**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 9 - The First Day**

**— Team Lunch —**

Emi awoke to the sound of someone knocking on her door. “Hey Emi, get dressed. It’s time to go to lunch,” Someone said outside the door. It sounded like Becca.

Emi sat up suddenly and felt every muscle in her body, not to mention her head was a little hungover. “Just a minute…” Emi croaked, her throat was ragged. This was awkward. She was naked but this is her room so she pulled on a robe and opened the door. Becca and Sam were there. They were both fully dressed in shirts and shorts.

“Oh my God, she’s wearing clothes!” Sam said, pointing at Emi. A look of surprise on her face.

Becca walked in and sat on Emi’s bed. She seemed like her usual self, but she was a little quiet.

Sam plopped on the bed beside her, smiling. “We tried to bring Hannah, but she refused to leave her bed. How much did she drink last night?”

“Umm… quite a bit,” Emi answered, thinking about how to get out of going for breakfast. She looked in the mirror and saw that she looked pretty rough.

Becca went over to the corner of Emi’s room at picked up a neatly folded pile of clothes off of a chair. “Put these on, we are going to a team breakfast.”

“I… can’t… I’m a full-time Resort Ambassador,” she said. “It would be inappropriate for me to wear clothes.”

“That only applies to the resort,” Becca explained. “Nobody expects you to go to town naked, or be trapped at the resort for almost a year.”

“Are you sure?” Emi asked, unsure and not wanting to get into trouble.

“Yes, of course. Don’t be silly,” Becca answered. “Here, put them on.”

Emi pulled off her robe and took the clothes. She was naked and it felt awkward in front of them, especially in front of Sam. “I’m going to dress in the main entrance,” She said, finally, after some hesitation. “But first I need to go to the washroom. Just a moment,” she said, leaving them. On her way out she grabbed a hairbrush, a toothbrush, and a face cloth.

“Hurry up,” Sam said, “I’m starving.”

Emi cleaned up and quickly returned a few minutes later and picked up her clothes. “Okay… let’s go,” she said, indicating with her free hand that they can all go. She picked up her shoes, waiting for them to leave.

“After you, Superbum,” Sam said, smiling. “Since you like to show it off so much we might as well get a closer look.”

Emi hesitated. She didn’t like Sam saying that, but decided to just surprise them. She left the room. It was a stiff walk, mostly because of last night and her muscles were stiff and sore. She should have stretched last night.

Walking down the hall felt surreal. Now she knew what Becca felt like when she was doing this. It felt like a much longer walk than Emi remembered and her body temperature was growing. She didn’t like that her co-workers were behind her, but she endured it. Was she ever going to get used to this?

“Hi Emi,” Annie said, as they approached her. She was topless, wearing only a loincloth and pushing a duster broom along the hallway in the opposite direction.

“Hi Annie!” Emi said, smiling while quickly transferring her shoes to the hand that was pressing her clothes to her body. She waved back, glad that Annie was here to stay.

“Woah…” Sam said.

Emi looked back and saw her co-workers looking back at Annie. They could see the tattoo on her back. “She was at the party last night,” Emi said before Sam could say something within earshot. She didn’t want Sam freaking out Annie. It certainly couldn’t be easy with that submissive slave tattoo on her back. Amazingly, Sam kept quiet.

Up ahead were two women in robes that were standing in a circle with three others in loincloths. One of the three was a woman, and she waved at Emi. “Thanks for last night,” the middle-aged woman said with a British accent.

Emi waved back. “You’re welcome,” she said, smiling to the group.

Around the corner, Bo was carrying a table with Roland. “Yo Emi,” he said, as they walked by. He gave her a friendly upward nod that made her feel like one of the gang. Roland was just smiling, looking like he completely forgot what he was doing.

“Hey Bo,” Emi said, smiling back as she walked past the two. Seeing Bo brought back memories of the party. Her smile lingered.

Bo winked at her.

Still smiling, Emi winked back. It was the first time she had ever winked at someone and Bo seemed to love it. Hopefully winking at someone while nude isn’t too suggestive. The thought gave her second thoughts, causing her to blush as she walked away.

Twice more Emi waved to various staff members as they made their way down the final hallway. She opened the door to the building entrance and the three of them walked into the large room. It was a nice feeling to be known by some of the staff and she turned to greet Sam and Becca, in a good mood.

“Okay, time to get dressed,” Emi said.

They were not alone. In the room was a tall greeter, in a loincloth handing some pamphlets to a family of three. Emi remembered her as Elina, the first one who got recognized last night.

The boy with his parents looked to be 19 or so years old and his mouth was stuck open when he turned and saw Emi.

“Gee,” Sam said. “Emi goes to one little party naked, and suddenly she’s Miss Popularity.”

Emi ignored the comment and waved back when Elina recognized her, waving indiscreetly as she tended to the potential guests. Elina reminded Emi of Hannah, with her upturned breasts and blonde hair. But Elina looked a little more down to earth and seemed like a country girl.

The big doors were in front of Emi she paused, as she held her bundle of clothes. She didn’t really want to dress in front of everyone and Elina, but she also didn’t want to dress outside on the other side of the doors.

Becca and Sam patiently waited for her, while Emi stood there, trying to make up her mind about what to do.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked a couple. They were young and hip, and before they could get a good look at Emi, she quickly passed through the closing door, flipping on her goggle sunglasses as she went. Outside the doors, she dressed as fast as she could. With the exception of a missing bra, she was finally dressed again. It felt so good to be wearing clothes.

Sam and Becca were speechless, looking at Emi as if she were a different person.

Emi ignored the looks. “Okay, I’m ready. But I think one of you needs to pull the rickshaw, as I’m in no condition to run this morning. It was a hell of a party,” she said, smiling sheepishly.

Again Sam looked to Becca and they exchanged an expression as if to say, who is this person?

Emi fully expected them to pound her for details, but for some reason, they were kind of somber this morning.

Becca took the rickshaw and pulled them through the streets. She pulled them all the way to the restaurant. Sam was unusually quiet during the ride.

After they ordered breakfast, Becca looked up from the menu at Emi and Sam. “I was pretty upset at the two of you the other day,” she said, putting down the menu.

Emi didn’t know what to say to that.

Sam nodded.

“But Sam and I worked out our differences. So things are back to normal, somewhat,” she said, looking at Sam. “Long story short, Sam was dealing with a personal issue with her family back at home and hasn’t been herself recently.”

Emi looked at Sam. Sam played with her fork, seemingly uncomfortable with Emi’s gaze.

“For whatever reason, Sam has been pushing for me to go back to being a Resort Ambassador but I am starting to feel that ship has passed.”

Emi didn’t like the sound of this.

“However, I already miss it. I might help out if you get overloaded, Emi, but otherwise you are on your own for now.”

At least there was some hope, Emi thought.

“I don’t know what’s going on between you two, or why Emi changed so suddenly, but for now I’m going to just focus on the job as we are opening next week.”

Sam and Emi nodded.

“I for one, am a little tired of the drama,” Becca said, looking out the window.

“How was the party?” Sam said, changing the subject. “We saw from a distance, but then we left early.”

“It was good,” Emi said, not wanting to go into the details.

“Do spill…” said Becca, finally smiling.

It was nice to see that warm smile from Becca. It had been too long. The smile gradually melted away at Emi’s resolve. Tired of the recent distance between them, Emi decided to tell them everything that happened at the party. She had enough secrets and wished for things to be back like the old days.

Emi began with the party prep and then the presentation and the campfire with Hannah teasing her. It was a long story and brought a lot of heavy laughter all the way back to the resort. Inside the building, the laughter never stopped, as Emi finished talking about Bo and then the rickshaw rides. The girls were breaking a gut when they learned about the leashed phone call when she was with Annie and Hannah, but suddenly Emi stopped speaking as they passed Ho.

The building manager was working on a desk with a laptop and looked up at Emi with an unfriendly expression.

“Ahh, oh no! I forgot to get undressed,” Emi said, loud enough for Ho to hear. “Hold on, I’ll be back in a minute,” she said, trying to keep her panic from being noticed by her co-workers.

When she got back to where the team usually worked, she was naked again. She made sure that Ho saw her as she passed by the building manager.

Ho showed no sign of being satisfied.

Emi tried to ignore the old lady’s cold looks and sat down with her laptop with the girls. Her legs were feeling stiff. After a few minutes sitting on her towel, laptop open… she was simply too restless to concentrate. There was too much on her mind and Ben and Liz were going to be here soon.

She needed to clear her head. It seemed insane to go for a run right now, but that was exactly what she wanted to do. She wanted to really stretch out her legs and run. She wanted to clear her head and prepare her mind for mentoring these two while she was nude. A short run was the best way to do that.

Emi let the team know she was going for a run just as Hannah entered the room wearing a hoodie and looking like one of the dark lords from Star wars.

“A run?” Hannah said, sounding shocked as she plopped into her seat and flipped open her laptop. “You didn’t run enough last night?” She croaked, her voice sounding rough.

Becca and Sam laughed as Emi left the room.

Emi was happy. It was good to see the team back to normal.

**— Running Again —**

Outside, Emi was glad to be alone as she stretched her legs outside the building. This was probably very un-ladylike she thought, with a smirk. Still, she faced the doors, watching them like a hawk as she stretched. If someone came out, she would have to stop immediately.

After a good ten minutes of serious stretching, Emi decided to stop as it was starting to affect her libido. She wasn’t yet used to being naked, and stretching outside like this, where anybody could come out and see her, felt particularly naughty. This was going to be a problem, as she liked to run and wanted to do it daily, if possible.

Emi starting slowly jogging towards the same gate that she ran towards during the party last night. The one that leads towards the marketing building.

Emi realized that this was her first normal run as a Resort Ambassador. After all of that running in front of so many people last night, running alone now seemed somewhat bearable. It felt good, even with her legs still feeling sore. Maybe if she wasn’t so turned on, she would be too embarrassed to be running naked out in public like this, but right now this was simply exhilarating. This was much more exciting than running to Lookout Point, especially considering that this was likely to be her daily routine. That thought was simply delicious!

The thought reminded her of Becca and Sam, both looking at her as if she were someone else. Who AM I now, she thought, smiling to herself. She realized that being turned-on was a sort of temporary buffer, protection from feeling overly awkward about her embarrassment. Inside, she was still shy and mortified to be like this, but SOME of that negative energy was transformed into a new form of embarrassment. Something that felt thrilling and sexy. Maybe this was why Becca sometimes seemed confident, and sometimes she did not. Emi wondered if she was on to something.

The soft wind felt amazing as she ran. The party was fresh on her mind, especially after recounting most of it to Becca and Sam, and with running along the same path her head flooded with memories. A wide range of feelings assaulted her as she ran, a barrage of memories and embarrassments but in the end, Emi was feeling mostly good that she had survived the whole ordeal and that the party was a success.

Again she considered that here she was doing her daily run, totally naked. Out in the open, full daylight, no secrets or having to hide. She was here just as normally as if this were any other normal sunny day. She loved it, especially because she was alone in a protected camera-free zone. But stretching her legs before her daily run was going to be a problem. If someone saw her like that…  all stretched out… completely naked! It was too much too imagine. Maybe she would have to stretch in her room first, she thought as she ran along the path.

Time passed quickly and before she knew it, she was at the gate.

It was a large and intimidating gate. Looking at it Emi recalled Becca mentioning that she had missed some aspects of being an RA. Emi wondered if that specifically meant the ‘outside the gate’ cleanup duty. With that thought in mind, she realized that if there was a mess outside the gate then maybe Emi could suggest Becca go clean it up. It was highly unlikely there was a mess since they cleaned up last night, but still, she wanted to take a peek just to be sure. Maybe she could take a peek every time she ran. It was an exciting thought – to unlock the outside gate while naked, every day, on her daily run.

Raising her watch, she hesitated, looking at the gate unlock button. The button appeared automatically when one was within close proximity to the gate. It was a nice-looking button. Hannah did a great job making it look like a real button.

Looking at the digital button, she wondered if someone was just outside the gate. If she unlocked it they could just push and walk-in. That was a risk. But the more she thought about it the more she realized that it was highly unlikely. For a moment she listened for any sounds. Nothing.

Finally, she pressed the button and felt the little vibration from the watch as the button had an unlock symbol blinking on it now. Then she heard the click from the gate itself. It was now unlocked.

Goosebumps covered her body. Looking down at herself she saw that it wasn’t just goosebumps. Her nipples were little rocks and her libido was causing all kinds of havoc to her body. She could even smell it. The idea of opening the gate like this in broad daylight was downright scary, but she also felt something else.

Emi took ahold of the handle, pushing it slowly while hiding behind it. She wanted to take a tiny peek to see if any cleanup was required. She certainly didn’t like the idea of cleaning up, outside there, but Becca did. If there was a mess outside the gate then she could mention it to her. Her hope for Becca to rejoin the RA program was pushing her to do this. It was pushing her to look. It was pushing her to take this chance.

“I’m doing this for Becca,” she said aloud, to herself.

Standing safely behind the fence, Emi slowly eased open the gate a few inches and peeked outside. Nobody was on the beach in this remote area so she opened it a little more and looked towards where the fire pit was. There, on the ground, were a few loose bottles. Bingo! That firepit was becoming quite popular with the local youth.

Emi awkwardly peeked completely around the gate to make sure she was alone and then backed up, pulling the gate closed again with a clank. Mission accomplished!

Emi tapped her watch and locked the gate digitally, which resulted in a corresponding click on the gate itself. She pulled on it to ensure that it was indeed locked again.

That was thrilling. At Lookout Point it was different, she was guaranteed to be alone. Here there was no such guarantee. That thought alone convinced her, here and now, that she would never go out beyond this gate again. Last night was a huge exception as she was drinking and nobody was there, it was dark and she and Su-Ning needed to help Ho hurry up. That was a special case. As much as she liked a little private nudity when she was guaranteed to be alone, this was different. This was actually outside where the general public was. This did nothing for her but scare her. She would never take such a careless risk.

Emi flopped her back against the locked door. She was breathing harder than usual for after a short run. Her breasts were rising and falling. She moved her hands over her hard nipples and down over her runway and absently over her clit for a moment while she thought.

She was turned on but didn’t know what specifically was causing it. Probably from last night she reasoned and the thought of her life for the next year. Her clit was swollen and needed attention. Exaggeratedly she blew a lot of air out of her mouth and finally removed her hand and grabbed the fence behind her head in an attempt to keep her hands off herself. Having her arms over her head like this was probably quite the lewd sight, she thought.

Agonizingly, she and turned her head, looking out to the water. A swim! That could be a possible solution to cool her body down. Or maybe she needed a shower. A better plan was to just rub one out quickly before her guests arrive. It was going to be embarrassing enough in front of Liz and Ben, she didn’t want to smell like she was in heat while she was naked. That would be significantly more embarrassing and would also send the wrong signals to both of them.

Yes… rub one out. That was likely the smartest plan, and with that thought in mind Emi started her run back towards the compound. She had a time-critical mission!

As she ran, she became lost in thought, again dreading her first mentoring session as an Ambassador. At least it was just Liz and Ben. They had already seen her naked, multiple times. Still, it was embarrassing to think about standing around them for hours, in an office environment, like this.

Gradually Emi became hyper-aware of her body as she ran. How it felt, how she bounced… she felt so alive and free. She felt aroused. Damn, she didn’t want to feel this way before seeing her students. Yes, she was indeed a teacher. They were her students. This was like another of Evan’s stories, the naked teacher. The only one nude. Walking through the halls while men like Bo looked at her nipples bouncing… eating her with his eyes. Looking at her with unbridled lust, like he did briefly in the water, last night. Should she have hugged him? It could have been a long hug… she could have…

No, she shouldn’t have. That was just her stupid libido talking again.

Emi finally made it back and entered the building. On the way to her room, Emi walked towards the area where she would be mentoring.

Liz and Ben were there already. They were early and waving to Emi with friendly smiles.

As Emi walked towards them she felt every bounce of her body. “Ahh… hi guys. You are so early! I’ll be back after I have a shower and clean up,” she said, smiling back as they watched her.

They nodded, smiling.

She felt like she was walking in slow motion, taking forever as she walked by. Her hard nipples bouncing along in time with her steps.

In her room, Emi immediately laid down and went to work on her clit. She was trying to keep quiet as she was both pent up and in a hurry. There was plenty to think about and without much thought she just let it all happen. In no time, her body shook like there was no tomorrow. The waves were endless as her body bucked. The post-orgasmic bliss was so minded rocking that she completely passed out.

There was knocking at her door. She woke up, sitting up suddenly, quickly putting on her robe. She opened the door.

Liz and Ben looked concerned. “Are you okay Emi? It’s been an hour and a half. Are you sick?”

Emi smiled sheepishly. “There was a big party last night, and I probably shouldn’t have gone for a run this morning. I totally passed out!”

“No problem, we were just worried,” Liz said, looking at Emi’s tightly closed robe.

“I’ll meet you there in 10 minutes, okay? I still need a quick shower.”

“Okay, don’t rush. Take your time.”

Emi nodded, closing her door. She pulled off her robe and checked herself in the mirror. Yes, she needed a shower and she still had a nine on her hip. Slipping out of the room she half-ran towards the Jacuzzi room, but up ahead were Liz and Ben walking back to the office area. She came up behind them. She decided to not pass them or let them notice her as she silently followed them.

She felt like a nude stalker. It was kind of surreal.

They reached the work area and sat down, and Emi streaked past them.

“No rush Emi!” Ben said, sounding amused as she headed towards the Jacuzzi doors.

Her shower was quick. The nine was almost gone now. She streaked past her smiling students once again. “Have to get my computer, just a sec!”

On her way back she ran into Lucy. She was wearing a loincloth. Emi and her chatted about the party as they walked back to where Liz and Ben were seated. Lucy blushed when Ben looked at her, and she quickly left to resume her duties.

Emi took a deep breath, and began her mentoring, as usual. Only it wasn’t really usual, but then it was as Emi worked hard to be a confident Resort Ambassador. She had to play the part to perfection as Su-Ning might be by any moment, to check up on her. She wanted to show that things were under control. That things were going to be okay.

Liz and Ben were unusually polite. Emi wondered if they still felt guilty about that time in the gym. Or if they were just mirroring Emi’s professionalism. Whatever it was, it was a welcome behavior and made the time pass much easier.

“You seem to be really handling this transition quite well,” Liz finally said, after a long mentoring session was completed.

“Thanks, it’s been a personal growth experience,” Emi said, sincerely.

“So there was a party?” Ben asked.

“Yes. It was just a company party for the staff of this resort,” she said, downplaying it.

Mentoring finished and Su-Ning hadn’t shown up. Emi figured she must have been too busy to check in with her today. She said goodbye to Liz and Ben and left looking for her co-workers.

Looking around Emi saw that Becca and gang were not in the office area. Janet was nearby and said they were in the gym. Emi dropped off her computer and headed to the gym, thinking of everything they needed to test before opening next week.

Sam and Becca were working out with machines. Hannah was leaning on a machine near Becca.

Emi suddenly realized that she didn’t want to be in the gym like this and stopped, but Becca saw her and motioned her over. Her three co-workers were all dressed in gym wear, including Hannah.

Seeing Emi, Sam laughed. “You’re going to work out like that? Even Becca wasn’t that bold!”

“Ahh… I’m not here to work out Sam,” Emi said, looking at Becca. “What’s up Becca?”

“I’m glad you came,” she said, pumping her legs out. “Hannah is driving me crazy. She keeps trying to get me to give her a ride.”

Emi looked at Hannah, who was looking back at her.

“Emiiiii….” she said, “Save me from these boring people!”

Becca continued. “I’ve told Hannah, quite clearly, that there will be no more rides.”

“It’s not fair! You need to give a girl some warning!” Hannah lamented. “I need at least one last ride to get it out of my system…” she pouted, looking down in exaggerated sadness.

Sam chuckled.

“You see what I’m dealing with?” Becca explained. “Hannah… ask Emi, not me.”

“Oh no, I’m done with giving rides…” Emi began.

“Pleaseeee Emi. Just one last ride?” Hannah begged.

Emi paused, an idea coming mind, she turned to the redhead. “Look, I noticed there were a few beer cans outside the gate this morning,” she said, watching the reaction in on Becca’s face. “If you take care of that for me…” She left the rest unsaid.

“I see…” Becca pondered. “You scratch my back, and I scratch yours?”

Emi nodded, smiling.

“Well… I can’t make any promises, but if you do a good job with this last ride for our little Hannah, then I promise to come with you to the gate and… take a look.”

“As a Resort Ambassador?”

“Fine,” she said. “As a Resort Ambassador,” Becca confirmed, turning to look at Sam.

Sam nodded, smiling.

This was good enough for Emi, she nodded happily, sealing the agreement.

Hannah hooted in victory. “You are a very cool person Emi!”

Emi nodded, slightly annoyed with herself. This had better be worth it!

“Since this is the last one, let’s do it right,” Hannah said, as she pulled out her black marker.

“I don’t think that’s necessary…” Emi began.

“You already have one and I just want this to be perfect,” Hannah said, bending down to write on Emi’s side. “This will only take a second.”

Emi rolled her eyes. At least this was the last one, she told herself as Hannah carefully drew overtop the old nine, reenforcing the thick line more than once.

Emi looked at the number, it was much thicker than before. “Hannah, I said…”

Hannah started drawing another on her opposite shoulder.

Annoyed Emi looked at her shoulder. Great, now she was double branded. No triple branded, as she felt Hannah drawing on her left ass cheek.

“That’s enough Hannah!” Emi yelled, but she stayed still, not wanting to smudge the number. When Hannah removed the marker Emi jumped away.

“Okay, okay… sorry. I just want this last time to be perfect,” she said, lowering her voice.

Emi wondered what the big deal was. Hannah’s infatuation with this role-playing was confusing, to say the least.

“Okay…” Hannah said, looking Emi. “Let’s get started nine,” she said, transforming into her dominatrix role, putting a collar on Emi with the leash already attached.

“Good luck,” Becca laughed while pushing another rep.

“Yeah, good luck Nine,” Sam laughed, shaking her head.

They did a few practice drills and Hannah taught Emi some new tricks.

“Not bad Nine, but Becca beat you by in style,” she said.

Emi snorted indignantly, thinking she could beat Becca if she tried her best. Maybe this could be fun, she thought.

“Okay, let’s cater to your strengths, Nine,” Let’s do some speed drills.

Now we are talking, Emi thought. Hannah had better hang on tight!

“Ready, gallop… full speed!”

“Woooweee!!” Hannah screeched, temporarily forgetting her cool role playing personality as Emi pulled her at a great speed around the basketball court. They repeated this for a while and soon Emi’s entire body was glistening with sweat.

“Okay, back to drills! Left trot, sidestep!”

Emi was doing her very best, her competitive nature kicking in. She wanted this last time to at least impress Hannah and surprise her.

Emi was in the middle of doing her steps when she noticed three staff members by the door. They seemed to be transfixed, staring at Emi in wonderment.

“Mailgirl Nine, you go girl!” Sam shouted from across the room.

Emi winced but was determined to finish this. It should be ending soon, she thought.

“Oh wait, I mean Ponygirl Number Nine!” Sam yelled, correcting herself.

Emi looked again to the staff members. They were not people she had seen before. Suddenly Ho was there and pointing to the exit, looking at the three staff members. They quickly left the room.

“Get that rickshaw outside girls!” Ho yelled. She didn’t look impressed.

Emi stopped immediately as Ho marched up to them. Hannah jumped out just as Ho grabbed the rickshaw from a glistening wet Emi. The manager left the two of them, standing there, looking awkward, with Hannah still holding on to Emi’s leash.

Emi could hear Sam laughing her gut out. She was rolling on the floor, while Ho, dressed in only a loincloth, left the building pulling the rickshaw behind her.

Ho didn’t come back and Emi left with the girls and spent time with them in the Jacuzzi. There was a lot of laughter.

After Jacuzzi and another off-site dinner, Emi felt good. It was like old times again. When they got back to the resort, Emi quickly undressed at the entrance, just inside the building. She didn’t want to make the same mistake as the last time.

When Emi was once again naked, she looked at Becca, expectantly.

“Oh right,” Becca sighed. “Cleanup duty…” she said. “Okay, let’s go.”