**Naked Ambitions of Tiffany**

by[HeyAll](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=992050&page=submissions)©

Buckel Water Parks Inc was a corporation with big plans, and even bigger investors. It was all explained to Tiffany during a private office meeting.

"Would you be interested in different responsibilities?" the boss asked. "We like your speaking skills. It's refreshing and different than what we usually have."

She smiled, "Thank you. I'm ready for whatever you have to offer."

"Don't get too excited yet. This assignment was turned down by a few others in our company."

"How come?"

The boss leaned back and sighed. "Well, Tiff, we're focusing on more water parks, first and foremost. But our investors have sights on other things. Things which, as it turns out, have a very lucrative market."

"That sounds interesting."

"I'm talking about nudist resorts. Now before you say anything, just think about it. It's for adults only. It's also a water park. And most importantly, clients are willing to pay top-dollar for it."

The thought had taken Tiffany by surprise. Especially since her boss and the corporation had such a family oriented reputation.

"I'm not bothered by it," Tiffany said. "There's nothing morally wrong with a nude water park."

He flashed a broad smile. "Excellent. So you're on board so far."

"I'm not opposed to being involved."

"Great. Because we have property in northern California which we'd like to become our first nudist park. We have the designs, the plans, business strategy, everything... The problem is, we're having trouble getting permits because some residents are against it. You know, the religious Christian types."

"I see..."

Tiffany nodded and she tried to hide the fact that she was slightly offended by the boss's dismissive tone towards religious people. She was a devout Christian herself, which the boss seemed to have sensed.

"Not that there's anything wrong with Christians," the boss clarified. "But being denied a permit is obviously bad for business."

"We would need a strong PR campaign," Tiffany said after some thought. "Luckily, we're dealing with a small population, I presume. I was raised in a small town, so I know how things work."

"Go on," the boss said with a strong sense of interest.

"People in these areas are very community oriented. They participate heavily in the political process. Our best chance would be to set up a town hall, then plead our case to the people. We would have to explain that the general public will be shielded from the nudity and that everything will be tastefully done. Furthermore, it would greatly benefit the local economy and create good paying jobs. That should be the general strategy."

The boss's eyes widened. "My gosh, you're an angel."

"Not quite, but I try my best," she said with a cute perk.

"It's settled. You're officially the new liaison for this job. And I won't take 'no' for an answer."

Tiffany was taken aback. In a good way. She had been with the company for a few months and she was already thrust into a major role for a multi-million dollar development deal.

"I... I don't know what to say... wow?"

"That's a start," he nodded.

"What exactly am I going to be doing?"

The boss sat upright. "When I first pursued this development deal, I made the mistake of sending square businessmen to the town and our plans were rejected. This time, I'm going to send you as our representative. You would know how to talk with them. And I expect you to convince them. Tell them why this deal will benefit the town."

Tiffany sat expressionless for a moment.

"I've never been involved with this level of deal making before."

"Do the things you said. Set up a town hall. Talk to the people. Use your legal experience. Use your charm. Use your cuteness. Use everything. Just get us the permits."

"Okay," she slowly nodded, even though she was unsure of herself. "Am I supposed to do this alone?"

"No. I'll send you with Christine-Jade Wong, our accountant. She'll provide assistance and will brief you on the financial matters."

Tiffany felt a slight jolt at becoming a boss to someone else. She also felt a buzzing excitement being paired up with CJ, in what could potentially be an epic business trip.

"That sounds doable," she nodded.

Bold Plans, Naked Ambitions

In the small town where plans were being laid, Tiffany drove from their motel to the auditorium with CJ sitting in the passenger seat; a scrawny Asian girl with a big heart, brains, and a witty sense of humor.

They didn't know each other that well prior to this, as they were both fairly new to the company and they worked in different departments. But their relationship these past few days could best be described as sisterly mixed with mild flirtation.

After parking, the duo went to the trunk of the car to get their props. They had brought everything from display models, to boards, to hundreds of pamphlets to hand out to everyone. The town hall was starting in an hour and this would be their well-planned public relations attack.

They warmly greeted the public officials and then prepared themselves for the reckoning to follow.

"How are you feeling?" CJ asked, when they had a private moment backstage, while people were entering the auditorium.

"To be honest, an early retirement from legal practice sounds good right now."

"What is it? The crowd size or the fact that you're representing a nude park?"

Tiffany became tense. "The nude thing."

"Alright, I'm going to do something for you that will boost your confidence. It's my variation of a yoga meditation technique. Are you ready?"

Taking in a deep breath, allowing herself to keep an open mind, Tiffany nodded.

"I'm ready."

Putting her hands on Tiffany's shoulders, CJ grasped tightly. Their eyes were deeply locked and they were mere inches apart. They could practically smell the coffee aromas in each other's breaths.

"You've got this," CJ said with great confidence. "Ask yourself how you got here. Why did the boss choose you? Deep down, you know the answer. Now repeat it to yourself, over and over again."

Tiffany gave it a try. Being no stranger to basic yoga, she was able to maintain a focus and give in to the mantra a few times. CJ squeezed Tiffany's shoulders tightly again and gave a little shake so things would sink in.

"Phew," Tiffany exhausted deeply, putting her coffee breath all over her friend, who didn't seem to mind. "Okay, I think it's worked. I'm feeling a little better right now."

CJ smiled, "Now we're talking. And if it's any help, you look cute in that outfit. I'd say a lot of men are going to have secret erections while you speak."

"Umm, thanks?"

"Sexual confidence is still confidence. Use everything to your advantage."

When CJ winked at the end, Tiffany could tell that it was a genuine sign of affection. They truly completed each other on a major job like this.

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There were more than 100 people in attendance for the town hall, which was more than expected. It shouldn't have been a surprise, since a nudist resort opening here was the biggest political topic on people's minds.

City officials stood at one side. CJ stood on the other side. The townspeople filled the seats and the rest stood in the back.

Tiffany stood behind the podium, facing the crowd. She didn't have a copy of the speech in front of her, since she always preferred to memorize everything. It made her speeches sound more genuine and from the heart.

Nerves continued to grow as the Mayor took the microphone and began the town hall. He explained the importance of a good debate and encouraged people to have open minds.

When the Mayor finally introduced Tiffany, she put on her game face, despite her uneasy feeling which refused to settle.

"Good morning," she said into the microphone. "I'd like to thank everyone for coming. These are important matters and I won't waste your time."

So far, so good. Everyone looked engaged and interested while Tiffany spoke. Her friendly demeanor appeared to relax everyone a bit.

She continued, "My name is Tiffany McAlister. I'm here on behalf of Buckel Water Parks Incorporated, which is a development company that builds, operates, and maintains water parks. As you're all aware, this company owns the plot of land a mile away from the lake and has plans to redevelop it. The future plans allow guests to be, well, less-dressed than the average water park."

There were a few laughs from the audience, but her 'less-dressed' joked bombed.

She forged ahead, "In other words, we'd like to build an exclusive nudist resort. It will be legal, safe, and anyone over the age of 21 will be able to join. I'm sure there are many fears amongst residents from what a nudist resort would do to a community like this. I'd like to ease those fears."

With the audience fully captivated, Tiffany gestured to the model images that faced the skeptical crowd.

She continued, "As you can see, this resort will feature state-of-the-art facilities for rest and relaxation. There will be places for guests to eat, sleep, and have a good time. The layout is perfect for swimmers and sunbathers, as well as people who just want to lounge in the water. The general public will be shielded from these activities. We will ensure that people passing by this resort will not be getting an unexpected view of these activities."

People continued paying sharp attention and some people even nodded. She felt her speech was working.

She continued, "There are many additional benefits to this community as well, in terms of job growth and increased tax revenue. If you turn to page 2 of the pamphlet, you will see that Buckel Water Parks plans to hire roughly..."

"It's a nudist resort!" a man shouted from the crowd. "We don't want that here!"

"And I perfectly understand that," Tiffany replied calmly. "We're doing our best to preserve the rich culture of this community."

An older woman stood. "What do you know about our community? Have you ever been here before?"

"Well... no... but..."

"So you're an outsider telling us about our community?"

People in the audience began talking over each other. Some supported the hecklers. Others were telling them to be quiet so they could hear the proposal. Others were supportive of the idea of building a nudist resort.

The Mayor interjected himself into the debate and appealed for calm. The crowd listened when the Mayor told everyone to speak in an orderly manner, and to give Tiffany a fair chance to respond.

Tiffany took a deep breath. "I'm also a resident of California, if that helps. I was raised in a small town, just like this one. I understand what these issues mean. And I wouldn't be part of this unless I thought it would be beneficial to your community."

"How?!" a woman shouted.

Beads of sweat formed underneath Tiffany's shirt.

"Well, I never had a chance to mention the financial benefits that a nudist water park would bring. Particularly, we would be hiring..."

A man stood and shouted, "We don't profit from sin! We're a Christian town and we respect traditional values!"

There was more rumbling within the crowd, which the Mayor was able to quell, and the people calmed down.

Tiffany responded, "Sir, I can assure you, there's nothing immoral about adults wanting to be bare. It's perfectly natural. I understand that it sounds indecent and obscene, but the reality is, nudists are just normal people. There should be nothing wrong with consenting adults wanting to relax in a certain way."

"You say it's not immoral, but what about the sex toys in the proposed facility? It sounds like a sex party to me."

Tiffany looked puzzled. "I'm sorry, sir. I'm not familiar with what you're talking about. I haven't seen any plans regarding sex toys."

"The last group of representatives came to this town with a sex device," the man said angrily. "They said it was going to be part of the facilities."

Tiffany shook her head. "Sir... I can assure you... I've never heard of any such..."

"She's lying!" another man shouted.

"Our town isn't for sale!" an elderly woman yelled.

Someone screamed, "If it's NOT obscene, then why don't YOU try it?! Show us that it's normal! Then we'll believe you!"

"We don't want sinners coming here every summer!"

"Summer vacations shouldn't be ruined by nudists!"

The crowd erupted in a much louder manner. Some were in favor of the development deal. But a vocal group was staunchly opposed.

It became chaos and the Mayor ended the discussion for the day. He told everyone to come back tomorrow at the same time. He then scolded members of the audience for not being respectful to the guest.

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Tiffany leaned against the wall. She was in the backroom of the town hall building. Tears were in her eyes and CJ tried to console her.

"Forget it," CJ said. "You did the best you could."

"I feel like such an idiot," Tiffany replied, struggling to speak. "I've never been so humiliated in my life. I'm going to be fired. I know it."

She cried a little bit and put her hands over her face. When she got a hug from CJ, it helped.

Taking the phone out of her pocket, Tiffany called her boss and gave a quick summary of the catastrophe which had just taken place in a public setting.

"Everything was going so well," Tiffany further explained on the phone call, while fighting back tears. "I felt that I was engaging the audience. I hit every note perfectly. But before I could make the important economic arguments, people started shouting at me. It was horrible."

"Oh my god," the boss sighed. "I was so sure that you'd succeed."

"Well you were wrong. This is the worst day of my life."

There was another pause on the line. Both of them were speechless. There wasn't much to say.

"Is there a backup plan?" the boss asked.

"The Mayor is speaking privately with city leaders right now. He'll give me an update soon."

"That's good news," the boss replied. "The deal is still in play."

"Why didn't you tell me about the sex toys?"

"The what?"

"The sex toys," Tiffany said slowly. "The last team that came here showed them around. There are still some in the building. I saw them."

The boss paused for a moment. "Oh, that. We're not entirely sure if we'd still use them. I figured we shouldn't mention it again."

"I got ambushed. Plain and simple. I should have been a lot more prepared. You should have told me."

"I apologize for that, Tiff. That's my fault."

Tiffany calmed down. "Can we talk later? The Mayor is coming over here."

"I wish you the best of luck."

The call ended and Tiffany and CJ stood upright for the Mayor who was approaching them. Wiping the last of her tears, Tiffany put on a brave face for this important conversation.

"Don't be discouraged," Mayor Lagassi said in a steadfast manner. "It's just that people here are very passionate about their community. These are people who want a quiet life. They don't want the hassle of big city, and they certainly don't want nudists coming here. I deeply apologize for things getting so out of hand."

"It's not your fault," Tiffany replied, shaking her head. "I honestly thought I could do it, but I can't. It's useless. Sorry if we've wasted your time."

"Don't give up. We're old fashioned people. But just because we're conservative and religious, doesn't mean that we're all closed minded. Many of us want this nudist park here. Believe it or not, my wife and I are eager to join."

"Really?" Tiffany asked, surprised by the revelation.

"What I'm saying is, I've managed to convince the dissenters that the proposal is a great idea because of jobs and tax revenue. I've also explained that the nature of this community won't be negatively impacted."

"What are you saying?"

The Mayor gave a heavy sigh. "We might have enough votes to give you the permits, but there's a massive condition."

"Can we get to the point, please?" Tiffany asked. "What's the condition?"

"The people want to know that Buckel Water Parks aren't hypocrites. More importantly, they want to know that you aren't a hypocrite. They want to know that you practice what you preach."

Tiffany crinkled her nose. "Point?"

"The point is, they want you to get naked during the next town hall."

The cute face disappeared. "Are you serious?"

"I tried my best to reason with them. Believe me, this is the only way to get the necessary votes. It's the only option."

"Naked? Me? Is that what you said?"

"Completely," he confirmed.

"In the next town hall meeting?"

"In front of all those people," he confirmed again.

"Why?"

"As I've said, they want to know you aren't a hypocrite. If nudity isn't a big deal, if it's so natural, and if it's not obscene, then they want proof from you, since you're the face of the business now."

"Well, I'm officially jobless then," she groaned.

"Now wait a minute. You can't just quit. You can't. What sort of example would that set for young, up and coming business women?"

"Other business women don't have to get naked."

"Irrelevant," he replied. "Obviously this is your decision, and your decision alone. But remember, if you quit now, it's a decision you may always regret. Be strong. Set an example."

"Public nudity isn't my specialty, Mayor Lagassi."

"There's also one other thing that the Council wants."

"There's more?" Tiffany asked incredulously.

"Some of the city leaders feel that the sex toys are an obscenity. They feel that it will lead this town on a sinful path. So they want you to prove that it's natural."

"What kind of people are they?!"

"They're good folks, I can assure you. I tried my best to reason with them and this is the only deal on the table."

"I guess I need a new job then," Tiffany shrugged with a voice that was almost cracking. "Thanks for all your help. It was great meeting you."

The Mayor shook his head with disappointment. "Well, I don't blame you, Ms. McAlister. I just wish you the best in whatever you decide.

After shaking hands with both of them, the Mayor walked away.

While watching the back of the Mayor's suit as he left the conversation, an epiphany came to her:

This was her job. She made a commitment to her boss. She was determined to succeed. And her desire was ironclad.

She stood there feeling like an action hero who had just suffered a major defeat, only to regain composure to win at the end. The only problem was making her body comply with her mind.

Town Hall Exhibitionism

They sat down and had blueberry muffins and coffee for breakfast. Supposedly, it was the specialty of that town. But the food they ate wasn't on their minds.

"Are you kidding?" CJ asked in disbelief.

"I'm not the type of person that pulls gags. I'm being serious about this."

Tiffany casually ate another bite of the muffin and took another sip of her hot coffee.

"You're actually going to do it?" CJ asked. "All of those conditions?"

Tiffany nodded. "Being stubborn runs in my family."

"You're braver than a superhero," CJ said in awe.

For a moment, they laughed at the ridiculousness of that statement and everything they had just been discussing. Reality swiftly returned and their smiles slowly faded away. This was serious business, no matter how they tried to dress it up.

"That's assuming my body will allow it," Tiffany clarified. "Who knows, I might faint in the process."

"Luckily I know CPR."

"That's reassuring," Tiffany winced. "But if you want to leave, that would be understandable. I think that might even be better."

CJ's eyes made a sad expression. "Are you kicking me out?"

"No. Gosh no. I would never do that. I just think this might... you know... be really uncomfortable for you."

"The nudity aspect?"

Tiffany nodded. "Yeah."

"There's a lot you don't know about me."

"Like what?" Tiffany asked.

"I have a lot of experience with public nudity."

Tiffany roared with laughter. "Do you?"

"I used to go to nudists resorts," CJ explained. "When I was 21, my ex-boyfriend used to take me. We went every summer for a few years. The first time was super scary. But I quickly got used to it."

"Are you joking?"

Tiffany was amazed that her colleague, sweet little CJ, would be involved with such things.

"Why do you think the boss sent me?" CJ asked. "I'm a terrible public speaker, but I have a passion for this. So I explained a little about my history and volunteered for this job. No one expects this from me."

"You've got that right. You look so... so... nevermind. But I'm glad we're a team on this."

"Me too. There's nothing like sunbathing naked on a hot summer day. Or going for a naked swim to cool down from the heat. I miss that feeling. I still love it. And it's part of the reason why I'm so passionate about this project. If it opens, I would love to come here next summer."

There was a moment of silence as they just locked eyes. Without saying anything for a moment, they understood each other's thoughts.

"Now that it's settled, would you like to be my coach?" Tiffany asked playfully.

"A coach? I like the sound of that. Yes, I can do that. It's a great idea. But if we're going to proceed, you have to do everything I say."

"Sure."

"I mean it," CJ said. "Doing nudity is scary enough for a first time. But to do what you're planning? I have to push you. Otherwise it'll be a train wreck."

Tiffany took a deep breath. "I'll give it my best shot."

"No, we'll give it our best shot."

They finished their food and coffee. There was plenty of work to be done and it had to be done fast.

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Later that day. After speaking with the Mayor, and agreeing to the terms, the Mayor was nice enough to let them in the town hall building for a private practice session. The building was empty except for a few clerks working in the backrooms.

The duo lounged around in the empty town hall, planning their next big leap. As daunting as it was, there was an air of excitement.

"The first rule of nudism is, there are no rules," CJ explained.

"What kind of advice is that?"

CJ thought for a moment. "Well, there's actually not much advice to give. It's just like public speaking, isn't it? The advice doesn't help. You just have to jump in and do it. Then you get used to it. That's the only way."

"Makes sense. That's how we learned public speaking in law school with moot court. There wasn't much advice given at first. Just get up there and do the routine."

"There you go. That's the answer."

"So you're telling me I should just strip?" Tiffany asked rhetorically.

"Do you have a better idea?"

Tiffany shrugged. "You're the coach."

"If I'm the coach, then I'm telling you to get naked. If you don't practice now, you'll be a nervous wreck during the next town hall."

Tiffany sighed. "Maybe in a few moments. We better examine the sex toy first. I think that would work best."

"Sure. The Mayor said he put it under the podium. Hang on."

CJ went behind the podium and picked up the weird sex toy. It looked like a saddle with a moderately sized dildo in the middle, which pointed straight upwards.

"What the hell is that?" Tiffany asked.

"It's a sybian."

"I've never heard of it. And I've never seen such a thing before."

"It's not complicated. You can pretty much tell how it works by simply looking at it. All you have to do is sit on it. Right on the dildo. And it vibrates."

"I'm not sure why a resort would need one of those things."

CJ shrugged. "It makes perfect sense to me. Think about it; you get a nice orgasm from the sybian, then you get to relax naked while playing in water. Or vice-versa. Whatever floats your boat."

"I guess that's what we're fighting for. The freedom for adults to enjoy their vacations."

"All you have to do is get naked for a town hall packed with strangers, ride this sybian, and have an orgasm for everyone to see. Then the permits are granted. Simple as that."

"How easy," Tiffany said sarcastically.

"It can be easy if you practice. It's going to happen eventually. Standing around talking isn't going to help."

"Give me a minute, please. I need to clear my head."

Tiffany put her head down and paced the room, side to side, front to back. A minute or two had passed. There was no talking. Her mind was in a state of total concentration. Her mind was centered.

Finally, she stood in the back of the room, where the audience would be, and she looked at the podium. She imagined herself naked, near the podium, riding the sex toy. Visualization was an important part of her process.

"Okay," she finally said. "I'm ready. Phew..."

Standing in the back of the room, Tiffany unbuttoned her top. Her eyes remained focused on the podium and sex toy on the other side. She put her top on a nearby seat. She removed her shoes and socks. She unbuttoned her pants. Her eyes remained focused on the center stage, which was kind of far away. She took her pants off and put it on a seat.

All she had on were bra and panties.

It was complete tunnel vision. She reached back to unclasp her bra. Her small, pert breasts exposed. They curved upwards with light pink nipples. Her eyes remained focused on the podium and sex toy. She bent down to remove her panties, also placing it on the nearby seat.

She was completely and utterly naked. Bare feet on the floor. Her curves were freed.

It was a certainty that CJ was watching this in shock, but Tiffany remained focused on having to walk to the podium and face the auditorium of empty chairs.

"What do you think, coach?" Tiffany asked after a big deep breath.

"You have a seriously cute body. You're obviously very pretty. Those pink nipples of yours are to die for. But you need to do something about those pubic hairs though. We can shave that later."

Tiffany blushed. "I meant about the situation. You know, the permits, which is the reason why I'm standing here like this."

"Oh, sorry. I have a great feeling that you're going to win hearts and minds. You're... you... and sometimes that's enough. There's an incredible honesty about you being naked like this that people will connect with."

"Thank you."

Tiffany's toes wiggled on the floor and her nipples grew harder from the exposure. This was a completely new life experience.

"How do you feel?" CJ asked in awe.

"Like Cersei in Game of Thrones. Prepared to make that long, naked walk of shame."

"Then what's your atonement?"

"Being a corporate whore," Tiffany quipped.

She lifted her right foot and moved her big toe ahead of her, touching the floor in front. The first step was difficult and her body felt cold. Her nipples rock hard.

This was nothing like public speaking. She froze.

"What's wrong?" CJ asked.

"I... I can't do it. I feel like I'm on the verge of an anxiety attack."

"Come on. Can you try harder? Once you make it to the front of the room, I promise that your confidence is only going to skyrocket. Each second that you're naked, the more comfortable you're going to be."

"I'm doing my best," Tiffany replied.

Managing to move her feet and toes a bit, she was able to take a small step, followed by another. The more she moved, the weaker she felt. This was another level of anxiety.

"Are you okay?" CJ asked.

In a flash, Tiffany used her forearm to cover both breasts and nipples, then she used her other hand to cover her pussy.

"I screwed up. Sorry, I'm getting dressed now. Then I'm quitting. I'm really sorry."

"No. You're powerful and you can do anything."

"My vagina feels like a baked potato. I can't do this. I'm getting dressed now, sorry."

"Don't move," CJ said. "Watch me."

Tiffany remained still, with her limbs covering her sexual parts. She watched her friend and co-worker gracefully move towards the center of the stage, right in front of the podium.

She watched CJ facing the podium, then pull her hairband off, letting that luscious dark hair fall free from the ponytail.

"What are you doing?" Tiffany asked, watching her friend's backside.

"I'm showing you how it's done."

Piece by piece, the clothes came off and CJ put everything on top of the podium, standing barefoot in her bra and panties. Her skin was light and her body was skinny. Her ass was kind of flat, which really showed after taking those panties off. Then she unclasped her bra, putting everything on the podium.

When CJ turned around, Tiffany saw her friend naked. CJ had a flat chest with large, dark nipples that were rock hard. She also had a cleanly shaven pussy.

"God..." Tiffany's voice trailed off.

"Well, God made my body, but this is my free will. I choose to be naked with you. And I choose to be proud of what I was born with. It's a state of mind, Tiffany. Choose to be proud."

Tiffany nodded and gulped. "Okay. What now?"

"Come to me," CJ said with open arms. "You'll be rewarded with the only thing I can give. I promise it's worth it."

With her eyes focused on the naked body of her co-worker, Tiffany moved her feet and legs, finding newfound strength and motivation for doing this job. Each step brought her closer to CJ's nudity. With each step, she saw the naked body more closely. She saw the dark color, shape, and hardness of CJ's nipples. She saw the loving expression in CJ's eyes.

It was an awkward walk on the cold floor and the bottom of Tiffany's bare feet had never felt so dirty. Her mind felt even dirtier as she was naked before CJ. The duo took a moment to admire each other's body.

"My prize?" Tiffany asked, almost in a whiny manner. "I'm waiting."

"Oh, right. Here you go."

With a persistent force, CJ grabbed Tiffany and planted a big kiss on her lips. It was a hard but gentle kiss. A smack at first, then a tender touch.

When CJ pulled back, Tiffany stood wide-eyed and frozen once again.

"What was that?" Tiffany gasped.

"Remember what I said before? Sexual confidence is still confidence. If we can be naked together like this, freeing our minds, then how could the town hall scare you?"

"Because it's different. Because there's going to be like, a hundred people, watching me masturbate on that weird machine."

"Turn around," CJ said. "Time for some serious visualization."

"I don't like the sound of that."

But she did it anyway. Tiffany turned and faced the empty auditorium and the several rows of empty seats.

A loud screeching noise was made when CJ dragged the stool towards Tiffany.

"Bend over and lean on this," CJ said.

"Are you going to do something to me?" Tiffany questioned.

"Like what?"

"You tell me. You're acting suspiciously."

"We're going to do a simulation. If you can survive this, then I can assure you, you can survive the town hall. Now listen to your coach and bend over. Oh, and spread your legs too."

Tiffany's jaw dropped. "I knew it."

"You have no choice. Give me your pussy."

Relenting, Tiffany bent over and rested her forearms on the stool. She spread her legs apart so that CJ could have unfettered access.

Sure enough, CJ got on her knees, right behind Tiffany's butt.

"How does my asshole look?" Tiffany flippantly asked, knowing that her friend was having a deep inspection.

"Everything looks healthy, from your pink pussy -- which is slightly wet -- to that tight little brown hole. Clean bill of health."

"Thanks for saving me a trip to the OB/GYN."

"You're welcome," CJ said. "Now hold still. My hands might be a little cold."

Tiffany yelped and her body jerked when CJ's cold hands spread her butt cheeks apart. Now they knew each other far more intimately than they could have ever imagined.

"What are you doing?" Tiffany asked.

"My job. Imagine the crowd is there. It's the town hall. Dozens of people are rooting for you. Dozens more are against you. Show everyone how tough you are. This is your chance to prove that you're the best at what you do, because isn't that your goal?"

Without any warning, Tiffany felt two fingers push inside of her vaginal entrance and her eyes nearly crossed. It was the first time another woman had ever penetrated her. The fingers were soft and delicate, yet strong enough and skilled enough to hit her pleasure spots.

"You're a miracle worker," Tiffany moaned. "But why are your fingers inside me?"

"Practice for the sex toy. If you can survive my fingers, then you can survive the sybian."

Slowly, CJ's fingers kept on working inside Tiffany's pussy in loving strokes and curls.

Tiffany tossed her hair back. "You think your fingers are a precursor for a powerful sex toy?"

"There's still much you don't know about me."

A slight grip, and CJ clenched the pussy hard.

Tiffany's toes wiggled on the hard floor. "It's difficult to think about work while your fingers are inside me like that."

"Plus we're naked," CJ reminded, giving more strokes with her fingers.

Tiffany's upper body squirmed, leaning on the stool. "How could I forget? Is this really about prep? Or did you want this all along?"

"Just focus on the rows of seats," CJ said, evading the question, then giving Tiffany's butt a big kiss. "Pretend this auditorium is full. And pretend my fingers are a dildo attached to a machine that's fucking your cunt bare."

Putting her mind in the moment, Tiffany did as she was told. She focused on the row of empty seats, imagining them to be filled.

CJ's fingers worked Tiffany's pussy like a feminine buzzsaw. The in and out motions were rapid and ferocious. Tiffany wondered about CJ's manicure because she didn't feel a scratch in her pussy. Just the stretching and the blissful feeling of another woman playing with her cunt.

"You're really going to make me cum," Tiffany said, almost laughing at the situation. "Oh god... just admit that you've been dying to do this since we first started working together."

CJ kissed Tiffany's butt cheek once again. "This is serious business. Focus while I prime your body and pussy for tomorrow's big event."

Gasping deeply, Tiffany's toes clenched and her eyes nearly crossed again and her jaw dropped from the suddenly rapid assault on her pussy. CJ was more than just a numbers nerd. As it turned out, CJ had the strength of an athlete despite having a bony frame.

She tried to hold it in at first, but Tiffany squirted. When her orgasm hit and sent a powerful rush throughout her body, she was fully aware of the consequences. She knew that CJ might have been ruined by the flood of orgasm. She knew there was a possibility of them having to clean up a real mess. But mostly, she was worried that CJ would be furious at the impromptu shower.

There was no sign of slowing down though. Although she was certain that CJ was a mess, the fingers kept on pumping. Tiffany's orgasm was a non-stop experience and she savored each second of being finger-fucked by her co-worker.

Finally, the fingers slowed down and then pulled out, giving Tiffany a chance to breathe again. She giggled by reflex.

Surprisingly, she felt a tongue going up and down her upper thigh, licking around the crack of her butt, and moving way too close to her labia.

Looking down below, she saw CJ doing a bit of oral clean up. She also saw CJ with a glazed face, slicked back hair, and breasts that were wet.

"This is weird," Tiffany gulped.

CJ swallowed, making a smacking noise with her lips. "Well, you seem pretty comfortable being naked right now. And your orgasm came out naturally."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Then I've done my job."

After a bit more oral clean up, the duo stood upright and faced each other. Tiffany was wet from her pussy, downward. CJ had a wet upper body and a drenched hand.

They heard footsteps and they froze.

There were two women, about in their 50's, who looked absolutely stunned by the naked sight as they were headed towards the door.

"We're... headed to lunch," one of the women said.

The still naked duo looked at each other, dumbfounded by being caught.

"Can you tell us where the mop is?" CJ asked, with blushing red cheeks.

"There's a storage room in the back, end of the hall, right side."

The older women quickly left and the naked duo just laughed.

Naked Ambition

Wearing a cheap yellow sundress that she had bought in the town recently, Tiffany prepared for the biggest moment of her life. People slowly trickled in for the final meeting.

Some people expected another political brawl. But what many in the crowd knew was that underneath her sundress, she was naked. All she could think about was how everyone would react once she revealed her secret weapon in this high stakes game of dare.

She held CJ's hand tightly, not caring that they looked like lesbian lovers, which they practically were at that point.

Overall, there must have been nearly 200 people in attendance. A packed building that nearly reached capacity. She recognized many of the faces from before. Other faces were new, who probably people who came for the free nude show.

Mayor Lagassi began the proceedings, thanking everyone for coming. Everything was explained to the audience so that everyone knew the rules and what to expect for this monumental moment in the town's history.

Then he gave the microphone to Tiffany.

She stood in the center of the speaking area. The podium had been moved, so there was nothing obstructing the view of her. Her hands began to shake a little, but she tried to fight it.

"Hello," she said on the microphone. "For the newcomers to this discussion, my name is Tiffany McAlister and I represent Buckel Water Parks Incorporated. We wish to build a nudist water park in this area. As the Mayor has already explained, it will greatly benefit the economy of this community."

There were a few rigid faces and people with their arms crossed.

She continued, "Currently there is enough support to build the resort. But that support is dependent on my actions. In particular, my proving that Buckel Water Parks is not an obscene corporation. We are not hypocrites. And we are not immoral. We firmly stand by our practices and beliefs."

She put the microphone down and took a hard look at the crowd.

Tiffany lifted her sundress and pulled it overhead, tossing it aside.

She stepped out of her shoes and planted her bare feet on the floor.

Naked before the captive audience, she held her chin high.

A jolt flowed through her body. A powerful sensation exploded in her pussy. A stiffening in her spine. Nerves made her breathe harder. Her pink nipples turned rock hard and her toes were squirming on the floor.

There was a deafening silence in the packed room as everyone was fixated on her bare body. When the nerves flowed through her, she tried to fight it. She clenched her fists briefly to relieve the nervous energy. She used the power of positive thinking and she remembered the training she had done with CJ. Then she relaxed her body.

The looks on people's faces spoke volume. Tiffany watched their eyes. Their eyes looking up and down her bare body. Some eyes widened. Some eyes squinted. Some people watched with their jaws dropped, wondering if this was really happening.

Tiffany did her best to maintain composure. She was naked and proud of her body. She didn't allow herself to feel degraded or humiliated. She thought of it as empowering. No one would dare heckle me. Not anymore. Not when she had all the strength in the room. Not when she commanded all the attention.

She picked up the microphone and continued. "I'm naked and proud. This is the way God made me. I'm a woman. Two breasts and a vagina. This is what it looks like. We're all adults here and we should act like it. I don't think there's anything obscene about this in private and neither should you."

So far, so good. The crowd was entirely captivated.

"Orgasms aren't obscene either. It's a natural part of a healthy life. There's nothing wrong with adults wanting to enjoy their bodies and relax."

On cue, CJ and a town hall employee brought a chair with the sybian placed on it. The chair was placed next to where Tiffany was standing.

"Good luck," CJ whispered softly. "You're doing so good."

CJ winked at her friend and stood aside.

"This is the device," Tiffany said to the crowd. "A harmless device for our nudist water park. They will be kept and used indoors. If there are no objections, I would like to provide a demonstration."

The crowd remained completely silent.

With a deep breath, Tiffany stood in front of the sybian. She faced the crowd and slowly sat back. CJ helped with the process, holding the dildo so that it was guided towards Tiffany's pussy, as Tiffany lowered her naked body. CJ also used her fingers to spread Tiffany for entry.

The size was a perfect match. The dildo pressed in between Tiffany's labia, heading straight inside of her pussy. She gently sat down on the sybian. Inch by inch the dildo entered her body. The dildo buried all the way inside. Her vaginal walls felt stretched. She briefly straddled her hips to get comfortable. The audience was fully captivated.

"Are you ready?" CJ softly whispered.

Tiffany whispered back, "I've been ready all day. Hit it."

With the flick of a switch, the sybian was activated and CJ stepped aside, but stayed within range should anything go wrong.

A slow buzzing sound came from the machine. It was the only sound in the silent room.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the dildo inside Tiffany's vagina came to life. It buzzed and vibrated, working its unique magic. It went up and down, up and down. Slowly, the speed of the mechanical thrusts increased. It sent a strange sensation throughout Tiffany's body.

Her eyes remained on the crowd while this was happening to her cunt. Everyone was too stunned to move. The passionate crowd was left speechless. No one dared to break eye contact. They simply watched in awe.

The dildo inside Tiffany's pussy vibrated and thrusted in a more potent manner. She moaned from the powerful sensations. Having this active machine beneath her was almost terrifying and she wanted it to stop, no matter how good it felt. Her instinct was to jump off the sybian and surrender. But she couldn't. For the sake of succeeding and having a new accomplishment, she had to finish this.

So she remained on the sybian. Naked and proud. She kept a brave expression on her face as the large crowd stared at her.

The small machine kicked into a higher gear when CJ pushed another button, which caused Tiffany to gasp. Both of her legs swung up into the air with her toes wide apart and the bottom of her feet facing the crowd. Her entire body weight was pressed onto the dildo and saddle, which only intensified the burning pleasure by pushing the dildo deeper into her cunt.

Her hands reached down and held onto to the chair to hold her body upright. She couldn't bring her clenched feet back down. The vibrational feelings in her pussy wouldn't allow it. Her legs felt stiff and uncontrollable. The intense vibrations caused her muscles to contract.

The pressure inside continued to build. The dildo penetrated her at just the right angle, hitting her sensitive g-spot. Tiffany was never an exhibitionist (far from it). But having all those eyes watching her was a supremely powerful thing. She couldn't tell if it was the ultimate humiliation, or the ultimate sexual thrill.

She didn't care anymore. She couldn't. Her body had already made its decision.

Tiffany cried out loud. She screamed. CJ nearly rushed to turn the device off until it was clear that an intense orgasm was impending.

Her legs shook in the air. Her toes made a tightly curled shape. Her eyes clenched shut and her mouth was wide open. She continued screaming loudly as a gush of fluids shot from her pussy. Squirting had always been her secret talent, which only a few sexual partners and CJ knew about. But now, everyone in the auditorium knew about it too, and in great detail.

It made a huge wet mess on the floor and some people in the front row were victims of collateral damage. People used their hands and arms to shield themselves. There were plenty of people bolting out of the way along with loud gasps to match the commotion. Gush after gush was being sprayed at an impressive distance until it finally dwindled.

Tiffany managed to reach down to turn the sex toy off. Her body shivered and shook. She managed to bring her feet back down to the floor. Her bare feet stepped onto her own pool of vaginal fluids. CJ hurried over and helped Tiffany stand upright.

While still breathing heavy, Tiffany looked at the stunned audience. Everyone from the townspeople, the Mayor, the Council, and the police were all speechless. They had just witnessed the orgasm of the century.

Tiffany took a moment to regain her composure and heart rate after CJ handed her the microphone.

"That was a preview of our services," Tiffany said, then stopping to take a quick breath. "And it concludes our presentation. I hope that we've demonstrated that Buckel Water Parks is neither lewd nor obscene. We simply enhance the natural pleasures that life has to offer. Thank you."

She handed the microphone to CJ, who simply held it.

One person clapped. Then another. Then another. And another. Within a matter of seconds, the entire town hall erupted with a thunderous applause for Tiffany. The townspeople stood and continued their applause.

CJ brought her lips to Tiffany's ear. "Now that's how it's done."

As the applause continued, Tiffany relished the moment. She was naked and proud. Wetness dripped from her cunt, down her legs, and she looked like she had just survived a tornado.

This is what victory tastes like. And it tasted good.

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Laying naked in bed with CJ between her legs, Tiffany explained the whole thing to her boss.

"Yes, that actually happened," Tiffany confirmed for the third time. "Don't believe me? Just call the Mayor or any of the city leaders."

"My god, Tiff, you're a Saint! This is fantastic!"

"Hmm, I know."

A moan escaped her lips as CJ's tongue worked its divine magic. She spread her legs further apart, hoping CJ would somehow be able to delve even deeper into her sexual canal.

"What was that?" the boss asked. "Are you okay?"

"Just stretching. I'm assuming you've never used the sybian before."

The boss laughed. "No, I'm afraid not."

"It'll drain the life out of you. My legs are sore and I needed two bottles of water to rehydrate myself. I'm still in recovery right now."

She accidentally let out a small yelp when CJ nibbled on her clitoris and gave it a hard suck.

"I'm assuming CJ is a helpful assistant," the boss asked cautiously.

"CJ is the best," she confirmed, grasping the bedsheets.

There was a pause on the line.

"I don't even want to ask," the boss replied.

"Can I call you back? I need a deep stretch. My legs are killing me from that sybian ride."

"You got it. Thanks again, Tiff. I knew you were special. You and Christine-Jade can expect big raises and promotions."

"Thank you, for everything."

When the call ended, Tiffany stretched her legs hard to relieve the tension, pointing her feet forward in a straight line.

"Hey, you almost suffocated me," CJ said, popping her head up from the pussy, with a mouth that looked like she was eating a juicy peach.

"So sorry. You're really good at this."

"Now that you're off the phone, we can do this together. You looked so fucking hot while you were naked and being machine-fucked at the town hall. My cunt was swollen from watching you."

Tiffany breathed deeply. "When I looked in the crowd, I knew that women were wet and men had erections. What can I say? I'm a career woman now, and sometimes difficult choices have to be made to get the job done."

"You've got that right. But there are two other jobs left."

"Oh?"

"My pussy and yours."

Flipping around, CJ got into the 69 position. Tiffany laid helplessly on the bottom while CJ's wet pussy was now above her face. Their bodies pressed and their hard nipples rubbed on each other's skin.

They orally serviced each other while Tiffany kept her legs outstretched. With a day like this, it wasn't long before they both came into each other's mouths. Tiffany drank it all while CJ's pussy was buried in her face. She was a new woman now. Fearless. Confidence.

When CJ rolled off after they had both cum, Tiffany went in for a deep kiss on the mouth. As their lips locked and tongues swirled, she realized just how powerful she could be.

The End