**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**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 knocking 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 of mineral spirits 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 Lucy 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.

**Chapter 13.2 Training Days**

Emi willed herself to unclench her sweaty fists as her bare feet padded down the shiny hallway towards certain humiliation. She had been dreading this morning for days. Three male programmers and a designer were about to see her naked for the first time. It was one thing to be a Resort Ambassador and help vacationers get adjusted to a nude resort, but it was altogether an entirely different thing to be the only person naked in a room full of male programmers. She had no idea how she would endure five minutes with them and yet, she was scheduled to spend the entire day with them. Worse than that, this was going to become routine, as she was going to be training them over the next few months. She was scared but also angry that she let herself get into this situation. This was entirely her fault.

Ben and Liz were walking with her. They were also part of the marketing dev team, but at least they were her friends. It was hard enough to be naked in front of them. The rest of their team, these four guys, she had only met way back when she’d been fully dressed.

Again Emi glanced down at herself. She hated that her nipples and freshly trimmed black runway contrasted so sharply with her pale white skin. Somehow she looked more naked than most, and that annoyed her. With each step her tits danced, screaming for attention. Look at me! Look at me! It was as if they were begging to draw attention to themselves.

Emi took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. She thought of her Resort Ambassador training. She thought of Becca. None of it seemed to help. Becca would try to have fun with something like this. But she was not Becca and this was going to be hard.

“Ben, you don’t have to walk behind us,” Liz said, with some edge in her voice.

He quickly moved up as they entered the empty room.

“Where are they going to sit?” He asked.

Emi gestured at the windows facing the beach. “Along the windows.” She hoped that they would agree to that. If they could sit facing the window and beach it would be less awkward.

“It’s almost time,” Liz said, excitedly. “You must be excited… I mean, to meet the guys again.”

Emi looked at her with confusion. “What are you talking about? That first meeting was a disaster,” she said. They were immature and sexist and she hadn’t been able to resist showing them up with some advanced techniques while Sarah and Liz cheered her on.

“It was awesome! You made those guys look like junior programmers,” Liz said, grinning like a kid.

“It wasn’t professional,” Emi said, glad for the conversational distraction. But not glad about the memory. It was her father’s fault. Her father and her brothers had made her that way.

“What do you mean?” Liz said. Emi saw that they were trying to keep her talking to help calm her nerves. It was working.

“My father once told me that if I could become ‘half’ as good as my brothers that he would be so proud of me,” Emi said.

“Ouch,” Ben said.

“Yeah. My brothers are immature and arrogant. Always making fun of my body too,” Emi added, with some irritation in her voice. “So when I met your team, and they laughed when they saw a female was going to show them something… well… I couldn’t help myself. I’m not proud of my behavior that day.”

“Meh… they deserved it… but now look at you,” Liz said. “You are amazing, leading us devs, plus you are an athlete and look great naked…” she said unwittingly, looking like she regretted saying that last part.

Emi cringed at the reminder, watching Liz’s eyes move up from her stark black runway, over her semi-erect nipples and back up to her face.

“Sorry, I was just trying to be supportive. How is your old team doing?” Liz added quickly.

“My old team? You mean Becca and the girls or Evan and the guys in Seattle?” Emi asked, not wanting to talk about either. Evan would have freaked out and Doug and Mathew would have had a meltdown if they could see her now. Hell, she could never survive letting them see her like this. This was as if one of their ENF stories had come to life. There is no way they could ever know about this. Not ever, not in a million years.

“Uh… both. Either?” Liz said, looking like she regretted asking.

“Well they…” Emi started to say. She wasn’t sure what to say. Becca and the girls were bewildered about why she insisted to stay naked, especially while mentoring the guys. They obviously thought she’d gone off the deep end. The secret reason for her nudity was alienating her team and she felt them gradually getting more distant as each day passed. “I don’t want to think about my old teams right now,” Emi said.

“How about Su-Ning?” Liz asked, obviously trying to keep Emi talking.

“Su-Ning has been tense all week. This is her entire future and she is praying for everything to go well,” Emi said, with a sigh. The pressure to make sure that everything turned out okay with the two teams and the apps was enough, but now even the technical side of marketing was starting to fall under her responsibility. If it were not for Becca’s semi-comfort with her own nudity and being a great Resort Ambassador, and Su-Ning’s heroic rescue and expense to save her from prison there is no way in hell that she would be there now, naked, and about to meet and train the marketing devs.

Ben cleared his throat. “Liz… maybe you should sit down,” he said.

“Are you okay?” Liz asked, ignoring Ben.

Emi pulled her steampunk glasses down, completely covering her eyes from view. “Yeah, I’m okay,” she lied. She repressed the urge to run from the room and throw up, instead, she took a deep breath. “Let’s just focus on getting through the day,” she said, looking back and forth at the two of them.

They nodded.

The sunglasses protected her in a way. Not that she needed to hide from her friends, but it would certainly help with the others. She decided to always keep them on. The guys would see her naked body, but not her naked soul.

Emi watched Ben looking towards the entrance where the guys would soon be arriving. Ben was tall and fit, wearing khaki shorts and a white t-shirt. His black hair was short and his face made him look both smart and compassionate. She especially liked his mixed Asian HAPPA heritage as it gave him a ruggedly unique look. He didn’t have any accent at all. Emi wondered if he could even speak any Mandarin or Filipino.

Emi saw Liz glance at Ben. She looked up to him, literally, as she was more than a foot shorter than he was. She had on a cute blue little mini skirt that flipped around when she moved. Her matching top was cut off and exposed her belly button. Under normal circumstances, her clothes might have seemed a little provocative, but next to Emi she might as well have been wearing a nun’s habit.

“Oh, there’s Eddy!” Liz said, excitedly.

“Liz… um… as they come in, can you remind me what everyone does?” Emi froze, hoping that Liz would do all the talking.

“Sure thing!”

Eddie was stocky. He had glasses on and was wearing shorts and a long-sleeved shirt, rolled up on his arms. He looked sharp and professional but was shaking his head in annoyance as he walked by without even glancing at them. He dropped his bag on a desk facing the window and pulled out a chair rather aggressively before sitting down and pulling out his laptop. Once again, he shook his head in disapproval.

“He’s our backend developer. He replaced Chong recently. Don’t worry about him… probably just shy,” Liz said, struggling to keep eye contact with Emi’s dark sunglasses.

Emi nodded slowly, not showing any emotion. Eddie’s reaction was unexpected. She was glad that Becca and her team were using a room, located on the other side of the compound. She hoped that they would stay there. She didn’t need more people around watching this awkward situation unfold.

“Leo!” Liz yelled, drawing the attention of a round looking middle-aged hippie with long black hair. He was looking all around the room with great fascination at seemingly mundane things until he heard Liz call out to him which caused his head to snap towards her comically.

He quickly walked up to Emi and bowed. “Wow… you are a work of art. You take my breath away,” he said reverently. Then suddenly he straightened up and held out his hand. His smile filled the room.

Emi didn’t know how to respond other than to be polite and take his hand.

He shook her hand with great reverence, causing her breasts to jiggle slightly.

Emi didn’t feel that he did that on purpose, but it was still embarrassing. Fortunately, he didn’t stare at them as he backed away to find a desk. Unfortunately, he selected a desk that was facing her way.

“Leo… is our designer. But his web coding is crap,” Liz said, her eyes locked on him.

Leo winced, looking like he hoped Liz would shut up.

“And his UX is crap. His buttons look like sliders and everything is confusing. It looks utterly fantastic, but it’s as confusing as hell. Often we redo half of it,” she added, looking at him accusingly.

“Hey…” he said, taking offense at her words.

“However,” Liz said, almost as if she didn’t want to admit it. “His sketches are second to none… probably the only reason he’s still working here.”

Once again, Leo’s smile filled the room with his presence. He whipped out his digital sketchpad and began furiously sketching while looking intensely at Emi.

Emi looked at Liz, clearly showing her a WTF expression despite the sunglasses.

“The first thing Leo always does with a new team member is draw them,” she said, laughing about his behavior as if it were just a matter of fact.

Emi turned away, looking to see who was coming next. This wasn’t going well. So far one can’t stand the sight of her and the other can’t stop looking at her. Leo was now enjoying her side profile and part of her ass. She didn’t know which reaction was worse. At least one was flattering, to a degree. Eddie’s reaction was probably more embarrassing as it touched on her sense of professionalism. She couldn’t blame him, but then they were in a nudist resort so he could at least try to be a little more open-minded.

“Don’t worry Emi, Leo’s portraits are photo-like. You will be stunned when you see how accurate they are,” she said, quiet enough so that Leo couldn’t hear. “We call him the soul-stealer.”

“They?”

“Yes, he usually draws half a dozen in the first week before he gets tired of his new subject.”

“Doesn’t he even work?” Emi whispered back. She needed to tell him to stop. But she didn’t want that to be the team’s first impression of her, she decided to do it later in the day. The prospect of ‘photo quality’ sketches of her naked body didn’t rest well with her at all. She would have to them all.

“He also does work… if you could call it that… I usually cover for his coding,” Liz said, annoyance in her voice. “He tends to get the credit.”

Emi moved a little so that Liz was blocking his view. The move was successful as Leo started craning his neck this way and that in order to get a better view.

A minute later, two guys walked into the room and stopped dead in their tracks, looking at Emi. One had oily black hair in a ponytail, wearing a t-shirt with a foreign landmass on it. He smiled at Emi with the stupidest looking grin that Emi had ever seen. The redhead had very short hair and was tall and muscular. He blushed, looking down.

Raul, the shorter one, started pushing Travis from behind, towards Emi. Travis resisted, holding his ground and refusing to move forward.

“Shake hands!” Raul laughed, ordering Travis to shake Emi’s hand. “It’s custom… you must!”

“Noo… don’t push… Rule,” Travis said, with a rural western accent. Raul’s accent was middle eastern.

“These are the idiot troublemakers… Raul and Travis. Where Raul goes, Travis follows,” Liz said, shaking her head. “Raul is a joker and uses Travis for his pranks. Travis is too dumb to know any better. He can’t even say Raul’s name right.”

“What do they do?”

“Raul is backend. Travis is web, but they mostly do grunt work because that’s about all that they can do. Raul assists Eddie. Travis assists everyone, he never says no to anything so he ends up doing all the simple repetitive things that nobody else wants to do.”

Emi watched, wondering if this was the first time Travis had seen a naked woman. Raul slapped Travis on the back of his red head, causing Travis to break out of his cocoon of shyness at being near a naked girl and stand straight up towering over Raul with an intimidating glare.

Raul slapped Travis on the top of his head again, reaching up to accomplish it.

Travis stomped his foot. “Don’t do that Roool!”

Raul slapped him five more times rapidly until Travis cowered in front of him with his arms up protecting his head. “Stop it!” He sputtered, looking embarrassed at being hit like this in front of everyone.

“Now you know what you’re dealing with,” Liz chuckled.

Emi resisted the urge to cover herself as she watched the antics. She wondered how these two could even be employed. This was going to be more of a challenge than she had anticipated.

“Oh… here comes Asher, our team lead,” Liz said.

In walked a well-tanned man in this thirties with a Caucasian looking face, but he had dark eyes and black hair. Obviously a HAPPA, but probably not local. He was dressed casually with sunglasses propped up in his short stylish hair. He walked past Raul and Travis, who were kind of wrestling now. While shaking his head and grinning, he reached out to Emi for a handshake.

“Forgive my idiots, they are loveable fools,” he said, looking deeply into Emi sunglasses.

The directness of his approach surprised Emi, making her feel kind of silly for keeping her sunglasses on, but not enough to remove the protective covering. She took his hand, appreciating that he was treating her with some professionalism. So far he didn’t even acknowledge her nudity.

He shook her hand, respectfully. Then turned to face the crew. “Standup!”

Everyone gradually gathered around in a circle. Ben and Liz stood beside Emi and Asher. Leo brought his sketch pad, continuing to sketch. Raul openly scanned Emi’s body with a stupid grin. Travis turned red, like his hair, glancing sometimes at Emi while trying to suppress a giggle. Eddie scowled and shook his head, looking in a direction away from Emi.

Asher spoke. “This is Emi, our host, the director of Software Development here at the resort. We will be doing our normal work as usual. But Emi here will help us to align efficiencies to the needs of this resort as it moves toward its grand opening at the end of the week.”

Then things started to seem kind of normal as Asher took control and asked each person in turn what they were going to do. He gave out suggestions to a few and they agreed. Finally, he said what he would do and then looked to Emi.

Emi willed herself to speak to the group for the first time. “I’ll just make observations today, please just go about your normal routine.” She sounded more confident than she felt.

“You heard her, okay… let’s get today’s tasks done,” Asher said. The group broke up and headed to their seats. “Also everyone ask Emi for help today, at least once. We need to get used to this ahh.. um… nude chick. A little interaction will help break the ice on this first day.”

Emi nodded when Asher and the others looked at her. She appreciated the help. After everyone seemed to be settled in, Emi decided to go back to get her laptop from her room.

Many hours later…

Emi slumped over the snack bar in the underground gym. It had been a very long day but she was glad that it was over. Things were looking brighter now, but that was probably because her sunglasses were on the top of her head. It felt good to free her eyes, but she missed the shielding powers as the girls all looked at her expectantly.

“Take your medicine,” Liz said, handing Emi another cooler.

Emi took it, avoiding the eyes of her curious teammates. She took another big swing of the ‘medicine’ and then adjusted the hand towel on the stool she was sitting on.

“So we told you about our day”, Hannah said expectantly. “And we caught up with our task briefings and the plan for this last week.” She left the comment hanging, as the four girls looked at her.

“What do you want to know?,” Emi asked, knowing full well what they wanted.

“I want to know if this Ambassador thing is going to be a problem,” Becca said, “Seriously. This is a critical week and I don’t like the idea that might be distracted.”

“Nooo…” Hannah said, “We want to know if any of them were hot for you. That must have been intense! Do you like any of them?”

“Hannah,” Becca said. “Let’s stay focused on…”

“Did you tell them that your naked fantasy came true?” Sam asked, licking the rim of her bottle suggestively. “You know Emi? I’m starting to admire your big-ass balls!”

“I thought you were against Emi’s nudity,” Hannah laughed.

“If you can’t beat them… make fun of them. That’s my new motto,” Sam said, looking away while taking another swing of her peach cider.

“That’s your OLD motto,” Hannah said, shaking her head in amusement. “Nothing has changed.”

Emi felt relieved to see Sam starting to come around.

“You can girl-talk later,” Becca said. “Right now I want to know what the fuck happened in the TV room?”

Emi was taken aback. What had happened in the TV room that afternoon had been so embarrassing! She was trying to block it out of her memory. How had Becca heard about it? Had Ho said something?

“Su-Ning told me about it and she was quite concerned,” Becca said, ignoring Liz’s gesture for another drink.

Su-Ning? “Su-Ning?” Emi muttered in surprise. This was worse than she had imagined.

“That’s right. Ho complained to Su-Ning, and Su-Ning told me all about it,” Becca said.

Sam and Hannah looked like they were hearing about this for the first time. They watched closely as Becca waited for Emi to speak.

“I… ahh…” Emi mumbled.

“Look, it wasn’t Emi’s fault,” Liz blurted. “The trailer park boys are trouble.”

“What happened?” Hannah didn’t appear to appreciate the suspense.

“It was kind of my fault,” Liz admitted. “I told them to stop making Emi uncomfortable. I warned them that she was trying the nudity as an experiment and was almost ready to give up.”

“What? You said that?” Emi said. “Why?”

“Why what? Raul and Travis were on you all day, staring, giggling, and playing jokes. I saved you! I told those idiots that if they begged me, and ‘cough’ bought me a drink every day, that I would try to talk Emi into staying naked.”

“Wasn’t that dangerous?” Emi asked, “I mean, Sarah practically bribed them with five days off if they got me to give up and get dressed.”

Becca waved her hand to draw attention back to herself. “What happened in the TV room?” she asked again.

Emi tried to answer. “Well… Raul asked Travis to go ask one of the female staff members, who was topless, and carrying a couple of small melons in a basket… uh… ahh… where could he get his hands on a couple of melons like those,” she said, shaking her head.

“No way!” Said Sam. “This shit is better than Netflix!”

“No it’s not,” Becca corrected. “That staff member complained to Ho.”

Liz grabbed Emi’s arm. “That bribe was nothing. Those guys would PAY vacation days just to be around you naked. They wouldn’t miss this for the world,” she said, changing the subject.

Emi doubted that was true. This was risky. “What about Eddie?”

“Eddie? He is not one to rock the boat,” Liz replied. “He’s just shy or angry. Sometimes both at the same time. Plus Leo loves you naked. Asher, well I think he’s been enjoying this as well. You are a big hit.”

Emi looked at Liz. “About Raul and Travis… I would rather they focus on me rather than bother the staff. You just threw gas on the fire,” she said, but regretted it when she saw Liz slump. “But I appreciate the gesture,” she added quickly. “So I guess that’s why for the rest of the afternoon they were being so nice and respectful to me.”

Becca and the girls were watching, taking it all in.

Emi looked around at everyone. “Look, I take full responsibility. I think things will be fine moving forward. I’ll have a talk with them and worst-case, redirect their attention back to me,” she said, surprised at her words as they came out of her mouth.

Becca seemed somewhat satisfied with that answer. “Fine. But please let me know if you think you can’t handle it,” she said, shaking her head in wonder.

Emi nodded.

“What about the ‘under the desk’ incident?” Becca asked, after taking a swig of her peach cider.

Emi stiffened. “Raul said the internet was down. I told him that the router was under his desk and that he just needed to push in the loose cables and maybe reset it. He did that but the internet was still down,” Emi answered, wishing that she didn’t have to tell this embarrassing story.

Liz couldn’t contain her delight.

Emi asked her. “So that was a setup then?”

“It was classic Raul,” Liz said. “No doubt he switched the cables around.”

“Oh my god Emi, you crawled under a table?” Hannah gasped.

“No, don’t be silly. I was just squatting,” Emi quickly added.

“Not for long,” Liz said. “She got on her back, because the device was attached to the bottom of the table.”

Emi blushed. “Look, they could already see everything. I didn’t have my legs open or anything lewd like that. I’m not a helpless girl, one who can’t solve a simple problem.”

Sam laughed. “This is too good. Emi’s a sucker for a good problem. Tell us more!”

“So then Raul yells ‘oh shit, she’s having trouble. Travis, help her!’ And the dolt rushes under there and tries to assist. They were like REALLY close and Travis was grabbing the cables. Emi told him she had it under control and tried to get him to leave. He then attempted to leave but Raul was blocking where he crawled under and yelled ‘everyone come! I caught Travis trying to put the moves on Emi under the table! I caught him. I caught him!’ He yelled while gripping Travis’s foot so he couldn’t move.

Emi blushed… for getting caught up by that stupid prank. “It wasn’t that bad,” she said.

“It was hilarious! Travis was struggling desperately to leave. But Raul was blocking him, saying ‘I caught you… I caught you!’ Travis was panicking and saying “You did NOT!” But he looked so guilty. It was too funny!”

Emi’s face was heating up as everyone watched her. She tried to ignore it and looked at the ground after taking a sip.

“It would have been better though if the building manager …what’s her name? Ho? If she didn’t happen to be walking by while Asher and Ben we’re trying to break it up,” Liz added.

“Why didn’t you just crawl out the side?” Sam asked, appearing as if she was enjoying the story immensely.

“Like I’m going to roll over and crawl away from all the guys… think about it,” Emi said, laughing at herself.

“Yeah, it was all pretty funny but Ho looked pissed after Emi explained it all because Raul was giggling at her saggy tits,” Liz added. “Probably the worst part.”

“Yes. That didn’t go so well,” Emi said, taking a bigger drink, trying to forget the dark look in Ho’s eyes.

The next day, Emi felt a little more in control. She now knew what she was dealing with. She still had no plans to let the guys see her eyes. As the day progressed, there were no more problems and Travis seemed okay, but Emi was watching Raul closely.

Later, after a meeting with Su-Ning, Emi was feeling on edge. Not because Su-Ning was hard on her, but because of the trust that Su-Ning was putting on her. Plus she again shared her fears about the bigger picture. Usually, Emi enjoyed responsibility and pressure, but this was on a whole new level. She pulled her sunglasses down and went back to the guys.

A little while later, Emi caught Raul talking quietly to Travis while gesturing at a topless staff member. Emi interrupted them and led them both into a small room.

“Raul…” Emi took a deep breath. “Where are you from?” She needed to get through to him but also tread carefully. Maybe some light banter would help break the ice.

Raul looked down briefly at her pussy, while Travis awkwardly blinked a lot looking at everything but Emi. Slowly Raul brought his eyes up along her body to her eyes where he sniffed, explaining that he was from Iran originally.

“Look, you guys have a lot of potential. Let’s start over okay?”

Travis nodded like an idiot and Raul looked confused.

“You are not fools. Don’t keep paying Liz for drinks. She tricked you,” Emi said, noticing that she finally had their attention.

“I have no intention of getting dressed. It’s not going to happen. I am the lead Resort Ambassador and this is a nude resort.” She let that sink in.

Raul shuffled a bit and stepped on Travis’s foot. Travis tried to secretly shove him off, but Raul stepped on him again.

“Enough! Look I can’t have you guys talking to the staff. Especially the topless ones. IF YOU DO… I’ll have you ejected from the building.”

They stood still, blinking, trying to absorb what Emi was saying.

“I’m dead serious. I don’t want you to even look at them anymore, okay? Can you do that for me?”

“Can we look at you?” Raul asked slowly, almost respectfully.

“Yes! Of course, we need to work together. It would be impossible if you can’t look at me.”

“We tried to… um… be nice yesterday,” Raul said.

Emi shook her head in wonder. She supposed they were talking about the afternoon. “Yes… thank you for that. But look. I would rather that you guys… um… pay attention to ME and stop ogling the STAFF. Do you understand?”

“So… umm… we can look at any part of you?” Raul asked boldly, grinning like an idiot.

Emi shook her head in exasperation. “Yesss,” she said slowly. It was painful to get that word out, knowing exactly what he was talking about.

“Great, Travis… she wants us to look. She likes it!”

“That’s not…”

Raul grabbed Travis’s head and tried to force him to look at Emi.

“No… Roool… let goooo!”

“She loves it when you look at her parts! Look! Look!”

Disgusted, Emi left the room. There was no hope for these fucking morons. She would just have to keep a close eye on them and then actually kick them out if they tried anything with the staff again.

After a second exhausting day of babysitting, during which Emi managed to avoid disaster more than once, she needed to go for a run.

She put her leg up to stretch, thinking about just kicking them out. But she needed them to do something bad first. But then she didn’t want that to happen. She was stuck.

She switched legs, but then brought her leg down quickly when she heard someone approaching. It was Asher, in shorts and running shoes.

“Mind if I join you? I have some ideas to help our teams integrate better and I think we should talk.”

Embarrassed that her leg had been up, Emi tried to calm down and respond. “Uhh.. yeah sure?” She much preferred having her privacy while running.

“Great…. Let’s go.”

As they ran past the coconut trees along the beach, the scene began its slow transformation into a postcard-like sunset view.

“So… you wanted to talk?” Emi asked, wondering why he had been quiet for so long. She was glad that she was starting to perspire and turn red. It would hide her embarrassment about him seeing her bare tits bouncing around on her chest.

“Yes… I think we all got off on the wrong foot.”

“The wrong foot,” Emi repeated. It was an understatement if she had ever heard one.

“Yes, I think that you just need to give them a chance. They are good guys at heart. You all just need to bond.”

Emi didn’t believe that but what choice did she have? Asher seemed to be sincere. “What do you have in mind?”

“Just… you know… get out of the office and hang out a little… like friends.”

“You want us to hang out?”

“Yeah… exactly. I think it will do wonders for team spirit.”

“Like friends?” Emi said, trying to hide her suspicious tone. “So you think that they will be more mature, outside of a formal environment, while drinking beer?”

“Look, you have to meet me halfway here. At least consider it, Emi.”

Emi laughed to herself. “So where?”

“I heard you guys had a fire-pit party on the beach. How about we hang out with some beers and a fire after work?”

“How do you know about the party?”

“I was chatting up some of the staff,” he smiled.

Emi didn’t like the sound of that. Who did he talk to and how much had he learned? But she didn’t want to think about that now. It was too distracting. She looked him in the eyes, trying to get a read on him.

“So do we have a deal?”

“I’ll think about it…” And with that parting comment, Emi took off, sprinting her full speed back to the compound. When she arrived 10 minutes later, he was far behind, walking. It was hard to tell, but he seemed to be smiling.

The next morning Emi’s buzzing watch woke her up, thankfully. She was drenched with sweat and panicking from an erotic nightmare. She sat up and held her forehead thinking about the dream, trying to calm down. She had been nude at work, surrounded by guys. It was scary, as she couldn’t find her clothes no matter where she looked and the guys kept asking for help with computer programming issues as if they felt that it was fine that she was completely naked. In the dream, she was humiliated and smelled of arousal but nobody said anything. It had been a tense dream and she was glad to finally be awake.

Her phone was still buzzing as the dream gradually faded.

Stifling a yawn, she hit the answer button and launched into a great arching stretch with her arms behind her pillow.

“Emi, I need your help,” Evan said, with some alarm in his voice.

“What’s… up…” Emi slurred as she yawned again and arched her chest even higher causing her thin blanket to fall to her waist, exposing her breasts to the morning air.

“I can’t find my recent design work… ‘git’ is crap!”

As her stretch subsided, Emi noticed that she really needed a shower, and it was almost time to work. Shit! She needed to hurry up.

“Look, Evan, I’m busy… gotta go,” she said, sitting up and looking into the mirror on the dresser. Her hair was a black mess but her pubes were looking good. Recently she hated seeing her pussy in the mirror. Hated being reminded of what others can see.

“Wait Emi… I’m serious… this could cost us an important client.”

Emi stood and dragged a brush over her hair in front of the mirror, taking in her full form. She laughed bitterly at the sudden realization that real life was probably more of a nightmare than her dream. It was a scary thought to wake up to.

“I need your help!”

“Look, Evan, ‘git’ is not crap. It’s awesome. I told you this would happen… but you didn’t pay attention,” she said, looking for clothes briefly before realizing that she wasn’t supposed to wear any. Hesitantly, she headed for the door.

“I don’t need a lecture! A client is coming today and…”

Emi didn’t need this today, but she didn’t hang up as she walked down the hallway. She felt a kaleidoscope of contrasting feelings as she headed towards the Jacuzzi showers. Shame, embarrassment, duty, fear, exhilaration, naughtiness, and sexual arousal. Talking with Evan was magnifying those feelings as she recalled what kind of stories he liked. Plus she was still reeling from her dream, or worse, the realization that real life was just as messed up. She tried to get a hold of her rampant feelings, feeling the air between her damp legs, and the subtle bounce in her breasts as she passed by Bo.

“Looking awesome today Emi!” he said, with a charming smile.

Emi couldn’t help but smile. She felt him looking at her ass as she entered the Jacuzzi room. She felt her libido go up a notch, followed by fear of the associated fragrance. She hurried to the shower stool.

“Emi?” Her smartwatch was still connected to Evan.

“What’s the problem,” she said, as she sat down and washed.

Even was still talking, and she was talking him through the usual motions. This happened at least once every few months, like clockwork. Evan was never good with technical tools for saving his work. It was something she could never cure him of. Finally, she helped him figure out how to recover his missing files.

“What’s that sound… are you… showering?”

“Yeah, so what if I am?” Emi blurted out defiantly. It felt naughty to admit. She had no time for games.

“Haha… so you are wet and naked?”

“No dumb-ass, I’m showering in my with my clothes on so that I can economize laundry time.”

“Jeffery is here with me,” Evan said, cracking up.

“You have me on speakerphone?” Emi said, regretting that she admitted to being naked.

“H… hi Emi,” said Jeffery, stuttering as usual.

“Don’t worry Emi,” Evan cut in. “We are not trying to imagine you naked!”

She heard them laughing and flushed, remembering that Jeffery already knew what she looked like naked. He didn’t have to imagine. He helped her catch Mr. Wu spying on her.

“This is getting too weird, I’m hanging up now guys,” she said, trying to not to let her voice reveal her embarrassment.

“Wait Emi, Doug and Mathew just walked in. Say hello, we won’t tell them you’re naked,” he whispered.

Emi wanted to hang up but relented and chatted with the guys while she dried off. It was surreal. Evan was working hard to keep her online. Evan was probably getting off on this. Jeffery just stuttered and seemed more nervous than usual. It was erotic talking with the guys while dragging the towel over her naked body in a public place. Doug and Mathew were their usual selves and probably had no idea that Emi was naked, but Evan and Jeffery knew. The situation was oddly exhilarating and she had no time to take care of it. Finally, she cut the conversation and hung up.

After the call, she dipped into the Jacuzzi to calm down and get her nipples under control. It was hard enough mentoring a bunch of guys like this, she didn’t need her headlights on as well. That would be doubly embarrassing and would distract them. Plus she didn’t want to be getting damp again, especially around the guys.

Luckily the Jacuzzi did the trick, mostly. Everything was now pretty much under control as she carefully dried off in the most non-erotic manner possible and rushed to grab her laptop.

As Emi entered the workroom she was blasted with sunlight through the big ocean-facing windows.

“Oh my gosh, Emi…” Leo said, looking at her as if something special was happening. He was early, sitting by the windows, facing her. Emi was early too, managing to stay on schedule despite Evan’s call.

“What?” She said, stopping briefly, before continuing to her desk. She bent over to plug in her computer at floor level, twisting a little sideways, tactfully, to minimize the exposure.

“Are you trying to kill me? Make me go blind? You look utterly devastating with the sun bouncing off your perfect curves,” he stated matter-of-factly.

It was hard to not feel good about those words. At the same time, she hated that he was essentially taking ‘hand-drawn’ photographs of her, without her consent. She needed to put an end to that and get rid of all naked images of herself. She decided to talk with him before the rest arrived to avoid making a scene in front of everyone. She walked up to him, as his eyes absorbed her entire form. “Look, Leo… we need to talk about those drawings.”

Leo smiled and opened his digital notebook to her. Giving her full access.

Emi gasped. “What the hell, Leo! You took pictures of me?” She quickly swiped through three explicit photos of herself, feeling her panic rise. He was an amazing photographer, but this was outrageous.

“Emi…” He said gently. “Those are not photos.”

“Bullshit! How could you violate me like that? Photographs are not allowed here, it’s a nude resort… I could have you…” She was breathing heavily, wondering how many copies he had hidden away.

“Emi… it’s art, take a look at the eyes.”

Emi couldn’t understand what he was saying. This was like Mr. Wu, all over again. She looked at his computer and thought about who she should call.

He smiled, not looking panicked at all. He was pointing at the photo, at her face.

Emi looked and saw that her eyes were so expressive. Not just her eyes but she felt as if she could tell what she had been feeling in that moment. In one photo with Eddie, she was indignant about Eddie’s irritation of her, but also she admired him for his professional skills. Plus she looked a little embarrassed about her nudity. How could he capture all that? Each photo was better than the last and ripped bare her soul.

“How could you Leo?”

“Emi, today is the first time I have seen you naked without your sunglasses on.”

Shit. She needed to go back to her room and get her protective eyewear before the others arrived. Then it hit her. “Wait… you drew these? But my eyes are perfect. How?” She looked closer for signs that this wasn’t a photo. She couldn’t find any. None at all.

“When I met you a couple of weeks ago. Remember? You had clothes on.”

“You remembered what my eyes looked like, from way back then?” She didn’t wait for an answer as she heard the sounds of the guys coming down the hall. She needed to leave. “I’m taking this.” She said, daring him to deny her.

He held his arms up in surrender. “Of course.”

Emi ran back to her room and grabbed her glasses, popping them on her head before sitting down. She tabbed through the menu on the digital tablet and saw ‘show draw history’ and selected it. The image redrew itself over 30 seconds. It was amazing to watch, and proof that he had indeed drawn the image from scratch. She still couldn’t comprehend this level of skill.

She suddenly felt ashamed. Ashamed for doubting Leo. She wondered why he wasn’t running his own company. What was he doing with the marketing team? She still had to get rid of these photo-quality images, but she also had to apologize to him.

She pulled the glasses down and headed back.

Leo was working at his computer as if nothing had happened. The others were there too, and they were also working. But everyone gave her a friendly smile and wave. She waved back with a forced smile.

“Look Leo… these photos are amazing. They truly are… but,”

“Oh my god… you’re going to tell me to stop drawing… aren’t you?” He looked horrified.

Emi glanced once again at the three photos as she considered how to explain. The picture with Eddie was amazing. The next picture with Raul was almost comical. She looked like a teacher dealing with a troublesome middle schooler. She had her hands on her hips, with an expression like ‘what am I going to do with you’. And he was nodding in agreement with the teacher but loving being in trouble.

The last ‘picture’ was with Liz. Her eyes were shining with admiration as the two girls were smiling at each other, like a light bulb moment as Emi points to some code on the screen. Emi looked confident and professional despite her nudity. It was a fantastic photo… or a… drawing.

The images were all classy and worthy of being in an art show. They were THAT good, but Emi had to put a stop to this. It was her body and these were too photo-realistic to exist. She realized that he must have spent hours on each one. It wasn’t going to be easy to ask this. “Look Leo… yes. You have to stop drawing me. And furthermore…”

“But today I am in the zone. I feel like I can do my ultimate art today. May I please draw just one last one. I beg you Emi!” He said, pleadingly while getting on the ground to touch his head to the floor. “Please Emi.”

Emi looked away, annoyed. This was going to be more difficult than she had thought. “Look, Leo, I need to confiscate all these. They look like photos and I just can’t have them floating around. That’s not what this place is about. We are supposed to protect people’s privacy here, not violate it.”

“Fine, you can have them all… including the one I will draw today. Just let me get my art out or I will feel permanently soul scarred for missing this one chance. Those other drawings were just a warm-up. Please let me get this next one out of my system.”

Emi couldn’t believe this. “What? No!” She glanced up to see all of his co-workers looking at him while he was down on the ground begging. She looked completely heartless. How was she ever going to bring this team together if everyone thought she was a bitch?

With annoyance, she growled to herself. “Fine. Today is the LAST drawing, then I get ALL of them. Now promise me!”

“I promise… but promise me you will help to make this last piece of art, epic. Be a little more flexible with your posture. Agreed?”

Emi couldn’t believe the gall of the guy. “I’m not posing. No way!” she stated, flatly. “We all have work to do, this isn’t figure drawing class.” Despite saying that, she was more than a little curious about what this final picture would look like and who it might be with. Never in her life had she looked so good as she had in those three drawings. She wanted this to stop, but her feelings were not black and white. Her curiosity was killing her.

“No not posing. But if I need you to shift a little, will you help me out? If you do, I’ll create something… unforgettable.”

Emi thought he sounded a little cocky. “Whatever, sure… Alright, let’s all try to kick ass today. We are doing well for launch, but I want us to be ‘ahead of schedule’ with regards to our training agreement. Let’s nail these tasks right away so that we have more time for polishing and bug fixes. The sooner we get all this stuff done, the sooner you guys can go back to your normal routines.”

Emi saw Liz leaning over towards Ben, whispering with a laughing snort. Did Liz think she said something funny?

The usual shenanigans happened that day as well. But everyone seemed to enjoy it when she came to help them with something. Raul was too happy and asked her over quite frequently… to the point she decided that he was messing with her.

But as the day wore on, Emi wondered more and more what the ‘photo’ was going to look like, and who it was going to be with. Gradually she spent more time with Ben to increase the odds of a drawing with him. That would be cool. Ben was a true friend and he was looking particularly dishy today. He would be a great co-subject in her photo.

Emi was helping Ben when she was tapped gently on the shoulder. Startled, she looked and saw Leo.

“Emi can you lean more on your left leg when you stand like that?” Leo asked gently, smiling, and backing away.

Emi was standing, bent over slightly. Same as she did with everyone. She switched her weight to the other leg and continued. It was hard to concentrate as she had lost her train of thought.

Ben reminded her. “We were looking at this function,” Ben reminded her. He also seemed a little distracted. Emi wondered what was distracting him. It’s not like HE was naked and being sketched.

After a quick visit with everyone around the room, Emi was again back with Ben. They were arguing over the best solution to a problem. It was a conversation that they were both enjoying. Laughing at Ben’s comment, she stood up and stretched her arms behind her back.

Emi felt a tap on her shoulder. It was again Leo.

“Could you do that stretch one more time but with your back more arched.” He arched his back to show her what he meant.

Emi laughed. So that was going to be the picture? She was kind of glad it was Ben but the idea of her stretching seemed a bit too provocative. But she was glad that it would soon be over. “Ahh… sure,” she said, trying to comply.

Leo came back to her. “May I?” He asked, reaching for her shoulders.

She froze, unable to imagine that he would touch her. But he did, just as he had before with the taps to her shoulder. She’d let him tap so this wasn’t much different. It felt professional. Despite her nakedness, she decided that it was alright and let him adjust her body into position.

“What do you think Ben? Is this the best angle for Emi?” He asked as he twisted her a little. “Emi… shoulders back more.”

Emi saw Ben watching as Leo adjusted her shoulders, causing her breasts to jut out a little more prominently. Ben’s reaction was polite but amusing.

“Good?” He asked Ben.

“Ahh… yes…” he gulped.

“Look Ben… can you help me? I’m almost done finding my last but perfect angle. I need to stand back here, can you adjust her shoulders a little as I instruct?”

Emi saw Ben looking over to the others. Everyone had headphones on and wasn’t paying attention. Liz had left to buy lunch.

“Ahh sure…” he finally responded.

Emi felt his hands on her shoulders and it surprisingly sent a thrill through her body.

“Twist her to the left… just a touch.”

Emi felt stupid, like she should put a stop to this. But this was the last day and she wouldn’t have to look like the bad guy to the most cheerful person on the team. She complied to get it over with quicker. Plus it was turning her on a little, which was bad, but she didn’t want it to stop – not right away.

“Her head a little to the right.”

Emi laughed when Ben comically grabbed her head and turned it to the right as if she were a mannequin.

“Pull her right foot out a little, and move it to the right.”

Ben took her foot in his warm hands and Emi’s arousal jolted up a notch. With each new touch on a different part of her bare body, it felt more and more like the casual familiarity that only lovers should share. But here, in a public office, being drawn while surrounded by guys made her feel distinctly naughty, but in a good way. He looked hot, also struggling with arousal but was being respectful in his behavior.

“And finally move her hips a little to the left.”

Emi looked at Ben. ‘I dare you to touch my hips’, her eyes flashed.

Looking mischievous, Ben met her ‘stare-dare’ and grabbed her hips.

Emi gasped… her breathing quickened while his hands pressed into her skin as he sought to turn her. The touch wasn’t lewd or anything, it was just the idea of the contact and the manipulation. He met her look briefly with a smile and then Ben sat back down again at his computer, adjusting his shorts.

Oh shit, Emi felt her arousal going through the roof. She needed to get out of there. She broke the pose, ready to leave.

“That was great Emi, I’m done. You can relax now.”

Emi smiled at him and turned to leave when Ben grabbed her hand. Jolt. “Before you go, can you help me with this… ah… problem?”

Emi flushed, steaming up her dark glasses, unsure which ‘problem’ he was talking about, but he’d said the magic word, gesturing to his screen. Emi loved a problem and took her glasses off briefly, wiping them on his shirttail to clear them up. For a brief moment, their naked eyes locked. It was entirely too intimate and she quickly put them back on.

Ben stretched, locking his hands behind his head. His muscle tone was impressive.

She tried to focus on the problem. It was hard. Very hard. She loved hard problems. Eventually, she cooled down enough to help him with it. She lost herself in the problem. After a while they were debating the approach again, but with new vigor. They laughed and he covertly adjusted himself again. Emi stepped away to sit on the corner of his desk. After more chat, eventually, they were laughing again. Leo had her sit a little farther back on the desk. Emi was getting used to being a model and let Leo make adjustments to her posture while she continued with Ben.

Then Emi twisted, looking closer at Ben’s screen. She felt Leo adjust one leg so it was down on the ground. Emi ignored Leo, trusting his suggestions. She was looking forward to seeing his masterpiece, but also distracted with Ben’s… problem. After they laughed together again she slowly realized that her legs were a little too open. It was probably indecent.

“Perfect, don’t move.”

Emi froze. Don’t move? What are you crazy? This is indecent. She glanced at Ben as he glanced away. In that brief glimpse, she saw his eyes were smoldering and it lit her on fire. This time she absolutely had to leave. She could smell herself!

“Good luck with that,” she laughed. Wondering if he got the double meaning as she ran out of the room.

Emi needed to cool off and ran to the ocean, diving into the first big wave smashing it into two. The next big wave manhandled her, shoving her back towards the shore but she fought it, laughing hard at the sea itself. The ocean felt so good. Without clothes, she felt more connected to it, as if she was also a force of nature. Bounding out of the water, she raced all the way to the gate and back. Finally, she sprawled out on her back, draping her body over a very large beach log. She was breathing hard and the sun felt wonderful on her exposed skin.

That was a refreshing break, she mused as she walked back to the office. It was still surreal that she was completely naked and yet headed towards an office full of people, but then this was a nudist resort. She wanted to allow herself to enjoy some of this, but concerns of modesty were burned into her at a young age. There was no removing that. It was what it was. Despite all that, this situation was beginning to turn her on. It was an unexpected complication that she should have seen coming. Maybe if she ignored it, it would simply go away.

Back in the office, she looked at Leo’s drawing.

“Jesus…” She gasped.

“Thank you,” Leo beamed, proudly.

Emi saw that he was amazingly fast with this one. It wasn’t as photorealistic as the others, probably because he didn’t have enough time, but it was without a doubt the best digital art that Emi had ever seen. The only problem was that it was disturbingly personal. Even Ben appeared to be turned on and something in his eyes looked oddly serious as well. It was a smoking hot image. Her legs were casually open and her nipples were rock hard. Emi couldn’t remember if they had been, was that his artistic liberty?

“Leo, I can’t show this to anyone… I… I’m even embarrassed that you saw me this way. But yes, it’s …damn! I certainly won’t forget it,” she said, blushing.

“I guess it’s time then?” He asked, looking sad.

“Leo… this is great art, but it’s way too… um… personal.” It was an understatement if there ever was one. This was the most powerfully hot image that she had ever seen in her entire life, and it was of herself. It was too much. It shocked her to the core. She had to make sure Liz never saw it. She didn’t want Ben to either. Nobody on earth could ever see it. But surprisingly, she also didn’t want to destroy it, at least not yet.

“He nodded, you can go ahead and delete them all. I have no backup, but please look long and hard before you do. I want you to remember these, especially that last one.”

Emi grabbed the tablet, studying the graphic image carefully. Mostly, she wanted to keep Leo from looking at it. It was somehow more embarrassing than being naked in front of him. It exposed a lot more than just her body.

Leo waited patiently as she examined the tablet in her hands, holding it so only she could see the screen. She felt bad, but she could not have these naked pictures of herself dangerously easy for anyone to see or publish, but she also really hated the idea of destroying true art. It was an agonizing decision. She thought for a moment. Was she going to regret this?

“Look, Leo, if you promise to not draw me anymore, and promise to not share… these… and always keep them double encrypted and keep the password active on your tablet then I’ll let you keep the first three,” she said, not believing the words as they came out of her mouth. Those pictures at least didn’t have any sexual undertones.

Leo looked up from the ground. The hope she saw in his anguished eyes told her that she had made the correct choice.

“But I can’t let you or anyone keep that last one. It has to be destroyed.”

He nodded. “I can show you how to permanently delete it,” he said, looking relieved.

Emi wasn’t sure if he was relieved to save three of the images, or relieved that she didn’t freak out about the last one.

He walked her through the process of destroying the image and clearing the accidental delete folder.

Just before Emi hit the delete button she paused. “Can I keep a copy of this one for a few days?” She felt embarrassed to ask.

Leo lit up. “Yes, of course! I can email you a copy right now,” he said, smiling.

Emi watched the screen as he emailed the exported image to her. She also noticed that none of his recent emails had attachments, which gave her increased confidence in her decision to let him keep the first three images.

While it was embarrassing for Leo to know that Emi wanted to look more at that last powerfully erotic image, her greater need was to understand the look in Ben’s eyes. Something was curious about his expression, something deeper and more serious than the lust she saw there. Plus it was a novelty to see herself looking that hot.

He emailed her the drawing as a high-quality image and then showed her how to permanently delete the file on his machine.

Emi deleted it. “Thank you, Leo, I won’t ever forget it,” she said sincerely, before turning abruptly and heading out of the room. She needed to go for another swim to clear her head.