**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 11 – Office Streak**

Emi followed Liz and Becca up the stairwell of the four-story marketing building. Every step that she took with her bare feet on the cool staircase felt explicitly naughty. Looking down at her naked body, she suddenly realized that she was actually living a fantasy – or a horror – depending upon what happened next. Her breathing quickened as she caught up with Liz and Becca. This was crazy!

Looking up, Emi saw the back of Becca’s nude body. Liz’s panty and bra clad body was a striking contrast. There was a big difference between being naked like she and Becca were compared to Liz in just her underwear.

Emi noticed that Becca did have an amazing body, as she followed the woman up the stairs. She felt embarrassed to see Becca from this angle and imagined Sam complaining – ‘I can’t un-see that!’ The thought almost brought a smile to her face but then she quickly looked behind herself, making sure nobody had a similar view of her own naked body.

Liz stopped before a door, holding the handle. “This is the second floor. It’s always empty at this time in the evening,” she said, entirely too loudly.

Becca looked excited. “This has always been a fantasy of mine,” she admitted, looking around nervously.

Emi was preoccupied with her own feelings of fear and excitement, but the comment pulled her out a little and she considered Becca. Usually she was confident, but that was always in a safe resort, where one was allowed to be naked. Here they were outside of the resort where anyone might see them. Was it even legal to be naked here? Suddenly she also started to lose confidence. “That was fun… but this is a bit crazy. Maybe we should go back now,” Emi suggested.

“Don’t worry,” Liz said, opening the door wide and stepping into the second-floor office area.

Emi and Becca moved back, hiding from whoever might be in the room.

Liz continued talking. “That’s just your common sense kicking in. It gets easier as you get further and further from your clothes,” she said, sounding annoyingly confident as she stood well into the room with her hands on her hips.

Easy for you to say, Emi thought, you are still wearing underwear!

Becca stepped in front of Emi, carefully looking into the room before she finally walked in and stood behind Liz.

Emi was still holding the door, using it to shield herself. But seeing the other two gave her some confidence. She felt a little silly being afraid of nothing so she entered, quietly closing the door behind her as quietly as she could. She heard it click.

Emi looked around the large office floor. There were well over 40 desks and a dozen cubicles near the far wall. It was a modern-looking office floor with a larger than normal printer and supply room near the door they had come in. Likely it was the stationary center of the entire building. With the exception of the cubicles along the far wall, each of the desks supported a large movable monitor and had a laptop docking bay. The computer chairs looked comfortable as well.

Becca folded her arms, looking like she was having second thoughts about all this. Emi could relate, she was also thinking to call it quits. This was very scary and would certainly be awkward if they were caught.

Liz put her arms around the two, surprising them. “A penny for your thoughts?”

Becca looked at Emi. “I can’t believe that you went this far. I’m actually ready to go back.”

Emi agreed, nodding.

“Nooo…. we just got here,” Liz complained, letting go of them and running forward to one of the desks to sit in it. She pretended to be working on an invisible computer. “Emi, Becca… I’m unsure about this function in my code. Can you take a look?”

Becca looked back at the door… and then smiled and strutted over to Liz, looking over her shoulder. Her breasts hung down as she examined the imaginary screen that Liz was looking at. “Oh, I see what you mean. Emi is really good with these types of problems.”

Emi rolled her eyes. Becca was a sucker for role-playing, she thought while looking carefully around for people and then up for security cameras before she tentatively walked deeper into the large room. She didn’t see any cameras and if Liz had been doing this for two years, someone would have said something by now. Likely there were no cameras. Deciding to get this over with, she quickly joined the two girls, looking down at the fake screen. “Yeah, you need to do this and that,” Emi said quickly, typing on the imaginary keyboard. “There, all done, we can go now.”

Liz looked up smiling. “Thanks Emi… oh btw, I’ve been meaning to ask… what’s with all the Nines?” She sat up in her chair, putting her arms behind her head. Her cute bra covered breasts stuck out while she looked up and down Emi’s body.

“You really don’t know?” Becca asked, standing back to look at Emi as well.

Emi didn’t like being the center of attention and folded her arms, ignoring Liz. “I think the running script is likely finished now, Becca. We have more work back at the resort,” she said, hoping to change the subject.

“It’s something to do with mailgirls, right?” Liz asked, looking from one nude woman to the other.

“Do you know what a mailgirl is?” Becca asked, looking around the office.

“Something to do with nudity and mail? It’s a story right?” Liz guessed.

“Yeah, actually there are multiple stories. It’s about nude delivery girls in an office environment,” Becca answered.

“Oh perfect! We are in an office now,” Liz blurted out.

Emi didn’t like how loud her voice was. “I’m not role-playing a mailgirl,” she said flatly. Her arms were still folded. “This isn’t my kink. It’s Becca’s and Hannah’s. They keep trying to drag me into these role-playing sessions.”

Becca nodded. “It’s true. I’m sorry about that Emi,” she said, looking down at their bare feet.

Emi appreciated the admission, especially in front of Liz. Usually her team was trying to make her look like SHE was the one into all this. It seemed like Sam and Hannah’s side hobby. Becca had been someone she could count on.

“We have to leave soon Liz, but just to satisfy your curiosity I’ll show you. I’ll be the mailgirl,” she said, with an exaggerated sigh. “Emi go sit in that chair over there.”

Emi didn’t like the delay, but she was glad at least she didn’t have to be the mailgirl. It was bad enough being marked up like one. She walked quickly to the chair and sat down, hoping to get this over with sooner rather than later.

“Alright. I’m going to do a quick demonstration, and then we can all go get dressed.”

Liz nodded enthusiastically, smiling.

“I’m going to go over there by the paper station and assume a waiting stance. You can order me to come and deliver a message to Emi.”

“But she’s right there…” Liz said, confused.

“Pretend that she’s on a different floor.”

“Oh okay.”

Becca kneeled down by the printer room, pretending to wait for her smartphone to beep.

“Okay… I sent a request for delivery,” Liz said, excitedly.

Emi watched with amusement, noting that Becca’s knees were completely closed. She appreciated that Becca had a limit to her role-playing, but still, why do it if you don’t do it right?

Becca looked at her watch and got up suddenly and ran over to Liz.

Emi carefully watched the two girls interacting. Becca looked down, but then looked into Liz’s eyes as Liz nodded. Again Becca wasn’t doing it right.

Becca then bowed politely to Liz, looked at her watch and then ran towards Emi.

Emi noted that Becca looked indeed like a mailgirl, running through the office like that, her breasts bouncing. Becca also made brief eye contact with her as she ran. Emi turned and looked at her pretend computer, waiting for her delivery. This whole thing was hilariously stupid. She decided to be quick so they could hurry up and go back and get dressed.

Becca arrived. “Delivery for you Ma’am,” she said, putting her hands behind her back, pretending to be breathing heavily.

Emi noticed that her breasts stuck out more than usual with her hands behind her back. Her nipples were standing out. She also noticed Becca catching her looking at her breasts. Becca had amusement in her eyes. That annoyed Emi, she wasn’t supposed to look at her eyes. “That’s one demerit for breach of protocol,” Emi said.

“Ma’am?” Becca asked, looking up briefly again.

“You know damn well you are never to look your superiors in the eye, mailgirl. Where is your number?” She asked, looking up and down Becca’s body.

“Ahh, sorry Ma’am, I didn’t have time,”

“You didn’t have time? Unbelievable. That’s another demerit,” Emi complained. “I guess I’ll have to call you… Zero,” she said in an exasperated tone. Emi stood up, looking strongly into Becca’s downturned eyes.

“I’m sorry Ma’am… it won’t happen again,” Becca said, sounding sincere.

Emi didn’t smile, even though this was more fun than she had expected. “I also saw that your waiting position wasn’t correct,” she said, curious about how Becca would react. “Demonstrate the proper waiting position Zero.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Becca said, quickly getting down on her knees with her hands behind her back. Her legs were closed tightly.

“Chin up, chest out, eyes down,” Emi barked, almost adding ‘open your legs’, but she couldn’t bring herself to do say it. “Is that the correct position?”

“Yes, Ma’am…” Becca insisted, sticking her tits out even further. She looked very submissive.

“Alright what is your message, Zero.”

“Ahh…. Liz said that it’s your turn next Ma’am,” Becca said timidly as if she was afraid of Emi’s reaction. Her eyes were angled properly down, looking at Emi’s feet.

“The hell… you tell Liz no problem. Right after she kisses my naked ass right on the crack,” Emi said, surprising herself at the vulgarity she coming out of her own mouth. She saw Becca smile briefly before getting back into character. “Off you go, Zero.”

Becca stood up and ran back to Liz. This time she kept her eyes down.

Emi watched carefully, glad that the incompetent mailgirl was finally doing it right. She saw Liz light up upon getting the message and laugh. Zero was nodding. It looked like Liz was sending another message. Emi snorted.

Becca ran back and got down on her knees, assuming the position again, wrongly, with her legs firmly closed. At least she didn’t make eye contact. “Message for you Ma’am,” she said, humbly.

“Spill it, Zero.”

“Ma’am… Liz agrees to your terms wholeheartedly and asks if you would like some tongue with that,” Zero said, almost smiling, but keeping her submissive tone and body language.

Emi grinned. “Absolutely!” she said, looking over to Liz. “You tell her to bring that dirty little tongue over here right now,” she said, laughing.

“Yes, Ma’am!” And with that Zero ran back and parleyed the message to Liz.

Liz laughed out loud and they both ran back to Emi.

Emi waited with her arms folded, a smirk on her face.

“Your turn next,” Liz said, looking at Emi in the eyes.

“No problem, right after you pay up,” Emi said, turning around and pointing her naked ass at Liz, confidently putting her hands on her hips.

Liz laughed. “Alright, you’re mistaken if you think you won’t be having a turn Nine. Let the record show that I offered you a chance to avoid my tongue,” she said, threateningly.

Emi heard her getting down behind her ass. There was no way Liz was going to do it.

“I’ve been looking forward to this for a long time,” Liz said, grabbing Emi’s hips firmly.  
The touch surprised Emi, but she kept her cool. Liz was just trying to scare her, but Emi could feel her breath. She wouldn’t dare!

Zero chuckled and both girls turned suddenly, giving her a stern look. She looked down quickly.

Emi glanced over her shoulder at Liz who was wiggling her tongue close to her ass. She started to pull Emi’s ass towards her face.

Emi stepped forward, away from Liz and turned around.

“Chicken!” Liz said as she exaggeratedly fell forward into a pushup position.

“Like you were going to,” Emi said, downplaying her defeat in the showdown.

The three girls heard a sneeze coming from the furthest cubicle.

They quietly but suddenly scrambled behind a desk. Emi realized the futility of them trying to hide as they squatted down. Whoever was over there, if they came out, could probably see them under the desk. Some computer chairs gave them partial cover, but it wasn’t much. She turned her hips not wanting an awkward situation to be even more embarrassing.

A young man stood up and looked back towards the door. He was wearing a large set of headphones. “Yeah, come on in. The floor is empty today.”

Panicking, Emi realized that whoever he was… he didn’t hear them at least. But someone must be coming up the stairs. They couldn’t move because the guy was up and looking at the door, apparently waiting for someone to open it.

They couldn’t move, as in doing so would risk catching his eye. The view from the doorway wasn’t more dangerous, but it wasn’t better either. In a moment there would be two people. The chances of being caught were about to double.

“Yeah, the second floor. Come up the stairs. There’s no elevator.” said the man with the fancy headphones.

Emi realized that he was using the headphones to receive the call, which meant that the mike was on so they needed to stay extra quiet. Looking down at her body she shivered. It was one thing to be naked at a nude resort, this was an entirely different thing. Emi looked wide-eyed at Becca and she returned the same frightened look. Even Liz looked quite concerned. Despite all the previous bravado, none of them wanted to be caught.

A man and a woman entered. Followed quickly by another man carrying a stack of papers. There were now four of them!

“Hey…” the first fellow said, taking off his headphones. “Did you bring the reports?”

“Of course,” said the woman. She was tall and serious looking. The other two dressed as one might be at a nightclub. They all seemed to know each other very well and the first two walked out of sight into the cubicle, while the last guy stopped and stood with his back facing the girls. He seemed to be waiting for the others.

“It’s now or never,” Becca whispered. “Let’s get out of here.”

“No…” Liz whispered, looking horrified. “I know the guy. I’d die if he saw me like this.”

Emi pulled her face to face, shaking her head with a silent WTF expression, looking at her incredulously as she indicated her naked body and Becca’s.

“What?” Liz whispered. “You guys are Resort Ambassadors,” she said, as if it had some kind of special meaning.

“Jesus,” Becca lamented, under her breath. “I’m supposed to be the business representative of our team. This is going to be very awkward to explain.”

Emi felt bad for Becca, who was looking truly worried. Emi felt guilty for suggesting they go along with this.

“I could get fired for this,” Liz said quietly, equally worried. “Sarah is always looking for an excuse to get rid of people.”

Emi gritted her teeth, trying to build up her courage. She could take the fall and let the others escape, perhaps.

The printer fired up and started printing.

“Oh shit,” Becca and Liz said at the same time. “We are screwed,” Becca added, whispering.

Emi also realized that they were in deep trouble. Soon someone was going to go to the printer room. They were all about to get discovered. They needed to act fast, but someone was likely to come walking out at any moment so it was unwise to make a run for it now. They were indeed screwed. Emi decided that she had no choice. She had to save her friends.

“Is this even legal?” Liz said. “I might have been wrong about you guys being safe here. I mean, you are both completely naked.”

Suddenly Emi realized that she was right. She had to avoid legal trouble at all costs. She was already doing community service. She could be in a LOT of trouble if caught. She realized that she had the most to lose and her rescue plan fell apart, shattering into a million pieces. She felt the blood draining from her face.

“Are you okay Emi?” Liz said, looking concerned.

Becca also looked at her. “She looks like she’s going to throw up. This is not good,” she said, almost laughing at how things were quickly escalating way out of control.

“Oh my god…” Liz whispered, looking at Emi. “She’s shaking.”

Becca’s face hardened. “Alright, I’ll go distract them. When nobody is looking in this direction, try to quietly, but quickly, escape.” Becca started to stand but Liz grabbed her shoulder, keeping her down.

“Wait… I’ll do it…” Liz said, “I’ll tell them I spilled some drink on my clothes. And that I needed some printer paper while I was working alone. I didn’t expect to meet anyone…”

Emi felt like a coward. She wanted to be the one to save them even if it was terribly humiliating. But doing so, she could end up back in jail, or worse. There was no way she could get into legal trouble again. Her heartbeat accelerated and she felt faint.

“Cheers,” the group said from the far cubicle. They were all in there now and some music started. Nobody was visible from where the girls were.

Becca made an executive decision. “Let’s run for it… now,” she said, without waiting Becca ran quietly towards the stairwell door.

Liz and Emi quickly followed. There was no time to think. It was now or never. Maybe this was the best chance.

“What the hell!” Someone said out loud.

The words startled Emi so much that she almost tripped. They were almost at the door. Risking a glance back she saw there was still nobody in sight.

Someone yelled about a drink spilled on shoes, followed by some laughter.

Becca exited the door, holding it open while Liz and Emi passed though. Becca quickly but quietly shut it.

“What a rush!” Liz proclaimed, smiling like an idiot.

Becca looked at Emi, shaking her head, like as if to say – ‘what are we going to do with this one?’. But Becca also shared a look of relief and then broke out into a smile.

Emi couldn’t smile yet, but her sense of humor was returning. “I’m going to have to clear your demerits, Zero,” she said, finally smiling.

Becca and Liz were laughing quietly while Emi held her head in relief.

“Phew,” Liz said, agreeing with Emi’s body language.

Emi heard a noise somewhere in the stairwell and singled the girls to be quiet. It was the sound of a door opening.

They all heard the sound of a door shutting, followed by the sound of keys jiggling with each step.

“Oh crap,” Liz whispered. “It’s Bob. Shit, I don’t know if he’s above or below us,” she said, cocking her head sideways to hear better.

Everyone froze, trying to listen. He was getting closer but stepping slowly.

Emi moved to the stairs, taking a step down and then quickly came back up and ran upstairs quickly, signaling everyone to follow her. She was thankful the three of them were barefoot.

They climbed two floors quickly to the top floor and entered a large open area where half the floor was a cafeteria, thankfully empty. Not all of the lights were on. Emi saw that one big corner of the floor was the kitchen and there were three corner offices as well.

“We can go down the other stairwell, on the other side of the cafeteria,” Liz said, excitedly. “Follow me.”

Emi was relieved to hear that as she followed the two girls quickly across the large open area where there were a number of tables very similar to picnic tables in the center of the room. Halfway across Emi heard something coming from the kitchen. She froze, listening. It sounded like someone was washing dishes.

Liz stopped, signaling Becca to stop and pointed to the kitchen. “I have never seen anyone but Bob up here at this time in the evening,” she said, sounding confused.

Emi looked at her watch. It was almost 8 pm and Bob would be arriving soon.

They quickly made it to the second stairwell leading down and Liz held the door open. Emi quickly entered and started down the stairs but then stopped, holding up her hand. They could all hear the sound of several people climbing the steps.

Emi frantically signaled to go back up. They exited the stairwell, heading back into the cafeteria while Becca held the door open.

“It must be that group on the second floor coming up for snacks,” Liz whispered. “Quick, let’s hide in a corner office until they leave,” she said, running back into the big room.

Emi noticed the big stairwell door swinging shut so she stayed behind to make sure it closed quietly. Looking back at the girls she saw that they had run clear across the room to the furthest corner office for some unknown reason. It didn’t make any sense.

Becca and Liz ducked into the office near the stairwell door where Bob was coming up.

Emi ran after them but stopped halfway when she heard something from the kitchen again: a large clunk. Emi ducked for a moment, trying to hide. Finally noticing that it wasn’t anything to worry about, she looked up and saw the girls frantically waving at her to stay away, pointing at the stairwell near them. The stairwell door near the girls started opening and Becca and Liz shut the office door and hid. Emi seeing no other option, quickly ducked into the corner office closest to her.

Once inside, she shut the door quickly but quietly, breathing a sigh of relief.

“Why, hello there,” came a voice from behind her.

Emi yelped, nearly jumping out of her skin as she spun around. It was Ruth Banks. She was sitting calmly at her desk with a laptop open next to a dim table lamp, looking at Emi as recognition grew on her face.

“Oh sorry!” Emi said, thinking quickly.

“Emi? Is that you?” asked Ruth, studying her closely.

“Ahh, yes,” Emi said, deciding to play it cool, as if she were doing nothing wrong. “Sorry, I didn’t realize this office was occupied.”

“Is everything okay?”

“Bob frightened me. I forgot that he is usually up here.”

“Why are you naked?”

“I’m a Resort Ambassador.”

“Oh right, I heard about that. But here in the marketing building as well?”

“Sorry, I was downstairs fixing a server problem and I thought the building was empty.”

“So you took off all your clothes?”

“Yes, I’m still trying to get used to the nudity associated with the role and it’s easier when nobody is around. I came upstairs to get a drink and suddenly Bob came into the room so I ducked in here. I didn’t want to give him a heart attack as I hadn’t given him any warning about my state of dress,” Emi said, carefully.

Ruth chuckled. “I see. That makes sense.”

Emi nodded, relieved that what she said made sense.

“Well, since you are trapped here you might as well join the meeting. You probably should have been invited, regardless.”

“Meeting?” Emi asked, suddenly remembering the group coming up the stairs.

“Yes, Su-Ning called this emergency meeting because the early numbers are telling us there isn’t a lot of interest in the resort. We are quite concerned about opening day next week.”

“I had no idea,” Emi said, suddenly concerned about the resort.

There were people outside. Someone knocked on the door.

Emi braced herself.

“Come in!” Ruth answered loudly.

In walked Su-Ning. She looked pleasantly surprised to see Emi.

Ho came in scowling as usual. The look of disapproval all over her face.

Sarah was the last to enter. She shut the door, before turning to see Emi. “WTF!” she said, looking at Emi with shock and disgust. Finally, she turned her head away as if she couldn’t stand the sight of her.

“Haven’t you heard Sarah? Emi’s the head of the Resort Ambassador program,” Ruth said, amusement in her voice.

Emi realized that Ruth had already known about her position. She hadn’t told her about being the head of the program. Su-Ning must have told her.

“So what does that mean?” Sarah asked.

“It means that she’s usually going to be naked,” Ruth explained.

“She can’t be naked here! And there is no way she is going to be seen by my developers like this. That’s insane! I won’t allow it,” Sarah said, looking quite upset.

“They’ve already seen her,” Su-Ning said. “Liz and Ben had no trouble with Emi’s noble effort to help the resort.”

Sarah looked shocked and furious. “Well, it’s not going to…”

Ruth waved her hand, which somehow magically stopped Sarah. “Have a seat, Sarah.”

Reluctantly Sarah sat down in one of the three chairs in front of Ruth’s desk.

“Everyone, please… sit down. Sorry Emi, I only was expecting three. You will have to stand.”

Emi nodded, aghast at Sarah’s horrific reactions towards her personally, but she bit her tongue.

Ruth turned to Sarah, who was simmering in her chair. “I know your Uncle owns this place, but you are going to have to learn to play well with others if you wish to stay.”

Sarah briefly looked shocked and humiliated to be spoken to that way, as if she had been slapped. But she quickly suppressed it and nodded.

“Alright, this is going to be another long meeting and so I had the kitchen staff stay and prepare us dinner.”

“Emi, could you go and inform them that there will be one more for dinner?”

Emi nodded, pausing at the door. She took a deep breath, not looking forward to meeting more people like this.

“Don’t worry about Bob. He will be just fine.” Ruth said with amusement in her voice.

Without looking back, Emi nodded. She steeled her will and opened the door, stepping boldly out into the well-lit room.

**Chapter 12 - The Meeting**

With trepidation, Emi stepped out of Ruth’s office into the big empty cafeteria.

She was looking down. This was hard for her. She needed a moment before she could bring herself to look up. The thought of Bob, seeing her completely naked was mortifying. This was the marketing building, not a nudist resort, and she was just a shy programmer of Japanese descent. This wasn’t supposed to happen. The building should have been empty. This could have been a harmless and fun streak. Instead, she was in a real-life, naked-in-public, nightmare.

She saw Bob, the old security guard, sitting at a nearby table. He was reading a kindle, probably on a coffee break. Soon he would notice her. All of the other tables, shaped like picnic tables, were empty. He was the only one in the entire cafeteria. Even the kitchen counter was un-manned, likely they were in the back, preparing lunch. She didn’t relish the thought of meeting them either.

Behind Bob, was a row of windows showing palm trees scattered on the beach. Some vacationers were swimming or sun-tanning. Just two puffs of cloud interrupted the endless blue sky.

The other two walls in this room, except for the corner offices, showed tall vacation hotels through the windows. Emi wondered if anyone could see her from those buildings.

She glanced back down at herself, looking at what Bob was about to see. Her little black runway, was in stark contrast to her pale skin, always drawing attention to itself. Just like her slightly dark nipples did, but fortunately, her nipples were under control. Her breasts were small, but not small enough to feel inadequate. Her athletic body was toned. But this wasn’t about her body. She was about to be seen by someone outside of the nudist resort. Someone not expecting to see a young naked woman. She shouldn’t be here, but somehow… she was.

Steeling herself to her fate, she took a step forward. With no other options, she leaned on her training as a Resort Ambassador. The training was designed to help others feel confident sans clothes, so she took a deep breath as she stood up straight and pulled her shoulders back. At least she could ‘look’ confident. She walked towards the service counter, hoping against hope that Bob wouldn’t notice her.

He looked up and their eyes met. “Good Lord!” He said, getting up so quickly that he spilled his coffee all over the table and onto the floor. Ignoring the coffee, he rushed towards Emi with a look of grave concern.

Emi froze, bracing herself. It was bad enough that he saw her from a distance, now she had to interact with him – up close. She turned her back to him, trying desperately to think of what she was going to say.

“Are you okay miss?” She heard him say, as a light coat covered her shoulders.

Feeling relieved, Emi realized that Bob was a true gentleman. She pulled the windbreaker closed and found it covered her completely, even her butt – but just barely. Still, it felt like the greatest piece of clothing she had ever worn.

“Thank you,” she said, turning to face him. She closed the top and started buttoning down, keeping the coat closed.

He glanced down and turned his head away, embarrassed.

Emi looked down at herself and realized that even though the top was closed, the bottom of the coat was gaping open. She blushed, turning away quickly. She had flashed him. She resumed buttoning, this time starting at the bottom.

“Should I call the police?” he asked, urgently indicating his cell phone.

“No… I’m okay… I’m…”

“Okay… wait right here,” he said, running away. He rushed to the office door that she had just come out of.

Emi worried that he might strain himself. He wasn’t built for running.

He tensed just before opening the door as if he was preparing for something really bad. He yanked the door open. “Everything okay in here?”

He stood there for a moment, nodding his head. Emi saw him relax. Emi couldn’t hear what was being said but imagined that Ruth was telling him to calm down – that there was nothing to be alarmed about.

“I see. Alright… excuse me, ladies,” he said, closing the door. He walked back to Emi. She noticed that he was sweating.

“I’m sorry,” Emi began. “I didn’t mean to startle you.”

“No, I’m just relieved that nothing bad had happened,” he said, wiping sweat off his face with his forearm. “I’m Bob.” He held out his big hand.

“Emi,” she said, shaking his warm hand. She saw Becca peeking out from the far office. Becca was still naked and Liz was still in her bra and panties. Emi released his hand and stepped to the side so that Bob would turn, angling his back to Becca and Liz.

“So you are from the resort?” he asked, keeping his eyes on Emi’s face, away from her legs.

“Yes,” Emi said, nodding longer than necessary. “Yes,” she said again; nodding a single sharp nod.

Becca picked up on the signal and quickly tip-toed to the stairwell exit, Liz right behind.

When Emi saw that the girls were almost to the stairwell door she stepped away from Bob, pointing dramatically at the washroom, her arm extended out. “I’ll get dressed in the washroom!” She said, comically loud. Hopefully, loud enough for Becca to hear. “Oh… but first I have to talk to the kitchen staff!” Emi spun back towards the kitchen, realizing that her actions were dangerous with just a coat on, but it was keeping Bob’s attention allowing the girls to escape. Emi was glad that they got away unseen. She hoped that Becca had gotten her message as she turned and walked towards the serving counter.

“I need to get a cloth. I spilled my coffee,” Bob said, following her.

Emi reached the counter. Nobody was there. “Hello…” she said, raising her voice. “Is anyone in the kitchen?”

“Tong!” Bob yelled, obviously knowing who to call. The sheer power of his voice made Emi wince.

“Just a minute!” came a voice with a strong Mandarin accent. “Ed, go see what Bob wants!”

Some clanking stopped in the back. Emi and Bob waited for a minute and still, nobody showed up.

Bob turned to face Emi. He had a friendly looking face that reminded her of Santa Claus. “So what’s a Resort Ambassador? I mean, what do you do?”

At the counter, Emi turned away from him, looking through a doorway that led back into the kitchen. There was still no sign of anyone coming. “We ahh… greet new guests at the resort and help… first-timers get used to the nudity… I guess.”

“You guess? You don’t sound so confident about that.”

Emi turned to face him. His warm smile put her at ease. “Well, I just started… and the resort hasn’t opened yet.”

“So you haven’t greeted anybody like… er…”

“No… all new to me,” she said, looking down at her exposed legs. She wished the coat was longer.

“But you are not ashamed to…”

“No…” Emi said, quickly. “We are trained to respect the human body. It’s all about maturity and realizing that our bodies are nothing to be ashamed of,” she added, reciting what she learned. She believed in the words logically, but it was an entirely different thing being naked in front of someone. Especially if they were clothed. Her training did not cover that situation very well.

“I see…” Suddenly shocked, Bob stepped back holding his head dramatically. “Oh… I didn’t mean to offend you with my coat. I hope that…”

“No… not at all!” Emi added quickly. “You were a gentleman,” she said, hoping to change the subject. She very much wanted to keep the coat.

A door closed behind them. They both looked back. Sarah was walking towards them.

Emi saw that she looked less agitated than before, even smiling briefly. Regardless, she wasn’t going to let her guard down.

“Can I help you?” said a tall, thin man stepping up to the counter. He was young and wore a lop-sided chef’s hat which contrasted badly with his black Star Wars t-shirt.

“Is that Bob’s coat?” Sarah asked, standing behind Emi. She was so close that her voice moved the hair on the back of her head.

Emi ignored her. Still facing the young man, she said, “I’m with the meeting. Would it be possible to add another plate for lunch?”

“Yes, of course. Is it for you?” Ed asked with a friendly smile.

“Yes,” she replied, nodding. She didn’t like that Sarah was bringing up the coat, especially in front of someone.

Sarah laughed. “Bob, I get why you wanted to cover her up. Didn’t like what you saw, right?”

Bob stuttered. “I… I… ahh…” He didn’t know what to say.

The young man in front of Emi looked confused about the exchange between Bob and Sarah. “Today’s lunch is a burger or soup, both with choice of a salad or fries,” he said, glancing at Emi’s coat. Her legs were hidden by the counter.

Sarah moved beside Emi, leaning over the counter. “Tell Tang, that her sister said she doesn’t want a cold burger. And I’m changing my side order of fries to a salad.” She said, butting in front of Emi.

He nodded but politely kept waiting for Emi’s reply.

Emi appreciated his manners. “I’ll have a burger, well done with a salad,” she said.

“Very good,” he said, writing it down.

Emi turned to face Sarah. “Why are you working for Su-Ning if you have such a problem with nudity?”

“Well, first of all. Su-Ning is only 20% of my client load. Second of all, I don’t have a problem with nudity at all. I plan on visiting the resort as a guest one day. What I DO have a problem with is you running around this building, butt naked.”

Emi noticed Ed’s eyes grow wide. She was hoping that he would hurry up and leave before he realized that she was naked under the coat.

Sarah continued. “And finally, I don’t think it’s a good idea to train my devs without any clothes on. How is that respectable? There is no way in hell they are going to be productive. These are immature geeks with woman issues. Do you know how long I have spent trying to get them to respect women?”

Sarah’s manners were bad, but Emi realized that she had a point. It was going to be difficult. At least initially, not only for them but also for herself. Emi took a step back. She sensed that Sarah was just getting started.

“Last year Liz once wore short-shorts and a see-through top. She had a bra on under but it didn’t matter. The boys went crazy and production plummeted. It took me over a week to get them to treat Liz as an equal again,” Sarah said, frowning.

Emi didn’t know what to say. It’s true, this was going to be challenging, to say the least.

“Is this your fantasy? You convince Su-Ning to let you mentor my team, and then after we make the deal, you become a nudist!?”

Emi took a step back, folding her arms, scowling.

“Oh pardon me… a Resort Ambassador. How did you convince Su-Ning? I don’t believe this. Five minutes ago you are all high and mighty with your pussy in my face and now you are out here wearing Bob’s coat? What happened in the last few minutes? Did you finally wake up and realize what a fool you are making out of ALL of us?”

Bob cleared his throat and stepped up to the counter. “Ed, can I get something to clean up my spilled coffee?”

“I can get that for you, Bob,” he said, leaving the counter where the two girls were staring at each other.

Emi was getting angry. She didn’t like Sarah’s attitude and didn’t like Ed passing behind her. “It’s a NUDIST resort, Sarah. Your devs are working for Su-Ning. A nudist client is something that they are not familiar with. This experience should remove some immaturity about nudity and help the team better understand the lifestyle. This is especially important for the designer and the devs that are testing the website. Not to mention, this might help them grow up!”

Sarah lost her stern expression and looked at Emi with a pleading look. “You know Emi, I was your biggest fan. I didn’t just have a lot of respect for you; you were my freaking HERO! It’s not too late to fix this. You can mentor them here, in this building, wearing clothes.”

Emi was taken aback. Yes, Sarah was a bitch, but that did seem like a good idea. She could wear clothes in this building and mentor them. She grabbed her chin in thought for a moment before noticing that Ed was checking out her legs as he wiped the floor with a cloth. She put her arms down and straightened the coat, wondering if he saw anything. “We can suggest it over lunch and see what they think,” Emi offered, trying to sound agreeable and defuse Sarah.

“I would appreciate that Emi,” Sarah said, looking past Emi.

Emi turned and saw Becca and Liz, fully dressed and walking towards them. Becca had a bag and Emi realized that it might be her clothes!

“Hey, Emi…” Liz said. “Nice coat!”

Becca smiled at Emi and Sarah while handing Emi the bag.

Emi took it, noticing that Becca sensed that something was going on. Nothing got past Becca.

“Don’t worry Sarah, Emi will take GOOD care of your boys,” Becca said, reassuringly.

Emi didn’t feel so confident about that.

Becca gave Emi a reassuring look. “Your training will ROCK their world. They will be able to do things they never could before,” she said, laughing. Then she switched into technical-talk, mentioning design patterns and technical things that were way over Sarah’s head.

Sarah interrupted them. “I’m going back to the office Emi,” she said, walking away. Without looking back she added. “Give Bob his coat back for God’s sake. But first, put your clothes back on. You can change in the washroom.”

Emi wanted to tell her to ‘shut her face’. Emi had no plan to put her street clothes on, here, in public where anyone could see her. She could see that Becca looked surprised about the exchange, so she spent a moment filling her in on what was said.

“Don’t let her push you around Emi. She doesn’t like the idea that you will be in charge of her team for a while. She knows damn well that you will make a HUGE impact on her team. No, not an impact. A nuclear bomb! Not just by teaching them how to be much better devs. But also helping them to grow up. She will be lucky if they even remember her name after you’re done with them,” Becca said, laughing.

Emi smiled, wondering if that was true. “I need to get back to the meeting. You should return to the resort,” she said, glancing at Bob who was sitting at his table. He had a fresh coffee and somehow looked different without his coat on.

“I’m going to hang out with Liz. I have some paperwork to do,” Becca said, flashing Emi some papers. “Take your time. We can head back together.”

Emi saw Liz sitting at a table with her laptop open. She had a couple of drinks ready and was waiting for Becca. Ed disappeared back into the kitchen.

Becca patted Emi on the shoulder, supportively, and walked over to sit with Liz.

Emi stood there for a moment. She felt uncertain about what to do, even though she knew that she had no choice. She headed towards the washroom with her bag of clothes. Somehow it felt like her tail was between her legs.

Inside the washroom, Emi pulled off the coat and looked into the mirror. She had every intention of getting dressed; however, it annoyed her that Sarah had told her to do so. She looked at her naked body in the mirror. She couldn’t believe that Bob had seen her naked. Wouldn’t it surprise the hell out of Sarah if she went back to the meeting nude?

She looked at the row of small empty lockers in the washroom. She could leave her clothes in one of those.

A few minutes later she left the washroom. She was fully dressed and walked up to Bob, handing him his coat. “Thank you,” she said.

“Oh… no problem! Glad to help!” He said, taking the coat. He put down his small ebook reader, smiling warmly.

Emi walked back to the meeting room.

Emi saw Ruth’s smile quickly disappear as she entered the room. “Emi. Why are you dressed?”

“I… ahh…” Emi mumbled, almost laughing. It was a strange question and Emi didn’t know how to answer it.

Ruth glanced at Sarah and then back at Emi. “Did Sarah… did she… tell you to put some clothes on?” Ruth asked, looking suddenly serious.

Emi was caught off-guard. “Ahh… umm…” She didn’t know what to say. Technically, Sarah had told her to get dressed; however, it had been her decision. She felt like a kid being told to tattle on a bully. She didn’t need someone to fight her battles for her. “It’s okay, I…”

“It’s alright, Emi,” Su-Ning said. “Just be honest. We all need to get off on the right foot. This is important.”

Emi felt things were getting blown out of context. “It’s no big deal. I’m okay, let’s get back to the meeting,” she said, walking up to the whiteboard.

Ruth looked deadly serious. “My apologies. Emi, Sarah can be a bully. She told you to get dressed, didn’t she?”

“Yes, but…”

“I can’t believe you, Sarah! We have a lot of work to do here and you are playing head games with Su-Ning’s star employee? Do you have any idea how hard it is to get a Resort Ambassador and how critical they are to marketing and operations?”

Sarah looked embarrassed. “I’m sorry, Emi,” she said. “I got carried away.”

“That’s okay, Sarah,” Emi said, feeling more confident now that she was dressed. She tried to veer off the subject. “I know that you have concerns about your team’s reaction to… well… a Resort Ambassador, but don’t worry. I am highly motivated to make a success out of this.” Emi said, telling the truth.

Ruth stood up and took Emi’s hand. “Emi, you are free to dress or undress as you wish in this building. That is your right and freedom. But today, at least during this meeting, I WILL NOT let Sarah get away with this. Not today. Please dress as you were. Be proud to represent the resort. Sarah needs to learn how to be comfortable around Resort Ambassadors,” she said, looking to each and every person. There were nods of agreement.

This was crazy. Emi felt like she was in the twilight zone. “No, it’s okay. It’s not a problem. I’m happy to…” she said, desperately downplaying the issue.

Ruth cut her off. “It is NOT okay and it is DEFINITELY a problem,” she said. “How is Sarah’s team going to grow up if Sarah herself can’t? Please Emi, just for this important meeting… continue as you were.”

Emi couldn’t believe what was happening. She almost laughed again. They were insisting on the opposite of what would make her comfortable. Exactly what she didn’t want to do. However, she realized that they were trying to solve a problem. But were they solving it or making it worse? Was Sarah going to hate her after this? Emi stood there looking at her feet, confused, finally, she glanced up at Su-Ning.

Su-Ning nodded her head, indicating that Emi should go along with Ruth. Wu nodded in agreement, indicating the door with a slight head gesture; as if to say hurry up.

Emi faced Sarah, to see if she would also nod, but she didn’t. The woman had a perfect poker face. Emi hoped that she wouldn’t think that all this was her fault. Despite the rocky start, she still hoped to get along with her.

“Ahh.. alright…” Emi said, reluctantly. She took a breath and told herself that this was just part of her job. She WAS a Resort Ambassador after all. “I’ll be right back,” she said, leaving the room.

This situation was bad enough, and she sure as hell wasn’t going to do a striptease in front of everyone in the office. She quickly jogged past Liz, Becca and then… Bob. Suddenly she regretted her choice. Stripping in the office might have been slightly better than streaking out here in front of Bob. She sighed, looking around; at least the kitchen staff was still in the back and Bob had already seen her. She hurried to the washroom and quickly undressed, leaving everything in an empty locker.

Emi came out of the washroom, naked. Bob was reading, facing the other way.

“Good Lord,” she heard him say, as she ran past him towards the office. She couldn’t help but smile at his reaction.

Liz whistled, way too loudly, using two fingers in her mouth.

Becca was clapping and smiling her approval. She even hooted.

Emi knew that she didn’t deserve their supportive reactions. She wasn’t brave. This wasn’t her decision. This was the last thing she had wanted. Still, all the cheering felt good somehow. She quickly ducked back into the office.

Sarah was at the whiteboard, drawing some boxes. It was a high-level asset diagram of the servers and web-apps that her team was working on. She completed the drawing and they talked about it for a while. Ruth then got up and talked about the challenges on this particular island. The meeting went on for a while and then Emi had to go up to the board and diagram something similar related to the apps that her team had created. She didn’t like being up at the board, with everyone probably looking at her ass, but it was slightly better than facing them.

A knock at the door caused Emi to mess up a line. She erased it and continued while she heard Ed’s voice and the clink of a tray rolling into the room. “Lunch is ready! This is Emi’s…” He stopped talking suddenly. He must have noticed her, naked at the whiteboard, reaching up high, holding a marker to the board. Emi continued to concentrate on her drawing as if it was the most important drawing on earth, praying that she didn’t have to turn around. She continued drawing but realized it wasn’t making sense now, but that was okay. She needed to keep drawing. She could fix it after he left.

“I’ll take those Ed,” Su-Ning said.

Emi heard some plates being placed on the table. Cups too. The place was so quiet. Was everyone staring at her ass? Why was it so quiet? When is he going to leave? Her face was growing hot.

“Ed… Ed… Ed! That will be all,” Su-Ning said, chuckling a little.

Emi heard some feet shuffling around before the door FINALLY closed. Emi continued writing as if nothing had happened. She breathed deeper, realizing that she had barely breathed while he had been in the room. A minute later, Emi finished the drawing after rapidly fixing the errors. She turned to see everyone sitting and eating around Ruth’s desk.

Emi saw her plate on the table, but there was no chair for her. She didn’t like the idea of eating standing up, especially after Sarah’s ‘pussy in her face’ comment.

There was a knock at the door again, before she could react, the door opened and Ed came back in. He was carrying a chair and put it down in front of Emi. He was blushing, and looked down. “umm…”

Emi saw him look at her between the legs. What a dumb-ass. If you are shy don’t look down! “Thank you,” Emi said, blushing as well. She awkwardly grabbed the chair and spun around to sit down on it.

He bowed and hesitated for a second. “No problem!” he said, a little too enthusiastically before finally turning and leaving the room.

Everyone chucked after he left and they stopped talking about work while eating.

Eventually, someone had to speak to the white elephant in the room. “What’s with the Nine’s Emi?” Ruth asked.

“Hannah… ahh.. thinks I should be dressed to the nines,” Emi said, feeling happy for having prepared an answer to this question.

Everyone laughed but Wu. She snorted and took another bite of her burger.

After lunch, the meeting started getting serious, mostly about the problem of a lack of interest on the island with Su-Ning’s resort. Apparently, this island was unusually prudish. Emi noticed that Su-Ning looked quite worried. Emi could tell that she was likely hiding that she was terrified that she had made a big mistake. It was a helpless feeling for Emi, the chance that despite the strong success with her team, the larger business could simply fail.

The feeling was a little better after Ruth said that they would have to simply focus a lot more on international than local. But she warned that shift was going to take time and they needed to come up with something that could stand out against all of their international competitors. No other resort on the island catered exclusively to nudists. Su-Ning still looked terrible, but it was nice to see her have some hope.

Before the meeting was over, Emi looked to Sarah and then brought up Sarah’s good idea of training the marketing devs in this building. This way Emi could be fully clothed and thus remove the issues that Sarah had concerns about.

Wu quickly shot the idea down. She insisted that Emi had Resort Ambassador duties 10 am to 6 pm, weekdays and she was required to be on resort premises for that so that she could be on-call to help new guests as required. The location could change for the devs, but not the time of day.

So it was back to the first plan. Emi would train full marketing team, Liz, Ben and five more guys at the resort while also carrying out her Resort Ambassador duties. That team would still do their regular work, but Emi had to teach them how to improve both quality and speed.

Emi looked down at her exposed body briefly, feeling the significance of the decision. Five more guys, training, for weeks, and always she would be without any clothes on; completely naked. At least the resort was opening in less than a week. Then she wouldn’t be the only one nude. She took a deep breath. She just needed to survive for one week.

Finally, the meeting concluded and Emi said goodbye to everyone and headed back to the washroom. Thankfully, the cafeteria was empty. Not a single person was there and the kitchen staff was still in the back. It was a stroke of luck! Emi ran to the washroom and saw that her locker was empty. Panicking, she quickly snatched up a note from where her clothes had been.

‘Emi, I moved your stuff downstairs to a more secure locker. Liz.’

That was a relief. A great inconvenience, but still a relief. Emi used the toilet and then left the room, noticing Su-Ning returning the empty food cart to the kitchen. Wu was with her and she was talking and laughing with Ed. It seemed like they knew each other well.

Emi hoped to sneak past without being noticed, which was likely impossible.

On her other side, she saw Sarah inside Ruth’s office, closing the door. Their eyes locked briefly as the door closed with a heavy click. Emi couldn’t read her expression. She imagined that Sarah might be in trouble.

Ed looked up from Wu and waved at Emi, just as she was walking past.

Emi winced, as he got a perfect side profile of her naked body. He saw everything, once again. His eyes devoured her, searing her nipples, causing them to tighten up as her breasts bounced along with every step.

Su-Ning also waved to Emi.

She waved back at them and then ran the remaining distance to the stairwell.

Emi cursed Liz under her breath as she took the steps two at a time.

Becca was at the bottom of the steps, looking up. She looked worried. “Liz might have touched something on the server. Can you take a quick look?” she said, with concern in her voice.

Emi looked over at her locker and saw a locked padlock on it. It was locked.

The server door was open and Emi ran up and saw Liz looking at a monitor apprehensively. Growling with irritation Emi took the seat that Liz had been sitting in. The seat felt hard and warm, reminding Emi of her nudity.

“I didn’t mean to touch anything,” she said. “I doubt anything is wrong. I think the scripts just finished running, that’s all. I just closed the console window. That’s okay, right?”

Emi ignored her, checking to make sure everything was still online. Then she checked the status reports and spent a couple of minutes making sure that the correct jobs were running in the background. It helped that there was a checklist taped to the monitor. With a sigh of relief, Emi realized that everything was probably fine. Not just Su-Ning’s server, but all of the other client servers as well.

Looking around, she saw that Liz had left.

Emi got up and left the room. Everyone was gone. Her locker was ajar and the lock was missing. She ran over to it and opened it to see another note. “Damn you Liz!” she yelled, hitting the locker door with her palm which made a loud bang. This was not the time to be fooling around!

The note said, ‘Don’t worry! Your clothes are in the rickshaw. We are only ten feet away. Just outside of the door. Hurry up we don’t have all day! Haha…’

Emi hit the locker door again.

“Good Lord,” Bob muttered, stepping into the room. “Is every okay?” he asked.

“I’m okay… I just… ah…”

He watched her attentively, waiting for her response.

“It was nice meeting you Bob,” She said, taking a deep breath. She opened the door, peeking out and she saw the rickshaw less than ten feet away. Liz was holding the handles and Becca was sitting in the far seat. Nobody was nearby so Emi ran for it, hopping into the seat beside Becca.

Liz sprinted away.

As they rounded the corner of the building, Emi saw Bob open the door and see them disappear around the corner. He had clearly seen that Emi was still naked. That bothered Emi but then she realized that Liz was sprinting towards Main Street!

“Liz stop, what are you doing?!” Emi yelled, panicking. They were supposed to be headed along the beach trail towards the resort, not towards a street bustling with cars and people.

Liz didn’t stop.

Emi was naked, in public! This couldn’t be happening! “Becca quit fooling around and give me my clothes!” Emi demanded. She was about to lose it.

Liz laughed while still running. “Oh come on, I know you love this. I just want to grab some ciders on the way to the resort… ON ME!” she yelled proudly. “Just cover yourself with your hands if you are so worried!”

Becca laughed. “That’s enough Liz, don’t freak out poor Emi. Where are her clothes?”

Liz was running full speed. “Under the cart!” she answered. They were almost at Main Street and it was still the afternoon.

“Liz!” Emi screamed, trying to stand up. She had to jump out before it was too late. She could run back to the office, she reasoned. But looking down she saw that they were moving too fast. She would probably fall over if she jumped, her skin had zero protection and she didn’t even have shoes on. It was a chance she had to take. She carefully stood up… and jumped.

She didn’t get far as Becca grabbed her arm, yanking her roughly back into her seat. “Are you crazy Emi? Liz, stop this cart right now! This isn’t funny anymore. Emi almost got hurt!”

Liz seemed to slow down as fast as she could, but she was going too fast. It was too late and she rounded the corner onto MainStreet and came to a stop on the sidewalk. People were walking by. Emi sunk into her seat. There were people everywhere. She popped her sunglasses down over her face and grimaced.

“Sorry Emi,” Liz said, looking worried. She reached down below the cart and handed Emi her bag of clothes.

Emi snatched it from her. She felt her shoes on the bottom and she saw her underwear on top, above her pants, shirt, and socks. Even the tip of her bra was poking through. It was all there.

Emi covered her chest and lap with the bag and clung to it for dear life, glaring at Liz through her google sunglasses. Liz probably couldn’t even see her glare. But she wasn’t about to take off her only protection.

Liz looked at her closely, trying to figure out if Emi was mad. “I’m sorry… I thought you would be into this since you decided to go to that meeting naked,” Liz explained. She looked sorry and stupidly seemed to believe what she was saying.

“Woah,” said a man walking along the sidewalk. He had a buddy with him. They were looking at Emi and were getting some serious side-boob.

Mortified, Emi scrunched her slightly tanned athletic body forward, engulfing her tits in her hands, realizing she was protecting her pussy but exposing her ass in the process.

His buddy started to pull out his phone. “What’s with the nine?”

“Run Liz!” Becca yelled, pulling Emi into a protective side hug; which had the unintended consequence of increasing her exposure, not reducing it.

Liz ran hard, not stopping until she was a block away. “Oh,” she said, looking up at a sign. She suddenly left Emi and Becca alone as she ran into the liquor store.

It was the busiest place to stop, bustling with activity. Nobody noticed Emi yet, but it was only a matter of time. “Becca, get me out of here,” Emi begged. “Please!”

“You got it,” she said, and hopped out and started pulling Emi further down the street, abandoning Liz who was still shopping.

As they pulled away, Emi smiled. The joke was on Liz now. But it wasn’t enough. Emi decided that she would have to have a serious talk with Liz.

Emi saw that Becca was still going down main-street but didn’t say anything. It was closer to the resort if she kept going straight rather than turning around and going all the way back and then down along the beach, which was busy at this time of the day. Plus the streets were gradually less and less busy as they moved closer to the resort.

After they were on some quiet streets just a few blocks from the resort, Emi considered dressing but then she thought… why bother. By the time she got everything on she would just have to undress again.

Emi walked into the building, naked, holding her bag of clothes in one hand.

A topless woman in the lobby greeted her. “You know, you don’t have to undress outside. You can do that inside,” she said.

Emi recognized her. She was one of the girls from the party. “Oh, don’t worry. I didn’t undress outside,” she said, as she walked by the confused lady.

Things were back to normal and Emi settled in for the evening. It was hard to not think about everything that had happened, plus she dreaded the thought of Monday; when she would have to start training the marketing devs. After a long Jacuzzi, Emi just quietly read in bed for the rest of the night.

\* \* \*

Sunday, Emi found herself hanging out with Becca for several hours. Becca was wearing her bathing suit.

Sam and Hannah finally finished playing tennis and were now headed to the Jacuzzi room. The girls all waved to each other as the two girls walked by.

“Today was nice,” Becca said, looking over her laptop to Emi. They were sitting close to each other at the corner of a large table.

Emi nodded, noticing that Becca had something on her mind. She continued browsing waiting for her to say whatever she had in mind.

“We didn’t move our blood today,” she said, stretching her arms. “I’m going to go for a workout… care to join?”

Emi looked down at her body, hesitating to answer. The last couple times that she had worked out in the gym naked had been awkward, to say the least.

“No role-playing, it’s just us. You don’t even have to work out. I just would like some company.”

“Okay,” Emi said. That didn’t sound too bad.

In the gym, Becca started doing butterflies with a chest machine. Emi moved to a machine directly behind her, placing her hand towel on the seat. She sat down on it.

“How you holding out kiddo?” Becca said, with a grunt.

“I’m okay,” Emi said, absently pushing on the machine with one foot. The weight went up and down as her calf felt the weight.

“You know… you don’t have to go through with it,” Becca said.

“Yeah,” Emi said, absently. If only that was true.

“Just say the word and I’ll talk to Su-Ning and get this whole RA thing canceled,” she said, grunting.

Emi placed both feet on the machine. There was nobody around and Becca couldn’t see her. Not that it would matter. She decided to do some proper reps. “Thanks, Becca. I appreciate that… but I’m okay… I made my bed,” she said, looking down at her toes as she pushed another rep.

They didn’t talk for a while. Becca switched machines, moving to another machine just behind Emi. They were now facing opposite directions. “I’ll take over your RA duties on Monday,” Becca said.

Emi appreciated the gesture. “I’m okay, really…” she said, sighing.

“You don’t sound okay.”

“It won’t be easy, but I’m kind of looking forward to the challenge,” Emi lied. It wasn’t completely false, just mostly. Okay, maybe it was completely false.

“I can soften the blow for you. At least for Monday. Your first meeting with them shouldn’t be like that. I can be an RA out of their sight. No problem for me. And you can do your thing with them fully dressed.”

Emi was touched by Becca’s words. “You are a great friend Becca,” Emi said, trying to not to allow her voice to waver. “I’ve got it, don’t worry.”

“At least let me do this on the first day?”

To Emi, that sounded like a fantastic idea. “No, I’ve got it. Thanks for offering.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah… thank you,” Emi said, trying to sound confident.

“Okay Ma’am, whatever you say,” Becca said, trying to lighten the mood with her mailgirl voice.

“Not another word about it… Zero,” Emi said, chuckling. Becca chuckled too.

After the workout, Becca headed to the Jacuzzi and Emi decided to go for a run.

The sun was setting and a solo run was exactly what she needed right now. Tomorrow was going to be hard. She had to mentor Liz and Ben, plus five more guys. Apparently, these devs were sexist and had difficult attitudes. It didn’t help that the last time she saw them, she had rubbed their noses in their mistakes. Was this karma? No, not karma… they deserved that. But they certainly didn’t deserve to see her as a Resort Ambassador.

Emi shook her head, trying to remove the mortifying thoughts of them all continually feasting their eyes on her.

She needed to think like a real Resort Ambassador. Su-Ning believed in her. Why couldn’t she believe in herself?

What would Becca do?

She laughed. Becca would probably put her clothes on.

The five young men’s faces were stuck in her brain. This was driving her crazy. She picked up her speed, trying to exhaust herself. She needed to get some sleep tonight.

**Chapter 13.1 - Training Week, prelude.**

It was a long and restless night. Emi was laying on top of the covers, naked. She was on her stomach, no longer feeling the need to use her blanket as it was warm. Her legs were open and one knee was hiked up obscenely high. Refusing to fully wake, Emi clutched her fluffy pillow, squeezing it. She knew that she had to wake up, but she needed just a few more minutes.

A nocking at her door caused her head to pop up suddenly. The door was unlocked. It started to open. Before Emi could think she threw herself off the far side of the bed and hid by the floor.

“Emi?” It was Becca’s voice.

“I’m here she said,” popping her head up from behind the bed. “I was just ahh… picking up my pillow,” she said, embarrassed about having been startled.

Becca smiled that annoying knowing smile. She had a bottle in her hands and held it out to Emi over the bed. “I thought you might like to remove the last traces of your ‘nines’ before meeting the guys today.”

“Oh yes, that’s a great idea!” Emi leaned over the bed and took the bottle. “Thank you,” she said, bowing appreciatively. She didn’t like that the door was wide open.

“You have morning hair. Let’s go get you cleaned up. Today is your big day, right?”

Emi nodded, wishing she could just go back to sleep but Becca was right. Better to be prepared than not. Not that she had much to prepare. But it would be nice to remove the last traces of those nines. Reluctantly, she followed Becca out into the hallway. She wasn’t quite awake yet and felt unguarded and raw as her bare feet padded along. It didn’t help that her hair was messy. Only a lover should see her this way. Once again, she started to regret this whole Resort Ambassador decision. She sighed, wishing the world would just all go away.

Becca was walking in front of her looking not at all like a Resort Ambassador. She was wearing khaki shorts and a t-shirt. Her short reddish hair was perfect. It seemed as if she had done a full reversal on the Resort Ambassador stuff. Emi didn’t like that.

In the distance, she could hear a radio playing. Lucy appeared from the far room and began dusting along the walls almost dancing like she was in a musical. Her ribbons on her shoes and pigtails matched, as usual. Today they were blue. She stood up tall and proud wearing only her regulation loincloth. As Emi and Becca passed, she spun around, snapping to attention while saluting, as if Emi were a supreme commander. Her exposed smallish breasts bouncing at the sudden movement.

Emi smiled at her antics as they walked past.

Up ahead she saw Bo mopping the floor. He didn’t say anything but nodded and smiled as she walked past. The supportive gestures from Luzy and Bo somehow made her feel a little better.

They rounded a corner and came face to face with Sam and Hannah.

Sam stopped. “Hi Becca. I like your outfit,” she said, ignoring Emi. It was obviously a dig at Emi’s lack of clothing.

Emi saw that Sam was wearing oversized shorts and had a black bandanna on her head and a red tank top. Hannah was in her usual kaleidoscope swimsuit. She was glad that Hannah at least was semi-supportive.

“Thanks, Sam,” Becca answered, trying to move past the girls.

“What’s that?” Hannah asked looking at the bottle in Becca’s hands.

Becca held the bottle up. “Just something to help Emi remove the nines. She needs to clean up before she meets the guys.”

Hannah, shifted uncomfortably while looking at her feet. “Sorry, Emi. I kind of got carried away… I mean, I was kind of drunk when I was drawing those nines on you.”

Sam shook her head in amazement. “No amount of money could get me to mentor a group of guy devs with my pussy flapping in the breeze.”

Emi winced at the crude comment.

“I’ll help,” Hannah blurted out suddenly. “This is my fault and I can help make her look dazzling”, she said, patting her every handy hip bag.

Emi didn’t want them to fuss over her. It was embarrassing, considering her lack of clothes.

“Have fun,” Sam said, walking away. “I’m going to add some unit tests to cover yesterday’s changes.”

Becca walked into the large washroom. Emi was following, but stopped, remembering a couple more tests that Sam needed to cover, she mentioned them quickly to Sam.

“Okey-dokey,” Sam said, without looking back.

Emi stood there watching her walk away. She was glad that Sam wasn’t being overly troublesome today. This was a critical week before opening day and she needed the team firing on all cylinders.

She felt Hannah’s hand in the center of her back, gently pushing.

Emi hesitated, lost in thought about everything that needed to be done that week.

“Let’s go, Emi,” Hannah said, leaning close to her ear. “Unless you want the boys to meet Nine?”

Emi ignored the taunt. “Have you finished all the UX testing? That was supposed to be done yesterday, right? We need time to make corrections.”

“Ahhh… almost?” Hannah said, fidgeting.

Emi nodded and then entered the washroom, mentally making adjustments to the timeline as Hannah obviously needed more time… Becca was waiting with some facecloths by the sink. Hannah followed her in.

Emi hesitated when she stood before Becca. “I can do this, you guys can…”

Hannah pulled out her hairbrush, washing it in the sink.

“How’s the timeline looking?” Becca asked, splashing something on a cloth. She started rubbing Emi’s left arm with it.

Emi thought about the timeline as Hannah started brushing her hair. “Other than Hannah being somewhat behind on the UX testing, I think we are doing okay.”

“I’ll get right on that after I finish up here,” Hannah said, as she pulled out her mini scissors and snipped some hair behind Emi’s ear.

Emi was surprised to be suddenly losing little bits of hair, but she trusted Hannah. She often trimmed Sam’s hair and it usually ended up looking very nice.

“It’s working,” Becca said as she turned Emi sideways so she could see her shoulder no longer had a faint nine on it. That was a relief.

“Don’t move her, I almost cut an ear off.”

Emi tried to keep still while they worked on her.

“Done, what do you think Becca?”

Becca nodded, smiling her approval as she wet her cloth with the bottle.

Emi turned her head to look into the mirror and was relieved to see that she did in fact, look better.

“Your hair looks awesome,” Hannah said proudly.

While she was distracted with the mirror, Emi felt Becca rubbing on the nine just above her left breast. It almost seemed inappropriate but it was well above her nipple, so it was probably okay.

Hannah started rubbing a cloth on her ass, which made Emi gasp a little.

“Relax, Nine, we are all girls here,” Hannah laughed, as she rubbed the cloth hard on Emi’s rear.

Emi was about to protest when Liz burst into the room. “Woah, Emi…” She said, laughing.

“Don’t make her feel uncomfortable Liz,” Hannah said, rubbing harder, causing Emi to shake a little.

Emi felt embarrassed to be caught like this, but it was all innocent enough. “Hi Liz… just removing the nines,” she said, trying to laugh it off.

“Oh great, I want to help too!” Liz said, grabbing a cloth.

Emi really didn’t want a third person touching her naked body, but maybe it would help get this over with sooner.

“Use this,” Hannah said. Giving her the cloth she was using. “Take over for me,” I just noticed I missed a spot with the trimming.

Becca started rubbing Emi’s upper chest harder. “This part is getting there, but it’s not coming off easily. You might be a little red for a while,” she said while Liz gleefully took over for Hannah on Emi’s ass.

Emi knew the rubbing shouldn’t feel intimate, but it kind of did. Why was she letting them do this?

“What will you teach the devs today?” Becca asked, trying to distract her.

Emi was thankful for the question. She needed to think about something else.. “I ahh… was thinking to start with…” she felt Hannah clamp an arm around her legs, holding Emi steady as she squatted down and started snipping away with the scissors around her runway.

Emi gasped. “Wait… not there!”

“Relax, I’m not even touching you and I’m almost done,” Hannah said as she trimmed some stray black pubes making things look a little neater.

Emi froze, not wanting to get accidentally cut. This was getting out of hand she thought as her breasts and ass reacted to the vigorous rubbing. She worried all the movement would get her cut, but Hannah’s firm hold was helping to reduce the motion. Emi tried not to move but felt she was losing her balance and would have fallen if Hannah didn’t have such a good grip around her thighs.

The door opened and Lucy stepped in carrying a stack of hand towels. She stopped suddenly, looking very surprised. “Sorry!” She said, turning her head away. She quickly tossed the stack of towels on the counter and left as fast as she could.

“No, wait…” Emi tried to quickly explain. But it was too late, she was already gone.

Becca and Hannah stood up, laughing but then bent over, breaking a gut. It was too funny! Liz was also laughing but she was still vigorously working on the final nine. She pressed harder on Emi’s ass causing Emi to step forward to keep her balance.

“Stay still,” Liz commanded, slapping Emi firmly on the ass with her bare hand.

Shocked, Emi backed away from the three girls, glaring at Liz.

Hannah and Becca also stepped back, giving Emi some room. “Oh, now you are in trouble!” Said Hannah, laughing.

Becca wasn’t laughing but she was nodding in agreement with Hannah. They both looked at Emi to see what she would do.

Liz looked sheepish. “Sorry Emi, I guess I got carried away.”

“Good luck with that,” Becca said to Liz as she and Hannah headed towards the exit.

Emi continued to glare at Liz until they were both alone in the room.

“Also, I’m sorry about the other day in the rickshaw,” she added, looking down.

Emi had enough of her. It was time to put her foot down.

“Look Liz…”

Liz kept looking down. “Ben’s outside and he has some important info about the guys. Apparently Sarah is up to something and he wanted to warn you,” she quickly blurted, obviously trying to change the subject.

Emi thought about that. Ben was outside? She looked at herself in the mirror briefly and winced. There she was, completely naked. In a moment, he was going to see her. The thought made her flush, but she had to find out what he knew. Ignoring Liz, she left the room. At least now she didn’t look like she just woke up plus the nines were gone.

Outside the washroom, Ben was sitting at a nearby desk, waiting. Becca and Hannah were gone. Lucy was sweeping way over on the other side of the room and had her back to Emi. Was she facing the other way on purpose? Her loincloth butt was cute. She would have to talk to her later and explain that she wasn’t doing anything in-appropriate before rumors spread.

“Hey Emi,” Ben said, sitting up. His voice sounded confident, for some reason.

Emi started walking over to him. As she approached his friendly eyes blinked a few times, taking in all of her body… making her feel warm.

“Liz said that you have some intel,” Emi said, trying to maintain her composure.

“Uhh… yeah, umm… I was talking with Travis and he said that Sarah had told him and the other guys that you were going to be mentoring them while naked.”

“Yeah, so?” That was to be expected.

“Well, he said that she is giving an extra week of vacation this year to the dev that manages to get you dressed again. I mean, at least while you are mentoring us. She said bonus points for creativity – whatever that means.”

Emi figured Sarah would try to pull some stunt in this regard; however, this seemed below even her. She shook her head in disgust. It was hard enough just facing them like this, now it was going to be impossible to keep them under control. Her fear was mounting. Sarah was practically bribing them to harass her.

Liz overhead that as she joined them. She put her arm on Emi’s shoulders. “Don’t worry Emi, I don’t think it will be too bad.”

Annoyed, Emi lifted Liz’s arm off and turned to face her.

“I’m serious, I got this,” Liz said, confidently.

Now it was Ben’s turn to look at Liz in disbelief. “What are you talking about Liz? Those guys don’t even give you the time of day.”

“Just trust me,” she said grinning mysteriously as she walked away.

Ben and Emi looked at each other. Emi looked away, her fear mounting.

“Look, I’m on your side, Emi. I will do what I can to help. I’m not swayed by bribes,” he said earnestly.

Emi felt she could believe him. But what could he do? Regardless, it felt comforting to hear those words.

“Thanks, Ben. I appreciate it. Let’s just get today over with,” she said, trying to sound confident. She turned and headed towards the area where she expected to meet the guys. They were probably going to start showing up soon. She took a deep breath and tried to get her fear under control.