**A Day in the Life of a Mailgirl**

by[sbjdaniels](https://nficstoryboard.com/profile/sbjdaniels/)

**A Day in the Life of a Mailgirl (Chapter 1)**

At 9:25 a.m. everyday I get into position. I’m kneeling on the blue mat next to the copy machine, a big Kyocera Office Station that takes a full carton of paper to refill when empty. It almost never is. I start work at eight o’clock and see to the whole tenth floor; all mail delivered, all stationary replenished, and top off the paper and toner of the copier standing next to me. Like myself, the copier gets a pretty good workout everyday. The tenth floor is a trading floor, after the stock market opens at 9:30 restock and resupply becomes almost impossible. In a few moments from now the phones will start ringing with orders to execute, deals to be cut, trades to be made; there will simply be too much running around to do and also fetch pencils. We have to be prepared ahead of time.  
The tenth floor is my responsibility and I run a tight ship. That’s one of the reasons I’m proud to wear the number 10 on my left breast, on both hips and the small of my back. I want everyone to know I’m part of this floor, that I’m the one who set them up and will take care of business when things get crazy.  
We’re ready for the opening bell. I can feel the anticipation building. It’s only 9:26.  
That’s why I get in position five minutes ahead of time. Everything is primed, poised and ready; And that is beautiful. These five minutes are the closest I’m going to get to serenity all day.  
Technically I’m on break from 9:15 to 9:30 but after I use the restroom, eat a protein bar and drink a bottle of water I’ve pretty much seen to my body’s needs. There is no reason for me to linger in the breakroom anymore, no one will talk to me unless they have something for me to do, and if they do I have to tell them to request it through the app anyway. Forty-five days ago I was a stock broker just like them, part of the tenth floor chaos. In the break room we’d laugh at dirty jokes, complain about clients, and gossip office politics at the coffee pot. But now it’s easier for them to treat me like the copy machine, just another piece of office equipment that makes the workplace run smoother.  
And why not treat me like the big Kyocera copier? We both have serial numbers now. We’re both connected to the office Wi-Fi, activated at the push of a button-  
No. I’m not going to fall down that hole today. There is no time for negativity. Despite appearances I’m a confident career woman and I will make the best of this fifteen minute break. It’s 9:27. I won’t get another break until at least 12:30.  
So I kneel as they taught me, thighs spread slightly farther than shoulder width apart, chest out, back arched, ass sitting on my heels with my hands at my sides. From this position I can see right down main street, what I call the narrow expanse of carpet between the blocks of cubicles that run the length of the tenth floor. Anyone walking up main street or leaning back in their office chair can see me as well; All of me.  
I’m not sure I’ll ever get used to the nudity, not when everyone else is clothed.  
I close my eyes and lower my head a little, trying not to think about the manager who was staring at me as he strides up main street. Or the new guy who keeps dropping his pencil so he has to lean out of his cubicle to retrieve it, taking a quick gander at me in the process. I push the feeling of leering eyes off me as I exhale; once, twice, a third time. If you had my job you would get pretty good at finding inner peace. You have to as your body is constantly on display.  
I breathe, pushing the negative thoughts from my mind as I pull the elastic ponytail holder off and shake out my hair. It has strong natural waves and if I don’t tie it back properly stray locks will start to pull free and my head will look a mess by mid-morning. Periodically I have to shake out my tail and pull it back again to keep it tidy.  
9:28 a.m.  
As I’m combing my hair back with my fingers my MMU, the smartphone strapped to my left bicep, buzzes twice and makes cartoon “bonk” noises in quick succession. The display reads:  
“1 Demerit – Uniform Violation, Excused. 1 Demerit – Positional Violation, Excused.”  
Someone is trying to give me demerits but they don’t realize I’m on break.  
I open my eyes and look up main street as I tie up my hair. Carol Nelson, a middle aged woman pushing three hundred pounds, is glaring at me over her cubicle wall about fifty feet up the floor. She has always been unpleasant since I started working here, even when I was just another trader. Carol seemed not to like women who were younger or more attractive than her on principle, so pretty much everyone. My existence must really piss her off now. The way she is glaring at me over the rim of her glasses makes her look like a very fat, angry librarian. I finish tying my hair back and turn to show the face of the MMU strapped to my left arm. The screen is gray-white, an indication I’m not on duty. The damn screens are color coded so any idiot can tell who was on duty from a distance. The white screen meant I was clearly not. Carol pushed her glasses back up her nose and sat in a huff.  
“It’s a Monday,” I said to myself, “they are already gunning for me and it’s only Monday.”  
I check the time, 9:29 a.m. One minute to bell time.  
I rise from the blue mat, standing with my feet shoulder width apart, chest out, arms folded behind my back so I can hold my wrists with the opposite hands. The Kyocera printer next to me leaps to life, the exhaust blows on my bare legs and it feels darkly ominous, like dragon’s breath. Maybe the copier is anxious too? My feet are sweating in anticipation. My nipples are hardening from the air conditioning vent blowing down from above; It’s too cold for me, set at a temperature to make the 200 clothed people in the room comfortable. My clean-shaved vulva is somewhere in the middle, feeling both the heat rising up and the cool air creeping down. It’s starting to tingle. What I’m feeling down there might have noting to do with the room temperature.  
I have got to remember to look down, not to look any of my coworkers in the eye. I can’t let them see this part of me, the part of me that is just as excited as it is humiliated.  
I am the mailgirl assigned to floor ten.  
I am the only one naked in the room.  
It is a very big room.  
My MMU mimics the “ding-ding-ding” of the opening bell of the New York Stock Exchange. No time to waste now. I punch my passcode into the keypad of the Kyocera and digitally sign the authorization by pressing my thumbprint to the security panel. The biometric scanner confirms my identity as Mailgirl #10 and Kyle the Copier begins to print out the trade confirmations that were already in the queue.  
I think this might be the day I go mad. I just named the office copier.  
I blink the thought away and look at the assignments come in on my MMU. This is the new version of the Mailgirls Monitoring Unit, the MMU 2.0 has a lot more features than the old model. The old version would force you to do one delivery at a time, back-and-forth, all day going from copier to cubicle and back to the copier. I guess that system is okay if you are only moving messages around and the mailgirls are extraneous to the actual functioning of the business. But this is a trading floor. Time is money. The first twelve things Kyle printed up were trade confirmations done after the market closed yesterday, low priority because the stock price was fixed at the time but high security because the amounts exceed ten thousand dollars. Their delivery speed is ‘Standard’, according to the training material I should be able to maintain a brisk walk and make all deliveries on time. But that could take half the morning. Instead the new version MMU lets you batch all 12 deliveries together and arrange their order on the fly. I could go from the front of the room to the back, or do a big loop by starting at one side and working around to the other, and even change the delivery order as needed. The MMU just adds all the estimated delivery times together. So long as your actual time is less than the total estimated time you get a positive efficiency score for the run.  
With nothing popping up in the MMU more urgent than Standard I decide to start at the farthest delivery and work my way forward. This would give me a chance to warm up a little by running down to “M. DiMaria – Workstation 194 – Floor 10”, a cubicle on the far side of the floor.  
(I can’t help it. I’m a mailgirl now. I want to run.)  
Grabbing all 12 confirmations off the printer I begin my run up main street, trying to avoid eye contact and still look out for any obstacles in my path. I feel the eyes of my coworkers on my naked body. Some are judging me, shaming me. Others are appreciating my curves. I’m not sure I’ll ever get used to that feeling, or that I ever want to. I wonder how my former colleagues feel about it? Some must have grown used to the sight of me naked but for other’s this might be their first time. There is a lot of turnover on a trading floor, you either make you sales goals or you find a new job. I didn’t hit the mark a month-and-a-half ago and look at me now.  
I keep my pace quick and even, wishing the rules allowed me a bra or at least to hold my chest with one arm as I ran. I’m not a stick with tits like the other mailgirls in the building. I’m a little older, almost 30, my body is more mature. I have hips and a full bust that sways with every stride I take. If my tits were just a little bit smaller I would enjoy jogging more.  
I glance away from my bouncing chest to see a man lean out of his cubicle and smile broadly. I don’t recognize him. He’s handsome. Reactively I smile back, forgetting my place for a brief moment. I look down quickly and push forward, one foot in front of the other. I feel the blood warm my cheeks a little. As I get about fifty feet away I give a coy glance over my shoulder. He’s still smiling, staring and quickly ducks behind the partition when he realized I caught him looking at my ass.  
I can’t blame him. 45 days of this has given me a nice round bottom.  
I slow to a trot as I approach the first workstation. Standing just outside the boundary of the modular office I see a man typing away at his computer. He hasn’t noticed me yet. I stand as I’m supposed to, feet more than shoulder width apart, chest out, head down, 11 other confirmations behind my back as I offer his out with my right hand.  
“Excuse me, sir. I have a delivery for you.”

He swiveled in his chair. It was Manuel DiMaria, Manny to his friends. He had been in this office a few years before me, was nice enough to show me around the place when I first arrived. I hadn’t seen much of him since I switched departments. Maybe he was avoiding me?

Manny looked surprised to see me. “Good morning Maddie, how have you been?”

I blush. I wanted to answer him. He was being pleasant. I like pleasant. But mailgirls have to keep decorum.  
“Sir, as I am on duty please refer to me as “Mailgirl 10”, “Number 10”, or simply “Ten”; whichever you prefer.” I recite it to him directly from the manual. As much as I appreciate him treating me like a human, I have a job to do. It’s better if he uses my number, neither one of us gets confused that way.

“Uh, okay. Sorry.”

“That’s alright sir, and I am doing fine. Thank you for asking.”

Manny took the offered paper and glanced it over as best he could. His eyes kept getting drawn to my tits. I couldn’t blame him. With him sitting and me standing my 36D’s were pretty much in his face.  
“You got this here quick,” Manny was actively trying not to stare. “It’s barely a minute after opening bell. I feel like I should give you a tip or something.”

I felt a little pride swell inside me. “Thank you again, sir. If my efficiency pleases you can open up the Mailgirls App on your desktop and leave a positive review.”

He nodded mechanically, first looking up to my face, then back down to my chest, and then even lower, blinking in disbelief. This is my first delivery to him since I got back from training. He must have seen me running around the office but not up close, there are over 200 workstations on this floor, and that is not counting the proper offices that dotted the corners and entire south wall. Had Manny actually managed to miss most of my debut month?  
I get the feeling he could stare at my body all day if given the chance. Considering the picture of a young wife and smiling baby on his desk, I could safely say I was making him very uncomfortable.  
“If there is nothing else sir, I have other deliveries.” I pointed with one finger to the clock that was counting every second on my MMU.

“No. That’s it. Thanks.” He stammered.

“Sir?” I pointed to his computer terminal, “You have to click ‘received’ in the app to dismiss me.”

“Oh, right.” He popped open the app and clicked ‘delivery received’. Perfect.

I nodded and smiled before making a b-line for my next delivery. Hopefully Manny would leave me a good review. Through the app they can rate our deliveries with star ratings and comments. I could use as many positive comments I could get on my weekly performance review.  
The next eight drop-offs went well enough that I barely remember them. I remember the names in the task window of my MMU more, “R. Alcuna – Workstation 181”, “E. Leslie – Workstation 163”, “K. Ng – Workstation 130”, etc. For efficiency I try to remember the location of each work station. It had taken me over a month to learn my way around, but I can still get lost in this cubicle maze if I get turned around. I only have a default 30 seconds between deliveries but mapping them out the way I did accomplished most in less than 20 seconds.  
That is the real key to being an efficient mailgirl, always deliver at a speed one level higher than the requirement. If the manual says Standard delivery is a “brisk walking pace”, jog instead. If Express is supposed to be a jog, you run. If Premium says run, you sprint. And when you get that late day Premium Rush, run like your ass was on fire. I guess the other thing to keep in mind is to always maintain your uniform (Ha!). The mantra of a successful mailgirl, maintain your uniform and deliver faster than expected.  
Banking time early in a run was a good feeling, like I was starting the day off right. Unfortunately it was not going to last.  
My ninth delivery, “M. Pederson – Workstation 76 – Floor 10” was a kid I did not recognize. Caucasian, brown hair, glasses, couldn’t be a day over nineteen. He sort of looked like a post-puberty Harry Potter. I offered him the delivery like I was supposed to; feet apart, chest out, one hand with other deliveries behind my back and his offered out in the other. He spun around sharply, like a man of action, but all the little bugger could do was stare. I suspected I might be the first naked woman he saw that was not on the Internet.  
“Sir, I have a delivery for you.”  
He didn’t answer.  
“Sir?”

He stared blankly at my navel. Or maybe he was trying to stare at both my tits and my pussy at the same time and his brain broke from the strain.  
“Sir?”

He blinked slowly, like he was waking from a dream, “Hello? Yes?”

“I have a delivery for you sir.”

He looked me up and down with a disbelieving smirk, “You are very naked.”

“Yes sir,” I smiled still trying to be pleasant, “completely nude for your enjoyment, sir. All day, every day.”

“Wow,” he beamed, “A real live mailgirl! What’s your name?”

“I am “Mailgirl #10” when on duty sir. But you may call me “Number Ten” or just “Ten” if you so wish.”

“Okay Mailgirl,” his smirk spread into a smile. “I have so many questions I want to ask.”

I knew he did. I could see an inquisitive glee brimming around behind his eyes. It was clear my existence enticed him, excited him. If I was a boy his age I would probably react the same way, but there was more than a decade between us, I find that a little creepy. I might be old enough to be his mother, (granted it would be one of those fucked up trailer park pregnancies, but technically I was old enough), I didn’t have time for his Oedipal Complex. I’m in the middle of a run here. I’m required not to give M. Pederson of Workstation 76 any more than his alloted time.  
“Sir,” I’m trying not to sound annoyed, but he has already cost almost a minute. “I will be happy to answer your questions soon but right now there other deliveries that need to be made.”

He pushed his glasses up his nose and took the trade confirmation, giving me a sideways glance as he did. “It’s just a couple questions.”

I nodded, making sure not to make anymore eye-contact than had already happened. “TheMailgirls Program Introduction and Service Guideis on the company server, sir. I suggest you read through that at your leisure, then perhaps summon me through the Mailgirls App this afternoon when things are less busy and I can answer any additional questions you may have.”  
I was trying to be friendly, helpful, the exact opposite of rude but it was obvious from the look on his face that I had offended him somehow.

“I’m pretty sure you’re not supposed to talk down to me Mailgirl.” He looked me in the face. I kept my eyes down, looking between my breasts at my toes, trying to be as deferential with my body language as I possibly could. I was pretty sure he would see any other response as backtalk.  
The MMU buzzed and broke the uncomfortable silence. He could see the one minute countdown on the now blinking display.  
“I’m sorry If I offended you sir. I do not mean to. You will be seeing at lot of me sir, and I do not wish to start off on the wrong foot. You have my deepest apologies and I will be back anytime you have need of me using the app.”

“Oh, I will be seeing a lot more of you Mailgirl. You can be sure of that.” There was a strange quality of menace to his voice, somehow simultaneously over-the-top and earnest, like a child playing villain in a superhero fantasy. I think he meant to creep me out. He clicked the ‘received’ button on the open desktop app and waived me off dismissively. I ran.  
I ran as fast as I could. I didn’t run because he scared me, I ran because I had three more deliveries and 50 seconds to get them done. At least that is what I told myself; the way he stared at me with his little bug-eyes, the way he curled his lips when he smiled, for the first time as a naked mailgirl an employee skeeved me out.  
As a mailgirl I’d felt exposed, humiliated and ashamed almost daily. This was the first time I had ever felt disgusted. My skin crawled and had to resist the urge to cover myself even more than normal. I knew it wouldn’t be long before I saw that kid again.

**A Day in the Life of a Mailgirl (Chapter 2)**

From 9:30 to 11:00am I am in constant motion. That’s good. Busy days are always good. The more I’m moving the less time there is to think. I can’t dwell on my situation if I’m trying to calculate the quickest route from Kyle to Workstation 184 and all drops in between.

While I’m not thinking, that doesn’t mean I’m not feeling; the cold zones of the spotty air conditioning coverage, the warmth of the sunlight through the windows on my bare skin, the sensation of my breasts bouncing as I go, well-worn carpet under my feet, the feeling of eyes on my backside as I rush pass. I feel all the joy, all the judgment. I’m not actively thinking but I am actively feeling everything.

A brisk trading morning means I don’t have to think about anything more than the job and how to get it done as soon as possible. A good run keeps me away from the copier for five minutes at a time, a rough one ten. The majority of the traders don’t have time for chit-chat or petty derision, not when there is money to be made. Most barely give me a glance as they take the order or confirmation from me, click ‘received’ on the desktop app, and go on with their work without paying me any more attention than absolutely necessary. I love that, indifference is acceptance, I’m just part of the process. It feels like the way things are supposed to work.

If half of the traders ignore me completely I’m having a great day.

Then there is the thirty percent or so that have to do something extra; a “thank you”, a nod or a wink, maybe a judgmental sigh or roll of the eyes, something that acknowledges my existence as something unusual. I hate that. Whether they are being polite or prudish, I would rather have a few extra seconds to complete the next run, or if you want me out of your space faster click ‘received’; that’s the best way to say either “thank you” or “f\*\*\* you” for a busy mailgirl. Trust me, we get the intended meaning.

But then there are the others, the minority that wants to remind you of your place in the pecking order with any chance they get. They act like somehow trying to do your job well is being uppity. They are the ones that keep me up at night, when my tired body just wants to rest but my unquiet mind won’t stop thinking about the jerks that simply had to hit me with an extra demerit or waste time out of spite.

“A. Schranz – Workstation 85 – Floor 10” was one of the latter. Shorter than me, maybe five-foot two and almost as broad as he was tall, balding, middle-aged, with a face twisted in contempt every time he looked at me. I don’t remember him when I was a trader, but he had apparently been around for years before I started. A career stuck is sales is one of extremes, feast or famine as traders live on sales commission. Mr. Schranz looks like he hasn’t missed many feasts, and I thought being a mailgirl was better than famine. You would figure we were kindred spirits, each doing their best to keep food on the table. But that’s not how it is. At worst I should be tolerated if not enjoyed, an attractive nude woman who comes running when called should be a kinky thrill to a thoroughly unattractive man like him. Instead he goes out of his way to laud his position over me, seemingly getting a charge out of keeping me down.

As I collected the next batch of trades from Kyle, six deliveries in total, I saw Mr. Schranz’s name pop up in the task window and suppressed a shudder. On his best day he was so busy he ignored me, on his worst I would hide in the bathroom and cry.

To make things a little worse, his workstation was near the exact middle of the trading floor. In a building whose footprint took up an entire city block, his workstation was neither convenient to end a run on or begin one, meaning I could not easily bank time before or make up any time after attending to his delivery.

I exhale, deciding to just bite the bullet and get Mr. Schranz out of the way first. I moved quickly up Main Street, feet pounding on the coarse carpeting, eyes down so I could not see who was taking in the fullest look. Mid-mornings are all crazy, after the initial rush of orders at market opening the phones and keyboards start to fade into a background din. Nothing stops but it all becomes part of the heartbeat of business, my feet move in time to the pulse.

I make my way through the maze of cubicles and arrive just outside Workstation 85. Mr. Schranz is on the phone, energetically talking with whoever is on the other end, most likely the client. I take an extra second to make myself as presentable as possible, feet planted more than shoulder width apart, chest out, belly in, eyes down, as textbook a mailgirl as the example right out of the manual. The other trade confirmations behind my back, his the lone one in front. I wait patiently for a moment…

Two…

Ten…

I risk a little look at my MMU. The countdown clock persists. I’m staring at his bald spot, losing time as Mr. Schranz is yammering on the phone about Saturday’s UConn game.

I hold fast for another moment, finally venturing to speak. “I have a delivery for you sir.” I said as politely as possible and held out his confirmation.

He doesn’t turn. Instead he extends a finger in my direction, wordlessly telling me to hold on.

I don’t know what to do, I really don’t know. The Mailgirl’s Code prevents me from being disrespectful, but above that we are supposed to be prompt. I have five other deliveries and barely three minutes left to get them done. There is no way to keep everyone happy. I made the only logical choice.

Knowing that this would come back to bite me, I used the on-the-fly feature of the MMU to bump ‘A. Schranz’ to a later delivery. “I’ll return as quick as I can sir.” I said as I ran off, arms and legs pumping to make up some time.

I knew what was waiting for me when I got back, but I couldn’t waste the whole run on Mr. Schranz. If I stood there for the next 3 minutes I would get 6 demerits for not making any of my deliveries on time, by jumping him in the order I might save 3 or 4. Either way I am screwed. This might hurt more now but cost me less in the long run. At least that’s what I hope would happen.

Once you get off Main Street the cubicles are arranged in a confusing labyrinth organized in such a way that traders specializing in certain financial instruments are grouped near each other. Tech stocks, real estate investment trusts, perishable commodities, it is all laid out in a patchwork system that is completely indecipherable if you did not know where you were going. That was one of the perks of having a mailgirl who used to trade on this floor, I mostly knew what went where without having to look it up.

None of that meant I had more time than was allotted on the clock. I scramble, cutting it so close on the corners I actually got rugburn from grazing the partition wall with my right hip. Mailgirls can’t run flat out, not like an Olympic sprinter or anything like that. We are mostly carrying something and it was never a straight path, not to mention the office pedestrians that would obliviously get in your path. I could not run flat out but I could move my ass at a pretty good clip if I had too. This was one of those times.

I delivered to “R. Saladin – Workstation 123” in 22 seconds, “G. Donahue – Workstation 108” in 18 seconds, and “H. Curtis – Workstation 96” in just under 28. All of them were great as far as I was concerned, barely more than a smile or a leer before releasing me to the next stage of my run. Getting that done in a little over a minute helped.

But now I had to double back, the other two deliveries were on the far side of Main Street, and the fastest way was right past Mr. Schranz’s desk. Wonderful.

On the return run I resolved to decide on the fly, if Schranz was still on the phone I could hustle past and triple back after the other deliveries, if not I would deliver his and take my tongue-lashing now. In a way it was up to him. It wasn’t a good plan but it was the best I had.

Slowing as I approached, I listened for his gravely voice from a few cubes away. He was still on the phone, loudly laughing with the unknown party on the other end. I dropped to a trot and then a walk as I came to a stop behind him.

He turned his eyes to me as he sneered into the phone. “The bitches in this office; Impatient, rude, and lazy. You wonder what they are teaching kids in school today? That they are ‘unique little snowflakes’, ‘everybody’s special’, what bullshit. Where are all my tax dollars going, right?”

He laughed. Laughed while I stood there and the clock counted down and talked about me to his friend on the phone.

I did the only thing I could, stood with my feet wide apart, back straight, chest out, belly in, eyes down and with his confirmation extended in my right hand, others concealed behind my back.

Mr. Schranz stared at me as he spoke into the phone. “We got this one girl in my office over here, she really thinks she is hot shit, like she was hired for her brains or something. She struts around here with everything hanging out for everyone to see, thinks she owns the place. Wouldn’t know a winning stock from chicken stock. Total moron. I doubt she’ll be working here this time next month. I only hope whoever hired her is pounding her on the regular, it’s the best use of her talents you know, boost company morale.” Mr. Schranz laughed a gravely, obnoxious, perverted laugh. He couldn’t stop staring at me in sick glee, laughing with his buddy on the phone like they were two chums in a locker room or something.

I couldn’t take that and shouldn’t have to. “I have other deliveries sir. I’ll return as quick as I can.” I said as I bumped him down the delivery list on my MMU. I caught the look on his face with the briefest glimpse, Mr. Schranz was gawking in flabbergasted shock as my naked booty disappeared around the corner.

Once free of his sight I broke into a run. All I can do now is move, the damage had already been done.

Maybe I could have gotten away with little more than what was said already, but I just couldn’t stand there and take it, not with deliveries left to do.

I ran across Main Street, into the cubes beyond, arms and legs pumping to make up for lost time, narrowly dodging around the file cabinet drawer that someone left open at ankle height.

I suppose fear is a good motivator as I delivered to “D. Shafkey – Workstation 61” with just under a minute to spare, rolled back up the side alley to “H. Carringer – Workstation 66” only nineteen seconds after that.

“Maddie,” came a voice I’d forgotten from the lady at Workstation 66, “is everything okay? You look terrified.”

It was Cindi Carringer, the only friend I had made in the whole eighteen months I was a trader at Columbia Mutual. She was born well off with a nice body and a pretty face, a Wharton grad with everything going for her. And I mean everything. All the things I had to scrimp, save, and strive for in life she was just handed. I thought I would hate her guts once I was assigned the workstation next to hers, but she won me over with her personality. Cindi did work hard, she was grateful for the advantages she had, and she was not in the least bit full of herself. That was part of the reason I barely recognized that I was delivering to Cindi’s workstation. Her first name was “Hyacinth” but she preferred to go by the much more common sounding “Cindi”.

And now she looked up at me with her bright blue eyes under the yellow bangs with nothing but concern on her face.

“I’m…” I’m freezing up. I’m not scared, not of judgment from Cindi. In fact when I blew my sales goal last quarter she was the only person I told about the mailgirl job offer. We laughed about it, did a whole ‘imagine if’ scenario, but when reality crept in she was the only one who encouraged me to go for it. And to her credit she had never judged me for it either. This wasn’t my first delivery to her. She had always been pleasant and tried not to stare or anything to afford me a modicum of modesty.

My stupor was snapped as my MMU buzzed. That shouldn’t happen, I still had a little time. It could not be a late delivery penalty.

Indeed it wasn’t. 00:22 seconds were left on the countdown clock. The MMU perked up and said, “1 Demerit Issued – Conduct Violation (Designation).”

Cindi had called me by my name and not my mailgirl number. I did not correct her. Someone must have overheard. Giving a quick look around the area I didn’t see anyone paying attention, everyone adjacent seemed to be doing their jobs.

Then I felt eyes on my back and looked over my shoulder. Like an evil prairie dog I could see the top of Carol Nelson’s face as she eased back into her chair, glaring at me over her glasses like the fat, angry librarian she was at heart. The edges of a smile where visible in her crows feet around her eyes, before she dropped out of sight.

How she heard the exchange over all the phones and keyboards I could not know, she was a whole bank of cubicles away. This day was going from bad to worse.

“Maddie?” Cindi whispered. “Are you alright? You’re trembling.”

I was shaking like a leaf, broke out in a full body sweat. My heart was racing. Maybe it was out of fear at first, but now it had morphed into anger. I was trembling with rage, a completely unfamiliar feeling for me. All I knew how to do was work through it. I stood straight up, feet apart, tits puffed out almost as far as I held out Cindi’s trade confirmation.

“I’m sorry ma’am, everything is fine. And as I am on duty please refer to me as “Mailgirl 10”, “Number 10”, or simply “Ten”; whichever you prefer.”

Cindi gave me a cross look. She knew I was lying. I knew that she knew I was lying. But she also knew enough not to push me for answers right now. I was better off a robot than an enraged nudist.

“Well,” Cindi started as she took the offered confirmation, “I’m sorry to throw you off your game Mailgirl Number 10. If you could relay a message to Ms. Madalaine Aubrey please let her know that I am available to get drinks tonight if she wants to blow off some steam, or she can give me a phone call if she just wants to talk. Is that permissible, Mailgirl Number Ten?”

“Very well ma’am.”

She smiled. I smiled. Cindi clicked ‘Received’ on the desktop app with a second to spare.

The face of my MMU turned red, buzzed, and displayed a clock clicking up. “1 Demerit Issued – Late Delivery (00:00-00:05).” Only one delivery left. Cindi clicked just in time or I would have a second demerit.

I didn’t have time to waste. The clock was always ticking. Mr. Schranz was waiting. I gave my secret friend a thankful nod before running off.

By the time I got back to Workstation 85 my MMU had buzzed a second penalty; “1 Demerit Issued – Late Delivery (00:06-00:15).” I was halfway to the next level before I stood at the entrance of Mr. Schranz’s cubicle for the third time; feet apart, chest out, tummy tucked, eyes down, his confirmation extended out in my palm.

“I have a delivery for you sir.” I said trying to hide the dread in my voice.

Mr. Schranz snatched it out of my hand and slapped it onto his desk. “It’s about time, don’t you think Number Ten?”

“Sir?”

“Don’t you think it’s about time I got the trade confirmation you were supposed to drop off three minutes ago?” His voice dripped with malice and sarcasm. I knew better than to argue. This would not be a dialog. “What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue?”

My MMU buzzed as the countdown clock on his desktop app blinked red and continued relentlessly upwards. “1 Demerit Issued – Late Delivery (00:16-00:45)”.

“Listen Mailgirl, I will take shit from customers, I will take shit from management, I will take shit from my ex-wives and all my ungrateful kids, but I do not have to take a single ounce of crap from you!” Mr. Schranz got up abruptly, so quick I flinched like he was going to hit me. “Of all the things I do for this company, of all the sales that I bring in, they can’t get competent help to deliver a confirmation from the photocopier to my desk in less than three minutes.”

I wanted to argue that I was there and waiting twice already, but any lip would just anger the little troll-man more. Instead I lowered my eyes as much as I could, chin down to my chest, eyes staring at the tops of my breasts, but with my slightly above average height and his short stature Mr. Schranz was right in my face, backing me up until my butt hit the scratchy fabric of the cubical wall across the way.

“I was on the phone with an important client, the client who just gave us another $12,000 to invest. I’m sorry if generating investment capital is inconvenient for your naked-prance-about duties. How fucking inconvenient that you have to wait twenty seconds while I say a nice goodbye to the guy who just gave us 12k.”

I tried to back away, but he advanced for every inch I gave. He just kept pushing and I kept giving, the harsh fabric of the partition liner scraping my ass checks like a Brillo pad.

“Seriously, what is wrong with you?” He stuck a finger in my face as I continued to back away. “Are you jealous? Is that it. You couldn’t hack it as a trader and so you have to take it out on successful ones?”

“No sir.” I said as I was backed off the last link of the cubicle wall, now slowly retreating across Main Street. “I didn’t mean to offend you. I’m just tying to do my job.”

“Shut it!” He yelled loud enough for work around us to stop. “You don’t think I remember you when you started here, the hot young honey that had the world in her hands. You used to strut around then just like you do now, like you own the place. Well you don’t! And you won’t, ever!”

He was furious, off his rocker more with every word. I didn’t fight back, couldn’t in fact. Not with so many pairs of eyes watching us. I couldn’t defend myself or run away. All I could do was take it.

I dropped to my knees, resting on my haunches as was permitted by the manual and made sure my legs were far enough apart for regulation. Back straight, chest out, my hands on my thighs as the little troll-man continued to berate me.

“You got the gall to think you’re better than us, better than me, but look at you; I have daughters your age! And here you are setting back the women’s rights movement to the Roman Empire? Please.

“The difference between you an me is more than age and gender. It’s more than clothes, Missy. I produce. I get results. I’ve been making my sales every quarter for ten years; and ten more years at National Fidelity before that. I produce revenue.

“You, you just take. You bounce around here for a year and barely make your quota. Then the second year, when things get tough, you fail. No mommy or daddy or boyfriend to bail you out. Left all alone in big, bad reality and you failed. But it’s only one quarter, you got a whole financial quarter grace period, you can make it up… until you failed that too.”

He was ranting, raging, getting personal. He wanted tears. He wanted a big ugly cry in front of all these people, to break me down and prove how much in control he was. But fuck that. I didn’t have to. Yes I have to sit here and take it, and I will, but nothing in my contract or the Mailgirl Code says I have to cry for anyone’s amusement.

“So here we are,” he continued, “me and you. Producer and parasite. The maker and the taker. That is the difference, that is the real difference. When the going got tough I passed. I keep passing. I’ve proved my worth. But you, you fail. You’re a loser. You’ve lost your position and your pride and all that you’re qualified for now is what? Stripping? Pizza delivery?”

He got right down next to me, right in my face. I could smell the rank-ass coffee on his breath. My body involuntarily quivered in disgust at the thought he might actually touch me. I braced for his tirade but instead when he spoke he was menacingly quiet, “I guess you found the best of both worlds, didn’t you? You get to run around here and show everyone the goods, your minimally difficult job enabled because employees like me get big money through the door.

“Is that how it is?” He smiled like he had a brilliant idea. “It is, isn’t it? You like showing off your goodies. You get a real kick out of it. You’re a real exhibitionist, or nudist, or pervert or whatever. You LOVE this job…” He said the last with a disgusting flick of his tongue.

“…but if somebody doesn’t give you the attention, if someone is more focused on their job than staring at your big round tits and your big round ass, well that must really piss you off!”

God my heart was racing. I felt like crying but refused to give him the pleasure. He was exactly wrong. I know I’m the opposite of what he’s describing but he’s whispering loud enough that thirty people must be staring at me right now. I wish I could just fade into the floor and disappear, but the relentless troll-man had to down-dress me in middle of the whole tenth floor.

“That’s it isn’t it. Admit it. You want everyone staring at your body all the time; And when I ignored you to make my customer happy you just had to run off with my confirmation, trot around like a trollop and make me wait to finish the trade. You wouldn’t let me do my job, get the commission I earned! Not without giving you the attention you think you deserve!”

His words dripped with venom. “You you have all the attention now. It’s the Mailgirl Ten show! Everyone can see you.” He pointed left and right but I didn’t follow his finger, I didn’t need to look to know people were staring, “Does that make you happy? Do you have enough attention now?”

I could feel the eyes of every head above every cubical burning into my bare skin, my lip quivered. I had to put an end to this if no one else would. That was the only reason I said what I said…

“…Yes sir.”

“What was that?” He mimed to speak up, “Are you happy now?”

“Yes sir,” I said from my place on the floor, “Yes I am happy now.”

“Well good.” He stood up to tower over me, confused and befuddled to have won so easily. “Then let the rest of us do our jobs.”

Finished with his grandstanding, Mr. Schranz strut back to his cubicle. I sat there on my haunches, waiting for the next shoe to drop. Everyone else slowly went back to doing their jobs, the show was over and now it was just the naked girl on the floor.

I chocked back the tears and rage and tried to stand. My MMU buzzed again as Mr. Schranz finally hit ‘received’. The whole escapade had net me 5 demerits. I had actually saved one.

I pulled the tie out of my hair, shook it out and pulled my wavy hair back into a pony tail. My MMU buzzed again and I looked at the face: “1 Demerit Issued – Positional Violation”.

I looked first towards Carol Nelson’s cubicle, then Mr. Schranz’s, neither were paying me any attention. It wasn’t worth looking for the culprit, not now. I had to move.

That is life as a Mailgirl, take it and keep moving.

**A Day in the Life of a Mailgirl (Chapter 3)**

It’s been forty minutes since Mr. Schranz down-dressed me in front of the whole tenth floor. I was embarrassed to the point of tears, somehow driven to my knees, but I didn’t cry. Even if it was just out of spite. I didn’t want to give the little troll-man the satisfaction. I was already naked and humiliated, that should be enough for anyone.

‘Down-dressed’, what an awful term for someone in my position.

I tried to move on with my day, bury myself in my duties, but I could not forget how that moment felt. Blinking back tears, body trembling, lip quivering, skin hot and red from so many eyes watching; I was having trouble coming back from it. The situation had ended but the emotions were raw inside me. My cheeks still flush from embarrassment, palms sweaty, nipples hard, lip quivering; I managed to push the nervousness deep down into my gut, below my belly-button where it intermittently flip-flopped between a sensation like a swarm of butterflies ticking everything between my hips and a little twinge happening even lower than that which I was not comfortable with. I could hide most of the effects behind my best poker-face but my body was betraying me. Sweat collected at my brow, under my arms, and to my embarrassment, between my thighs. I had to do something to release this nervous energy.

So I ran. Every delivery for the rest of the morning, no matter what the priority was, I ran it from one place to the next as fast as I could. I turned the morning from a marathon into a series of wind-sprints. Within fifteen minutes my body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, no one would ask why my skin was red or why I was panting. So long as I kept running I didn’t have to explain anything to anyone.

Except for maybe my nipples. They were so erect and sensitive, I could actually feel the wind as I ran, the chill from the air vents and the bounce in my stride. My nips felt hard enough to cut glass. They turned from their normally pleasant pink to an angry crimson. My poor little nipples were so overstimulated I was in as much pain as I was pleasure. I just wanted my body to return to normal but the butterflies in my stomach and the hardness of my nips prevented that from happening.

But I was really moving now and I didn’t have to explain anything. I kept pushing. My blood was up, I was getting more and more scared of someone noticing just how much sweat I had between my legs. I pushed even harder, hoping to drench out any scent other than sweat. I had to keep pushing. Slowing down was not an option.

Delivery after delivery I got it done. I had just completed the last delivery on a run and my MMU buzzed to life:  
“CONGRATULATIONS!!! Efficiency Bonus Earned! 1 demerit removed for every 60 seconds saved! Keep up the good work!”

I was so engrossed with staying in motion that I had not paid attention to my efficiency scores. I had plus 11 or 12 seconds before that disastrous run this morning. I was keeping myself so busy I’d lost track of how many positive runs I was completing. In barely forty five minutes had beaten the clock enough to get a demerit removed! If I kept this up I could really mitigate the damage Mr. Schranz had done to my score this morning.

I was starting to feel good about myself. I was still embarrassed about what my body was doing, but that was okay I guess. Everyone got excited sometimes. I was putting in a lot of effort but there was a joy in running naked. I was free. I could run free between these cubicles while everyone else was chained to their computers and phones. So what if I was naked? I was gorgeous and young, free to move around unhindered by clothes and the constant pressure of sales goals. I was not in such a bad place. Maybe this was going to turn out to be a good day after all.

It was 11:45 when I returned to base. I punched my security code into the copier and saw twenty confirmations in the queue to print. I had a moment to take a knee and plot out the best route, so I took a step toward my mat when it hit me. The exhaust from the activating copier caressed my body in a most unexpected way, a full body thermal massage that sent pleasurable impulses up and down my spine. I swooned. The metallic scent of toner invaded my senses and my knees went weak. I had to grab on to the side of the photocopier for support. My body was so erotically charged it nearly released an orgasm right here on the north wall of the tenth floor.

“Don’t tease me Kyle,” I gasped under my breath as I got hold of myself.

“Are you okay?” Came a new voice from behind me.

I turned to see Cindi Carringer in her expensive business suit with a paper coffee cup in her slightly trembling hand. I felt a new pang of embarrassment as my only female friend in the company was obviously not expecting to seeing a stark raving naked Mailgirl almost brought to climax by the office equipment.

“Never better ma’am.” I said. “Is there something I can help you with?”

“No Maddie- I mean Mailgirl Ten,” Cindi stepped a little closer. She lowered her voice to a whisper. “Are you okay? Are you on drugs or something?”

“No ma’am.” I said as I tried to straighten up and simultaneously wipe the sultry smirk from my face. “I’m just a little overheated from the work.”

“Bullshit,” she whispered, the paper cup no longer trembling in her hand. “What happened to you this morning was borderline abuse.”

“That’s okay ma’am. Mr. Schranz was just blowing off steam.”

Her sweet little face twisted in something close to contempt. “Don’t defend him. What he did was wrong.”

Oh God no. Don’t be a crusader Cindi. My friend could be the type of woman full of idealism and political correctness, willing to fight for the oppressed without forethought to how it could screw up their life. I know Cindi was wealthy but she wasn’t the type of privileged person who had never made a hard choice in her life. Please think, girl! Respect my decision. The last thing I needed was a Social Justice Warrior kicking the beehive at Columbia Mutual.

“Yes ma’am,” I agreed with her and lowered my own voice, “Mr. Schranz was wrong. But what you didn’t see was I chose to skip him in line. I knew that would piss him off but it was the best way to keep everyone else happy. I chose to get one person mad at me rather than the rest of the floor angry, yourself included.”

“And that somehow excuses how he treated you?”

“No it doesn’t. He’s a pig and that was why I chose him. He just let every other woman on this floor know what a pig he is. His odds of getting laid ever again just dropped exponentially.”

She chuckled a little. “Still someone should report him to HR?”

I couldn’t disagree. “Maybe so, but I don’t have to be the one to do it. I’ll dispute some of the demerits I got for lateness with the floor manager as the trade order was delivered but he just refused to receive it. Mr. Steckler will talk to human resources and they will take the appropriate measures.”

“You have a lot of faith in the system.” Cindi was acting a little funny. For this whole conversation she was looking at my eyes a little too long before alternating to stare at my bare feet. I quickly came to realize that my friend might be interested in more than striking a blow against misogyny in the workplace.

“I’m a Mailgirl now. I am part of the system. I do everything I can to make the system work as efficiently a possible.” I looked at the batch of confirmations Kyle had finished printing with a little sarcasm. She smiled. I smiled. No one else in this section had noticed our conversation yet, they were all working the phones pretty hard before the noontime lull, but that would not last forever.

I turned my back and bent over to pick up the batch, taking an extra second to make sure the pages were all piled straight. I knew she was looking. That’s okay. Guy or girl, businessman or businesswoman, even friend or foe, all employees should enjoy a Mailgirl in uniform; it was in the manual.

I turned back to say goodbye. Cindi’s eyes rose up to meet mine slowly but never quite made it. Her bright blue eyes followed a bead of sweat as it dripped from my brow, ran down my cheek, the expanse of my neck, over the number ‘10’ temporary tattoo on my breast and curved inside my cleavage where it joined with other rivulets to run over the bumps of my abdominals and mix with the moisture at my cleft of my sex. The paper cup was trembling slightly in her hand.

“I know you have to get back to work,” Cindi said absent-mindedly, “it’s just that sometimes I can’t believe it’s really you running around here like this.”

I shrugged. “It’s really me, Mailgirl Number Ten, in the flesh.” I looked at my MMU and saw I had already lost 20 seconds on this run and could not waste any more time.

“Go.” She waived me off.

I gave her a glad smile over my shoulder as I ran up Main Street. I had to haul ass all the way to the southwest corner of the floor. I have no idea how long she stared at my backside but that was okay. I had to remind myself to reassure her next time I saw her, that it was okay to stare at me. I was required to be on display, it was what I agreed to when I signed the contract. It was good for her to stare, she should enjoy my body. That is what I am here for. The only thing I had to be embarrassed about was how turned on I still was. I hoped that would have subsided during my brief conversation with Cindi but instead I was turned on again.

I ran up to Workstation 179 with my breasts almost painfully bouncing all the way, handed them their order confirmation and moved on to the next stage of the run. I could not slow now for love or money, I was behind and had to make up the time. If I was still this horny at 12:30 I would do something to take care of it at lunch. I doubt I could finish the rest of the day at this pace.