**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**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.

Sealing 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.