**A Very Merry Mailgirls XMas Ch. 03**

by[lizstanton8181](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3505244&page=submissions)©

"You can undress here. He's waiting for you."

It was the morning of the 26th. Catherine Ryan was on a flight back to SFO. Sarah and Sophie Scott had returned to their normal routines in Jersey City as Park Place Mailgirls One and Two. Ben O'Neill was likely getting ready for his own return to work in LA. And Erin Ryan O'Neill had been shipped, in a dog carrier, to USF Plaza in the heart of the Financial District.

Unlike the Plaza mailgirls who'd been packed up and returned to their usual haunts in downtown Manhattan, though, Erin had been allowed to get dressed. Was it more humiliating to crawl out of her crate wearing her boots, her blouse, and her skirt? Or less? It should have been the latter, but Erin felt more the former. She was alone in her clothes - special, unique, different. She alone had been allowed to cover her shame, and she felt ashamed for it. She'd been herded into her box the same as Plaza Seven, Plaza Ten, Plaza Seventeen, Plaza Eighteen, and Plaza Twenty-One. But only Erin was fully dressed, wearing the same outfit she'd worn into the Park Place lobby on Christmas Eve.

Most of it, at least. "Fully dressed," in this instance, meant she had arrived at the Plaza devoid of her panties and bra. Her underthings had been "donated" to the cause, pilfered from her luggage and en route to some unknown USF executive as a belated Christmas gift, or as a prize for meeting some sort of year-end sales goal. Or something like that. Honestly, she felt like she missed her bra more than her underwear; her tits jiggled as she walked, as she climbed from her crate, as she was bumped and bounced in the back of the delivery truck. Her skirt had, admittedly, become little more than a belt on the ride over, bunched up around her waist with her sex exposed and her legs spread. There'd been simply nothing to be have done about that fact, given that she'd been crammed into such a confined space with Plaza Eighteen - their legs and arms tangled, their bodies pressed up against one another, and the naked brunette's hot breath on her neck.

Only three dog carriers had come over to Park Place on Christmas Eve, and only three were available to transport the six girls back. Plaza Seven and Plaza Ten had ridden together in one carrier, and Plaza Twenty-One had joined Plaza Seventeen in another. Plaza Eighteen had volunteered to ride with Visitor D, with a smile and a grimace. She had climbed in and on top of her clothed traveling companion as Erin had awkwardly tried to accommodate another fully-grown girl in a space designed for a single large-breed dog. They'd made small talk, but had avoided the topic most pressing on Erin's mind.

Erin was to become a USF mailgirl. Mistress Rei and Will Barrow were going to help her make her Christmas wish come true.

Erin was allowed to use the restroom when she had arrived, and she'd taken the opportunity to do so. In limbo between being a mailgirl and not being a mailgirl, she'd been unsure of what was expected of her. She didn't have a chaperone down in the ladies' room just off the loading dock, but she'd left the stall door open all the same; she didn't want to come into this with a full slate of demerits so early on. But, though she'd relieved herself before heading up to the 18th Floor, she felt she could pee again. Nerves.

Erin had passed through the "Hall of Panties" that led to Human Capital, greeted by thongs and bikinis and g-strings of the mailgirls who'd come before her. She was greeted by a young secretary outside of Will Barrow's office. The girl was still in her early twenties, and was dressed in a professional-if-tight-fitting outfit. She was friendly enough, and had met Erin with a smile. But that friendliness was coupled with a casual approach to Erin's debasement; Erin was to undress here, in front of her, before she'd be allowed in to meet with Barrow.

"I haven't..." Erin objected, stumbling over her own words. "That is...I'm not a mailgirl. Not officially. Not yet. I'm not sure I even... I mean, I'm not sure that this is really, really right for me. I was just hoping to talk it through first. Informational-like."

The secretary's only response was to shake her head, repeat the instruction, and look upon Erin with a mixture of sympathy and annoyance. How could anyone be this naïve? If Erin was to get past her, if Erin was to meet with her boss, if Erin was to discuss whether or not she'd become USF's next new mailgirl, she'd need to do so in the altogether.

And so Erin did as she was told.

She glanced nervously over her shoulder, and saw that one of Barrow's analysts had poked his head of his office. He called out to the office across the hall, and was joined by a second gentleman who laughed, made an inaudible joke, and shot Erin a lecherous grin.

Erin put them both out of her mind, bent at the waist, and removed her boots. She left them on the floor, and then went for her ring. Bracelet. Earrings. Necklace. All were deposited in a neat little pile on the corner of the secretary's desk. Noticeably absent were Erin's engagement ring and her wedding band. She'd felt naked without them since leaving home - more so, even, than when she'd actually gotten naked in the Park Place lobby. She hadn't wanted to risk losing them on this trip. But perhaps more to the point, she hadn't wanted the constant reminder of what she was doing to her husband Ben. Not that this tactic had worked, entirely; their absence was reminder enough.

She fumbled at the buttons of her blouse, one after another, untucking it from her flouncy A-line skirt as she reached the bottom. When she was through, she slid the sleeves down her arms, and bunched the fabric into messy pile - not quite folded up neatly, but neat enough for the moment. Her bare back was to the two men down the hall, but the secretary in front of her was given the full show. The younger woman gave Erin's tits a half-interested once-over. Given where she worked and for whom she worked, she'd clearly seen her fair share of naked breasts.

Erin was directed to leave the blouse on the floor, beside her shoes. Sensing that the secretary didn't want any of Erin's things on her desk, she scooped up her jewelry, as well, and deposited it all into one of the boots. She bent over to place her shirt down on the carpet, self-conscious about the way her breasts dangled beneath her. And then, reluctantly, she hooked her thumbs into the waist of her skirt, and slipped her last remaining item of clothing down her thighs.

Once the skirt had joined her blouse in a stack on the floor, Erin stood before the secretary unsure of what to do next. She resisted the instinct to cover her body with her hands, and opted for the "Feet" position - legs spread shoulder-width apart, shoulders back and tits out, head down, and hands behind her back.

Barrow's secretary wasn't satisfied, however. "Toes," she ordered. Inspection position.

Erin groaned internally, offered a perfunctory, "Yes, ma'am," and did as instructed. She rose to her tip-toes, locked her fingers behind the back of her head, and stared blankly off into the distance. Behind her, one of Barrow's analysts snickered.

The secretary didn't rise from where she was seated, choosing instead to conduct the inspection from her desk. No sniff-test. No stubble-check. Nothing so up close and personal. Instead, she clucked a "Tisk-tisk," and directed her attention to the school of little fish tattooed upon Erin's hip.

"He's not going to like that," the secretary opined. "That's not going work here at the Plaza. That's for sure."

"Yes, ma'am," was all Erin offered in response. Her heart fluttered as she sensed an out. USF mailgirls were forbidden from having tattoos. Maybe, after all this humiliation was through, she'd be sent packing after all. Maybe she'd be able to exploit this loophole, and return home to LA, to her life, to her husband.

"Maybe it'll be fine for Park Place," the other girl went on. "Or, I know we're expanding elsewhere..."

Satisfied, however, that Erin passed muster, the secretary let the girl back down off her toes. She picked up the phone, enjoyed a brief exchange with Barrow on the end of the line, and then nodded to Erin. "You can go in."

Erin had seen pictures of Will Barrow posted on Mailgirls Exposed and the Post Office. In fact, she'd even streamed a panel he'd been a part of with various representatives of the big Whitestocking and Blackstocking groups, debating the merits of the mailgirls concept and its future in the US. He'd been younger than she had expected - just maybe forty - and more handsome, put-together, and professional. He wasn't the creepy, slovenly pervert he might have been, a misogynistic "incel" taking out his frustrations with women upon the gorgeous mailgirls who might have spurned his advances previously. He was tall. He was smart. He was smooth. There was little doubt that Barrow could have landed any girl he wanted, even the most gorgeous of the high-end mailgirls he now held in his employ.

Will Barrow owned Erin the moment she stepped into his office.

He sized her up as she approached his desk. His eyes lingered longer than his secretary's had, but with a distance that bordered on that same casual disinterest. He'd done this before. He'd had naked girls in his office before. Any sexual excitement in the room belonged to Erin and Erin alone.

"Feet," he ordered, gesturing to a spot in front of his desk.

"Yes, sir," Erin chirped back. She wasn't a mailgirl. Not yet. But she was already acting the part, all the same.

"'Mister Barrow,'" he corrected her.

"Yes, Mister Barrow."

He paused, thinking it over, and then shook his head. "Let's try, 'Yes, Master,' on for size."

Erin swallowed. "Yes...yes, master."

"Better. I like it. It suits you."

"Yes, master."

He had two manila envelopes on his desk, both labeled, "Ryan, Erin." Not "O'Neill, Erin." Her visitor's agreement - Erin wasn't sure if it was the one she'd sent in earlier, or the one she'd signed in the Park Place lobby - was with them. He met her eyes, and she submissively looked to the floor.

"Let's get this nastiness out of way first," Barrow purred. He held up the 11-page visitor's agreement. "I'm sure you may have suspected this, but Legal did amend the agreement you'd sent back to us initially, and provided those updates for you to sign on Christmas Eve. You've been provided with an electronic copy, for your records; my assistant sent it to your personal e-mail this morning. It allows US Financial the option of exercising a full mailgirls contract, using your signature on the agreement here. Mostly standard issue. Two years. Rules. Restrictions. Regulations. Power of Attorney. Et cetera, et cetera."

They'd fucked her. She'd known they would fuck her. And she'd signed the agreement at the security desk all the same.

Barrow held up the first manila envelope. "In here? The upside. We're tripling the salary you're currently pulling down as a teacher. As even that still felt a little low, we padded your signing bonus, upped our standard completion bonus, and built in a few kickers for special assignments, good performance, and the like. Upon completion, both sides have rights to re-up the contract for another two years. After that, we'll review, and take it year-by-year, so long as you're still interested in staying with us, and we're still interested in retaining you as a mailgirl. We can offer you a full-fledged, salaried position after your time as a mailgirl has run its course. I'm not sure what, just yet, or what you might be qualified to do here at USF with your clothes on. Marketing, maybe? Communications? Maybe something in Human Capital with me?"

He picked up the second envelope. "We do, as you'd expect, have you by the short and curlies." He glanced at her pussy. "Metaphorically speaking. We've got enough footage over the last few days that we can make it very, very difficult for you to return to your old job and your old life. Legal's working today, through a third party, to acquire the rights to your mortgage, your car loan, your husband's car loan, credit card debt. All above-board, I assure you. Should you decline to come on board, these will all come due immediately, with fairly onerous interest rates that will balloon up exponentially."

Erin wanted to cry.

"Yes, master," was all she offered in response.

"Your marriage license will be rendered null and void," he went on. "Regardless of whether you stay with us or not. There's some legal maneuvering there that I'm not sure you'd understand. But we've got a good roster of in-house attorneys, as well as some of best outside law firms money can buy; Young & Unglaub, in particular, has made some pretty heady strides in the world of mailgirl contracts over the last few months.

"In fact," he said, glancing at his watch, "I think you've been single now for about a half hour or so."

"I'll wait for you," Ben had told her.

"I'm not sure how your husband is going to take the news," Barrow continued. "But I think this grants you the freedom to perform your mailgirl duties unencumbered and unburdened by any sort of residual guilt."

Erin said nothing. She wanted to scream. She wanted to wail. She wanted to cry for help. But, as Barrow had so eloquently put it, he had her by the "short and curlies." The same "short and curlies" that she'd left behind in Los Angeles.

"You look tense," Barrow observed, more sympathetic than malicious. Concerned, even. "This is what you wanted, isn't it? This is why you came?"

She'd wanted to experience the life of a mailgirl. She'd wanted the whole "mailgirl experience." This was part of the fantasy. Captured. Enslaved. Toyed with and fucked over. Humiliated. Degraded. Owned.

"Yes, master," she allowed. It wasn't Erin O'Neill speaking anymore. It was Visitor D. Number Whatever. A whore. A sexual plaything. A mailgirl.

"I suspect I know what might help. What might ease a little of that tension." He jutted his chin towards the floor. "Why don't you give yourself a quick little finger fuck? Get it all out. You'll be able to think more clearly afterwards, and come to grips with all of this."

He wanted her to masturbate on his office floor, to perform for him like the slut she was. And, God help her, she wanted it.

She wanted it badly.

She wanted it so badly.

She wanted it so badly that she had no choice in the matter.

"Yes, master," she mewed. She looked to the floor, and then nervously back in Barrow's direction. She wanted further direction.

"You can do it on your back," he allowed, "if that's better for you."

She nodded, and lowered herself to the floor. Barrow's office was carpeted with the same thin, scratchy carpet as Heidi Pomeranz's cubicle. She rolled onto her back, spread her legs open in the direction of her new master, and reached for her pussy. She was wet. Drenched. Hot and moist, ready to go. Her clit stood at attention, betraying her, and begging her to touch it.

She gasped. Lightning shot through her body. Sexual energy overtook her. If Erin had any objections to what had just happened to her, the mailgirl inside of her had none.

Still, she was tentative. This was uncharted territory for her - performing for an audience. She'd begun sneaking in the occasional session of self-pleasure in bed with Ben over the last couple of months, slipping under the covers after a night on Mailgirls Exposed and coming to bed horny as hell. He was a sound sleeper, and she'd been slow and careful not to wake him. But he'd never been awake when she'd diddled herself beside him. He'd never watched. Certainly, he'd never watched in the full light of day, in the middle of a downtown New York office building, while fluorescent lights beamed down upon her with their unforgiving light.

"You're not the first girl who needed this," Barrow assured her, sensing the hesitation. "You're all built the same. It's there, just below the surface. That dirty slut. That bad girl. Desperate cunts, all of you. Just begging, begging for a master. Just needing the gentlest of pushes to let the whore out to play."

The hesitation was gone. Erin began rubbing now, faster and faster, with more force and increasing abandon. "Jesus," she sighed. "Jesus..."

"In fact," he said, standing and rounding the desk, "Beg me. Beg me to help."

"I'll wait for you," Ben had told her.

"Please," Erin conceded softly. "Please, master. Please help me."

Ben was a continent away. Ben was no longer her husband. She was no longer anyone's wife. To hear Barrow tell it, she'd been single now for the last thirty minutes. She was free. She was free in way she'd never known, to let the whore out to play, to be the mailgirl she was so desperate to be. She wanted Barrow on top of her, inside of her, and fucking her until she exploded around his cock. She wanted the analysts down the hall, two at a time, covering her with their cum. She wanted Barrow's secretary - sweaty, hungry, and naked - with her tongue probing Erin's insides. She wanted "Captain Buttplug" with his toys. She wanted the vicious bitch with her binder clips. She wanted Sarah Scott. And Sophie Scott. And their strap-on. She wanted her sisters - her stepsisters - jack-hammering away at her from either end with their toys.

"Please," she begged again. The desperation was real, and evident in her tone. "Please, master. Please, please, please..."

Barrow would do as she asked, but he wasn't ready to release his hold on the reins. "Up. Off the floor, slut." He undid his belt, and Erin heard his fly descend. As she got to her feet, she fixated on his crotch, wanting to see him pull his cock from his pants.

She'd be disappointed. He'd give her no show. His dick was meant to be felt, not seen. She was the naked slut. She was the one who was exposed. She was one who was bent over the desk, told to grasp the far side, and run through.

Handcuffs emerged. Erin wasn't sure where they'd come from, or when Barrow had produced them. In the fog of overwhelming and all-consuming lust, she'd been cuffed to the far side of his desk. She was bent over, on her toes, with her ass in the air. When he entered - sliding forcefully inside of her without a hint of resistance - she shrieked in pleasure. She was cumming already.

Barrow was big. Bigger than Ben, certainly. Bigger than any one of those dirty one-night stands in Tempe. He clutched her ass, squeezing it, and held the squirming mailgirl in place as he began to stroke in and out of her, back and forth, deeper and deeper. She'd orgasmed once already, but she could feel another building.

Barrow, for his part, wasn't in this for her. He was "helping her," sure. He was giving her what she wanted and needed and craved. But she was an object to him - nothing more than warm and welcoming pussy spread up against his desk.

That thought alone sent her cresting towards another climax. Her cunt spasmed and squeezed, gripping him with all its might, desperately trying to hold on to him as he slid back and forth, in and out. She wanted to milk him for all he was worth. She wanted receive everything he had to offer. She wanted him to cum inside of her. She wanted to be his fuck toy.

"Jesus!" she called out again. Barrow's secretary was now a participant, whether she liked it or not, playing audience to Erin's increasingly loud vocalizations from the far side of the office door. "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

"Jesus Christ!" Catherine Ryan yipped from beside her. "Jesus Christ!"

It may have been His birthday, but Erin doubted that Our Lord and Savior had anything to do with the orgasm Erin's stepmother was having in the shower beside her.

Erin's legs went to jelly, and it was all she could do to keep from collapsing beneath the cold water of the shower. She steadied herself against the mirror in front of her, and came back down. Her mind was swimming. The world around her was nothing more than background noise. The desperate eyes of her own reflection stared back at her.

"Jesus Christ!" Catherine Ryan called out once more, with a finality that signaled she, too, had cum. She, too, had gotten herself off in the mailgirls locker room at Park Place.

Barrow's office faded away, and the fantasy dissipated with it. It was still Christmas Day. She was still at Park Place. She was still nothing more than a visitor to this world.

Shame overtook her immediately. She was painfully aware that a locker room full of mailgirls had just witnessed her finger-fuck herself in the shower, that she'd cum at least twice, that she'd gotten herself off beside her father's second wife. Her sisters - her stepsisters - were undoubtedly somewhere nearby. Hidden cameras were rolling everywhere. Will Barrow would be watching.

Catherine, in the reflection, offered Erin a sheepish look. Thankfully, she said not a word. But her expression read that same complex cocktail of embarrassment and relief, and she met Erin with a look that seemed to be trying to play it all off as a joke. Like, "What are you going to do? Right?" A girl's got needs, after all.

The older woman had been in the shower before Erin had joined her, one showerhead over. And, though she hadn't been at work upon herself when Erin stepped under the cold water, it had been Catherine who'd made the first move. Erin had - initially at least - pretended it wasn't happening when her stepmother began to sigh beside her. Catherine was in her bubble, and Erin was in her own. Though they'd been separated only by inches, there'd been an imaginary divide that had gone up between them.

Only, that imaginary divide wasn't soundproof. When Catherine had begun to touch herself, Erin was well aware what was happening. The brunette had been abuzz with sexual energy, sure, but she'd been abuzz with sexual energy since before she'd even arrived at Park Place. Her nipples had been erect for so long that it was bordering on painful. Her pussy had been so wet that she'd begun wondering when it might begin to drip down the inside of her thighs. But Erin hadn't entered the shower with the intention of masturbating alongside her stepmother - only to take a quick rinse, cool down, and get clean. The dirtiness, though, of her father's wife touching herself had overtaken her, and the dirty slut hiding just below the surface had only needed that gentlest of pushes to come out.

The Will Barrow of her fantasy had been right.

Erin had been lost in that fantasy while living in this one. She'd wanted the mailgirl experience, and she was experiencing it full-on with full fanfare. In that moment, she understood how Sarah and Sophie could have happened, and how Mailgirl Number Five could have gone down on her own sister. The naughtiness of it all. The dirty, wanton slut who'd just gotten off next her stepmother had gotten off on the dirty, naughty, sluttiness of it all.

Whatever tomorrow held, whatever Mistress Rei and Will Barrow had in store for her, Erin O'Neill was a mailgirl through and through.

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"Christmas dinner," as it turned out, was mailgirl chow. And small group of the mailgirls had been responsible for pulling together a serviceable meal for the male guests that morning. But even the four girls receiving said male guests were to eat their allotted chow; the only difference from the rest of them was that they were given individual dog bowls, fetched from some supply closet, and instructed to place them on the floor at the feet of their male callers.

There was no Christmas goose or honey-baked ham for any of them, no turkey or sides. Last night's spread had been Mistress Rei's one allowance for the girls' Christmas break, and a good number of the girls lamented not having stuffed themselves further with real food before returning to the thick, disgusting grey gruel. Erin forced herself to eat, gobbling down a more than healthy serving; she was already tipsy from her coffee-with-cream that morning, and still a little hung over from the night before. She stuffed her face with her stepmother and stepsisters, and managed to find humor in the absurdity of this particular Christmas family get-together.

Phones would be made available up in the executive secretarial pool on the 6th Floor within a limited window that afternoon, and Erin did want to talk to Ben. She did and she didn't. She needed to, however. Patrick would be out of range, and wouldn't be hurt if he didn't hear from his wife or his daughter or his stepdaughters until some other point. Catherine, Sarah, and Sophie, as well as Plaza Seven, agreed to accompany Erin up the 6th Floor all the same, to wait for her to speak with her loving husband. After that, they'd head out into the building, unsure of what, exactly, they'd do with their spare time that afternoon. Erin admitted she wanted a nap. Catherine agreed. Sophie thought she knew a good spot. The fact that Sarah grabbed the strap-on, and carried it in one hand, told Erin that a "nap" wasn't all that she had in mind with her friends.

But before departing for the 6th Floor, Catherine insisted that she needed to meet Angela Giannini's husband. There was a morbid curiosity there, she admitted. But she'd also promised Visitor F she would. If Erin and the girls wanted to wait for her in the service corridor, while she strutted naked into the cafeteria - that was fine.

Erin had no interest in meeting Mailgirl Fourteen's father, of exposing herself in all her glory to him and the small handful of other men who'd come to visit their loved ones. Hiding in the service corridor, or even waiting in the locker room, was by far the preferable option. She knew she was being ridiculous, though; Mr. Giannini and the others could see right through the mirror glass on the other side. They'd likely witnessed Erin's little show with her stepmother. And so she, and the others, dutifully followed behind Catherine.

Erin wasn't sure what the relationship between Nineteen and her ex-boyfriend was - if it was a good one, if it was a bad one, if they'd only broken up a few weeks earlier when she'd become a mailgirl. She couldn't exactly read the look on Nineteen's face, as the girl had her backside to her, and she had said face in her dog-dish at her former beau's feet. The ex himself was good-looking but non-descript, early thirties and clean-cut. He seemed to be amused with Nineteen's new station in life, and enjoyed his lunch while leering at the other girls.

Thirteen's father, a Chinese gentleman in his fifties or sixties, was clearly having a harder time of it. He spoke in either Mandarin or Cantonese - Erin wasn't sure which - in a calm, soothing tone. He was reassuring Thirteen of something or another, but had an absent look upon his face. He wanted to be anywhere else, doing anything else. But he was here for her, all the same.

Four, meanwhile, had finished her meal, and was now standing in a mailgirl's standard "Feet" position before her brother. He was joking with her, talking with her, catching up with her. Erin caught a "mom" here or there. A "dad." He didn't let his eyes wander, and the exchange felt that much more awkward for it.

By contrast, whatever freak show was playing out with the Gianninis was almost preferable. Mother and daughter, naked together, were licking their bowls clean at the feet of Mr. Giannini, while Mr. Giannini himself was watching without any sense of shame or embarrassment. They were naked. He was clothed. They were being treated like animals. But he carried on a one-sided conversation in his wife's direction while she ate - a conversation punctuated with words like "hot" and "sexy." His eyes wandered to the other girls in the cafeteria, and through the mirror glass into the locker room beyond. As Catherine and her group approached, he greeted them with a big, predatory smile, and made no attempt to pretend he wasn't drinking them in.

"Well, hello," he offered in Catherine's direction. "I hear you had quite the evening with my wife?"

Catherine was caught off-guard. To her credit, she recovered. "She's got a mouth on her."

Angela, grey goop smattered all over her face, looked up and smiled at the double entendre.

Mr. Giannini laughed, re-evaluated Visitor E, and then corrected her. "'She's got a mouth on her, sir.'"

"Forgive this dumb slut," Catherine replied mockingly. "She forgot her place. Sir."

"Happens to the best of you," he said, chuckling to himself. "And, my, aren't you the best of you."

Erin blushed on her stepmother's behalf.

"And 'Mr. Giannini' will be fine," he allowed.

"Thank you, Mr. Giannini," Catherine answered.

In a normal setting, Catherine might have shaken his hand. Angela might have made introductions. They might have wished each other a "Merry Christmas," had a good laugh, and been on their way. Instead, Mr. Giannini gestured to the floor, and invited Catherine to join his wife for a quick bite.

"Thank you, Mr. Giannini," Catherine said. Playing her part, she tried to excuse herself. "This girl has already eaten."

"I saw," he said. "In fact, I got to see quite a bit." He looked to Erin, who immediately turned her gaze to the floor. "Another sister?"

"Stepsister," Erin corrected him. "Mr. Giannini."

Back to Catherine, the man clucked his tongue and smiled. "Naughty girl."

Neither Catherine nor Erin had acknowledged what had transpired beneath the showers. Angela's husband seemed to take pleasure in bringing it up.

Catherine said nothing.

"Eat," he ordered. "Mistress Rei won't mind. You made a meal of my wife. How about a quick meal with my wife?"

Catherine looked to Sarah for help. Sarah's only response was to explain, "Mr. Giannini is a Managing Director in Mergers and Acquisitions." That was to say, Mr. Giannini was a USF employee who was used to getting his way with the mailgirls.

What his daughter was doing here among their ranks, then, seemed to be a story unto itself.

"I'm almost finished," Angela offered from her bowl on the floor, coming to Catherine's rescue in her own way. "Help me with the last little bit."

Catherine scowled, but got on all fours all the same, and took up position to one side of Angela Giannini. She and Angela took turns with the bowl, while the older man took stock of the other naked mailgirls in front of him.

"Seven," he greeted Plaza Seven. "A pleasure to see you here today."

"My pleasure, Mr. Giannini," Plaza Seven cooed politely.

"I'll make sure to spend a few chits on you later this week. We have a group coming over from the FTC, and I want to make sure we put on a good show."

"Of course, Mr. Giannini."

"Stretch beforehand," he instructed her. "They'll put you through a workout." In Sarah's direction, he shrugged, and explained himself. "Jumping jacks. I don't know what it is about jumping jacks."

"I remember, Mr. Giannini," Sarah said in response.

Jumping jacks, from what Erin could discern from her research, seemed to be a common and recurring fetish among mailgirl enthusiasts.

"Of course, of course," Mr. Giannini remembered, reminiscing over some shared experience he and Sarah had presumably had the previous summer, when she was at the Plaza. "I hope you two are treating my little girl with the respect that she deserves here at Park Place."

Fourteen didn't glance up from her bowl. Sarah simply nodded, "Yes, Mr. Giannini."

He stared at Erin, taking her in, but spared her any commentary for the moment. Turning his attention back to Catherine, who was now licking Angela's bowl clean while Angela watched on, Mr. Giannini asked, "Just as your mother has been taking care of Mrs. Giannini...?"

Angela met his eyes, and recited with a sly grin, "Sir, per Human Capital, I am to be called by my mail room visitor's designation."

"'Mrs. F,' then?" He smiled. "I do thank you for expanding her palette." He tilted his head in the direction of Mailgirl Thirteen. "I was afraid she was becoming a bit of a 'rice queen.'"

Catherine hesitated, unsure of how to respond. After a beat, and a gulp, she said finally, "It was my pleasure, Mr. Giannini."

"I'm sure it was," he nodded, and lost himself for a moment inside his own imagination.

When he returned to them, Mr. Giannini came back to Erin. He eyed her up and down. He lingered on her thighs, her hips, and her stomach. He shot her a wolfish, appreciative smile.

"You," he said to her, "turn around for me. Let me get a better look."

It was Erin's turn now to glance at Sarah and Sophie for support. Though they said nothing aloud, both of them met her look, and warned her to play along. Or there'd be consequences for them all.

Erin did as instructed. She didn't want to feel the sting of Mistress Rei's bullwhip in earnest. She turned slowly, as she expected he'd want her to. When she was facing the opposite direction, with her back to Mr. Giannini, she came to a stop, and let him get a better view of her backside.

He chuckled behind her. "You stupid sluts," he laughed. There was no anger in the tone, only amusement. "It's like you've all had a fucking lobotomy, and can't follow a simple instruction. Turn all the way around. Back to me."

How was Erin to know that was what he had meant?! Rage boiled up inside of her over the insult, so casual and off-the-cuff. She turned all the way back around, until she was facing her tormentor, and met herself with another emotion entirely: shame. She felt bad that she hadn't anticipated what he'd actually meant. She felt dumb. She wanted to please him.

"This girl is sorry for being so stupid," Erin apologized, the words forming on their own and escaping her mouth without any higher brain function. Maybe there was a kernel of truth in Mr. Giannini's derision.

"It's okay, sweetheart," he reassured her. "You're new at this."

"Yes, Mr. Giannini."

He lingered upon her front side once more, again dropping his eyes to her crotch. As he spoke, it was as if he was addressing her pussy more than Erin herself. Which seemed appropriate, perhaps.

"So you're a mailgirl tourist?"

"A visitor, Mr. Giannini. I'm visiting...that is...this girl is visiting her step-sisters."

"Maybe," he clucked. "You're putting yourself through an awful lot for your stepsisters."

Erin said nothing. She was naked before him in more ways than one.

"What do you do for work? In the real world?"

"I...this girl teaches English. Eleventh grade. Mostly."

"A schoolmarm!" Mr. Giannini teased. He reached into his pocket, pulled out his phone, and snapped a picture. "I bet your students would get a kick out of this."

It wasn't as if Fourteen's father had the mailing list for her school. And posting a photo of her somewhere online didn't seem like the behavior of a high-level corporate executive; she doubted that Mr. Giannini was pathetically trolling around on Mailgirls Exposed. He was saying this to get a rise out of her, a reaction.

"Yes, Mr. Giannini."

"I'm sure they don't know about your little fishes..."

Her tattoo. "No, Mr. Giannini."

He let out a low whistle. "I wish I'd had teachers like you when I was growing up." He paused, thought this over for a moment, and added, "Though, probably for the best. It might have been difficult to concentrate on Shakespeare or Gatsby with all of that parading around in front of the class."

Her college-track classes had just finished a unit on the Scarlet Letter.

"Come here," he instructed her. "Let's have a closer look."

"Look-but-don't-touch" was USF's standard policy. But, as Erin understood it, upper management types like Mr. Giannini often violated that policy - to a point - without much consequence. As she stepped forward, the older man did, indeed, take advantage of that executive privilege, and ran his middle finger ever-so-delicately over her tattoo. He traced the outline of the little red fish just so.

"Smooth," he offered as a compliment.

She wanted him to go bolder. She wanted him to run his finger all the way down her hip and between her thighs. Her legs were parted. Her pussy was warm and welcoming. She wanted him to go for it, to touch it, to penetrate it.

She shivered at his touch, and he felt the tremor. He looked up her, then back down to her midsection, and pulled away. "Smooth all over, in fact," he said.

Erin exhaled. She hadn't been aware that she'd been holding her breath.

"Let's get you up on the table," Mr. Giannini said. As he leaned back in his chair, he tapped the counter top. "Get you in position, and really see what we have here."

He turned to his daughter, and with disdain in his voice, asked, "I mean, that's what this is really about, right? You girls get off on teasing us all, showing off what good little cum receptacles you'd all be if you had your way."

Fourteen, through gritted teeth, responded only, "Yes, Mr. Giannini."

"...if only Human Capital didn't protect you from yourselves."

"Yes, Mr. Giannini," Fourteen repeated.

To Erin, he patted the table once more. "Up. Up. All fours."

Erin didn't look to Sarah or Sophie this time. They were witnessing this submission, right alongside Catherine, Angela, and Fourteen. She couldn't bear to acknowledge their presence.

Erin wondered to herself whether Mistress Rei might see what was happening and put a stop to it. After all, mailgirls weren't allowed on furniture, were they? Mr. Giannini no doubt knew this, but he also no doubt knew of a few loopholes. The letter of the law was clear, but the spirit of the law was likely more about keeping Erin from rubbing her wet pussy or bare asshole upon surfaces non-mailgirls might sit. As she got up onto her hands and knees, and crawled down the length of the table, she felt that much more exposed, those very same pussy and asshole on display for anyone and everyone behind her.

Mr. Giannini stood, rounded the table, and got himself a better look. He didn't touch, but she could feel his breath upon her backside.

"Knees a little further apart," he told her. "Forehead down."

Erin parted her legs, and a waft of her own pussy met her nose. It was definitely hers. There was no doubt that others could smell it, too.

She placed her forehead flat on the surface of the table and closed her eyes. She was "presenting." She was "in position." "Forehead," was the term Mistress Rei had used yesterday afternoon. She was ready and willing to accept whatever happened next.

She half-expected a finger to come, though she knew it was a well-established no-no. She wanted a finger to come. The power that Mr. Giannini held over her was intoxicating. And, just like in her fantasy beneath the shower, she would have done anything he'd told her to. Sarah, Sophie, and the others would see her get penetrated by Fourteen's father. They'd hear her sighs. They'd watch her cum.

But that finger never came. Instead, Mr. Giannini circled the table with menace, assessing the naked submissive in total. She was a prized pig at the country fair. She was an animal, to be bought and sold.

"Up," he ordered. "Back up on all fours."

"'Hands-and-Knees,'" Angela offered helpfully.

"Hands-and-Knees," Mr. Giannini repeated. "Let's get a better look at those tits."

Erin grimaced. She returned to her hands and knees, as instructed, and opened her eyes. She stared down at the table, beaten and dominated, and said nothing.

"In fact, let's get a better feel," he said. "Mrs. F, would you care to do the honors?"

"Yes, Mr. Giannini." Erin could hear the woman's smile.

Angela and Catherine had finished their shared meal, apparently, and licked their bowl clean. They'd no doubt then cleaned each other's faces with their tongues - a show Erin had missed as Mr. Giannini had her jump through hoops of her own. Angela stood, stepped forward, and cupped Erin's dangling right breast her hand. With the knuckle of her thumb, she found Erin's nipple, and kneaded it as she did so.

"Ho..." Erin breathed, the sound escaping from between her lips, and signaling to her audience just how much this was affecting her.

"Careful," Mr. Giannini chided his wife. "We can't have this little cupcake cumming outside of the locker room."

"We have free run this afternoon, Mr. Giannini," Angela corrected him. Erin could cum in just about every room in the building, if she wanted to.

"Of course, of course," he replied. "Still. I think that's enough."

It wasn't the hand Erin had been hoping for, and it wasn't the body part she'd been hoping for. But Angela's touch had been welcome all the same, and she reacted to its removal with no small amount of disappointment.

"Well, maybe just a little taste," Mr. Giannini said, sending Erin's imagination into overdrive. "Though maybe let's have one of the sisters show our tourist here how much they appreciate the visit. Number Two?"

Erin was frozen in place. He couldn't actually order Sarah to go down on her, could he? That seemed like it was crossing a line, and Erin searched her internal databanks for something like that in the literature. She wasn't sure. She couldn't remember whether such a thing was allowed or not. What had Sophie said about what she and Sarah had been forced to do? Erin wasn't thinking clearly.

It had to have been against USF's strict mailgirl policies. Mr. Giannini once again demonstrated a deft understanding of what he could or could not get away with. Mouth-to-pussy was likely off the figurative table.

Mouth-to-ass, however?

"Kiss it," Mr. Giannini told Sarah. And, before Erin could even think of protesting, Sarah had used her left hand to push Erin's left buttock out of the way and planted a quick kiss directly on Erin's asshole.

Erin felt herself pucker up.

"No, no," Fourteen's father said sternly. "Really get in there. Get a taste. Show your sister how grateful you are."

Stepsister, Erin corrected him internally. The distinction seemed more important than ever in that moment.

The sensation was more weird than sexual, and Erin fought the urge to squirm. Before yesterday, with Mistress Rei and her exploratory little circles with her fingers, no one had ever come close to touching her there, in such a dirty, forbidden place. None of her former lovers. Not Ben. She might have - might have! - tried anal if Ben had really wanted it, if he'd asked. But it had never come up. Ben wasn't that guy. Ben was far too vanilla in his sexual desires to even think of asking.

Sarah's mouth was warm and wet. She teased Erin's ass with her tongue, but it was more a tickle than a probe, and done entirely for show. For Mr. Giannini. Sarah offered no pushback, no fight. She did as she was told, without hesitation. She was a mailgirl.

It wasn't sexual, no. But it was. It was intimate and down-right filthy, and Erin wouldn't have protested if Sarah went a little further, with a little more force. It was the domination that was sexy and sexual. It was her submission that had her that wet again, so soon after her last act of semi-incestful behavior with Catherine in the locker room. She was relieved when Mr. Giannini took Sarah by the hair and pulled her away. But she also felt her body push backwards, chasing the sensation and wanting more.

Mr. Giannini still had Sarah by the hair, and he pressed her face - with no small amount of pressure - against Erin's bare rump. "Now give her a bite. Really bear down. I want to see teeth."

Again, Erin's step-sister did as instructed, without question or without hesitation. And Erin accepted what was being done to her without any protest of her own - save for an uncontrollable yelp of "Ow ow ow!" in pain, as Sarah sunk her teeth into Erin's backside. Pain and pleasure were all mixed up inside the naked brunette.

"Good girl," Mr. Giannini cooed. "Good girl."

When allowed, Sarah did, finally and thankfully, release Erin's buttock with her teeth. Erin wouldn't have been surprised if she'd drawn blood. But Mr. Giannini just laughed, traced the imprint of Sarah's teeth on Erin's skin with one finger, and released the blonde.

"All right," he said, stepping back and slapping her on the ass, "I think that's probably enough for now. Why don't you and your sisters run along, and let me spend some quality time with my family."

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"What a fucking creep!!" Erin shrieked, as their little group returned to the service corridor. She felt a shiver shoot up her spine.

"They're all creeps," Sarah answered.

"Even the nice ones," Plaza Seven added. "At least with a guy like that, they're not pretending not to be."

Erin could still feel her stepsister's slobber all over her asshole - a sensation Erin wasn't sure she had the words for. She wanted to wipe herself clean, but certainly didn't want to touch herself down there with her bare hand. She realized the ridiculousness of that hesitation, however, when she met eyes with Sarah.

Sarah read her thoughts. "I think I probably got the worst end of that."

"Maybe," Erin laughed. She couldn't help but laugh.

"I think I want to rinse my mouth out before we go upstairs."

"Maybe brush your teeth, too?" Plaza Seven teased.

Erin relented, reached between her legs, and wiped herself with her hand. She then wiped her hand on the inside of her thigh.

"I'm sorry," Catherine apologized. "I didn't know..."

"Not your fault," Sarah assured her. "This is what this is."

Sophie opened the door to the locker room, and held it for the group. Erin needed to wash her hands. Sarah needed to wash her face.

Erin shook her head. "And what's with Fourteen? His daughter?!!"

"She was an honest-to-god volunteer," Sarah explained, in a more hushed tone, so that the other mailgirls in the locker room wouldn't hear. "She did it just to fuck with him. Only he and his wife get off on it all. Angela's here constantly, and he slurps it all up."

"Maybe next time warn me?" Catherine chided her daughters. "Before I get caught up in the family drama?"

"Had we known that's what you were going to do..." Sophie began, but trailed off.

"Besides," Sarah laughed, "we're tits-deep in family drama already."

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The executive secretarial pool, up on the 6th Floor, was an open-concept layout with no cubicles. Desks were arranged in neat rows, in a throwback to some earlier age. The top executive assistants had specific spots outside of their respective executives' doors, but the pool was home to more junior assistants - spillover for travel arrangements and typing up memos and meeting notes. Erin would have no privacy as she talked to Ben, but she chastised herself for ever even getting hopes up that privacy would be a thing.

Sarah and Plaza Seven disappeared off into the building together after getting Erin set up at one of the desks near the front of the cavernous room, Sarah clutching the belt of the strap-on and doing her best to avoid eye contact with Catherine. Sophie volunteered to stay and wait with Erin, as Erin would need the mailgirl's smartphone to unlock doors and meet up with Sarah later. Catherine, too, stayed behind, though she and Sophie announced they'd wait out at the reception desk around the corner and down the hall. They'd use the time to catch up, one-on-one.

Erin wasn't alone, however. Mailgirl Fifteen smiled and gave a little wave when the group had arrived, but she was engaged in a round of Christmas calls of her own a few desks back. Mailgirl Number Eight, an African-American girl with short hair and an athlete's build, was in the far corner, but didn't look up; she looked cowed and miserable. In contrast, Mailgirl Seven, along with Visitor C, were passing a phone back-and-forth between one another and babbling in French to someone on the far end of the line, giggling all the while.

Sarah and Sophie had warned Erin to keep it light with Ben, as all of the mailgirls' outgoing calls were recorded. This was an effort to monitor them and what they said to their loved ones and other outsiders, but also to use against them if the need arose. The Park Place girls had found this out the hard way, when Mailgirl Four's desperate calls to her family were played back for her after that first week; her ass had been paddled so much that...

"You would even say it glowed," Sophie had sung. The others groaned.

When Ben picked up, the full weight of everything that had transpired over the last twenty-four hours hit her hard. She'd thought about him here or there, and he'd come up in conversation a handful of times. But she'd been doing her best to keep Ben O'Neill at arm's length a world away. Erin O'Neill was married; for Visitor D, it was a little more complicated.

Undressing in the lobby. Watching Catherine and Sarah get spanked. Masturbating with Sophie. Seeing Sarah get eaten out. Masturbating with Catherine. The vibrators and dildos and buttplugs from that morning, which were being put to good use by the recipients throughout the building that afternoon. The run-in with Mr. Giannini.

She regretted calling him almost immediately. Her real life was intruding upon this fantasy, and the depths of depravity to which she'd sunk were on the line with her and her husband. But she owed him this. She owed him this, at least. A "Merry Christmas." A check-in. A hello.

She stayed vague. Ben didn't really want to hear about the details anyways. She offered him broad strokes - being naked, sleeping on the floor, the weirdness of being around Catherine and her stepsisters without clothes - but stayed away from the more salacious bits. At every opportunity, she steered the conversation back to him and back to his family. How were his parents? His sister and her kids? What was the weather like that morning in Santa Barbara?

The O'Neills were aware that Erin was visiting Sarah and Sophie in New Jersey, yes. And they were aware of the "situation" that Sarah and Sophie had both gotten themselves into. But, like Erin's father, they were in the dark about what such a visit entailed, and Ben wasn't going to fill them in any more than what Catherine had with Patrick. That the Scott sisters had become mailgirls was scandalous, to be sure, but the O'Neill Family wasn't exactly going to be discussing their plight over Christmas dinner.

She wanted to tell him about the back-and-forth with Mistress Rei that morning, and to warn him that she might have created a situation for herself. That she might not be coming home. That this might not be such a brief visit after all. She'd been with Ben for so long that it felt dishonest not to share everything with him. He had even brought up that possibility, himself, but she evaded the question and brushed the idea off.

"No blackmail, right?" Ben asked. "They're not adding you to the roster? I'm getting my wife back?"

He was trying to make light of a very real possibility, and doing his best to sound as if he was just joking and teasing her. But, there was concern in his voice, as well.

"No blackmail," Erin promised him. Given how quickly she'd given in to Mistress Rei that morning, blackmail hadn't even been needed.

It was Christmas, after all; heavier things could wait.

Her mind wandered. As Ben was catching her up on the goings-on in Santa Barbara, she wondered if she'd made up the piece in her masturbatory fantasy about USF's law firms finding a way to void marriage licenses. The idea seemed so fantastical that it couldn't actually have been real. Or could it have? All of this - the mailgirl concept at its very core - seemed the stuff of pure fantasy, stretching what could or couldn't happen in the real world. She thought she remembered reading about a mailgirl situation somewhere online, at a law firm, in which that very thing had occurred. If she really was to stay - whether that was here with USF or whether she'd be farmed out to one of their clients - it might be the kinder route to take, for Ben's sake. Anull the whole thing. Sign whatever divorce papers her new employer put in front of her.

Free her, and see just how far she'd go.

"I'll wait for you," Ben had assured her, when the subject of remaining a mailgirl had come up back at home.

"I'd wait for you," he assured her now, coming back to it.

"Ben..." she began, but trailed off. There was nothing really to say. She changed topics once more, and asked if he'd heard anything from her father.

As they chatted back and forth, Erin found herself pulled back to the cafeteria. Mr. Giannini was a creep. An asshole. A sadist. He'd gone out of his way to humiliate her, specifically, and treat her as something so far beneath him that she'd felt like a piece of livestock.

Why did that turn her on as much as it did?

Submitting herself to his whims, to degrade and humiliate herself in front of an audience, to let things escalate and get out-of-hand with Sarah's tongue in her ass. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help it. She'd unlocked something, and set something free. Something that wasn't easily explained or tamped down.

Ben would never be able to understand that. Ben would never be able to give her that. Even now, as he was asking her about the food, and chuckling over the ridiculous way she was instructed to speak to her "betters," there was empathy in his voice. He'd never be able to treat her with the disrespect and utter contempt that Mr. Giannini had. She'd never be just a sexual plaything, just a piece of meat, just a set of tits and ass.

He'd never be able to get her off like Mr. Giannini could, and Mr. Giannini wouldn't even need to lay a finger on her to do so.

As the scene in the cafeteria came back to her, Erin parted her legs a bit, and began to lightly run her finger over her bare pubic mound. She wasn't sure she liked how it felt, exactly. Typically, in the early stages of masturbation at home, she liked to run her fingers through her pubic hair - teasing herself just so. She'd always been meticulous about keeping her bikini region closely cropped and well-maintained, and this was by no means her first ever Brazilian wax. But she missed the ritual of starting off that way, even while conceding that her bare pussy and engorged lips just screamed sex.

Her hand descended further south, exploring and touching without it necessarily having to lead to anything. She was leaning up against the left hand side of the desk, with her back to the rest of the secretarial pool and the other girls making holiday calls. She wasn't really playing with herself - not yet, at least - so much as she was just touching, feeling, caressing, without any agenda or intention. She was unencumbered by social norms, rules about what you do and don't do in public. Any one of the other girls might have witnessed her get herself off in the showers at lunch, just as she'd witnessed Number Eight get herself off when Erin had returned from the loading docks last night, just as she'd witnessed number Fifteen's masturbatory "race" against Plaza Seventeen at the Christmas Party.

It didn't feel as much like cheating, with Ben on the other end of the line. But, more to the point, it didn't turn her on as much with just Ben on the other end of the line. She wanted him to be Mr. Giannini. She wanted him to be Will Barrow. She wanted him to be Mistress Rei.

It was inevitable that Erin's exploratory session would become something more. She was kidding herself if she thought otherwise. Only an hour removed from her last indulgence in the locker room, Erin gave in. She found her clit, and began to rub more forcefully. She was slow and deliberate, so as to not call attention to herself. She breathed in and out calmly, so as to not tip off Ben what she was doing. If the others girls saw her, so be it. And if Ben noticed, and called her out on it - well, whatever. She'd roll with that, too. Worst case scenario? She could be honest about masturbating at Park Place when she got home, assuring him that it was at least during their call together.

She'd promised Ben that she'd "be good." It was screwed up that, now, it was turning her on to "be bad."

She imagined herself getting caught by Mistress Rei. That she was an actual mailgirl. That this was an actual workday. That the mailgirls behind her were the actual secretaries who manned these stations during office hours. And that she was in trouble.

She hadn't been spanked yet. Was it messed up that she wished it had been her, and not Catherine, to join Sarah and the Plaza mailgirls as Sarah received her "correction" for accumulating too many demerits? In her fantasy, Mistress Rei administered the punishment right then and there, taking her over her lap and laying into her with her bare hand. How could she be such a whore as to touch herself outside of the locker room? How could she be such a slut that she couldn't help but succumb in the middle of the day, in the middle of a shift?

"Call me when you get to the airport," Ben was telling her, a world away. "I gave Catherine something for you, for Christmas."

"Mm-hmm," Erin replied. As Erin-the-mailgirl was spanked, she counted out each blow. As the number rose, both Erin-the-mailgirl and Erin-the-visitor began to crest.

Ben went on. He loved her. He wanted to do everything for her. He hoped that this scratched whatever itch she had. That he'd wait for her if she needed more. Blah, blah, blah. Erin hit her orgasm, and it all faded to background noise. As she came, she had the presence of mind to hold the handset away from her mouth, and muffled her exhalations by placing the phone against her chest. It was a quick orgasm, and it was a controlled orgasm.

Erin wasn't quite satiated; she wanted more, and she wanted more without holding back or pretending she wasn't doing what she was doing. Just one more frustration in Ben's direction.

"Are you alright?" Ben asked. "I thought I lost you there for a second."

Erin did her best to compose herself, catch her breath, and answer. "Sorry, I'm here. Just distracted. About everything. They record these calls."

"They" record these calls. And "they" would know very well what their mailgirl visitor was doing during that call, even if her husband had no clue. Not only would she be required to report it, for Human Capital's meticulous record-keeping, but she assumed "they" were well-conditioned to hear what a mailgirl was known to do...

"Okay," he said, after a pause. Erin suspected that he was playing back their conversation in his own head, wondering if he'd said anything embarrassing. And, likely mad at her for not telling him that at the start of their call.

"I love you," she assured him. "I love you, I love you. And I miss you."

She meant it. She did love him. She did miss him. She just wished that he could give this to her, himself. She wished it were Ben spanking her. She wished it were Ben stripping her down, and examining the in's and out's of her in the full light of day. She wished it were Ben controlling her, owning her, dominating her. She wished that he could give that to her.

But that just wasn't Ben.

"I love you, too," he told her. More hung in the air, and the silence was pregnant with things unsaid. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Erin didn't repeat it back to him. Instead, she said only, "I love you," once more.

When Erin turned back around, and placed the handset down on the receiver, Fifteen was smiling in her direction. Eight was still caught up in her own drama. Seven and Visitor C glanced over, giggled, and then chittered to themselves in French.

She composed herself, took a deep breath, and set off for reception.

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So physically and emotionally exhausted as she'd been, Erin had dropped to sleep just moments after she laid down beside Sophie on the 5th Floor. And it was Sophie who'd had to wake her when it was time for dinner.

Sophie had led Erin and Catherine to an out-of-the-way suite a good hike from the 6th Floor's executive offices, and Erin had been thankful for the distance; it felt as if she were putting Ben and their phone call as far away as possible. As Sophie let them in, through a locked door, the motion sensor lights clicked on, and lit their way to an office in the corner. Though Mistress Rei had expressly forbidden them from going into USF's offices, Sophie had interpreted the restriction to mean offices in use by actual USF employees. This office, with its thick, shag carpet, overstuffed couch, and unadorned walls, had belonged to Marvin Parnell, who'd retired in November. Erin now felt that it was now Sophie toeing the line about what was allowed and what wasn't, but she followed along all the same. At worst, she'd be punished by Mistress Rei - a scenario she'd literally just masturbated over.

None of them was so bold as to collapse on the couch. But, they did liberate the couch's matching throw pillows, and bedded down on the floor. After last night - on the rock hard floor of the locker room - the soft carpet beneath Erin's body felt luxurious. Sophie dimmed the lights, too. Another luxury the girls weren't afforded in the locker room. The truth of it, however, was that Erin probably could have fallen asleep anywhere at that point.

While Erin had slumbered, Sarah had joined her mother, her sister, and her stepsister in the office. She was there now, as Erin awoke. Plaza Seven hadn't joined her, but the unoccupied strap-on had, and lay by the door with its own stories to tell.

There'd be no party in Human Resources again tonight, no second act for the Holiday-specific allowance of booze and treats. The girls would all go back to their normal routines tomorrow, though those normal routines would start with their usual nine o'clock bedtime tonight. Erin, for her part, was thankful for it; even after her afternoon nap, she wasn't sure she had it in her for another night of hard-partying, hard-drinking, and other associated activities. They'd still have free-run of the building until then, but the two Scott sisters' smartphones ticked down, minute by minute, to seven o'clock, when all of the mailgirls and their visitors were required to report to the locker room for dinner.

Dinner was - once again - mailgirl chow, emptied from industrial-sized cans into the troughs at each end of the locker room. Erin got to her hands and knees alongside Catherine and Sophie, and gobbled down a significantly larger portion than she'd been able to stomach at prior meals. She was hungry. She'd worked up an appetite. And the chow itself had improved, at least in her own mind; it had gone from vile and revolting that first night to little worse than bland and inoffensive. As she ate, she was buoyed by the fact that - unlike the other girls - the visitors wouldn't have to make weight tomorrow morning.

Sophie cleaned her off afterwards. And, she, Sophie. Up on her knees, she performed fellatio upon a water bottles affixed to the wall, and washed down her dinner. As she stood, and turned for the sinks, she was met by Mailgirl Number Fourteen.

"I'm sorry," Fourteen offered earnestly. "I'm sorry about before. With my father."

"It's...it's alright," Erin replied.

"He just picks on the other girls when I'm around. When I'm not around, too. He's one of the worst."

From the stories that Erin had heard, she found that hard to believe. Not when the likes of Captain Buttplug and the Binder Clip Bitch were haunting Park Place.

"It's okay," she assured the other girl. "I knew what this was."

"Maybe," Fourteen said skeptically. "Still..."

"It's okay," Erin repeated. "No worse for the wear." This wasn't entirely true; an inspection in the mirror had shown that Sarah's bite had left a pretty good black-and-blue.

"He's such an asshole," the girl went on. She nodded towards her mother across the locker room, "And she's not much better."

Erin nodded. "Yeah, the whole thing with her, with him - it just seems extra messed up."

"He was one of the executives pushing for this," Fourteen explained. "Way back around this time last year. And I think she was in his ear. I don't know if their...weird...their weird thing was going on before. You know, behind closed doors."

"It's not behind closed doors anymore."

"It's not," she agreed. Fourteen looked around the room - to the mailgirls, the mailgirls from the Plaza, and the mailgirls' visitors. "When it got here, to Jersey, I thought maybe I could stop it. He got me my job here out of business school. And, in retrospect, I should have gone somewhere else. But the money was crazy. And the mailgirl money was crazier."

"I've heard."

"I thought - maybe, maybe - if I volunteered, it might sink in with him. What he was doing to these girls. But it just didn't sink in. If anything, I think he's worse."

"Fourteen, it's okay. I mean, for me. I knew what this was. I knew what I was getting into. I had to see it for myself, and experience it for myself. Your father - without him, I don't know if I'd have got the full taste of it all."

"I know, but..."

"It's okay. It's not your fault. I'm messed up, myself. I wanted this. I think I want this."

Fourteen looked a little relieved. "Okay. And...it's not uncommon. It's not uncommon to want this, once you're in it. It's just intense."

"It is."

"Like, I wanted to end this, when I was outside looking in. And I wanted no part of it, nothing to do with it, at the beginning. And now? I don't know. There's one part of me that wants Congress to shut it all down next month, with the Mailgirl Hearings and all, and I get free. But..."

"But you're not sure anymore."

Fourteen nodded.

"You guys know about Lindsey Pickering, right?"

Fourteen gave her a blank look.

"The Congressgirl from Illinois? The one who got her dad's seat?"

"Okay."

"She and Grace Burgmeier were the ones really going after it. Them and the other Whitestocking groups." Burgmeier was a nationally-recognized attorney, with a history of taking on high-profile feminist cases. An absolute bulldog, she'd become one of the leading voices in opposition to the mailgirl concept in the US, and now represented a dozen or two dozen ex-mailgirls engaged in multiple suits from Seattle to San Francisco to New York. Including a few ex-mailgirls from USF.

"Right, that I know. Did something happen?"

"Well, the United American Women suit is blowing up. Turns out the girl they were championing was a plant. And some of the big firms here in New York, the ones with mailgirl programs of their own - Hobson Morgan McNamara, Young & Unglaub - got an audience with Pickering. And they worked her."

"Worked her? What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure, exactly. But she's doing this, too. She's doing a week as a mailgirl at some big retailer in Chicago."

"I didn't even know that Chicago had companies with mailgirls."

"It might be the only one. For now. But the lawyers - and some of the Blackstocking people - got her to a place where she felt that the only way she'd have a full picture, and the only way she'd really understand, is to live it herself."

"No fucking way..."

"Yup," Erin said. "She's doing a week. Starting tomorrow, through the end of the year."

"Jesus," Fourteen replied.

"I'm just saying. She's going to come out of it either fired up to shut the whole thing down even more than she was before..."

"...or she's going to get it," Fourteen finished. "She's going to get it, isn't she?"

"I'm the wrong person to ask."

By the sinks, Angela Giannini was engaged in a similar round of apologies to Catherine. From the look on Catherine's face, she wasn't having it.

The locker room - so spotless and Spartan when Erin and Catherine had first arrived - was a mess. Littered about were sex toys and sex toy packaging. Some were being put to good use. Mailgirl Number Nine had a sleek, grape-colored vibrator buzzing against her pussy in the far corner, and Mailgirl Seventeen had been servicing Mailgirl Eighteen with another out in the service corridor when Erin had retuned for dinner. Other toys, though, were just scattered here, there, and everywhere - likely wet and sticky, and likely already low on batteries. Mistress Rei - still in her "Christmas-time dominatrix" outfit from that morning - would be collecting them from the girls shortly, and keeping them safe until the next Saturday night of relative freedom.

As disgusting as this might have seemed to Erin twenty-four hours earlier, the toys had very quickly become communal property - no different than the toothbrushes and sticks of underarm deodorant. She wasn't going to touch the anal beads with a stick, but she was fascinated with the massive, ice-cream-cone-shaped "personal massager" that Number Ten had unwrapped that morning. Unwrapped, and then used at the sinks at lunchtime. Erin had never experimented with that sort of toy before, and she doubted - unless she were to become Mailgirl Number Twenty here at Park Place - she'd get another chance. Sure, she could buy one back in LA. But that wasn't going to happen, and she was here now...

She picked it up, the weight surprising in her hands. There was a long electrical cord dangling from one end; this was the plug-in variety of sex toys. The only place in the locker room it could be used was, in fact, by the sinks, as the sinks were equipped with sockets for the girls' hair dryers.

It was Sarah who caught her. And it was Sarah who called her out.

"What do you got there?" Sarah teased in a sing-song voice.

"Oh," Erin answered, startled. "Just looking."

"Just looking?"

Erin was embarrassed. But, hadn't she moved past embarrassment at that point? She shot Sarah a smile. "Okay, not just looking. It seems...more efficient."

Sarah laughed, and threw up her hands defensively. "No judgment."

"Do you think she'd mind?"

"Who? Ten? We can ask. She had a pretty good ride with it earlier."

Erin had seen. The girl's breasts, easily the largest in the locker room, had jiggled and bounced the entire time.

"You don't have to do it here, though. I can find you somewhere a little more private? We still have a little time before bed."

Erin nodded. At this point, any measure of self-control was gone. She'd already masturbated up on the 2nd Floor, down in the locker room, and up on the 6th. What was one more time? Any guilt over not "being good" was gone. She had bigger things to feel guilty for.

"Alright. Let me just talk to Ten. And let my mom - Visitor E - and Mailgirl One and the Plaza girls know we're going to disappear for a bit."

Erin nodded again dumbly. Sophie, last night. Sarah, now. Her stepsisters had now both helped her schedule masturbation sessions for herself.

This was a weird Christmas with her family.

Ten laughed when approached, and waved in Erin's direction. "Enjoy!" she sung out from where she was sitting against the mirror-glass with Four and Plaza Seventeen. "Just make sure you bring it back! Don't blow a fuse!"

Catherine, meanwhile had somehow patched things up with Angela Giannini, and happily agreed to hang back, chatting with her new and once-again friend in the cafeteria. Erin wasn't sure what Angela had said to set things right, but perhaps it wasn't surprising that Catherine had forgiven Angela for her husband's behavior, given how easily Erin had forgiven Fourteen.

Sophie, though, invited herself to tag along with Erin and Sarah. "Let's go to up to Monmouth on 6," she suggested, referring to a particular conference room by name. "There's a sweet view of downtown."

Perhaps Sophie hadn't been informed of the purposes of this little expedition. Or perhaps she had, and just wanted it to make it nice for her stepsister.

As Erin, Sarah, and Sophie departed the locker room, Erin immediately regretted the choice to bring the massager along with her. It was readily apparent what she was headed off to do, and she felt embarrassed for it. She wished Sarah or Sophie could have carried it for her, just to give her a bit more cover. Most mailgirls, as she understood it, typically broke down and masturbated after a few days on the job. Erin, by contrast, had turned into a monster and an addict overnight.

They were in no real rush. It was at least another hour, hour-and-a-half, before bedtime, and Erin knew this wasn't going to take that long. But they ascended up six flights of stairs at a brisk pace all the same - force of habit for Mailgirls One and Two. Erin was out of breath when the reached the 6th Floor, but her stepsisters seemed hardly winded.

The view was - as promised - amazing. The snowfall hadn't quite stopped, but it had lightened, and skyscrapers in downtown New York lit up the night through scattered flakes. Erin didn't know them all by name, but the Freedom Tower loomed large and was instantly recognizable. The whole of the panorama, taken in from a dim and quiet conference room on the far side of the Hudson, was magical. For a moment, it distracted Erin from the task at hand.

Erin was still clutching the massager and its cord in her right hand when Sarah sidled up alongside her and took her left. It felt weird holding hands. Childish. But also intimate and reassuring, and so it was no surprise that the mailgirls fell into this practice when they were together. Fingers entangled, Sarah gave Erin's hand a little squeeze, and said more in that one small act than she could have ever said aloud.

This was Sarah's world. This was life among the mailgirls. It was more than just naked girls running deliveries around the office. These girls - and now Erin could include herself among them, to a certain extent - were entirely exposed. Inside and out. There was no privacy, no hiding. And that included hiding from themselves.

Why did they put up with it? Why didn't they just walk out? Why would anyone ever subject herself to this sort of humiliation, degradation, and torment? The name-calling? The control, right down to the pettiest of things? The infantilizing. The dehumanizing. The dog collars, the squat toilets, the trough.

They did it because they liked it.

They did it because they got off on it.

They did it because there was nothing else like it.

Though tempted and coerced into the role, a mailgirl discovered things about herself she might have otherwise run from her entire life. Erin had now experienced that self-discovery firsthand. And though she was terrified of the implications, she felt alive. She felt charged up. She felt excited for knowing the girl who'd been hiding inside her for so long.

She leaned into Sarah, and planted a kiss upon her stepsister's lips.

Sarah didn't recoil. She didn't pull away. She kissed Erin back.

It was wrong and Erin knew it was wrong. It was wrong and Sarah knew it was wrong. It was wrong, but it was happening. There was no stopping it now.

Sophie was there with them, in the room. But Sophie might have been a million miles away. Erin's whole world, at that moment, was this kiss. Sarah's lips were warm and soft. Her mouth was moist and welcoming. When their tongues met, the kiss enveloped Erin's entire body, and suddenly she was feeling it all the way up and down her spine, down to her toes and back up to between her legs. It wasn't so much a kiss as it was fireworks, shooting off in every direction inside of Erin, body and mind.

Still holding the massager in her grip, Erin placed her hand on Sarah's right hip. They unlocked their fingers, and Erin's left hand found the blonde's other side, even as Sarah's fingertips began to brush up and down Erin's body. Erin felt the warmth of Sarah's body, and the electricity of skin upon naked skin. Erin, with a few inches on Sarah, now leaned in closer and more forcefully, and devoured her.

It all happened so quickly after that.

"Are you sure?" Sarah asked, when Erin had momentarily let her come up for air.

Erin nodded, and begged pathetically, "Please."

Sarah's hands were on Erin's breasts, playing with her nipples. Erin's fingers were running through Sarah's hair. And then, from behind her, Erin felt nails scratching down the length of her back, as Sophie announced her presence.

What was about to happen with Sarah was dirty and wrong. The addition of Sophie, too, put I over the top.

Erin wasn't kissing Sarah anymore. Now it was Sophie's turn. Erin had seven years on her stepsister, but Sophie was more experienced by far. She pushed Erin against the big, picture-glass window, with the New York City skyline behind her, and pinned her down with her body. She took Erin's jaw in the palm of her hand, wrapped her fingers around the back of the brunette's head, and kissed her deeply. Sophie's body was pressed against Erin's, just off to one side, and Erin could feel the younger girl grind her pelvis into the top of Erin's thigh.

Sarah, meanwhile, had begun descending down Erin's body with her lips. Her neck. Her chest. Her nipples - where Sarah lingered. Her belly button. That bare patch of skin where her pubic hair had been. And then, with no more teasing or foreplay, Erin's sex was in her stepsister's mouth.

Erin whined, went weak in the knees, and submitted. She had the presence of mind to drop the massager slowly to the floor, letting it down by the cord, and then used her right hand to collect a huge fistful of Sarah's hair. Sarah was less a real person in that moment than she was just another sex toy, and Erin used her as such. She pulled Sarah into her, and drove her pussy further into her mouth, feeling the full pressure of her lips, her jaw, her head.

"Oh," she sighed. "Ohhhh..."

By this point, Sophie's lips were on Erin's neck, kissing and licking and sucking, and Erin was free to vocalize what was happening to her.

"Ohhhh...," she sighed again. "Ohhhh..."

Even as she continued to knead Erin's breasts with her left hand, Sophie used her right to take hold of the brunette's shoulders. She forced her in the direction of the floor, and Erin slid down the window pane. Sarah moved with her - backing away, but never being allowed to remove her mouth from between Erin's legs. As they approached the floor, Sophie slipped behind her stepsister. While continuing to kiss Erin's neck, she cradled her body between her legs, and came to sitting position behind Erin on the carpet. Erin, too, was now seated, with Sophie's body pressed up against her back, Sophie's mouth still on her neck, Sophie's fingertips still teasing her nipples, and Sarah still between her thighs.

Erin squirmed as Sarah lapped away at her clit. She reached up behind her, and ran her hands through Sophie's hair. She bucked up, bare ass off the thin, scratchy carpet, and followed Sarah's lips and tongue wherever they took her. And then, just as Erin felt her body was beginning to lose control and run away from her, Sarah pulled away.

A finger entered the brunette. A thumb found her clit. And, even as Sarah penetrated her, and played with her, Mailgirl Number Two reached for massager with her free hand.

"Plug this in," Sarah instructed, a direction aimed at her sister. "There's a socket right there."

"Yes, ma'am," Sophie giggled.

Sarah was forced to use both hands now - to clutch the massager in one, and turn it on with the other. For those briefest of moments, Sophie stepped in, and cradled Erin's slit with her hand, rubbing her clitoris with her palm. And then the buzzing began.

It was loud. Erin hadn't expected it to be so loud. There were a couple of settings - Erin could hear the speed and volume change as Sarah found what she wanted. Sarah crawled to her knees, coming up in a bastardization of her "Knees," position, and reached for her stepsister's crotch. She had a thumb parallel to Erin's pussy, while pressing down upon the girl's pelvis with the rest of her hand. And then the ball at the end of the massager introduced itself to Erin, Erin's labia parting just enough to welcome it in.

"Ohhh...ohhh...ohhhh..."

Two hands were now up over her head, wrapped behind Sophie's behind her. Erin was no longer an active participant here; this was being done to her. Sarah followed Erin's wiggles and wriggles and waggles, changing her grip every now and then. She pushed and pressed the vibrating toy into Erin's pussy, and eased up every now then, chasing Erin's climax as she did so.

"Ohhh...ohhh...ohhh..."

Erin felt the build, and new she was getting closer. She licked her lips. She bit her lower lip. She was self-conscious about how loud she was breathing, how much she was panting, and how much she sweating. But when the orgasm hit, any remaining shreds of self-control were tossed aside.

"Please, please, please..." she begged. "Oh, please. Please! Please!"

Her body moving with a mind of its own, she sat halfway up and reached for Sarah. As she spasmed, Erin closed her eyes, pulled Sarah towards her so that their foreheads were touching, and called it out.

"I'm there! I'm there! I'm...ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh..." Her last exhalation was low and guttural, deep and manly.

Sarah giggled.

Involuntarily, she reached for her pussy, the intensity of the massager becoming too much. But Sarah fought her, kept it in place, and held her down.

That's when the second one hit.

Was it even two separate orgasms? Or was it just one, that struck and then escalated from there? Erin wasn't sure. Her body shook, and cried, "Again! I'm there! I'm there! Oh! Oh! OHHH!!"

She shivered. "Ohhh...," she exhaled, coming back down. She was winded.

Sarah was unrelenting. She pulled back a little, but only to reposition herself and her own body. The original mailgirl among them now spread her legs wide, tucked them under and over Erin's, and scooted in closer. Only the massager was between them. Both girls were using the same toy.

Erin kissed Sarah, laughing with joy as she did so. Erin wasn't sure she could cum yet again so soon, and so - after a few minutes - she swung a leg over Sarah's head, and extricated herself from the tangle of naked Scott sisters. As she did so, Sophie took Erin's place, sliding forward and pressing her sex up against the near side of the massager. Sophie's left leg was over Sarah's right. Sophie right leg was under Sarah's left. Both girls were reacting to the toy.

Erin was a third wheel in this scenario, but she did her best to make herself useful. She locked lips with Sophie, and kissed her passionately. She ran a hand up and down the younger Scott's body - up past her belly-button, up over the bare skin of midsection, and up and around Sophie's nipples. She ran her nails over the inside of Sarah's thigh, and then stroked the outside of her leg. She took Sarah's right nipple into her mouth, and caressed the left with her hand.

Sarah came first. "Oh, fuck," she said aloud. "Fuck..."

"Get it," Erin encouraged her. "Get it, get it." Ben often encouraged Erin in the same manner.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck..." Sarah swore. She was half laughing, half crying, with her chest heaving up and down and her whole body shuddering on the floor.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuuuuuuh..." She began to squeal. And it was over.

As Sarah pulled back, shielding her pussy from the vibrator with her hand, it was Sophie's turn. Erin wrapped her fingers around the massager's handle. Though Sarah had released her grip, Sophie had not, and Sophie was loath to give up control. With Sarah recovering on the floor in front of her, Sophie now had the toy to herself.

Erin swung back between the two girls, straddling Sarah's torso and spreading Sophie's legs apart before her. She didn't let go of the massager, but it was Sophie in control, Sophie manipulating it and manhandling it as she saw fit. Erin bent down, and began kissing the inside of Sophie's legs. The smell of pussy was overpowering and intoxicating, the feminine musk of Sophie intermingling with that of Sarah and Erin herself. It was the smell that pornography would never be able to capture - the body's own perfumes and pheromones assaulting Erin's nose, a delicious stink that made the whole thing feel dirtier and naughtier and sexier.

Sarah had now recovered just enough that she was pulling Erin's hips backwards towards her. Erin felt the blonde's tongue on her before she processed exactly what was happening.

"Ohhh..." Erin exhaled, startled.

Sophie was now giggling, herself. Her laughter was interrupted by her in-and-out panting. As well as the occasional little yip of pleasure.

Erin nibbled on the inside of Sophie's thigh, the vibrator's buzzing loud in her ear. And then it was on to Sarah's pussy. She didn't release her hold on the massager - she wanted to be a part of it, and wanted to contribute to what Sophie was about to experience. But her focus as now on the pink folds that welcomed her tongue.

If the smell was intoxicating, the taste was otherworldly. It wasn't quite fair to say that Erin hadn't tasted pussy before; she'd tasted her own, every now and then, when going down on Ben after he'd been inside of her. She hadn't liked it, initially, and found the whole thing to be gross. But, given how turned on he'd been, the act had created something of a feedback loop, and Erin had gotten that much more turned on, herself.

This was different. This was another girl. This was her stepsister. They were locked in embrace with one another, Erin on top, in a sixty-nine. Erin had never gone down on another girl before, but she knew what she'd want. A kiss along the inside of the thigh. A tongue penetrating ever-so slightly.

Her entire life over, Erin hadn't been a particular fan of the sixty-nine. It had been a year, maybe two, since she and Ben had gotten into this position. She had no issue on the giving end. She was happy to be on the giving end. But, on the receiving end, she was self-conscious about how close her ass was to her husband's face. Here and now, with her face between Sarah's legs, she realized just how right she'd been to be self-conscious - her nose was buried deep in Sarah's perfect, bleached-white asshole. Just as Sarah's own face was, in Erin's.

This was different, though. Somehow. It only served to drive home just how wicked this all was. Erin moaned to herself, and ground her pussy down hard on to Sarah's face. Sarah had already come up-close-and-personal with Erin's posterior earlier that day, anyways, courtesy of Mr. Giannini. And, all-in at the point, and wanting to make it up to Sarah, Erin pulled away from Sarah's vagina just long enough to run a quick circle around Sarah's asshole.

"Oh, god!" Sarah called out, her voice comically muffled by Erin's thighs.

Sophie, by this point, was there. Still giggling to herself, her panting had become that much more noticeable, and the pace quickened as she approached her climax. Tongue firmly planted upon Sarah's clit, Erin craned her neck and glanced up at her other stepsister. Sophie's eyes were closed and her mouth was open.

"Hunh!" Sophie grunted.

And then, "Oh! Oh...oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Her whole body shook, quivering with sexual release.

It was too much for Erin. Only minutes after her last orgasm, and in an embarrassingly short amount of time since Sarah had taken her into her mouth again, Erin sung out, "Fuck fuck fuck!" and exploded.

When all was said and done, Erin had cum five times. Four, maybe - depending on how one determined when her first orgasm had ended and her second had begun. She'd gone down on Sarah. She'd gone down on Sophie. Sarah had gone down on her. Sophie had gone down on her. Sarah and Sophie had gone down on her together. The massager played its part, but was eventually cast aside for the intimacy and immediacy of tongues and teeth and fingers and hands. Sophie had cum again, just riding and grinding on Erin's thigh.

The silent intensity that dominated the earlier stretches of the session was replaced by more and more joking and laughter. "That feels so, so good," Erin giggled to Sophie at one point. "Deeper, deeper," Sarah had instructed Erin at another. As they took turns getting one another off, or watching one of them get another off, or one of them taking control and getting herself off, they cheered each other on and giggled when there was a successful climax.

Erin served as a buffer, of sorts, between the two Scott sisters. She knew they'd been intimate with one another before. And, here and there, they'd share a kiss or a caress. But with the massager pushed to one side, Erin became their toy, ready and willing to do anything they asked. Ready and willing to accept anything they did to her.

Erin was on her back, out of breath, with legs and arms akimbo, when it was all through. Sarah and Sophie were seated a few feet away, with Sophie's head resting on Sarah's naked thigh. They, too, were out of breath. When Sarah glanced at the smartphone still attached to her bicep, she groaned, and announced they needed to get back down to the locker room for nine o'clock. Even if they hustled, she doubted there was time for a shower - it would simply have to wait for the morning.

Erin didn't need to say anything to her stepsisters. They all understood what this was. At that moment, she felt more connected to them than she had since her father had first brought Catherine Scott home with him. They were more than just stepsisters. They'd now shared more than just stepsisters. They were her family.

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Goodbyes were hard. Catherine and Sarah both shed tears, but managed to keep from out-and-out crying. Sophie did her best to comfort them, but had to walk away, lest she succumb to sobs herself.

It helped, then, that the mailgirls had a limited amount of time between their wake-up call at five o'clock and inspection with Mistress Rei at half-past-six. Once again, the blaring alarm woke them all. The mailgirls removed their eye masks, rose to their feet, and waited their turns to be released.

The Plaza girls departed first. Erin watched Sarah give each of them long, wistful hugs, and wish them each the best. Plaza Seven, of course, was on the receiving end of a kiss that made Catherine Ryan blush. Plaza Seven, Plaza Ten, Plaza Seventeen, Plaza Eighteen, and Plaza Twenty-One were shooed out the door after a quick bathroom break. They, themselves, had shifts in at USF Plaza that morning, and an inspection waiting for them in their own locker room back downtown. They'd be trucked over the Hudson before the traffic got too bad.

Park Place's mailgirls were given priority over the visitors at the washikis, priority at the troughs, priority in the showers and at the sinks. They had a deadline, and an inspection, while the visitors did not. Erin, Catherine, Angela Giannini, and the others were told they'd be given their release sometime after seven o'clock, after the actual mailgirls were assigned early morning duties throughout the building. Other than that, they were given no details about exactly when they'd be set free from their collars, when they'd be allowed to get dressed, or when they'd be allowed to leave.

Or, if.

Erin was dreading the coming confrontation with Mistress Rei. Or, perhaps, Mistress Rei and some other representative of USF's Human Capital department.

She'd brought it upon herself. She hadn't needed to tell Mistress Rei that her Christmas wish was to be a mailgirl. And yet the words had escaped before she'd even had a chance to stop herself. And, in a vaccum, the truth of it was that she did want to be a mailgirl. She was jealous of Sarah, of Sophie, and of the other girls. She felt that she hadn't truly, completely had the real "mailgirl experience" over the last two days, given that she hadn't been allowed to shadow her stepsisters on a real shift, in a fully-staffed building. There was a dark pull to it all - the highs and lows, the nadirs and climaxes - that Erin simply wouldn't get to feel outside of this world. She got the appeal now, of having everything stripped away from her, her whole life simplified and streamlined to total submission.

Visitor D was ready for whatever came next. Erin O'Neill, though? It was more complicated. There was more baggage. There was a life back in LA that she wasn't sure she could turn her back on.

Not that Erin would have a lot of agency in that decision. She likely wouldn't be given much of a choice.

No, the visitors would not be required to submit themselves for inspection that morning. There was no requirement to weigh in, no requirement to shave, no requirement to present themselves to Mistress Rei. However, Erin's record was synched to Sophie's in the mailgirl app, and she was still required to report yesterday's more salacious activities to her stepsisters' mistress for the purposes of record-keeping. The girls had strategized the night before, on their way back from 6th Floor, as to what they'd be willing to own up to. Sarah and Sophie had agreed that they'd follow Mailgirl Number Five's lead and fudge the details; a stretch in the stocks or a riding crop across their collective backsides or whatever other punishment Mistress Rei might dream up were preferable alternatives to confessing to incest - borderline though it may have been - with Erin.

It helped, then, that they'd been seen departing the locker room yesterday afternoon with Ten's massager. There were no cameras in the Monmouth Conference Room - or, at least, Sophie and Sarah believed there were no cameras in the Monmouth Conference Room - and so they thought they could get away with a lesser confession.

"Once, by myself, in the showers," Erin began. "Ten minutes. Two orgasms. Four, maybe? And then a three?"

Mistress Rei nodded to Sophie, and Sophie dutifully tapped the metrics into her mistress's tablet. Sophie had gone first, after her inspection, and had been roped into playing recording secretary for the other girls' details.

"Once, on the phone with my husband," Erin went on. "Five minutes, and just one orgasm. It was a two."

Mistress Rei cocked an eyebrow. She was reading something into Erin's guess at the intensity of her orgasm while on with Ben.

The little Japanese woman was back in real clothes - or, at least, what passed as "real clothes" for a mailgirls mistress. She wore a tight-fitting white lace dress, through which her black bikini panties and black bra were plainly visible, and a pair of black boots with heels that gave her an extra couple of inches in height. Gone was yesterday's over-the-top outfit. Erin was struck by just how naked she herself was in comparison; given that she'd been surrounded by almost nothing but naked flesh since Christmas Eve, it had been relatively easy to forget about the nudity.

Erin swallowed, and went on. "And then one more time, on my own, in the conference room on the 6th Floor. Mailgirls One and Two were both there, though." Sarah had felt it important that they confess to that much, at least. That Erin had gotten herself with her stepsisters present was a raunchy and obscene enough tale to spin without going into further detail. Sophie had disclosed the same moments earlier. "Forty-five minutes. Five orgasms. I'd call them 'fives.' All of them."

Mistress Rei laughed. "Naughty, naughty girl. You've enjoyed your stay with us."

It wasn't a question. Still, though, Erin affirmed. "Yes, mistress."

Sarah, following on, confessed to a litany of crimes and misdeeds, each one more mouth-watering and jaw-dropping than the last. Though she had no intention of coming clean about the session on the 6th Floor, she showed no such hesitation about admitting to being run through by Plaza Seven and the strap-on. By the time she got to Ten's massager in the conference room with Sophie and Erin, it was almost an afterthought.

Catherine, for her part, had only masturbating at lunchtime to disclose. She'd spent most of the previous evening with Angela Giannini. Nothing sexual, though, had happened between them, and Erin felt an odd combination of jealousy and pity over her stepmother's self-restraint.

When Catherine was through, Mistress Rei unlocked her from her leash, using the key dangling at her wrist. The Japanese woman then did the same for Erin and Sarah, and gave Sarah a special set of instructions before continuing on to the other girls.

"Take them both down to my room," Mistress Rei told the blonde girl. "Visitor E can wait for me there. I'll be down when I'm done here. You and Visitor D stay out in the hall. Knees."

"Yes, mistress," Sarah answered.

Catherine looked to Sarah, and then to Sophie. Sensing the hesitation, Mistress Rei showed a modicum of humanity; rolling her eyes, she allowed, "You can say your goodbyes to Mailgirl One. Be quick about it. No drama."

Catherine hugged her younger daughter to her chest, squeezing her tight and refusing to let her go for what seemed an eternity. "I love you," Catherine whispered. And, "Be strong."

When it was Erin's turn, she did the same. "I'll come back," Erin assured her.

Sophie smiled. "I'm sure you will."

Last night had changed things between them. But last night had changed things between them for the better. There was a bond, and an intimacy, that they now shared, and Erin felt closer to her stepsisters than she ever had before. She supposed it was why the mailgirls were as tight-knit as they were - shared experiences, shared highs, and shared lows. She'd opened herself up and exposed herself so completely, in a way that she'd never been able to do before. Even with Ben.

There were no tears, but Erin had to work hard to make sure there were no tears. With Mistress Rei and Mailgirl Number One moving on to inspect and receive confession from Mailgirl Number Three, Sarah led her mother and stepsister from the locker room one last time.

Out into the service corridor, and down the stairs across from the locker room, Sarah led them. They descended to the sub-basement, Level B2, where Mistress Rei was every bit the prisoner as any of the mailgirls. It was only a short walk to her room, which stood beside a women's bathroom, and was marked with a simple "0" on an otherwise nondescript heavy metal door. Likely, Mistress Rei's living quarters had been converted from a standard-issue storage room.

"She wants to be one of us," Sarah had told her. Erin wondered if Mistress Rei was lonely down here. Erin wondered if she had any interaction with Mistress Zero at USF Plaza, as a peer or as a confidante. Erin wondered if she missed the camaraderie of the locker room.

Unsure of what was to come, Sarah and Catherine said their goodbyes. Again, Catherine lingered too long with a hug - longer even than she had with Sophie, without Mistress Rei's impatience hanging over them. Catherine, too, assured Sarah that she'd be back, and Sarah told her that she was welcome back whenever she wanted; she missed her. Erin heard the door unlock with a quiet "click" as Sarah approached it with the smartphone on her arm, and Catherine was ushered inside.

Out in the hall, Sarah and Erin got down on their knees. There was a single, pink mailgirls mat, USF logo in the corner, and the two girls squeezed together on top of it. Sarah took Erin's hand in her own, and both assumed the standard "resting" position back on their haunches.

They talked. It was little more than a whisper, but it was punctuated with smiles. There was no heavy stuff here and now - no explanations, no philosophizing, no sharing of deep, dark truths. Erin's stomach was a mess, butterflies flittering this way and that inside of her, and Sarah seemed to sense that she needed a distraction. The blonde mailgirl joked about what awaited her today; Park Place would likely still be only half-staffed on the day after Christmas, and Sarah speculated that she'd be on her knees, bored out of her mind, on some other mailgirls mat somewhere else in the building. On the day after Thanksgiving, she'd actually been grateful when some bitchy junior executive had forced her to crawl on her hands-and-knees from one delivery to the next. That activity, as humiliating as it might have been, had killed time, and had allowed her to get out of her own head.

As with Sophie, Erin felt more connected to Sarah, and felt that her relationship with her stepsister had grown stronger over the last thirty-six hours. What could have been awkward and weird in the aftermath of last night felt - instead - easy and warm. There was nothing like orgasming in front of another person that felt so honest and revealing, and Erin was glad she'd broken her promise to Ben to "stay good." Even in a world in which she might have been capable of doing so, she would have missed out, and never really understood the need. The desperation. The submission. The release. Her trip to Jersey City would have been lesser for it.

Visitor C hadn't succumbed. Or, at least, Erin didn't believe she had; she'd left before Mailgirl Seven or her sister had been forced to report. Neither had Mailgirl Number Twelve's aunt, Visitor G. She'd witnessed Visitor H diddle herself at the party the other night, and wondered if Visitor I had done the same, at some other point. For the most part, the visitors had played along with the mailgirls. They'd played along as mailgirls. Erin was sure she wasn't the only one feeling the gravity of this life, and she was sure she wasn't the only one with mixed emotions about the idea of getting dressed and returning home to her normal day-to-day.

According to the clock on Sarah's smartphone, it was half past seven by the time Mistress Rei finally joined them in the sub-basement. Erin and Catherine were overdue for dismissal by thirty minutes at that point, though they'd given themselves more than enough time to make their flights at Newark. Sarah was sent scurrying off up the stairs on coffee duty for the upper floors, but Mistress Rei barely acknowledged Erin's presence as she breezed past her and into her room.

Sarah took one long, last look in Erin's direction, and smiled. She was at peace. She was doing this and living this life, maybe not because she really wanted to, but because maybe it was who she really was, and who she really had been all along. She was more sure of herself, and more confident, than the academic Erin had known before. This made sense to her in a way that maybe Pepperdine or Yale hadn't, and Erin was sure that this current contract wouldn't be Sarah's last. Maybe she'd finish her PhD. Maybe she wouldn't. Maybe it would be pushed out to some future date, when US Financial or whoever else was done with her. Maybe she'd become the world's foremost scholar on the sociocultural anthropological underpinnings of life among the mailgirls. Maybe she'd become the next Mistress Rei. Maybe she'd settle down with Plaza Seven. Maybe she'd get married to some kind soul, like Ben, and pump out a couple of kids.

For now, though, Sarah was a mailgirl. She needn't worry about any of that. Her next deadline was as far into the future as she needed to fret over, and there was a freedom in that that Erin envied.

But maybe Erin wouldn't need to be jealous for long.

Whatever the conversation was between Mistress Rei and Catherine Ryan, it wasn't a long one. Still, it was long enough that Erin was left alone in her own thoughts in that empty corridor. And it was long enough that Catherine had gotten fully dressed by the time that Erin was eventually summoned in.

Mistress Rei's quarters were simple and uncluttered. A Queen mattress sat atop a box spring in one corner, the box spring flat on the floor. The bed was neatly made, a garish and girlish pink comforter pulled tight over it. A wardrobe was to Erin's left, on one side of the door, and there was a laundry hamper beside it. There were three flat-screen televisions mounted on the wall, but Erin doubted Mistress Rei had a cable package; instead, a rotating series of CCTV images flashed across the screen, allowing Erin a peek into the now-empty locker room and into the rest of Park Place. A simple metal desk, rescued from some earlier era, was in the center of the room, and behind it sat Mistress Rei.

Catherine wore a red tannin sleeveless dress, with a conservative neckline and a flirty, slinky tulip hem. She wore her heels from the other day, and her coat was draped over her suitcase. As Mistress Rei occupied the only chair in the room, Catherine was leaning, casually, up against the wall. Her breasts sagged a bit, and Erin now knew that a side trip for lingerie would be required before heading to the airport. She could probably fly home without panties, but a bra seemed like a necessity. Not for the first time, she cursed USF for robbing her of her underthings.

Catherine's smile was reassuring, and Erin finally exhaled. Her own suitcase stood alongside her stepmother's, and it was comforting to see it. There was no dog carrier, waiting with an open door to ship Erin off to another world.

Erin's relief, however, was short-lived. As she approached the desk, she saw that Mistress Rei did, indeed, have a contract waiting for her. Catherine's collar, unlocked and its former occupant liberated, sat in one corner. But the big, bold letters on the first page of the documents stole focus; "Slave Contract," it read.

She felt her whole world drop out from under her. "I can't," she stammered, and took an involuntary step backwards. Now that she was here, and now that the moment was upon her, all she wanted was to be back in Ben's arms.

"I'll wait for you," he had promised her.

"Feet!" Mistress Rei barked, and nodded to an imaginary spot before her desk.

Erin complied. She took a wide stance, thrust out her chest, clutched her hands behind her back, and cast her eyes down towards the floor. She could now only see the contract out of the corner of her eye, but she could feel its presence in the room.

"This is a contract," Mistress Rei explained. "This is your contract. It is for you to sign."

"I can't," Erin said again, feeling like she was about to start sobbing. "I can't. I can't, mistress."

"It's also your Christmas present," Catherine added.

"Tell me. What is that you want from Santa?" Mistress Rei had asked her yesterday morning. "More than anything in the world?"

"This girl wants to be a mailgirl," Erin had mewed.

"That, we can do," the Japanese woman had assured her.

"It's your Christmas present from Ben," Catherine continued.

Erin was confused.

"You're not a fit for USF," Mistress Rei insulted her. "Good tits, yes. Good body, yes. Pretty face, yes. The tattoo? Won't work for Manhattan. Won't work for Park Place. The company could overlook it, maybe, in some other office. San Francisco, perhaps? Los Angeles? We're expanding to other offices this Spring, and you're welcome to put in an application. But we have standards at USF. We have profiles we look for. We have girls with futures and ambition and goals.

"You?" Mistress Rei sized her up, "You don't belong. For our program to be a success, we need our people to exert dominance over the mailgirls. And they can't exert dominance over someone so ready to roll over and spread her legs for any passers-by."

Erin was too much of a slut to be a mailgirl. She wanted this too badly. She needed it too much. The words stung.

"We like our girls with fight," Mistress Rei went on. "There are other programs that would gladly welcome you into the fold. We do business with Donovan Runnels in LA, and can arrange an interview. If that's what you want."

"Fabrikam," Erin said softly. "They're nearby." She wasn't negotiating for her life. She was negotiating for her commute.

"Fabrikam," Mistress Rei nodded. "I'm sure we can put in a good word, and provide some photos. But you have another opportunity before you."

"Ben," Catherine spoke. "You have a contract from Ben."

Erin looked up, and met her stepmother's eyes with a question.

It was Mistress Rei, however, who explained. "Your husband wrote up a contract for you. Sent it with you stepmother. No clothes in the house. Chores, sexual and otherwise. Punishments. Spankings. Paddlings. Lashes. He wants you as his slave."

"That's not..." Erin began, and shook her head. "That's not Ben."

"It's not Ben," Catherine agreed. "I read it. I promised him I wouldn't, but I couldn't help myself. It's not Ben. But it is you."

Erin now looked to the "Slave Contract" on Mistress Rei's desk. No company would have dared to use that word - so thin was the line between induction into the mailgirl ranks and outright slavery. "Indentured servitude," maybe, but even that was a loaded term. Ben wanted to make her his slave.

No, it wasn't Ben who wanted to make her his slave. It was Erin who needed it. It was Erin who'd fallen down the rabbit's hole and become obsessed with life among the mailgirls, life as a mailgirl. It was Erin who'd gobbled up every bit of gossip and news and the pictures she could get her hands on. It was Erin who was scanning through the message boards on Mailgirls Exposed and Mailgirl Submissions and the Post Office and the Heteroclite. It was Erin who'd flown across the country, under the auspices of visiting her stepsisters, and stripped down to experience what it meant to be a mailgirl firsthand. It was Erin who needed to submit to someone, to be controlled, to be owned.

And Ben was going to try to give that to her.

Mistress Rei didn't make her sign the contract then and there; she wasn't the authority in this particular matter. Instead, she allowed Erin to get dressed.

Skirt. Blouse. Boots. Jewelry. Coat. Her intimate apparel had been liberated from her, destined to be mounted and hung in some picture frame like a hunting trophy, or to be handed out like a prize to some senior sales executive. She and Catherine did, indeed, stop at a department store for bras and underwear on their way to Newark, and they made no secret of the fact that they'd wear their purchases out to a young, judgmental cashier.

It wasn't until she was at her gate that Erin finally read through Ben's contract from start to finish.

"The Slave agrees to submit completely to the Master in all ways."

"The Master accepts the responsibility of the Slave body and all her worldly possessions, to do with as he sees fit."

"The Slave agrees to accept any punishment or correction the Master decides to inflict, whether earned or not."

"Above all else, it is the Slave's duty to please."

She'd be required to undress in the garage after work. She'd be required to get dressed in same said garage before work. She'd be required to shower in the back yard, with the hose, unless her master felt she'd earned the right to shower indoors. Their bed was now Ben's bed only, and she'd be allowed into it only to provide him with pleasure; otherwise, she was to sleep on a dog's bed at the foot. She was to wear a collar at all times around the house, but would otherwise be kept naked. She was to cook him meals, but she herself would be fed mailgirl chow morning and night, lunches on the weekends. She'd be fed out of a bowl on the floor, at his feet. She was to keep the house spotless. She'd be expected to weigh herself each morning, and report that number to her master. She was not to masturbate unless he was there to witness it. She was not to cum without his permission. Though she doubted he had it in him to do so, her master had the right to invite guests to their house to see her in all her glory - male or female - and she had the responsibility to please them - male or female - in any way, shape, or form that her master saw fit.

She loved him for it. No, this wasn't Ben. But Ben was attempting to give her what she wanted and needed, the spark she'd begun to feel that Fall, the spark that she'd fanned into a full-blown wildfire here in New Jersey. She was naughty. She was dirty. She was his.

She slipped the contract back into her carry-on. She'd signed it, in pen, while checking her luggage.

Erin wasn't sure it was going to work. She'd discovered something in herself that she wasn't sure Ben could handle. She wasn't sure that Ben would be enough. She wasn't sure that exposing herself to Ben and Ben alone was going to satisfy the burgeoning exhibitionist within her. She wasn't sure that Ben would be able to dominate her - to be mean to her, to humiliate her, to put her down - in the way she worried she'd now need.

But he'd try. And for that, she loved him.

And if didn't work? If it wasn't enough? Well, then, Fabrikam was just down the road. Capstone Partners and Donovan Runnels were in-town. And US Financial would be expanding to Los Angeles in the Spring...