

When Lizzie came back out the tall man was standing facing the window watching it rain, completely naked while drinking a cup of coffee. "Brent!" she squealed in surprise. She noticed his grin in the reflection of the window. Brent started to turn around, Lizzie covered her face. "No! Don't turn around." But he did anyway.

"It's a clothing optional resort and I choose the option of none." Liz blushed deep red and turned so Brent couldn't see. Lizzie quickly glanced to see where her cabin partner was. "I see you still have clothes on," he chuckle at the woman. "I don't know how you thought you were going to pull this off. Staying a week here, if you are afraid to show off your body."

Lizzie dropped back onto the couch at one end. Naked Brent sat at the other. The embarrassed woman kept her face looking down the hallway. "You want some coffee?" he asked. Somehow she managed to say 'Yes', while her cheeks still burned from embarrassment. Brent casually stood in front of her with the cup, quietly amused. Liz almost dropped the cup when she realized how close his groin was to her face. She spun away from his outstretched hand. Mr. Taylor chuckled and set it down on the coffee table.

"You having fun embarrassing me? " Lizzie challenged.

"No. I am not trying to embarrass you. I'm just trying to figure out why someone who obviously is very uncomfortable with their own body... why you thought you could do this?" Brent sat down at the other end and put a pillow across his lap. "Lizzie, look at me. I'm covered up." Liz turned and still blushed. She knew what was hiding under that pillow. He patiently waited for her to look up.

"See? I'm just a man who is comfortable with his own body. I like it when people look at me?"

"You do?"

"Absolutely. And it doesn't have to lead to anything. I just like showing myself off."

"Oh," she said concentrating on the patterns the cream made in the coffee.

"I'm glad it's raining," he said. Liz looked puzzled. "Because it will give you time to get use to being around someone naked." Liz blushed again. "Oh my God, you are so cute. You were married? Right?" The reporter wrinkled up her face. "Sorry. Sorry. Just figured I'd try joking with you."

They sat for a few minutes in silence. "You know there are a couple places here that's it mandatory nakedness. The pool and hot tubs. If you don't put an appearance there at least once the sun comes out, you're going to raise an eyebrow for sure." Lizzie groaned.

"Really?" she squirm and curled her legs underneath her oversized tee shirt.

"Absolutely. Why don't you practice being naked around me. I'm safe." Liz looked doubtful. "Emily would have my ass if I did anything inappropriate. Along with a half a dozen other ladies. You are pretty safe with me." Ms. Price looked at his wedding ring. *'Emily did say he had a wife.'* she thought. The woman sat while her mind raced, she had obviously not thought this through at all.

It was still pouring out and Liz looked out the window, then to the clock on the wall, then back to the man sipping his coffee. She bit her lip. "Thinking about it, still doesn't get you naked." Then he laughed, his damp sandy hair falling into his face. Liz fingered the hem of her tee shirt. "Come on," he encouraged gently. "I can see you thinking about it. I bet you have a bra on anyways. So it would be like a bikini."

Liz cracked a smile and stuck out her tongue like a brat, and Brent countered suggestively, "Promises. Promises." Lizzie clamped her hand over her mouth to hide the gasp. Ms. Price suddenly felt wetness between her legs. She tried not to groan.

"Lizzie. Relax and take it off for me. How else are going to be comfortable going to the cafeteria later. " Her eyes widened as she glanced up at the clock, dinner was like in two hours. She groaned to herself, 'Why did I decide this was a good idea.' She started to think about just how desperate she was for the \$1000.

She looked away, knowing he sat there grinning as she lifted

her tee shirt over my head and let it fall onto the back of the couch. Brent let a "wow," fall from his lips. Lizzie noticed the pillow rock to the side as he flexed underneath. They sat silently for a few minutes. Brent caught her glancing at the pillow over his groin. He laid his hand on the pillow, "Would you like to see?" The reporter's eyes widened and she quickly shook her head no. "But I think you do. You are curious, aren't you?" Ms. Price blushed deeply. "I can see the flush on your cheeks and the way you clenched your legs together just now." She buried her face into her hands and groaned in embarrassment. "It's okay to get aroused as long as there's no sex. No sex out in the open anyway. Rules are rules." She moaned again shaking her head still with her hands covering her face.