**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 4 - Emi and Nine**

**— The Runners —**

Emi woke early, starving. Her robe was open and she was practically naked lying on her bed. One breast out and nothing covering her lower half. It was a good thing these rooms had locks.

She had nothing to wear so she decided to bring her laundry to the scrub room. It felt awkward going commando out in public, wearing just her robe, so she found a complimentary loincloth in her room to wear as well. It wasn’t ideal, but better than nothing.

For a moment, she took off the robe and looked at herself in the tall mirror on the door wearing just the loincloth. She looked almost like that girl in the poster, she mused. She made a few sexy poses and then put the robe back on, leaving the room with a bundle of laundry in her arms.

The scrub-room wasn’t as bad as she had expected it to be. After fifteen minutes she was hand wringing out her clothes. Back in her room, she actually had a clothesline to hang up her stuff to dry. She washed everything except for one set of clothes that she needed to wear.

“Emi, are you here?” Hannah knocked on her door. “Are you coming to breakfast?” she asked.

Emi followed her to the entrance where Sam was waiting with a rickshaw.

“Get in!” Sam said, taking the runner position, holding the front handles. Hannah and Emi got in, and Sam started running.

“Are we allowed to take these?” Emi asked Hannah. “What about Becca?” she added.

“No way! I totally stole this ride,” laughed Sam, puffing away like mad. She was quickly getting winded as she wasn’t pacing herself.

“They are complimentary for guests,” Hannah replied while fixing her hair. “Becca decided to eat in the staff lunchroom,” she added. “I wish I could have gone with her, but this is fun too,” she said as they rolled along at a nice speed.

“Yeah right, you wanted to go with her,” Sam laughed out loud while breathing heavily.

“I will totally eat with Becca next time,” Hannah declared bravely.

After a half-mile, Hannah took a turn, while Sam climbed in beside Emi, too winded to say anything. Hannah giggled like a kid while running. It was a new experience for her to be a rickshaw runner. Emi found herself looking forward to her turn.

Eventually, Hannah brought them to the corner store. She decided to stop and take a look inside. Her shopboy fans were there and treated her like royalty.

Soon they took off again with Emi running. It was indeed fun being the runner. It was surprising how little effort it took to pull two people. Once the rickshaw was up to speed, almost no effort was required to keep going.

Emi ran the last mile in no time. They enjoyed a good breakfast at the same place that they had eaten at before. The blonde HAPA guy wasn’t there this time.

On the way back they again took turns. Sam and Hannah did a half-mile each and Emi ran the last mile, from the corner store to the resort.

Once they were back at the resort, they noticed that Becca decided to work in just a loincloth today. Nobody said anything about it for the first couple of hours. It was kind of awkward at first, but gradually it felt somewhat normal because after all, they were in a nudist resort. Eventually, Sam couldn’t resist the odd crude comment, but she wasn’t too nasty. Other than that one bold and brave thing, it was a fairly normal day – work-wise. They were making good progress.

After work, Emi headed to the beach where her co-workers were. Seeing that they were all just reading, sporting little smiles, Emi decided to instead go for an early run. As usual, she headed towards Lookout Point. Becca was still just wearing a loincloth, she looked completely comfortable.

**— A chance encounter —**

Emi ran along the beach and was halfway to the gate-less gate when she saw a woman slumped over, sitting on a log. She had folders and papers scattered around her on the ground, covering her face with her hands. She was shaking.

Emi ran straight to her. She seemed like she was in pain or something. “Are you ok?” she asked?

The girl froze, making a motion to shoo Emi away. She seemed embarrassed at being caught crying, wiping her face quickly.

Emi got down on one knee and put her hands on the girl to help her. “Hey… it’s okay…” she said gently.

The girl looked up boldly and locked eyes with Emi. Emi was surprised to see that it was Su-Ning. She had a cold look on her face, but when she saw that it was Emi, her expression softened.

“Su-Ning…” Emi said in surprise.

“Hi Emi, out for your daily run?” Su-Ning said, picking up the papers strewn around her.

Emi helped her. “Uh, yeah… I try to run whenever I can,” Emi answered. She knew she shouldn’t pry but suddenly worrying about the resort, she just had to ask. “Is the resort in trouble?”

“That’s an understatement,” smiled Su-Ning weakly. “So far we haven’t produced much interest in the resort,” she lamented, taking a deep breath. “Sometimes I have these little panic attacks,” she admitted, looking down at her feet. “I have been given too much responsibility. It was fun initially, making lots of big decisions, but now it’s just scary.” She kicked the sand aimlessly.

“I think that you are doing great,” Emi said, honestly.

“You’re one of the rare good decisions that I have made,” Su-Ning said, smiling for a moment. “I also heard that Becca tried the dining room. What did she think?” Su-Ning asked.

“She said the waiter was decent, the food was very good and not too expensive, and the atmosphere was fantastic,” Emi answered.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Su-Ning said, looking relieved. “Does Becca know about the Ambassador program yet?”

“Um… no, I only told her about the white robe issue. I think she was trying to help, that’s probably why she went to the dining hall,” Emi explained.

“I can’t tell you how much I appreciate that Emi,” Su-Ning admitted, digging into her folder for something. “Here, please give this pamphlet to Becca. I had it printed just today,” she said.

Emi took the pamphlet. It was about the Volunteer Ambassador Program.

“Thanks again for being a friend Emi,” Su-Ning said sincerely.

Emi bowed politely, and they both laughed.

Later up at Lookout Point, Emi took a look at the Ambassador Program details. Becca might indeed be interested in this, Emi thought. But still, it was outrageous to think that Becca could work fully nude, or escort new people and show them around. Emi looked back down the trail to see if she was alone and then turned away from the trail and safely went to the other side of Lookout Point away from the trail. She faced the ocean.

Emi wondered what it felt like to be topless outside. She envied Becca’s recently toplessness on the beach. Becca seemed to be really enjoying herself so much while in just a loincloth. Looking again at the trail entrance Emi quickly lifted her shirt and bra and exposed herself to the sea. She could feel every bit of the wind in a way that she never had before. It was exhilarating but also very scary. She couldn’t believe she was doing this, here, out in the open. After ten seconds or so, she covered up her breasts. The experience was a lot to process. She sat down on the bench and thought about what had just happened.

She thought about her phobia, her kryptonite, her weakness. It was really like any other weakness. She was good at slaying weaknesses. Good at taking tiny steps towards success, relentlessly. Was today the first step? She mused about that idea. What would be next? Take her top fully off? No, that was not going to happen. She had no desire to expose herself, especially not to others.

However, up here she was alone. It was different. Up here she could quietly and privately slay her weakness, or at least feel a tiny piece of what the guests must feel.

She laughed at the silly thought. This was a one-time little experiment and it would probably never happen again. She forced herself to think of work, of more important things. It worked and soon she forgot all about this nudity stuff.

When she finally ran back to the girls, Emi handed Becca the pamphlet. Becca just put it down beside herself and kept reading something on her computer.

Hannah was also lost in her own laptop. “Eww.. not my cup of tea!” Hannah laughed. “It looks like Molly didn’t like the whipping scene,” she said.

“Yeah, that was funny,” Becca admitted. “I switched to reading the online version so that I could enjoy all the comments as well,” she added.

“She’s a redhead just like you copper-tits,” Sam laughed, never letting Becca forget that she was topless. “And you have more in common than you know,” she added.

“How so?” Becca asked, smiling.

“She ALSO enjoys prancing around naked like a four-year-old,” laughed Sam.

“Sam, I’m an adult at a nudist resort. I am actually starting to think that it’s more awkward to WEAR clothes here,” she stated, still smiling.

“Oh, interesting…” Hannah said, face deep in her laptop. “It seems that Molly is a writer, she even has a webpage.”

“Let me see that,” Becca said, leaning over.

Sam rolled her eyes, and leaned over and scribbled something on Becca’s hip with her marker.

“Hey, half-runt – don’t be writing on me!” Becca ordered, looking down at her hip where a number nine was drawn on her thigh.

Hannah gasped and immediately jumped up and took a boss-like stance. “Number nine, assume the position!” she ordered. Emi recognized the command from Seahawk’s mailgirls story. The main character’s name was number nine.

Becca suddenly assumed the kneeling position on her beach towel. Looking down, her posture in realistic mailgirl position, topless with breasts out proudly and wearing only a loincloth with her bare rear end jutting out.

Emi couldn’t believe these people. Sam was also a bit shocked at the display.

“Nine, I think you are a tad bit overdressed here. Hold out your smartwatch, I need to give you a demerit,” Hannah admonished.

“I’m sorry Ma’am, it won’t happen again,” Becca answered seriously, holding out her smartwatch while looking down. Hannah pretended to do something to it.

“Nine, stand up, presentation position!” Hannah ordered.

Becca started to get up but then, suddenly both girls fell down laughing. The spell was broken; although, Emi and Sam still had mouths hanging open.

A couple of days later they were all on the beach. Becca was topless. She had been like that ever since Sam had challenged her to wear a tiny loincloth that barely covered her front and left her ass completely exposed.

Hannah was setting up her painting canvas with her back to the ocean. She was facing the three girls. Sam was reading her kindle, with a smirk, while Emi was putting on some sunscreen.

Hannah pointed her brush at Becca. “You look a bit uncomfortable,” she said, with an inquisitive look.

Becca seemed to squirm.

Sam laughed. “It’s because she’s finally getting shy. I would too if I had pokey nipples out all day long for everyone to see, especially copper-topped ones,” she added.

“I don’t think so,” said Hannah. “I think she’s ready,” she said, looking at Becca with a knowing smile.

Becca had her head back, trying to meditate.

“I will capture this moment, for all eternity,” Hannah announced, adjusting her canvas.

Sam looked confused.

Hannah held out her hand, palm up, towards Becca. “Free food and massages,” she said seductively. “A memory to last the ages… The ultimate freedom, conquered… Pure adult bliss…”

Becca looked at Hannah’s outstretched hand for a moment and then locked eyes with her.

Hannah nodded and gestured for Becca to give it to her.

Becca touched her loincloth, feeling it’s texture before looking up again at Hannah.

Hannah nodded again.

Becca hesitated… she gripped the last article of clothing. The single thing that she had worn all these days. The idea of parting with it was surely difficult for her, Emi thought. This whole thing was so bizarre. Painting Becca in the nude on the public beach was asking too much, even if they were the only ones there.

Becca looked around again and up and down the beach.

Hannah nodded yet again, holding out her hand. It seemed crazy that Hannah would try to get her naked out there. Emi felt a chilling shiver pass through her spine as Becca started to fiddle with her loincloth, looking like she was about to take it off.

Then she did it! She took it off! Briefly taking another quick look around before finally offering it to Hannah with her hand extended, the cloth dangling from her fingertips.

Hannah didn’t take it right away. Becca was there, naked, holding out the item, waiting for Hannah to take it. They were looking into each other’s eyes.

Emi wasn’t sure what was going on. She noticed that Sam was speechless, but looking kind of annoyed as well.

Finally, Hannah reached out and took the loincloth from Becca. She put it in her bag by the canvas and then put Becca’s towel up on the beach log. She then directed Becca to sit on the log, chest jutting out, back straight. Hannah moved her around, posing her just as she wanted her. Hannah stepped back and looked Becca up and down carefully, taking in her whole nude body, before she turned to the canvas and started carefully tracing her form.

Emi was enthralled.

Hannah looked serious as she painted.

Becca seemed to be fighting with herself to draw strength. She was breathing faster than normal, which was easy to notice with her breasts on full display, her hard nipples showing every movement. All of her was on display and the wind was playing with her stylish reddish-brown hair. She closed her eyes and tilted her head up as if drawing power from the cosmos. Or maybe she was just fully savoring the experience. Somehow, there was nothing obscene about her being fully naked here, outside, on the beach. She had a fit body with firm breasts that were lovely shaped. The hair on her head matched her little runway between her legs and a jeweled belly button stud drew attention to her flat abs.

Emi felt she was witnessing an act of profound bravery. Or was it just that she herself was such a coward? It didn’t matter, she thought; there is no way she would ever be comfortable being nude in public, even if it was a nudist resort. That’s just who she was. It was in her DNA and there was no use fighting it. She had her strengths and this one weakness wasn’t the end of the world. Most people were like that, like her, she reasoned. She was a strong software engineer and an okay leader, and that was good enough. Still, the weakness annoyed her, gnawed at her sense of self. Being comfortable nude, while completely alone, was as far as she was ever going to push herself.

“Man, I’m feeling thirsty,” Sam said, poking at her smartwatch, breaking the spell. “We finally got the beach drink service working,” she reported, smiling to herself.

Becca did not move, but her eyes looked initially surprised as if she was engaged in an internal struggle.

Emi couldn’t believe that Sam seemed to be testing the service now, with Becca obviously feeling so vulnerable.

Hannah stepped out from behind the canvas. “I will call this painting, The Resort Ambassador,” Hannah proclaimed, with an encouraging smile to Becca.

“The Playboy Centerfold might be the more appropriate name considering her open legs,” Sam laughed.

Becca’s legs were barely open, but she closed them tightly and looked at Hannah’s bag for a moment.

“Damn I’m thirsty. I hope he hurries up as the view out here would be enhanced with a refreshing drink,” Sam teased.

Emi could see that Becca was having second thoughts. Whatever confidence she had gained from being topless for a couple of days, seemed to be evaporating.

Hannah looked annoyed. “Don’t, Sam, we need to support her.”

“The hell we do! This whole place is a mind control environment. They’re messing with us. Constantly trying to incentivize us to go nude. Screw that. I say we resist!” Sam challenged.

Hannah looked back. “Quit being a child Sam; think about where we are. It’s a nudist resort for Christ’s sake,” she said, pulling down her own top, exposing her breasts.

Frowning, Sam didn’t like that particular show of support.

Hannah smiled triumphantly, her bare breasts helping her make her point.

“Oh look, here he comes with my drink!” Sam announced, looking smug.

Hannah took a step back, almost jumping behind her canvas. Becca remained motionless, like a proper model, her smiling eyes betraying just a hint of fear.

Emi looked and saw the man coming. He had just left the building wearing a standard loincloth and would be there in a minute. He looked a little older than the average male staff member.

Hannah looked at Becca with a supportive smile. With a determined expression, she quickly removed her entire suit and put it into her bag. She too was now completely naked on the beach. However, she quickly pulled out a new loincloth and managed to pull it on just before Sam’s drink arrived.

A flush was growing on both Becca and Hannah’s cheeks.

Sam took the drink, “Umm, does this have salt in it?” she asked the confident-looking man with tattoos and a crewcut. Hannah was hiding behind the painting and Becca was frozen, except for a quickly growing flush, trying to be a proper model for the painting.

Emi was horrified. Sam should just let him go.

“Uh, yes,” he answered, looking around at the girls curiously. “It has salt.”

“Oh, sorry, I accidentally ordered my friend’s favorite. Oh well, it can be on me. Can you hand this to Hannah?”

He took a look at each girl and looked back at Sam. “Um…”

“She’s the painter,” Sam said, smiling.

He walked over to Hannah and handed her the drink. She took it, her face bright red, resisting the urge to cover her breasts while maintaining eye contact with Becca.

“Uh, before you leave, may I order another drink?” Sam asked.

“Yes, of course,” he said.

“I’m having a good time here, so drinks on me for everyone,” Sam said. She gestured towards the nude model. “What do you want Becca?” she said. Everyone was looking at Becca, including the man.

“I’m good,” said Becca, trying to keep still, playing the part of a model looking out to sea.

Sam turned to the gentleman. “Can you help her out? Maybe just list out all of your available drinks and options, and don’t worry about alcohol, that flush spreading to her chest isn’t alcohol-related. She’s just deeply embarrassed that you can see what’s below that cute little belly button stud,” Sam said, enjoying herself entirely too much.

He smiled briefly, seemingly picking up on Sam’s little game. He turned to Becca and started listing all of the menu items. Becca tried to ignore him, staring out to sea but then Emi detected a bit of casual amusement in his voice. Emi could see that he was enjoying the moment.

Becca’s flush grew and finally, she looked skyward and laughed. She turned to face the waiter, looking him directly in the eyes. “You can tell Su-Ning that she has her first volunteer Resort Ambassador,” she said.

He nodded slowly, clearly surprised.

Hannah did a little celebratory dance, but when he turned his head to look at her, she quickly jumped behind the canvas.

He turned and started to walk away.

“Don’t forget the drinks!” Sam yelled gleefully, “More of the same. Also, bring all the staff out here, we need to celebrate this moment!”

“No, we don’t! Just the drinks please!” Becca called out after him, twisting her body around to see if he got that particular message.

He stopped and signaled, with a thumbs up, that he understood. Then he just stood there, seemingly waiting for another order or suggestion. After what seemed to be a moment too long he finally tore his eyes off of Becca and resumed his march towards the building.

Hannah had her hands on her hips, her cute upturned breasts jutting out in defiance. “Nice try Sam,” she said. “From now on, I’m with Becca and I will work dressed like this!” Hannah turned and looked expectantly at Emi.

Everyone looked at Emi.

“I er… I’ll…” Emi stuttered as Becca turned her head to look at her.

Sam subtly shook her head, signaling Emi to not join the others. “Emi’s strong like me. She doesn’t get brainwashed so easily,” Sam stated, folding her arms causing the computer chip tattoo to stand out prominently on her bare shoulder.

Emi looked back and forth between all the girls, feeling the pressure. Finally, she spoke. “I’ll go halfway and wear just my swimsuit from now on. I mean while I’m at the resort,” Emi compromised.

“You know what?” Sam said with an annoyed tone. “From now on I’m going to wear MORE clothes,” dramatically putting on her shorts to emphasize the point, pulling them up a bit too high, inadvertently causing cameltoe.

Becca and Hannah had a good laugh, but then they resumed with the painting, Becca confidently returning to her pose.

Sam briefly gave Emi an unfriendly look before going back to reading her kindle. Emi hated to disappoint anyone. She wasn’t sure if that look had been serious or not and wondered if her compromise, which was supposed to support both sides, had instead disappointed both sides.

**— The New Normal —**

The next morning the girls had to split up for breakfast. Hannah, wearing just a loincloth, stood beside a fully naked Becca. The two girls had slightly smug expressions as they no longer had to leave the building to eat. After waving goodbye to Emi and Sam, they turned and strutted away like they owned the place. Sam was not amused, but Emi thought it was funny.

Wearing just her swimsuit, Emi decided to pull on her shorts for the trek. She then picked up the driver bars for the Rickshaw and waited for Sam to get in.

“Hey, you’re not allowed to wear normal clothes anymore! Take those shorts off,” Sam commanded as she mounted the Rickshaw.

Emi dropped the handles which caused Sam to yelp in surprise. She then started jogging away.

“Wait! Okay, I’m sorry… stop please,” Sam pleaded.

Emi stopped and put her hands on her hips, standing there.

Awkwardly Sam got out of the driverless Rickshaw and pulled it up to Emi.

Emi jumped in and waved for Sam to start running.

Grumbling to herself, Sam ran for a mile or so until she was heaving and out of breath.

Emi knew that she was exaggerating but finally relented. They changed positions. They ate breakfast at the usual cafe. The blonde HAPA was there and Emi had to endure some awkward flirting between Sam and the man. At the small supermarket, they reluctantly picked up some sandwiches for lunch and food for dinner.

Emi pulled Sam all the way back to the resort. Sometimes they chatted while Emi was running, but mostly they stayed quiet – each girl enjoying the view and the chance to get away from the workplace for a while.

After they got back to the resort, Becca had decided that the daily morning standup routine could be done while sitting down at work, similar to how it had been done in the restaurant a few days prior.

Sam rolled her eyes. “That’s fine, I don’t particularly need ALL your girly parts in my face every morning,” she laughed. “Four nipples and Emi in that skimpy suit is plenty.”

Emi, Hannah, and Becca all smiled uncomfortably. Sam wasn’t making it easy on any of them and she seemed to be enjoying it.

For the next few days, that was the norm.

Work was now different with Hannah and Becca so underdressed. They were gradually blushing less when around guys and seemingly starting to enjoy it more.

Emi was also becoming more comfortable with the swimsuit as at least it covered the important parts, and well, her co-workers were much more naked. Except of course Sam, who was always fully dressed.

After work, the girls enjoyed storytime, as usual. Emi never stayed for that, always taking off on her evening run.

Running in just her swimsuit felt weird. It felt like she was auditioning as a Baywatch girl, but it was tolerable as she was alone. Usually, nobody was there to watch her body bouncing down the beach.

Emi noticed that Su-Ning was up-ahead, all alone, on the beach in her favorite spot. She seemed to be there almost every second day. Emi stopped and chatted with her, as usual. Their friendship was growing. Sometimes they talked about movies and other normal things. They were, after all, two young women around the same age.

“I can’t tell you how relieved I am that Becca volunteered to be a Resort Ambassador,” Su-Ning explained. “Just her presence has been gradually helping on the white robe front.”

Emi didn’t know what to say. She was glad that Becca was helping. “That’s great,” she replied.

“Alright, off you go. I can see that you are dying to get back to running. Although it’s interesting that you never stay for storytime with the other girls,” said Su-Ning, with a knowing smile.

Emi stared at her in surprise.

“I have spies everywhere,” Su-Ning laughed. “But I don’t know what kind of stories they are reading, or why you don’t join in.”

That was a relief. “Let’s talk about this later,” Emi said, smiling and turning away to resume her run.

“I want details!” Emi heard her call out, as she increased her speed up the beach.

Emi was glad to escape. She would have to think of what to say later. Those stories seemed to be a curse to her being, following her to the ends of the earth. She ran faster in an effort to forget.

Before long she arrived at Lookout Point, her private sanctuary. As soon as she confirmed that nobody was there, she took off her swimsuit top. It was so refreshing. Only here, all alone, could she symbolically join what Becca and Hannah had done. Admittedly, she was only doing what Hannah had done, but it was a big step. Gradually Emi found herself enjoying the little private game of slaying her fear in private. She laughed at the thought. Being alone and topless was hardly significant progress, but it was still a step forward. She could feel the breeze on her nipples and it made her feel alive and daring.

This was a safe place and running quickly all the way there and then undressing was absolutely safe, for at least 5 minutes. Well, unless there was another runner secretly stalking her. That would be hard to do along that seawall trail. No, she was safe. This was a great place and she was making the most of it!

For the next few days, she repeated this five-minute topless ritual each time she got to Lookout Point. Soon she was looking forward to it and could hardly wait for her daily run. Every day it felt a bit less nerve-racking. She WAS making progress.

**— A first step —**

A week later, at Lookout Point, Emi wondered if she might try something new since the thrill of being topless outside was starting to feel less frightening. With time, it was starting to feel like she was in her room, topless, only the view was spectacular in all directions.

She walked back and checked the trail that led up to the top, and she could see that nobody was there. Even if someone showed up, she would probably spot them first and have time to put her top on, so there really wasn’t that much to worry about.

Besides, she was a grown woman, alone, living in a nudist resort.

Her two-piece bathing suit was of a design that mimicked a one piece; her bottoms had a single thin part that continued up between her breasts and around her neck. The top was essentially a matching tube top to complete the look. She already had the top off, so were the bottoms next?

With trembling fingers, Emi put her hands behind her neck and pulled the single suspender over her head and held it in front of herself. Her bottoms started to sag dangerously. Looking around nervously, she checked that nobody was coming up the trail. She peeked carefully; if there was someone they would only see her head.

“What am I doing?” she said out loud, tightening up the slack and pulling up her bottoms properly. Her other hand was covering her breasts. “I must be going crazy!”

But then she thought of Becca and Hannah. They were on the beach in front of a man! Where did they get the confidence to do such a thing?

Emi took a deep breath and lowered her hands from her breasts, once again freeing them. Again she checked down the trail. She didn’t want to leave without making some headway. But the longer she waited the riskier it would be. Suddenly she peeled off her bottoms and let them fall to the ground.

She instantly regretted it. The ground was dusty. She picked them up and flapped them around, trying to clean them. After a minute, she realized that she was completely naked at Lookout Point!

She held the bottom half of her suit in a death grip. Still, she allowed herself to do a little twirl and enjoy the moment before quickly checking the trail again. This was a scary situation. Her heart wouldn’t stop pounding and a flush enveloped her whole body. The experience was deliciously naughty and intoxicating. Why was this so terrifyingly exciting?

The feeling was like a drug. She worried that she would want to do this again. It was a troubling thought that unsettled her sense of control. What was happening to her? This new hobby of hers was addicting, and she didn’t like where it might lead.

She checked the trail again and put her suit, top and bottoms, on the back of the bench. She went over and carefully checked, once again, that nobody was coming up the trail.

As expected, nobody was there. The breeze felt fantastic, and she stretched and twirled for a moment absorbing the full experience. This must be what Becca feels when she is outside. Emi couldn’t imagine ever doing it in front of others. That was not on her list of goals. Nope, not ever, she was going to just enjoy this here, alone.

She looked down at her body. She appeared more naked than Becca somehow. It was the strong contrast between her dark red nipples and her bright white breasts. Likewise, her thin landing strip was a strong bold black that stood out dramatically with her pearly white skin and thighs. Her sexual parts were overly emphasized, like a neon sign, drawing attention like no other naked person. This was another good reason to keep herself covered in the presence of others. Becca looked like a piece of art, almost like she had on a tiny swimsuit. She looked natural. Emi looked like a naked lighthouse. You could easily notice her nudity from miles away. Pure nakedness! It doesn’t get any more naked than this, she thought.

The very thought excited her. The dueling feelings in her body were driving her insane. She wanted to cover up and stay that way but the thrill of being utterly naked was something she had never felt before. It was driving her crazy.

Suddenly a strong gust of wind made her hair flop around. Her nipples and crotch felt the wind distinctly. It was a new feeling and she was enjoying it as she fought with herself to keep from dressing quickly. She looked over at her swimsuit and noticed it was no longer there. It was gone!

Panicking, she ran over and saw that it had simply blown off onto the ground, but it was near the cliff edge so it could have been disastrous. She quickly picked up the two pieces and hugged them to her chest, allowing the fear gradually dissipate. She laughed and went back to the trailhead and peeked again. Nobody was there. Gripping her suit with a death-grip she slowly started to walk down the trail, relishing the thrill… the danger… it was intoxicating. She took a few more steps and peered further around the corner.

Of course, nobody was there. It had been a couple of weeks now and she had never seen a single person on ‘Shrine Beach’, as she liked to call the beach, or at Lookout Point. She had her own private paradise. It was amazing! Suddenly she ran down the trail recklessly, completely nude, except for her running shoes. Her suit still gripped tightly in her hands. After a minute, she stopped suddenly. What the hell was she doing? A moment of insanity?

She looked down the trail carefully. She walked closer to the cliff edge and looked down the trail from a better angle. Still nobody. Her heart was beating from the sheer thrill of it. What an amazing feeling! She looked down at her nude body and couldn’t believe what she was doing as her breasts moved in rhythm to her quick breathing. Her hard nipples jutting out, her runway visible for miles out on the sea. She looked around suddenly for boats. No boats, thank God. Gradually her confidence started to weaken. Feeling that she had tempted the fates enough for one day, she turned and ran back up the hill.

Knowing that she was running towards safety, gradually her confidence started to return. As she ran back up towards Lookout Point, she found it to be exhilarating again. She felt so free; 100% organic. The wind blew over every part of her body, making her break out in goosebumps.

She raced to the top and sat down on a bench, putting her arms up and tilting her head skyward. She must look lewd like this, she mused, as she pushed her chest out like a swimsuit model and allowed her knees to drift apart. Her hard nipples pointed up to the sky. She wished she had a way to take a picture of herself just so she could see what she looked like.

A seagull flew right past her suddenly, startling her with its cry. She jumped, almost dropping her suit. Laughing, she quickly pulled on her bottoms and looked around. She got up and started walking down the trail, this time topless.

It was a good day for toplessness, she said to herself as she bravely walked down the trail. Halfway down; however, she decided to put her top back on. Playtime was over. She shook her head wondering what had caused her to behave so reckless. It was almost like she was under the influence. Or maybe it was a side effect of being in a workplace with nude co-workers and a barely dressed staff, and all the excitement and stress that produced.

Life was crazy there, but she was gradually becoming braver. Although, to be honest, she was still very uncomfortable about bathing when guys came into the room. That was still very difficult. The only saving grace was that the staff never appeared to stare at nude bathers. She wondered if they were being polite or if it was company policy. She decided that would have to ask Su-Ning.

**— The Underground Gym —**

A couple of days later, Su-Ning showed the software team the newly completed basement exercise facilities. There was a ramp to the outside with double garage-like doors that could be opened with the watches, something that Emi had recently added to the app. Everyone on the team was aware of the new feature, but it was another thing to see it actually open the two huge doors.

The area was massive. The sheer size surprised everyone. It was essentially three huge areas. A tennis court and a basketball area took up most of the space and the remaining area was split between a workout gym and a mall-like cafeteria area. Four food stands in the cafeteria were closed and covered with white sheets. Seats were everywhere and many of them were designed so that one could easily view the basketball area. The workout gym included free-weights, exercise machines and lots of mirrors.

Su-Ning lifted her arms. “Ta-da… this is our backup plan for shitty weather,” she said proudly. “Our guests will never have to worry about being cooped-up when things get nasty outside. And this place doubles as a safe area for when the weather gets dangerous. I may be reckless with my family’s money, but no one can ever say I didn’t have safety-first in mind for our guests.”

Emi and the girls looked around, in awe. No one could have imagined that such a large complex existed just below the resort.

“The basketball area can also be used for badminton or volleyball,” Su-Ning added. “This entire underground area will also help guests avoid the heat of the day, as too much time in the sun can be dangerous without clothes.”

Emi was proud of being Su-Ning’s secret friend. They were not yet overly close, but they were off to a decent start. For a moment, she locked eyes with Su-Ning and they shared a moment. The young resort owner was reading Emi’s face and seemed happy with what she saw.

Emi thought about Su-Ning. She was a fun person, essentially a young diva who, at times, seemed like she was over her head with this mega project. It was inspiring to see her making a major effort for something bigger than herself. This was indeed destined to be a fantastic high tech resort, and Emi admired what Su-Ning had achieved so far.

Becca had recently mentioned that if the team nailed this major job on the island, that it might catapult them to a whole new level. There was even talk of doubling the team size the following year. The future would be very bright. Emi believed that to be true. She liked the win-win aspect of this job and the resort but it also worried her since there were so many business variables out of their control. Their fates were intertwined.

After a few minutes of showing the team around, Su-Ning’s phone rang. She waved goodbye as she answered it and exited the underground complex while talking loudly with someone about fencing contractors.

“Tennis!” Sam yelled as she tossed Hannah a racket and grabbed some balls. Becca smiled and invited Emi to work out with her in the gym. Suddenly the resort was a much cooler place. Emi and the girls were delighted.

As the days passed, the girls started hanging out in the underground complex more often, especially when the heat and humidity were getting to them. It was a fairly secluded place still, staff hardly ever came down here. It was also their go-to hangout location with a drink after work, especially on the weekends.

Emi noticed that the team and staff were gradually getting used to Becca’s lack of clothing and Hannah’s ‘french alps’ as Sam liked to call them. Becca was a good Resort Ambassador; going to her training classes, sharing info about mature naturist beliefs; in short, she was perfect and the timing for the resort, to have someone championing this role, couldn’t have been better.

It was also fun when Becca practiced showing the girls around as if they were new guests. Emi tried to imagine a job of constantly greeting random strangers while completely naked. That was hard enough but then to have to show them around and try to help them relax and settle in; that was unimaginable! Becca said that most of the time it would just be a couple or a family; however, it could also sometimes be a small or large group of people. The entire thing just boggled Emi’s mind.

It was obvious that Becca loved the side benefits of the role. Especially all the free massages as well as eating in the dining room every day. Hannah, likewise enjoyed the delicious food in the staff kitchen, even if it wasn’t free. Sam and Emi were still on their own, eating out for every meal. After a few days of going to lunch with Sam, it was mostly just Emi who pulled the rickshaw. Sam preferred being a passenger and Emi liked running; they were both happy with the arrangement.

When the weekend finally arrived, the girls were back in their favorite underground hangout and everyone was feeling relaxed, having already had a drink. After a short but annoying bout of Hannah and Becca dancing like go-go dancers, the divas plopped down next to Sam and Emi, giggling like half-drunk schoolgirls.

“You nerds can’t even hold your alcohol,” Sam laughed. “Just a single long island ice tea and suddenly you guys become freaky go-go dancers,” she complained.

“Umm… that was just NORMAL dancing, Sam,” Hannah emphasized, shaking her head and rolling her eyes. “Dancing guests at a resort like this, are just DANCING.”

Becca nodded with agreement, then looked upward in thought. “Go-go dancers?” she smiled at the thought.

Emi sensed that Sam was glad they had stopped. It wasn’t particularly comfortable for them to watch their ultra-confident coworkers flaunt their feminine assets so brazenly.

“I miss apple cider,” Hannah lamented, resting her head on the table with her arms over her head for no apparent reason.

“Yeah, I also miss apple cider. Not sure why they don’t serve it here,” Becca added, as she rested her head on her fists, her elbows on the table, gazing towards the sun-like lights on the roof above the tennis court.

“We could go to the liquor store in town and grab a dozen,” Sam suggested, looking at Emi.

The music changed and suddenly Hannah was dragging Becca back to the dance floor.

Emi quickly agreed as the two divas began another inappropriate, underdressed dance. She could definitely use a break from the show and get some fresh air.

As usual, Emi did the running, and Sam did the riding. Neither of them said anything, each lost in their own thoughts. After a few minutes, they passed the gate and were rapidly approaching the marketing building.

Emi couldn’t help but think about how Becca had changed since she had become an Ambassador. She’d developed additional confidence, for sure, but it also felt like some distance between them was growing. Like as if Becca (and Hannah too) were afraid of being judged for being undressed all the time. Maybe they were right to be cautious as Sam rarely let them relax. Everyone was ignoring this slight change in the team dynamic, but it kind of felt like the team had fractured a little in spirit, and separated into two groups. Hannah and Becca seemed a bit closer now, and she and Sam had become the ‘other’ group. They were the outsiders. Although Sam sometimes seemed like she was on her own, leaving Emi to feel completely isolated. Probably because she decided to go half-way and wear just a swimsuit! Of perhaps it was like the team broke into three. The skins, the swimsuit and the defiant fully-dressed one.

Suddenly looking down at her swimsuit, Emi came to a stop. “Oh, crap…”

Sam started laughing. “I was wondering when you were going to notice. You know I’ve had to endure that barely covered ass all the way here,” she said, smiling widely.

“We have to go back,” Emi said, awkwardly looking around.

“No way! We are only a couple minutes away,” Sam argued.

Emi started turning around.

“Look, Emi… it’s the weekend and we are next to the beach on a tropical island. It’s not like you’re naked. Grow a spine!” Sam said, trying to look serious while failing to suppress a smile.

Emi paused and thought for a moment. “Fine,” she said. “But I’m tired now and could use a break,” she insisted as she sat down next to Sam.

Sam groaned. “Whatever, super-butt.” And she got out and pulled them in front of the marketing building. “Is that where the marketing devs are?” she said, pointing at aside-door.

“Uh… yes,” Emi answered, not feeling comfortable with the question.

“I wonder if anyone there works on the weekend!” Sam said, pulling Emi towards the door.

Panicking, Emi tried to jump out but it seemed too dangerous as they were moving fast.

“Stop Sam! This isn’t funny… seriously, stop!” she pleaded.

Sam stopped in front of the door. “Just stay seated, Emi. Keep your bum covered. I just want to say hi,” she said as she knocked loudly on the door, to Emi’s horror.

Emi considered running, but with her luck, the door would open just as she was running away. Which would have given whoever opened the door a grand view of her ass. Instead, she waited apprehensively, fully aware that she was overreacting. She looked around; the beach was full of women in bikinis. Although she noticed for the first time, that many of the bathing suits tended to be more conservative than hers. Almost no one had one that was quite as revealing as hers on the backside. The front of her suit, however, looked relatively normal – except that it was very high cut on the hips.

“Hey! Anyone in there!” Sam yelled as she pounded on the door much louder than necessary.

Sam looked disappointed and finally gave up, picking up the rickshaw handles just as the door suddenly opened.

Liz looked out with a miserable blotchy face, wearing what looked to be sweatpants and a pajama shirt. She obviously had been crying. Her cute round face was all puffy. She stared at Sam vacantly, but then shifted her gaze to Emi. Her face brightened, “Emi?” she asked.

“Hi Liz,” Emi said awkwardly, sitting in the back of the rickshaw with Sam still holding the handles. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah… no, I dunno. It’s not a great day for me,” she said, shifting her gaze to the ground.

Emi didn’t know what to say. She didn’t want to get out of her seat and likewise didn’t want to leave Liz like that. She wanted to help, but what could she do? “Umm… did you want to talk about it?” Emi offered awkwardly from the seat of the rickshaw.

“Not much to say… I just broke up with my boyfriend. We were living together and I haven’t really decided where to go yet. So… I’m just hanging out at work today… trying to figure out what to do next,” Liz said, holding onto the door for support. “I don’t think we have met,” she said, shifting her gaze to Sam.

“Yeah, I’m the team lea… umm…, I mean I work with Emi as a server-side developer,” Sam explained.

“Enjoying the beach, I see,” Liz said, eyeballing Emi’s bathing suit.

“Not really, Emi always dresses like that these days. She has no shame,” Sam said, smiling widely.

Emi didn’t like the joke and saw that Liz didn’t particularly like it either. Emi was also trying to look past Liz, wondering if anyone else was with her.

“I’m just kidding,” Sam back-peddled. “We were just picking up some apple ciders to bring back for the rest of the team. You can come if you want. Jump in beside Emi, I’ll give you a ride!”

“Really? That would be cool!” Liz said, perking up. “Oh, but I’m here with my best friend…”

“The more the merrier,” Sam said cheerfully.

Emi wasn’t sure about that. This was all happening too fast. She wasn’t dressed for company.

“Ben, let’s go, liquor store run! Emi’s giving us a ride!” Liz yelled as she boarded the rickshaw.

“Say what?” Ben poked his face out of the door. He was a bit taller than Liz and Emi could tell immediately that he wasn’t 100% Asian. Probably half Filipino she guessed. He looked handsome and was in good shape. He was wearing a polo shirt and shorts and had a brush cut.

He looked at Sam and held out his hand, “Ben…”

“Sam,” she said, taking his hand.

Emi sensed that they were making some kind of connection. Probably because they recognized each other as being HAPA.

“Allow me,” he offered graciously. Taking one of the rickshaw’s handles since he had just let go of Sam’s hand.

Emi almost laughed. It wasn’t often Sam was speechless. I should enjoy this while it lasts, she thought with a smile.

“Uh… be my guest,” Sam said, regaining her composure. “I’ll jump in the back with the girls.” She climbed in and sat next to Liz.

Ben took off running. The three girls were uncomfortably silent. Emi tried to think of something to say when suddenly they arrived at the liquor store.

“Ok, Emi, let’s go,” Sam said, smiling again.

“I’ll wait here and guard the rickshaw,” Emi offered.

Sam smirked and the three of them entered the store. After what seemed like ages, they returned and Sam passed her a bag. Emi could see that they had bought a dozen bottles of Manzana Apple Cider.

Sam pulled one bottle out of the case and showed it to Emi. “The girl said it was a sweet alcoholic treat. If this doesn’t satisfy Hannah, then nothing will,” she laughed, jumping back into her seat beside Emi. Liz followed her and Ben started pulling them down the street, a different way, towards the resort, away from the marketing building.

“I invited them,” Sam answered, looking at Emi’s confused face.

“Yes, but…” Emi tried to indicate that she had thought that Becca and Hannah were not likely to appreciate surprise guests.

“Yeah, I didn’t have the heart to not invite them, especially after what Liz has been through recently,” Sam said, with an exaggerated look of concern.

Liz seemed to sense something was wrong and looked concerned. Ben also seemed to be paying attention to the conversation

Emi knew they couldn’t turn them away now. But she also knew they couldn’t invite them! Why was Sam always such a shit disturber? Emi gave Liz a warm smile. “It’s ok… I was just thinking of Becca, she…”

Sam interrupted her, “She needs practice meeting people if she’s going to be a real ambassador, right?” Sam looked at Emi.

“Uh… yes, I guess. That makes sense… I mean…” Emi stuttered, thinking that she might just hide in her room and avoid the whole situation if possible.

Sam interrupted again. “I mean, unless you want to dis-invite these two,” she challenged. “But if so, then at least get out and give us all a ride back to the marketing building, eh?”

Emi folded her arms. Sam was too much. She forced herself to suppress her growing anger and tried to relax, for Liz’s sake. The last thing Liz needed was another reason to feel bad. Putting her arm on Liz’s shoulders, Emi gave her a side hug. “It will be fun, have you been to the resort yet?”

Liz looked relieved. Emi could see that she really needed to be around people. Ben also seemed relieved, perhaps for Liz’s sake?

“Of course you guys know it’s a nudist resort, right?” Emi explained, hoping to break the subject before shocking anyone.

“Oh, right… yes. Wait! Do you guys… do we have to…” Liz fumbled.

“Yes of course,” Sam answered. “What did you think? Everyone has to be completely naked when they visit. Is that a problem?” She teased, milking the moment with her twisted sense of humor.

“Naked?” Liz asked. “Hahaha… that sounds like fun! I can hardly wait!” she squealed.

Ben continued running but he looked comically back at the three girls with an expression of grave concern, mixed with profound interest.

“Haha! Are you up for it Ben?” Liz said, giggling with glee.

Ben continued to run, but a bit slower now as he looked down at the ground, seemingly lost in thought. Finally, looking back at the three girls, he smiled weakly. It was hardly an expression of confidence.

“Ben will think about it. He’s probably concerned with seeing his best friend naked for the first time. But I’m ok with it. It’s ok Ben. It’s just a human body. We all have one!”

“You don’t have to go naked,” Emi said, ruining Sam’s fun. “However, one of our team members is naked and the other is topless. That’s all I was worried about,” Emi explained.

“Party pooper,” Sam complained. “You totally ruined my fun.”

“That’s cool,” Liz said, looking a bit disappointed. “Ben, are you ok with naked girls?”

Without looking back at the girls he let go of one of the handles and raised a thumb of approval.

Emi couldn’t resist a chuckle as Liz and Sam laughed.

**— The Visitors —**

A few minutes later they pulled into the resort parking, near the entrance.

“Cool looking building,” Liz remarked from the back of the rickshaw.

“No kidding,” Ben agreed as he gradually stopped the two-man rickshaw while looking around at the complex. “Hey, everyone stay in there for a moment. I want to take a picture of you three all crammed in there like that.”

“You just want to brag to the guys at the office,” accused Liz,

“That is exactly right,” he admitted, pulling out his phone and snapping one off before Emi could protest. “How’s this one look?” he asked the girls, holding out the phone for them to see.

“Yikes!” Sam lamented, making a gross face. “I have zombie eyes, Liz looks confused and Emi is slouching. Try again, Ben. Sit up Emi!”

Emi felt Sam push her back with her hand so she sat up straighter. The click went off.

Ben showed them the next picture and Sam laughed out loud. “Perfect! That’s a keeper! Although I think Emi looks a bit cold in just that bathing suit. Did you want him to take another picture Emi?”

Flustered, Emi tried to look at the picture but Ben put it away quickly. “Uh no…” she said, folding her arms. She took a quick peek at her nipples and saw that they were not sticking out as obscenely as she had feared. Sam was just messing with her.

Sam jumped out first. “You can park the rickshaw with the others over there,” she said, pointing to the other side of the parking lot.

Ben nodded, waiting for Liz and Emi to disembark.

Liz stepped down carefully, not used to getting off such a contraption. Emi stepped down quicker, turning to face Ben and thus hide her butt from his gaze.

“I’ll just be a second,” he said, running quickly to park the rickshaw and not keep the girls waiting.

Emi tried to get inside the building before Ben returned, but Sam was the first to the grand set of doors. Sam struggled to pull them open. They wouldn’t budge.

“Nice try,” Emi said, scowling at Sam as she gave the door a good pull. Surprisingly, it really wouldn’t budge. Then she pushed and it started to open. However, she heard Ben trotting up behind her. Wincing, Emi realized that Sam was successful in delaying the door opening and letting Ben look at her from behind. She was starting to get annoyed with the little prankster.

Sam feigned innocence as she entered the building, dodging Emi’s scowl.

“You guys have to go through the ‘guest visitor’ entrance,” Emi explained, pointing to another set of doors just up ahead. “We will wait for you on the other side.”

A tall skinny Filipino woman with exotic long hair was sweeping the floor in front of where Ben and Liz had to go. She was topless. After a moment of hesitation, she waved them over with a shy smile. Ben walked towards her immediately. Liz giggled and followed right after him. The tall woman turned and lead them away, her loin-clothed bottom hiding nothing as she walked stiffly towards the guest screening entrance. Liz smiled excitedly back at the girls as she and Ben followed the woman into the other room.

Emi and Sam took the regular guest entrance that resembled an airport screening. Usually, there was usually nobody there. Today was different. Up ahead was a short young female with cute little pigtails and bright pink running shoes with oversized bow-tied white laces and a white robe. She saw Emi and Sam approaching and pulled out her headphones. Up close Emi could see that she was a HAPA, a rare mix of Chinese and Caucasian heritage. Emi looked at Sam and saw her checking the girl out.

“I like your hair color,” Sam said. “Is it natural?” she added, looking at the brown hair with odd little black streaks in it.

“Absolutely!” she said, with a wink. She and Sam did that silent HAPA first greeting where they check each other out for a few seconds longer than normal. Emi expected that to happen and watched with amusement.

Sam smiled, “What’s that stick in your hands for?”

“Umm… we now have to do body scans for all registered guests coming in. I hope you don’t mind,” said in an overly friendly manner.

“That’s fine,” Emi said, moving forward to stand in the oversized, foot-shaped, white stamps-marks on the ground. She lifted her arms up to match the sign in front of her.

The girl scanned her with an electric bar of some sort. First Emi’s hair, then her shoes. The bar quickly passed down her body, over her shoes and then back up Emi’s back. “Ok, you’re clear.”

“That was easy,” Sam said, as she stepped forward standing where Emi had just left. “So are you worried about disrobing? That must be scary right?”

The girl stopped scanning Sam for a moment and looked at her. “Yeah, I’m definitely not looking forward to it.”

“I say just rip the bandage off quickly,” suggested Sam, wisely nodding to confirm that her suggestion to the girl was something that should be considered.

Her eyes grew exaggeratedly big, although she was still smiling.

Emi just shook her head in amazement at Sam’s typical antics as the girl resumed scanning Sam.

Sam continued, “I heard one of the girls, couldn’t disrobe until she had to the courage to flash briefly,” she said, gesturing a flash with an imaginary robe. “The first one is always the hardest. So what’s your name?”

“Lucy,” she said, licking her lips and peeking at Emi without moving her head.

“You should flash us because I’m totally curious to see what your boobies look like,” Sam said, imitating her earlier wink.

Lucy nodded submissively, looking left and right, she then carefully grabbed her robe.

“That’s it… you can do it,” Sam encouraged.

Emi saw some of her small cleavage coming into view as the girl began to slowly open her robe. Emi couldn’t believe Lucy was so gullible and was just about to tell Lucy to not listen to Sam, when she saw the girl suddenly giggle and stuck out her tongue at Sam, before sitting back down and grabbing her headphones again.

“Smartass,” Sam complained, as she left the girl who was now ignoring her. Lucy’s foot danced to some unheard music on her crossed legs as Sam joined up with Emi. Emi smiled as Sam gave the spunky girl a final look.

Outside in the hallway, waiting for Ben and Liz, Sam pulled her head away from Lucy and looked up at Emi with a bright smile. “Ben will totally get a rise out of seeing Becca, eh?” she said, looking like she could hardly wait.

“Wait here for them. I’ll go ahead and let Becca know we have visitors,” Emi said, without looking back at Sam. She had to run ahead and warn Becca!

“Where is the fun in that!” Sam bellowed.

Emi descended the stairs quickly, two at a time. Upon entering the underground complex, Emi stopped in surprise. She could see that they were role-playing again. Becca had a large number nine on her side, a leash around her neck, and was pulling Hannah around the basketball court with a small rickshaw. As usual, Becca was completely nude and Hannah was topless, wearing just a loincloth.

This was not good, Emi thought. It was bad enough just being seen nude, but to also be role-playing kinky stuff would probably be absolutely mortifying for the girls!