**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 10 - Cleanup Duty**

Emi followed Becca until they were almost outside. “Wait, aren’t you going to undress?” Emi asked. She was tired of being the only one naked and was looking forward to Becca being a nude Resort Ambassador again, even if only for a little while.

“Well, it all depends upon the situation at the gate,” Becca said, walking through the doors that lead outside of the building. She headed for the rickshaws.

Emi thought about what she said. It made sense. Becca probably didn’t want to commit to it before knowing if there were people outside the gate, or not.

Becca climbed into a single-seater rickshaw and looked at her watch. “In a week the resort will open,” she said. “How do you feel about where we are at now?” She asked, looking far away, down the path that they were about to travel.

Emi looked down at her naked body, past her smallish breasts and down to her black landing strip. She missed wearing clothes. “We are doing well. Everything is on track, but I have some concerns about the server setup,” she said, stepping forward, her back to Becca. She picked up the handles and started her run.

“What are your concerns,” Becca said, a little louder now that they were moving quickly down the path.

“Probably nothing major, but I need to check it carefully to make sure everything is in order,” Emi half-shouted over her shoulder so that Becca could hear her.

“Do you need Sam?”

“No… I can do it alone,” Emi said, thinking about those words. She was indeed alone now. This nudity was creating a barrier between her and her team. Between her and Becca. She didn’t like it. She was looking forward to seeing Becca as an Ambassador again. Soon they would be at the gate and what she had envisioned in that courtroom; that vision of her and Becca together as Ambassadors; filled her mind.

“Your legs look really tone. You’re doing a fantastic job of keeping in shape.”

Emi felt her body beginning to warm up from the run, but now her face was warming even faster. “Uh… thank you, Becca,” she said, suddenly feeling every bounce of her body as she ran. It was an uncomfortable feeling. Becca wouldn’t be uncomfortable. She would just enjoy the run. Becca was born to be a Resort Ambassador.

“Did I inspire you to this?”

“I…” Emi hesitated. She thought about it. Yes, that was true. If Becca had not been a Resort Ambassador, likely she would be doing normal community service. “Yes, I suppose so,” she said, thinking about her situation. She could have chosen to be fully clothed but then everyone would know she was doing community service. Many people would look down on her. That would likely have been even more difficult and humiliating to cope with every day than being naked at a safe nudist resort with her friends. She was a leader now, working to help bring the place success and prosperity. This was embarrassing, she thought, looking down at her naked body, but it was the right choice. It was also exciting. She no longer had to hide and experiment alone up at Lookout Point. She was now free.

“I have a confession to make,” Becca said, pulling Emi out of her thoughts. “I’m not really that interested in cleanup duty today. I was tempted, but mostly I just wanted to get you out here alone so that we could talk.”

Emi didn’t want to talk. She wanted Becca to get naked and interested in the program again. Was Becca going back on her agreement? Had she done all that rickshaw role-playing for nothing? It was especially embarrassing when some of the staff had seen her pulling Hannah around in the gym. “What do you want to talk about?” she asked, glancing past the Nine on her shoulder, to the thick Nine on her naked thigh. Becca must be able to see the nine on her ass.

“Let’s stop, and have a chat.”

“We are almost to the gate. Maybe we can do both. You agreed to help with cleanup if I role-played with Hannah, remember?”

“Right, yeah… I did say that didn’t I…” Becca said. “But I also said… that I would consider the situation at the gate, before making the final decision.”

Emi didn’t like the uncertainty in those words.

“Okay, keep going…” Becca said.

Emi had no intention of stopping. Instead, she ran faster. The gate was just up ahead. There was no way she was going to let Becca back out of this. She picked up her pace.

After a couple of minutes of silence, Emi came to a stop and let go of the rickshaw handles. She folded her arms over her breasts and watched as Becca climbed out of her seat.

“It’s nice out here,” Becca said, looking at the water. It was still bright out, and hour or so from sunset.

“Yeah, I enjoy jogging to this point,” Emi said, looking at the gate. She tried to hide her annoyance with Becca. She needed to be smart to lure Becca back to the Ambassador’s side.

“You jog here like that? huh… amazing,” Becca said, indicating Emi’s nude form. “I thought I was quite bold as a volunteer RA, but you… the party, role-playing with Hannah, jogging out here…”

Emi shifted her feet, glancing at the gate again. It was easy to make her feel uncomfortable about her nakedness and talking about all this was just embarrassing.

“It’s hard to believe this transformation. Here you are, naked, except for your running shoes, almost two miles away from your clothes,” Becca said, looking fascinated.

Emi blushed, taking a deep breath, she tried to focus. She unfolded her arms and turned towards the gate, showing Becca the Nine on her shoulder. Giving Becca another reminder of what they were here for.

Becca took the hint, and walked towards the gate, tapping her watch to unlock it. She pushed it open, wide and looked back at Emi.

Emi smiled, hiding her fear as she casually walked towards the beach, hiding as much as possible from the open gate. She moved towards the fence to even cut off more chances of anyone seeing her and dropped her sunglasses down from her head over her eyes.

Becca looked at her suspiciously as she walked back to the rickshaw, pulling off her top as she went. “So there is a LIMIT to your new bold powers.”

Emi smiled a little as she walked along the fence towards the gate opening. She was glad that Becca was undressing, but not happy that she left the gate wide open like that. Anyone could just walk in. She wondered if the beach was clear. It must be if Becca was undressing.

“I saw the bottles around the fire-pit,” Becca said. “There is also someone suntanning, but that won’t stop us, right?” She pulled off her bottoms with her underwear and was now nude except for her shoes and her sports bra.

Emi stopped approaching the wide-open gate. “There are people out there?”

“Oh yeah, that’s the point right?” Becca said, tossing her bra into the rickshaw.

Emi suddenly didn’t like this plan. “Look, maybe this is a bad idea. Let’s come back later.”

“This was your idea Emi,” Becca said as she boldly strutted towards the open gate. “Bring the rickshaw, we can put the bottles underneath, just like last time.”

“Wait! You can bring the rickshaw yourself. You are supposed to do this… alone. That was the deal! I’ll wait for you here,” Emi said, re-folding her arms stubbornly.

Becca looked at her carefully. “I was just kidding, nobody is outside the gate. It’s all clear.”

Emi looked uncertain, shifting from one foot to the other.

“Look if you want to renegotiate, how about this? You can stay here, but then you have to answer some questions,” Becca said, seriously.

“Nobody is out there?” Emi asked timidly.

Becca chuckled, shaking her head. “Let’s go Resort Ambassador,” she said, walking through the gate out to the public side of the beach.

Emi watched her go, and finally snapped out of it and ran to get the rickshaw. She pulled it up to the gate and then let go and checked outside carefully and saw that they were indeed alone.

“Hurry up, we don’t want to be out here all day!”

Emi didn’t like being pressured. She also didn’t like Becca’s sense of humor. Outside the gate in full daylight was nothing to kid around with. She looked again, all around the beach, for as far as she could see. Still nothing. Finally, she decided to just get it over with and stepped out past the gate into the public side. This was NOT the plan, she thought, trembling with fear… still, it was thrilling, to say the least.

Becca was almost to the fire pit. She turned around. “Hurry up Nine!” she yelled, walking backward, laughing. Becca seemed to be enjoying herself.

Emi ran, pulling the rickshaw along the path for a bit and then veered directly down over the sand towards the fire-pit near the water. This was the fastest rout and she didn’t want to waste any time. She was glad that she had her sunglasses on, at least.

Becca was bending over and picking up bottles. She had an armful of them when Emi arrived. “So you finally showed up,” she said, exaggerating.

Emi ignored her and saw that there were only three more bottles to pick up and she dropped the handles to the rickshaw and quickly scooped up the bottles. She and Becca loaded the undercarriage of the rickshaw.

That’s it. They were done! Emi grabbed the handles to the rickshaw and pulled, but it seemed to be stuck in the sand. She pulled harder with all her might. She looked back and saw that Becca was holding onto the carriage, stopping her from leaving. “What the hell! Becca, we are done, let’s go back now!”

“Not so fast, little one,” Becca said, smiling. “If you look down along the beach, you can see another fire pit.”

“We just need to clean up this one,” Emi said, pulling again but not getting anywhere. “Let go!”

“Here’s the deal. You answer one question, and we can go back now. Otherwise, you keep your secrets and we go a little further,” Becca said, trying to negotiate.

Emi shook her head incredulously. “Bring back the rickshaw when you are done,” she said, walking away from both Becca and the rickshaw. She wanted to run, but she kept her cool and just walked towards the gate.

“I don’t get you Emi. Why do you want me to be naked? Are you attracted to me?”

Emi stopped, looking back with laugh. “Are you kidding me?” She saw Becca watching her closely, reading her, with those sharp eyes of hers.

“Then what’s going on? Why are you so committed to something that you dislike. Was Sam right? Did Su-Ning say something to you? Did she pay you a bunch of money?”

“No it was my decision,” Emi said, looking down. “It’s true that Su-Ning tried to talk me out of it. She didn’t think I was suited to the role and was worried I wouldn’t help guests feel comfortable.”

“And so suddenly you need to prove her wrong?”

“No… I mean, yes… It’s complicated.”

“You must get at least ‘some’ thrill from the exhibitionist stuff. When you told us about that party, I figured that you must like some of it, or you wouldn’t have done all that, right?”

“I… I guess… I’m only human,” Emi exaggerated. Mostly she just wanted the party to be a success. “I’ve never been naked in front of people like that before. But lots of people were half-naked at the party, so I wasn’t really the only one.”

“You were the only one COMPLETELY naked,” Becca corrected.

“I… no, Hannah was also completely naked, briefly…”

“How did does it feel? Being out here like this…” Becca said, grabbing her belt-bag under her clothes in the carriage, clicking something inside the bag.

Emi opted for some honesty. Something, anything, to keep Becca from finding out the deeply humiliating truth of her community service.

“I’m just trying to survive, but yes… sometimes there is a little thrill with this side-job,” she said. It was very hard to admit that to Becca, but then, she probably already knew. Not much get’s past Becca.

“Play – Moves like Jagger” Becca said, to her watch. The song started playing from Becca’s belt-bag, sitting on a pile of her clothes.

Becca started to dance around the empty fire-pit, ignoring Emi as she made some very impressive moves. Emi had never seen Becca dance like this before.

Emi tried not to stare, but it was impossible to not look. Becca moved like a rockstar, twisting and turning to the music. Sometimes saying part of the song out loud.

“I put on a show… now we’re naked…” Becca sang, locking her eyes on Emi.

Emi had never seen such raw sexuality. It was mesmerizing. But then it was also funny when Becca stuck out her tongue like a kid, making fun of a part of the song that mentioned tongues.

Emi laughed, sticking her tongue out as well. She was getting into the music, gradually moving a leg to the beat.

Becca only emphasized some of the words. Emi couldn’t tell if she was trying to tell her something, or if she was just playing around.

Emi decided to play around too. “But if I share my secret you’re gonna have to keep it” Emi lip-synced, surprising herself as she made a little dance move.

Becca seemed to nod. Was the message received?

Emi looked around the beach, worried that someone might come by when they were distracted. Thankfully, it was still clear.

Becca didn’t want to stop and played the song again. Again she emphasized sections of the song, and when it got to the part about getting in the car.. Becca brought Emi to the handles of the rickshaw and she jumped in the back seat. She pointed to the next fire-pit up the beach.

Becca sang some more select lyrics. “Wherever you want… And you want to steer”

Emi deduced the decision was hers to make, so taking a deep breath she headed towards the next fire-pit down the beach, straining her muscles as it was very hard to pull someone on the sand.

“Whooo!” Becca yelled excitedly.

The loud sound scared Emi. Losing her confidence, she turned up away from the water, up towards the path, slightly angling towards the gate as well.

“Boo…” Becca howled… the music was still playing as Emi struggled, to reach the pathway above the beach.

Em’s fear was growing, but she played it cool. Looking back, she stuck her tongue out in response. Then she doubled her efforts, pulling hard with all her might. She had enough of being naked outside the gate. Time to get back to safety.

Becca continued to boo.

The loud music worried Emi, but nobody was anywhere near them. Finally, she made it up onto the path, but she saw a movement next to a bush right in front of herself. It startled her so much that she dropped the handles, covering herself with her hands. The rickshaw came to a sudden stop.

“Whoa…” Becca said, clicking-off the music. “What did you see?”

Emi jumped behind the rickshaw when she saw that someone was laying on the ground, facing the other way.

“What is it!” Becca yelled, covering her breasts as well.

Emi wished Becca wasn’t so noisy. At least the music was now off. “There is a woman laying on the ground,” She said, trying to get a better look at her from behind the rickshaw. She was hard to see because of her sandy colored clothes with a safari hat to match.

“I see her,” Becca said, looking down on the ground.

Without looking at them, the woman waved frantically behind her head for them to stop or be quiet. She was twisting a big camera lens, shooting at something just behind the bushes. She took a few rapid shots and then swore like a sailor.

Emi thought about making a run for it towards the gate. Becca could fend for herself.

“Thanks a lot! You two noisy-nudists scared the Kingfisher I was tracking…” The woman said standing up suddenly, still looking towards whatever she had been shooting. She still had not made eye contact with them.

Emi felt trapped, if she ran, surely the woman would see her.

Emi watched as the woman turned and looked at Becca. She put her hands on her hips; camera dangling from her neck. Her eyes darted back and forth between them.

“My apologies,” Becca said to the tall middle-aged woman with short brown hair. “We didn’t know anyone was out here.”

“We were cleaning up some bottles from the beach,” Emi added, from behind the rickshaw. One arm comically reached out from behind the rickshaw, pointing under the carriage at the empty bottles.

“Is THAT what you were doing,” the woman said, smiling suddenly. “I’m Susan,” she added, holding her arm out to shake Becca’s hand.

Becca hopped out of the rickshaw and quickly took her hand. “Hi, I’m Becca. We work at the resort,” she said, giving a firm handshake.

The woman looked to Emi.

“This is my brave co-worker,” Becca said, laughing.

“Becca, we should be going,” Emi encouraged, fearing the woman with a big camera dangling from her neck.

Susan continued to watch the two of them with some interest.

“You should visit the resort, it’s opening next week,” Said Becca, standing confidently in front of this stranger.

“I’m tempted,” Susan said. “Dream Away Resort?”

“Yes,” confirmed Becca, climbing back into the rickshaw. “They finally named the place just the other day, I’m surprised that you know the name already.”

“I saw an ad this morning.”

“Hope you visit us… the food is amazing!” Becca added, selling the place.

While Susan was distracted with Becca, Emi rushed out and grabbed the handles of the rickshaw, giving her a frontal view of her body. “Goodbye,” Emi squeaked, pulling the rickshaw away suddenly. Now that she was on her way, the rickshaw was hopefully hiding her as she ran towards the gate.

“Slow down, this isn’t a race,” Becca said, laughing.

Emi didn’t agree. She was racing to get through the gate again. They dodged a bullet. That could have been a man or a group of people. “Open the gate, Becca,”

“Gate opened!” Becca yelled, laughing again.

Emi kicked the gate wide open, quickly pulling Becca through. She dropped the handles and ran back to push the gate shut. The woman seemed to be gone, or maybe she was laying down again. Emi tapped her watch and locked the gate.

“That was fun!” Becca said, smiling.

Emi didn’t agree at all, shaking her head, but broke out smiling as well.

Becca picked up her shorts and looked at Emi.

Emi was unhappy to see that she was about to get dressed.

Becca paused, looking at her reaction. “That was fun, but now time to focus on work,” she said, watching Emi closely as she pulled up the shorts with her underwear in them.

Emi tried not to show her emotions as she watched Becca dress.

One the way back, it was quiet again.

“I swear, your ass looks like it’s blushing.”

Emi wasn’t blushing, she was thinking about work. That was just her sweating from the run. But now that Becca pulled her out of her thoughts, and talked about her ass, she felt her cheeks get hotter. Her face was getting warmer as well.

Back at the resort, in the Jacuzzi, the team laughed as Becca told them about the cleanup.

The next morning, Saturday, Emi grabbed her clothes and headed outside. She needed to go check the servers at the marketing building and was planning on jogging there.

“Wait up Emi,” Becca said. “I’ll go with you.”

“Are you sure, I don’t need any help.”

“I’m just as anxious about next week as you are. So is Su-Ning, as you know. I’m caught up on all my tasks, so I’d like to tag along.”

“Ahh… okay,” Emi said.

Once they were outside, Becca jumped into a rickshaw. “I can hold your clothes for you,” she said, trying to look helpful.

Emi sighed and stood behind the rickshaw and stretched her calves a little before reluctantly moving to the front and grabbing the handles.

As they ran, they talked about work, but Emi sensed that Becca was just making small talk. She probably wanted to keep ‘talking’ with her.

When they reached the Gate, Emi heard the gate click and was annoyed that Becca didn’t wait for her to get dressed first. The gate was still closed, but anyone could push it open.

Becca handed Emi her bra.

Emi put it on and started to reach into the rickshaw for her clothes but Becca quickly handed her shirt.

Emi put it on, wishing she put on her panties first. She didn’t wait to button up the shirt and again Becca dangled her panties in front of her.

Emi snatched them and pulled them up. Then she held out her hand for the bottoms.

Becca looked confused and looked all round inside the rickshaw.

“Very funny,” Emi said, trying not to sound worried. She knew Becca was playing with her. She was likely sitting on her shorts.

Becca smiled, finally handing her the shorts.

The gate moved a little from the wind, but Emi pulled up the shorts so quick that she almost fell over.

Becca laughed.

After she was dressed, Emi pulled her unique sunglasses back down. It was sunny out, after-all.

On the other side of the gate, they resumed their journey. Emi felt good about wearing clothes again. She felt normal. She didn’t dislike nudity, especially when she was alone, but she was still not comfortable around others, especially if they were dressed. It was easiest around Becca because she was her friend, and also Becca had been an RA. She was like a kindred spirit in both regards.

When they got to the Marketing Building, Emi hoped someone was there. She didn’t want to have to go into the main building and explain to a bunch of non-developers who she was and why she needed access to the servers. They would have to make a number of phone calls to confirm that she was indeed allowed to do that.

Emi nocked. There was no response.

Becca dismounted the rickshaw. “I hope someone is there,” she said, probably thinking the same thing.

The door opened. “Emi… come in,” Liz gushed, smiling. “This is a pleasant surprise… oh, you are wearing clothes. Are you still an Ambassador?”

“Uh… Yes, I am. I’m just here to check the server, ahead of next week’s launch,” Emi said, walking past Liz towards the server room.

“Okay… Hi Becca!”

“Hi Liz, how are things?” Becca asked, coming inside, following Emi but slowing up to chat with Liz.

“It’s okay, Sarah has me working the weekend again… I was behind on some of the tasks.”

Becca nodded. “That’s too bad, but we are certainly glad that you are here. It makes access to the server room much easier.”

“Well, I’m done my work so can I hang out with you guys?” Liz asked.

“Of course,” Becca answered quickly. “So were you surprised about Emi?”

“YES! You were surprised as well, I take it?” Liz answered, looking around dramatically.

Emi didn’t like the idea of them chatting about her. She sat down at a computer and focused on her work, trying to ignore them.

“Yes I was. It was quite the transformation…huh?” Becca prodded.

Liz nodded animatedly.

Emi looked up from her task on the computer. “I see a little issue here with the accuracy of the weekly reporting, but it’s a trivial fix.”

“How much time do you need?” Becca asked.

“Not so long. But I want to make a backup and unit test my branch before I push it. A half-hour at most, I guess.”

“Did you guys want something to drink? I can make a run to the cafeteria and get something for you two,” Liz offered.

“I’ll go with you. I could use a little walk, I didn’t get much exercise today,” Becca said.

Emi huffed. That’s because you never offer to pull the rickshaw. She was glad they were leaving, so she could concentrate. But she also hoped that they were not going to gossip too much.

Twenty minutes later, much longer than necessary, they returned, laughing and handed Emi an orange juice.

“Thanks,” Emi said. “I’m done, just need to wait on a few batch scripts and then we can go. Probably another 20 min or so.”

“Sounds good. Liz was telling me that we are the only ones in the building currently. I mean except for big Bob, the security guard,” Becca said, laughing. “We saw him snoring upstairs in the cafeteria.”

“Yeah, he’s a nice guy. But it’s so easy to sneak around him. You can hear his loud walking a mile away, with his giant keychain shaking with each step.”

Emi was glad that they were not talking about her for once. “So you were sneaking?”

“What are you up to Liz,” Becca added, smiling.

Liz blushed, “Uh… it’s kind of embarrassing, but I guess you two can relate.”

“Go on,” Becca encouraged, putting down her drink. “Spill it.”

Emi was quick to jump on this too. “Yes, do tell,” she added, happy that someone else was getting pressure instead of her. Especially the little trouble-maker Liz.

“Well… I’ve been streaking this building at least once a month for the last 2 years,” she admitted. “It’s a blast!”

“So you don’t really mind coming in on the weekends,” Becca suggested.

“No…”

“Were you going to go do that tonight?” Emi asked.

“Uhh… yes, but I decided to cancel.”

“Don’t cancel because of us,” Becca said. “We would love to see you do this.”

“No… I mean, do you guys want to come with me?”

“Sure,” Becca said. “It would be fun,”

“The three of us streaking! That would be a blast… let’s do it!”

Becca shook her head. “That does sound very fun, Liz. It’s right up my alley, but we are professionals here and it’s just too much risk.”

“What risk? You are both Resort Ambassadors! This is practically a sister company. You guys have every right to represent the resort here. Besides, there is nobody here,” Liz pleaded.

“You make some interesting points. I suppose we wouldn’t be in much trouble if we got caught,” Becca reasoned, looking over to Emi.

“I don’t think so, Becca,” Emi said, shaking her head. “What if some of the marketing guys came back?”

“You mean the guys that you plan to mentor in the nude on Monday?” Becca quipped.

Liz waved her arms, trying to express herself. “This company is helping to share your nudist resort’s message. You two are Ambassadors of that message. Grow some balls Emi!” Liz pushed.

Emi looked at her with a dark face.

“I… ahh, was just kidding… about the balls, I mean.”

Becca patted Liz on the back. “Emi’s right. She’s still a little shy and I’m in the process of retiring from being an RA. I’m probably not going to undress anymore.”

“Really? That’s too bad. But you should totally do it… I mean, go out with a bang! Besides, you are crazy to give up that job. I know that I certainly would love to do it. But I have to work here, unfortunately,” Liz said with a pouty face.

Emi didn’t like hearing Becca say that. The shy part was true, but the part about Becca not undressing again was unpleasant to hear. Thinking about this, Emi realized that if Liz has been doing this for 2 years then it must be pretty safe. Maybe this could be a way to interest Becca again. It was a long shot, but Emi was feeling desperate. Plus Liz was doing all the heavy lifting of talking Becca into it.

“We probably wouldn’t get in trouble,” Emi said, quietly, looking down at her drink.

Liz jumped up and down. “Yes! That’s right… You two are Resort Ambassadors. You guys rock! You can do anything… fearless!”

Becca looked surprised, and started smiling at Emi. “So?”

Emi shrugged. “It could pass the time… we have another 15 minutes to wait,” she said, trying not to show her growing fear and excitement.

Becca looked to Liz. “Lead the way…”

Becca brought them to some lockers in the hallway. “We can put our stuff in my locker,” she said, sitting down to untie her shoelaces.

Emi and Becca smiled, and pulled off all their clothes in just a minute, placing everything in the locker.

Liz put her shoes in the locker, under their clothes. “I like to go barefoot, it’s quieter.”

Emi and Becca also took off their shoes, also placing them under the clothes. They were now both completely naked.

Liz however, was slow and only down to her bra and panties. Finally, she closed the locker and locked it. Then hopped towards the stairwell. “Let’s go,” she whispered excitedly.

“What about your underwear Liz? That’s not streaking?” Emi said, feeling betrayed.

“Yes, it is. This is how I streak. I’m not crazy, you know. I work here,” she laughed, skipping up the stairs.

Emi and Becca looked at each other with grimaces. They were tricked!

“Let’s go, Resort Ambassadors!” Liz said, entirely too loud.

“That little brat,” Emi muttered to herself, frozen in place. Unsure of what to do.

Becca laughed and started going up the stairs, leaving Emi alone.

Emi looked around nervously. She didn’t want to be left alone, her clothes locked away. Reluctantly, she followed the two girls up the stairs.