**Adventures of a Mailgirl**

by Periculum Fabula 

*True Life Adventures of a Mailgirl*  
**Chapter 1 -- You Are Going to Unlock Me Aren't You?**  
**A LUNCH TO BE REMEMBERED**  
As the last of Karen's pelvic contractions dwindled, as her pulse began to return to normal, and as her moaning and guttural utterances gradually ceased, Karen's orgasm slowly faded away. Exhausted, flushed in her face and upper body, naked, covered in sweat, and still breathing heavily, Karen turned to her girlfriend and smiled.   
  
"Girl, you have the most amazing tongue. That was incredible." Karen said.   
  
Jamie gave Karen a passionate hug, a kiss on her twat, and rolled out of bed.   
  
"Thanks. I really enjoyed it too." Jamie said as she headed to the bathroom to freshen up her face.   
  
"Aren't you forgetting something?" Karen said as she rattled the handcuffs that fastened both of her wrists to Jamie's steel bedposts.   
  
Jamie finished drying her face and started brushing her hair in front of the bathroom mirror.   
  
"I don't think so." Jamie said.   
  
Karen laughed. "I was talking about the handcuffs."   
  
Jamie touched up her makeup and applied some lipstick.   
  
"Oh, is that what you're referring to." Jamie said.   
  
Karen laughed. "As much as I know you'd like to, you can't just keep me chained to your bed all day."   
  
Jamie picked out some panties from a chest of drawers and began getting dressed.   
  
"Why not?"   
  
Karen giggled at the joke. "What do you mean why not? I've got things to do. Besides, I need to pee."   
  
Jamie strapped on a bra. "But you took comp time today. You don't have to go to work; so you can stay right here all day and we can take up right where I left off when I get back."   
  
"Seriously, where'd you put the key?"   
  
Jamie buttoned up her blouse. "On the dresser, where you'll never reach it."   
  
Karen began to look a little concerned. "Really, I need to pee."   
  
Jamie slipped into some slacks, walked over, and kissed Karen passionately, the way lovers kiss. "You don't actually think that I would just let go something so ravishingly beautiful and so precious to me as you."   
  
Jamie adjusted a pair of sandals on her feet and gave herself one last inspection in the mirror, smiled, and picked up the handcuff key.   
  
Karen looked genuinely worried for a moment but laughed as Jamie picked up the key and looked greatly relieved. "You really had me going there for a second. For a moment I really thought you were serious. I really thought you were going to leave me like this."   
  
Jamie walked over to her bed, teased Karen with the key for a few seconds, stuffed the key in the pocket of her pants, caressed Karen's left breast, ran her hand down Karen's stomach, and then teasingly continued her exploration of Karen's body across her twat and down the inside of her right thigh.   
  
"I am." Jamie said as she began to tickle Karen.   
  
Karen squirmed and giggled as she became ticklish at Jamie's hand but Jamie only tickled her more.   
  
"Oh, no, no, stop." Karen pleaded. "I need to pee. I'll ruin the mattress. Stop."   
  
Defenseless against Jamie's nimble fingers, Karen thrashed about the mattress and turned red in the face as Jamie tickled her armpits. Giggling manically, Jamie even employed her tongue in the most devilish of ways to further magnify Karen's ticklish plight.   
  
"No, no, no, I can't hold it." Karen pleaded as she frantically writhed as Jamie's tickling only intensified.   
  
After about a minute of tickling Karen, Jamie stopped.   
  
"You are going to unlock me aren't you?" Karen said as she caught her breath.   
  
"No."   
  
As Karen tested the handcuffs and fecklessly tried to squeeze her hands from their clasp, Jamie took out a cell phone and snapped a photo. "Just something to remember you by today until I get back." Jamie said.   
  
Panicked and flustered, Karen stammered. "But, but, you can't just leave me like this."   
  
Jamie looked at the photo. "Oh my God, you're so cute. Wanna see." Jamie showed Karen her photo. Finding escape to be hopeless and suddenly realizing the full extent of her predicament, Karen looked at the photo in horror and then back at Jamie.   
  
"Seriously, you can't just leave me handcuffed naked to your bed. I'm begging you."   
  
"Oh alright," Jamie seemed resigned, "I won't just leave you handcuffed naked to my bed."   
  
As Karen breathed a huge sigh of relief, Jamie picked up Karen's panties off the floor, slipped them over Karen's feet, and ran the underpants up Karen's legs and buttocks until her panties were properly fitted.   
  
Karen looked troubled. "What are you doing?"   
  
"There, you see, I'm not going to leave you handcuffed to my bed naked; now you're no longer naked." Jamie said.   
  
"Shit. Jamie, please, you can't just leave me chained up like this." Karen's voice was desperate. "I really need to pee."   
  
"I've got big plans for you at lunchtime, really big." Jamie smiled and cocked an eyebrow. "We're gonna have the most mind-blowing sex ever. I promise it'll be worth the wait."   
  
"Please, Jamie, this isn't funny."   
  
"Don't go anywhere, I'll be back at lunch." Jamie said as she was walking out of the bedroom.   
  
"No, no, no, Jamie wait, stop. Damnit. JAMIE! JAMIE!"   
  
"I love you." Jamie said as she was leaving the apartment.   
  
Jamie shut the front door behind her, locked it, glanced at her photo, and giggled. The panicked look on Karen's face as she lay there chained to the bed, naked and helpless, was priceless; the picture was definitely a keeper; a photo that Jamie would be sure to add it to her collection.   
  
At her desk by 7:55 and working on her first cup of coffee, Jamie checked her emails. As a recruiter and Human Services Specialist for the multibillion dollar conglomerate, Tekvelopment Research Group (TRG), Jamie found it difficult to concentrate on anything but what she was going to eat for lunch, namely Karen.   
  
Fantasizing of what Karen looked like at that moment, Jamie imagined her beautiful lover fidgeting naked, exposed, and vulnerable while chained to her bed. Although she'd be a little bent out of shape by noon, Karen found bondage to be highly arousing and, despite everything, Jamie knew that by lunchtime, Karen would be smoldering with sexual desire.   
  
Sneaking another peak at her photo only served to further distract Jamie. Already decidedly sexually aroused, Jamie could hardly wait for lunch. She didn't know which woman would be more sexually frustrated by the lunchtime, her or Karen. Regardless, it would be a lunch to be remembered.   
  
Jamie's sexual fantasies were interrupted when she received an email from Tekvelopment's 27 year old CEO and Dotcom billionaire, Jim Dillard.   
  
Jamie,   
  
I'm working on something big and I want your thoughts on it. My office at 11.   
  
Thanks.   
  
Jim   
  
Despite the fact that Jamie was a mere peon at TRG and Jim Dillard owed a controlling interest of the company, Jamie and Dillard had been friends since kindergarten, a friendship that had developed into a romance for a few years in their late teens, and, although Jamie had since moved on to enjoy the company of women, Dillard still valued Jamie's advice.   
  
Arriving at Dillard's office a few minutes early, she found Jim Dillard and two middle aged men, a Caucasian and one of Latin decent already at the table.   
  
"Thanks for coming." Dillard said. "Gentlemen, Jamie Richmond, she's the recruiting specialist I told you about. Jamie, this is Jackson Reynolds, an attorney we've retained to help us with this project and Mark Fuentes, who will be the director.   
  
"Call me Jack." Mr. Reynolds said.   
  
"Mark." Mr. Fuentes added.   
  
Everyone took a seat around Dillard's conference table.   
  
"Tekvelopment is known in the marketplace as an innovator and as a risk-taker." Dillard said. "Need TRG to be seen as an innovator not afraid to break free from the social barriers. We don't just to see the world as it is but to see the world as it could be, as it should be. And here at TRG, we don't just see the future, we make it happen."   
  
So moved by his own speech, Dillard stood and began pacing about the room as he talked.   
  
"I want this company to see past the customs and social norms that constrain society and boldly extend TRG's innovations not just to our products but to our personnel as well." Dillard said. In ancient art, gods, heroes, athletes, and warriors were depicted as nude while ordinary people were clothed. The concept is known as the heroic nude. The nude in the art is not intended as a sexual display but rather to identify the hero in the artwork because of her confident nudity and because of her magnificent athletic form."   
  
Jamie looked uncertain. She knew Dillard was pitching something but couldn't figure out what.   
  
"Even today, in art and movies, the superhero is the one that's decidedly underdressed in a skintight or skimpy costume. The less the clothes, the tighter the costume, the more the muscles, the greater the hero. Look at Tarzan, Wonder Woman, Batman, and Mystique, they're all modern examples of the heroic nude. Their relative nudity and exceptional physique instantly identifies them to the viewer as being greater in stature than the common man."   
  
"So you're planning on TRG selling Halloween costumes?" Jamie asked.   
  
"No." Dillard said. "I'm planning on making heroes. I'm looking to bring the heroic nude concept out of fiction and into reality. I want to bring the living embodiment of the nude female warrior to life right here at TRG. The ultimate expression of the athletic female form in motion set in the modern workplace with TRG being at the forefront of the movement."   
  
"You're gonna have muscular naked women with spears and swords roaming around in the halls?" Confused, Jamie clearly didn't know where Dillard was going with this presentation. "What for? Are we expecting a Viking invasion?"   
  
Despite the vast difference in rank and wealth between the two, when Jamie and Dillard conversed, they did so as old friends, even equals, something Dillard valued in the relationship. As a result, Jamie assumed a much more jovial and glib exchange than otherwise would be expected.   
  
"Not exactly." Dillard said. "We're going to train an elite group of highly motivated and athletic women to serve as special carriers of most secret and time sensitive documents here at TRG."   
  
"Oh." Jamie suddenly understood the where presentation was headed. "So what you're saying is that you want a Mailgirl program here at TRG?"   
  
"Well yes, but we want it to be the best Mailgirl program in the world." Dillard said. "A boot camp for the confident, ultra-sexy and successful women. I just don't want nudes, I want heroes."   
  
Jamie looked unimpressed. "Let me guess, Marketing came up with this heroic nude boot camp pitch."   
  
Dillard looked somewhat deflated. "Yeah, but I love the idea. It puts the emphasis not on mere beauty but on athleticism and courage and promotes a positive body image. What do you think?"   
  
"Uh, I don't know. Trying to convince people that buff nudists delivering mail qualifies as heroes could be tough."   
  
"I thought you'd love it." Dillard said.   
  
"Of course I'd like it. I'm a lesbian. If you want to have a bunch of naked hard-bodied women running around all over the place showing off their hoo-has, I'd have no objection but I don't speak for the majority of women in this company. I don't even think a majority of the lesbians would like it."   
  
"We've anticipated there initially be some adjusting to the situation."   
  
"There's gonna be a lot more opposition than just a little adjusting to the situation." Jamie said. "Most of the women will find it perverted and I expect some will quit while others may sue. Is a Mailgirl program even legal in this state?"   
  
"That's what we have Mr. Reynolds here to talk about today." Dillard said. "He's very experienced with Mailgirl Programs and did a lot of DDE Mailgirl Program's legal work."   
  
"We won't have a problem with state law as it specifically allows a person to be nude in public when," Mr. Reynolds read the passage verbatim "entertaining or performing in a play, exhibition, show or entertainment."   
  
"But Mailgirls aren't entertainers, they're couriers." Jamie said. "They don't act, they deliver mail."   
  
"That's where it gets interesting." Mr. Reynolds said. "We need to make them entertainers."   
  
"So we have them sing and dance while they deliver letters and packages?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Of course not." Mr. Reynolds laughed at the idea. "That's why we're making the Mailgirl Program here at TRG a reality show."   
  
"Like a TV reality show?"   
  
"Exactly." Mr. Reynolds said. "You can get away with anything so long as it's on television. So long as you're hiring entertainers, nudity, age discrimination, gender discrimination, and conduct which would otherwise be completely prohibited in the workplace, are all allowed."   
  
"I've hired Jackson Fuentes to direct the show and I've contracted Ms. Hayashi to conduct our Mailgirl training." Dillard said.   
  
"What does our in-house legal department say about this?" Jamie asked.   
  
Dillard winced. "They weren't as far sighted or as innovative as Mr. Reynolds."   
  
"What do you mean?"   
  
"They threatened to resign en masse if I forced them work on the project." Dillard said. "But I've had other lawyers more familiar with entertainment law look at Mr. Reynolds proposal and they approve. I really think this will work."   
  
"So, as long as we're filming them, the Mailgirls can run around naked anywhere they want?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Not exactly." Mr. Reynolds said. "Although nudity is not prohibited by state law so long as we are filming the Mailgirl, there are nudity restrictions in the City's ordinances which limit nudity in performances to when the event is sponsored by an organization holding an entertainment license issued by the City and the city issues a film or theatrical permit for the performance specifically authorizing the nudity."   
  
"But we're ahead of the game with the City." Dillard said. "We've organized a Studio for the purpose of producing the Mailgirls reality show and it's already been granted an entertainment license by the city."   
  
"But will the City grant the film permits?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Despite some opposition, City Council's agreed to grant the permits provided we stay at least 500 feet away from any school or children's playground, we stay out of all areas zoned residential, we stay out of sight of any church, mosque, or synagogue during their day of worship, and we only set foot on private property if we have permission of the owner to do so. Dillard said.   
  
Dillard's secretary came into the room and started handing out menus.   
  
"What's this?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Oh, I forgot to mention in my email that we'll be working through lunch today." Dillard said. "We've got a lot to do."   
  
Jamie's sat up straighter in her chair, her muscles tensed, and her eyes widened noticeably as an anxious look came over her face.   
  
"That's not a problem is it?" Dillard asked.   
  
Jamie fidgeted and ran her fingers through her hair. "Well, uh, it's just that I've promised a friend that I'd walk her dog over lunch." Jamie said. "She's a good dog but I don't know if the puppy can hold it until five."   
  
"Can't you get your friend Dakota to go over and walk the dog?" Dillard asked. "We've really got a lot to cover."   
  
Jamie looked uneasy. "Well, that might be a problem. It's just that she's a pretty big puppy, about 120 pounds, and she doesn't know Dakota. I'd wouldn't feel right about it."   
  
"120 pounds? That is a big puppy. I understand your concern." Dillard considered the problem for a moment. "I wouldn't worry about it. Dogs have amazing bladders."   
  
Jamie grimaced. "I kinda need to. I didn't get a chance to walk her this morning."   
  
"We've got too much to do." Dillard said. "I'll tell you what. If your puppy can't hold it, I'll pay for the steam cleaning myself." Dillard seemed dismissive. "I'm sure you're puppy's going to be just fine."   
  
Biting her bottom lip, Jamie searched for the words that would convince her CEO of the absolute necessity that she be allowed to run home for a few minutes at lunch but nothing came to mind. Admitting that her puppy was a 120 pound human named Karen who was handcuffed to Jamie's bed in just her underpants would be awkward. Besides, if Jim Dillard wasn't moved by the plight of a puppy, he probably wouldn't be any better persuaded to come the Karen's relief; knowing Jim Dillard, if anything, he'd be amused and let the scenario playout. What Dillard was interested in at the moment was his project and Jamie doubted there was anything she could say at this point that might save Karen.   
  
Accepting defeat, Jamie forced a disingenuous smile to her face. "I hope so." Marking the grilled chicken salad with vinaigrette dressing and a bottle of water on her menu, Jamie returned it to Mr. Dillard's personal assistant. Her fate now sealed, Karen was just going to have to cross her legs, grit her teeth, and do the best she could for the next six or seven hours.   
  
Dillard looked at Jamie. "Well, what do you think?"   
  
"Honestly Jim, I still don't like it." Jamie said. "Just because we can doesn't mean we should. I don't think mainstream America will go for it. It could alienate a lot of our customers. The publicity will be almost all negative and a lot of it will be vicious. It's just too dangerous."   
  
"Are you sure." Dillard asked.   
  
"I don't even think following a bunch of naked chicks around while they deliver mail would be that interesting." Jamie said.   
  
"That's where you come in."   
  
Jamie looked surprised. "Me?"   
  
"We're not only looking for athletic young women, we're looking for very interesting girls; women with the right personality that will make the show fascinating." Dillard said. "And I need the right recruiter to find those women and recruit them into the program."   
  
"And you want me to be the recruiter for the Mailgirl Program?"   
  
"Not only the recruiter," Dillard said, "I want you to be a part of the management team."   
  
Jamie's eyes lit up. "Seriously."   
  
"I can't think of anyone better." Dillard said. "The job will involve a 50% pay raise as well as a six-figure bonus if you can pull this off. Are you interested?"   
  
"Of course."   
  
"I thought you said you didn't like the idea." Dillard teased.   
  
"Well, that was before you told me I'd help manage it and get a shit-load of cash." Jamie said. "Suddenly I love the idea of a Mailgirl Program here at TRG; it's inspired."   
  
Dillard laughed. "I thought you might come around to my way of thinking once you had all the details."   
  
"Where do you want to recruit these chicks from? Colleges, nudist clubs, talent agencies, gyms, models, athletes, advertise for auditions?"   
  
"No. I want you to hire as many Mailgirls as you can from the existing TRG workforce." Dillard said. "It'll be far more interesting to the viewers to see the reaction of both the Mailgirls and the other employees if they know each other."

And a lot harder to recruit Jamie thought.   
  
"I know you're thinking that finding all the women we need in such a small population as the TRG workforce will be difficult." Dillard said.   
  
"Very difficult." Jamie said. "Particularly when you consider how few of the people who work in the building would be single, without commitments, of the right age, athleticism, and gender there won't be a lot to choose from. And these chicks are career women; very few of them would be at all interested in being a Mailgirl. It's hard enough to ask women to be naked among strangers but it's gonna be incredibly difficult to demand career girls to be naked among their co-workers. "   
  
"We need to make the job highly desirable." Dillard said. "I want to make the Mailgirl the gold standard of physical splendor. Join the Mailgirl program and you will have the body to die for, you will have a small fortune within a couple of years and you will have more confidence and drive than you could ever imagine."   
  
Jamie still looked doubtful. "I don't know. I still think we're probably going to need to recruit mostly from outside sources."   
  
"We need to portray these girls as athletic goddesses who can leap over obstacles, run the 40 yard dash in 4.5 seconds, or flip a quarter off their abs." Dillard continued. "Mailgirls need to look spectacular, unbelievable even, living sculpture, a triumph. I want the boys to want to meet them and the girls to want to be them."   
  
"Even if we condition these chicks, how do we make them heroes?" Jamie said. "Nobody's gonna get excited about a woman wielding an envelope or conquering a package delivery."   
  
"The show can't be about delivering mail, it's got to be about the girls themselves; their metamorphosis from average to awesome. We're particularly looking for women that are underachieving or sexually repressed. The enemy they conquer won't be Vikings but their own self-doubts and inner demons that's holding them back. That's what will make the show interesting."   
  
"So you want me to recruit sexually repressed, career women, with a lot of self-confidence issues, to be nude on television while they perform menial tasks at their workplace, in front of all their friends and co-workers, in order to become a better person."   
  
"Yes." Dillard said.   
  
"You do realize that this is gonna be next to impossible to pull off."   
  
"That's why I'm hiring you to do it. If anyone has the silver tongue that can talk anyone into anything it's you."   
  
Jamie looked hesitant. "Maybe, but it won't be easy."   
  
"Well you need to be quick about it. We don't have much time."   
  
"How quick?"   
  
Dillard nodded his head yes. "Very. I need 20 girls in the program in the next 30 days."   
  
"Why so fast?"   
  
"The new premium cable network, Exclusive Cinema Presentations, they go by their initials, ECP, had a cancellation in one of their reality shows and was looking for a last second replacement. So I pitched a Mailgirl reality show idea to them and they loved it."   
  
"They did?"   
  
"ECP only runs their own programing; exclusives, things you can't find anywhere else. They want the edgy, the controversial, and the outlandish. Things that network television or even HBO wouldn't touch or even think of. Shows that America will talk about."   
  
"Well, a Mailgirl show would be all that and more." Jamie said.   
  
"Have you got a plan?" Dillard asked   
  
"If you want repressed women, I can't rely on applications alone." Deep in thought, Jamie frowned and licked her lips nervously as she contemplated the daunting task ahead of her.   
  
"You do have a plan don't you?" Dillard probed.   
  
After a few more seconds of meditation, Jamie looked up. "I'll get a website up within 24 hours and I'll start running the advertising tomorrow. With something this scandalous we won't need much advertising to get a lot of buzz. Word of mouth will spread the news though the building within a couple of hours. I'll send an email out to everyone in the building as soon as the website's up and I'll put a trace on anyone who accesses the cite which will track who's hitting on the site, how many hits they make and how long they stay on the site, that'll give me a list of women who might be interested. Once I know who's interested, I've got friends in every department that can give me the low down on every chick that hits the site. Then I'll reach out to any promising candidate individually." Jamie said.   
  
"Do you have anyone in particular in mind?" Dillard asked.   
  
"A few."   
  
"Good. I'd like to get at least one Mailgirl in the building by the end of the week. Mr. Fuentes already has a crew here and is ready to start filming."   
  
"I can't promise anything but I'll talk to my sources today and see what I can come up with." Jamie said. 'With any luck, I'll have some chick delivering mail bare-ass by Friday."   
  
**A METHOD TO THE MADNESS**   
  
"Hey, glad I caught up with you." Jamie said as she found her best friend Dakota eating her lunch at their usual table in the cafeteria.   
  
"What's up?" Dakota said.   
  
"I got a new job assignment yesterday and I want to get your advice on a couple of things." Jamie said.   
  
"Sure, how about we discuss it over dinner? There's a new restaurant called Bartolmeu's, it's Brazilian. I hear it's fabulous."   
  
"I'd love to but I can't." Jamie said. "I've got a delivery coming tonight and I've got to be there to let the guys in. I was hoping to get as much done as we can over lunch."   
  
Dakota took interest. "Did you buy some new furniture?"   
  
"Nah, just a mattress." Jamie said. "By the way, have you heard that we're getting a Mailgirl program?"   
  
Dakota's mood soured. "Of all the sexist, bone-headed, perverted, ideas, this company has ever come up with, that has got to be the worst. Not only is it clearly sexual harassment to require employees to work nude, it's also harassing to be forced to be exposed to such offensive nudity; it's just plain gross. Who wants to see a bunch of twats all day?" Dakota made a face and held out her hands as if to shield herself from the offending evil. Uhhh! I don't need or want to see any of these people's private junk, it would be disgusting." Dakota gestured to all of the employees in the TRG cafeteria.   
  
Shaking her head in revulsion, Dakota took a drink from her diet soda.   
  
"Well uh, that's my new job assignment."   
  
Choking on her drink, Dakota blew diet soda all over the table, all over Jamie, and out her nose. As she gasped to catch her breath, the woman looked like she had just hit her finger with a hammer.   
  
"You're not serious, are you?" Dakota said as she began wiping all the diet soda off her face.   
  
"I'm not one of the Mailgirls or anything, I'm doing the recruiting and I'm on the management team." Jamie said as she began sponging diet soda off her face with a napkin as well.   
  
"And you took the job?"   
  
"Yeah."   
  
"What the hell for?"   
  
"I get a huge raise and a six-figure bonus if I can pull it off. Besides, it's my first management position."   
  
"Well," Dakota struggled to come up with the right words, "congratulations I suppose."   
  
"I know it's not exactly the ideal career move but they didn't offer me a position managing a cancer research team." Jamie said.   
  
"Yeah, but,"   
  
"I'm really gonna need your help on this."   
  
"Me?" Dakota looked alarmed.   
  
"No, it's not like that, I'm not asking you to be a Mailgirl, I just need to pick your brain for a bit."   
  
Relieved, Dakota listened as Jamie explained the Mailgirl program. Nevertheless, the more Jamie talked, the more Dakota looked confused.   
  
"I don't get it. What's the point? How does TRG benefit by having naked couriers?" Dakota asked.   
  
"The premise is security." Jamie said. "As you know, for security reasons, the research and development floors, eight and nine, are complete lock downs. Only people with the highest security clearance can get in and they must go through a metal detector. No cell phones, watches, jump drives, cameras, recording devices, computers, large belt buckles, purses, or anything else that could be used to smuggle data is allowed."   
  
"Please don't tell me that the eighth and ninth floors are going nudist." Dakota looked concerned.   
  
"No, but they've removed all internet access; both floors are completely stand alone, no email, no faxes, and no texts. All of the phone calls will be on secure lines which are recorded and can be monitored. There's gonna be no way anyone can smuggle any material amount of research data out of the building."   
  
"How will they communicate?"   
  
"That's where the Mailgirls come in. All messages to or from the eighth and ninth floors to anywhere else in the complex will be by way of Mailgirls. The messages will be placed in a mailing tube about the size of a cardboard paper towel roll. The end will be locked and the tube will be handcuffed to the Mailgirl. Her delivery time will be set automatically by the computer based on distance. The delivery deadline will be so tight that the Mailgirl will usually need to jog in order to make it on time so there would be no time to attempt to taper with the mailing tube and there's an electronic chip in it that would alert security if anyone attempted to open it without a key. Only her delivery point will have the key to unlock the handcuffs and the mailing tube."   
  
"But why nude?" Dakota asked. "Can't they deliver the tube just as well with clothes on?"   
  
"No, not with the same degree of security. Although everyone, including the Mailgirls, will go through a TRG body scanner, the nudity adds one more layer of security. There's virtually no place to hide anything and no time or opportunity to do it."   
  
"But that's all bullshit." Dakota said. "You've seen the new TRG body scanner. It's the best in the world. The damn thing's embarrassing. It sees right through your clothes like x-ray vision. Hell, they can see most of your bone structure with that thing. They can tell if you're wearing contacts or even see if your tits are real. Besides even with nudity, there's still a few places to hide something."   
  
Jamie looked confused, as if she'd lost count.   
  
"Your mouth is the third one." Dakota explained.   
  
"Oh. I forgot about that one." Jamie said. "Still, with clothes, there's a lot more for the scanner to see. A lot more ways to camouflage a device. You can't hide anything anywhere when you're nude; it would stand out."   
  
"The program would be ludicrously expensive." Dakota complained. "We'd be paying six figure bonuses to people just to deliver mail."   
  
"Actually, it turns a profit." Jamie said. "The syndication will be worldwide and the royalties from the realty show will put it in the black."   
  
"I still don't buy it." Dakota said. "What's the real reason behind this madness?"   
  
"There's also gonna be a helluva lot of TRG product placement on the show." Jamie explained. "The new line of virtual reality gaming exercise equipment, our state of the art security and surveillance systems, and our drone technology as well as dozens of other items which will be featured in the show and be an integral part of the filming and production. It'll be a tremendous amount of great publicity."   
  
"There's only going to be a lot of free publicity if people actually watch the show." Dakota looked unconvinced. "How are you going to make it interesting? There's nudity everywhere. It's all over cable TV. Most people won't watch it because it's so perverted and even the perverts won't watch it much if all the girls are doing is delivering mail. It'll be downright boring."   
  
"That's what I need your help on." Jamie said. "I need to make this show a hit and you've always had a good head for business."   
  
"So, what's your plan?"   
  
"I've got to make the show about people, not envelopes. People are interested in other people. So I figure I've got to recruit some very interesting people. The show's got to be primarily about the girls themselves and the challenges they face adjusting to this new lifestyle and facing their own self-doubts and fears. The mail delivery is just a small part of it."   
  
"It's a good start but you're going to need more." Dakota said as she considered the task. "If you're going to do something this crazy, you can't be timid about it, you've got to own it. If the girls are going to be nude, you've got to do something with it. They can't just stand around and scratch their ass."   
  
"I agree."   
  
"You say the girls can run around completely nude in public?"   
  
"Yeah, if I stay within the limitations we talked about and get a film permit in advance." Jamie said. "We plan to make at several public runs a day."   
  
Dakota looked concerned but said nothing.   
  
"There's a lot of prep work to each of these public runs." Jamie said. "Planning the route, scheduling the drones and the camera crews, arranging permission with the destination, getting the permits. It'll be a shitload of work but it'll would be worth it. It's not just a nude woman jogging down the street that will be interesting, it'll be the looks on people's faces and how they react to the Mailgirl that will be fascinating."   
  
"O.K."   
  
"I want to see the old man drop his dentures right out of his mouth when she runs past. I want to see the young man jogging down the sidewalk run right into the bushes. I even want to see the look on people's faces that are totally offended by the nudity."   
  
Dakota thought about it. "That would be fun to see."   
  
"You need a show that generates a lot of word of mouth discussion." Jamie said. "Just running around the building won't do that. We'll need to develop some regular runs in public, and I mean very public, where lots and lots of people can see her, and you're going to need to have a very likable and interesting woman make the runs. Someone the viewers will identify with and root for."   
  
Dakota thought about it for a moment. "It might work. There's enough pervert's out there that may want to watch that."   
  
"And she'll need to look the part." Jamie said. "Since she'll be the defacto face of the Mailgirl program, your public runner will need to be the heroic nude that Marketing's trying to pitch. Not just a pretty girl but a true hard-bodied athlete, a real head turner."   
  
Dakota nodded in agreement. "You'll have to choose her carefully."   
  
"Also, you're going to need to divide the work into different tasks and assign the women the tasks based on the strengths and abilities of your Mailgirls. Give the most interesting and difficult of tasks to the most interesting and resourceful of your personnel, your stars, and assign the more mundane work to the Mailgirls whose personalities won't be as interesting to the viewers."   
  
"That would help."   
  
"I'd figure out some special tasks for the girls to perform on weekends that would be fun for the girls and attention-grabbing for the viewers. Something that would require the Mailgirls to interact with the public. Something different and unexpected."   
  
"Like what?"   
  
Jamie thought for a moment. "Like hosting a free figure art class on Saturday mornings for artists and painters with live nude models, or volunteering the Mailgirls to perform free work for charities. Most of the charities will be turned off by the nudity but some will be attracted by the free publicity of the show. It will keep the show fresh and add variety. Pick something like the local animal shelter, everyone loves puppies and the girls will get into it as well."   
  
"A little variety like that would help make it more interesting." Dakota admitted.   
  
"Finally, I've got to look for ways to make something as mundane as delivering the mail or daily chores be interesting." Jamie said. "That's something I'll need your help on."   
  
Dakota thought about the problem. "I don't know, you've really got to think outside the box on this."   
  
Jamie considered what Dakota said for a moment and then looked like she had an epiphany. "That's a great idea, but maybe not so much outside the box but inside the box."   
  
"I don't understand." Dakota looked confused.   
  
Jamie smiled, a deliberately sinister grin. "Perhaps it's not so much that we need a girl to deliver a box but we need a box to deliver a girl."

**Chapter 2 -- To Prove That I Could**   
  
**AN INVITATION**   
  
As she erased the email passing her over for promotion again, Anne wondered why the world just wasn't fair; the game seemed to be rigged against her. It was the fourth time that a person who was less senior, and, in Anne's opinion, less competent, had been chosen for promotion over her.   
  
At age 27, Anne Bishop was one of many account representatives in the Benefits section of TRG, a boring, entry level job. Although Anne had struggled to distinguish herself by covering for sick and vacationing co-workers, being fastidious with her work, being at her desk at least 15 minutes early every day, being professional in her manners and conservative in her dress, and by volunteering for difficult assignments that no one else wanted, she still wasn't sure that anyone in management even knew her name. The email denying her the promotion was referred to her as "Ann" instead of "Anne". Five years in benefits and her supervisor didn't even know the correct spelling of her name. She was just another nameless face in a sea of little cubicles on the 11th floor.   
  
She wanted to be special; to be noticed; to be appreciated but nothing quite turned out that way. No matter how hard she tried to distinguish herself, she seemed invisible to the rest of the world, both in her career and her personal life.   
  
It was not as if she hadn't worked hard at every part of her life. She was an amateur triathlete and worked out daily. The training was lonely and arduous but Anne preferred the solitude. As an athlete, Anne had been determined but not particularly gifted. No matter how hard Anne trained, she always finished the race somewhere in the middle of the pack.   
  
Between boyfriends for the last eight months, Anne's love life had fared no better. No matter how hard she tried in the relationship, the men in her life tended to be insensitive jerks who were emotionally unavailable to her, often moody, sometimes abusive, and occasionally philandering. It's not that she didn't know any kind, attentive, generous, and sensitive young men but she never seemed to be able to attract them. No matter what she did, Anne never seemed to be able to get the job, the trophy, or the guy she wanted.   
  
Anne looked at her face in a photo from a recent photograph; her face was ordinary. She looked down at her clothes, they were ordinary. Her job was ordinary; her car was ordinary, her small apartment was ordinary, and, when she was fully dressed, even her looks seemed to be ordinary.   
  
Average height with straight blond hair Anne was slender with little in the way of curves, the best part of Anne's appearance was her extremely well-toned body she had earned as a triathlete. People were often shocked when they saw her in a swimsuit and expressed that she looked a lot better without her clothes. However, Anne worked in an office building where people never saw her in a swimsuit. In fact, they rarely noticed her at all. It's not that she aspired to be a movie-star or a CEO but it would be nice if someone, somewhere cared about her, thought she was pretty, thought she was intelligent, valued her company, and considered her special.   
  
A new message pop up on Anne's Computer screen marked from the Mailgirl Department; the subject line stated "Interview Request."   
  
Dear Ms. Bishop: Congratulations, the Mailgirl Recruitment Committee has carefully considered your application for employment with TRG as a Mailgirl and I am pleased to inform you that you are invited to interview for the position at 1:30 p.m. today in room 584C in the Human Resources Department. The Mailgirl team is excited about your interest in the program and are very interested in meeting with you to determine if we will be able to offer you a position with our team.   
  
Jamie Richmond, Recruitment Coordinator, TRG Mailgirl Program.   
  
Anne's astonishment of being accepted for an interview to the program was only secondary to the fact that she never submitted her application. Although she read all the notices in the company bulletin board about the program and had even filled out the application, Anne never got up the nerve to send it in.   
  
The idea of running around the building delivering mail in the nude had been a secret fantasy of Anne's ever since she heard of the Mailgirl program in other companies. Nevertheless Anne regarded naked female couriers as an insane and sexually demeaning fad which would probably be outlawed within the year. Nevertheless, when she heard the news that TRG was considering Mailgirls, Anne indulged herself the guilty pleasure of reading about the program and even filling out the application. Anne found that just reading about the proposed Mailgirl Program and filling out the application to be sexually exhilarating. Reviewing the email and thinking about going to the interview was turning her on and Anne could feel a flush of embarrassment.   
  
Maybe the application got sent by a computer glitch; or maybe she accidently hit a wrong key. More probably it was her co-workers playing a cruel joke on her. Quickly glancing over her shoulder, Anne didn't see anyone spying on her and she couldn't hear any whispering or giggling. Everyone looked busy doing their job. She looked up the Mailgirl program in the TRG directory. Its room number was 584C and the Recruitment Coordinator was Jamie Richmond. Further, the email had come from the Human Resources Department and not Benefits. The Invitation looked legit.   
  
Anne tried to cool down. The sexual energy she was experiencing was distracting and Anne had a busy day ahead. She knew that there was no reason to get all worked up over an interview for a job that she had no intention of accepting. Anne started writing an email cancelling the interview but her fingers didn't cooperate. She looked at her watch, it was only 8:57. Anne would indulge herself another four and a half hours of sexual fantasy by pretending that there was actually a chance that she would go to the interview and daydreamed as to what it would be like to spend her day running around the building completely nude.   
  
There were at least 20 young men that she wouldn't mind advertising her goods to as well as a few women just to see the expression on their face. Anne looked around the Benefits Department. Most of the employees were women and would think of her as the Whore of Babylon if she ran around the building showing off her all of her private parts. She would certainly be the subject of derision and barnyard humor from most of the women on the floor.   
  
If Benefits Supervisor Rebecca Paget found out that Anne went to a Mailgirl interview, Ms. Paget would think of Anne as a harlot and a disruption. If Ms. Paget were informed that Anne had so much as filed an application to be a Mailgirl, Anne was sure that her supervisor would look for reasons to fire Anne or run her off.   
  
It's not that the Benefits department was merely against the Mailgirl concept, they thought of it as nasty, stupid, vulgar, and depraved and anyone who wanted to be associated with the program was nasty, stupid, vulgar, and depraved as well. Most of the Benefits Department employees, thought of the program as nothing more than a bunch of depraved strippers and shameless porn actors who had no place in corporate America. Ms. Paget would probably file a sexual harassment complaint the first time a Mailgirl walked in the room.   
  
Although Anne's job was going nowhere and boring, the TRG paycheck paid the bills and Anne didn't have the money to finance a long unemployment. Going to the Mailgirls interview was out of the question. While she loved the fantasy, the Mailgirls concept was insane and could never be a reality in Anne's life.   
  
The morning went slowly and unproductively as Anne struggled to keep he mind on her job. Instead, she found herself reading the Mailgirls invitation again every 15 minutes or so. Just reading the email gave her a bit of a sexual thrill and rekindled her fantasy of becoming a Mailgirl.   
  
By 10:30 Anne had decided just to drop by the Human Resources Department on her lunch break and find room 584C. It was not as if she would ever actually go to the interview, but just seeing the room and perhaps getting a glimpse of a Mailgirl interview would be exciting. She wanted to see what a real Mailgirl looked like and whether she could possible measure up. By 10:55, Anne contemplated taking a late lunch just keeping the option of attending the interview alive kept the fantasy alive a little longer. By 11:13 she had worked up the courage to make the request with her supervisor, Rebecca Paget.   
  
Although many in the department referred to Ms. Paget as moody, Anne disagreed. Moody implied that Ms. Paget had more than one mood and Anne had never known Ms. Paget's mood to be anything other than ill-tempered. Catching Ms. Paget at her desk, Anne knocked on her office door.   
  
"It's open." Ms. Paget grumbled.   
  
"I'm sorry to disturb you ma'am but I'd like to ask a favor if I may."   
  
"What do you want?"   
  
"I'd like to take my lunch at 1:15."   
  
"No. If you leave for lunch on time you get back on time."   
  
"I'd like to run an errand." Anne used the word errand as she didn't dare say the word appointment. The word appointment would invite questions which she couldn't answer while the word errand seemed more boring and mundane.   
  
"Run your errand at noon." Ms. Paget said.   
  
"I can't. It's not open for lunch." A moment of panic shot through Anne's mind as she realized that she hadn't a clue what she would tell Ms. Paget if Anne were asked to identify the mystery errand.   
  
Ms. Paget looked irritated. "If you're planning on leaving the TRG grounds you know that goes on your annual leave and must be approved in advance."   
  
"I'll just be an hour."   
  
"Personal business should be handled on personal time. Do it after work."   
  
"I can't."   
  
"We have rules for a reason Bishop." Paget scolded. "If I make exceptions to the rules just because someone doesn't like the rules, then there are no rules."   
  
"Yes, Ma'am. It will only take an hour. I'll be back by 2:15."   
  
Paget groaned. "Very well, you may take your lunch at 1:15 but if you're not back at your desk at 2:15, I'm marking you down for two hours of annual leave."   
  
"Thankyou."   
  
"Don't make a habit of this Bishop."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
Anne's libido soared as her Mailgirl fantasy continued.   
  
**I DON'T WANT PERFECT**   
  
As the two men strolled down the walking path in the park, Mr. Fuentes, offered a few inch thick booklets to Jim Dillard but Dillard waived them off.   
  
"I wish you'd reconsider and look at the scripts again." Mr. Fuentes said.   
  
"I've looked at the scripts and they're crap." Dillard said. "They read like any other obviously scripted reality show. Stilted dialogue, clichéd concepts, a predictable plot, and clearly contrived situations."   
  
"Almost all reality shows are scripted." Mr. Fuentes said. "Real life is boring; real people just aren't that interesting."   
  
"That's where I think you're wrong." Dillard said. "I want the type of raw emotion and volatile drama that only an unscripted show can provide. I want rage, I want terror, I want despair, and I want victory. People are fascinating once you get to know them. We've just got to push them way out of their comfort zone; push them further than they've ever been pushed and we'll get some quality drama, I guarantee you."   
  
Mark Fuentes shook his head no. "I'm still not sure. I don't even know how an American audience, never mind the rest of the world, is going to react. I'm not even sure that we can recruit your employees or any woman with a normal life to do that. I think we'll need actors."   
  
Jim Dillard pondered Mr. Fuentes reservations for a moment. When the men passed neared a group of college-age women sunbathing, Dillard stopped and seemed to have an epiphany. Turning off the path, Dillard walked up to the first woman, squatted down, reached into his wallet, and took out of a stack of hundred dollar bills.   
  
Appearing to resent the intrusion, the bikini clad sunbather rolled down her sunglasses. "Can I help you?"   
  
Dillard paused for a moment as he searched for the right words. "What would you say if I offered you $2,000.00 to strip completely naked and streak from one end of this park to the other?"   
  
Fuentes looked shocked. "Jim, what are you doing?"   
  
When Dillard offered the bikini clad sunbather the money she responded by slapping him across his face.   
  
"Not the response that I had hoped for." Dillard said.   
  
"Pervert."   
  
"I'll do it." Clearly excited, another of the three sunbathers, a college age girl in cut-offs and a cropped T-shirt, jumped to her feet and rushed over to Dillard. "I'll do it. If you pay me $2000.00, I'll streak."   
  
"O.K." Dillard handed her the money and the would-be-streaker eagerly began counting it.   
  
Shocked, the bikini clad sunbather exclaimed: "Tara no."   
  
Tara's friends got to their feet and everyone started nervously looking around. There were no police to be seen but 60 to 70 people were within close eyesight. A cyclist, a couple of dog watchers, a few joggers, a dozen more sunbathers, two young men throwing a football, a couple holding hands on a park bench, etc.   
  
The third sunbather looked around the park. "Tara you can't, they're people everywhere."   
  
Tara finished counting the money and handed it to the third sunbather. "Hold this for me." Giggling, Tara paused for a moment to gather her courage and then stripped off her shirt and stepped out of her cutoffs.   
  
Shocked, the bikini clad sunbather exclaimed: "Oh my God, Tara!"   
  
Standing in the park wearing only her bra and panties, Tara, a comely short haired brunette, blushed, quickly looked around to see who was watching, hurried out undergarments and, with a squeal of nervous delight, took off running down the park as quickly as possible as naked as the day she was born.   
  
The bikini clad sunbather covered her eyes and let out a giggle. "Oh my God! Oh my God!"   
  
Red with embarrassment, the third sunbather was laughing so hard that she could barely speak, "I can't believe it."   
  
Shrieking and giggling as she ran, Tara suddenly had everyone's attention. The football sailed past the head of one of the young men who had been throwing it around a moment age. Now the young man was oblivious to everything in the world but Tara as he gazed upon her naked body in shocked delight. Sunbathers looked up, the cyclist nearly wrecked, and joggers stopped to watch.   
  
Dillard took out his cell phone. "Bring the car around."   
  
"Yes sir." Dillard's chauffeur responded.   
  
Tara reached the end of the park, turned around, performed a couple of cartwheels, and started back, still giggling and shrieking. Her friends were turning red with embarrassment but and still giggling uncontrollably.   
  
The bikini clad sunbather looked away. "I can't look; I can't look."   
  
The onlookers began cheering and hooting. A few men began photographing her with their cellphones.   
  
Onlooker: "You go girl."   
  
Dillard began picked up Tara's clothes, the women's beach towels, and the rest of the girl's belongings.   
  
By now even Tara's friends where hooting and yelling their support at Tara. Tara threw her arms in the air and screamed in delight as she approached. And with the young woman's breasts jiggling, and hair bouncing, she finished the run covered herself with her hands and screamed in exhilaration. The sound of people clapping and cheering could be heard in the distance.   
  
The bikini clad sunbather started to give her friend a hug but looked down at Tara's nudity and thought better of it. Suddenly withdrawing, Tara's bikini clad friend teased: "Oh my God, put some clothes on bitch!"   
  
The three women were red faced and laughing as the Dillard's limousine cut across the grass and drove up too them. Dillard threw Tara's clothes and the rest of the women's belongings in the back.   
  
Taking Tara gently by the shoulders, Dillard nudged her toward the car. "Ladies, I think it's best you go now. Someone may have called the police."   
  
The women stopped their giggling, start looking around but then started giggling again.   
  
Dillard said. "Don't worry, we're not coming with you. Just tell the driver where you want to go and he'll take you there."   
  
Within half a minute, Dillard had successfully herded all of the women and all of their belongings into his limousine. Reaching inside the limo, Dillon handed the still completely naked Tara his card. "If you are in need of a job, call me. I might have something you might like. Something exciting, very exciting." Jim Dillard shut the door and the Limousine drove off.   
  
Fuentes stared at him in utter disbelief. "I can't believe you just did that."   
  
Dillard shrugged. "Being a billionaire gives you an astonishing sense of entitlement. After you first become a billionaire you're so rich, you start to believe you can do anything. It's not until after you've been a billionaire for a while that reality sets in." Dillard smiled. "But it's not a normal person's reality, it's a billionaire's reality. That's when you realize that the reality is, with the right approach, the right people, and the right amount of money, you actually can do anything."   
  
Still astounded, Fuentes asked: "Well than why did you do it?"   
  
Dillard smiled. "To prove that I could. I know that you don't think that we can pull off the Mailgirl Project but trust me. If we do this my way, I can make the Mailgirl Project a phenomenal success."   
  
Fuentes grinned. "I'll admit, I enjoyed that. I really enjoyed that."   
  
"Not only did you enjoy it, did you see the crowd's reaction. Most of the people enjoyed it, they really enjoyed it. Even the girl's friends really enjoyed it. This will be a moment that all three of those girls will remember if they live to be 105. That girl, Tara, had the time of her life."   
  
"Not everybody seemed to enjoy it."   
  
"I agree, there were a few that were not supportive but everyone watched it. They couldn't take their eyes off it. You want an audience, I'll give you an audience."   
  
"Even If I agree that the Mailgirls program can and should be done, your timelines are completely unrealistic. We'll never be ready to launch the Mailgirls program in 30 days. There's way too much to do."   
  
"Don't worry. We're further along than you think. I've already started recruitment."   
  
"I have as well." Fuentes said. "My department has chosen 20 of the finest looking women in the country. They're not employees, they're models and aspiring actresses but wait until you see them."   
  
Dillard shook his head. "I don't want them."   
  
"Why? These women are gorgeous, I mean drop-dead gorgeous."   
  
"I don't want girls who are merely beautiful, I want them interesting. People are merely somewhat sexy when they are naked but they are really sexy when they are interesting and really, really sexy when they are naked and interesting. You just can't have a bunch of bimbos standing there showing off their cunts, it'll never work."   
  
"But the women I've picked out are perfect." Fuentes argued.   
  
"I don't want perfect."   
  
"You don't want perfect?"   
  
"Perfect is boring. I want real people with real apprehension, real courage, and real flaws. I want flaws that we can expose, flaws that we can use to show them who they really are, and flaws that we can use to bare their sole." Dillard explained.   
  
"Bare their sole?"   
  
"I don't want just their skin to be naked in front of a worldwide TV audience, I want their sole to be naked in front of a worldwide TV audience"   
  
A couple of police cars begins cruising the park with the officers looking around.   
  
Fuentes noticed the police. "Nice touch getting the girls out of here before the cops arrived."

Dillard shrugged, "It wouldn't have been good for either the girls or us if they stayed around."   
  
"True."   
  
Dillard became serious for a moment. "I don't want to just strip off their clothes, I want to strip off all of the layers of inhibitions and repressed desires to find out who they really are, the person that even the Mailgirl herself didn't know that she was. I want to push these women to the point that they not only find out who they are but who they could be. It is not looks that will give us the ratings but humanity."   
  
"How do you plan to do that?"   
  
"The nudity and Mailgirl rules will isolate them, even alienate the girls from their coworkers, family, and friends. It will create an encapsulated community in which we will control."   
  
"Control what?"   
  
"Where they live, how they live, what they do, and even what they eat."   
  
"What do you look for in an ideal candidate?"   
  
"An attractive and intelligent girl who has flaws."   
  
"What flaws?"   
  
"She looks down too much and doesn't smile; wears unappealing or out of style clothing, who has few friends, who stays to herself a lot; who stays too late at the office, who is passed over for promotion, who makes too many excuses, who takes too much sick time, who has excessive discipline problems, who is habitually late, who is insubordinate, and particularly, those who the Jamie believes are sexually repressed."   
  
"Sexually repressed?"   
  
"Good-looking, intelligent, and nice girls who underachieve romantically or who suffer from an unjustified lack of self-confidence. Girls that, with the right stimulus, could either really bloom or could be completely pummeled and disgraced in front of their colleagues and a television audience."   
  
"And you think you can find enough repressed women who want to be a Mailgirl that we can make a show out of it?"   
  
"Jamie has an interview with our first young woman this afternoon, a very promising candidate."   
  
"What do you mean by promising?"   
  
"She's gat a very pleasant personality with a girl-next-door look, she's extremely athletic, works very hard, and seems highly intelligent but is weak-willed, has no self-confidence and is underachieving in every phase of her life." Dillard said. "I expect Jamie to bring her upstairs to my office around 2:15 or so and I was hoping that you would help with the interview."   
  
"I wouldn't miss it for the world."   
  
The men stopped for a moment under a shade tree.   
  
Fuentes, "Aren't you worried about how this will look?"   
  
"Think of it as a nude survival show in an office setting. We are going to push them so hard that they will either be forced to face their inner demons, heroically conquer their flaws, and emerge a much better person for the experience or they will be completely crushed by their own weaknesses, inadequacies, and fears."   
  
"You know, if we do this your way, some of the girls will probably fail, and when they do, they'll be completely humiliated in front of all their co-workers, friends, family, and a worldwide television audience." Fuentes warned.   
  
"Hopefully."   
  
Taken aback by the answer, Fuentes asked. "What happens if we push them too far and they mentally are not able to handle it? What if we break one of them?"   
  
Dillard shrugged. "Then our ratings go up." 

**THE INTERVIEW**   
  
Taking her lunch break right at 1:15, Anne hurried down the stairs to the 5th floor. As she entered the stairwell Anne decided that all she would allow herself would be to walk past room 584C but by the time she had descended to the 5th floor Anne's curiosity had gotten the better of her caution and, although unquestionably ill-advised, she was entertaining thoughts of actually starting the interview. By now her sexual fantasy had taken a back seat to the question of whether Anne had what it took to make the Mailgirl program or was she really as ordinary as her life made her out to be. There only way Anne would ever satisfy her curiosity would be to walk into room 584C.   
  
Room 584C was a small glass conference room in the back of the Human Resources Department. A female recruiter was seated reading Anne's file as Anne approached. As Anne started to knock, she thought better of it and turned away but, before she could escape, heard a voice.   
  
"Anne?" Jamie Richmond stood at the door and waved at Anne to come back.   
  
Too embarrassed to refuse, Anne turned around. "Yes ma'am. And you must be Ms. Richmond?"   
  
"Call me Jamie. Come in." Jamie gestured to a chair. "Please, have a seat."   
  
"Thanks."   
  
As both women took advantage of the furniture, Jamie smiled. "So you want to be a Mailgirl?"   
  
"Uh, maybe." Having shown up for the interview, Anne couldn't bring herself to say no.   
  
"Thanks for coming." Jamie said. "I'm the Recruitment Coordinator for the TRG Mailgirl Program and I'll be conducting the first part of your interview today."   
  
"Have you had many interviews for the job?"   
  
"You're the first."   
  
"Wow."   
  
"I was very impressed with your application. In fact he entire Mailgirl Committee was very impressed."   
  
"They were?" Anne looked shocked.   
  
"Of course. You went right to the top of the stack."   
  
"Thanks."   
  
"You're a very pretty girl and we were very impressed with your athleticism and strong work ethic."   
  
Taken aback by the unexpected praise, Anne blushed.   
  
"I try hard."   
  
"We think you have everything we're looking for in a Mailgirl candidate, so of all the applications we've received, the committee asked me to interview you first.   
  
"I'm surprised."   
  
"There's a few things I want to go over before we start. Not, I'm not trying to talk you out of the job but there are some things I want to make sure you understand. This is a very demanding job with very unusual and difficult requirements."   
  
"How so?"   
  
"Starting with the fact that you'll be undressed. Even though you look fantastic, a few people may not like that. I expect people to accept it over time but there may be some hostility at first."   
  
"I understand."   
  
"If you decide to do this, it will be your life for two years. You will bring us all your bills, leases, car payments and whatever and while you're in the program, TRG will make all of the minimum payments. If you're behind on your payments or late, TRG will get you current. We'll take care of you financially. We'll do your taxes, we'll pay you're insurance, and we'll take care of whatever comes up. All you have to do, is worry about being a Mailgirl."   
  
Anne looked concerned. The commitment was greater than she'd expected.   
  
"In exchange, you agree to move out of your apartment, sell your car, and put all of your belongings in storage." Jamie said. "TRG will arrange for the packaging, moving, storage and insurance on your belongings."   
  
"I don't know if I can sell my car that quickly."   
  
"Don't worry, TRG will purchase the car for the Blue Book value plus 10%."   
  
"My car's not paid for."   
  
"We'll pay off your loan."   
  
"Will I ever see my car again?"   
  
"No. TRG will sell it for whatever it can get to help cover the costs. Don't worry, with a $200,000.00 bonus, you can buy a brand new car in two years.   
  
"O.K."   
  
You also agree to bring us all of your identification, your passport, your driver's license, cancel all of your credit cards, and change your mailing address to us."   
  
"Why?"   
  
"We want you to end your old life and completely commit yourself to the Mailgirl program for two years. We don't want you even thinking about anything else. Being a Mailgirl isn't a new job, for two years it's a new life."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"What happens to me when I leave the program in two years? Do I get my old job back?"   
  
"Probably not, but TRG will offer you another job making at least what you do now. For the Mailgirl program to be a success, you need to be a success. We are going to try to transition you not only to a much better job but to a much better life."   
  
Anne wondered how that was to be accomplished given that her duties would be delivering mail and packages in the nude for two years but she said nothing.   
  
Jamie, "You only get the $200,000.00 bonus if you complete the program."   
  
"I understand."   
  
"You understand that if you drop out of the program or if you are terminated for cause, you'll only receive minimum wage less the costs of your health, dental, and pharmacy benefits and you will owe TRG back for any money they fronted to you for your expenses. Also, if you quit the program, you quit TRG. You will not be offered another job."   
  
"Yes."   
  
"You understand that you will be on camera 24 hours a day."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"And you understand that you will be on worldwide cable television?"   
  
"Yes."   
  
"You'll be famous; you'll be a star but you'll have no privacy at any time. Are you alright with that?"   
  
"To be truthful, it's a little scary."   
  
"Of course it is. It's a big leap from being a benefits rep to a television personality. You'll go from obscurity to everyone knowing your name almost overnight. The question you have to ask yourself is if you still want to do this? Are you ready to be a television star?"   
  
Anne looked hesitant. "Can I take a look at the contract?"   
  
"Sure." Jamie, slid the document across her desk. "It's the standard Mailgirl contract."   
  
"Will I be completely nude?"   
  
"Yes."   
  
"What will I be doing?"   
  
"Mostly, you'll be delivering mail and parcels but there will be a variety of other jobs as well to keep the show interesting."   
  
"Will a camera crew be following me around?"   
  
"Sometimes, but mostly you'll be followed by the security camera's." Jamie pointed to the two black domes in the ceiling. "They take 30 frames a second video at 8K with professional quality sound. There's at least two in every room."   
  
Anne read the agreement. 

**TRG Mailgirl Employment Agreement**   
  
In consideration of the mutual promises and covenants contained herein, the sufficiency and reasonableness of which is hereby acknowledged, an agreement is hereby made and entered into by and between the undersigned employee and Tekvelopment Research Group, (TRG), hereinafter referred to as Employer, on the date set forth below whereby the Employee agrees to perform the following services on behalf of Employer under the terms and for the compensation as set forth below, the   
  
**Length of Agreement:** Two years from the date of signing.   
  
**Compensation:** Minimum wage with overtime less costs of medical, dental, and pharmacy benefits.   
  
**Benefits:** Medical, dental, pharmacy, 401K benefits as outlined in the TRG Employee handbook, with room and board as determined by the company.   
  
**Bonus:** Employee shall receive a bonus of $200,000.00 US to be paid if, and only if, the contract is successfully completed by Employee to be paid in lump sum at the end of the contractual period set forth above. If the Employee resigns or is terminated for cause, no bonus whatsoever will be paid and Employee will be liable to reimburse Employer for all sum expended on behalf of Employee including paying Employee's debts, property storage, insurance of possessions and any signing bonus. If the reality show is cancelled or the Employee is terminated for injury or sickness, no bonus will be paid but the Employee will not be liable to reimburse Employer for any sums Employer has advanced on behalf of Employee.   
  
**Services:** Employee shall primarily perform the duties of Reality Show Personality, Actor/Actress, and Entertainer in which Employer shall document (and occasionally fictionalize) all aspects of Employee's vocational, social, and personal life during the term of her employment. During the course of said employment, employee also may be required to perform all services normally associated with the duties of a Mailgirl including but not limited to Courier Delivery Services, as well as Janitorial services, Administrative Assistant, Food Service, and such other services as Employer, in its sole discretion, may assign.   
  
**Hours of Employment:** Employment is for 24 hours a day for 730 continuous days, no weekends, vacations, personal days, holidays, or sick days will be allowed. At all times, Employee shall live and work wherever Employer designates.   
  
**Nudity:** Employee agrees that the Employer may require Employee to be nude or partially nude, or wear such clothing or markings as chosen by Employer at any and all times chosen by the Employer. Employee agrees and consents to be observed or filmed in a state of nudity or partial nudity by Employer, Employer's guests, customers, venders, employees, assigns, designees, licensees or by members of the general public at any time, with or without the knowledge of the employee and without limitation of the activity of the employee including working, bathing, sexual activity, medical treatment, counseling, and any and all other activities of employee.   
  
**Ownership of Images and Depictions of Employee:** All images, motion pictures, recordings, reproductions, and depictions of any type, format, or description of the Employee obtained during the term of this employment agreement, including images taken during the course of the interview process, is the sole property of the Employer and Employer may market, published, advertised, displayed, or distribute the above described images wherever and whenever Employer desires.   
  
**Personal Property:** Employee shall not be allowed access to unauthorized personal property of any kind during the pendency of this contract including articles of clothing, toiletries, computers, cellular telephones, recording devices, flash drives, flash cards, cameras, keys, documents, identification, passport, driver's license, articles of food, keys, medications (other than those prescribed by Employer's physician(s), paper, pencils, pens, etc... Any personal property in the physical possession of the Employee at the time of her employment, including all clothing in which the employee is wearing, shall become the property of the Employer and may be stored or disposed of.   
  
**Physical Correction:** Employee agrees and consents to be subject to physical correction including confinement, sequestration, corporal punishment, shackles, handcuffs, pillory, stocks, and brief electric shock. Employee is also aware that such physical correction may take place while Employee is nude. Employee may suffer discomfort, minor bruising, or minor abrasions. Employee may not suffer lacerations, burning, poisoning, scaring, choking, head trauma, permanent injury, restriction of vital bodily functions, or any risk of serious or permanent injury. Employee hereby stipulates that the nudity requirement and physical correction provision to Employee's contract is consensual and does not, in any way, constitute sexual harassment or an assault.   
  
**Tattoo:** Employee agrees to allow Employer to place a permanent tattoo centered in the lower lumbar region of Employee's back in the dimension of 2.5 inches square containing the TRG logo and the Employee's Mailgirl Identification number. Employee agrees not to obtain any further piercings, body-modifications or tattoos during the contract period without the consent of Employer.   
  
**Secrecy:** Employee may not reveal any aspect of this contract and stipulates that the details of the TRG Mailgirl program which are not publicly disseminated are trade secrets of TRG. Further Employee agrees not to reveal this trade secret or any other trade or corporate secrets of Employer without the express written consent of Employers. If this clause is violated, Employer may seek any and all criminal and civil remedies available. Employee stipulates that damages for violation of this clause shall be the greater of $750,000.00 US or the amount of the actual loss sustained by Employer. Employee understands that some of the information which will be delivered by employee will be sensitive or valuable to the Employer and the copying, theft, espionage, or distributions of such may render Employee criminally liable pursuant to the appropriate, state, local, and federal laws.   
  
**Assignability:** Employer may assign any and all of its rights under this agreement at any time.   
  
**Required Devices:** Employee agrees to wear such as a collar, camera, microphone, pager, communication, and/or tracking device at all times required by Employer.   
  
**Exercise/Training:** Employer may require of Employee specialized and intense physical or vocational training and Employee agrees to cooperate and use Employee's best efforts in such training.   
  
**Privacy:** At no time shall Employer reveal Employee's real name or contact information. Employee hereby waives all other privacy concerns.   
  
**Access to Outside World:** During the course of the agreement, Employee shall not have access or communication to anyone other than those authorized by Employer.   
  
**Search:** Employee agrees to be searched at any time, for any reason, including by electronic means or a body cavity search by authorized personnel of Employer.   
  
**Appearance:** All aspects of the Employee's appearance may be determined by Employer including weight, length, color, and style of hair, use of makeup, body-paint, costume, body hair, and nails.   
  
**Consent:** Employee agrees to be treated exclusively by Employer's medical care and mental health care providers during the term of this agreement.   
  
**Employee Handbook:** All provisions of the Employer's "Handbook for Mailgirls" is hereby included as a part of this contract by reference as if fully set forth herein. All provisions of the TRG Employee Handbook not in conflict with any provision above also shall apply to Employee during the term of their employment.   
  
Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_   
  
Employer: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_   
  
Employee: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 

The conditions of the contract were much more stringent than Anne was prepared for and yet exciting. Anne wanted to change her job and change her life and signing this contract would definitely offer Anne both. It would be a job and a life in the spotlight, one that was sexy but very frightening and undeniably insane. Nevertheless, Anne found reading the contract an intensely sexual experience and allowed herself the pleasure of reading it three times before continuing the interview.   
  
"What does it mean by corporal punishment?" Anne inquired.   
  
"That's a touchy subject." Jamie responded." I promise you it will be mild. The network will pull the plug if we start beating our employees with a bull whip."   
  
"But you can spank me if you want to."   
  
"Yes."   
  
Anne looked concerned.   
  
Jamie, "Look at it this way, it's just a little slap on the butt. It's not like Survivor where they starve you or like Naked and Afraid where you live in the wild with spiders and poisonous snakes, it's not even the NFL where you get chased by linebackers."   
  
"It says I don't get any time off."   
  
"That's correct, for the next 730 days, we control every aspect of your life. We're planning to give you at least two weeks a year but any vacation time will be solely at TRG's discretion. "   
  
"I don't know."   
  
"It's just something you gotta want to do? Do you want to be rich and famous?"

Anne's brain screamed no. Being a Mailgirl would a scandal that would ruin her career at TRG; she'd be seen completely naked by millions of people and her images would be all over the web. It would probably be humiliating, something she'd never live down, yet the job still fascinated her.   
  
Anne did what she usually did when she was nervous, she looked down; she looked at her shoes. The shoes were ordinary flats, nothing special."   
  
Jamie: "Do you still want to be a star or do you want to go back to being a benefits rep? Are your ready for the excitement or would the pace just be too fast for you?"   
  
Anne didn't answer immediately. She could feel anxiety building rapidly. This is the point of where she should end the interview but she didn't want to stop.   
  
"I've been checking up on you Anne." Jamie said.   
  
"You have?" Anne sounded worried.   
  
"You're a nice girl, a really nice girl. Everybody says so."   
  
"They do?"   
  
"You know that if you take this job, all of America will get to know and love Anne Bishop?"   
  
"Do you really think so?" Anne said.   
  
"I know so."   
  
Jamie leaned across the table toward Anne. "You've got to ask yourself these questions. Do you want to spend the next two years in the most exciting and active job you will ever have? Do you want millions of young men to be in love with you?"   
  
"Millions?"   
  
"Millions." Jamie said. "And do you want these millions of young men to be in love with you exactly like you are and not because they want to change you into what they want you to be?"   
  
"I'd like it if men weren't constantly trying to change me."   
  
"Of course you would." Jamie said. "If, you're not attracting the right man, you need to be fishing in a bigger pond. A pond where the better men swim."   
  
"What do you mean?"   
  
"As a Mailgirl, you're gonna be a star, a big star, an international sex symbol. You won't be fishing for nerds at the water cooler, you'll be fishing for athletes and other movie stars by the time the show's over and you'll have them jumping in the boat."   
  
"Other movie stars? I'm not a star."   
  
"You will be."   
  
Anne blushed in embarrassment. "I don't know."   
  
"Anne, do you want to be a star? Do you want America to know and love you?"   
  
"I guess that would be O.K." Anne seemed hesitant. Anne wasn't sure she had what it took to be a star. If she was a small fish in a small pond, how would she possibly expect a plop into a big pond and suddenly be a big fish? If she couldn't attract the attention of a small group of people, how could Anne possibly expect a worldwide audience to adore her? In her heart, Anne knew she'd never be a star; it wasn't meant to be.   
  
Even though being a Mailgirl would never occur, Anne still loved the fantasy. Just sitting in the office going through the interview was more exciting than anything she had done in years. Certainly more exciting than the men in her life had been. What could it hurt to let the fantasy continue for a few more minutes? The interview made her feel wanted and desirable: it made Anne feel like she was someone special even though Anne knew she wasn't.   
  
Jamie smiled. "Excellent, then let's get right to it. The next part of the interview is a medical questionnaire." Jamie proceeded to question Anne on a long list of potential medical conditions and ailments. Anne answered no to all questions.   
  
Jamie smiled. "Perfect. Now for the tests."   
  
"Tests? What type of tests?"   
  
"We need to know that you mentally and physically if you have what it takes to be a Mailgirl. So we're going to put you through a few tests. First we will examine your looks to see if you have the physical aspects that we are looking for in a Mailgirl."   
  
"What do you mean by physical aspects?"   
  
"Whether you have the appearance which we are looking for in a Mailgirl."   
  
Anne cringed. This was the part she dreaded. The part where she would be rejected, the part of the interview where they would tell her she wasn't pretty and that they didn't want her. Suddenly she wanted to quit. Anne looked down at her shoes again and tried to come up with the words to end the interview.   
  
Jamie sensed Anne's hesitation and smiled. "You've already passed that part of the test."   
  
Anne looked up in amazement. "I have?"   
  
"We think you're a very pretty girl and the entire committee was very pleased with your looks."   
  
Shocked, Anne felt an onrush of emotion coming over her and fought back tears. "Really?"   
  
"Absolutely. You're quite athletic looking. You must work out a lot."   
  
"I'm a triathlete."   
  
"I can tell. I'm impressed, very impressed. You looks are exactly what we're looking for in the Mailgirl program."   
  
Her emotion now obvious, Anne felt the need to explain. "I surprised. I thought you'd be looking for prettier girls."   
  
"We are looking for the prettiest girls; that's why we chose you."   
  
Anne was taken aback by the compliment. "I don't know what to say."   
  
"What you need to say is the word yes when I ask if you want to go the next phase of the interview."   
  
"O.K."   
  
Jamie paused for dramatic affect. "Anne, do you want to go on the next phase of the interview?"   
  
"Yes." Anne said without hesitation. So starved for attention or compliments in her life, the unexpected adoration of the Mailgirl Program affected Anne like a drug; an intoxicating and powerful elixir as addictive as it was enticing.   
  
Jamie smiled again. "Excellent."   
  
"What's next?" Anne asked.   
  
There was a definite enthusiasm to her voice which had been missing prior to that point in the interview and a sparkle in Anne's eyes. It's time Jamie thought to herself.   
  
Jamie smiled. "We're going upstairs to do a psychological examination, but first a test of courage."   
  
"Courage?"   
  
"I need you to be very brave." Jamie's voice took a serious tone.   
  
Anne looked uncertain. "O.K."   
  
"I need you to stand up."   
  
Anne obeyed.   
  
"Now, I need you take off your clothes." Jamie said.   
  
A jolt when though Anne's body as if she'd been struck by lightning and an embarrassed look flashed across her face. The point that the interview had crossed the line from a semi-treacherous sexual fantasy to total insanity had arrived. This was the moment that she needed to end the interview but Anne wasn't emotionally ready for the interview to stop. Unfortunately, it seemed the only way for Anne's fantasy to continue was for Anne to publicly strip off her clothes at her place of employment.   
  
Anne quickly glanced around at the conference room. It was made of glass and was in the middle of the very busy Human Resources Department at TRG. Undressing here would be unimaginably humiliating and yet, just the thought of stripping off her clothes and becoming a Mailgirl was extremely arousing to the young triathlete. Fearful, Anne looked around and could see several people watching.   
  
"Here? Now? Don't I get a changing room or something?"   
  
"I'm afraid not." Jamie replied. "As a Mailgirl, you're going to be nude, nude in front of everybody. We need to know if you're brave enough to handle that."   
  
Alerted by Anne's expression and by her body language, most of the floor began to stop what they were doing to catch the show. At least it was no one she knew. Still intoxicated from the unexpected acceptance and exhilarated by the exhibitionism, Anne's fantasy took primacy over her reason; hesitantly, Anne unbuttoned her skirt, slid it to the floor, and placed it on the table. A tsunami of embarrassment overcame Anne as she started to take off her blouse and her face reddened.   
  
Anne: "I'm sorry, this is just harder than I thought it would be."   
  
"You're doing great." Jamie reassured her. "You're showing a lot of courage."   
  
Slipping off her blouse, Anne placed it on top of her skirt. Glancing over her shoulder Anne noticed the all of the work at Human Resources had stopped and at least twenty of the Department's employees gazed anxiously to see if Anne would be the first woman to strip naked in the Mailgirl Program.   
  
Anne could see her reflection in the glass window of the conference room. She was standing in the middle of the Human Resources department dressed only in a white bra and white lace panties. It was a shocking spectacle to see someone so scandalously underdressed in the middle of such a busy workplace; worse yet, the nearly naked woman that Anne was staring at was her own reflection.   
  
Anne's hands began to noticeably tremble and she paused. At first, Anne started to unbutton her bra and then she began to remove her panties but thought better of it and went back to the bra. Although she was trying not to stare, Jamie glanced up at Anne standing in only her bra and undies.   
  
Jamie smiled. "Wow. I can see you have been working out. You know you have an amazing body."   
  
"Thanks."   
  
The compliment gave Anne enough courage to take off her bra.   
  
Jamie gave a reassuring smile. "I need you to take off all of your clothes, even your panties."   
  
Reluctantly, Anne obeyed.   
  
Jamie looked down at Anne's feet. "I need your shoes."   
  
"I don't even get to wear shoes?"   
  
Jamie shook her head no and Anne removed her flats.   
  
Jamie scooped up Anne's clothing piece by piece and placed the garments in a security bag. "Excellent." Jamie locked the bag.   
  
Dismayed that she had actually stripped naked in the middle of the TRG office building, Anne looked around; by now, dozens of people were watching the show and Anne felt a tremendous urgency to get this part of the interview behind her.   
  
"Now what?" Anne asked.   
  
"Now we go up to 15 to take the psychological exam."   
  
Greatly relieved that this part of the interview was over, Anne reached for her clothes.   
  
Jamie shook her head no and locked Anne's clothes in a small filing cabinet in the corner of the room. "This is where I need you to be brave, very brave. If you want to be a Mailgirl, you're going to have to get over your shyness and be comfortable being nude."   
  
Embarrassed, Anne covered herself with her hands. Looking around, she could see the workers on the floor still watching her. "How do I get up to the 15th floor like this?"   
  
Jamie walked past Anne and opened the conference room door. "We walk."   
  
Hesitantly, Anne followed Jamie out of the conference room and on to the crowded Human Resources floor completely nude. It seemed everyone was peering over or around their cubicles to watch. It was the most embarrassing moment in her entire life. Anne could feel the heat from her face and upper torso and knew her face must be red.   
  
Walking around the TRG building nude was career-suicide senseless and Anne couldn't believe she was doing it. She could feel her heart pounding so hard that Anne wondered if people could hear it; she felt dizzy, disoriented, and lightheaded but, at the same time, extremely aroused, the most sexually exciting thing she had ever done. The entire experience was taking on a surreal aspect as if it all were but a dream.   
  
When they exited HR department into the 5th floor lobby of the 5th several astonished people gawked at her causing Anne to let out a yelp of embarrassment and hurry for the elevators.   
  
Female voice: "What the hell."   
  
Another female voice: "I think she's a Mailgirl."   
  
Male voice: "Tom get over here quick; it's a Mailgirl."   
  
Female voice: "She should be ashamed of herself."   
  
Reality hit Anne in the face. She was walking through her workplace naked; everyone could see her; she could be recognized at any moment. People could take her picture and text it to everyone in the building; she could be on the internet and Anne's face as well as all of her anatomy was already being captured the security cameras. God only knew who had access to those images and where they would be distributed.   
  
It wasn't just a fantasy anymore, it was very, very real. Anne was showing off her hooch, boobs, ass and all the skin on her body to anyone who cared to look at her anatomy. What she was doing was unimaginably foolish. Terrified, Anne bolted past Jamie, hit the up button and waited, her feet dancing with impatience, for the elevator to arrive, only to have Jamie walked past Anne and past the elevators.   
  
"Mailgirls never take the elevator, always the stairs." Jamie said as she opened the door to the stairwell and started jogging up the stairs. Anne hurried to catch up. Although Jamie had a half of a flight lead on Anne in the stairwell, the young triathlete easily overtook the recruiter and grabbed Jamie by her shirt-sleeve.   
  
"Stop! Stop!" Anne yelled. "We've got to go back. I can't do this. This was a mistake. I've changed my mind."   
  
Jamie stopped and took a good look at Anne. She appeared as if she was having a panic attack and was on the verge of a full scale meltdown. Sweating, tearful, trembling, and terrified, Anne's grip on Jamie's shirt was so hard it turned Anne's knuckles white.   
  
"Please, we've got to go back." Anne pleaded. "I'm sorry. I thought I could do this but I can't."   
  
Jamie paused for a moment and looked sympathetic. "We can't go back right now. I would if I could but I've got a meeting on 15 which starts in just a few minutes and I can't be late."   
  
Horrified, Anne let go of Jamie so that she could recover the hand to help cover her nudity.   
  
"What am I going to do?" Anne begged.   
  
"Well, I've already locked up your clothes and my meeting won't be over for a couple of hours."   
  
"A couple of hours! What do I do? Where do I go? You can't leave me like this!"   
  
"Well, you've made it this far, you might as well just go upstairs for the psychological." Jamie said. "Otherwise I guess you could try to wait here or hang out in a women's room somewhere for a couple of hours."   
  
Anne looked like she'd been poisoned.   
  
Jamie smiled, her voice was calm and reassuring. "Take my hands and look at me."   
  
Still trembling, Anne took Jamie's hands and faced her.   
  
"Breathe deeply and slowly for me. Big deep breaths." Jamie said.   
  
Anne did as she was told.   
  
"Now keep breathing and close your eyes and just relax. You're doing great. This is the hardest part. It all gets easier from here." Jamie assured. "You're a very brave girl."   
  
Anne began to calm a little but was still noticeably trembling.   
  
Repeat after me." Jamie said. "I want to be a Mailgirl."   
  
Anne hesitated for a moment. "I want to be a Mailgirl."   
  
"Again." Jamie said.   
  
"I want to be a Mailgirl."   
  
"Again."   
  
"I want to be a Mailgirl."   
  
"I know you're afraid. That's to be expected. This is a very difficult thing that you're doing and you've been very, very brave." Jamie said. "All I need you is for you to be brave just a little bit longer. O.K."   
  
Jamie wiped a tear from Anne's cheek and Anne nodded her head yes.   
  
"Now take my hand and we're going to walk up these stairs together." Jamie said.   
  
Jamie extended her hand and Anne took it. Jamie gave Anne's hand a squeeze. "It's gonna be alright. Trust me. If you walk away from this right now, you'll regret it for the rest of your life."   
  
Anne didn't budge. Instead she looked down at her body. Still astonished that she had allowed herself to be completely naked and allowed herself to become stuck in this predicament, Anne tried to think of a way out but, frightened beyond rational thought, she couldn't concentrate.   
  
A couple of men walked down the stairs past the women staring in astonishment. Anne had to do something. Standing completely nude in a stairway was intolerable. At any moment Jamie would have to abandon Anne to attend her meeting and Anne would be forced to spend the next two hours just hanging out in the nude somewhere in the crowded TRG office building.   
  
"I'll probably be out of my meeting by the time you finish the psychological. Then, if you still want out, I'll take you downstairs and get you dressed. Come on, it'll be fun."   
  
Jamie tugged gently for her to continue walking up the stairs. After a few moments, having no other acceptable alternative, Anne began walking up the stairs to the 15th floor.

**Chapter 3 - What in Hell Do You Think You're Doing**   
  
**THE TESTS**   
  
As Jamie opened the door to a TRG CEO Jim Dillard's office she found Jim Dillard, Jack Fuentes, and an Asian woman in her early 30's seated around a conference table. The men rose to their feet as Jamie and Anne entered.   
  
"Ms. Richmond, Ms. Bishop, please come in." Dillard said.   
  
"Thanks for coming." Fuentes said.   
  
Slightly sweaty from the walk up the stairs, Anne felt the chill of air conditioning on her hooch and shivered. She wasn't sure if the shiver was from the cold or the fact that she was standing completely naked in the CEO's office.   
  
Dillard turned to Jamie. "Thank you Ms. Richmond, that will be all for now."   
  
Jamie gave Anne a reassuring smile and squeezed her hand. "Good luck."   
  
As Jamie exited the room, Anne felt vulnerable and alone. Dillard smiled and extended his hand to Anne. "I'm Jim Dillard, this is the director of the Mailgirls Reality Show, Mark Fuentes, and Akako Hayashi."   
  
Although she felt completely exposed, Anne exchanged handshakes with everyone and the committee sat down. Anne looked for a seat but Dillard gestured to a yoga mat on the floor.   
  
"A Mailgirl never uses the furniture, please kneel." Dillard said.   
  
Anne knelt down on the mat and put her hands on her lap. Her heart was racing, her head spinning, and trembling slightly. Anne wanted to leave but where could she go? Without clothes, she was stuck.   
  
Dillard directed: "Hands on your legs and knees shoulder length apart please."   
  
Reluctantly, Anne complied, rewarding the committee with an unobstructed view of her nudity.   
  
Ms. Hayashi began the questioning. "Anne, I'd like to ask some questions if that is O.K.?"   
  
"Yes ma'am." Anne replied.   
  
"Do you live with anyone?"   
  
"No."   
  
"Do you have any siblings?"   
  
"A sister."   
  
"Are your parents still alive?"   
  
"Yes."   
  
"Do they live together?"   
  
"No." Anne said. "They divorced when I was young."   
  
"Do either your parents or your sister live close by?"   
  
"No. They live out of state."   
  
"Are you currently in a romantic relationship?"   
  
"No."   
  
"When was your last romantic relationship?"   
  
"Eight months ago."   
  
"When was the last time you were sexually active?"   
  
"Nine months ago."   
  
"How many sexual partners have you had in your lifetime?"   
  
"Three."   
  
"Are you heterosexual, homosexual, or bi?"   
  
"Heterosexual."   
  
"Have you ever been romantically involved with a woman?"   
  
"No."   
  
"Have you ever considered it?"   
  
"No."   
  
Anne could feel the embarrassment and nervous tension building. This was the most bizarre psychological exam ever. How had she let this go so far? What had started as a curiosity and sexual fantasy had developed into Anne walking up to the Executive Suite completely naked, kneeling in front of them, and answering personal questions about her sex life. The situation was totally out of control and Anne was in way over her head but she had no idea how to extricate herself.   
  
"Have any of you sexual encounters ever involved bondage or discipline?" Ms. Hayashi questioned.   
  
"No."   
  
"Would you like to engage in bondage or discipline?"   
  
The question frightened Anne a bit. "I've never really thought about it."   
  
"Have any of your sexual encounters ever involved role play?"   
  
"No."   
  
"If you were to role play in a sexual encounter about slavery, would you want to be the master or the slave?"   
  
Anne paused and was confused for a moment. "I don't know. Slave I suppose."   
  
"In your sexual encounters, did you initiate or respond?"   
  
"Respond."   
  
"Would you describe your role in sexual encounters as dominate, submissive, or equal?"   
  
The word "submissive" slipped from Anne's lips even before she had fully considered the question. Was she really as submissive as her answers implied? She had never considered herself a submissive. Anne glanced down. The fact that she was answering intimate questions about her sexuality while fully naked and kneeling on mat in front of strangers at her place of employment clearly spoke for itself.   
  
"Have you ever been nude in public before?"   
  
"No ma'am"   
  
"Have you ever thought about it? Sunbathing topless, a nude beach perhaps."   
  
"Yes. I've thought about it some I guess."   
  
"Why didn't you do it?"   
  
"I don't know."   
  
"Have you ever had fantasies of being nude in public?"   
  
"Yes."   
  
"What fantasies?"   
  
"I've often fantasized about running a triathlon nude. Sometimes when I am running a race and I am exhausted, I imagine that I've somehow lost my clothes and everyone is cheering me. It gives me a little extra energy."   
  
"Any other fantasies?"   
  
Suddenly bashful, Anne looked down. "Being a Mailgirl."   
  
"On a 10 point scale, how would you rate your body?"   
  
"A six, maybe a five I guess."   
  
"Stand up." Ms. Hayashi instructed.   
  
Anne obeyed.   
  
Ms. Hayashi made a twirling motion with her index finger. "Turn around for us."   
  
Anne turned around in a slow 360 degree rotation. It dawned on Anne that the word please was on longer being used in the interview. The committee was no longer making requests of her, everything was a command.   
  
"Are you ashamed of your body?"   
  
"No ma'am."   
  
"If you could change your body in any way, what would it be?"   
  
Anne was reminded of her own nudity as all three committee members were carefully examining Anne's naked body from head to toe. Embarrassed, Anne struggled to concentrate.   
  
"Well, uh, I guess I'd like to have a little bigger boobs, maybe a B-cup."   
  
As Anne nervously fidgeted, the three committee members examined her breasts intensely. Fuentes nodded his head slightly.   
  
"Anything else?" Ms. Hayashi asked.   
  
"And I'd like to have a little more of a figure and a little prettier a face." Anne admitted.   
  
"What do you like about your body?"   
  
Anne felt awkward describing her feelings about her body standing naked in front of three strangers but continued. "I like my abs; I like my legs; and I like my ass."   
  
The committee looked at Anne's stomach and her legs with approval.   
  
"Turn around and show us your ass." Ms. Hayashi directed.   
  
Although shocked at the request, Anne turned around and gave the committee a good look at her buttocks.   
  
"Feet shoulder length apart." Ms. Hayashi commanded.   
  
The psychological examine was getting more than a little personal but Anne complied.   
  
"Now, bend over." Ms. Hayashi ordered.   
  
Stunned and embarrassed, Anne hesitated.   
  
"Bend over." Ms. Hayashi's voice took an authoritative tone.   
  
Anne bent her torso over a foot.   
  
"More." Ms. Hayashi demanded.   
  
Hesitantly, Anne bent over a few more inches.   
  
Ms. Hayashi's voice became even more authoritative. "More."   
  
Anne shot a glance back at Ms. Hayashi in astonishment and thought to herself "You've got to be kidding me." Ms. Hayashi looked resolute; she wasn't kidding. Flustered but feeling that she had no other choice, Anne bent way down and gave the committee the million dollar view of her buttocks, asshole and hooch. Not even Anne's gynecologist got this much of a view she thought.   
  
When she glanced back all three members of the committee were leaning forward and carefully inspecting Anne's anatomy. The men nodding their head in approval.   
  
"Stand up and face me." Ms. Hayashi instructed.   
  
Relieved, Anne did so quickly.   
  
"How do you feel about showing three strangers your body?"   
  
"I'm not sure. A little scary I guess."   
  
"Does it bother you when I stare at your vagina?" Ms. Hayashi inquired.   
  
All three of the committee gazed intently at Anne's genitalia. Instinctively, Anne covered herself with her hands.   
  
"Are you ashamed of your vagina?" Ms. Hayashi probed.   
  
"I'm just not used to people looking at it."   
  
"Kneel."   
  
Anne resumed a kneeling position on the mat.   
  
"I'm going to show you some photographs and I want you to tell me the first thing that comes to mind when you see it." Ms. Hayashi said.   
  
"O.K."   
  
The first photo was of two young women standing beside one another, one was fully dressed and the other nude.   
  
"Nude." Anne said.   
  
"Why nude?" Ms. Hayashi said.   
  
"She's not wearing any clothes."   
  
"But there are two women in the photo, only one is nude."   
  
"I don't know, the nude is more unusual, I guess, more interesting." Anne said.   
  
Which woman would you rather be in this photo?"   
  
"Nude, I think."   
  
"I see." Ms. Hayashi said.   
  
Ms. Hayashi handed Anne a second photograph. It depicted a nude woman with the number 12 written in black in six inch letters on her buttocks handing a fully clothed woman sitting at a cubical a piece of mail in an office setting.   
  
"Mailgirl." Anne replied.   
  
"Why Mailgirl? There are two women in the photograph." Ms. Hayashi said.   
  
"The Mailgirl is more exciting."   
  
"Which would you rather be?"   
  
"The Mailgirl."   
  
The Ms. Hayashi handed Anne a photograph of a rich woman in bejeweled and wearing expensive clothing, standing beside of a Bentley with a poodle sporting a diamond studded collar, looking at disdain at an athletic young woman sunbathing in the grass beside the car wearing only a suntan. The age of the women were similar.   
  
"Arrogance." Anne answered.   
  
"Which would you rather be, the rich woman or the naked one?" Ms. Hayashi said.   
  
"Naked."   
  
"Why."   
  
"The naked woman looks like she's enjoying life, the rich woman looks like she's too stuck up to be happy."   
  
The Ms. Hayashi put away the photos. "Let's try some word association."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
Ms. Hayashi instructed: "When I say a sentence, finish the sentence with the first thought that comes into your mind."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"Men are?"   
  
"Pigs." Anne said.   
  
Ms. Hayashi looked curious and paused to allow Anne time for an explanation.   
  
Anne shrugged. "My last couple of romances ended badly."   
  
"A woman's place is?"   
  
"Wherever she wants to be."   
  
Ms. Hayashi said. "One more. A Mailgirl is?"   
  
"Pretty."   
  
"Very good." The Ms. Hayashi paused for a moment. "Anne, tell me why you want to be a Mailgirl?"   
  
Anne looked down in embarrassment. "I want to be pretty."   
  
"Stand up." Dillard ordered.   
  
Anne stood up and looked down. The enormity of her plight began to sink in. Anne had become a naked puppet, standing on the 15th floor in the executive suite, in her place of employment, and she wasn't even sure when she could get dressed again. She would probably have to walk back to the 5th floor nude to get them. Dozens of people had seen her. There would be security footage of her everywhere. Surely this would get back to Benefits. Anne wondered if she would still have a job when she finally got back downstairs or if she would even want it once word of her Mailgirl interview got out.   
  
Dillard announced: "Ms. Bishop, I'm pleased to inform you that you have passed the psychological."   
  
"I did?"   
  
"Yes." Dillard said." There is only one final test. If you successfully complete this test, you will be offered a position as a Mailgirl."   
  
Anne's heart jumped. For the first time that day she realized that she really wanted to be a Mailgirl. She thought she was just going through all the interview living out a sexual fantasy but suddenly Anne realized that there is no way that she would have allowed herself to end up bare-ass naked in front of a bunch of strangers on the 15th floor if she didn't really want to go through with it.   
  
"Yes." Anne responded.   
  
"We want you to deliver a piece of mail." Dillard explained.   
  
"Yes sir." Anne's heart pounded in excitement; she was really going to do this; she was really going to be a Mailgirl. She knew that this was bat-shit crazy; she knew that everyone in the building, a worldwide television audience, a world-wide internet would see her naked; she knew that her career at TRG would be over; she knew that all her co-workers in benefits would think she was a shameless whore and she had no idea how this career change would affect her life but it didn't matter. She was going to be a Mailgirl. For better or worse, her fantasy was now real.   
  
Dillard handed Anne an envelope. "There is a memorandum and an acknowledgement in this envelope. Deliver the memorandum and bring me back the acknowledgement."   
  
"Yes sir."   
  
"You will have just five minutes to deliver the mail and five minutes to bring back the acknowledgement to this room."   
  
The address read:   
  
Rebecca Paget, Senior Benefits Coordinator   
  
Benefits Department   
  
11th floor, Room 1125   
  
Horrified, the address would cause Anne to deliver the message to her supervisor in the middle of the floor in which she worked while completely nude. Anne looked down at her shoes but all there was to see was her feet, there were no shoes or any other clothing for that matter. If she did this, within five minutes everyone in the Benefits Department would see her completely naked.   
  
Anne glanced at her twat. If she went through with this delivery, within five minutes, everyone in the Benefits Department would get to see, and potentially photograph, her twat. While the young triathlete as proud of her buttocks, she wasn't quite ready to show her ass off to the entire Benefits Department.   
  
"Oh, God." Anne exclaimed.   
  
Dillard looked concerned. "Is there a problem?"   
  
Anne stammered. "Well, uh, it's just that, uh,"   
  
"Is there a problem?" Dillard repeated.   
  
Anne thought for a moment. If she walked into the benefits department and showed everyone her hooch, she would be finished at Benefits and probably at TRG. At that point Anne would have no choice but to become a Mailgirl. However, with so many people having seen her walking around the building naked and all the security camera video, she feared she had already gone too far to turn back. For better or worse, Anne's fantasy had turned into her reality.   
  
"Uh, no sir." Anne replied.   
  
"You know, if you're going to be a Mailgirl, we're going to depend on you to go all over the building." Dillard said. "If you don't think you can do that, you need to tell me now."   
  
"There's no problem sir."   
  
"Well then, you'd best hurry, you're on the clock." Dillard taped his watch.   
  
Anne looked around the room. Everyone was staring at her wondering what she was going to do. Anne paused for a moment and considered her options. Anne felt certain that the entire building was now aware that there was a naked Mailgirl running loose somewhere in the TRG complex and they would be on the lookout. Further, a description of the floozy was surely being circulated and the fact that Anne was not back from lunch by now would raise suspicion.   
  
Surely someone took a photo of her somewhere and that would be quickly distributed. Even if she had not been photographed as of yet, by now there would be dozens of people roaming the halls on safari for a Mailgirl, particularly on the 5thfloor, the home of the Mailgirl Program. Unfortunately, Anne's clothes were locked up on the 5th floor. There would be no way to get back to her clothes without being spotted and photographed.   
  
Anne's choices were simple. She could either live the fantasy or try to live with the shame. But Anne knew that trying to live with the scorn and ridicule which was sure to come if she went back to Benefits was not an option. She'd probably be fired anyway within the hour anyway.   
  
There seemed only one thing she could do. Anne took notice of her surroundings. She was standing completely naked in a conference room on the executive suite in front of the CEO holding a piece of mail which he expected her to deliver in the nude. A sexual rush overcame her. She had no choice. It was no longer just a fantasy, Anne was actually going to do this; she was going to be a Mailgirl.   
  
"Thank you sir. Thank you." Anne said. "You won't regret this." 

**THE FIRST ASSIGNMENT**   
  
Anne scampered out of the room and down the hall. People starred and the receptionist scoffed as she went by but it didn't matter. She was now a Mailgirl and she had her first delivery. Five minutes was plenty of time for a woman as well conditioned as Anne to make it down to the 11th floor and make the delivery as long as she kept moving and when you're completely naked and people are staring at you twat, it's a good idea to keep moving she thought to herself. She hit the stairway at a fast jog and hurried down the stairs to the 11th floor. Mercifully, the stairway was empty.   
  
Throwing open the door to the 11th floor lobby, Anne started to run out into the lobby but rolled behind the door and slammed it shut instead. The lobby was filled with people waiting for elevators. 20 or 30 people were in that lobby and many worked in benefits. She would be recognized. While Anne realized that, if she wanted to become a Mailgirl, this moment would come, Anne still wasn't ready for the curtains to go up on her nudity quite yet.   
  
This was it. This was Anne's Rubicon; her point of no return. Any slim chance of Anne had of resuming her old life was about to end. Once she ran out into that lobby, there could be no going back, Anne's life would completely change, she would be a Mailgirl and for the next two years, spend her days running around the TRG building delivering mail in the nude.   
  
She wanted a minute to gather her courage but Anne knew she had a deadline. If she missed her deadline, all of this may have been for nothing. Fighting back a tremble and summonsing all the courage she had left in her body, Anne took a deep breath, opened the door and ran out into the lobby.   
  
Jamie, Dillard, Fuentes, and the Ms. Hayashi all watched Anne via security cameras as she crossed the 11th floor elevator lobby on a 100 inch television monitor from Dillard's office.   
  
Fuentes smiled. "I wasn't sure she could do it."   
  
Jamie, who had rejoined the group as soon as Anne left, looked curious. "How did you determine what was passing on the psychological? The questions seemed so subjective."   
  
Dillard shrugged. "The questions had nothing to do with it; they were mostly irrelevant. She passed the psychological when she took her clothes off, walked up here, knelt down on the mat, and obeyed our commands."   
  
"So how do you know whether she can mentally take what we're going to give her?" Jamie asked.   
  
"I don't." Dillard stated. "The test wasn't to see if Ms. Bishop was strong enough to take the stress of being a Mailgirl, the test was designed to determine whether she was submissive enough to do it."   
  
Jamie questioned: "So when do we find out if she can take it?"   
  
Dillard smiled. "That's what the show is for."   
  
Anne paused at the front door to the Benefits Department and gathered her courage for the indignity which was certain to befall her in the next seconds. She would instantly be seen as a depraved slut by all of the women she had worked with for years. Her stomach knotted up in anxiety. Anne looked back at the lobby. Everyone was staring at her and several were photographing her with their cell phone.   
  
Male voice: "There she is; it's the Mailgirl."   
  
Another male voice: "Holy shit!"   
  
Voice in the crowd: "Who is she?"   
  
Female voice: "Isn't that Anne Bishop from Benefits?"   
  
Another voice: "Anne? Oh my God, it's Anne."   
  
There was no turning back now. Anne had been recognized and photographed. News of her identity as well as photos of her face and body that would leave nothing to the imagination would be distributed about the entire building in the next few minutes; on the World Wide Web within the hour. She would now be forever known as a TRG Mailgirl. Mentally bracing herself for the humiliation that was about to come, Anne gritted her teeth, pulled open the door to the Benefits Department and entered.

Nothing happened; no one noticed. As she walked briskly through the middle of the busy room, the first ten seconds went by without being seen. Everyone was so engrossed in what they were doing that Anne as still as invisible as ever. Diana Little was making copies and never looked up; Cynthia Smith had a full view from her cubicle but was engrossed in her computer; Beth McDaniel was totally occupied in pouring coffee and Rhonda Mahoney passed right by Anne texting as she went.   
  
"AHHHHH!" Anne heard a scream and looked behind her. Carlita Lopez, a fellow benefits representative was starring right at Anne and looked like she'd just sucked on a spark plug.   
  
The entire floor stopped what they were doing and stood up from their cubicles to see what was happening. In an instant, everyone in the Benefits Department was ogling at Anne's naked body. Anne cringed and let out a screech of embarrassment. For three seconds everybody just froze, no one moved or said anything. Then Anne started moving again and everyone started talking, moving, and taking photographs with their cell phones. Anne's face, neck and upper torso turned crimson in embarrassment as she jogged for her supervisor's office.   
  
To her horror, Rebecca Paget, wasn't in her office. Anne looked around the floor in vein not knowing what to do.   
  
Female voice: "That's disgusting."   
  
Male voice: "Did Anne become a Mailgirl?"   
  
Another male voice: "Duh."   
  
Another female voice: "Oh my God, it's Anne."   
  
A third female voice: "What a floozy."   
  
Overtaken with fear, Anne felt dizzy and had problems concentrating. Could it be that all this was for nothing? Was it possible that Anne would miss her deadline because Ms. Paget wasn't on the floor? What could she do? Look for Ms. Paget? Ask her co-workers where she'd gone? Would her former co-workers even talk to her?" Anne could hear giggling and laughter at her plight. Many of her former co-workers were taking great amusement at Anne's humiliation and obvious dilemma.   
  
Suddenly, Anne heard Ms. Paget shouting from behind Anne. "Jesus Christ. For the love of God Bishop, what in hell do you think you're doing?"   
  
Furious, Ms. Paget strode up to where Anne was standing.   
  
Anne looked at Ms. Paget. "I have a delivery from CEO Dillard for you ma'am."   
  
Fighting back a flood of emotions, Anne quivered slightly as she offered Ms. Paget the envelope. Reviling in disgust and amazement, Ms. Paget didn't appear as if she wanted to touch it. Anne's co-workers where looking on, giggling, whispering, and taking photos. Within the hour, her body would be on 95% of the cell phones in the building and on posted worldwide on various websites.   
  
Paget sneered. "You little slut, you joined the Mailgirl Program."   
  
"Yes ma'am, I have a delivery for you from CEO Dillard for you ma'am."   
  
"I don't want a delivery from you. Who knows where your nasty little fingers have been."   
  
"Do you want me to take it back to Mr. Dillard and to tell him that you refused to take his delivery?" Anne replied.   
  
Anne's words clearly impacted upon Ms. Paget. Ms. Paget couldn't afford to turn down the delivery from TRG's CEO even if it was being conveyed by a debauched harlot who probably had her fingers God knows where before she picked up the envelope.   
  
Ms. Paget grabbed a couple of tissues and shielding herself as best she could, opened the envelope, and pulled two pieces of paper from inside.   
  
Memorandum   
  
From: Jim Dillard, CEO   
  
To: Rebecca Paget, Senior Benefits Coordinator   
  
Re: Anne Bishop, Benefits Representative   
  
Please take notice that effective immediately, Benefits Representative, Anne Bishop has been transferred to the Mailgirl Program. This notice is being sent in duplicate. Keep one copy for your records. Sign the receipt of acknowledgement on the other copy and return to the Mailgirl.   
  
I am in receipt of this Memorandum \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_   
  
Rebecca Paget   
  
Ms. Paget scoffed. "I could have guessed that."   
  
With great reluctance, Ms. Paget picked up a pen and, shielding her hand from the offensive paper with a tissue, Ms. Paget signed the acknowledgement.   
  
"Filthy." Ms. Paget said. "You're just filthy."   
  
Anne took the paper and rushed out of the office. The quicker she got out of benefits the better. The entire floor gawked out her, mostly in distain. Anne passed by Karen Owens, until seconds ago, Anne's closest friend in the building. Karen looked upon Anne with disgust; anything that they the two women once had together was gone.   
  
Ms. Paget walked out of her office and yelled across the room. "Get out. You're fired. Get your crap, get out, and don't come back. I don't want to ever see your filthy ass in this department again. And don't touch anything!"   
  
Anne no longer had a job or a friend on the 11th floor.   
  
When Anne left the Benefits Department and entered the 11th floor lobby she found three times the number of people there as before. Word had traveled fast. A small crowd had assembled to get a glimpse at the TRG's first Mailgirl.   
  
A voice in the crowd: "There she is!"   
  
Another voice: "It's the Mailgirl."   
  
Female voice: "That's so disgraceful."   
  
Male voice: "I think I'm in love."   
  
Another male voice: "Me too."   
  
Another female voice: "I told you it was Anne."   
  
The triathlete hit into overdrive on the stairs. Not only did all of the adrenaline in her system fuel her with nervous energy enough to run 200 flights of stairs, Anne had no watch, or anything else for that matter, in which to tell time. Since she didn't see a clock when she left Dillard's office, Anne had no way of knowing if she was close to her deadline.   
  
Wasting no time in covering the four stories between the 11th floor and the executive suite, Anne jerked open the door to the 15th floor, sprinted down the hall, and burst into Dillard's office. Only when inside the room did Anne realize that she should have knocked first.   
  
To Anne's surprise and relief Jamie Richmond had re-joined the group.   
  
Anne offered Ms. Paget's acknowledgement to Mr. Dillard. "Your acknowledgement sir."   
  
Ignoring the delivery, Jim Dillard looked at his watch and smiled. "Congratulations Ms. Bishop, you are now TRG's first Mailgirl."

**Chapter 4 - Cargo Description: Human Female**   
  
**ANNE**   
  
With a mixture of excitement and nervousness, Anne, walked back with Jamie to the 5th floor. While being naked in the middle of a large office building was still disconcerting for Anne, now that she was officially a Mailgirl, her nudity felt a little more natural.   
  
"Now what?" Anne asked.   
  
"Now we get you squared away." Jamie replied.   
  
"What do you mean?"   
  
"We put a moving crew on standby this morning when we scheduled your interview." Jamie said. "Mr. Dillard's personal assistant is contacting them as we speak. They should be here shortly."   
  
"You're moving me out today? I thought I'd at least have a couple of days to get my affairs in order."   
  
"Oh no. We'll have you completely transitioned into your new life by bedtime."   
  
Anne looked stunned. "Why so fast?"   
  
"We're on a tight deadline with the studio. They want us to have a Mailgirl program up and running as soon as possible, preferably tomorrow."   
  
"Will I be nude?"   
  
"You won't see your clothes again for two years."   
  
Anne paused for a moment as Jamie's words sunk in.   
  
"We've already got a film crew and a director on premises." Jamie said. "They can't wait to start."   
  
"When do they start filming?" Anne said.   
  
"They started filming you at 8:48 this morning. Right after I sent you the email."   
  
"You mean they're filming us right now?"   
  
"Yep." Jamie pointed at one of the black domes in the ceiling.   
  
Glancing upward, Anne saw one of TRG's ubiquitous black security camera domes. Instantly Anne covered herself with her hands as the realization that she was nude on worldwide cable television caused the young triathlete's embarrassment to come rushing back.   
  
"And you're telling me that they've been filming me all day?"   
  
"All day, and I'd be shocked if a lot of what happened today doesn't end up making the show."   
  
"Getting naked in your office, the walk upstairs, the psychological, and my delivery, that's all on film?" Anne asked.   
  
"Every bit of it."   
  
Stunned, Anne didn't quite know what to say. "Do you think they liked it?"   
  
Jamie almost laughed. "Oh yeah."   
  
"Am I the only Mailgirl?"   
  
"For now, yes, but we're hiring more. I have a couple of interviews Thursday."   
  
"What do I do tonight?"   
  
"I need you to get all your financial obligations together, your bank accounts, your passport, your credit cards, your car keys, and your driver's license and give them to me."   
  
Jamie and Anne passed a woman ascending the stairs who stopped dead in her tracks and did a double-take at Anne. Anne flashed her a nervous smile.   
  
"Where will they take my property?"   
  
"I've arranged for a storage building." Jamie said.   
  
"Already. This is happening so fast. Where do I spend the night?"   
  
"You'll be sleeping in the Mailgirl Room downstairs.   
  
"What's the Mailgirl Room?" Anne asked.   
  
"We've set up a dormitory in the basement. It will be your new home for the next two years."   
  
"Do I at least get a chance to talk to my parents and my sister?"   
  
"You'll get a chance to email them tomorrow and explain what's going on."   
  
"I'd like to talk to them and explain."   
  
"Best you start with an email. It's cleaner. Once things settle down and they are over the initial shock, the conversation will go better."   
  
"How do I stay in contact with them?"   
  
"You won't be able to receive any outside contact for a while. We will give your family contact information in case of an emergency and an email address to send you updates. From time to time we will let you see them and reply, once both you and your family has had a chance to adjust."   
  
The women reached the 5th floor and exited the staircase into the elevator lobby. A small crowd of spectators had gathered to see TRG's first Mailgirl. Word of Anne's hiring had travelled quickly. The looks on people's faces were mainly that of curiosity. A few snapped some photos.   
  
Voice: "There she is."   
  
Male voice: "Didn't she work in Benefits."   
  
Another male voice: "Hey baby, come over here."   
  
Female voice: "See, I told you it was Anne Bishop."   
  
As the two women entered the Human Resources work stopped and the employees began standing and applauding. The sudden adoration caught Anne by surprise and she blushed slightly.   
  
Voice: "First Mailgirl."   
  
Another voice: "Way to go."   
  
A film crew was waiting for Jamie and Anne as the two women arrived back at Jamie's office. Anne blushed slightly. Although she knew that she was being filmed, it was even more embarrassing when she could see the film crew and watch the camera as it focused on her naked body.   
  
As soon as Anne and Jamie entered, Jamie slid the Mailgirl contract across the table. Anne started to sit but remembered that Mailgirls don't use chairs so both women stood looking down at the agreement.   
  
"Your last chance to back out." Jamie said. "If you decide that this isn't for you, we won't use any of the film we took today and you'll be reassigned to another job somewhere in the building."   
  
"And if I sign?" Anne asked.   
  
"You'll be a Mailgirl, you'll be famous, you'll be a sex symbol, you'll get a truck-load of cash, we'll keep you in the best shape of your life, and I promise you that your life will be anything but dull."   
  
"Now that I've run all over the building naked, I don't even know if I want to go back. It would be too humiliating."   
  
"I can't turn back time but if you sign, since you're the first, I can more than just pay the minimum payment on your bills for two years, I can pay your bills off up to $35,000.00." Jamie said. "The committee really likes you Anne and they want you on our team. We interviewed you first for a reason; we see real potential in you and we really want you in the program."   
  
Anne pondered the offer for a moment; $35,000.00 would go a long way to paying off her student loans. "What will I do after two years?"   
  
"Well, for starters, collect the $200,000.00 bonus."   
  
"I don't know. I'm scared."   
  
The cameraman started to zoom in for a close up on Anne's face but Jamie motioned to the camera crew to give Anne space.   
  
Jamie squeezed Anne's hand. "Of course you're scared. I'd be scared too. It's a big decision; a really big decision."   
  
"Can I think about it and get back to you tomorrow?"   
  
Jamie shook her head no. "If you don't sign this contract within the hour, it will never be offered to you again. TRG figures that you have to want to do this and if you can't decide that you want to do this within the hour than you don't want it bad enough. If you so much as get dressed again, the deal's off."   
  
Anne looked at the contract. She knew if she signed, her family wouldn't understand, her friends wouldn't understand, and the entire world will see her naked. She could be humiliated or even shown to be a fool on worldwide TV. A lot of people would think she was just an immoral trollop and they might be right. Yet the contract beckoned her.   
  
Anne looked fearful. "I don't know."   
  
The cameraman panned the camera slowly all the way from Anne's head to her toes.   
  
"Look at it this way. Do you want to spend your entire life just being nobody and ignored? Or, once in your life, do you want to do something wild, something extraordinary; something that will show the entire world just what a beautiful person you really are?"   
  
While it was possible that many people would find Anne attractive, Anne felt that it was a certainly that a lot of people, including a lot of people Anne knew, would find both the show, and her, to be offensive. Nevertheless, Anne didn't want to just be ordinary any more.   
  
Jamie moved a little closer to Anne's and took Anne's hand. "You know that you have a very, very athletic body; you're a very pretty girl and the camera's going to love you. I know that you have a wonderful personality, a little shy, but wonderful, and the audience is going to love you."   
  
"I feel like I'd just be a sex slave."   
  
"You'll be one of the sexiest women on the planet. Trust me. I know. I'm a lesbian and I think you're really, really hot."   
  
"You do?"   
  
"Absolutely, I'm not coming on to you or anything but I've seen you naked and you're amazing."   
  
"Thanks."   
  
Jamie grinned. "You have the best looking ass I've ever seen."   
  
"You really think so?"   
  
The camera crew hurried around to Anne's backside to get a close-up of her ass.   
  
Jamie laughed "Absolutely, I've really, really enjoyed this afternoon, starring at your ass."   
  
Anne seemed a little embarrassed but smiled as the camera crew lovingly documented her athletic derriere.   
  
"All that's holding you back is your shyness." Jamie explained. "Do you want to be shy forever or do you want to be a star. Do you want to live your fantasy or just exist?   
  
Anne considered her career at TRG before today. She was underutilized, underpaid, and underappreciated. Anne didn't want to go back to just being a nameless face in a sea of cubicles and after the excitement and emotional whirlwind of the afternoon's events, didn't know if she even could go back to her former life.   
  
Suddenly very serious, Jamie looked Anne in the eyes. "Anne, this is the time for truth. No more lies."   
  
Anne looked confused. "I've been completely honest with you."   
  
"Yes, you've been honest with me," Jamie paused for effect, "but have you been honest with yourself?"   
  
Anne looked surprised. "What do you mean?"   
  
"Be honest with yourself, deep down, you know you want to be a Mailgirl."   
  
Deep down, Anne knew Jamie was right, she did want to be a Mailgirl. It was undeniable.   
  
Jamie continued. "You're already TRG's first Mailgirl and you have already delivered the first piece of mail ever delivered by a Mailgirl at TRG."   
  
Anne hadn't thought of herself a Mailgirl until Jamie said it but Anne liked the sound of it.   
  
"Anne, I want you to promise me that you'll give me truthful answers to these next few questions, O.K.?"   
  
"O.K."   
  
"The truth is you're turned on right now from your experience of being TRG's first Mailgirl, aren't you?"   
  
Anne thinks about her response for a moment and blushed slightly. "Yes, I guess I am."   
  
"The truth is you're proud of being TRG's first Mailgirl."   
  
"I'm not sure, maybe."   
  
"The truth is you have a sexual fantasy of being a Mailgirl?"   
  
"O.K."   
  
"The truth is you know that you're a lot better looking without your clothes than with them."   
  
"I don't know." Anne seemed bashful. "A lot of people have told me that."   
  
"So I'm not the first person who's told you that you look great without your clothes."   
  
Anne gave an embarrassed smile. "No."   
  
"And it's true, isn't it?"   
  
"Maybe."   
  
"Honesty, remember."   
  
Unaccustomed to bragging on herself, Anne hesitated. "I know it sounds really bad but the less I wear the better I think I look."   
  
"Trust me, that's true. You've got a killer bod. You really do."   
  
"Thanks."   
  
"The truth is that $235,000.00 would make a huge difference in your life."   
  
"Probably."   
  
"There's no probably about it. That's nearly a quarter of a million dollars. I'll put you at least 10 or 15 years ahead of where you would have been otherwise. You'll be able to pay off your student loans, buy a car and probably have enough left over to buy a condo with this money."   
  
Anne considered what Jamie was saying and knew that Jamie was right. Anne just got by on her salary. At her current rate of pay, it would probably be a couple of decades before she could hope to pay off her student loans, drive a car without a lien on the title, and live in a home without paying a mortgage or rent.   
  
"And the truth is, deep down inside you, that you know that if you don't sign this contract today, you'll spend the rest of your life regretting it and wondering the life you could have lived if you just had a little more courage."   
  
Anne looked down at her feet while the camera man attempted to get another close-up on her face.   
  
"You need to ask yourself the question, and be truthful to yourself; do you have that courage?" Jamie's statement was more of a challenge than a question.   
  
Anne ran her fingers through her hair and took a deep breath.   
  
"Are you happy spending your days in that little cubicle, doing the same thing day after day?" Jamie asked.   
  
Anne said nothing but the expression on her face answered the question for her. Even the mention of the cubicle soured her mood.   
  
"And the most important question that I will ever ask you; tell me the truth, tell yourself the truth" Again, Jamie paused for effect. "In your heart, do you really want to do something exciting and be a Mailgirl or do you want to walk out of this office and go back to your cubicle?"   
  
The cameraman switched his focus from Jamie to Anne.   
  
Anne didn't answer. Instead, she picked up the Mailgirl Contract and started reading it again. Jamie handed her a pen and Anne signed. 

**A PRETEXT**   
  
As one of the security cameras focused in on the two women, Dillard, Fuentes, and Hayashi watched Jamie and Anne on the 100 inch monitor in his office. Dillard smiled as Anne signed the Mailgirl Contract.   
  
"It looks like we're in business." Mr. Fuentes said. "You have your first Mailgirl."   
  
"I like this one." Dillard said. "She's exactly what I'm looking for."   
  
"You know, I could have found a better looking girl for less money." Fuentes said.   
  
"Bishop's looks are perfect." Dillard said. "I don't want all of the women to be models, I want them to look real. Besides, she's really does have a world class ass."   
  
Fuentes smiles as he remembered Anne's buttocks. "True. Bishop has a great ass but where I come from, $235,000.00 can buy a lot of great looking ass."   
  
"I don't want a porn star look or a stripper personality, I want a real person with a girl-next-door look and a likable personality." Dillard said. "Anyway, the money was just a pretext."   
  
"A pretext. A pretext to what."   
  
"The money just is rationalization; a vehicle of persuasion if you will."   
  
"What do you mean?"   
  
"The girls are trying to convince themselves, they think what they are doing is weighing the monetary gain vs the social stigma and degradation but this only a rationalization, an avoidance of the real internal dilemma which is going on in their head."   
  
Real dilemma?   
  
"Yes. Subconsciously they are torn between following their innermost sexual submissive and exhibitionist fantasies against the norms of society and the reaction of the public, their friends and families."   
  
"I can get a lot of women who have no qualms about getting nude."   
  
"You still don't get it." Dillard said. "Without the inner conflict, they aren't interesting. I don't want a bunch of strippers, I want a group of ordinary women who have repressed inner fantasies of exhibitionism. These are the women that we can use money to give these girls a rational reason to convince themselves to become a naked submissive for two years."   
  
Fuentes considered what had been said for a moment. "I hear what you say, I understand, and I even agree that having repressed women would be more interesting but what scares me is I just don't believe you can recruit enough repressed girls."   
  
"All women want to be attractive and desirable; all women want to have an opportunity to display themselves to an audience who will be attracted to them and find the women to be desirable. Young women need to feel pretty, to feel like they matter to others, to feel wanted."   
  
"So you are saying that all women want to be Mailgirls?"   
  
Dillard laughed at the thought. "Not a chance."   
  
"So you agree with me that there isn't a lot of women out there with those type of fantasies."   
  
"More than you think. Remember this morning in the park?"   
  
Fuentes smiles. "How could I forget?"   
  
"Out of three girls, I got one to streak and it didn't take much convincing."   
  
"It took $2,000.00."   
  
"I could have gotten her to streak for far less. Did you see her face? She really wanted to do it and had a blast showing herself to everyone in the park. Tara already had the desire, she just needed a reason."   
  
"One of three could be just dumb luck. Even a broken watch is right twice a day."   
  
"Even her prudish friends really enjoyed it. At first they were horrified but once it started, they had a great time."   
  
Fuentes nodded in agreement. "They did seem to enjoy it."   
  
"I'd bet you anything that if I had another $2,000.00 in my pocket, I could have had at least one more girl streak that park after they had so much fun watching Tara streak."   
  
"Possibly."   
  
"All my money did is give Tara a reason to streak, an excuse."   
  
An excuse to who?   
  
An excuse to her conscious, an excuse to her moral self.   
  
"How so?"   
  
"People always fight a battle between what they want to do and what they think they should do, between their morals and their libido."   
  
Dillard hit the intercom button for his secretary. "When's the moving company arriving?"   
  
"Within 15 minutes, sir." Dillard's personal assistant said.   
  
"They're bringing all the boxes, tape, and packing material they need?" Dillard asked.   
  
"Yes sir, I have been assured that they are brining everything they need to move a two bedroom apartment."   
  
"Are they prepared to move the girl as well?"   
  
"Yes sir." Dillard's personal assistant answered. "They're bringing the special box."   
  
"Excellent." Dillard clicked off the intercom.   
  
Fuentes, "I still don't know. Getting a woman to streak around the park for a couple of minutes is one thing. Getting her to live and work in the nude in front of all her friends and co-workers for two years, well that's quite another."   
  
"I'll admit, the woman we want is somewhat rare."   
  
Fuentes nodded his head in understanding.   
  
Dillard "I want a girl who is confident enough in her looks to believe that her body will be something people want to see and who has been so deeply repressed for so long that she's primed to explode with her sexuality."   
  
"If she doesn't realize that she wants to be a Mailgirl, how do we talk this repressed little nun into it?"   
  
"That is where the pretext comes in. We offer her wages and bonuses which are so high that the repressed little nun can rationalize a submissive and openly exhibitionist lifestyle, which she thinks she abhors but secretly craves, to overcome her powerful inhibitions? Even though being a sexual submissive is a lifestyle that subconsciously attracts her, the girl rationalizes that she is submitting to the humiliation and degradation, not because she wants it, but because the financial incentives are too good to turn down. It allows her to save face."   
  
"Save face? Save face with who?"   
  
"With the person who matters most, herself? If the girl doesn't have a convincing excuse to overcome her repressions, she'll never do it. We are giving the woman exactly what she wants even though she doesn't consciously realize it." 

**THE TRANSITION**   
  
"What do we do now?" Anne queried.   
  
Anne felt as if the world was spinning. A couple of hours ago she was a Benefits Representative with a very normal and safe life. She indulged in a little sexual fantasy after lunch and, voila, her whole life had changed to the point that she was standing nude in the middle of the Human Resources Department and wouldn't see her clothes again for years."   
  
"We go to your apartment and pack it up."   
  
Anne looked toward the filing cabinet where Jamie had locked up her clothes. "I'll need to get dressed."   
  
"Not for a couple of years." Jamie said.   
  
"Why can't I get dressed to go to my apartment?"   
  
"Because your constant nudity is critical to being a Mailgirl." Jamie said. "One of the premises of the Mailgirl concept is an emphasis on perfecting the athletic feminine form through the use of the historical concept of the heroic nude. You will become the naked warrior of your day. The living embodiment of the perfect feminine physique in action. The corporeal form of inspiration and confidence to women everywhere."

Anne looked confused. "What does that mean?"   
  
"It means you're not gonna to get any clothes." Jamie said.   
  
"Then how do I get to my apartment?" Anne gestured to her own nudity.   
  
"Well, since we can't get a film permit that allows you to be nude in a residential zone and as your apartment complex is zoned residential, you'll be placed in a large cardboard box and delivered to your apartment."   
  
Anne looked shocked. "You're going to deliver me to my apartment completely naked in a box?"   
  
"That's the plan."   
  
"You're kidding."   
  
"Nope." Jamie said. "It'll look like an ordinary delivery; no one will see you nude or even know you were there."   
  
"A delivery service is going to ship me as freight?" Anne questioned.   
  
"Yep." Jamie said. "We've got it all worked out. You'll be delivered to your apartment and back to TRG in a box. The moving crew should be here any minute now."   
  
"Why can't you just drive me there?"   
  
"Because of your nudity, we can't use public transportation or a car." Jamie explained. Since we can't get a film permit allowing you to be nude in a residential area, even if we put you in the trunk, there'd be no way of getting you in the building."   
  
"You'd put me in the trunk?"   
  
"No." Jamie responded. "We thought about it but it just isn't practical. Once you got out of the trunk, you'd still be nude and we can't let way you walk around an apartment complex like that legally since it's zoned residential."   
  
Anne contemplated which of the bad alternatives she liked the least, being crated up and shipped or stuffed in the trunk of a car.   
  
"So, we decided that whenever we need to move you somewhere that we can't get a film permit, we'll simply package and have you delivered as freight." Jamie said.   
  
Anne looked incredulous.   
  
"Don't worry, it's only about a 15 to 20 minute trip." Jamie said.   
  
Anne's incredulity continued.   
  
"I know it sounds bad but trust me, it's more convenient this way." Jamie said in her most reassuring voice.   
  
More convenient for who, Anne thought. Jamie's not the one that's getting crammed bare-ass into a cardboard box and loaded on the back of a truck.   
  
Jamie held out her left hand. "Now face me and give me your left arm."   
  
Anne complied. Jamie took a device that looked like a small smartphone attached to a wide black band on it from a drawer.   
  
"What's that?" Anne questioned.   
  
"It's your Mailgirl pager."   
  
The pager band was labeled with a yellow three on it in one inch tall letters on each side of the pager and a barcode. The pager was attached to a black plastic-like band with a cellophane wrapping covering the top of one of the bands and the bottom of the other.   
  
"What does it do?"   
  
"It allows the Director of the Mailgirl program to contact you at any time. You can also call the Mailgirl office by pressing this app."   
  
Jamie removed the cellophane, and then pressed the loose end hard against the collar. Momentarily the collar became almost too hot to touch.   
  
Anne jerked her arm back in surprise as the heat became alarmingly uncomfortable. "It's hot!"   
  
"The inside of the end of your pager is coated with a pressure sensitive glue that chemically welds it to the other strap of the pager."   
  
"How do I get it off?"   
  
"You can't, the glue fuses the collar together permanently; we cut it off at the end of your employment."   
  
Anne tested the band by pulling on it but the band was securely fused.   
  
Jamie, ""It allows the Director of the Mailgirl program to contact you at any time. You can also call the Mailgirl office by pressing this app. The pager will give you your assignments and count down your deadline to complete the assignment."   
  
"What happens if I don't get there on time?"   
  
"Look at your pager. What color is your display panel?"   
  
"Green."   
  
"When your time expires, it will flash to red. If you haven't gotten to your destination by that time, the computer automatically assigns you demerits based upon the length of your tardiness."   
  
"What happens if I get too many demerits?"   
  
"Remember our little talk about corporal punishment?"   
  
"If I get spanked, will that be on television?"   
  
"Probably."   
  
Anne paused to consider what a bimbo she would look like getting spanked on worldwide TV.   
  
"How does the computer know that I'm late?"   
  
"I forgot to tell you, the pager has a tracking device; it knows where you are at all times. The computer is also hooked up to the camera system. When you enter a room, the computer will automatically track you with the cameras."   
  
"Is there anything else you forgot to tell me about?   
  
"Yeah, your pager's got a shocking device in it."   
  
"You're joking."   
  
"Nope. It's a fairly mild shock but trust me, you'll feel it. The Mailgirl director can activate it or the shocking device is automatically activated if you attempt to enter an unauthorized area or leave the TRG campus without authorization. It also sets off an alarm to security and to the Mailgirl office. Don't worry, it keeps you from accidentally going anywhere you shouldn't. This way you can't make mistakes."   
  
Both women looked up as there was a knock on the door; a two man moving crew had arrived with a cardboard box strapped to a hand truck. Although the sturdy cardboard was perforated with numerous air holes at the top of the container, the large box that had been promised turned out to be decidedly smaller than Anne had expected; it appeared to be barely large enough for Anne to squeeze into. Along with the TRG logo, the word "FRAGILE" was stenciled in big red letters on the side along with an arrow along the words: "THIS SIDE UP".   
  
"Oh good, the movers are here." Jamie waived at the movers to enter. "Come in."   
  
The movers wheeled the box into Jamie's office, unstrapped it from the hand truck, and sat it in front of Anne.   
  
"Go ahead and get in." Jamie seemed cheerful as she pointed toward the box.   
  
Still having difficulty wrapping her arms around the concept that she had become freight, Anne's eyes widened as she examined the box in astonishment for a moment before gingerly stepping inside and sitting down. Cramped, the fit was tight enough that she had to bring her knees almost to her chest to squeeze in and Anne's shoulders were compressed slightly by the tight fit.   
  
Although the box was made of extremely thick, triple layered, heavy duty cardboard with a reinforced bottom and air holes, there was nothing special about it; it was just a box, no seat, padding, or anything else that would lead one to believe that it was suitable for human transport.   
  
One of the movers handed Jamie a clipboard with a bill of lading on it. Jamie reviewed the document. The relevant portion read: 

SHIPPER: TRG - JAMIE RICHMOND   
  
CARGO DESCRIPTION: Human Female   
  
QUANTITY: 1   
  
SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS: Fragile, Keep well ventilated. Immediate delivery. 

Jamie signed the bill of lading, tore off the customer copy, and returned the clipboard to the movers.   
  
"O.K., Tape her up and we're ready to go." Jamie said.   
  
The movers closed the lids and taped up the box securely by double wrapping tape entirely around the box in four different places two wraps along the width of the box and two wraps around its length to secure the lids. Jamie applied a gummed address label on Anne's shipping container, the movers leaned the hand truck back, and began rolling Anne out of Jamie's office and down the hall. Jamie fetched her purse and car keys and followed the movers with the film crew not far behind.   
  
As she sat stuffed into the small box, all Anne could hope for is that she was really being delivered to her apartment. Not having had a chance to read her own shipping label, for all Anne knew her destination address was somewhere in Guadalajara. Never having been shipped as cargo before, the thought of reviewing the shipping label to find out where she was actually going hadn't even crossed Anne's mind until after the box was tapped up.   
  
Feeling cramped and wanting more room, Anne flexed her shoulder muscles in a feckless effort to expand the box outward. Displaying a rigidity much greater than what could be expected of an ordinary cardboard box, Anne speculated that somewhere in between triple layers of cardboard, TRG must have laminated a layer of steel mesh for additional support.   
  
As she was being wheel down the hallway on the hand truck, Anne pondered whether the additional support was placed there for her protection or for her confinement. Regardless of the answer, Anne knew that she wasn't going to get out of that box until someone on the outside let her out. Jamie had definitely secured her cargo well.   
  
THUMP. Anne let out a guttural "Ughh" as the hand truck bounced over a door transition.   
  
Dark, except for a couple of dozen 50 cent piece sized ventilation holes around the top of the box, Anne struggled to see where she was going. She felt the rumble as her box was rolled into the freight elevator and sensed the elevator car ascending; he could hear the mechanical hum of the elevator doors opening at what she guessed was the first floor, where the loading dock was located. Her guess seemed correct when she could hear the sound of a diesel truck engine as her rump endured the jolt of the hand truck rolling off the loading dock and onto the moving van.   
  
Anne could hear the sounds, thumps, and vibrations of the movers strapping down her box and walking out of the truck. Total darkness befell her as the movers closed the truck's doors, bolted them shut, and locked them. A few moments later, the truck began to move and Anne officially became ground freight.   
  
After a hot, dark, and uneventful ride, Anne felt relieved as the moving van began to back into position at what she hoped was her apartment complex. Moments later, light shown through the air holes of Anne's box as the moving van doors was swung open. Her box was unstrapped, tilted, slid onto a hand truck, wheeled off the moving van, down a ramp, across the sidewalk, carried up two flights of stairs, and wheeled into Anne's apartment. The film crew was ready to catch Anne's wide-eyed expression as the tape was cut and Anne was released.   
  
As Anne stepped out of the box, Jamie was already assembling a number of cardboard, foldout banker boxes and opening rolls of bubble wrap while the movers began carrying out Anne's furniture. Jamie handed Anne a Sharpie and she began labeling boxes as Jamie filled them, towels, silverware, blender, kitchen items, etc.   
  
A pain of anxiety hit Anne as she realized everything she owned in the world, including all of her clothing, was being boxed up and placed where she couldn't see any of her property or her clothes again for two years.   
  
A couple of guys from next door did a double take as they walked past the open front door to Anne's apartment and saw her standing nude in her kitchen loading dishes into a banker box. Startled, Anne quickly covered herself with her hands, she hadn't noticed that the front door was open. Wide-eyed, the two young men just stared at her for a second.   
  
"Moving out?" One of the guys asked.   
  
Anne blushed. "Uh, yeah, I am."   
  
"Where are you going?"   
  
"It's a long story."   
  
Apparently in no hurry, both of Anne's neighbors waited patiently for Anne to regale them with all of the details.   
  
"Well, uh, I just joined the Mailgirl Program at TRG." Anne said.   
  
Both of the men's eyes further widened in delight.   
  
"Seriously." The other guy said.   
  
By this time, Anne was beginning to get a little red in the face and fidgeted in embarrassment. "Yeah, at TRG." Anne said.   
  
"I've got to get a job at TRG." One of the neighbors said.   
  
"Need any help?" The other neighbor asked.   
  
Anne shook her head. "No, really we've,"   
  
"Sure." Jamie interrupted and motioned for Anne's neighbors to come in. "Just grab a box or two and start carrying it down."   
  
The young men's faces broke into a big grin and one of the men wasted no time in entering while the second called out down the hallway to a friend. "Hey Steve, come here. We could use a hand."   
  
Anne looked panicked. "No, really, that's not necessary, we can handle,"   
  
Before Anne could finish, Steve and his girlfriend walked into Anne's apartment.   
  
Steve's girlfriend stopped dead in her tracks, gaping at Anne in wide eyed astonishment while Steve looked like Christmas had come early.   
  
Embarrassed, Anne tried to smile. "Oh, hi Steve."   
  
"Have you met my girlfriend Kim?" Steve said.   
  
"Not really." Anne said.   
  
"Kim, this is my Neighbor, Anne Bishop." Steve said.   
  
"Uh, hi." Anne said as she found small talk to be awkward when she was the only person naked in the room.   
  
Kim started to offer a handshake but quickly thought better of it when she noticed Anne's right hand was clutching her twat. Not having any hands to spare, Anne made no attempt to respond to the greeting.   
  
Jamie interrupted. "If you guys aren't doing anything, we could use the help."   
  
"Sure, we'd love to help." Steve said. "What do you want us to do?"   
  
"Grab a box and carry it down." Jamie pointed at some of the boxes that had already been filled, taped, and marked.   
  
Kim didn't move. Instead she starred at Anne looking confused and somewhat alarmed at Anne's nudity.   
  
"She joined the Mailgirl program at TRG." Jamie said.   
  
Seeming almost satisfied with the answer, Kim picked up a box and carried it out the door.   
  
"O.K., break's over." Jamie said to Anne. "Back to work."   
  
With the help of her neighbors, Anne's possessions were rapidly boxed, taped, labeled, carried down the stairs and stacked on the truck. Suddenly, Anne and her neighbors were left standing in the living room looking unsuccessfully for something else to carry. The only box remaining was Anne's.   
  
Even before Anne realized that it was her turn to get packaged, Jamie nodded to one of the movers who swept Anne off her feet and sat the Mailgirl in her box. As Anne's neighbors gawked in disbelief, Jamie tucked Anne head down, the movers closed the lids, rolled the box backward, and quickly double wrapped tape around the entire girth of the box in two places, and then rolled the box on its side widthwise and repeated the procedure, securely fastening the lids. Although a little jostling of the box's contents and a few grunts could be heard from the inside the container, none of the sounds seemed to cause either the movers or Jamie any concern.   
  
"O.K. guys, let's get this last box on the truck and we're ready to roll." Jamie said.   
  
As the box was righted, Jamie applied the shipping label; the movers slid the hand truck underneath, and wheeled Anne out the door. Jamie thanked all the neighbors for helping and herded them out of the apartment. Still astonished, Anne's neighbors left the apartment, followed Anne's box as it was carried down the stairway to the front lawn, and Anne's neighbors watched in stunned silence as the box was loaded onto the back of the moving van along with the rest of Anne's belongings, strapped down, the doors closed, padlocked, and the van drove off down the street as the film crew documented the event.   
  
Instead of going directly to TRG, the movers first drove to a storage building to drop off Anne's belongings. Once at the warehouse, Anne's box was unloaded first and placed on the ground beside the entrance to the storage unit. As best she could, Anne watched her possessions being unloaded though an air hole in the box.   
  
Only after the last box of Anne's possessions was placed in the storage unit and the unit locked was Anne's box loaded back on the truck and strapped down. By the time the movers unloaded Anne's box at TRG, Anne had been crammed in the undersized container for over an hour and was a little stiff and covered in sweat.   
  
"Move your head down as far as you can and stay very still." One of the movers said to Anne.   
  
A moment later the movers carefully cut the tape on Anne's box using a razorblade knife. Apparently unaware of the delivery, a few TRG employees on the night crew at the loading dock just stared in disbelief as the naked Mailgirl struggled to her feet once the box was opened. The film crew was careful to catch both the appearance of Anne as well as the expressions of the astonished TRG employees.   
  
Upon her release, Anne blinked a couple of times, squinted at the light, and shivered as her sweat drenched body adjusted from the stuffy box to the air conditioned building. Unsteady on her feet, Anne took a moment to let some blood flow back into her legs before carefully crawling out of her box. As her shipment back to TRG had been much longer than the delivery to her apartment, Anne began stretching and twisting every part of her body in an effort to loosen her muscles and pop joints back into place.   
  
While Anne was working out her stiff muscles and joints, the moving crew handed Jamie a clipboard with a Delivery Receipt. The material portion of the document read: 

DESTINATION: TRG loading dock - Jamie Richmond   
  
CARGO DESCRIPTION: Human Female   
  
QUANTITY: 1   
  
ACCEPTANCE OF SHIPMENT: I certify that the above described cargo was inspected and received by me undamaged and in good order.   
  
Recipient's Signature \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 

Jamie looked up from the receipt and, with a serious look, examined Anne from head to toe.   
  
"Turn around please." Jamie said.   
  
Anne looked at Jamie in disbelief as Jamie inspected her cargo. Nevertheless, Anne turned around slowly to give Jamie a good look at her backside. By then, the moving crew, the TRG employees at the loading dock, and the camera had all joined in inspecting the freight from top to bottom for any bruises, abrasions, or scratches.   
  
While the film crew slowly panned their camera from Anne's toes to her head, Anne wondered what Jamie would do if she found any shipping damage to her cargo, reject the shipment? Return Anne to the box and send her back? Request an undamaged replacement?"   
  
"Are you O.K.?" Jamie asked. "Any bumps or bruises?"   
  
"No, I'm fine." Anne said.   
  
Jamie nodded her head in agreement, signed the receipt accepting the delivery of her shipment, tore off the customer copy, and returned the clipboard to the movers.   
  
"Next time could I at least have a roll of bubble wrap or something to sit on?" Anne said as she rubbed her ass. "The ride was a little rough."   
  
"I'll work on it." Jamie said. 

**A NEW LIFE BEGINS**   
  
As both the film crew and the moving crew departed, Jamie led Anne thought the basement to the Mailgirl Room. A sign on the door read: "Mailgirl Room - No Unauthorized Personnel."   
  
Jamie opened the door. "Welcome to your new home."   
  
Inside the oblong room Anne found a row of 20 twin beds, a row of 20 sinks, each numbered from one to 20, five toilet stalls and an open bay shower room. It faintly smelled of fresh paint and cleaning chemicals. Looking up, Anne could see two black security camera domes in Mailgirl room with another two security camera domes by the open shower room.   
  
The wall on which the sinks were hung was thick, approximately five feet thick. Anne postulated that the wall housed a row of cameras positioned behind two way mirrors above the sink. Above each sink was a shelf with a razor, a toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, a few items of makeup, and a hair dryer. Anne looked around to see if she could spot any other cameras, as if it mattered. The cameras which she identified covered every square inch of the room except for the toilet stalls.   
  
Jamie pointed to the sink with a "3" painted on it. "That one's yours."

Anne finished her inspection of the room. "It seems so bare."   
  
Jamie shrugged. "It's all you're gonna need."   
  
"There's no lockers, no drawers, no closets, no chairs, no sofas, no televisions."   
  
"You're not gonna need any of that."   
  
"There's no privacy."   
  
"You'll get used to it."   
  
"Where do I eat?"   
  
"For now, you'll be eating your meals here." Jamie pointed to a low table in the center of the room surrounded by 20 yoga mats. "We'll have the meals brought to you. We want you to think of the Mailgirl program as your new family so you'll eat together." Jamie walked over to a refrigerator in the corner and opened it. The refrigerator was filled with bottles of water but nothing else. "If you get thirsty, we'll keep this stocked with water."   
  
"What do I eat?"   
  
"We have a dietitian planning your meals. I'm not exactly sure what the meals will be but they will be healthy."   
  
"Anything I should know?"   
  
"Well, for starters, there will be no caffeine, no diet sodas, no artificial sweeteners, no sugar, no nicotine, no bleached flour, no ethanol, no THC, no processed meats, and no junk food in your diet."   
  
"Wow."   
  
"We're gonna take better care of you than you take care of yourself."   
  
"I'm going to need at least one cup of coffee in the morning." Anne begged.   
  
"I'm sorry but that's not gonna happen."   
  
Anne looks around at her new home with apprehension.   
  
Jamie pointed. "There's a stack of towels on the table but they are only for drying yourself off. You may not wear them."   
  
"What happens during, you know, that time of the month?"   
  
"Let us know and you'll be issued the necessary supplies and some panties. During that time you'll be given some duties here in the basement."   
  
"Like what?"   
  
"Mostly janitorial. Particularly keeping the Mailgirl Room clean. We will not be using the male janitors. Since men generally will not be allowed in here, it will mostly be up to the Mailgirls to keep this room spotless."   
  
Anne walked over and examined the shower room. One large open bay shower room with 8 shower heads, each with a small shelf holding a tube of liquid bath-soap, a bottle of shampoo, and a bottle of conditioner with a general assortment of shaving cream, first aid supplies, toilet paper, disposable razors, along with other miscellaneous toiletries and supplies on some shelving nearby.   
  
"For privacy reasons, your real name will no longer be used; from now on, you will be known simply as Mailgirl Number 3." Jamie explained. "You will not allowed to tell anyone else, including other Mailgirls, your real name and you may not ask any of the other Mailgirls to tell you their real name."   
  
"What's my schedule?"   
  
"Sleep until five-thirty. A wake up alarm will ring."   
  
Looking around the room, Anne noticed that there were no light switches. "I don't see any light switches. How do I turn on and off the lights?"   
  
Jamie smiled. "You don't. The lights turn off automatically at 9:30 and come on again at 5:30. You'll have an hour of morning exercise, 35 minutes to get showered, shaved, and ready. Breakfast will be served at 7:05 and the morning briefing will be held at 7:25 here in the Mailgirl room. You must be at your assigned station by 7:55."   
  
Anne took another look around the room. Everything was happening so fast that she was in a daze. Feeling vulnerable and naked, Anne covered herself with her hands.   
  
Jamie gave a reassuring smile. "Look at it this way, you don't have to worry about what to wear for the next two years."   
  
As Anne looked at the beds, Jamie pointed to the bed labeled with the number 3.   
  
"That one's yours." Jamie said. "Be sure to charge your pager tonight. There's a cord right beside your bed."   
  
"Sure."   
  
Still covering herself with her hands, Anne looked around. Suddenly she was overcome with uncertainty and vulnerability.   
  
Sensing Anne's trepidation, Jamie gave her a big hug. "You did it; you really did it."   
  
"I'm not sure what I did." Anne looked around the empty room. "It's so lonely."   
  
"I understand." Jamie said. "Within a few days, we'll should have several more Mailgirls here. It will be a lot better then."   
  
Anne still looked worried.   
  
Jamie gave Anne's hand another reassuring squeeze. "You know that if you ever need a friend, I'll be here for you."   
  
Anne seemed somewhat relieved. "Thanks, I may take you up on that."   
  
"I'll be in the building at least a few hours every day, even Saturday and Sunday and I'll try my best to eat every meal with you and the rest of the Mailgirls." Jamie said. "So, you'll never be completely alone."   
  
"I appreciate that."   
  
"If you need anything tonight, hit the security app on your pager. It will put you through to the security desk. They'll be glad to help. Now get some sleep, you've got a really busy day tomorrow."   
  
As the door closed behind Jamie, Anne felt awkward and lost as she was left standing barefooted and bare ass in the middle of the room. It was as if she could feel every camera focusing on her body. She felt more naked and vulnerable than ever.   
  
The room was silent except for a slight humming of the HVAC system. Alone, naked, and not knowing what to do in her unfamiliar and austere surroundings, Anne looked for a clock to see what time it was. A clock over the door read 9:29. She wondered if that was the real time or if the people who controlled the cameras controlled the clock as well and Anne questioned if there was anything left in her life that she still controlled. Her question was answered a few seconds later when the room went dark. 

**WHY THE CHARADE?**   
  
In the director's booth, Fuentes and Dillard watched the video feed turn to black.   
  
"That's a wrap everyone." Fuentes said. The remaining production company employees gave a tired cheer, stood up, stretched and began turning off their equipment and gathering their belongings to leave.   
  
Dillard chuckled, "Not a bad first day."   
  
Fuentes smiled. "It was a great first day. We got a ton of usable footage. I got to hand it to you, that Bishop girl was awesome today."   
  
"You mean Number 3."   
  
"You don't really think that you can hide her real name just by calling her Number 3 on the show do you?"   
  
Dillard scoffed at the thought. "Of course not, virtually everyone over the age of five will know her name as even before the show premieres. Everyone in the building already knows who she is and Bishop's name will be all over social media tomorrow."   
  
"Then why the charade?"   
  
"It's just an artifice. We're not trying to hide Bishop's identity from the world. We couldn't do that if we wanted to. We're trying to take Bishop's identity away from her."   
  
"Why?"   
  
"We're giving Ms. Bishop, a totally new life, including a new name. I want as little as possible connecting Number 3 to her old life."   
  
"Do you think she'll stay?"   
  
"I don't know. I hope so. Tomorrow probably will be the toughest day. If Number 3 can get past that, maybe?"

**Chapter 5 - Hai okā-san**   
  
**FIRST DAY**   
  
Awaking to music and the lights being turned on, Anne was momentarily bewildered when she did not recognize her surroundings or remember why she wasn't wearing any clothes. Sitting up in bed, she looked around. The Mailgirl Room seemed foreboding and empty. Quickly the events of yesterday came back to her and Anne remembered that she joined the Mailgirl Program. Today, would be the first day she would spend delivering mail nude, the first day of the next 730 days. Just the thought of it was both arousing and frightening.   
  
Astonished at what she'd done, Anne took a moment to grasp what she'd gotten herself into. In a couple of hours she would be running all over the building completely naked in front of all of her friends, coworkers and in front of a worldwide television audience. Everyone in the building, in the United States, and perhaps most of the people in the world were going to get the opportunity to see her nude; to see her hooch, boobs, and ass.   
  
As the clock on the wall changed from 5:30 to 5:31, Anne arose and made her bed. Even if the Mailgirl Room was stark and unadorned, it was her room and she didn't want to leave it a mess. Looking at the camera domes in the room, Anne felt embarrassed and helpless. She had no idea who or how many people were watching her at that moment, who they were, what they thought of her, or whether this segment of video would be used in the reality show. The only thing she was sure of was that they were watching.   
  
With nothing else to do but take a shower, Anne picked out a brand of shampoo, razor, shaving cream, and a bar of soap, walked in the shower room, and turned on the hot water. Glancing over her shoulder, she could see two black camera domes with excellent views of the shower room. As privacy was clearly a thing of her past, Anne wondered what the film editors would look for as she showered: soaping up her hooch, shaving it, scrubbing her buttocks, or washing her boobs?   
  
Despite the audience, everything received a thorough cleansing, even more than usual. Since she was going to be nude and since her body was going to be inspected by hundreds of people at TRG and God only knows how many by camera, she at least wanted to make sure smelled clean and looked spotless. This was not the day to walk around smelling like shit or with a piece of toilet paper hanging out of her ass.   
  
Although she tried not to let the cameras interfere with her shower routine, Anne was overcome with self-consciousness. It all seemed so personal. Surely the film editors wouldn't get that intimate. Nevertheless, as there were two security camera domes with excellent views of the showers, Anne could only conclude that the reality show intended to use at least some shower scenes.   
  
After, drying and combing her hair, smearing on some deodorant and applying what scant makeup was provided, Anne looked around and wondered what to do next. No television, no coffee, and no getting dressed; there wasn't even a chair for her to sit on. With nothing further to do, Anne stood naked in the middle of the room and waited for something to happen. Standing on the carpet in her bare feet, the chill of the basement caused goosebumps to form all over Anne's moist skin.   
  
Awkwardly, a few minutes passed as Anne figuratively and literally just hung out and watched the clock. The more she thought about her upcoming day, the more her anxiety increased. As she contemplated what was about to occur, a shiver of anxiety shot down Anne's spine. Never having done anything remotely like this type of exhibitionism before, Anne didn't know what to expect or how she would be received by her fellow TRG employees. Anne gave herself another nervous look in the mirror.   
  
The door opened and Jamie and a video crew entered. Anne surmised that the curtesy of knocking and requesting entry was just another casualty of her complete loss of privacy. What would be the point? It's not like they might catch her naked; it was an absolute certainty that she would be undressed when they entered.   
  
Jamie carried a small couple of cardboard boxes containing breakfast, a couple of hardboiled eggs, a bowl of vegetable medley, and orange juice. Not what Anne would have ordered for breakfast but, like everything else in her new life, she wasn't consulted. Jamie pointed to yoga mats on the floor. Both women took seats on the mats and began eating.   
  
"How was last night?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Last night was fine; it's this morning I'm having adjusting to."   
  
"What's the problem?"   
  
Anne glanced down. She was naked and her twat and boobs were there for all to see. "I'm not ready for this. I don't know if I can do it." She looked edgy, her voice was tense and there was a noticeable tremble to her fork as Anne tried to eat her vegetables.   
  
Jamie smiled, "Of course you're nervous; anyone would be."   
  
As Anne finished her meal, Jamie scooted toward her, took both of her hands and gave them a gentle squeeze.   
  
"We're gonna take this one step at a time. O.K?"   
  
Anne nodded.   
  
"You understand that it's gonna take some getting used to and that's gonna take time," Jamie said. "It's gonna take time for you to adjust to your new life and it's gonna take time for everyone else to adjust to you. O.K?"   
  
Anne nodded again.   
  
"I'm gonna be with you during most of the day and I'll walk you through it," Jamie said. "You've got a fantastic body and an amazing little ass to show off and I can't wait to see the expression on people's faces when they see it."   
  
"What do you think they will think of me?"   
  
"They're gonna be impressed, I mean really impressed."   
  
"They're going to think I'm a slut."   
  
"I won't lie to you. You and I both know that initially, there's gonna be some shock and some negativity. Some people will never get used to it but I guarantee you that a big part of the conversation is gonna be about how amazingly hot a girl you are and how athletic a body you have."   
  
"You think so?"   
  
"It's already started," Jamie said. "A lot of people saw you yesterday. I talked to a few friends of mine last night and asked what they were saying about you and the conversation was that you were the most athletic woman they had ever seen and how anxious the people who haven't seen you yet are to actually see you. Everyone's talking about you; you're virtually the only topic of conversation in the building. Photos of you are on every cell phone and every computer in the building."   
  
"Every cell phone?"   
  
"Yep. Even the women were curious to see you," Jamie said as she got out her phone and showed Anne a couple of dozen photos of her walking around the TRG office building stark naked.   
  
Anne was shocked as she reviewed the photos. Although she knew some photos were taken of her, Anne had no idea how many photos had been shot, the excellent focus, and detail. The photos were of all angles and at least half showed her full frontal. Anne blushed as she came across a well-focused close-up of her hooch. Not even Anne had ever seen her own twat in that detail before.   
  
"Everyone has this photo?" Anne asked.   
  
"Oh yeah," Jamie said. "That one's real popular."   
  
Disturbed, Anne took another look at the photo of her pussy.   
  
"That's not all," Jamie said. "The photos are all over the internet. TRG also posted photos and a few videos on their Mailgirls Reality TV show website which launched this morning." Jamie showed a stunned Anne a couple of the videos: Anne stripping in Jamie's office and her first delivery. The quality of the security camera video was stunning and the audio highly understandable despite the background noise.   
  
Anne was speechless. Now there really was no turning back, now she really was a mailgirl. Just walking away was no longer an option. Yesterday's casual sexual fantasy had become today's reality. The realization was both terrifying and highly arousing at the same time.   
  
Anne took a moment to ponder what had been said. It was good to be finally noticed but, since the reason for her sudden notoriety was as a result of her public nudity, Anne wasn't sure how to take all of the attention. Anne wasn't sure if she was famous or infamous.   
  
Anne gave a nervous smile. "So they liked it? They liked the Mailgirl Program?"   
  
Jamie hesitated. "I wouldn't go that far, but they were fascinated with you."   
  
A little less than the response Anne had hoped for, she looked apprehensive. She knew that just because people thought she had a fit body didn't mean they were fond of her, fond of what she was doing, or fond of the Mailgirl Program.   
  
"Look at this," Jamie said. "You're gonna like it."   
  
Jamie scrolled through dozens of texts she had received from her friends, almost exclusively women, about Anne; virtually all of which raved over Anne's athletic body.   
  
Text 1: "Holly shit! She's amazing!"   
  
Text 2: "She's a goddess."   
  
Text 3: "Ask her if she's seeing anyone and if she would consider going out with a woman. I'll make it worth her while, I promise."   
  
Text 4: "She's gorgeous!"   
  
Text 5; "Please, please, please, never give that girl her clothes back. Never!"   
  
"Are they all lesbian?" Anne asked.   
  
"About 50/50. The guy's responses are even better. They're absolutely in love with you."   
  
Jamie showed Anne some texts from some of her male friends who were decidedly enthusiastic about Anne's body even if their language was a little more frank."   
  
"How about what the women thought about the Mailgirl Program itself?" Anne asked.   
  
"Well," Jamie paused as she searched for the right words, "let's just say that we still have some work to do before most of the women at TRG see the Mailgirl Program as a good thing."   
  
Anne nodded to convey her understanding. Although it wasn't what she had wanted to hear, Anne wouldn't have believed Jamie if she said that the majority of the women liked the idea of Anne jogging all over the building completely nude. Knowing that she would be facing considerable animosity and scorn, Anne became fearful.   
  
Rising to her feet, Jamie offered a hand to Anne. "I guess we'd better get started." Jamie said.   
  
Reluctantly, Anne accepted the hand and stood up. Jamie didn't let go once Anne was standing; instead, she began leading the mailgirl by the hand towards the door.   
  
Anne stopped just before the door to collect herself. "I'm not ready."   
  
Jamie smiled. "Don't worry. It's like diving off the high dive for the first time. You don't have to be ready. All you need to do is take that first step off the platform and gravity takes care of the rest."   
  
"I'm scared. Everyone will see me."   
  
"Trust me, with all of the photos circulated around the building, everyone's already seen you and they were very impressed. You're perfect for this job. If you go out there and be yourself, people are going to be instantly impressed with your body and eventually they'll be adoring of you. Give it time, they're gonna like you."   
  
Anne looked unconvinced.   
  
Jamie flashed her most reassuring of smiles. "Now, I need you to be brave again. You did it once and you were very brave. All you need to do is put one foot in front of the other. I'll take care of the rest."   
  
That said, Jamie proceeded to half lead, and half drag, the naked mailgirl out the door. Left without a choice, Anne followed only be startled by a moving crew and her box setting just outside the Mailgirl Room.   
  
"Where are we going?" Anne asked as she stared at her box.   
  
"To get you inked," Jamie said with an enthusiastic smile as she picked up a roll of duct tape. "Go ahead and get in."   
  
**DAKOTA**   
  
"You can go in now," Dillard's personal assistant told Dakota.   
  
Cautiously, Dakota walked up to Dillard's office and knocked softly on his door.   
  
"Come in," Dillard said.   
  
"Yes sir. I'm Dakota Collins from Human Resources, you asked me to come and see you," Dakota said.   
  
"Yes, thanks for coming, please, have a seat." Dillard pointed to one of the chairs in front of his desk. "Jamie's been telling me about some of your ideas for our Mailgirl Program."   
  
"She has?" Dakota's voice was nervous.   
  
"Yes, and I'm very impressed. Ms. Collins' I've been looking at your performance evaluations this morning and I see things in you that I really liked. I think you're skills are being underutilized by this corporation."   
  
Dakota anxiety only heightened. At any moment she feared the CEO was going to ask her to become a mailgirl.   
  
"If you have a few minutes, I'd like to talk with you about the Mailgirl Program."   
  
Dakota cringed.   
  
-----   
  
Jamie and the movers rode in front while Anne's box was strapped down in the bed of a TRG maintenance pickup truck. Naked and stuffed in a box Anne wondered whether she should have checked her destination or should have checked her lucidity as the question was not whether she was going to a tattoo parlor, but whether she was simply going insane. How in hell did she let herself get talked into this?   
  
Although encased in a cardboard box, Anne felt helpless and exposed. She wasn't sure if Jamie would decide to uncrate her in the building or in front of it in full view of a hundred or more people. For all she knew, Jamie would open the box in front of a 1000 people and there was nothing she could do about it. Wherever Jamie decided to open the box and expose Anne, there would be a film crew to record it for cable TV so that millions of people could see it. At first it was the nudity that frightened Anne but, more and more, she was becoming concerned by her complete loss of control as well.   
  
Parking in front of the tattoo parlor on the street, the moving crew slid Anne's box down the bed, and with a mover on each side, picked it up off the tailgate and sat it on the ground with a bit of a thump. Luckily, Jamie had provided a small roll of bubble wrap for Anne to sit on so the grunt inside the box wasn't quite as loud and the last time Anne had been jostled about. Another grunt could be heard as the hand truck bounced over the curb. A few pedestrians passing by heard the grunt and viewed the box with great curiosity but moved on.   
  
As the moving crew wheeled Anne's box into the tattoo parlor, the tattoo artist readied the tools of his trade. Amused by Anne's form of transport, the man just stared at Anne for a moment with a huge grin on his face as she stood up, before pointing to a spot just in front of him.   
  
"Come over here, stand right there, and face the wall please," The tattoo artist said.   
  
"Can I see it?" Anne said as she crawled out of her box. She'd never been shown a depiction of her tattoo.   
  
"Sure," The tattoo artist said and showed Anne the drawing.   
  
In 24 point font size bold letters, "TRG MAILGIRL" was written across the top of the tattoo drawing and beneath the lettering was the black and red TRG corporate logo on the left and the bold numeral "3" in 84 point font size on the right of the tattoo. Anne examined the drawing for a moment as she thought about the fact that it was about to be permanently inked on her backside.   
  
Exuberant, Jamie became impatient and gently took Anne by the arm. Looks great doesn't it? Now, let's turn around and bend way over."   
  
Jamie gave a little tug and Anne complied, bending over a small table and exposing her ass and lower back to the tattoo artist. The artist began drawing the tattoo as Jamie eagerly looked on. It tickled but Anne tried not to fidget. Glancing to her right, Anne saw that the front of the building was entirely glass and that she was about to get her ass tramp stamped while fully nude, only twenty feet from a plate glass window on Main Street at morning rush hour.   
  
Passersby on their way to work all did a double take at the sight of a naked young woman in the window. A few men stopped to watch the show, then a few more and then a few more. In less than a minute a small crowd had gathered. Upon noticing the audience, Jamie stepped out of the way so as to give the crowd a better view. Quickly the entire storefront was covered three deep in onlookers.   
  
As Anne nervously tried to cover herself with her hands, a few men began photographing the event and even a large number women stopped to enjoy the voyeuristic pleasure of Anne's upcoming pain. There were big smiles on all of their faces in anticipation of watching the pain on the face of a naked young woman as she's pieced with a needle.   
  
The enthusiasm of the crowd along with the realization that people could be greatly entertained by someone else's pain was disconcerting to Anne. Although she had attracted a lot of attention yesterday, this was the first time that the onlookers seemed so happy and egar, even the women, and it occurred to Anne that the primary attraction was not so much her nudity but her suffering. Undoubtedly, this facet of human nature was not lost on the producers of the reality show. Suddenly the corporal punishment clause in her mailgirl contract appeared much more menacing than before and Anne's hopes of avoiding any bruising to her backside seemed most unpromising.   
  
It didn't take long for the artist to stencil the TRG Mailgirl Tattoo on Anne's back. Hearing the electronic hum of the tattoo gun start up, Jamie reached over, grabbed both of Anne's hands and squeezed.   
  
Anne looked back at the tattoo artist just in time to see the needle approaching the bare skin of her lower back and then glanced at the audience excitedly smiling and laughing. A woman licked her lips in anticipation. Anne's feeling of embarrassment over her nudity was only compounded with a sense of vulnerability. She was about to be exhibited naked and in pain for the pleasure of others and there was nothing she could do about it.   
  
"Will it hurt?" Anne asked.   
  
"Do you want me to lie?"   
  
"Yes," Anne said as she clinched her teeth.   
  
Jamie smiled. "You won't feel a thing."   
  
Anne closed her eyes tight and braced herself. Many in the crowd outside began videoing. The camera crew filmed the needle getting close to Anne's skin and then focused on her face. Anne's eyes flew open and her mouth ajar as the needle pierced her skin. Squeezing Jamie's hand with considerable force, Anne began breathing rapidly. One cameraman focused on Anne's face while another cameraman focused on her ass. The crowd just outside the window clapped, cheered, and giggled.   
  
------   
  
On the 15th floor of the TRG Building, after a thorough briefing of the Mailgirl Program, Dillard paused. "Any questions?"   
  
"Are you asking me to be a mailgirl?" Dakota looked worried. Being young, single, and attractive, Dakota knew that she fit the profile of a potential mailgirl recruit.   
  
"Not exactly."   
  
Only somewhat relieved by Dillard's response, Dakota looked confused. "I don't understand."   
  
"I'm offering you a chance to become the director of the Mailgirl Program here at TRG," Dillard said.   
  
Stunned at what she heard, Dakota asked, "You want me to run it?"   
  
"Yes."   
  
"Sir, I can't. I've never had any experience with a Mailgirl Program."   
  
"Nobody currently employed with TRG has. The only person we have in the building who has ever worked with a mailgirl program is a training consultant from Japan. There's only four or five people in the building who's ever seen a mailgirl before yesterday. So I'm not worried about your experience, I'm interested in your abilities. I need a real go-getter to run this program, someone who's got the imagination and the charisma to get this done. It won't be easy but I think you're that person. I think you've got what it takes to move into management here at TRG."   
  
Dakota didn't know what to say. She didn't want to turn down a promotion; moving into management would be a dream come true. Besides, saying no would be insulting and it's never good to insult your CEO. Nevertheless, she despised the Mailgirl Program as lewd, sexist, demeaning, and depraved. She would have leapt at any management position at TRG but the Mailgirl Program and wanted to say yes but the program was so repulsive.

Dillard sensed her hesitation. "I know this wasn't exactly you're first choice in assignments but I need someone like you."   
  
"Can't we at least give them something to wear, a skimpy costume, a sports bra and boy shorts or a leotard or something? Anything but completely undressed."   
  
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Back at the TRG loading dock, the moving crew wheeled Anne's box up the handicap ramp and onto the loading dock. All work stopped on the loading dock as the employees eagerly sought to inspect the contents. There were volunteers aplenty to help unstrap Anne's box and lift it off the truck and gently sit the box on the loading dock. The anticipation of the loading dock workers only intensified as Anne's box sat undisturbed for three minutes while the video crew readied for the shoot.   
  
Jamie fecklessly searched her purse for a box cutter to cut Anne loose asking the moving crew. The moving crew searched their pockets to no avail.   
  
Jamie turned to the day shift. "Has anyone got a box cutter?" .   
  
A dozen of the onlookers enthusiastically produced the tool and Jamie picked the most photogenic of the men for the job.   
  
"Stay very still," The young man said as he began cutting the tape. Moments later, he opened the lid.   
  
When Anne stood up, she was surprised by a rousing ovation from the loading dock day sift; rewarding them with a big, albeit somewhat bashful, smile. The cheer was welcomed and helped calm some of her anxiety. It felt good to be ogled at just because she was nude and not because she was nude and in pain. While camera crew moved to Anne's rear so as to capture both the mailgirl and her throng of cheering admirers in the same frame, the handsome young man with the razorblade knife helped Anne from the box.   
  
As they left the loading dock area, Anne asked, "Where are we going?"   
  
"We're headed to the infirmary for your physical," Jamie said.   
  
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On the 15th floor, Dillard was meticulously outlining the details of the job of Mailgirl Program Director. "Your salary will be $100,000 a year, almost double what you make now, and there's a $200,000.00 bonus if you meet certain performance criteria. Most importantly, the Mailgirl Program is something that I will be taking a close personal interest in. If you feel you've got what it takes to move into management here at TRG and you want a chance to show me what you've got, this is that chance. You'll never have a better one. I will be your direct superior on this project, you'll have your own budget and wide latitude on how you manage the program."   
  
Dillard slid the contract across his desk and Dakota wasted no time in picking it up and reviewing it. The chance of a management position, even in the Mailgirl Program, was clearly intriguing to her.   
  
"At age 25, you'd be the youngest program director in the history of TRG by at least six years. It's a helluva opportunity," Dillard said.   
  
"Sir, you realize that I'm one of the trainers on TRG's sexual harassment policies. Even if we can somehow get around the labor laws, being undressed in this building is against everything I've ever taught; it'll invite all sort of completely inappropriate behavior."   
  
"That's one of the reasons that I'm choosing you. There will be a strict policy of no romantic overtures, dating, sex, references to sex, lewd or suggestive jokes, comments of a sexual nature, or touching a mailgirl by any TRG employees. Both the Feds and the State will be all over us on this. They'll be looking for any offensive behavior with a microscope. I need someone I know will enforce a bright line policy to the letter. Violation of the policy will be a single sanction, immediate termination, no second chances, and no warnings. Too much is at stake and there's too much temptation.   
  
Dakota licked her lips. The idea of moving into management and getting a chance to show her skills at only 25 could catapult her career. It could be the chance of a lifetime and just as important, if she worked hard, pushed the mailgirls for everything they've got, and made the made the TRG Mailgirl Program the best in the world in a two year period, she would probably be offered a position managing a larger program or department and, hopefully, never be required to have anything to do with the Mailgirl Program again. Get in, do a fantastic job and get promoted to anywhere else in the building as soon as possible needed to be her goal.   
  
Picking up the contract, Dakota began to read. The basic employment contract was enticing to say the least, a four year commitment, a $100,000 dollar salary, a director's position with a personal assistant and a private office, and a $200,000 dollar bonus if Dakota met the certain performance criteria as outlined in the addendum, namely: recruit and have working at least ten mailgirls within fifteen days and twenty mailgirls within 30 days, by the fifth episode, the TRG Mailgirls Reality show would have a rating of at least 1%, and that she commit no acts of gross mismanagement, dishonesty, insubordination, or misconduct.   
  
Suddenly the excitement in Dakota's face turned to grave concern and she leaned forward in her chair to take a closer look at the contract. The addendum required that if she failed to meet any of the above performance criteria at any time, TRG (*i.e*. Jim Dillard) could immediately exercise a mailgirl option in the contract and a mailgirl contract was attached. If Dakota failed to meet any of the criteria at any time, she could be required to refund $50,000 per year of her director's salary, be reduced in rank from director to a mailgirl, stripped completely nude, tattooed, given a bed in the Mailgirl Room, required to perform all duties and responsibilities of a mailgirl, and would be obligated to work butt-naked in front of all her friends, co-workers, and a worldwide television audience for two years. There was no way in hell that Dakota was going to let that happen.   
  
"Mr. Dillard, there must be some mistake. I have no intention of ever becoming a mailgirl."   
  
"And you won't be, so long as you make your performance goals."   
  
"Sir, I can't sign this contract. I don't mean any disrespect but I'd just about rather set my private parts on fire than show them off to everyone. I can't do this."   
  
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People looked at Anne as she walked in the Infirmary waiting room as if she were an extraterrestrial, a stunned expression, wide eyed, and open mouth.   
  
"Oh my God, it's her. It's the mailgirl. It's Anne Bishop," A woman whispered to her friend.   
  
Another woman frowned and looked away while a third took out her cell phone, photographed Anne and then began texting the photo to her friends. The two men in the waiting room just stared at Anne; one of the men had a big grin on his face while the other a shocked expression.   
  
Jamie took an empty seat and pointed to a blue yoga mat on the floor beside her. "That's you."   
  
Anne sat on the mat and brought her knees to her chest, hiding as much of her body behind her legs as she could. As Anne made eye contact with another woman in the room, the woman looked away. The men kept staring at Anne while the women in the waiting room did anything to avoid her, reading a magazine, looking at a cell phone, or just looking somewhere else.   
  
"Will this take long?" Anne asked.   
  
Jamie scanned the waiting room and counted seven others. "I think we're eighth in line."   
  
Anne tried to get comfortable kneeling on the mat but had difficulty with others glancing and staring at her.   
  
"Oh by the way," Jamie asked, "you've had an enema before haven't you?"   
  
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On the 15th floor, Dillard could sense Dakota's hunger for a management position even though she clearly despised the Mailgirl Program. After all, she hadn't said no to the Director's position, Dakota just balked at the mailgirl option.   
  
"Tell me this, if you ran the Mailgirl Program, what are some of the other changes you'd like to make?" Dillard asked.   
  
"We need something that will draw people to the show, something they want to see, and that's usually a star."   
  
"This is a reality show. We don't have actors."   
  
"It's not unusual for actors or actresses whose careers have tanked to join a reality show."   
  
"Do you have anyone in mind that you think might do it for a reasonable price?"   
  
"A childhood friend of mine, named Lisa Kent. She's an actress that hasn't worked in years."   
  
"I don't recognize the name," Dillard said.   
  
"Do you remember the dolphin show on eight or nine years ago called Marathon? It was set in the Florida Keys and the plot centered on the adventures of a teenage girl and her pet dolphin, Giggles."   
  
"Yeah, did she star in that?"   
  
"She was the teenage girl."   
  
"I liked the dolphin better. The girl was cute but she wasn't that great of an actress and she seemed to have an attitude all the time."   
  
"Well, right now Lisa's dead broke and working retail. She'd do anything to get back into show business and I mean anything. If you made her a decent offer and guaranteed her some airtime, I'm sure I could talk her into becoming a mailgirl for a couple of years."   
  
"What would you consider a decent offer?"   
  
"$500,000 bonus."   
  
"Dillard thought about it for a moment. "I'd have to run it past the board but I think I could get that done. Still, I'd rather have Giggles. The dolphin had a lot better personality. He was fun; the girl was bitchy."   
  
"If you want drama; you want Lisa. She's all about drama. It's one of the reason's she hasn't been able to get a job in years. It'll give us at least one name people will recognize and it'll give us curiosity factor. Women will want to see what the Lisa looks like all grown up and the men will want to see her nude."   
  
"I like the idea of having a recognizable name in the program. Look into it for me," Dillard said. "What are some of the other ideas you have for the program?"   
  
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In her physical, Anne had been poked, prodded, needled, filled, drained, examined, x-rayed, sampled, studied, and tested in every orifice and in virtually every way known to modern medicine with all of the results being negative. Walking back to Jamie's office, Anne was still trying to adjust to the fact that she was walking down the hallway naked.   
  
"We're never doing that again are we?" Anne asked.   
  
"No." Jamie said.   
  
"Thank God."   
  
A couple of days ago, Anne walked down the hallways completely unnoticed; it was as if she was invisible. No one looked at her at all as they passed by. Now, exposed as she was, many were stopping in their tracks and staring and not just a glance, a real head to toe gander. They stared at her ass; they stared at her boobs; the men particularly couldn't take their eyes off her hooch, and some, not many, actually stared at her face. They whispered about her, pointed, snickered, scoffed, took a double-take, and photographed her.   
  
Most of the women would quickly glance at Anne and then look away. Few made eye contact. The men mostly couldn't make eye contact as they were too busy examining the rest of Anne's anatomy in detail. It was a degree of attention that Anne had neither grown accustomed to nor was comfortable with.   
  
An unknown man stopped in front of the two women impeding their way and retrieved his cell phone from his pocket.   
  
"After lunch am I going to start delivering the mail?" Anne asked.   
  
Jamie became serious and looked concerned. "No. We've had a change of plans. Since your tattoo is still a little tender and still has a bandage on it, we decided it was better if we use the afternoon for you to meet with our training consultant, Ms. Hayashi. Tomorrow, I'm going to walk you around the entire building and introduce you to most of the department and program head in the building and then you'll start with the mail."   
  
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Back on the 15th floor, Dillard looked at his watch. "I've got an important meeting which I need to attend that starts in 15 minutes so we're going to have to wrap this up. It's time for a decision, do you want the job?"   
  
Dakota looked down at the contract on the desk. "Can I give you an answer in the morning?"   
  
"No. A manager makes decisions; that's what they do. If you want to be a manager, you must make decisions and you've got to make them in a timely fashion."   
  
"It's a big decision."   
  
"I know it's not the job you wanted but your first management position is never your dream job. You have to play the hand that's dealt you not the one you wish you had. I'm offering you a management position, do you want it."   
  
"I want the job but I can't be a mailgirl. I just don't want the addendum."   
  
"If you don't think you can do it, then you don't have the guts that it takes to be in management, then it would be better for both of us if you just went back to your little cubicle and stayed there."   
  
Dakota looked Mr. Dillard in the face and considered her options. She knew that a promotion to management could involve taking risks but not streaking around the building for two years and showing off her twat on television.   
  
"Ms. Collins, how you handle this situation right now will tell me a lot about you. You've got 90 seconds to make up your mind and then the offer of promotion to management will be withdrawn forever."   
  
Dakota looked back on the table, stared at the contract, and licked her lips.   
  
"You've got 60 seconds left," Dillard said.

**TRAINING DAY**   
  
The door to the mailroom opened and Jamie, Ms. Hayashi, and a cameraman entered. Carrying a camera on his shoulder and with an earphone monitor in his right ear wired to a radio on his belt, the cameraman panned from the clothed women to Anne.   
  
Holding a clipboard, Jamie sat it down on a table as she introduced Ms. Hayashi. "Number 3, you remember Ms. Hayashi from you psychological don't you?"   
  
Feeling a little awkward from being the only naked person in the room, Anne tried to make the best of it by forcing a smile and extending her hand. "Yes, of course."   
  
Holding her hands behind her back, Ms. Hayashi ignored Anne's attempt at a handshake. Although Ms. Hayashi's face was stern, her eyes danced with excitement.   
  
Jamie gestured toward Ms. Hayashi. "Ms. Hayashi is a former mailgirl herself. She worked for Mananoto Industries in Japan for three years. The Mananoto Mailgirl program was considered by many to be the best mailgirl program in Japan and TRG has contracted with Ms. Hayashi to conduct our mailgirl training."   
  
Anne withdrew her hand. "Ms. Hayashi will be training me?"   
  
Jamie nodded. "Yes."   
  
"Forcing a smile, Jamie looked nervous, her usual cheer and enthusiasm replaced by anxiety. If Jamie's intention had been to instill confidence in Anne about her training, she failed.   
  
Looking at the ground in front of her, Jamie hesitated while searching for the right words. "There's a little more to it than just delivering the mail." Jamie said. "Ms. Hayashi is here to teach proper etiquette for a mailgirl."   
  
Anne looked apprehensive. "O.K."   
  
Jamie turned to Ms. Hayashi. "Well then, I'll let you two get started."   
  
Ms. Hayashi watched Jamie leave and then turned her attention to Anne as did the camera. As Jamie left, Anne's anxiety heightened and she felt abandoned and helpless.   
  
"In my country, mailgirls are called geisha. Geisha is Japanese for person of art, the perfect female. A geisha is a man's definition of a perfect woman. She is perfect in her looks, in her obedience, and in her labors. I am here to teach you how to become a modern geisha."   
  
"OK."   
  
As Ms. Hayashi brought her arms forward from behind her back, she revealed that she was holding a ridding crop in her right hand. Anne's eyes widened in alarm. Standing naked in a room with a television camera on her was bad enough but standing bare-ass in a room in front of a woman holding a whip who seemed thrilled at the prospect of its employment on Anne's posterior with a television camera crew poised to film her pain for the entertainment of millions caused Anne to feel extremely vulnerable and exposed with a nakedness beyond mere nudity.   
  
Ms. Hayashi's voice took a more serious tone. "The job of the geisha is demanding so your training must be demanding as well. You will refer to me as okā-san, it means mistress of the geisha. I will refer to you by your number. When addressing me you will answer to all tasks hai okā-san. Hai means yes. Hai okā-san will become your favorite phrase."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
Ms. Hayashi nodded slightly to the camera who moved quickly to Anne's rear. Ms. Hayashi examined Anne from head to toe as she walked to Anne's side.   
  
WHAP! Ms. Hayashi slapped the ridding crop across Anne's bare buttocks.   
  
"Ahhh" Anne's eyes flew wide open as she cried out in pain and grabbed her injured backside.   
  
"That was your first lesson. You will learn to listen and you will learn to address me with the respect that I deserve as I instructed you. The phrase is hai okā-san, not yes ma'am."   
  
A flood of humiliation, fear, anger, and surprise overtook her as Anne looked down at the red welt on her ass caused by the blow.   
  
"Hai okā-san," Anne said.   
  
Ms. Hayashi held up her whip. "I call this the Kyoushi. In Japanese, it means the teacher. Your ass and the Kyoushi will become very well acquainted over the next few days.   
  
Anne starred at the Kyoushi in fear. The awkwardness of being the only naked person in a room filled with fully-dressed people and cameras was quickly being supplemented with terror.   
  
Ms. Hayashi took a paper from Jamie's clipboard and thumbtacked it to the bulletin board.   
  
"These are the rules of the geisha."   
  
Anne started to say yes ma'am but caught herself just in time. "Hai okā-san."   
  
Ms. Hayashi gave the slightest hint of a smile. "Better. Now read the rules to me."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
Anne read the rules out-loud:

***Rules of the Geisha:***

*All Geisha must be prompt, obedient, subservient, presentable, correctly positioned, and above all courteous and polite at all times.*

*A Geisha does not address a superior unless required to do so as a part of her job or requested to do so and then she speaks only in as brief a manner as possible.*

*A Geisha takes her orders with a simple "yes sir" or "yes ma'am".*

*A Geisha does not does not complain, does not cry, does not laugh, and does not request favor.*

*A Geisha never shows emotion toward her superiors except a respectful smile.*

*A Geisha never makes excuses. She either succeeds in her tasks or accepts what punishment her master deems appropriate for her failure. Even the slightest of failures is to be punished without exception or leniency.*

*A Geisha takes her punishment without question or protest.*

*A Geisha is afforded only the modesty, privacy, or privilege as her master allows.*

*A Geisha never uses the furniture; she does not eat off the tables, she does not sit in any of the chairs.*

*Above all, a Geisha doesn't just act the part, she lives the part. A Geisha learns to love her job. Failure to do so will result in the severest of punishments.*

Ms. Hayashi hit the rules with her riding crop. "Learn these rules. Be able to recite these rules by memory. If you cannot recite these rules perfectly by tomorrow, you will be punished. Do you understand?"   
  
As she inspected the welt on her buttocks in a mirror, Anne responded, "Hai okā-san"   
  
WHAP. Ms. Hayashi landed another blow with the Kyoushi on Anne's defenseless ass.   
  
"Ahhh," Anne cried out in pain and surprise.   
  
"Let that be lesson number two," Ms. Hayashi said. "A geisha always devotes her full attention to her job and to her superior."

"Hai okā-san."   
  
"If I ever catch you giving me less than 100% of your attention, your ass will have another appointment with the Kyoushi. Understood?"   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
"If I cannot hold your attention, I guarantee you the Kyoushi will."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
Breathing rapidly and flush in the face, Anne tried to regain her composure and fought back a tremble. Enduring torture was bad enough but to be publicly beaten was utterly humiliating.   
  
Ms. Hayashi, "Let's start with your basic positions. First, your basic position will be the standing position when in the presence of the master, his employees, or his guests. Legs spread to shoulder length apart, hands behind your back, stand straight."   
  
Ms. Hayashi demonstrated and then looked at Anne. "Now, you do it."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne assumed the position.   
  
Ms. Hayashi touched Anne's back with her whip. "Back straighter."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne complied.   
  
Ms. Hayashi, "This position is known as the standing position or the tatsu. Repeat after me, tatsu."   
  
"Hai okā-san, tatsu."   
  
When I say the word tatsu, you will immediately assume the standing position."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
The cameraman put a finger to his earphone and concentrated for a moment. He appeared to be receiving a command.   
  
"You will assume the tatsu when standing in front of a superior."   
  
Anne started to say something but looked at the ridding crop and hesitated.   
  
Ms. Hayashi, "You have a question Number 3."   
  
The Cameraman stepped behind Anne and focused on a close-up of her welts.   
  
"Yes ma'am, I mean hai okā-san." Anne braced for the blow for saying yes ma'am but Ms. Hayashi let it pass. "Who is my superior?"   
  
"A geisha is a servant. Everyone but other geisha is your superior."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
You will remain at the tatsu until your assignment requires you to move or your superior allows you to be at ease. Do you understand?"   
  
"The next position is called the kneeling position or the hizamazuku. Repeat after me. hizamazuku."   
  
"Hai okā-san, hizamazuku."   
  
Ms. Hayashi demonstrated the position, kneeling with the knees shoulder length apart and hands on the legs. It was the same position Anne was instructed to assume in the psychological. "Now, you do it."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne assumed the kneeling position.   
  
"You will assume this position when at rest."   
  
Anne looked up at Ms. Hayashi inquisitively.   
  
Ms. Hayashi, "Do you have a question Number 3?   
  
"Hai okā-san. At rest?"   
  
"There are mailgirl stations in every major department and in the Mailgirl office. It is a blue yoga mat with the TRG logo on it near the Department's entrance. If you have finished your assignment and you have not been tasked with any other assignment, you are to immediately report to the nearest mailgirl station and assume this position."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
"The final position is called the inspection position or the kensa. Repeat after me, kensa."   
  
"Hai okā-san, kensa."   
  
"This is also your punishment position." Ms. Hayashi demonstrated by standing straight, placing her hands on the back of her head, head straight forward, and feet shoulder length apart. "Now you assume the kensa."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne assumed the kensa position.   
  
The cameraman took a close-up of Anne's red face and panned down to her hooch.   
  
"Hizamazuku," Ms. Hayashi said.   
  
Almost immediately after Anne assumed the kneeling position, Ms. Hayashi gave the cameraman a quick nod.   
  
Fuentes instructed the cameraman from the director's booth, "There's the signal, mobile get me a full body shot from the front. Camera two give me a full body on the girl from the rear. Camera one, close up on the face."   
  
The cameraman quickly moved to Anne's front and stepped back while security camera 2 focused on Anne's backside.   
  
"Kensa."   
  
Anne jumped to her feet and assumed the inspection/punishment position.   
  
WHAP! Ms. Hayashi struck Anne's ass with the ridding crop again with such force that it brought Anne to her tiptoes and caused her to stutter-step forward a couple of paces. The cameraman moved in to take a close-up of the third welt. Stunned, Anne glanced at Ms. Hayashi with anger and embarrassment.   
  
"I instructed you to address me as hai okā-san whenever I gave you a command. You assumed the correct position but failed to treat me with respect I deserve as your okā-san as you did so. Let's try again. Hizamazuku."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne assumed the kneeling position.   
  
Ms. Hayashi almost smiled. "Kensa."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne nervously assumed the punishment position.   
  
Ms. Hayashi Inspected Anne from the front and then walked behind. From Anne's emotional response, Ms. Hayashi knew that it was Anne's first beating as an adult and her first time Anne had ever been publicly whipped. Always enjoying the expression on a geisha the first time she was forced to endure a public flogging, the shock, the pain, and the shame which would show on the ill-fated geisha's face, Ms. Hayashi smiled with pride as she studied the welts on Anne's buttocks.   
  
Ms. Hayashi remembered when she was undergoing mailgirl training for the first time and the shock of being beaten publicly. Her whipping occurred in front of a considerable male audience and other mailgirls, all of which laughed as her she was flogged and giggled as she trembled in fear. When her instructor ordered Ms. Hayashi to stop trembling and she couldn't, the instructor had ordered Ms. Hayashi to bend over and touch her toes. "If you're going to act like a little girl, you're going to be punished like a little girl," the instructor said as she ass whipped Ms. Hayashi until her entire posterior was red.   
  
Although terrifying at the time, Ms. Hayashi had been shocked when she realized that she was wet and intensely aroused by the experience. The only thing that would make it better was if she were the one holding the whip instead of being on the receiving end and decided at that moment that her goal in life was to become a mailgirl trainer.   
  
Becoming a trainer had been every bit as satisfying as Ms. Hayashi had hoped it would be. Beating a naked young woman publicly, demeaning her, and causing her to tremble in fear, was an intensely sexual experience for Ms. Hayashi, particularly when the victim was such a gorgeous young woman as Mailgirl 3, particularly when the girl had such an impeccable posterior as did Anne, and particularly when the lashing was the victim's first. It was an erotic pleasure far more intense than any sexual partner had ever provided to Ms. Hayashi.   
  
Mailgirl 3's buttocks were tight, athletic, and perfectly formed, a beautiful virgin canvas on which Ms. Hayashi could practice her artistry. As she stood behind Anne, Ms. Hayashi lightly ran the tip of her ridding crop across Anne's buttocks and then circled one of Anne's welts. Watching the young mailgirl twitch in fear as she did so, only furthered Ms. Hayashi's sexual arousal.   
  
"Disobedience or failure is not tolerated in a Geisha. Punishments will include physical correction, confinement, performing demeaning tasks, and loss of privileges. Your punishment may be public or private."   
  
Dillard, Jamie, and Fuentes watched Anne's training from the director's booth. Dillard looked captivated while Fuentes was completely engrossed in directing. Only Jamie looked worried.   
  
"I'm not sure that this is a good idea at all," Jamie said. "It's too much too soon. The poor girl's pretty rattled as it is."   
  
Dillard scoffed at the idea. "Don't worry. I'm sure she'll be fine. A little spanking is not going to hurt her."   
  
Despite Dillard's confidence, Jamie's fears were not assuaged. The last time Dillard told her not to worry about something, it had cost Jamie a mattress and Karen still wasn't talking to her.   
  
Fuentes spoke into a microphone to the mobile cameraman in the Mailgirl Room. "Mobile, move way back, I want to get a shot of the entire room."   
  
The cameraman retreated to the shower.   
  
"Alright one, pan back and give me the entire room," Fuentes said.   
  
The operator of security camera one zoomed out until most of the Mailgirl Room was visible.   
  
"Hold one, two give me a close-up on the girl."   
  
The operator of security camera two zoomed in on Anne's face.   
  
"There's the signal again," Mr. Fuentes said. "Hold two. Mobile, move in and give me a backside view."   
  
The video feed on the monitor in the front of the room showed the mobile cameraman focus on the action from behind Anne with Anne in the foreground and Ms. Hayashi in the background. Instinctively, Anne glanced behind her as the mobile cameraman moved closer.   
  
WHAP! The Kyoushi found its mark on Anne's exposed backside for a fourth time. A wave of embarrassment and pain came over Anne as she barely suppressed the urge to cry out.   
  
"A geisha never looks at a camera or anything but her job. Keep your mind and your eyes on your job."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
In the Director's booth, Jamie bit her lip as Anne's backside took another blow and looked highly concerned. "It's too much. I'm warning you, one more hit like that and she might quit."   
  
Dillard nodded in agreement. "That's enough for today. Shut it down."   
  
"Mobile," Fuentes said, "we're wrapping up, give the signal."   
  
The mobile cameraman drew his hand quickly across his neck to signal to Ms. Hayashi to end.   
  
Ms. Hayashi nodded that she understood. "That will be enough for today. You have done well Number 3. Tomorrow you will learn some of the finer points of being a geisha."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne's voice was bitter.   
  
Anne rubbed her injured backside. If Ms. Hayashi's closing remarks were meant to repair some of the animosity between the two women over the use of the ridding crop, it was futile.   
  
"Now bow. A geisha always bows to her superior."   
  
"Hai okā-san." Anne bowed. Ms. Hayashi nodded in approval and left the room.   
  
Jamie turned to Dillard. "That was a mistake. It was too much too soon."   
  
Dillard shrugged. "Yeah, but it's so sexy. Don't even try to tell me you didn't enjoy that."   
  
Jamie didn't respond. Instead she got out of her seat and headed for the door. "I've got to go talk to her."   
  
Dillard seemed dismissive of Jamie's concerns. "She'll be fine."   
  
Jamie got up and headed for the door. "I shouldn't have let this happen."   
  
"Jamie wait." Dillard's voice was stern but Jamie left the room anyway."   
  
Fuentes looked shocked.   
  
"What?" Dillard asked.   
  
"I know it's none of my business, but Ms. Richmond is much too casual with you. I would never put up with such insubordination. Why don't you fire her?"   
  
Dillard smiled and shook his head. "I can't."   
  
"Why not."   
  
Dillard pursed his lips and then admitted, "We have a history."   
  
"If it's history, then let it go."   
  
"It's not that easy. I still like her and she knows it. Besides, she's more valuable to this operation than you know. I've got big plans for her."

**SECOND THOUGHTS**   
  
Jamie found Anne curled up in her bed.   
  
"Tough day?" Jamie asked.   
  
Anne rolled away from Jamie to hide her face.   
  
Jamie gently sat on the bed beside Anne.   
  
"I want to go home. I want out," Anne said.   
  
"Your training session was a mistake; I never should have let it happen. Give me a chance to make this right. I understand what you're feeling and you have every right to feel that way but give me a chance."   
  
"It was a mistake alright; the biggest mistake of my life."   
  
Jamie walked around the bed until she could face Anne.   
  
Jamie took Anne's hand. "Tomorrow will be much better, I promise. I'll do a better job looking after you."   
  
"How can you assure me of any of this?"   
  
"I'll talk to Jim first thing tomorrow and I'll fix this. O.K.?"   
  
"Jim Dillard?" Anne looked doubtful. "You expect me to believe that you're just going to take the elevator up the 15th floor and walk right into the CEO's office and tell him what to do?"   
  
"Yep." Jamie looked down and licked her lips. A guilty grin came across her face. "Jim and I go way back. We've known each other since we were little kids; we grew up together."   
  
Suddenly interested by the gossip, Anne perked up slightly. "So you're friends with the CEO?"   
  
"That and sometimes we've been a little more."   
  
"I thought you were a lesbian?"   
  
"I am but I wasn't always."   
  
"Was he your first?"   
  
"No, but I was his first girl and he was my last boy."   
  
"What happened?"   
  
"We found out we had too much in common."   
  
"Too much?   
  
"Yeah, among other things, we found out that we both liked girls."   
  
"Is he a nice guy?"   
  
"He once was, before he let all his money go to his head."   
  
Jamie walked to the other side of the bed and laid down on top of the covers beside Anne.   
  
"Is he still a nice guy?"   
  
Jamie took a moment to respond. "Sometimes."   
  
"Sometimes but not always."   
  
Jamie sighed. "No not always. Ever since he got rich, sometimes he can be a real prick. He's gotten to where he likes to control people."   
  
"Can you control him?"   
  
"Mostly, we're still friends and he'd like it to be more."   
  
"But he knows?"   
  
"That I'm lesbian, sure. But that hasn't stopped us from being friends and it hasn't stopped him from being interested in me. We still talk a lot and he seems to value my advice."   
  
"Why does he listen to you?"   
  
"Because we're old friends and because I'm the only one around here that will give him an honest answer. Everyone else is too scared. He's got a bunch of yes-men as advisors and sometimes he needs a real friend."   
  
"Can you stop the beatings?"   
  
"I'll get that done first thing in the morning."   
  
"I'm not going back if she's going to hit me again."   
  
"That's not gonna to be a problem, no more training with Ms. Hayashi. I promise."   
  
"I don't know. How can you talk Mr. Dillard out of abusing me?"   
  
"I'll threaten to quit."   
  
"Will that work?"   
  
"Yeah. He doesn't want to let go of me."   
  
"Why?"   
  
"As I said, he's still got a thing for me."   
  
"You can't quit. If you quit, I quit."   
  
"You don't really want to quit on your first day do you? You're too far in to turn back now. You'd look foolish."   
  
Anne knew Jamie was right, she was in too deep to go back on the first day. What damage would be done by her exhibiting herself naked had already occurred. Everyone she knew probably had already seen the photos and millions she didn't know had seen them or would see Anne's nude body shortly. For better or worse, Anne was now a mailgirl and a famous mailgirl at that.   
  
All that she did was allow herself a curious adventure at lunchtime and suddenly she was living in a room in the basement of the TRG building and she would be delivering mail in the nude for TRG for the next two years while being filmed for a TV reality show. The situation was now entirely out of Anne's control and she needed a friend, a friend like Jamie.   
  
"You're going to look out for me. Please tell me you'll look out for me,"   
  
Jamie gave a reassuring smile. "I'll talk to Jim first thing in the morning and fix this. I regard you as a friend and I'm gonna do a better job form now on of looking after you. O.K.? I'm gonna come by and check on you every day, even Saturday and Sunday. If you have any problems, come to me first and I'll make it right. I'm gonna take care of you. Whatever it is, I'll fix it."   
  
"Promise?"   
  
"I promise." Jamie gave Anne another hug, longer than the last one. "We'll get through this together. From now on, I'm gonna take real good care of you."

**Chapter 6 - I Hope So**   
  
**IT BEGINS**   
  
Stepping out of the shower, Anne looked herself over in the full length mirror. What she saw as a nervous young woman, dripping wet, with washboard abs, a shaved hooch, small but firm boobs, excellent muscle tone, and almost no body fat. Looking at her body was reassuring, particularly as Anne had just agreed to live and work nude for the next two years as a mailgirl. The reflection of herself nude in the mirror, would be what the rest of the world would see when they looked at Anne. It was her uniform, what Jamie and the Mailgirl Program had referred to as her "skinsuit," and she would be wearing her skinsuit, and only her skinsuit, 24/7 for the next 728 days.   
  
Turning around, Anne glanced over her shoulder to see if the marks Ms. Hayashi's riding crop had left on her buttocks were still visible. Although not as bad as she feared, faint marks were still visible.   
  
Drying off from her morning shower, Anne noticed a woman standing in the Mailgirl Room. Discarding the towel, Anne walked over to introduce herself. "Hi, I'm Anne."   
  
The woman blushed slightly at the sight of Anne's nude body and failed to make eye contact. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt," the stranger said, "go ahead." The stranger looked away as if to give Anne privacy.   
  
"Actually, I'm not going to get dressed."   
  
"Oh, I guess not." More embarrassed by Anne's nudity than was Anne, reluctantly, the stranger looked up and held out her hand. "I'm Dakota Collins, the Director of the Mailgirl Program."   
  
Anne shook Dakota's hand. "Where's Jamie?"   
  
"She had a meeting first thing this morning. Anyway, I wanted to personally come down here and meet you."   
  
Anne hoped Jamie's meeting was with CEO Jim Dillard. "Will Ms. Hayashi be joining us this morning?"   
  
"No, it'll just be the two of us."   
  
Anne seemed relieved. "What will we be doing?"   
  
"Today it begins; today you'll start delivering mail. We'll spend the morning by introducing you to some of the department heads and service personnel, then we've got a photographer setting up in the cafeteria to get some publicity stills at noon, and then, after lunch, we'll get you started as a security courier."   
  
After a couple of boiled eggs and a glass of tomato juice, the women left the Mailgirl Room, Dakota dressed in a neatly pressed women's suit and heels and Anne in her skinsuit and bare feet. Her skin still slightly moist and her hair somewhat damp from her shower, the chill of the basement and cold concrete covered Anne's skin with goosebumps, firmed her nipples, and brought a shiver down her spine.   
  
Upon arriving at their first stop, the Building and Grounds Department, Dakota started to open the door before Anne stopped her.   
  
"Wait." Anne took one last nervous look at herself in the reflection of the glass. Staring at her reflection as she stood naked by the fully clothed Dakota didn't allay any of Anne's fears. She looked nervous, exposed, and out of place.   
  
"Are you ready?"   
  
"No."   
  
Dakota opened the door, put her hand on Anne's back, and gave her a gentle push though the threshold. Upon entering, the women caught the entire crew of 70 or so men at their morning briefing; startled, Supervisor Jake Winston stopped his briefing and looked up at the naked mailgirl; all of the Building and Grounds crew quickly glanced over their shoulders, looking upon Anne with a mixture of surprise and glee. Instantly a cheer erupted.   
  
The chill of the air was instantly replaced by the warmth of Anne's blush.   
  
Mr. Winston motioned for the women to come forward. "Come on up. Meet the guys."   
  
As the women passed through the gathering, the cheering quickly turned into a standing ovation.   
  
As the crowd quieted, Dakota said, "everyone, I'd like to introduce TRG's first mailgirl, Mailgirl Number 3."   
  
Over 80% male, the crowd of janitors, carpenters, painters, electricians, plumbers, and other tradesmen, resumed their enthusiastic cheering and clapping. Red faced with embarrassment and wearing a bashful but very appreciative smile, Anne fought back the urge to cover herself.   
  
"For privacy reasons, we won't be using her real name but you'll be able to determine each mailgirl's number by her mailgirl badge. Anne why don't you turn around and show them your badge."   
  
As Anne turned around to show the wildly appreciative audience her backside, the men burst into more cheering and clapping. 

**JAMIE**   
  
"We're pushing Anne too you're too hard, too quickly," Jamie said. "She's fragile; she'll quit. We've got to take this slower. Jim, I've only got one mailgirl and we can't beat the crap out of her on the first day."   
  
"She consented," CEO Dillard said.   
  
"That just gives you the right to do it but her consent still doesn't make beating on her a good idea. We've got to ease her into this; make better decisions. Anne's gotta get something out of it. She joined to be a mailgirl and show off her tight little ass. We've got to primarily gratify her fantasy, not yours, or she'll leave. There'd be nothing in it for her."   
  
"OK."   
  
"I'm not saying we've gotta give up the corporal punishment entirely but for Christ sake wait until the girl's gotten over the shock and she's had a chance to mentally invest herself in the Program."   
  
Dillard thought for a moment. "What is it that you want? To be in on the decision making process? Is that what you are asking for?"   
  
Not having really thought about exactly what she wanted other than to, at least temporarily, end Anne's floggings, Jamie thought about Dillard's question for a moment. "Yeah, that's what I'm asking for."   
  
Dillard smiled a smug grin, the type of grin people have when they're up to something. OK, Jamie, I have a proposal for you."   
  
"A proposal?" Jamie questioned.   
  
"I was going to run something by you anyway and I'll just add your demands to the deal."   
  
"What deal?"   
  
"OK, I'll let you on the Mailgirl Committee and I'll run every change past you under one condition."   
  
Alarmed, Jamie sat back in her chair and stared at Dillard in silence. He wouldn't want a new condition unless there was something in it for him and something in it for him meant getting something from Jamie, something big and Dillard rarely gave a proposal that wasn't massively in his favor.   
  
"OK, I'll bite, what do you want?"   
  
"I want you to sign a new contract."   
  
Dillard slid a document across the desk to Jamie. Suspicious, she began reading. "No, this is a mailgirl contract." Jamie shook her head. "No way, there's no way I'm parading my pussy all around this building."   
  
"It's not a mailgirl contract; it's an employment contract with a mailgirl option. You'll note that I don't have the option to exercise your mailgirl provision, only the Director of the Mailgirl Program does and I promise not to pressure her. She won't get any favors or any punishment for exercising or not exercising your option. I'll leave the decision entirely in her hands."   
  
"Who's gonna be the director?"   
  
"I've already hired her, she's a friend of yours, Dakota Collins."   
  
Stunned, Jamie almost laughed. "I can't believe you got Dakota to do it."   
  
"It wasn't easy."   
  
"So what's my role?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Recruiting and Assistant Mailgirl Program Director."   
  
Jamie looked at the contract again. "No, I'll take the job but not the contract. You wouldn't have put that clause in the contract if you didn't think that there was some way that you could exercise it. I'm not gonna to be your little-naked slave girl."   
  
"I'm not just asking you to sign a mailgirl option, everyone in the Program is signing."   
  
Jamie looked skeptical. "Everyone? I'll bet you didn't get Dakota to sign a mailgirl contract."   
  
"What do you want to bet?" Dillard opened his desk drawer and slid another contract toward Jamie.   
  
"You're shitting me."   
  
"Read it yourself."   
  
Jamie read Dakota's contract and then turned her attention back to Dillard. "So if I sign your contract, I get to work in the Mailgirl Program for the next two years and I'm on the Mailgirl Committee?"   
  
"Yes, but if you don't sign, you won't work with the Mailgirl Program at all."   
  
Jamie tried to act as if Dillard's threat meant nothing to her but she fooled no one. Thus far, the mailgirl program had been nothing short of orgasmic, pure sexual pleasure. Jamie had taken great delight in getting Anne to strip and then walk her up to the psychological exam. Seeing that hard-bodied benefits rep tremble in front of her in panic and humiliation in the stairway had been such an enormous rush.   
  
And, with Anne living confined, naked, anxious, and lonely in the basement for the next two years, Jamie felt her chances of taking her friendship with Anne to a new level, namely horizontal, were at least fair, probably better. Even thinking about the opportunity of running her hand's anywhere she wanted to on Anne's marvelously athletic physique caused Jamie to lick her lips in anticipation. There wasn't any part of Anne's body that Jamie didn't want to, in some way, explore. Convinced that the sexually repressed triathlete was pressure packed with sexual energy waiting to explode, Jamie was equally convinced, that she was just the woman to help Anne discover the full potential of her sexuality.   
  
Jamie imagined slowly sliding her hand up Anne's inner thigh, softly squeezing her nipples between her fingers, caressing her tight buttocks, and kissing Anne. The fantasy was so real that Jamie could almost taste Anne on her lips. Loving foreplay, Jamie imagined teasing, touching, cuddling, stroking, kissing, and fondling until Anne could take no more and begged Jamie to finish it. Envisioning Anne trembling in orgasmic contractions and thrashing about the mattress as well as visualizing what she'd look like in the afterglow, naked, sweaty, limp, and exhausted, had Jamie salivating to sign the contract despite the risks. Based on what had happened over the last 48 hours, Jamie knew that working in the Mailgirl Program for the next two years was going to be an incredible sexual thrill ride; an experience that may be impossible for her just to walk away from.   
  
Yet, the risks in signing the new contract were intolerable. If there was one woman in the entire world that Jim Dillard would love to have naked and under his complete control, it would be her. If there was any way Dillard could exercise Jamie's option, he'd do it and billionaires usually get their way. Dillard's plans for her would be unimaginably humiliating. Jamie would pay dearly for having forsaken him in favor of women as well as her numerous other transgressions. Nevertheless, the chance to work with the Mailgirl Program was captivating.   
  
"You and I both know you can't turn this down," Dillard said.   
  
Dillard believed that he had Jamie over a barrel and he might be right Jamie thought. She loved the dominate role in her romantic relationships. Finding the submissive, bringing out her deferential nature, causing the prey to having emotional and sexual dependency with her, and then slowly talking her prey into greater and greater acts of servitude until Jamie's submissive was completely enslaved. Suddenly between girlfriends/slaves, Jamie would love to trade up and replace Karen with Anne. The Mailgirl Program could provide Jamie with everything she ever wished for sexually and so much more. Clearly Dillard was using the Mailgirl Program to bait Jamie but the bait was delicious and Jamie was ravenous for a taste.   
  
Dillard interrupted Jamie's thoughts, "you know we make a great team."   
  
Jamie tried to fight back a smile but couldn't. Although she didn't want to admit it, Dillard was right, they made a great team. It was Jamie that could pick a repressed submissive out of a crowd and it was Jamie that could talk that submissive right out of her clothes. Further, the idea to box Anne up and ship her to the apartment and to the tattoo parlor was all Jamie's doing. She'd always fantasized about shipping a naked woman in a box as freight and wasn't about to miss the opportunity to do so with Anne.   
  
The satisfaction of actually crating and shipping Anne had far exceeded Jamie's expectations. The entire experience, designing the box, planning every detail of the delivery, briefing the movers, crating the tight-bodied triathlete in that little box, loading her on the truck, and inspecting the cargo, was so incredibly erotic and unbelievably fun. The expression on Anne's face was priceless. Jamie couldn't wait to box up and ship another mailgirl; she even had some ideas to improve on the fantasy but it was an opportunity which would never come to pass unless she signed Dillard's contract.   
  
As much as Jamie accused Dillard of being the perverse sexual deviant that he was for wanting the Mailgirl Program, both of them knew that she wanted it just as much as he did, if not more. Where else would Jamie get a job where she would be able to order around attractive naked girls all day? Where else could Jamie manage a harem of handpicked submissives women in the basement and force them to live and work completely nude? It's not like the mailgirl job was a good job, the mailgirl job was a once in a lifetime opportunity.   
  
The risks of signing Dillard's mailgirl contract were ludicrously high, yet the potential rewards of being on the management team of the Mailgirl Program were even more enticing. Jamie had no question that Dillard had set a trap for her, now all that was to be determined was whether Jamie could steal the cheese. Surely her good friend Dakota wouldn't sell Jamie out to Dillard and his sick fantasies. As Jamie considered her options a smile worked its way onto her face. She took a deep breath, ran her fingers through her hair, and exhaled. "I know I'm gonna regret this and I mean really regret this."   
  
Dillard offered Jamie a pen. "I hope so," Dillard said and Jamie signed.   
  
------   
  
Although Anne's introduction the Building and Grounds department had been enormously successful, the remainder of the departments varied in their welcome of Anne. Many of the department heads seemed uneasy with her presence and uncomfortable with Anne's presence and treated her with caution. It was as if they didn't quite know the proper business etiquette for greeting a naked employee. A few of the women seemed offended, even hostile, and their greeting of Anne was decidedly curt.   
  
As Jamie and Anne were exiting the stairwell onto the 10th floor, one of TRG's attorneys was just leaving the legal department headed in their direction. As the man looked up he caught sight of the skinsuit clad mailgirl and his eyes widened in alarm.   
  
"Oh my God!" In a panic, the lawyer darted back in the legal department and locked the door.   
  
"Wasn't that one of our lawyers?" Anne asked.   
  
"It's a delicate subject," Dakota explained. "The in-house legal department doesn't want anything to do with the Mailgirl Program. They don't even want to acknowledge its existence and are threatening to quit if they have to work with us."   
  
"That doesn't sound like a good thing," Anne said.   
  
Dakota shrugged. "It's something we're working on. I think once the program gets going I think they'll come around. If you have any deliveries for legal, leave it across the hall at Accounting. For all legal services, the Mailgirl Program will be using Jackson M. Reynolds a lawyer with Smith, Garrison, & Reynolds. He's more familiar with mailgirl programs than our in-house attorneys."   
  
By the time Anne and Dakota started to enter the Accounting Department on the 10th floor, Jamie caught up with them, smiled, and gave Anne a big hug.   
  
"Good news," Jamie said. "No more training."   
  
Greatly relieved, Anne hugged Jamie back. "I don't know how to thank you."   
  
Although she could fantasize a number most delightful ways in which Anne could express her gratitude, Jamie kept them to herself. "I just want you to be happy. You're a fantastic mailgirl and I'm just glad to be able to help."   
  
"So no more beatings?"   
  
Jamie's hug slackened, she lost her smile, and she hesitated for a moment. "I can't say that. Physical correction is still possible for discipline or tardy deliveries."   
  
Anne looked highly concerned. "Possible?" The word "possible" sounded ominous, like a euphemism for "probable" or "a certainty" to Anne.   
  
Jamie stepped back from the hug, took Anne's hands and gave them a squeeze. "I'm still working on that piece of it but it's just gonna to take a little longer. Just give it time."   
  
That was easy for Jamie to say Anne thought. Jamie wasn't the one standing bare-ass in the hall with the possibility of getting her buttocks whipped every day for the next two years. Her ass was still a little red from the day before and people were staring at it and whispering to each other. Apparently everyone in the building knew that she took a flogging yesterday and, not only did everyone want to see the results, they appeared to be quite entertained by it.   
  
As a group of women passed they looked away but when Jamie looked over her shoulder, she caught the women glancing back at her ass, giggling, and whispering. If anyone had sympathy for her plight, they hid it well. Adding to Anne's growing sense of isolation was a touch of paranoia. The women in particular seemed to take great satisfaction in seeing the marks as if to vindicate their loathing of both Anne and the Mailgirl Program.   
  
Jamie gave the fearful and naked mailgirl another big hug while she whispered in Anne's ear, "Trust me. It's gonna be alright. I'll take care of it." Holding the embrace a little longer and a little tighter this time, Jamie allowed her hand to slide down Anne's back a foot, just to the top of her butt cheek, and then a few inches more before giving Anne a final reassuring squeeze. "Just give me time. I'm gonna take good care of you."   
  
As another small group of people passed, whispering to each other, they smiled, almost laughing, but never made eye contact or said anything to Anne, not so much as a nod. Everything that was whispered between them appeared to be a deliberate attempt to conceal what they were saying about her from Anne. The fact that their whimsical indifference to Anne's feelings were rude seemed to be of no moment to them.   
  
"Don't worry," Jamie said. "They're just checking out your skinsuit and wishing they had something to wear that looked even remotely that sexy."   
  
Anne glanced back when she heard the people stop and saw the entire group was looking at her ass while one of the women was photographing it. Looking only slightly guilty that they had been caught, amidst a few giggles and more whispers, the group turned and kept moving.   
  
Taking over for Dakota, Jamie led Anne into the Accounting Department. Word of the tour had traveled quickly as the entire department had stopped what they were doing and watched intently as the Jamie and Anne entered. With a serious look and in silence, like a bunch of deer in headlights, everyone carefully studied Anne's body, mostly her derriere. Overcome by a rush of embarrassment, Anne turned to the door before Jamie caught her by the shoulders.   
  
"Be brave," Jamie whispered as she turned Anne around and gave a little push in the right direction.   
  
Anne's eyes nervously shot back from one side of the room to the other. "Is that how they usually are?"   
  
"Pretty much. Nothing to worry about. They do a lot of overtime and don't get out a lot."   
  
A man approached. Slightly built, mid-forties with a big grin, a homely face, and glasses with the thickest lenses Anne had ever seen, the department head looked like living proof that masturbation could cause blindness.

"Let me introduce you to Lloyd Harold the Manager of the TRG Accounting Department," Jamie said.   
  
Looking like he'd just won the lottery, Mr. Harold looked at Anne up and down. "Ms. Bishop, I can't tell you what a pleasure it is." Slowly circling Anne, he inspected her backside carefully. "My God, everything they say about you is true; you have the most gorgeous body I've ever seen."   
  
"Mr. Harold, this is Mailgirl Number 3," Jamie said as she tried to remind him not to use her real name.   
  
"Have you told her about the lawyers across the hall?"   
  
"Yeah, she knows to leave all of the Legal Department's deliveries with you."   
  
"It's a disgrace. Those lawyers ought to be ashamed of themselves. Please, know Ms. Bishop-"   
  
"Mailgirl Number 3," Jamie corrected.   
  
"You'll always be welcome here. We put your mat over by the water cooler for your convenience." Mr. Harold pointed to a blue mailgirl yoga mat next to the water cooler. "When you're not busy, you can just come and hang out here if you like."   
  
Anne noticed that not only was the mat near the water cooler but it was conveniently located in a direct line of sight from the open door of Mr. Harold's office. The mat was extra thick with a layer of padding underneath and had an end table beside it with snacks, chocolates and a mini-fridge.   
  
"If there's ever anything the Accounting Department can do you, and I mean anything, please don't hesitate to ask."   
  
As Jamie and Anne were leaving, Anne noticed a man in one of the cubicles watching them on his computer from what looked to be a view from a TRG security camera. "What the hell?"   
  
"Oh, I forgot to mention," Jamie explained, "to promote the reality show, your every move is now available on the internet via a live webcam."   
  
Anne looked shocked. "Everyone in TRG can see me naked all the time?   
  
"Not just everyone in TRG, everyone in the world. It's a live webcam, anyone can watch you at any time, 24/7. The computer tracks your every move and focuses the security cameras on you constantly. The camera with the best view is automatically chosen and shown on the webcam."   
  
"You mean to tell me that when I scrubbed my hooch this morning that was on the webcam?"   
  
"Yep and apparently you put on quite a show. We had a huge number of hits."   
  
Anne stopped walking. "Millions of people saw me wash my ass this morning?"   
  
"Actually, it was tens of millions. It's a free webcam."   
  
Anne was speechless.   
  
"Look at it this way, you're already a star. The story was carried in virtually every major newspaper in the country and most other major news networks. It even got a lot of press overseas in Europe and especially in China."   
  
"None of the publicity used my real name did they?"   
  
Jamie grimaced. "Actually, all of the publicity used your real name."   
  
"I thought you said that my real name wouldn't be used."   
  
"I thought I said that too, but it didn't turn out that way. Despite our best efforts to hide your actual identity, the news media found out who you really were."   
  
"So, how many people know that I'm standing here bare-ass as we speak?"   
  
"Everyone."   
  
"No seriously, How many?"   
  
"Everyone," I did a Google search this morning and your name's on over 100,000 pages and growing."   
  
"Oh God." Anne looked at her naked body and then at a security camera. "What have I done?'   
  
Jamie gave Anne a big smile. "You've just become an international celebrity. That's what you've done."   
  
"I'm not ready for this".   
  
"Apparently the world is ready for you."   
  
Still, in a daze, Anne began walking but than a natural gait. "It's just that my little sister's a lesbian and, I'm not saying she would, but just the thought of her looking at me in a sexual way is really creeping me out."   
  
"Just try not to think about it and act natural. Don't worry, you'll get used to it."   
  
With Anne in a state of near melt-down and running behind on the schedule, Jamie decided to skip a reunion with Rebecca Paget and the Benefits Department on the 11th floor and took Anne to the cafeteria for her photo shoot. 

**THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF**   
  
When Anne and Jamie arrived at the cafeteria, a temporary photo studio had been set up to capture some publicity stills of TRG's first mailgirl. A photographer, an assistant director from the Mailgirls Reality Show, a makeup artist, and a few assistants greeted Anne as she came in the door. After a few brief introductions, the makeup artist got to work on Anne as Jamie noticed a rapidly growing gathering of people on the other end of the cafeteria. Although it was a little past noon, the employees weren't spread out and eating, they were crowding around a table in the far corner of the cafeteria. Surprisingly, people seemed more interested in the happening in the corner than with the appearance of the mailgirl. Noticing her friend Tammy in the crowd, Jamie sought to investigate.   
  
"What's up?" Jamie asked.   
  
Tammy smiled as Jamie approached. "You're just in time. We've got an arm wrestling contest about to begin."   
  
An exited crowd gathered around a small table with two chairs. A tall and exceptionally athletic African American woman took one chair while an average looking white guy took the other.   
  
"Isn't that Tanika Johnson?" Jamie asked.   
  
"Yeah."   
  
Jamie knew Tanika only by reputation. A former world class hurdler, Tanika nursed a hamstring injury during her Olympic tryouts and suffered a disappointing finish. Out of the Olympics and money for training, she sought employment with TRG and had been hired by the Marketing Department four months ago. More importantly, Tanika had hit on the Mailgirl site often and she was number one on Jamie's target list.   
  
"What's going on?"   
  
"Since cubicles are chosen by seniority," Tammy said, "as the new girl in the Marketing Department, Tanika got a crappy one. It's so far in the middle of the floor that they can't even pipe the sunshine to it." Tammy pointed to a cubicle with neither privacy nor a view. Vince has one in the corner over by the windows with a great view, so Tanika's been trying everything she could to get it from him, offering to cover for him, taking crap jobs, or even arm wrestling him for it."   
  
"What's the bet? What does Vince get if wins?"   
  
"It's a primo cubicle so the stakes are high, really high. If Vince wins, Tanika's agreed to immediately strip naked, give Vince all of her clothes, walk downstairs, find you, and report for duty to the Mailgirl Program."   
  
"Seriously!" Jamie looked excited.   
  
"Tanika's been after him for weeks to trade or bet him for it and this morning they finally came to terms. I don't think that Vince thought for a second that she'd take him up on it."   
  
Looking at Tanika, her size, her quiet confidence, her magnificent physique, and her reckless determination, Jamie knew the woman would be one helluva catch for the Mailgirl Program; if only Jamie could reel her in.   
  
"I've got to have her," Jamie said. "She's just what the Program needs." Jamie considered the situation for a moment. "What's the line?"   
  
"Two to one in favor of Tanika, that is if you can find anyone who'll bet on Vince."   
  
Jamie pulled out a couple of twenties out of her pocket and gave it to Tammy. "See if you can put a bet down on Tanika. I'll take anything, five to one if I have to."   
  
Although Vince was good size, 6'1" maybe 6'2" and a guy, even fully clothed Tanika had athlete written all over her and she was about as tall but appeared much better conditioned. Confident, Vince dramatically stripped off his shirt, climbed onto a chair, stood before the crowd in his undershirt, and flexed his muscles in various poses. Considerably more muscular than expected, it was clear that Vince been working out a lot. A surprised murmur spread throughout audience and Tanika's followers looked somewhat sobered, while Vince's supporters applauded.   
  
Unimpressed, Tanika merely cracked her knuckles. Cell phones came out, filming commenced, and the crowd clamored. Following the camera crew's lead, people climbed on top of tables and chairs to get a better look.   
  
"You're in over your head Tanika; I'm not losing to a little girl," Vince sneered. "This is your last chance to save yourself."   
  
Tanika merely smirked and rested her elbow on the table with her hand in the air. Vince offered his arm and they clasped. The crowd erupted.   
  
"When you lose," Vince said, "I'm gonna have your panties framed and hung on the wall of my cubicle for everyone in the Department to see."   
  
Tanika leaned forward, grabbed the edge of the table and adjusted her stance.   
  
"Four to one was the best I could get," Tammy said as she rejoined Jamie.   
  
"Easy money."   
  
Vince put forward the most ferocious face he could muster; Tanika laughed. She couldn't have been calmer if she were making out a grocery list.   
  
Anne joined the group. The crowd became so packed that Jamie grabbed a chair, pulled it over to a nearby table, and then she, Tammy, and Anne climbed onto the table to get a better view. As Anne stood beside Jamie, Jamie glanced down, noticed goose bumps all over Anne's ass, and wondered if it was the air conditioning or the excitement of being the only person nude in a crowd of people.   
  
"That's Tanika," Anne said with excitement in her voice.   
  
"You know her?" Jamie asked.   
  
"No, but I'd love to meet her. I've seen her run, she's fantastic."   
  
"Well, if she loses, you'll be working with her."   
  
Anne looked astounded. "You're kidding?"   
  
"Nope, that's the bet. If Tanika loses, she strips down immediately and joins the Mailgirl Program."   
  
"You're not going to be that smug when you're stripping down," Vice said. "You'll beg me for mercy." Tanika had no reaction.   
  
A man approached the table, lifted his arms over his head to quiet the crowd. "Alright, we'll start this on zero," The man said. "Is everyone ready?" Both nodded in the affirmative. Vince hunched forward and grabbed the table with his left hand while Tanika causally got into her stance and gave a fierce stare. "Three, two, one, zero."   
  
Vince lunged into Tanika's arm with everything he had, throwing his shoulder and upper body into the fray. Tanika faltered and gave up a couple of inches but appeared calm. The crowd erupted into an unintelligible boisterous yelling and cheering. Most backing Tanika except a few of Vince's friends and a large bunch of men hoping to get Tanika naked.   
  
Red in the face, sweat beading up on his brow, his hand and upper body quivering, Vince gave out a scream and, once again, threw everything he had against Tanika to finish her. Her face took on a strained expression, and Vince's arm trembled slightly as Tanika's hand retreated another couple of inches but held. For a minute or so, Vince kept the pressure on but gained no ground.   
  
Vince looked up at Tanika. "I've got you now. You should've saved yourself while you had the chance. In a girl's world you may be something but in a man's world, your nothing.   
  
For a third time, Vince cried out and launched all of his strength into Tanika but to no avail; this time Tanika didn't budge. Vince's arm and shoulder began to quiver as veins popped on his head and he started to hyperventilate. Sweat dripped off Vince's face onto the table as his expression changed from determination to pain. Slowly, Vince gave ground and within half a minute, Tanika had gained back everything she'd lost.   
  
Tanika's expression turned savagely predatory, her eyes vicious, her lips pealed back, she gritted her teeth, moved forward into her stance, tightened her grip until she was all but crushing Vince's fingers, and then she flung her whole body into the attack like it was shot out of a cannon. Caught off guard by Tanika's strength and quickness, Vince was all but knocked out of his chair and his hand lost five inches to Tanika in less than a second. His face showing terror and his arm quickly faltering, Vince tried desperately recover and muster a counter attack but it was too little, too late. Growling, Tanika pounced on Vince like a lioness on her prey and within a few seconds, she had his knuckles on the table.   
  
Their hopes of stripping Tanika naked dashed, a few men fell to their knees in disappointment. As confetti and toilet paper streamers flew, a boat horn sounded, and Tanika's followers threw their hands in the air and screamed in delight before dragging her out of her chair, lifting her on their shoulders, and carrying her in triumph about the room. Anne clapped and cheered. Shocked and defeated, Vince slumped in his chair and stared at his disgraced right hand as one of Tanika's friends plopped an empty cardboard box on the table in front of him. Crestfallen, Vince took the box and headed back to his prized cubicle to pack.   
  
A man begrudgingly handed Tammy $50 who gave it to Jamie, who grinned and pocketed the money.   
  
Tammy looked surprised. "I would have thought you'd want Tanika to lose."   
  
"Don't get me wrong," Jamie said. "I need Tanika worse than a fat boy needs chocolate cake, but I want her as a winner, not as punishment for losing a bet. It would give the Program a terrible stigma that we may never live down and she'd be humiliated: even if Tanika kept her word and joined, she'd never stay under those circumstances."   
  
"Tanika's pretty headstrong. You'll never talk her into being a mailgirl."   
  
"Maybe not but I might be able to get her to talk herself into it. What's the lowdown on Tanika?"   
  
"She's a real team player, always complimenting people, never running anyone down, and never complaining. She's liked by everyone."   
  
"Tell me what you're not telling me. Tell me why she's not happy about her job."   
  
"What do you mean?"   
  
"People who like their job don't spend their time staring out windows. They spend their time at their job and with their people. They want to be in the middle of the action. If she's desperate for a view, then she doesn't like what she sees here." Jamie gestured to the making Marketing Department. "If she loved her job, there's no way she'd risk her dignity in an arm-wrestling contest just to get another cubicle."   
  
Tammy considered what Jamie said for a moment. "I'm not saying she's not happy, but she's had difficulty adjusting from being an athlete to an office worker. She seems restless."   
  
Jamie thought for a moment. "I can work with that. Can you introduce us?"   
  
"Sure. You'll like her."   
  
"I already do."   
  
"Hey, Tanika." Tammy shouted and waived at Tanika as the crowd began to disperse and go back to their lunch. Tanika turned and they made eye contact as Jamie and Tammy walked toward the victorious combatant. "I've got someone I'd like you to meet."   
  
"You're the mailgirl woman," Tanika said.   
  
"That's me." Jamie held out her hand and Tanika shook it. "I'm Jamie Richmond."   
  
"Sorry. I know what you're here for and it's not happening. Being a mailgirl isn't me."   
  
Jamie laughed. "You're probably right but at least let me make the pitch. Aren't you at least curious?" Jamie knew Tanika was curious from the amount of time she spent on the website; the real question was how curious. "I'll be honest with you, I think you're amazing; I mean really, really, amazing, and one helluva recruit so I'll make you one helluva offer. I'm gonna throw all the money, fame, and excitement at you I possibly can, whatever it takes. I'll make sure that you're running all over the building and never have a dull moment.   
  
Tanika looked stoic but listened intently.   
  
"You'll be a household name in a matter of weeks. You'd be the pride of the program. And, even if you don't take me up on my offer, it'll make great water cooler conversation. Everyone will want to know all the details. Tell me the truth, people are curious about the program, aren't they?"   
  
"Yeah, there's some curiosity."   
  
"And you'll get to work with some great people." Jamie whistled at Anne and waived her to join them. "I'd like to introduce you to someone."   
  
Tanika smiled. "You're Anne Bishop; you're the mailgirl everyone's talking about."   
  
"Wow, it's great to meet you," Anne gushed. "I've seen you run many times. You're fantastic. If you hadn't had that hamstring injury, you'd have made the Olympics."   
  
Tanika gave Anne's body a quick inspection. "You're not so shabby yourself girl; you're quite an athlete. That's one helluva body you've got there. You've got to work out every day. What's your sport?"   
  
Anne blushed slightly but clearly enjoyed the compliment. "I'm a triathlete."   
  
Tanika looked impressed. "That's an amazing sport. It takes incredible conditioning."   
  
After a few more minutes of small talk and mutual admiration between Tanika and Anne, the photographer took Anne back to finish up with the publicity stills leaving Jamie with Tanika.   
  
"Then let's do lunch," Jamie said. "What have you got to lose?"   
  
"You buying?" Tanika asked.   
  
"Nah, Vince is, I bet on you." Jamie reached in her pocket, grabbed the $50 dollars Tammy had given her, and waived it in the air.   
  
Tanika smiled.   
  
"Don't you want to eat off of Vince's money?" Jamie asked.   
  
After buying Tanika's lunch, Jamie and Tanika settled in at a quiet table near the corner of the TRG cafeteria.   
  
"That was one helluva contest," Jamie said.   
  
"Eh," Tanika scoffed.   
  
"What would you have done if you lost?"   
  
"I wasn't going to lose. I know it looked like a big risk but it wasn't. When you've been an athlete as long as I have, you know how to size someone up just by looking at them. There was no way I was going to lose."   
  
"He was in a lot better shape than I thought."   
  
"Yeah, he was a little better than advertised but trust me, it was never close. I let him exhaust himself before I finished him. It's easier that way. I wouldn't have done it if I thought there was any risk to it."   
  
"Have you ever thought about being a mailgirl?"   
  
"Yeah, I thought about it. Nothing against Anne, she's really nice and I'd really like to get together with her sometime but what I thought about it was that it was a bad idea.   
  
Jamie smiled. "Humor me for a minute. I know you don't want the job but if you did, what would you need as a signing bonus?"   
  
"Money's not my thing."   
  
"Surely you have some student loans, credit card debt, or some training expenses." With the words "training expenses," Tanika's mood soured. "You need money for more training?" Jamie asked.   
  
Tanika seemed embarrassed and frustrated. "No. That's not it."   
  
"What's wrong?"   
  
Suddenly emotional, Tanika gazed off and looked like she might leave until she glanced back at Jamie. "It's just that my parents were my biggest fans and even though I had sponsors, training and travel was expensive and sometimes the money just wasn't enough. My parents loaned me $54,000.00 to cover the extra expenses. It was their retirement fund. I shouldn't have taken it; it was a mistake and I haven't been able to pay them back.   
  
"What would you do to pay them back?"   
  
"Anything."   
  
"I can do that. I can wire your parents $54,000.00 on your behalf tomorrow morning."   
  
Tanika paused for several seconds before shaking her head no. "I can't. Anything but that." 

**SECURITY COURIER**   
  
Anne had never been inside the TRG Research and Design Department before; it was off limits to unauthorized personnel. Lots of nerdy looking men and women with pocket protectors, glasses, and state of the art computer equipment were staring right at Anne in bewilderment. It was as if they had never seen a naked woman in their department before. As Anne looked around, Dakota locked the handcuff attaching the security pouch with an encrypted jump drive in it around Anne's wrist. The sound startled Anne somewhat and refocused her attention on Dakota. A video crew caught Anne's expression as she looked at the handcuff.

"Are you ready?" Dakota asked.   
  
"Would it make any difference if I told you no?" Anne said.   
  
Nervous, Anne looked down. Other than a handcuff and a Mailgirl bracelet/pager, and a tattoo, Anne wasn't wearing anything, not even shoes. Although she had been naked in the building for a couple of days, this was the first time that Anne would be alone and it caused a rush of anxiety. Neither Dakota nor Jamie would be there to support her. She would be alone. Not only would she be running around the building naked and alone with no place to hide for the rest of the day, she was going to be running around the building naked and alone with no place to hide for the next two years.   
  
Suddenly she became keenly aware of the slight breeze of the air conditioning on her boobs, ass, and twat. The cameraman moved his lens from Anne's face down to her twat. Reflexively, Anne glance down at her shaved twat. It was there for everyone to see. All of her anatomy was on display and being filmed, a close up. A worldwide TV audience was going to get a better look at her twat than Anne ever had, a lot better.   
  
"Take this to the Electrical Shop Supervisor," Dakota said. "Her name is Elka Visneski."   
  
Anne looked around; people were staring, lots of people. Although Anne never paid attention to her twat much, it appeared everyone else was. Some men were filming; some women were whispering to each other, while another couple of women were pointing and giggling. Although Anne didn't know exactly what the joke was about, she knew that the joke was about her.   
  
"You've got seven minutes, you'll need to hurry."   
  
No longer an invisible little benefits representative lost in a sea of cubicles on the 11th floor, Anne was now the completely naked woman standing on the 9th floor being watched by everyone and having her hooch filmed for worldwide television distribution. Despite all of the fascination other employees took in her appearance, Anne's nudity isolated her. At once she was both the center of attention and a social outcast. People were looking at her; people were pointing at her; people were making jokes about her; people were giggling; people were talking about her; but, no one was talking to her. It was as if she were on display; it was as if she was no longer a person but an exhibit in a zoo, a wild animal which people came to stare at but not to talk to, just to watch and photograph. What she had gained in notoriety she had lost in humanity.   
  
Anne's head began to spin. Feeling the heat of her face turning flush, feeling her a slight tremble to her hands, feeling alone and abandoned, feeling a burning desire to cover herself, feeling humiliated, feeling lewd, feeling really turned on and feeling guilty for it, not knowing if an orgasm or a panic attack coming on, and not knowing what else to do, Anne started walking toward the door, then jogging through the scanner, then running down the stairway, and then fleeing down the hall.   
  
Despite the fact that there was no more sanctuary from her nudity where she was going than from where she had been, like the wild animal she had become, Anne tore down the hallway as if to escape, like a wild animal escaping from the zoo. She desperately wanted someplace to hide but the TRG building was crowded with people and there was no refuge to be found and no time for such a detour. Anne couldn't believe what she had gotten herself into. The entire experience seemed unreal, like a nightmare. Nevertheless, with all her nervous energy, it felt good to run, really good. It even felt good to be wild. The less she thought herself to be a part of the society, the less she felt constrained or humiliated by it. The more she felt wild; the more she felt free.   
  
One of the reasons she loved running was that it made her feel wild. When she ran, Anne didn't feel confined by walls, by rules, by people, or even by clothes. She always ran the marathon in just a swimsuit and enjoyed it. Even when training, Anne preferred a sports bra and spandex shorts and usually swam in a bikini. The less clothes the better. She liked the freedom and the brevity of her costume and the attention of the onlookers seemed to energize her. When she ran, Anne felt wild and free and running naked only made her feel wilder and freer than she ever felt before. Standing made Anne feel vulnerable while running gave her the sensation of safety.   
  
As she sprinted down the hall, people stared, some women smirked while other women looked away, while still other women looked upon her body with clear admiration, some of the men smiled, some men gawked, and other men did a double take. Slowly, with all the attention of the men looking at her, smiling, nodding, saying hi, some men cheering, and even calling out her name, as well as the admiration of many of the women, a new emotion began to work its way into the myriad of other feelings that was causing Anne's brain to race aimlessly. At first she couldn't identify the feeling but as she ran but slowly it came to her, she was feeling beautiful, she was feeling like she was pretty.   
  
WHAM! As Anne turned a corner she collided with a young man and knocked him to the ground. Although uninjured, the impact stunned Anne and she staggered backward for a couple of steps.   
  
A couple of women laughed at her and smirked, "what a bimbo."   
  
Embarrassed, Anne offered a hand to help the young man up. "Are you alright?" Anne asked.   
  
Face down, the man rolled over and as he started to get up, gazed at Anne in wide eyed astonishment. "Anne?"   
  
Anne looked equally shocked. "Bobby?"   
  
Still sprawled out on the ground, Bobby eyes gave Anne's body a thorough going-over, starting with a long stare at her twat. Of the twenty or so men at TRG that Anne wouldn't mind giving a peak at her physique, Bobby was high on her list; and while she had fantasized about running into Bobby as a mailgirl, running over him hadn't been part of her fantasy.   
  
Her face flush and fidgeting in embarrassment, Anne tried to make the best of the situation.   
  
"Are you alright?" Anne repeated.   
  
Still in a state of shock, Bobby blinked a couple of times and took his eyes off Anne's boobs long enough to make eye contact. "I'd heard about it but I couldn't believe it." As he talked, went back to staring at Anne's hooch. "I can't believe you actually became a mailgirl."   
  
"Neither can I," Anne said as she helped Bobby to his feet. Wide eyed, slack jawed, and still engaged in his examination of Anne's body, Bobby gushed, "Wow, you've really got one helluva body."   
  
"Thanks," Anne said. "I'm so sorry. Are you sure you're alright?"   
  
Not so much impacted by the collision but astounded by Anne's nudity, clearly Bobby wasn't alright; the young man was dumbfounded beyond rational thought. Astonished at seeing his shy co-worker nude, his amazement only doubled upon his discovery that she had an amazingly athletic body.   
  
People began to whisper to each other as they passed. Anne could hear the remark, "they need to get a room."   
  
"You've got the tattoo and everything?" Bobby asked.   
  
Anne turned around to show Bobby her tattoo.   
  
"That's the most beautiful ass I've ever seen," Bobby said with great reverence to his voice. The young man licked his lips and looked like he wanted to fondle it.   
  
"Thanks." Anne blushed slightly with the compliment but Bobby's sudden fascination with her caused Anne's libido to soar. Just as she was wondering if maybe, someday, she did need to find a room with Bobby, Anne noticed the wedding ring.   
  
"You got married?" Anne said as she looked at the band.   
  
"Yeah, two weeks ago. Today's my first day back from my honeymoon."   
  
Anne's libido nosedived.   
  
"She's a great girl, I'd love for you to meet her."   
  
"I can't wait." Although she forced a smile on her face, Anne's voice lacked even a hint of enthusiasm.   
  
Suddenly Anne glanced down at her mailgirl pager. "Oh crap, I've got to go."   
  
As she looked back at Bobby, he had returned to looking at Anne's nether region. "It's been great seeing you," he said.   
  
"Yeah, it's been great seeing you too. Again, I'm so sorry."   
  
As Anne sped off, Bobby just stood in the hallway and watched her ass. Needing to make up time, Anne raced down the crowded hallways, weaving through people with ease. Quick but agile on her feet, running was something Anne was good at, very good; on the other hand, romance was something Anne struggled with and always had. After years of trying to get the man to notice her, just her luck, Anne finally got Bobby's attention two weeks after his wedding.   
  
Her emotionally satisfying fantasy of being wild and free interrupted, Anne's insecurities came flooding back. Now, adding to her various emotions, a feeling of nervousness, a feeling of being of low moral character, a feeling of isolation, and feeling of frustration, was a growing feeling of being a fool. Suddenly her fantasy that she could attract a man of her dreams to love her just by showing the potential suitor her body seemed utterly foolish and she began to feel isolated and ashamed. Anne picked up the pace and started weaving though the traffic in the hallway. As she ran, she began to feel wild again and it felt good. 

**TANIKA**   
  
Jamie sat at her desk nervously drumming her fingers before looking at the clock, 2:51 p.m. Although Tanika spent most of lunch nibbling at the bait, Jamie hadn't been able to get her in the boat. They settled on Tanika agreeing to come down and interviewing for the job at 3:00 but Tanika warned that she still hadn't made up her mind. Tanika knocked softly.   
  
"Come in."   
  
"I'm a little early."   
  
"I'm delighted you're here. Tanika, I'll be frank, you're my number one candidate. Of all the people in this building that the Mailgirl Committee wants to recruit, you're first on the list."   
  
Tanika gave a nervous smile.   
  
"Let me get right down to business. You said you owed your parents $54,000? What if I told you that I'll add another ten so you can pay them back with interest? You'd want pay them interest wouldn't you?"   
  
"I'd really need another twenty to make them whole. They paid a huge early withdrawal penalty from their IRA to get me the money."   
  
"OK," Jamie said hesitantly, knowing that she was already over budget on her offer and dreading taking the subject up with Dakota. "I can do that."   
  
"And I'd need some time off. I can't go two years without seeing my family."   
  
"We were planning to give everyone at least a couple of weeks at various times over the winter, once the reality show shooting schedule ended. I could guarantee that much."   
  
"I'm really close with my family. I'd need four weeks, a week at Thanksgiving, a week at Christmas and a couple of weeks in spring or summer."   
  
Jamie considered what had been said for a moment. "Make it five weeks. I'll throw in an extra week over the summer, for a beach vacation or something."   
  
More nervous than ever, gain Tanika thought about it. "I don't know."   
  
Jamie smiled, leaned toward Tanika and assumed a soft and reassuring voice, almost a whisper. "I may be wrong, but deep down, I think you do know. I think you know that Vince's cubicle had nothing to do with this. I think you know that you want to pay back your parents. I think you were just looking for an excuse to become a mailgirl so you could get the bonus and pay back your parents and I think you were about to let Vince win and you'd be a mailgirl right now if it weren't for the fact that Vince is such an ass-hole that you're too competitive to let him be that excuse."   
  
Tanika said nothing, just staring blankly at the table.   
  
"I think you're afraid of the nudity; you're afraid of what people will think of you."   
  
"It's just so in your face. I could handle skimpy but not fully nude. People are going to look at me as being vulgar." Tanika thought about it for a couple of seconds. "That's just too much. I can't."   
  
Jamie held out her hand and motioned for Tanika to stay. "Of course you're afraid; anyone would be. Tanika, everyone likes you and that tells me something. It tells me that you're a genuinely nice person and that you care what people think of you. But, it also tells me that you genuinely like people and care about them and there's no one you like more than your parents."   
  
"It's not like I'm shy, I'm not. But it's not like I just walk around nude exposing myself to everybody for no reason either."   
  
"I don't think that you really wanted to give up your dream of being in the Olympics just to work in a cubicle. I don't think you took this job because you were ready to start a career, I think the only reason you took a job here was to start paying back your parents. It doesn't have to be that way. A thoroughbred like you belongs on the track, not in the barn. I can keep you active and give you time to train and still let you pay back you parents. We'd love to have an Olympic hopeful in the Mailgirl Program and we'd love her to be you."   
  
"I still don't know. I'm afraid I'll just embarrass myself."   
  
"You're an amazing person, really, really amazing. Give people time. Let everyone get over the initial shock and people are gonna to love you. Trust me, just be yourself and you'll be a star."   
  
Still unable to make eye contact, her body tense, Tanika just looked at the table and worked her lower jaw.   
  
"I know you're scared today but I don't want you to think about not how you're feeling right now. What I want you to think about is how you'll feel tomorrow. You told me in the cafeteria that you'd do anything to pay back your parents and I believe you. I think you want that to happen more than anything in the world. Do me a favor; do yourself a favor, and think about how you'll feel this time tomorrow after you've paid your folks back the money you owe them, after you put $74,000 back in their bank account, after you've restored their retirement account. How are you going to feel then? Think about what is really bothering you the most right now; think about which is worse, your fear of what might happen or your guilt over what has happened?"   
  
A far cry from the confident and swashbuckling woman who, only hours earlier, who had casually risked everything on an arm-wrestling contest, Tanika seemed conflicted and lost in thought.   
  
"I know you want to do this. You're a good person. I know you really, really, really want to pay your parents back, the question is are you brave enough to make that happen and I think you are. Tanika, I know you're scared now but tomorrow, after you've paid off your debt, you're gonna to feel like a lot better."   
  
At first, Tanika just continued to stare at the table and rubbed the back of her head; then, she nervously bit her bottom lip, stood up, unbuttoned her blouse, laid it on the table, and then unfastened her bra. 

**PAINFUL ENOUGH FOR MY SATISFACTION**   
  
The TRG Electronics' shop was located in a separate building on the TRG complex. As it produced the prototypes for the TRG designers, it was also a place in which Anne had never been before, strictly off limits to unauthorized personnel. Anne reached a back door, opened it, and dashed out into the sunlight.   
  
Although the fresh spring air, warm sun, gentle breeze, and soft grass felt good, the fact that she was running nude in daylight outdoors was momentarily disconcerting; it was something she'd never done before. Everyone was staring. Although Anne had often fantasized about running a triathlon in the nude, this was the first time her boobs, ass, and twat were being exposed to sunshine. She felt like a streaker and wasn't sure if she liked that or not; it was an embarrassing feeling but Anne still tingled when she thought about it; and, the more she thought about it, the more she tingled. Momentarily, the feeling of being wild and free returned, even stronger as she enjoyed the exhilaration of jogging stark naked in the open air.   
  
Cutting through the grass, the squishy lawn being easier on her bare feet than the concrete sidewalk, it occurred to Anne that she had no idea how she would get into the Electronics Shop as she didn't have a key card and the doors to all of the sensitive areas of TRG was always kept locked. Stopping at the door, Anne glanced at her pager; there was only 23 seconds left. Anne pressed a button on the intercom system but no one answered, 17 seconds left. Anne started to knock when the door buzzed and clicked. Anne opened the door and walked in.   
  
Just inside the door was a security desk and scanner manned by a couple of guards. Instinctively, Anne stopped for a search and wiped her feet on the mat. The bristles on the matt were firm and scratchy, reminding Anne that she was barefooted. Searches were mandatory in secure areas at TRG as cameras, cellphones, notebooks, and the like were strictly prohibited but, as Anne was nude, there was nothing to search. Despite such, the guards gave her body a complete visual examination and motioned for her to turn around. As Anne turned, the guards smiled at what they saw and nodded for Anne to go through the scanner.   
  
Unlike the carpeted floor of TRG's office building, the cement floor of the Electronics Shop was cold and hard on Anne's feet. As she entered the shop area, all of the workstations stopped and stared at her. The entire building was suddenly eerily silent as the other employees studied the naked young triathlete. Some seemed to like what they saw, while some of the women seemed reviled.   
  
Still having difficulty coming to grips with the fact that she was nude and that everyone was watching her, Anne was somewhat stunned when 80 people looked at her naked body all at once. She'd always wanted to be noticed but this type of attention went well beyond anything she desired. Suddenly she felt as if she were caged again and back to being just an attraction in a zoo.   
  
Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed a stern woman in a glass office gesturing at Anne to come to her. Tall, broad shouldered, mid-forties, blond, with a thick Eastern European accent, and an alarmingly intense stare, Elka Visneski was hardly welcoming in her greeting of Anne. Grabbing Anne's arm and handling it roughly, instead of removing Anne's handcuff, Ms. Visneski opened the security pouch and removed the jump drive leaving the security pouch still attached to Anne.   
  
"Let's get something clear between you and me," Ms. Visneski said in a decidedly angry voice. "We're very serious about our work here in the Electronics Shop and I will not tolerate any distractions. When you make a delivery, you come right to this office, make your delivery and leave as quickly as possible. You're not to look around, not to go anywhere else, and not to talk to anyone. We do a lot of confidential things in here and your eyes don't have the clearance to see them. Do you understand?"   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"I don't want to hear a single word come from your mouth to anyone, not even to me. You will not even make eye contact with anyone in this department. Keep your eyes down, come directly here, hold out your security pouch, and await my instruction. When you make a delivery, you are to be in and out of this Department in less than 60 seconds. Is that clear?"   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"We do important work here, delicate work. So I want my employees focused on that work not on your hooch. I don't like the idea of mailgirls, I don't like you, I don't like what you are doing, and I'd ban you from my Department if I could. But since I can't, I will not put up with even the slightest violation of the rules that I just outlined to you."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"You do understand that as a department head, I can have you disciplined for any reason I see fit at any time. I've talked to a Ms. Hayashi in your department and she assures me that she would be more than happy to come down here at a moment's notice and whip your ass right in front of me if I just give the word?"

Anne's eyes widened in fear and her mouth dropped open almost half an inch. No one had informed her that her ass could be thrashed publicly and in front of a worldwide television audience at the whim of every department head at TRG and the prospect terrified her. There were at least three dozen department and project heads, probably more.   
  
Although treated politely, none of the female department heads Anne met that morning seemed glad to see her; not even all of the men appeared supportive of the Mailgirl Program and, while most of the men warmly welcomed Anne, a few of the other male department heads seemed to relished her presence way too much, looking like they may even enjoy watching her squirm under the strokes of Ms. Hasashi's ridding crop.   
  
Worse yet, Dakota had informed Anne that she'd be primarily used as security courier, moving sensitive information to and from the Research and Design Department to other parts of the TRG complex and the Electrical Shop would be a regular run, somewhere she'd visit several times a day, maybe more, maybe a lot more, and the seven minute time limit for the delivery would be challenging. On a busy day, with a lot more traffic in the hallways, seven minutes would be really tight, maybe impossible.   
  
Ms. Visneski waggled her finger in Anne's face. "I will not tolerate even the slightest of infractions. If I am not completely satisfied with your services and your attitude 100% of the time, I will make sure that Ms. Hayashi gives you the hardest ass-whipping of your life. Do you understand me?"   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"The only thing I like about the Mailgirl Program is that I get to have your ass beaten any time I want."   
  
Anne looked alarmed, very alarmed. Ms. Visneski seemed way too happy over her control of Anne's corporal punishment.   
  
"I don't take excuses, I don't take explanations, I don't give second chances, and I don't give a damn what your reason is; all I'm interested in is result. If you follow my rules to the letter, I promise you that your ass will stay white. But, if you fail to follow the rules in any way, I'll have you bent over, and I'll turn your ass as red as a firetruck at a heartbeat."   
  
Ms. Visneski moved toward Anne until the two were only inches apart.   
  
"If you try to give me excuse, if you beg for my forgiveness, if you try to argue with me, or if you don't fully and immediately comply with your discipline, I'll double your punishment. When I tell you that you are to be disciplined, you are to say nothing, stand right there," Ms. Visneski pointed to a spot just outside her office marked with an X made from masking tape, "look down and assume your position, until Ms. Hayashi arrives, and don't move until after Ms. Hayashi finishes administering your punishment."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
Anne glanced nervously at her punishment spot and wondered how many times over the next two years she would find herself standing there on the masking tape "X" waiting for Ms. Hayashi to come and flog her. The fact that Ms. Visneski had gone to the trouble of figuring out where she wanted Anne's ass whipping to take place and even marked the spot did not bode well. Anne's buttocks nervously twitched as she imagined thrashings her bottom could be forced to endure and a sense of dread began surging up inside her.   
  
Not only such a beating be extremely painful, trotting around the building for days with a bright red backside would be unimaginably humiliating. Everyone in the building would know that Anne got an ass whipping and many would find it most entertaining. People would point at her, laugh at her, photograph her bruising, post the photos on the internet, and make jokes about it.   
  
Almost certainly someone would either film Anne's punishment or get ahold of the security film footage and distribute it. Then the entire TRG complex would be able to giggle at Anne writhing in pain under the lash. If film footage of Anne's spanking were to be used in the reality show, and it would, tens of millions of people would get to entertain themselves by watching Anne twitch and dance to the rhythm and sting of Ms. Hayashi's whip. Millions of people were probably watching Anne's scolding at that moment via TRG's webcam and most of those voyeurs probably couldn't wait for the day to come that found Anne standing on that "X". What the hell had she gotten herself into? Anne thought.   
  
"If I can't ban you from my department, I'll make damn sure you behave yourself while you're here. If you're late, if you look around, if you're in this department for more than 60 seconds, if you're insolent, if you make eye contact with anyone, if you speak even a single word," Ms. Visneski's voice assumed an ominous tone, "even a yes ma'am, or if I just don't like you for any reason, I'll personally watch your punishment to make sure it's painful enough for my satisfaction and if it's not, I'll have Ms. Hayashi do it all over again until she hits you hard enough for long enough to get the job done properly. Do you understand?"   
  
Feeling an urgent need to appear subservient, Anne assumed the tatsu position, bowed her head, looked intently at the floor, and nodded affirmatively but said nothing. Frightened that any eye contact or verbal response, even a "yes ma'am" might invoke Ms. Visneski's wrath, Anne dared not look up or utter a so much as a single syllable.   
  
"Good. I don't want to ever hear your voice or see your eyes again."   
  
Standing naked as she was reprimanded and threatened, Anne felt incredibly vulnerable and defenseless. Ms. Visneski seemed all too eager to watch Anne's ass get beaten and, as the Electronic Shop Supervisor, apparently Ms. Visneski had the power to make it happen. Moreover, Ms. Hayashi would be absolutely delighted to administer Anne's whipping as often as Ms. Visneski would let her do it.   
  
"Mark my words, I'll have your ass beaten every day until you learn to follow my rules to the letter. Each and every time you violate any rule or irritate me in any way, you will be severely punished. I'll whip four times a day if I have to until you learn how to behave."   
  
Still looking at the floor, Anne nodded affirmative.   
  
"Now," Ms. Visneski's voice turned cold and she pointed to the X, "stand on that X and assume your position."   
  
Anne's heart skipped a beat. Despite being griped with fear, Anne hesitated for a only a second before moving quickly to the masking tape X, standing on it, and assuming the kensa (punishment) position with her feet shoulder width apart, her hands on her head and her head bowed.   
  
Ms. Visneski slowly walked to Anne's rear and paused for a moment. Gritting her teeth, holding her breath, and bracing herself, Anne dared not look to see what was happening behind her. Anne could hear Ms. Visneski get something from a storage cabinet but couldn't see what it was.   
  
"Now, bend over and grab your toes."   
  
A jolt of terror shot through Anne's body and every muscle tensed as she bend over and clutched her toes. Behind her, Anne could hear Ms. Visneski's footsteps as she walked over to Anne's rear and stood slightly to Anne's left. A perfect position for a right handed person to administer a serious ass whipping. Defenseless and ignorant of her transgression, Anne fought back a tremble as she waited, bent over with her ass in the air and her head down around her knees, for whatever punishment Ms. Visneski planned to inflict upon her bare buttocks.   
  
In a voice even colder than before, Ms. Visneski said, "and one more thing, I won't tolerate any drama. When you take you punishment, you take it in silence. I don't want to hear so much as a whimper out of you. You're an adult and I expect you to act like it. If you can't control your emotions, I've instructed Ms. Hayashi to continue your punishment until you learn. Is that understood?"   
  
A chill ran down Anne's spine as nodded in the affirmative.   
  
"Good. Had you not cooperated immediately, your first flogging would have been today. But, since you complied, your ass will stay white," Ms. Visneski paused for a moment, "for now. Stand up."   
  
As Anne stood, without warning, Ms. Visneski reached across, grabbed Anne's arm, jerked it towards her, inserted another encrypted jump drive in Anne's security pouch, and locked it. "You've got seven minutes to take this back the ninth floor. Now go." Ms. Visneski pointed to the door.

**Chapter 7 -- Pay for Play**   
  
**YOU'LL OWE ME A FAVOR**   
  
Naked, fatigued, sweaty, and barefooted, Anne stood in the executive suite before CEO Dillard's secretary and awaited her instructions. Completely unimpressed with Anne's slender and athletic young body, the secretary took one look at her and sneered.   
  
"Take this to Accounting," Mr. Dillard's secretary said. "You will report to a Ms. Schneider at cubicle 147. You have four minutes."   
  
In her late twenties, Gina Schneider, a plus sized woman with a pleasant face, glasses, and big smile, greeted Anne warmly.   
  
"Hi, I'm Gina."   
  
Anne returned the smile. "They call me Mailgirl Number 3."   
  
"Since Mr. Harold is often in meetings, I'll be your contact person for both Accounting and Legal."   
  
Holding out her security pouch handcuffed to her wrist, Anne could see the key to unlock to pouch sitting on Gina's desk but the woman ignored Anne's gesture. Instead, she seemed completely engrossed at looking at Anne's body. Far from being offended by Anne's nudity, Gina seemed very interested and carefully studied Anne's remarkably fit physique as if she were a jeweler studying a rare and valuable diamond. Intent, Gina's expression seemed to reflect a more professional than that of a sexual interest and Gina didn't shy away from a careful scrutinizing of both Anne's twat and her boobs.   
  
"You definitely have a very attractive body Number 3. You're very well-toned."   
  
"Thanks," Anne said with a little reservation to her voice as she wandered what Gina was doing. "I'm a triathlete."   
  
"It shows. I understand every mailgirl has a tattoo?"   
  
"Yes ma'am. We call it our mailgirl badge."   
  
"Can I see it?"   
  
Although somewhat taken back by Gina's long and very thorough scrutiny of her anatomy and by the surprising request to inspect her backside, Anne turned around and let Gina take a gander at her ass. The inspection only intensifying, Gina bit her bottom lip and rubbed her chin as she finished her examination of Anne's physique.   
  
Gina began to smile, a very satisfied smile. "Yes, I think you'll do," Gina said aloud to no one in particular as if she were completely lost in thought. "I think you'll do just fine."   
  
Footsteps could be heard approaching and Gina's face lit up as she glance to see who was coming. Standing, Gina put her hand on Anne's shoulder and turned her towards the oncoming footsteps. "Number 3, there's someone I want you to meet."   
  
At six feet, two inches, with a seriously handsome face like a young George Clooney, and a muscular body that amply filled out his two piece suit in all the right places, TRG's new patent attorney, Matt Compton was number one on the list of men that Anne wouldn't mind letting see all she had to offer. Nevertheless, Anne flinched and blushed in embarrassment when she saw Matt approaching.   
  
"Oh, hi Matt," Anne said as she smiled bashfully.   
  
Matt smiled back. It was a big smile, a real big smile. Anne tried to hide her excitement but her eyes betrayed her.   
  
"I'd heard you joined the mailgirl program Anne and I'd be lying if I didn't admit that I've really, really been looking forward to seeing you in just your skinsuit."   
  
Anne blushed again. "Well, what do you think?" Anne made a 360 degree turn and modeled her body for Matt.   
  
"I'm blown away. You've got a killer body."   
  
"Oh, I see you've met," Gina said.   
  
"We've seen each other some at the gym," Matt said.   
  
Although Matt and Anne had worked out at the same gym and they talked often, she never quite seemed to attract his attention. As nice as he was good looking, Matt was very sociable to everyone, not just Anne and, with his looks and congeniality, he always attracted a crowd of young women. With so much competition vying for Matt's attention, Anne never made any headway in taking the relationship beyond a mere causal acquaintance. Looking at Anne in a decidedly admiring way, for the first time Matt seemed to show some real interest in her as evidence in his smile, in the tone of his voice, in his eyes, and in the crotch of his pants.   
  
"I can see that you've really gotten you money's worth out of your gym membership," Matt said.   
  
Delighted at Matt's reaction to Anne, Gina took the key from her desk and unlocked Anne's security pouch, removed the encrypted jump drive, and gave the drive to Matt.   
  
"I'm sorry I they won't let you in the legal department," Matt said.   
  
"I'm sorry about that too. I'd love to come and say hi sometimes. Maybe a couple of times a week if you're not too busy."   
  
"I'd like that too. Maybe you can if they ever let the mailgirls come in the legal department."   
  
"I'm sorry to break this up," Gina said. "But I've got another run for you to make."   
  
Gina's signaling an end to the conversation seemed to concern Matt and, although his time with Anne was fleeting, he paused to choose his next words with care. "I know this may not be a good time but do they give you any time off, like an evening or something?"   
  
Although her heart jumped, Anne lost her smile. "No. They've told me we might get some later, after they finish filming the reality show but not right now."   
  
"Well, perhaps lunch or breakfast or something," Matt said with a tinge of hope to his voice.   
  
Anne grimaced. "I wish I could but I've got to take all my meals downstairs."   
  
Matt seemed disappointed. "Well, maybe I can at least see you around again sometime."   
  
"I hope so," Anne said as she tried to avoid appearing as crestfallen as she really was.   
  
Gina retrieved another jump drive from her desk but instead of putting it in Anne's pouch, Gina just looked at Matt leave and waited for him to exit the department. As he left, Anne looked down in disappointment. Although Matt seemed tantalizingly interested, at the same time he seemed beyond her reach. The only relationship that appeared possible between Matt and Anne was just random meetings in the hallways on rare occasions.   
  
"You want him don't you?" Gina seemed sympathetic.   
  
"Is it that obvious?"   
  
"Yeah, it's that obvious." Gina looked at Anne and smiled, a devious smile. "What If I told you that this wasn't a chance meeting today, that I called Matt over here just as I knew you were about to arrive?"   
  
"I don't understand."   
  
"Don't worry, you will. What if I also told you I could get you a date with him later today?"   
  
Anne shook her head. "You can't. I don't get any time off."   
  
"You get two fifteen minute breaks don't you? Just like every other employee. One in the morning and one in the afternoon."   
  
"Yes."   
  
Gina lowered her voice to a whisper. "I know a guy in maintenance that services the security cameras. He swears to me that the security cameras in the south stairway on floors seven and eight have never been installed."   
  
"I still don't understand."   
  
"I'll put in a call order for you to make a pick up at about four o'clock. I'm authorized to do that. As soon as you get here, I'll cancel the order. You immediately clock out on break and get to the south stairway as soon as you can. I'll have Matt waiting there for you."   
  
"Do you think you can get him to come?"   
  
"He's mentioned your name several times to me and, after what I just saw, yeah, I can get him there."   
  
"But I only have fifteen minutes."   
  
Gina rolled her eyes. "Then I'd make the best of it. Surely you can figure out something to do with Matt for fifteen minutes in a deserted stairway without getting bored. If not, see me, I've got plenty of suggestions."   
  
"What if someone sees us? It's against the rules. He could get fired."   
  
"Almost no one uses the south stairs. It's just a fire exit. It's not close to anything. The stairway is one of the most deserted places in the building. Everyone uses the elevators or the main stairs. It's a lot more convenient. You should have it all to yourselves."   
  
"You're serious. You think you can make this happen?"   
  
"Yeah, Matt's a friend of mine. I can make it happen. You just get you skinny little naked ass down there and make Matt glad he came."   
  
Anne looked a little overcome and fought back emotion. "I don't know how to thank you."   
  
Gina paused and a sinister worked its way onto her face. "I have my reasons."   
  
"Reasons."   
  
"Let's just say that after I do this, you'll owe me a favor."   
  
Anne looked alarmed. "What type of favor?"   
  
Still smiling broadly, Gina licked her lips in obvious anticipation. "You'll see. I'll explain later."   
  
Finally putting the jump drive into Anne's security pouch, Gina locked it and hit a key on her computer. Anne's pager vibrated, letting her know that the countdown for her delivery had started.   
  
"Take this to Mr. Dillard's office. You've got four minutes."   
  
"What's the favor?"   
  
Gina looked down at her computer. "Now you've only got three minutes and fifty-three seconds left." 

**IT'LL JUST TAKE A MINUTE**   
  
Back from her second run to the Electronical Shop and showing the effect of running up nine flights of stairs, Anne glistened with sweat and her chest heaved slightly as she waited for her Research and Development Department contact, George Gilmore, to place the encrypted jump drive in the small security pouch handcuffed to her wrist. Anne felt and heard a slight buzz on her mailgirl pager/timer as Mr. Gilmore hit the key on his computer to start Anne's delivery countdown.   
  
Despite the fact that an attractive and completely nude young woman was standing before him, and despite the fact that it was his job to handle all deliveries for the department, Mr. Gilmore seemed cold and indifferent to her presence. Aloof, imperious, and introspective, if anything, he gave the impression of being resentful of her intrusion into his office. Picking up the jump drive and opening the security pouch handcuffed to Anne's wrist, Mr. Gilmore unexpectedly stopped just short of putting the drive into the pouch. Instead, Mr. Gilmore drew the little maroon jump drive with the TRG logo and the number "2" printed on it back towards him and examined the device with displeasure.   
  
"That's the wrong drive," Mr. Gilmore said as he sat the maroon number 2 jump drive on his desk. Reaching in his pocket and taking out a set of keys, Mr. Gilmore unlocked his bottom desk drawer and began causally rummaging through it. "The one I need is maroon 12." Concerned, Anne peaked over the desk and looked into the drawer. Although there were a couple dozen or more numbered jump drives in the bottom draw, none were maroon in color. Lightly stirring though the jumble of jump drives, paper clips, a coffee mug, reading glasses, a bottle of antacid, a bottle of ibuprofen, and other clutter in the drawer, Mr. Gilmore seemed in no hurry.   
  
Fecklessly, Anne looked around Mr. Gilmore's desk and small office for the maroon jump drive. Messy with papers, a stapler, a computer, a few more jump drives (none maroon), and a calendar, Mr. Gilmore's desk, as well as the rest of his office, was jumbled and disorganized. Although he appeared to be in his early fifties, the receiving desk at the R & D department was just an entry level job and Mr. Gilmore's lack of advancement at TRG spoke volumes as to both his lack of social and his lack of organizational skills.   
  
Becoming deeply troubled, Anne looked at the pager on her wrist. Twenty-one seconds had passed and, despite the fact she still hadn't started her run, and despite the fact that her ass was in great peril of being lashed, Mr. Gilmore's search for the missing jump drive hadn't gained any speed or pattern as he quit the desk drawer and began slowly looking under his chair and on the floor.   
  
As he fumbled though mounds of paper on his desk, Mr. Gilmore's land line rang. To Anne's dismay, he abandoned the search and answered it.   
  
"Hello, R & D receiving, George Gilmore speaking." Listening for another fifteen seconds, Mr. Gilmore took no further effort to find Anne's jump drive, choosing instead to devote himself entirely to the telephone call.   
  
With any chance of a timely delivery quickly vanishing, Anne began to panic. "Uh, sir, I don't mean to be rude but I'm sorry but I'm on a deadline and-"   
  
Clearly irritated with Anne's intrusion, Mr. Gilmore held up his index finger up and interrupted, "It's my mother, I need to take this. It'll just take a minute." Mr. Gilmore went back to his phone call.   
  
Astounded at Mr. Gilmore's cavalier attitude towards her comfort and wellbeing, Anne began to nervously fidget, run her fingers though her hair, and look at her pager. Forty-five seconds had passed and she still didn't even have the consignment. Horrified at the delay, Anne began visualizing what she'd look like, trembling in fear as she stood on Ms. Visneski's X waiting for Ms. Hayashi to come and thrash her buttocks. With the hour of four o'clock approaching, Anne was in serious danger of missing her meeting with Matt so she could have her ass thrashed by Ms. Hayashi.   
  
Her sphincter tightened and her toes curled as Anne's derriere could all but feel the pain of Ms. Hayashi's whip. Imagining the delight in Ms. Hayashi's eyes as well as the glee of the television and internet audience as they watch Anne squirming in agony under the pounding of Ms. Hayashi's ridding crop, Anne could already begin to feel her embarrassment of her imminent public shaming.   
  
Enemies of the mailgirl program such as Anne's former supervisor, Ms. Paget, would probably celebrate the Anne's posterior receiving its punishment and find great pleasure, and even justice, in Anne's humiliation and suffering. Ms. Paget, and most of the other women from Benefits, Anne's former department, would love nothing better than see her get ass-whipped for joining the Mailgirl Program; in their eyes, it would be just what Anne deserved.   
  
"I'm sorry mom, you were saying?" Mr. Gilmore listened for several more seconds. "No, it's no problem." Another ten seconds passed. "Sure, I can go by the store. What do you need?" Slowly, Mr. Gilmore looked around for a scrap piece of paper before finding a discarded envelope somewhere in the mounds of paper on his desk.   
  
Frightful, Anne stepped forward and tried to get Mr. Gilmore's attention. "Pardon me sir. I hate to interrupt but can you at least stop the clock or reset it or something, please. It's really important." Even as Anne's frantic appeal left her lips, Anne realized the futility of her plea as her mailgirl handbook had emphasized that once the countdown had started, it could neither be halted nor changed. The time which Mr. Gilmore was squandering, at the expense of the skin on Anne's ass, was forever lost.   
  
Giving her an annoyed glance, Mr. Gilmore opened his top desk drawer and resumed searching. After fumbling though the drawer for a few seconds, Mr. Gilmore found a ink pen, seemed satisfied at the result of his exploration, looked at the pen for a moment, clicked it, lined it up on the envelope, scribbled a line back and forth across the page to make sure it had ink, and then started repeating his mother's grocery list as he began to write.   
  
"Eggs, milk, sliced Gouda cheese, tomatoes, and how many tomatoes do you want?"   
  
Her heart ponding, her palms sweating, and her mind racing, Anne looked again at her pager; a minute and five seconds had passed. Even at a full sprint, it was now or never. Feeling completely naked, exposed, and helpless, Anne began to try to mentally brace herself for the inevitable burning anguish and humiliating spectacle of the public ass whipping which was about to occur.   
  
"Double bean vanilla ice cream, orange juice, paper towels, peanut butter, toothpaste,"   
  
"Sir, please. I'll be punished if I'm late."   
  
Engrossed in his grocery list, Mr. Gilmore deliberately ignored her.   
  
"They'll spank me."   
  
Mr. Gilmore had no response. To her horror, Anne's emergency was no urgency to Mr. Gilmore as he seemed entirely uninterested in her predicament. Condemned not by her guilt but by Mr. Gilmore's incompetence and indifference, Anne now appeared to be utterly without rescue, Looking exasperated, all Anne could do is stand helpess in Mr. Gilmore's office as he slowly doomed her to her investable beating.   
  
"I've got a date."   
  
Although the frantic young woman standing naked before him pleading for his held was only twenty minutes or so from writhing in pain while getting her ass flailed in front of a worldwide television and internet audience by a sexual sadist as a result of his negligence, Mr. Gilmore continued making out a grocery list, unconcerned with her plight. Although, by now, everyone in the building knew that a mailgirl could suffer corporal punishment for a late delivery, Mr. Gilmore found his shopping to be more important than Anne's lashing and prioritized completing a grocery list over protecting her ass.   
  
Her situation rapidly deteriorating from extremely dire to completely hopeless, Anne knew that even if she left at that very second, it seemed unlikely that she could make to the Electronics Shop in time. Although distracted by her frustration and despair, suddenly Ann's eyes fixated on a maroon jump drive in Mr. Gilmore's top drawer with the number "12" on it and she lunged for it.   
  
Shocked at the intrusion of a naked woman diving across his desk and seizing something from his top desk drawer, Mr. Gilmore slammed the drawer shut, covered the mouthpiece to the phone, and stared at Anne with resentment and incredulity at her audacity. "Just a second." His voice was dismissive and angry.   
  
Thumping the maroon jump drive on top of Mr. Gilmore's grocery list, Anne blocked Mr. Gilmore from any further writing. "Is this it?"   
  
Reluctant and indignant of the intrusion, Mr. Gilmore gave Anne a cross look before finally examining the jump drive for a second. "Yes, that's it."   
  
Snatching up the jump drive, Anne bolted from the office on a full sprint as she locked the jump drive in the security pouch. Although people and a security guard milling about the body scanner, x-ray machine, and the security desk blocked the exit, there was no time for employing the usual etiquette involved to wade through a crowd.   
  
Using the guard's chair as a springboard, Anne leaped onto the guard's desk, soared over the x-ray machine, accidentally crash landed on a man waiting for his parcel to pass though security knocking him backward into a couple of other employees waiting to walk through the body scanner, rolled off the collision, and hit the exit door in full stride, brushing past a woman as she did so. Everyone stopped what they were doing and watched as the door automatically closed behind Anne with all that was left of her was the sound of bare feet sprinting across a tile floor and the word "Sorry" faintly discernable, coming from somewhere down the hallway.

With a frightened/determined look on her face, her arms pumping hard, and taking huge strides, Anne raced down the crowded hallways as fast as her legs could carry her. No longer attempting to nimbly maneuver through the crowd, Anne shot through the people like a missile, lightly bumping some while forcing others to hurry out of her path.   
  
As she looked down the hallway, Anne could see her path to the exit was roped off with yellow caution tape and the floor wet with soapy water as a janitor mopped that section of the floor. Too far from the next exit to even consider it as an option, Anne dove headfirst and belly-slid across the wet floor, past the astonished janitor, and popped up on the other side, resuming her sprint. Bursting through the exit door, Anne cut though the lawn, her toes digging in to the soft turf for traction as she pushed her body for every last once of energy it had. Moving way too fast to stop, Anne crashed into the steel front door of the Electrical Shop, bounced off of it and hurriedly pressed the intercom button. For a moment nothing happened, then BZZZZZZ, the door buzzed and the locked clicked; Anne rushed inside and checked her time.   
  
Mercifully, the face of Anne's pager was still green and read "00.03". Breathing heavily, Anne couldn't believe that she'd made it. As she heard the guards laughing at her, Anne glanced up. They seemed clearly amused. Suddenly realizing that she was violating the rule against eye contact, Anne looked down and hurried though the body scanner.   
  
Out of breath, feet muddy, still covered in soapy water from sliding across the floor, hair in disarray, naked, and looking completely frazzled, Anne stood before Ms. Visneski's desk, assumed the tatsu position, with her eyes fixated on the floor, before holding out the security pouch handcuffed to her arm. Remaining seated, Ms. Visneski grabbed Anne's arm, pulled it towards her, unlocked the pouch, put another jump drive in the pouch, before locking the small pouch, and releasing Anne's arm.   
  
"Take this to the Executive Suite," Ms. Visneski said in a curt voice. "Leave it with Mr. Dillard's secretary. You have nine minutes." As Ms. Visneski hit a few keys on her computer, Anne felt her mailgirl pager vibrate signaling her countdown had begun. By the time Ms. Visneski looked up from her computer, Anne's was already headed out the door. Noting Anne's ass was still white, Ms. Visneski scoffed. "We'll see how long it stays that way," she thought to herself." Given how hard the mailgirl was breathing, her disheveled appearance, and the fact that she made this delivery with only seconds to spare, not long, not long at all.

**THERE'S NO GOING BACK**   
  
With the Executive Suite on the 15th floor, a delivery to in necessarily requiring dashing up fifteen flights of stairs. Sweaty, covered in mud and soap from bodysurfing the floor, and with jungle hair, Anne stood before Mr. Dillard's secretary and awaited her next assignment but none was forthcoming.   
  
Noting her vulgar nudity and grimy physical appearance, the secretary looked at Anne in disgust. "You can leave now."   
  
Anne held out the security pouch handcuffed to Anne's wrist. "Can you unlock me? I need to take a shower."   
  
"I'd say you do." The secretary grumbled. Although reviled by the request, reluctantly, the secretary found the handcuff key, unlocked Anne, and put the security pouch in a credenza drawer with other security pouches.   
  
Wanting to be presentable for her date, Anne speed down to the mailgirl room to shower and freshen up. Looking at her pager, she only had twenty minutes. Just enough time to dash down to the Mailgirl Room, shower, do something with her hair and sprint back up in time for her date.   
  
After showering, running a comb through her hair, and dashing up to the 7th floor, Anne's pager vibrated and gave a beep. Anne looked down in time to see her delivery countdown stop and the pager screen flash "CANCELLED." She looked at the time, 3:57. Right on time. As Anne clocked out on break and headed for the south stairway she nearly ran into an astonished forty-something year old man.   
  
"Anne, Anne Bishop!" The man said.   
  
Gazing upon her high school math teacher, John Harvey, for the first time since she graduated, Anne stopped and quickly covered her body with her hands. Suddenly it was if she were a girl again, standing naked in the hallway of her high school with her teacher looking at her nudity. She could feel the heat from her face as she blushed in embarrassment."   
  
"Mr. Harvey," Anne's eyes bulging out of their sockets, "what, what are you doing here?" Anne stammered in a voice laced with shock and humiliation.   
  
Mr. Harvey's face couldn't have held a wider grin as he undertook a visual inventory of all that Anne had to offer. "I work here now." As he continued looking, Anne only clutched her anatomy tighter. "I heard you'd joined the mailgirl program and I was really hoping to run into you."   
  
Still stunned, Anne searched for the appropriate words to say when standing naked in front of her former high school teacher but nothing came to mind.   
  
Looking her up and down and still grinning as wide as his face would allow, Mr. Harvey stepped to the side to get a better view of Anne's ass. "Let me say I'm not disappointed, not at all. I always noticed you were quite the athlete when you were in my class but, I must say, you've grown up to have a really amazing body."   
  
Speechless at the awkwardness of the situation, Anne didn't know what to say.   
  
Mr. Harvey gestured towards her. "Do you mind showing me the rest of your body; I'd really like to see it."   
  
Mr. Harvey stepped all the way behind her to get a better view of Anne's behind. Still clutching her boobs and twat and still red faced in embarrassment, Anne looked for a way to extricate herself from the situation. She turned and faced him. "I'm sorry but I'm on a deadline and I've really got to go."   
  
"STOP!" Anne glanced up in time to see an irate Ms. Hayashi rapidly approaching.   
  
"What are you doing covering yourself?"   
  
Reluctantly, Anne uncovered and assumed the tatsu position (feet shoulder length apart, hands behind her back) only to be startled and flinch as Ms. Hayashi tapped her ridding crop, the Kyoushi, sharply on her twat.   
  
"This is you skinsuit Number 3; wear it with pride. If I ever catch you trying to cover yourself again, you will be punished."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
Amused, Mr. Harvey took out his cell phone and started taking photos.   
  
Ms. Hayashi paused for a moment to let the threat sink in.   
  
Still grinning, Mr. Harvey raised his cell phone and pointed at it. "I'm going to text these to some of your old teachers; they'll love it."   
  
As soon as Anne glanced at Mr. Harvey in horror, Ms. Hayashi gave her a quick slap to her leg with the riding crop. Mr. Harvey took another photo.   
  
"You may think of your nudity as a hardship now but, wait until winter, when everyone in the building, is wearing sweaters and coats and they laugh and giggle at you as you stand in front of them shivering nude, barefooted and completely exposed, then you'll really feel your nakedness and then you'll truly know the luxury of clothes," Ms. Hayashi said. "When winter comes you'll look forward to running up nine flights of stairs as it is the only way you'll be able to stay warm."   
  
Mr. Harvey began texting.   
  
Ms. Hayashi smiled and raised her ridding crop. "Well, that and your appointments with the Kyoushi, will keep your ass warm."   
  
More people stopped in the hallway to watch the spectacle.   
  
"Wait until you see your former friends and colleagues amuse themselves by watching your make a run to the Electrical Shop, barefooted, in eighteen inches of snow, and in a whipping wind. Wait until people you once thought of as friends deliberately send you out to make a delivery in a freezing rain just so they can laugh at the ice in your hair, your blue skin, and chattering teeth as you stand naked before them when you return. They'll point and laugh in front of you about how blue your twat looks."   
  
A couple of women giggled while they took Anne's photo as she was being harangued.   
  
"Then you'll understand that there's no going back; this is your life now Number 3 and you must embrace it. Naked, subservient and constantly on display is what you will be for the next two years. You've got to forget about your past, lose all shame, and completely commit yourself to being a mailgirl."   
  
Ms. Hayashi lightly ran her ridding crop down Anne's athletic buttocks.   
  
"We'll keep your body in better shape than you thought possible. You'll be the desire of every man and envy of every woman. You will learn resilience; you will learn self-reliance; you will forget about your modesty; you will learn to take pride in your body; you will learn to take pleasure from the jealous looks of women who gaze upon you as well as the taking pleasure in the leering of men who gaze upon you with desire."   
  
By now, everyone at TRG knew who Ms. Hayashi was and that she was in charge of mailgirl discipline and punishment, so, anxious to see if a whipping were to occur, a small crowd gathered to hear Ms. Hayashi give her lecture, cell phones at the ready to record any physical correction.   
  
"Most of all, you will learn that all of the mental and physical hardships that you will face, no clothes, no privacy, no compassion, and no warmth are just tests of your inner strength, something you must endure to make you stronger. You'll suffer in your first winter but you'll look forward to the second so that you can show off to all those that once laughed at you just how confident, and how strong you've become."   
  
Nervous, Anne bit her bottom lip. She was about to spend her break with Ms. Hayashi instead of Matt. Seeing the growing panic in Anne's eyes as she used up Anne's precious seconds in her speech, Ms. Hayashi smiled. Unaware of the romantic rendezvous, Ms. Hayashi interpreted Anne's anxiety to a pending delivery deadline.   
  
"The first winter people will look upon you as just their little naked slave and laugh at you as you tremble; but the second winter is when they'll find out just how tough a bitch you've become and admire you."   
  
Ms. Hayashi showed Anne her ridding crop and rubbed it across her breast. "You may fear the Kyoushi now, but by the end of your second winter, it'll have no effect on you. You will fear neither cold, pain, nor scorn and you'll be a better woman for it. You'll fear nothing and no one. By the end of your second winter, you'll be proud of your skinsuit and you won't even consider covering yourself."   
  
"Hai okā-san."   
  
"Where are you going?"   
  
"Hai okā-san, tenth floor."   
  
Ms. Hayashi paused for a moment to enjoy the fear in Anne's eyes as the seconds passed away. "Then you'd best hurry." 

**WHEN CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN**   
  
"Shit," Anne said out loud as she ran down the hall. She was going to be a minute or two late.   
  
Wasting no time, she dashed for the south stairway and flew down the stairs to the landing between the seventh and eighth floors. To her relief, Matt was still there and looked delighted to see her. Anne stopped running and walked up the rest of the stairs to catch her breath. As she did so, looking nervous and awkward, Matt looked Anne up and down and then, looking guilty, and tried to just concentrate on her face. Anne contemplated what to say. What does one say to the man of her dreams when she's naked in a stairway in a busy office building during workhours and only has fourteen minutes left to impress him. Matt began to speak.   
  
"I know this looks bad, that I waited until I saw you naked to ask you out. It makes it look like all I want from you is sex. But that's not true. You're a really nice girl and I've wanted to ask you out a few times but I just didn't seem like the timing was ever right. Either you were seeing someone or I was seeing someone and-"   
  
Having no idea what to say, Anne pinned Matt against the wall and kissed him with shameless passion. It was the type of smoldering wet kiss reserved only for young lovers, a long, hard, and lusty kiss that was a lot more foreplay than a greeting. Too shocked to put up any resistance, when it was over, Matt had to pause to catch his breath. Looking at each other for a moment, Matt suddenly embraced Anne, all but sweeping her off her feet. Grabbing his ass with one hand and his hair with another, Anne pushed Matt's face into hers and kissed him again, this time with even greater desire than before, moaning softly in ecstasy as she did so, and digging into his ass with her fingers.   
  
Lifting Anne, Matt turned, pushed her against the wall, reached down and grabbed Anne's buttocks, as she wrapped her legs around him and began undulating slightly. Anne moaned in pleasure as Matt took pleasure in the opportunity to fondle Anne's athletic buttocks. With his left hand still employed gently massaging Anne's derrière, Matt slid his right hand up and began cupping the bottom of Anne's breasts before she moved his hand up far enough that he could play with her nipple.   
  
Spasms of sexual pleasure shot down Anne's body as she could feel his hard-on against her cunt. Digging her feet into Matt's legs and grabbing his ass with both hands, Anne pressed her twat against Matt's pelvis snugly as she began crunch her abs and using her entire body to gyrate ever more rapidly across Matt's erection. With Anne almost in a frenzy as she stroked his manhood with her twat, Matt became flush and his face contorted as his breathing accelerated to rapid and shallow punctuated by grunts, muscle spasms, and the gnashing of teeth. Anne's moans became louder and more frequent as her vagina and pelvic region rubbed across Matt's cock even faster.   
  
Pulling Matt's face to Anne's, they kissed again but as Matt began to nibble on Anne's neck she looked up and froze in wide eyed shock. Peaking around the stairway looking at them with a huge grin on her face was Gina. Not will in to take a break in the action, Anne acted like she was just readjusting her grip and quickly resumed her torrid lap dance on Matt's boner, before giving Gina a dirty look, and motioning frantically with her hand for Gina to go away. Instead, a delighted Gina improved her view and put her index finger over her lips motioning for Anne to be silent.   
  
Fully engulfed in the passion of the moment and with the far away stare of a man virtually in the state of orgasm, Matt grabbed Anne and kissed her, his lips pulsating as they locked. Pulling her body to him and squeezing it against him firmly, Matt's heart was beating in his chest so hard that Anne could feel it pounding. Anne to gritted her teeth and rub Matt's cock with her pussy even harder.   
  
As Anne looked up again, Gina was still watching from around the stairs but now she looked like she'd started pleasuring herself as well. Anne tried to shoo Gina off again but to no avail. Gina just shook her head no and kept watching. Anne mouthed the words silently "go away," and gave an evil stare but Gina silently mouthed the word back "No," and kept watching.   
  
After several more minutes of delirium, with sweat rolling off her body and with Matt back to gently caressing Anne's nipples, her pager vibrated indicating that her break was over and that she had a call. With his hair asunder, his face flush, his clothes, disheveled, and breathing rapidly, Matt reluctantly let the naked mailgirl down and slip from his grasp. When Anne looked for Gina, she was nowhere to be seen.   
  
"I guess you've got to go," Matt said.   
  
"I'm sorry."   
  
Matt kissed her again but, although it was passionate, this time, the kiss was short. "Don't be sorry. I'm not. You were fantastic. When can I see you again?"   
  
"Tomorrow maybe. I've got to talk to Gina."   
  
"Tomorrow." Matt looked hopeful and kissed Anne again.   
  
Anne looked at her timer. Gina had paged her and Anne had just three minutes to get there. 

**YOU NEED ME**   
  
Furious, Anne looked around to make sure no one was looking before storming up to Gina's cubicle. "What the hell were you doing?" More of an accusation than a question, Although Anne kept her voice only barely louder than a whisper, it was nonetheless filled with indignation.   
  
Gina looked amused at the question and laughed. "What do you mean what was I doing? What did it look like I was doing?"   
  
"It looked like you were spying on us."   
  
"And that's what I was doing."   
  
Anne looked shocked. "How dare you?"   
  
"Hey, don't get all pissed on me, I warned you. I told you that they'd be a price; that they'd be something I want from you in return and that's what I want. I want to watch. I want to watch you and Matt each and every time."   
  
Feel the heat of anger and embarrassment, Anne struggled to control her voice so as not to make a scene. "How could you? How could you do this to me?"   
  
"Sweetie, it's not you I'd like to do it to; it's Matt. If I could get the job done without you, I wouldn't need you skinny ass but I can't."   
  
Stunned, Anne just stared at Gina in astonishment.   
  
"Matt's some smoking hot man-flesh that yours truly here would love to get naked and get her hands on and I've tried. God knows I've tried. I've tried to get in that boy's shorts every way I know how." Gina sighed. "But it's not working, so I'm going to need your body to pull this off. If I can't bump fuzzies with him, I'm at least going to get watch you do it."   
  
"But what Matt and I are doing is private. It's not any of god dammed your business."   
  
"Don't talk to me about private when here you are running around your sexy little self, naked as the day you were born and getting my man all hot and bothered. I was next to him when he first saw you and I could see that boner all the way through his pants. You need me if you want jump on that boner just like I need you if I want to watch. It's pay for play girl. I'll give you something, if you give me something."   
  
"What do you mean I need you?"   
  
"You can't even get into the legal department, you can't get Matt notes, you can't call him, you can't text him, you can't email him, and you can't arrange to have yourself summonsed to the Accounting Department just at the right time but I can do all of that. I can make sure that you get the hottest man in this building at least 15 minutes every day like clockwork for the next two years. Or, you can take that sexy ass of yours downstairs to your mailgirl room and see if you can find one of the other girls down there that want's rub her lipstick all over your kitty every night while you trade places licking each other's clits and, in the meantime, I'll find me some other hard-bodied mailgirl that's frisky enough to know a smoldering hot deal when she sees one to take your place."   
  
"I won't do it."   
  
Gina smiled. "I think you will. In fact, I know you will. Remember, I saw you with Matt. I saw the way you looked at him, the way you had your hands all over him, the way you kissed him and rubbed your twat all up and down on his cock." Gina looked down at Anne's hooch and giggled." You know, it's still a little red."   
  
Looking down at her vagina, Anne was horrified to discover that Gina was right, Anne's twat and lower abdomen and upper thighs still showed the effects of ridding Matt's loins in the stairway.   
  
Gina laughed at Anne. "Girl, you're just a hot mess. Your face is still red, you're covered in sweat, and your hair looks like you tried to blow dry it with a leaf blower."   
  
Suddenly, Anne felt lewdly exposed and wondered how many other people had noticed her condition.   
  
"I heard you moaning as he fondled your ass and I saw you get so wet that it was dripping down your leg. So don't tell me you don't want it or that you won't do it."   
  
Anne started tell Gina to go to hell, but couldn't. The words wouldn't form in her mouth.

"And another thing, tomorrow, you're gonna get Matt naked and I mean pants around the ankles, shirt on the floor, bare ass naked. I want the full Monty, everything he's got, I want to see it."   
  
"WHAT!" Forgetting for a moment the delicate nature of the conversation, as well as the urgent need for discretion and the incriminating visual condition of her body, Anne's voice carried throughout the entire department. Both of the women looked around for a moment to see if Anne's screech had attracted any attention. Luckily, although a few people were staring at them, it seemed that their interest was more in the nature of voyeurism than eavesdropping. Exasperated, Anne turned back to Gina. "I'm even not sure I can. It's in the middle of an office building for Christ sake."   
  
Gina laughed. "Girl, he was all over you today; I think he creamed his drawers. You could have asked him for a kidney today and he'd of given it to you. Don't tell me you can't get him to give you his shirt and his cock. Don't even ask him; just do it yourself. Tomorrow I want to see you strip Matt naked right there in the stairway."   
  
Anne looked at Gina in disbelief. "I can't believe this."   
  
"And tomorrow, I want you to fuck him."   
  
Anne was astounded. "You must be joking. You don't seriously expect me to-"   
  
Gina interrupted, "don't worry, I'll take care of the rubber, I'll slip it in his left coat pocket, you just take care of Matt's hard-on."   
  
"You can't be serious. You want me to make love to him right there on the stairs."   
  
"No. I don't want you just to make love to him, I want you to fuck him, and I mean really, really fuck him and fuck him hard. I want you to fuck him like I'd fuck him if I had the chance. You've got the body for it so I want to see some quality action from you; I want to see you really work him. I want you to wear that poor boy out. And I want it to be loud. I'm not saying it would be a good idea to scream but I want to hear you both of you grunting and moaning. I expect to see one helluva show. By the time it's all over, if both of you aren't completely exhausted, naked, covered in sweat, out of breath, and if I haven't seen both of you orgasm, the deals off."   
  
"This is humiliating." Anne fumed.   
  
"But it's soooo sexy. Don't even try to lie and tell me you didn't get a thrill out of me being there too. That's why you became a mailgirl wasn't it? Because you like people to watch you. You like an audience. So don't give me this shy bullshit." Gina gave Anne head to toe inspection. "Hell girl, you've got the body for it so I want to see you go out there and be a tiger out there tomorrow."   
  
Anne didn't know what to say. Gina was directing Anne's sex live, telling her what to do and how to do it and Anne was powerless to stop her. Always being passive, gentle, and reserved in her intimacy with men, the idea of being so sexually aggressive was frightening. Yet, at the same time, the more Anne thought about it, despite her resentment, despite Gina's audacity, and despite the potential scandal of having naked sex in the middle of the workday with a man in a stairway, Gina was right, stripping Matt out of his clothes and fucking the hell out of him in the middle of the stairway would make for some marvelously hot sex. After all, only a few minutes before, Anne had let herself completely lose control with Matt in a way she'd never come close to doing with any other man.   
  
"You'll know it's time when I summons you to accounting but then cancel the call just as you get her and I'll guarantee you fifteen minutes. Just, don't be late again. I want my full fifteen minutes this time."   
  
Anne just licked her lips. She could still taste Matt. As much as she wanted to tell Gina get go fuck herself, Anne still hadn't recovered from her first rendezvous with Matt and couldn't wait for the next one.   
  
"If you want to have Matt's body, you've got to let me use yours. Since I can't fuck Matt, I'm going to use your body to fuck him just the way I'd like to see it done and I'm going to watch every minute of it. Without warning, Gina slapped her hand on Anne's ass and squeezed it hard. "Your ass is mine. You work for me now and you'll do whatever I say and I'm going to tell you just how I want you to see you use it on Matt. From now on, you get to fuck him but I call all of the shots."   
  
Smug, Gina rummaged around in her desk until she found a security pouch and placed an encrypted jump drive in it. Opening the handcuff, Gina forcefully took Anne's arm, held it up and stopped just short of handcuffing it to Anne's wrist and smiled.   
  
"Don't disappoint me tomorrow or I promise that you will regret it, really regret it.   
  
Gina took pleasure in locking the handcuff on Anne's wrist as if she were symbolically locking Anne into slavery.   
  
"What do you mean I'll regret it? Is that a threat?"   
  
"I'll explain later. Now, take this to R and D on the 9th floor."   
  
"What do you mean?" Anne insisted.   
  
Releasing Anne's wrist, Gina hit a button on her computer and Anne's pager vibrated. "You have two minutes."

**Chapter 8 -- We Need Some Kick-Ass Women**  
  
**WHAT'S A TOWNER**  
  
"Come in," the Director of the TRG Mailgirl Program, Dakota Collins said. Anne entered and assumed the tatsu position (hands behind the back with feet shoulder length apart). Dakota smiled. "Number 3, I'm assigning you as our primary towner."  
  
"What's a towner?" Anne asked.  
  
"A towner is a mailgirl who makes pickups and deliveries for TRG in town, outside the TRG complex, as necessary. Your duties as a towner will be in addition to your job as a security courier."  
  
"You want me to run all over town nude?"  
  
"Of course, you're a mailgirl. You'll be wearing your skinsuit." Dakota looked at a large map of the City divided into green and red zones hanging on the wall behind her desk. "The green areas are zoned business. The green zone is the area you may travel in provided we have obtained a film permit from the City in advance. The red areas are residential, schools, playgrounds and churches. We cannot obtain a permit for the red areas and you may not go into these areas at any time."  
  
"But the green zones are the busiest part of the city."  
  
"Yes, we want you to be seen. As a towner, you'll be our most visible mailgirl." Pointing to route number 2, Dakota traced the line with her finger all the way from the TRG office building to Main Street to the law firm and then thumped her index finger on the offices of Smith, Garrison, & Reynolds. "This will be the route you take today, route number 2. Don't vary from it as it is the route that we identified in our film permit and if you take another route that could be a problem.  
  
Anne instantly noticed that the route took her down Main Street into the center of the business district.  
  
"It goes all the way downtown." Anne looked panicked. "Ma'am, I can't run downtown like this, I'm completely naked."  
  
Dakota gave Anne a quick glance. "Yeah, I noticed." Dakota reached in a desk drawer and pulled out a pair of running shoes. "Don't worry, you won't be completely naked." Dakota handed Anne the shoes. "I believe these are your shoes; I got them from your property bag."  
  
Her fears far from being assuaged, Anne looked at her shoes with incredulity.  
  
"You can wear shoes when you're making a delivery outside the TRG campus but if we use you on the grounds, you'll need to be barefoot. Deliver this to our attorney, Mr. Reynolds." Dakota rolled some documents into a 1 ½ inch diameter x 14 inches in length plastic tube with TRG Mailgirl Program stenciled on it and screwed the lid on tight. "This is a mailgirl tube. Don't worry if it rains, everything will be fine. The tube is completely waterproof."  
  
Anne just stared at Dakota. If it rained, it wasn't the tube getting soaked that Anne was worried about. Consisting of just a plastic tube with a screw on cap on one end and a carabiner clip attached the other, Dakota took Anne's hand and clipped the mailgirl tube to a D-ring on Anne"s mailgirl pager strap. The tube merely dangled from Anne's wrist as she made no attempt to grasp it.  
  
"Make sure to give these documents directly to Jackson Reynolds. This is urgent. I don't want you to just leave it at the front desk. Put them in Mr. Reynolds hands yourself."  
  
Anne still looked overwhelmed. "You really want me to run all the way downtown and back wearing only my shoes? "It's nearly five o'clock; they'll be people everywhere. I can't do this. They'll be a 1000 people that'll see me."  
  
"I hope so. Number 3, you're in amazing shape. You've got a very athletic body and we want to show you off. You're the pride of the program. You have nothing to be ashamed of; you're a mailgirl, this is your job. Your skinsuit is all the uniform that you'll need; wear it with pride. If anyone requests your credentials, just show them your TRG mailgirl badge tattooed on your back."  
  
"But,"  
  
"You have 50 minutes from now to get there and back." Dakota pecked at some of her computer keys and Anne's pager vibrated signaling the beginning of the run and the starting of her run deadline countdown.  
  
"But, but it's got to be two miles through the busiest part of town."  
  
"It's 2.1 miles to be exact, 4.2 miles round trip, and you now have 49 minutes and 51 seconds to get there and back. That's easily enough time for someone as well conditioned as you are to complete the run even with a short wait at the lawyer's office."  
  
Still looking panicked, Anne didn't budge.  
  
"You know, if you're late, it could cost you strokes."  
  
"Everyone will see me."  
  
"And they're going to see you with a really red behind if you don't hurry." Dakota took Anne by the shoulders and gently pushed her toward the door. "Smile a lot. I want you to look confident."  
  
Still embarrassed and reluctant about her mission, Anne hesitated but, with Dakota's insistence, left the Mailgirl Office. At first, Anne just stood outside the office door and looked at her shoes. After a moment's contemplation, Anne saw no other alternative and began jogging down the hall carrying the mailgirl tube in her left hand and her shoes in her right.

**CITIUS, ALTIUS, FORTIUS**  
  
Although stark-naked, if Tanika was anxious when she and Jamie entered CEO Jim Dillard's office for her interview with the Mailgirl Committee, it didn't show. At 24 years of age, tall, rippling abs, muscular legs, with exceptionally well defined torso, biceps, shoulders, and buttocks, the African American athlete was easily the most physically gifted woman at TRG. The Latin words "Citius, Altius, Fortius" were tattooed one atop the other in one-inch tall bold gothic lettering across Tanika's right rib cage.  
  
Although Tanika's powerful nude physique, determined eyes, and casual air of confidence were undeniably striking, only Jim Dillard and Jamie looked impressed. Mr. Fuentes, the director of TRG's Mailgirl Reality Show seemed concerned with Tanika's appearance, while Ms. Hayashi, TRG's mailgirl training and discipline consultant, frowned and appeared highly critical of Tanika's form. After an exchange of handshakes and introductions, Dillard pointed to the yoga mat on the floor.  
  
"Please kneel," Dillard said.  
  
Tanika examined the mat and knelt.  
  
"Hands on your legs and knees shoulder length apart please."  
  
Tanika put her hands on her thighs but didn't part her legs.  
  
Ms. Hayashi began the questioning, "your tattoo, what does it mean?"  
  
"It says Citius, Altius, Fortius. It's Latin for faster, higher, stronger. It's the Olympic motto and it's my motto."  
  
"Why did you feel the need to write the motto on your body? Couldn't you just remember it?" Ms. Hayashi asked.  
  
"In life, just remembering isn't enough, it's what you do that counts. I wanted to remind myself every day to live my life as a mission to succeed in everything I do and to do it better than the day before. Since you only live once, you might as well strive for nothing but the best. If you decide to settle for second rate in life, then second rate is all you'll ever be."  
  
Dillard nodded his head in approval.  
  
"Are you currently in a romantic relationship?"  
  
"I'm seeing a few guys right now. Nothing serious, just test driving."  
  
"When was your last romantic relationship?"  
  
"I'm not sure. Most of my relationships have been sexual but not what I would call romantic."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I wish I knew. I've never really emotionally bonded with a man. The relationships rarely get beyond the sex."  
  
"Do you want a serious relationship or do you want your freedom?"  
  
"I'd like a soulmate but it's got to be with the right guy."  
  
"What would make the guy right for you?"  
  
"I'm not sure."  
  
"Are you heterosexual, homosexual, or bi?  
  
"I like men."  
  
"Have you ever been romantically involved with a woman?"  
  
"No."  
  
"In your sexual encounters, did you initiate or respond?"  
  
"When I want a man, I make the first move."  
  
"Would you describe your role in sexual encounters as dominate, submissive, or equal?"  
  
"I'm not shy, not in life or in love."  
  
"Have you ever been nude in public before?"  
  
"Occasionally I've gone skinny-dipping in the apartment pool after midnight with some friends, mostly guys."  
  
"Anything else?"  
  
"I streaked once. I ran all the way around the athletic dorm naked on a dare?"  
  
"Sorority initiation?"  
  
"No. Just tequila."

**UGHHH!**  
  
Anne paused in the lobby of TRG and, with great trepidation, gazed out the lobby windows; people were everywhere. Viewing at her reflection in the windowpane, Anne could see the insecurity on her face to match the anxiety in her stomach. In just a few minutes, she would be streaking downtown at rush hour. Although Anne never considered herself as particularly attractive, it was not that she was ashamed of her body. Years of grueling triathlon training and weight lifting had transformed Anne's body into top physical condition.  
  
Nevertheless, Anne regarded her looks as, at best, plain. While the reflection in the glass showed a slender, very athletic young woman with a muscular abdomen and an exceptionally toned physique, her face was nothing special and her body lacked the curvaceous feminine form. Despite her athleticism, Anne never seemed to be able to attract the men she wanted. Anne really wanted to be beautiful; she wanted to be noticed, but, like most everything else in her life, no matter how hard she tried, beauty seemed out of reach. Now, as she stared at her naked body in the window, she just felt indecent.  
  
Security guards and everyone in the lobby were staring at her; the onlookers appeared to be watching to see if Anne had the nerve to walk outside. Anne looked at the ceiling, three black camera domes were spread across the lobby. Clearly this scene was going to make the cut on the TV show; she had to be brave.  
  
Anne squatted down and put on her shoes. Although she still wasn't entirely comfortable being naked within TRG, at least it was safe. As corporate management had approved the program, even if employees disapproved of the idea of a naked female courier, they were reticent to be overtly rude. However, in town, Anne had no protection and people were free to denigrate and castigate Anne as they pleased. Anne feared the worst. She wanted to be confident that people would find her attractive but felt it was far more probable that she'd just be considered vulgar.  
  
Bitter and emotional, Anne wanted an escape when she joined the Mailgirl Program. She wanted a new life, something wild, something exciting, and something which would get her noticed. Her little cubical had been confining and her job dead-end and boring. She wanted a job with action, and athleticism.  
  
Now that she was nude and tasked with a 4.2 mile bare-assed run down Main Street and back in broad daylight, Anne wondered what she had gotten herself into; joining the Mailgirl Program seemed like a monumental mistake and Anne began to long for her cubical. At least in her cubical Anne was invisible; now Anne was almost certain that she would completely humiliate herself in front of the entire town and a world-wide cable audience.  
  
There was no way around it. The Law firm of Smith, Garrison & Reynolds was in the middle of the business district on Main Street. It would be impossible to get there without being seen by at least 300 people, probably more, a lot more, and Anne knew she was already running behind schedule. If she didn't hurry, she'd be coming back after five o'clock and the streets would be jammed with people. The terrified mailgirl looked at her pager, only 46:16 remained on her run and she hadn't even left the TRG grounds. Going back was not an option, Anne knew that if she did that, she would be considered a failure and would be punished or fired.  
  
Anne looked back down at her body. Nothing had changed; she was still nude and she was still indecent. Anne could barely handle being naked in the building and running around the town completely exposed was overwhelming. Fidgeting nervously in her embarrassment, the triathlete started forward only to see was a group of seven or eight young men just down the street walking towards her. Anne let out a squeal of terror ducked back behind a bush. The onlookers inside the building laughed.  
  
Unfortunately, the plant offered cover from only one direction and a dozen people behind her were looking at Anne's bare backside in great amusement, eagerly waiting to see what this naked young woman would do next. Anne's situation was not improving. Her pager stated 44:57 and even more pedestrians were walking within eyesight on the street. By now, at least twenty people had stopped what they were doing and were entertaining themselves by themselves by witnessing Anne's plight.  
  
Hearing a strange buzzing from above, Anne looked up. To her amazement, a camera drone hovered twenty feet above her, her nude body was being filmed to be seen by the entire world on television. For the first time since becoming a mailgirl, Anne felt that everyone, the whole world, was staring at her.  
  
Anne was suddenly reminded of her favorite sexual fantasy, running a triathlon in the nude. She had never even given the slightest thought to actually trying to run a race nude and always considered the fantasy as nothing more than a silly, but stimulating, day-dream. Now, running nude in public didn't seem like fantasy or a dream but somewhere between a reality and a nightmare. As Anne was stark-naked and about to go for a run in public, she decided to focus on her fantasy as inspiration in an attempt to merge it into her current reality.  
  
As she concentrated on her fantasy of running a triathlon nude, although still frightened, Anne felt strangely energized. The more Anne thought about her fantasy of running a triathlon nude, the more her fear was offset with the erotic excitement of the event. As vitality emanated from her groin and radiated throughout hear entire body, Anne shivered when a surge of sexual exhilaration overcame her.  
  
Taking a deep breath, biting her lower lip, and adjusting her grip on the mailgirl tube, Anne decided to just go for it. Stepping from behind the bush, Anne began racing down the boulevard in full view of everyone. Anne streaked through the middle of the group of astonished but very appreciative and cheering twenty-something year-old men and right past some less appreciative women.  
  
"You go girl!" One of the young men said.  
  
"Marry me," Another man jokingly proposed as he knelt on one knee.  
  
Anne blew through the park and dashed right through the middle of the outfield in a softball game. Although the bat cracked and the ball sailed into middle field, mesmerized by the athletic, naked, young woman dashing past him, the college-aged mid-fielder paid no attention. Anne smiled as the ball rolled past the player and the mid-fielder grinned and waived.  
  
Not even the batter was moving. He dropped the bat and watch Anne in amazement as she ran though the playing field. The mailgirl became aware that everyone was looking at her, the softball players, the audience, the umpire, the couple walking their dog, all the people driving their cars, the joggers, the cop writing a ticket, and the woman getting the ticket. Everybody was staring right at her. By the time she passed by third base, the third basemen was grinning from ear to ear, unable to take his eyes off the streaking triathlete as she passed.  
  
As the audience began clapping, cheering, and filming, Anne noticed that she was smiling too. Not just a little smirk but a big, show all the teeth in your mouth grin; a smile she couldn't have wiped off her face if she wanted to. Her arteries filled with hormones and adrenaline, Anne's energy level rocketed off the scale.  
  
The whole town froze to see Anne's nudity, her boobs, her butt, and her twat. It was all there to see and everyone seemed eager to see it. People were taking pictures and honking their horns. They were waving, cheering, and mostly just staring at her. Surprisingly almost everyone she was passing was smiling at her and many were taking photos of her with their cell phone. People were noticing her, they were looking at Anne as if she was beautiful. A second wave of sexual energy sent the Mailgirl into overdrive and Anne broke into a full sprint and turning onto Main Street with a spring in her step that she had never noticed before.  
  
Accidentally colliding with a middle aged businessman, Anne asked if the sharply dressed man was alright. Too shocked to speak, the man just looked Anne over from head to toe without saying a word. The collision caused Anne to miss the light and she was forced to wait for a couple of minutes with a group of fellow pedestrians for a walk symbol to flash. As their excited eyes examined every inch of Anne, the mailgirl noticed that one astounded woman seemed memorized watching the sweat roll off Anne's buttocks and drip onto the ground. Fascinated by Anne's pert nipples, a man could take his eyes off them while the rest of the crowd eyed Anne up and down.  
  
"Honey, you'll want to see this." A young woman said to her boyfriend who hadn't noticed Anne yet. When he looked, his eyes flew wide open and the guy visibly reacted in glee.  
  
WHAP. The young woman hit her boyfriend upside the head. "I said you could look, not gawk."  
  
"Is that a mailgirl?" another woman whispered to her friend. "I read about it in the paper."  
  
"What else could it be?" her friend responded.  
  
Two young men just couldn't take their eyes off her. "Holly shit!" One of the young men exclaimed, "She's gorgeous."  
  
Standing naked in a group of fully-dressed people, in business attire, brought caused Anne's face to flush red with embarrassment but most of the people, especially the younger men, really seemed to enjoy it. The notice that Anne had always craved was suddenly being heaped upon her in inconceivable abundance.

"Pardon me ma'am, are you a mailgirl?" a woman asked.  
  
"Yes ma'am." Anne turned around to display her mailgirl badge tattooed just above the crack of her buttocks and everyone in the small group inspected it carefully.  
  
A few cars began honking their horns and Anne noticed that the traffic wasn't moving. Cars were stopped in traffic just to look at her. The "WALK" light came on and Anne shot out of the crowd of pedestrians, across the street, and down the sidewalk. As the camera drone hovered above, everyone on both sides of the streets began observing, pointing and filming as the stark-naked girl ran by them. Pedestrians quickly stepped to the side to let her pass. As Anne glanced back, she could see every eye still upon her staring at her bare buttocks and most of their mouths ajar. It was not as if some people were looking at her, everyone was watching her. For the first time in her life, Anne was a celebrity.  
  
The attention caused another rush of sexual excitement that triggered her to move at a faster than Anne had ever run before. With long strides and a new found self-assurance, Anne covered the remaining half-mile like a sprinter racing for the finish line weaving around the other pedestrians and onlookers. As she passed an elderly lady, the woman had a WTF expression on her face.  
  
As the nude triathlete burst into the lobby of the law firm, the firm's middle age receptionist's jaw dropped open in shock. "Oh my God. Stop! Stop! Stop!" The receptionist frantically waived her hands in front of her. "Young lady, you can't come in here dressed like that."  
  
Assuming the tatsu position of a mailgirl in front of the receptionist's desk, Anne held her hands and the Mailgirl tube behind her back with her legs shoulder length apart, and her shaved genitals completely exposed at just a little below the eye level of the seated and astonished receptionist. "Delivery for Mr. Reynolds ma'am. It's urgent."  
  
With her mouth still hanging open, the receptionist just ogled at Anne's twat.  
  
"Ma'am, I'm a Mailgirl from TRG." Anne said. "I have an urgent delivery for Mr. Reynolds."  
  
The receptionist stood and pointed toward the door. "This is a respectable business. You can't come in here without any clothes on. It's indecent. You need to leave and you need to leave now."  
  
Anne looked around the lobby, three other men and three women, all sharply dressed, and all staring at Anne incredulously. To Anne's surprise, the ceiling had a couple of black camera domes just like at TRG. The dome located just behind the receptionist's desk had the best view.  
  
"Yes ma'am. I understand that I'm naked. This is my skinsuit; it's my TRG mailgirl uniform."  
  
As the receptionist seemed wholly unmoved by Anne's attempt to redefine her nudity as a uniform, the mailgirl turned around and bent over a little so that the receptionist could get a good view of her TRG Mailgirl badge tattoo. "This is my mailgirl badge ma'am. It's my identification."  
  
Failing to observe the mailgirl's TRG tattoo, what the receptionist actually beheld was way too close of a view of Anne's bare ass.  
  
"Ughhh!"  
  
Embarrassed by the response, Anne snapped back around. "I'm sorry but I really need to see Mr. Reynolds, I have an urgent delivery for him from TRG."  
  
"Just leave the package and go." The receptionist gestured with her hand for Anne to leave. "I will see that Mr. Reynolds gets your delivery. Now please, go!"  
  
"I'm sorry ma'am. My instructions are to give this only to Mr. Reynolds."  
  
By now there was quite a stir in the law firm and people were beginning to trickle in the lobby from the back to get a good look at Anne for themselves. A small crowd of people from the street were starring through the glass doors into the lobby. The camera drone peaked through the glass just over their shoulders.  
  
Twenty seconds passed in silence as Anne stared at the receptionist and the receptionist stared at Anne. Exasperated, the receptionist didn't know what to do. She didn't want to call the police or throw the nudist out of the building as TRG was the firm's best client. Further, the receptionist had heard of TRG's Mailgirl program and had no doubt that the stark-naked young woman standing in front of her was a TRG mailgirl; after all, who else would deliver packages in the nude? Nevertheless, the receptionist never dreamed that TRG would send one of these floozies to Smith, Garrison & Reynolds; showing up nude to a law office was just so uncivilized.  
  
Finally, unable to stand the sight of Anne's rude anatomy any longer, the receptionist picked up the phone and hit the intercom for Mr. Reynolds office: "Sir, there is a young woman from TRG here in the lobby with a package for you. She says it is urgent."  
  
"I'm sorry but I'm in conference right now, she'll have to wait," Mr. Reynolds said.  
  
"She's completely naked."  
  
The phone went silent for a few seconds.  
  
"I'll be right out."

**YOU CAN HAVE YOUR AMAZON**  
  
"One more question," Ms. Hayashi asked. A woman's place is?"  
  
"On top," Tanika answered.  
  
"There's one final task we want you to complete before we consider your application," Dillard said.  
  
"OK."  
  
"We'd like for you to deliver a piece of mail. There is a memorandum and an acknowledgement in this envelope. Deliver the memorandum and bring me back the acknowledgement. You'll have just 10 minutes to deliver the mail and bring back the signed copy." Mr. Dillard handed Tanika the envelope and looked down at his watch. "Your time begins now."  
  
Tanika glanced at the address of the envelope:

Kevin Singleton, Director  
  
TRG Marketing Department  
  
12th Floor, Room 1215  
  
  
Although the address came as no surprise, for the first time, Tanika showed a twinge of emotion as she read the address. As the first mailgirl, Anne Bishop, was forced to make her first delivery to her supervisor, Tanika knew that her first delivery would be to the 12th floor but hadn't anticipated being so anxious about going back to the Marketing Department completely undressed. A wave of dread overtook her.  
  
"Are you sure you want to do this?" Dillard asked."  
  
Regaining her composure, Tanika smiled. "No problem."  
  
Within a few seconds all that remained of Tanika in the Executive Board Room was the sound of her bare feet sprinting down the hall.  
  
Dillard looked concerned. "She's got an amazing physique and she's certainly a very interesting girl but are you sure Tanika is what we're looking for? She's not exactly what I would call repressed and she sure isn't submissive."  
  
"She's a little too muscular for most men's tastes," Fuentes added. "She's hardly what I would consider a traditional beauty."  
  
"Not only is she so manly in her appearance that she's repulsive," Ms. Hayashi said, "she's insubordinate and I don't like that tattoo. A woman shouldn't treat her body as a billboard. We shouldn't even consider her application."  
  
"We need some kick-ass women in this program," Jamie said. "You know I like a submissive as much as you do but if we don't have some confident chicks downstairs to be leaders, then the Mailgirl Room's gonna be the most neurotic place on the planet."  
  
"I had planned on you being the dominate one," Dillard said to Jamie.  
  
Jamie smiled. "I like the thought but it'll never work. I'm not a mailgirl; I don't live in the Mailgirl Room. We need a few confident, assertive chicks in that room or we'll have a complete meltdown in days. An accomplished athlete like Tanika could serve as an inspiration to the rest of the girls. She's exactly what we need."  
  
"Number 3's anxiety and self-doubts have made for some great footage," Fuentes countered.  
  
"I'm not worried about a little anxiety," Dillard said. "It'll make for good drama."  
  
"And it'll make for an empty Mailgirl Room," Jamie said. "Don't worry about drama. 20 naked chicks crammed in one room for 24 months, we'll have drama; we'll have lots and lots of drama. We'll have so much drama everyone will walk out. Trust me, it'll be a buffalo stampede for the door in less than a week if we don't get some leadership and a positive attitude in that room."  
  
"A mailgirl should reflect the ultimate refinement of femininity, the ideal female both in body and in spirit," Ms. Hayashi said. "Ms. Johnson has neither refinement nor femininity. She looks like a lumberjack and acts like one as well. She would be an embarrassment to the Program."  
  
Dillard considered what was said for a few seconds and then looked at Jamie. "Alight, I'll let this play out. If Tanika can successfully make this delivery, you can have your Amazon as a mailgirl, at least for now."

**OUTRAGEOUS**  
  
Opening the stairwell door to the 12th floor elevator lobby, Tanika stepped out into the lobby and hesitated for a moment to collect herself. A dozen people in the lobby starred at her in amazement. Although everyone in the building was aware that there was at least one mailgirl running about the building, many had yet to lay eyes on her and most had experienced no more than a fleeting glance. More importantly, as the tall black athlete standing naked in front of them clearly didn't fit the current mailgirl's description, she must be the first sighting of TRG's second mailgirl.  
  
"Oh my God it's another one; it's another mailgirl," a female voice in the lobby said.  
  
A man took out his cell phone and started videoing. "Hey gorgeous, look this way."  
  
Another man examined Tanika's naked body from head to toe in amazement. "Oh wow."  
  
"Holly shit, it's Tanika," a male voice said.  
  
While Tanika knew that there would be disparaged by many at TRG, especially many of the women, she mostly didn't care. Even the fact that she was standing naked in the 12th floor elevator lobby as people gawked and photographed her meant nothing to her. The only place in the building which mattered to Tanika at all was the Marketing Department, but it mattered to Tanika a lot.  
  
Known all over the building as party central, for good reason, the Marketing Department was filled with outgoing, assertive, and often crazy-wild people. A gregarious, tightknit group, the Marketing Department covered for each other at work, exchanged favors, flirted, gossiped liberally, confided with one another, partied together, drank together, cried together, and often sang together. Extremely popular on the floor with both the women and the men, Tanika regarded most in Marketing as a close personal friends.  
  
Nevertheless, she was overcome with self-doubt as Tanika considered how she might be received by her co-workers. Painfully aware that the first TRG mailgirl, Anne Bishop, was brutally scorned and ridiculed when she returned to her old department, Tanika contemplated how she may be received by her co-workers at Marketing when she walked into the Department completely nude. Tanika greatly valued her friendships with her co-workers at the Marketing Department and any contempt or derision in her reception would be more than Tanika could emotionally withstand; it would be devastating.  
  
Proud of her body, Tanika had never been squeamish about nudity; her physique was the subject of great admiration from both women and men alike and she had become accustomed to turning a lot of heads when she worked out in just her sports bra or when she wore her swimsuit to the apartment pool. Usually, the less Tanika wore, the more she was revered.  
  
But standing in front of the door to the Marketing Department with not so much as the benefit of a pair of panties to cover her hooch or a brazier to clothe her boobs, Tanika felt nervous, exposed, dishonored, and even ashamed at her nakedness. Having greatly underestimated the emotional impact that displaying herself undressed in front of her friends would have, Tanika's courage quickly began to erode into dread and self-doubts as she wondered if she would be viewed as being lewd or of low moral character by her colleagues.  
  
Clearly, it was too late to go back. Well known in the building, Tanika had been spotted and photographed. Within a seconds, everyone in Marketing would know that she had become a mailgirl. Always a hotbed for gossip, news that Tanika was running around the building bare-ass wouldn't just spread through the Marketing Department, it would explode. Photos of her standing naked in the 12th floor elevator lobby were undoubtable being texted around the building including throughout the Marketing Department at that very moment. She needed to move swiftly, seconds counted.  
  
Not emotionally ready for even the slightest rejection or scorn from her friends, Tanika hoped to delay finding out how she would be received by her coworkers by moving in and out quickly, before most could even notice her. If she ducked around the backside of the cubicles and moved quickly to Kevin Singleton's office, Tanika had a very slim chance of not being seen at all.  
  
Unfortunately, Tanika had seriously blundered in her hopes to keep her return to Marketing as low key as possible. A little nervous and needing a friend to talk to, recklessly, Tanika had confided to Laura Miller about her mailgirl interview with Jamie. Although Laura promised to keep it a secret, she was the biggest gossip on the floor and Tanika now had grave misgivings about her decision to trust Laura. Usually, Laura was no better at holding secrets than a basket was at holding water; they both leaked. Secrets, particularly very gossip-worthy secrets, rarely, if ever, stayed on the inside of Laura's lips for long, and the fact that Tanika was interviewing to be a mailgirl would be the juiciest piece of gossip Laura ever had.  
  
Nevertheless, Tanika tried to ease her fears with the hope that Laura was a good friend and Tanika had confessed to Laura her insecurities on how she may be perceived only upon emphasizing the vital importance of keeping the information about her mailgirl interview strictly confidential. Surely the close friendship between the women could overcome Laura's penchant of being indiscreet with the confidences of others.  
  
Suddenly keenly aware of her nudity, Tanika looked back at the gathering crowd in the elevator lobby; most were either photographing or texting. She was out of time. Any chance Tanika had of getting in and out of the Marketing Department before everyone on the floor knew that she was standing in the lobby of the 12th floor undressed would vanish in just a few more moments. The moment to move was now.  
  
All that Tanika could do was to have faith in her friend and hope for the best. Closing her eyes for a moment to steady herself, Tanika wiped the sweat off the palms of her hands onto her legs, stepped forward, opened the door to the Marketing Department, and slipped inside.  
  
Stunned, Tanika found the entire Marketing Department waiting in ambush just on the other side of the door.  
  
"Surprise!" The Marketing Department yelled in unison.  
  
Champagne corks popped, trash cans filled with confetti flew into the air, and a huge cheer greeted Tanika just as she walked in. Tanika was ensnared by her friend's trap before she had time to react. Showered in champagne, Tanika's coworkers grabbed her, covered in silly string, glitter, and confetti, lifted her above their heads, and crowd surfed her across the room.  
  
Never known for subtlety or restraint, the Marketing Department hailed Tanika with a heroic celebration befitting of a Roman Triumph as they carried Tanika throughout the room. Everyone joined in on the festivities, both women and men, except for Laura Miller and Vince. Laura looked embarrassed as she searched for the words to explain to Tanika how such confidential information as Tanika's mailgirl interview had, once again, escaped her lips while Vince gathered his belongings in a box and hurried to reclaim his cubicle.  
  
The gathering began playing music from Queen and singing "We will, we will, rock you," as they undertook throwing the stunned hurdler several feet in the air, only to catch her and throw her up again. Those not involved in tossing Tanika clapped to the beat and stomped their feet to the refrain. There was even a bit of a line dance going on. Stunned and helpless, all that Tanika could do was enjoy the ride.  
  
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Back in the Dillard's Office, Ms. Hayashi and Mr. Fuentes stared at the pandemonium on the 12th floor in astonishment as the video feed showed the naked Tanika being tossed up and down while being showered with champagne and confetti by her singing coworkers. Only Jamie and Dillard seemed unmoved by the events.  
  
"Is there no discipline in this place? Ms. Hayashi asked. "How can such outrageous conduct be tolerated. It's a disgrace."  
  
"They've trashed the whole department," Mr. Fuentes said.  
  
Jamie scoffed. "I've seen it a lot worse. You should have been here when Marketing landed the DDE deal; now that was a party."  
  
Incredulous, Ms. Hayashi looked at Jamie. "This bedlam has happened before?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Jamie said. "Marketing doesn't do anything half-ass. They party like rock stars down there."  
  
On the video monitor, Tanika was back to being crowd-surfed and carried around the Marketing Department on the hands of her co-workers. Nearly unrecognizable as a result of having been all but tarred and feathered with the champagne, silly string, and confetti, Tanika still looked shocked but greatly relieved by her festive reception.  
  
Dillard smiled and pointed to the monitor. "I love these guys. More than any other department, it's Marketing that made me into a billionaire."  
  
"So you tolerate this madness?" Ms. Hayashi asked.  
  
"Tolerate? I buy the champagne and party supplies cases at a time and I bought them the paper shredder that makes all that confetti. I even had the sound system installed and gave them a line item in their budget for partying."  
  
"Have you lost your mind?"  
  
"Selling is all about attitude. Someone who's shy, angry, or depressed couldn't sell half-price whiskey to alcoholics. Kevin's very careful about who he hires in marketing. He doesn't care about your education or your experience; with Kevin, it's all about the attitude. If you're not a real go-getter and a team player, he won't hire you."  
  
"But they've vandalized the entire 12th floor," Ms. Hayashi protested.  
  
"Yeah, they love to party," Dillard laughed. "But they're one helluva Marketing Department."  
  
Shocked by the response, all that Ms. Hayashi could do was gaze at the chaos and revelry in the Marketing Department in utter disbelief.  
  
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Upon finally being allowed to resume standing on her own two feet, tears of joy ran down Tanika's cheeks as she hugged all of her friends. The men hugged the naked Tanika with great enthusiasm; the women hugged Tanika as well but with a little less eagerness. A couple of bags of tiny pieces of metallic foil glitter were dumped on Tanika's head while handfuls of the glitter were thrown into the air and onto her damp body.  
  
Suddenly a jolt of panic shot through the mailgirl candidate as she remembered that she had to get her memorandum signed and back upstairs. No longer in her hands, Tanika's memorandum had lost her envelope in all of the excitement.  
  
"Oh shit. I've lost the memo."  
  
"Don't worry," Kevin Singleton, Marketing Director said. "It's not important."  
  
Tanika desperately scanned the Marketing Department for her missing envelope to no avail. The floor, the desks, and even the people were blanketed in confetti.  
  
"You don't understand. If I don't get that Memorandum signed and back upstairs in the next couple of minutes, I'm not going to be a mailgirl."  
  
It took a moment for Tanika's words to set in.  
  
"Oh crap," Mr. Singleton said.  
  
Mr. Singleton and the rest of the Marketing Department fell to their knees and began frantically raking through the layers of confetti. Thirty seconds of anxious confetti-mining went by without success.

"Found it," Eric Simms said.  
  
Tanika examined the envelope with disappointment. "That's not it."  
  
"Over here," Laura Miller cried out as she held up the envelope. She seemed relieved that she had, in some way, atoned herself for her earlier indiscretion.  
  
Kevin Singleton tore open the envelope, someone produced a pen, and he signed the memorandum on Tanika's back.  
  
Having no idea how much time she wasted in the party and subsequent search, Tanika bolted out the door, though the elevator lobby and up the steps with the speed that only an Olympic caliber hurdler could manage. A couple of women walking down the stairs barely dove out of the way as Tanika flew past. Bursting through the stairwell door on the 15th floor, with a fiercely determined look and long and powerful strides, Tanika raced down the Executive suite hallway, hurdled a chair in the reception area, and dashed into Dillard's office.  
  
Jamie looked proud of her candidate; Ms. Hayashi and Mr. Fuentes looked stunned by the hurdler's athleticism, while Jim Dillard merely looked at his watch. A moment later, Dillard adjusted his gaze back to Tanika but said nothing. Naked, breathing heavily, dripping wet with champagne, and covered from head to toe with champagne soaked pieces of confetti, glitter, and silly string, Tanika, as well as everyone else in the room, turned to look at Jim Dillard as they waited for his verdict. A few seconds of silence ensued before Dillard broke into a grin.  
  
"Welcome to the Mailgirl Program."

**WHAT THE HELL HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO**  
  
To Anne's surprise, a naked Tanika was standing in the mailgirl room waiting for her.  
  
"Hi," Tanika said sheepishly.  
  
"You joined the Mailgirl Program?"  
  
Tanika held up a mailgirl bracelet with a number four stenciled on the band and then turned around to show Anne her mailgirl badge tattoo. "Yeah, I did."  
  
Overjoyed, Anne would have hugged Tanika if they weren't both naked. "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. It gets lonely down here."  
  
Looking concerned, Tanika grabbed Anne by the hand, led her to a bed, sat Anne down and took up a seat on the bed beside her. "Tell me what the hell I've gotten myself into."  
  
Thinking about the question for a moment, Anne proceeded to give Tanika her story in the brief time she'd been a mailgirl, both the highs and the lows but leaving out any mention of Gina or Matt.  
  
Tanika frowned as Anne described her training with Ms. Hayashi. "I'm not going to let anyone touch me."  
  
"It's in your contract. You've got to."  
  
"Like hell."  
  
"If you resist, they could fire you and then sue you for all the money they spent."  
  
Tanika mulled over Anne's answer before asking, "do you like it? Do you like being a mailgirl?"  
  
Taken aback by the question, Anne hadn't really considered whether she actually enjoyed living her fantasy of being a mailgirl until that second.  
  
"Well, yeah, I think I do. It's exhilarating at times and it kind of freaks me out when I think about millions of people watching me naked all the time but I'm actually beginning to like it. I know it sounds odd but I really enjoyed streaking downtown today. It was such a rush."  
  
"So it's all good."  
  
"No, I wouldn't go that far. Ms. Hayashi's a sadist and Ms. Visneski's a bitch, and there's a lot of people who don't like what I'm doing but, for the most part, I feel more alive than I've ever felt before."  
  
"Doesn't it make you feel slutty? Like you're just some floozy?"  
  
"At first I did, but they keep you too busy to really think about it much. I've never had this much attention and, although I'll admit that at first it was too much, I'm beginning to really like it."  
  
Despite Anne's encouragement, Tanika still appeared worried. Seeing the angst in Tanika's eyes, despite the nudity, Anne embraced her in a hug. Startled, Tanika hesitated a moment before returning the hug and the awkwardness of the moment caused both of the women to giggle.

**A PIECE OF THE ACTION**  
  
Nervously looking around the Marketing Department as she walked to Gina's cubicle, Anne noticed several men take great pleasure in watching her nude body but no one was within earshot. Somewhat off to itself with the nearest cubicles vacant, Gina enjoyed as much privacy as one could hope for in a cubicle.  
  
"This will never work," Anne said to Gina, her voice almost a whisper. "You can't spy on us as we're making love for the next two years. You'll never get away with it. Sooner or later, Matt's going to see you."  
  
"Oh, I won't be there to day," Gina said, "not in person at least. I just wanted to see it with my own eyes once. From now on, I'm just going to watch the video."  
  
Anne looked surprised. "Video? What video? You never said anything about a video. I thought you said there were no cameras installed in that part of the stairway."  
  
"What I said was that there are no surveillance cameras installed there but I've had my friend in the Maintenance Department install some wireless hidden cameras which I control so that I can record everything. I must have watched you dry hump Matt's dick half a dozen times last night. It was great. But today, I want more." Gina looked serious. "Today, you're going to get that boy naked and you're going to ride him like he's never been fucked before. Today, you're going to give me a real show."  
  
"A friend? You didn't tell me about anyone else. What is he getting out of this?"  
  
"A piece of the action. He gets to watch."  
  
Anne appeared disturbed by the revelation. "You didn't say anything about anyone else watching. Who is he?"  
  
"That's not your concern."  
  
"Who else gets to see me and Matt?"  
  
Gina looked as if she was uncomfortable with the question. "That's also not a concern of yours."  
  
"There's more!"  
  
Gina shrugged. "A few."  
  
Anne's eyes widened in incredulity.  
  
"Look, this operation wasn't easy to put together and I didn't have all of the expertise and materials necessary. So, I needed to get some help in a few areas for this to succeed, that's all"  
  
"Who are they?"  
  
"That's more information than you need to know."  
  
"And all of them get to watch?"  
  
"Yeah. That's why they did it."  
  
"You should have told me."  
  
"So you'll have an audience, big deal. You've already got millions of people watching your twat. What's a few more? You just stick to cunt hugging Matt's banana and let me take care of everything else, OK."  
  
"I don't want them to watch. This is personal."  
  
"It's not negotiable. I've got the have them. Without the computer geek, I'd never be able to get access to the mailgirl computer and without the video guys, I'd never would have been able to set this up and keep it running."  
  
Disturbed, Anne wondered how many people got to watch her intimate moments with Matt, who they were, and where the video of her romantic interludes could end up.  
  
"Hey, you should be flattered that all these people went to all this trouble just to see your skinny ass perform a cock rodeo with Matt. There's a lot of man hours and a lot of risk that went into this."  
  
Trying to count in her head, there was a guy in security, a computer geek, another guy in maintenance, and at least two video guys. Along with Gina there would be six people watching Anne and Matt in their most intimate of moments, maybe more.  
  
"We'll get caught. Eventually people are going to wonder why I'm taking my breaks in a stairway and they'll investigate."  
  
"Not a chance. The computer geek and my friend in security causes the cameras to lose track of you as soon as you go on break, all the security cameras point in the wrong direction just like they're doing now. No one will even know you're in that stairway."  
  
Anne looked up at the camera dome. Although the security cameras were supposed to track Anne at all times by way of a homing signal in the mailgirl pager strapped to her wrist, to Anne's surprise, Gina was right, the camera was pointed in the opposite direction. That she had hacked TRG's security camera system was an impressive display of the power of Gina's little conspiracy.  
  
"When we talk, I like some privacy," Gina explained. "I can't afford our little meetings to be observed. People would become suspicious."  
  
"What happens if someone walks in on us in the stairway?"  
  
"You'll know if someone enters the stairway while you're discoing on Matt's manhood, because we've arranged for the lights will go out if that happens. It'll be pitch black. Just whisper to Matt to freeze and wait for the intruder to turn around and leave. No one will want to try to use a completely dark stairway. And, even if they were to use the stairway and even if they bumped into you, they'll never know who you were or what you're doing."  
  
"What else aren't you telling me about this arrangement?"  
  
"That's not your concern. All you need to know is that it's my job to think and it's your job to fuck."  
  
"What do you mean it's not my concern? People watching me with Matt is definitelymy concern."  
  
"I bumped into Matt this morning and slipped a rubber into his left jacket pocket. So, you should be good to go. All you need to bring is your cunt."  
  
Gia looked at the time and hit a few keys on her computer. Anne's pager vibrated and the screen read "ON BREAK."  
  
Gina grinned. "It's show time. Time for you to go climb on Matt's dick." Gina lost her smile and her expression turned serious. "You'd best not disappoint me."

**NOT THE QUESTION YOU SHOULD BE ASKING**  
  
Livid, Jamie stormed into CEO Jim Dillard's office. "We need to talk."  
  
"So talk." Mr. Dillard gestured for Jamie to sit.  
  
"We've got to cut back on the use of corporal punishment. Have you seen the tape on Ms. Visneski? That's one cold hearted bitch. If we're not careful, she's gonna beat the hell out of some poor mailgirl's backside."  
  
Dillard laughed. "Of course Ms. Visneski's going to have a mailgirl's ass flogged red. She'll probably light up some unfortunate girl's buttocks at least once a week."  
  
"And you're gonna allow this?"  
  
"Allow it? Why would I insist on a corporal punishment provision in the mailgirl contract if I had no intention of using it? That'd be silly. It's not that I put that provision in in spite of Ms. Visneski, she was one of the people I had in mind when I put the physical correction clause in the contract."  
  
"It'll hurt like hell."  
  
"Duh." Dillard chuckled.  
  
"But we can't do this. It's just so wrong."  
  
"But it's also very attention-grabbing and very motivating. It'll keep the show's rating high and it'll keep the mailgirls hopping. Besides, people don't tune into television shows to see people do the right thing. Where's the fun in that. Doing the right thing is boring; doing the wrong thing is so much more exciting."  
  
"The reviews will be nasty. The critics will hate it."  
  
"Sure, the publicity will be malicious but they'll be a whole lot of it. I'm not trying to impress the critics, I want an audience and lots of publicity and a lot of publicity, even bad publicity, will get me that audience."  
  
Exasperated, Jamie pleaded, "well then at least get rid of Ms. Visneski. Everyone hates her."  
  
"What you mean to say is that everyone fears her. And they should. She doesn't want her staff to like her, she'd rather be feared. She has more people disciplined every year than the next three departments combined. Ms. Visneski would love nothing better to whip a mailgirl's ass raw in front of the entire department just to make an example of the poor girl and prove once and for all just how heartless a bitch she really is. She'd put a corporal punishment clause in every one of her employee's contracts if she could."  
  
"She's sadistic."  
  
"Yes, but she's incredibly efficient. The Electronics Shop is the only department at TRG which hasn't missed a deadline or gone over budget even once in the last five years. Ms. Visneski doesn't take excuses and she doesn't make excuses; she just gets the job done. And if she has to crack the whip to get the job done, done right, and done her way, Ms. Visneski will be the first to do it." Dillard laughed. "I would not want to be the hapless mailgirl who fails to meet her expectations."  
  
"You've gotta to fire her."  
  
"Never, I'd clone her 40 times over if I could. TRG isn't a social organization, it's a business. I don't care whether people like her or not, Ms. Visneski gets results."  
  
"You promised me a voice on this, remember?" Jamie's voice resonated with anger.  
  
"And I've given you that voice. You're free to walk in this office and discuss anything that bothers you at any time but I never promised you the power to run this place. I'm still the CEO and I say the corporal punishment stays."  
  
"Then at least you've got to change the delivery deadlines. Anne's only got seven minutes to get all the way from the 9th floor to the Electronics shop. That's not enough time."  
  
"We've reevaluated the delivery deadlines for Mailgirl Number 3 based upon her performance thus far and I have shortened most of her deadlines by 15%. She will now only have six minutes to make the run."  
  
Jamie appeared shocked. "That's insane. She can barely make it now."  
  
"On the contrary, Number 3 is considerably faster than we anticipated. The woman is exceptionally well conditioned. She's a real athlete. Other than a couple of times that she encountered a lengthy delay during the run, she's been making the deadlines with ease, on average, with 37 seconds to spare. There's hardly any drama to it."  
  
Quickly coming to the realization that Mr. Dillard's promise to allow her to be the advocate for the mailgirls had been disingenuous, nothing more than a ploy to get her to sign a new contract, Jamie angrily held up a memo. "It says here that you intend to use the mailgirls in the winter to make outdoor runs and even occasionally shovel snow?"  
  
"Of course I am. If we want to portray these women as heroes, we need peril, we need villains, and we need heroic tasks, ergo we need corporal punishment, we need Ms. Visneski, and we need mailgirls facing the winter weather in the buff. If we want the Mailgirl Show to be interesting, we need some lashings, we need some heavies, and some teeth chattering. I want a reality show that pushes its stars further than any show ever has before on television, mentally and physically. I want a show all of America will be talking about."  
  
Taken aback by Dillard's sudden inhumanity, Jamie protested, "they'll freeze."  
  
Dillard chuckled. "Don't worry, well keep track of the wind chill factor and the time of exposure. If they move keep moving, they may turn a little blue but they should be fine."  
  
Jamie looked astounded. "I can understand short runs, maybe a minute or two but you're not really going to make Anne shovel snow and make deliveries downtown this winter, are you?"  
  
Mr. Dillard laughed. "Pardon me, but whether Mailgirl Number 3 will be trembling this winter as she's making deliveries bare-assed all over town or even whether she'll be getting her ass thrashed in the Electronics Shop is not the question you should be asking right now."  
  
"It's not?" Jamie seemed confused. "Then what question do you think I should be asking?"  
  
"It's not Number 3's ass you should be worried about, it's yours. If I were you, I'd be wondering what it'll feel like when you're standing barefooted on Ms. Visneski's X, grabbing your toes and gritting your teeth as your ass gets paddled red. If I were you, I'd be wondering what you'll look like when your teeth are chattering and body's shivering while you're running downtown naked in the cold this winter." Mr. Dillard looked at the mailgirl pager on Jamie's left wrist. "Remember, you signed a mailgirl contract too."  
  
Startled by the comment, Jamie hadn't considered herself at risk. "You're not serious, are you?"  
  
Dillard chuckled. "Serious? I can hardly wait. Half the reason I started the Mailgirl Program was to see the expression on your face when you're half-frozen and standing bare-ass on Ms. Visneski's little X getting your tail whacked. It'll be priceless."  
  
The visual image suggested by Dillard had Jamie rattled. "Yeah, but I'm not a mailgirl, not yet at least."  
  
"You will be if your mailgirl option gets activated."  
  
"But you can't activate that contract, only Dakota can."  
  
Dillard smiled. "Which brings me to the question you should be asking."  
  
"And that is?"  
  
"How much do you really trust Dakota?"

**OH! OOOOH!**  
  
In the south stairway, Matt greeted Anne with an enthusiastic embrace and a kiss.  
  
"I've missed you," Matt said. "I know it's only been 24 hours but I've missed you."  
  
"I've missed you too," Anne replied. "You're all I've thought about." As she talked, Anne loosened Matt's tie and unbuttoned a few buttons on his shirt.  
  
They kissed again, a slow, wet, and passionate kiss. Even through his pants, Anne could feel that Matt was genuine in his feelings for her and she reached down and caresses his cock.  
  
"I want you," Anne said as she moved her hands to his belt and started unbuckling. Matt's eyes widened in surprise and he grabbed Anne's hands.  
  
"Here? Now?"  
  
Despite Matt's protest, his eyes danced with excitement and sexual desire. Anne unbuckled the belt and Matt's grip weakened as he licked his lips in anticipation."  
  
"Right here, right now." As Anne kissed him again, Matt's pants fell to the floor. Sliding her fingers inside his underpants, Anne buckled her knees, squatted, and slid Matt's boxers down to his ankles. Making sure to tickle Matt's manhood with her hair as she stood, Anne started to lift his shirt but he resisted.  
  
Nervous, Matt looked around. "No. I can't. What if someone comes down the stairs?"  
  
"I want to feel you. I want to feel your skin on my skin as we make love and I want to see your body." Anne ran her hand under Matt's shirt and across his chest.  
  
Although Matt continued to feebly resist, Anne insisted, pushing Matt's jacket, shirt, and undershirt overtop his head rendering him naked above his ankles. Pausing to take a good look at Matt, Anne bit her lip in excitement. With powerful arms, massive pectorals, six-pack abs, a ten-inch cock, and muscular legs, Matt was cut like a Michelangelo's statue of David. He was everything she'd hoped for and more. Clearing the clothing from Matt's arms, Anne reached in Matt's left coat pocket and recovered Gina's condom.  
  
Matt looked surprised. "Where did that come from?"  
  
Anne tore open the packet and gave a devilish smile. "It's not where it came from that's important." Looking down at Matt's erection, Anne rolled the prophylactic down his cock. "It's where's it's going that you should be interested in." Taking Matt's member into her hand, she rubbed the tip across her sex.  
  
Matt ran his hand up the back of Anne's thigh and caressed her buttocks while cupping her breast with his left and giving it a firm squeeze. Enfolding her hands around his neck, Anne rested her arms across his powerful shoulders. Lifting herself off the ground, Anne crunched her stomach until her pussy was directly over Matt's manhood and wrapped her legs around his thighs. Matt's hand squeezed Anne's right buttock as he lifted her and positioned his cock with his left. Feeling Matt's erection tickling the lips of her womanhood, Anne bit her lower lip, and lowered herself a few inches.  
  
"Oh." Anne let out a moan as Matt's cock entered. Although it felt bigger than Anne had expected, as her sex was already dripping wet, Matt slid inside her a few inches easily. Relaxing her grip on Matt's shoulders, Anne let her pussy glide all the way to the base of his shaft. "Oh! Ohooo! Oh!" Anne's legs tensed around Matt's legs as her sex tightened around his manhood.  
  
"Huh." Matt moaned as he thrust upward. Anne lifted herself and crunched her stomach as she slid her cunt upwards on Matt's erection and began stroking it slowly in and out of her body. Matt's breathing became rapid and shallow, as he began to time his thrusts to the rhythm of Anne's lifting and dipping. Relaxing her sex on the way up, Anne's cunt squeezed Matt's cock with all she had on the way down.

Readjusting his grip, Matt supported Anne's ass with one hand and grabbed her hair with the other as Anne braced her shoulders against the wall and started to slowly increase the speed of her strokes.  
  
"Huh, huh." Matt grunted as he lunged his manhood all the way until skin slapped skin as Anne continued accelerating her gyrations on Matt's member. "Oh yes, oh yes! OH GOD YES!" Matt cried out.  
  
Slowing her pace until she was gently undulating in little circles on Matt's groin, Anne looked Matt in the eyes and smiled.  
  
His expression a combination of sheer ecstasy and desperation, Matt begged, "oh, don't stop; please don't stop."  
  
Gradually, Anne's pelvic rubbing quickened and she resumed stroking until per pace reached a feverish pace. Lifting with her arms, flexing her stomach, tightening her legs, and pushing almost every muscle in her body to the limits of their strength and endurance, Anne made love to Matt with her entire physique. With both of the lovers drenched in sweat, they rapidly slithered up and down each other's bodies with ease. Anne could feel Matt's cock throbbing as he thrust his member inside her to the hilt again, again, and again.  
  
Suddenly Anne shuddered uncontrollably as in irresistible sensual rush overwhelmed her. Her eyes rolled backward, her back arched, every muscle in her body flexed, and she embraced Matt with all of her might as her womanhood clamped down on his member. Rippling in a sexual frenzy, Anne trembled wildly as the exhilaration of her orgasm spread quickly from her pussy to seize every inch of her body in sexual delirium.  
  
"AHHHHHH, AHHHHH," Anne moaned as orgasmic spasms shot though her.  
  
Suddenly, Matt grunted as he began to tremble, his muscles tensed, and his grip on Anne tightened. Matt thrust himself into Anne so far that he lifted her entire body almost a foot as he did so and she felt the spasms and thumping of his cock as he came. Slowly, the couple's contractions and twitching waned and their grip on each other relaxed. Anne slid down Matt's chest until her feet were on the ground. Drenched in sweat, she shivered for a moment in the chill of the stairway before embracing Matt.  
  
"Oh my God," Matt gasped as he returned the embrace. "That was amazing."  
  
Anne kissed him. Not the fervent kiss of sexual foreplay of before but a warm, gentle, and loving kiss.  
  
"Thank you," Anne said as she caressed Matt's muscular buttocks. "That was fantastic." Exhausted, the lovers embraced for a couple of minutes until Anne's pager buzzed.  
  
"I've got to go." Reluctantly, Anne pulled away only to have Matt nearly sweep Anne off her feet as he snatched her back and kissed her again, this time with considerable passion.  
  
"I love you," Matt said as he finally surrendered his grip.  
  
"I love you too."

**I'M NOT GIVING YOU A CHOICE**  
  
Exhausted, naked, barefoot, sweaty, a handprint on her ass, red in all the wrong places, and with her hair damp and disheveled, but smiling with the content of a woman in afterglow, Anne's appearance caused more than one woman to look twice as she reported back to Gina's cubicle.  
  
"You were good today but tomorrow you've got to be better," Gina said.  
  
Surprised by both the criticism and by the audacity of the comment, Anne shot Gina an angry look. "What do you mean better? I gave it everything I had."  
  
"Then between now and tomorrow you need to go out and find some more, a lot more. A guy like Matt can get all the pussy he wants any day of the week. If he wants some skinny little slut to shove his cock into and push around on the mattress while she flails around in sexual ecstasy moaning about how he's the greatest stud that's ever lived, he can get that from a hundred oversexed bimbos. The line of women who wants Matt to stick his dick in their cunt stretches out the door and around the block. You're going to need a lot more than just a twat and a smile to keep Matt Compton interested in you."  
  
"I don't understand."  
  
"He may be a nice guy but he likes his women naughty. He goes for the really athletic sluts, the shameless gym-rat insatiable nympho hussies that give him the kinky, mind-blowing, acrobatic, pussy that only some brazen, oversexed, immoral, hussy with, too many hormones, and a body from hell can pull off. That's where you come in."  
  
"What! Me? But I'm not like that."  
  
"You'll be like that tomorrow and every day after that for the next two years. Tomorrow, you're going to lust-and-thrust Matt like no woman has ever slid on his sausage before. All you've got to give him is fifteen minutes in a stairway. That isn't much so you've really got to blow his mind in that fifteen minutes. If you want to keep him coming back for more, you've got to give him something he can't get anywhere else. And something so good that once he's had it, he can't live without. A fantasy fuck, something so wild, so erotic, and so intense he didn't even think was possible. A fucking that only a really hard-bodied skank like you can pull off."  
  
"And what if I say no. I'm not going to let you tell me how to make love to my man."  
  
"I'm not giving you a choice. Now that I know that he's interested in you and that you've got the magic twat, you're in whether you like it or not."  
  
"You've got a shit-load of nerve."  
  
I've put a lot of work into setting this up and you're not going to disappoint me. You're either going to be the nympho slut that pussy-whips Matt into coming back for more of your twat every day or I'll see to it that you get your ass whipped at least three times a week for the next two years. You can either spend your afternoons sharing orgasms with the man of your dreams or getting your tail whipped by the woman of your nightmares. It's your choice. I can make either happen but both of us are going to be a lot happier if you spend your afternoons getting fucked instead of getting flogged."  
  
Anne's face became flush with anger. "I can't believe you're doing this. Have you no shame?"  
  
"I heard the little speech Ms. Visneski gave you and the same goes for me. I'm not interested in excuses, just results. If you keep can Matt's dick in your pussy and you don't try to cross me, then we'll both have one helluva lot of fun. But, if for any reason you mess this up, and Matt stops coming, I'll have you bent over and your ass whipped that afternoon. Either I get to see you and Matt rub wet spots on a daily basis or I'll have your skinny little ass beaten so often that you'll think it's on fire."  
  
"I can't guarantee anything. What if Matt just backs out?"  
  
Suddenly serious, Gina sneered, "if Matt backs out, your ass is toast, understand? If Matt becomes bored with you, if he finds another woman, if you try and tell him about our arrangement, or if you try to quit on me, I'll have you lashed so often that it keeps your skinny ass burning hot for the next two years."  
  
Defiant, Anne looked unmoved by Gina's threats.  
  
"And if you doubt for a second I can get that done..." Gina hit a few buttons on her computer causing Anne's pager to give her an astonishingly powerful electrical jolt.  
  
"Ahhh." Anne's eyes shot open, her mouth opened, her body shot upright, all her muscles snapped tight, her toes curled, and she quaked involuntarily for a few seconds as the current seized the mailgirl in paralyzing pain before collapsing to her knees as the shock subsided.  
  
Extremely pleased with the results of Anne's sparking, Gina giggled and looked smug. Visibly shaken, breathing heavily, and disheveled, Anne checked to see if she'd peed herself only to found some dribble running down her leg. The revelation caused Gina to snicker.  
  
"Ugh." Frazzled and completely limp, Anne struggled to regain her feet.  
  
Several voyeurs watching Anne seemed concerned by what they saw but did nothing.  
  
"Did they tell you that there's a built in Taser unit in your mailgirl pager?" Gina chuckled. "It'll give you a three second thrill ride every time I hit the button."  
  
Still a little woozy, Anne bent over for a moment and tried to clear her head.  
  
"It's really got a pop to it when you turn it up all the way, don't you agree?"  
  
Anne straighten up and blinked her eyes. "Holy shit that hurt."  
  
"We've hacked the mailgirl computer so I can pucker your asshole and cross your eyes anytime I want or I can assign you to every shit job there is."  
  
Although she was wobbly and nauseous, and despite the fact that all her nerves still tingling from the shock, Anne began to recover.  
  
"If you're not still keeping Matt's cock warm in your cunt this winter, I'll make sure to keep your pussy frozen all season long. I'll have you assigned to shovel the sidewalks bare-ass and barefooted and I'll have you making deliveries downtown in freezing weather. You'll be jumping up and down, rubbing your skin, stomping your feet, and blowing on your hands trying to stay warm while I'm sitting up hear in my warm office sipping hot chocolate and laughing my ass off as I watch you shiver."  
  
Stunned, this was the first Anne had heard about any plans to have mailgirls shovel snow or make deliveries in freezing weather and wondered whether it was real or just some threat Gina was making up.  
  
"If you screw this up for me, you'll have to answer to the meanest most vindictive bitch at TRG and I'm not talking about Ms. Visneski, I'm talking about me."  
  
Anne's expression looked borderline homicidal.  
  
"I know you're pissed at me and frankly I don't care. This isn't about you, it's about me and what I want." Suddenly, Gina sighed and looked somber. "Look at it this way. I'd trade places with you if I could. If someone offered me the chance, I'd gladly do the do the greased-weasel tango on Matt's Dick like the Tasmanian Devil. I'd jump on his cock so quickly that you wouldn't even have the time to blink and you wouldn't have to threaten me to get that done. I'd stroke that boner of his so fast and hard that it'd be smoking. I'd get so hot in that stairway that the sprinkler system would go off." Gina paused to enjoy the fantasy for a moment. "But alas, it's your skanky ass that he wants, not mine. So I'm stuck with you and you're stuck with me."  
  
Still weak from Gina's shocking demonstration, Anne steadied herself and fecklessly searched for something with which to clean herself up. Although Gina had a box of tissues on her desk, she declined to offer them, choosing instead to revel in Anne's humiliation.  
  
"You'd best be glad that it's Matt's biscuit that I want you to butter and not mine or you'd spend your afternoons in that stairwell on your knees finding out what my pussy tastes like as you're trying to lick all the fur off my beaver." Gina smiled, an evil smile. "But, given what I've seen of that Hayashi bitch, I wouldn't be surprised if you'll be tasting her twat before long." Gina giggled. "I hope you like Japanese. My only regret is that I won't be there to see the expression on your face when it happens."  
  
As Anne started to reach for the tissues, Gina quickly menaced her finger over her computer threatening to give Anne another jolt. Bitterly, Anne backed off. Gina smiled, delighted over her complete domination over the mailgirl.  
  
Suddenly Gina turned serious, as if she just remembered something. "Oh, I almost forgot, you're going to take your morning break right over there on that mat at least three times a week."  
  
Gina pointed to the mailgirl mat strategically placed directly in front of Mr. Harold's office. Glancing at the mat and then down at the floor, Anne noticed a few drops of dribble on the carpet and clinched her teeth in rage.  
  
"In order to get mailgirl responsibilities for the department, I promised Mr. Harold that I'd get some mailgirls to hang out here on their break. He's got a real hard-on for you and that slutty little body of yours, so at least three times a week, I want you on that mat, facing Mr. Harold's office, with your legs spread wide apart and nibbling on those stupid snacks. I need this job so you need to put on a show. Make sure and move a lot and show him your ass some."  
  
Gina hit a flurry of keys on her computer before reaching in her drawer, pulling out a jump drive putting it into a security pouch, and locking the pouch. Anxious to leave, Anne offered her arm and Gina handcuffed the pouch to Anne's wrist.  
  
"And one more thing, Matt admitted to me that he watches you shower every morning. I tuned in this morning and, if you ask me, it's pretty boring stuff. You're just sliding some soap around and rinsing. You've got to heat this up. There's no sex appeal. Hell, you don't even look like you're fully awake. You're going to need to put a lot more into it if you expect to keep Matt's interest."  
  
"Sex appeal? How do you expect me to make a shower sexy?"  
  
Gina rolled her eyes impatiently. "Have you no imagination? Make it sensual and I mean really sensual. Don't just slide the soap around like it's a chore, touch your body like you'd caress a man and shower like your making love to yourself; fondle some of your own ass, squeeze your boobs, pinch a nipple, spend too much time washing your inner thigh, and moan some, like you really enjoy it. You need to rub that soap on your hooch like you're trying to buff your muff with it and look like you're about to come. Go ahead and finger it out if you want."  
  
Anne looked shocked. "I can't do that. Millions of people watch me shower. It's freaking me out as it is."  
  
"Girl, if you know that millions of people are watching you shower on the internet, the least you can do is give them one helluva show. Don't just stand there yawning and scratching your ass. I want to see some pirouetting, prancing, ass shaking, and hip moving, look alive for Christ sake. Act like you're pole dancing or something."  
  
"It'd be humiliating. Everyone I know could see me. My little sister could see me. I'd look like a slut."  
  
"Hello! You're taking a shower completely naked in front of millions of horny guys watching you on the internet. Since you're going to look like a floozy anyway so you might as well make the best of it. Tomorrow try looking sexy instead of just looking nerdy, OK?"  
  
"I couldn't even do it if I wanted to. You realize we have two mailgirls now? They'll be another woman in the shower with me."  
  
"That's not my problem. She can either have a front row seat when your performance starts or, if you want, you can involve her in the show as well. Guys are pigs; they love that girl on girl shit."  
  
"No. No. That's not me. It just wouldn't feel right. I don't even think Tanika would do it."  
  
"You're still not getting it. I'm not asking you to do anything, I'm telling you to. I'm going to watch you shower tomorrow and if it isn't one of the erotic things I've ever seen, I'll make sure that your ass is beaten before noon. Hell, I'll shock the piss out of you again in the shower. If I hit you with this while you're soaking wet, it really ought to get your attention. I'll bet you the shock will be at least double what it was today. If you're not a slut today then you sure as hell better go out and get in touch with your inner hussy self by tomorrow morning."  
  
"Making a fool of myself in the shower isn't part of our deal. I won't do it."  
  
"Deal? We have no deal. This isn't a negotiation. From now on, you're going to be my little sex slave. Your pussy is mine. I'm going to tell you what to do with your cunt and then you're going to do it or I guarantee you that you'll wish you had."  
  
Anne shook her head. "Even if I you force me into this, it'll never work. It's crazy. You can't expect me to keep Matt happy with just sex. Even with the most mind blowing sex on the planet, he'll want more. There's got to be more to the relationship."  
  
"Oh there is." Gina grinned. "Trust me sweet-lips, there's a lot more to your relationship with Matt than you'll ever know. You've already sent him almost a dozen emails telling him, in the most intimate of detail, your deepest desires, your darkest secrets, your wildest sexual fantasies, as well as your undying love and desire for him."  
  
"What! That's nuts. I don't even have access to a computer."  
  
"But I do. You still don't understand. All you get of Matt is his cock. I get his heart and his soul. I get to email him; I get to really know him; I get to flirt with him, I get to romance him, and you get to fuck him."  
  
"But what if Matt mentions the emails?"  
  
"If Matt says anything about the emails, anything at all, if you know what's good for you, you'll just smile, go with it, and keep varnishing his pole. Your job is not to talk; your job is to cock-dance and moan a lot, that's all. That's all I need you for. I'll do all the romancing. You're just the skinny, athletic, sex-toy that gives Matt the one thing I can't. You get to do the boogie-woogie on his dick and I get the rest of him.  
  
Anne tried to control her anger as she dared not say anything.  
  
"If you try to expand on that relationship in any way or disobey me, I'll have your ass beaten unmercifully, end of discussion. Do you understand?"  
  
Staring at Gina with hatred, Anne pursed her lips and balled her fists but said nothing.  
  
Gina hit a few keys on her computer and Anne's pager vibrated.  
  
"I trust you don't need another demonstration to prove to you that I'm serious about this?" Gina paused for a response from Anne but there was none. "Take this to the Mr. Dillard's office. You have three minutes."

**Adventures of a Mailgirl Ch. 09**

**Chapter 9 – Spread Um**   
  
**SO CLEAN YOU COULD EAT OFF UM**   
  
As the lights went on and music began to play in the Mailgirl Room (a cramped and austere dormitory in the basement of TRG in which the mailgirls reside), Anne (Mailgirl Number 3) awoke and made the bed while Tanika (Mailgirl Number 4), still in bed, merely groaned. As she made her way to the shower, a jolt of terror stopped Anne in her tracks   
  
This was the day she'd promised Gina, albeit under considerable threat and coercion, that she'd sex up her morning shower routine. Suddenly, Anne felt exposed and embarrassed. Anne looked up at the black security camera domes in the ceiling that overlooked the shower area as a growing dread came over her. Every part of a mailgirl's life at TRG was filmed and available to watch on a free webcam including her morning shower. Hundreds of thousands of people could be watching her naked body at that moment.   
  
If she hurried, maybe she could get her shower in before Tanika got up. Gathering some soap and shampoo, Anne headed for the shower and turned on the water. Lathering her head in shampoo, Anne moved her feet a little but offered nothing that could be mistaken as sexy. Grabbing the bar of soap, Anne began soaping her armpits when an electric shock bulged her eyes and caused her to drop the soap. While not nearly the jolt Gina had hit Anne with the day before, it sent a message for Anne to pick up the pace.   
  
Although Gina had suggested Anne treat the shower like a pole dance, Anne had never pole danced. Instead, she began dancing in the shower like she would in a club while soaping up at the same time. Moving her hips, twirling around and keeping time to the music. The more she danced, the more Anne got into it. She even began singing to the beat. Undulating her hips to the beat while soaping her hooch, Anne turned just in time to see an astonished Tanika looking at her. Embarrassed, Anne paused as she searched for an explanation.   
  
"What can I say, I like to shower," Anne said.   
  
"No shit," Tanika said, still looking a little flabbergasted. "It's alright. I'll come back later, when you're done."   
  
By the time Jamie arrived with breakfast, Anne and Tanika were just finishing up with their morning routine. Standing on a line painted on the floor, the mailgirls assumed the kensa position and awaited inspection. As a lesbian and as a bit of a dominatrix, Jamie loved the idea of managing a harem of athletic nude women in the basement and the physical inspection of the mailgirls was one of Jamie's favorite parts of the day; she always took her time and inspected her mailgirls thoroughly. Jamie ran the back of her hand down all four of the mailgirl's armpits and smiled.   
  
"Smooth as a baby's butt," Jamie said.   
  
Squatting down, Jamie took a good look at each of the twats to check for stubble or sloppy shaving and licked her lips.   
  
"So clean I could eat off um. Bend over."   
  
The mailgirls turned and bent over so that Jamie could inspect their butt crack and perineum. Each of the mailgirls had been fastidious in their shaving and there was not as much as one little hair stubble to be seen.   
  
"Gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous. Outstanding ladies, you're good to go."   
  
As the women began eating, Jamie turned to Anne."   
  
"Sorry to hurry your breakfast but I need you to report to Dakota's office in ten minutes. She's got an important run for you." 

**A LITTLE RAIN'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU**   
  
Anne rushed into the Mailgirl Office and assumed the tatsu position (hands behind her back, feet shoulder length apart).   
  
"Excellent," Dakota said as she picked up a mailgirl tube. "I've got a run for you. It should be exciting." Dakota clipped the carbineer on the mailgirl tube to the D-ring on Anne's mailgirl bracelet. "Take this to City Hall and,"   
  
"You want me to walk into City Hall naked?" Anne interrupted. "They'll never let me in."   
  
Dakota seemed a little irritated. "Don't worry, we have a film permit. Besides, you're going to the Police Department, they're expecting you."   
  
Anne looked horrified. "You mean to say they're arresting me. I can't just walk into the Police Department completely naked, they'll slap the cuffs on me the moment I show up. It'll never work. I'll end up in jail."   
  
Dismissive, Dakota waived off Anne's objections. "It's all arranged. They're expecting you to arrive wearing your skinsuit." Dakota gestured towards Anne's body. "It's your uniform."   
  
Still worried, Anne looked unpersuaded.   
  
"Trust me, they're looking forward to seeking you," Dakota said. "Be sure to show them your mailgirl badge (a tattoo on Anne's lower back). I want to make sure that they know what it looks like."   
  
"Seriously, you want me to just walk into the Police Department naked at shift change, turn around, and bend over?"   
  
"Something like that. Give the papers to Chief O'Neil personally, don't leave it at the desk. I want you to put this in his hands."   
  
Still concerned, Anne nodded at the window. "But it's raining buckets out there."   
  
Dakota looked out the window at a torrential rain was pouring down in sheets with gusting winds. Streets were covered in huge puddles of water and with small rivers running into the gutters. A plastic trashcan rolled down the street with in the gale.   
  
"Don't worry, your tube's waterproof. The documents will be fine." Dakota looked at her computer and began typing in the details of Anne's assignment.   
  
"It's not the tube or the papers that I was worried about."   
  
Dakota looked up at the naked mailgirl and shrugged. "You're waterproof too."   
  
Dakota finished her typing and Anne's pager vibrated, the signal that her countdown had begun.   
  
Realizing she was only seconds away from getting drenched and only minutes from being exhibited naked in the Police Department, Anne quickly searched for an excuse. "What about my shoes? They'll get soaked."   
  
Dakota looked down at Anne's shoes and held out her hand. "Let me see your shoes."   
  
Regretting that she had offered her shoes as being the reason she couldn't make the run, Anne had no illusions of getting her shoes back. Nevertheless, reluctantly, she took off her shoes and handed them to Dakota, rendering her barefoot, completely nude, and without any further excuse.   
  
Dakota smiled as she put Anne's shoes in the bottom drawer of her filing cabinet. "Good, now you're fully waterproof. You'll find the Police Department on the first floor. They're expecting you in half an hour so you'll need to hurry."   
  
BANG. A lightning strike nearby illuminated the office in a blinding flash of light as the thunder clap so loud as to rattle the window. It was as if a bomb went off in the parking lot. Anne recoiled. Suddenly seeing the lightning as her salvation, Anne waited for a few seconds to give Dakota time to reconsider and cancel the run but, seemingly unfazed by the lightning, Dakota just looked at Anne wondering why she hadn't already left.   
  
"You've only got 29 minutes and 21 seconds left."   
  
Wide eyed and nervous, Anne pointed to the window. "You seriously want me to go out there."   
  
"A little rain's not going to hurt you."   
  
"Yeah but,"   
  
Dakota interrupted, "You need to get moving. Strict punctuality is one of the traits of a mailgirl. The police are expecting you on time and it would be an embarrassment to the program if you were to be late."   
  
"But,"   
  
"But nothing, you need to go." Suddenly angry, Dakota's her voice became distinctly authoritative and impatient in its tone. "This is a very important run. It's important both to me and it's important to your ass. As Director of the Mailgirl Program, I've not ordered any physical correction yet but if you're late on this run, I'll personally see to your discipline as soon you get back and I promise to make it as severe as possible. You know I think you're a great employee and an asset to this program but I'm warning you, I really need this run to go right so don't embarrass me today."   
  
Anne started to say something but sensed its futility and bit her bottom lip instead. Why should Dakota worry about a little rain and lightning? After all, Dakota wasn't the one that was about to get soaked. Dakota would never feel so much as a one drop of rain as she sat warm and dry in the comfort of her office. Anne gave one more glance out the window; the squall whipped the tree branches into a frenzy, bent small trees almost 45 degrees, and drove the rain to nearly horizontal. Despite her trepidation, Anne grasped the mailgirl tube in her left hand like a relay baton and hurried out of the office.   
  
Running down the sidewalk in her bare feet against the blustery gusts of wind driven rain, Anne's speed slowed and she struggled to keep pace. Cold and constantly pelted by hundreds of stinging droplets as well as a whipping wind, it was as it Mother Nature herself was trying to push Anne backward.   
  
Out of nowhere, a wave of muddy water slapped Anne's side as a car plowed through a huge puddle only a few feet from where she was running. The force of the water hitting her caused Anne to lose her stride and she stumbled, nearly falling. Compelling the mailgirl to a halt, Anne recovered only to be knocked on her ass when a tractor trailer hit the same puddle and the resulting tsunami swept her from the sidewalk and onto the grass.   
  
Sputtering and cursing, Anne wiped the muddy water from her eyes as the truck honked. She wasn't sure whether the horn was meant as an apology or as a taunt. Regaining her feet, Anne was dowsed again as another car hit the puddle and drenched her. Driven by a woman, the driver laid on the horn as well as she past. This time, the use of the horn was an unmistakable taunt, a scolding by the driver at Anne for being nude in public.   
  
Crossing the road for higher ground, one of Anne's bare feet hit a sharp piece of gravel as she splashed though the puddle and she hopped most of the rest of the way across the road on one foot. A woman honked her horn angrily at Anne as she passed and gave her a dirty look. A couple of cars driven by men slowed almost to a stop to enjoy the show. Looking up, she could see the camera drone slogging its way through the rain just twenty feet away from her and noticed a van following behind her with a film crew.   
  
Moving on two feet again, Anne looked at her pager; she was running behind and needed to make up for lost time. In search of a shortcut, Anne cut through the lawn of a small branch bank, the spongy ground being more agreeable to Anne's bare feet than had been the sidewalk. A creek behind the bank separated the business from the City Park. Normally a babbling stream of only a few feet wide and a foot deep, the downpour had turned the ordinarily tranquil water into a wide treacherous torrent of fast, churning, and muddy flow filled with trash, tree branches driftwood and other debris. A strong swimmer, Anne attempted to wade across, only to have her feet swept out from under her and tumble downstream in the turbulent flow. Despite the debris and tempestuous current, Anne managed to recover, swim a few strokes, and make headway until she could feel the bottom on the other side.   
  
Attempting to stand in waist deep water, Anne couldn't maintain her footing against the current and was swept downstream again, this time for nearly 50 yards. Grabbing onto a tree branch, Anne pulled herself from the water and onto land by hanging onto small trees which had been inundated by the flood.   
  
Wading ashore, Anne could see the film crew videoing her from their van in the bank parking lot. Despite her obvious peril in crossing the stream, they hadn't left the van. Overhead, the blustery wind was causing the TRG camera drone to be jostled about in the turbulence. Taking a few moments to cough up some water in her windpipe, Anne could see City Hall on the far side of the park and picked up the pace to a sprint. With arms pumping and taking huge strides, Anne splashed though the ballfields with nary a sole in sight as she was pounded by sheets of wind driven rain.   
  
Reaching the crosswalk in front of City Hall, a lone pedestrian, clad in a raincoat and holding an umbrella against the wind, waited for the light to change so that he could cross. As Anne stopped beside him, the middle aged man did a double take in amazement. When Anne started to offer an explanation, a car honked and Anne looked up to see that a few cars had stopped to yield her the right of way. One man waved her on while another flashed his lights.   
  
Not sure whether the drivers stopped out of compassion or just to get a chance to see a naked woman cross the road, Anne bolted across the street, ran up the stairs, through the double doors and into the lobby of the City Hall. Anne glanced at the mailgirl pager on her wrist, mercifully the face was still green; she was on time.   
  
Finding a line waiting at the metal detector, Anne took her place at the back. Responding to the astonished look of one of the guards, the entire line turned their heads to look at Anne. Soaking wet, hair matted against her face and upper shoulders, goose bumps, water dripping off her body from every conceivable location, pert nipples, naked, and barefooted, water puddled around Anne's feet as she began to shiver from the cold. The film crew, a cameraman and an assistant director, entered and began filming.   
  
With shock and bewilderment showing in their faces, the five people in line stepped to the side to let Anne pass. Despite the mystery of her scandalous appearance, simply the fact that she had the gall to enter City Hall nude demanded deference. More importantly, something was about to happen, namely the imminent arrest of the naked girl, and no one wanted to miss the spectacle. The male guard glared at Anne ominously while the female guard took out her handcuffs. An anxious anticipation began welling in the onlookers as a male guard motioned for Anne to come forward.   
  
"You in the back, come on though."   
  
Hardly the welcome she'd hoped for, Anne hesitated for a moment, took a deep breath, and cautiously walked forward. There was a noticeable nervous tremble in Anne's voice, a reluctance to her demeanor, and a fearful expression on her face as she approached.   
  
"Uh, I know this looks bad but I can explain."   
  
No sooner than she walked through the metal detector, the male guard gripped Anne by the shoulders and spun her around as the female guard grabbed her wrists, forced them behind her back and clamped on the handcuffs. Anne could feel the cold steel of the handcuffs against her buttocks as the female officer unclipped her mailgirl tube and put it in her pocket.   
  
"The idiot," one of the women in line said.   
  
Another woman giggled, "Serves her right, the little slut."   
  
"I'm a mailgirl."   
  
"You're under arrest," the male guard said.   
  
Scornful and haughty, the female guard scoffed, "Huh, what the hell were you thinking. Is this supposed to be some type of a joke?" Taking Anne by her upper arm, the officer jerked Anne forward. "Well, we've got a cell waiting for you. See if you find that funny."   
  
The onlookers in line and half a dozen people in the police reception area snickered in amusement as the officer bent Anne's wrists painfully upward and frog walked her to the front desk. The receptionist looked up at Anne, sneered, but didn't seem surprised.   
  
"I'm going to walk this toad over to the magistrate and get her booked, and then I'll take her over to the jail," the female officer said. "I'll be back in about twenty minutes." Tightening her grasp on Anne's arm, the female officer turned Anne in the direction of the front door. "Come on."   
  
Starting to leave, the officer drug Anne with her towards the front door. Everyone in the room was smiling, entertaining themselves by watching Anne's humiliation and shackling. Three blocks away, the jail was another block past the courthouse, and Anne wasn't looking forward to her walk of shame. Hopefully Dakota would be more competent in getting her a bail bondsman and a lawyer than she had been in making the arrangements for Anne's safe entry into the building. Only after Anne was half way out the door did the receptionist say anything,   
  
"Actually, I think they want you to take that toad into the briefing room," the receptionist said.   
  
The guard stopped, turned back toward the receptionist, and looked confused. "Say what?"   
  
"Yeah, dispatch called me this morning and said when some bimbo shows up and to take her to the Chief."   
  
"That's crazy."   
  
"I agree but that's what they tell me."   
  
"Are you sure?"   
  
"I was told this morning that when some naked chick comes in, she's a mailgirl, and send her to Chief O'Neil."   
  
"And you think this is her?"   
  
The receptionist shrugged. "How many other naked floozies do you expect to show up today? Yeah, I'd say it's a pretty good chance she's it."   
  
"That's me. I'm the mailgirl," Anne added.   
  
The officer's mood soured. "I don't believe this crap." The guard started dragging Anne down the hall toward the center of the building. "This can't be right. Until I can get to the bottom of this, I'm going throw her in lock up."

Anne looked at the film crew. "Guys, I could use a little help here. If you could just explain who I am."   
  
"Alright, get moving," the officer interrupted as she shoved Anne forward.   
  
The film crew videoed Anne being pushed down the hall wearing only a pair of handcuffs but said nothing.   
  
Forcing Anne down the hall, the officer stopped at the door to investigations, opened it and pushed Anne inside. A dozen or so detectives at their desks looked up in surprise.   
  
One of the detectives smiled. "What's this?"   
  
"She walked in the door this way. Becky tells me she's some mailgirl or something and I'm supposed to take her to the Chief."   
  
The detective glanced up at the clock on the wall. "He'd be at the morning briefing for the patrol units right now."   
  
"If you don't mind, I'd like to store her in your lock up until I get to the bottom of this." The female officer looked at a small, cage like, cell in the corner of the room made of iron bars.   
  
The detectives, particularly the men, seemed eager to accommodate the request. "Sure, we'd enjoy the view. Leave her here as long as you want."   
  
Twisting Anne's wrists upward, the officer frog marched Anne thought the middle of the detective desks, pushed her into the cell and then, with a lot more force than necessary, slammed the door shut, A loud metallic clang reverberated across the room. Observing Anne naked, handcuffed, shivering cold, and caged, the female officer appeared extremely pleased.   
  
"Better get used to those bars bitch." The officer laughed. "You'll be seeing a lot of them."   
  
Smug, as the officer left, all of the detectives stared at Anne.   
  
Only a temporary holding cell, it was a closet sized confinement with no privacy and no furniture of any kind, no bench, no bed, no sink, and no toilet, just iron bars and a floor.   
  
With nothing to do but stand, wait, and shiver, after about a minute, Anne looked to one of the detectives still staring at her. "Does anyone have a towel or something?"   
  
All of the detectives looked at each other and shook their heads.   
  
"Anything?"   
  
A female detective scoffed and went back to her work just as the door to investigations burst open and the female guard stormed in. Angry and with a determined pace, the female guard strode up to the cell in which Anne was standing. "Has anyone got a key?"   
  
"What's wrong?" one of the male detectives asked as he walked forward to unlock Anne's cell door.   
  
"Believe it or not, Chief O'Neil wants this asshole at the briefing," the female guard said as she opened the door, seized Anne, and jerked her from the cell.   
  
Taking ahold of Anne by the hair on the back on her head, the officer wasted no time marching Anne out of investigations and down the hall at the double quick. Reaching a door labeled "BRIEFING ROOM," the guard opened it and shoved Anne in. The entire morning shift, a group of about forty officers, turned to watch her enter. While most of the men smiled and seemed genuinely amused by Anne's appearance, the women were decidedly less receptive in their attitude towards the naked mailgirl.   
  
Although he didn't look surprised, if Chief O'Neil were glad to see Anne, he hid his approval of her nudity well. Stern in his appearance and in his voice, Chief O'Neil motioned for Anne forward.   
  
"Come here," Chief O'Neil said. "This is one of the mailgirls we've been talking about. I asked TRG it send one down here so all of you could see what they look like. City Council, in their ultimate wisdom, has seen fit to green light these women running around naked so long as they have a film permit."   
  
A patrol officer looked confused. "Sir, how do we know if they have a permit?"   
  
"TRG will be sending us a schedule every week of their runs but they'll be a few last second addition's that we'll notify you about by radio."   
  
Chief O'Neil gave a critical look at Anne but seemed unsatisfied with his inspection. "Turn around."   
  
Anne turned and gave Chief O'Neil a view of her backside.   
  
Still displeased, the Chief looked in the direction of the female officer. "Did she have some papers on her when she came in?"   
  
"She had a plastic tube but I haven't had a chance to search it yet."   
  
The officer pulled the mailgirl tube from her pocket and gave it to Chief O'Neil.   
  
"Thanks. That'll be all."   
  
As the female officer left, Anne felt a pang of alarm, having earnestly hoped that the officer would unlock her handcuffs before exiting. Nevertheless, Anne was left standing in the middle of the briefing room naked, wet, and chained. Again, if Chief O'Neil was concerned at all by Anne's manacling or by her condition, his compassion for her situation was well disguised.   
  
"How do we know she's a mailgirl?" one of the officer's asked. "She doesn't appear to have any identification one her."   
  
"Or anything else," one of the female officers grumbled.   
  
Chief O'Neil took Anne by the shoulders, turned her around so that her backside faced the officers. "Each mailgirl has a tattoo."   
  
The Chief grabbed Anne's handcuffed wrists and pulled them aside so that her mailgirl badge tattoo just above Anne's butt crack was clearly visible. The officers examined the tattoo intently.   
  
"How appropriate," one of the female officers said, "it's a tramp stamp on the back of a tramp."   
  
Chief O'Neil ignored the giggling in the room. "She's also got what they call a mailgirl pager glued on a bracelet on her left wrist."   
  
"Chief O'Neil raised Anne's wrist high so everyone could see her mailgirl pager, bending Anne way over in the process.   
  
"If you find an undressed citizen that doesn't have both of these items, then she isn't a mailgirl and you're to arrest her immediately."   
  
"What's that number 3 on her bracelet stand for?" an officer asked.   
  
"They don't have names, they have numbers." The Chief pointed at the "3" on Anne's tattoo. "This one goes by number 3. It's on her bracelet and it's tattooed right here on her back."   
  
Chief O'Neil released Anne's wrists and turned her back around. "You'll find in your briefing materials the rules for mailgirls that allow them to be nude. So long as they follow these rules and have a film permit, you're to treat naked mailgirls like any other clothed citizen. But, if they go outside the territory or violate the rules in any way, I want you to slap the cuffs on them immediately and haul them in."   
  
For the first time, the women in the room were smiling.   
  
If we can't stop this shit, then at least I want you people to keep it confined as much as possible." Chief O'Neil walked to Anne's front and addressed her, "Follow the rules and I'll leave you alone but, if you break the rules in any way, I'll have you thrown in jail, understand?"   
  
"Yes sir," Anne said.   
  
Chief O'Neil unscrewed Anne's mailgirl tube and removed some papers. "Here is the schedule for mailgirl runs for the rest of the week and a map of their territory. The green is where nudity is allowed. If you see a mailgirl in the red area at any time, arrest her immediately. I'm posting this on the bulletin board. We'll be updating this schedule every Monday morning for as long as this nonsense is legal." Turning his attention back to Anne, Chief O'Neil screwed the cap on the mailgirl tube and, as Anne couldn't reach for it, turned her around, and placed it in her hand. "You can go now."   
  
Anne waited for a moment for Chief O'Neil to order someone to remove her handcuffs but nothing happened. She then moved her wrists a little so that the Chief would notice them but the Chief O'Neil merely motioned Anne to go. Looking around the room for assistance, the men seemed to be oblivious to her plight while the women appeared contented by it.   
  
"Can I get someone to unlock me?"   
  
Chief O'Neil seemed annoyed. "They're not my cuffs. See Officer Scott."   
  
"Officer Scott?"   
  
"She's the officer that brought you in."   
  
Chief O'Neil resumed his briefing, leaving Anne standing in the middle of the room embarrassed, handcuffed, and naked. Reluctantly, Anne walked to the door, turned around, bent over a little, turned the door knob, and pushed the door open. Waiting for her on the other side of the door, the Officer Scott grabbed Anne, took her mailgirl tube, pocketed it, and started pushing Anne toward the front door.   
  
"Alright, your fun is done; let's go."   
  
"Hey, wait, I don't think I'm supposed to be arrested. I'm a mailgirl."   
  
"Don't even try to bullshit me. You know damned well that public nudity's illegal."   
  
"But I've got a film permit."   
  
"What you've got is a charge of indecent exposure. This show's over; you're going to jail."   
  
As they passed the receptionist, she grinned at seeing Anne still clad only in handcuffs. Most of the others in the reception area also smiled. Anne again appealed to the film crew silently documenting the event.   
  
"If you guys could just talk to these officers for a minute, I'm sure we could get all of this straightened out," Anne said to the film crew.   
  
Despite Anne's plea, neither the assistant director nor the cameraman said anything. The male guard handed his partner a raincoat and then held Anne while Officer Scott put it on. Anne looked at his raincoat but the male guard ignored her.   
  
"Don't I get something to wear?"   
  
"We don't have extra clothes and I'm not going to let your scuzzy body touch anything of mine. If you wanted something to wear, you should've put in on before you came here."   
  
"You're not going to walk me all the way to the jail naked are you?"   
  
"There are two types of problems in my life bitch, my problem and not my problem. The fact that you decided to get yourself arrested butt-naked is not my problem."   
  
Officer Scott adjusted her raincoat before pushing Anne thought the metal detector and out the front door. Instantly, the two women were hit with a chilly blast of rain and wind. If anything, the squall had intensified while Anne was indoors. Still cold and wet from her first run, Anne gritted her teeth and squinted against the storm as the women plodded forward.   
  
"Don't worry, the jail will have something spiffy for you to try on once we get there and I think you'll look great in it."   
  
"Just call my office and they'll explain."   
  
"You'll get your phone call after you've been booked."   
  
"Please, wait."   
  
Anne tried to stop and talk but the officer wrenched Anne's wrists painfully upwards, bending her over, and then began frog marching Anne down the street in the direction of the jail. Stopping for a moment to lift the hood on her raincoat, Officer Scott held Anne's wrists upward with one hand as she shielded her eyes from the stinging gusts of wind driven rain with the other.   
  
"Ma'am, I think you're making a mistake."   
  
"And I think you're making way too much noise. You have the right to remain silent so shut the fuck up."   
  
As they crossed the street, Anne felt the rush of cold water across her feet and ankles as she wadded though a puddle. Stumbling on a sharp gravel, Anne gave a half step and started to stop to examine the damage to the bottom of her foot only to be jerked forward by the officer.   
  
"You should have thought of that when you decided not to wear shoes. Now come on. I don't want to be out in this shit any longer than I have to."   
  
Looking back, Anne could see the film crew van and the camera drone following them with the cameraman in the passenger seat still videoing the arrest.   
  
"Friends of yours?" Officer Scott asked.   
  
"Not really. They're my film crew."   
  
Officer Scott waved for them to get back. As they passed the courthouse, several attorneys who were hurrying inside stopped to watch Anne's pussy parade as she was frog marched passed them. One of the attorneys laughed while another tried to place his card in her hand but Anne declined to take it.   
  
"You might be in need of this," the lawyer said. He looked amused.   
  
Ms. Scott glared at the attorney and pushed Anne forwards. "Come on, keep moving."   
  
Finally arriving at the jail, Officer Scott entered the reception area and dragged Anne to the window. All of the twenty or so people waiting in the lobby immediately glanced up as Anne entered. Most seemed amused and one of the women giggled.   
  
"She doesn't look happy?" one of the women told another woman. "How's that nudity working out for you?" the woman called out to Anne.   
  
"Next time slut, put some clothes on," another woman said. "You look ridiculous."   
  
"I need to see the Magistrate," Officer Scott told the officer in the window.   
  
The reception officer looked Anne over and laughed as he hit the button to unlock the door.   
  
As the women entered, the Magistrate looked up.   
  
"Another one of those too sexy for my shirt types?" the magistrate asked.   
  
"You got it, another 311." Officer Scott replied.   
  
The magistrate indulged himself with a long look at Anne's anatomy. "She's a whole lot prettier than what we usually get."   
  
"Yeah, she ought to be a big hit with all those dykes in the women's cell block, especially in the shower. They're all going to begging to be celled up with her skinny ass. I'd bet she'll get a lot of dates."   
  
"Sir, I can explain," Anne said.   
  
"Save your explaining for the Judge. I'm finding probable cause for the arrest and I'm remanding your custody to the City Jail." The magistrate took his eyes off Anne and began typing.   
  
"But sir, I'm a mailgirl."   
  
"Well now you're a prisoner." The Magistrate looked at Officer Scott. "Did the girl have any identification on her?"   
  
"Nothing, she was completely naked."   
  
The magistrate turned back to Anne. "Who are you and where do you live?"   
  
"I'm mailgirl number 3 and I live at TRG."   
  
"Ma'am, three is a number, not a name and TRG is a business, not a residence. Your name is not three and your residence is not TRG."   
  
"But it is sir. You see, I'm a mailgirl from the TRG mailgirl program and I live in the Mailgirl Room in the Basement at TRG."   
  
"Ma'am. I can't set bail until I know who you are and you show me some identification."   
  
"But sir, I really am a mailgirl and my identification's here." Anne turned around, bent over a little, and moved her handcuffs to show the magistrate her mailgirl tattoo.   
  
The magistrate rolled his eyes in frustration. "I can see where this is going. Officer Scott, you can go ahead and take her on back. I'll book her in as a Jane Doe and send the paperwork over in a few minutes. If she decides to give you any information, tell the jail to bring her back here once you get her dressed. She's to be held without bail."   
  
"Let's go." Officer Scott grabbed a handful of hair on the back of Anne's head and pushed her toward the jail. "Don't worry, if you want to be known as a number and not a name, this is the place for you. They'll assign you brand new number in just a few minutes."   
  
A male officer was waiting for them as they entered the jail.   
  
"It's your lucky day Mac, I've got a prom queen for you and she's naked," Officer Scott said as she handed Anne over.   
  
"It's your lucky day too. All my female officers are out on transports and I need someone to search her.   
  
Officer Scott rolled her eyes. "Great. You got any shit shields?"   
  
As the jailer offered Officer Scott a box of latex gloves and a tube of lubricant, Anne squirmed and looked horrified.   
  
"Oh no, please, that's really not necessary, I've got nothing in me, honest."   
  
"The toad's got some type of plastic bracelet glued on her wrist with a phone on it." Officer Scott spun Anne around and showed the jailer her mailgirl bracelet. "I think we'll have to cut it off."   
  
The jailer examined Anne's mailgirl pager and gave it a few tugs before nodded in agreement. "While you search her, I'll get her a uniform and I'll find some scissors."   
  
"Come on," Officer Scott said as she drug Anne into the examination room, "let's get this over with."   
  
Small, dingy, with cinderblock walls, a concrete floor, and a foul odor, the jail examination room's only piece of furniture was an old wooden desk in the middle of the room. Windowless, there was a large two way mirror on one side of the room and a few hooks for clothing on the other. Officer Scott sat the box of latex gloves and the lubricant on the desk and drew out a couple of the gloves.   
  
"No, wait, seriously, you don't have to do this; there's nothing in there."   
  
Officer Scott quickly snapped on the gloves. Just from the way she handled the gloves it was obvious that Anne wasn't Officer Scott's first body cavity search.   
  
"Don't tell me that this is your debut at this sort of thing," Officer Scott said as she screwed off the top to the tube of lubricant.   
  
"I've never been arrested before."   
  
Officer Scott smiled. "Well then, lay back on that desk, put your legs in the air, and spread them wide open. You're about to get your cherry popped."   
  
Anne looked back at the desk in horror as Officer Scott put her hand on the center of Anne's chest and pushed Anne onto the desk. Her handcuffs bit into her back and bruised her wrists as Anne's weight rolled over them.   
  
"If you resist me in any way, I'll put another charge on you. Now, get your legs up in the air and spread them wide."   
  
With a little help from Officer Scott, Anne's legs went up in the air and then spread the legs wide apart. Helpless and humiliated, Anne looked at her twat sticking up in the air in dismay.   
  
"Please, this really isn't necessary. I promise you there's nothing in there."   
  
"We'll see," Officer Scott chuckled as she smeared lubricant on her middle finger.   
  
"Uhhhhh!"   
  
Anne grunted, her eyes flew open wide, her back arched upward, her mouth dropped open, and every muscle in her body flexed at once as Officer Scott's middle finger entered her sex and started coarsely poking its way around in search of contraband. Finding nothing, the Officer put her shoulder into it and shoved her finger as far inside Anne as it would go. It seemed as if the officer was deliberately making the search as painful as possible. Anne's eyes bulged and she gulped as the officer poked her finger around inside Anne for a few more seconds before jerking it back out.   
  
"Get up and let's see what you've got up your ass."   
  
"No, please, really, there's nothing there, I swear, zero, nil, zilch, nada."   
  
"Quit complaining and turn around."   
  
Officer Scott grabbed Anne, pulled her up and turned her around facing the desk. Looking over her shoulder, Anne could see Officer Scott smearing some more lubricant on her middle finger.   
  
"Everyone knows that you get searched when you go to jail. So when you decided to show off your twat today, you knew someone was going to be sticking a finger up your ass."   
  
Finished lubricating, Officer Scott held her middle finger up in front of Anne's face so that she could get a good look at it.   
  
"But, if you thought that you'd enjoy it," Officer Scott shook her head and snickered, "that's not the way this works."   
  
Still with the shock of a deer in headlights, Anne stared at Officer Scott's middle finger in terror.   
  
"Now, bend way over and put your tits on the desk."   
  
Impatient, Officer Scott put her hand on the middle of Anne's back and pushed her downward until Anne's chest was flat against the wood surface. The box of latex gloves spilled onto the ground as she did so.   
  
"Spread um."   
  
Resigned to her fate, reluctantly, Anne spread her legs.   
  
"Huhhh!" Anne gasped as Officer Scott plunged her middle finger up Anne's sphincter as far as she could and began to involuntarily twitch and spasm as Ms. Scott commenced poking around inside Anne's rectum.   
  
"Stay still."   
  
After a few more seconds of roughly prodding her finger up Anne's asshole as far as she could, Officer Scott jerked her finger out again.   
  
"You're clean." Officer Scott jerked off the gloves and threw them away. "Get up."   
  
As Anne stood and started to breathe again, the jailer came to the door with a jail uniform, he had a phone. He handed the jail uniform to Officer Scott who plopped uniform on the desk and fumbled for the keys to her handcuffs to unlock Anne.

"Get dressed," Officer Scott said, "and this time, keep your clothes on."   
  
"It's for you," the jailer said as he offered the phone to Officer Scott.   
  
"Tell whoever it is that I'm busy. I'll call them back as soon as I get this toad dressed and in a cell."   
  
"It's dispatch, they say it's urgent."   
  
Looking irritated, Officer Scott took the phone. "Hello, this is Carol Scott." After listening for about thirty seconds, Officer Scott looked astounded. "You've got to be kidding me. This can't be legal." Ms. Scott paused to listen again. "No. I've already bagged and tagged her. She's been booked and searched." After listening for another minute, Officer Scott just looked at the ground and shook her head in disgust. "Alright, I'll take care of it." Hanging up, the disappointed door guard handed the phone back to the jailer. "They say release her." 

**I WARNED YOU**   
  
Still dripping wet and occasionally shivering, as Anne described the events of the morning, Jamie looked appalled while Dakota appeared annoyed.   
  
"It wasn't all that bad," Dakota said.   
  
"Not that bad? It was one of the worst experiences of my entire life," Anne said. "I half froze to death, nearly drowned, got arrested, and had a finger shoved up my privates. How could that possibly qualify as not that bad?"   
  
"I'm in agreement with Anne on this," Jamie said. "What she went through was terrible."   
  
"I'll admit, we've had a few minor details that we needed to work out," Dakota said. "Apparently they told the patrol officers about the mailgirl program but overlooked the security officers and jail staff. The good news is that I think I've got it all straightened out now. Everything should be fine."   
  
"Pardon me, but you didn't get bent over a desk and have some bitch stick her finger up your ass. That's not what I'd call a few minor details. That's what I'd call a big problem, a really big problem."   
  
"But we've fixed it," Dakota emphasized.   
  
"I've never been so humiliated."   
  
"Didn't we promise you that this job would be anything but boring?"   
  
"Look at this." Anne tried to show Dakota and Jamie the bruises on her wrists from the handcuffs. Jamie took a concerned examination of the wounds but Dakota ignored Anne.   
  
"Think of it this way, was this morning boring?" Dakota said.   
  
"It was awful."   
  
"And I'll bet you it was a lot more exciting than just sitting at your cubicle entering data. This was a morning you'll never forget. It's the type of excitement you signed on for."   
  
"I didn't sign on to have some stranger stick her finger up my hooch."   
  
"I'm sure it wasn't anything personal. The woman was just doing her job."   
  
"When someone's poking her finger all inside your pussy, let me tell you, it feels really personal, really, really, personal, like getting fingered by Captain Hook type of personal."   
  
As Dakota pondered Anne's last comment, she wasn't as disturbed that it happened as she was that there was no video of the event. The film crew wasn't allowed in the jail. Just from seeing Anne's reaction in retelling the story, Dakota knew that the look on Anne's face must have been priceless when the matron's finger first entered her pussy. It would have made for some great film footage.   
  
"How much of the arrest did the video crew manage to cover?" Dakota asked.   
  
"I don't know. All I know is that whenever I needed the slightest bit of help from them, they did nothing. They wouldn't talk to the police and they didn't even get out of their van when I was getting swept downstream. I suppose they're told not to do anything unless I'm really dying or something."   
  
"Actually, they're under orders not to interfere regardless of the circumstances. No matter what happens, they aren't to say or do anything, just keep filming."   
  
"So if I really was drowning?"   
  
"It's not likely that they would have done anything other than film it."   
  
At first Anne looked mortified and then seriously pissed.   
  
"Great, that's just great. I love all the support I get around here," Anne fumed.   
  
"We'll try to fix that," Jamie said.   
  
"By the way, from now on, we're publishing the time and route of your runs in advance," Dakota said. "Expect some press coverage and some spectators," Dakota said.   
  
"How many spectators?" Anne asked.   
  
Dakota shrugged. "I don't know but it could be a lot. You've got millions of followers on the web. It's a lot bigger response than we expected. You've gone viral."   
  
"Millions?"   
  
"You're a star."   
  
Stunned, Anne felt a pang of embarrassment at millions of people watching her naked but at the same time, it was both incredibly erotic and a mind-blowing boost to her ego. Anne fidgeted slightly as a surge of sexual energy overtook her. In her wildest fantasies, she never dreamed that she'd really be famous. It almost made her forget that only an hour before she bent over a desk in the jail getting fingered in her ass.   
  
Anne's pager vibrated. She was being summoned to the Benefits Department. Gina wanted to chat.   
  
"Ignore that," Jamie said as she turned to Dakota. "Let's take her off the board for an hour so she can go downstairs and get a hot shower."   
  
"Go ahead and make the run," Dakota said. "You can get your shower later."   
  
As Anne left the office, Jamie looked exasperated and concerned   
  
"You don't really intend to whip someone do you?" Jamie asked.   
  
"It depends."   
  
"Depends on what?'   
  
"It depends on whether they deserve it."   
  
Jamie's alarm only increased. "I thought we agreed that we wouldn't beat people; that whipping the girls wouldn't be an option."   
  
Pursing her lips, running her hand through her hair, and looking unusually serious, Dakota paused for a moment as she searched for the right words.   
  
"I know that I agreed to that but I've had a change of heart on the subject. I now believe that if the circumstances warrant physical correction, it's imperative that we use it."   
  
Jamie looked shocked. "I don't know you."   
  
"I'm sorry but we've got to have it. Desperate times call for desperate measures and we're desperate. We're asking a lot of these mailgirls and we need to instill a discipline in them that really commits them to the cause. We can't have them questioning our decisions or trying to negotiate with us.   
  
"Let me talk to the girls. We can deal with this without brutality."   
  
"This morning, I all but had to push Number 3 out the door to get her to go on her run. She argued with me and gave me every excuse in the world why she shouldn't go."   
  
"Do you blame her? The trip was a fiasco. She got soaked, frozen, arrested, jailed, bent over, and finger fucked all in the space of about forty minutes. I'm surprised she didn't quit."   
  
"No the trip wasn't a fiasco. Do you want to know why? Because it didn't happen to us. But if we screw this up, it could." Dakota held up her left wrist to show the mailgirl pager/bracelet fastened over her left wrist and then nodded at Jamie's left wrist. "We've both got mailgirl options in our contracts and, if we screw this up, we'll be the one's running all over this building bare ass, living downstairs in the Mailgirl Room, and getting bent over a desk in the jail by a matron with long bony fingers."   
  
"We're doing alright without the whip."   
  
"Not really. What would have happened this morning if I couldn't have gotten Number 3 out the door? Think about that. We can't have mailgirls arguing with us all the time. We need absolute authority over these girls and we need discipline tools that will give us that type of control. Besides, they agreed to physical correction in their contract."   
  
"Let's at least wait and see if it's necessary."   
  
"No, we don't have time. Our mailgirl options could be exercised in under a month. And think about this, if we don't use corporal punishment and we fail, I guarantee you that the next person that sits in this chair won't make the same mistake. She'll beat our asses so hard we'll think they're on fire. Either we crack down on discipline now or we'll be the ones on the receiving end of the whip in just a few weeks. Either we get these girls to fall in line now, or we'll be the ones falling in line next month."   
  
Jamie shook her head no. "It's just so wrong."   
  
"Not as wrong as me becoming a mailgirl. My ass is on the line and I have no intention of running nakey all the way to city hall just to let someone stick her finger in me and poke it around. I don't want to live downstairs; I don't want to shower in front of a worldwide audience, and I don't want to let Ms. Hayashi flog me."   
  
"Let me talk to the girls first. You've got to remember, they've still new at this. Give me a little time and I'll fix the discipline issue."   
  
"What are you going to do if they don't behave? They're only making minimum wage and we can't fire or suspend them. Talking's not enough; if we're going to get their attention, we need some form of discipline that's got teeth."   
  
"I just can't agree to beating on people."   
  
"If you want to be a mailgirl, fine, you can strip naked right now. I'll give you an assignment and I'll have you sleeping with the rest of the girls downstairs tonight but it's not for me. I'm not going to give up my clothes, my lifestyle, or my comfort and I'll do anything that it takes to prevent that."   
  
"I'm sorry but can't support you on this. I can't let you beat people. It's just so barbaric."   
  
Already visibly perturbed, Dakota's aggravation began to morph into resolve.   
  
"You don't have a choice. I'm not going to tolerate any more insubordination. Remember, it's my decision on whether your mailgirl option gets exercised and mine alone. If you don't want to work with me on this as assistant director, then I want you to give me your clothes right now and you can work under me as a mailgirl."   
  
Jamie looked stunned. "You wouldn't."   
  
Dakota reached into her desk drawer, pulled out Jamie's contract, picked up a pen, turned the page to her mailgirl option, and looked up at Jamie. Looking concerned, Jamie's eyes widened and she straightened up in her chair.   
  
"You're bluffing," Jamie said.   
  
"I'll give you one last chance. Are you willing to support the use of physical correction?"   
  
"But you know I can't do that. It's completely immoral."   
  
Helplessly, Jamie looked on in incredulity as Dakota signed her mailgirl option activating Jamie as a mailgirl.   
  
"What are you doing?"   
  
"It's done. As of right now, you are a TRG mailgirl and you will be a TRG mailgirl for the next two years."   
  
Jamie sat in her chair and stared at Dakota in disbelief.   
  
"I can't believe you just did that."   
  
"Don't blame me, you brought this on yourself. I gave you fair warning."   
  
Turning to her computer, Dakota make a few clicks with her mouse and began typing for a few seconds. Jamie's mailgirl pager, which had been dormant, vibrated and lit up.   
  
"Now, take off your clothes."   
  
"How could you?"   
  
"I said strip."   
  
For about fifteen seconds, the women just stare at each other in silence. Hearing murmured voices, Jamie looked around. Having been converted from a glass conference room, the mailgirl office was visible to everyone in the Human Resources Department. Many on the floor had been eavesdropping, and when Dakota told Jamie to strip in a loud firm voice, it caused most of the floor to stop what they were doing to observe what was going on.   
  
Jamie grimaced. The audience was humiliating. Finally accepting what had occurred, Jamie stood up, slipped off her shoes, and began unbuttoning her blouse.   
  
"I thought we were friends," Jamie said.   
  
"We are friends but I can't afford my own assistant sabotaging what I'm trying to do."   
  
Dakota picked up the phone and dialed the maintenance department as Jamie sat her blouse on the table, unzipped her slacks, and slid them to the floor.   
  
"Hello, this is Dakota Collins in the Mailgirl Department. I need you to send up a mailgirl box and a moving crew, we've got another recruit. . . . Thanks."   
  
Angry, Jamie took off her bra and threw it on the desk.   
  
"I know you're angry now but someday, you'll thank me for this," Dakota said. "It'll make you a more effective manager and a more disciplined person. You've got to learn that you can't supervise people and be their friend at the same time. It confuses your mission. A manager always puts the company first, not her friends. Just like I'm doing right now."   
  
As Jamie took off her panties and lay them on the desk, Dakota reached into the top drawer of her desk and pulled out a leather Cat O' Nine Tails. Gasps and excited murmuring could be heard from the onlookers as people got up from their cubicles and moved closer to the Mailgirl office to get a better look.   
  
Standing nude in front of Dakota, Jamie froze in dismay as she saw the whip, stepped back, cowered slightly, and covered herself with her hands.   
  
"What's that for?"   
  
"You."   
  
Stunned, Jamie just stared at the whip.   
  
"You've got to be kidding me."   
  
"Turn around, bend over, and grab your ankles."   
  
"But why?"   
  
"I warned you that I wouldn't tolerate any more insubordination didn't I. You didn't support my on the physical correction, you didn't undress the first time I ordered you to, and you cursed me. I can't allow that type of behavior in my department."   
  
"This is bullshit."   
  
"But all of that is about to change. I'm going to start fixing the discipline problem around here right now. You're about to get a serious attitude adjustment. In about two minutes, I guarantee that I'm going to make you into a completely changed woman."   
  
Jamie looked around. A rapidly growing crowd had gathered. When the whip came out, it seemed everyone in the department was hurrying to see the show. Many looked appalled but most of the audience seemed giddy with excitement and anticipation, eager to see watch Jamie bend over and receive her whipping.   
  
Dakota slipped the wrist strap of the Cat O' Nine Tails around her wrist and adjusted her grip on the whip.   
  
"I said, turn around, bend over, and grab your ankles."   
  
Mortified, Jamie didn't move.   
  
The audience fell silent, not wishing to miss a syllable of what was being said.   
  
"Do you want me to double your punishment? Now."   
  
Slapping the desk with the whip, Dakota's voice had an irate tone to it that Jamie had never heard before. Quivering slightly, with great trepidation, Jamie turned around and grabbed her ankles. The onlookers held their breath.   
  
WHAP! Jamie's eyes bulged and she gasped for air as Dakota's first blow candy stripped Jamie's white ass. WHAP! Jamie's entire body spasmed as Dakota's whip warmed Jamie's buttocks again. WHAP!   
  
"Ahhhh!" Jamie let out a squeal as her ass began to burn.   
  
WHAP! Her face twisted and contorted in pain, Jamie, grunted, tightened every muscle in her body, clinched her teeth, constricted her sphincter, held her breath, and tensed her buttocks as she braced herself for the next blow.   
  
WHAP! Despite the bracing, when the blow hit, Jamie let out a whimper as her buttocks felt like she'd just been branded. Sweat began to form on her body and she began to tremble uncontrollably.   
  
WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Dakota delivered three blows in a frenzy. Jamie shot upward and grabbed her buttocks. "Uhhhhhh! What the fuck was that."   
  
"Quiet," Dakota ordered.   
  
WHAP!   
  
As Dakota stepped back and looked to be finished, many in the crowd applauded while others looked horrified.   
  
Flush red in the face and breathing heavily, Jamie become weak and wobbly for a few seconds before standing and running her fingers across the welts on her backside; her buttocks still burned white hot and felt warm to the touch.   
  
"Kensa."   
  
Immediately, Jamie silenced and snapped to the kensa position. Dakota just smiled at how quickly Jamie obeyed her orders after the physical correction.   
  
"Now that's a lot better."   
  
Amused by how quickly and obediently she assumed the position, Jamie could hear giggling from the onlookers.   
  
"That really put her in her place," a woman snickered.   
  
"That got her attention," another voice said.   
  
Examining her work, when Dakota saw that Jamie's entire ass was fire engine red, she seemed pleased.   
  
"See how effective physical correction can be. It shut you right up."   
  
Seething in anger and still quivering from the pain, Jamie dared not say a word or risk another blistering of her backside. Her breathing was rapid and shallow.   
  
"You jumped into the kensa position in less than a second." Dakota laughed. "I don't think I've ever seen you move that fast."   
  
Jamie gritted her teeth.   
  
"That's what I need. Instant compliance with no backtalk and that's what physical correction gives me."   
  
Jamie shot Dakota an ugly glance. WHAP!   
  
"Ahhhh!" The blow moved Jamie's hips forward about a foot and caused her to cry out in pain.   
  
"Do you need some more or are you ready to comply?"   
  
Quickly resuming the kensa position, Jamie said nothing; she just looked forward and clinched her teeth.   
  
"Now you understand just how motivating severe pain can be," Dakota paused for effect, "and how useful. I only gave you ten strokes today. Disobey me again and it'll be twenty, understand."   
  
Still weak and breathing heavily, Jamie nodded affirmatively. Although some of the onlookers were beginning to disburse, most, especially those delighted to watch Jamie writhing in pain only moments before, were still eagerly watching Jamie receive the rest of the attitude adjustment Dakota had promised.   
  
"For the next two years, the only words I ever want to hear come from your mouth is the words yes ma'am, understand?"   
  
Jamie forced the words "yes ma'am" out of her mouth.   
  
Dakota put the whip on her desk and began bagging up Jamie's clothes.   
  
"From now on, when I tell you to do something, I want you to jump right to it, understand?"   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"And, from now on, you're not to question my judgement in any way, understand?"   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
By now, sweat was beading up on Jamie but her breathing began to return to normal and her trembling began to subside as she slowly recovered. Dakota's voice assumed a softer, less confrontational tone.   
  
"You're my friend and I really don't want to see you in pain but you're hopelessly ill-disciplined. Don't worry, I'll help you change that. If you follow these simple rules, your life will be a lot more comfortable and we'll both be a lot happier. But if you don't, I'll exercise my right to physically correct you every day until you do, understand."   
  
"Yes ma'am."   
  
"Good."   
  
A two man moving crew knocked on the door. They had a hand truck and a mailgirl box.   
  
"Come in," Dakota said.   
  
The men carried the box in and sat it in front of Jamie. There was an expression of shock on their faces as they saw the new mailgirl. Even though her face was red and contorted in pain, the moving crew recognized Jamie. Barely big enough to fit a slender woman, Jamie looked at the box for a moment as she rubbed her injured buttocks. The eyes of the moving crew widened in shock as they got a good look at Jamie's crimson buttocks and saw the whip on Dakota's desk.   
  
"You know the drill, get in," Dakota said.   
  
Stepping in, Jamie crammed herself into the box, and ducked her head down as the moving crew folded the lids down and taped her up. Dakota put away the whip.   
  
"Take her down to the loading dock and leave her there until I have a chance to get a video crew ready. When the video people arrive, ship her over to the tattoo parlor and get her tatted up (tattooed with a mailgirl badge tattoo)."   
  
The moving crew looked concerned.   
  
"But that's Jamie?" one of the moving crew protested.   
  
"No," Dakota answered, "that's Mailgirl Number 2."