**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 3 - Emi at the Resort**

**— On The Plane —**

Emi looked out of the jet plane window. They were over the Philippine sea and there was a clear blue sky. Soon they would land in Taiwan and then take a propeller plane somewhere between Taiwan and the Philippines. Apparently, it was a privately owned island.

She thought of home. Or at least, what she used to think of as home. She wondered how her brothers and father were getting along without her. She wondered how Evan was fairing. She had liked how he was starting to become a man after having lived with a woman, but now she feared that he might regress back into his old teen ways. She wondered if he was still reading those types of stories, trying to escape from reality and the pain of his loss.

Emi could certainly relate to loss. Her whole world had turned upside-down in the span of just a few short months. Everything had been normal before that. Work had been fun and safe, but then suddenly everything seemed to be about nudity. If she was super-girl, as Sam kept calling her, then nudity was definitely her kryptonite.

It all started with those stupid stories. Deep down Emi wished that she had never read them. She knew that we are a product of our environment and now a tiny piece of her innocence had been lost because of those stories. It wouldn’t have been so bad if it was just the stories but she now realized that Doug’s topless poster had also not been good for her. It had kept the stories fresh in her mind. The leash often reminded her of them, and just having a nude slave in the office reminded her of mailgirls, of Danica. It didn’t help that she was also Japanese. It didn’t help that the poster was of an Asian girl that resembled her.

That was all bad enough but then the whole Woo thing had happened. She still needed to block Woo out of her mind. She refused to let that destroy her. She refused to be a victim, even though she was. He was just a pathetic old man who risked his whole life just to see her without clothes. What was it with men and nudity, she thought? What was he doing or planning to do with her pictures? She didn’t want to think about that.

She thought of Jeffery, once again. He had been on her mind a lot recently. She tried to keep her thoughts pure and just remember how he had helped her, but she just could not forget how his eyes had looked when he had seen that first topless picture. Then when she opened the next picture he had seen everything. Why had she opened that next picture in front of him? What had she been thinking?

He saw her breasts. He saw her… everything, her pubic area. He saw her completely naked on a big screen. He was a co-worker. A young man. It was so embarrassing. How much did he really see? How many pictures did he look at before he came to tell her? Also, he had that full-frontal picture on his phone. How many times had he looked at it before telling her about it? Did he zoom in and look at it carefully, memorizing every detail?

She shook her head and tried to get a hold of her run-away imagination. Jeffery was just a good person who had been helping her, she told herself, once again. Why did she keep torturing herself with the details?

Her seat was feeling warm, so she shifted a bit. The airplane was too warm. She took a sip of water and tried to stop thinking about exposed her body had been. But it was hard to stop thinking about that. The whole thing with the swimsuits and then the big deal. Mr. Lim and his outrageous comments that they were going to have to work in the nude. Work in the nude! Or expose themselves on a public beach. That was crazy!

Despite all that had happened, she couldn’t help but chuckle to herself when she thought of where she was headed right now. After all of that, she was now flying to a nudist resort!

She knew that there was no way she would have gotten on this plane without seeing the strength and sanity of Becca and Su-Ning. Those two women were the one comforting thing in this crazy world. Just thinking about them made her feel better.

Things were definitely turning around. A great new job with excellent pay, new co-worker friends, she had become the lead, then that big deal. Now here they all were flying to some island in Asia.

It was surreal how much change had happened in such a short period of time. Emi hoped that life on the island would be slower and more peaceful so that they could just relax and move forward building great apps.

“Suck my ass!” Sam blurted suddenly into the piece of paper on which she was writing. “Identify yourself. Any wrong answer can be grounds for prosecution. Choose only one. Asian or Caucasian,” she read out loud with disgust. “So what am I, Emi?” she asked incredulously.

“Um…” Emi hesitated.

“That’s exactly right,” Sam blurted. “No matter what I say, there is a chance some idiot will say it’s wrong and have grounds to prosecute me, because of this stupid piece of paper,” she spat with disgust.

“Quit being a drama queen Sam. You do this every time,” Becca said from across the aisle. “It doesn’t matter what you mark because both are correct.”

Hannah stuck her head out from the seat beside Becca. “I say neither, she’s an alien, not from this world. What’s the word again? Oh right, she’s a HAPA,” said Hannah with a smile.

Sam stuck her tongue out at Hannah.

“Hapa?” Emi asked.

“It means ‘half’ in Hawaiian,” Becca explained. “Commonly used to describe runty little half-breeds,” she smiled.

Sam gave her the finger.

They landed in Taiwan and looked around the exotic airport for a while before they boarded a smaller propeller aircraft to fly out towards the small island.

After they had again been flying for a while, Emi grabbed a hand-full of brochures from the seat pocket in front of her. One had a small map of the island. There was one city, three towns and lots of beachfront with resorts scattered all around the perimeter of the island.

“What is the name of our resort?” Emi asked Becca, over the roaring noise of the propeller plane.

“You won’t find it on the map. I’m not sure they have a name for it yet. It’s still under construction or at least not yet open,” Becca said loudly.

Emi noticed that one of the small towns on the far side of the map was called Hapa. She pointed it out to Becca with a smile.

Becca snatched the map from Emi. “Hey half-breed! Emi found your long lost people,” and tossed the map to a bewildered Sam.

Sam looked at it for a moment. “My people!” she yelled, her eyes almost popping out of her head. But then after a moment of consideration, she said. “Probably just some foreign name that doesn’t mean the same thing.”

Becca passed Sam another info pamphlet.

“Holy-shit, my people!” she yelled again, smiling like an idiot. “Thanks, carrot-top!”

Hannah was fixing her bun. “Let me see!” she said as she leaned over with her hands still on her bun.

“Back-off, cream-puff!” Sam warned angrily, hugging the pamphlet to her chest.

Everyone laughed.

Emi felt a brief moment of jealousy. They all have cute nicknames, she thought. Well, on second thought, they are not so cute, she chuckled.

“Oh look,” Sam said excitedly, “I CAN specify HAPA for my identity.” She smiled in astonishment.

Emi looked at the declaration forms. It was true. However, she found it odd that ‘Asian’ and ‘Japanese’ were both there separately.

“That’s probably just an old form that they have never bothered to update,” Becca said, noting Emi’s confusion and where her finger was. “Back during World War II, this place was occupied by the Japanese briefly,” Becca informed her while passing Emi a historical pamphlet.

Wonderful, Emi thought. I’m the enemy here.

“It was a long time ago. I’m sure it’s nothing,” Becca assured Emi, over the roaring of the plane.

“English is the official language here,” Hannah announced. “They have so many languages. The second most common language is Filipino, followed by Mandarin. Spanish is a distant fourth that the more elderly tend to know. They also have a mixed lingo that some of the youth like to use, Hokaglish. It’s a fun mix of English, Filipino, and Mandarin,” she read from the brochure.

The plane’s seatbelt warnings came on. They were about to land. Everyone put away the brochures and pamphlets.

**— The Resort —**

The airport security personnel were scary looking. They had machine guns and assault rifles. The passport checks were all going fairly quick until they looked at Emi’s passport. Emi remained calm as they spent extra time looking back and forth at her and the passport, but finally, they waved her through. Finally, everyone’s bags were all scanned again as if they were going to board another airplane, but it went fairly smoothly.

After they picked up their luggage Su-Ning came to greet them all. She was very well dressed in classy but light clothes, ideal for the hot and humid climate.

“Becca!” Su-Ning ran up and excitedly shook her hand. “You must all be tired, I have a limo waiting to take you all to the resort,” she said excitedly as she led everyone to the airport exit doors.

Once outside a blast of hot and humid air hit Emi. She felt overdressed as Su-Ning and the driver helped everyone load their luggage into the trunk. Then they all got in and the limo pulled away from the small airport.

“There sure was a lot of scary-looking security,” Sam said as she looked back at the airport.

Su-Ning smiled. “No, they are not scary. Scary is NOT having them. These islands, as you might know, were once a hub of Mafia control. Over thirty years ago a bunch of Chinese-Filipino merchants banded together and cleaned up this one island in the middle,” she explained.

“Mafia?” Sam said incredulously.

“Not a single mafia incident in over twenty years,” Su-Ning said proudly. “We actually have the highest safety rating in the entire Philippines area she said. Which is why this island’s tourism business is booming,” she said with a slight Filipino accent.

As they drove along, the girls all looked out of the windows excitedly. The landscape was bright and full of little hills and winding roads and palm trees. It was very exotic. It was paradise, thought Emi.

After almost a half-hour of driving, they arrived in a small town. They drove down the main strip just behind a row of buildings along the waterfront. There was a fast-food ‘Jollibee’ hamburger joint. There was also a small supermarket, a mini-movie theatre, a Starbucks clone, a Seven-Eleven clone, and various corner stores and businesses.

“Yes! Tomb Raider, coming soon,” Sam said excitedly as she watched the theatre pass by. She bumped fists with Becca and they smiled at each other.

Su-Ning pointed to a four-story medium-sized office building on the waterfront that was between two massive beachfront hotels. “That’s the central marketing building on the island. Recently I have been working with them on some ideas for the apps that we need. They also have their own dev team and have supported us up until now,” she explained. “The resort will soon be open. It’s three miles up the beach around the corner.”

Next, they passed some motels and cafes along the strip before turning in to a section of roads that were more just hills and palm trees and not heavily populated. Five minutes later they turned down a small winding road that eventually brought them up to a modern looking, fairly large dramatically high tech-looking building. It was very wide, like a warehouse, and three stories high and looked to be kind of pyramid-shaped on the sides. Emi thought it kind of reminded her of Blade Runner a bit, except the color was a friendly shade of blue.

“Funny shaped building,” Sam remarked.

“Yes. It is the latest technology in hurricane-resistant construction. We want our guests to feel extremely safe,” Su-Ning explained as the limo came to a halt.

The driver got out and helped them with their luggage. After everyone was taken care of the Chinese driver thanked everyone. He also had a Filipino accent. It seems like everyone on the island does.

There were really thick bushes or rock walls all around and it looked like the only way to the beach, from where they were, was to go through the massive building.

They walked up and the strong metal doors opened automatically. Inside was a beautiful info area with maps and plaques and other stuff all related to the resort. It was like a relaxed and posh tourist info place.

Su-Ning nodded to someone behind the counter and they walked to another room that looked like a small airport screening area.

“That side room on the left there is where everyone has to put all forbidden electronic devices. We protect guests by not allowing any device with a camera,” Su-Ning explained.

Becca and Sam looked at each other with concern. All of their laptops and phones had cameras. Hannah had her mouth open.

“We provide camera-free laptops and customized Apple Watches for our guests on-site. When guests leave the premises to go to town or anywhere else on the island you can retrieve your devices on the way out and check them back in when you return,” Su-Ning said, with a reassuring smile.

Becca nodded, seemingly reassured. “We might need a day or two to set up our work environments on the new machines,” she added.

“That is fine. Also, note that our WIFI is very restrictive and filters out all outgoing images and video,” Su-Ning added. “We have pretty good laptops here, but for you four I ordered brand new high end 15” MacBook pros. Will that work?”

“Yes, that will work,” Becca answered.

“If necessary, our IT can clone your hard drives… if that will help,” Su-Ning added.

After the guest entrance area, the girls received their new camera-less laptops and Apple Watches. They took their bags and new devices with them into the large building. Su-Ning lead them to their sleeping quarters. They were each given their own tiny room. Each was barely big enough to just comfortably contain a bed. The rooms were obviously meant to be just for sleeping. There was no TV, bathroom, desk or anything that would make you want to stay in the room for a prolonged period of time.

After they had settled in, they looked around the building briefly, noting the eating areas, massage area, the lounge and bath area, and the semi-office areas for people that liked to work on vacation and where the girls would be working. It was a bit odd in that there were hardly any people. Just a few staff in skimpy white loincloths puttering around. The loincloths seemed to have an under-part that completely hid the genitals, but the rear of each person’s outfit was pretty much a g-string, with a small thin white piece of cloth that hung down to complete the ‘loincloth look’.

After the quick tour, the girls were impressed with the place, but itching to hurry up and see the beach. Su-Ning led them to the beach exit and left them on their own.

Outside, the beach was fantastic. It was empty, not a person in sight, but as beautiful as they all had hoped. Hannah and Sam ran ahead laughing out loud. They were like a couple of kids, happily pointing at this and that while chatting excitedly.

Emi was also blown away by the beauty of the beach as she and Becca walked along at a slower pace, behind the excited girls. Since the resort was not yet open, they had the entire beach to themselves. It was truly a paradise. The water and sand reflected the light just right and a few palm trees sprinkled the beach. There were rows of fancy handcrafted logs on the beach, not just any old log. It looked luxurious and decadent.

After a moment, Becca turned away from Emi and wiped her eyes.

“Are you okay?” Emi asked gently.

“I’m just relieved that this place isn’t a shit-hole,” she said. “It is great to see the girls excited and happy. I worked so hard and for so long to get this deal.”

“Also I want to thank you, Emi,” Becca said. “If you hadn’t stuck around after I left the table, we might not be here today.”

“No, I’m sure Su-Ning would have chased you down. She was just as eager to close the deal as you,” Emi said.

“God, I love you, Emi,” Becca said. “I am so glad that you are here.”

Emi looked at her and did a polite little Japanese bow.

They both laughed.

For the rest of the afternoon, they enjoyed the beach. After a while, they all ended up under some beach umbrellas playing with and getting to know their new devices. They set up emails, added each other to Slack, and then spent some time exploring the resort’s own smartwatch app. The app that they would have to start working on soon.

“What do you think of the app Emi?” Becca asked.

“It’s a good start, UI could use some work though,” Emi replied.

“Totally agree,” Hannah said.

“I’ll need access to the server,” said Sam, ignoring the user interface talk as usual.

“Yes, Emi – you will have to go visit the other devs in the marketing building soon… to get that server access and the source code. While you are doing that, we will be here getting set up,” Becca added.

Emi nodded. She wondered why Becca want her to go alone. Perhaps Becca wanted to test her. She decided that she would not disappoint.

“Hey, you can order drinks on the beach,” Sam said excitedly. “Oh wait, that’s disabled,” she added disappointedly.

Later that evening, Su-Ning personally brought them some tasty tropical fruit and seafood dishes from the kitchen and explained that the dining room and massage areas were designed for nude guests only, unfortunately. So the development team will have to eat-out off-site after today.

After Su-Ning left, Sam blurted, “That sucks! We are in the middle of nowhere and outside of town and we have to get our own food off-site?” Hannah nodded her head, silently agreeing.

“No other job has fed us so this isn’t really any different,” Becca explained, even though she also seemed unhappy about the news.

Emi tried to offer a suggestion, “It’s not so bad. We can get some daily exercise, maybe go for a run?”

Sam and Hannah didn’t seem excited about that idea.

That evening, Emi went for a run along the beach in her running top and shorts. She kept close to the water where the sand was compact and easier to run on. The sunset was coming, and she wondered what it would look like. Then she started thinking about work tasks.

Su-Ning wanted a few apps built eventually, some internal and some public-facing. But first, she needed them to update the smartwatches with some new features. They were going to need access to the servers. She would have to get that access for Sam, and also the source code, she thought.

Emi thought about the resort. It was an odd place for staff because soon only white loincloths will be allowed. Currently, before the resort opens, staff have the option to wear a short white robe. However, after the resort opens white robes will no longer be allowed. Thankfully, the dev team is exempt from that rule. Su-Ning was sticking by her word in that regard. However, once the resort opens, no more street clothes can be worn by the dev team. Emi and her team will all have to work in those white robes. Which will be fine, as nobody wants to make the guests feel uncomfortable.

What was interesting about the staff was that it was obvious that some of them were uncomfortable wearing just a loincloth. However, it looked as if it were much more challenging for women. So far only two elderly looking women were brave enough to wear just a loincloth. All the rest of the women were still wearing robes and they had just six weeks to get comfortable with being topless.

The resort also had two different eating places. The staff lunchroom, available to robe-less – white loincloth personal. And the high end super fancy guest dining room, which requires full nudity and ‘guest’ status.

Su-Ning said that our team qualified both as staff and also as guests, so if anyone gets brave they are free to purchase food in either place. Apparently, the food is amazing with daily creative meals from a talented chef.

After running for a good mile Emi came up to an electronic fence along the beach. There was a big doorway back up by the trail walkway up off the beach, so she ran up to it for a closer look.

Her smartwatch buzzed. She looked at it and a big green button was flashing; it said ‘open.’ She pressed it. The door clicked open and she stepped through. Then she decided to continue running for another couple miles along the trail in full view of the sea and sand. There were hardly any people in the middle mile between the resort and the busy area where she was headed. Emi was really enjoying running along a virgin trail that she had not run on before.

Eventually, she came to the two large beachside hotels with the marketing building between them. She would have to come here again the next day and meet the marketing dev team.

The beach was much more lively in this area. Lots of people were enjoying the ocean view even though the sun was almost gone now.

It was an amazing sunset. Emi took a break to enjoy it for a few minutes and then turned around and ran back. Thankfully the door opened again and she made it back to the giant modern-looking resort building.

**— Bath Time —**

Inside she saw Becca and Hanna walking towards the bath area, wearing just their new swimsuits. “Emi, Join us! Jacuzzi time!” said Hannah. Becca smiled.

“Uh, okay, I’ll just go change,” Emi said, quickly walking to her room.

I really need to buy a normal bathing suit she thought as she quickly put on the topless one-piece… pulling the narrow strap that passed between her breasts up and looping it over her head. Then she pulled on the matching tube top. Oh well, at least I won’t be the only one flashing buns, she thought. Buns were very common in the building.

Slowly, Emi exited her room, carefully making sure both ways were free of male staff. She knew that her caution was silly considering this was the land of free-roaming bums. But she couldn’t help feeling worried; it was her nature.

She stepped out into the hallway and tiptoed along quickly.

Luckily she made it all the way to the bathing area’s doors, unseen.

“Hey, super-bum!” Sam blurted behind her, deliberately trying to scare her.

Emi jumped and quickly opened the big doors and entered the large room.

Sam laughed, following her in.

Inside, things looked a bit like the bathhouses in Japan. Emi used to go to such places with her mother and her mother’s friends when she visited Japan. Those bathhouses were scary at first, but she’d eventually gotten used to them.

Emi could see the little white stools one used for soaping and showering before entering the water. Becca and Hannah were already in the water. Emi went and sat down on one of a dozen mini stools and started hosing herself off. Sam walked straight to the Jacuzzi in just her swimwear.

An older looking Asian woman who was mopping the floor suddenly tapped the wall twice. She had a stern-looking face with white streaks in her hair and was only wearing a loincloth. Her exposed breasts drooped.

Everyone looked at her. She pointed to Sam and then pointed at the showers.

“Fine, whatever,” Sam mumbled as she sat down next to Emi. “Hey, super-bum,” she said while spraying herself down.

Emi really hoped that wasn’t going to be her nickname. It was embarrassing to be called that, especially when she was wearing that particular suit.

Sam finished first and quickly went back to one of the three massive Jacuzzis, the one that Becca and Hannah were in. She put a toe in and then slid into the water next to Becca. Emi noticed that the Jacuzzi had a red-painted line around it. The other two jacuzzis had a similar painted ring around them, but one of them was blue instead of red.

Emi finished cleaning up, properly with soap, and then also made her way to the three girls. But she heard tapping sounds and looked over to see the stern elderly woman pointing up at a sign in three different languages.

NO CLOTHES IN THE JACUZZI PLEASE.

Becca smiled and pointed to a small pile of clumped up cloth sitting behind her just outside of the jacuzzi. Clearly it was her bathing suit. Hannah smiled and pointed to her removed bathing suit as well. Hanna and Becca were obviously naked, hidden under the bubbles of the jacuzzi. Sam slipped down deeper trying to hide her shoulder straps.

Emi stood there awkwardly for a moment as Becca and Hanna looked at her, both of them smiling. Sam was politely looking away. Emi thought of the bathhouses in Japan, took a deep breath, and removed her bathing suit. She climbed in beside Hannah. It was embarrassing, especially since she had slipped into the water a bit too fast and the sudden heat made her gasp and grimace.

Becca and Hannah sat up and clapped. “Good job,” said Becca, smiling.

“Uh ohhh…” Hannah laughed. The lady was suddenly standing above Sam with her hand out. Sam pretended to not notice her.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the lady shifted her cold eyes directly to Becca, her hand still out, waiting.

“Just give her the suit, Sam,” Becca said, starting to get uneasy about the whole thing.

“Whatever,” Sam grumbled and took off her suit under the safety of the bubbling water, and ignoring the lady, put it on the ground behind her, same as the other three suits.

The old lady picked up her suit suddenly and walked away.

“Hey! Bring that back!” Sam yelled with concern in her voice.

Becca and Hannah burst out laughing. Emi also couldn’t resist a chuckle.

“That bitch!” Sam complained.

“Relax, we’re in a nudist resort, Sam,” Becca said while sitting up and putting her hands behind her head, bringing her tits up out of the water, nipples teasing the foaming water.

Hanna smiled and copied Becca, hands behind her head with nipples up and out. “Guess you have to walk by all those boy staff members completely nude, Sam,” Hannah giggled.

“Did you say, stiff members?” Becca asked, with a laugh. Hannah and Emi giggled.

Sam smiled uncomfortably back.

“There is nothing to be ashamed of,” Becca added. “Look, even Emi is naked.”

Emi sunk deeper. She wished they would leave her out of it.

“The hell with this!” said Sam suddenly lunging out of the water. She quickly grabbed Becca’s swimwear and tried to awkwardly put it on. It was a complicated suit and not something that you can just slip on while standing on one foot. The six string ribs on each side made that almost impossible.

“Nice body!” Hannah hooted.

Sam was obviously embarrassed and tried to put on the suit as quick as possible. She was having no success and gave up, finally taking the tangled mess off her body. Frustrated and embarrassed she marched over to the showers and sat on a stool.

The three girls in the water continued to watch her.

“I can’t believe I almost put this on without cleaning this part,” Sam bellowed, intending everyone to hear her from across the room.

Becca grimaced when she saw that Sam was carefully showering out the crotch.

Becca yelled back. “Careful, Sam, please don’t damage my favorite suit. Wear it back to your room if you like. I have no problem walking back like this. I’m not ashamed of my body!”

Sam finally put the suit on and walked back to the giant Jacuzzi. She was a bit small in the suit and was folding her arms to keep her breasts covered. However, the crotch of Becca’s oversized suit hung down, showing some pubes and more.

“Ack! Pussy!” Becca laughed as she covered her eyes with her arms in mock protest.

Sam looked down and pulled up the suit. “Oh yeah? Not ashamed of your body huh?” Sam growled. “Let’s test that claim, oh brave one. How about you work all day tomorrow wearing just a loincloth?”

Hannah gasped and giggled.

Emi looked at Becca, there is no way she would do that, she thought.

Becca looked at Sam and slowly around the room, appearing to be thinking about it.

Sam put her hands on her hips and raised her eyebrows mockingly.

“Your on, half-runt!” Becca smiled.

Emi and Hannah’s eyes went wide in shock. Hannah giggled.

“Run off then, little girl,” Becca teased. “The big girls are relaxing now.”

Sam left and the girls resumed chatting, but Emi couldn’t shake the thought that poor Becca had to walk back to her room stark naked. Maybe she would walk in front of her to shield her and help protect her modesty, she thought.

After a while, they became too hot and Becca moved to sit up on the edge, hiding nothing. She seemed so confident, but then Emi noticed that she needed to get out too. Emi and Hannah also sat up on the edge. No one spoke while they were all fully exposed. No one really looked at each other. Everyone was seemingly interested in other things around the room but still managed fleeting glances at each other.

Emi noticed that Becca had good looking c-cup breasts, a bit bigger than hers. She also had a cute thin red landing strip. Hannah looked shaved at first, but then Emi noticed that it was just hard to see her blonde hair down below. She was trimmed neatly, probably for the swimsuit. Her breasts were around the same size as Becca’s but had a cute upturn to them. They looked elegant.

Emi looked down at herself and realized that she had smaller breasts than the two women beside her, but she was a bit bigger than Sam. Sam was a touch on the small side. Emi also had a landing strip, except hers was wider than Becca’s; however, it was much more prominent than the others since it was boldly black, contrasting with her lighter skin.

Suddenly the door opened and Sam came back. She was dressed and had something in her hand.

It was Becca’s bathing suit. “Here you go, fire-crotch,” said Sam, tossing her the suit. “And don’t worry, I rinsed it out after I took it off.”

“You didn’t have to go to all that trouble,” Becca smiled confidently.

The door opened and two well built handsome young men in loincloths came in and started cleaning the floor. They didn’t look at the girls.

Emi and Hannah screeched and jumped back into the water. Becca also casually slipped back down into the Jacuzzi.

Sam snorted, just as if she had won the moment. She walked up to the boys and said something quietly. Then she left the room, smiling.

One of the boys followed Sam and the other approached the girls in the jacuzzi. The three girls all smiled but sunk a little deeper.

He started picking up their swimsuits.

Emi gasped, putting her hands over her mouth.

“Hey, what are you doing!” Hannah shouted with a panicked voice.

“Umm, the other girl said you wanted your swimsuits brought back to your rooms,” he said nervously.

“I don’t think so! She was trying to play a joke on us. You can leave those suits right where they were,” Becca said laughing.

He apologized, quickly putting the suits back and turning to leave.

“Nice buns,” Becca added.

His walk became stiffer upon hearing her comment.

The girls all laughed.

A minute later the other young man came back and handed Becca a little white box.

“For me?” She asked, amused.

“Yes. The other girl said that you wanted this for tomorrow,” he said shyly. Then he bowed politely and left.

“Nice buns,” Becca said. Again the girls giggled.

“Is that what I think it is?” Hannah asked.

Becca opened the box and pulled out a white loincloth. She dangled it in front of everyone, letting them see it.

“Are you really going to wear just that tomorrow?” Hannah asked seriously.

“I haven’t decided yet. I really don’t want to, but Sam really knows how to push my buttons,” she laughed. “If I don’t do it, I’ll be called chicken-shit for the entire time that we are here,” Becca sighed.

It looked like the young men were deliberately keeping their backs to the girls. A polite gesture? Emi worried if it was a trick. She didn’t like the idea of getting dressed with them there.

After a while, they had to get out or risk passing out from the heat. The boys were still there. They still had their backs to them and so the girls slipped on their suits quickly. It was nerve-wracking for Emi. Hannah looked worried as well.

Becca was a little slower, as her suit was inside out. She carefully fixed it and then put the suit on and then looked back towards the young men. They still had their backs turned.

“This place is so crazy!” Hannah squealed after they were all dressed again. “They don’t have showers in the rooms; this is the only bath. Will we do this every day?” she asked with concern in her voice.

“I don’t see what choice we have,” Becca answered. “We have six weeks to get used to it,” she said looking at the girls. “After that, we might have to bathe with the occasional guest sometimes,” she said as she walked back to her room.

Emi and Hannah looked at each other with comical grimaces. They walked back to their rooms and said goodnight to each other.

Emi closed the door and sat down on her bed. She decided that it actually wasn’t funny at all. There was no way she was going to bathe with guests. That probably meant men as well. Forget that idea! She could easily run to work every day from the small town. It was full of little motels and hotels. With that comforting thought in mind, she finally calmed down and started to drift off to sleep. The last thing on her mind was that little white loincloth.

**— Morning Run —**

Emi turned right as she left the resort, and began running along the beach. This was a direction that she had not yet explored. The sun was just coming up and it was blinding, so she kept her visor down and ran as the waves almost touched her feet. It was nearly too hot and humid to run, but she was determined to power through. It felt weird how day and night were a similar temperature in this part of the world.

The water reminded her of the night before. The Jacuzzi had been uncomfortable enough with just the girls, but having male staff members nearby was beyond what she was comfortable with. Sam obviously was in agreement but Becca and Hannah seemed less concerned about it. Becca seemed especially casual about it and even considered working today in just a loincloth. Just a loincloth! Unbelievable, Emi thought.

Or was she blowing this out of proportion? This was a nudist resort after all. Maybe Becca was curious about what it might be like as a guest or curious about nudism. Perhaps she just wants to experience the resort, first hand, so that she can have a better sense of the software that they need to make?

On further consideration, Emi realized that she admired Becca’s strength of character. Becca was successful because she was bold and brave. She was not afraid to try scary things. She didn’t run away from uncomfortable challenges.

Emi noticed that recently fear tended to permeate her own character beyond what was warranted. Here she was, literally running away from the resort. She laughed at that thought. No, she was simply running towards good health, she reasoned.

Regardless, her fear was real and sort-of justified in light of recent events. For now, maybe she would just stay away from the bath-hall during busy times. She could just have a quick shower early in the morning after her run before the staff came around. If it ended up being too difficult to find a private bathing time, then a backup plan could be to just shower with her suit on and skip the Jacuzzi altogether. Yes, that would work. With that thought in mind, she felt better and finally looked up to see where she was.

Up ahead she saw a partially built fence with an incomplete gate that led to a natural seawall-like trail along the cliffside. The gate looked like it was still under construction. She figured that she was approximately a mile away from the resort by that point. That was a nice stretch of beach that she had just ran along, she thought, as she came to a gradual halt before the gate.

Emi looked at her watch. There was no button to press. This gate had probably not yet been added to the system. Maybe she would be the person adding the button, she mused. She stepped through the gate-less gate and continued her run along the seawall.

The waves crashed below her on the left, sometimes threatening to splash her. On her right was a cliff that went up thirty feet or more. It was a loud and exhilarating trail with lots of little hills that teased near the water. She loved it as she ran along the path, smiling subconsciously as she looked around.

Eventually, after half a mile, the seawall trail finally gave-way to a small beach with a shrine of some sort nestled between two massive hills. A few palm trees sprinkled the beach and a narrow ravine ran between the two hills. All this time she had been running along the edge of the first hill. The second hill, just ahead, seemed to have a similar seawall that continued at an upward slope, gradually curving out of sight.

Emi stopped for a moment and looked around the shrine area. Off to the left of the shrine was a utility road with a sign that read ‘No public access’. Likely it was for maintenance of the area. The shrine itself was odd-looking. Not exactly what one would see in Japan. It was surrounded by an enormous amount of tropical flowers. Someone was obviously taking great care of it, she thought. She stepped up and put her hands together and paid her respects for a moment and then turned and continued running along the beach. So far this was a very interesting run. She imagined that this would be a very popular spot when the resort finally opened. For now, she seemed to have the shrine all to herself.

The beach was short and soon she was running along the seawall again, with waves crashing below her. This time the seawall gradually rose up at an incline, while also gradually curving around as she was on the corner of the island. The angle gradually becoming steeper and higher. It was almost scary. If she tripped, she could fall off the cliff to the shallow waves below, but the trail was fairly wide making that unlikely. She was thankful for her fitness level as the trail continued higher and higher. She was breathing really hard, getting a great workout.

Suddenly, the trailed ended as she reached the top of the second hill. It was a lookout point that had three benches and a picnic table in the middle of the small open area. Two of the benches looked out in different directions towards the sea, and the last bench had a partial view of the approaching trail and some rolling hills. She looked back down at the trail, she could see it for a couple hundred feet before it disappeared around the corner. There wasn’t a person in sight; no matter which way she looked. It felt like paradise on the edge of the world.

Beside one of the benches that had the best sea-view, a slightly elevated plaque on the ground read ‘Lookout Point.’ On closer inspection, she saw some details listed about the history of the location during the war.

Emi couldn’t believe how cool the place was and decided then and there to run there every day. It was probably only two miles from the resort, but the hill made it a really good workout, especially for the last half mile.

She sat down on a small two-seat bench and looked down at the approaching trail. From that position, she realized that if anyone was looking up they might only see her head. She had remembered looking up while running up the hill and certainly hadn’t seen any benches.

The wind was blowing on her sweat-soaked top. That was somewhat refreshing but also a bit disgusting. She wondered for a moment if a nudist resort even had a laundry service. They must, for the loincloths at least, she thought with a chuckle, but there would also be towels and sheets to launder.

Holding her top out away from her skin she looked far out to sea. Maybe it was her destiny to end up here, at a nudist resort, she mused. The view was spectacular and she felt good as her breathing gradually returned no normal.

“Paradise…” she said out loud to no-one.

She spent another minute sitting, and then proceeded to try out the other two benches in turn, enjoying the view from each one for a few minutes before heading back.

After the downhill run, she was eventually back on the little beach and hopped over the seawall onto the sand to run along the water. The shrine was some distance away, ahead on the beach, but she still felt compelled to stop momentarily and give it a brief prayer bow. She wasn’t particularly religious, the bow was just showing respect for the reverence of shrines. Shortly thereafter, she was once again running along the first exhilarating seawall with waves crashing into it from below. She eventually reached the gate-less gate and the larger resort beach opened up before her.

After running along the resort beach for a mile, she made it back to the resort. The bath hall was empty so she went to her room quickly, stripped off all her clothes, grabbed her white robe and went back and had a lightning-quick shower. She then went back to her room to prepare for the day ahead.

**— Breakfast —**

“Taxi’s here Emi!” yelled Sam through her door.

The four girls piled into the taxi. “That way,” Sam pointed. “To the supermarket. It’s around two miles from here,” she explained. The driver nodded and started driving.

They weaved along a winding road that went around little palm trees for a while until they started to enter a more residential area. They passed an old corner store along the way.

After they arrived, they got out and paid the driver. It was a fairly short drive; however, if they had to take a taxi to eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day, it could really add up.

Looking around they could see a small supermarket next to a cafe in part of a white house. They decided to eat breakfast at the cafe and then check out the supermarket before heading back.

A friendly old Filipino man dressed like a cook took their orders and poured them some coffee.

The team was happily chatting while Emi thought about work. They need to redo the mobile app from scratch, but she wanted to see what everyone might suggest naturally before she pushed for that. After a few minutes the conversation wound down and everyone looked to Emi to start the daily ‘scrum’. The brief morning huddle software developers typically do.

Emi put down her glass. “Today I’ll visit the marketing devs at Central and get us that source code and server access, plus I’ll find out who did what in case we need to ask any questions,” she said, turning to look at Hannah. “What did you think of the color theme and fonts on the watch app?”

Hannah made a sour face. “Not good, unless we want to go for that porn site feeling,” she sighed. “Today I’ll try and come up with something better.”

“That would be great. Something to fit with natural and naturist I hope,” Emi added. Hannah nodded, agreeing.

Sam looked like she was trying to think. “Today I’ll try to map out what I think we need in the database for upcoming features. Plus maybe continue probing the watch security while I wait for access to the server.”

Everyone looked at Becca. “Today I’ll try to get a jump start on some replacement prototype UI on the watch while waiting for source code access,” Becca explained.

Emi looked at Becca. “I think we should just outright replace the watch app. There just isn’t enough quality for us to build upon, and that app isn’t anywhere near completed. It will be quicker and easier for us to replace it, especially once we have the source code.”

The team pondered that for a moment, gradually everyone was nodding in agreement.

Emi continued. “So Sam you can just get started on what you think the backend will look like. Work with Becca on that between her prototyping tasks,” Emi suggested.

Sam and Becca nodded. Becca also seemed to be smiling about something.

Emi hoped that the smile meant that Becca approved of the direction that she was pushing. Hannah was watching both of them and seemed to know what was going on. Sam was looking at the menu while picking her teeth with a fork.

“How is it that you are so fast and so spread out with your knowledge, Emi?” Hannah asked. “I mean I tried some server-side and mobile development briefly and it just hurt my brain with all the learning curves running in so many wild and different directions.”

“You have to be tactical about it,” Emi said. “I mostly depend upon escalating code katas that I enjoy designing in my spare time. If I’m not designing one then I’m trying to break a time record on another. I make a fun little game out of it,” she explained.

“Code katas?” Hannah asked.

“Like the calculator kata?” Sam said, suddenly taking interest. Everyone was watching Emi closely now.

“Is that ‘kata’ as in like a martial arts movement that you repeat to build muscle memory?” Becca interrupted.

“Yes, that’s where the idea comes from. A repetitive task. The calculator code kata is an extremely simple example. My Katas involve working with design tools to create assets, setting up the backend, laying out the UI, and developing the app as well. Obviously the app will be extremely simple. Something that you can do in under 3 hours initially,” Emi said, taking a quick sip of water.

“Usually I design a kata to improve my speed and familiarity with something new and important for all three areas,” Emi elaborated.

“Often the project takes three hours the first time I try it, but quickly becomes two hours after the second or third try. Then I have fun trying to figure out how to do it in just an hour or less. I also give myself a strict one-week time limit. After a week I have to just accept my best time and create a new kata with three different approaches. The time limit makes me eager to try many times to get the lowest time. It’s kind of my mini obsession,” she laughed. “I effectively have no life or hobbies outside of work. Improving work skills and performance IS my hobby.”

“Whoah…” Sam said. “That’s hardcore. I tried a calculator kata once. Seemed like it was just typing practice more than anything, so I stopped. I just watch anime in my spare time. How long have you been doing this?”

“I started nine years ago when I was fifteen. I was eager to catch up to my older brothers who had particularly high opinions of themselves. I started with just normal code katas at first. After a few years, I tried expanding to include server-side. Four years ago my friend Evan talked me into trying to add design to it. I thought it was kind of crazy, but he helped me,”

“Evan’s her best friend,” Becca added.

Emi offered to help everyone get set up with kata’s if they wanted to join the fun. No one seemed particularly excited about it, which was too bad as it would have boosted the team’s strength… in her opinion.

“I’d rather watch anime,” Sam said, then she mumbled to herself. “I thought ‘I’ was the freaking nerd.”

Becca scratched her chin, reconsidering. “I’d like to try one of your easier kata’s one day,” she said.

Finally, the food came. It was served by a tall, handsome young man. He was half Asian with blonde hair and in really good shape. His eyes locked with Sam for an extra second before he confidently walked away.

Hannah started to make a silly sound but Sam elbowed her. The blow shut her up but didn’t remove her big smile.

Sam changed the subject. “Hmm… these napkins kind of look like loincloths, don’t they Becca?” Sam smiled while she played with the napkin.

Becca smiled and shook her head while Hannah rolled her eyes. Emi watched the three of them with amusement.

Becca put down her cup. “Before we go any further with any workplace shenanigans, I need team sign-off on the minimum comfortable dress code at this nudist resort,” she said seriously. “If anyone AT ALL feels uncomfortable with me or any team member being tits out, or fully nude during office hours then speak now or forever hold your peace.” Becca looked at everyone carefully and finally locked eyes with Emi.

“Nice try, fire-crotch,” Sam snorted. “You’re trying to pressure Emi into giving you an excuse to weasel out.”

Emi lifted her cup and took a long sip. I wish they would leave me out of this, she thought.

Ignoring Sam, Becca continued. “It must be unanimous. Raise your hand to indicate that workplace nudity will NOT make you feel awkward or uncomfortable.”

Sam shot her arm up with a triumphant fist and smile, looking at the other two expectantly. Hannah hesitated but lifted her hand weakly with big eyes, smiling. Everyone turned and looked at Emi.

Emi hesitated, looking at everyone. How could anyone be comfortable? This was crazy, of course it would be uncomfortable. Who in their right mind would… She felt someone kick her leg. Sam looked at her seriously and then made an incredulous look with her eyes.

Unable to take the peer pressure, Emi lifted her hand feebly.

“Done!” Sam nearly shouted, gleefully smiling at Becca.

Becca folded her arms and turned her head, looking out a window. She looked, far away, deep in thought.

“No time like the present, copper-top,” Sam said as she tried to lift Becca’s shirt up, exposing her bellybutton stud just as the tall blonde waiter strode back, coffee pot in hand.

Becca lifted her cup for a refill, ignoring Sam as the waiter came closer. Then she kissed Sam on the forehead. “Not until we get back to our bed honey,” she smiled lovingly into Sam’s eyes.

Sam jumped back.

The waiter filled Becca’s cup and then turned and walked away.

After he was gone, everyone but Sam burst out laughing. Becca and Hannah bumped fists.

Sam grumbled.

They left shortly after paying the bill. The price was a little high but the quality was decent.

Next door they entered the small supermarket and they each picked something to eat for lunch and possibly dinner. Hannah was excited when she found an art section and bought a large canvas, an easel stand, a brush set, and some acrylic paint.

They decided to walk back just to get a sense of what that might feel like. It was pretty hot and humid and after a while, Hannah appeared to be struggling a bit carrying her large but light-weight canvas and stand. She refused help whenever anyone offered. Eventually, they approached and entered the corner store that they had passed earlier in the taxi.

Inside were two teen boys at the cash register, both with very short black hair. They looked Chinese but spoke Filipino with each other, nodding and smiling. Upon closer inspection, one could see that they were identical twins.

Everyone purchased a cold drink and looked around taking stock of their future purchasing options since this was the closest store to the resort. There was literally no other business within one mile of the resort.

The shop boys appeared to be really happy to see the girls and asked if they could take selfies with them. Only Hannah agreed and she struck a mock sexy pose between them. Likely they don’t get many Americans visiting this store. Laughing at the amusing encounter, the girls left and finally made it back to the resort.

**— Rickshaw —**

Emi found the laundry room and asked where she could wash her clothes. A young woman wearing glasses and a white robe told her that the machine laundry was only for resort robes and loincloths. She recommended the scrubbing room just around the corner.

Emi scowled. It was indeed a scrubbing room. A dozen 18th-century scrub boards in large buckets full of water and a hose and laundry soup. Disappointed, Emi decided to deal with her laundry after work.

Dressed in her very last clean clothes, Emi went outside and started stretching before her three-mile run to the marketing building. She was beside half a dozen rickshaws of various sizes parked against the building.

A moment later a fit young man wearing a loincloth walked past her and pulled out one of the rickshaws. He quickly pulled it over to the building’s exit doors.

Su-Ning and an older lady dressed in street clothes got into the three-seated contraption. The rickshaw runner then pulled the two of them up beside Emi.

“Going to Central?” Su-Ning asked.

“Um, yes. I have to meet the marketing devs and transition development to our team,” Emi replied, while still stretching.

“Get in,” Su-Ning insisted. “I have something to discuss with you.”

“Oh, okay,” Emi said, climbing in beside Su-Ning. The rickshaw lunged forward after she got settled in.

Emi lamented missing out on her run. She looked at the runner with some envy as they picked up speed. His barely covered rear looked somewhat familiar, she mused.

“Enjoying the view?” Su-Ning asked.

Caught checking out the runner, Emi could only awkwardly smile while the two ladies beside her chuckled.

“This is the resort manager, Emi,” Su-Ning said gesturing to the older lady beside her when her phone rang. “She runs pretty much everything since I am rarely on-site,” she explained before answering her phone.

Emi smiled politely as she locked eyes briefly with the older lady. Emi suddenly recognized her as the lady from the other night in the bath hall. The one who took away Sam’s suit.

“Yes, that sounds fine, Zach,” Su-Ning said into her phone. “Hey, while I have you here, what was the reasoning behind resort meals rule 7.2?” she asked. “Uh, huh… right. Ok, that makes sense,” Su-Ning laughed as she looked at the runner in front, his powerful leg muscles pounding away.

Emi tried to keep her eyes on the beach.

“Sorry, I have to take this,” Su-Ning explained to the caller. “James, I was in the middle… are you kidding me? That’s outrageous! So far we are next to nothing for what we spent on marketing! I totally agree. We need our own marketing lead. We can’t trust anyone on the island since everyone uses the same company. They all work for our competitors, that’s just not right. I wouldn’t be surprised if they were paid by the competition to scuttle our progress… right… look I have to go.” Su-Ning put her phone down and looked at Emi. “Know any good marketing leads?” She asked non-seriously, as she brushed the hair out of her eyes.

“Actually Becca mentioned someone once,” Emi replied, hesitantly, unsure if mentioning it was a good idea.

“Really…” Su-Ning smiled. “Who? What does Becca think of this person?”

“Um, Ruth Banks, I think. Becca said that she was the most powerful marketing person that she had ever met; also, she is her hero. But umm.. she is really expensive,” Emi vaguely recalled.

“What? You think I can’t afford her?” Su-Ning asked, seemingly offended.

“Oh no! I was just saying what Becca said,” Emi explained, hoping that she didn’t offend Su-Ning.

“That’s a strong recommendation, coming from Becca,” Su-Ning stated as she pulled out her phone and dialed. “James, can you do a quick check on Ruth Banks as a potential marketing lead, and get her retainer fee. Yes… that’s right,” she hung up and looked at Emi again. “I remember what I wanted to ask you,” she said.

Emi turned to look at her, but they were crammed pretty tight and she was uncomfortably close.

“While you are visiting the marketing devs, could you do a quick audit of the web code that they have done for us and let me know what you think the work was worth?” she asked.

“I… don’t think I can do something like that without authorization from Becca,” Emi answered.

“That’s fine,” Su-Ning picked up her phone and spoke with Becca for a moment, then passed the phone to Emi. Becca said it was alright to go ahead and do it for Su-Ning.

Emi felt a bit bad for the marketing devs. This first meeting was probably going to be somewhat unpleasant for them.

Su-Ning picked up her phone again. “Mother, what’s wrong?” she asked. “That’s fine, just take Dad to the hospital if he gets like that. No, don’t worry about the cost… Yes, I know that. How many times do I have to tell you? Last year I put aside a special medical fund just for Dad. All of his medical expenses are already pre-paid. Just take him, you don’t have to call me every time. Yes, I know! I didn’t ask for this stupid job Mom!” she hung up and sighed. Emi sensed that she had said the exact same thing many times before.

Su-Ning’s phone rang yet again. Emi wondered if she was always this busy.

“Uh huh… she sounds freaking amazing, specializing in exotic resorts and software. I guess that makes sense if Becca noticed her. Wait, you got to be kidding me. I don’t care… Do it… What? I said I don’t care about the cost, just hire her. I’m all-in with this resort gambit. That’s fine. Yes, I am fully aware of that. If we want success then we need the best of everything. We also just hired the best dev team on the planet. I’m currently sitting beside an out-of-this-world, crazy-good, mobile dev lead,” she patted Emi on the back.

That was a gross exaggeration, Emi thought. She felt the weight of responsibly in that pat.

Su-Ning continued to speak on the phone. “I paid way too much for this crazy overpriced nude resort idea to begin with, the building itself almost drained all of our finances. Right now we are headed towards a cliff. Our financial runway is barely two years and then if we don’t have a healthy supply of guests by then my family will be wiped out. So you don’t have to tell me about the risks! We need the best marketing lead possible. Yes. And the fact that she is ending a gig in Taiwan now is ideal. Alright? Ok, good,” Su-Ning put down her phone, sighing again. Everyone quietly stared at the runner’s ass as he slowed to a stop and pressed his watch to open the gate.

Su-Ning turned to the resort manager. “How is it going on the white-robe front?” she asked.

“No progress. The young women are afraid to undress in front of the male staff,” said the woman with a thick Chinese accent.

Emi heard the older woman speak for the first time. Of course, the female staff would be afraid to go topless, wearing only loincloths. Who wouldn’t be?

Su-Ning thought for a moment. “Jesus, we have less than six weeks and they have already had a full month to get used to it. How can our guests feel comfortable with completely dressed staff? This is a serious problem,” Su-Ning emphasized.

“Zach said this should help reduce the problem,” she said with her thick accent, handing Su-Ning a folder.

Su-Ning flipped through the folder. “The Ambassador role. Yeah, he mentioned this to me already. Special staff members or volunteers who embrace the true nature of nudism, shining examples of confidence and openness. Completely unashamed of their nudity. Fully nude staff to help relax new guests and get them oriented and settled in. I’ve already hired a zen-like nudist instructor to help train these people but who is going to be the first ambassador? It needs to be someone who is good with people,” Su-Ning turned, looking at Emi with a question in her eyes.

Alarmed, Emi shook her head and waved ‘no way’ exaggeratedly with her hands.

Su-Ning chuckled. “No, I mean, do you know anyone who might be brave enough to spend a few minutes with each new guest, helping them feel comfortable about nudity and show them around the resort. The role has great benefits. Unlimited free food and free body-massages to start with, and a small monetary bonus for each guest that doesn’t leave early,” she explained.

Emi thought of Becca… but then decided to keep that to herself. She didn’t want to drag Becca into anything, and Su-Ning was way too fast on the trigger. Emi already regretted mentioning Ruth Banks. She had no idea that Su-Ning would hire someone so expensive that quickly, just because she had mentioned that Becca thought highly of her. “Uh… no,” Emi replied.

Soon they arrived at the marketing building and climbed out of the rickshaw. Su-Ning thanked the runner for his magnificent service and saw him off, literally. Finally, she took her eyes off the departing runner and looked at Emi. She pointed to a side door on the ground floor and told Emi that’s where the devs were.

Su-Ning and the resort manager walked up the steps to the main entrance and entered the building. Emi walked up to the side door and knocked.

**— The Marketing Devs —**

A young Chinese man with glasses answered. “Hello, may I help you?” he asked, with a bored expression while looking Emi over, from head to toe.

“Hi, I’m Emi Yoshida. I’m here on behalf of Su-Ning,” Emi said, sensing that this was a developer.

“What? Su-Ning? Is it about the server?” he asked.

She shook her head and tried to explain why she was there but he kept asking her questions. About the app? About the website?

Finally, a girl peeked over his shoulder to his annoyance. “Ignore this idiot, he only knows about servers,” she said, smiling and shoving him out of the way.

“Liz! I was talking to her. Su-Ning has a problem. Go get Sarah,” he ordered.

Liz ignored him. “Chong… YOU go get Sarah. Su-Ning has a problem!” she said, dramatically gesturing to him.

He stomped away angrily. “Tell her yourself!” he shouted, shaking his head as he walked away.

A tall brunette with short hair and a few small tattoos of Japanese characters on her forearms came up. “You must be Emi. Su-Ning’s dev team lead,” she said, smiling. “I’m Sarah, what brings you here?”

Emi explained what was going on, and Sarah cut her short. “Hold on there… I think we need to go for a coffee,” she laughed.

In the coffee shop, Sarah and Liz filled Emi in on the Marketing team’s progress with the watch app, the website, and the server. Sarah gave her access to everything she needed and also asked if Emi could stick around for the day. Emi was glad for the invitation as it would allow her to review the website code as well.

Emi learned that the six male devs were quite a handful for Sarah and they were not helping Liz at all. Apparently, there was a lot of arrogance and sexism. Ben was alright and Chong was okay most of the time, but the rest were in deep need of an attitude adjustment. She apologized in advance for what Emi was about to experience back in the office.

“Don’t worry Sarah, I’m sure it will be fine,” Emi said confidently, thinking of her old crew. She kind of missed working with guys a bit. It had been a while.

As it turned out, Sarah and Liz were right. They guys were not very helpful most of the time and just kept gawking at her body. They seemed to be fascinated with her snug Lululemon clothes.

The rest of the day, working with the guys was a new experience for Emi. The usual pattern saw her asking why something was implemented in a particular manner, and the male dev that wrote that code arrogantly explained the issues and why he had to do it awkwardly followed by Emi just deleting the code and redoing it correctly. Often replacing code that took them days or weeks to get just right with just a few minutes of typing. They were embarrassed as Emi explained each mistake and how to do it properly. Emi tried to have some restraint and go easy on them but it was hard to do considering the shoddy codebase and the poor attitudes.

Emi noticed that Liz was giddy every time she showed the guys up like that. Sarah also seemed to be watching closely from her desk. By the end of the day, Emi could see that she outclassed them skill-wise quite dramatically, although they were not completely hopeless. With the right guidance and a few months, they could be a decent crew eventually.

A couple of times, Sarah berated her team angrily in front of Emi, promising that they had better shape up with their training or they were going to lose their jobs.

Emi didn’t like how Sarah was rubbing their noses in it. The goal was to just understand the code, but when the guys didn’t explain the weak parts well enough, Emi couldn’t resist fixing them. She didn’t want her crew picking up bad habits and it was hard to resist correcting things, especially considering the sexist attitudes.

To the great annoyance of the guys, Liz shadowed Emi all day at the request of Sarah. Liz was in awe and wasn’t afraid to say it, repeatedly.

By the end of the day, Emi politely bowed to the room and thanked them all for helping her with the code transfer.

Only Liz and Ben responded. Sarah just glared at her guys who were all ignoring Emi. Liz waved goodbye enthusiastically and Ben thanked her for the help and tips.

**— Becca’s Foray —**

Emi put her towel down on the beach sand and pulled off her shorts revealing her two-piece suit. She was gradually getting used to it. She sat down and filled the team in about her day with the marketing devs. Although she kept Su-Ning’s conversations out of it, assuming that those were private.

“You got your suit back,” Emi stated, smiling to Sam.

“Yeah, that old lady just handed it to me without saying a word,” she said.

“Actually, that lady runs the resort.”

“No kidding!” Said Sam. “That’s interesting, but Becca’s day was even more interesting. Want to know what happened?” Obviously she was dying to tell the story.

“Um, sure,” Emi smiled while unpacking her devices.

Becca and Hannah both smiled. Sam was fun to watch when she was so animated.

“Becca the brave, started the day wearing a white robe,” Sam snorted. “Yes, that’s right, Raggedy Andy doesn’t have balls!” Sam proclaimed holding her hands down low, pretending to hold a pair of melons in them.

Emi just smiled along with everyone else as Sam continued, “Becca then proceeded to park herself in a far corner, hiding behind her laptop, totally out of view of everyone, where nobody was likely to walk by. She finally took off her robe. Only then did she free the nips. The coward placed her laptop at just the right distance that her arms were up and you couldn’t see much of anything. Then later, before she went to the washroom, she put the robe back on.”

“Hey, I only said I would wear the loincloth while ‘working’. I didn’t say I was going to prance around like a bobble-tit doll for everyone’s amusement,” Becca laughed.

“You cheated!” Sam declared.

“She ate in the staff lunchroom, at least,” Hannah said, adding to the story.

“Yeah, right. She totally robed-up and checked out the staff lunchroom like a half a dozen times before finally, it was empty and then she dropped the robe and dashed in and got some food before anyone could see her. She was a fearless hero, to be sure,” said Sam sarcastically.

“I was starving. My food from last night at the supermarket was a bad gamble that didn’t pay off. I dumped the whole meal in the garbage,” Becca explained.

“She cheated again. It was a dine and dash. She grabbed the food, ran out and put on her robe and then came back to her desk,” Sam explained.

“Actually someone did see me. It scared me so much that I almost dropped everything. I’m not as brave as you think Sam.”

“No shit! Last night in the bath you were like ‘I’m not ashamed of my body’ plus you had a good laugh at my expense,” Sam recounted.

“You’re right, I did bend the rules a bit. I apologize. Here, let me make it right,” she said as she whipped off her robe. Wearing just the loincloth on the beach, she leaned over Sam, grabbing her by the shoulders and looking her in the eye. “Does this satisfy you? Or do you want to spank my naughty tushy?” she asked, batting her eyes.

Sam ignored her close proximity and looked over at Emi. “She totally gets off on this.” She tried to laugh but seemed uncomfortable. Becca was obviously winning the showdown, again.

“Say yes, Sam, and I’ll go back to my reading and leave you alone,” Becca smiled.

“YES, whatever… YES, now quit trying to poke my eyes out with your copper-top tits,” Sam complained. “Sit down and pass me your book on Clean Code. I’ve been wanting to refresh myself on something,” she said, pretending that Becca’s close proximity wasn’t annoying her.

Emi tried to not stare, looking the other way down the beach while Hannah giggled.

Becca sat back down and leaned against their beach log, tits out. She nonchalantly picked up her kindle and tossed it to Sam.

Emi was surprised that Becca could be so bold out in the open. Well, it was a huge beach and there were just four of them and they were facing an empty ocean. Still, Emi was worried for her and looked around, worried that some male staff might come out and see her.

A few minutes later Sam started chuckling and snorting. She seemed to be enjoying something that she was reading.

“Ha ha… what is this Becca!” Sam laughed. She held up the kindle and read out loud. “The naked mailgirl phenomenon began, as many crazy trends to do, in Japan.”

Becca looked confused. “What are you reading? That’s not mine,” she stated with a laugh.

“Yeah, right. Look at you, you’re half-naked at work right now!” Sam laughed. “I don’t know why I didn’t see it before. No wonder you accepted that challenge,” Sam started cracking up. “This is too good!” she added, falling back and holding her gut as laughter completely overtook her.

Panicking, Emi realized that Sam was reading from her own Kindle. Becca had obviously tossed it to her by mistake.. How was she going to explain this? She put her hands over her face and tried to hide.

“That’s not my kindle Sam. Look at the back,” Becca insisted. Hannah and Becca got up and crowded around Sam. “See, it’s Emi’s Kindle,” Becca said.

“Emi?” Hannah asked. The three girls turned to look at Emi.

“Wow, Emi’s really got a kink going! Makes sense that it’s Emi’s, especially since she is Japanese,” Sam figured, looking at Emi in disbelief.

“It’s not my kink, it’s Evan’s,” Emi quickly blurted.

The three girls were watching Emi with amusement in their eyes.

Emi felt heat growing over her face as she began to tell them the WHOLE story. She had to make sure that they believed her. She even showed them a few private slack conversations to back up her claims when Sam still seemed unconvinced. However, then Sam asked why Emi didn’t delete them, with that annoying smirk of hers.

To Emi it seemed that her co-workers found this to be the most entertaining moment on the island so far. They were all deeply engrossed and loved the story about Evan and his three kinky stories, including Doug and the poster. Everyone also seemed to have an irrational need to read ALL the stories. Emi tried to talk them out of it, but ten minutes later everyone had all three stories on their devices and were voraciously reading them with stupid looking grins on their faces.

Emi could not understand the interest. She was mostly annoyed, but also slightly amused that they could get so much pleasure from the stories. Luckily it was almost time for her evening run. She was simply growing tired of all the stupid grins and needed to get away for a bit.

Emi pulled her shorts on over her bathing suit. She felt a bit odd about dressing while Becca was almost nude. She wondered what it would be like to have Becca’s confidence.

She turned, slowly stretching her leg out on a log but decided to cut the warmup short as the amused little smiles were gradually annoying her again. With a friendly wave, she started jogging.

Becca yelled out that she would look after her devices. Sam said they that they would scour them for more kinky stuff. Emi could still hear Sam laughing at her own joke as she ran away. She checked her back pocket to make sure she had her notepad and pen.

When she arrived at the shrine on the mini beach, she wrote a wish on a piece of paper and made a little twisty bow out of the paper and hung it on a thick branch. Emi wasn’t exactly sure how the wishing paper thing went since she’d never really asked her mother about the tradition, but as far as she knew one wrote their wishes on a piece of paper and tied it to the branches around the shine somehow. Her wish was that she would become the dev hero that Su-Ning hoped that she could be. That and she also wished that she could help the resort somehow, or at least make a big difference in it’s success via exceptional software.

After placing the wish she proceeded to run to Lookout Point. She sat on a bench and once again enjoyed her secret location. She felt a bit guilty about not telling anyone about the place but figured that if anyone had run with her then they would have discovered it at that point. Soon everyone will come here all the time she thought. For all she knew, that could happen any day now. For now, she needed the alone time that the place afforded. Su-Ning’s words had haunted her, she couldn’t get them out of her head. It had felt as if the whole world was on her shoulders. Su-Ning had made a mistake to think so highly of her abilities. She wanted to just tell her straight out how wrong she was. She decided that she would simply tell Su-Ning the next time they met.

After she ran back to the resort she was feeling the need for a shower. She didn’t want to go to the bath hall, but thinking of the white robe problem and the wish paper on the shrine, Emi decided to brave another bath with the girls. Bathing was fairly uneventful this time, probably because it was just the three of them. Sam didn’t show up.

After some playful banter about the erotic stories, Emi noticed a white-robed woman come in to clean off the stools. She remembered what Su-Ning said about how the resort needed these ladies to relax and disrobe. Finally, Emi decided to tell Becca and Hannah about what Su-Ning had said about the white robe problem while she rode on the rickshaw.

“Seriously?” Becca asked.

Emi nodded.

“Su-Ning is a cavalier type of person. If she is worried then it must be a serious issue for the resort,” Becca said, concern written all over her face.

The three girls silently watched the white-robed young lady. She had a naturally cheerful-looking young Asian face, but one could tell that she seemed to have a slight slump in her shoulders as she finished hosing down the shower stools. Then she seemed to sigh as she walked over and picked up a mop. She certainly wasn’t smiling.

Likely no one would have noticed the young woman’s mood before Emi had let Becca and Hannah know about the resort’s situation with the female staff. They all watched her carefully and all three girls slumped subconsciously in sympathy with the woman as she slowly wrung out the mop. She didn’t seem to notice them watching her and she stopped mopping for a moment and wiped her forehead with her forearm and took a deep breath, a dispirited look on her face.

Sam suddenly showed up in her bathing suit and showered off in front of the young mopper. The robed lady smiled politely but Emi and the girls could see she was just being professional and polite. Sam didn’t seem to notice and just sprayed herself off and then walked over and slipped in next to Emi after slipping her suit off very quickly.

“Hey bitches!” said Sam cheerfully.

Ignoring Sam, Becca started to climb out of the Jacuzzi, giving Sam an unprecedented rearview between her legs and ass as she lifted one leg.

“Jesus! I’m not going to un-see that,” lamented Sam with a groan.

Becca walked nude to the shower area.

The white-robed girl seemed to be startled when she saw Becca but managed to keep mopping.

A moment later a male staff member came into the room carrying a stack of fresh washcloths.

The white-robed woman then moved and started mopping in the area near the man as he carefully stacked them up just outside of the stool area. He then started collecting empty bins.

Hannah pointed her finger excitedly, “Oh my God, look at her. She’s trying to hide Becca from the guy’s view,” she laughed.

Sam didn’t seem to know what was going on, but she seemed amused with Becca’s predicament.

Becca turned and noticed the male near the washcloths, behind the mopping girl. She then turned her back to him and continued washing.

“Oh, this is going to be good,” Sam said gleefully.

Suddenly Becca stood up and walked straight towards the man. He froze comically as she walked right in front of him, close enough to touch, and grabbed a facecloth. “Thanks,” she said to the guy without a smile and stiffly walked back to the shower stools and continued to shower and wipe herself down.

Hannah and Sam both had frozen smiles of shock. Emi was also shocked and covered her mouth with her hand.

Walking a bit awkwardly, Becca returned to the girls, picking up her bathing suit.

The three girls just looked at Becca silently, watching in amazement. Even Sam was speechless.

“I’m starved,” Becca said as she walked away from the jacuzzi. “I’m going to check out the guest dining room.” Without looking back she walked naked towards the exit doors, her bathing suit bunched up in one hand.

A second robed girl came into the room just as Becca was leaving; she seemed a bit surprised. However, after she noticed the three girls in the jacuzzi staring at her, she just resumed with her duties.

“What’s going on?” Sam asked, finally breaking the spell.

Hannah filled Sam in while the male left the room.

Nodding, Sam quickly got out and put on her suit and left. Obviously, she was going to follow Becca.

A few minutes later Hannah and Emi also got out and quickly dressed. Emi’s top was missing. Sam! She must have taken it as a joke, thought Emi as she covered her breasts with her arms. She felt ashamed for covering herself since there were only females present and she knew Becca was just trying to help the female staff feel more confident about nudity.

Leaving the room, Hannah and Emi passed by the dining room entrance. Sam was there with her arms folded.

Looking inside they could see a fully nude male waiter pouring Becca a glass of wine. She was smiling confidently and chatting with the waiter. Emi wondered how she could be so relaxed with his crotch so awkwardly close to her eye level. She was too far away to be overheard, but Emi could see that she was truly enjoying herself. Looking at Hannah, she was just staring with her mouth open. Quietly Emi urged Hannah to continue along, leaving Becca to her special moment.

Emi gave Sam an unfriendly look. Hannah did the same as both girls looked at her accusingly.

“Ah, sorry Emi,” she smiled. I guess I grabbed your top by mistake,” she said sheepishly, handing the top back to Emi.

“By mistake, my ass,” Hannah declared.

Emi was just glad to have it back, but she couldn’t very well put it on out there in public, so she headed towards her room. Hannah walked with her.

Passing by the staff kitchen, Hannah grabbed Emi’s arm, almost exposing her breast. “Emi! You’re currently dressed for the kitchen. Quick, nobody is around. Go buy something!” Hannah urged her excitedly.

Emi was hungry and curious, but there was no way she was going to delay getting dressed so she just shook her head and walked on towards her room.

“Emi…” Hannah called after her weakly.

Emi felt like a coward. It was not a bad idea, but she ignored Hannah and quickly entered her room and shut the door.

Stripping off her wet half-suit she suddenly realized that she had no more clean clothes to wear, so she put on a white robe. She laid on the bed, starving, but not yet feeling motivated to eat the weak tasting food from the supermarket.

It was a long day and there was a lot to think about. She just laid on top of her bed in the warm room and soon drifted off to sleep.