**The Resort Ambassador**

by ReaderMan

**Chapter 17 A Mailgirl App? – Part 1**

Su-Ning

“Su-Ning… what are… why?”

“I wanted to see your natural reaction, with no interference from me. I told Ho to get your Goddamn clothes back to you and to leave you alone. I told them all to go easy on you and respect your decision.”

Hearing Su-Ning say that after all that she had gone through since the firepit was overwhelming. Emi’s guard came crashing down. She wiped her wet eyes. “Su-Ninggg…” she cried.

Su-Ning couldn’t help but smile, wiping her own eyes as well.

“Enough about the deal. How is the training coming along? How are you?” Su-Ning asked.

“I ahh… trained them in this building here today… like this.” She stepped back, gesturing to her naked body. “Also slept here overnight.”

“I am so sorry Emi! It must have been a long and horrible night for you.”

“It wasn’t that bad,” Emi admitted, not wanting to mention that Ben had been with her. He had still not messaged. Maybe he didn’t want to interrupt her meeting? Did he even know she was in a meeting? Was he still with Liz?

“I’m sorry about Ho, Emi,” Su-Ning said, looking distraught on the screen. “I have always had trouble controlling that woman. It’s hard as she was my nana. She practically raised me. The truth is the resort was half her idea as well, I mean, all the smart stuff she took care of. I was never good with managing little details.”

“Why does she hate me?”

“I don’t think she hates you. She might be jealous that you and I became such good friends so quickly. I didn’t let her get close with me for many years after a great fallout that we had when I was a teenager. She had to work her ass off for a long time to regain my trust.”

Emi watched Su-Ning, amazed that she was finally talking about such things.

Su-Ning continued. “Ho is thorny with everyone. That’s just her character. She’s a HAPA you know. Half Japanese and half Chinese. Honestly, I think she has a negative bias towards both races as she never felt she truly fit in. Except for me, she has no Chinese or Japanese friends.”

Emi nodded, surprised the demon had friends at all.

“Just try to survive a little longer with her, okay? Don’t let things escalate and you should be fine until I get back.”

Emi nodded.

“So, you don’t want to test the app?”

Emi shook her head, emphatically.

“That’s too bad. I was hoping it wouldn’t be that big a deal since you were a mailgirl at the company party and also outside at a firepit party… in the news as well.”

“That wasn’t really me. I shouldn’t have let others mess with me like that.”

“It happens. Sometimes strong people can get off on playing submissively.”

“I’m not submissive,” Emi said, surprised at Su-Ning’s comment.

“I didn’t say that… well, this is a big deal to me personally. It will save my ass, my resort, my family… but keep in mind I’m NOT asking you to be a mailgirl…”

Emi felt relieved. Even though she had no intention, regardless. Still, the way Su-Ning said it had gotten to her.

“But please, at least agree to the other terms. Create the app. Help Ruth get that cruise ship wharf built. It would mean a great deal for the island.”

Emi nodded. “But they said it was all about me, myself, doing the testing… they want to hype the mailgirl 9 as a real… thing.”

“Fuck them. You don’t have to do that Emi. They want this more than you dislike the idea of running around the office dressed as… well, as you are now,” she laughed.

“It’s a Halloween costume,” Emi explained, feeling awkward about it. She was glad that Su-Ning seemed to be on her side.

“Trust me Emi. If you have to, walk out on the deal… they will fold and agree to your terms. You can nail this. I can count on you… right?”

Emi nodded, but what if they let her walk?

Su-ning pulled out a bottle of whisky, placing it on the table. “Jake agreed way too easily. That could mean that he already had some interest in bringing his cruise ships to our island, regardless of all this hoo-ha that Brandy was going on about. He can make money on this island with textiles as well.”

Emi was so glad to get this information. “If I walk and they don’t cave? Then what?”

“Then fuck them,” Su-Ning said, looking dead serious. Or was she looking scared? Emi wasn’t sure, still feeling uneasy about everything.

“I really can’t be a mailgirl. Seriously.”

“I know Emi. If they insist upon it, then let the deal die. They don’t deserve us. Business will probably pick up. We will survive. We might not get in the black until my grandkids get involved, but hey… that’s what long-term investments are all about, right?”

“Ah… yeah, I guess,” Emi wasn’t entirely sure if Su-Ning was being straight with her. Without enough business, Su-Ning might not be able to pay her employees while waiting for things to pick up.

Someone was talking to Su-Ning in Chinese. She turned away from the camera, beckoning them over.

A friendly-looking old woman smiled on the screen at Emi, and an old man with a cane was struggling to walk towards Su-Ning in the background.

Emi angled the laptop lid up so that her breasts didn’t show.

“That’s my Mom,” Su-Ning said proudly. “We are on a waitlist for a specialist that is supposed to see my father. He’s allegedly one of the three best in the world for my father’s condition. The only one that doesn’t cost ten million dollars,” she said before downing a shot of whiskey. “I probably should have fixed Dad properly, rather than putting it all into the resort,” she said, looking miserable.

The old man faltered and stumbled, almost falling. “Oh no! Behind you,” Emi yelled.

Su-Ning got up and ran to him. Her mother followed. They tended to him for a moment, and he seemed okay. Su-Ning came back while her mother helped him limp off-screen.

Emi watched, admiring how close her family was.

Su-Ning seemed stressed, combing her hair back with her fingers. “Look Emi, I gotta go,” she said, glancing back toward her parents.

“Ahh… okay, goodbye Su-Ning,” Emi said, unhappy about having to cut the conversation short.

“Don’t worry about the deal. I trust in your judgment. I’ll back whatever you decide,” Su-Ning said.

Emi nodded. “Take care of your family!”

“Will do!” Su-Ning said. She paused for a moment, looking like she was about to say something, but then the screen went blank.

Emi sat there, staring at the laptop. Slowly she made her way back to her seat and sat down, thinking about everything Su-Ning said. She felt a little better. She was armed with some knowledge. She was ready to set her terms.

**Chapter 17 A Mailgirl App? – Part 2**

The Negotiation

One by one, they strolled back into the room, carrying food, settling into their seats.

“Emi… did you want something to eat?” Ruth offered.

Emi nodded, accepting a sandwich from a platter. Given all that she’d had to drink, she needed some solid food in her stomach. Something besides fear and worry about losing the deal or being forced to be a mailgirl.

Bandy looked like she couldn’t wait any longer. “Emi certainly you can get over your fear of real-world testing of a smartwatch app. You are a professional, are you not?”

Emi ignored her. With a mouth full of food, she couldn’t speak, regardless. Finally, she swallowed. “Just show me the contract. I want to know what I’m getting into,” Emi said, bits of food still in her mouth, deciding that trusting Brandy’s words was unlikely to serve her well.

Reluctantly, Brandy gathered the contract from Ruth’s printer and handed it to Emi.

“I need an hour with this. Please go enjoy yourselves again,” Emi said, sitting down at Ruth’s desk as if she owned the place.

Everyone left.

Emi started taking notes. Essentially, this was the meat of the contract. Or the preliminary version, as she liked to think of it. There was no way in hell she was going to agree to all of this.

After two months, starting around the new year, Emi must pass a two-week real-world mailgirl test, with full-time office hours. This is to set the bar high, to help daily journal efforts and the big launch. A perfect mailgirl performance is required. Any failure in this test will require a reset and the two weeks will begin again. Success of this test and Jake will invest a million into Su-Ning’s resort to help development and marketing of the app.

Sarah is to enforce and train Emi to be a perfect mailgirl (for authentic testing).

At the end of each day, Emi is to give both a developer progress update and a personal and candid account of her mailgirl app testing. Brandy will ask questions with the help of a polygraph. The journal will have some embarrassing aspects to it, and full disclosure is mandatory.

Upon successful completion of the app, if the expected growth with Brandy’s mailgirl community occurs, Jake will begin development upon a new multi-million dollar cruise ship port for the island and will agree to land cruise ships there every month. He will own and control the ports since he is paying for them.

The signing of the contract is binding and all provisions need to be enforced. Backing out will cause Su-Ning’s resort to not only lose the million, but instead owe a million to be split between, and payable to, Brandy and Jake. Likewise, backing out forfeits the development of the cruise ship landing port and the agreed-upon monthly cruise ship visits.

If Wang breaks her agreement with the newspaper requirements, she will lose access to the patrons of the cruise ship (if it happens) and also have to donate a million to Su-Nings resort and give her a year of free, full-page advertising.

Emi will continue to test the mailgirl app until the development of the app has concluded. This will require three hours a day of ‘authentic’ mailgirl testing. Using all the mailgirl functions. Emi is to practice and perfect these ‘mailgirl training motions’ immediately, even before the app is functioning. This is to help marketing efforts and better guide the daily development of the app with practical knowledge.

Emi took a deep breath, and… just for the mental exercise, she imagined trying to negotiate with these ridiculous terms. Imagining that she didn’t just walk out right now. She took another sheet of paper and carefully wrote down how she would ‘negotiate’ with these terms, if she didn’t just outright tell them all to go fuck a cow.

After Emi had finished, she turned the revised paper over and slumped down over it. Her chin sitting on her fist, which was resting on the paper. She wanted to say something. Something about how there was no way she could ever agree to a deal like this, but the weight of her head was too much for her jaw and so she remained silent. Waiting for that dreaded moment… where she would tell them all… to go to hell.

But could she do that to Su-Ning? She needed to at least try to save the deal, excluding the testing component. She had to trust that Su-Ning had been straight with her. The woman obviously knew that this deal could be well past Emi’s red line. All people have red lines, and this was simply that. It wasn’t complicated.

Soon Ho would come in and threaten her with the extra year. Emi would say do your worst kiddo. And that would be it. Life goes back to normal. She wouldn’t have to go down in history as the world’s first real mailgirl. Sure one could argue that she’s just testing a cosplay app, but this contract is all about the mailgirl aspect and obviously, Brandy is getting off on it, regardless of her financial motivations.

More than all that, it was the principle. She didn’t want Evan’s mailgirl story to win. The idea that him passing her those stories could have resulted in her actually becoming one was just too outrageous and insulting to both her intelligence and integrity as a person that she just had to simply say – no. The big N and O. Put them together and you get NO. Two letters. One word. And that was what it was going to be.

She had to remain strong, vigilant, defiant, unflappable. Because while she was thinking of all this, there was a hurricane of guilt assaulting her from every angle. Images, memories of Su-Ning, her father, on the beach… when Su-Nig asked her about how hard it was to become a software developer. It was these memories that haunted her. Most potent of all was the car ride from the prison to the resort. How she felt when Su-Ning had saved her… riding in the very car that she had to lend to her cousin for half a year, not to mention all the money that Su-Ning paid to have her released. Going up against Wang couldn’t have been easy for the young CEO, and she did it all for Emi. Su-Ning still didn’t have access to her favorite car that her father had given her. Emi knew that she was a great deal in debt to Su-Ning. But was this asking too much in return?

The battle within herself continued at a fever pitch. It sucked out all of her energy. And so she lay slumped upon the desk, her chin firmly on her fist… resting on the turned over deal notes… that could seal her fate, making her potentially famous as the world’s first real mailgirl.

Despite telling Su-Ning she wouldn’t lose the deal, Brandy said repeatedly that everything hinged on her testing the app personally. Emi knew that this deal was likely all or nothing. She felt trapped.

The stakes were simply too high. On both sides. She needed to decide. Sitting up, she pulled open Ruth’s desk drawer and rooted around for some loose change. She found a dime and lifted it up, marveling at its design. Heads on one side, tails on the other.

She could sign the deal and make history. Or narrowly avoid history but know that she donated her dignity, her freedoms, her body, her soul, for what? For a nudist resort? For Su-Ning? But Su-Ning saved her… but did Su-Ning actually give this much of herself? No, this was returning the favor of saving her life, saving her from prison… with well… her very life. Or was it? Was she overreacting? Was she already naked in an office? Was this really not that big of a deal? It was just a part-time mailgirl deal, only a few hours a day… for just a few months.

She imagined herself testing the app. There she was, delivering a message to someone on the third floor perhaps… everyone watching her. But she didn’t know them. This was a foreign country. Hell if it was Becca she might even enjoy it a little. Isn’t there a form of enjoyment from being submissive? What did Su-Ning say? Strong people sometimes enjoy being submissive? Was that her? Did she enjoy this? Was that why she was naked here and now? A smarter woman wouldn’t have been in this situation to begin with. Regardless, these were the cards that she had been dealt and now she had to play them. But what was it going to be? Heads or tails? She took the coin, like some shiny gem, and leaned back in Ruth’s chair, way back as she triggered the chair to extend back further as she held it up above her. It was bright with the ceiling’s light sparking around it as she turned it over and over in her fingers.

Ruth and Ho walked in, both looking a little frazzled. Were they stressing out as well? Ho had some white powder rubbed off around her mouth, sort of like a homeless clown face. She looked pathetic. But her demeanor seemed unaffected. Her demeanor looked different… she seemed to be… friendly?

Hah… Emi thought. Was she going to try the ol ‘good cop’ routine on her in an effort to gallantly save the resort, her own job, and all the jobs of all the staff and Su-Ning’s family while she was at it… by simply being nice to her? Was that her plan? What a fool.

Ho took a chair and turned it to face Emi. Ruth did the same.

Emi ignored them as she continued to hold the dime up, letting it sparkle against the light through her squinted eyes.

“What’s that in your hand Emi?” Ruth asked.

“Salvation,” Emi replied.

“Emi?” Ho asked, tentatively.

Emi sat back up, putting Ruth’s dime back into the drawer. “Yes Ho?”

“Did you read the contract?”

“I did.”

“Was it understandable?”

“Absolutely.”

“Are you ready then?”

“I am.”

“Then… I guess… we can resume. Ruth, can you gather everyone?”

Eventually, they all returned.

“Can we get someone else to do the mailgirl testing?” Emi suggested, hoping that she could lead with that.

As expected, Brandy dived right in. “Absolutely not Emi. The whole point of the contract is for your participation. Without you, all this would be pointless.”

It was worth a try, Emi thought. “I took notes of all the major points in the contract. There is a lot that I don’t agree with. I’m not sure this can happen.”

“Well, this is a ‘negotiation’ Emi. Let’s talk about the items, one by one. And see where we settle on things.

“Alright,” Emi said. The least she could do was give them some time. Act as if she was really considering all this. Besides, it might be interesting to see what she can score when negotiating with Brandy. It could be like a game.

“Let’s start with your notes. Let’s see where you stand on things Emi. Sarah, if anything changes, please amend the contract on the fly.”

Sarah nodded, opening her laptop.

“Ahh… okay… ummm… think I will start with my biggest concern. The thing that bothers me the most is the idea that my name gets out and I am somehow associated with this project. I think the only way I can even consider this contract is if Brandy personally buys me an apartment nearby and gives me ownership. When I leave this island, or 5 years later at the latest, if my good name is still un-famous, unsullied and undiminished… then I will return the property ownership back to Brandy.”

Brandy stepped back in surprise. “Emi… that’s a little personal. My own finances?”

“Personal? I’m naked. It doesn’t get any more personal than that. If you want to continue, this is how we start.”

“Alright, I’ll seriously consider it. Let’s move on to the next point.”

“Sorry, I need a full agreement on that point Brandy,” Emi said, curious how she was going to respond to that one.

“So you want to lock me into protecting you. Okay, then I want to lock you into this deal as well. If you back out or don’t do exactly as the contract specifies, then we get to publish your name and images. We can call this the mutual assured destruction clause,” Brandy laughed.

Emi thought about it, feeling that she’d succeeded in getting enough of Brandy’s skin in the game to protect herself. Besides if she actually ended up signing this ridiculous contract, she had no illusions about how tough this was going to be. She had no plan to back out if she miraculously signed at the end of this gong show. “Okay, that point is resolved,” Emi said, taking a deep breath.

“I want Jake to pay one million right off the bat to Su-Ning, just to kick-start this. With no strings attached. If we complete the project, then an additional million will be expected as well,” Emi said, looking nervously at Jake.

“I’ll leave this to Brandy,” he said, showing a poker face.

Brandy pulled out her pen and started making notes. “That sounds reasonable, but it’s only fair to have that go both ways. If you cannot satisfy the contract, then both you and Su-Ning are liable for a million each.”

“No… I said, no strings attached on the first million. But I accept your suggestion that the second million we would be liable for, but only if it was first paid. Which it will not be unless we complete the app satisfactorily. So your counteroffer simply has no merit… Brandy.”

Brandy was taken aback. “Ahh…”

Jake laughed. “That’s fine Emi… let’s move on to the next point.”

“I really dislike the idea of Sarah being in charge of me. That’s a non-starter.”

“Sorry, that’s not negotiable. Sarah is next to you with development, she’s the only one in a position to do this and she seems to have knowledge of the subject matter. Plus we are only talking about the brief mailgirl training, for the vast majority of each day, you will be entirely in charge of your teams. How about you ask for something in return?”

“Fine, I get to wear sunglasses. THAT is non-negotiable. I’ll trade you that for allowing Sarah to be in control.”

“I’ll accept that, but not in the building. A major part of being a mailgirl is to look down, acting submissively. If we can’t see your eyes, then you won’t be testing the app properly.”

“That has little value for me, as I’m not planning on going outside much. Then I can wear them on my head for safety and if anyone looks like they are planning to take my photo then I can put them on and run away.”

“We plan to have strict rules protecting your environment, Emi. That will not be an issue. But if you require this so terribly, then you must agree to the polygraph after each testing session.”

“You’re getting greedy, that’s a separate item,” Emi complained.

“Your request is that huge, it requires more on the table to balance it out,” Brandy explained.

“Whatever, I don’t lie,” Emi shrugged.

“Wonderful. What is your next point Emi?”

“Three hours testing a day is too much. I will be unable to develop the app. You have way too much work in a short amount of time. I think 30 min a day is sufficient.”

“You can remove an hour if you promise to completely obey Sarah’s training. So two hours.”

Emi folded her arms. No doubt Sarah was going to make this hard on her. “I’ll agree to that at 60 minutes a day.”

“Let’s split the difference. 90 min a day and move on to the next point.”

Emi hated this, but she was glad to cut three hours in half. She was making progress. “Lastly, on the continued development of the app. I require 3 months max on that provision. Otherwise you might simply keep adding features, trapping me indefinitely.

“Emi you said yourself that it was bare-bones just for 2 months. We need the fully featured app next, followed by the ACE features after that. I think you should commit to at least a year on this.”

“Six months.”

“Look Emi, I don’t want to endanger the project by putting that much pressure on you. I think you need at least 9 months to comfortably develop this project, don’t you agree?”

Emi thought about this. The mailgirl training was only for two months plus the final test run. It was a complex app, and would it help to have less time pressure. “Fine.”

“Next point. There was something about a test run after two months, just before launch, ‘there will be a full-time mailgirl presentation for a period of two weeks to fully test the system’. Well, two weeks is way too long. Two days is fine,” Emi insisted.

“I’ll knock that down to one week if, and only if, you comply with Sarah’s training to the T, following anything in Seahawk’s story as if it were a training manual or bible.”

Emi considered that. While she hadn’t read the full story, she knew from Hannah that the story was indeed the most humane and safest of all the mailgirl stories. Still, this was a big ask. But for some reason, she had been expecting this. It was probably unwise to make such a big decision after drinking so much. But then she pretty much already agreed to this in an earlier point. This was practically a redundant point. “Alright…” she agreed. She was probably going to regret this in the morning, assuming she was actually going to sign.

After another hour of talking out boring little points, and it appeared as if they were at the end of all the negotiations, everyone took a moment, looking at each other. The anticipation was in the air. Everyone seemed as if they expected Emi to sign, but it wasn’t yet 100% certain.

Emi felt trapped. “Brandy, just tell me one thing. What’s in it for you?”

“I thought it was obvious. Well, you see… I pretty much started this whole mailgirls cosplay thing. I get a decent slice of the profits from ACE events. But, well… after 2 or 3 events at any particular resort, things slow down for my events as the mailgirls thing tends to perpetuate on its own after that. I maintain some control via online forums and such, but financially, it’s the resorts that keep benefiting from them while I’m mostly left out in the cold. I think the app that you make will strengthen my grip on the mailgirl community. It will help me shape and grow it, and hopefully, eventually, help share some of the profits with me. I am the founder of the mailgirl movement after all. Without my guidance, this movement could very well fade away, which would hurt nudist resorts around the world.”

Emi nodded. It sounded like an honest answer. It was all about power and money.

Emi took a deep breath. Ho was watching her carefully. Letting out her breath, Emi subtly nodded to her.

Looking relieved, Ho took the modified contract and signed for Su-Ning. Wang also signed. Sarah signed on as the mailgirl authenticity trainer. Brandy signed as well.

The only remaining signatures were for Emi and Jake to sign.

Jake shook Emi’s hand. “You’re a hard bargainer!”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” Emi grimaced.

Everyone watched Emi as Brandy passed her the pen. Emi picked up the contract and brought it around to Ruth’s desk and fished out that dime from her drawer. “Heads I walk, tails you have my ass.” And with that she flicked the coin high into the air, spinning, and it came clattering down on Ruth’s desk. Everyone watched… as it fell… finally… on tails.

Emi picked up the pen and signed. Fuck it, like as if she wasn’t going to sign. She just couldn’t do that to Su-Ning, no matter the result of that coin toss. She just wanted to prove a point… that fate, destiny… was out to get her. And the coin toss confirmed it.

“Jake, you haven’t signed the contract yet,” Brandy said.

“Don’t worry, we have an agreement in principle. I’ll have my people look it over tomorrow, and hash out the finer details. Make sure there is a good location that we can build the port at. Cross all the T’s and dot the ‘I’s. Tonight I want to have a good sleep. Ho, do you have a couple rooms for us at your resort? I wouldn’t mind trying the place out for a day in the meantime.”

Ho nodded. “Yes, of course! It would be our pleasure.”

“Brandy, would you mind joining me?” Jake asked.

Bandy looked at him with some side-eye. “I suppose you are insisting that I come along with you to a… nudist resort?”

“Absolutely. This whole thing was your idea and Ruth did say that nothing embarrasses you.”

“That’s true,” she laughed… her patented full-throated laugh. “Lead on Jake!”

Emi, still holding the very heavy pen, marveling at its power over her life, saw Jake turn to face her. She looked up at him.

Jake moved a chair out of the way. “Ahh… one favor, you see… after seeing that picture of you pulling the rickshaw… well, I’ve been dying to get a ride in one from the legendary mailgirl herself. Would that be okay, Emi?”

Emi blinked a few times.

Ho stepped up immediately. “That would be absolutely fine. It’s very late out and nobody will be around,” she added, quickly looking at Emi with a warning glance.

“I’d prefer to hear it from Emi herself,” Jake insisted.

Emi put Ruth’s pen back into its fancy marble holder on her desk. “Ahh… well, I’m sorry Jake. But it’s illegal for me. You see… I’m ahh… waiting for a travel permit,” Emi explained, glad for the delay.

“Actually, Wang and I got that covered before the meeting Emi,” Sarah said, pulling out a tag permit with a string. “This was very difficult to get. Here let me put it on you,” Sarah offered. It looked like a shiny metal army dog-tag dangling from a cheap piece of string.

Emi froze awkwardly as Sarah began tying the string around her neck. Emi could smell her weak scented perfume, as her gut lurched, realizing that soon she would be outside pulling a rickshaw, naked. She didn’t see how she could get out of it, especially considering it was dark out.

Sarah took her time, seemingly enjoying her task.

Emi felt that she was entirely too close. Was that a smirk on her face?

Finally, Sarah finished, stepping back. “There you are Emi… off you go now.”

**Chapter 17 A Mailgirl App? – Part 3**

The Rickshaw

Brandy put her fingers around Emi’s dog-tag, lifting it up to examine it. “I like your permit. It looks cute dangling on you. So when can we start the project?” Brandy asked.

Emi frowned, stepping back, pulling the permit from Brandy’s fingers. “After Jake signs the contract and you get me my new home. I’m not planning to develop your app while being homeless,” Emi said, feeling exhausted and sticky. She was ready to leave. Thankfully it was dark out.

“There are three of us,” Ho said. “We need two rickshaws. I’ll go get someone to pull the other one.”

“Get Ben,” Emi suggested.

Ho stopped and turned to face Emi. “Alright Emi, I’ll see what I can do.” She said as if it was a big personal favor. She started typing into her phone.

Emi remembered the bag of phones. “I don’t think the guys have their phones… I have an idea,” she said, opening the door.

Raul fell backward into the room. He must have been leaning on the door.

Emi caught him. “Gotcha,” she said, his arm sinking into her tit.

He looked at her, all doughy-eyed. “You saved me!”

She took his drink and let him fall.

“Ouch!”

“Look Raul… have you seen Ben? Is he back yet?”

He got up and snatched his drink back.

“Ahh… no, wait… yes. He was up here with Liz a few minutes ago. They went back downstairs.”

“I have a mission for you. Find Ben, pronto, and have him meet us by the rickshaw tie-bars just outside. It’s really important. Can you do that for me?”

Raul saluted and took off. The other guys were mingling nearby, except Travis, the big white ghost. Upon seeing Emi, he spread his arms like a great eagle.

“What’s with the ghost?” Jake asked.

“He’s my good luck guardian,” Emi said, reaching up to pat his shoulder. “Travis, we are going to the elevator now,” she said, feeling uneasy about the idea of traveling through the busy room.

He got the message and stayed beside Emi, protecting her with his great arms. On the other side of Emi was the group. Being sandwiched in the middle wasn’t nearly as protective as last time, but it was better than nothing. The group didn’t seem to gather what was happening as they walked through the party to the elevator.

“No, you don’t have to go into the elevator, Travis. This is good. Thank you!”

He slump nodded.

Emi imagined that was his humble way of accepting praise. She gave him a warm smile as the elevator doors closed, trapping her in its tight confines with a group of people that bizarrely think she can boost island revenue by creating and testing a mailgirl app. And by testing, they meant becoming a mailgirl.

“I’m so excited Emi… I can hardly wait for Sarah to start your training… You know what? You already have a smartwatch watch on. How about we do a little pretend trial run?”

“Not on your life, Brandy. I’ll start when the contract starts, and not a second before.”

“Yeah, Brandy… have some patience,” Jake agreed. “You got what you wanted. Quit trying to rub Emi’s nose in it.”

The elevator stopped on the third floor and a half-drunk mushroom-headed young fellow squeezed into the already packed elevator. It was warm and uncomfortable. What kind of costume was that? He literally looked like a penis. Emi was unseen at the back but felt everyone shift even closer to her. They were almost touching her. As if nobody wanted to be anywhere near the dick-head.

The doors opened and mushroom-head stepped out but then stopped, looking confused. He turned around and headed back towards the elevator, only to comically turn back, gawking at Emi as she trailed the group as they exited the elevator.

Feeling eyes on her ass, she glanced back, giving him a look.

The elevator doors closed, bumping into him, breaking him from his stupor.

The group passed through the hallway, the main floor leading outside through the main doors of the building. It was the first time Emi had used this entrance. It was entirely too bright. Her running shoes! Thinking quickly, she spun around and ran back, down the stairs, grabbing her running shoes from the locker.

The dev room was empty, except for Liz. She was leaning back on a chair, facing the other way, with her arms behind her back.

“Oh Liz…” Emi said, running up to her. She got down on one knee, taking her arm, feeling like the worst person on earth. “I’m so sorry Liz!”

Liz put her arms down and turned to face Emi. “Haha… you don’t have to look like that Emi. It’s all good… stop it. You’re going to make me cry!” she laughed.

“I… ahh…”

“No stop it… Ben’s a dimwit. He always was and always will be. But he’s my dimwit and we… we… will always be friends,” she said, unable to hide her pain.

Emi could see that she seemed to not harbor a grudge for what happened. That was an enormous relief, but she felt bad for her pain. She felt guilty.

Liz lifted up her chin. “He said that best friends are forever,” she said proudly. “And that girlfriends come and… I mean…”

Emi nodded. Yes, it’s true. “Girlfriends come and go.”

“I didn’t mean to… “

Emi nodded. “That’s okay… I’m not entirely innocent… I’m sorry Liz. I’m sure I’ll pay for my crimes,” she said, thinking darkly about where her life was headed.

“No. It’s not you! Except for your nakedness, you are the most brave and innocent person I know!”

“Yeah… except for my nakedness,” Emi winced, wishing she could tell her everything.

The door banged open. It was Ben. “Emi! Let’s go… everybody’s waiting. Are you trying to get me fired here?”

“Shut up, we are having some girl talk here!” Liz yelled.

Ben grabbed the back of his neck in frustration, frantically looking around and then finally to the heavens for divine help.

Liz giggled at his exasperated reaction.

Emi couldn’t help but smile as well. She gave Liz a quick hug, got up, and ran over to him.

He looked into her eyes. “Hey…” He said, looking serious.

Emi saw a whole lot in that little hey. She wanted to kiss him so badly. “Hey nothing…” she said, slapping the back of his head. “Let’s go!” And she ran out the door, leaving behind Liz’s delightful laughter.

Up ahead Emi saw the group hanging out in the dark, around the rickshaws. She stopped and bent over, pulling on her running shoes. A hand glided across her ass. “Hey…” she said, out loud to Ben. She saw some heads turn her way. “Grab the rickshaws Ben,” she said, looking back at everyone. Reaching back down to lace up her shoes she suppressed a grin. The gall of the boy, touching her like that.

Ben strutted up to the rickshaws.

Wang and Sarah said their goodbyes to everyone while Jake, Brandy and Ho stood around, watching Emi walk up to them.

Jake got into one of the rickshaws while Ho and Brandy chatted about the resorts on the island. Emi decided to take Jake’s rickshaw, eager to get going she gripped the handles, feeling the cool corrugated metal grips in her hands. Feeling the need to warm up, she started to bounce a little, almost running on the spot. It had been so long since she had gone running.

“My rickshaw is raring to go,” Jake said, excitedly.

Emi ignored the comment, taking a deep breath. She was glad that Ben was here. Soon they would be running together. She continued to shake her legs out. She wanted to stretch, but not with Jake watching. She wanted to hurry before someone walked by.

Brandy’s short body bounded towards Ben. “OooOohh. This must be Ben… looking good Ben! YOU can give me a ride,” she laughed, looking him up and down.

“Ho, can you join me?” Jake asked. “I think we need the extra weight, Emi’s raring to go!”

Emi felt Ho climb into her rickshaw and sit down. Looking briefly back at Ben, she saw him watching her. That felt good. She was on his mind. Before Ho could say anything, she started running, pulling the cart along behind her.

“Thanks for the ride Ho”, Jake said.

“No problem at all Sir,” Ho replied.

Emi fumed, as she ran naked through the darkness. Like as if this was any sweat off of Ho’s back.

“It’s pretty dark out here. Can Emi even see where she’s going?” Jake asked, sounding worried.

“Oh right. I can fix that. These rickshaws have night lights. Where is that button…”

A pair of lights blasted Emi, similar to car headlights. She lit up like a Christmas tree.

“Oh wow… you can see everything now,” Jake said.

Emi felt the urge to just drop the handles and run away. People could probably see her now for miles. She felt a surge of adrenaline hit her body.

“Emi here… ahh… seems like she’s in great shape,” Jake observed.

“Yes. She jogs every day.”

Not any longer I don’t she thought, bitterly. Looking around a bit to see if anyone was out here watching her naked show. She practically had a spotlight on her.

“Does Emi even like being nude?”

“Actually yes, Jake. She does. There is a bit of a story behind that.”

“Is that so. Can you tell me the short version?”

“Yes of course… umm… you see… a few weeks ago Emi was running along a private beach and had an accident. And well… Su-Ning happened to be nearby and literally saved her life, so to speak. Emi was nude at the time and so Su-Ning offered Emi a Resort Ambassador position and Emi eagerly accepted. So Emi is certainly interested in Nudity. They became fast friends after that. Despite all that Emi still owes Su-Ning quite a lot and I’m sure she’s very happy for this chance that you are giving her to help Su-Ning with her struggling resort.”

“Still… her heart didn’t seem in it today.”

“That’s my fault Jake. I ahh… pushed her a little hard recently and when trying to make amends today I accidentally had all of her clothing donated to charity. It was entirely my fault.”

Emi squeezed the handles in anger and shock. She thought of Bo. That was HER clothing? That was her clothing! Emi was pissed.

“I can see how that would be upsetting. But how could that happen accidentally?”

No shit. Was it even an accident? She felt upset at the loss of all of her favorite clothing. Then fear hit her… her gut lurched. Oh my god. ALL of my clothing?!

“Well I wanted to surprise her with her clothing today, so I delivered it to her as an anonymous package of ‘lost and found clothing’. I told the delivery boy that if she didn’t accept the package personally, that he is to donate it to charity. I honestly thought this would guarantee that she took the package as I know that she was struggling with the 24/7 nudity that she was doing recently.”

Emi processed what Ho was saying. It was bullshit. Why her clothing? It’s not like she can’t buy more. What’s the point? She felt sorrow at the loss of her stuff. That bathing suit was a memento of her time with the girls in Hawaii.

“Wait… so she DOES have a problem with all the nudity?”

“No… it was just the nudity outside of the nude resort that she was struggling with. Which is why I decided to cancel that condition of her contract today. However… that’s where she surprised me. She actually declined the package, and even showed up to the meeting as a naked mailgirl!”

“Yes that was quite the entrance,” Jake admitted.

“Yes, it was. The company will pay her back for the clothing loss, but as you know, people bring their favorite things on work vacations and so she is probably quite pissed at me.”

You got that right, bitch! She was glad that they couldn’t see her face.

“That explains some of it, but she also didn’t seem to like the mailgirl duties aspect.”

“Emi’s a bit shy. She hates for people to know about her mailgirl fetish. So when she got caught on camera and it became a scandal she was both horrified and felt bad for the effect the scandal was having on the resort. Basically, her fetish hurt the company… and thus… her friend Su-Ning.”

“I like that this deal is basically turning the scandal into a positive. It’s helping both Emi and Su-Ning,” Jake added.

“Exactly. But not only that. It’s helping push Emi with her fetish as well. She won’t admit it yet, but bringing her private mailgirl obsession to the next level, has her a little nervous, but it’s also exciting to her as well. It’s a fetish dream come true!”

“haha… this all sounds entirely too good to be true. Emi… is this all true?”

Realizing that Jake had just spoken to her, Emi tried to suppress her anger and think of what to say. She couldn’t say Ho was lying. Especially before he signed the contract. She had to swallow her pride and take a bullet for Su-Ning. Besides, how on earth could she deny those allegations? She was in all the newspapers and she obviously cared about Su-Ning.

“Ahh… I’m not going to answer that Sir,” she replied, dodging the question, feeling shame rise up through her body as she ran along the brightly lit path. She wondered if any of that was partially true. She looked up ahead, peering into the bleak darkness, feeling like she was falling down the rabbit hole.

“Brandy seems to think this office delivery testing is more important than even the app. But I heard that the devs were banned from the resort for a week. Will Emi at least be stationed in the same office building until the new year?”

“Yes… I’m thinking that would be wise,” Ho agreed. “I’ll extend the dev ban. They should be on site until the new year, at least.”

“That sounds great, but will Su-Ning agree to that?”

Emi stomped her feet along. Feeling like she was outside of her body as she heard what Ho was saying. That’s right bitch. Su-Ning will never agree to any of this! And you better have not touched my clothing!

“Yeah, unfortunately, Su-Ning likely has no choice in the matter.”

“Why is that?”

“Well, in order to secure this highly unusual travel permit, that Emi insisted on, Sarah and I had to get creative when we hit a roadblock regarding Emi’s job description.”

“Do tell.”

“It seemed the council was not inclined to approve the permit as Emi’s job description suggested that she was supposed to be stationed inside the resort, not the marketing building.”

“How did you get past that?”

“Well after brainstorming I came up with the new ‘Resort Host’ position that Lucy now holds. That position is to help new guests adjust. However, an Ambassador, by definition, is a position ‘outside’ of whatever they represent. An external position to represent the values of our resort to the rest of the world.”

Emi didn’t like where this seemed to be headed.

“So when we had to fill in an official job description of a Resort Ambassador, we leaned heavily upon the Ambassador aspect and described all duties as being off-site. Of course, that wasn’t enough. Sarah shrewdly mentioned that Wang’s own paper has already shown pretty much all of Emi’s nudity already to the entire island. Sarah insisted that since Wang was indirectly involved that it’s only fair that Wang weighs in on the approval process of this special experimental permit. Wang, you see, sits on the council and has a lot of power.”

“Isn’t Wang a competitor? Why would she allow this? Wouldn’t it just result in a lot of extra publicity for Su-Ning’s Resort?”

“At the time, Wang didn’t know about our mailgirl app initiative, and how popular it could potentially be. But she knows about Emi.”

“Wang probably thought she could sell more newspapers.”

“Exactly. But we were still surprised at how easy it was to convince her to consider it. She agreed only after Sarah suggested that we avoid revisiting this and just make the permit for the entire town.”

Emi almost stumbled upon hearing that.

“But Wang said it was easier to just make it for the entire island. Less paperwork. You don’t have to define borders and areas of violation.”

“The entire island? That’s amazing.”

“However… there are still a couple of restrictions. She can’t go within a block of an elementary school and she has to stay out of churches.”

“That should be easy.”

“Yep… but knowing Emi, that won’t be a problem. Likely she will stay in the building. She’s not so confident being nude outdoors, believe it or not. I’m so glad that we got Lucy now, she’s absolutely fantastic with the guests. She is quite a bit more extroverted than Emi and she’s doing a much better job. Thanks to Wang we get to make this permanent.”

“That’s perfect. Brandy wants our mailgirl testing to be realistic. We have a lot riding on this. How do you mean, permanent?”

“Oh, I only mean with regard to the job description change. Su-Ning will understand that we had no choice. Emi INSISTED on getting the permit and it required a job description change to get it. And Wang wouldn’t sign off until we officially registered the ‘Resort Ambassador’ job description details with the courts. She said it was to make it all legally binding and such.”

Emi’s blood ran cold. That bitch. What Ho meant by courts is really the department of corrections. Su-Ning might not be able to reverse this. How miserable! With Ho’s current dev ban, locking her and her teams out, and her 24/hour nudity, altogether this could leave her stranded naked outside of the resort. Sure, she might visit sometimes on official Ambassador business, but for the most part, she was exiled. No more daily runs on the resort’s beach. No more super safe environment. Most likely, she was going to be trapped in the marketing building. She looked to the ocean in desperation, wishing she could pull Ho into the water and drown the wretched creature.

“That sounds great, Ho. Everyone gets what they want.”

“We agree on that,” Ho said, laughing. “We need Emi to properly represent the resort and also complete her mailgirl training.”

“Don’t you mean app testing?”

“Same thing,” Ho laughed. “As you can see by the 13’s on her body, she can hardly wait. This is practically her fantasy come true. All of our interests are in alignment. My interests, your interests, Emi’s interests, Wang’s interests and it helps the resort. And with your ships, likely the whole island. So I think Su-Ning will be onboard with this as well… because, thanks to you, she is about to be in high standing with all the resort owners on the island.”

“That sounds wonderful,” Jake said as they pulled up to the open gate.

Bo and Lucy were standing there. Bo with just a loincloth and Lucy was fully naked but for her pink tie in her ponytail and her bright pink shoelaces on her white platform running shoes. Her lack of public hair only made her look younger, completing the look.

Emi let go of the rickshaw handles and watched as Lucy bounced over to take them from her. At least she was out of the spotlight now. Emi couldn’t believe how much the lights had lit up Lucy. She was glowing. The extra light on her body was making the young woman look around in concern. Emi didn’t feel any sympathy for her. Soon Lucy would be safely back on the resort grounds. Emi envied her.

Ben pulled up with Brandy in his rickshaw.

Bo took the handles from Ben. “Hey Buddy…”

“Hey Bo…” Ben replied.

Emi walked up to Ho beside the rickshaw. “Ma’am may I have a word with you?”

Ho looked over to Jake. “No Emi, I’m busy now…”

Jake waved her off. “Go ahead Ho, Brandy and I will take this one,” he said, waving to Lucy as she took a firm grip of the handles. “I mean… if she’s strong enough to carry the both of us?”

Ho and Brandy climbed out of their rickshaws.

“Yes, Sir… no problem Sir!” Lucy said as Brandy climbed aboard with Jake.

“See them to their rooms, Lucy, it’s late and they must be tired,” Ho instructed.

“Will do Ma’am,” she said, taking off. Bo stood by, waiting to pull Ho in his own rickshaw.

Ho looked to Emi and waved her to follow as they slowly sauntered away from Bo and Ben.

“So I can wear clothing outside of the resort now?”

“Look Emi, about that. I want to apologize for everything that happened since the fire pit. I was out of line to really push you like that.”

Emi watched silently.

“I truly was going to free you today.”

“Going to? So what now?” Her heart sank.

“Emi… I’m not going to sugarcoat this. What is happening now is a BIG DEAL. And it’s saving ALL of our asses. What I said at the firepit was in a fit of anger. But look at you now. You showed up at the meeting as a naked mailgirl! It couldn’t have gone any better.”

Emi watched her silently. Waiting for the “But…”

You must be glad how all this turned out. Somewhere, under all that resentment that you have for me, there must be some joy for how this is helping the resort. Right?”

“Ah… yes…” Emi said, still waiting for the but.

“What happened at the firepit was wrong. I admit it. I was out of line and I regret it.”

Emi continued to wait for the but.

“However… look, I have decided to extend the 24/7 nudity until the new year. I think it will help…”

“But Ho…” Emi whimpered.

Ho just shook her head.

Emi had to step away for a moment. She faced the dark ocean, leaving Ho behind her. She wanted so bad to give Ho a piece of her mind but didn’t want to escalate things like last time. She needed to cool off. Thinking of her clothes, she headed towards the closed gate and found that her watch didn’t work.

“Plus, as you heard, the dev ban onsite was also extended… at least until the new year,” Ho said.

Emi looked back over her shoulder. “That’s two months?! You want to extend my nudity offsite for TWO MONTHS?”

“Well… at least two months. I believe this will help you focus on the mailgirl app. I really do. Plus it will keep things simple and focused at the resort as we get our sea legs. We all need to focus now. Logically, you know I’m right.”

Emi faced her, holding her head in horror. “But what about my Resort Ambassador duties?”

“Look Emi, as you now know, those duties have been transferred to Lucy as ‘Resort Host’ duties. Your new Ambassador duties are yet to be defined. This whole thing is still very fluid. But don’t worry. I’ll make sure to keep your new Ambassador duties very light as I know you will be very busy for the next while.”

New Ambassador duties? Emi was literally in a nightmare.

“Make sure that you do good, okay? Don’t cross Ruth. Now that you are living outside of the resort starting next week she will join me with making monthly reports to community services.”

Emi’s eyes grew wide. “Does Ruth know about my community service?”

“Not yet, but she will next week.”

Emi was beyond stunned. She was paralyzed.

Ho hugged her. “I’m sorry Emi, but it’s all going to work out.”

Emi didn’t hug her back. She couldn’t move. Too much information to process. Like a computer, she froze.

“Fact is Emi, when you commit to something… you are unstoppable. You are single-handedly saving the resort. Su-Ning and I are in your debt. Hell, the whole island will soon be in your debt. You should be proud.”

Emi didn’t respond.

Ho turned and walked back to Ben. Emi turned and followed stiffly, the light from Bo’s rickshaw blasted the gate. It was mesmerizing.

“Please take her back to the marketing building. It’s been a tough night for her and she’s been drinking. Take good care of her. The entire island depends upon her now.”

“Say what?” Ben asked.

“Just take her, get her safely to bed,” Ho said, climbing aboard the rickshaw. She triggered the gate to open.

“Will do!” Ben said, moving next to Emi.

After Bo and Ho passed through the gate, it closed behind them, locking Ben and Emi out.

“I guess we have to walk back,” Ben said, looking at the gate.

Emi didn’t respond. She was overwhelmed. All she could do was listen to the sound of the rickshaw, on the other side of the gate, rolling further and further away.

**Chapter 17 A Mailgirl App? – Conclusion**

Emi folded her arms, feeling truly scared. It felt like her clothed life had ended and her nude in public life had begun.

When she agreed to make the app, she had expected Su-Ning would return and allow her to wear clothing offsite. Except for 90 minutes a day of humiliating mailgirl training – that’s all she’d signed up for!

This changes everything. Ho was pushing her to work outside the resort for two months, completely naked. That was unthinkable!

Worse, Ho was registering a new definition of her job description with correctional services. Was she trying to make all this offsite naked stuff, irreversible? She prayed that Su-Ning would come back in time to put a stop to all this.

At least she would not be homeless, but how would she travel to work? Would Ben pull her in a rickshaw every day? Might she buy a car?

This was all complicating her decision to make the infernal app. If she hadn’t had so much to drink, she’d be in a ball on the ground crying. Thank God for alcohol.

She glanced at Ben. He was looking at her as if he was about to say something. He was the only thing that had gone well tonight. She was determined not to screw this up. She decided no more thinking about the complicated horrors of tonight. She could deal with all that crap later when her brain was more functional. Tonight… she just wanted to feel better, even if just for an hour or two.

“Are you okay?” Ben asked.

“No…”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Yes, but definitely not tonight, okay?”

He watched her carefully, nodding finally.

“How was your evening?” she asked.

Ben went on a long complaint rant about Liz and missing out on the party.

Emi enjoyed watching his antics and expressions. Periodically consoling him. He seemed to feel better getting it all out. She rubbed his head and clung to him in a side hug. “At least you got your best friend back.”

“Yeah… but I missed out on a lot of time with you. And when I finally came back to the party, you were in that meeting. What was so important that they had to have a meeting during a party?”

“They want me to make an app.”

“It must be some app… what do they want?”

“A cosplay app. Something to help tourism around nude resorts.”

“Ahh… that explains Ho’s comment,” he said, lifting the dog tag dangling from her neck. “What’s this?”

“A travel permit.”

“So now you won’t get arrested. That’s great!”

“Yes. Isn’t it wonderful?” she deadpanned.

“You don’t seem… why are you looking at me like that?”

“I need to have fun now.”

“Fun?”

She nodded.

“Alrighty then,” he said, pulling out his collar.

That was not what she had in mind.

He put it around her neck, and before she could complain, he shut her up with a kiss.

The gate has cameras; she realized. They were putting on a show. She really didn’t want to stop the kiss. Just a few seconds more. “Ah… there is a camera on the gate.”

He turned his head, looking past her at the gate. “Oh…”

“Let’s get out of here,” she said.

“Way ahead of you,” he said, pulling her leash.

The leather collar felt comfortably snug as the rope tightened, pulling her along. She struggled to figure what to make out of this situation. He was having fun. It was fun. They were playing. She decided to commit and play along. She was a pet. A naked pet, being pulled along outside in public.

He looked back, watching her. He seemed happy.

She stuck out her tongue like a friendly dog, panting. She sensed something from a bush, a noise? She looked. It was probably nothing. She looked back at him, and the bush, and him. She smiled, realizing that she was acting just like an animal.

“Don’t worry… it’s probably just a rabbit,” he said, patting her head.

It felt good to be patted. But then he stopped. She wanted more, but the collar felt snug again, pulling her along.

It was scary being outside… but the darkness protected her as she padded along. She was glad that he was here, but who did he think he was? Her owner, her master? No… he was just her dipshit lover with a pet fetish. Regardless, he was now hers. Or she was his. It didn’t matter which. She wasn’t alone. It could have gone differently tonight with Ben. All that mattered was that right now, she felt relieved, grateful, lucky.

He continued to pull her leash like she was an animal, a pet, a slave.

She remembered the poster in Seattle. This was just like that. Only worse. She was completely naked. She flushed in the darkness, thinking about herself on that poster. On the wall of the office, at work. Her nude body ogled by the guys every day as they walked past her. Her every detail, in full view, in a clear light. Her completely naked body, lady bits and all.

They stopped. He kissed her full on the mouth. Then he resumed walking, leaving her there gaping like a fish in the dark. The rope tightened, pulling her along. Her collar tightened, her nipples tightened, her tongue was wet.

She let him have his way with the leash. It seemed to give him pleasure. She followed him along like a good girl, panting.

They walked for a while, and then Emi realized she needed to pee.

“What’s with you? Why are you walking like that?”

“It’s nothing…”

“Do you need to pee?” he asked as if talking to a puppy.

She played along, nodding like a good little puppy.

He stopped smiling. “Really?” He asked, sounding worried. “Can’t you hold it?”

She shook her head.

He looked around, finally spotting a bush. “How about there?”

She nodded.

He took her to the bush, turning his head out to the sea.

She squatted, relieving herself.

“Are you done?”

She stood up, hesitating.

“Come on… what is it?… don’t worry. You can drip dry,” he laughed.

She followed obediently, letting him have his way. He was just having fun. This isn’t really what her life had become. She felt wet, but it was probably just pee.

“Don’t worry… the shower is up ahead.”

Oh yes. The shower. She could clean off.

“You remember the shower… right?” he said, with a low voice.

The memory was jarring, like a soft bolt of hot lightning. It warmed her body. She watched his shoulders in the moonlight as he pulled her along. Anticipation filled the air.

In the distance, a couple of burning fire pits came into view. There were people around them. That’s right. The party. It would be too risky near the shower. She stopped.

“Hey girl… don’t worry.”

She smiled. He seemed to enjoy the role-playing, but she hoped he didn’t have some kind of pet fetish. Still, this was fun… for the time being. But the fires up ahead worried her.

He looked at what she was looking at. “We should stop by… say hello.”

She shook her head, vigorously.

He laughed. “Alright… don’t worry. They are close to the water. No one will see you up here on the path. Let’s just run past. C’mon…”

Her feet trotted along the ground as the rope bounced madly between them, causing her collar to make its presence known on her neck.

As they ran past the firepits, she wasn’t as scared as she normally would have been. Thank God for alcohol. Still, this was exciting. It was turning her on.

“We are almost there…” he encouraged.

Up ahead, she saw the tall vacation hotel with the shower out front. Just past that was the marketing building. There didn’t seem to be anyone around.

Ben pulled her up to the shower. “In you go…” He turned on the water.

She took off her shoes, and stepped in, quickly cleaning her pussy, while trying to keep her head dry. There was enough moonlight to see her numbers washing away. She was glad. Hannah had been right.

“There you go… that’s enough,” he said, turning off the water.

She looked at him. Her body dripping wet. She licked her lips, watching him intensely, waiting…

“C’mon… let’s go for a run. Get you dried off.”

She was annoyed, and rushed, barely pulling on her shoes before he started pulling again. What was all that talk about remembering the shower?

He pulled her along.

A couple stumbled out of the marketing building headed towards the shower. “Nice leash costume!”

She blushed, looking away so they wouldn’t see her face.

They started running again. She watched his hair bounce in the moonlight, grateful for his thinking. If they had stayed, they would have been caught having sex in public. He was looking out for her. He was her hero. He was… an idiot! Why did he just pass the doorway? She tried to slow him down, pulling on the leash with her hands.

He slowed down but kept pulling her along. “Don’t worry. I have a plan. You trust me right?”

They were between the buildings, headed towards Main Street. The same path that Liz pulled her in the rickshaw a few weeks ago. What was he thinking? She shook her head.

He laughed. “Yes you do…”

She shook her head.

“Just follow me to the end of the alley, okay?”

She shook her head.

“Fine, then you can lead the way,” he said, stepping behind her and gently pushing her forward. “C’mon Emi… it’s dark, nobody is around, at least to the end of the alley, I want to show you something.”

She let him push her. But she didn’t like it… it was scary but exciting. She almost changed her mind and spoke out loud. She just wanted to be with him, normally. The shower certainly revved her up, but being out here naked was also exciting for her. No, not this… it was probably just a leftover feeling from the shower that was turning her on.

Just a few more steps. A man appeared, walking along Main Street at the end of the alley. She stopped and froze. He just kept walking and then he was gone. He hadn’t looked into the alley. She hadn’t been seen. It was exciting, but she’d had enough. She was ready to go back.

“Just a few more steps,” he said, pushing on her back.

Finally, they were there, on Main Street. He walked past her, looking both ways down the sidewalk. “It’s empty,” he said.

It wasn’t empty. A man had just walked by. She stayed firmly in the alley.

“Just a few more steps,” he said, pulling.

She resisted, looking around the corner where the man had walked. He wasn’t there. He must have stepped inside somewhere. They were alone. Except a car drove down a cross street one block up.

“See? It’s empty, nobody is there,” he said, walking behind her. Gently nudging her forward until she could peek around the corner. He was right. It was empty. She wondered where all the people were.

“Just a few steps more,” he said, pushing her out onto the sidewalk.

She was fully on the sidewalk on Main Street! She gasped, taking a deep breath. The whole sight of Main Street engulfed her, dazzled her, intimidated her.

“See… I knew you could do it.”

The lights of pubs and late-night restaurants were still on. This wasn’t such a small town, and it was Halloween night, so it surprised her how quiet things were. Her heart was beating and her breathing was faster as she looked around at the majestic buildings. It had been a long time since she had been out here. But it was terrifying, and she was ready to leave.

Ben was smiling, pointing to a corner store across the street. “Our night will be much better if we purchase something from there, right?”

Condoms? she thought, looking into his eyes… and her brief smile betrayed her. So this was his plan?

He took her hands, looking worried, waiting for her answer.

Slowly she smiled, nodding.

A car going by startled both of them. She tried to go back into the alley, but he pulled in the opposite direction… onto the street!?

“What are you doing? No… oh my God!” she said, as he pulled her onto the street behind the car that had passed by. Why on earth was he pulling her… across the street?! This was insane!

“We are already halfway there! Keep going… it’s the same distance!”

The car honked but kept going.

She’d been seen! Emi couldn’t believe what was happening. She was naked and in the middle of Main Street! She sprinted the rest of the way across, laughing, and quickly tried to duck behind a pop machine just outside of the indented area in front of the store. There wasn’t enough space to get behind it. She pushed, but it wouldn’t move.

“What are you doing, silly? You can’t hide behind that,” he laughed. “Let’s go inside, get you off the street.”

“I’m not going in…”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes… hurry up!”

“Okay… I’ll be back in one second!” He said, looping his leash on some hook near the top of the door. He darted into the store.

Emi couldn’t believe this. She waited what felt like 30 seconds or more, which felt like an eternity, and suddenly a car pulled up. It was the same car! She changed her mind and decided to run into the store, but stopped just in time as the leash slack tightened. The hook!

“Well, well, well…” said a voice as a flash went off. “What have we here?”

Emi knew that voice. It was the goth girl from the beach. She’d just taken a picture of her without her glasses, but it was from the back. She pulled her sunglasses down and was instantly blinded. She couldn’t see anything!

“It’s one thing… to be naked on the beach, but out here it’s definitely illegal. I should call the cops.” Emi could hear the ticks of her typing on her phone.

“No… wait… I have a permit,” Emi said, like a blind woman.

“Show me.”

“Emi showed her…”

She snatched it, yanking it clean off.

“You’re that girl from the newspaper, I bet. They would love a picture of this. You naked, leashed, and getting arrested!”

“Hey! Get away from her,” Ben shouted, running out of the store.

Emi heard her run back to the car. The door slammed shut, and the car roared off.

Emi slumped to the ground, defeated, pulling up her sunglasses. “She stole my permit,” she cried, suddenly sobbing, her shoulders shaking. Tonight was simply too much. This was the last straw. She couldn’t take it anymore.

“I’m so sorry… Emi,” Ben said, pulling his t-shirt over her head.

“What are you doing? I can’t.”

“No Emi, you are illegal now. If you go to jail, then you would be in a lot more trouble than anything Ho could do to you. And Ho isn’t here. Put it on, stop fighting me.”

She let him put it on and resumed sobbing.

He held her for a while. It must have been a long time as a few people went in and out of the store. The t-shirt was long on her and she pulled it down to just barely cover her bottom, but she was showing a lot of leg. She told him about the picture and what the goth chick said about the newspaper.

“That bitch,” he said, pulling out his phone.

“Don’t call the police.”

“I’m not,” he said, as he dialed someone.

Emi heard him tell them what happened and if someone tries to give them a picture of Emi that they are a criminal and should be apprehended. He explained that a much bigger story could be gained if they nab the thief who assaulted the naked girl in the picture.

“Do you want to agree to an interview?” he said, holding his hand over the phone.

Emi shook her head frantically.

“Sorry, she’s too shaken up for that. Please, just help find the criminals,” he said, before hanging up.

“Thank you,” she said, wiping her eyes. He helped her up, and they walked along Main Street, just like a normal couple, holding hands.

After a few minutes, she was feeling somewhat better. She marveled at how wonderful it felt to be covered. This was the best t-shirt in the world. The dog whisperer t-shirt. “Where are we going?”

“To my place,” he said.

“Oh…” she said. She had never been there before.

“Unless you want to see a movie first?” He asked, waving at the little theatre beside them. A movie was just starting.

Emi was exhausted but realized that this could be their only chance to have an actual date. “Okay,” she said, mustering up a smile. “Let’s go,” she said.

The movie was a romantic comedy. It was a pleasant distraction, and she loved seeing how he reacted to all the scenes with compassion and laughter. She even got caught up in it herself, but near the end, she was dozing off. She leaned on his shoulder. It was romantic, however; she was also dead tired. The night was catching up with her. Occasionally memories of the day would bother her, but she pushed them back. Right now was important, and healing, and she would let nothing take that away from her.

After the movie, they walked a few blocks down Main Street and then turned down a side street to walk the remaining ten minutes to his place. It was embarrassing to show so much leg, but there were few people and they probably thought that she had shorts on underneath.

His place was small but clean. That was good. She went to the washroom and then tested his bed. It was soft… so very soft… and warm. It was a wonderful bed… with a fantastic pillow…

The next morning she woke up. The light was way too bright. Memories of yesterday’s meeting and the rickshaw ride hit her and she threw off the blanket. It hit the floor as she sat up. The room spun briefly. She had a hangover. She was wearing a t-shirt, bunched up above her pussy. What the hell happened yesterday! Memories came in and her face went dark.

Ben stirred beside her. He looked up with a sleepy smile that melted away into fear. “I didn’t touch you… I swear!… um… ahh… except I hugged a little.”

Emi growled with annoyance. “Coffee.”

“Yes ma’am!” He said, hopping out of bed.

It was late. They’d slept in. That bitch stole her expensive permit. It was going to be a real hassle getting another. She hated the idea of asking Wang for help… hold-on… the newspaper. That goth bitch said something about sending a photo to the newspaper. She wondered if they caught her or made a story about it.

“Ben! Where is your computer!”

He came back, tossing her an iPad onto the bed before again dashing out of the room.

She checked the daily paper, online version. And there she was. A rearview of her tied up outside the corner store, like a dog on a leash. The headline was “Snatched” and there was absolutely no pixelation of her ass. Emi was furious!

Ben came back with a coffee but lost his smile suddenly upon seeing her. “Ahh… I’ll leave your coffee in the kitchen for you,” he said, leaving her alone.

He was wise. Emi felt like throwing something. Anything… but not his tablet. Growling in irritation and fear, she slid out of the bed and stumbled into the kitchen where Ben was busy making breakfast. “He cooks!” she said, leaving the tablet on the table.

“You bet I do. I used to be a short-order cook!”

Emi brushed past him, grabbing her coffee, and walked into the living room. She slumped into one of the two chairs at the small table, putting her coffee down. She held her head with both hands.

After a few minutes of thinking about yesterday, she felt like her head was going to explode. She should probably wait until the hangover went away before thinking about all that. Ben brought a classic sunny side breakfast and sat down. It smelled wonderful. She tried to smile.

“Geez Emi, you look terrible this morning.”

“Thanks.” She felt terrible. But the food looked delicious, and she dug right in.

“Slow down there, girl…” Ben said, trying to be playful. He picked up the collar and leash dangling off the back of his chair and moved towards Emi.

She gave him a dark look.

“What? I’m just putting it over here. It was poking my back.”

Emi tried to reign in her mood. This wasn’t his fault. He’s one of the good guys. He’s just trying to lighten the mood. Relax you spaz, she told herself.

He placed them by the front door and came back to sit down. “You really seem tense this morning, Emi.”

“Yeah, that girl sent my picture into the paper last night.”

“Oh! Did they catch her?”

“I don’t know. The image on the paper made me too furious to even read the article.”

“Let me look,” he said, running back to the kitchen for the tablet. He sat back down beside her and started reading. “It doesn’t look that bad. The article says that our very own town of Basci now has our own fully licensed nudist Resort Ambassador from Fantasy Resort. Unfortunately ‘Mailgirl Nine’ as we like to call her, was out enjoying an evening on Halloween dressed up in a leash when she was unfortunately assaulted by a woman who stole her precious and expensive clothing-optional permit. Local residents interviewed were shocked. They had heard of the previously scandalous Mailgirl Nine but were glad to find all rumors to be false. Mailgirl Nine was just minding her own business while her boyfriend was buying condoms in the store. That is when she was robbed. Any information leading to the arrest of this individual would be appreciated.”

“Oh great… so now the entire island now knows I’m a naked condom buying slut.”

“That’s not what the article says. I think you should be happy.”

“Happy?!”

“Yeah… this is the first positive article about you so far. I think it’s wonderful.”

He had a point. It looks like Wang was living up to her side of the deal. Which only meant that next, it was her turn to be a mailgirl. “My ass wasn’t pixilated. Isn’t that some kind of violation?”

“Well… you’re legal now, so I guess that means…”

Emi didn’t want to hear it. “Do you have anything for my headache?”

“I do,” he said, running back into the washroom.

Emi heard a bang by the front door.

Liz walked in, hanging her wet umbrella on a hook. “Hey… Ben! Did you see this article about…” Looking up, she saw Emi sitting there in Ben’s living room. “Emi?”

“Hi Liz,” Emi said, getting up from her chair. Did Liz have her own key?

“Oh, Emi… you’re wearing clothing! That’s amazing! Did Ben… ahh… fix you?”

“Fix me?”

“Um… your nudist religion?”

Emi laughed. “No, I’m just a… Resort Ambassador… as everybody on the island now knows.”

Liz looked down, suddenly appearing unsure of herself.

“What? So you read the article?” Emi asked.

“M… yeah, I guess you guys bought condoms,” Liz said.

Emi grabbed her cup. It was going to be an awkward day, no doubt about it. She didn’t want to do this. Not with Liz. Not today. “The article was mostly about me being robbed, being assaulted.”

“Are you okay?”

Ben came back out with water and some Tylenol. “Liz! Oh shit,” he said, passing Emi the cup and pills. “Sorry, I forgot…”

Emi swallowed the pills and downed the water, returning the cup to Ben. “Look, I can leave you guys alone… if you have plans…”

Liz shook her head dramatically. “No… sorry, we play board games every other Saturday. But that’s ok…”

“You guys play board games in the morning? On Saturday mornings?” Emi asked, wondering who does that?

Ben and Liz nodded like idiots, a ritual that they obviously loved.

They looked like best friends or siblings. “Look wait… Liz… that’s fine. Please play with Ben. I have some research to do on the iPad and I have to think about stuff for Monday.”

“Are you sure?” Liz asked.

“Yes, I need some time for these pills to kick in. Please keep him distracted for a while.”

Over the next hour, Emi horrified herself again and again with searches for “#mail-grl9” The original, high definition images were everywhere. It was worse than she could have imagined. It was just as Brandy had said. She was pulling that rickshaw in the sand with all her might, looking like a sex-crazed fiend. She zoomed in and could see the goosebumps around her nipples and down below you could see every strand of pubic hair. She prayed that nobody she knew would ever look at these and figure out it was her. Thank God she’d had her sunglasses on.

Ben and Liz were having a blast, talking useless chat about small things.

Next Emi researched the ACE website and saw a few events scheduled around the world at different nudist resorts. She even saw one scheduled for Su-Ning’s Fantasy Resort – in three weeks. She was glad. That would definitely help the resort.

Her watch vibrated. It was an email from Bandy. Opening it, she saw three different apartment listings. “I’m considering one of these.” Looking them up, Emi saw they were all within 7-15 blocks of the marketing building. They seemed nice. Brandy was definitely working on her side of the deal. She was moving quickly. Obviously, she wanted to be ready for Monday.

Emi needed more coffee. She stood up, stretching. The hem of Ben’s Dog Whisperer t-shirt rose, causing Ben’s eyes to linger between her legs for a moment. Liz turned around to see what Ben was looking at. Emi quickly put her arms down, smiling.

“Hey, Emi want to play?” Liz asked.

“No, I’m just grabbing some coffee,” she said, as Liz turned away again. When she couldn’t see, Emi pulled her t-shirt up to flash Ben. He looked but maintained a poker face.

It was fun to tease him like that, Emi thought as she sauntered past the back of Liz’s chair.

“So where did you guys rush off to last night?” Liz asked.

Ben made a move in the game. “We… had to pull some people with Ho to the resort.”

“Emi did that outside naked?” Liz asked, looking confused.

“Ahh.. yeah she did,” he confirmed, taking his turn.

“Emi? So you’re pulling strangers outside in public fully naked now?” She gasped, looking very surprised.

Emi winced. “It was dark and Ho begged me.”

Ben laughed. “Begged is probably not quite the right word.”

Emi shot him a warning look. “Yes… no one was around and they were important people from the meeting.”

Liz bought a card, shaking her head in wonderment. “I still can’t believe it, Emi. Why?”

“Yeah, Emi… why?” Ben asked, looking at the game board.

Emi sighed as she sat down at the table. She found a place to put her coffee without bothering the game pieces. “We just concluded a huge deal to help the island. That guy was about to sign a contract to bring business to the island via cruise ships that he owns. Part of the arrangement is that he build a new cruise ship port on the island.”

“Yeah… so?” Liz said. “You freaked out at me for pulling you completely hidden in the BACK of the rickshaw and now here you are giving rides out in the open, completely naked? Have you no shame at all?”

Emi grimaced, feeling like she’d been slapped. “Look… it was mortifying, I hated every minute. But Jake asked me personally to pull the rickshaw to the resort. The legendary ‘mailgirl 9’ he said… and Ho insisted. I didn’t have a choice!” Emi shouted, growing upset.

“You didn’t… have… a choice,” Liz said, mockingly. “What’s next? Bend over for them?”

Ben stood up. “Cut it out Liz… enough.”

Emi was livid, resisting the urge to slap her. She stood up to retaliate, but she couldn’t say anything. It was so frustrating. She sat down, feeling her anger dissipate into despair.

“I’m sorry… I guess…” Liz started to say.

“Just Shut up,” Ben said, glaring at her

Emi didn’t want to cause any further damage. They’d just gotten back together as friends. Feeling miserable she slumped her head. “No Ben… she’s right. I’ve signed my ass away to save the resort. You have no idea what I’ve done…” she said, feeling depressed.

Ben started packing away the game. “Look Emi, it was just a ride. In the dark. It wasn’t that bad.”

“No… no… It’s much worse than that,” Emi said, unable to make eye contact.

“Oh my God… you’re a prostitute now?” Liz asked.

Emi smiled painfully. “No… not quite that bad. But when you find out, it will blow your mind.” Everyone was going to find out soon enough. She might as well tell her friends here and now. It might lessen the blow a little for her Monday debut.

Liz was all ears. She moved her chair close to Emi.

Ben also moved closer. “Worse than… you know, before?” he asked.

Emi nodded dramatically.

“What’s before?” Liz asked.

Emi glanced at Ben. She needed a way to explain the situation. But she was tired of lying. How much worse could it be if Liz learned the truth? “Can I trust you, Liz?”

Ben subtly shook his head. Signifying that it was a bad idea to tell Liz everything.

“I’m not really noble and brave like you think, Liz…”

Ben shook his head, less subtle this time.

“I’m a criminal… doing community service for a nudist resort.”

Ben grabbed his head in frustration. “No… you are not. We’ve talked about this.”

Liz’s mouth fell open.

Emi ignored him and then proceeded to spend a good half-hour explaining everything to Liz, all the details up until just before the deal. Wang’s shrine, the court, the risk of prison, and the community service as a Resort Ambassador.

Liz’s eyes couldn’t have gotten any bigger. She was utterly shocked. “Emi, I’m so sorry. Oh my God…”

“Yeah, now you know why Emi’s always naked, Liz,” Ben said, pouring himself a coffee.

Liz ran over to Emi and hugged her.

Emi hugged her back. It felt good to get that off her chest. She knew it might be risky to tell her, but she and Ben were a package deal. Liz was going to be in her life. It was just too hard, emotionally, to keep her in the dark. It was a calculated risk. Besides, she needed all the support she could get.

Ben joined, and they formed a group hug. It was wonderful. Someone’s hand was on her ass, but she ignored it. Finally, they all sat down.

“Now tell us the rest,” Ben said.

Emi wasn’t sure where to start. “So yesterday I was asked to attend a meeting.”

“Like a business meeting?” Liz asked.

“Yes. A big deal that Ruth cooked up,” Emi said.

“The deal? You mean with that guy… Jake? The cruise ships?”

“And the app,” Emi said.

“Right… the cosplay app,” Ben said.

“Oh cool… cosplay…” Liz said.

Emi slumped, lookup up at them seriously. “It’s ahh… for ADULT Cosplay Event, A.C.E.”

“Adult?” Ben asked, looking confused. “Just spit it out.”

Emi grabbed the tablet and typed in the ACE homepage, navigated down a bit, and hit the mailgirl community forum. “The woman, that claims she started this community… was with Jake. Her name is Brandy,” Emi said, showing them page after page of events showing pixelated photos of hordes of mailgirls practicing positions, delivery maps with expected times, number painting parties, book reading hot tub sessions, shaving sessions, or just mingling with other ACE cosplayers.”

“Mailgirls? Ahh… a community of mailgirls?” Ben asked.

“Cosplay mailgirls… they aren’t really real,” Emi said.

Liz perked up. “Oh… ACE… I’ve heard of that. My cousin was telling me about that last month. She was thinking to go to one. She wouldn’t tell me what her costume was going to be…”

“So Brandy wants to grow the mailgirl community, which is helping nudist resorts around the world… by making a real bonified mailgirl app for them.”

Ben and Liz laughed. “You have to make a mailgirl app?” she asked.

Laughter wasn’t the response that Emi had been expecting, but she couldn’t help but smile with them. “Even worse than that.”

Ben sat up. “Oh right… you’re naked and making a mailgirl app… it’s kind of funny. Still, it doesn’t sound that bad. Next week we are all back at the resort, you’re making this app… oh, Becca and Hannah will love this!”

Liz nodded. “Oh my god… this could be fun!”

Emi ignored them. “So yeah… ahh… I have to develop it within the marketing building. Ho said no devs back at the resort until after the new year. So I’ll be stuck naked outside the resort.”

“Jeezus Emi… so the server room then?” Ben asked.

“No, Brandy’s getting me an apartment nearby.”

“Wait… what?” Ben looked confused.

“Ah… I was hoping that you could pull me in a rickshaw?”

“Yeah… sure but… so Ho forced this on you?”

“No… I forced Brandy to get me an apartment… it’s part of the deal I signed.”

“So they want you to make a mailgirl app, while completely naked in the marketing building?”

“Yes, and that’s not the worst part.”

Ben was dumbfounded. Liz was getting angry. “Emi… why did you sign this deal?”

“To save the resort… it’s my fault the scandal-hit and this will fix that.” She proceeded to tell them about the Wang part of the deal, with the newspaper. How they were going to stop making the resort look bad and instead start supporting mailgirl 9 and Fantasy Resort. And how it was in Wang’s best interest to do so because of the cruise ships.

“What’s the worst part?”

“I am expected to test the app as a proper mailgirl. And Brandy will publish daily journals about my humiliation in order to excite the mailgirl community about the app and that mailgirl 9 is in fact – real.”

“That’s bat shit crazy, Emi,” Ben said. “So everyone will know?”

“They promised to keep my name anonymous. I’ll be known as mailgirl 9.”

“Oh my God… you will be a real mailgirl?” Liz said, incredulously.

“Yes, for 90 min a day… as part of the testing component of the app.”

“That’s insane,” Ben said. “Did Su-Ning agree to all this?”

“Su-Ning wanted me to sign the deal but said I didn’t have to do the testing. But Brandy wouldn’t agree without the testing. So I decided to just do it.”

“Oh Emi… that’s just crazy,” Liz said. “You don’t owe them that much.”

“I decided to just do it… but that’s not the worst part.”

“There’s more?! What the fuck, Emi!” Liz said.

“While pulling Jake back to the Ho and Jake were talking.” She proceeded to tell them about how all her clothing was donated, and how Ho redefined what a Resort Ambassador was. Something that Su-Ning might not be able to undo. And how her new duties were yet to be defined. Plus, Ho was soon going to let Ruth also help with her monthly reports to correctional services.”

“Ho’s a fucking bitch! She can’t get away with that!” Liz yelled. She was furious. “All of your clothing?”

Emi nodded.

“Lost clothing is the least of her problems,” Ben said.

“Yes, but her clothes were nice. I’m sorry for your loss, Emi.”

Emi nodded and received another big hug from Liz.

Ben looked confused… like he was trying to put all this together. “So…”

Liz shook Emi’s shoulders. “This could ruin your career. It’s a big gamble, you know. I can’t believe that you would sign a deal like this. Were you drunk or something? Are you at least making a LOT of money?”

“I… ahh… well, part of the contract involves two million for the resort to support development and marketing of the app. But I’m paid well by Becca. We are contractors and already paid. This extra money is a huge relief because we will need Becca’s team to help make the app and I was afraid that they might leave the island without me… eventually.”

“Oh right… you guys are contractors. I bet you can hardly wait to leave the island. I mean, after your year of service is complete,” Liz said, glancing briefly at Ben.

Ben starred at Emi, blinking in confusion.

Emi didn’t know what to say. “Look you guys… now you know everything. Let’s chill for a bit. My stress is through the roof right now.”

Liz sat beside Emi, comforting her with a side hug, expressions of concern all over her face.

Emi saw Liz was being genuine and appreciated the support.

Ben came over and hugged her other side. “So when does all this start?”

“Monday… ahh… so what’s this game you guys are playing?”

“Splendor… want to play?” Liz asked.

Emi nodded. She needed to do something… normal.

Emi knew this game and she smiled, laughing with them as they played but they felt far away. Her mind was wandering, remembering that rickshaw ride. Ho’s casual indifference as she talked about things that were critical to her life. The woman obviously enjoyed her power. Emi wished she could reverse their roles. She wished she was sitting beside Jake, with Ho pulling the rickshaw. “Oh yes, I donated all of Ho’s clothing to charity.” “Everything?” “Yes, everything, and I’ve decided to keep her naked from now on and maybe sign her up for some pony-girl training. Yeah… plus she can work evenings as a mailgirl.” “Sounds good,” Jake said, clinking their wine glasses in the back of the rickshaw as naked Ho gasped for air, trying to pull the rickshaw up a very steep hill. Emi smiled, pulling out a little whip.

“Earth to Emi… it’s your turn,” Liz said, looking at Ben with some concern.

“She’s probably thinking about Monday,” he said.

Liz put her hand on Emi’s shoulder. “You shouldn’t do that Emi. Enjoy today while you can,” she said, with an annoying look of concern.

Emi’s phone beeped. Saved by the bell. It was Evan! “Sorry, I have to take this,” she said, getting up and walking into the living room. Emi went to voice. “Hello? Evan?”

Emi sat down on the couch, feeling the leash under her ass. She pulled it out, along with the collar, laying it on her lap.

“Emi… hey… nice to chat… what’s up?”

“What do you mean, what’s up? Whenever you start with unspecific small talk it means you have a problem.”

“Well yeah… I do… but you know… how have you been? Anything new?”

Emi tried to not laugh out loud. “Well, you know how it goes… a new job, a new app.”

“Don’t I ever…”

“Look I’m kind of busy today,” Emi said, prompting him to hurry up… they spent almost ten minutes while she resolved his problem for him.

“You’re a lifesaver Emi… I miss you…”

Emi twisted the collar in her hands. “Yeah, right… you guys have that poster to keep you company, right?”

“That old thing? Haha… yeah… still there.”

“I told my co-workers about it and they want to see it,” she lied.

“Alright, I’ll take a picture and send it to you… if you first admit that you’re lying. You totally miss that hot poster!”

“Evan… I’m hanging up now.”

“Okay okay… I’m sending a pic of it now. Oh wait… do you want another story?”

Em hung up. She then forwarded the text to the tablet, looking at the poster. Back in the kitchen, Emi saw that Liz and Ben started a new game. Just the two of them. She was glad. She wasn’t in the mood for board games.

She zoomed in on the picture, looking at the topless girl on the leash.

Her watch rang. She was popular today. It was Ho. She went to voice.

“Emi. Are you okay? I just read the newspaper,” Ho said.

“Ah… yes, I’m good now… thanks.”

“So you lost the permit.”

“Stolen.”

“That was hard to get, you know.”

“Yes, I vividly remember you telling all the details to Jake,” she said, trying hard not to let disgust show in her voice.

“Yes. Jake. They were having a wonderful time, but Brandy left early for some reason. Have you seen her, it was something about you.”

“No,” she said, wondering if Brandy might be doing something apartment-related.

“Well… I’m sorry about what happened to you last night. I want you to take it easy this weekend okay? I’m going to partially lift your clothing ban until we get you a new permit. Likely on Monday.”

Emi’s heart lifted.

“You can wear a normal t-shirt this weekend. Go out and enjoy the town. Spend time with your friends.”

Emi was overwhelmed. “Thank you!” she said, trying to tone down her enthusiasm. This was Ho she was talking to.

“Your welcome. You deserve it.”

This show of kindness surprised Emi.

“Also I’ve been asked to not leave your Resort Ambassador duties so… undefined. So I’ve had to add a little to it. I’ll send you the updated document.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Emi said, receiving the text with a link. She forwarded it to Ben’s tablet, walking back into the kitchen briefly to grab it from the counter. She ignored the stares of Liz and Ben and quickly sat back down in the living room.

“Have a good weekend, Emi,” Ho said.

“Okay, thank…” the call ended.

Emi looked at the tablet, reading it as she brought it over to Ben and Liz. “My new RA guidelines, courtesy of Ho.”

———————

As a 24/7 representative of the resort, a Resort Ambassador must follow the following guidelines:

CLOTHING ( permitted in specific cases ):

Sensitivity to the textile community: A single special ultra-lightweight silk t-shirt must be carried when shopping or visiting any residence or places of business that do not yet allow nudity.

Upon entering such establishments, if they firmly oppose your presented nudity, only then may you wear the shirt, and only while inside.

The official Resort Ambassador t-shirt will be provided for you. And may include optional branding as needed.

Wearing this garment within an establishment that has not denied you, is grounds for permanent removal of this privilege.

Wearing the garment outside, anywhere, is grounds for permanent removal of this privilege. Do not abuse this rule!

You must always be legal and have your permit with you. We do not need any more scandals. If it’s stolen or taken by force then you must wear a t-shirt long enough to keep yourself legal until it is replaced.

A tiny side hip pouch is allowed for critical things such as ID, credit cards, cash, tampons, tissue paper, and the special silk t-shirt that doesn’t take up much space.

TRANSPORTATION

No riding in rickshaws. As a Resort Ambassador, it’s your duty to serve customers, stay in shape, and not be treated like a princess.

An Ambassador may walk or run to work but must shower if sweaty. You must always look clean and fresh, properly representing the resort.

EVENTS

Represent the resort at particular company-related events or gatherings at indoor or outdoor locations.

———————

Liz and Ben read it quickly, with Liz finishing first. “This is crazy, Emi! You can’t just let her define anything she pleases. You are not a slave!”

Ben finished, looking up. “You don’t seem that beaten up about it, Emi.”

“I am…”,

“Spit it out…” he said.

“It’s just that I have a pass this weekend… because of the robbery. Ho’s actually giving me a break,” she said, bouncing with excitement.

“I don’t believe it,” Liz said, her hands on her hips.

“It’s true,” Emi said, knowing that she shouldn’t be as happy as she was feeling.

Liz went back to studying the regulations. “You know Ben… this is your residence. I think that means… you can forbid Emi entry unless she is… compliant,” she laughed.

“Hmm…” he said, smiling with his hand on his chin.

“Don’t even think about it,” Emi said, looking at him. “Besides it doesn’t work that way. First I have to present myself,” she realized what she was actually saying and blushed. “I mean… I try to go somewhere and if they firmly don’t like my nudity, then I can wear the shirt.”

“Darn… I ah… FIRMLY like your nudity,” he said, bouncing his eyebrows.

Emi smiled back.

“Get a room,” Liz said, disgusted at the open display between them. “Wait… if you firmly like her nudity, then she isn’t allowed to wear anything.”

Ben lit up. “That’s right.”

“I think how Ben feels will always be in line with how I feel, Liz. And besides…”

Liz didn’t seem to like that comment.

“I… ahh… have a pass this weekend,” Emi said, feeling her watch buzz again. “Sorry, I have to take this,” she said. “Hello?”

“Emi… oh God, are you okay? My heart skipped a beat when I heard about the assault,” Brandy said.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Thank you for asking.”

“I thought so, Ho told me. She was telling me about the new Resort Ambassador regulations and brought it up.”

“Is there a reason for this call?”

“Yeah, I need your address. Where are you now? I’m sending you a package.”

“A package eh?”

“What are you Canadian? Yes, and you’re going to thank me,” she said, laughing. “It’s your new home!”

“Oh…”

“Yeah… call me later,” she said, with amusement in her voice. She seemed to be in a good mood for someone who just spent a very large sum of money.

Ben and Liz had overheard the call.

Emi sat back, thinking. She had a home, and this weekend she was free to go out. Why the hell was she cooped up here? “You guys… I want to go out. Plus I want to check out my new place,” she said, pulling down her sunglasses. But then she put them back up, realizing she didn’t need them.

“Shouldn’t we wait for the package?” Ben asked.

“Yes of course,” Emi said, pacing around impatiently.

Twenty long minutes later there was a knock at the door. Emi signed for the package while the man checked out her legs. His gaze rose higher as she handed him back the clipboard and took the package, hugging it, hiding the two pokies on her t-shirt.

Emi closed the door and ripped into the package. There was a set of keys. A residential ownership document with her name.

Ben leaned over her. “I know where that is. It’s on Main Street, near the residential end. Not a bad area.”

“Let’s go!” Liz said, storming over to the door, Ben and Emi following along behind.

Outside they walked past a couple of houses and a small apartment building and Liz pointed to the second floor.

“That’s my place… want to take a peek?”

Emi had no interest, but Liz had a pleading expression. “Ahh… okay.” She said, being polite.

Inside, Liz’s apartment was clean, but a little disorganized with things laying around. A dead plant by the doorway seemed to indicate that she didn’t have a green thumb.

“Come on in,” Liz said, waving her arm.

Ben walked in and opened the fridge. “Liz, I told you… buy REAL food.”

Emi stopped by the door, wondering about her shoes.

Liz grabbed her arm. “Look, I’m sorry, but umm… I don’t mind if you’re naked here. So…”

Emi knew she had been intending to do something like this. She turned around to leave.

“Wait… Emi, just once can you do me a favor? I’ve never had an interesting visitor, like a Resort Ambassador, in my home before… even for just a moment.”

Emi was growing tired of her antics, but she had to go to the washroom. She pulled off her t-shirt, carrying it with her. “Where is the washroom, I have to go.”

Looking delighted, Liz pointed.

Emi went and washed her face, wondering what her own apartment was going to be like. She dried her face and then walked back toward the entrance. “Thanks, let’s go now.”

“Hold up… is that my t-shirt?” Liz asked, smiling mischievously.

Emi tightened her grip on the dog whisperer t-shirt, side-stepping Liz who tried to grab it.

Dodging the girl, Emi bumped the dead plant on a stand and it fell, spilling dirt onto the hardwood floor. “Oh sorry, Liz.”

“Oh my god, that was my favorite plant!”

Emi wanted to laugh, her dead plant? Before she could start putting on the t-shirt Liz grabbed a broom leaning against the wall and shoved it in her hands.

“I was just kidding about the t-shirt, and the plant… obviously. But could you at least clean up before we go?” Liz asked.

Emi knew she was just messing with her, but it wasn’t a big deal. So she started sweeping.

Liz handed her a dustpan and brought over a garbage can

Emi swept the dirt into the dustpan and bent over to put it in the garbage while noticing that Liz seemed unusually quiet. Was she enjoying this? Did she have some naked housekeeper fetish?

Liz ran away, returning quickly with a wet mop. Stopping Emi from again putting on her t-shirt by placing her hand on it.

“Fine…” Emi said, grabbing the mop. The little brat was persistent, but she would be done in a second. She swished the mop around as Liz walked over to stand next to Ben.

“Her ass swings nicely when she’s doing that,” Liz said, smugly standing next to Ben with her hands behind her back.

Ben agreed, nodding.

Emi leaned the mop against the wall. They’d had their fun. It was time to go. But something caught her eye, something flying from Liz. It was a rag. She caught it.

“If you don’t mind… my hardwood floors are expensive. Can you just wipe off that wet spot on the floor so that they don’t stain?”

Emi looked at the two of them. Ben was shrugging, like ‘leave me out of it.’ He stepped away from Liz as if it would relieve him of guilt by association. Did they expect her to crawl around on the floor or squat naked for them?

Liz just smiled and waited.

Emi threw the dry cloth, hitting Liz, like a pie in the face, before she could react.

Ben laughed while Emi pulled on her t-shirt and opened the door.

Liz sighed in defeat. “It was worth a shot,” she said.

Ben patted her on the back. “I think you got more than enough,” he said as they all left.

They walked along. Emi felt the breeze toying with the hem of her shirt. It normally would have worried her but she was still euphoric about wearing any clothing at all, especially with Ho’s consent. So she allowed herself to enjoy the sensation as she walked down the residential blocks with Ben on one side and Liz on the other.

After a few minutes, they arrived at Main Street, turning left. The marketing building was off to the right, so Emi’s place was further down the street. They walked past various stores, shops, and pubs with Emi wondering about her new rules. No, there was nothing to wonder about. This weekend would be the only time she was really going to enjoy this street. Outside of that, she planned on keeping a low profile and perhaps have Ben and friends shop for her if she needed anything. Yes, delivery-food was going to be her life.

They reached the end of the commercial area. The next block had houses and a big apartment in the middle of the block. Across from it were more houses and a corner store beside a bakery cafe. It looked like a great place to have coffee. Emi wondered if the apartment building was hers as they approached it. The address matched. “Ben, can you hand me the keys?”

The bottom front floor had dark tinted glass, with a gym and pool. As they walked through the lobby, Emi saw the glass was also tinted, she stuck her face up to the glass and peered in. It was a small pool and a small gym, suitable for maybe 5 people. With some machines and a treadmill! Emi was ecstatic.

After a brief visit with the Manager, who seemed way too friendly, Emi led the group up to the top, on the third floor, and opened her door. She was stunned. It was fully furnished. Normally that would have bothered her, but not today… she was relieved. She didn’t have time to deal with furnishings and these were decent. The wooden rocking chair in the corner sealed the deal. She loved the place.

“Damn, this place is way better than mine,” Ben admitted. Pulling out a chair from a hardwood dining room table. “Hey, there’s an envelope for you Emi.”

Liz ran to the washroom. “Holy crap, I want this place!” she yelled from behind the closed door.

Emi opened the envelope. It was from Brandy.

Emi, I hope you accept this place as my large thank you for agreeing to the deal. My dream app is in your precious hands. Let’s enjoy this journey together. Brandy.

There was also another paper holding Brandy’s latest ideas for the app’s point system. It was all laid out in easy-to-read sections with diagrams and stuff to assist comprehension. Emi put down the paper and walked to the living room window and opened the curtains. There was a big balcony, overlooking housetops and the ocean – just a short block away. Down below the bakery-cafe had a half dozen tables out front, most of them occupied.

Ben walked up to her and opened the window, nudging her out onto the balcony. “You like?”

She nodded, full of emotion. She wasn’t going to cry, but this was wonderful.

Ben put his arms around her, holding her close, and they enjoyed the view for a minute.

Emi briefly wondered if the balcony would be considered outside or not, before turning to step back inside. Liz was rocking in the chair reading the points paper.

“This is really interesting,” Liz said, holding the paper close to her face.

Emi smiled. “Yes, it was designed for people like you, Liz.”

“Huh?”

“I mean, those underwear-streaks in the marketing building. You could have been earning points.”

Liz blushed, standing up she put the paper back on the table and went over to check out the corner-couch with its nice coffee table. She bounced on the seat a little, giving it a feel.

Ben brought his lips to Emi’s ear. “We should check out the bedroom,” he whispered.

Liz got up and approached them with a serious expression on her face. “Excuse me, do you own this place?” she asked.

Smiling, Emi nodded. “Well… technically for now I do.”

“Will you allow nudity in this residence?” Liz asked.

“I most certainly… ahh… will do as I please!” Emi laughed, walking over to the kitchen sink, checking the water pressure.

After a glance at the bedroom, washroom, and closets, Emi was satisfied. It was a great place. Brandy had held up her part of the bargain, meaning… obviously she had to keep her part of the deal. This place was in Emi’s name, but contractually it would go back to Brandy if Emi’s reputation wasn’t destroyed. Even if the worst happened and Emi became the permanent owner, it wouldn’t be worth the damage to her future. She could see that now.

The weekend at hand was simply too precious to permit her mind to wander to dark thoughts. She was ready to hit the town.

“How will you get to work, Emi?” Liz asked.

Emi thought about it. She didn’t want to think of that now, but now it was in her mind. Stepping out on the balcony again, she plotted her path.

“So you’ll have to be naked outside, right?”

“Yes… ah… I guess I’m going to be a night person,” she concluded. “There’s no way in a million years you’ll catch me walking around naked in broad daylight.”

“So… will you run? Like a streaker?” Liz pressed.

“The dark streaker,” Ben laughed. “Like a superhero.”

Emi thought about it. This was cranking up her anxiety, reminding her of her experiments out on Lookout Point. Only now her experiments will be trying to get to and from work under the cover of darkness. That was a significant escalation in risk. Her heart pumped just thinking about it. Likely it was around 15 blocks to the marketing building. She would have to take a different route sometimes, but it will usually be along the seawall.

“I can run with you,” Ben offered.

Emi felt relieved. She didn’t particularly like the idea of being naked outside in the dark, especially alone. Still, except for the teenagers, this was a relatively safe island. Safer than most. Especially this area. Her fear was mostly around the embarrassment of being seen. She took his hand. He was offering a lot. It’s quite disruptive in one’s life to hang out at work until dark every day. It was a huge commitment.

“Look, I’ve had fun… but I gotta go. You two enjoy – okay?” Liz said.

“Hey guys, let’s try out that bakery cafe down below,” Emi suggested.

Ben and Liz looked at each other knowingly. “You haven’t been?” Liz asked.

“Don’t say anything, Liz. Let her find out for herself.”

Emi smiled. They’d succeeded in making her very curious and she tossed the keys to Ben. He locked up and they went downstairs and crossed the street. There was a wonderful jazzy tune playing on some hidden speakers outside.

Inside was beautiful hand-cut wood everywhere. Tables, chairs, counters. Nothing was straight. On one wall were maybe a hundred board games and three designated board game tables. But the other ten or so tables inside were full of people eating artistic baked desserts. Emi realized that she had hit the jackpot, and quickly walked up to the counter with a beautiful woman around her age and a clean-shaven biker-looking guy with a bandana. They both looked to be of Filipino descent. The dessert names were all written in Filipino, was that on purpose?

Emi tried to figure out what she wanted. Everything looked to be a piece of art. No brownies, muffins, or simple cakes. Just fancy pastries, more varieties than you would think they could sell. They had everything from stylish bread, to exotic scones, to breakfast like pastries, to croissants, plus a couple of complex-looking cakes, and some unique brownies.

“Haven’t seen you here before,” the woman said. “I’m Jill. That’s Jack.”

Emi smiled. “I ahh…”

“You can’t read the labels? Yeah, I know… it’s a pain. Jack here… ‘the artist’ thinks that everyone should learn what they like… by taste, first,” she explained, looking back at him with a grin.

Jack winked.

Emi marveled at the place.

“If you don’t like something, return over half of it and you can pick something else. Jack stands by his art,” she said, looking Emi up and down. She was a little bold for a customer service person.

Emi touched her thigh, realizing that she had no money. No underwear as well for that matter. It was awkward being out here like this. Emi glanced around, wondering if anyone was watching her.

“I got this,” Ben said, stepping up. “Liz and I will have the usuals, one for Emi here as well. Plus Emi should choose something as well… and coffees.”

“Got it, Ben,” said Jill, nodding to Emi. “Is she your girl?”

Ben grinned.

“You’re a lucky man, Ben,” Jill said, spinning away in sync with the music, as she danced around her counter preparing their food and drinks.

Liz groaned. “Let’s go ‘lucky man’,” she said, pushing him back towards the tables.

Emi stayed, taking her time, but made her choice. Looking up she saw Jill devouring her with her eyes.

“Excellent first choice,” she said, signaling Emi to come closer.

Emi leaned in.

“You’re a brave one. I like it.”

Emi blushed, turning away from Jill. “You have no idea…” she muttered to herself, thinking about Monday. She’d probably noticed that Emi was braless.

Emi chose a table outside, sitting where she could glance up at her apartment. It looked good even from down here.

Jill brought everything out on a tray, placing it all down amazingly fast, before dancing off again. If Jack was a food artist, Jill was a people artist or a performer, she thought, watching her dance around the tables with grace and skill, making everyone smile.

“No Emi… you have to try this one first,” Liz said.

“What is it? Some kind of scone?”

“Probably, or partially, who knows,” she said, watching Emi.

Emi bit into it and was floored. It was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted. The texture, the taste, the bits, the nuts, the sour, the sweet. It was a hurricane of flavor that assaulted her sense of what was possible, causing her glands to water as if they were orgasming. She took a sip of her coffee and took another bite to see if she was imagining things. Nope, she was in heaven.

“Oh my God!” Emi gasped. “What is this? What is the name of this place?”

“That? well… nobody knows. We think the Filipino words are just names of western movies. It’s really weird. The idea here is when you find something you name it yourself. Or you just remember what it looks like. At least everything here has a distinct look. So it’s easy to remember stuff. And the name of this place? Tell her Ben!”

Ben was grinning widely. That sign there. In Filipino, it means, ‘Cloud Nine’.

Emi laughed, wondering if Brandy planned this or if it was a coincidence.

Liz wolfed down another large bite. “Waad… (swallow) what are you up to tomorrow Emi?”

Tomorrow was Sunday. “Shopping. Lots and lots of shopping,” she said.

“Oh… with Ben?” Liz asked.

“Hell no,” Ben replied, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Do you want some company Emi?” Liz asked.

“Absolutely!” Emi said, thinking about also inviting her two teams tomorrow evening for a housewarming party, but she wasn’t sure. So far the chance to feel normal, like right now, just felt too precious.

After an hour of acting like regular people in a normal world, with thankfully no one talking about or mentioning mailgirls or any of that, Liz said goodbye, leaving Ben and Emi alone.

Ben got up, ready to leave. “Should we check out your apartment some more?”

“Nope, I’m good. I saw everything.”

“I didn’t see the… well the bedroom,” he said, shifting on his foot and acting casual.

“I looked… it’s completely normal,” Emi said, looking at him curiously.

“Okay…”

Emi stretched her arms above her head, feeling her hemline rise. She pretended to not notice, although she was fully aware that the other tables couldn’t see her at this angle. Just a little show for Ben. Likely nothing showed, but it must have looked dangerous. “You know what, suddenly I’m feeling a little sleepy… muffin.”

“Sleepy?” he perked up.

“Yeah… suddenly I think I like your idea… muffin.”

“That’s not going to be my nickname,” he said flatly.

“You don’t like it, muffin?”

“Quit teasing me… or I’ll give you the collar.”

“Promises… promises,” she said, as they walked across the street.

They ran up the stairs, Emi in the lead. She felt her hemline dancing wildly, hoping it was inspiring her lover.

Inside they kissed… mouth, tongue, the whole works. Emi was on fire.

Ben scooped her up, tossing her over his shoulder. Her t-shirt fell, draping over her head, exposing her bottom half. “Back pocket,” he said, as he lumbered towards the bedroom, his hand firmly on her ass.

She fumbled with his back pocket, pulling out the condoms.

He placed her on the bed, pulling her t-shirt off and opening her legs, dragging her closer to him, opening her wider, watching her face. Reaching out, his hand touched her chin first and proceeded to move downward. His gaze followed his hand, slowly, examining the curve of her breasts, her areola, her nipples. He pulled on them, pinched them, rubbed them. Nothing was left unexamined as his hand trailed slowly down, feeling her abdomen and circling her bellybutton. Then his hand hit her runway. Up and down the runway, even sideways. The area was thoroughly examined.

Emi was blushing. Nobody had ever touched her like this before, especially with the light on, with her fully visible and accessible. Her arousal was spiking. He was playing her like a musical instrument, and he was good, it was torturous. His hand floated near her pussy, barely on it, mostly around it or touching her legs.

His touches progressively became bolder, driving her insane.

He went back to her runway… rubbing it. “You know… something isn’t right here.” He stood up and walked out of the room. Leaving her a hot wet mess on the bed.

“What… where are you going?”

“I’ll be right back.”

She heard the front door close. He left? She got up, was there a problem with the condoms. She went to the bedroom window and peeked through the curtains. Eventually, she saw him run across the street and into the corner store. She sat back down on the bed, wondering what he was up to.

But something in the back of her mind was bothering her. Something Liz said earlier in the day. At Ben’s she mentioned that one-day Emi would leave the island when her work was done. It was a thought that she didn’t want to think about right now. But the thought was there… cooling her down. Was Liz just waiting for a temporary relationship to run its course? Would she have a chance with Ben then? Or would he forever keep her as a friend as he’d said repeatedly? She decided to trust him. This wasn’t about Liz. This was just about Ben and her time with him was precious, limited, and unlikely forever. It was a sad thought.

The door closed. He was there. She got out of bed to see him. He pulled out a can of shaving cream and rinsed off one of the razors after pulling it from a pack and filled a little bowl.

Oh… he wants to shave, that makes sense. But… his face was already smooth?

“Look Ben… I’ve been thinking.”

“Uh-huh…” he said, putting the razor and creme down on the table beside them, along with the bowl. He sat her down, widening her legs.

“About what Liz said today…”

“Yep…” he said, spraying her pussy with the shaving cream.

Emi sat up startled. “What are you doing?” She said, blocking her pussy with her hands. “No way!”

“Look honey-pot… this needs to happen.”

“Ahhh… no, haha… I like my hair. Please!” she pleaded.

“You’ll like it… c’mon, move your hands. I’ve got work to do.”

“No… I need to keep it…”

“Honey-pot…”

She kept her hands firmly in place. The thought of being extra naked down there… of everyone seeing her… like that… “No way… and… what’s with the Honey-pot?”

“If I’m going to be muffin, then you’re going to be honey-pot, and later I’m going to put some honey on your pot,” he added, his voice low and sexy.

Emi squirmed at the thought.

Ben slid his hands down her arms, all the way to her hands which were firmly clamped over her shaving cream covered pussy. He gently massaged her fingers. “You said that you’ve been thinking?”

“Yes… ahh…” His finger massage was growing stronger, deeper, kneading between her fingers.

“What were you thinking about Honey-pot?” He asked, pulling her fingers back, one by one.

“About… what Liz said today…” she let him pull her hands away. But then she put them back. He removed them again.

“Yep…” he said, spraying her pussy again, lathering it up with his fingers. A lot of lathering, too much lathering.

“I… ahh… the…” Her hands hovered around her pussy, ready to stop him.

He started shaving, starting from the top. Careful little drags.

“NooOooo…” she squirmed. “Stop… everyone will see.”

“It was going to happen anyways…“ he said, “Aren’t mailgirls supposed to shave?”

“What? No… wait? Oh crap!”

“Don’t worry Honey-Pot… I got this,” he said, continuing his careful work, little scrapes.

“Everyone will see… they will look… oh God!”

“It’s fine… what was Liz saying?” He was making steady progress.

“She said… we… ahh… after my contract…”

“Uh-huh…” he said, rinsing the blade in a little bowel, then continuing at a different angle.

“I’m… look… we… I’m not sure…”

“It will be fine.”

“… fine? ahh…”

“We will deal with that when the time comes… I’m sure it will work out,” he said, adding a bit more creme.

“… w… work out?”

“Yes… we’re smart… and if anyone can solve a problem, it’s you,” he said, lathering her clit, relentlessly.

Emi didn’t think she needed lather there. But she wasn’t about to say anything. “Ah… me?”

“You and I…. don’t worry… I have complete confidence,” he said, still lathering her clit.

Emi couldn’t speak anymore. She could only gasp.

He stopped. “Can you finish up for me?”

“pardon?… oh… okay…” she said, bringing her hand down, awkwardly she started rubbing her clit, leaning back stretching her tits out. Her pussy was being shaved! Everyone was going to see. The guys would look. Everyone in the marking building, and outside, everyone. Everyone would see her naked. She rubbed harder, squirming.

“I mean… finish the shaving. I don’t want to nick your lower bits,” he said, a hint of amusement in his voice.

She stopped, blushing furiously. “Oh right…” And sat up and continued the shaving while he watched. It was embarrassing to be watched while doing this, but it was even worse when she was touching herself. It was such an intimate act. She scraped the last bits away, there was no saving it. It was already pretty much gone. She was now completely shaved. Would Ho use this against her? Another data point proving her exhibitionist tendencies? She dropped the razer in the bowl, leaning back, covering her face with her hands. “Oh… what have we done?” she asked, trying hard to not imagine Monday.

“Let me check that,” he said, pushing her knees apart to get in close. He pulled out her lips, examining everything in great detail.

She wondered if her wetness was masked by the shaving cream.

“Alright, up you go,” he said, tossing her over his shoulder again.

He played with her pussy with his thumb while he took her to the shower, getting her all rinsed off.

After he carried her back to the bed, he spread her out for a good look. “We did good… It’s very smooth,” he said, sliding his hand everywhere.

Emi had had enough. She pulled his pants down, grabbing the pack of condoms, she started putting one on.

He laughed gently, letting her finish. “Alright, at least let me warm you up with a couple of kisses first?”

She nodded.

He kissed her on the lips, they progressed but then she pulled back, looking at him.

She wanted to say something. To… to say thank you… to tell him… how she felt. About all his support. For caring for her. For having her back. For agreeing to run with her every day in the dark. For having confidence that they would work things out after her contract. For believing in her and not thinking of her as a criminal. For touching her body like that. For lighting her fire. For kissing… for picking her. For loving her.

He smiled gently as if he knew what she was thinking. He gave her a great big hug. She trembled in his arms.

“Okay…” she said, noticing that he was still ready.

This was going to be their first time. It was also the first time she had ever shaved herself. Or let someone shave her. Or touched herself in front of someone. So many firsts. Her neck arched back and her mouth fell open as Ben slid into her. He started moving while thumbing her clit, slowly methodically, passionately. She felt herself rising, pushing, pulling. They were finally together… complete, as one. It was magical.

The pace was increasing. They were in sync. Pure bliss.

She was close. Her temperature was rising… she was blushing… her whole chest was blushing, hot, then it hit her. Like a tidal wave. She was orgasming, she was orrragasminggg… fireworks… guns, bombs, earthquakes! He joined her with his own convulsions and they rode them out… like cowboys at a rodeo. It was wild, bucking and bucking.

Together they slumped, gasping for air… euphoria.

They rolled over, happily spooning, hugging, holding… dreaming.