**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 15** The Grand Opening

Emi opened her eyes and pulled her blanket up over herself, thinking of Ben. A happy dread filled her mind as she thought about that kiss. She needed to see Ben and confirm that what she was imagining wasn’t just her alcohol-fuelled imagination. Second thoughts started creeping in as she remembered him saying a couple of weeks ago about how he wasn’t yet ready to date. She wasn’t technically his supervisor, but her position also contributed to her concern. Not to mention the fact that she initiated the kiss. She needed to see him, to confirm that it was mutual and that she wasn’t imagining things.

She sat up, feeling the room spin for a moment. Just what she needed, a hangover, today of all days. The resort was opening to the public. She would have to greet and help new guests get comfortable. She laughed at the thought. SHE needed someone to help HER feel comfortable. She needed Becca, especially today.

Her favorite clothes were neatly stacked on the chair by the dresser. It had been a while since she had worn them. She picked them up and put them in the dresser drawers and then stood up looking at herself in the mirror. Her traitorous eyes stared back at her, heightening her anxiety, revealing everything she was feeling and it magnified her nakedness to unbearable levels.

She picked up her stylish black sunglasses and immediately felt relief. Even just holding them in her hands felt good and gave her a sense of calm. She marveled at the protective power that they possessed. She moved her fingers along the round black lens frame, touching the little side-eye coverage flaps. They were technically goggle-style glasses, but just barely. The edge flaps were minimal and hardly looked different than normal sunglasses, except viewing her face from a side profile, showed nothing. No matter the angle, you could not see her eyes. She slipped them on, enjoying the brief moment when her eyes adjusted to the light, and her feelings adjusted to the protection. She felt stronger, safer, more confident. The nudity was still embarrassing, but at least with the glasses on, it was less intense.

Finally her eyes adjusted, she adjusted… she was ready.

Looking down at her pussy, she grimaced, remembering the teasing from last night. It needed a touch-up, she thought…

Opening the door, she quickly padded down the hallway with her messy morning hair as she headed to the jacuzzi showers carrying her toothbrush, toothpaste, and a disposable blade.

Up ahead was Bo, mopping the floor. He’d just started and the floor all around him was sopping wet. His back was to her, showing off his fit bare back and his snug loin cloth. She hurried to get past him before he saw her, also before he wet the entire floor. There was still a narrow dry strip near the wall she could walk along.

Too late, just as she arrived, he splashed that remaining dry spot with a heavy amount of disgusting mop water. She stopped, looking down at the floor where her only dry passage had been taken away.

Bo turned to her, smiling. “Oh sorry, Emi!”

She waved her hand at the floor. “Do you really need to slop THAT MUCH water on the floor?”

“Is it a problem?” he asked, smiling patiently. “Love the messy bed-head,” he added, looking at her hair. “Sleep on your side?”

Emi was uncomfortable being stuck, allowing him a prolonged long look at her charms. He needed to wring out the mop and re-mop a relatively dry path through this mess. She considered just walking through it… but hesitated. “Look, can you help me get through here?”

“I thought you would never ask,” he said, scooping her up with flair. His mop fell with a clatter to the ground.

Emi gasped and stiffened, feeling his arms on her back and the back of her legs, worried that her sunglasses might fall off. She gripped them for extra protection.

He carried her over the wet floor, glancing at the disposable blade in her hand. “Yeah, you could probably use a trim,” he commented, looking at the area in question.

Emi smiled in embarrassment as he put her down. Without looking back she hurried on.

“You’re welcome!” he shouted after her.

Seeing that the room was empty, except for one girl who was stacking some towels, Emi quickly showered while she heard the door close. She almost forgot to take off her sunglasses, placing them carefully on the shelf. Looking back, she saw that she was now alone so she quickly soaped up her pubes and gave herself a quick trim.

On her way back, Bo was still mopping.

He looked down, “Much better,” he said, with an approving smile.

Embarrassed and annoyed, but feeling sexy Emi walked past him and straight through the water with her clean feet. At least he couldn’t see her eyes.

Up ahead, was Su-Ning. She looked scared as Emi approached her. “Ahh… is everything okay?” Emi asked.

Su-Ning shook her head. She looked stunned.

Emi looked closely at her, she looked truly lost. “Su-Ning, is there anything I can do to help?”

Su-Ning stuttered. “Er,… yes, could you come with me to the office for a moment?” She then walked away.

This must be serious, Emi thought as she followed the short resort owner towards the office. It was just past where she trained the guys. Up ahead she saw that Leo, Raul, and Eddie had already arrived. They were early and Leo noticed Emi walking towards them.

“Good morning, Emi!” Leo said, appreciating her body with his artist’s eyes.

Emi quickly hid the disposable blade in her hand. “Hey… good morning,” she said, realizing that her hair was still a towel dry mess. It was embarrassing to be seen fresh from the shower.

She quickly walked past, following Su-Ning into the office.

Ho was in the room, looking at some emails. “All the same, Su-Ning, last-minute cancellations,” she said grimly, without looking up from the computer. “At least 90% of them. I don’t understand…” She stopped speaking when she looked up noticing Emi.

Su-Ning grabbed a small dry towel from a stack on a small ledge on the wall and handed it to Emi, directing her to sit down, and she sat down across from her. “Emi, we don’t know what’s going on,” she said, panic in her voice. “Most of this first wave of reservations were for one week, at a highly discounted rate. Our grand opening specials! This makes little sense. Why would they all cancel the day they are supposed to arrive?”

Emi put her glasses up on her head, wondering what was going on. “We don’t have a cancel button on the website. Cancelation requests need to be by written email. Same with the public app. So that means it’s not a software bug. What are people saying?”

Ho opened an email. “I wish to cancel. Please provide a full refund. We had no idea that this was that sort of place,” she read out loud. “What does that mean? The advertising is pretty clear it’s a nudist resort.”

Emi and Su-Ning gathered around the computer, looking. Emi took the keyboard and did a couple of google searches. Nothing. If there was something new, it wasn’t picked up by the search engines yet.

“What about the refund requests,” Ho asked Su-Ning. “Technically, these purchases agreed that this package was non-refundable.”

Su-Ning gritted her teeth. “Fuck, it’s a real problem. First, almost nobody reads those wavers. Second, yes we are in the right. We do not HAVE to refund those, but it would destroy any goodwill with our local community on our Grand Opening. I’m really not sure what we can do. I can’t really afford to refund all those, but I think we have no choice!”

Ho nodded in agreement.

Emi didn’t know what to say, but Su-Ning was right. This was a real problem, and she felt horrible that she could do nothing to help.

The phone rang, and Ho answered. “Emi… you’re up. Front office.”

“Oh… a guest? Okay…” Emi said, awkwardly. As she turned to leave, she turned back. “I don’t know what’s happening Su-Ning. Sorry!”

Su-Ning sighed, looking stressed. Then she looked at Emi’s disposable blade in her hand, followed by a brief glance down. “Good luck,” she said, trying to muster a supportive smile. “Maybe brush your hair first,” she added quickly.

Confused, Emi looked down at herself.

“On your head,” Su-Ning said, smiling briefly.

Emi nodded. “Okay, I’ll be quick,” she said, leaving the room while covering her eyes again… relieved that Su-Ning could smile despite the crisis.

As she trotted past the guys, she noticed they were now all there. But most were facing the windowed wall, looking out at the beach. Ben was facing the window, but looking at his laptop. She wished she could see his face, even if just for a moment. He had his headphones on. She had a brief flashback of last night’s kiss.

“Standup,” Asher said when he noticed Emi coming. Everyone but Ben got up, apparently, he didn’t hear. “Travis, grab Ben.”

“Sorry guys, I have to greet a guest. I’ll miss standup,” she said, stopping briefly to explain. Travis almost was to Ben. In a few seconds, Travis would reach Ben. But she was in a hurry, she had to leave.

“Is that a disposable blade?” Raul said excitedly. Everyone glanced down.

Emi winced, regretting that she had forgotten to hide it. “Gotta go,” Emi said, turning to leave. She trotted away… looking back once to see Ben getting his shoulder tapped.

“Our dream will come true,” Raul yelled, high-fiving Leo. Emi heard laughter as she left the room.

‘Just great’, Emi thought. Everyone thought she was running off to shave. Now they would be pestering her about it. She wondered if she should shave it off, just to shut them up. On second thought, that was a bad idea. It would make her feel even more naked.

In her room, she quickly fixed her hair and put some lotion on, and passed the brush through her runway, making it look immaculate. Then she brushed her hair quickly and ran out of her room.

Lucy was there, talking with the three guests when Emi arrived. She looked like jailbait sporting ponytails with pink ties and matching shoelaces on her trendy runners. Other than that, she was only wearing the regulation loincloth. She looked unusually confident with her small upturned breasts jutting out.

A middle-aged couple, both of whom were tall and blonde, looked at Emi with warm unguarded smiles as she approached. Behind them, a young woman that almost resembled the singer Rihanna was looking around nervously. They were all carrying bags. They’d obviously just finished the airport-like processing section.

“Okay, here is your guide,” Lucy said excitedly.

Emi saw usual warmth in Lucy’s eyes as if they were best friends. Was she just being professional? Emi put that thought aside as she reached out her hand to shake their hands.

“Hello there,” said the man. He had an Australian accent and looked to be quite comfortable. He took in Emi’s form as he shook her hand. His wife did the same, also smiling.

They seemed decent, so she raised her sunglasses for the greeting. “Hello, I’m Emi. I’ll be your host this morning and show you around the resort. Let me know if you have any questions,” she said, depending on her memory to get through this.

The girl behind raised her hand.

“Yes?” Emi asked, looking at her.

“Ahh… is there a washroom around here?”

“Amanda, you stick with Emi. We will see you later at lunch,” the man said, as he walked into the compound.

Lucy ran after them. “Sir, I’ll show you to your room at least,” she said, looking back at Emi shaking her head in confusion when the couple was not looking at her.

Emi assumed that this wasn’t their first rodeo and just escorted Amanda to a nearby washroom and waited outside.

A moment later the young woman who looked to be 18-20 came out holding the white robe folded in her arms. It was hanging down and covered both her breasts and pussy. She looked hesitant, looking around nervously.

“Would you like a brief tour?” Emi asked, warmly.

Except for her frontal coverage, Emi could see that she was naked. Not wanting to spook her, she pretended to not notice. “To start, I’ll show you where your room is,” Emi said, leading the way.

“Oh, okay… thank you,” Amanda said, still holding the robe against herself.

Up ahead, Emi saw her companions exit their room together, naked. They waved and turned and walked the other way. Amanda waved back to them. Emi assumed they must be nudists, and had brought Amanda here, to a nude resort with them. It must be her first time.

Emi showed her the room and let her put her stuff inside, but she came out with the folded robe still clutched to her chest. Emi led her around the compound, first showing her the eating places and the tv room. She then took her outside to see the beach.

Amanda was gradually relaxing, and they sat on a log on the empty beach talking for a while. Emi learned that she was an accountant and her employer, the blonde woman invited her to come with them on vacation. She said her boss and her husband were long time nudists and she was curious about the lifestyle and when she learned about the great promotion; she’d thought, why not?

After the chat, they came back in through the underground area. Emi showed Amanda the gym. Bo was there, doing some maintenance on one of the exercise machines.

“Hey Emi,” he said, waving her over. “Can you hold this for a second while I tighten this?”

“Sure Bo,” Emi said, as Amanda cautiously followed her. Emi put her finger on the part he needed her to hold down while he tightened it.

“Bo, this is Amanda, our first guest,” Emi said proudly.

“Hi,” Amanda said, giving him a friendly smile.

Bo wiped off some grease on a rag and held his hand out for her to shake.

She carefully shook hands with him while still holding her protective covering with her other arm.

Bo then went back to work, with a professional, all-business attitude. Emi noticed there wasn’t any hint of playing around in front of the guest. Bo was being professional.

Emi’s watch buzzed. Glancing at it, she saw that she had to go. “Amanda, I have to greet a new guest. Our tour is pretty much done, but if you’d like, I can bring you back to your room,” Emi said, giving the girl an out if she didn’t want to be left alone with Bo.

Amanda hesitated.

Emi wondered if she felt that walking away would reveal her backend to Bo, or if it was something else.

“I’m okay,” she finally said. “I’m going to hang around here in the gym for a bit.”

Emi looked at her, and she seemed to be comfortable. So Emi turned and walked away, giving Bo a brief glance. He was working and didn’t look back.

Emi was glad that had gone fairly well. But she planned to come back soon to check up on Amanda, as she still seemed to cling to her last piece of cover. Upstairs on her way back to the front, Emi thought of Ben again – wondering if the kiss last night was a big mistake. Her stomach lurched at the thought.

The next group was two couples – locals, and they seemed uncomfortable being naked around each other and in front of her. Emi switched into her RA role and worked hard leading them around showing them how to be more comfortable with nudity. Emi marveled that it seemed to be easier to relax around people more afraid of nudity than herself.

Eventually, she left them in the jacuzzi room with martinis and soft jazz music playing in the background. They finally seemed to be enjoying themselves. Mission successful.

Emi needed to go for her lunch run, but when she saw Su-Ning out by a log on the beach alone and staring out at the sea, she decided to see how the young owner was doing.

As Emi got close, she could see something was wrong. “Su-Ning?” she said, with a friendly voice. Su-Ning was wearing a professional-looking shirt and white shorts.

“Hi Emi,” she replied… without looking.

Emi sat down on the log beside her, looking out to sea. She sensed that all was not well.

“I was thinking,” Su-Ning said. “How hard is it to learn programming?”

Emi paused, propping up her sunglasses. “I guess… it’s fairly hard, especially if you haven’t already learned the basics.”

Su-Ning turned, facing Emi… and glanced down at her body briefly, then back up to her eyes. Then she blushed. “Sorry, I am still getting used to you being fully naked,” she said looking away. “I probably should wear my loincloth, I guess.”

Emi found her blush contagious and confusing. “Are you okay, Su-Ning?” She added when she saw her friend’s face fall to despair.

“I think I’m going crazy. I haven’t had a vacation in way too long. The stress of this project has been wearing on me for a couple years, and now that we have opened, it feels like there is a real chance for failure. I really can’t take it anymore,” she said, a single tear rolled down the left side of her face.

Emi moved as if to hug her, but then stopped herself, realizing her nudity.

Su-Ning reached out and pulled Emi to her, crushing her in a full hug.

Emi felt her soft top and the smell of her hair and neck. It was a strange feeling, but she could also feel her friend’s sorrow and hugged her back.

Gradually Su-Ning let go and they parted slowly, too slowly, with Su-Ning looking deep into Emi’s eyes. “I probably shouldn’t,” she said, licking her lips.

Emi was confused. “Pardon?” she said, as her eyes struggled to break free of Su-Nings gaze. She sat back and shook her head, breaking the spell.

“I probably shouldn’t go on vacation, at such a critical time,” Su-Ning explained, turning back to face the sea.

Emi followed her lead, looking out to sea as well, squinting at the bright light. “If you really want to, you should go. I think you have enough people in charge. Health is important,” Emi added.

Su-Ning nodded. They just sat there for a while looking out to sea until Su-Ning’s wristwatch rang. She didn’t answer. “Thank you Emi. Go on… get back to your run,” she said, encouragingly.

Emi smiled warmly back and turned to jog away, snapping her sunglasses back down. Looking back over her shoulder, she saw Su-Ning taking the call while watching her leave. Emi didn’t know what was going on with her boss, but the young woman was obviously out of sorts.

After her run, Emi needed to get back to the guys and see if she could help in the afternoon at least. But first, she needed lunch. She wondered if she could get Ben to eat with her, but hesitated… thinking how that might look. Before she got back to the guys, Ho stopped her in the hall.

“Office, now.”

Emi grimaced, following Ho down the hallway, towards the office, and past the guys. A few of them looked up and waved. She waved back, feeling like a naked student in trouble, being led down the hall at school to the principal’s office. Ben was talking with Eddie, doing work while Raul was chatting with Amanda. She was without her robe now. Ben looked up at Emi briefly. Emi tried to read his expression but came up dry.

Ho shut the door. “Sit down,” she said.

Emi quickly sat down, leaving her sunglasses on.

“On a towel,” Ho corrected.

Emi got up, grabbing a towel, and making a show of wiping the seat before sitting back down.

“I asked our first guests how their experience was,” she said gravely.

Emi waited for a bit, but Ho didn’t continue. “And?” Emi asked, finally.

“They expected their friend’s first nudism experience to be around naked people, not a bunch of fully clothed guys. Also, why is your team not following the white robe dress code for opening day?”

“I’ll fix that right away,” Emi said, not wanting to anger Ho further. “Is that it?” she asked, regretting it when she sensed that Ho didn’t like her curtness.

“Your other team also… Becca should have known better,” she added, before turning to face her computer. Without looking at Emi she waved her off.

Emi left the room and went up to Raul and Amanda. They were happily engaged in a conversation. Emi really didn’t know how to tell two consenting adults that they couldn’t chat together in a place that is supposed to be a relaxing resort.

Amanda had large hard nipples on her beautiful medium-sized ebony breasts. Her legs made Emi wonder if she was a runner. Her body was tight and Raul looked unusually mature, acting cool. Emi looked up to see Amanda and Raul looking at her curiously.

They both smiled, waiting for her to speak.

“Ahh.. um, you guys?” She said, looking around at everyone. “It’s grand opening now so the dress code has changed,” she said, deciding to talk to Amanda later. It was just too awkward right then.

“Oh man,” Asher said, “Does that mean I have to strip naked here and now?”

“What?” Leo said, alarmed. “Really?”

Emi stayed quiet with a poker face, smiling inside her mind… letting them sweat for a moment. They had the option of either a white robe or loincloth.

Liz looked panicked. Eddie and Travis looked alarmed.

Ben had no expression, and Emi lost her jovial feeling after looking at him.

“Here goes nothing,” Asher said, undoing his belt.

“Ahh… you guys are not guests, so loin clothes are permitted,” she said. “You can find them in the closet over there, in little boxes,” she said, showing the door. Emi deliberately forgot to mention the white robes.

Liz looked alarmed. “I have to be topless?”

Emi wanted to enjoy teasing Liz, but seeing Ben somehow sucked the fun out of the air. “Women can wear a white robe on top if they do not wish to be topless.”

Liz sighed in relief as Emi turned to leave. She went off to tell the girls about the dress code, plus she needed to eat.

Asher yelled out. “But if we want, we can go nude?” he asked.

Emi stopped and looked at him. “Ahh… I guess so…” she said, surprised that she hadn’t thought of that possibility.

“Which would you prefer?” Asher asked, with a cocky smile.

Everyone looked at Emi, waiting for her answer.

“Ahh…” she glanced down briefly. “Loincloths, please,” she said, turning quickly to walk away and hide her blush. She wasn’t sure that was the right decision, but at the moment it felt the most right. Likely half the team would be too awkward and were not mature enough to handle nudity. Still, she could feel her cheeks burning as she walked away from them considering the alternative.

Down the hall and around the corner she ran into Hannah and Sam.

“How’s opening day so far? I noticed a few guests!” Hannah said excitedly to Emi.

“She was totally gawking at some guys flopping willy,” Sam said, shaking her head with a smirk.

“You’re the one that pointed IT out,” Hannah said, turning to Sam.

“I did not!” Sam yelled indignantly.

“You did… you said…”

“I said look, some guests,” Sam corrected, with an annoyed expression.

“Look you guys… umm… we all need to be in regulation clothing. So you guys need to be…”

“Naked?” Hannah said excitedly. “Awesome!” She started pulling off her top.

Sam looked alarmed. “Wait! What… screw that!”

“Don’t be a little girl,” Hannah chided, stepping out of her panties.

Emi tried not to laugh. She was glad that her glasses hid her eyes.

“Don’t we at least get to wear loincloths!”

Emi knew she should tell her friends that they could wear robes since they were not guests, but this was too fun to resist. She nodded and waved to a nearby closet that had loincloths in it. The closet beside it had robes, but she didn’t mention that part.

Sam wasn’t happy and grabbed a box and stormed off to her room to change.

Hannah just slipped it on out in the hallway.

A few minutes later Sam came back wearing a loincloth and a white towel around her neck. The ends of the towel conveniently covered her small breasts. She walked awkwardly up to Emi and Hannah and looked at them both intensely.

Hannah broke out laughing at Sam’s reaction. Emi joined her, finally cracking up as well.

Sam stormed away, rushing back into the washroom.

“Emi!” Becca yelled from down the hall. She was wearing short-shorts and a crop top, carrying a rolled-up newspaper. “We have to talk, now,” she said, with a grim face that chilled Emi’s mood.

“Okay… sure, here?”

Becca looked at the other two. “No, just you and me.” She turned and headed outside.

Emi followed her to a log on the beach.

“My freaking ass is on the front page,” she said… looking down as if she were carefully choosing her words.

“What do you mean?” Emi said, taking off her sunglasses. It must be bad if Becca is taking this so seriously.

Becca handed her the rolled-up newspaper with an overly serious grim expression, but she kept her grip on it. “I think you should sit down first.”

Emi yanked the newspaper from her hands. “Just give it to me. You’re scaring me. What is it?” She said, quickly unrolling it to see a big photo of her and Becca at the firepit from a while back when they were dancing to music. Becca had her back facing the camera, showing her naked ass. But Emi was sideways, showing off her thin waist and both of her tits were clearly in view, her arms were in the air and a nine was clearly visible along her leg. The other two smaller photos showed a full frontal of Emi pulling the rickshaw in the sand, straining. She looked like she was having an orgasm, it looked obscene and she had a nine above a breast. The last photo showed them on their knees praying to the firepit, but it was really just them tossing some sand on the pit to make it look less burnt and cleaner. It was just the timing of the shot that made it look like praying.

The only saving grace was that the frontal images had minor pixelation over her nipples and pussy. You could still see a jaggedy nipple was there but not exactly what it looked like. Likewise, you could also see that Emi didn’t shave.

Emi sat down and put her hands over her mouth, her glasses dangling from one hand. “Oh shit, Becca…”

“Yeah… oh shit.”

Emi started breathing faster. “Fuck… what is this? She stared at the ground, holding her heavy head up as if it weighed a tonne. “First the cancelations and then this?”

“What cancellations?”

“You didn’t hear? Most of our first-day arrivals canceled suddenly.”

“Oh that’s not good…” Becca said, shocked.

Emi picked up the newspaper and tried to read the article, but the images grabbed her eyes. Holding them captive to her worst nightmare. At least in the photos, there was some minor pixelization and she had been wearing her sunglasses.

Becca was only showing her ass or her tits when she was in the rickshaw. Emi had every part of her exposed. The kneeling part was a side view that had most of her ass. The full-frontal pulling the cart and the side view angled forward of her dancing.

The article below made her gasp. Rumors of a satanic cult at the newly opening Fantasy Resort. The article went on describing that there was rampant speculation in the comments section of the online version of this newspaper, that there is a cult activity here just outside of Fantasy Resort. One anonymous commenter said that these two women were recognized as members of the resort staff.

“What total bullshit!” Becca said, reading the article with Emi.

Looking again carefully, somehow two of the images looked kind of cult-like. Praying, dancing to a god. “Let’s go look online to see the source of this and find out more about what’s going on,” Emi said, angrily. But then she hesitated like she was going to faint or fall down. She sat down in shock as fear and dread rolled over her body. She didn’t know what was worse. The resort scandal with her naked images being the cause and potentially threatening the entire resort, the resort that she was working so hard to help be a success. Or that this was going to hurt Su-Ning and the thought that obscene pictures of her own body were part of that, was horrific. Even without those two things, being naked on the front page was just too humiliating and horrific to comprehend. These feelings overwhelmed her.

Becca sat beside her, comforting her with a hand on her shoulder. “Hey kiddo, it’s going to be alright…”

Emi felt humiliated beyond belief, but her anger about the unfair attack affecting her friend’s resort was raging in her. But also the guilt of this looking like it was ‘her fault’ hit her like a sledgehammer, knocking the steam out of her. “It’s not fair…” she cried, feeling wet streaks down her cheeks and a drop landing on her leg. She fumbled with her sunglasses, putting them back on.

“I know,” Becca said again. “Terrible timing.”

Emi scowled, “Or perfect timing… for a rival. Let’s look online and figure out what’s really going on.”

“We have to tell Su-Ning,” Becca said, looking at her feet. “As soon as possible.”

Emi’s gut twisted at the thought.

“Yes,” Emi agreed. It had to be done. They got up and walked back to the compound, with Emi stopping briefly to splash her face at a water fountain. She wet her sunglasses accidentally, forgetting they were on.

Inside Ho stopped Emi and Becca in the hallway. “Becca, why are you wearing civilian clothing inside the resort. We are open now with guests.”

“Sorry Ho, I was distracted with some bad news,” Becca offered grimly.

“Come with us to the main office,” Emi offered, as the two girls abruptly left Ho standing there in the hallway.

Looking back through her drippy wet sunglasses, Emi saw that Ho was following, with a scowl.

When they got to the office, Su-Ning looked up from her crispy-noodle lunch. It was covered with sauce and meat and vegetables that she was consuming quickly as she was browsing online with a computer. “I’m glad you guys are here, good timing…” She mumbled with a full mouth. “You need to see this!”

Emi, Becca, and Ho quickly gathered around and saw what Su-Ning was looking at. It was the same article online. “Fucking Wang thinks she can pull a fast one, that bitch,” Su-Ning said, spiritedly. “This is a gross abuse of her stupid newspaper.”

Emi pulled off her sunglasses, shocked to see a larger, much clearer image of herself. It was online and was so much worse than the newspaper version.

Su-Ning, stopped eating for a second looking at Emi. “Oh Emi… I’m so sorry that you got caught up in this,” she said, placing a warm hand on Emi’s back.

Emi felt relieved to hear Su-Ning say that, she almost choked up. She was also shocked Su-Ning was taking the bad news so well.

“Why sorry! Emi shamed us and she may have killed the resort,” Ho sputtered in suppressed anger.

Emi gave Ho a dark look, briefly forgetting that Ho could see her eyes.

“Don’t be silly, Ho,” Su-Ning said, dismissing Ho without looking at her. “This is just a direct attack from Wang. Hitting us when we are at our most vulnerable,” she said, pulling out a small bottle of whisky and a glass from inside her desk. She poured herself a glass.

They looked at all the comments on the article and one of them was an apology from someone named Jane. She said that it seems that her teenager took some of her naturist images from her camera after she mentioned the encounter with nudists, and sold the images to Wang’s newspaper.

A moment later Emi saw the comment about Wang’s newspaper had been deleted.

Emi looked at the source of the three images of her and noticed that they were shrunk on the fly for the website, meaning that the direct URLs had high-resolution copies if you clicked on them. It made her gut do a somersault.

There were more comments about what the nine’s on Emi meant. One comment suggested it was upside down 6’s probably because the naked Wiccan devil worshiper hanged herself by her feet every night when praying to the devil. Emi saw that the outlandish comments that followed, agreeing seemed too well written to be natural as the first crazy person that suggested that. Rather it looked to Emi like Wang liked the comment and added more supporting comments and then updated the article to include points that were discussed in the comments section. It was obviously dirty. The last part of the article suggested that people wanting a ‘normal’ vacation try her resort that also features a clothing-optional beach.

“Is this a popular newspaper?” Emi asked.

Su-Ning Nodded. “Most people on the island read it every morning with breakfast.”

Looking further down the comments, Emi saw other people didn’t agree with the crazy talk and just wondered what the nines meant. A full comment thread started on just that subject. Various wild guesses of what the number represented ensued, but nobody guessed correctly.

“Look guys, I need to finish my lunch and have some alone time to think,” Su-Ning said, drinking a sizable gulp from her whiskey glass, causing a cough. “We’ll figure this out. Just go and attend to your duties, please.”

Emi nodded, leaving the room with Ho and Becca following after her. She branched off and went outside alone to get some fresh air. She sat down on a log with her sunglasses dangling in her hand, thinking about everything that had happened. She felt like crying again, but she didn’t. She just sat there…

Finally looking up, she noticed Ben standing a short distance away in his swimsuit. She had been so lost in her miserable thoughts that she hadn’t noticed him standing right in front of her. He’d probably been doing so for a while. He didn’t look happy and turned abruptly and ran to the ocean.

Emi was confused. Why did he look so unhappy? As she watched him dive into the ocean, she wondered if this day could get any worse.

Emi heard the building’s door slam shut, causing her to look back. Ho was coming towards her with a grim expression on her face. Emi felt like she couldn’t take anymore and started to leave, maybe go for a run. But Ho yelled at her to stop. Upset, Emi stopped and turned slowly to face her, putting her sunglasses firmly on her face.

“Raul and Amanda…” Ho began.

“I can’t very well tell a guest who is enjoying herself to not do so,” Emi blurted, cutting Ho off. “Do you not agree?” She felt confident about her logic.

“What about the rest of her group? What should we do about that complaint?” Ho countered.

“We just opened. There are not yet enough guests… to mingle with.”

“And who’s fault is that?”

“I’m not so sure. Who asked us to go and clean up OUTSIDE of our resort area?” Emi countered.

“You are putting this on ME?” Ho asked. She stepped back as if Emi had hit her. “Did I say paint numbers on yourself and dance around the pit, praying to it?”

Emi looked at her bitterly. Blame wasn’t going to get them anywhere.

Ben walked up, dripping from his swim. He looked concerned that Emi and Ho were fighting. “Look Ho, I’m sorry about the party last night. Please don’t blame Emi,” he begged. Looking down at the sand he added, “It was off-site, just outside the gate. We assumed that would be fine and not violate your no-party mandate.”

Ho gasped, taking another step back. “What? You had a party!?”

Emi groaned. Ben had misunderstood what they were arguing about and looked like she was about to freak out.

Instead, Ho spun around and grabbed a rickshaw nearby and came back. She climbed in. “Emi, take me to the gate,” she said, bitterly.

Emi was aghast. “What? No! You can bloody well walk!” She wasn’t a slave. Who does Ho think she is? She was the Director of Software Development AND the lead Resort Ambassador. Ho was overstepping her bounds. Su-Ning would never approve of this, she thought bitterly.

“Ahh… girls. I could use a run. Jump in,” Ben said, grabbing the handles enthusiastically.

Emi stood her ground as Ho waited in the rickshaw.

The regal property manager sat down and folded her arms. “Get in, we will inspect the area outside the gate together.”

Whatever, Emi thought, as she climbed in. She’d cleaned the beach. There was nothing to discover. More stupid circles? This whole thing was fucking ridiculous. She crossed her arms, seething in anger.

After a few minutes of silence, Emi noticed Ben running in front of her. Somehow he looked more fit than she had remembered. She wondered again what his dark expression was about. The memory of his face at that moment hurt. Could this day get any worse?

They sat in silence for the next few minutes. Emi thought about the photos in the newspaper. Her worst nightmare had come true. There were now practically naked photos of herself in public. Everybody could see them. At least her name had not been mentioned. She had sunglasses on. For now, she was just an anonymous naked girl with nines, but for how long? It was the main newspaper, Wang’s newspaper, on this weird island. She didn’t want to think about what could happen next.

Emi watched the sea raging against the shore. Each wave smashed into the beach, trying to drag the sand back into the sea. It was never-ending, unstoppable, unfair…

At the fence, Emi jumped out and opened the gate, looking out to make sure nobody was nearby. She climbed back in and Ben worked hard to drag the heavy rickshaw through the sand towards the fire-pit. Finally, Emi stopped brooding enough to notice Ben’s struggles in the sand. “Thanks Ben, that’s far enough,” she said, stepping out as the rickshaw stopped. Ho and Emi walked the rest of the way to the fire-pit with Ben pulling the empty rickshaw behind them.

Wordlessly, they all spent ten minutes doing stupid circles around the pit looking for what obviously wasn’t there. After that Emi stood there with her hands on her hips, looking at Ho as if to say, ‘are you satisfied?’

“Should we check the other fire-pit?” Ben offered, with a friendly voice.

Ho looked alarmed. “You used TWO fire-pits?” She stormed off towards the second firepit wearing just her loincloth.

Emi glared at Ben.

He winced, apologetically.

Looking at Ho, Emi stood there staring at her incredulously. Ho stopped, waving for her to follow. Then the old lady resumed walking without looking back. Fuming, Emi looked around… it was broad daylight and she didn’t even have a loincloth! No-one seemed to be nearby and so after pausing… she stomped furiously along in the sand with Ben following behind her pulling the rickshaw.

After another minute of doing stupid circles, Ho stopped and pulled a bottle out of the sand. She stood there arrogantly dangling the bottle to Emi as if she had found the smoking gun.

Emi was stunned. She had checked carefully! Regardless who gives a shit. A bottle was hardly the end of the world. Ho was out of her mind.

Ben stepped between the two of them. “Look at those crazy cloud formations,” Ben said, looking up at the sky in great wonder. “That one looks like a whale!”

Emi looked at Ho, seething with annoyance. The woman had no idea how much Emi had helped the resort.

“That one looks like a bird!”

Ho’s watch rang. Emi couldn’t quite hear what was being said. She watched as Ho’s face changed from anger and irritation to serious concern. She gestured Emi over.

Emi ran over. She almost took off her sunglasses, but then realized she was outside the gate.

“All the apps are not functioning and the website is not responding,” Ho said with concern in her voice. “What’s wrong?”

“Sounds like the server,” Emi said, suddenly shaken. “I have monitor scripts running that should detect it and reboot momentarily,” she said, professionally with a reassuring confidence that she didn’t feel. This shouldn’t have happened to begin with. Perhaps an auto-update on the machine? But auto-update should be turned off. Her sunglasses helped hide some of her fear from showing on her face. Most likely, it would be fine in a few minutes.

“Oh shit, not today. How fast before we can fix it?” Ho asked.

“Likely it will be auto fixed before anyone can get there but I’ll send someone to the marketing building to go look at it right now and see what’s up,” Emi said, tapping on her watch.

“No… no time for that,” Ho said. “Everyone is at the resort. It would be much quicker for you to fix it yourself,” she insisted. “Go!”

Emi looked at the batshit lady with her arms out wide. “Look at me… You expect me to go to the marketing building naked? In full daylight?!”

“Emi this is YOUR responsibility. And YES! I absolutely insist.” She looked at Emi with gritted teeth. “You damn well ran around that building and attended meetings naked…”

Emi stood her ground, her arms folded. It was just ONE meeting.

“And I talked with Bob. What were you wearing when you left the building that day?”

Emi was shocked… “But it wasn’t my fault… Liz…”

“And what were you wearing when you ARRIVED back at the resort?”

“So what are you trying to say?” Emi knew what she was saying. That she had already been there naked, and that she had left naked and returned back to the resort naked. Implying that it was all of her own free will.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if you partied here at this very firepit last night… completely naked,” she said, looking at Ben suddenly.

“What?” he jumped, caught off guard, looking guilty. It was dead obvious from his reaction that her words had wrung true.

Ho turned back to Emi. “Did you forget? The whole island has already seen you naked on the front page!”

“There was pixelization… I wasn’t completely exposed!” Emi countered.

“Go now! Be responsible!”

“Not happening,” Emi said, firmly. “Let’s go Ben… this is batshit. I’m outta here,” she said, walking towards the gate.

Emi heard Ho making a call. “Department of corrections please…”

Emi stopped, looking back. She wouldn’t dare.

“Yes, I want to report a violation of community service,” she said calmly.

“Community service?” Ben asked.

Emi turned and stomped over to Ho. Fuck, she didn’t want Ben to hear that. “What are you doing?” she whispered quickly.

Ho ignored her. “Yes, that’s right. Case 432118.”

Did she memorize the case number? Emi’s stomach lurched. “This is not fair, you can’t use this against me. It’s not right,” she whispered forcefully.

Ho held out her watch to Emi. “Emi Yoshida, are you there?”

“Ahh.. yes Sir,” Emi replied meekly.

“As provisioned with your case, your two-year community sentence was benefited with a standard ‘one and double’ leniency option for your handler, do you remember?”

Emi vaguely remembered the words ‘one and double’, hoping that the one meant a warning. “Yes sir,” she said.

“Well, your ONE has now been used up. You now have an extra month added to your sentence. So it is effectively 12 months, now. Is that understood?”

Emi was sick to her stomach. Her first couple weeks were not only for nothing, and now she had an extra two weeks more before her 11 months would even start. “Yes sir,” she said, feeling her eyes watering up under her sunglasses.

“Good, and please be aware that these leniency provisions are not a RIGHT for YOU, but rather completely up to the arbitrary discretion of the person overseeing your progress. Is that understood?”

“Yes sir.”

“The next violation will incur the ‘double’ and that means your 12-month sentence will become 24, is that understood?”

Emi felt the blood drain from her face. “Yes sir.”

“Good day, Emi Yoshida.” The call abruptly hung up.

Emi was seething with rage, she could hardly breathe. “You fucking bitch… Su-Ning will have your HEAD when she finds out about this! I am NOT going to the marketing building like THIS!” Her arms blasted out wide, emphasizing her naked body.

Ho just stood there… blinking, stepping back in shock. Her face started twisting up in unbridled rage.

Emi’s anger wavered… as she began to realize that she probably shouldn’t have said that.

“Su-Ninggg… in case you didn’t know. Is FAMILY to me. I changed her fucking diapers. You have NO IDEA how screwed you are now. If this resort fails it’s YOUR fault and EVERYONE including MYSELF will be looking for work,” Ho seethed.

Emi watched her silently, her anger melting away to fear.

“Since you have decided to test me, I’ll reward you,” she said, leaning into Emi’s ear. She whispered “If you so much as TOUCH a single piece of clothing in the next year… DOUBLE. I mean it. If I even HEAR of you carrying a bag CONTAINING clothes… DOUBLE!!!” she screamed that last word out loud, shaking her head like a crazy person.

Emi jumped back, wanting to freak out. She had no right to do this. It was beyond unfair. “So? now what?… I’m trapped?… I can’t go out? I’m a prisoner?” She asked, incredulously.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND!” Ho said so furiously that even Ben took a step back.

There was no way Emi could agree, but she had to say something just to shut her up. To cool her down. “yes…”

“I CAN’T HEAR YOU!”

“YES!” Emi screamed, wanting to punch her in the face. She stood there shell-shocked. She just couldn’t do it. There was no way. Fuck this bitch. But she didn’t want to add another year. She needed to get off this fucking island. She felt like she was going to go insane.

“You have TEN seconds to hit the road. Please… MAKE MY DAY,” Ho said, holding her watch up threateningly.

“Just get in,” Ben said to Emi, pulling up the rickshaw. Keep yourself covered and I’ll pull you. It will be alright.”

Emi was furious, glaring at Ho through her sunglasses in disgust as she climbed into the rickshaw.

Without a word, Ben took off, headed towards the marketing Building.

Emi scrunched down, holding an arm over her tits, and cupping her pussy with her other hand. Ho isn’t going to get away with this, she thought bitterly.

Ben pulled her along in silence as she fumed.

After a few minutes, up ahead Emi saw a jogger headed their way. She tried to scrunch down a bit more but this particular rickshaw had a wide-open front. Only Ben’s body was giving her any cover. If the jogger so much as glanced at her as he ran by he would notice that she was naked.

Emi didn’t feel as embarrassed as she normally would have. She was too angry and hurt. But that was starting to change the further they went towards a public beach in broad daylight. Anger was transforming to the fear of being naked in public, and her adrenaline started coursing through her body.

She tried to ignore the jogger and look away. But she couldn’t. At the last moment, she glanced to see if he was looking. Their eyes met for a split second. Then he was gone. Emi wasn’t sure if he had noticed that she was naked or not.

After a while, they passed a young couple walking the other way. There was no way they could have seen her. Gradually, there were more and more people sunbathing on the sand. They were unlikely to see her as well, they were facing the other way.

Soon the path split into walkers on one side and bikes on the other. Ben took the bike side.

More and more people appeared, but thankfully Ben’s body blocked some people’s view until the last second. Most of them just got a brief, one second, glance. Hopefully, people thought she was wearing a small bikini. She wanted to kiss Sam for giving her these sunglasses, she owed her… big time!

Gradually the beach was more populated and the walkway was beginning to fill with people, a person or couple or jogger passing her every couple of seconds. Thankfully, just up ahead, was the destination – the marketing building.

Emi’s watch buzzed. She turned her wrist, trying to not expose her nipples. Sam sent her some messages. “servers back up” “not sure what caused it” “will log in remotely and see what’s up”

Thinking about Sam’s messages, she locked her eyes on Ben’s shirtless back.

She needed to reply. Taking a chance, Emi moved her hand briefly from her pussy to tap the reply button. “I’m on site… I’ll look too’ she said, moving her hand, once again, to tap the send button. She kept her eyes firmly on Ben’s back, not wanting to know if anyone saw her brief exposure.

Thankfully they finally arrived. Ben pulled up to the door and opened it.

Emi appreciated that Ben had angled the rickshaw to protect as much of her dignity as possible. She exited the rickshaw being as careful as possible.

Wondering if anyone was inside, she opened the door and breathed a sigh of relief. Inside was the office where the devs normally worked. As expected, it was empty. But that didn’t make entering the place, in the middle of the day, any easier. It felt like she was walking in the dark as her sunglassed eyes slowly adjusted to indoor lighting.

She quickly passed through the dev room that Sarah and the devs worked in. All of their desks and computers were there, but nobody was sitting at any of them. All the devs were at the resort and Sarah seemed to have stepped out.

Emi crossed the empty hallway and opened the door to the server room. It was about the size of a large bedroom. She stepped inside, resting a hand on the counter that stretched along one wall. So far so good.

She glanced down. Under the counter was a single, very fat computer tower. The rest of the room was oddly empty but it had enough space for a desk. The wall was bare except for a closet.

Emi took a seat in one of the two chairs facing the double monitors. She needed a moment for her eyes to adjust enough for her to see the keyboard and the mouse. Her sunglasses were a pain, but a necessary pain.

She logged in, scanning the activity records. They showed that the machine had shut off suddenly. After that, it auto booted when the power came back on. “Ben, can you go and ask Bob if there was a power outage?”

“Yeah, sure,” he said, leaving.

“Sam, status check,” she messaged.

“All good,” Sam messaged back. Emi sighed with relief. The auto measures had worked.

Emi checked under the table. Next to the computer, she saw a good sized APC backup power unit. It was about the size of a car battery with multiple three-pronged power outlets across the top of it. What was startling was that not one of the plugs was being used. The tower was plugged directly into the wall. It should have been plugged into the APC.

Someone must have replaced the APC at one point and forgot to re-plug in the server. She fumed at the incompetence, wondering who was to blame. Was this her own fault for not double-checking? No, she was training the guys, offsite… and not actually involved with the operations on this side. Her team had remote access to this server, but her team wasn’t in charge of the hardware.

“Jesus, Emi… where are your clothes?”

Emi looked up to see Sarah standing there. She wasn’t in the mood to parley and kept her focus on diagnostic tests.

“I heard about the server issue… what happened?” Sarah asked.

Emi ignored her. Sarah’s ass was also on the line if the server went down and Emi knew it.

Emi heard Sarah come closer and decided, now was a good time. She shut down the server, safely. Then she casually powered the machine off, causing Sarah to gasp. “What are you doing?” She said, panicking.

Emi crawled under the table, surely showing Sarah more than she wanted to see, and unplugged the computer from the wall and plugged it back into the APC. Making sure the APC was firmly plugged into the wall.

“Good God!” Sarah blurted out.

Emi backed out and sat down in her chair again, turning the machine back on, watching carefully to see everything come back online. Then she tested the websites and pinged the server and tested the apps on her watch. Everything was good.

“What? The APC failed? We just got a new one?” Sarah said.

Ben ran into the room, huffing as if he had been running a lot. “Yes, a brief power outage,” Ben confirmed. He handed Emi a small hand cloth.

She took it and put it on her seat under her ass. “Thank you,” she said, looking up at him briefly. She saw compassion in his eyes.

“Was the APC faulty?” Sarah asked.

“Onsite is stable,” Emi said to her watch, texting it to her team.

“What a fucking relief,” Sarah said to Ben.

He nodded.

“I thought that we… agreed… that you would wear clothes in this building,” Sarah said to Emi, gently.

Emi didn’t feel anything wrong with Sarah’s tone, but unfortunately, today was NOT the day to question her. She couldn’t stop herself. She got up into Sarah’s face, pulling off her sunglasses. “I didn’t BRING any clothes today. Do you have a problem with that?” she challenged, glaring at her.

Sarah blinked, stepping back in confusion. “Whatever Emi,” she said, turning to leave. “Oh btw, before you leave Ruth wants to speak to you. Something about… nines.”

“Nines?” Ben repeated.

Emi just stood there, slowly looking up to the heavens, past a really bright light on the ceiling.

“Emi… are you okay?” Ben asked after they were alone.

“Fabulous,” she shot back. Looking him in the eye. They both knew it wasn’t true. Her naked eyes betrayed her again.

“Look, I’m sorry… ahh… about last night…” he started to say.

Emi couldn’t fucking believe it. One more bad thing today and she was going to lick her finger and stick it in a wall outlet. She looked at him full on. Waiting for the kick in the face, dangerously squeezing her sunglasses into her gut.

“I shouldn’t have taken advantage of you…”

Emi was confused. “What do you mean?”

“Obviously you regretted it… you know… the kissing. I guess I got carried away.”

Emi was still confused. “I started that kiss… why would I regret it?”

“Yes, but you were drinking and… in the morning, well… I saw how upset you were about it. On the beach… you were full of regret. I have never seen you so miserable.”

Emi blinked as realization sunk in. He misunderstood! Hope started to refill her heart. “Ben… that misery wasn’t about the kiss.”

“No?” Now it was his turn to be confused. “So alcohol wasn’t a factor?”

“Well… it supplied the courage, but other than that… No,” she said, looking down. “Not at all.”

He seemed uplifted by those words.

Emi was glad. “No, yeah… this morning, on the beach. I’m just having a REALLY bad day… you have NO idea,” she said, putting her sunglasses up into her hair.

“No kidding… and what was all that about community service. Are you in trouble?”

Emi shut the door and walked up to him and took his hands. “Look, can you keep that to yourself?” She said, as seriously as she could.

“Yeah sure… but you can talk to me.”

“Thank you. I will… soon. Right now… I’m just trying to keep it together. There is a big scandal going on, as you will find out shortly, and I have to go talk to Ruth now. Can you wait for me with the rickshaw? Me or my corpse will soon need a ride back,” she added, grimly.

“Yeah, I’m not going anywhere. Don’t worry, you can count on me.”

Emi was glad to hear those words. “Thank you,” she said, grabbing the hand cloth as she left the room. She headed for the stairwell at the end of the hallway, wondering what Ben might think of her after finding out about the scandal. About how she might have destroyed the resort. About her community service and trouble with the law. Would he still trust her? Could she trust him? She stopped in front of the stairs, pulling her sunglasses down protectively.

Emi took the dark stairs, two at a time, her breasts bouncing. She wanted to get this over with. Halfway up she got a message on her watch… it was from Su-Ning!

“Raul was getting friendly with a guest and Sam was resisting the dress code, so Ho recommended moving development and training offsite for opening week, at least. Don’t worry about your RA duties as Lucy surprisingly volunteered and is doing great so far. Also heads-up: You were so right. I’m taking your advice and will be off-line for a bit. I’m at the airport right now but soon I’ll be in Mexico sucking down Margaritas. I can hardly wait! I brought Mom and my Dad too. He’s starting to feel better and I don’t want him reading the local news. Good luck and please keep the troops in line. I’m counting on you Emi.”

“Oh shit!” Panicking, Emi quickly messaged her back. “Su-Ning, got a moment to chat?” She spoke, watching the text appear on her watch. She hit the send button.

An automated office message came back. “Su-Ning is currently not in the office. Please contact Ho for any issues or requests related to the Resort.”

Emi slapped the wall in frustration realizing that Ho was continuing to make her life difficult. Why was the woman so upset? First a month extra, then no clothes, and now she has to train the guys HERE for a week? In a public building no less! She was naked and literally surrounded by people with camera phones. While in the building, she was going to have to hide in the basement and NEVER take off her sunglasses.

How was she going to travel here every day? Hopefully Ben would help her. She sat down on the steps as realization set in. She was stunned and a jolt of fear mixed with adrenalin hit her. It was a familiar feeling… similar to what she felt when she was streaking on the beach and then noticed someone nearby when she was about to be caught naked. It was very scary and also… a little thrilling. Like being forced to streak a public building. It annoyed her to think that public exposure might actually be turning her on.

She wanted to sit down and think, but she had to see Ruth and face the music. She walked slowly up the stairs. Finally, she stopped and stared at the door to the cafeteria. It was 2:21 in the afternoon, and she would have to walk across the cafeteria in order to reach Ruth’s office. She looked up to the ceiling, thanking the lord of bad luck for blessing her this day. She cracked the door open.

The door suddenly opened all the way and a well-dressed middle-aged man looked at her, with his mouth agape.

“Hi… I’m ahh… from Fantasy Resort,” Emi said, trying to explain her nudity. Her adrenaline spiked.

“You most certainly are,” he replied, smiling.

Flushing, Emi squeezed past him, barging into the cafeteria. There were probably a dozen people eating while engaged in conversation, spread out at different lunch tables, in pairs mostly.

So far nobody noticed her as she quickly padded her way along the windowed wall towards Ruth’s office. Halfway to her destination, she was noticed. A man sitting with another man, grinned in surprise, tapping his partner on the shoulder. Emi tore her eyes away, locking them on Ruth’s door just ahead. The less she knew about how many eyes were on her, the better. She picked up her pace, and jogged the rest of the way, and knocked.

“Just a moment…”

Every second felt like a thousand years, and she dared not glance back to see how many had noticed her. She hoped that those that were looking at her, would remain silent and not alert the entire floor.

“Come in…”

Emi opened the door and stepped inside. That was close. Inside Ruth was with Sarah.

“Emi, great to see you,” Ruth said, smiling warmly. “Have a seat.”

Emi put her cloth down and sat, noticing that Sarah was watching Ruth closely, as if she were expecting some kind of reaction. Emi took her sunglasses off, squinting at the bright light. She held them in her hand on her lap.

“First, thanks for rushing here to fix the server.”

“No need to thank me. I was the closest at the time, so I got dragged into taking the service call,” Emi said, carefully.

“Appreciated. So about the scandal…”

“Yes… I’m… ahh sorry…”

“Why?”

Emi didn’t know how to respond.

“How about just fill me in on exactly what happened.”

Emi described the chore requirement of having to keep the beach near the resort clean. She and Becca were on cleanup duty that day. She explained that they were just tossing sand on the firepit to hide the burnt area so that it would look a little cleaner. It was the timing of that one photo that made it look like they were praying.

“And the dancing?”

Emi shrugged. “Becca brought some music.”

Ruth laughed. “Oh to be so brave. I admire both your skill and your wild free spirit.”

Emi just stood there, listening to the undeserved compliment.

Sarah quietly snorted, obviously disagreeing with the praise as well.

“And the Nines? Just Hannah dressing you ‘to the Nines?’” Ruth asked.

Emi knew that Ruth was the best hope of recovery. As much as she wanted to dodge that question, she just couldn’t. Too much was on the line and Su-Ning was counting on her. “There is a little more to that story, Ma’am,” Emi admitted.

“Oh really…” Ruth said, looking interested. “What more is there to the nines?”

“Well… ahh… a couple girls on my team. They thought it would be funny since they are reading a story about a naked girl who’s name is Nine.”

“A Wiccan story perhaps?”

“Ahh no, just an ENF story.”

“What’s that?”

“Ahh… it stands for Embarrassed Nude Female. It’s a mild form of erotica, Ma’am.”

“Does any of the staff know the story’s name? Could this come back to bite us?”

“Ahh… I don’t know. It’s possible…” Emi thought about all the times staff members heard her team doing mailgirl stuff. “They MIGHT find out if they google ‘nine’ with mailgirl.”

“It’s a postal story?”

“It’s called ‘Confessions of a Mailgirl.’ About naked girls in an office setting, delivering mail. The main character’s name is Nine,” Emi explained. “I suppose it’s possible it could get out. I’m not sure how damaging it would be to the resort, Ma’am.”

“Ruth is fine. You are not in trouble Emi. This wasn’t your fault. I’m just trying to understand the problem so that we can move past it.”

Emi felt relieved to hear Ruth say that. “Thank you,” She said, slumping from the release of tension. “Do you think we can recover from this? Do you have a plan?”

Ruth laughed. “Why so dire Emi? It’s just the first day.”

“Because of that scandal, we lost 90% of our scheduled guests today,” Emi said, looking down.

“Yes, it was definitely an unfortunate hit, but it’s just the local populace. An insignificant and overly shy demographic for a nudist resort. We were hoping to start with some positive local reviews, build up some initial groundswell while getting the staff used to dealing with actual customers and nudity before the real push for international sales. It’s a setback, but hardly a nail in the coffin.”

Emi liked this woman. “Ho and Su-Ning are taking it quite seriously,” Emi said, noticing that Sarah seemed irked about something. Probably because Ruth didn’t react to her being naked. Yes, Ruth was definitely cool.

“Su-Ning is young, and she’s all-in with this project. So every little bump is going to be stressful for her until the company starts making money.”

Emi nodded. “That makes sense. I really hope that we can turn it around.”

“WE can… Su-Ning hired you and she hired me, and there is nothing the two of us can’t accomplish. Am I right?”

“Yes… Ma’am… ahh… Ruth.”

“Okay, so is that it? That’s everything?”

Emi nodded. “I believe so. Oh… I saw a comment about how the nature photographer that took the images apologized. She said that her son copied the images and sold them to Wang, the owner of the newspaper. A moment later, I saw the comment get deleted.”

“That is useful. Thanks for that,” Ruth said. “So legally, in those photos, are you allowed to be naked outside of the resort?”

“Yes. We have a nudity-permit for within a half-mile of the beach near the resort gate. It’s rare to see people near the gate. It’s pretty secluded.”

“Good, then I think that’s all we need,” Ruth said, opening her laptop.

Sarah sat up suddenly. “We are currently a lot more than a half-mile, and you didn’t bring your clothes, right?”

“Ahh.. yes, I was near the gate, away from the resort. I had to rush here to fix the server.”

Sarah continued. “Did anyone take your picture along the way? Why would you risk more photos? What would happen if you were charged?”

Emi didn’t like her line of questioning. “Ahhh… the server is important to our success and I was seated in the back of a rickshaw with no nines on me, as you can see,” she said, standing up to show them.

Sarah scowled at Emi’s physical display, causing Emi to sit back down.

Ruth closed her laptop, looking concerned. “Emi, we can’t let you get in trouble. You are too important. How much trouble would it be if you got caught by the police?”

Emi was thinking that she might be fined, but then she realized that with her community service it could be pretty bad indeed. It was actually quite a serious risk, she realized. “It would likely not be too good,” Emi said, realizing it was a dramatic understatement.

Ruth looked thoughtful. “I see, well we can’t have that. Sarah, go find Emi some clothes so that she can wear something while looking for a hotel.”

Emi was confused. “A hotel? But I’m staying at the resort.”

“You didn’t hear? All of the developers were kicked out for opening week. I got a message from Su-Ning a few minutes ago,” Ruth explained.

Emi’s face went pale. “Oh shit…” This was worse than she thought. How is she going to find a place to stay when she can’t even touch much less wear clothing? Fear penetrated her gut.

“Yeah, apparently BOTH of our teams pissed off Ho and it was the last straw apparently. So she kicked everyone out,” Ruth said, sounding amused.

Emi’s heart pounded. None of her devs had a place to sleep this week? The marketing team just slept in their homes, since they all lived locally, but her team was depending upon the resort. Emi realized that she was both naked and homeless!

Ruth continued. “So you’re here now, without clothes… it’s a problem. You need clothes so that you can find a place to stay this week. Sarah, find something Emi can wear.”

Emi started to panic, she can’t wear clothes! Ho’s insane threat was hitting her like a thunderbolt. Was Ho trying to destroy her? “Ahh… that’s okay Sarah… I’m good. I’ll… umm… it’s just a week. I don’t really want to leave the building… if possible?”

Sarah looked at Emi as if she was crazy.

Ruth was also gawking, but then she turned to Sarah. “Don’t your devs sometimes stay overnight? Where do they sleep?”

Sarah hesitated. “Once in a blue moon. They don’t really sleep… but well, there is a futon downstairs that they nap on…”

“That would be great!” Emi blurted. She could hide in the basement for a week, sleep on a futon.

Ruth shook her head. “That probably wouldn’t be very comfortable Emi. Sarah… get her some clothes,”

“Sorry… I… I really don’t want to wear clothes,” Emi said, awkwardly. It was embarrassing to say such a thing.

“Get her a blanket then?” Ruth asked, looking at Emi curiously.

Emi thought about that. Might a blanket be considered clothing? She didn’t want to risk it. “Sorry, no blankets. I’m trying to take my role as a Resort Ambassador seriously, plus I have started keeping a score of consecutive days without clothes,” she added, mentally noting that today would officially be the first.

Ruth scratched her head. “Okay, Emi… we can solve this,” she said, looking at Emi with resignation. “We can let you stay here, but you have to in turn respect our wish to keep this safe and legal, agreed?”

Emi nodded, feeling relieved. She wanted this to be safe and legal as well.

“Sarah, see if you can get Emi a nudity waiver for the building and also the path between here and the resort.”

Sarah shook her head. “That won’t work. Special permits in this town usually take at least a couple days. She would have to lay low in the meantime. Plus there is no guarantee that it will be granted.”

“Just do it, and while you’re at it look into that story to see if it has any potential harm to the resort. I don’t want any more surprises,” Ruth ordered.

Sarah sighed, obviously annoyed. “Alright. So try to get a permit for Emi and read that RNF story, got it.”

“ENF” Ruth and Emi said simultaneously.

“Whatever, so a permit just here and along the path to the resort? What if she wants to go get a hamburger or, \*cough\*, buy some clothes? Shouldn’t we just try to make it a five-mile radius or something?”

Ruth scratched her chin. “I doubt a permit that broad would be issued in a town like this, but we could try. What do you think, Emi?”

“Ahh… yeah, no just the path please. I’ll be fine eating here in the meantime,” Emi said. She really did not want a permit for the entire town. She just needed one for here and to get back to the resort, riding in the back of a rickshaw. She could go after dark when the streets were empty.

“You heard her… just here and the path.”

“Alright then…” Sarah said. “But it’s going to be a real pain in the ass and a waste of money if she changes her mind.”

“I won’t,” Emi said, confidently.

“So that’s everything then,” Ruth said, standing up.

“What about the party,” Sarah asked. “Looks like Emi will be here tomorrow night.”

Emi looked confused. “A party?”

“Yes, we are having a company Halloween costume party tomorrow night. All staff will be partaking in it. There’s prizes and everything!” Ruth said, smiling.

“Ahh… well, sorry I won’t be able to attend… obviously,” Emi said, feeling relieved.

“Costumes are clothing?” Sarah asked, looking confused.

Ruth leaned forward with a big smile. “You can wear 9’s! Yes, that would be a blast!”

The suggestion shocked Emi. “No… that would be disrespectful. Making fun of the scandal that hurt us… plus people at the resort might take it the wrong way,” Emi pleaded. She definitely didn’t want to go to a party, especially outside the resort where she was the only one naked. It was simply unthinkable.

“I disagree. It shows BALLS for us to not back down to Wang’s fabricated scandal. I’ll tell Su-Ning it was my idea. Bring your Team as well Emi. It will be a hoot!” Ruth insisted.

“Ahh… I’m just not big on the idea,” Emi admitted.

“Look Emi, the entire building will be buzzing with curiosity when it gets around that a naked girl is running around the office. You might as well rip off the bandaid. Then you can relax.”

“I’ll think about it, Ma’am.”

“Call me Ruth.”

“Okay…”

“This meeting is over. Emi… have you eaten?” Ruth asked.

“Ahh no, I’m good. I have to get back,” she said. She was starving, but she couldn’t bear to sit in the cafeteria with them casually eating lunch right now. Her nerves were too frayed.

“Back to where?” Ruth asked.

“Downstairs? The computer room?” Emi answered nervously.

“Alright… well, Sarah could you please get Emi sorted out with a place to sleep,” Ruth asked.

“Follow me,” Sarah said… leaving the room.

Emi snapped down her sunglasses and followed her out. She saw those two guys again. They were the only ones remaining in the cafeteria. One of them nudged the other when he noticed Emi.

Emi tried to ignore them while walking gracefully behind Sarah as she went towards the elevator. The elevator? “I’ll take the stairs,” Emi said, as she trotted to the stairwell door. “Meet you at the bottom,” she called out to Sarah without looking back.

Emi flew down the stairs with her breasts knocking around on her chest, through the hallway, and to the dev room. Ben was sitting at his desk. He looked sexy sitting there in just his swim trunks. Then Emi looked down at herself and laughed. “Ben… change of plans,” she called out.

“Hey Emi… what’s up? You need more time?”

“Yeah.. like a couple days, haha…”

He looked confused. “What do you mean?”

“They won’t let me go back without a travel permit for my nudity. Ruth wants to make sure I don’t get into trouble.”

“That makes sense… so where will you stay?”

“I’m not sure, yet.”

Sarah walked in. “Oh my God, not you too Ben,” she said, looking at his bare chest and swim trunks. “You KEEP THAT ON,” she laughed, pointing at his one piece of clothing. “What are you doing to my guys, Emi?”

Ben laughed. “What? no… haha… I was just swimming and then I gave Emi a ride in the rickshaw.”

Sarah shook her head at Ben and then turned to Emi. “Follow me, Emi,” she said, leading Emi into the server room. “In that closet… there is a futon. It has a pillow-like bump attached to one side. I suppose that is all you need?”

Emi nodded. “Yes, sure… thank you,” she said, happy to not have to sleep somewhere more public.

Sarah left and Ben came into the room and pulled out the futon for Emi. “I can’t believe you’re going to sleep here.”

Emi sat down on the bed, feeling how soft it was. She glanced around, noting that the top half of the door had a window in it. So much for privacy. Anyone walking by could look inside at her sleeping. At least it was warm in the building. Turning out the light Emi saw that enough light still came in from the hallway to expose her to anyone’s gaze. At least it wasn’t a bright light. She laid down and noticed that her feet pointed towards the door and window. She got up and turned the futon around.

Ben chuckled, watching her. “Yeah, the other way might be… ahh… better.”

Emi ignored the comment and tried the bed again, this time with her head pointed toward the door. She looked at the ceiling and noticed… a security camera?! She got up immediately, pushing the bed aside and pulled over a chair and stood on it, and reached up, stretching up as hard as she could. She couldn’t quite reach the camera. At least her sunglasses protected her from the bright light next to the camera.

“Giving up so soon?” Ben said, with a slight smile on his face. “What are you trying to do?”

“What do you think? I’m turning it off.”

“Probably a good idea for you, but what about security?”

“I’ll be here.”

“But what if you leave?”

“Then tough beans… I dunno… then I can turn it back on.”

“But you can’t reach it,” he said, amusement in his voice. “It’s too high. I doubt I could reach it as well. Plus I don’t think that it has an off switch.”

“Shit,” she said, looking around for a solution. “Can you grab me a piece of tape and a string?”

“Alright,” he said, leaving the room.

“Oh and a burger too, I’m starving!” She called after him.

Emi tried the bed again. This time she placed the towel under her ass and covered her breasts and pussy with her hands as she looked up at the camera. She wondered if anyone was watching her, but knew it was unlikely. The endless footage of recordings was typically only looked at when something happens. However, the memory of Mr. Woo and his peeping cameras still haunted her. Here she was, her hand covering her pussy probably looked like she was touching herself. Actually, she WAS touching herself.

This was so… stupid. She sat up, wondering if an earthquake or tsunami was going to happen next. She was so exhausted… plus the lack of food was making her even more tired. She laid back down and drifted off to sleep…

“Augg… I’ll never get used to just walking in on a naked female developer sleeping on the floor of the server room… THAT’S for sure,” Ben said.

Emi sat up suddenly, embarrassed. She covered herself with her hands.

“A little late for that,” he chuckled, carrying a large tray with food on it.

The room filled with the fantastic smell of hamburgers. Emi got up and grabbed one and bit into it hungrily.

“If I knew you were that hungry I would have gotten you two,” he laughed.

Emi looked at the second hamburger with confusion.

“That’s mine!” he said, setting down the tray and picking up the burger.

Emi saw there were a couple of cola drinks and the string and tape she requested were on the tray as well.

“Sorry it took so long. The kitchen staff was busy, and when I finally was able to order, they said the kitchen was shutting down. I had to go down the street to a burger joint.

“That’s okay, I fell asleep. I didn’t notice the time.”

As they ate, Emi felt like he wanted to ask something – likely about her community service. She looked up at the camera, then put her burger down and grabbed the tape and string, connecting them. “Can you stick this on the camera?

“I can try…” and he did try, but standing on the chair he came up a half-foot too short. He looked good stretching up like that in just his swim trunks. Emi realized she must have looked even more exposed when she had been doing the same.

“Nope, can’t reach.”

“Shit,” she said, taking another bite. “Or maybe,” she gawked at him.

“What?” he asked.

“You are going to have to lift me up,” she said, looking up at the camera, avoiding his gaze.

“You want me to lift you up while standing on the chair?” He asked, looking nervous.

Emi glanced at him, wondering if he was being shy or just worried about safety. It looked like a little of both. “I’m sure it will be fine. It’s not like you haven’t touched me before,” she added, wincing as she realized what that sounded like.

He laughed. “Take this,” he said, passing her the tape and string.

She took it, noticing that he seemed to be a little excited.

“So what I will do is drape you over my shoulder… then step on the chair… clamping down on your legs so that when you arch your back… you can reach the camera. Okay?”

“But you don’t have a shirt on,” she pointed out.

“That’s true,” he said. “Would you rather I give you a shoulder ride?”

“Ahh, probably not,” Emi replied, blushing.

“I could pick you up by the knees, with your hands on my shoulders but then your frontal midsection would be in my face,” he laughed. “We wouldn’t want that, right?”

Emi laughed. He was messing with her. It was kind of nice after a long hard day.

“So what’s it going to be?”

“Just… the draping, I guess,” she said, glad for the protective covering over her eyes.

“Ready?” He asked.

Emi hesitated, looking at him.

“We should probably hurry up… before someone comes,” he said, encouraging her with a gesture to the window.

Emi decided to trust him. She took a step forward unsure what he was going to do exactly.

He bent over, threw her over his shoulder, and then stepped up onto the chair.

Emi felt his face firmly against her thigh as he clamped down on her legs. She arched her back, reaching above him. It worked perfectly, but the action was grinding her pussy into his bare shoulder. She pretended to not notice, concentrating on the task at hand, praying that she wasn’t leaving any moisture. She covered the camera lens with the tape and left the string dangling. Now she could easily pull the tape off when needed.

“Okay…” she said, indicating that he could let her down.

“Maybe you should check it again,” he suggested. “To make sure it’s set properly?”

Emi couldn’t believe this guy. Laughing, she played along and made sure it was set properly. Despite the awkward precarious position, it felt good to be held, to be touched. It had been a long time since she’d felt any real skin on skin contact. It was sexy as hell and she didn’t want to stop.

“Whoah, shit! What have we here!” Sam bellowed, opening the door wide.

Becca and Hannah peered into the room just as Ben was stepping down from the chair with Emi draped over his shoulder. He put her down quickly, but gently.

“I was just covering the camera… What? I couldn’t reach without his help,” Emi explained, sounding like she had been caught doing something naughty.

All three girls grinned knowingly.

“Makes sense,” Sam chirped. “Tape, string, a chair… take off all your clothes and rub your body all over him. A perfect plan!”

“Why are you guys here?” Emi asked, trying to cut through the laughter.

“Ho kicked us out,” Becca replied. “Look Emi, sorry about Sam. We didn’t mean to interrupt…” she apologized, looking down at the bed and at Ben with his hands folded in front of his crotch. She started dragging the girls back, trying to close the door to give them some privacy.

“No… it’s not like that. I swear!”

Sam poked her head back in. “I swear she’s an exhibitionist now. Why else choose to have weird chair-sex next to a bed in a room with a window in the door?” Sam laughed.

Emi tried to ignore the teasing. Sam was just being Sam. “While I wait for a permit THIS is where Sarah told me to sleep. THAT is a camera, and I’m naked so I needed to get it covered up.”

“Why do you need a permit?” Becca asked.

“Our nudity permit only covers a half-mile near the resort,” Emi answered. “I’m staying here for the week. The permit will cover this building and the path between here and the resort.”

“So you want a permit? So you can walk around naked outside? in PUBLIC?” Becca balked.

Sam was silent for once, looking confused. Hannah also appeared to be shocked.

“No! Certainly not. I don’t want to walk around. Ben would pull me in the rickshaw, at night, with my hands covering everything. The permit is just to keep it legal.”

“Because you missed how good it felt to be pulled naked through town?” Becca asked.

The girls were no longer laughing. They looked concerned as if Emi was losing her mind.

The door to the dev room nearby banged shut. Raul and the guys were back. They gathered around the girls.

Now Emi had to explain with an even larger audience. “Noo… look Becca, I was cleaning the firepit when the server issue came up and Ho ordered me to go fix it, immediately. I tried to go back to the resort to get dressed, but she insisted that it was too important to wait. So Ben offered to pull me in the rickshaw while I covered myself with my hands.”

“And nobody offered you any clothing when you got here?”

“Sarah did, but you and I have been naked HERE before, Becca. Remember that time with Liz? It’s no big deal in this building. Plus I’m a Resort Ambassador, remember?”

Sam’s eyes grew big. She turned and gawked at Becca. “You were naked… HERE?”

Becca ignored Sam. “Look Emi, I know that you like to push your boundaries, but this is getting out of hand. I want you to get dressed right now. It’s the middle of the day for Christ’s sake and we are FAR from the resort.”

“Leave her alone!” Raul boomed, pushing through the girls to stand with Emi. “You don’t have a right to tell her what to do!” he yelled. “She can do whatever she wants,” he added, putting his hands on his hips like superman. “Emi is in charge here, not you. She’s not ashamed of the human body… and… well… we stand with her! Right guys?”

Asher squeezed into the server room as well. “That’s right. Come on guys!”

The rest of the guys barged in and stood in front of Emi and Ben, facing Becca with their arms folded, forming a human wall.

Emi laughed. She didn’t understand why it felt so good to be defended by the guys. She knew they just wanted to keep her naked, guys being guys. But right now… it felt fantastic.

Becca stood there with her mouth agape.

“Where is Liz?” Emi asked.

“She’s sick today,” Asher replied.

“Look Emi… We WILL talk about this later,” Becca warned, turning to leave.

“Wait Becca. What do you mean Ho kicked you out?” Emi asked, pushing through the wall of guys. She was curious if Ho was still being insane. Maybe she was going off her rocker with everyone.

“Ho asked me if I could fill in as an RA. I told her politely, no.”

“So she kicked you out?”

“No… but she was irritated and started complaining about Sam because she was wearing normal clothing and not a white robe like the rest of us.”

“Why didn’t you say yes? The guys were not there, right?”

“If she had told us that the guys were not in the building, then yes. It might have made a difference,” Becca admitted. “I do kind of miss being a Resort Ambassador… but only AT THE RESORT and not around a bunch of male developers,” she added, looking at Emi disapprovingly again.

Emi fumed, Ho was going to hurt the resort if she kept disrupting things. “So then you got kicked out?”

“Yeah, she said some stupid thing about wanting the first week to be free of half-dressed developers confusing all the new guests.”

“Are there more guests now?” Emi asked, hoping things were picking up.

“No… just four small groups. It’s pretty empty.”

“So what now? Where will you stay this week?”

“It’s not that bad,” Sam said. “A week’s vacation from all the freaky naked people sounds good to me. Hannah and I are getting a hotel. Red doesn’t want to join us as she is banging a cop and well, she wants to do it privately I guess.”

Emi saw Becca scowl at Sam. On that note, Becca left the room. “We’ll be working upstairs, in the cafeteria,” Becca said, calling out behind her as Sam and Hannah followed.

The guys all filed out of the room into their seats in the larger dev room.

Leo was the last to leave. “What’s the bed out for?” he asked.

“I was just telling Emi about that time we pulled an all-nighter,” Ben answered. “I’ll put it back in the closet now,” he added, winking at Emi when Leo left.

Emi was glad Ben was thinking quickly. It was embarrassing enough being homeless, no use advertising to everyone exactly where she was going to sleep. Although, Leo probably had it figured out. Still, it was the thought that mattered.

A half-hour later it was as if Emi and the guys were back into usual routines as if they had never left the resort. Emi was helping the guys and they were getting things done. It was just like another normal day with the exception that Sarah was there, sitting at her desk, silently reading something that had been keeping her attention for the last few hours.

Soon it was time for Sarah and the guys to leave for the day. Everyone bid Emi goodbye, except Ben.

Ben headed for the stairs. “Should I get us something to eat?” he asked.

“Thank you! That would be awesome,” Emi smiled warmly. He was a marvel and the only good thing about today.

He left and Emi browsed the internet for a few minutes on his computer. She noticed that this was a normal laptop, with a webcam. Yes, she was outside the resort now. No longer protected. People had cameras and cell phones. She grimaced at the thought. She would have to be very careful.

All this change and stress was putting her on edge. She would be trapped in this building for a week, at least. She kicked herself for not contacting Su-Ning sooner. She had wanted to, but Su-Ning was stressed out because opening day was flopping. If this had been any other day she would have messaged her immediately.

Today was the most important day in Su-Ning’s life. A day that she worked and sweated for years for. And it was a disaster, mainly because of that scandal. It might not have been Emi’s fault, but Emi’s scandalous looking images were all over the newspaper and the newspaper was all over the island. Emi’s eyes watered remembering that Su-Ning didn’t try to blame her, not even for a minute.

She sighed deeply, realizing that not contacting her was probably for the best. For Su-Ning at least. But the thought of Ho running things felt horrific. The woman was playing a dangerous game with her life and it needed to stop.

She felt fear and anger returning. What Ho had said to her was crazy and it was upsetting her again. Why couldn’t she wear clothes? For a year? That wasn’t going to hold… as soon as Su-Ning returned, it would be over. Was this some kind of punishment? Thinking about being trapped in a public building naked for a week was scaring her. She wanted to hide… from everyone. She was tired of all this exposure and went into the server room, opened the closet, and stepped inside. She sat down on the folded futon, feeling her cheeks warm up from her tears. She put her sunglasses on her head and wiped her eyes. With the exception of prison, this was the worst day of her life.

A little while later she heard someone in the hallway. “Emi,” Ben called out. “I hope you like turkey!”

That sounded good. She quickly wiped her eyes with her arms as best as she could and stepped out of the dark closet, squinting at the bright light.

Ben entered the room. “Jesus Emi, you look terrible. What happened?”

She took her plate off the tray and sat down on a chair near the server and took a bite. It was marvelous.

“Are you okay?” Ben said, taking a chair beside her.

“Yes… ahh… there was some dust in the closet that got in my eyes,” she said lamely. She was so tired of lying. She didn’t care that her sunglasses were off. She didn’t care that he could clearly see her eyes, her pain. She wanted him to see that she wasn’t okay, to see ALL of her.

They finished the meal quietly, but it was a comfortable silence. There were gentle glances back and forth as they ate quietly.

Finally, pulled out her bed, pointing the head of the bed towards the door. “There you go,” he said, collecting the plates, preparing to leave.

Emi appreciated that he wasn’t asking questions. She sat down on the bed with her legs stretched out, looking at her feet.

Ben squatted down beside her, pulling some hair stuck to her face away. “Don’t worry. Everything will turn out fine. It was just a bad day.”

She continued to look at her toes, tapping them together.

He stood up. “I’ll see you in the morning with breakfast, okay?”

She nodded, without looking.

“Alright… have a good sleep,” he said, turning away.

She grabbed the back of his shoe as he stepped away, causing him to almost trip and fall.

He turned around and she let go of his shoe.

“Sit down, please,” she asked, patting the bed as she stood and turned off the light.

He looked confused in the low light, and put the plates back on the counter and sat down on her bed. She guided him to lay down on his side, facing away from her on the edge of the futon so that there was space for her behind him.

She laid next to him, back to back, pressing her bare back into his. “Sorry for being so close, there isn’t much room on this thing,” she explained.

He didn’t reply.

They stayed like that for a while, in silence until she started shaking a bit.

“More dust, I presume?” he asked gently.

She shook more, but this time in laughter. He joined her with some gentle laughter of his own. Then they were silent again, eventually falling asleep.

Emi awoke to the sound of keys rattling out in the hallway. She was on her back, taking up all the space on the futon. Ben was on his side, lying on the hard floor, holding her hand. He was awake. She looked at her watch; it was the middle of the night.

“Don’t worry, it’s just Bob,” he said softly. “When I went to the washroom, I told him I was keeping you company tonight. He won’t look in on us.”

Emi squeezed his hand back. If Ben only knew how much healing he gave her. Yesterday would have been impossible, if he had not been there, by her side every step of the way. “Thank you,” she said. “…for yesterday.”

“I don’t deserve thanks. This is all my fault,” he said, looking depressed.

“Why do you say that?”

“I mentioned the party to Ho… and then pulled you guys to the firepits and then when Ho was freaking out I told you to get in so I could bring you here… I’m so sorry Emi.”

She squeezed his hand. “No, you saved me an extra year,” she said.

He looked confused.

Emi took a deep breath, holding it for a moment. “I’m a criminal…” she said, shame and pain in her voice.

He watched her quietly, still holding her hand.

She began telling him her story, starting briefly from Mr Woo, in Seattle. Followed by meeting Becca in Hawaii and joining the team. Then she mentioned coming here, the three ENF story shenanigans, and the girls role-playing. Becca’s first flirting steps with being a Resort Ambassador and how much fun Becca had with it.

He was a good listener.

Next, she mentioned experimenting at Lookout Point and the horrific misunderstanding with Wang’s daughter’s grave that got her arrested. She had thought it was a shrine, not a grave. She told him everything, how much Su-Ning helped her avoid prison and the unusual community service that Su-Ning tried to talk her out of.

Now he was sitting up… his eyes wide with shock.

She explained that it was hard being naked, and that the first company party was tough and embarrassing but she was gradually able to cope with the nudity, or at least not meltdown in front of everyone. In a way, she was gradually becoming less of a mouse. She hoped to be more like Becca one day.

There was understanding and approval in his eyes.

She told him that it was still all very hard and embarrassing, everyday with the guys was particularly challenging. Then she told him about the newspaper scandal and how Su-Ning, Ho, and Ruth each handled it differently.

He nodded, following along.

Then she explained what Ho had told her by the firepit. How she had added a month to her community service.

He was disgusted.

She nodded in complete agreement. Then she told him what she said to her after that. That she can’t wear clothes for a year or even carry a BAG containing clothes!

“She can’t get away with that,” he said, firmly… anger in his voice.

“I know… but Su-Ning left for Mexico, leaving Ho in charge. And I’m trapped in this building for at least a week.”

“Worst day ever,” he admitted.

“I know!” Emi laughed.

They talked animatedly for another hour before finally, agreeing that a little sleep would be wise.

“Do you know where the washroom is?” she asked.

“On the second floor in the hallway beside the stairwell. There is one on every second floor,” he said.

“Thanks,” she said, feeling dread about the location. Seven days of streaking up to the 2nd-floor hallway didn’t sound like it was going to be fun, especially in the middle of a weekday. She was going to have to drink a lot less during the day.

A few minutes later she returned. Looking at her watch she saw it was 3:47 AM. “Can I ask for a favor?”

“Anything.”

“I want to take a shower… while nobody is around.”

He was confused. “But… there is no shower here.”

“Outside… in front of the resort next door… in the sand is a shower.”

“Oh…”

“Yeah… I feel sticky.”

“Me too,” he said unwittingly, looking alarmed. “No I mean, we can shower separately.”

Emi just laughed. “Let’s go!” She said excitedly. She pulled the sunglasses off the top of her head, and placed them on the counter next to the server, hiding them under her hand towel.

Outside it was dark, but not too dark. The moonlight was beautiful. There was a single firepit burning, in the distance. Other than that, the entire beach was empty.

“Gentlemen first,” she said, turning the water on.

He stepped in and washed carefully, even turning away to put his hand inside his shorts to wash there as well.

After a minute he looked down the beach and back to her. “You know… we probably shouldn’t linger here. Someone could come by.”

Emi looked down the beach. “You should hurry then,” she suggested.

“But I’m not done yet,” he said, rubbing his head with water. “How about you join me?” He said, his back was to her as he said it.

Emi looked at him. What was he thinking? Outside in public sharing a shower? But it was dark. Nobody was around.

He turned, looking at her with a steady gaze.

“Okay,” she said, trying to squeeze in without touching him. It was cool, but not uncomfortable. It felt refreshing. She turned and tried to wet her hair and she jumped in surprise when his hands pulled her head fully under the water and he started washing her hair.

She enjoyed his pampering and let him ‘wash’ her hair for a while. There was no soap, but that didn’t bother her at all. “My back is also hard to reach,” she blurted, then wondered if she should have said that.

He obliged her. Cleaning her back with his hands very thoroughly.

Emi was in heaven. It was literally heaven.

“How much of your back?” he asked, slowly moving down towards her lower back.

Emi bit her lip. “To my feet?”

“As you wish,” he said, continuing ever so slowly. His touch was deep and erotic as he started on the top of her firm ass.

Emi was melting. She wanted to go further, but she was afraid. Not outside like this. But they were both enjoying the contact too much to stop. He was going slowly and it was driving her mad. He started to really massage her entire ass deeply. Unable to take it anymore, she turned around suddenly and kissed him hard, really hard.

With a torrent of water flowing over their heads, they made out like teenagers in heat. After a couple minutes, he gradually slowed down, moving his kisses downward, along her neck, and then all over her breasts. Her wet body burned as his hands slowly walked down the side of her body bringing along his ever-moving mouth over her belly button and beyond.

Her head flung back and her mouth filled with water as he found what he was looking for, working his magic on her body, on her soul. She jerked her head left and right, trying not to drown. He was methodical, relentless, perfect. She moved her legs farther apart, giving him better access. Suddenly she took water the wrong way and coughed awkwardly, spitting out water.

He stood up, waiting for her to recover.

Emi finished coughing. “Sorry,” she said, embarrassed about the interruption.

Laughing, he scooped her up, easily putting her wet naked body over his shoulder. He carried her away from the still running shower. His hand firmly on her ass. Her pussy firmly on his moving shoulder. She was in agony, and being carried naked and wet on his shoulder like this towards the building was more erotic than her wildest dreams.

Inside he hesitated briefly, looking around. Then he carried her to the bed and put her down and pulled off his sopping shorts, placing them on the counter with a wet plop.

Looking at how ready he was, she stuttered. “We… ahhh… I’m not protected,” Emi said lamely, worried about blowing the moment. She didn’t want this to stop.

Ben kneeled, taking her legs, one in each hand, and opened her up.

The move surprised and embarrassed her. She tried to close her legs but his head was in the way and then she was back to moving her head in erotic agony as he found her spot and lost it a few times. Then he found it. Then he lost it… oh it was so frustrating! Finally she grabbed his head and positioned it correctly and held him there.

She was getting closer and closer… he was getting better and better, and almost perfect now. Just a little more… and then it happened… ignition. Her world incinerated… she went nuclear! She was convulsing… trying to catch her breath, she pushed his head away roughly. “Uggghh…” she groaned. Then slowly, wonderfully… she floated back down to earth.

He held her.

It felt wonderful to be held, but then she grabbed him firmly by the manhood and grabbed the cloth beside her and wiped it quickly before engulfing him in her mouth. She grabbed him by the balls, teasing him with her mouth before finally getting down to business.

Now it was his turn to groan and stretch back.

Her combination of petting and mouth-work was having the desired effect. He was getting close, she could sense it. She did her best, lamenting the lack of condoms and did her best to make up for that. Suddenly he stiffened and she pulled him out and covered him with the cloth and pumped, capturing all the evidence cleanly.

She enjoyed seeing him explode, wondering if she looked the same way when orgasming.

Finally, he slumped, a look of contentment on his face. They were both very tired. Still, Emi didn’t want to leave the evidence around. “I’ll be right back,” she said leaving the room with the cloth. She ran up the stairs and cleaned the cloth in the washroom and then came back downstairs. Ben was sleeping on his back.

Not wanting to be caught like this, she set her alarm and then laid down next to him. There wasn’t room for her. She shook him. “Ben…”

He woke briefly, moving over but still on his back, and draped Emi over himself. Her arm over his chest, her face on his shoulder. Their legs, interlocked. She kissed the side of his face, but he was already sleeping again.

Being next to Ben, sensing his breath on her neck and feeling his heart thumping quietly in his chest, made Emi realize just how long it had been since she’d last felt a real connection with another human being. Sure they just had sex, but this was so much deeper than that. She had never felt this before. She’d forgotten all about how powerful a human connection could be.

She was used to controlling all the variables, everything all planned out and accounted for. But now, here she was, thrown head-first and naked into perhaps the most terrifying and perilous week of her life and she was now, somehow… soaring in the sky? It didn’t make any sense. Was this what love was?

Ben was a good person. She was glad that she had entrusted him with the details of all that she had been dealing with on the inside. Sharing her burden had felt good. Without realizing it, she now understood that it was something she’d been needing for a long time.

She took a deep breath and snuggled closer, enjoying their closeness before finally joining him in sleep.

Emi woke to the sound of an odd rattling sound. It sounded like someone was slapping a set of keys against the door. Her head popped up, she was draped over Ben who was sleeping on his back, naked, with his hard-on pointed at his chin. Emi jumped up and grabbed his sopping wet boxers off the counter and threw them at his manhood causing him to sit up suddenly, gasping in shock. She ran to the door and opened it carefully, looking to see Bob by the wall beside the door, keeping a respectful distance.

“Good morning,” he said, looking across the room to the far wall. He tried to not look at her. “Just giving you a wake-up call as people will start coming into the building shortly,” he explained, sounding embarrassed.

“Thank you Bob,” she said, grabbing his hand and shaking it. “I owe you one,” she said, embarrassment was in her voice as well. She was deeply grateful and touched that he would protect her. He must have assumed something was going on with her and Ben.

He walked away proudly, his keychain rattling with each step.

Looking back in the room at Ben, she saw him pulling up his wet trunks. He grinned bashfully as his manhood slipped into his swim suit. “Breakfast?” he asked, looking delighted to see her.

“Yes, please!”