out to be quite the success. While they'd extended honorary memberships to Judge Sturt, Dillan Schneider the new Dean at the State Technical College, and Herb McLintock, head of the State Indenture program, at least a dozen other heads of business from around town has also signed up. Of course Joe was expected to be present later when the true test of the girls' training in both serving and entertaining would come.  
  
Casey noticed the girls were looking very awkward as they fumbled with their dildos. This wasn't exactly the show Casey hoped for.  
  
"Good morning ladies," she began. "I'm so glad you volunteered for the entertainment tonight. Are the others still on board?"  
  
"As far as I know Lisa is still on for piano for a few sets and Maddie is going to show off her shuffle dancing," one girl replied.  
  
"Excellent!' Casey responded. "I'll see them later when the evening shift begins and make sure they're all ready. How are you guys going?"  
  
"I can't believe we're going to be doing this in front of people. I'm shitting bricks!"  
  
"I totally get that," Casey replied with an understanding smile. "The first time I did a live show I nearly died from embarrassment. The thing to remember is that female sexuality is a beautiful thing, and what you're showing is natural and wonderful. It's a celebration of ourselves, and not just our own bodies, but human sexuality itself. It's something to be proud of."  
  
"Thanks Casey. That helps a lot, but what do we actually do?"  
  
Casey paused and looked around the room.  
  
"Ok, I think first we'll get you up on the stage," she began gesturing towards the raised platform in one corner. The grand piano was positioned in the opposite corner of the room opposite to the bar while a lectern occupied the centre of the platform. "I think we can lose the lectern. Then we need a couple of stools I think. Hold tight a moment."  
  
Casey exited briefly and came back carrying two low stools while the girls moved the lectern towards the back of the platform.  
  
"Ok, set these up right at the front," she instructed. "Now stick a dildo on the stool and the face your audience just like we did on your first day here. Make sure you get your legs wide open and don't block the view of your pussies with your hands if you need to hold the dildo steady."  
  
"Like this?"  
  
"Perfect! Now just lower yourself down onto it and go up and down really slowly. Use your hips and kind of gyrate at the same time. If you can, make eye contact with your audience and remember to smile. If that makes you too nervous though, just do what you have to so that you enjoy yourself."  
  
Casey watched as the two girls followed her instructions. Both seemed to have no difficulty looking up at her as they impaled themselves on the dildos. The sight was more than a little arousing though and she wished she could join them but there was too much to do so her own needs would have to wait.  
  
"That is wonderful!" Casey responded, clearly delighted. "Just do everything exactly like this tonight and you'll be perfect."  
  
"Thanks Casey. Oh God, I think I'm gonna cum soon."  
  
Casey smiled.  
  
"Ok, I'll leave you to it," she announced and then reluctantly left the room to see what other issues needed handling.  
  
"Casey, we're having trouble with the coffee machine at the pool bar," Amelia stated as she spotted Casey coming out of the lounge.  
  
"What's going on with it? It was working the other day."  
  
"I don't think we have any power at all in there."  
  
"Maybe a circuit breaker?" Casey suggested. "I think the ones for there are in the utility room in the main building. Let's have a look there."  
  
Amelia and Casey both inspected the array of circuit breakers in the utility room and at last spotted one that had been tripped. Flipping it back on seemed to work ok so they went back out to check the pool bar and found they had been successful. One more problem down, just as the first guests arrived at the pool and ordered drinks. Anita eagerly served them while Amelia checked the coffee machine was working and made herself a cup in the process.  
  
"Up for a cuppa as well Casey?" Amelia asked.  
  
"Actually, that'd be lovely. I haven't stopped all day so far. Hopefully I get left alone long enough to finish it," Casey replied with a smile before planting herself on one of the fixed barstools in front of the bar.  
  
"Here you go," Amelia announced as she served Casey a cappuccino.  
  
"You're a life saver," Casey responded as she put the cup to her lips. "So how are things with Bernard?"  
  
"We're going really well," Amelia replied. "He was going to come today but we decided just to meet up at my place later instead."  
  
Ding.  
  
Dammit what now?  
  
Casey checked her phone and found it was just a love heart emoji text from Greg. Aww. She texted one back to him.  
  
"So you're the famous Casey Reine?" a man asked as he stepped up to the bar.  
  
"Yes, how do you do? I hope you're enjoying your stay," Casey replied while shaking the man's hand.  
  
"It's awesome," he smiled. "Everything is so beautiful and the staff have been wonderful so far. I wish my vacation could be longer."  
  
"That's great to hear," Casey responded, not failing to notice the man seemed to be talking to her breasts before being distracted by one of the other Crescent Girls walking by with a tray of cocktails. She smiled faintly and then excused herself to check another text on her phone. It was Jolene.  
  
"We're officially booked out!"  
  
Casey texted back a smiley face before finishing her coffee and heading back to check on Cassandra.  
  
"How's things been going Cass?" she asked while giving Cassandra a kiss.  
  
"Oh fuck me Case! The phone has been goin' nuts," Cassandra replied. "I think a lot of the guests have been posting stuff on social media. We've got people bookin' months out now."  
  
"That's awesome! Are we going to have the staff to handle it though?"  
  
"Dunno. I got a feelin' we might be callin' up some of those other girls pretty soon, 'specially once school starts and these girls are gonna be away during the day."  
  
"Ok, we'll have a meeting soon and see if we can come up with some sort of deal we can offer them instead of a scholarship I guess."  
  
"We should probably look at sex work too," Cassandra continued. "I know you weren't keen but the girls are tellin' me they're gettin' propositioned constantly already and some of them are up for it."  
  
"Really?" Casey replied with some surprise. "Ok, I guess we'll talk about that too. We have to be sure it's something they can opt in or out of anytime they want, and they take the major cut of the earnings for their trust funds."  
  
"Count me in," Ellie responded.  
  
"You'd seriously want to do that?" Casey asked.  
  
"Getting paid for something I want to do anyway?" Ellie replied. "Oh hell yes!"  
  
"Well ok then," Casey replied. "We'll definitely look at it then."  
  
Jolene suddenly appeared from her office behind reception.  
  
"There's more wowsers outside and they're starting to get a bit rowdy Casey," she announced. "I'm going to give Joe a call and see if he can send over some muscle."  
  
"Oh really? Should we send Greg out as well?"  
  
"Nah, leave him in the kitchen. He's needed more there for now. You and I should be able to handle it in the meantime. I've been putting together a security guard uniform and organising a roster for some of the girls to do security duties. Some of them are pretty handy with their fists and feet already so we may as well take advantage of that. In the meantime it should help make you and I look a bit scary and official."  
  
"I was wondering how you've been going with that," Casey replied. "So what have we got?"  
  
"Well I have caps with 'SECURITY' on them, and boots of course," Jolene replied showing Casey the items, "and I found these cop-like utility belts that can hold expandable batons. I'm going to order Tasers with thigh-holsters as well. None of that will breach the registered nudity laws but it should make us look pretty formidable."  
  
"Excellent," Casey responded with a smile. "Ok, you and I will do guard duty at the front gate. Cass, I'll need you to take over my duties for a while. Most of the guests have arrived now and Ellie looks like she's managing here."  
  
"You got it girl," Cassandra replied. "We got it covered."  
  
A short time later Casey and Jolene stood at the front gate dressed in the caps, boots and utility belts looking very badass. There were about thirty protesters now and they kept getting in the way of guests driving in so the girls kept having to move them on while greeting the guests as pleasantly as possible and directing them to the car park. The protesters for the most part were peaceful with just disapproving looks for the girls to deal with, but they were thankful when Alberto arrived. The man was huge at close to seven feet tall and over four hundred pounds! His size meant that he rarely needed to open his mouth. He'd just quietly loom over people who got in his way and they quickly scattered. One man decided to take his chances and ran at Alberto only to literally bounce off him to end up sprawling on the ground. It was the first time Casey saw Alberto smile. After that people gave him a wide berth.  
  
Thankfully as night fell the protesters all dispersed. Joe arrived and sent Alberto home again and Casey and Jolene resumed their duties back inside. As they checked around the various areas, they found the restaurant was packed, there were people still enjoying themselves around the pool, and the private members' room had at least a dozen men inside including Judge Sturt, Dillan from the college and Herb McLintock. Joe went in to join them just as the dildo show the girls had been rehearsing earlier was finishing up and Lisa took up position at the piano.  
  
"Good evening gentlemen. I trust the facilities are to your liking?" Joe began.  
  
"That's an understatement Joe," Herb replied. "We never saw a show like that at your old joint, and these waitresses are outstanding!"  
  
"Is good yes?" Joe responded. "My daughter and her friends are to be congratulated I think."  
  
"Very much so Joe," Judge Sturt agreed. "Have you seen Casey around? I have some news for her that I think she'll be pleased to hear."  
  
"She is around. I think we will see her sooner or later."  
  
Jolene entered as the men were talking.  
  
"Ahh Jolene," Dillan began. "We were just saying how wonderful everything is. You and your team have done an amazing thing here."  
  
"Thanks Dillan. There's still a few kinks to work through but we're getting there," Jolene replied.  
  
"Have you seen Casey?" Judge Sturt asked.  
  
"Umm... she was right behind me a moment ago. Ahh here she is," Jolene responded just as Casey walked into the lounge.  
  
"Casey, I've been looking forward to seeing you," the Judge announced. "I have some good news that I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear."  
  
"Oh, thanks so much for coming tonight," Casey replied with a smile, addressing the whole group as much as the judge. "I hope you're all having a good time?"  
  
"Better than good thanks Casey," Judge Sturt replied to murmurs of agreement from the other men. "Everywhere you look there is beauty, the staff have been very professional and the show the girls just put on was truly inspiring. Even Lisa here is a joy to watch and her skill on the piano is undeniable. She's quite a find. I see you haven't lost any of your charm either."  
  
"Thanks Judge," Casey blushed, "but I know I must look a mess. Jolene and I have been dealing with protesters most of the day and I'm in desperate need of a shower right now."  
  
"Yes, a bit of a problem there with those idiots, but I have some good news that may help you with that," Judge Sturt began. "I've been working on a bill to change the censorship laws regarding female anatomy and another one involving street harassment, and I'm pleased to say both have passed review. There are no longer any restrictions on what can be displayed in magazines and online, and it is now a prosecutable offence to harass a nudist in any way. These are all thanks to you and what you've achieved here at the Crescent."  
  
"Oh really? Oh my God! Thank you!" Casey responded in some surprise as she stepped forward to give the judge a hug. The judge was a little taken aback at the physical contact with this beautiful naked girl but returned the hug as warmly as possible.  
  
"Yes, now if you or any of your girls are ever harassed you can report it to the police and action can be taken."  
  
"That's wonderful!" Casey admitted tearing up slightly, "but how does that stop those protesters?"  
  
"Well, they now have a firmly established limit with what they can and can't do. Unfortunately we can't stop them from being there but hopefully they'll lose interest eventually. They're in a minority and the law is not on their side so they're never going to get anywhere with what they're doing."  
  
"Oh ok. It's a pity we can't do more. They're upsetting for the girls and the guests."  
  
"I think what you did today with your security presence and that very large man you had with you should deter them from stepping out of line, and hopefully that encourages them to quit and go home in due course," the Judge assured her.  
  
"Oh, that was Alberto. He works for Joe," Casey replied. "I have to thank you for lending him to us today Joe. He really was helpful."  
  
"Is good," Joe replied raising his glass to Casey before turning to Jolene. "Jolene, we go for a walk together yes?"  
  
"Sure Joe, lead the way," Jolene replied with a smile.  
  
Casey continued talking to the remaining men for a while before eventually checking on Greg and Cassandra and getting something to eat. Afterwards she checked on the girls doing cam shows in their quarters before heading back to her apartment and finally getting a well-deserved shower and some time to herself. In the meantime Joe walked with Jolene along the poolside and then towards the dimly lit car park. Jolene was surprised when she felt his hand take hers.

"You really are a wonderful woman," Joe began. "I have not felt such happiness in many years."  
  
"Thanks Joe," Jolene responded. "I too have been very happy with our arrangement."  
  
"You like yes?" Joe asked.  
  
"Very much so Joe. You have awakened something within me that I didn't even know was there."  
  
"I am very pleased to hear that," Joe replied with a smile as he turned to face her. "May I kiss you?"  
  
"I would like that very much," Jolene replied as she took him into an embrace and their lips met. Joe had a strong smell of cigar smoke and expensive aftershave about him but the effect was overwhelmingly masculine. At the same time he exuded power and danger. Jolene found him thrilling to be with and her thoughts went to the times she had spanked and whipped him as she lost herself in the kiss.  
  
"WHAT THE FUCK!"  
  
Jolene broke away from the kiss to see Cassandra standing a short distance away with her eyes wide open in disbelief and fists clenched.  
  
"Cassandra oh God! Let me explain," Jolene begged as she stepped towards her.  
  
"Get the fuck away from me bitch!" Cassandra spat. "Pa, how could you? What the actual fuck!"  
  
"Cassandra wait!" Jolene begged, but it was too late. Cassandra practically ran from the scene. It was clear she was more than a little distressed by what she had just witnessed.  
  
"Let her go," Joe said to Jolene as he put his hand on her arm, preventing her from running after Cassandra. "I will talk to her when the time is right. I know my daughter and she needs some time first before she will listen."  
  
"Oh God Joe. What have we done?"  
  
"It will be ok, but you must give her time."  
  
Casey and Greg were both shocked as Cassandra stormed in crying in a fit of rage.  
  
"Cassandra! What happened?" Greg asked with more than a little concern.  
  
Cassandra didn't reply but instead threw herself face down on the bed and started punching a pillow with surprising fury.  
  
"Cass! What is it?" Casey begged, not enjoying seeing her lover in such a state.  
  
At last Cassandra sat up and looked at Casey.  
  
"Your fuckin' psycho sister! She's gone too far this time. We have to sell her!" she blurted.  
  
"Why, what has she done?" Casey asked.  
  
"I saw her kissin' Pa!"  
  
"Really?" Greg responded in shock. "I didn't see that coming."  
  
"Me neither," Casey admitted. "I know they've been talking but he's twice her age and her former father in law. It sounds very odd. Is Jolene trying to manipulate him do you think?"  
  
"What else could it be?" Cassandra responded. "The bitch has to go now! She's just goin' to fuck everything up if we keep her around here."  
  
"Cassandra, you need to calm down," Casey pleaded. "At least let me talk to her and get her side of the story to see what she's up to."  
  
"No, I won't fuckin' calm down!" Cassandra spat. "And you know there ain't no point talkin' to her. The bitch lies her ass off when it suits her."  
  
"C'mon Cass. Wasn't your father the one who invited her over to his house in the first place?" Greg pointed out. "That's probably when whatever is going on first started."  
  
"Whose side are you two on?" Cassandra demanded. "You all gangin' up on me? Fuck! I seen what I seen. Don't you believe me?"  
  
"No, we believe you Cass," Casey assured her. "I just think we all need to get together and talk about it before we do anything rash."  
  
"Well you can count me out of that. I ain't talkin' to that bitch no more," Cassandra responded. "And if you won't do nuthin about her I'm outta here! You can all live in your own stink together. One big happy family of psychos and suckers! Here's your fuckin' key Greg. Take it and wank yourself silly for all I care!"  
  
And with that Cassandra tore the chain holding Greg's key from her neck and threw it at him before storming out of the apartment. A short time later Cassandra's Porsche was seen spinning its wheels as it left the car park.  
  
"Jesus Christ! What are we going to do now?" Greg asked Casey.  
  
"There's not much we can do for the time being," Casey replied with tears running down her face. "Hopefully she just needs some time to cool off and then she'll come back a bit more rational so we can talk."  
  
"God I hope so," Greg replied. "I've never seen her that worked up before."  
  
"Me neither," Casey replied.  
  
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Sleep didn't come easily to Casey and Greg that night so Greg decided to leave Casey sleeping the next morning when he got up to check on the girls handling the breakfast shift. Cassandra still hadn't returned and wasn't answering her phone. He was worried but there wasn't much else to do than focus on the task in front of him, which was keeping the resort running. He hoped that things would work themselves out with Cassandra and nothing else would go wrong in the meantime, but as he was supervising the clean-up after the breakfast shift, one of the girls burst into the kitchen looking for him.  
  
"Greg, we have major problems outside! You better come and see," she announced.  
  
"Why, what's going on?"  
  
"Those protesters are back and there's way more of them. They're blocking our gate and not letting anyone in or out!"  
  
"For fuck's sake. It never ends," Greg responded while rolling his eyes.  
  
Outside things were a lot worse than he anticipated. There were people everywhere holding posters, chanting and banging drums. Sure enough the gates were being blocked and behind them he could see a news crew on the scene. Some distance away he could see Bernstein being confronted by Ellie. Ellie was standing defiantly and pointing her finger at Bernstein's chest, but the noise from the protesters prevented him from hearing what was being said.  
  
He was about to go over to her when before his eyes a black van without license plates pulled up and four men wearing masks got out, grabbed Ellie and bundled her into the van before speeding away! In a panic, Greg fought his way through the crowd to try to get to her but his efforts were in vain. The van was disappearing down the street and Ellie with it!  
  
He looked around and saw Bernstein smiling at him. So she was behind this? Fine. At least Ellie was safe, but it was time now to pull out the big guns. He texted Casey and Jolene. Within minutes they were beside him as he explained everything that had just happened.  
  
"She was really abducted?" Casey asked in shock.  
  
"Yep, black van, no license plates or distinguishing marks," Greg explained. "But I turned around and Bernstein was smiling at me so she's definitely behind it. She wouldn't be smiling if she'd just witnessed her granddaughter being snatched off the street and she didn't have something to do with it."  
  
"So have you called the police or what?" Jolene asked.  
  
"Not yet," Greg replied. "I wanted to see what you guys reckoned first."  
  
"Oh my God. I hope Ellie is ok," Casey continued with a worried expression on her face as she looked up and down the street as if hoping to see Ellie or the mysterious black van.  
  
"I'm sure she's not in any immediate danger Casey," Greg assured her. "We just need to find out where they've taken her and how we get her back now."  
  
"Ok, we still need to deal with all of these dickheads anyway," Jolene announced as she gestured towards the noisy protesters standing with their arms linked across the driveway. "I'll call Joe and get Alberto back here. Greg, you call the police and report Ellie's abduction and see if they can get these idiots to fuck off back home. In the meantime I need to get back to reception. With both Ellie and Cassandra away, I'm the only one who knows the systems and we have a lot of worried guests right now."  
  
"No worries Jolene," Greg replied. "Onto it."  
  
"What can I do?" Casey asked.  
  
"Casey, you come with me," Jolene suggested. "We need your face at the front desk to keep the guests and the girls assured that we're all ok and everything's running as normal."  
  
"How am I going to do that when I'm freaking the fuck out?" Casey asked in more than a little distress.  
  
"Well, like they say. The show has to go on. We have a resort to run and that has to come first."  
  
"You're right Jolene," Casey realised as she pulled herself together. "Ok, Greg, let me know when the police and Alberto get here. Let's not let these motherfuckers get in our way!"  
  
A short time later two squad cars arrived, and the protesters moved apart to allow them into the resort car park. Alberto was also on duty but made himself scarce at the sight of the police presence.  
  
Greg explained everything he had seen to a constable as Casey came up beside him.  
  
"Can you get our girl back?" Casey asked.  
  
"Mr Campbell was just explaining that the person abducted is in fact indentured to you ma'am and she is not in fact a free citizen?"  
  
"That's correct sir but what difference does that make?" Casey asked, sensing some reluctance in the constable's manner. "We saw her snatched off the street. It's clearly a kidnapping, which is still illegal isn't it?"  
  
"Well um... technically it's actually theft ma'am," the constable explained. "We will of course conduct enquiries, but a two year Indent has less value than a motor vehicle so it barely qualifies as grand larceny. Our superintendent is unlikely to approve the resources for a full scale investigation, and with such little information to go on I don't like your chances."  
  
"You're kidding me?" Casey asked in surprise. "But she's still a person surely? That's got to count for something?"  
  
"Not before the law ma'am unfortunately," the constable replied sadly. "However, you do have a right to recover your property using reasonable force if necessary, if you catch my drift."  
  
Casey noticed the constable winked as he said that last bit. She guessed there may be a legal loophole they could exploit, assuming they could find where Ellie had been taken.  
  
"Ok, but what about all these people blocking our gates? Can you at least get them to disperse and stop interfering with our business?"  
  
"Unfortunately we can't make them move on. They do have a legal right to protest in the public space, but with that being said they don't have a right to enter your property or block access to it," the constable responded. "We can clear them out of the way for the moment but we have limited time we can stay here. I suggest you hire a private security force."  
  
"We have some on the way," Casey replied without realising Alberto had already arrived. "Jolene and I will put our security uniforms on as well. Are we allowed to use Tasers?"  
  
"As long as they are used defensively and not offensively, yes," the constable confirmed. "You can't just shoot people willy-nilly but the law says you may use reasonable force to defend your property, and as a woman it's not hard to make a case that you were threatened and felt your life was in danger."  
  
Thankfully the protesters calmed down considerably after the police pushed them back and warned them they would be arrested if they blocked the gates to the Crescent. Casey and Jolene stood guard with their hands on the Tasers in their thigh-holsters, and along with Alberto's presence it seemed to be enough to keep them back. Insults and chants still filled the air though.  
  
By nightfall most of them had gone away again so Alberto called it a night, and Casey, Greg and Jolene went back inside.  
  
Later as Casey lay in bed, she worried about everything and wasn't able to sleep. There was still no word from Cassandra. The protesters were growing in number and getting rowdier. Ellie had been snatched in broad daylight in front of them all and the police seemed unwilling or unable to do anything about it. At least twenty guests had checked out in fear of what was going on. The protest had been broadcast on the evening news so now more guests were likely to be scared off. All of the Crescent girls were frightened and Casey didn't know what she could tell them. What the fuck had she gotten them all into? This was turning out to be one giant shit-fight. She needed a plan. They needed to find Ellie and bring her back. Cassandra needed to be found and brought to her senses as well. Those protesters had to go. Right now though all she wanted was to walk away from it all somehow. That wasn't an option though. She still had twenty five naked girls in her care that she'd promised a scholarship. Fuck! Why was this all happening? She felt alone and beaten, everything was fucked up and there wasn't a solution for any of it.

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