**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 14 Team Building**

“Hey, nudist!” Sam’s voice bellowed.

Emi almost stumbled, turning around she saw her old crew. The three of them were together, all wearing clothes. It wasn’t supposed to be this way. Instead of Emi and Becca, together, helping new guests adjust to the nude resort. Now it was just Emi alone, the only one nude, and the resort was opening tomorrow. Her team was not even wearing swimwear in moral support of her nudity. She felt betrayed. “Ahh… hey guys.”

“We hardly see you anymore,” Hannah said, looking at Emi’s body with a smirk.

Her team felt different recently. Hannah looked at her more suggestively, as if she was attracted to her. Sam grimaced when she looked at her, looking like she was struggling to adjust to this new reality. Clearly, she didn’t like Emi without clothes. Becca seemed indifferent to the nudity but was less friendly to Emi recently. “I’m doing the best I can guys,” she said, looking at Becca. It was Becca and Su-Ning that negotiated the deal for her to train the marketing devs in order to reduce marketing costs. She certainly would never have agreed to it, knowing that she would be doing it naked. She was a victim of her own success. Couldn’t her team see how hard all this was for her?

Looking at Emi, Becca softened a little. “Hang in there, kiddo…” And with that, they walked past Emi, down the hallway.

Emi appreciated that breadcrumb of sympathy from Becca. She took a glance at them… walking away. Sam was carrying her laptop. Emi couldn’t see the sticker, not clearly, but she knew it was there; ‘The Three Amigos’ in clear big bold letters.

Emi headed outside after she grabbed her runners from the downstairs lockers.

Outside, Emi leaned forward, pushing her extended leg stretch hard as she looked around carefully. Stretching was important but extremely exposing when naked. She wanted to finish before someone came. This was not something she would do in the presence of others, so she was going all out to take advantage of her alone time this morning.

Emi wiggles her toes as she leaned deep into her stretch. She enjoyed the feeling of running shoes on her feet. With her sunglasses propped up on her head and shoes on, she felt more covered than usual as she prepared for her daily run.

She didn’t sleep well, and she had a lot on her mind this morning. Second thoughts about letting Leo keep images of her naked in a workplace were creeping into her mind. She wanted to stand by her decision to trust him, but her anxiety was growing. That image of her and Ben was an unforgettable image, she literally couldn’t get it out of her mind. Tomorrow was the grand opening, and tonight she would probably have to go to a fire-pit party with the guys, naked. She was definitely not looking forward to that. Or at least, mostly not looking forward to it.

The sound of a door closing startled Emi, breaking her from her thoughts. Ho came out of the compound building and was casually wandering towards her, a smoke in her hand.

Emi cursed the timing. She wanted to switch leg positions, to complete her stretch, but not in front of someone. She decided to just start her run. “Good morning, Ho…” she said, waving hello as she turned to jog away.

The resort manager casually raised her hand, gesturing for Emi to come over.

Emi paused. Just great, small talk with the warden, she thought. The crabby old woman was the second in command at the resort and also in charge of keeping tabs on Emi and reporting her progress with community service. Emi ran up to her to get this over with quickly.

Ho looked at the ground while stepping on her cigarette. Then she bent down to pick it up. Her breasts hung down as she was topless, wearing the regulation staff loincloth and nothing else. She turned and dropped the cigarette butt into a nearby garbage can.

Emi waited patiently, noticing that her hair was different. It was up in a bun Japanese style, two fancy blade-like paper openers stuck through her silver-streaked bun. She must be getting ready for the grand opening. The back of her neck had a rather large tattoo of a dragon on it.

“Going for a run?”

“Ah, yes.”

“To the gate?”

“Yes, my usual morning run.”

“I’m also going to gate.”

“Oh…” Emi said, unsure where the conversation was going. Then it hit her. “You want a ride?” Emi asked, hoping that the answer would be no.

Ho paused for a moment, thinking about it. Gradually she shook her head no. “All right, fine…” She relinquished.

The gesture annoyed Emi. Ho was acting as if Emi had talked her into it.

“Okay, I’ll grab a rickshaw. Just a moment.” Emi ran off, fuming. She didn’t enjoy having her morning run disrupted. She hadn’t even finished stretching both legs.

Soon they were off, Emi pulling the rickshaw at a brisk pace, hoping to get this over with as soon as possible.

A few minutes later, Emi relaxed and settled into the run. The silence was not uncomfortable. She was glad that Ho wasn’t complaining to her about the guys. She likely was not happy with Travis and Raul’s recent antics with staff members.

The ocean waves were soothing and lapping up against the beach at an angle … pushing shells inland and then retreating, hindering the next wave’s advance as they approached the gate. Emi slowed to a stop, and they waited patiently.

Ho slowly climbed out. “Tomorrow is the grand opening. I need to check the area around gate,” she said.

“Okay,” Emi said, not sure if she was expected to give her a ride back. She wanted to get back to her run.

Ho opened the gate with her watch and without looking back, walked out onto the public beach in just her loincloth, heading towards the fire-pit.

Emi jumped back towards the fence, hiding from view in case someone was out there. She peeked from behind the gate and didn’t see any bottles or garbage, but the firepit was far from her vantage point. There were also no people as far as she could see.

Ho finally reached the fire-pit and slowly trudged it in circles. She frequently stopped, bending over to pick up something by her feet. A bottle cap or a cigarette, Emi imagined.

After a few minutes, Emi wondered if she should help her. But she didn’t want to go outside the gate with no clothes on. She had done so briefly in the past, and it had been nerve-racking.

Ho continued, slowly, in circles around the fire-pit, acting as if she was searching for buried bottles.

Emi was getting restless, wondering how long Ho would be here. She wanted to know if Ho needed a ride back. “Ahh, Ho?…” she yelled out, just as she saw Ho pulling a bottle from the sand.

Ho looked up, waving Emi over. “Take this,” she ordered, before turning her attention back to the sand under her feet. She tossed an empty bottle a few feet from herself towards Emi.

‘Oh great’, Emi thought while holding the gate open. Looking again carefully, she still could see no one around, so she sprinted over, skidding to a stop in the sand. After she grabbed the bottle, Ho held her hand up, gesturing for her to wait.

“There might be more,” Ho said, as she continued to search around the fire-pit in circles, gradually spiraling out.

Emi stood there frozen, holding an empty bottle, feeling like Ho was taking way too long. She was going overboard with her hidden bottle search. Was Ho trying to show her how to clean up out here, properly?

Ho’s smartwatch started ringing, and she answered. “What? I didn’t hear about any meetings today… uh huh… Okay. Sure. I’m at the gate, I’ll be right there.”

Emi watched as Ho turned to leave, but the woman paused for a moment as if to consider something, and then she turned to Emi. “I’m late for a meeting. Can I get a ride to marketing?”

“What? No…” Emi said, astonished to be asked such a thing, emphasizing the answer with open arms, as if to say ‘look at me. I’m completely naked!’

Ho scowled. “Then finish up here. Let me show you where I left off. I have to leave.”

Emi was still reeling from the outrageous request. She walked up to the building manager.

“From here, you can see what I was doing. Walk in a loop, gradually getting larger. Spend another fifteen more minutes doing that and then you can go back.”

Emi gasped. Fifteen minutes is a lifetime when one is naked on a public beach.

Ho ignored her reaction, or didn’t notice it… and left at a brisk pace. As she reached the upper walkway above the beach, Emi saw her pull a small bikini top out from her fanny pack on her belly and slip it on. The older woman walked away confidently as Emi shook her head in wonder. The woman had suggested she transport her all the way to marketing, naked, and yet she herself was covering up.

Begrudgingly, Emi started cleaning the beach, but refused to do the stupid circles, but monitored the walkway and the beach for any signs of people. If she saw anyone approaching in the distance, she could run back through the gate.

After what felt like an hour, but was probably just 10 minutes. Emi headed back. She found nothing, not even a bottle cap. The area was clean. She was just wasting her time and taking risks for nothing.

She checked her watch, and it was actually 13 minutes. Good enough. Wait, her battery indicator was warning of a low charge. A jolt of fear hit her. Emi sprinted for the gate.

Sweating from exertion, she quickly activated the gate with her smartwatch. She heard a click on the gate, and with relief, she pushed hard on the big door. It didn’t move. She activated it again, and it clicked once again. She pushed and the gate would not budge! What the hell! Panicking she tapped at the black screen of her smartwatch but the screen did not wake. Shit! The battery was dead.

Frantically, Emi paced back and forth, looking for signs of people coming. Her watch was usually low power in the morning, and she charged it with her laptop after her run. But Evan’s call yesterday had used more power than usual, and now here she was. She laughed to herself. Evan would get a kick out of this. Or rather she would do the kicking, his ass! “Evaaan!… you idiot… look what you’ve done to me!”

After pushing that frustrating thought aside, Emi sobered up and looked carefully at the gate, and the fence… watching it sink into the sea. The solution made her laugh. She took off her shoes and stuffed her sunglasses into them and tossed them over the fence into the sand. Then she ran, diving into the waves. She swam out to sea, around the sinking fence, and came back on the other side. Coming out of the water, she couldn’t help but smile. She avoided a humiliating run to the marketing building!

After her feet dried off, she slipped on her shoes. Put on her glasses, grabbed the empty rickshaw, and headed back. A few minutes later she saw a four-wheeled bike roaring up to her. It was Bo, and he halted with a skid.

“Emi…” Bo paused, taking in her form appreciatively. “Did you see anyone messing with the gate? Or swimming around the gate?”

“Yes… that was me,” she said, looking at him with a smirk.

“So… ahh… why?” He said, looking relieved.

“My watch ran out of power,” she explained. “Sorry…”

“No no… I’m always glad to see you Emi,” he said, looking her up and down.

Emi tried not to show her embarrassment as he brazenly looked at her.

“Practicing for the next party?” He asked, indicating her empty rickshaw.

“No…” she laughed, wondering if he knew about tonight’s party. “I gave Ho a ride to the gate. She had to go to the marketing building,” she explained.

“You made her walk from the gate?” He asked, smiling.

“I offered to bring her the full way, but she declined,” Emi said, flatly.

Bo broke out laughing.

Emi was glad that she could match his kidding.

“So I heard that you guys are having a fire-pit party tonight.”

“Yeah…” Emi rolled her eyes.

“I can’t believe I wasn’t invited. So who will you race?”

Emi laughed. “Asher wants to have a team-building event. No racing… nothing like that.”

“No? Not even leashes?”

Emi tried to give him a serious look. But it was futile with her sunglasses on.

He ignored her body language. “Look… um… Ho announced that there are to be no more parties in this last week before opening day.”

“She what? Seriously?”

“Yeah, we guess she wants to keep everything looking pristine before opening day. You might have to postpone the party a week or so.”

Emi felt conflicted. On one hand, she was relieved, but on the other, she promised the guys. “Crap… they won’t be happy about that.”

Waving goodbye, Emi ran back towards the resort. This was a real problem.

“Great running form!” Bo laughed as she ran away.

She tried not to stumble.

Back at the compound, Emi tried to figure out the best time to tell the guys. She kept postponing it. The day went unusually well. There were hardly any incidents with staff, and the team managed to stay ahead of schedule. At the end of the day, Emi had to tell them the bad news.

“Hey guys… I have some news.” Emi gestured for everyone to come. Ben, Liz, Eddie, Asher, Leo, Raul, and Travis all formed a semi-circle around her.

“Look… I don’t know how to say this…”

Everyone looked at her.

“It seems we can’t have a party tonight. It’s forbidden on resort grounds for the next little while because the resort is opening tomorrow.”

Leo nodded, putting down his digital drawing tablet. “Bad luck…”

“That sucks,” Raul said, looking disappointed. He slapped Travis on the back, to get his attention, but probably more out of frustration. “No party buddy, after we worked so hard!”

Travis winced at the blow. It was hard to tell what bothered the big red-headed fellow more; the hit or the news.

“Hey…” Asher said. “This is out of Emi’s hands.”

Emi appreciated the support, but she still felt terrible.

“Why can’t we do it just outside the gate?” Liz asked.

Ben rubbed his chin, thinking. “Yes, that could work!”

Eddie was already tired of standing there and sat back down to program.

“Outside the gate?” Emi asked, echoing the thought out loud.

“Yeah… that sounds like an excellent solution. Good work Liz,” Asher said, accepting the decision.

Travis, you Raul, and Leo go load up a rickshaw and meet us at the firepit.

Emi wondered if having a party today was wise. She was undecided, so she said nothing. Instead, she decided that she would do an extra careful clean up after the party was over. Unfortunately, that meant that she would be the last to leave. “Okay… sounds good. I’ll meet you guys out there shortly.” And with that, she went back to her room to get a towel, two coolers, and her swimsuit.

Emi ran along the path towards the gate. She brought the coolers in a mini-backpack with a towel. The guys were bringing the food and beer. Up ahead she could see the gate and knew the guys were just beyond. She stopped by the gate and took out her swimsuit. She quickly dressed, pulling the swimsuit bottoms up with the single loop suspender. It was a tight fit, pulling the suspender over her head. The action always caused the suit to give her a wedgie and camel-toe. She fixed those issues as well as she could. The suit was not so modest. The last part was the separate tube top covering her breasts.

The firepit was less than a city block from the gate, and she trotted up to them. It felt different running in her suit, less bouncy. “Hey!”

“Oh-my-god… Emi, you’re NOT naked!” Liz said, laughing. Almost everyone turned to look.

Raul looked surprised. “Hey Emi…” he said, looking at her suit curiously.

Ben gave her a warm smile. “Hey…” he said, giving her bikini a double-take as he tossed on another piece of wood.

Something in his voice felt good. “Hey…” Emi said back.

“Heeyyy…” Liz said, walking past the two of them.

Emi distinctly heard some mocking in Liz’s tone. Did Liz think she and Ben were flirting?

Ben went back to the other side of the woodpile to join the others.

Looking down the beach, Emi rubbed the back of her neck, touching her single loop suspender. The suit, although skimpy, felt uncomfortably restrictive after having been naked for so long. She looked over and noticed Ben bending over and pulling out a fresh bottle of cider, while everyone else attacked the pizza box. He gave an exaggerated sigh of satisfaction after he took a big swig of the drink while looking out to sea.

Emi chuckled, Ben looked like he was doing a beer commercial. Then the thought hit her, she had almost ended up partying with him while naked. Looking at him, she felt some regret. Regardless, she didn’t think it was wise to be naked outside the gate. It wasn’t getting caught by the law that concerned her as Su-Ning recently got a public nudity waiver for the beach area near the resort. It was the idea of pictures getting out and she didn’t want strangers to see her naked. She laughed at that thought, as a Resort Ambassador her job was to show around strangers while naked. But at least they would also be naked. Out here it felt like streaking, and she wasn’t into streaking in front of others. Despite clothing feeling a little odd on her body, she did like being covered. It made the party seem normal. Like a real team event. She felt like one of the devs again.

Asher brought her a cooler.

“Thanks,” she said, accepting it.

He was wearing sunglasses with his cap on backward. He smiled openly, his bright teeth contrasting nicely with his beautiful dark skin. “I like your designer suit. Is that a once piece?” He said, looking carefully at the suit.

Emi started to speak, but Liz cut in. “No, it’s a bikini, see?”

Emi was surprised, she didn’t realize Liz was right behind her.

Before she could do anything about it, Liz casually pulled Emi’s tube top away from her body. “See the straps to the bottom go under this tube top,” Liz explained.

Emi froze, shocked that Liz would do something so brazen. Didn’t the girl understand how inappropriate that was? A large amount of cleavage was shown, and Emi’s nipples were almost exposed. “Liz, what the hell?”

Liz ignored her and continued showing Emi’s suit to Asher and the guys, oblivious to Emi’s surprised body language.

Emi didn’t understand Liz. Just because she had been naked all week and Liz stripped her in the gym didn’t give her the right to toy with her clothes. This was like that time Liz smacked her in the ass or stole her clothes on the beach or pulled her naked through the streets or tricked her into streaking the marketing building. The girl needed to learn to not…

“Hey, can I see?” Raul asked excitedly as he ran up to them.

Emi stepped back. “Liz… that’s enough.”

“Oh quit being so melodramatic. It’s not like we didn’t ALL see you completely naked this morning, or for nude countless hours over the week. Hell, we even saw more than that a couple of times when you bent over.”

“You did not!” Emi blurted. Liz was lying. “Did anyone… ahh…” Emi suddenly didn’t want to know.

Liz walked up to Emi and reached for her top again. “Raul, it goes like this…”

Emi slapped her hand away. “Liz! You can’t do that to people.”

“Get a grip Emi. I’m not trying to strip you. I’m just trying to show Raul your suit,” she said, shaking her head in astonishment.

Emi crossed her arms, protectively.

Liz gave her a wink.

Emi was confused. What the hell did that mean?

Suddenly Liz lunged at Emi. “I’ll teach you to flirt with Ben!”

“What? I didn’t…” The comment threw her off guard, but Emi retained enough sense to dodge the exasperating young lady. Was Liz in one of her jealous moods again? She wasn’t even dating the guy. What was that wink?

Liz walked up to her and grabbed Emi’s arms. “Just go with it…” she whispered while trying to not laugh.

Emi broke free and pushed her back. “Look Liz, enough…” Was Liz in one of her jealous moods again? She wasn’t even dating the guy. Was she trying to put on a show for the guys? This wasn’t Emi’s idea of fun.

“That’s the spirit!” Liz said, laughing, then suddenly she charged Emi hard.

Emi sidestepped the lunge and gave her a little push for good measure, which propelled her even faster in the same direction.

Liz tried to turn around, stumbling backward she tripped over the cooler box and did an awkward face-plant in the sand, with her bikini butt sticking up. Rolling over, she coughed and then spit out some sand and wiped her face. She looked humiliated and upset but quickly regained her composure.

Emi felt terrible. “Liz, I’m sorry,” she said, running over to help her up.

Liz smiled and with a sudden movement, she grabbed Emi and clenched her so that Liz’s mouth was over Emi’s ear. “You think you can take advantage of your nudity and seduce Ben, don’t you?” She whispered.

Emi was taken aback. “What? No…”

Liz then twisted Emi and threw her over herself into the sand. “Maybe I should strip you. Aren’t you supposed to always be naked?” She said extra loud, so everyone could hear.

“That’s enough, Liz,” Ben said, putting down his drink.

“Yeah, Liz… I think no more alcohol for you,” laughed Asher.

“GIRL FIGHT!!” Screamed Raul, excitedly. Everyone gathered around.

Emi stood up facing Liz. Things were turning bad. Emi needed to fix this now before it got out of hand. “Liz, let’s get a drink and talk this through,” she said, gently.

Liz wasn’t listening, and the two girls slowly circled like wrestlers ready to clinch. Liz had a determined look on her face.

Irritated, Eddie stormed over and grabbed Liz’s shoulders.

Liz turned her head looking at Eddie, “Are you going to fuck me?”

Eddie hesitated. “What are you talking about?” He said in frustration.

“Then why are you touching me?”

Eddie let go and stood back, stunned.

“Liz, calm down,” Ben repeated, but he seemed hesitant to do anything about it. Liz was his best friend after all.

The girls clinched again. “Look, you’re drunk. Let’s not do this,” Emi repeated.

Liz spun around and Emi fell, with Liz on her back. Emi was trapped and Liz was sitting on her backwards. “Liz smacked her ass, hard.” “Bad girl, you know you shouldn’t wear clothes! Let’s pull these down shall we!” Liz grabbed Emi’s bottoms, but she couldn’t really pull them down as they had suspenders around Emi’s neck. Emi was grateful for that feature and with a growl she rose, knocking Liz into the sand. Suddenly, the tables had turned. Emi was on Liz’s back, in the same backward pose.

“You are not going to stop,” Emi said, smacking Liz hard on her ass. Liz spun around and the girls clenched. Emi spoke into her ear. “I’m not really into play fighting,” she said, trying to downplay the situation. She wanted to calm things down.

Liz grabbed Emi by the tube top and pulled. Exposing Emi’s breasts to everyone. Emi stopped her by grabbing her hands. “You know Liz, I have an enormous advantage here.”

“What’s that, your size?”

“No. Everyone has already seen me naked… but you… well,” Emi lunged for her and Liz squealed and ran away. But Emi caught her by the bottoms, pulling them down suddenly. Liz’s entire ass was exposed to the guys with her suit down to her knees and Emi smacked her exposed ass, hard.

Liz was stunned as she quickly pulled her bottoms back up and looked at Emi in wide-eyed shock. Her face flushed as her eyes passed to each guy in turn.

Emi took a step forward, wondering if she should feel bad about what she had done. “Liz…”

Liz moved back, keeping her distance. “Okay, okay… you win this round,” she mumbled, sheepishly.

Everyone kept watching her.

“I’m hungry,” she blurted and walked back to the firepit and grabbed a slice of pizza as if nothing had happened.

Suddenly things went back to normal.

Liz started handing out drinks. Then she bent over in her little bikini and tried to get the fire started. She lit some accelerant-bars under some kindling they had brought.

Emi saw Ben toss on a couple more pieces of wood.

Raul sighed, looking at Emi with a sad expression.

“I can’t believe you,” Liz said, annoyed. “You get to see her pussy all day, every day, and you can’t grow up and enjoy this now… with us in these really hot bikinis?”

Leo laughed. “Sorry, Liz… you look ravishing today. I especially like your stylish bottoms.”

Liz brightened up. And did a spin, then shook her ass for everyone.

“Sorry guys, I’m a Resort Ambassador, not a streaker. I can’t be naked outside the resort grounds,” Emi apologized, wondering why she even had to explain herself. She looked over, wondering why they had two rickshaws.

“It’s not you Liz,” Asher piped in. “The guys probably were fixated on having a party with a nude girl. Probably something they never did before,” he laughed. “Plus you know… the last party Emi was at, well… it was legendary.”

“Legendary?” Leo asked.

“How… what, tell us!” Raul demanded.

Asher laughed, and then took his time with a long swig of his drink. “Well.. for one, Emi was freshly naked. I say freshly, because the entire compound staff was there and most of them hadn’t seen her naked yet.”

Everyone listened carefully, starting to enjoy themselves as Asher drew them all in with his story. He mentioned the race between Emi and Bo, going into some detail.

Emi didn’t like him spilling the beans. She was surprised about how much info that he had accumulated. Still, she was glad that the guys were starting to enjoy themselves with a ‘story’ of her naked rather than the real thing.

He also mentioned how at one point Emi was talked into putting her hands behind her head and did a slow spin for the guys at the campfire.

“Wow…” Raul said, but then looking disappointed as he looked over at Emi. “I guess she trusted them.”

Asher continued. “At one point Emi was giving people rickshaw rides.”

“Really?” Liz said, looking over at Emi. “You gave them rides?”

“Yep,” Asher answered for her. “One lucky rider even got to leash Emi.”

Raul grinned. “That’s amazing,” he said, obviously trying to imagine it as he glanced up at the sky looking at nothing in particular. “So Emi, not today I guess?”

“I’m actually not a fan of being naked,” she said, trying to quickly defuse or redirect the conversation.

“It’s true,” Ben said, coming to her rescue. “Emi is new to nudity, and is still getting comfortable with it.”

“Yeah,” Liz piped in… after chugging down her second. “Emi… burp… hates being nude. She couldn’t stand it when I stripped her in the gym.”

Emi sat up alarmed. Liz was saying too much.

“Nines… everywhere… you could never guess what we saw. It was like a horse show!”

“A horse show?” Asher asked.

“You stripped her Liz?” Eddie asked, speaking for the first time. “And she didn’t punch you in the mouth?”

“Hell no…”

Emi jumped in. “Ahh… it’s true. I’m not comfortable being naked… yet.”

“Really?” Raul asked, looking astonished.

“Yes, it’s true,” Emi admitted. She needed to keep talking, to steer the conversation away from where Liz was going. The girl was getting drunk. She might say anything.

“I never enjoyed showing skin. I used to be very uncomfortable… even in this bikini.”

“You have come a long way…” Leo said, smiling.

“Yeah, it seemed like you started trusting us,” Raul added.

“Look I do, it’s just that in the compound there is protection… from cameras.”

“None of us have cameras,” Raul pleaded. “We all came from the resort. And nobody is around. I don’t see why you can’t just be normal with us.”

Emi had to hold back a laugh. “Normal. That was a funny way to put it.”

Asher smiled. “Look guys, let’s not pressure Emi. She’s never been naked outside the gate before. It’s not fair to expect that of her.”

“Hah… yes she has,” Liz said. “She was naked lots of places outside the gate. Hell, she was naked at the marketing building! We even pulled her naked to the beer store, and then all the way back to the resort.”

She froze, groaning. Liz was drunk. Everyone looked at her as if to see her reaction, and she didn’t know what to say.

“Oh, my god! It’s true!” Travis finally said. Raul patted him on the shoulder proudly.

“Look guys,” Asher said, again trying to help Emi. “She may be naked… well everywhere… but that doesn’t mean she has to get naked here. She probably hasn’t been naked outside the gate here, next to the firepit. Right?” He looked at Emi.

Emi couldn’t believe this. She hesitated, trying not to look like a liar. “Ahh… well… I ahh…”

Liz laughed. “Ha! Spill! You know perfectly well that you Resort Ambassadors sometimes…”

Emi growled, standing up suddenly. She pulled off her tube top, tossing it on her towel beside her fanny-pack. She was now topless.

Liz stopped speaking. Everyone watched.

Emi felt her face heat up, along with her tits. It was mostly the warmth from the fire.

“Oh…” Liz said, looking surprised.

Frustrated, Emi looked down the beach and around up by the path. Nobody was there, as far as she could tell… she looked harder, shielding her eyes even though she had sunglasses on. She had no intention of taking off her bottoms.

“Alright…” Emi said finally. “I’ll race you, Raul,” she said, looking over at him. “We can have a race,” she repeated.

“Awesome!” he yelled…

Emi swore, the man was like a child.

Raul pulled his belt from his pants and grabbed a wicker string he found wrapped around the firewood. The belt formed an impromptu collar that he put around his neck. Then he put Travis in the other rickshaw as a driver.

“Give me your belt,” he said to Travis.

Travis looked confused.

“Just do it… hurry up!” he said.

Travis undid his belt and pulled it off, handing it to Travis.

Raul quickly made a second leash and collar and tossed it over to Liz. “Grab the other rickshaw Liz!”

“Will do!” Liz pulled it over beside Raul. Both were facing the gate.

“Give Emi her leash!” Raul commanded.

“I’m not wearing a goddamn leash! And that’s final!” Emi said, walking up to Liz and angrily grabbing the handles to her rickshaw.

Raul was undeterred. “Okay, then I bet you Emi… if I win. You wear a leash like me! Agreed?”

Leo started the chant. “Bet. Bet. Bet…” Everyone joined in, chanting and laughing.

“Agreed?!” Raul repeated, smiling with his patently crooked smile.

“Whatever, greaseball!” Emi laughed. At half the muscle tone of Bo, Raul was no threat. Not at all. In fact, a race with him was laughable.

“Okay, Emi agrees to give everyone a naked leashed pony ride if I win!”

“Hey!” she objected. She hadn’t agreed to that.

“On yourrr mark!” Raul shouted.

Everyone cheered loudly as Liz jumped up and down in the back of Emi’s rickshaw, almost causing Emi to drop the handles. She was loud, drowning out Emi as she tried to protest.

“Gettt Set!!”

Emi set her feet. It wasn’t far to the gate and back. A little more than half a block. She might even be back before he even reaches the gate. She didn’t like the prospect of running topless in front of the guys and Ben.

“To the ‘OTHER firepit’ and back, GOOOOO…” Raul spun around and ran the opposite way. Instead of towards the gate, he ran towards the other firepit! It was roughly the distance of a football field. The gate was only half that distance.

Emi stood still, in shock, staring at him in disbelief as he gained distance further down the public beach.

“Yes!… leashed naked pony rides for everyone!” Liz cheered out loud behind her. Emi squeezed the handles, feeling the girl bouncing up and down in the rickshaw she was holding.

Emi glanced way down the beach. As far as she could see, it looked clear of any people. No one seemed to be at the other firepit. With a growl, she spun around and took off after Raul with Liz squealing as she suddenly fell into her seat. Raul, the tricky little bastard, had a good lead, but it wasn’t insurmountable.

Emi’s feet dug deep as her rickshaw blasted through the sand like a bat out of hell. There was no way she would be everyone’s naked, leashed pony girl!

Liz was making way too much noise and continued squealing in delight. Worse was whenever Emi hit a larger bump and the small girl was nearly tossed from the rickshaw. “Woah horsie! Yowie!! HAHAHAH….”

Emi’s feet pounded the ground like a racing thoroughbred in a million-dollar race. She kept her head down and focused on speed, but occasionally glanced up to make sure the beach ahead was clear of any people. The sun had set a few minutes ago, and the sky still had some red on the scattered clouds.

Emi hit a couple more bumps in quick succession and Liz’s hooting stopped suddenly with an ‘ouch’. Emi grimly smiled at the girl’s pain, but then on second thought, she hoped Liz wasn’t injured.

Up ahead was the second firepit. There was no smoke or light coming from it and no sign of people other than Raul and Travis. They were circling around the site and just beginning to head back.

In an effort to intimidate Raul, Emi doubled down on her relentless pace as a now quiet Liz was likely hanging on for dear life as Emi passed a hooting Travis being pulled by a huffing but grinning Raul. Emi saw the concern in his eyes as she whipped past him and entered the turn around the second firepit. Actually, she wasn’t sure if it was a concern in his eyes, but it should have been. Likely he was just staring at her bouncing tits as she tore past him. Either way, she was likely going to win and they both knew it.

On her way back, Emi realized that she was further behind than she had estimated. A burst of adrenaline hit her and she shifted into third gear. She was closing on him quickly but not quite fast enough. Her only chance was that he was getting exhausted. He was slowing down!

With renewed hope, she put it all on the line, transforming into a savage animal. Grunting and with glistening muscles, Emi plowed through the sand rapidly gaining on Raul and Travis. The firepit was just up ahead and the team was cheering Raul enthusiastically. Through the cheers, Emi distinctly heard “Emi!” being cheered by a single person. It was from Ben. It felt good to be cheered and tried to pick up the pace and almost fell down as she lurched forward even faster as she started coming up right behind Raul’s rickshaw. It was the last few seconds of the race and she blew past him, winning!

Emi let go of the handles, a bit too soon. She heard a yelp as she spun to see the rickshaw’s handles stabbing into the sand, stopping the rickshaw abruptly. Liz pitched forward jumping out of her seat and onto the sand but then lost her balance. Emi caught her, but the collision caused both girls to fall into the sand. Emi landed on her back with Liz on top.

“Oh my God, what a rush!” Liz laughed, as she pulled her left hand off of Emi’s bare breast, and rolled to the side. Both girls were on their backs looking to the sky, laughing.

Emi didn’t mind the touch. It was obviously an accident, but still. That was the first time a girl had touched her there.

Turning her head, she saw Travis trying to help Raul. The poor guy looked like he’d just finished a marathon. He was on his knees, looking down, breathing hard, in pain, and just trying to get air.

Liz raised her hand next to Emi for a high five.

Emi raised her hand and they smacked in victory, glad that they seemed to be okay again. They looked at each other smiling as the others surrounded them.

Liz took her wrist and waved it back and forth as Emi made a victory fist. She looked up at the faces as they looked down. Liz shook her fist harder which caused Emi’s exposed breasts to wobble. Emi rolled over and her sweaty breasts were covered in sand. She slowly got up but looked a mess with sand sticking all over her. She could feel it caked on her back.

“The champion!” Liz said, brushing Emi’s sandy back off briefly which included her sandy butt. Emi didn’t appreciate the casualness of that touch, especially in front of all the guys. But with the party at a high note, she decided to let it pass.

Ben walked with her while the others were gathering around Raul. He was comically still gasping desperately for air.

“Thanks for cheering me,” she said, as she reached the firepit, next to her hand towel and fanny pack.

“No need for thanks,” he said. “I wanted you to win.”

Emi liked hearing that. Suddenly an image of that erotic image that Leo created filled her mind. But that also reminded her that she needed to speak to Leo about the other images. She needed to convince him to delete them and maybe let her have copies. But she didn’t want to look like she didn’t trust him. The goal today is team bonding, not the opposite.

Soon everyone gathered around Raul, for some light-hearted ribbing and teasing. While they laughed at him, there were also congratulations on his strong effort. After a while, Raul finally got his breath back and they all came back to the firepit. Soon Raul and Travis were taking turns giving people short rides in the rickshaws and Emi had a chance to talk to Leo alone.

“Ahh… look, Leo. I’ve been stressing about your three images recently.”

Leo looked at her as if he knew what might be coming. He nodded sadly, taking out his tablet and opening it so that she could see the first image.

Again Emi was stunned with how good it was. She studied the first image for a moment, it was her and Eddie.

“Wholly crap that’s fantastic Leo!” Asher said, startling both of them. Everyone else overheard and came to see what he was talking about. “Amazing!” “You have outdone yourself, Leo!” The compliments kept coming.

Emi didn’t like this development. She needed Leo alone and she didn’t like the idea of everyone seeing the images, especially right now when she was finally half-dressed. It annoyed her that everyone could see her pussy, even though she had her bottoms on.

Everyone oo’d and ahh’d as they looked at the three images, soon the tablet was being passed around and people were zooming in with their fingers and pretending to notice some nice background detail but Emi could tell they were just trying to get a better look at her naked body.

“These should be added to your art hall, Leo. This is your best work yet,” Asher insisted.

“Art hall?” Emi asked Leo, worried about this line of conversation.

“Yeah, I have poster-sized images of everyone along a particular hall at the marketing building,” he explained.

Emi looked at him with alarm.

“Ahh… I’m not planning on putting you up there… obviously,” he said.

“It would be a crime to not include her,” Asher said. “Emi, you look fantastic.”

“Emi wouldn’t be comfortable with that, guys,” Leo explained. “I’m not even sure I’m going to be allowed to keep these.”

Everyone looked at Leo in shock.

“What?” Liz blurted. “But you spent days working on those. It’s your best work!”

“Are you ashamed of your body Emi?” Asher asked, genuinely confused.

Emi felt the pressure of the team, and decided that maybe today wasn’t the best day to talk to Leo about deleting the images. Or at least passing ownership of them to herself. “Ahh… well, I’m kind of still getting used to all this. I’m not sure that I am ready to be a poster,” she explained, laughing at the incredulity of this conversation. That was the understatement of the year.

Asher nodded in understanding. “But these works are so good, and everyone has seen you already. I for one would love to see you immortalized on that wall. When you move on and leave the island it might be all we have left to remember you by,” he added.

Emi was surprised to see everyone nodding.

“Look guys,” Ben said, coming to her defense. “This situation with Emi as a Resort Ambassador… well, it has been hard for her. I believe that she struggles with it every day.”

Eddie looked confused. “So then why do it?”

Emi hated it when this question came up. She was tired of dodging it and tired of Liz leaking secrets. She needed to come clean. Maybe then Liz would have less over her and everyone would stop asking her this stuff. “I’m trying to better myself,” she said. “Look it’s a long story, and well… probably not that interesting.”

“Are you kidding? This would be the best fireside story ever!” Liz said, encouraging Emi to continue. She sat down making a show of getting herself comfortable for a long story. Everyone else did the same, looking up at Emi with encouraging smiles.

Emi thought. Where to start, where to start… She can’t tell them about the incarceration…

“Are you an exhibitionist?” Raul asked bluntly, impatient for her to begin.

“Hell, no…” Emi said, realizing that her words might not be believable. She hated the idea of them thinking that of her. “Before I started with Becca and her team, I was terrified of even wearing a bikini,” she began.

She told them about the first encounter with Su-Ning on the beach in Hawaii. How they almost turned down the job. Then she continued telling about some of Becca’s experiments at the resort followed by her becoming a Resort Ambassador. Emi explained that she enjoyed challenges, but nudity wasn’t something that she could even think about. She had a phobia. But after a while, seeing how freeing it was for Becca caused her to develop a deep admiration for this successful woman that knew how to harness the power of being naked and making it fun for not only others but herself as well. She seemed to enjoy it on multiple levels. As time passed Emi watched as the strongest woman she had known, become… even stronger.

“So that’s it? You suddenly plunged into this deep commitment for the resort based upon just that? I feel like something is missing,” Liz said. Ben also looked a little doubtful.

“Well… maybe she also has a ‘mild’ interest in exhibitionism?” Raul offered again.

“No…” Emi said quickly. They needed to know that wasn’t the case at all. “Look, I was confused at how it was even possible to undress in front of others. It boggled my mind, so when I was alone, I decided to try some… ahh experiments.”

“Here we go!” Raul said excitedly, bringing his drink to his smiling lips.

“Not in front of others. There was no way that was going to happen,” Emi said, realizing how funny that must sound as she was currently topless. She noticed everyone’s eyes occasionally jabbing at her nipples. “Look… I found this place far away from the compound, where I could ahh… see what it was like. I mean, I just wanted to understand what was the attraction that Becca found.”

“On the beach? Out in public?” Eddie asked, speaking for the first time in quite a while.

“Kind of, I ahh was too afraid of doing it where people could be so I found a place even more remote, where nobody was and I felt safe,” she said.

“Lookout point?” Eddie asked.

Emi was shocked. “How do you know about that place?”

“I used to ride my bike there on weekends. But then I think they closed the beach down. How did you get there?”

“I ahh… the gate wasn’t completed at that time, so I just went along the beach,” she explained.

Eddie nodded. “You are lucky. It’s been closed for a while. You are right, that was probably an ideal spot to be alone.”

Emi nodded. “Yeah, so I umm… well… did some minor experiments,” she said. She hated admitting this stuff, but she really didn’t want them to think she was an exhibitionist. “I just had to know what it felt like. I wanted to understand Becca.”

“What did you discover…” Leo asked. “Was it exciting?”

“It was freeing I guess. It was scary because I wasn’t sure if anyone might come or not. I was very careful.”

“Wow… that must have been thrilling,” Liz said. “I had no idea that you were doing experiments. When we streaked the beach I had thought that was your first time.”

“It was… well the first time on the resort beach. The first time in front of another person, I mean.”

“What about when Liz said that she stripped you in the gym,” Raul asked.

“Oh, that! I can totally tell that story. It’s hot! You won’t believe…” Liz blurted.

“Before that, let me explain…” Emi said, cutting her off.

“I began to have a friendship with Su-Ning and I learned, as her friend, how much stress she was having with the staff not being comfortable going topless. Plus she really needed a Resort Ambassador. Someone to help shy guests on their first day adjust to the nudity. But also someone to be a role model for the staff,” Emi said, taking a sip of her drink. Her arm action grazed her right nipple and stuttered her train of thought briefly. She took a deep breath and continued.

“Becca was volunteering but it was temporary, and well the resort needed someone to commit to the role. It was critical for the resort. I didn’t think that it would be possible for me to help in that regard, but after seeing Becca nail it… and have fun with it… well…”

“Then you got gloriously naked?” Raul offered.

“Then I took the RA training. It felt like, with Becca by my side, I might be able to handle it as the guests would also be nude. So I decided to commit to it for Su-Ning and for myself. To finally defeat that debilitating phobia. Not just with nudity, but even with showing skin. Maybe after this, I could finally wear swimsuits without feeling so awkward. Plus it was just for this job on this secluded island where I don’t know anyone. After our contract here is complete, and we leave the island, all this risky nudity would just be history and something to help us grow our personal confidence.”

“An interesting story… please continue,” Asher said.

Emi saw that nobody seemed bored, so she continued. “But then the… um… commitment, became longer than I had expected and well, Becca quit. I certainly didn’t expect to be alone with this. Then I discovered that I had to work with you guys in this state,” she said, gesturing at her topless body but then quickly regretting it as a dozen eyes looked to her body. “I swear, I never planned that. I assumed I would be wearing clothes while with you guys,” she blushed.

Ben smiled. “That must have been tough,” he said.

“You have no idea! I nearly peed myself when I found out. I almost canceled the whole thing but Su-Ning convinced me to stick with my plan. She thought it would help give her staff confidence, that if I could do that then the staff should have ‘no problem’ working with naked guests while topless.”

“A fascinating story,” Liz said. “But where does all this mailgirl and leash stuff fit in? Surely you must have some kind of fetish.”

“Absolutely not,” Emi emphasized, but let Liz tell the story about the leashed play under the compound followed by the streak in the marketing building, including the mailgirl role-playing at the marketing building.

“Oh my God!” Leo exclaimed, “You guys streaked the marketing building?”

“I wish I was there!” Raul quickly added.

“Liz tricked us,” Emi explained. “She said she streaked there at least once a month.”

The guys looked surprised at this news, and amused.

It was Liz’s turn to look embarrassed. “I ahh… was in my underwear.”

“Oh my God! Liz!” Leo exclaimed, looking at her and then looking to the sky – obviously trying to imagine it.

Most of the guys seemed deeply amused. Eddie however, shook his head in disapproval.

Liz blushed deeply.

“She tricked us,” Emi repeated, looking at Liz accusingly. “We thought she usually streaked the place nude. Becca wanted to try it and the two of them pressured me to join them. Then after we take our clothes off… keep in mind the building was empty. Liz runs away in just her underwear. All of our clothes were locked away. She had tricked us into doing it fully nude. But Becca said it was no big deal as we were Resort Ambassadors and this was the marketing company that was representing us, plus nobody was there in the building.”

“What about this mailgirl stuff?” Asher asked, looking curious.

Emi explained that those two situations were not about herself, that Becca and the girls were curious about a particular story about being naked in an office environment because we were well… naked in an office environment. Emi said she didn’t see any harm in letting Becca explore those things.

“That makes sense!” Ben said, laughing. “I bet you guys had a lot of fun.”

“Not at all!” Emi said looking at Liz accusingly. I was caught naked by Ruth and ended up having to attend a meeting with her and others.

“Naked?”

“Yeah… they ahh… insisted that I be allowed to be my ‘normal self’. They were quite adamant about it. It was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. Even the kitchen staff saw me.”

“But you are a mature Resort Ambassador… right?” Asher asked. “I only ever see grace and maturity from you Emi. Well… most of the time, I mean.”

Emi hesitated. “Yeah… well, when I am with you guys I have lots of logical challenges to distract my mind. I think I need that when I am naked, otherwise I umm…”

“So then what happened,” Ben said, saving her from an awkward explanation. She was glad as she didn’t want to admit that she’s not as confident as she appears. And she certainly didn’t want to explain ‘everything’ she felt while topless and surrounded by the guys.

“After that ordeal, Liz stole my clothes!”

“I didn’t steal them! They were in the rickshaw,” she explained sheepishly.

“So I had to run ‘outside’ the marketing building and hide in the back of the rickshaw and my clothes were not there like she promised!”

“They were, UNDER the rickshaw in the carry rack. That’s where passengers are SUPPOSED to store their stuff,” Liz said, defensively.

“Yeah, so,” Emi tore her annoyed eyes from Liz and went back to the story. “Before I could get my clothes, Liz started running, all through the town! I couldn’t reach my clothes without exposing myself.” Emi again realized that she was topless at that moment, exposing her tits to the guys as she talked. Her cheeks warmed again as she realized her story had a couple of visual props.

“It wasn’t that bad. You crossed your legs and covered yourself with your hands,” Liz said defensively.

Emi looked at her with surprise. “I was mortified and also really lucky that I didn’t get arrested.”

“Sorry…” Liz said again. “I thought you were into the excitement of streaking.”

“Definitely not.”

“But what about your RA training and admiring Becca with all her streaking?”

“Well…” Emi paused, it was complicated. Everyone was watching her, waiting for an answer. “I was ‘kind of’ curious what all the excitement was about. That’s why I sometimes allowed myself to be dragged along into some of these ridiculous situations. But in that situation, you took away my choice.”

“But you must have been a little… excited,” Liz pushed.

“Well… obviously it’s going to be a little thrilling for anyone to be naked in a public setting,” Emi said, once again reminding herself that she was now half-naked in a public setting. She looked around making sure their group was alone on the beach.

“Arousing?”, Liz asked.

“Don’t even go there,” Emi quickly replied.

“But you have come so far, Emi. Now you run outside every day, completely naked, and you train all of us all day in the nude. You must be ready for the next challenge.”

Emi laughed. “Honestly, I can barely keep it together. This job was a lot more than I had expected. I would have quit a long time ago… but quitting is not my character. I like to conquer my challenges. Even this party, outside the wall. Me being topless now is as far as I want to go. Honestly, I can hardly wait to go back through the gate.”

“But you also like growing… pushing yourself forward,” Liz added.

“What are you getting at?”

“WE can help you expand your horizons. You don’t have to do it alone. We’ll have your back – as a team!”

Emi laughed. “Cut it out, Liz…” She didn’t like this turn of conversation. “Look, I’m starting to feel itchy from all this sand. I’m going to go for a quick dip. Somebody save me a slice of pizza,” she said, getting up and turned towards the ocean.

Liz ran over to her. “Emi wait. The sun has set. Why get your suit all wet. That won’t be comfortable.”

“I’m okay, Liz. I don’t mind,” Emi said, laughing. This girl was too much.

“What? Are you uncomfortable to be around us as an RA? If you ask me, that hurts. It’s a slap in the face to our trust… Emi… we SEE you EVERY DAY.”

Emi couldn’t believe this girl. What a cheap attempt… but looking over she saw the team looking at her. She hesitated. Liz did have a point. And she has been naked here at the firepit before. But that was just with Becca or Ho.

“Liz…” Emi said softly, unsure of how to counter her point logically. She hesitated, not sure what she could say. Why does everyone keep assuming she needs to be naked? Because she is an RA?

Liz smiled supportively, “Don’t worry. You got this.”

Emi considered ignoring her, but it would be awkward to make a big deal of nudity after all that high talk about body maturity and being an RA. She hesitated, uncertain.

“Here, let me help you.” Liz slowly reached behind Emi’s back and pulled the suspender over her head.

Emi looked at her, paralyzed with indecision.

Liz pulled the strap down, peeling her bottoms along with it.

Emi stepped out of the bottoms and then turned to face Liz. “This is your one chance for me to trust you again,” she said, warning Liz that there would not be another time like this if she pulled any shenanigans. Emi looked hard into her eyes.

Liz nodded sincerely.

Finally breaking eye contact, Emi turned and walked towards the ocean – well aware that everyone was probably watching her naked ass.

Liz ran, catching up with her. “Ahh.. you might want to wash these as well. The sand seems to be sticking in one area…” she said so that only the two of them could hear.

Horrified, Emi saw that sand was sticking to the crotch. “That’s just sweat from the race,” she said quickly. Both girls blushed as Emi quickly took the bottoms and walked into the water holding them.

The water felt fantastic and helped cool her down as she walked in deep, up to her shoulders. She thought about the party and the guys. It was quite erotic being naked in front of everyone while outside the gate, on a public beach. She fantasized about walking out of the water like Aphrodite, emerging from the sea as Ben and the others watched.

Then she realized it was silly to not put her bottoms on. They were in her hand after all. She looked at them in her hand but then shook her head. Screw it, if Becca could do this, so could she. She spent a moment building up her nerves.

Finally, she was ready and slowly started back, but found she was unable to look towards the guys. Eye contact would be too hard. Her gaze was down as she emerged from the water, watching the sand down by her feet and then over to the left, and then at the sky. Eventually, she was just a few steps away from the fire and she looked up and saw that nobody was watching her. Everyone was gathered around Leo’s tablet as if she didn’t even exist.

“I told you!” Raul said excitedly, still unaware Emi was there. “Look, each image of Emi has less and less pubic hair! Either she has been gradually shaving or we just found out Leo’s fetish!” He laughed out loud.

“It’s not my fetish,” Leo implored.

“Let me see that,” Emi said, barging in. She grabbed the tablet and looked carefully, swiping between the images. It was true! She gradually had less and less down there. Leo was shaving her in his mind! What a little perv! “Leo?” Emi said, looking up… but suddenly noticing that everyone was staring at her pussy.

“Haha… Emi barely shaves at all. Leo’s fetish is confirmed!” Raul mocked.

Leo blushed. “I… ahh just didn’t have time to finish drawing that part.”

“Yeah, right…” Raul continued jovially as all eyes darted to the area in question.

Emi brought the tablet down to cover her pussy, causing some eyes to move up to her nipples. Seeing them look at her warm face was also hard to endure.

“Either fix those images, or Emi should match what you got,” Raul insisted. “I think if Emi shaves to match that last image, it would at least be a step in the right direction.”

Emi ignored Raul’s silly talk. She was distracted; wondering about that secret erotic image with her and Ben. Thinking back, she just could not remember how much coverage her pussy had in that image.

Emi kept the tablet over her wide runway. “Look ahh guys, I’m not comfortable talking about that subject.”

“I agree,” Liz said, coming to her rescue. “I say before we wrap this up, I think we should all take a little stroll up to the next firepit.”

There were some hoots of support for that idea.

Emi passed the tablet back to Leo, replacing her pussy coverage with her little bag, and started opening it. If they were going to head out further from the gate, then she needed to put on her swimsuit.

Liz put her hand on Emi’s hand. “Do you really want to do that?” She whispered, gently pulling Emi away from the group.

Emi looked at her. It was kind of hard to see Liz through her sunglasses as the day was gradually shifting to night, but she seemed serious.

“We already went over to that other firepit in the race, you were topless. Why go backward? This time is much safer as we won’t be running recklessly and you will have all of us for protection,” Liz explained.

Emi felt confused. The girl seemed bi-polar. First, she seemed jealous of her nudity, and now she was encouraging it?

Liz continued but spoke much louder. “As an RA it’s probably not a big deal for you. Especially around people, you are already nude with all the time.”

Emi didn’t like this logical pressure. She felt conflicted. Her natural reluctance was giving way to the logic of the argument that Liz had presented. The thrill of the idea, caused goosebumps to form on her skin.

But then Emi took a step back, shaking her head, trying to shake away this growing reckless feeling and just follow the logic. Would the party be more successful if she trusted the group and let them escort her over there? Why was she even considering this? Was it a con? Why do they need to walk over there? Would it be a thrill and would Ben enjoy it? Would it be safe? Would it be wiser to just shut this down now?

“You will be safe with us,” Liz added.

Emi wondered about that. Would she really be safe? Liz and Raul… pranksters and troublemakers. But then Ben and Asher were there, also Leo and Eddie and Travis…

“It’s also getting darker as the sun had set a while ago,” Liz added.

Emi looked up along the beach. Nobody seemed to be there.

Raul… started to speak, but Liz shushed him. Everyone watched as Emi pondered what to do.

Emi shook her head to clear the nonsense and opened her bag, reaching in for her suit. She was outside the gate and she should get dressed.

“What would Becca do?” Liz said seductively.

Emi pulled her suit out… but hesitated. She knew exactly what Becca would have done. She would have taken life by the balls and finished this party with a blast.

Liz just kept smiling.

Emi felt uncertain again. A scary feeling washed over her and with a slight tremor in her hand, she carefully put her suit back into the bag. Was she really going to do this?

“That’s my girl. You got this,” Liz said, encouragingly.

Emi took a deep breath, glancing at Ben. He seemed happy. Looking around at everyone she could see that they all knew what was going on. She also noticed that she had been standing there for a while, oblivious to the full-frontal show she had been giving everyone.

Emi shook her head, not believing she was doing this and also looking at Liz in wonderment. Perhaps sharing too much of her personal story was dangerous. She clutched her bag with her swimsuit in it for reassurance. “Alright… lead on gentlemen,” Emi said, gesturing for everyone to head towards the other firepit. Anything to remove all those roving eyes. At least during the day, people looked at their computers most of the time. During the party, everyone was mostly tracking her body. It was hard to handle that much intimate scrutiny from so many people at once. At least it was getting darker.

Raul cheered, and everyone laughed at him. Even Eddie laughed. The guys all walked along the hardened sand next to the lapping waves, with Liz and Emi strolling behind them.

Liz giggled. “This is so exciting!”

“Yeah sure…” Emi said, keeping her eyes scanning up along the trails and along the beach. She was ready to bolt back at the sign of anyone. But so far it seemed clear of people, plus she had her swimsuit in her hands.

As they walked, Emi felt euphoric as the wind gently teased her slowly drying body, emphasizing her nudity in every nook and cranny of her body. The wind was deeply erotic, and she fought to keep her feelings under control. Every step was thrilling as they slowly walked further and further away from the sanctuary of the gated nudist resort.

Emi wondered if she was in control. Was she dominant here and in command of an exciting new experience, or was she being conned like one of those dumb girls in those three stories? Intellectually, Emi found it stimulating to debate that in her head as she walked along. She wondered if that turned Becca’s crank as well.

Regardless, each sandy step forward was a step of fear defeated and moving away from her old timid self. That had to count for something. But was it smart? Was she going to regret this? The uncertainty tore at her confidence in her mind to make rational decisions, but it also fueled this brash, defiant, reckless fire growing in her gut. Certainly, alcohol was a factor here. Her mind again was a whirl of frantic chaos, a battle for control. Only one thing was for sure. She was deliciously terrified.

The guys gathered around the second pit inspecting some neatly stacked wood inside. It was just waiting to be lit on fire.

“Maybe the last group left this for the ‘next’ group as a kind gesture,” Leo suggested.

Asher scratched his chin. “Could be that, and they didn’t want to carry out the leftover pieces?”

Emi looked to see what they were talking about. “Maybe a group left this to reserve the pit while they went on a beer run,” Emi said, looking around. “We should probably head back.”

“Hell no,” Liz said, squeezing between Travis and Raul. “This is fate. I’m not letting this luck go to waste. Look what I have,” she said, waving her lighter and a pack of white fire-starter accelerant.

“Liz… we should…” Emi Began.

“No way! Common Emi, just a few minutes. We just got here and totally lucked out. This is fate.”

Emi was about to protest when her watch rang. It was Evan. He was calling voice, so she stepped away from the gang and ambled up the beach, out of earshot, and answered.

“How’s my best buddy?” he asked.

“I’m at a beach party,” she said. “But I think it’s winding down. Got a problem?”

“I don’t ALWAYS have a problem. But yes, the problem is that we haven’t talked in ages. What’s going on with you? How’s the job and your promotion coming along?”

Emi looked up the beach again, making sure she was alone. She was now farther away from the gate than everyone else, maybe 100 feet past the second firepit. It was reckless and it felt so… good? She took a deep breath and felt the wind through her legs, tickling her pubic hair. “I’m… It’s going well. I think I’m finally starting to enjoy this job,” she said, honestly as she continued to amble slowly up the beach.

“Who are you with right now?”

“Um…” She turned to look at the guys. “Ben, Travis, Eddie, Raul, Liz, Asher, and Leo.”

“That doesn’t sound like your usual girl group.”

“Nope,” she said, looking at them.

“How are they? the girls, I mean. Umm… do they…”

“Do they want more of your story porn?” Emi asked, guessing where he was headed.

“Yeah… I mean, it sounded like you guys were enjoying the stories.”

“No Evan… that was mostly two of them and not ME. It was a phase. I think it passed. So you don’t have to worry about that any longer.”

“Yeah, okay… sorry. But about the stories, YOU called ME last time. So… don’t act like I’m the peddler,”

“Guys are all pervs. And you know it.”

“We are not!”

“Still have that poster?”

“What poster?” he said, clearing his throat.

“The naked leashed Asian girl poster, ON THE WALL at work.”

“She’s not naked… that’s an exaggeration. She has bottoms on!”

“So you still have it?”

“It’s not MY poster,” he said defensively. “So are these the marketing devs that you are with?”

Emi snorted. He worked just as hard as Doug to get that poster on the wall. Guys are all pervs. She allowed him to change the subject.

“Yes.”

“Anybody any good?”

“Well… they have a fantastic digital artist and a decent leader. Ben also seems to be good with mobile,” she said, thinking that Ben is probably good at a lot of things.

“How’s backend?”

Emi looked at Eddie. “Eddie is good. He has some help.”

“So when are you coming back to visit? Maybe a vacation?”

Emi saw Ben and Raul running toward her. They were yelling and Ben was waving. Had Raul pulled a fast one and pissed off Ben? She had no intention of getting involved.

“I haven’t thought about vacations yet,” she said loudly. It was getting noisy.

Ben shouted above Raul’s yelling. It was hard to make out his words. “Emi…. behind.. you!”

Emi spun to see a small group of goth-like teenagers. They started circling her. She hung up her call with Evan and squatted down in the sand, covering her body with her hands.

“Are you okay?” One of two girls asked. There were three young burly looking men with them, all of them dressed in black with wild haircuts.

“Yes! I’m fine. Please leave me alone!” Emi said, hugging her knees while keeping one hand back over her ass. All they could see was her back, but she was obviously naked.

“Why are you naked? Should we call the police? Do you need help?” a girl said, pulling out her phone.

Raul burst into the circle and slapped the phone out of her hand. It flew into the air, plopping with a splash into shallow saltwater.

“Oh my fucking god, my phone!!” The teen squealed, running into the surf to find the device. “You fucking bastard!”

A second later, Ben rushed into the group and was sucker-punched by the biggest one there, causing him to trip and fall on his back. He was spat on by the other girl. Raul ran up to Ben, but the goth teens were already backing away. The girl searching for her phone found it. She was suddenly happy as she tapped on it after wiping it off. Emi felt relieved.

“That’s right, run away you bastards!” Raul screamed while he helped Ben up.

They were obviously outnumbered, and Raul was taunting them. It was beyond stupid, Emi thought. That girl had only been trying to help. Still, she was surprised to see Raul, of all people, defending her dignity with such passion.

“You okay, Ben?” Raul asked.

Rubbing his chin, he nodded, looking over to Emi.

“Thank you,” she mouthed to Ben just as the others all showed up.

“What the fuck happened?” Liz exclaimed, looking around wildly. Then down the beach towards the retreating teens.

“I’m a freaking hero!” Raul replied, glowing. He looked at Emi, smiling.

Emi smiled back. “Thank you, Raul!”

His chest puffed as he told his version of the story to everyone. How he saved Emi from goth teens trying to film her. It was getting darker but the moonlight was getting brighter and Emi could barely identify anyone. Only Raul was unmistakable as he made a dramatic gesture showing how Ben took a punch and fell awkwardly.

Asher spoke up. “Alright, let’s get Emi back to safety. Form a wall behind Emi.”

Eddie leaned over and held his hand toward Emi.

She took it and let him help her up. She really didn’t need any help, but again she was surprised to see Eddie of all people offering. She wondered if a damsel in distress automatically triggered this type of response in men. Whatever it was, it was a characteristic she definitely liked.

“What were you doing so far away from us? How can we protect you if you are this reckless?” Liz said, sounding like a parent.

Emi was speechless. This, coming from Liz… was rich. She just smiled at Liz and continued forward with all the guys walking behind them.

She could hear Raul behind her as he told his version of the story. About how he saved Emi from being filmed. She didn’t see the harm in letting that story fly. She kept quiet and let Ben and Raul tell the story.

Travis arrived late, wet from a swim. Raul filled him in, playing up his role. Travis looked amazed.

They put out the fire in the second firepit and Emi checked around for bottles, making sure the place was clean as they left. Last but not least, Emi put on her swimsuit.

When they arrived back at the first firepit by the gate, Emi again scanned for bottles but was itching to hurry and get back through the gate.

They pulled the two rickshaws to the other side of the gate and Emi said thank you to everyone for a splendid party. They had to part ways only Emi was living at the resort.

“I’ll walk you back,” Ben offered.

“Me too!” Raul chimed in enthusiastically.

Emi laughed. “My heroes… I’d be honored.”

“Take care of her!” Liz said as she and the others waved goodbye.

Ben, Raul, and Emi waved to Liz, Asher, Leo, Travis, and Eddie as they walked away.

Emi closed the gate and then pulled off her swimsuit, tucking it away in her fanny pack.

“Ouch…” Raul said, holding his leg. “Charley Horse!”

Emi squatted down in front of him and massaged his leg.

“Must be from all that racing,” Raul explained. Emi looked up at him and then stood up and begun gathering the rickshaws. They need to be returned.

“Ben can you pull this one?” she said, grabbing the other.

Ben nodded, taking the rickshaw.

“Jump in,” Emi said to Raul.

He quickly got in the back of Emi’s rickshaw. “Hand me your belt,” she said to him.

Raul looked like he won a million dollars as he helped Emi fit it around her neck. He didn’t have any twine for a leash, but he didn’t seem to care.

Ben looked jealous. “Hey…”

Emi ignored him, smiling to the night sky as she took off running, giving Raul his much-desired naked pony-girl ride.

She enjoyed the easy quiet run. She was again feeling safe. When they arrived she took off the collar and gave it back to Raul. “None of this is to be mentioned to the others,” she insisted.

He nodded.

“Not a word.”

He nodded again.

“Thanks for having my back, Raul. I won’t forget it. You are a true hero.”

Emi smiled. He almost looked like he was about to cry. Had her words affect him that deeply? She ruffled his hair and told him to go home.

Ben looked stunned.

Emi smiled as the two young men turned to leave.

“Ben? Do you have a moment?”

He turned and walked up to her, his expression blank.

“I’m sorry about your face,” she said, looking to make sure Raul was far enough away and out of earshot. “May I take a look?”

He leaned forward.

She moved to his ear and gently kissed it. “Thank you,” she whispered.

There was surprise on his face as she trailed several little kisses across his cheek. When their lips finally met, Emi’s legs went weak.

To steady herself, she placed her hands on his shoulders. As they continued to kiss, she felt the passion bubbling up within her. Ben held his hands open, palms up, as if afraid to touch her bare skin. Longing for his embrace, she regretted being nude. She closed the distance, pressing into him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. Spontaneously, she allowed her lips to relax, letting them part slightly. Deepening their kiss, she pressed her mouth into Ben’s, fully losing herself in the moment. She inhaled, her chest sliding against his in the process, causing his rough shirt to stimulate her nipples. She stifled a moan.

“What the hell! Not fair!” Raul complained, but he was laughing.

Jerking quickly back, Emi let go of Ben. She glanced down as if shy, but she was smiling. “Thank you, hero number two,” she said softly. She imagined that they might think she was just rewarding him for what he’d done that evening, but she hoped that Ben would see through her attempt. There was definitely something between them. Thinking about that lifted her heart.

Without another word, Emi stepped back and ran to the resort, not turning around once to look. She was smiling all the way.