**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 5 - The Visitors**

“Head up, eyes straight!” commanded Hannah, looking regal, sitting up stiffly in the back of the rickshaw. She looked every bit the part of a half-naked queen, even her upturned breasts were jutting out in a decadent manner. There was classical music playing from a little box in the seat beside her. Emi recognized the jaunty piece, it fit perfectly with Becca’s movements.

Becca was role-playing the mount, but her attitude and demeanor was more akin to a well-disciplined, highly skilled equestrian. She strutted proudly and stopped and turned perfectly upon Hannah’s commands.

Emi was briefly mesmerized before remembering why she was there. She had to hurry. “Uh… you guys, Sam and I brought a couple guests. They will be there any minute,” Emi explained, fully expecting them to run for cover.

Becca stopped.

Hannah looked around briefly, pulling absently on the ‘reins’. She looked down at herself and then at Becca, seemingly lost in thought. “Where are they?” she asked.

“Upstairs being processed,” said Emi, noticing that Hannah seemed a bit drunk, Becca less so.

Becca started to look around, but then Hannah pulled on the ‘rein’.

“Eyes front! Stay in form,” commanded Hannah. “One more round,” she said with a wicked smile. “If you perform well, I will allow you a loincloth.”

Becca hesitated, looking uncertain for a moment, but then she nodded obediently, waiting patiently for a command.

Emi couldn’t believe this. What were they doing? It would be mortifying for them to be caught like this, especially Becca. She was completely naked and Hannah was topless. They were beyond kinky with this roleplaying. If it were her she would already have run to the food court and dived behind a large table, toppling it over for cover! What were these girls thinking!

“Left crossovers, one, two, three, and… forward… trot!” Hannah had her leash tight and her chin high.

Becca performed surprisingly well, like a cross between a ballerina and a show-horse walking sideways.

“Hey bitches!” Sam yelled from just behind Emi.

Emi jumped and noticed that Becca almost stumbled. They were facing away from Emi and Sam. Liz and Ben were there too, everyone looking at the backside of the rickshaw and likely the partially obscured backside of Becca as well.

The two role players continued the show as if nobody was there. Becca continued her mount-like movements. Her lightly freckled body was covered in a sheen of sweat from the workout but her movements looked impressive, yet lewd.

Emi hated that Ben was seeing Becca like this. What a terrible way to meet someone for the first time. He could likely see all of her now. What a first impression! You could see Becca from the rear now. Her short red hair was cut in a sophisticated manner suitable for both office environments and also sports. The leather collar around her neck was attached to a leash, held by a blonde with a fancy bun on her head, sitting up like a queen. Hannah’s milky white back moved occasionally as her arm controlled Becca’s every movement with commands and gestures. Becca’s legs were moving expertly, her smallish butt cheeks muscled enough to minimize the bounces of the snappy movements. Sideboob, jittering in cadence with the movements. Her entire wet body reflecting the lights in an overtly erotic manner. A large number Nine on the side of Becca’s hip.

“Easy there Ponygirl Nine… shift right… sidestep trot!” Hannah commanded.

The command put Becca into a fancy side-stepping bounce which had the effect of rotating the rickshaw slowly while keeping it still. Gradually they shifted towards a side profile. Becca stared forward, disciplined to not look around, unable to yet see who the guests were. Her knees pumping like a show pony, while her breasts responded entertainingly to the snappy little steps. Emi wondered if the extra redness around her face and chest skin was due to her workout, or the fact she is a ginger, or perhaps she was just responding to the embarrassment of the situation. Or maybe she was turned on by this? Why else would she not run and hide? Likely it was some sort of combination of all the above, Emi thought.

Imagining what Ben could see now, Emi felt bad for Becca’s unfair exposure. Ben could see Becca’s most intimate self, in a moment of private fetish. It was too much Emi thought as she put up her hands over her eyes and grimaced as she peeked through her fingers at Becca.

The lights reflected off of her wet body, looking deeply erotic while she continued to perform. Emi couldn’t imagine being in Becca’s shoes. Ben was seeing her like this, it was incomprehensible! She looked like a marching sex goddess with her long legs and smallish rear and average size C-cup breasts were slightly larger than Emi’s full B-cup. Her nipples looked so hard Emi wondered if they were painful. It was obvious that Becca worked out fairly often and also kept her pubic hair just an immaculate one-inch red stripe.

Emi felt sorry for Becca, as she could see a flush beginning to appear on her face as her sidestepping was gradually resulting in a 180 which would soon put her face to face with the visitors. She also saw that Hannah was smiling wickedly. She had one hand on the leash and the other was covering her breasts, leaving Becca to unknowingly face the visitors as the only one nude.

Once Becca was fully facing everyone, she still didn’t make eye contact. She was still maintaining perfect discipline; although, her face was flushing. Emi guessed the exercise and alcohol probably made her look even redder if that was possible.

Sam chuckled at Becca’s expense. “Nice moves number Nine, you make a great ponygirl! I especially like your bellybutton jewelry today.”

Liz and Ben looked as if it was awkward for them. Ben looked at the jewelry and other things before looking away as Liz smiled at him.

Ignoring Sam’s comment, Becca continued to be a perfect ponygirl, going through an array of impressive movements as Hannah went through a number of commands.

Emi didn’t like any of this. Becca was roleplaying in good faith, thinking that she and Hannah were both exposed, however only Becca was exposed. Hannah was betraying Becca by flaunting her like this to the visitors while covering herself. Emi was disappointed with Hannah, this was totally out of character. Perhaps she had too much to drink. This type of behavior might be expected of Sam, but never from Hannah.

Emi decided to expose Hannah’s trick and help Becca save some face. “Hannah, why are you covering your breasts?” she asked, accusingly.

Becca stiffened upon hearing that, but then resumed her performance. Everyone watched as Hannah continued to order her about.

Soon after, Emi started to sense that Becca was no longer enjoying the embarrassing exposure. Her flush had gradually disappeared.

“What’s going on Sam?” Liz asked, looking confused. Ben nodded, also wanting to know. Becca and Hannah continued to ignore the new guests.

“They are play-acting,” Sam explained. “You see, ever since they found Emi’s big stash of submissive erotica, they have been role-playing as leashed naked slave girls. Apparently they can’t get enough of Emi’s kinky fantasies.”

Emi was stunned to hear Sam say that in front of their guests. She turned and looked at Sam. How could she just say something like that. It wasn’t even true. Now Liz and Ben were going to have an unprofessional view of her. It couldn’t have been further from the truth. Well, technically some of it was true but they were not HER stories or HER fantasies. Now Liz or Ben might mention this to the others; this could spread around. Sam was a hurtful liar and was no longer fun to be around. How was she supposed to work with such a person? Emi tried to say something, but nothing came out. She was too embarrassed to speak.

Sam ignored Emi’s reaction, pretending to be engrossed in the show.

“Stop!” Hannah commanded. “Kneel.” Hannah got out of the rickshaw and unleashed Becca. “Playtime is over.” She still had an arm over her breasts, and now everyone could fully see her loincloth.

Becca immediately went for the apple ciders.

Hannah glared at Sam. Becca also flashed Sam a brief warning look as she grabbed two bottles.

“Catch,” said Becca as she tossed one to Hannah, surprising her. Hannah caught the bottle with both hands, finally exposing her breasts to everyone.

“Nice one,” said Sam, enjoying the look of surprise on Hannah’s face while trying to ignore Emi who was still staring at her in shock.

Awkwardly, Hannah tried to open the bottle, quickly giving up with a red face as she glanced at Ben. She went back to covering her upturned breasts with one arm as she put the bottle on the ground.

Becca walked over to Hannah while pouring half of an open bottle into a glass before shoving both into Hanah’s hands. Becca had a dark look on her face that Emi had not seen before. Hannah was surprised by Becca’s attitude and let herself be exposed as she took the glass and half-empty bottle.

Emi, still upset with Sam, saw that Becca was also in a foul mood. Nobody seemed to be themselves today.

Liz cleared her throat, breaking the awkward silence. “Can I have one too?” she asked, smiling meekly.

“Absolutely,” Becca responded warmly. “I’m Becca by the way, this topless wonder is Hannah,” she said, laughing warmly like the usually normal and confident Becca.

Ben had his chin up. His eyes comically glued to Becca’s eyes. “It’s nice to meet you too Becca. I’m Ben, and this is Liz. We have heard a lot about you.”

“Really,” Becca laughed. “Was any of it interesting?”

“Yes… I mean… we heard that you are a great developer and have a fantastic crew,” he said, looking intensely into Becca’s eyes.

“Look, you can relax with the eyes,” Becca said, laughing. “You can look at me normally, or stare at my charms. We are in a nudist resort. If you keep acting like that everyone will be uncomfortable.”

“Yeah,” Sam piped in. “Like check out how tight her thigh muscles are!” she said, laughing.

Liz covered her mouth, smiling at Ben. He tried to look, but Liz’s reaction made him look away again.

Everyone laughed at that. Sam then went on to compare Becca’s and Hannah’s breast shapes as if she was talking about four different pieces of art. It didn’t seem to bother Becca but Hannah flushed a bit.

Soon after that, they broke into pairs. Becca spent some time explaining the Ambassador Program to Liz while Emi and Hannah were having an interesting design conversation. Sam and Ben were playing tennis competitively.

Suddenly Hannah changed the subject. “Emi, now that I have you alone. I’m dying to know what you thought of my ponygirl training. Did it look authentic?”

Emi was annoyed with that question. How would she know? The last thing that she wanted to talk about was those stories. It only reminded her of Sam’s recent slanderous joke about the stories. This whole story thing was getting out of hand. She gave Hannah an exasperated look.

“Really! I want to know…” said Hannah, bouncing impatiently, seemingly unaware of Emi’s dislike of the subject.

Emi looked at her bouncing boobs for a split second, by reflex, they were hard to avoid.

“Sorry,” Hannah said, suddenly embarrassed about drawing attention to them. She awkwardly folded her arms, covering them up. “They are not used to being this… unrestrained.”

Ignoring Hannah, Emi looked over to Becca and Liz, deliberately conveying that she was uninterested in the current subject. She tried to tune in to what Becca and Liz were chatting about. Listening carefully, Emi heard Becca telling Liz that she was actually growing tired of the Ambassador program.

“It was exciting at first,” Becca explained to Liz. “And it felt good to be helping the resort and learn first hand about the software apps that we are making for the guests. But it seems a bit too much for my conservative team to handle.”

Sam and Ben had returned from tennis, gasping and sweating. They stood behind Becca. Sam seemed surprised about what she had just overheard from Becca.

Liz took Becca’s hand briefly. “No, don’t say that. What you have been doing is HUGE. Getting 20% of the female staff to feel brave enough was exactly what the resort needed. You helped make the concept of this place feel real… noble even,” Liz gushed, obviously hoping to change Becca’s mind.

“No, you don’t get it,” Becca said, taking another drink of cider. “I wasn’t so noble. Sure I wanted to help, but that was partially an excuse to explore some public nudity in a safe manner. It’s actually quite embarrassing most of the time, and it’s hard to try and hide that or ignore it. Plus it’s turning Hannah and me into fetish monsters. Although, admittedly that part is fun. But the daily attacks by Sam are starting to wear me down. It hurts because Sam and I used to be close friends. The nudity also seems to be alienating Emi… just tearing the group apart.”

Emi and Hannah were both shocked and listening closely. Sam had her mouth open.

Becca didn’t seem to notice anyone behind her. “I expected Sam to be more supportive. She doesn’t seem to get how hard this sacrifice is for me.” She chugged down the last of her cider.

Sam looked stunned.

Liz put her drink down and put her hand on Becca’s shoulder. “I didn’t sense any of that at all. It just feels like playful banter to me. I love what you are doing. I wish I too could experience a little safe nudity right now, but just not here in this gym. Maybe one day…”

“The hell with one day,” Becca interjected. Suddenly noticing the gathered crew for the first time. She looked startled initially, but then a determined look crossed her face as she locked eyes with Sam. “What you said about Emi and those stories in front of our guests crossed the line.”

Sam folded her arms defensively, looking at Becca defiantly.

Becca locked eyes with Sam for a few moments, until Sam finally looked away.

Hannah smiled awkwardly to the guests. “We have probably been drinking too much,” she said, apologetically.

Becca put down her drink and turned to leave. “It’s Jacuzzi time!” she shouted, looking back to her team and guests. “We are ALL going to the Jacuzzi next, time for EVERYONE to join me.”

Emi just stood there in disbelief. Sam also stood still. Hannah gasped. Liz giggled in glee and started to undress. Ben also looked uncertain about what to do.

Becca put her hand on Liz’s shoulder. “Not here. Undress in the Jacuzzi room. No changing rooms in a nudist resort,” she explained.

Stepping away from Liz and Sam, Becca pulled Sam and Emi into a little huddle. “Considering that you two decided to brazenly bring surprise guests, I think it’s only FAIR that we give them the grand tour, starting with the Jacuzzi room,” said Becca, her expression openly daring either one to protest.

With that, Becca gave one last especially hard look at Sam and Emi. It was a distant empty expression that somehow filled Emi with an unpleasant feeling. Then she turned and walked away with Liz excitedly bouncing beside her and Ben reluctantly following along.

Emi and Sam didn’t move.

“Suck my ass!” Sam yelled after Becca left, tossing her racket violently at a soft chair where it bounced harmlessly to the ground.

Emi was surprised with Sam’s anger, even more than she was from Becca’s shocking words. “Sam?” she asked, confusion all over her face.

Sam looked distraught. “I’ve only seen that expression on Becca two times in all the years that I have worked for her,” she said, looking deeply distressed.

Emi tried to reason with Sam. “She’s just been drinking, and maybe a bit angry that she was exposed to a guy that we work with.”

“A bit angry? No, that’s not anger. It’s an ultimatum. I saw her permanently lose two close personal friends after seeing that expression. One was a relative, a cousin. She still talks to them occasionally, if they contact her first. But it was never the same between them again,” said Sam, gritting her teeth and staring at the ground in agitation.

“What are you saying, Sam?”

“We have to go to the Jacuzzi. She probably won’t fire us if we don’t go, but if we refuse things might never be the same. No more playful banter,” spat Sam, disgust all over her face. “I never thought I would ever be on the receiving side of that face,” she shuddered. “I guess I pushed things too far,” she lamented. “Becca is looking for her pound of flesh.”

“No… I’m not going!” said Emi, shaking her head in disbelief.

“That’s your choice. Maybe she will forgive you, I don’t know. You know me. I hate nudity more than anyone and I am going. I’ll suffer an hour of payback embarrassment and save my friendship,” she said, turning to follow where the others had left.

Emi didn’t know what to say or do. She just stood there, her mouth hanging open.

Sam stopped and looked at Emi, displaying an expression that Emi had not seen before. It looked like profound regret. “Don’t ever say that I didn’t warn you,” said Sam with an unusually serious expression before she turned and walked quickly towards the Jacuzzi.

Emi couldn’t believe any of this. It wasn’t fair! It wasn’t her fault that Sam and the others wanted to come. She had tried to warn Becca before they came. None of this was her fault, or was it? Could she have done more? Insisted that they not come? After Sam went through the far door, fear filled Emi. She ran after her. She hated herself for being so weak.

Emi entered the Jacuzzi room. She saw that Becca had just finished demonstrating how one must shower before going into the water. Liz was already naked and showering by the time Emi and Sam caught up. Ben was turned away from the girls and slowly undressing. Becca was already headed to the Jacuzzi. Sam quickly undressed while Ben kept his back turned. She did a super-quick spray on herself and then sprinted naked to the Jacuzzi.

Despite being upset about all this, Emi couldn’t help but laugh at Sam’s fearful run. She turned the spray on herself and showered. The one benefit of always being in a bathing suit is that you don’t have to shower naked when going to the Jacuzzi.

However, Emi ended her shower, realizing that Sam had been smart to hurry before Ben could see her undressing. Without looking at Ben, Emi started to head back quickly but a naked Liz ran past her screeching in glee. With her back to Ben, hoping he was still showering, Emi pulled off her top and placed it at the edge of the Jacuzzi. Then she bravely unstrapped her shoulders and pulled her bottoms off. She plopped into the water so fast it made everyone laugh.

Two seconds later, Ben slid in beside her.

Emi sunk lower until only her nose was above the water. Her eyes growing comically big. He had probably been right behind her when she bent over to remove her bottoms. It was a mortifying thought. He probably got a close-up view of… everything!

Sam patted her on the head. “Hey, it’s okay team leader. I’m sure he didn’t see your bits as you bent over,” she said, consoling Emi in a surprisingly tender voice.

Emi covered her face with her hands.

Hannah put her arm around her and pulled her in for a sideways hug.

Sam looked at Ben. He was smiling beside Emi. “So Ben…” she began, “That’s quite the package you…”

“Sam!” shouted Hannah, interrupting her.

Emi was also surprised and embarrassed by Sam’s words. All of the girls must have felt that way as they all turned to face Sam. This situation was awkward enough. Sam didn’t need to make it even more awkward.

Hannah splashed Sam in the face. “Can’t you just be normal for once?!” she laughed.

Sputtering and wiping her face, Sam looked at her with mock confusion. “Excuse me? We were talking about iOS package managers earlier and apparently Ben has worked on his large configuration recently.”

Ben looked awkwardly amused. “Uh, yeah… um…”

Everyone broke out laughing, while Becca and Hannah teamed up to dunk Sam. They weren’t shy about showing their breasts, but Sam was down low keeping herself hidden as she also defiantly resisted both girls successfully.

Grabbing firmly onto Sam’s arm and shoulder, Becca winked at Hannah who did the same. “Ben, wanna see some HAPA nipples?”

Sam gave a Herculean cry and through sheer force of will tried to flip both Becca and Hannah. Of course, it didn’t fly. But it was fun to watch.

Sam closed her eyes as she was turned to face Ben and lifted high enough out of the water for her dripping breasts to come completely into view. Becca and Hannah held her there.

“Oh come on Sam, you can certainly take it as well as you give it,” Becca chided, shaking Sam a bit so that her breasts wobbled. “What do you think Hannah? Should we continue Sam’s discussion about breasts being pieces of art? Ben, do you think these nips and areola are complementary to the surrounding wet boobies?” she asked.

Becca suddenly laughed, feigning surprise. “No? You don’t like them Ben?”

Sam opened her eyes in shock. Ben was nodding that he liked them. He even gave an awkward thumbs up. Becca had tricked her. Sam struggled furiously. “Let… me… go…you… sluts,” she grunted, twisting left and right, giving Ben a great show.

Emi felt sorry for Sam. She deserved some payback, but this was too much. Becca and Hannah probably wouldn’t have done it if they had been sober.

Ben seemed to be enjoying the antics as Sam continued trying to break free.

Becca nodded to Hannah and they finally released Sam, who immediately slipped back down into the water while skillfully splashing both girls, right in the face.

Emi was glad that the embarrassing situation was over and more importantly glad that things were shifting away from how dark things had been just a while ago. The team seemed to be acting semi-normal again. Although she didn’t need all the waves and splashing as she sunk down lower, with water sometimes going over her mouth.

Becca wiped the water out of her eyes. “I think I’m feeling a bit faint after all that. This Jacuzzi is hot. Time to cool down a bit,” she said, sitting up on the edge of the Jacuzzi, leaving her legs dangling into the water.

Emi looked at Becca, admiring her confidence. Her short dark red hair and ruddy freckles gave her that indomitable Irish look. Her body was lean and firm, and sprouted medium-sized breasts with nipples hard, despite the heat. Just below her bellybutton jewelry, her grooming was a thin red stripe. There was a stubborn spirit that shone in her light brown eyes as she looked slowly from person to person. She looked fearless, like a lion.

Hannah stood up and got out as well. Her creamy upturned breasts did a couple of bounces as the water rolled off them. Her blonde hair was still up in a bun and looked amazing. She sat on the edge with both hands quickly covering her, wispy blonde pussy. She sat up with good posture and looked to Becca, who was smiling approvingly back at her.

Liz climbed out next. Her black head of hair was a big wet mess. She was completely unshaven down below, but her Asian heritage kept her lack of grooming looking naturally elegant. Her breasts were small and she looked like a teenager. She quickly covered herself, before the water had finished flowing down her body with an arm over her breasts and a hand between her legs. If she was brave earlier, that confidence seemed to have evaporated. She was cute to watch as she reacted to everything around her without any filter. It was blatantly obvious that she couldn’t hide her emotions if her life depended upon it.

Suddenly Emi realized, to her horror, that she too was getting overheated. She needed to get out of the water or faint. That would be a nightmare. Just imagining that scenario made her feel even fainter.

Ben and Sam stood up at the same time. Suddenly splashing up and out while also covering all of their nudity as much as possible. They looked at each other briefly, smiling stiffly at their mirrored actions.

Emi realized, to her horror, that she was last and that now everyone was probably going to stare at her. The very thought made her dizzy. The alcohol plus the heat was just too much for her. She needed to get up before she blacked out! But everyone was still there, they were not staring but surely they would once she stood up. What a nightmare! Oh… she was feeling a blackout was coming. Stars were in her vision… dizzy… darkness…

NO! Must… not… faint…, she thought desperately. That will surely be worse! As blackness started to envelop Emi she covered her breasts and crotch and quickly sat up on the edge. It was a bit too quickly. Suddenly she could not see, everything went black. But she could still feel her arms and legs, weakly, she was still conscious, gripping herself desperately… but she was losing her balance…

“Ben! Catch her!” Becca yelled. Emi heard it, but it sounded far away… like as if in a dream.

The blue creamy icon that she had opened up in photoshop was not quite right. So she fixed the shadow direction before copying the png file back into the app. The animation was still a bit off, so she adjusted the animation code to move it more smoothly.

Mathew and Doug were making a racket at the foosball table, as usual. Evan was beside her reading a kindle. Yes, it was lunchtime but today was tight. She wished they would all hurry up and get back to work as she didn’t want to be stuck staying late to meet the deadline for an annoying client.

Evan was sitting beside her. “Check this out,” he said, motioning for her to look at his phone. It was a picture of a naked Japanese mailgirl kneeling on a mat. Emi was shocked. Perhaps overreacting, she stood up too quickly. Suddenly everything was spinning; the room, the guys, the computer, the poster on the wall of the Asian slave girl. It was all spinning…

She must have fainted, she thought. She was on her back and Evan must be wiping her face with a wet cloth. She smiled a bit, deliriously. “Thank you Evan, I… that… mailgirl, don’t do that to me.”

“She’s babbling… Emi are you okay?” It was a woman’s voice. The voice sounded familiar. She could hear many concerned voices around her. Slowly her vision came back and she could see a bunch of wet naked people, with their hands covering themselves, with the exception of Becca, who was on her hands and knees dabbing Emi on the face with a wet cloth.

Ben was also there. He was naked too. Emi thought she saw something between his fingers, as his hands were covering his crotch. Why was Ben here? Why was he naked? Suddenly it all came back to her.

The Jacuzzi room! Looking up at the circle of faces staring down at her, Emi realized that she had fainted, and she was naked. She looked down at herself and exploded into action, trying to cover her wet naked body while also getting up quickly.

Suddenly she couldn’t see again… blackness, dizzy…

“Ben, catch her!”

The wind on her face was wet as she ran for her life along the dark beach. Something was chasing her. She had to run faster… around the far bend, through the gate-less gate, up the path along the water. The waves were crashing along the side.

It was a long run. It seemed like she was gaining distance on whatever was chasing her. Was it an animal? Finally, she made it to the beach with the shrine. She looked down at herself. She was naked. Oh my God, she was naked!

“Emi, relax… it’s okay.” Sam said, gently patting her arm as Becca continued to wipe her face.

Emi sat up and looked at everyone. They were all squatting around her, deep concern written all over their faces. She covered herself with her hands quickly but noticed that she was wearing her bathing suit. Thank God for that! What a nightmare. Wait, wasn’t she in the Jacuzzi with everyone?

“What… happened?” Emi said, trying to not look at Ben. Her head was still a bit woozy and the alcohol wasn’t helping.

“You stayed in the water too long and then passed out,” Sam said, trying not to laugh. “You came around, but you stood up too fast and passed out again.”

“When did I get dressed?” Emi asked, urgently expecting an answer from anyone. Her eyes quickly darting from person to person, again avoiding the naked guy.

Sam answered her. “Well, uh… you freaked out when you woke up naked, so rather than repeat that again and again, we decided to dress you in your bathing suit,” she said, obviously fighting the urge to burst into laughter.

Emi covered her face and tried to not imagine what that really meant.

“Enough Sam,” said Becca. “Don’t worry Emi, I had Ben turn around. Just Hannah and I… we dressed you.”

“Not before Ben got quite the eyeful!” said Sam, laughing once again.

“He did not,” said Hannah, supportively.

“How about we ask him then? Hey Ben, did you get a good look at Emi’s… hoo-ha?” Sam asked, motioning Emi to look at him.

Emi peeked through her fingers at Ben.

Ben shook his head, unconvincingly. It was obvious he was just trying to be polite.

Emi dropped her hands and looked at the exit doors, wishing she could use them right now. In the span of a half-hour or so they had all gotten naked and now Emi had no more secrets with her body. Plus who knows how long she had been out for! Now Ben knows exactly what her hoo-ha looked like! He knows she has a one-inch thick black racing stripe and the exact shape of her pussy. She was glad that she liked the shape of it. Not many women did. Her’s was nice and compact, mostly hidden. She was in her bathing suit, but she felt more naked than she had ever felt before. It was also unsettling that they could all see her discomfort. She was scared, her face an open book. She wished that she could just sink below the water, but then that’s how this whole mess had started in the first place.

“No more alcohol or Jacuzzi for you Emi,” said Becca, dipping her legs back down into the water. Everyone followed suit, again sitting on the edge. Although this time Liz bravely didn’t bother to cover herself.

Emi tried to gain control of her discomfort and decided to not run away. It wasn’t easy but she forced herself to sit on the edge of the Jacuzzi and put her legs back in. She didn’t want to continue being the odd one out. Hopefully, the hot flush she was feeling wasn’t obvious from the natural hot flush of a Jacuzzi. At least she was now wearing her bathing suit.

Becca started talking about what it was like being an Ambassador. As she got into the details Hannah took her hands off her lap and scratched her nose and then folded her arms under her breasts, effectively exposing her small blonde triangle.

Sam and Ben didn’t follow suit but they did try to act more casual. It did seem as if everyone was gradually getting used to the nudity. Everyone except Emi.

“So what’s a mailgirl?” Liz asked, looking around at everyone.

Sam looked at Emi, smiling. “It’s a bit complicated to explain,” Sam said. “Nudity in our workplace here has gotten some of our team curious about nudity in general, I guess.”

Emi looked at Sam, wondering what she was up to. It was not like Sam to not take shots at her, especially when talking about those stories.

Sam took a drink of cider and licked her lips. “Emi’s ex-co-worker introduced her to the idea of mailgirls, and some related stories, and now Emi can’t get the idea of working naked out of her head so we are all helping her through it,” she said, unable to contain her laughter.

Hannah was shocked. “Sam! That’s not true. Emi’s been through enough today. We were all just reading her stories and messing around.”

“Reading HER stories?” said Sam, laughing again. “You mean, Emi’s mailgirl stories? Or sorry Liz, were you referring to when Emi was mumbling ‘mailgirl’ while stretched out naked on her back?”

Oh my god, Emi thought. Did she mumble mailgirl while she was out? She will never hear the end of that one. It was bad enough that Ben probably saw everything multiple times while she was passed out. Emi had heard enough and started to get up. Sam was too much. She had to get out of there.

Becca got up first. “Alright, enough Jacuzzi time for us. Let’s go see the rest of the complex. I can give you guys my standard tour,” she said, changing the subject.

Emi, ready to leave, hesitated.

Nobody wanted to walk back towards the showers first, effectively giving everyone else a good view of their ass. So they all stood there for a moment, Sam and Ben both still covering themselves as best as they could.

Becca walked over to the entrance. “We can get the clothes later, I want to give you guys a tour as if you were real guests.” She held the big double doors open, smiling widely.

Liz squealed and scuttled through the doors naked. Hannah followed, walking stiffly. There were now three nude girls standing just beyond the doors.

Sam looked terrified and so Becca called out to her. “C’mon Sam! You can do it!” she said in a voice that sounded as if she were calling a dog.

Sam had a hand clamped over her pussy and an arm over both of her tits. “After you Ben,” she said, nodding towards Becca.

Ben followed, uncovering his manhood for the first time. Trying to act casual as he walked through the doors to meet a smiling Liz. She gave him a thumbs up. He tried to look up, while all the girls seemed to be looking down.

Sam followed and joined the others. She trailed the group, making sure Ben couldn’t see her butt. Her hands still covering all the important bits.

Emi didn’t know what to do. She was tired of all this. She just wanted to go back to her room.

“Let’s go Emi,” said Becca, motioning her to follow. “It’s okay, you can leave the suit on. We don’t want you passing out again,” she joked.

Relieved, Emi followed the gaggle of naked people out into the hall. Gradually her strength was returning, but this whole thing was starting to spiral out of control. She didn’t like any of this but was glad that she was dressed at least. Except that now, being the only one clothed, she was again the odd one out. There really was no upside to any of this. Her irritation mounting, she followed the awkward group of naked people walking down the hallway.

Becca stopped in front of an open door to a colorful room. “This is the nudist training center. The Grand PooBa isn’t in today, but he usually is and he teaches us to be more accepting of our bodies.”

“Were there any uncomfortable moments in your training?” Liz asked.

“It all seemed fine, except when he tried to get me to do some Yoga,” said Becca. “At the time I wasn’t quite ready for it. I might be now, but the idea of doing something like that in front of a guy is still a bit hard to imagine,” she said, smiling at Ben.

“No kidding!” Liz agreed, chewing her lower lip.

Emi couldn’t believe that everyone was naked: Ben, Liz, Sam, Hannah, and, of course, Becca. Was this a one-time thing? Or was everyone going to be going starkers from now on? This was just too much. She needed to get away. Maybe she could tell the group that she would go on a run to clear her head. She followed them into the TV room.

“This is the theater room,” Becca announced, waving her hand around at the ring of chairs, loveseats, and couches facing a massively LCD screen. “We hardly ever come here as we like to stay active or are used to entertaining ourselves via computer.”

Becca sat down on a towel on the love seat, patting the spot next to her, waving at Ben to sit beside her. He awkwardly went over and sat down facing the group along with Becca. He was still not making an effort to hide, but obviously, he wasn’t comfortable being on display like that. He had nothing to be ashamed of and the girls seemed to be enjoying his shyness.

The girls reacted, each in their own ways. Sam was still covering her front, effectively denying her goods from prying eyes, or Ben’s eyes, while also eyeballing a couple of male staff who were sitting dangerously close them, their backs to the group. Emi noticed Sam was also trying to not look at Ben. Liz was smiling widely, supporting Ben for his bravery. He just nodded, smiling awkwardly. Hannah was fixing her hair, as usual; and had become semi-relaxed with being completely nude.

Becca seemed to be enjoying the girls’ reactions to Ben. Amazingly, he was keeping himself from getting an erection, but just barely.

To Emi, all of this was disturbing. Did they all expect her to just drop her suit and join in? If she didn’t was she going to be the outsider? The coward? The non-conformist who wasn’t comfortable in her own body?

Becca stood up and started to say something when Su-Ning suddenly walked into the room with a few people. Emi noticed that there was a police officer with them.

It was Su-Ning, Sarah from the marketing department, the rather young looking police officer and some tall, slightly overweight, brunette who looked to be of Russian descent.

As the group approached Becca gasped. “Oh my god, it’s Ruth Banks,” she whispered to no one in particular.

Liz and Ben quickly covered themselves with their hands when they saw Sarah, their boss. They were a little late and Sarah gave them a look of disapproval.

Sam saw the cop and ducked behind Emi, muttering a string of curses.

“We have a couple of big announcements,” said Su-Ning, smiling encouragingly for the group and Emi. “First, meet Ruth Banks. Our new marketing lead!”

Looking less confident than usual, Becca came forward to shake Ruth’s hand.

Ruth took her hand, smiling warmly. “It’s nice to finally meet you, Becca. In the flesh, so to speak.”

Becca chuckled at the comment, finally warming up to the long handshake.

Emi noticed that Ruth had a slight New York accent.

Ruth walked around shaking everyone’s hand. Sam was blushing furiously as she had to expose her tits in order to shake her hand.

Liz and Ben smiled awkwardly. Both were uncomfortably aware of their boss Sarah watching them as they each shook Ruth’s hand. The priority for both of them was keeping their pubic areas covered.

Su-Ning seemed to be enjoying this impromptu meeting immensely, as her never-ending smile continued. “The second big announcement is that a deal was cut with the marketing dev team as a mutual cost-cutting initiative. More specifically this means that we have decided to partially integrate with and train the marketing team, for a period of time, in exchange for a rate decrease and more control over our marketing efforts. It’s a win-win scenario.”

That really got the team’s attention; although, Becca seemed to know what was going on and was nodding.

“Emi, can you step forward?” said Su-Ning, smiling warmly. “You have been promoted to Director of Development and will head up both teams. Congratulations!”

Emi wasn’t sure what to make of all this. She looked at Becca, who was smiling and beckoning for her to come forward.

Su-Ning continued, “You will train, mentor and oversee both groups and help promote efficiencies with both development and processes. Initially, you will start with just two devs from the marketing team as a warmup, and then you will take the whole team in.”

Emi was stunned. Her workload had just tripled! Also, it was kind of odd for a contract job to be giving promotions, like as if they were now a company.

Sensing Emi’s concerns, Becca put her hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry, we will take over some of your programming tasks.”

“Did you know about this?” Emi asked, trying to hide her surprise.

“The idea was discussed,” explained Becca. “But I wasn’t sure if it was going to actually happen.”

Emi looked around. It was a surreal moment. Everyone was looking at her. “Uh… thank you…” she said, not quite knowing what to say.

Liz raised her hand. “Can Ben and I be the initial two devs?” she said. Everyone looked at her, causing her bravery to… falter. She covered her breasts again with her free arm.

“I think that is a wonderful idea, Liz,” Becca responded before turning to face the policeman. “Who is this?”

The police officer stepped forward. He was young, fit and had a ‘boy next door’ look about him. He also seemed to be enjoying the encounter. “I’m officer Daniels,” he said, shaking Becca’s hand as she smiled widely. After a slightly longer than necessary shake, he then turned and shook Liz’s hand.

Emi heard Sam utter a quiet stream of curses behind her as the officer gradually got closer. After shaking the officer’s hand, Emi stepped out of the way and let the officer get a good look at Sam.

“This is Sam,” said Emi, trying to hide her amusement. “She leads our back-end development.”

The officer smiled, prolonging the handshake with Sam, to her horror.

Emi continued, “You wouldn’t know it by looking at her now, but you two have a lot in common. Sam here makes our apps and networks secure. She has a fine eye for detail and is passionate about her work. You can tell that just by looking at the fancy tattoo of a computer on her shoulder.”

“I can’t quite see the tattoo,” he said, stepping to the side, looking for where it might be.

Sam froze and turned even redder. She stared ahead blankly, obviously fighting her embarrassment.

“It’s on the other side,” Emi said, guiding the officer behind Sam. “Again, Sam is a back-end developer,” she repeated, amusement in her voice.

Emi couldn’t believe her good fortune. Sam was flustered to the point of being paralyzed. Emi didn’t want to go overboard, but she couldn’t resist as she went on to explain more good things about Sam, thus prolonging the officer’s view of Sam’s naked ass.

Emi continued talking until Becca put her hand on Emi’s shoulder, interrupting her fun.

“Sorry to interrupt,” said Becca with a knowing smile. “As a voluntary part-time Resort Ambassador, it’s my duty to show officer Daniels our guest registration procedure.”

“I think that’s a great idea,” he said, a bit too enthusiastically.

“Great, follow me then,” said Becca, as she led him out of the room.

Su-Ning answered her phone and walked away from the group as Ruth and Sarah approached Emi.

“I noticed that you were the only one dressed,” Ruth said to Emi.

Emi didn’t know how to respond to that.

“She is a bit shy,” Liz offered. “But earlier…”

“But I decided to go for a run,” Emi interjected. Hiding her annoyance that she had to explain why she was dressed normally.

“Emi here is the ultimate professional,” Sarah said, pride in her voice.

“I prefer Becca’s style,” Ruth said.

Liz smiled awkwardly, agreeing with a nod.

“I have to go,” said Hannah, quickly leaving the room.

“Wait for us!” said Liz, following quickly with Sam. They ambled along mooning everyone as they departed.

Emi sensed that not much got past Ruth as she bid farewell to the two ladies. They were left standing alone, waiting for Su-Ning to finish her call. Emi felt them watching her as she left.

Soon after Emi was running along the beach at a brisk pace, lost in thought. Everything had turned upside down in the last few hours. Just thinking about it all made her upset. She just wanted to clear her mind and forget, but that was probably going to be impossible.

Everything was a disaster. The promotion might have been okay if there had been some forewarning. If she hadn’t been recently naked and humiliated in front of everyone. If she hadn’t been the only one dressed when meeting the leadership. Why did Liz have to tell everyone that she was shy? At least Sarah seemed to appreciate that Emi was wearing something.

Emi raced through the gate-less gate and along the wave-pounded path towards shrine beach. She had been looking forward to shedding her suit up at Lookout Point, but the last part of the day had ruined that inclination. Perhaps for good. Why had she ever agreed to work at a nudist resort?

She picked up speed and suddenly she was on Shrine Beach. Why did she even put a wish on that shrine? She looked at the shrine and saw that her wish wasn’t there any longer. Maybe the wind had blown it away, another disappointment.

Now Liz and Ben knew about the stories. They probably even believed that they were HER stories. Those stupid stories! She was going to have to kick Evan in the ass the next time she saw him.

She left the beach and continued up to Lookout Point, picking up speed until she was full-tilt sprinting. This place had been such a paradise at first, she lamented. Now she wanted to leave the island, to go back home. She thought about giving two weeks’ notice and catching a flight out. She could be completely done with this place.

She arrived much too quickly to Lookout Point, annoyed that she had to stop. She was not ready to stop. It was just another disappointment. Not sure what to do next, she sat down on a bench and looked far out to sea. Nature, nudity, the sea… it was like some kind of nudity curse, tracking her down, trying to strip her. She laughed at the thought.

Maybe she should write her own story. A mystic fantasy about three cursed stories with wills of their own, each trying to suck her into their perverted depths. Turn her into some kind of nudist.

Emi sighed. She was losing control. Becoming weak. This was not her. She didn’t like who she was turning into. It annoyed her that she had to be so serious now. This was her happy place where she could frolic nude and be care-free. Instead, she was weighed down by so many things. She felt herself pressing against the bench, heavier than normal.

There was an odd-looking cloud ambling by, slightly above the others. She watched it for a while. A group of seagulls seemed to be chasing it.

No… she wasn’t going to let all of these things defeat her. She was going to have control. No more nudity. She was putting her foot down. She didn’t care if she had to do it alone like Sam had. This was final. She touched the edge of her swimsuit and felt some security in the texture, there was peace in being dressed.

She looked around at the little park. Maybe she would stop coming here. Leave this place for good. It had always been a place of great joy and now those memories were becoming tarnished.

Emi got up and walked towards the exit path. “Goodbye,” she said gently, looking back to Lookout Point.

The slow walk down to Shrine Beach took a while. She looked up at the shrine, her hopes and wishes… all blown away.

Emi started to say goodbye forever to the beach, the shrine, but she just couldn’t speak the words. Looking again at the shine she felt small and petty. It jutted out of the ground like a proud symbol of something bigger than herself.

Suddenly the image of everyone nude walking before her flooded her mind. Why was she so weak? It infuriated her. She was an elite software developer. A leader. She hated that she had been so timid around the group today. She remembered how she had been with her old team. She was better than this!

Grabbing her top, she pulled it off and threw it in disgust at the shrine. Her top fell deep behind some plants but she didn’t care. Turning suddenly, she sprinted madly towards the path leading back up to Lookout Point. This was not over! This was not how this was going to end!

Halfway up the path, she stopped briefly and pulled off her bottoms and clenched them in her fist. She resumed her run, picking up speed as she tore up the seawall.

When she arrived, she danced and spun with her arms out wide. Feeling defiant, she decided to be happy. She didn’t want to lose this place. She’d had enough change and trouble for one day. This place was not going to be another regret. This was her sanctuary!

She sat down finally, looking at her running shoes. Enough with her weak attitude. There was strength in positivity. Maybe she just needed to think of everything in a more positive light. Those stories, the nudity, worrying about what people might think. Those are probably just problems that existed only in her own mind. They were not outside forces that were attacking her. It was her own brain causing the issue. Like an autoimmune thought, mindlessly attacking itself. Attacking what shouldn’t be attacked.

She laughed at herself. She was slowly starting to feel better. Or at least the frustration was dissipating. Soon she was just smiling at herself, almost feeling silly for all the self-imposed drama. She had no idea where this defiant confidence was coming from, but it was there. Like a big sister taking care of her. She had no idea how long the confidence might last, but it felt good.

When she was ready to leave, she ran naked back down the path, like a child full of glee. Not a worry in the sky. However, as she approached the beach her confidence faltered for a moment and she checked to make sure she was alone. Confirming that the place was deserted as always, she ran somewhat confidently to the shrine and spent a minute looking for her top. Bending over and pushing the leaves around, she soon found it. She put it on and then almost headed back bottomless. Laughing, she put the bottoms back on and then ran back to the resort. Once again, she felt much better after a visit to Lookout Point. The place had to be magical, she decided.

When she got back, she really didn’t want to meet anyone and risk losing this precious feeling, so she went to bed early.

Next morning, she woke up in a sweat, dream fragments still dancing in her head. She tried to remember some of them. She could only remember the last few.

In the dream, Becca was clothed, showing the group around the TV room. Ben and Liz were there. Everyone was dressed except for Emi for some reason. She was mortified and covering herself as best as she could. Becca explained to everyone that Emi had just come from the Jacuzzi and it’s normal to be naked in a nudist resort. Su-Ning came forward and promoted her to Resort Ambassador but a male police officer came forward and said there was a regulation breach and proceeded to handcuff Emi, pulling her hands behind her back and locking them there.

Ben looked at her. Everyone looked at her while she could not cover up. She hung her head down in shame and couldn’t speak. Her heart was racing.

Su-Ning tried to tell the officer it was allowed, that everything was in order. She kept explaining to the officer and finally she had staff bring the paperwork and prove that Emi was allowed to be nude. The officer finally agreed and everyone cheered and hugged Emi after she was released.

Emi’s last hug was a little long. It was from Ben. He smelled good. He kissed her ear when nobody was looking. “Are you okay?” he said gently.

“Get a room!” Sam bellowed.

Then she woke up.

It was an uncomfortable dream, really embarrassing but also kind of hot near the end. She smiled realizing suddenly that she was turned on. The dream had managed to somehow raise her libido from the dead. She checked between her legs to confirm what she already knew. She was engorged and moist. She felt around absently, probably a bit longer than the investigation warranted.

She rolled over quickly and back again, with a big morning stretch, trying to shake the feeling. But then she went back to lightly touching herself along her labia, casually, slowly zeroing in on her clit. She tried to will herself to stop. Ben and Liz would be there this morning and she would have to train them. She didn’t want to think about him in this way while needing to work with him.

She continued to stroke herself lightly, casually, as she thought about what a professional Ben was. Or was it Ben that caused the arousal? It must have been she decided. She didn’t want to think of the alternatives. It was definitely Ben. She really shouldn’t think about Ben in that way. It could be a slippery slope. She smiled to herself, it was indeed a slippery slope as her fingers picked up the pace.

With inhuman strength and a growl of frustration, Emi pulled herself up into a sitting position and sat on the side of the bed. It was time to get up. She was the director of software development. Time to be a grown-up. She needed a cold shower!

The day started off quite different as Liz and Ben arrived for training and team integration. Emi decided to teach them well so that they could help train the others. She was glad that they were dressed normally for work and was quickly considering her own bathing suit. It was indeed kind of kinky to work professionally with new people in a daring bathing suit. However, these were friends and they had already seen her naked. She tried to bury the concerns.

All day she tried not to think of Ben having seen her naked, both in the dream and also in real life. It was a real challenge, but eventually she was able to push it to the back of her mind and focus on the work. Was she getting stronger? Or maybe it was just being in the nudist resort was gradually having an effect upon her. She again pushed the distracting thoughts aside.

The real problem was what to do when the full team came. Maybe she would just get dressed in normal clothes like Ben and Liz were wearing, she wasn’t sure. What about Becca and Hannah? Could they endure a full team of mostly guys? She would have to talk to them about that at the next meeting. Right now it wasn’t much of a problem as Sam, Becca and Hannah were elsewhere while she mentored Ben and Liz.

That evening Emi went for a run and came upon Su-Ning in her usual place just down the beach. They chatted about the usual things, but Su-Ning soon got to what was mainly on her mind. It concerned a rumor that Becca was losing interest in the Ambassador program.

“This is huge Emi. We need to get on top of this,” said Su-Ning, looking around in despair. “We need to figure out how to keep this interesting for her.”

“I guess, yeah, I dunno,” said Emi, not really understanding Su-Ning. If Becca wants to stop then that is her business. Although she could understand Su-Ning’s worry – it seemed a bit overblown considering that she managed to get one in five of the staff females comfortable enough to wear loincloths. Emi considered that a massive win, but apparently Su-Ning didn’t.

After some discussion and picking her brain for a while Su-Ning gleaned that part of the attraction for Becca was the excitement of exposure. Kind of like an exhibitionist. Which lead to some annoying talk about those stories, which Emi hated talking about. But enough was covered for Su-Ning to put two and two together.

“I get it,” Su-Ning said, smiling. “Becca needs to be ‘pushed’ a little perhaps.” And then went on to talk about some ideas in that regard. Her first idea was around Yoga. Apparently, Becca was previously ‘worried’ about doing Yoga in front of male staff, but she might be ready now.

Emi didn’t want anything to do with what Su-Ning was talking about. She regretted even stopping to talk.

Likewise, another idea Su-Ning had was a little beach cleanup. Only just outside the gate, on the public side. It’s usually abandoned there and not much to clean, but it might get her excited to have to venture beyond the gate without any clothes on. A gradual progression, with three stages. First just tell her to clean up very close to the gate, like within 20 feet. Then a hundred feet further. Then finally the last bit can three hundred feet away. After she agrees to do the first bit, it will be easier to steer her into deeper territory, and knowing the third part is the ‘final part’ should help her to agree to it.

Emi accidentally confirmed that these ideas might work, which was another regret. Apparently, Su-Ning was going to have some official orders to come from Ho, the resort manager. A set of standard tasks and responsibilities for the Resort Ambassador.

Su-Ning went on to say that cleaning up outside would also be a goodwill gesture to the local authorities and might help ease relations. We need to be good citizens around here. Healthy co-ed Yoga for all and nearby cleanup duties!

Emi didn’t like any of this. Especially the part where Emi is supposed to help train Becca be a Yoga instructor. And also volunteer to help Becca clean up by pulling a rickshaw full of garbage for her. Su-Ning just wanted Emi there to report back about if the initiatives were actually keeping Becca in the program.

“No way! I’m not doing any of that,” Emi said, flat out.

Su-Ning groveled at her feet. “Please! Emi, this is so important for the resort. For my business. Please help me!”

Su-Ning continued for some time until Emi finally caved in. Emi didn’t want to be a ‘spy’ so Su-Ning got Emi to admit that she would like to see if Becca was actually enjoying these things ‘in her own regard’ and to report back to Su-Ning so that she can have the activities stopped if they were not making Becca happier. Reluctantly Emi agreed, to do that ‘one little thing’. It was the least she could do, to help Becca escape since Emi felt partially responsible for this whole bad idea.

The next few days proved to be interesting. Unfortunately, Su-Ning was correct and gently pushing Becca towards some more ‘challenging’ tasks was indeed holding her interest. Although Becca refused to allow men to the Yoga sessions, everything else seemed to be working.

The Yoga experience was awkward. Becca was quite uncomfortable at first. Surrounded by sixteen women, taking Emi’s lead on how to be a Yoga instructor. Emi felt guilty for not at least going with just a loin-cloth like some of the female staff. She still had her bathing suit on, and it was staying on! But at least two more of the staff were emboldened to lose the white robes. That part was a success. She also went easy on Becca by avoiding some of the more embarrassing positions.

Outside the main gate, beach cleanup duty was pretty quiet. Nobody was around while Emi pulled a small rickshaw around the beach (not easy on the sand) and Becca loaded it up with small pieces of wood or the odd piece of garbage. Becca seemed to love every moment of it.

The next day on the beach Hannah was painting while the rest of them leaned against a log with their laptops open. Emi was working on a code-kata to keep her skills sharp. Sam was browsing for a new Anime to watch.

Becca mentioned to Sam about how she couldn’t believe that Ruth Banks was actually working for Su-Ning.

“Oh her, your marketing hero right?” Sam asked without looking up from her computer.

“No, I’ve always referred to her as a ‘dark hero’,” Becca corrected. “I think she is amazing and powerful and all that, but she is also quite ruthless in her means to an end. Somehow she always finds loopholes in laws and such and is always skirting on the edge of what most others wouldn’t dare. So, no, it wasn’t my WISH to actually work with her. I just admired her track record.”

Yikes. Emi didn’t like the sound of that. She wondered if Becca knew about her part in getting Ruth hired.

Sam finally looked up from her computer. “So what? Ruth is ruthless?” she laughed.

“I don’t know if she is,” Becca admitted. “All I know is that she has worked for powerful and shady men in the past and somehow has had a good track record with them when others have not.”

“So she can sell fridges to Eskimos,” Sam yawned. “Probably will be good for this shady nudist resort as this island seems too conservative for such a place. I doubt guests will be banging at the doors on opening day. Maybe someone like Ruth can give this place a fighting chance.”

Emi was glad to overhear Sam’s comments. She pretended to not be listening.

Becca brushed something off her pussy. “I don’t know about that, but I think Su-Ning was more concerned about her competitors on the island. There is some bad blood between her and a few of them. She doesn’t like that they all share the same marketing firm. The only one on the island. So she was glad to bring in a strong outsider to represent just our resort.”

“That makes sense,” Sam admitted. “Yes! A new ‘Sword Art Online’ series!”

Hannah dropped her brush and ran over to Sam excitedly. “No way!”

Becca put her laptop down and leaned over Sam to look.

“Hey! Tit off my arm please!”

“Oh sorry,” Becca leaned back and looked from a distance. Soon the three of them were watching the one laptop, enjoying the new Anime series.

Emi was curious about the Anime, she really wanted to join the others, but she just continued with her code-kata training. It was a better use of time. Besides, the words on the back of Sam’s computer ‘Las Tres Amigas’ translates to ‘The Three Friends’ and it was fitting as the three of them sat huddled together.

Emi made record speed with her code kata.

Eventually, the girls separated and the conversation shifted to work and then to erotica, unfortunately. Emi started to pack her things.

“The website has been a bit dry recently,” lamented Becca. “Emi before you go could you slack a message to your friend for me?”

Emi didn’t like where this was going. “Pardon?” she asked.

“Can you slack Evan and ask if he has any more story suggestions? You can say that we found his stories on your Kindle and now your perverted co-workers want more,” she explained, smiling hopefully.

“Yeah, that is big fat NO WAY,” she answered, still packing.

Hannah joined in with Becca and they both did a cute ‘pretty please’ dance in the sand, with batting eyelashes and the full nine yards.

“Uh… NO,” Emi said, laughing at their antics.

Sam joined in. “Oh come on Emi, if you do this for them then I’ll cut my story teasing by 50% over the next few days,” she promised, sarcastically.

“Name your price,” said Becca, taking out the big guns – her big sincere eyes, which started to pull Emi in.

Hannah and Sam both tried to mimic Becca’s sincere eyes but it just looked comical.

“The price is…” said Emi, putting her finger on her chin for a moment. “Everyone has to do my current code-kata,” she stated, smiling.

There was a loud chorus of boos and moans.

“Deal,” said Becca, smiling hungrily. “Now slack Evan!”

Sam did a double-take. “Say what?!” Hannah also looked surprised.

“Sorry, kiddo’s,” Becca said to the two of them. It’s an order from the top. We’ve got to pay our price. It will be good for the team. Frankly, you two need to pick up some good habits from Emi.”

“It had better be a damn good story,” Hannah lamented.

Sam just scowled and put her nose back into her laptop.

‘Hey Evan,’ Emi slacked. ‘Got a moment?’

After a long pause, Emi almost gave up waiting for a reply.

‘Jesus Emi, it’s 4 am now. What’s so important that you needed to wake me?’

‘Sorry! I’ll make this quick. My lame co-workers found your stupid stories. They made fun of me; I hope you are satisfied. But now they are harassing me for another story. They actually asked me to slack you. I tried to resist, but they wouldn’t stop. Can you help me?’

‘Yeah, right… you totally want this for yourself! hahaha…’

‘Hey, I like to think that you know me better than that. If not then you are not the friend that I thought you were.’

‘Alright, alright… don’t always play the friend card, that’s low.’

‘Then try being one.’

‘Alright… whatever. Actually, I just started a new one that seems promising.’

‘Look, Evan, can you just suggest something a LOT more decent this time? Maybe something like a smart self-respecting girl that isn’t FORCED to do anything. No slavery crap! And something a little longer this time, so they stop harassing me for a while.”

‘You’re in luck. This story is exactly like that, well… except I don’t know how long it is.”

‘It had better not have her be a naked slave or I promise my foot will find your ass next time we meet. Seriously!’

‘No, I think this one is good. Seems to have a romantic thing going on too, I’m sure your girls will love it. It’s called The Exhibitionist Next Door. Here’s the link.’

‘Ok, now I have to sleep. Just tell me briefly how you are doing now.’

‘I was promoted to Director of Software development.’

‘lol… what took you so long? No really, that’s great! You’re unstoppable!’

‘thanks’

‘no problem… now let me go back to sleep!’ He signed off.

Emi passed the link to the girls and warned them to not bother her anymore about stories while she works on her code-kata. They happily agreed and all was peaceful for at least an hour.

“To be continued? Hannah, where are you? Did you find chapter 9 yet?” Becca asked.

“No I gave up and decided to look for it later,” she said. “I have to do this dam CODE-KATA now. At least the story seems to be worth it, quality-wise, and there are hundreds of chapters. I just can’t find chapter 9!”

“I wish we could just download the whole story at once,” said Becca, finally closing her laptop.

A few days later Emi was wrapping up the training with Ben and Liz. Finally, she had gotten semi-comfortable with wearing the suit while training people. She even had the odd Jacuzzi dip with Liz. Ben seemed like he wanted to go too, but Emi was never brave enough to invite him and Liz had just left that up to Emi. He had seen enough of the girls, Emi thought. This wasn’t a freaking peep-show, this was their profession. Only two more training days and then it would be the full group.

The next morning Emi decided to go for a run.

It had been an extremely busy week and she had only visited Lookout Point twice, which was not to her liking. She preferred going there daily and really missed the place when she didn’t. Her confidence was increasing recently with work, but her daringness at Lookout Point was decelerating. She had been briefly topless one time, and the other time she just dictated work-related thoughts at the picnic table into her smartwatch.

Emi was feeling better, she had finally adjusted to her new workload and was feeling on top of things. She felt good, courageous, and ready for some excitement.

She was also feeling guilty about her part in Su-Ning’s plan to ‘push’ Becca. Sure it ended up being harmless enough, but it still didn’t sit well with her. She had been hoping to report that it was a failure and free Becca from those embarrassing tasks. All of this added up to some need for her to get some of her own ‘exposure’. She had to admit; when alone, it had become a bit of a thrill. And also, it was kind of paying penance for her part in the whole pushing scheme. Although to be fair, she was only there to help report if Becca was not comfortable with any of it. Her part was positive, at least that is what she kept trying to tell herself.

With a jumble of thoughts, and more energy than usual. Emi tore up the beach towards the gate-less gate and ran along the splashy seawall until she arrived at the shrine.

She was happy to see the shrine as she prepared another little wish note. She pulled the paper out of her top and carefully twisted it onto another plant stem sticking out in the front. She bowed and pressed her hands together, hopefully giving the wish some power with that gesture. Her wish was to be more like Becca. To be a stronger leader, unafraid, not shy of others, to take the world by the horns!

Next, she looked around the beach carefully, making sure she was alone.

Taking a breath to get some courage, she pulled her top off and carefully put it out of sight behind the plants, up next to the shine itself.

Looking around the beach again, she lowered her hands away from her breasts. It was exhilarating. She laughed and spun around, and before she could think about what she was doing, she slipped off the shoulder suspenders that were supporting her bottoms. She gasped. This was the most daring she had ever been. She lowered the suspenders until her hands were below her bottoms, then below her knees. Bending over, she peeled the bottoms completely off. She was now entirely naked on a public beach.

The daring move was making her giddy as she tossed the bottoms next to her top.

She stood back up and after looking around again, she suddenly did a cartwheel. A cartwheel! This was fantastic! Perhaps some of Becca has been rubbing off on her? She wasn’t sure but instead of thinking about it, she decided to run. She took off at a blistering pace towards the path to Lookout Point.

It was scary to be running away from her clothes. But also VERY exciting, she loved the feeling even though she was thinking of aborting every few seconds. But then she just would push herself forward. She deserved to be ‘pushed’ too and was determined to take her punishment! It was a fun punishment she thought. She ran for a while longer but then started to lose confidence again.

Suddenly she stopped. This was crazy! Her worrying imagination certainly made it punishment-like by startling herself again and again of just how reckless this was. She turned around and then thought of Becca. “Becca,” she said out loud.

Speaking her name somehow seemed to give her a small trickle of confidence.

“Becca,” she said again, quietly… It was like a rally-cry, that gave her a little dose of strength. She was on the tipping point of turning back but then she said her name again. “Becca…”

Now she was again thinking of resuming her run to Lookout Point, but she hesitated. It was scary.

This was silly. Why? Because Becca was her hero? What would Becca do, if she were there now? Probably Becca wouldn’t waste her time with these silly weak thoughts. Becca just takes the bull by the horns. She would be enjoying the air, the feeling, she would feel alive and she would just laugh and think only of the good stuff.

Emi smiled as she just continued ‘pushing’ herself forward. She was determined to see this through. Every once in awhile uttering her secret new power word.

As she approached the top she slowed down suddenly, becoming more cautious. She probably should have checked the top to make sure nobody was there before doing any of this.

“Becca…”

Tip-toeing forward she peeked around the corner after she stopped near the top. Nobody was there. All clear. That was a relief. She was silly. Becca would never have been so worried. She probably would have even enjoyed a random encounter, somehow.

The sky was overcast, which was ideal for this part of the world. She sat down for a moment on the old bench but then got back up as she was just too full of energy to sit still.

After walking all around the top area, enjoying being a true part of nature, Emi finally decided to do some step-up exercises. Always the pragmatic one, she laughed. She doubted Becca would be exercising in this situation.

She went to the heavy picnic table in the center of the small park and stepped up on the bench and back down again. One, two, one, two… she repeated this for some time until she was pouring in sweat.

Now she was ready to sit. The breeze was so nice on her body, cooling her and drying her fairly quickly. Too bad there wasn’t a shower here, she thought. A swim! She could go for a brief swim to clean up. A great idea!

She looked carefully down the path to make sure it was still clear. It was, and she tore back down the seaside path towards shrine beach. Emi felt larger than life as she ran down the path, except her bouncing breasts were kind of distracting. At least they were not too big, she thought.

It could be Becca was on to something, it was a blast being nude! Well, she supposed that if she had Becca’s confidence then being an Ambassador might actually be something she could get interested in. Emi felt as if she was considering all this in an entirely new light. She liked that she was gradually growing more self-confident. Although, she still had no intention of going nude in front of others… Wait! She already had been nude with others, frequently, in the Jacuzzi room. Even Ben saw her… oh God! Not a memory that she wanted to think about. Although the thought wasn’t completely unpleasant. Wait! Yes it was, was that a Becca style of thought? OMG, she had to be careful with the Becca admiration lest she gradually becomes more like her for real. She laughed, would that be a bad thing?