**Confessions of a Mailgirl**

by Seahawk

**PROLOGUE**  
The naked mailgirl phenomenon began - as so many crazy trends often do - in Japan. As legend has it, it began at Hiromoto Industries headquarters in Tokyo when Mr. Hiromoto, a powerful billionaire, began grousing at a high level executive meeting about how memos and files could be delivered instantly through the internet but it couldn't be guaranteed that the most important ones would be read or acted on immediately. There must be some way to insure that the most important items get immediate attention and don't get lost in the pile of useless information being shat out like dog dung these days, he grumbled.   
  
"Have a naked woman deliver it," one of the executives joked too much laughter around the table. But Hiromoto didn't laugh.  
  
"I like that idea," he said. "Make it happen." The others present that day, once they realized he was serious, began protesting and listing the many reasons why this wouldn't work. It would hurt productivity by diverting employees' attention from their work; it would bring unfavorable media attention to the company; various groups would protest it; female employees would quit; clients would leave them. Mr. Hiromoto listened to all of these arguments but was too old and too rich to give a damn about any of them. He simply liked the idea of having beautiful naked women running around his corporate headquarters delivering mail.  
  
"Make it happen," he repeated as he rose to his feet and walked toward the door, letting out a large fart in the general direction of his senior executives as he exited the room.  
  
And so they did make it happen. A few weeks later a couple of pretty college interns were convinced - with the incentive of a large bonus along with an offer of excellent pay and benefits - to begin delivering mail naked around corporate headquarters. And many of the negative things that the senior executives had warned Mr. Hiromoto about did happen. Some women did quit in protest, but they were replaced by younger, more attractive women at lower pay, and several would later accept invitations to join the Mailgirls program themselves. Some clients did leave but that was easily offset by an influx of new clients who looked forward to meetings at Hiromoto headquarters where they had the opportunity to observe the mailgirls in action. The company was the subject of protests by various groups and did get bad press in both Japan and the world media but this notoriety only seemed to spur sales, especially among young adult males.  
  
One thing that didn't happen was a drop in productivity. Quite the opposite, in fact. Sick calls were reduced, the retention of male employees improved, and workers were often willing to work longer hours. The opportunity to see a beautiful nude woman during the workday turned out to be more stimulating to many employees than a double espresso.  
  
At first the mailgirl delivery system was very rudimentary. The two naked young mailgirls were given a small room in the basement with a laptop they would each use to check e-mails for their delivery orders. The mailgirl would then run up the service stairs to the correct floor and office to pick up her delivery and take it to another office in the building. When she was done she returned back to the basement to check the e-mail again for a new order. This proved to be very inefficient until someone got the idea of strapping a smartphone to their upper arm with a velcro strap so they could check their e-mail without having to go to the basement. This was better, but still not perfect as sometimes both would show up answering the same e-mail or would not show up at all thinking the other one was getting it. There was also no efficient way to track how long it was taking for the girls to make their deliveries, and one of the girls was often seen standing and flirting with male employees around the building while the other girl was forced to work harder to keep up.  
  
At first the idea was to reserve only the most important and time sensitive items for mailgirl delivery, but the definition of "important" became looser and more flexible over time as nearly every manager in the building began wanting to use the mailgirls to deliver even the most mundane and trivial correspondence for them. It soon became obvious that more mailgirls would need to hired, but the system would have to be overhauled first.   
  
The solution the company came up with was to build a network throughout the building that would sync to the smartphones that the mailgirls had strapped to their upper arms and register the time they entered or left an office. They also developed software that could track the individual movements of the mailgirls throughout the building, could find the closest available mailgirl to the pickup point and then alert her to the pickup via the smartphone. They also established time parameters for travel to various parts of the building to insure the brisk movement of deliveries (too brisk some of the mailgirls complained), and the failure to meet the deadline resulted in demerits and eventual discipline. And to simplify the identification of the mailgirls and avoid confusion, they were each assigned a number that would be inked onto their hip with a Sharpie prior to the beginning of each shift and they were to be addressed by that number rather than their name while on duty.  
  
It took almost a year to work out all the problems and bugs in the system but in the end Hiromoto Industries had created an efficient system for delivering packages, memos, bulletins, and files via sixteen beautiful naked female couriers. The company had also weathered the initial firestorm of controversy causing its stock to drop and by the end of the year the stock had not only fully recovered but had increased in value based on reports of record profits and productivity gains.  
  
At the annual stockholders meeting, Mr. Hiromoto announced that their new interoffice delivery program was an unqualified success and they would begin selling the training and technology for the program to other companies.  
  
"What will you call it?" one stockholder asked. Mr. Hiromoto's marketing department had come up with a variety of suggestions for a catchy name for their new product but he hadn't been impressed by any of them.  
  
"Mailgirls," he grunted. And so it came to be that this very simple and somewhat condescending name became the generic term commonly used by the public for nude female couriers.  
  
It took awhile for Hiromoto Industries to find its first client willing to take the risk of implementing a nude mailgirls program, but when another Tokyo firm finally did and it also became a success the orders began pouring in from other companies in Japan. After that they began marketing their program in Hong Kong, Thailand, and the Philippines with varying degrees of success.  
  
The mailgirls program remained largely an Asian oddity for the first several years before a German firm dipped its toe into the water and tried it out. After it became a success there it spread throughout Europe as well. Within five years Hiromoto Industries could brag that it had sold its program and technology to over one hundred companies in twenty countries. And there were also many companies who started their own mailgirls program without bothering to buy the Hiromoto license or technology. After all it merely required nude women willing to deliver items from office to office, but few unlicensed companies ever approached the level of sophistication or efficiency of Hiromoto clients in implementing the program.  
  
But there was one huge market that remained untapped and resistant to the concept of naked mailgirls: the United States. Many thought that the concept would never fly there. The country was too conservative, too prudish about nudity, its labor laws were too restrictive, and there were too many religious and feminist activist groups who would scream bloody murder and organize boycotts of any American company that dared try such a thing there.  
  
I admit that I was one of the people who thought that. As a twenty-five-year-old female summa cum laude graduate with an MBA degree and on a management fast track working for an American corporation, I thought that the whole mailgirls concept was absurd and exploitative and the females who did such a thing were pathetic creatures. And I kept thinking that until the day - after a series of bad decisions on my part based on greed, lies, ambition, and naiveté - I became a naked mailgirl myself.   
  
This is my story.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 2**

**AN UNEXPECTED OFFER**  
The day began like most others for me as I sat in my cubicle in the marketing department working on promotional ideas for the imminent release of our latest game, "Gangsta 4."  
  
The company that I work for, DumpsterDawg Enterprises, had started out in a garage about twenty years ago when a few friends began writing a PC game based on building an urban crime gang. Their first effort was rather crude but it sold well enough for them to move into a small office building and hire more coders and artists to expand on the concept, and their second release became a huge hit. Since then the company had grown into a multi-billion dollar corporation with a reputation for developing edgy, controversial urban crime games, first person shooters, and fantasy RPGs for the PC and consoles. We were known for pushing boundaries in sexual content, nudity, and violence in our games and were frequently the target of grandstanding politicians who claimed we were corrupting the nation's youth. The founders of the company actually loved this type of publicity which they knew would only help drive sales higher. Lately the company had begun producing movies based on their games and there was even a rumor that there was a secret project underway to develop a search engine that they hoped would someday rival Google.  
  
I'd been there for about a year and enjoyed the atmosphere, which was a long way from the usual stuffiness of most corporations. "Work hard, play harder" was the motto here among the mostly youthful workforce, and long days at work were frequently followed by hard partying together on days off.  
  
About an hour after arriving for work my typical day started becoming very untypical when I got a call from Barbara Anderson's secretary. "Is this Danica Peterson?" she asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Barbara Anderson is requesting that you meet her in her office at 10:15. Will you be able to make it?"  
  
"Um, sure."  
  
"Do you know how to get here?"  
  
"I'll be able to find it," I answered.  
  
"Great! See you then."  
  
After hanging up I sat for a minute wondering what this meeting could be about. I knew Barbara Anderson by sight and by reputation but had never actually met her. Her office was in what was referred to by employees as "the tower," the section of the compound where the company's suits - its senior executives and managers - had their offices. I'd only been there once, during my initial employee orientation, so I was excited and nervous about being invited there for a meeting. I had aspirations about someday having my own office there.  
  
I gave myself plenty of time to get to the tower and find her office and when I got to the reception area I found Kelly Darby, a girl who'd been hired at the same time as me, also waiting.   
  
"Hey Kelly, do you know what this is about?" I asked her.  
  
"No idea," she said. We spent a few minutes engaging in small talk about work and it was nearly 10:30 before the receptionist waved us into her office. Barbara was on her cell phone as we entered and she motioned for us to sit down.  
  
"Sorry to keep you waiting," she said after she finally hung up and came over to shake our hands. "It's been crazy around here lately. Danica, Kelly, it's nice to meet you both," she said as she pulled a chair around, placed it in front of ours and sat down. "I don't have much time so I'll get to the point. We have a new project I've been put in charge of and I've been told that you two ladies would be good candidates to help me out with it."  
  
"Sure," I replied eagerly. "What is it?"  
  
"Have you two ever heard of mailgirls?"  
  
"You mean where naked women run around delivering packages?" Kelly asked. "Sure."  
  
"What do you think of it?" Barbara asked.   
  
"I think its nuts," Kelly responded.  
  
Barbara smiled and looked at me. "And you, Danica?"  
  
I pondered for a second wondering how to answer, then decided it would be best to tell the truth. "I think it's exploitative and demeaning to women," I answered. "Why? Are we planning on making a game about mailgirls?"  
  
Barbara laughed at that. "No, but that's actually not a bad idea. I'll pass it on to one of our game producers. No, we've signed a deal with Hiromoto Industries in Tokyo to be the launch customer for their Mailgirls program in North America and I've been placed in charged of it. The powers that be here felt it would be best if the program was run by women so I've been given your names as a couple of promising candidates from our management program who could help me with it."  
  
Kelly and I looked at each other in shock. It seemed incomprehensible to me that the company would do something like this or ask me to be involved in it. "Do we get to keep our clothes on?" Kelly asked finally.  
  
"Yes, of course," Barbara answered. "The two of you will help me set up and manage the program."  
  
"Why are we doing this?" I asked.   
  
"Dan Evans, our CEO, is intrigued by the idea. As you know he's never been shy about creating controversy, and since our games and movies are marketed primarily toward young adult males it won't exactly hurt us with that demographic. Hiromoto is providing the technology and training for free to us as launch customers in exchange for a promise to stick with it for two years. If it works out we'll partner with them in promoting and selling the program in the U.S. and Canada."  
  
"And if it doesn't work out?" Kelly asked.  
  
Barbara shrugged. "Then we'll ditch it and move on."  
  
"How is this even legal anyway?" I asked.  
  
"There are a number of businesses that require nudity as a condition of employment," Barbara responded. "Strip clubs are the most obvious example, but there are also Broadway plays, movie sets, naked news websites, that kind of thing. We're producing a movie right now with a lot of female nudity in it and the actresses have had to sign waivers acknowledging that nude scenes are a required condition of employment."  
  
"I don't know if I could do something like this, though," I said. "I mean, promote something that I feel exploits women who think their only value is in their bodies?"  
  
"You've already helped us promote films and games with copious amounts of female nudity, Danica."  
  
"I know, but I guess that seems different to me somehow," I said.  
  
"It seems different to you because movie nudity is commonplace in our culture while nudity within the corporate workplace is not. But nudity hasn't always been commonplace or accepted in movies or games either. The culture changed over time and that may happen with the acceptance of nudity in the corporate culture as well. It already has, to a certain extent, in Japan and other countries where the Mailgirls program has been established for awhile."  
  
What she was saying made some sense but when neither of us responded Barbara leaned back in her chair and spoke again. "Listen, I tend to agree with you both. This Mailgirls program is exploitative, demeaning and a little bit nuts, but it is going to happen and I've been put in charge of it so I'm going to do everything in my power to make it work. I wouldn't blame either of you for turning this down, and if you do you can return to your cubicles with no hard feelings."  
  
The "return to your cubicles" remark sounded like a little dig to me and I began to wonder if turning this down might negatively affect my career chances here.  
  
"Before you decide, though," Barbara continued, "hear me out and let me try to sell you on it."  
  
"Sure," Kelly replied, and I also nodded in agreement.  
  
"The jobs I'm offering are considered management positions and will be a promotion for both of you, along with a considerable pay raise. On top of that, this will be a high profile project that will be followed closely all the way to the top of the company. A strong performance in helping me with this project won't go unnoticed."  
  
I have to admit that the prospects of the raise and the opportunity to advance my career sounded intriguing but I still wasn't convinced I should get involved with something like this. That's when Barbara set the hook.  
  
"Let me ask you guys this," she said. "You each have six years invested in getting your MBAs. How much do you owe in student loans? $75,000? $100,000? More?"  
  
"More," I responded, and Kelly nodded as well.   
  
"I thought so," she said. "I've been authorized by the company to pay off each of your student loans in full if you'll agree to sign a two year contract to help me set up and run the Mailgirls program. You'll also each receive a $50,000 bonus upon the completion of your contract."  
  
Kelly and I looked at each other stunned. The thought of getting out of from under the weight of our huge student loan burden was too good to pass up.  
  
By the end of the day the contracts had been drawn up and signed by both of us. In retrospect I should have spent a lot more time reading over the fine points of the contract or, better yet, had a lawyer do it. But I was inexperienced in dealing with contracts and had never had a lawyer, so I signed it trusting the company would be fair to me. That would turn out to be a huge mistake.  
  
A week later Kelly and I found ourselves on a flight to Tokyo to observe Hiromoto's Mailgirls program firsthand.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 3**

**TOKYO**

As our limousine wound its way through the crowded city streets, Kelly and I stared out the windows in wide-eyed wonder at the sights and sounds of downtown Tokyo. We'd been flown to Tokyo in first class, put up in a five star hotel, and then had the limo pick us up this morning to deliver us to Hiromoto headquarters.  
  
"Man, I could get used to this," Kelly said.  
  
"No kidding," I replied. As a girl who'd grown up in a small, rural town and who, as recently as a week ago, had been just another drone in a cubicle, it felt like I'd suddenly been transported into a different life.  
  
The streets were alive with activity, and since space was at a premium in the city it seemed like every square inch around us was filled with cars, buildings, street vendors, and pedestrians. The limo finally pulled into an underground parking garage beneath a building that looked no different than a dozen other large office buildings in the area.   
  
The driver pulled into an open spot near the garage elevator where a Japanese woman was waiting to meet us. He jumped out of the car and walked over to the woman, spoke with her for a few moments, then opened our door and held out a hand to assist us out. The woman smiled and bowed her head slightly as she greeted us.  
  
"Hello, my name is Mariko Isakawa," she said with a bright smile. "I am the managing director of the Mailgirls program for Hiromoto Industries and I am so very pleased to meet you." The woman spoke accented but perfect English, speaking slowly and carefully enunciating each word. She invited us to join her in the elevator and as it rose toward the lobby I found I had a hard time taking my eyes off of this woman. Mariko was stunningly beautiful with flawless skin, large dark brown eyes, and silky black hair that flowed down over her shoulders. She wore an expensive, tailor-made business ensemble consisting of a black jacket over a light, silk blouse, a pleated skirt which hung to just above her knees, black silk stockings and black pumps. Her makeup was light but skillfully applied to perfectly accent her features, and a waft of her perfume hung in the air. She exuded both professionalism and sex appeal and I immediately thought she might be one of the most intoxicating women I'd ever met.  
  
As we exited the elevator I got my first look at the infamous Hiromoto Industries headquarters. My first impression was how surprisingly normal and unremarkable its lobby looked. It was clean, modern, and tastefully appointed with a large reception desk manned by a young woman in a blazer and a security guard. Men and women wearing business attire scurried back and forth through the lobby, many of them with cell phones glued to their ear. Notably absent were any naked women. I'm not sure what I was expecting but it looked about the same as pretty much every corporate lobby I'd ever been in. There was not a hint that this was the home of one of the most controversial concepts ever introduced into the modern business world.  
  
"I see everyone has their clothes on so far," Kelly remarked, echoing my thoughts.  
  
"Oh yes!" Mariko exclaimed. "Our lobby is open to the public. No deliveries or pickups are allowed here by our mailgirls. Only in the floors above which are restricted to employees, clients, and invited guests."  
  
We followed Mariko to the receptionist desk where, after a brief conversation, we were each given an ID badge with writing in both Japanese and English which identified us as visitors.  
  
"Please, we will go to my office first," Mariko said. "I am sure you will have many questions before we get started." We nodded and followed her into the elevator where I noted that the building had fourteen floors. I couldn't help but wonder what kind of shape a nude mailgirl would have to be in to climb up and down stairs all day in a building that size.  
  
We exited on the fifth floor and followed Mariko down a corridor through what was, once again, a very typical business environment. We passed by cubicles and offices filled with people busy working at whatever it was they were working on. Except for the fact that the employees were all Japanese this could have been a floor in a typical American corporate office building. I looked around anxiously hoping to spot a mailgirl but there were none to be seen.   
  
As we entered Mariko's office I noted it was tastefully decorated and uncluttered but seemed surprisingly small for the managing director of such a well known corporate program. Mariko motioned for us to sit down and then said, as if reading my mind, "I must apologize for the smallness of my office. Mailgirls gets much publicity but is actually a very small part of Hiromoto Industries. Perhaps with the entrance of your company and the American market that will change and I will be able to ask for a larger office," she said with a smile as she sat down. Once again I was struck by how exquisitely lovely she was.  
  
Mariko spoke for a few minutes about the history and evolution of the Mailgirls program, the development of the technology, and about the benefits it provided to corporations which had allowed the concept to grow beyond being just a bizarre novelty. It was mostly things we had already learned in our briefings from Barbara or had read in our research, but her accented, deliberate English had such a lovely rhythm to it I enjoyed just listening to her speak. When Mariko asked for questions I spoke up.  
  
"What about reports that in some countries mailgirls are little more than sex slaves and are subjected to bondage, whippings and are forced to eat and drink out of dog bowls?" I asked.  
  
Mariko lowered her eyes. "Yes, I am ashamed to say that is too often true in less enlightened cultures. But those are not Hiromoto clients. If we were to find one of our clients engaging in such abuses we would immediately pull the license and remove our technology and alert the authorities."  
  
"So you say there have never been any abuses of your mailgirls here?"  
  
"No, I cannot say that," Mariko replied. "There have been times when mailgirls have been treated very poorly here. That was especially true in the beginning but we have worked hard to educate our employees on the correct manner to interact with a mailgirl. They may gaze upon her, of course, because it is the role of the mailgirl to share her beauty with others, but they must not grope or fondle her or demand sexual favors from her. Unfortunately some employees, including several top executives, have been invited to retire or seek new employment because they failed to learn these lessons. It is much better now than in the past, but I am always vigilant in protecting my girls."  
  
I felt like I'd touched on a painful subject for Mariko and appreciated that she had given an honest answer rather than just spouting the company line.  
  
We talked for a few more minutes about various things before Kelly spoke up. "You know we've heard a lot about mailgirls but have yet to actually see one," she said. "Would it be possible to meet and speak with one of your girls?"  
  
"Yes, of course," Mariko responded. "I will summon one immediately." She pulled out her cellphone and poked the face of it a few times before setting it down on her desk. The whole process took no more than a few seconds. "A mailgirl will be here within three minutes," she said.  
  
"I have to ask," Kelly said, "will this be a random girl or someone you arranged in advance to speak with us?"  
  
"I used the normal method to summon a mailgirl, which goes to the closest available girl. Only senior managers may summon an individual girl. I can also do so as part of my job but I can assure you that I did not know in advance in this case who would be summoned."  
  
As we waited I kept glancing at my watch to see if she would make the three minute deadline. With fifteen seconds to spare the door opened and the mailgirl entered. She assumed a stance with her legs slightly spread, her hands at her sides, and her gaze lowered to the floor awaiting orders. Mariko spoke for a minute in Japanese to the girl.  
  
"Hai," the girl said and turned and closed the door. Then she dropped to her knees on the carpeted floor and sat back on her haunches with her legs spread to shoulder width, her back slightly arched, and her hands resting on her thighs. Her breasts, vagina, and ass were all on open display.  
  
The sudden appearance of a nude woman in an otherwise normal business environment was startling to us and Kelly and I stared at her in fascination. The mailgirl had a lovely face and a petite but well-toned body. Her skin was unmarred by tattoos and glistened with a light layer of perspiration. Her breasts were small but firm and were perfectly proportioned to the rest of her body. Her brown hair hung down to her shoulders, her pubic area was shaved, and she wore no shoes or jewelry of any kind. The smartphones that had been strapped to the upper arms of mailgirls in the past were gone and instead she wore a much less obtrusive smartwatch on her left wrist strapped on with a band that closely matched the color of her skin.  
  
"This is #15," Mariko said. "She has been instructed to answer your questions honestly and I promise to you that I will translate her answers honestly."   
  
The reference to her as a number rather than by name angered me. "What is your name?" I asked. Mariko translated my question and the girl looked up at Mariko's face for the first time. Mariko nodded at her and she lowered her eyes again and responded.  
  
"She says, 'My name is Aiko.'" Mariko translated.  
  
"And how do you like being called by a number rather than a name, Aiko?  
  
"I do not like it but I have come to accept it," Mariko translated. "I understand that it is important for efficiency and to remind me and others of my place."  
  
"What does she mean by that?" I asked Mariko.  
  
Mariko sighed before responding. "You must understand that Japan was a feudal society with a caste system for many centuries. Although this system was abolished many years ago the caste mentality remains strong in some parts of Japanese culture. Mailgirls are considered servants of the rest of the workforce and even the lowest floor sweeper is considered their superior. Giving them numbers reminds them and everyone else of their place. I do not like this but I must tell you I have failed to change it."  
  
"So will we have to refer to our mailgirls by numbers?" I asked.  
  
"No," Mariko replied. "That is up to each client to decide." I resolved right then that none of our mailgirls would be referred to by a number rather than a name if I had anything to say about it.  
  
"I don't see a number painted on her," I said. "How do people know what number they are?"  
  
"When they are summoned the mailgirl's picture and number appear on the Mailgirls phone app," Mariko replied. Mariko held up her phone and showed us Aiko's picture which had the number 15 below it.  
  
"What about the submissive pose there on her knees," Kelly asked. "Is that part of that caste mentality, too?"  
  
"Yes that is part of it. The mailgirl must always portray a role of humble servitude, but there are practical reasons for it, too," Mariko responded. "Mailgirls must travel all over the building and even if we provided seats for them on each floor it would be impossible to keep them clean and it would be most unhygienic for our many mailgirls to use the seat. Each floor has a mat where the mailgirl may kneel and rest if she has no current assignment."  
  
"So our mailgirls will be required to assume this submissive pose?" I asked.  
  
"Yes. All mailgirls are required to assume a standing or a kneeling pose while awaiting instructions or assignment which allows their body to be viewed from all angles. That is part of their role."  
  
"Why the bare feet?" Kelly asked. "Isn't that hard on them with all the running they do?"  
  
"Some of our workers have a deep appreciation for the beauty of the female foot and we feel it would be wrong to deny them of that beauty," Mariko replied. "We start our new mailgirls slowly to give them time to build their strength and harden their feet."  
  
Aiko had been kneeling patiently before us as we spoke in English to Mariko so I directed my next question to her. "Aiko, what is your educational background."  
  
"I am a recent university graduate and have my degree in accounting," Mariko translated for her.  
  
"And you couldn't find a job in your field?" I asked.   
  
"Oh no, I was offered several good jobs in my field," she answered, " but I chose to begin my career with Hiromoto."  
  
"But why?"  
  
"The pay is very much better here for this job," she said, "and if I complete my contract I will get my bonus and hope to be offered a position in the accounting department."  
  
"How long is the contract and what is the bonus?" I asked Mariko.   
  
"The standard Mailgirls contract is for two years," Mariko responded, "and the bonus comes to about $47,000 US."  
  
"And is it true that she might be offered a job in accounting if she completes the contract?" I asked.  
  
"Most likely, yes," Mariko replied. "Mailgirls are very often given jobs in other parts of the company after completing contracts because they have proven to be hard working and loyal workers. If there is not a job opening in the department they desire they may accept one in another department or continue as a mailgirl until the job she seeks becomes available."  
  
"I don't get it," Kelly said. "If there is a caste system mentality here and mailgirls are the lowest rung then why are they allowed to move up into other parts of the company?"  
  
"It is complicated," Mariko said. "Mr. Hiromoto, our founder, was born burakumin. Do you understand burakumin?" We both shook our heads. "They are the untouchables, the lowest of the low in Japanese society. They perform the filthy jobs no one else will do. He rose from this very low standing to become one of the wealthiest men in Japan. Mr. Hiromoto believes in allowing those who prove their worth to rise above their low place."  
  
"Yet he's the one who created the mailgirls and encourages his workers to treat them as servant girls, right?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, as I said it is complicated. Mr Hiromoto is a complicated man."  
  
"Okay," I said, "but I guess I don't understand why a college educated woman would choose to enter the company as a mailgirl in the first place. Is the money really that good?"  
  
"Yes, it is excellent for a young woman just out of college. But they also know that if they complete their contract their opportunities for advancement are excellent. Better than if they are hired in a normal entry level position."  
  
"Is that really true?" Kelly asked skeptically.  
  
"Oh yes," Mariko said. We already have several former mailgirls who have reached lower management positions and will be in line for further promotions if they perform well."  
  
"But how do they ever gain the respect of their fellow employees if they've all seen them running around naked for two years delivering mail?" I asked.  
  
"It is difficult but the strongest are able to overcome this," Maiko said.  
  
"So what happens if Aiko doesn't complete her contract?" Kelly asked.  
  
"Then she will forfeit the bonus and will never be offered another position here."  
  
"But she's free to quit and leave at any time?"  
  
"Yes, of course."  
  
"Do you know what percentage of women complete their contracts?" Kelly asked.  
  
"Yes," Mariko responded. "It is currently 42%. Most leave within the first few weeks because the job is more difficult than they imagined or they feel more shame than they can bear. Those that make it through the third month are often able to finish."  
  
"And do any choose to continue as mailgirls after their contract is over?"  
  
"Oh yes, we have several who enjoy the job and have no desire for another," Mariko said.

"Which mailgirl has been doing it the longest?" I asked.

"One of the original mailgirls has been with the program for nearly six years," she responded.

"Really? One of the two original mailgirls is still here? I would very much like to speak with her!" I said.

"You are speaking with her now," Mariko said with a smile.

I have to admit that I was a little shocked by this, that such a beautiful, intelligent, educated and graceful woman like Mariko had chosen to make a career of being a mailgirl. In fact, as we continued to talk to Aiko and Mariko I began to realize that all my preconceptions of these women as bimbos and sluts with few prospects in life other than exploiting their bodies was wrong. I learned that the number of mailgirls applicants far exceeded the number of jobs available and most of those chosen were intelligent, well-educated women. Almost all had college degrees and only an exceptionally beautiful woman could hope to be selected without one. While looks were very important, Hiromoto Industries also sought women capable of overcoming their low standing as nude delivery girls to forge a career at the company.

After the session ended Aiko rose to her feet at Mariko's command, flashed a quick smile at Kelly and I, and then disappeared out the door.

"Perhaps you would like to return to the hotel for some rest or some sightseeing," Mariko said to us. "We have a long day planned for tomorrow."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 4**

**HIROMOTO HEADQUARTERS - DAY 2**

The limo delivered us from the hotel into the Hiromoto parking garage just before seven a.m. Today Kelly and I were each going to follow a mailgirl around the building to observe her as she carried out her duties, and since neither of us planned on being nude while we did this we'd brought some athletic apparel to change into. Mariko was there once again to greet us and she led us into the building's basement where the mailgirls locker room was located.  
  
We walked down a hallway past several maintenance and janitorial offices until we turned a corner and saw two janitors and a security guard staring into a window. They turned and looked us over as we approached and then turned their attention back to the window. As we passed I saw with a shock what they were looking at; the large window had a direct view into the mailgirls locker room and showers! Inside I could see several women removing their clothes while another fully nude woman was entering the shower area. Four other nude women were preparing to leave the room.  
  
"You mean the girls aren't even allowed any privacy down here in their own locker room?" I asked Mariko.  
  
"Oh no," Mariko replied. "Mailgirls are allowed no modesty when they are in the building. They are always to be on display for any who desires to see them."  
  
As we entered the locker room I turned to look at the window and was momentarily confused to see only a large mirror instead. It took me a few seconds to realize this was a two way mirror. The men could see in but the mailgirls could not see out of it to know who was observing them.   
  
Mariko smiled and greeted the four women who were already prepared to go to work. I couldn't understand what they were saying but she spoke to them with friendly familiarity rather than as a superior and they responded with smiles. After they left I asked Mariko about them. "They began their shift at 6:30 and it is their duty now to place newspapers and fresh fruit in the executive offices," she told me.  
  
A few feet away from us was a row of lockers with a long wooden bench in front of it where several women were in the process of disrobing. I recognized Aiko as one of them and waved to her. She was already nude and preparing to go to the shower and smiled and waved back. She walked over to speak with Mariko and after a brief conversation Mariko turned to translate.  
  
"Aiko has asked if she could have the honor of allowing one of you to observe her in her duties today."  
  
"Sure," Kelly said. "I'll go with her." Mariko translated this to Aiko who smiled in response and bowed her head to each of us. Then she turned and headed for the showers.   
  
The shower area consisted of eight shower nozzles and a seating area that ran the length of the back wall beneath the nozzles facing the two way mirror. I knew that everything could be easily seen from the hallway and I was shocked to see one of the women sitting with her legs wide open and shaving her pubic area. As we continued to watch, all of the women soaped up and ran a razor over their underarms, legs, and pubic areas.  
  
"Are they required to do this everyday prior to their shift?" Kelly asked.  
  
"Yes," Mariko said. "This cleansing and grooming ritual is required at the beginning of each shift and another shower is taken prior to the lunch break. This allows the mailgirls to begin the second half of their shift cleansed and scented and assists in preventing unpleasant body odors which could be offensive to others."  
  
The idea of showering twice a day in front of an audience was shocking to me and I wondered if my company would require our mailgirls to do it. I couldn't imagine it. I then thought about the workout clothes I'd brought with me and glanced at the two way mirror. "Um, Mariko, where are we supposed to change?"  
  
"Of course, I am sorry. You may use the comfort areas," she said as she pointed to some toilet stalls at the end of the room which, thankfully, had doors on them. "It is the only area where mailgirls are allowed privacy."  
  
Kelly and I carried our bags into separate stalls and I stripped out of my clothes and carefully folded them. As I stood there nude the sudden image came into my head of walking out of the stall like that, showering and shaving, and then beginning a shift running naked through a busy business building. As I imagined this a sudden wave of arousal washed over me. Are you f\*cking nuts Danica? You could never do that, I said to myself.  
  
I slipped into a thong and then pulled on a pair of purple capri workout pants made of a compression fabric that fit like a second skin and covered my legs down to about halfway between my knees and ankles. I knew I had a great ass and legs and I'd originally bought these with the intent of showing them off to their greatest advantage rather than for comfort. I then pulled a sports bra on over my firm B cup breasts. I'd just bought the bra for this trip and I realized immediately that I should have tried it on first. It was at least a size too small. I covered the bra with a loose fitting tank top and then slipped on a pair of running shoes. After packing my clothes into the empty athletic bag I exited the stall and found Kelly already out in the locker room.  
  
Kelly is taller and bustier than I am and I was surprised to find her wearing a skintight pair of black lycra shorts, a sports bra which bared quite a bit of cleavage, and nothing else. "Is that all you're going wear I asked?"  
  
"I feel way overdressed for this place," she joked.  
  
"No shoes?" I asked looking at her bare feet.  
  
"Naw. I think we should at least feel what its like to run around on bare feet all day."  
  
That made sense to me so I removed my shoes and put them in the bag with the rest of the clothes. I saw Aiko and the rest of the mailgirls standing nude in front of the two way mirror drying their hair and applying their makeup, undoubtedly with an audience on the other side watching them. "Where's Mariko?" I asked. Kelly pointed toward the shower and I was surprised to see a nude Mariko soaping herself up. "What is she doing?"  
  
"It looks like she's going to be your mailgirl," Kelly replied.  
  
By 7:30 a.m. there were six nude mailgirls sitting in front of their lockers with their legs spread for anyone who happened to be watching on the other side of the mirror. They all had well proportioned and toned bodies and all were exceedingly lovely. I also noticed that none of them had tattoos. "Mr. Hiromoto does not like tattoos on women," Mariko explained when I asked her about it.  
  
At about 7:35 a girl's smartwatch lit up and she ran from the room on an early morning delivery run. A few minutes later another left. I was told that things would begin picking up soon when many employees began arriving at their desks and by about eight, Aiko and Mariko,were the only ones left waiting, along with me and Kelly.   
  
Kelly and I had each been given smartwatches synced up with our mailgirl's watch so we would get the same alerts they did and set on English mode so we could read it. I couldn't believe how nervous I was waiting for our turn even though I was dressed. I glanced over at Mariko as she waited calmly, her legs open and her hands resting on her thighs. Her breasts were larger than I expected given her relatively thin frame but they were perfectly formed with very little sag. It was jarring to see a woman who had been an impeccably dressed business woman yesterday transformed into a naked mailgirl this morning. "You didn't have to do this today," I told her. "I would've been happy to go with one of the other girls."  
  
"It is my duty to insure that you have been properly instructed," Mariko replied. "It is not unusual for me to carry out a mailgirls shift when I do not have administrative duties to perform. I feel it is important to help me remain informed of the challenges my girls face." It seemed incomprehensible to me that a person could be a highly professional corporate executive one day and running around the building as a naked courier the next.  
  
Six more women had arrived by eight a.m. and began undressing for the beginning of their shift. I knew from my briefing that the shifts were staggered to ensure coverage throughout the day and that between the peak hours of nine a.m. and five p.m. there were at least sixteen mailgirls on duty. Their normal shift lasted ten hours which included thirty minutes at the beginning to shower and get prepared, a 45 minute lunch break (expanded from thirty minutes to allow time for the second shower) and two scheduled fifteen minute breaks.  
  
Just then Aiko's and Kelly's smartwatches lit up simultaneously and they both jumped to their feet. 'It's showtime!" Kelly said to me excitedly as she and Aiko ran out of the room. Seconds later I felt a buzzing on my wrist as my own watch lit up and I looked down excitedly to read it. It said "Floor 7, C12, Pickup." Below it read the numbers 4:00 which represented the number of minutes we had to reach the pickup point. It immediately began ticking down to 3:59, 3:58, 3:57. Mariko and I jumped to our feet and I followed her out of the room.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 5**

**THE MORNING SHIFT**  
Mariko moved through the basement corridor at a brisk pace toward the service stairs with me following behind. Once we got on the stairs Mariko kept a steady pace from floor to floor. She didn't appear to be hurrying or straining but I struggled to match her pace. Every time I looked up I got a glimpse of her pussy lips peeking out from between her legs.  
  
When we reached the seventh floor she entered the door without hesitation and continued her brisk but steady pace down the corridor. She kept her eyes lowered as she walked and the people she passed gave no sign of recognition or greeting. At one point the hallway was blocked by three men in suits walking slowly towards us. They made no effort to move aside to allow us to pass and Mariko stopped and pressed her back against the wall keeping her gaze lowered. I did the same as the men ambled slowly past us glancing only briefly at the beautiful nude woman. We then continued down the hallway until we reached an office and entered it. Our watches buzzed and flashed green as we did, indicating we had successfully arrived within the allotted time. I looked at the watch and saw that we had made it with seventeen seconds to spare.  
  
The receptionist inside, a middle-aged woman, looked up at Mariko,with barely concealed contempt and then nodded her head towards a leather pouch on the end of the desk. Mariko picked it up and then assumed the waiting stance with her legs slightly spread and her eyes lowered to the floor as she awaited further instructions. The woman punched the delivery destination into the Mailgirls app on her phone and our watches lit up again. "Floor 5, B17, Delivery." Since the destination was only two floors below us we were given just two minutes to make the delivery.   
  
Once we reached the fifth floor I realized that this was the floor that Mariko's office was on and we even passed it on the way to make our delivery. I recognized some of the faces from the day before, and while some stared at us as we passed none provided a greeting or any sign of friendliness towards Mariko.  
  
We entered an office just a couple of doors down from Mariko's and our watches once again flashed green. Inside a well dressed woman looked up and smirked when she saw Mariko. She spoke a few curt words to Mariko who placed the pouch on the floor in a corner of the office and then assumed her stance awaiting further instructions. I guessed that the two women were colleagues and equals when Mariko was in her role as a managing director, but right now she was just a lowly mailgirl and the woman waved her contemptuously out of the office indicating that she had no further instructions.  
  
Since we had no current orders we walked past a number of cubicles until we reached the mailgirl pad in the middle of the floor. It was little more than a yoga pad emblazoned with the Mailgirls logo and located in a spot that was out of the most heavily trafficked areas but still visible to the most people possible. Mariko assumed the same kneeling position that Aiko had assumed yesterday and I attempted to emulate it as closely as I could. We were surrounded by people clothed in normal business attire and I couldn't imagine what it must be like for her to be kneeling nude and submissive like this in front of people she knew and worked with every day.  
  
It was about ten minutes before we got our next order, up to the eighth floor for a delivery to the third. After that we had another five minute break but by then the building was filled and the orders began coming faster. No sooner would we complete one delivery then we'd get an alert for another. I worked out regularly and thought I was in pretty good shape but we were only a little more than an hour into out our runs and I was already beginning to drag ass. Mariko, by contrast, had a light sheen of perspiration on her skin but otherwise seemed as fresh as when we'd first started. "You may go downstairs and rest at any time," she said to me when we finally got a break for a few minutes.  
  
"No, I'm going to try to hang with you if I can," I said. "You definitely don't need to spend money on a gym membership with this job, though."  
  
"Yes, that is true," Mariko said with a smile.  
  
About an hour later, after a few more runs through the building, our watches began flashing with the word "BREAK" and the timer began counting down from fifteen minutes. Fortunately we were on the third floor so it didn't take us long to reach the basement. I looked on enviously as Mariko stepped into the shower for a quick rinse, being careful not to get her hair wet. I was sweating profusely and wishing I could do the same. On top of that my thong was beginning to chafe and my too small bra was constricting my chest and beginning to rub raw against my skin. I thought about taking it off but my tank top was too loose to contain my boobs and I knew they'd be flopping out as I moved.  
  
I splashed a little water on my face and plopped down on the bench in front of the lockers. Mariko joined me, handing me a cold bottle of water and a power bar which I gratefully accepted. Too soon the fifteen minutes were up and shortly after we were called out on our next pickup. We continued making runs for the next two hours with only an occasional break on a mailgirls pad. We passed other mailgirls on the stairs or in the corridors but I never did see either Aiko or Kelly. At one point a nude mailgirl who appeared to be in her mid-30s passed us in a corridor with an obvious look of shame on her face. Although she was quite attractive her age seemed unusual to me compared to the other mailgirls who were mostly in their early to mid twenties.  
  
"Oh yes," Mariko said when I finally had a chance to ask about her during a break. "Until very recently she was an account executive. However she lost a very large client because of negligence and a failure to serve her client's needs so she was invited by the company to join the Mailgirls program. She and her husband have very large debts so her husband commanded her to accept the invitation."  
  
"Really? Wow! The company forced her to become a mailgirl? Will she be given her old job back after she completes her contract?"  
  
"Oh, she has no contract," Mariko replied. "She will remain a mailgirl as long as she chooses to remain employed here. In her life as an executive she was always very rude towards our mailgirls so perhaps it was her karma to become one herself."  
  
I couldn't help but laugh at the way Mariko had basically called the woman a deserving bitch in the politest way possible. "Do you think she'll be able to stick it out for long?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, I do hope so!" Mariko exclaimed.  
  
My legs were beginning to turn to jelly by the time our watches alerted us it was time for our lunch break. As we approached the locker room I saw a small crowd of men in the corridor eating their lunch as they stared into it through the window.  
  
"Creeps," I muttered under my breath as I walked past them. As we entered the locker room I was stunned to see Kelly in the shower, totally nude and soaped up. "Kelly!" I said. "What are you doing?"  
  
Kelly turned and shrugged. "When in Rome....or Tokyo."  
  
"There are a bunch of guys outside watching you right now!"  
  
"Yeah? F\*ck 'em. Let 'em look. I needed this."  
  
Just then Mariko stepped into the shower and I have to admit that I desperately wanted to join them. My workout clothes were soaked in sweat and beginning to stink and my thong and bra were chafing like hell. I was sorely tempted to peel everything off and jump in but I thought about those men in the hall watching and I just couldn't do it.  
  
I splashed more water on my face and arms and toweled them off, then sat on the bench rubbing my feet. Kelly joined me a few minutes later, still nude and toweling off. "God, I feel so much better. You really should go and jump in."  
  
"I should but I don't think I can."  
  
"Why not? You're gorgeous. You have nothing to be ashamed of," she said.  
  
"I'm not ashamed!" I retorted. "I'm just...I don't know." The reasons for not doing it seemed to be fading. I mean, I was thousands of miles from home and I'd never see any of these people again. "Are you going to put your clothes back on when you go back out?" I asked.  
  
"Nope. I've decide to go the full monty for the rest of the day. I think you should too. I mean if we're going to really learn what this is about I think we need to."  
  
Once again the image of walking out of the door and through the building naked leaped into my mind and sent a surge of arousal through me. Was I really considering doing this?  
  
Mariko sat down next to me and handed me a bowl of rice covered in stir fry vegetables along with a mango juice drink. "We must keep your strength up," Mariko smiled. I accepted the food gratefully, glad for the interruption that would allow me to postpone my decision for a few more minutes.  
  
As I ate I watched Kelly walk up to the mirror and playfully lift up her boobs with her hands for the audience she knew was on the other side. She had a fabulous body and a beautiful face framed by auburn hair and blue eyes. As I watched her I mentally compared my body with hers. She was curvier with larger breasts but I knew my breasts hung well over my slender frame. I also had "an ass to die for" as one boyfriend had put it. I don't want to sound narcissistic but I don't believe in false modesty either. I knew I was beautiful and looked great naked. So why was I so hesitant about following Kelly's lead? I guess I was worried about the consequences. What if it got out that I'd once been a naked mailgirl even if it was only for a few hours?  
  
"Mariko, do you think I should go nude for the rest of the day like Kelly?" I asked her.  
  
"I believe it would be beneficial in order to fully understand what our mailgirls go through, but it is your choice of course."  
  
I looked at my watch and saw we had less than ten minutes left on our lunch break. "Do you think I have time to take a shower and get ready?"  
  
Mariko smiled. "I am the managing director of Mailgirls. You may have as much time as you need."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 6**

**THE AFTERNOON SHIFT**  
About thirty minutes later I sat nude on the bench in front of the two way mirror, my heart thumping heavily in my chest. Kelly had left awhile ago with Aiko and I knew she was somewhere in the building making nude deliveries and my turn would soon come. Mariko had set our status to "ready" and had told me I would take the lead this afternoon and make the deliveries while she would be there to help translate and guide me to the correct office. Now I was nervously awaiting my call and wondering how many people were behind the mirror staring at my pussy. It doesn't matter, I told myself. A lot of people will be seeing it soon enough anyway.  
  
I'd been dog tired when I first came in earlier for my lunch break but the food and the shower had reinvigorated me. Nervous energy was pulsating through my body as I waited, and I nearly jumped out of my seat when my watch buzzed and lit up. "Floor 12, B6, Pickup." It was a long hike from the basement up to the 12th floor and I had only six minutes to get to my pickup point. I got up quickly and headed for the door.  
  
In the hallway I passed the four men who'd been spying on me and when I reached the stairs I tried to maintain the same steady pace that Mariko had set earlier. Now that I was nude my breasts jiggled with each step and I knew that Mariko was getting a good look at my ass and pussy as she climbed the steps right behind me.  
  
By the fifth floor my legs were beginning to feel heavy. By the tenth floor I was starting to breathe hard and wasn't sure I could make it without stopping. Mariko must have realized I was struggling because I felt her hand on he small of my back applying gentle pressure, just enough to make it easier to keep moving. When I reached the twelfth floor I opened the door and entered an office area completely nude for the first time. I can't begin to describe how strange that felt.  
  
The offices were coded for the mailgirls and I knew I was supposed to go to B6 but I had no idea where that was and since everything was in Japanese there was no way for me to figure it out. Mariko placed her hand on my elbow and gently guided me down a carpeted hallway and then a right turn that led to a pair of glass doors. Beyond the doors lay a receptionist desk and beyond that was a tiled corridor that led through the middle of a number of very lavishly furnished executive offices. A lovely young female receptionist looked at us contemptuously as we entered but nodded for us to continue on into the office suite area.   
  
"Continue straight down the corridor to the end," Mariko whispered. "The office we seek will be on the left."  
  
We were high in the building now and everyone here was clothed in expensive and well-tailored business suits and dresses. I was careful to keep my eyes lowered and avoid eye contact as I'd been instructed and I felt an unmistakable sense of humiliation and inferiority as I walked past them completely naked. At the end of the corridor I turned left into an executive office reception area and the secretary looked curiously at me and then at Mariko who was now beside me. Mariko exchanged a few words with her and then assumed a kneeling position on the carpeted floor and I did the same. "The executive has a very important correspondence he is preparing that we must rush to a courier in the lobby," she explained. "We must wait for him to complete it."  
  
"The lobby? I thought we weren't allowed to go into the lobby?"  
  
"A senior executive may authorize it on rare occasions," she replied. Jesus, I thought. My first nude run and I'll be going down into the building's very public main lobby!   
  
"I will make the delivery if you wish," Mariko said.  
  
"No, I'll do it," I said. In for a penny in for a pound, I figured.   
  
It was about five minutes later when the executive rushed out of his office with a large manilla envelope in his hands and stopped in front of us. Mariko stood up before him with her head bowed and I did the same. She exchanged a few words with him and the man thrust the envelope into my hands. Mariko placed her hand on my shoulder and guided me through the doorway. "We must hurry," she said and for the first time that day we broke into a run past the startled employees working on the floor. As we reached the receptionist's desk at the end, Mariko took me by my free hand and led me to the elevator and pushed the down button. "It has been authorized," she said in response to my curious look.   
  
The elevator was empty when it arrived but it was not an express elevator so it was impossible to prevent it from making stops on our journey down. With each stop I saw the look of surprise on the faces of the people entering to see two naked mailgirls on the elevator. One woman in particular was perturbed by it and had some very sharp words for Mariko and me. I had no idea what she said but I knew it wasn't a friendly greeting. Mariko simply remained silent with her eyes lowered to the floor and I did the same.  
  
When the elevator finally reached the lobby we exited quickly to more shocked looks and Mariko guided me to the receptionist desk where she and the security guard were obviously expecting us. In front of the desk was a motorcycle courier dressed in leather and he looked each of us over from head to toe with a leer. I handed him the envelope and he began writing out a receipt. As he wrote I looked around the lobby and saw that everyone was staring at us. I could also see beyond the glass entry doors to the busy sidewalk and street as pedestrians and cars went by. It felt like a totally surreal situation.   
  
The courier finished writing out the receipt and tore it from his book and handed it to me. Then he took one long last look at my breasts and turned and strode toward the exit.  
  
Mariko smiled at me. "You did well."  
  
"Now what?" I asked.  
  
"We must now return to the the 12th floor to deliver the receipt," she said. "I am afraid we must use the stairs this time."  
  
"Oh my god," I said thinking about the long trudge back up twelve stories.  
  
After delivering the receipt to the receptionist we thankfully had no immediate orders so we were able to go to the floor's mailgirl pad to get some rest. Unlike the other floors, the pad here consisted of thick carpet rather a yoga pad and I assumed the kneeling position with my knees at shoulder width, my hands on my thighs, my back slightly arched, and my gaze lowered. I knew this left me exposed from all angles and I could feel the eyes on me from throughout the room.  
  
After several minutes Mariko, spoke to me in a quiet voice. "If it is okay I wish to ask you a personal question."  
  
"Sure," I responded.  
  
"I would like to know if you have any Japanese ancestry?"   
  
"I do," I replied. "My grandmother was Japanese. My grandfather met her when he was stationed in Okinawa."  
  
"Ah, I thought so."  
  
"Is it obvious?" I asked.   
  
"No, but I can see it in your hair, your skin tone, and a little around the eyes. However your green eyes are very much not Japanese."  
  
"Yes, they come from my Scottish heritage." I knew my green eyes were my most striking feature and the thing that most people noticed first.  
  
"Ah, that is a most interesting blend. It has provided you with an exotic beauty. But you have never been to Japan before and speak no Japanese?"  
  
"No," I said. "My grandmother died when I was very young and I have no memory of her. I have seen pictures, though, and she was very beautiful."  
  
"I am very sorry," Mariko said and we both remained silent for several minutes before my watch sprung to life.  
  
"Floor 8, D6, Pickup, 3:00." Back to work.  
  
After the unusual nature of my first nude assignment, the rest of the afternoon consisted of mostly routine pickups and deliveries. After awhile I began to settle into a rhythm and found a pace that allowed me to meet my deadlines without burning myself out. After our second fifteen minute break I even started getting a second wind and became confident that I would make it through the rest of the shift.   
  
And the more time I spent with Mariko the more I came to admire her. She moved with the grace of a dancer and never lost her poise, no matter the situation or how she was treated. She had an innate inner calm and strength that had somehow allowed her to do this job for years without ever losing her dignity or belief in herself.  
  
The two us were kneeling on a mailgirls pad on the sixth floor near the end of our shift when our watches lit up and buzzed. "14th floor, A1." This one was unusual because it didn't specify it as a pickup or delivery and there was no deadline. I also realized it was on the top floor of the building. A darkness came over Mariko's face as she read the new command.  
  
"I must respond to this," she said. "You should go down to the locker room and shower and dress. You have done very well today."  
  
I was disappointed to hear this and wanted to finish up my shift with Mariko. "Why?" I asked. "What is this."  
  
"I have been summoned by Mr. Hiromoto. It is best if you don't go."  
  
"Oh, I'd like to meet Mr. Hiromoto if I can. I've read so much about him!"  
  
Mariko began to respond but stopped herself and spent a moment thinking about it. "Yes, perhaps you should meet him," she said, "but I cannot promise he will meet with you. You may follow me but you must promise to do exactly as I say."  
  
"I promise," I said.  
  
As we climbed the stairs toward the top of the building I began to grow nervous and wondered if I was making a mistake. After hearing Mariko talk yesterday about how Hiromoto had been born burakumin - the lowest caste in Japanese society - and risen to power from there, I had spent the previous evening researching him on the internet. By most accounts he was a brilliant but difficult man and there were frequent allegations over the years that he had built his empire through bribery and intimidation. There were also persistent rumors that he had ties with the Yakuza - a Japanese crime organization that had a large number of burakumin in its ranks. There were some who believed that Hiromoto was able to get the Mailgirls program going without interference from the government only because he had a large number of politicians in his pocket.  
  
My anxiety increased as we climbed higher in the building and several times I almost asked Mariko if I could turn around. Somehow I kept moving, though, emboldened by my belief in Mariko and my curiosity to meet Hiromoto.  
  
We finally reached the entrance to the 14th floor but unlike the other floors this one required a security code to enter. Mariko entered the code into her watch and then held it up to the electronic security pad. The pad flashed green, the door unbolted and I nervously followed her onto the 14th floor.

**Confessions of Mailgirl - Part 7**

**MR. HIROMOTO**  
As we entered the floor I saw a couple of very large men in suits that I took to be bodyguards. They looked us over but made no attempt to stop us. We walked through a lounge area and past a large conference room which were both empty, and approached a reception area for what I assumed was Mr. Hiromoto's office. The floor was essentially empty except for us, the bodyguards and whoever was in the office.   
  
As we entered the reception area a woman who looked like she was in her 60s looked up at us. She spoke curtly to Mariko who had assumed a submissive standing posture and spoke softly to her in response. The woman looked at me and grunted, then picked up the phone and spoke briefly to someone on the other end. Then she spoke again to Mariko who nodded and dropped to her knees in the kneeling pose and I did the same. "Mr. Hiromoto is to decide if he will see you," Mariko told me. "If you go in I must please ask you to remain silent and not intervene no matter what you see."  
  
"What are you talking about, Mariko? What will I see?" I was getting very nervous now.  
  
"I will be fine, but please do not attempt to intervene. You must promise."  
  
"Okay. I promise," I told her but I was seriously starting to freak out now. What had I gotten myself into? As we waited there I couldn't help but think back to the bizarre series of events over the past week that had somehow led me to be kneeling naked in front of the office of one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in Japan.  
  
We had been kneeling on the hard tiled floor for maybe ten minutes when the old woman's phone rang. After hanging up she spoke a few words to Mariko and then stared at me. Mariko rose to her feet. "Come," she said. "We will meet Mr. Hiromoto now."  
  
As we entered I saw a man waiting for us. He was grey-haired and immaculately dressed and groomed. My first impression was that he looked remarkably robust for a 76-year old man. Mariko kneeled immediately upon entering the room and kept her eyes lowered and I did the same. Hiromoto walked over and stood above us. "You surprise me Mariko-san," he said in English. "You have never brought anyone to one of our meetings before."   
  
"I hope I have not offended you," she said.   
  
"I am not offended," he said. "I find it interesting."  
  
"Danica is from our new American partners," Mariko said. "I felt it best if she saw all aspects of our Mailgirls program."  
  
"Yes, I know who she is," Hiromoto said. He walked around me and I felt him inspecting my body from every angle. "I like your uniform," he said to me.  
  
"Thank you, sir," I replied, not sure how else to respond.   
  
"Very well Mariko-san," Hiromoto said. "If you desire her to observe our arrangement then she shall." He then spoke a few words in Japanese to her and she rose to her feet. I began to get up also until Mariko turned to me.   
  
"No," she said. "Please remain there. And do not forget your promise."  
  
I returned to my knees and watched her walk forward into the center of the office. Hiromoto walked behind his desk and retrieved something from a cabinet behind it. As he walked toward Mariko I saw that he had a small whip of some sort. I would learn later that it was a riding crop. Hiromoto issued a command in Japanese and Mariko dropped to her hands and knees and placed her elbows and forehead on the floor. He walked behind her and issued another command and she raised her right foot off the floor towards him. Hiromoto placed the end of the crop on the bottom of her foot and then, with an almost imperceptible movement of his wrist, slapped it against the bottom of her foot with a loud snap. I gasped in shock as I saw Mariko's body jerk in response. Hiromoto looked up at me and I immediately lowered my gaze to the floor.  
  
"You are here to watch, so watch," he said to me, so I raised my eyes again. He immediately slapped her foot again. And again. Each time he struck her Mariko's body jerked slightly but she never cried out. I wanted to shout at him to stop or rush over to try to help her but I remembered my promise and knew anything I did would probably only make things worse.  
  
After a minute or so Hiromoto gave another command and Mariko lowered her right foot and lifted her left foot which he then began striking. When he was finished with her feet he began striking her left ass cheek and then her right. By the time he was done I estimated he had struck Mariko at least one hundred times.  
  
After he was done, Hiromoto walked around in front of Mariko and spoke to her. She rose up off her hands, remaining on her knees, and nodded several times as he spoke. Then she laid her head down on on the floor and prostrated herself before him and I was afraid he was going to begin striking her again. Instead he reached down and stroked her hair several times then walked back behind his desk and replaced the whip in the cabinet.  
  
Mariko rose to her feet and assumed the submissive standing pose waiting for instructions. Hiromoto sat down at his desk and grunted out one last command. Mariko bowed and then began walking toward me. Her eyes were moist and a single tear stained her left cheek. "Come," she said. "We may go now."  
  
After we had exited the receptionist's office I couldn't hold back any longer. "What the f\*ck was that, Mariko?"  
  
"Please," she said, "we will go to my office and I will explain all to you."  
  
Mariko was walking gingerly on her sore feet and the walk down the stairs from the fourteenth floor to the fifth was a slow and painful one for her.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 8**

**MARIKO'S STORY**  
Mariko locked the door behind us after we entered her office, then kneeled down on the carpet and invited me to do the same. I kneeled facing her and she began to speak.  
  
"When I joined Hiromoto Industries I was an intern in my final year of university study. I was nearing the end of my internship when an executive told me of their plans to begin a nude courier service in the building and invited me to join. I declined, of course, telling him I could never do such a thing. He returned the next day with an offer of a substantial salary and bonus. I declined again. He returned each day with a greater offer until one day I felt I could no longer decline. I am not from a wealthy family and it was more money than I could imagine. Another intern I worked with also accepted an invitation and we began our lives as mailgirls."  
  
I listened quietly as she spoke not wanting to interrupt.  
  
"After I began I felt great shame in what I was doing but continued carrying out my duties. I did this for several weeks until I felt I could no longer bear the shame. I returned to that executive and informed him that I must leave the company. He told me that I must fulfill the contract or repay the bonus I had been given with interest. I informed him I could not because I had already used it to help pay off my family's debts. He then ordered me on to my hands and knees and whipped me with his belt for my insolence. I was told never to ask again to leave unless I repaid the money. I knew I could never repay this and was trapped until my contract ended."  
  
A chill went up my spine as I heard her talk about being trapped in her contract. I thought about my own contract with the large bonus up front to pay off my student loans that I could never hope to repay if I wanted to leave. That's different, though, I told myself. I'm going to be a manager, not a mailgirl.  
  
"After that," Mariko continued, "I resolved to fulfill my contract and performed my duties to the best of my abilities, although it was very difficult. I was often groped and fondled and one executive ordered me to pleasure him orally. As the day approached that my contract would end I resolved to leave the company and never return. That was when Mr, Hiromoto summoned me to his office for the first time. I had never met or spoken to him before."  
  
I thought about my trip to Mr. Hiromoto's office that afternoon and how intimidating the man had been. I understood how Mariko must have felt that first meeting.  
  
"Mr. Hiromoto invited me to remain on as a mailgirl and help them manage and improve the program. I politely declined, telling him about my treatment as a mailgirl and the abuses that I and others had suffered. After I had finished he told me to prepare a list of changes I believe should be made to improve the lives of the mailgirls and bring it to him the next day. I did so and he agreed to all of them, but only if I remained to help manage the Mailgirls program. He said he would use his power to protect the mailgirls from further abuses."  
  
"I was anxious to leave the company but felt I could not abandon the other girls so I agreed to stay, but told Mr. Hiromoto that I would sign no contract and would leave if the promises were not fulfilled. He agreed to that as well but added one final provision. If the mailgirls were not to suffer for their failures then someone must. I must agree to be punished for each demerit my mailgirls receive."  
  
"Oh my god," I said. "Do the other mailgirls know you're dong this?"  
  
"No," she replied, "and you must speak of this to no one. You must promise."  
  
"I promise," I told her. "But why would you agree to that?"  
  
"Mr. Hiromoto has kept his promise to use his power to protect the mailgirls and I will keep mine. It is much better for them now and my punishment is a small price to pay for that."  
  
"Hiromoto is still a sadistic prick for doing this to you," I said. "He should be protecting the mailgirls because it's the right thing to do."  
  
"Mr. Hiromoto does nothing without receiving something in return. That is how he does business and this is a business arrangement."  
  
"Business? You don't think he gets off on whipping you? He probably jacks off the minute you leave the room."  
  
"Perhaps he does, but that is not my concern. My concern is the protection of my girls."  
  
As I sat there thinking about what I'd just been told my admiration for the nude woman kneeling before me continued to grow. I was beginning to believe that Mariko was the strongest and most selfless person I had ever met.  
  
"Why are you telling me all this?" I asked. "Why did you allow me to go up to Hiromoto's office to witness that?"  
  
"I sense an inner strength in you that has not yet been tapped," she replied. "You have many challenges ahead of you and I felt it best to pull back the veil and allow you to see that there are powerful men and women who will seek to take advantage of you and your girls."  
  
I thought about this for a moment. "I may have made a terrible mistake, Mariko." I then told her about the large bonus I had accepted to pay off my student loans when signing my contract.  
  
"Is this something you can afford to repay if you choose to leave?" she asked.  
  
"No way. The money's gone. It's already been used to pay off the loans." Mariko's face fell when she heard this.  
  
"Then I believe you are trapped as I was."  
  
"We were told we'd be managers, we wouldn't be mailgirls."  
  
"I fear this will not be the case," Mariko said. "You and Kelly each have extraordinary beauty and were most likely selected for that reason. I believe the intent is to make both of you their first mailgirls. But perhaps I am wrong."  
  
A surge of panic went through me as I heard that. "What should I do, Mariko?"  
  
"You must do what you must to protect yourself and your girls. You must be the shepherd that watches over her flock."  
  
  
**OVER THE PACIFIC**  
Kelly and I were in our first class seats at 36,000 feet over the Pacific on our way home and I was working on my second glass of wine when I opened my iPad. I had my contract saved on it in pdf format and, for the first time, began reading it word for word and line by line. About an hour later I closed it and sat back in my seat in despair. I am so screwed, I said to myself. It was even worse than I thought.  
  
Not only was I on the hook to pay back the money for the student loans, with interest, there was also a buyout clause that would force me to pay an additional $50,000 for early termination of the contract. I did some back of the envelope calculations and figured it would cost me over $200,000 to get out of it, and that's only if I paid it off right away. If I had to pay it off over time the interest fees and penalties could easily push it to over $300,000 or more.  
  
There were also references to my duties and dress code that made it clear that the company was free to determine both for me. If I failed to satisfactorily carry out these duties or adhere to the dress code I would be subject to termination which would then obligate me to pay back the student loan and contract buyout money. There was no question in my mind that the contract was written in a way that would allow the company to make me a mailgirl and there was nothing I could do about.  
  
I looked over to Kelly sitting next to me and saw she was busy watching a movie on her tablet. I reached over and tugged on her sleeve to get her attention. She paused the movie, took off her headphones and turned to me. "Hey, what's up?"  
  
"Do you feel like talking for a few minutes?" I asked her.  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Kelly, have you read our contract? I mean really read it?"  
  
"I have, unfortunately," she said. "I kind of wish I hadn't."  
  
"And?"  
  
"And the company pretty much owns us for the next two years, if that's what you want to know."  
  
"Yeah, that's what I got out of it, too," I said. "Do you think they'll try to make us mailgirls?"  
  
Kelly snorted derisively when I asked this. "Of course they will. I never bought into Barbara's bullshit for a second. I figured that was part of the plan all along."  
  
"You did? Why?"  
  
"I mean look at us, Danica. We're the two hottest women in the building. There are probably a hundred other women more experienced and qualified to help setup and manage the program without the company having to throw buckets of money at them, and they chose us? Did you think it was for our beautiful minds?"  
  
Oh my god, I'm so stupid and naive, I thought to myself. "So if you believed that why did you sign the contract?"  
  
"Because it's a hell of a lot of money," Kelly replied. "If they want me to run around naked delivering mail I'll do it for that kind of money. Besides, I'm kind of an exhibitionist anyway. I think it could be fun."  
  
"And you couldn't have clued me in to some of your thoughts about this earlier?" I said.  
  
"So you could do what? Freak out about it like you are now? Listen Danica, we're both in this now to the bitter end so you might as well make the best of it. I'm planning on doing whatever they ask for the next two years, save my money, and then tell the company 'f\*ck you very much' when it's over and walk away. I suggest you do the same."   
  
Kelly then turned back to her movie and put her headphones on, leaving me to stew about it on my own.  
  
It took me the rest of the flight and two bottles of wine to make it through all of the five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and finally, acceptance. By the time the flight touched down I'd reluctantly accepted my probable fate. The one thing that gave me strength were thoughts of Mariko. If she could make it through everything that she'd been through and still retain her dignity and self-respect then I could do it, too. At least I hoped I could.  
  
A few minutes later I exited the jet bridge into a very uncertain future.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 9**

**HOME AGAIN**  
After getting home from Tokyo I had three days off before a Monday morning meeting with Barbara Anderson, giving me plenty of time to continue my freakout over my possible future in the company's new Mailgirls program. It also allowed me to continually relive the events in Tokyo, especially my naked delivery runs through Hiromoto headquarters and the shocking meeting with Mr Hiromoto himself.   
  
How boring am I now, Mark, I said to myself thinking about what my long-time boyfriend had said a few weeks ago as I was kicking him out of my apartment for cheating on me. I was so focused on my career that I'd become boring, he had told me. So he'd hooked up with a more interesting girl whose exciting life, as best I could tell, consisted of working at Starbucks, tweeting constantly about her favorite reality show, and sharing cat videos on Facebook.  
  
I'm still not quite sure what had gotten into me that afternoon in Hiromoto headquarters when I'd decided to strip down and experience what it was like to be a mailgirl. Becoming a subservient nude delivery girl whose primary value came from showing off her tits, ass, and pussy went against everything I believed in, but I found myself now in a constant state of arousal as I relived that day in my mind. I chalked up the frequent masturbation sessions since returning from Tokyo to the fact that I hadn't gotten laid in weeks, but I couldn't help but wonder if I was discovering things about myself that I hadn't known before, and maybe didn't want to know.  
  
I was also nearly certain now that Barbara had lied to Kelly and me about what our roles were going to be in the company's Mailgirls program and that we'd been baited into signing a contract that would allow them to force us to become nude mailgirls for the next two years. I kept envisioning myself confronting Barbara about her lies and manipulation during our next meeting, but a tearful call to Mariko changed my mind about the wisdom of that.  
  
"Making this woman your enemy at this point would not aid your cause," she said to me over the phone. "It is wise not to trust her but also understand that she answers to more powerful men above her. It would be best to show her a false face of humble acceptance of your role while keeping your true thoughts hidden."  
  
"So then I have no choice but to become a mailgirl if she tells me to?" I asked her.  
  
"You always have a choice."  
  
"But I can't just quit, Mariko," I said. "The penalties in the contract would ruin me financially. It would take me years to dig myself out of the hole and I don't want to do that."  
  
"Then you have made your choice," Mariko said. "Now you must accept whatever role you are given but seek ways to gain an advantage which may aid you in the future."  
  
"But how would I do that?" I asked.  
  
"No one sees more or hears more than the lowly mailgirl," she said. "She goes everywhere and is seen by all, yet remains invisible. She is not worthy of hiding secrets from. You must keep your eyes and ears open and perhaps you will find your advantage."  
  
I wasn't terribly hopeful about that, but I knew she was right about one thing: calling Barbara a lying bitch to her face would do nothing but cause me grief. It would be foolish to compound my previous mistakes by piling new ones on top of them.   
  
I had trouble sleeping on Sunday night so I got up early to prepare for work. As I soaped myself up in the shower I had the unshakeable feeling that my life was about to change in a very significant way. I felt like I was floating unmoored and powerless down a fast flowing river towards a falls with no way off. Of all the emotions I was experiencing now - fear, shame, uncertainty, doubt - there was one emotion that overwhelmed them all: excitement. I had lost control of my life and I was nearly trembling in anticipation of what might happen next.  
  
And as I imagined what my future might hold, my right hand slid down my stomach into the welcoming moistness between my legs.

**THE MEETING**  
The first part of the meeting in Barbara's office was primarily a debriefing where Kelly and I answered a series of questions about our experience in Tokyo observing the Mailgirls program in action. When asked, I gave Barbara my honest impressions about it: that despite the sexist and degrading premise behind it, I'd found it to be a surprisingly well organized and efficient system. Whether or not it increased productivity as much as they claimed, I couldn't say, but it definitely did the job of moving information and items between departments in a timely and attention-getting manner. I had little doubt that a memo or file delivered by a nude mailgirl was much more likely to get immediate attention than something delivered electronically to an e-mail inbox.  
  
We also told her that we'd stripped down in the afternoon while following our mailgirls throughout the building. I knew there was no reason to try to hide it from her since it was a near certainty that she'd already been told about it by her contacts at Hiromoto.  
  
"Excellent!" Barbara said with a smile. "I'm glad to see you two throwing yourself into this project so enthusiastically! So tell me, what was it like?"  
  
"Um, well, it was humiliating," I told her, "but I have to admit that it was more comfortable doing it nude than in athletic wear." Kelly agreed with me and we talked with Barbara for a few minutes about the reaction of the other employees to the mailgirls and if we'd witnessed any abuses.  
  
"The mailgirls were treated with arrogance, rudeness, and condescension," I told Barbara. "They are basically considered lowly servant girls and get little respect. But, no, I didn't witness any actual abuses," I said, not mentioning what I'd seen in Hiromoto's office. I'd sworn to Mariko I would tell no one about that.  
  
"Well, we can live with that," Barbara said. "Condescension isn't likely to get us sued or the program shut down by the government. We just need to navigate carefully through sexual harassment and workers rights laws." It wasn't lost on me that Barbara was more concerned with avoiding litigation and government interference than whether or not the mailgirls were treated with any respect.   
  
"Well ladies," Barbara said after a few more questions, "I've heard nothing but good things about you two from Tokyo and I have to say that I'm very happy about that. You're both off to a good start."  
  
I smiled and nodded, keeping my true feelings hidden as Mariko had suggested. So far the meeting had been cordial and businesslike but somehow I got the feeling that a very large shoe was about to drop. It didn't take long.  
  
"So anyway," Barbara said, "we were busy ourselves while you were in Tokyo. Things are moving fast now. Hiromoto technicians were here installing the hardware and software for the Mailgirls program in the tower over the past week. Not many people know yet about this so we told them it was an upgrade to our wifi network."  
  
"It's already installed in the tower?" Kelly asked. "What about the rest of the compound?"  
  
"We're holding off on that," Barbara said. "We've decided to limit it to the tower for now. Keep it simple until we get the inevitable startup problems worked out."  
  
When is it starting?" I asked.  
  
"We'll spend the rest of the week testing the system and finishing up our preparations. Provided all goes well we'll announce the program internally on Friday morning and put out a press release Friday afternoon. We go live next Monday morning."  
  
"That soon?" I asked. I was a little stunned at the speed this was moving. I thought we were weeks away.  
  
"Yeah, Dan is worried this will leak out to the public before we're ready to go," Barbara said, referring to CEO Dan Evans. "He wants this up and running before activist groups have time to organize protests."  
  
"I didn't realize you'd even hired any mailgirls yet," Kelly said.  
  
There was a long pause before Barbara spoke again. "Well, that's something I need to talk to you two about."   
  
Kelly turned and gave me a knowing look. Here we go, I thought.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 10**

**THE REAL PLAN**  
"I told you that we'd signed a two year contract with Hiromoto, and that's true," Barbara said to us, "but there's a ninety day escape clause in it once we go live with the program. For all their bravado about how this company thrives on controversy, the truth is there are some people upstairs who are scared shitless that this thing is going to blow up in our faces. I've been ordered to keep a tight lid on things until we go live so I haven't been able to advertise for mailgirl job openings or do any interviews. I couldn't even put out discreet inquiries in house to find women who might be willing to take the job."  
  
"So we're it, aren't we," Kelly said. "The company's Mailgirls program is just going to be me and Danica. We're going to be your naked guinea pigs."  
  
"I'm afraid so," Barbara responded. "For now anyway, until I get authorization to expand the program. But the two of you are bright women so I'm sure you've suspected this for awhile now. I was very glad to hear that you both got naked on your mailgirl observation runs in Tokyo. That should make it easier for you."  
  
Even though I'd known this was probably going to happen it was still a shock to hear Barbara openly confirming it now. "For how long?" I asked.  
  
Barbara shrugged. "At least until the company commits to going beyond the ninety day escape clause. The board won't authorize any mailgirl hires until then. If you're lucky they'll decide to pull the plug on this thing after a few weeks and you'll be free of your contract commitments. You can go back to your old jobs or quit, whatever you want to do."  
  
"What about our student loan bonus?" Kelly asked.   
  
"You won't be obligated to pay that back. You won't get the contract completion bonus, though."  
  
"And if the company commits to the full program after ninety days?" I asked.   
  
"It will take awhile to get up to full staffing but after that I can probably pull you two off the line to help me with management and administrative duties."  
  
"Liar!" I wanted to scream, but I held my tongue. I knew Kelly was right, there were any number of women in the company with more managerial experience to do that job. Our real value to the Mailgirls program was in our bodies, so there was no incentive for Barbara to allow us to cover them up until they scrapped the program or our contracts expired.   
  
Barbara pulled a couple of letters out of a drawer and placed them on her desk. "Now that all of the cards are on the table I have something for each of you to sign."  
  
"What is it?" Kelly asked suspiciously.  
  
"It's a nudity waiver," Barbara said. "It basically says the company has the right to establish your dress code while you're on the job, up to and including full nudity. Nudity will be a condition of your employment."  
  
"And if I don't sign it?" Kelly asked.   
  
Barbara reached into her drawer and pulled out another letter. "Then you can sign this instead. It's a letter of resignation."  
  
"So I can just quit and leave then?" Kelly asked.  
  
"Of course you can. But you must know there are significant financial penalties involved in breaking your contract."  
  
"You mean you assholes would actually try to collect after lying to us about what our roles were going to be?" I saw a flash of anger cross Barbara's face as Kelly said that and I was shocked by Kelly's reaction. She'd always acted like she was perfectly okay with being a mailgirl for the money they were paying, but now that the moment of truth had arrived I could sense she was starting to panic. I started to worry that she might back out now leaving me in this by myself.  
  
"It's okay, Kelly," I said trying to calm her down. "We've talked about this. We can do this. We've already done it before."  
  
"Yeah, but that was half a world away in front of a bunch strangers, Danica. I have friends here. It's going to be so humiliating!"  
  
"I know," I told her, "but just do what you said. Invest the money they're throwing at us and then walk away when its over. Besides, they might pull the plug on this crazy thing in a couple of weeks anyway."  
  
"They won't, Danica. Don't you see, this is like slavery! They're going to own us for the next two years!"  
  
"Indentured servitude is probably a better historical comparison," Barbara said coldly, "since there's an expiration date to your so-called 'bondage.' So I guess I can put you down as a 'no' then Kelly?"  
  
"No, wait!" I said. "I'll go first. Give Kelly a chance to calm down. Okay, Kell?" She looked like she was about to hyperventilate but she nodded to me.  
  
Barbara placed the nudity waiver on a clipboard, along with a pen, and handed it to me. Unlike the contract I read it carefully making sure there were no hidden surprises, but it was pretty much as Barbara had described. I was giving the company the right to make me work naked for the next two years as a condition of continued employment. I found my hand was trembling as I picked up the pen. Two weeks ago I never could have signed something like this, but my experience in Tokyo and meeting Mariko had changed me. I took a deep breath and signed the waiver.  
  
"Thank you, Danica," Barbara said as she took the clipboard and the signed waiver from me. Then she turned to Kelly. "Now, which one of these would you like to sign, Kelly? The waiver or the letter of resignation?"  
  
"Can't I have a few days to think about it?" Kelly asked.  
  
"You've had time to think about it. I know damn well you both had a good idea this was coming. Things are moving fast now so I need to know before you leave this office whether you're in or out."  
  
"Please, Kelly, don't leave me in this by myself," I said to her. "We'll help each other though this."  
  
Kelly appeared to have calmed down a bit as she sat quietly thinking it over. "Give me the damn waiver," she said finally. Without reading it she scribbled her signature at the bottom and handed it back to Barbara.  
  
Barbara took our two signed waivers, placed them in a drawer and then locked it. Then she stood up from behind her desk. Kelly and I also stood up thinking the meeting was over. "Okay girls," Barbara said, "strip off your clothes, fold them, and place them on your chair. Every stitch." When the two of us stood there in shocked silence without moving she walked out from behind the desk and stood directly in front of us.  
  
"Now!"

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 11**

**A NEW REALITY**  
As we stood naked in the middle of Barbara Anderson's office, any pretense that we were colleagues working together on a project was gone. "Take off all of your jewelry and place them on your folded clothes, then get back into position," she ordered. After we had complied we returned to the standing position we had learned at Hiromoto with our feet spread, our hands at our sides, and our gaze lowered to the floor.  
  
"This will be your required uniform as a mailgirl," Barbara said to us. "Full nudity is your uniform and you will be in uniform at all times while in the building with the exception of entering and exiting at the beginning and end of your shift." Barbara circled us now, inspecting every inch of our nude bodies.  
  
"I'm glad to see that neither of you have tattoos," she said. "You're forbidden to get any while under contract. Fingernail and toenail polish is fine, but no more body piercings beyond what you already have." The two of us had only our ears and navels pierced. Barbara then ran her fingers through my hair and then moved on to Kelly. "Your hair length is okay for now but if it gets long enough to cover your breasts you'll be required to cut it."  
  
Barbara then looked down at each of our pubic areas and I had to fight the urge to cover up. "You'll also need to have all body hair below the neck shaved as part of your required grooming standards," she said. My pubic hair was neatly trimmed while Kelly had all but a single narrow strip shaved. "And lose the tan lines prior to Monday morning. If you don't have a place to sunbathe nude then find a tanning salon. We'll also check your body mass index regularly to make sure you're not becoming either too fat or too skinny, although I doubt weight gain will be a problem on this job. We just want to make sure you continue to display the same lovely curves as you do today."  
  
If there was any real doubt before that Kelly and I were surrendering significant control of our lives to Barbara and the company it quickly faded away as she spoke.  
  
"Assume the kneeling position," she ordered, and we kneeled on her carpeted floor with our knees spread at shoulder width, our backs slightly arched, our hands on our thighs, and our gaze lowered to the floor. This was something else we had learned at Hiromoto headquarters. It was the standard resting position for a mailgirl when she was waiting new orders.  
  
Barbara tapped the inside of each of my knees with her right foot indicating she wanted them wider. "Good,' she said after I had complied. "Since we're on a tight schedule and you're already familiar with them, we're basically going to adopt all of Hiromoto's policies for now. That means assuming either the standing or kneeling position while awaiting instructions. Keep your gaze lowered and avoid eye contact. Everyone in the building will be considered your superior so address them as sir or ma'am. Speak only when spoken to. No covering up at any time."  
  
As I kneeled submissively before Barbara I felt my heart thumping heavily in my chest, my breathing became more rapid, and my nipples hardened as a wave of arousal began coursing through my body. As much as I wanted to fight it there was no longer any denying that surrendering control of my clothes and, to a large degree, my life was a huge turn on for me. I wasn't sure if I liked or hated this new side of myself I was discovering but I knew now this was something I'd be dealing with every day as a submissive naked mailgirl.  
  
"Here are the plans for the coming week," Barbara said. "Hiromoto techs will continue testing the software and equipment under the pretext of improving our wifi network. On Friday morning we'll announce the program to those working here in the tower and begin training people on how to order a delivery using the Mailgirls app and how to interact with mailgirls. On Friday afternoon we'll announce it to the rest of the company and to the media via a press release. If we feel additional training and testing is required we'll do it over the weekend. Mailgirls goes live on Monday morning at eight a.m."  
  
Since returning from Tokyo the thought of potentially becoming a mailgirl had still felt somewhat distant and abstract, but it was becoming very real now. This was really going to happen.  
  
"As for you girls," Barbara continued, "you won't be needed for any of it. In fact, I'd rather keep you two out of the building as much as possible until Monday. I do have plenty of homework for you, though." Barbara retrieved a couple of packets from a shelf and placed them on her desk. "You'll be getting a pamphlet outlining the rules and responsibilities of a mailgirl. Read it, learn it, live it. You'll also get a floor plan for each floor here in the tower with the office codes used to identify where you'll need to go to for pickups and deliveries, as well as the location of the Mailgirls kneeling pad on each floor you'll use while waiting for new orders. I want those memorized by Friday, along with the names of the building's top executives, managers, and aides."  
  
"I also want you two ready to hit the ground running on Monday morning. That means you need to get yourself physically prepared over the next week. Lots of strength and cardio training. You should work out in the nude if possible, but if that's not practical then you need to at least do it barefoot to get your feet prepared. I don't want either of you sidelined with blisters once we get started."  
  
Barbara leaned back against her desk and looked down on us. "Since there's only two of you it would be silly to assign you numbers, but we'll revisit that if and when we expand the program. So Kelly, Danica, do you have any questions?"  
  
"No ma'am," we each said in unison.  
  
"Good," she said. "Get dressed and be back here at nine on Friday for another uniform inspection and a quiz on your homework. You begin your new careers Monday morning."  
  
As we left her office I felt like my life had changed forever and I began what would feel like both the shortest and longest week of my life preparing for Monday morning.  
  
I was now a mailgirl.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 12**

**MONDAY MORNING**  
I reached over and shut off my alarm but I'd already been awake for a while anyway. It'd been a restless night for me and after waking up in the early morning hours I was too full of nervous energy to go back to sleep. Time's relentless march had inevitably led to Monday morning and the start of my new career as a nude mailgirl for Dumpster Dawg Enterprises.  
  
I crawled out of bed and headed for the bathroom to get ready for work. After peeling off my tank top and panties I was about to get into the shower when it occurred to me that I was required to shower at work now, possibly in front of an audience. "How weird is that?" I thought to myself, until I thought about it some more and realized that wasn't even at the top of the weirdness scale in my new job.  
  
I walked to the sink to brush my teeth, and as I stared in the mirror I remembered Mariko asking me if I had any Japanese ancestry. The genetic influence of my Japanese grandmother seemed relatively faint to me as I looked directly at my face but I knew that from different angles and in different lights it was more pronounced. The almost subliminal nature of this Asian influence combined with the green eyes I'd inherited from my father's side of the family gave me an unusual and exotic look. Framing my face was straight, dark brown hair that spilled down over my shoulders to just above my shoulder blades.   
  
Ever since I was a little girl people have told me how pretty I am, and this only increased as my body developed during my teenage years. I'd come to accept and enjoy my beauty, and definitely can't claim to be free from vanity, but I'd also been determined to not be defined by just my looks. I studied hard in high school and earned some scholarships and grants but not nearly enough to cover tuition, books, housing, and other costs over the six years it took me to get my masters degree. My parents divorced when I was young and my mom raised me by herself after that. She did what she could, but she had little money to contribute to my education.   
  
So I'd turned to the government's student loan program to cover the costs and the debt had mounted at a staggering pace. I reasoned that my advanced degree would eventually pay for itself with a career in the business world, and now it had, although not in a way I ever could have imagined. Ironically my drive to become much more than just my looks had left me vulnerable to manipulation by my company which had cynically steered me into a job where only my beauty really mattered.  
  
After brushing my hair I walked back into the bedroom and stared at my nude body in the full length mirror on the closet door. This is going to be my uniform at work, I thought to myself incredulously. I turned to view it at different angles to picture what many others would be seeing today.  
  
My breasts aren't overly large but are firm and hang nicely over my flat stomach. They are tipped by pinkish half dollar-sized aureolas and sensitive nipples that become erect whenever I'm cold or aroused, which I assumed would be a nearly permanent condition working naked in an air conditioned building. The tan lines had faded after a week in the tanning booth and my skin was smooth and unblemished.  
  
I turned and looked at my toned. perfectly formed butt which I'd always thought was my body's best feature. I didn't see an extra pound out of place on my frame, which is slender without being too thin or anorexic looking, and my legs were long and well-toned. "Dancer's legs" my mom had once called them and they still looked good even though I hadn't danced much in awhile. Overall my body was beautifully proportioned and I knew I was reaching the peak of my sexual desirability. If this is going to be my uniform at least it's a damned attractive one, I thought. Okay, like I said, I'm not exactly free from vanity.  
  
I stood in front of the mirror with my feet spread at shoulder width and my hands at my sides, which was one of the two positions I was required to be in while waiting for further instructions as a mailgirl. My pubic area was completely shaved now as required by the "grooming standards" specified in the Mailgirls manual and I could see this left my pussy lips more clearly visible.  
  
I got down on my knees into the kneeling position I'd also been taught by Mariko, sitting back on my haunches with my knees spread, my back slightly arched thrusting my breasts forward, and my hands on my thighs. My pussy was even more visible in this pose and provided a glimpse of my clit peeking out. I scooted myself around on the carpet to look at myself from various angles and there was no denying the fact that it was a very submissive and erotic pose. Knowing I'd be required to be in this position in rooms full of clothed people would make it even more humiliating.  
  
I decided to stop before I totally freaked myself out and I stood and opened the closet door. It took a surprisingly long time to decide what I was going to wear to work considering it would be coming off almost immediately when I got there, but I finally decided on a light cotton summer dress. I pulled it on, along with a white thong and a pair of leather sandals, and suddenly I was ready to leave for work.   
  
It took an almost five minute internal pep talk to get my feet moving toward the door.

**SUNRISE**  
It was around seven a.m. and the sun was already rising in the late spring sky as I pulled into the employee parking lot. Outside my window loomed the large complex that housed Dumpster Dawg Enterprises, (or DDE as it was known to most people). Unlike Hiromoto headquarters which was located in downtown Tokyo and housed only the company's executive and administrative offices, DDE's complex was built on a large tract of suburban land and much of the work on the company's gaming, film, and software development projects was done here.  
  
"The tower," as the executive and administrative building was known, sat on the northwest corner of the property and is a circular ten story structure shaped liked a cylinder. Adjacent to it on the north side stood the largest wing of the complex, a long five story building where the company's PC and console games were developed. Connected to the east was a much smaller four story building where the company's research and development for future projects took place. Connected to that building and running south was a low two story wing which housed mostly security, maintenance, and IT personnel.  
  
On the south side of the complex was perhaps its most unique architectural feature: a series of wings - each one story higher than the other - that curved around and rose like steps toward the tower until connecting to it on the eighth floor, leaving only the top two floors of the tower with a full 360 degree view. Grass and trees were planted on the roof of each wing and were popular spots for employees to step out for fresh air on breaks. The south side contained offices for the film production department, marketing, sales, accounting and more administrative offices, along with a studio, auditorium, and cafeteria. In the center of the complex was an open-aired courtyard with a large fountain and benches.  
  
DDE's headquarters was an award winning architectural design, and although it was technically one building each of the different wings had a unique personality and work environment. It also covered a much larger area than Hiromoto headquarters meaning that being a mailgirl here would be challenging, beyond just the obvious challenge of being nude. Fortunately I'd be limited to working in only the tower at first so I'd remain unexposed to the majority of the company's employees, at least for now.  
  
As I stared out the window at the complex I had to fight off the urge to start my car and just drive and keep driving until I was far, far away. After a few minutes I finally worked up the nerve to get out and start walking toward my new job.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 13**

Outside the entrance to the tower a local news crew was setting up for a live shot and I was certain it had something to do with the Mailgirls program. The press release had gone out announcing the program late Friday afternoon - too late to be covered by the major network news programs which had been the intent. The 24-hour cable news networks had begun talking about it over the weekend but now that it was Monday it was expected that the news coverage and controversy would begin to ramp up. As I walked toward the entrance I was afraid that the news crew somehow knew I was a mailgirl and would try to interview me, but they ignored me as I went past and entered the building.  
  
The security guard at the lobby entrance checked my ID and allowed me to pass. I walked through the lobby, entered the stairwell and descended down into the building's basement. The tower's basement was used mostly for storage, and a makeshift locker room had been set up for Kelly and me in an unused utility room. Barbara had told us that a full mailgirls locker room modeled after the one at Hiromoto headquarters - complete with two way mirror - would be constructed in another wing once the company fully committed to the program, but for now, thankfully, we had some privacy.  
  
Inside I found Kelly sitting fully clothed on the short wooden bench provided us.  
  
"Hey, Kell," I said. "How are you feeling?"  
  
"Scared. Nervous. How about you?"  
  
"The same," I replied. "I guess we're going to do this, huh?"  
  
Kelly shrugged. "What choice do we have?"  
  
"Not much," I said as I sat down beside her. We sat there quietly for a minute before Kelly spoke again.  
  
"Hey, thanks for helping me out last week in Barbara's office. I guess I had a panic attack or something. That's never happened to me before."  
  
No problem," I replied, "although I'm not sure how much I helped you. I talked you into signing the nudity waiver, after all."  
  
"Yeah, but that's what I needed to do and I knew it. I was just flipping out thinking about being forced to work bare assed naked for two f\*cking years! I didn't know anyone in town when I moved here for this job so almost all of my friends work here. What the hell are they going to think of me when they find out I'm a naked delivery girl?"  
  
"Do any of them know about this yet?" I asked. "I mean that you're going to be a mailgirl?"  
  
"God no," Kelly replied.   
  
I could definitely relate. I'd also moved to this area for the job so almost all of my friends worked here, too.. My best friend Stephanie had been sending me angry texts about the Mailgirls program from almost the moment it had been announced, so I couldn't imagine what she was going think of me when she found out I was a mailgirl. All she was knew right now was that I was working on a secret project that I couldn't talk about.  
  
"Ah hell," Kelly said as she stood up and began unbuttoning her blouse, "let's do this. This is so totally crazy we may as well have fun with it." Kelly peeled off her shirt and tossed it over my head. "Time to get into uniform, number two," she said to me. It was a running joke between us about who would get to be number one if the company started assigning numbers to their mailgirls like Hiromoto did.  
  
Our locker room consisted of a wooden bench, a couple of metal lockers, a toilet stall, two sinks with a mirror above them, a small refrigerator and microwave, and a shower area with two shower heads. It was small and basic but I was thankful there was no window or two way mirror for people to watch us during our mandatory pre-shift shower and "grooming session."  
  
I put the lunch, water, and snacks I'd brought for the day into the refrigerator, then took off my clothes and headed for the shower where Kelly was already starting to soap up. I turned on the shower, adjusted the water temperature, then stepped in and began lathering up.   
  
"God, this feels like I'm in the shower scene of every 'hot women in prison' movie I've ever seen," Kelly said.  
  
"How many of those movies have you seen?" I laughed.  
  
"You don't want to know. My boyfriend loves them."  
  
As we showered I couldn't help but sneak peeks at Kelly. She had a great body but I was especially envious of her boobs. They were larger than mine and were beautifully shaped and firm with just enough sag in them to prove they were real. It was very obvious why Barbara had targeted the two of us to lure into their mailgirls program and I wondered now why I hadn't seen it during that very first meeting.  
  
After washing my body and shampooing my hair it came time for the part of the required grooming I really hated having to do here: shaving. There were no seats in the shower and Kelly was sitting down now on the tiled floor with the shower stream still running over her, so I did the same.   
  
I started with my underarms, then ran the razor over my legs. Finally I spread my legs and applied the shaving gel around my pubic area. Just as I was about to begin shaving the door opened and Barbara walked in with two men. I shrieked and closed my legs.   
  
"You know the rules, girls," Barbara said. "You're not allowed any modesty while you're in the building. Keep doing what you were doing."  
  
I reluctantly opened my legs and began shaving as the two men stared openly at the two of us. I recognized them from my memorization of the building's management personnel as senior execs from the upper floors. "Incredible," one of them said. "They look like models. And you found them in the company working for us, Barbara?"  
  
"Yes," she replied. "They were in our management program."  
  
"No shit?" the other one said. "They have advanced degrees?"  
  
"They both have MBA's," Barbara replied. "Top of their classes."  
  
"Wow," the first one laughed. "And now they're mailgirls. But then I guess MBA degrees are a dime a dozen but bodies like those sure as hell aren't."  
  
It was humiliating to have them standing there staring at us like we were a couple of zoo animals and talk about us as if we couldn't hear what they were saying. A month ago if you'd asked me if I would ever shave my pussy in front of strangers I would have said no way in hell would I ever do that. Not for all the money in the world.  
  
I guess the incremental changes that led me to this point were like knocking over dominos. If you start with a small domino and then place a slightly larger domino behind it and then another larger one behind that one and kept doing that long enough then eventually knocking over that first small domino would start a chain reaction which could, in theory anyway, knock over a domino taller than the highest skyscraper.  
  
The first domino had fallen when I hadn't immediately walked out of Barbara's office when she first asked us to get involved in the Mailgirls program as managers. And increasingly larger dominos kept falling after that until today, less than a month later, I found myself shaving my pussy in front of strangers for far less than all of the money in the world.  
  
I knew there was more to it than that, though. As I continued to shave I found that being forced into this humiliating position in front of these men was becoming intensely arousing to me. I had to resist the urge to humiliate myself even further by thrusting my fingers deep inside myself and bringing myself to a climax as they watched. I began to wonder if this newly discovered submissive streak was what had really driven me down this path to a place where I subconsciously had always wanted to be.  
  
Whether I wanted to be here or not, naked and humiliated in the basement of DDE's executive tower with no control over either my clothes or my life is where I was now. And this was only just the beginning.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 14**

**SHOWTIME**  
With our hair dried and our makeup applied, and as the clock ticked closer to the beginning of our eight a.m. shift, Kelly and I sat nervously on the bench in our mailgirls "uniforms." We were completely nude except for the smartwatches on our left wrists which were synced to the Mailgirls network and would relay our pickup and delivery orders to us as well as track our movements through the building. Barbara and the two men had left earlier leaving us alone with our thoughts.  
  
At precisely eight, the watch vibrated briefly on my wrist and I saw that the status message had changed from "standby" to "active." We were on duty! Kelly and I gave each other a wide-eyed look and she laughed nervously. "Holy shit, we're really doing this!" she said.  
  
All there was to do now was wait for our orders which would lead us out of the relative sanctuary of our little locker room and into a building full of fully clothed office workers beginning their workday. But as the minutes passed by without any orders the tension only increased. We were both still sitting there at 8:30 and I asked Kelly if she thought maybe something was wrong with the system.  
  
"God, I hope so," she replied.  
  
On one hand I was thankful for any delay to my first nude run, but it was also nerve-racking sitting there waiting for it to happen and another part of me just wanted to get it over with. It was nearly nine o'clock when my watch vibrated and flashed, nearly sending me through the ceiling. I read my orders: Floor 8 - A5 - Pickup. The timer below the message read 4:00, then began counting down to 3:59, 3:58, 3:57. I had less than four minutes to get to the eighth floor from the basement! I looked at Kelly then sprang to my feet and quickly headed for the door. "Knock 'em dead, number two!" Kelly shouted after me.  
  
I quickly reached the stairs and began climbing, my breasts jiggling with each step. This was the only set of stairs in the building so there was always going to be a chance I'd run into regular employees on them as I made my deliveries, but for now I was alone in the stairwell. When I finally reached the eighth floor I hesitated only briefly before opening the door and entering.  
  
All work on the floor began grinding to an immediate halt as I came into view and people began noticing me. Those who didn't see me right away were quickly alerted to my presence by their co-workers. Barbara's office was on the other side of the floor and I'm sure my face was crimson red as I weaved my way past gawking office workers who had stopped dead in their tracks and were blocking my path.  
  
As I entered Barbara's reception area my watch buzzed and flashed red indicating I was late. I'd missed my deadline by seventeen seconds. Barbara's secretary Jan flashed a crooked grin as she looked me over before waving me into her office.  
  
Barbara was talking on her cellphone as I entered and she pointed down toward the floor. I got down on my knees and assumed the kneeling position waiting for my instructions. From what I could gather from Barbara's side of the conversation she was talking to someone about the slow start to their Mailgirls program.  
  
After she'd finished with the call Barbara walked over and stood above me. "You were late, Danica."  
  
"I'm sorry, ma'am, but it's difficult to get here from the basement in four minutes."  
  
"Okay," she said. "We didn't have time to properly test our time parameters so some deadlines will be too short and others too long. We'll be adjusting them as we go, so there won't be any demerits given out until we get them tweaked. But don't take that as a license to loaf."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I replied.  
  
"So tell me, what was the reaction you got on your way here?" she asked.  
  
"I don't think much work is going to get done when we're around, ma'am."  
  
Barbara let out a quick laugh. 'Yeah, well we expected that," she said. "It'll take them awhile to get used to this, but they will." She began circling around me inspecting every inch of my body. "And how do you feel, Danica?"  
  
How do I feel? Nervous, scared, humiliated, excited, horny. The whole gamut of emotions was flooding through my body, but I didn't tell her any of that. "I'm fine, ma'am," I said.  
  
Barbara grunted, obviously displeased with my answer, but she didn't press it. She walked over and leaned back against her desk and began speaking.  
  
"Obviously there's some reluctance so far to use our new delivery system so I'm going to get the ball rolling here. I don't have a delivery for you so I'm going to send you back downstairs, but I want you to take a stroll through every floor on the way. I want everyone to see you and to let them know we're in business. No need to rush, a nice steady pace will be fine."  
  
My heart raced at the thought of having to do that. Slowly walking nude through the whole building sounded much worse than rushing somewhere to make a delivery. "Y-yes, ma'am," I replied nervously.  
  
"Go all the way back down to the basement, provided you don't get a pickup order on the way, of course. If Kelly is still there when you get there then tell her to come up to my office one floor at a time doing the same."  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
Barbara waved her hand to dismiss me and I rose to my feet and walked to the door. "Oh, and vary your path through each floor walking back to the stairs," she said as I exited.  
  
Since Barbara had told me to find a different path back to the stairs that meant I had to snake my way past some desks and offices toward the outer edge of the building and circled around that way. Once again all work came to a grinding halt as people gawked and leered at me with looks that ranged from lusty approval to barely concealed contempt. No one said anything to me, though. I knew that everyone in the building had been put on alert to be very careful in how they interacted with the mailgirls at risk of their jobs. Even though we were nude the state's sexual harassment laws still applied.  
  
As I said earlier, each wing of DDE's complex had its own unique personality and the tower was strictly a corporate environment. Although CEO Dan Evans, one of the company's founders, was well known for wearing blue jeans, collarless pullover shirts and sneakers, only those at the top of the food chain could get away with that in this building. The dress code here was business attire - white shirts, ties and dress pants for the men; stylish skirt suits, pantsuits or dresses for the women. And then there was me in my birthday suit.  
  
I finally reached the stairs and walked down to the eighth floor and got virtually the same reaction there as I walked through it. Even though I'd spent an afternoon nude at Hiromoto headquarters, the Mailgirls program was well established there and everyone was use to seeing nude women as a part of their work environment. That wasn't the case here and the sight of a nude woman in an otherwise normal business environment must have been a shock to the senses for a lot of people even though they'd been told in advance it was going to happen.  
  
It was also a shock to my senses as well. This was the most bizarre, humiliating, and exciting thing I'd ever done in my life and my entire body felt like a live wire was running through it. Time seemed to move in slow motion as I walked through floor after floor. When I finally reached the basement I felt an odd mixture of both relief and disappointment.  
  
Kelly was still waiting in the locker room when I entered. She immediately jumped to her feet when she saw me.   
  
"Danica, what happened? How did it go?" she asked excitedly.  
  
I told her everything including my experience walking through each floor. Then I told her she was supposed to do the same on her way up to Barbara's office.  
  
"Really?" Kelly said as she nervously ran her fingers through her hair. Then she folded her arms beneath her breasts and took several deep breaths. "Okay, I can do this, I can do this," she told herself. She then turned toward the door.   
  
"Good luck, number two," I shouted as she exited the room.  
  
I was alone now, my body was on fire and I knew what I had to do. I sat down on the bench, spread my legs and thrust the fingers of my right hand down into my throbbing pussy while caressing my breasts with my other hand. The door to the locker room wasn't locked and anyone could have walked in but I was past the point of caring at the moment. It didn't take long before I had such a powerful orgasm that I had to press a hand over my mouth to muffle it and keep from being heard all the way to the top floor.  
  
Almost immediately my watch sprang to life. Floor 3 - B5 - Pickup. 2:00, 1:59, 1:58....  
  
Oh shit!

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 15**

**FIRST DELIVERY**  
I leapt off the bench and was heading toward the door when I realized my fingers were covered in my juices and my pussy was still wet with a drop of moisture running down my leg. There's no way in hell I can go upstairs like this, I decided. I ran to the shower, turned it on and jumped in. The water was freezing but I didn't have time to adjust it so I just grabbed the bottle of body soap and washed myself as fast as I could, then quickly toweled off and ran from the room. Parts of my body were still damp, my skin was covered in goosebumps from the cold shower, and my nipples were rock hard as I entered the stairwell.  
  
I was nearly two minutes late getting to my pickup spot. I worried that whoever had made the pickup order would be angry or would complain to Barbara about it, but it turned out I had no need to worry. Waiting for me was a paunchy, sandy-haired man in his mid-30s wearing a rumpled white shirt with one tail half untucked and a shit-eating grin on his face. I stopped in front of him and assumed the standing position, waiting for my instructions. The man looked at me, looked at his cellphone, and then looked back at me.  
  
"Damn," he said with a huge grin, "I've got an app on my phone now that I just have to click on and a beautiful naked woman comes running. This is the greatest invention ever!"  
  
"Yes sir," I responded, but I had to suppress a smile. The man had been standing in the doorway of his small office leaving me outside of it now in full view of the cubicles around me. In short order I was surrounded by some of the employees from his department who began snapping pictures and taking videos with their phones. "Do you have a delivery for me, sir?" I asked.  
  
"Um, yeah," he said. "Hold on."  
  
He moved in close to me, held his cellphone out as far away from us as he could, then took a selfie of the two of us. He jabbed the face of his phone a few times, then went into his office and soon returned with the photo that he'd retrieved from his printer and handed it to me. "Here take this to Dan Jensen on the sixth floor."  
  
"Yes sir," I replied as I looked at the photo. I had a slightly startled look on my face and both my breasts were visible while the man had that same big mischievous grin. "Is there anything else, sir."  
  
"Yeah, tell Dan to go f\*ck himself. And also ask him if he wants to play golf on Saturday."  
  
"Yes sir," I responded, not quite sure what to make of either the photo or the message. "And can I tell him the name of the person sending the message?" This guy was a low level manager so he hadn't been on the list of executives I'd been given to memorize.  
  
"Bob Jensen. I'm his older brother but the little douchebag is working higher in the building than I am and making more money than me. Oh, and his wife is better looking than mine, too."  
  
"Yes sir." I stood there for a moment waiting, then realized he didn't know what he was supposed to do. "Sir, you'll need to use the Mailgirls app to set the delivery address."  
  
"Oh shit, sorry," he said. "Am I supposed to know his office code?"  
  
"No sir, just go to the names tab, select the letter 'J' and then scroll down until you find his name. Select it and the address will pop up on my watch along with the delivery deadline."  
  
The man poked his cellphone a few times and my watch lit up. Floor 6 - A9 - Delivery. 3:00. I turned to head for the stairs.  
  
"I hate to see you go but I love to watch you leave," he shouted after me.  
  
I quickly made my way up the stairs and through the sixth floor until I reached my delivery destination. My watch flashed green as I entered the office indicating I'd finally made my first deadline of the day. A man looked up from his desk with an astonished look on his face as I entered. He was thinner and better dressed than his brother but I could definitely see the family resemblance in the face. "I have a delivery for you, sir," I said as I handed him the photo and repeated the message I'd been given word for word. The man burst out laughing.   
  
"I should've known my brother would be the first one to jump on the Mailgirls crazy train," he said. His eyes scanned my body from head to toe. "God, you're beautiful. I wasn't sure about this whole naked delivery thing before but I've got to say I'm warming to it."  
  
"Thank you sir," I replied. "Do you have any deliveries for me?"  
  
"Um, yeah," he said. "Can you take a message back to my brother?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Come out here for a minute," he said as he walked by me and exited his office. I followed him out the door as he waved someone over from a nearby cubicle and handed him his phone. "I want to get my picture with you, too, if you don't mind."  
  
"Of course, sir."  
  
"Hey, don't you girls do this thing where you kneel on the floor while you're waiting?" he asked.  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"Could you do that for me?"  
  
I went down on my knees and assumed my kneeling posture as Dan Jensen stood behind me and the guy snapped off a couple of photos. Dan then disappeared into his office with the phone and returned several minutes later and handed the picture to me. It showed me kneeling while he stood behind me in a Superman pose with his legs spread, his fists pressed against his sides with his elbows out wide, and an attempt at a stern, heroic look on his face. It was actually pretty funny, but seeing myself in a submissive position like that sent a fresh wave of arousal through my body. God, this is bad, I thought to myself. I can't control it at all. After my orgasm in the locker room my arousal level had been knocked down to a low level buzz, but it was starting to build again.  
  
"Take this down to my brother and tell him I don't need to f\*ck myself because I've got a hot wife to do that for me. And tell him I'll set up a tee time on Saturday morning at Rolling Pines."  
  
After also having to show Dan how to use the app I returned to the third floor and his brother Bob who got a hearty laugh out of both the picture and the message. I have to admit that I liked the two brothers. Their funny pictures and messages to each other helped to relieve the tension of my first day as a mailgirl so I was a little disappointed when Bob released me from further service.   
  
Since I had no current delivery orders I made may way toward the floor's Mailgirls mat to wait. It had been placed in a spot that would provide maximum exposure to the most people and as I kneeled on it I could feel their eyes on me. Delivering messages between floors kept me busy enough to help keep my mind off of my situation but I had plenty of time to think about it now.   
  
I thought back to my first experiences with exhibitionism as a high school girl, although I'm not sure if you can really call it exhibitionism since no one ever saw me. My mom frequently worked graveyard shifts as a nurse in the local hospital leaving me alone at night. During the summer when it was warm outside I would often go out into my backyard, strip off my clothes, and walk around in the nude imagining myself in all kinds of scenarios that usually involved being forced out of my clothes as some kind of punishment. One of my favorite fantasies was that I'd broken some serious rule and my high school had given me the ultimatum of either expulsion or attending school in the nude for the remainder of the school year. Imagining the humiliation of being forced to walk down the hallway or sit in class naked in front of all of my friends and classmates had fueled many masturbation sessions during my senior year.  
  
A lot of kids go wild when they get to college and away from home for the first time, but I was just the opposite. After years of seeing my mom struggle to raise me and make ends meet I decided I was going to get into a career that would allow me to help her out and gain financial independence for myself. I chose a business major and buckled down for six years to earn my MBA. My nude in public and humiliation fantasies had been buried and mostly forgotten in favor of pursuing my goals in the real world.  
  
Now, though, my old fantasies and the real world had suddenly collided in shocking fashion. This was no fantasy and I wasn't pretending in my mom's backyard. I really was naked in the middle of a busy office building with no easy access to my clothes and forced to kneel in a submissive position in front of a bunch of fully clothed people. After all those years of hard work and studying, my path had somehow led to this humiliating destination.   
  
Even more shocking was a thought that kept forcing itself into my head no matter how hard I tried to suppress it: I'm really glad that it had.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 16**

**AN INVITATION**  
I was kneeling on a mat on the fourth floor when I got the command via my watch to go to an office on the ninth which I recognized immediately as Barbara's office. When I arrived there I found Kelly already kneeling on the floor. Barbara, of course, was on her cellphone as she always seemed to be. Kelly and I flashed quick smiles at each other as I joined her kneeling on the floor. Since our breaks were staggered in order to keep one of us always on duty, we'd barely seen each other since early that morning.  
  
We were waiting at least a good ten minutes before Barbara finally hung up. "Okay girls," she said as she turned to us, "I'm going to call it a day. No more deliveries." This surprised me since it was only about five p.m. with still an hour left in our shift. "I want to hear your impressions about how it went today, and you can dispense with the submissive 'ma'am' stuff for now."  
  
"Pretty slow," Kelly replied. "Especially in the morning." I nodded in agreement. I did have one stretch in the afternoon where I'd had three straight pickup and deliveries, but the majority of the day had been spent kneeling on mats being gawked at by surrounding office workers.  
  
"Some of the people weren't quite sure how to use the app," I added.  
  
Barbara nodded. "Both of those things were expected considering how quickly this program was thrust on people with little advance notice or training. A lot of people don't really know what to make of this. The goal today was to just get the program rolling." Barbara was talking to us now as if we were fellow employees rather than servant girls.   
  
"Tomorrow we're doing something different," she continued. "It'll be kind of a training day. We're going to require everyone below the ninth floor authorized to call a mailgirl to summon one, even if they don't have a delivery, and send you to another office. In retrospect we probably should've done something like that today, but this has been a learning process for everyone."  
  
Oh my god, I thought. We're going to be so busy tomorrow.   
  
"We'll be assigning people different time frames for this so you won't be hammered all at once or run ragged," Barbara said. "We want everyone to know, though, that using mailgirls to deliver important or time sensitive communications and packages is mandatory, not optional." If there'd been any thought that either Barbara or the company might be wavering on going forward with the Mailgirls program after a slow start it was being shot down.  
  
"So tell me, how was your interaction with the other employees?" she asked. "I'm sure they stared but were you subjected to any physical or verbal abuses?" We both shook our heads.  
  
"It's more like they treated me like I was radioactive," Kelly said. "No one wanted to get too close." Other than the Jensen brothers, my experience had been largely the same.  
  
"They were strongly reminded of the state's sexual harassment laws," Barbara replied, "but eventually we'll try to find a happy medium between radioactive and grabby."  
  
Barbara let us silently digest everything we'd been told as she logged onto her computer. A short time later her printer came to life and she retrieved what looked like a spreadsheet. After examining it for a couple of minutes she began speaking again.  
  
"It's a small sample size but it looks like most of our delivery deadlines were fairly close," she said. "A few will need to be adjusted, though. There's one run that sticks out like a sore thumb, though." She turned her attention away from the spreadsheet and looked at me. "You were almost two minutes late going from the basement to the third floor for a pickup, Danica?"  
  
I gulped nervously, thinking about the quick shower I took after masturbating in the basement locker room. How could I possibly tell her about that? "Um, I was on the toilet when I got I got the order," I lied.  
  
"You know you can turn the watch to standby mode for up to five minutes for bathroom breaks," she responded sharply.   
  
"Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry, I forgot."  
  
Barbara laid the spreadsheet on her desk, got to her feet, then walked over and stood above me. "Stand up, Danica," she commanded. By the tone of her voice it was obvious that she was no longer speaking to me as a fellow employee. She was in control and I was once again the lowly, submissive mailgirl who was hers to command.  
  
I rose to my feet and assumed the required standing position with my arms at my sides and my gaze lowered. I saw my palms nervously rubbing my bare thighs and I had to will them to stop.  
  
"Look me in the eyes," Barbara ordered and I obeyed, although it was hard for me to hold her gaze. She stared into my eyes as if looking into my soul, and I was almost ready to shout, "I confess! I was late because I was busy doing the two fingered tango in the locker room!" Thankfully she broke the silence first.   
  
"I think I'm going to try out a new standing position for you girls and I want you to demonstrate, Danica," she said.  
  
"Y-yes ma'am," I responded shakily.  
  
"Place your hands behind your back and grasp your left wrist with your right hand. Make sure your hands are placed on the small of your back and don't cover any of that lovely ass of yours." I quickly complied. "Now arch your back and keep your head up, while lowering your eyes."  
  
After she was satisfied I was in the correct position she barked, "On your feet, Kelly, and do the same." Kelly jumped to her feet and got into position. After circling us several times time and checking out this new pose from every angle she stopped directly in front of us. "Yes, I think I like this better. It helps thrust your breasts out more prominently. The other way there was a tendency to lower your head and slump your shoulders. This will be your new standing position from now on."  
  
"Yes ma'am," we replied in unison.  
  
"Good," Barbara said. "There's one more thing. The top execs are having a little get together tonight on the tenth floor to celebrate the start of our Mailgirls program and the two of you are invited." The way she said it made it clear that this was an invitation we weren't free to decline. The tenth floor was where the CEO and the top VP's had their offices and was the only floor in the tower I'd never been on.   
  
"And, yes, you're expected to be in uniform," Barbara said, answering our unspoken question. "Go down to the locker room, get showered, shampoo your hair, reapply your makeup, and be back up to the tenth floor by six. Take the stairs going down but you have permission to use the elevator coming back up."  
  
"Go!" she said dismissively as she waved us out of the room.  
  
Kelly and I said little on the trip down the stairs and it wasn't until we were both in the shower that she spoke up. "The cast iron bitch was almost human there for a couple of minutes," she said. "I don't think she bought your story about being on the toilet, though. What were you really doing? Rubbing one out?" When I didn't respond she laughed out loud. "Oh my god, that is what you were doing isn't it?" I remained silent but I'm sure the deep blush on my face told her all she needed to know.  
  
"Jesus, Danica, you really get off on this, don't you? All the humiliation and the naked slave girl bullshit with the 'yes sirs' and 'no ma'ams' and holding your arms behind your back with your tits thrusting out prominently. You totally love it!" I couldn't deny any of it.  
  
"What about you?" I shot back. "Aren't you the one who said she was an exhibitionist?"  
  
"I said I was kind of an exhibitionist," Kelly responded. "You know, getting drunk and flashing my boobs at parties kind of stuff. Being a mailgirl is way out of my comfort zone."  
  
"But you were the one who first got naked in Tokyo and talked me into doing it, too."  
  
"Yeah, I know," Kelly said. "I wanted to try it as a lark. As a career choice? Not so much."  
  
"So are you going to quit?" I asked.  
  
"I can't," she replied. "I'm a little slave girl just like you are. I just don't get off on it like you do. And you might be into what we're doing now but what are you going to do the first time time a VP orders you to go down on him in his office?"  
  
"They can't," I said. "There are sexual harassment laws."  
  
Kelly snorted derisively. "You think that's going to stop them? Don't be naive, Danica. It'd be their word against yours and you're just a naked, slutty little mailgirl. Who's going to believe you?"  
  
"And what are you going to do if that happens?"  
  
"I don't know yet," she answered. "I'll probably do whatever I have to do for the next two years. Once I'm out maybe I'll write a book about it. Call it 'Confessions of a Mailgirl' or something like that."  
  
I thought about what Kelly had said. What would I do if someone powerful ordered me to perform sexual favors? I had no idea.  
  
We finished our showers in silence and prepared ourselves for our trip upstairs. When we were ready the two of us walked naked to the elevator and summoned it. It was empty when it arrived. We stepped into it and Kelly pushed the button for the tenth floor.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 17**

**THE TENTH FLOOR**  
Since most of the tower's employees were leaving work now and would be taking the elevator down rather than up, our elevator rose uninterrupted to the top of the building. Kelly took me by the hand and smiled at me nervously as we climbed. Whatever tensions or disagreements that might occasionally erupt between us never lasted long. For better or worse we were in this together and no one else really understood what we were going through.   
  
We exited the elevator and walked toward a reception desk being manned by a stylishly dressed woman who was about our age. She laughed and shook her head as we approached. "I'm going to take a wild guess and assume you're the mailgirls," she said. "The lounge area is down the corridor and is the fourth door on the left. They're expecting you."  
  
Unlike the top floor at Hiromoto headquarters which served primarily as a sanctuary for one man, the tenth floor here at DDE was very much a working floor. It housed the company's top executives along with their secretaries and aides and we passed by several large, expensively furnished offices, each with an unobstructed exterior view. There were still some people working and they stared at us as we strolled totally nude down the corridor. We weren't even wearing our watches since we were off duty now and wouldn't need them.   
  
I heard music coming from the lounge area as we approached and the glass double doors were both open. Kelly and I gave each other a nervous glance and then stepped inside. There were maybe about forty men and women inside drinking and mingling but conversations came to a halt and all eyes turned to us as we entered. Kelly and I stood there still hand in hand not sure what to do. Finally a man wearing blue jeans, sneakers, and a collarless pullover shirt with three buttons below the neck started whistling and applauding and others followed suit. I recognized the man immediately from pictures I'd seen. It was the CEO and founder of DDE, Dan Evans.  
  
I spotted Barbara walking towards us. "Get into your new standing positions," she commanded. I let go of Kelly's hand, spread my legs to shoulder width, placed my hands behind my back and lowered my gaze while still keeping my head up. "Arch your back a little more, Danica," she said and I did as I was told. It felt like I was sticking my tits out toward the crowd as if to say, "look at these everyone!" It was definitely more embarrassing than the old standing position which I'm sure is why Barbara chose it.  
  
Barbara turned to the crowd to speak. "I'd like to introduce you to Danica and Kelly. They gave up promising careers in our management program in order to serve their fellow DDE employees and share their beauty with all of us. They will be the foundation of our new Mailgirls initiative here at DDE and throughout North America."   
  
I didn't really like the "gave up their careers to serve others" stuff since it made it sound like this was permanent. But then again, now that I was standing here naked with my tits thrust out and my bare pussy on display how could I ever hope to join these people someday as a colleague? I realized then that even if this ended tomorrow my management aspirations here at DDE were finished.  
  
"Follow me," Barbara said. We walked through the crowd and approached a bar being manned by a fortyish male bartender who looked like he'd just won the lottery when he saw us. "Your job tonight is to make sure everyone keeps their glasses filled," she told us. "Keep moving through the crowd and when you see someone's drink getting low ask them if they'd like another. Refer to everyone as 'sir' or 'ma'am' and make no eye contact."  
  
So we weren't invited as guests, we were here to be naked cocktail waitresses! I should have known. Barbara couldn't allow even a moment when we were anything other than servant girls.  
  
Barbara had changed clothes since we'd last seen her and was now wearing a black cocktail dress that bared some cleavage. It was a stark change from her usual power suit look and I realized now that she had a smoking body beneath those jackets she always wore. Barbara was a very attractive woman with short, black hair and dark brown eyes, but she always exuded such an air of confidence and control that she must have seemed unapproachable to many men. Maybe that's why she's never been married, I thought to myself.  
  
After our first meeting I'd googled Barbara's name and was surprised to learn that she was only 32 years old. It's not that she really looked older than that it's just that her executive position in the company, along with the way she carried herself, made her seem older.  
  
I also found out she was a Stanford grad with a master's degree in Psychology which, at the time, seemed like an odd major for someone interested in a business career. Now that I'd witnessed the head games that she played and the way she manipulated people I decided that it might just be the perfect major for working your way up the corporate ladder. And she'd done that very quickly at DDE, rising to become VP of Public Relations in less than five years. Not only was she currently running the Mailgirls program, she was also orchestrating the public response by the company to the controversy it was stirring. Once upon a time, not so long ago, I would've looked up to Barbara as a possible mentor. Now I just wanted to avoid pissing her off.  
  
Kelly and I walked into the crowd to take drink orders, then returned to the bartender to get them filled. It turned out he was a talented mixologist who had the ability to mix multiple drinks without ever taking his eyes off of my tits.  
  
My second time through the crowd I was waved over by Barbara who was now standing with Dan Evans. "Gin and tonic," she said as she handed me her empty glass. "And I think Dan is ready for another."  
  
Dan was drinking Heineken out of the bottle and he took a final swig and handed it to me with a smile. After I'd returned with their drinks I was ready to leave when Dan said, "Hold on, Danica, I'd like to talk to you for a minute."  
  
"Yes sir," I replied and got into my standing position with my arms behind my back. Dan laughed as I did this.  
  
"You definitely have them well trained, Barbara. At ease soldier," he said to me. "Relax."  
  
"Yes sir," I said as I dropped my arms to my side.  
  
"And forget the 'sir' stuff. You can call me Dan and look me in the eyes.  
  
I lifted my eyes and smiled appreciatively. "Okay, Dan. Thank you."   
  
I knew Dan Evans was in his early forties but he was slim and still had a boyish look. He was handsome in a geeky sort of way and I'm sure the fact that he was worth many millions helped add to his appeal. What I liked best is that he talked to me like I was a real person. He asked me a number of questions about my background, my life, and my plans, and seemed genuinely interested in my responses. Barbara stood by quietly listening to all of it. "And what do you think of your new job?" he asked.  
  
"It's, um...interesting," I replied as diplomatically as I could.  
  
Dan laughed. "I'm sure it is." Then he got serious for a moment. "Listen, I know this is probably difficult for you and Kelly. I'm sure it wasn't what you signed up for when you came to work for us, but we couldn't have gotten this thing off the ground without you two. Thank you."  
  
I was surprised to find my eyes starting to tear up but this was the first moment since this started that anyone had shown any appreciation for what I was doing or expressed that I was valued as anything other than mindless eye candy.  
  
"Thanks Dan," I replied, trying to rein in my emotions.  
  
"So, Danica, is there anything you wanted to ask me?" I had about a million questions I wanted to ask about my future in the Mailgirls program but I decided to stay away from that subject with Barbara standing there. "I've always wondered where how you came up with Dumpster Dawg Enterprises as the name of the company."  
  
Dan laughed. "Well it's kind of a long story, and I don't usually tell it, but it's impossible to resist a beautiful naked woman. I guess you know how the company first got started?"  
  
"Yes. In your garage," I said.  
  
"My parents' garage actually. I'd just dropped out of college and me and few of my fellow geek buddies decided to try to write a computer game. You can imagine how thrilled my folks were." I laughed at this.  
  
"Anyway there was this kid from the neighborhood who used to hang around. I call him a kid but he was actually about our age. He had no programming skills but we used to let him do odd jobs and would throw a buck or two his direction every so often. This guy was a total slob and at night would go dumpster diving behind fast food places for food that was tossed out. Burgers, tacos, fried chicken that kind of stuff. I mean they were wrapped up or in boxes but I wouldn't each shit that came out of a dumpster."  
  
"Definitely not," I agreed. It felt so good to be engaged in an adult conversation.  
  
"So we started calling this kid Dumpster Dawg. When the time came to try to find a distributor for our game - which was the first 'Gangsta' as I'm sure you know - we had to come up with a name for our company. So I called it Dumpster Dawg Enterprises as a joke. I mean, I didn't think we'd be in business for a year, much less twenty."  
  
Dan took a swig of his beer before continuing. "I suppose it's not an ideal name for a multi-billion dollar corporation but it does provide a certain image that appeals to our primary demographic."  
  
"And whatever happened to the kid?" I asked. "Dumpster Dawg?"  
  
"After we made it big he found a lawyer to sue us for royalties. Claimed we named the company after him. Since we kind of did, we settled out of court. He's still a slob but is now a slob living in a mansion with a pool."  
  
I laughed and was hoping to hear more, but Barbara put her hand on his arm and began speaking. "That's a great story but I think we've dominated a bit too much of Danica's time. There are some people here with empty glasses."  
  
Dan shrugged his shoulders. "The boss speaks," he said. The whole exchange struck me as odd. It was almost like a wife trying to shut up a husband who was droning on at a party. I knew that Dan had a wife and two kids at home, though, not to mention being Barbara's boss here at work. She seemed able to exert control even when with the CEO of the company.  
  
Once again I became the submissive servant girl. "Thank you for the story, sir," I said as I returned to my duties.   
  
It was was nearly nine o'clock by the time I made it home to my apartment. I ate some leftovers from out of the fridge, poured myself a glass of wine and tried to watch some TV, but the events of the day kept swirling through my mind. Since I'd previously worked in another wing in the compound I hadn't really known any of the employees in the tower today, but I couldn't help but wonder if my friends at the company knew about this yet. Thinking about it reminded me I hadn't checked my phone for messages all day.   
  
I retrieved the phone from my purse and one of the first texts I read was from my best friend Stephanie. It said, "ur a mailgirl? wtf?!?!" They knew. I didn't want to read any more so I shut off the TV and went to bed. My first day as a mailgirl had been a long one.  
  
The next morning I woke up again before the alarm. As I got out of bed to get ready I realized something strange.  
  
I couldn't wait to get back to work.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 18**

It had been over six weeks since beginning my new life as a mailgirl and I was already seeing changes in my body as I examined it in my bedroom mirror. It was becoming an athlete's body -toned and fit, built for movement. This had become part of my morning ritual, examining my nude body from every angle. It was my work uniform, after all, and I wanted to make sure it looked its best. I'd used to do the same thing back in the days when I'd dressed for work, checking my outfit in the mirror before leaving for the day. This is no different, I told myself, although I knew that it was. I'd never felt the same sense of nervous excitement and anticipation in those days when checking out what others would be seeing at work. Even after six weeks those feelings hadn't diminished.  
  
I always arrived at work by seven each morning, Monday through Friday, and was on duty as a mailgirl from eight until six. Barbara often asked one of us to stay late and serve drinks to executives in the tenth floor lounge as they unwound from the day and I always volunteered. I didn't mind it since it gave me an excuse to remain naked and I soon discovered that what Mariko had said was true: a mailgirl is seen by all yet remains invisible. These execs openly discussed their work without any thought as to what I might hear. I was just a lowly mailgirl, after all, and I soon knew things about current projects and future plans for the company that few others below the ninth floor knew.  
  
Barbara also started asking one of us to come in for a few hours on Saturday and I volunteered for that as well. I worked long days, came home tired, and went to bed early. The next day I always woke up reinvigorated, anxious to get back to work.  
  
I'd stopped wearing clothes in my apartment about a month ago. The more time I spent out of them the more constrictive they felt when I put them on. Many days the only time I wore anything at all was on the commute to and from work, and even then I wore the bare minimum. After spending time each day for a couple of weeks deciding what to wear to work I realized that was silly, so I just started wearing a simple cotton dress held up by a couple of thin straps and just long enough to keep me legal. I wore nothing beneath it. I'd even stopped wearing shoes for the commute and remained barefoot throughout the day. I was reverting to a simpler, more primitive state, and despite the subservient nature of my job there's a kind of freedom in that.  
  
The only exception was on Fridays. That was the day each week that Kelly and I went out for drinks after work to blow off steam, so I always dressed up on that day. I really needed that interaction with her because otherwise my social life was non-existent.   
  
A couple of weeks after starting as a mailgirl I was invited to a party by my friends from work and it'd been awful. They all knew I was a mailgirl, although none of them had seen me naked yet since they all worked in another part of the compound, and the night had been awkward and uncomfortable. My best friend Stephanie barely spoke to me, and when she finally did it was to go on a harangue about how I was helping put the cause of women's rights back a hundred years. My other friends either tiptoed around the subject of my new job or made lewd and suggestive comments about it. By the time I left that night I vowed I'd never do that again and I hadn't been invited back out with them anyway.  
  
So my Friday nights with Kelly were important to me. Important to both of us really. Her relationship with her boyfriend was on the rocks because of the job and she was too embarrassed about being a mailgirl to even want to see her old friends, so I was her crying shoulder.   
  
Kelly was struggling with being a mailgirl. It wasn't the nudity, which she actually kind of enjoyed, or the physical demands of the job. What rankled her was being treated as an inferior by people who often lacked her education, intelligence, and work ethic. She hated that she couldn't interact with the other tower employees as an equal and had to bow and scrape before everyone in the building. And she really hated Barbara who came down hard on Kelly every time she tried to deviate from her script as a lowly naked servant girl.  
  
As for me, I was thriving as a mailgirl. It was such an incredible feeling taking off my dress in the locker room each morning knowing I'd be spending the day working naked in a building filled with well-dressed people. What made it even more of a turn on was the fact that I had virtually no choice in the matter. I knew now that I had a submissive streak a mile wide and everything that Kelly hated about the job - the forced servitude, the kneeling, the loss of autonomy - were all things that excited me. I don't know where this desire to be controlled and put on display for all to see came from but it now felt like it had been hardwired into my system all along. It'd simply taken Barbara to flip the switch and activate it.  
  
I'd also come to believe there was an artistic aspect to what we were doing that went beyond just sexual titillation. There's beauty in the nude female form in motion and I'd begun to think of our near constant movement through the building as a kind of performance art. Maybe that's just a lie I told myself to feel better about what I was doing, but every time I saw Kelly pass by on her way somewhere I was struck by the fleeting beauty she brought to an otherwise prosaic work environment. I sometimes wished that I could leave my body and see myself through others' eyes as I provided those same brief glimpses of feminine allure. I frequently thought of the grace that Mariko brought to every aspect of her job and I sought to emulate that.  
  
I even liked the demanding physical aspects of the job. After a slow start, and a lot of browbeating by Barbara to get them to use us, most people in the tower had finally come around to the idea of using mailgirls for the majority of their interdepartmental communications and deliveries. With just two of us serving the entire building, Kelly and I were kept very busy these days. After a great deal of tweaking, our deadlines had been adjusted to the point where we were kept moving at a brisk pace but without having to kill ourselves trying to meet them. After a lot of sore muscles early on, my body now felt like a finely tuned machine and I seldom failed to meet a deadline.  
  
It was almost time to leave for work so I reluctantly pulled my dress on. I longed to leave it behind, to leave the apartment without it. I thought often about what it would feel like to live my life without any access to clothes at all; to be balanced constantly on the precipice of humiliation without a lifeline. Even more, I longed for someone to force me to do it since I knew I couldn't do it on my own. What both excited and frightened me was that I did know someone with the power to make me do it. Someone who had already taken a normal girl and had laid her bare before both her fellow workers and herself, forcing her to discover things about herself she'd never known before.   
  
Barbara had the power to make me do that if she desired. That and much more.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 19**

**ANNA**  
It had been a busy morning and I was finally getting a break between runs. I was kneeling on a fifth floor mat when she walked up and knelt down in front of me. I looked up and found myself staring into the face of a pretty teenage girl. I'd seen her around the building but I didn't know who she was or what she did here.  
  
"Can I help you, ma'am?" I asked.   
  
"Oh, you don't need to call me ma'am," she said. "I'm just an intern."  
  
"Yes ma'am, but that still makes you my superior," I told her.  
  
"Oh...," she said, her voice trailing off as she thought about that. "I guess I'd still rather you not call me ma'am. I won't tell anyone. My name is Anna."  
  
"Okay Anna," I said. "My name is Danica. What can I do for you?"  
  
"I was hoping I could talk to you for a minute. If you have time that is."  
  
"Sure," I replied. "As long as I'm not called out on a delivery."  
  
Anna smiled. "Thanks." She paused for a moment as if trying to compose her thoughts. "Um, I've seen you around and watched you deliver things and, um....well I think you're very pretty!"  
  
"Thank you," I smiled, and waited for her to continue..  
  
Anna looked around nervously before continuing. "So anyway I was wondering if I could, um..." Her voice trailed off again and she took a deep breath. "I was hoping maybe I could get a job doing what you're doing if they're hiring. Could you help me?"  
  
I admit that I was a little stunned when I heard this. "You mean as a mailgirl?"  
  
Anna nodded her head. "Yes!"  
  
The girl was certainly pretty enough and looked like she had a very nice figure, but she was so young looking! "How old are you anyway?" I asked.  
  
"I'm eighteen," she replied. "I just graduated from high school."  
  
"And you say you're an intern? Is it just for the summer?"  
  
Anna nodded. "Yes. My mom knows a woman who works here and she helped get me a summer internship."  
  
"And then what? Are you planning on going to college in the fall?"  
  
"I was," she said, "but when I saw what you and the other girl were doing I thought that looked really fun and exciting and that maybe I could do that for awhile and make some money."  
  
This girl was super cute but had a quiet and shy demeanor about her. She didn't seem like the Girls Gone Wild type. "You know you have to do this job naked, right?"  
  
"Yes," she giggled.  
  
"Anna, have you ever done anything like this before?" I asked her. "Getting naked in front of other people, I mean?"  
  
She shook her head. "Oh no," she said. "I've never done anything like that. I've never really done anything weird or crazy before."  
  
"It's very difficult and nerve-wracking," I told her, "especially at first. How do you know you can do it?"  
  
"I don't really," she said. "Did you ever do anything like this before you started?"  
  
"No," I admitted. "Let's just say I had a lot of motivation to do it, though. I still don't understand why you want to do this."  
  
"I don't know," she said. "It just seems like it would be exciting. Is it? Is it exciting?"  
  
"It is for me," I admitted, "but it would be humiliating for a lot of people." I thought about what she had said about her parents helping her get this internship. "Do you still live at home, Anna?"  
  
"Yes," she said. "I live with my mom. My parents are divorced."  
  
"And what would she think about this if you became a mailgirl?"  
  
Anna looked down at the floor. "She'd hate it."  
  
I thought about my mom and the first conversation we had over the phone after she'd found out that I'd become a naked delivery girl. Let's just say that it hadn't gone well. We've had many conversations since then and we both avoid talking about my job, but I can still hear the disappointment in her voice when I talk to her. As I looked at Anna she seemed so sweet and innocent that I just felt a strong urge to protect her.  
  
"I really don't think this is a good idea, Anna, and I don't think they're hiring mailgirls right now anyway. Go to college and get your degree." Just then an alert came over my watch. It was a pickup on the seventh floor. I rose to my feet and Anna did as well. "I have to go," I said.  
  
Anna grasped me by the hand. "Can you at least give me a name of someone to talk to, Danica? Please?"  
  
I thought about it for a moment. She's old enough to make her own decisions, I said to myself. "Talk to Barbara Anderson on the ninth floor," I said and then left her as I headed for the stairwell.  
  
It continued to be a busy workday but my mind kept returning to Anna. I kept second guessing myself about whether or not I should have given her Barbara's name. She would've found it out on her own sooner or later, I reasoned, but it was still bothering me. I also wondered if I should have done more to discourage her, but I really hadn't had much time with her. I should've at least told her not to sign anything without talking to me first. I resolved to stop and talk with Anna some more the next time I saw her, even if it meant missing a delivery deadline. I continued my runs through the building, though, without seeing her.  
  
Not long after my lunch break a pickup order popped up on my smartwatch. It came from Barbara's office. I made the now familiar hike up to the ninth floor and when I entered her office I was shocked to see Anna kneeling on the floor. She was completely nude. Anna looked up at me briefly with a terrified look on her face and then back down to the floor.   
  
Oh my God, I thought, I should've kept my mouth shut. I should never have let Anna come here.  
  
"I understand that you and Anna have met already," Barbara said to me.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I replied.  
  
"She's interested in becoming a mailgirl and I thought I'd ask your opinion since I understand you sent her to me."  
  
"I tried to talk her out of it, ma'am. I told her I didn't think we were hiring right now."  
  
"We're not, but she already works here as an intern and has asked to continue her internship as a mailgirl. After that, if she does well, she'd be in line to be offered the job full time."  
  
"She's too young, ma'am," I protested.  
  
"She's eighteen," Barbara said. "She's of legal age."  
  
"Oh, c'mon Barbara," I said sharply, dropping my subservient demeanor. "Look at her. She looks scared to death!" I expected an immediate rebuke from Barbara but she just looked at me intently, carefully studying my face.  
  
"Why don't we ask Anna?" she said finally as she turned her attention to the girl on the floor. "Do you really want to do this, Anna?  
  
"Oh yes, please!" she said anxiously. Then she turned to me with pleading eyes. "Please let me do this, Danica!"  
  
"Why?" I asked. "Why is it so important to you?"  
  
"It just is," she said.  
  
"I'll tell you what, Danica," Barbara said, "we'll have her follow you around for the rest of the afternoon and then let her decide after that if she really wants to do this."  
  
"Can't we at least let her wear clothes?"  
  
"What would be the point of that?" Barbara responded. "Delivering packages isn't the difficult part of the job. Her clothes will be here if at any point she wants to come back and put them on."  
  
I sighed and shrugged my shoulders resignedly. "Yes, ma'am," I said.  
  
"Great!" Barbara said. "I even have a delivery for you two." She picked up a manilla envelope that was lying on her desk and handed it to me, then punched the delivery address into her phone. My watch came to life. It was a delivery to the fifth floor.  
  
"Come with me, Anna," I said.  
  
Anna leapt to her feet and followed me out the door.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 20**

**CHAOS**  
Anna followed me down the stairs and through the fifth floor door. I stopped for a moment and turned to look at her. She had placed her left arm across her breasts and her right hand was covering her pussy. "You need to keep your hands at your sides, Anna," I told her. "If you're going to do this then you then you need to do it right." Anna obeyed and I got a good look at her nude body.  
  
She really had a lovely figure with b-cup sized breasts highlighted by puffy nipples and a smooth, firm rear. I was a little surprised to see she was about my height with long, shapely legs. I guess I'd imagined she was smaller and more petite as she knelt in front of me this morning. And I was very surprised to see that her pubic area was shaved bare. Anna had a woman's body, it was her face that made her look so young. She had long brown hair that hung down to the middle of her back, blue eyes, a cute upturned nose, and a shy smile. It was a sweet, girl-next-door face and she wore no makeup. She didn't need it. Anna was a natural beauty.  
  
"C'mon," I told her and we began making our way down the corridor. I'd gotten used to the stares by now, but obviously Anna was experiencing this for the first time. "Oh my god," I heard her say quietly as she followed behind me.   
  
My watch flashed green as I entered the destination office and a female receptionist looked up disapprovingly at me. "I have a delivery, ma'am," I said as I handed the envelope to her. She glanced at it briefly then looked startled to see Anna approaching the desk.  
  
"Aren't you an intern?" she asked. Anna nodded. "Oh honey, don't tell me you're going to start doing this, too?"   
  
"Yes, ma'am." Anna replied.  
  
The woman shook her head and then gave me a nasty look as if I was the one making her do it. "I have nothing for you," she said and waved us out.  
  
"Thank you, ma'am," I said, then took Anna by the hand and led her out of the office.   
  
"Thank you, ma'am," Anna repeated as we exited..  
  
Since we had no current pickup order I led her to the fifth floor mailgirls mat and we both knelt down. It was only after we got there that I realized that this was the same mat on the same floor where I'd first met her this morning. We were getting some shocked stares from the people around us. "Is this the floor you work on?" I asked her.  
  
Anna nodded. "Yes."  
  
"So you know these people here then?"  
  
"I know their faces," she said. "I don't know all of them by name." She was breathing heavily and I didn't know if it was from the journey here or if it was from fear or excitement or panic. Maybe it was all of the above. I wondered again what was driving her to do this.  
  
We were there for maybe two minutes before a plump, middle-aged woman came striding up to us. "Anna!" she said loudly. "What on earth are you doing?"  
  
"Mrs. Davis! I...um, I'm going to be a mailgirl," she said nervously.  
  
"You are not!" the woman said. "Your mother will kill me!" I assumed this was the mother's friend who had helped Anna get the internship. "Does she know about this?" she asked. Anna shook her head. "Then get your clothes back on. I'm taking you home."  
  
"No!" Anna said. "I'm going to be a mailgirl!"   
  
The woman glared at Anna and then at me. "I'm going to call your mom," she said as she turned and walked away.  
  
By now all work around us had come to a complete halt as everyone watched the exchange. I was on the receiving end of a lot of nasty looks as if I had lured a child away from her mother with promises of candy. "Anna, let's go back to Barbara's office and get your clothes," I pleaded. "You can do this another day after you talk to your mom."  
  
"No," she said. "I have to do this now!" I sighed in exasperation. This girl was as stubborn as she was cute. Thankfully an alert came across my watch just then for a pickup on the seventh floor. I grabbed Anna by the hand and dragged her off the mat, eager to get out of the area.  
  
It was about an hour later as we were heading toward a pickup on the sixth floor that I spotted the plump Mrs. Davis striding down the corridor towards us with an equally plump red-faced woman in tow. "Mom!" Anna gasped as she tried to hide behind me.   
  
Oh shit, I thought. I had no interest in getting involved in this family drama. "Hold on a second..." I started to say just as Anna's mom landed a sucker punch to my gut.   
  
"Get the f\*ck out of my way you little slut," she hissed as I went down gasping for breath. "You're getting out of here now!" she shouted at Anna as she grabbed her by the wrist. When Anna resisted she slapped her hard in the face.   
  
By the time I was able to catch my breath, Anna's mom had dragged her halfway down the corridor and my Scottish blood was in full boil. I ran after her, jumped on her back, and took her down in a choke hold.  
  
What had started out as just another day in the life of a mailgirl had suddenly erupted into chaos!  
  
  
**BOUND**  
The tower's security office is located in the building's basement not far from our makeshift mailgirls locker room and that's where Anna and I found ourselves when Barbara swept into the room. "It wasn't our fault...," I started to say to her.  
  
"Shut up!" Barbara interrupted, and then turned to one of the security guards. "I want to see the security tape."  
  
"Yes, Ms. Anderson," he said and led her into another room full of security monitors. Behind the closed door of another room I heard Anna's mom screaming at the head of security about lawsuits and police brutality.  
  
Anna and I sat naked on a cold metal bench with our hands bound behind our back with plastic ties and a room full of security people staring at us. Normally the tower only had two or three security people on duty but apparently every security guard in the compound felt the need to show up after hearing that a couple of mailgirls had gotten into a donnybrook.  
  
About fifteen minutes later Barbara emerged from the monitor room and walked through the crowd towards us. "Yes, these definitely look like dangerous criminals," she said acerbically. "I'm so glad you're all here to keep them from escaping." The security people looked at each other sheepishly but no one left.  
  
Barbara stood over us and focused her attention on Anna. "So I'm guessing that you have serious Mommy issues at home and are using our mailgirls program as a desperate act of rebellion, am I right?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Anna replied quietly, keeping her eyes glued to the floor. "Something like that."  
  
Barbara was silent for a moment. "Okay," she said finally. "If you were any less adorable I might have a problem with that. You're going to be an absolute hit as a mailgirl, though, if you decide to continue. Are you?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," she nodded. "I want to."  
  
"Good," Barbara replied, then turned to the nearest security guard. "Go get psycho-mama and escort her from the building."  
  
As Anna's mom was led out she spat at Barbara. "I'm going to sue the hell out of you and this company. My name will be on the building before I'm through!"  
  
"Yeah?" Barbara replied. "Good luck with that."  
  
The plump Mrs. Davis was still with Anna's mom and was about to leave when Barbara stopped her and looked at her company ID. "Are you the one who brought this crazy bitch here to disrupt our work day?"  
  
The woman glowered at Barbara. "You bet I did. What you're doing with these girls is wrong."  
  
"You're fired then," Barbara said.  
  
The woman's face turned red. "You're not my boss! You can't fire me!"  
  
"Wanna bet?" she replied calmly. "Escort her out of the building, too."  
  
After the two of them were hauled out she turned her attention back to Anna. "Do you have a place to stay tonight?" Anna shook her head.  
  
"Any money?"  
  
"No ma'am."  
  
"A car? Do you even drive?"   
  
Anna shook her head. "My mom drives me to and from work."  
  
Barbara sighed. "Well then I guess you'll need to stay with Danica for awhile."  
  
"With me?" I asked. "Why?"  
  
"You're the one who found this stray. She's yours to take care of now."  
  
I was about to protest when I turned and saw the silent pleading coming from those blue eyes and that angelic face.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I said.  
  
"Good," Barbara replied. "I'll have someone bring Anna's clothes down to the locker room. Get dressed and get the hell out of here, both of you. I'm going to let Kelly go, too. It'll take me the rest of the afternoon to smooth things out on the tenth floor so I don't need any more mailgirl problems today. Be back here at seven tomorrow morning." She turned and headed toward the door.  
  
"Cut them loose," she said to the security people as she swept out of the room.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 21**

**ANNA'S STORY**  
I awoke early the next morning and padded into the living room to check on Anna. Although I'd stayed dressed last night after bringing her back to the apartment I was nude now. She was sleeping on the couch, curled up under a blanket that rose and fell in rhythm with her breathing. As I watched her sleep she looked so sweet and innocent, almost childlike. Maybe it was my mothering instincts kicking in but I suddenly felt an overwhelming desire to protect her from the world. I kneeled down on the carpet next to her being careful not to disturb her.  
  
On the drive home from DDE yesterday her mom kept trying to call her cellphone until Anna opened the car window and threw it out. She had arrived here at my apartment with literally nothing but the clothes on her back. I cooked up some dinner and tried to talk to her, but her shyness and reluctance to talk about herself made it difficult. It wasn't until I decided to unwind with a glass of wine and offered her some that she started to relax and loosen up. Even then it took most of the evening and sharing a full bottle of wine to learn her story in bits and pieces.  
  
Anna had an older sister who had tragically died of leukemia at a young age and this had been devastating for her entire family. Her mother had taken it especially hard and what had previously been social drinking turned into heavy drinking. The loss of the child and her drinking soon led to the breakup of her marriage. Anna's father moved across the country and out of her life leaving her alone with her mother.  
  
Her mother compensated for the loss of her daughter and husband by becoming overprotective of Anna to the point of being smothering. She drove her to and from school each day and wouldn't let her go out with friends or on dates when she got older. Over time her alcoholism worsened and this led to increasing physical and psychological abuse of Anna.  
  
Anna had hoped that her eighteenth birthday and her internship at DDE would allow her to begin gaining some freedom, but her mother insisted on driving her to and from work and that she attend a local college in the fall so Anna could live at home. She clearly intended to continue exerting control over Anna's life.  
  
I admit I began feeling guilty about offering the girl the wine after hearing about her mom's drinking problems since I knew that genetics can play a role in alcohol abuse. I promised myself I'd be careful about drinking here in the future as long as she was staying with me.  
  
I also started thinking about my own upbringing. Like Anna, I was an only child raised by a single mom and without a father in my life. That's where the similarities ended, though. My mom's job as a night nurse meant she slept much of the day leaving me to fend for myself most of the time. She'd always been loving and supportive but had exerted little parental control over me, allowing me to come and go as I pleased. I thought about Anna trying to escape from a domineering mother while I often fantasized these days about surrendering control to a dominant person. I wondered if the lack of much parental supervision as a child played a role in those fantasies.  
  
At one point I told Anna that I was kind of surprised that she shaved her pubic area. She blushed heavily when I mentioned that, but I finally got the story out of her.   
  
When Anna first got to DDE she knew nothing about the Mailgirls program so was shocked the first time she saw me go by completely naked on my way on a delivery run. After awhile she became fascinated with Kelly and me and couldn't take her eyes off of us whenever we were making deliveries on the fifth floor or kneeling on our mat. We were so beautiful and seemed so courageous and free of the normal societal constraints in her eyes that she began fantasizing about what it would be like to be a mailgirl.   
  
At home Anna would lock herself in her bedroom, take off all of her clothes, and practice the mailgirl standing and kneeling positions in the mirror that she saw me and Kelly doing at work. At night when her mom went out to the bars, which was almost every night, she would walk naked from room to room through the house imagining she was making deliveries in a busy office building. And since Kelly and I were both shaved, Anna decided that she needed to shave her bush, too. Not only did she want to emulate us, but it was a secret that she could keep from her mother which gave her a rare feeling of independence.  
  
And since she knew that her mother would hate it and never ever allow it, becoming a mailgirl also represented a declaration of independence in Anna's mind. It had taken her over a week to work up the courage to come talk to me, but once she did she felt like there was no turning back or the opportunity would be lost forever. Even though I'd tried to discourage her, she'd marched up to Barbara's office and practically begged her to be given a chance to become a mailgirl, even offering to continue her internship and work for nothing. I doubt it had required much arm twisting to get Barbara to agree to that once she'd seen Anna. Barbara had her sign the nudity waiver, strip out of her clothes, and kneel on the carpet. That's how I found her after being called up to the office.  
  
After hearing all of this I decided that being a mailgirl was the absolute last thing that Anna needed. I tried telling her that Kelly and I were anything but free and that by working for Barbara she was simply escaping one dominating woman and surrendering control to another. I promised her that now that she was away from her mother I'd help her find a real job. Anna didn't want to hear any of it. She wanted to be a mailgirl. If there's one thing I'd learned about her it's that she has a stubborn streak when her mind is made up about something.  
  
Another thing I noticed is that through all of the chaotic events of the day she had never cried. Not a single tear. I had no idea if this was because she had an inner strength that belied her looks or if the abuses she'd suffered had led her to wall off her emotions. What I did know is that she's a damaged girl who's my responsibility now, at least for the time being.  
  
I looked up at the clock on the wall. It was time to get ready for work. I reached over and gently shook Anna awake. When she opened her eyes and gave me a shy, sleepy smile my heart melted.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 22**

By the time we got to the mailgirls locker room Kelly was already undressed and getting ready to get into the shower. She looked curiously at Anna but gave me a big smile. "Here she is ladies and gentlemen, the UFC bantamweight champion of the world!"  
  
I laughed and introduced her to Anna. "She's going to be a mailgirl," I told her.  
  
"Well congratulations then," Kelly replied. "I guess." She then grabbed me by the hand and dragged me away from Anna to a corner of the room. "Jesus," she said to me in a low voice, "is Barbara trolling the playgrounds for recruits now?"  
  
"Anna came to her," I said. "It's a long story and I'll tell you about it later, but she's a sweet girl and we need to help her out as best we can."  
  
"Okay," Kelly said. "Speaking of stories, what the hell happened yesterday?"  
  
"You don't know?"  
  
"All I know is that you went all Ronda Rousey on some woman. The whole building was buzzing about it. A lot of people were saying this would be the end of the Mailgirls program, and then Barbara sent me home."  
  
"Don't get your hopes up," I said. "Barbara seemed pretty confident she could smooth things out on the tenth floor."  
  
"That figures," Kelly said. "Sometimes I wonder if she's the one who really runs this company." I have to admit the same thought had crossed my mind once or twice. "So who was this woman you attacked anyway?" Kelly asked.  
  
"Anna's mom."  
  
Kelly laughed. "I guess it is a long story then."  
  
"I'll tell you all about it later, Kelly. I promise."  
  
I returned to Anna who had remained quietly standing where I left her. "Let's get undressed," I said to her. "We'll have to share a locker." Anna was wearing a pair of jeans and a blouse I'd given her this morning. It turned out we were nearly the same size so I wouldn't need to buy her any clothes for now since I had a closet full of them that I barely wore anyway.  
  
Kelly was already in the shower when we got there so Anna and I had to share the other shower head. This temporary locker room had only been designed for two mailgirls.   
  
After soaping ourselves and shampooing our hair I gave Anna an extra razor and some shaving gel. "We have to shave our body hair every morning," I told her. Anna's eyes grew wide.  
  
"Even there?" she said pointing down to Kelly who was sitting on the floor beneath her shower head with her legs spread wide and shaving her pussy.  
  
"I'm afraid so," I said. I didn't have the heart to tell her that eventually she'd be shaving in front of a two way mirror with an audience behind it if the program went past the ninety day trial phase.  
  
After we'd finished and had begun toweling off we found Barbara standing next to our locker waiting for us. "I brought a watch down for Anna and synced it to yours," she said to me. "It's in the locker."  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Wait here a minute, Anna," Barbara said, "I need to talk to Danica." For the second time that morning I was led to the far end of the room for a conversation."  
  
"Is everything okay upstairs, ma'am?" I asked her.  
  
"No worries," she said. "I showed them the tape. You were in the right." I thought for a moment about how weird it was to have top executives of a multi-billion dollar corporation watching security footage of me naked and wrestling a woman to the floor. What a bizarre life I'm leading.  
  
"I want to talk to you for a minute about Anna," she continued. "I'm going to bring her along slowly. We'll give her time to get in shape and accustomed to being naked in public before cutting her loose on her own. Don't worry about making deadlines or getting demerits while you're training her. If she gets tired take a break. I'm going to keep you two together for awhile until I think she's ready."  
  
"Yes, ma'am."   
  
I had little doubt that Barbara was doing this out of ulterior motives rather than for any real concern about Anna's well-being. I'm sure she thought of Anna - with her sweet, girl-next-door face and gorgeous body - as a potential prize for her mailgirls program. A beautiful, delicate flower that would need to be nurtured carefully.  
  
I remembered comparing Anna's mother to Barbara yesterday when telling Anna that she would be escaping one dominant woman only to cede control to another if she became a mailgirl. Although that was true, in a larger sense the two women couldn't be more different. I thought about Anna's mom and her unbridled anger and lack of self-control and compared it to the cool, unflappable manner in which Barbara had handled the mess. Barbara's control of Anna would be far more subtle and sophisticated than her mother's had ever been.  
  
After Barbara left, Anna and I continued to prepare for our shift and were ready to go by eight. Kelly was the first to be called out for a pickup leaving the two of us alone. "How are you feeling?" I asked her.  
  
"I'm very nervous," she said and I could see that she was trembling slightly.  
  
"Me too," I said.  
  
"Really? Even after you've been doing this for awhile?"  
  
"Yes. I still get nervous and excited every morning when I'm sitting here like this waiting to be called out."  
  
"Do you like the job?" she asked me.  
  
I thought about it for a minute. "I'm not sure that 'like' is the word I would use for it. It's really like nothing I've ever experienced before. It's hard to describe really, being naked in an environment where everyone else is dressed. You experienced a little of it yesterday. How did you feel?"  
  
"I was just so scared and nervous yesterday," she said. "And after Mrs. Davis said she was going to call my mom that made it even worse. I'm hoping I can calm down a little today."  
  
"We're going to take it slow today," I said. "If you get tired or feel upset or scared we can take a break. Barbara said we could."  
  
"Okay," she said then fell silent for a minute. "Danica, do you ever feel, um...horny when you're doing this?" She giggled nervously as she asked this.  
  
"Oh yeah," I laughed. "Quite often. Feeling the cool air on my skin, various body parts jiggling, the carpet under my bare feet, and all the eyes staring at my body are all things that I find very, um...stimulating. What about you?"  
  
"When I was naked in my house pretending to be a mailgirl I felt that way. I was too scared and nervous yesterday, though. I wonder if I'll feel that way today?"  
  
"Do you want to?" I asked.  
  
Anna smiled sheepishly. "Yes."  
  
I laughed. "It's okay to want to feel that way, Anna. It's one of the fringe benefits of the job as far as I'm concerned."  
  
Just then both of our watches came to life. We had a pickup on the seventh floor. Anna looked at me nervously with wide eyes and I took her by the hand.  
  
"Let's go to work, hon."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 23**

**THE DAY BEGINS**  
As I climbed toward the seventh floor, nervous excitement surged through my body as it always did at the beginning of a shift. Even after six weeks it was still an incredible feeling knowing I was about to enter a busy office building completely naked and would remain that way for the rest of the day.  
  
Barbara had recently decided that she wanted to keep us out of our locker room as much as possible since it was isolated and had no observation window. For that reason she'd mandated that our two scheduled fifteen minute breaks would be taken kneeling on the mat of whatever floor we happened to be on at the time. Each floor had an employee break room and she made sure that energy bars and bottled water were available to us there for our breaks. For lunch we were allowed only enough time in the locker room for a quick shower and to grab our lunch and then we had to go upstairs to a designated floor to eat it. Each day Barbara changed the designated "lunch floor" to make sure that everyone in the building would eventually have the privilege of watching naked women eat their lunch.   
  
She'd even banned us from using the bathroom in the locker room once our shift began and told us to use the employee restrooms on each floor instead. This would reduce the time needed for bathroom breaks and would allow us to get back out on the floor quicker, she explained. It also forced us to mix uncomfortably with female employees and I'd heard more than a few catty remarks as I washed up. Barbara's goal to keep us constantly exposed throughout the day to the rest of the workforce was coming closer to reality all the time.  
  
Behind me I heard Anna begin to labor in her breathing so I slowed down. I knew she wasn't in great shape from my time with her yesterday and later discovered in our conversation last night that her mom had held her out of gym class at school in order to "protect" her. Her lovely body came naturally and wasn't aided by a workout regimen so I knew I needed to keep a relatively slow pace for a while as she built up her strength and stamina.   
  
The now familiar stairs I climbed were covered with grey tile with a green hard rubber strip on the edge of each stair to help prevent slipping. The handrails were painted green and the stairwell walls were white. The design was strictly utilitarian in nature rather than with any eye toward aesthetics. The architect probably believed that most people would take the elevators, and most people did, although I would occasionally see employees on them.  
  
The stairs were definitely not designed with bare feet in mind either as I felt the cold, hard tile beneath them. I'd learned to climb up and down them making sure the ball of my foot was in contact with the stair before smoothly and evenly placing weight on it. Mariko had taught me that as a way to help limit the impact on my feet and I could do it now while maintaining a brisk, steady pace. It was something else I'd need to teach Anna.  
  
When we reached the seventh floor landing I paused for a minute to let Anna catch her breath. "Are you ready?" I asked. She flashed me a nervous smile and nodded her head. I opened the door and she followed me through it.  
  
The seventh floor of the tower is an open design with a tiled corridor through the middle of the room leading to large windows on the far side with a view of the city in the distance. The rest of the room is carpeted and sprinkled with individual desks throughout it rather than cubicles. On either side of the room are management offices and our destination was an office on the right side of the room.  
  
The workday in the tower begins at eight a.m. so most people were already at their desks, many of them sipping on their first cup of coffee of the day. The dress code here is business attire so the men wore suits - although many had removed their jackets - and the women wore dresses, pantsuits, or skirts with blouses. The appearance of a naked mailgirl on a floor always draws attention, but I noticed that with Anna's presence we were getting even more than usual as we passed by on the way to our delivery pickup. I groaned inwardly as we approached the office as I realized who it belonged to.  
  
Hector Flores is one of the jerkier managers I've had to deal with since becoming a mailgirl. He's apparently important enough to have his own office but not important enough to merit a receptionist, so I knew we'd be dealing with him directly. As we entered his office my watch flashed red and vibrated indicating we'd failed to meet our deadline. I assumed the required waiting position with arms behind my back, my back arched in a way to thrust my breasts forward, my legs spread at shoulder width exposing my bare pussy to the man, and my gaze lowered to the floor. Anna walked up beside me and did the same.  
  
"Ah, fresh meat," Flores said as he saw Anna. Most people remained at least somewhat circumspect in looking at my nude body when I arrived for a pickup or delivery but Flores leered openly at the two of us. No one had crossed the line yet with either me or Kelly, but he seemed to be inching closer to it all the time. Flores was Puerto Rican with a large, muscular frame, a shaved head, and a thick black goatee flaked with grey. He walked around the two of us inspecting every inch of our bodies then leaned back against his desk sporting a noticeable bulge in his pants. He let out a whistle. "Nice," he said as he stared at Anna's bare pussy. "I think I like her even more than you, Green Eyes, and that's saying something." I glanced over at Anna and saw that her face had turned bright red.  
  
"You have a delivery for us, sir?" I asked, struggling to control my temper.  
  
"Yeah," he replied, "but what's the hurry?"  
  
"It's our job to make deliveries quickly and efficiently, sir." Flores laughed at that.  
  
"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these naked couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds, right?" he said sarcastically. "We both know your real job here is to show off your fine tits and ass to keep the troops entertained and you're both damned qualified for that, if nothing else. I take that back, I can think of a few other things you're probably good for, too."  
  
I remained silent as I continued to try to keep a check on my temper. Flores finally nodded his head toward a box filled with files sitting on the floor against the wall. "There," he said. "I need that taken to three."  
  
I had no doubt he'd purposely left it there knowing I'd have to bend over to pick it up. I bent my knees to try to keep from exposing too much to him but the box was fairly heavy so I'm sure he got quite a view as I lifted it. Normally with a box this size I'd have retrieved a hand cart to move it, but I just wanted to get the hell out of there. Flores punched in our delivery destination on his phone app. "Bye, bye ladies," he said as we left the office.  
  
With larger boxes or packages requiring two hands we were allowed to use the elevator for safety reasons. Since there were no service elevators in the tower we had to use one of the two regular elevators that served the building. Two men were already on the elevator when it arrived and one of them got a broad smile on his face as we entered. "I love my job," he said to the other man.  
  
They exited on the fifth floor leaving Anna and me alone. "I'm sorry about Flores," I said to her after the doors closed. "Most people aren't like that."  
  
"That's okay," Anna said. "I'll have to get used to that kind of thing sooner or later, I guess."  
  
After making the delivery on the third floor we had no immediate orders so we walked to the mailgirls mat to kneel.   
  
"Ah, hello Nips," said the man sitting at the nearest desk. "I see you have brought a friend today."  
  
"Hello, Thomas," I smiled. Thomas was a black man from the Caribbean island of Montserrat with a bright smile and an infectious laugh. We'd struck up a friendship of sorts since he was seated next to the mailgirls mat on this floor. "I have the best seat in the house," he always told me, although in his Caribbean Creole accent it came out more like "I hab dah best seat in dah houzz." He had playfully nicknamed me "Nips" for my constantly hard nipples courtesy of the building's air conditioning system and my frequent state of arousal.  
  
I introduced him to Anna who gave him a shy "Hello, sir."  
  
"Ah, you must not call me sir. I am but a simple servant of the company as you are." Then he turned to me. "This girl looks like an angel. She should be singing in a church choir rather than kneeling naked before me, although I am not complaining."  
  
"Yes, she should be," I agreed, "but she insists she wants to do this instead."  
  
"She would make an excellent offering to appease the angry old man who resides in Soufrière," he said.  
  
"Don't you have any virgins on Montserrat to sacrifice to the volcano god?" I joked.  
  
"No," he laughed loudly. "Not on Montserrat."  
  
I explained to Anna that Thomas had fled the island, along with most of the population, after a volcano had erupted. It had destroyed the capital city and made much of the island uninhabitable.  
  
"That's awful!" Anna said.  
  
Thomas shrugged. "Yes, but it led me here to this place next to a magical carpet where naked kneeling women appear, so perhaps it was all part of God's plan."  
  
After dealing with the asshole Flores, talking to Thomas was helping to lift my spirits. I was disappointed when my watch started vibrating, signaling a pickup order.  
  
"We have to go, Thomas," I told him as I took Anna by the hand.  
  
"Farewell my beauties," he said. "May your feet find no staples in the carpet."  
  
The rest of the day went fairly smoothly. I took it slow with Anna and offered to let her take breaks while I made deliveries, but she insisted on staying with me. The girl was a trooper, but by the end of the day she was clearly flagging. We got out of there at six and I picked up some Chinese takeout for dinner.  
  
After we got back to the apartment I stripped out of my dress. "Hope you don't mind," I said to her, "but I prefer being naked at home."  
  
"Of course not," Anna giggled. 'I've seen you naked so many times you look kind of strange wearing clothes." Then she stripped out her clothes as well. "I like this better, too."  
  
After dinner we settled on the couch. I checked Anna's feet for any signs of blisters then filled a plastic tub with warm water and bath salts to soak our feet as we watched a movie on Netflix. I'd been alone since kicking Mark out so it felt good to have Anna there for company.   
  
When it came time for bed I got out sheets, pillows, and blanket for Anna and she curled up on the couch. I went into my bedroom to get ready for bed and stared at my large king size bed for a couple of minutes. I walked back out to the couch.  
  
"Hey Anna, I've got plenty of room in my bed. Why don't you come into my room and sleep?"  
  
"Are you sure?" she asked.  
  
"Yes," I said. "If you're going to be here awhile you need something more comfortable than the couch to sleep on."  
  
"Okay," she said and followed me into the bedroom.  
  
The next morning I woke up with Anna's body curled up against mine. I quietly listened to the sound of her breathing until the alarm went off.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 24**

**CONTROVERSY**  
The next several weeks at DDE were interesting, to say the least. And by "interesting" I mean "crazy." Anna's mom kept returning to the tower demanding to see her daughter until Barbara had company lawyers obtain a restraining order against her to keep her away from both Anna and me as well as DDE headquarters.   
  
In retaliation, Anna's mom went to the local media claiming that her sweet, virginal teenage daughter was being brainwashed by DDE and that she herself had been physically assaulted by a nude mailgirl while attempting to see Anna and talk with her. The original controversy over the Mailgirls program had been been dying down prior that, but the tale that Anna's mom was spinning was too salacious to ignore and it soon went national. It provided plenty of fodder for television talking heads and late night comedians while also uniting activists from both feminist and conservative Christian groups as strange bedfellows on the same side of the issue. It didn't take long for them to ramp up their outrage machinery to organize protests and boycotts against DDE. This, of course, helped spur the sales of the recently released "Gangsta 4" to even higher levels as it became a massive hit.  
  
Barbara, as both the head of the Mailgirls program and VP of Public Relations, was kept busy during this time putting out fires. In response to the accusations by Anna's mom, Barbara released a pixilated version of the security tape showing her sucker punching me and dragging Anna down the corridor against her will and this seemed to cool some of the public support for the mom. Both Anna and I had lots of requests from the media for interviews but my contract forbid it without prior permission from the company and neither of us wanted any part of the media circus anyway. We were just trying to keep our heads low until things cooled down. Barbara, though, remained as cool, unflappable, and in control as ever and appeared frequently on news programs to defend the Mailgirls program. The woman has ice water running through her veins, I decided. She was in no hurry to turn Anna loose on her own as a mailgirl while all of this was going on so she continued to train with me.  
  
Also during this time some investigators from a state government agency came to DDE to check out work conditions for mailgirls, so Kelly, Anna, and I met with them in a conference room on the ninth floor. When I asked Barbara if we should dress for the meeting, her response was "No, we have nothing to hide." In our case this was literally true as we entered the meeting in our mailgirls uniforms to the wide-eyed astonishment of the investigators. We were grilled for about ninety minutes - Anna in particular since she was at the heart of the media firestorm - but by the end they were apparently satisfied that no laws or regulations were being broken.  
  
For her part, Anna was terrified through all of this that Barbara would either fire her or the company would shut down the Mailgirls program, forcing her to return to her old life with her mom. I tried to reassure her by telling her she could stay with me as long as she needed and I'd help her find another job if that happened, but she was discovering that she loved being a mailgirl and didn't want to do anything else. While Kelly saw the mandatory nudity and submissiveness required in being a mailgirl as a type of legalized slavery enforced by contract, Anna saw being a mailgirl as freedom - freedom from her mother, freedom from her inhibitions, and the freedom to become an adult woman instead of a scared little girl. She was desperate to keep the job.  
  
Anna and I were spending virtually twenty-four hours a day together during this time and the more I got to know her the greater my endearment for her grew. Besides the stubborn resilience I'd discovered early on, I also found that she had a keen intelligence and a quirky sense of humor. I also learned that because of her mother's domination and control Anna was a lonely girl with few friends. She was starved for affection and at night as we watched TV in the nude together Anna would huddle next to me with her head on my shoulders. And every morning when I woke up I found Anna snuggled against me with an arm draped around my waist.  
  
I wanted to think of Anna as the little sister I never had, but I have to admit that the touch of her skin against mine had me fighting an overwhelming urge to begin kissing her passionately as my hands explored every inch of her body. While I'd "experimented" with other girls a few times in college I had always considered myself straight, but Anna was so sweet and beautiful I felt myself falling hard for her.  
  
I'd immediately feel guilty about those thoughts, though, and would try to force them out of my head. She's a damaged girl who needs my protection and guidance, not sexual advances, I told myself. I resolved to be a big sister to her, although every time I felt her touch that resolve would begin melting away.  
  
Anna and I had just begun our third week together when the two of us arrived back at my apartment one night after a long day. It was twilight as I pulled into the parking lot since we'd stayed after our shift to serve cocktails in the executive lounge on the tenth floor. Or I should say I served cocktails while Anna waited patiently in the nude for me near the bar. You see, since she wasn't twenty-one yet the law forbid her from serving alcoholic beverages. Anna and I both thought that being legally old enough to run around the building naked all day but not old enough to deliver cocktails was absurdly hilarious and we'd joked about it on the ride home.   
  
My apartment complex is the type where all entrances to the apartments are on the exterior of the building and we were approaching the door to my ground floor apartment when I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. As I turned I was startled to see Anna's mom walking towards us! Somehow she'd found out where I lived or maybe had followed us as we drove home from DDE.  
  
I placed myself between her and Anna. "You can't be here," I said to her. "There's a restraining order!"  
  
"I just want to talk to my daughter," she said. There was desperation in her eyes and for a moment I almost felt sorry for her. As she got closer, though, I could smell the alcohol on her breath.  
  
"I don't want to talk to you, mom," Anna told her. "Not until you quit drinking and learn to let me live my life!"  
  
"This is how you want to live your life? As a slutty little naked mailgirl? You're obviously not ready to be making any decisions with your life!"  
  
"I'm not a slut and I'm eighteen now so go f\*ck yourself!" Anna hissed at her. "You don't have any authority over me!" I think that was the first time I'd ever heard a curse word come out of her mouth.  
  
I remained between Anna and her mother as this exchange took place and could see the anger rising in the woman's face. "You're the one who's brainwashing my daughter you filthy little whore!" she shouted at me.  
  
I reached into my purse to get the pepper spray I'd bought for protection after Anna moved in with me. The woman saw what I was doing, though, and knocked the purse out of my hand, then grabbed me by the hair and slammed me against the door. "I'm going to f\*cking kill you!" she screamed as she threw the full weight of her body against mine, pinning me against the door.   
  
Anna shrieked and jumped on her mother's back and started punching her as Anna's mother pressed her arm against my throat. Behind her I saw my next door neighbor emerge from his apartment to see what was going on. "Help us, Rick!" I gasped. He wrapped both of his arms around the mother and dragged her off of me as she screamed bloody murder. I grabbed the purse where it had fallen, took out the pepper spray and hit Anna's mother with a shot of it in the face as she struggled with Rick. She was squealing in pain as my shaking hands fumbled with the keys before I finally managed to get the door open. I grabbed Anna's hand and pulled her inside, then slammed the door shut behind us.

While all of this was going on, someone in the apartment complex had called 911. By the time the police had taken all of our statements and hauled Anna's mom off in handcuffs it was getting late.   
  
"Are you hungry?" I asked Anna when we were finally alone. She shook her head. I realized I wasn't hungry either even though I'd only had a couple of power bars in the afternoon since lunch. "Do you want to talk about things?" I asked.  
  
"No," she said.  
  
"How about a glass of wine?" We hadn't had any since that first night but I really needed something to help me unwind right now.  
  
Anna shook her head, then walked up and wrapped her arms around me, burying her head on my shoulder. I held her tight and felt her warmth. "It's okay to cry if you need to," I told her, but no tears came. Instead she looked up and began hungrily kissing my lips. I pulled away in shock.  
  
"Anna, what are you doing?"   
  
Anna didn't answer. Instead she began removing her clothes, never taking her eyes off of my face as she did. When she was completely nude she grasped a handful of cloth from my dress in each hand and lifted it over my head and dropped it to the floor. Wordlessly she wrapped her arms around me, pressing her body against mine and began kissing me again. Once again I pulled away.  
  
"Anna we can't...we shouldn't. You're like a little sister to me!"  
  
"No," she said shaking her head. "I don't want a big sister. I want a lover. I want someone to teach me."  
  
"Have you ever...."  
  
"No," she interrupted. "I've never done anything! I want to. I want to with you."  
  
She was trembling as she spoke and I felt torn. I wanted her desperately, too, but she seemed so sweet and innocent that I already felt like a corrupting influence on her. "It's been a crazy day and you're upset, Anna. Let's get some sleep and talk about this tomorrow."  
  
"No," she said as she pressed her body against mine again and began kissing me. This time I didn't resist. I knew all too well about Anna's stubborn streak and I wanted this too much myself to fight it anyway.  
  
"Follow me," I whispered and led her by the hand into the bedroom.  
  
I had Anna lie on her back on the bed, then I crawled on top straddling her and leaned down and spoke into her ear. "Just relax, hon. We're going to take this slowly." I could feel her body trembling beneath mine as I nibbled on her ear, then began gently massaging her temples as my lips lightly brushed against hers. Anna closed her eyes and tilted her head back and moaned as I began kissing the left side of her neck as I massaged her right breast, Her nipple hardened as I rolled it between my thumb and forefinger.   
  
I slid off of Anna to lay next to her on the bed and her breathing quickened as I began teasing her left nipple with my tongue. I slowly continued to work my way down her body and as I began tonguing and kissing her naval I slipped my fingers down into the moistness between her legs. Her body jerked and a large moan escaped from her lips as I began lightly rubbing her clit. She arched her back and began rhythmically thrusting her pelvis against my fingers as her moaning increased. I thrust two fingers inside of her and it only took a few moments before her body shuddered as she cried out..   
  
When it was over I straddled her again and looked down on her face. It was flushed and she was still breathing hard as she opened her eyes and looked up at me. "Was that your first orgasm?" I asked.   
  
"Yes," she said.   
  
"How was it?"  
  
"It was wonderful," she smiled.  
  
"Would you like another?" I asked as her eyes grew wide.   
  
"God, yes!" she exclaimed. I laughed and leaned down and kissed her.   
  
Her second orgasm was more powerful than the first as I used my tongue to flick and tease her clit as she writhed helplessly. And when that was over she begged to do me.  
  
For the first time since becoming a mailgirl I slept without waking until the alarm went off. When I opened my eyes the next morning and saw Anna's sweet smiling face staring at me I knew I was hopelessly in love.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 25**

**A MAILGIRLS MEETING**  
After showering, shaving, and preparing for our shift that morning, Kelly, Anna, and I were all summoned up to Barbara's office at precisely eight a.m. The sight of a nude mailgirl on the ninth floor heading toward Barbara's office barely raised an eyebrow anymore, but seeing the three of us together drew some attention.  
  
For once Barbara wasn't on her cellphone when we arrived. She pointed at the carpet and the three of us kneeled. "It's time for a little Mailgirls meeting," she said. "First item on the agenda is finding out what the hell happened last night at your apartment with Anna's mother and why I had to hear about this on the news this morning on my drive to work."  
  
"I'm sorry ma'am," I said. "It was late by the time it was over with and I was going to tell you this morning. I didn't realize it would be on the news so quickly." I didn't tell her that I was too distracted making love to Anna last night to even think about calling her.  
  
"Alright," she replied sharply, "tell me about it now. And don't leave anything out."  
  
I told her the whole story as Anna listened nervously. When I'd finished she asked Anna a few questions. After Barbara was satisfied she had the whole story she asked, "Are there any security cameras there that might have captured this?"  
  
"I don't know," I told her.  
  
"Alright, I'll check on it," she said. "In the meantime I want the two of you to move into my condo across the street."  
  
"Your condo, ma'am?" I didn't like the sound of that. I knew she had near complete control over me here at work, but was she really ordering me to move now?  
  
"Yes," she said. "I bought it to live in when I first joined DDE. I kept it as a rental property when I bought my house and it's unoccupied right now. It's got twenty-four hour security, lots of security cameras, and you and Anna can walk to and from work in five minutes. I'll have a DDE security guard escort the two of you each way."  
  
In other words the two of us would be under Barbara's thumb twenty-four hours a day. "I don't want to do that, Barbara. We'll be careful. Her mom is in jail now anyway and has a restraining order against her."  
  
"How did that restraining order work last night in keeping her away, Danica? And she'll probably be bailed out of jail by noon by some activist group. She's a useful fool for them in attacking us. Who knows what kind of story she'll be spinning about this to the media?"  
  
"My apartment is the only place right now where I feel like my life is my own, Barbara. There's nothing in my contract that says that DDE has the right to tell me where to live."  
  
"That's true," Barbara replied, "but I can't control the situation with Anna's mother where you're at. If you won't move then I'm going to have to let Anna go."  
  
Anna looked at Barbara in shock. "P-please, no...."  
  
"I'm sorry, Anna, but Danica is leaving me no choice. We've got less than six weeks before the board decides whether or not to make the Mailgirls program permanent and there are some members skittish about it because of this mess with your mother."  
  
"Barbara, I told Anna that she can stay with me as long as she wants," I said. "Firing her won't remove her mom from the picture."  
  
"Then I'll fire you, too," she responded, "and make sure you pay back every single penny owed in your contract."  
  
"Fired? For what?"  
  
"You've had an excessive number of demerits over the past couple of weeks. Your Mailgirls handbook states that you can be disciplined, up to and including termination, for excessive demerits."  
  
"Bullshit!" I exploded. "You told me not to worry about demerits while I was training, Anna!"  
  
"Did I?" Barbara replied. "Do you have that in writing?"  
  
Kelly had been silent up to now. "Barbara, you manipulative bitch! Danica isn't your personal slave!"  
  
Barbara glared at Kelly then locked her eyes on mine. "No, she isn't." The word "yet" entered my mind but remained unspoken. She leaned back in her chair, took a deep breath and spoke in a calm, steady voice. "This meeting is going to end one of two ways: either Danica and Anna are going to agree to move into my condo or I'll replace the three of you with new mailgirls who will do what I tell them. You decide."  
  
"I-I'll quit," Anna said, and for the first time since meeting her I saw tears in her eyes. "I'll go back and live with my mom so she won't cause you any more problems."  
  
"No!" I said. "We'll move, Barbara. Whatever you want." Kelly flashed an angry look at me but held her tongue.  
  
"Good," Barbara said. "In fact I think the move will be permanent, at least as long as you remain a mailgirl, Danica. How much time do you have left on your lease?"  
  
"About three months, I think."  
  
"I'll pay it off then. The condo is furnished so you'll only need your personal items. You can sell your furniture or put it into storage, whatever. Go get dressed and go back to your apartment and start packing, Danica."  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Anna, you're on your on your own now as a mailgirl. Can you handle it?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," she said as she wiped the tears from her eyes.  
  
Barbara then fixed her eyes on Kelly. "And you, Kelly, is there anything else you want to say to me about this?"  
  
Kelly glared at her for a few seconds before lowering her eyes. "No ma'am."  
  
"Good," she said. "I don't want any more drama out of any of you, is that understood?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," we all said in unison.  
  
"Alright then. Get the hell out of my office, all of you."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 26**

**MOVING DAY**  
I didn't have very much to move to Barbara's condo other than my clothes, some books and a few personal items since I wouldn't be bringing any furniture with me. Anna's stuff consisted of only the clothes she'd been wearing the day I met her and a toothbrush I'd given her, so it took just two trips in my car to move everything I wanted to bring with me. I was just starting to unpack when I heard a knock on the door and was surprised to find a fully dressed Kelly on the other side when I opened it.   
  
"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Shouldn't you be at work?"  
  
"It's my lunch break right now," she said. "Barbara's up on the tenth floor in a meeting so I thought I'd risk sneaking out to talk to you. I was hoping you'd be here."  
  
"I'm here," I said as I stepped back to let her in. Kelly looked around the condo. Knowing Barbara as I did, it had turned out to be pretty much what I'd expected. It was a luxury condo with hardwood floors, a fully stocked open kitchen with stainless steel appliances, two bedrooms that each had their own baths, a large living room featuring a huge flat screen television on the wall, and a picture window overlooking a deck and hot tub with a spectacular view of the city in the distance. It was definitely a hell of a lot nicer than my tiny apartment.  
  
"What do you think?" I asked Kelly.  
  
"Very nice," Kelly said, "but it's still a gilded cage."  
  
"Not bad as far as slave quarters go, though," I joked.  
  
"That's why I'm here, Danica. That's exactly what this place is going to be and I want to talk you out of this."  
  
"Okay," I said. "So talk."  
  
"Moving here is a big mistake," she said. "Barbara already controls your life at work and once you're in here you'll never have any freedom. Hell, she plans on marching you and Anna to and from work with an armed guard! You'll be under her thumb 24/7."  
  
"You don't think I haven't thought of that, Kelly, but what choice do I have?"  
  
"You could let Anna go," she said. "She shouldn't be a mailgirl anyway. She's too young."  
  
"She's old enough to be making her own decisions," I said. "Besides, I can't let her go back to her mother. That's a bad situation."  
  
"And being a mailgirl is the fix for that? Let her go somewhere else then if she's old enough."  
  
"No, I don't want to," I responded. "I want to help her."  
  
Kelly looked at me suspiciously. "Do you have something going on with her?" When I didn't respond right away she laughed. "You do don't you? The two of you are doing the slap and tickle! Don't you think you're a little old for her, Danica?"  
  
"I'm twenty-five, Kelly! You make it sound like I'm a Cougar or something. It's none of your damn business anyway," I said. "And why do you care where I live? Are you afraid that Barbara will force you to live in a luxury condo, too?"  
  
"Me?" Kelly snorted. "No, Barbara doesn't give a damn about me or where I live. I'm just a minor irritant in her life, a pebble in her shoe. The only thing she wants from me is to take off my clothes, keep my damn mouth shut, and deliver the mail like a good little mailgirl. You're the one she's interested in."  
  
"Why do you say that?" I asked.  
  
"Because it's true. She's fascinated with you. I don't know if she's just hot for you or if it's a dominatrix thing, or whatever, but she wants to control you. And now she's using Anna to do it."  
  
"So now you think that Barbara is the one who planted Anna in my life?"  
  
"No, I never said that," Kelly replied. "That would be way too Machiavellian even for Barbara. Besides, I think Anna's batshit mom is a legit problem for her and her Mailgirls program. I just think that Anna fell into her lap and Barbara saw her as a way to control you."  
  
"I don't understand why you think that," I said. "I mean, when Barbara first met Anna do you think she thought 'Hey, I bet Danica is a closet lesbian who will fall for this girl and then I can use her to twist Danica around my little finger!'"  
  
"Who knows what goes on in that reptilian brain of hers?" Kelly replied. "Maybe she just thought she'd throw Anna into the mix to see what happened."  
  
"And what do you think happened?" I asked.  
  
"I think you fell for the girl and now Barbara can use her to twist you around her little finger."  
  
"Listen, Anna came to her," I said. "Barbara couldn't have foreseen what would happen."  
  
"All I know is that she made you take her into your apartment and then kept her with you for more than two weeks for training. Two weeks! Hell, you can teach a monkey to do this job in about two hours. She forced the two of you to be together twenty-four hours a day long enough to see what what would happen. And now that she's seen it she won't let Anna go even though she's just an intern and her psycho mom is causing all kinds of problems."  
  
All of this was making my head hurt. "Kelly, I know damn well how manipulative Barbara is, but I don't think she has any more interest in me than she does you or Anna. She only cares about her Mailgirls program. Hell, she threatened to fire me today!"  
  
"She only did that because she knew you'd cave. And you did."  
  
I let out an exasperated sigh. "Okay, let's say you're right and she's just using Anna to get her hooks in me. I still don't see why you care."  
  
"I care because I'm your friend, Danica. And I know that you're the only one Barbara is really interested in because she hired me to help get you. She didn't think you'd do this on your own, and she used me to help draw you in."  
  
"What the hell are you talking about?"  
  
Kelly remained quiet for a minute before speaking again. "I already knew Barbara before that first meeting. She brought me in to help her on a project a few weeks earlier and that's when she first started talking to me about this Mailgirls program. She told me she'd pay off all of my student loans plus give me a large bonus if I did it and she wanted me to help recruit you into it, too."  
  
"What?"  
  
"She knew you'd never go for it unless you were told it was a management job and had someone else there for support. And then before we left for Tokyo, Barbara told me to get naked during our training with Mariko and that she'd pay me an extra $5000 if I convinced you to get naked, too."  
  
I felt the blood rushing to my head. "What the f\*ck, Kelly! So you knew we were going to be mailgirls all along and you didn't tell me? You let me sign that contract?"  
  
"Yeah, but Barbara was offering me a lot of money and I didn't really know you very well at the time. But then after we got back from Tokyo I got cold feet about it and wanted to back out, but it was too late by then. That panic attack when we were signing the nudity waiver was real, Danica, I didn't fake it. And after we became friends I felt terrible about the whole thing and wanted to tell you but I didn't know how."  
  
"Friends? You lied to me and kept this from me and you think we're friends?"  
  
"I'm telling you now, Danica. I'm so sorry."  
  
"Get the hell out of here, Kelly! Get back to work before you get fired!"  
  
"Please, Danica, I...."  
  
"Get out!"  
  
Kelly wiped the tears from her eyes and turned despondently for the door. "Just please think about what I said, though. She's been after you since day one. Don't move in here, Danica."  
  
"Go!" I shouted.  
  
After she was gone I slumped onto the couch, unable to move. My world was spinning out of control and I didn't know who I could trust anymore. I wasn't even certain that Anna wasn't part of the plot, too. My thoughts swirled in a million directions before I finally got them under control and came up with a plan of action.   
  
I searched through my boxes until I found my favorite business attire from my previous life - a black skirt, matching black jacket, and white blouse. They were wrinkled from the move so I unpacked my iron and carefully ironed them, then jumped into the shower. After toweling off I put on a white lace bra and panties, my business ensemble, a pair of panty hose, and a pair of black shoes with three inch heels. I then went to the bathroom mirror to dry and brush my hair and apply makeup. As a finishing touch I put on my favorite earrings, necklace, bracelet, and watch. When I looked at myself in the full length mirror in the bedroom I saw an up-and-coming young business woman staring back at me. I picked up my purse and strode for the door.  
  
I was heading back across the street to DDE to confront Barbara but I was going to do it as an equal, not as a mailgirl.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 27**

**A MOMENT OF TRUTH**  
  
The employees on the ninth floor of the tower paid little attention to me as I exited the elevator and walked toward Barbara's office. As far as they were concerned I was just another DDE employee wearing business attire on my way to a meeting somewhere. I'm not even sure some of them would have recognized me with my clothes on even if they had been paying attention.   
  
Barbara's receptionist Jan definitely recognized me, though, as I entered her office. "Danica, what are you doing?" she asked as she looked at me curiously.  
  
"Is Barbara in?"  
  
"Yes, but she's busy..."  
  
I strode past her and opened the door to Barbara's office as Jan quickly got up and followed me. Inside Barbara was sitting at her desk talking on her cellphone. "Hold on," she said to whoever she was talking to as she saw me.  
  
"I'm sorry Ms. Anderson," Jan said from behind me. "She just barged right past me."  
  
"That's okay," Barbara said. "Let her in and close the door. And don't let anyone disturb us please." Then she spoke into the cellphone. "I'll have to call you back."   
  
She looked at me with a bemused smile after we were alone. "Have a seat, Danica," she said as she pointed to a chair in front of her desk rather than ordering me to kneel on the floor as she normally did. "What's on your mind?" I have to admit I was thrown off a little by the cool, unperturbed manner in which she was handling my surprise entrance. I'd pictured a more dramatic reaction.  
  
I sat down and began speaking. "Kelly has told me everything. About how you used her to help get me involved with the Mailgirls program and paid her to encourage me to get naked in Tokyo."  
  
"Okay," Barbara shrugged. "And?"  
  
"And, um, you've been lying to me and manipulating me from the start!"  
  
"Guilty as charged," Barbara said.   
  
"You also intended for me to be a mailgirl right from the start and the whole offer of a management position was a sham," I continued.  
  
"Yep."  
  
This wasn't going at all as I'd planned. I'd been expecting her to get mad or defensive or to deny everything. The mental script I'd been rehearsing for this confrontation hadn't included her casual indifference. I wasn't sure what to say next until Barbara finally broke the silence.  
  
"What is it that you want, Danica?"  
  
"What do I want, Barbara? I want the truth!" I replied indignantly in a tone that came out more petulant and shrill than I'd intended.  
  
Barbara leaned in across the desk toward me. "You want the truth, Danica? You can't handle the truth!" She glared at me intensely for a few seconds before bursting out laughing. "Sorry, I couldn't help myself. I love that scene," she said referring to the one with Jack Nicholson in A Few Good Men.  
  
I was completely disconcerted now. My whole plan of attack for this big confrontation was in complete shambles. Barbara stared at me for a minute, then got up, walked around her desk and sat on top of it looking down at me.  
  
"Alright Danica," she said, "I'll tell you the truth, although you may not want to hear it. I was hoping to delay this conversation until later, but now is as good a time as any. The truth is you're the reason that DDE has a Mailgirls program."  
  
I was startled by this statement. "What are you talking about?"  
  
She paused for minute as if weighing how to continue. "It's a bit of a long story so bear with me. I'm sure you know I have my Masters degree in Psychology."   
  
"Yes," I nodded.  
  
"The reason I chose that is because I've always been fascinated by human behavior, by what drives and motivates people and makes them do what they do. But more specifically I was interested in studies involving controlling and shaping human behavior. I wanted to learn to read people and understand their true desires rather than the ones they express publicly."  
  
So she went to college to learn to become a master manipulator. I can't say that surprised me. "That's interesting, but I'm not sure what that has to do with me being responsible for the Mailgirls program here, Barbara."  
  
"I'm getting to that," she smiled. "I took part in studies involving human behavior in college, including some where I allowed myself to be the subject, but as you know there are ethical limits to how far you can go in a university setting. I've always wanted to know what it would be like to be in complete control of another person, to have them willingly submit and turn over their life to me. There's only so far you can go with that in a formal peer-reviewed environment, though."  
  
"So basically you just wanted to be a f\*cking dominatrix then," I said. "How boring."   
  
Barbara laughed. "I'd like to think it's much more complex than that. I'm not averse to using the carrot along with the stick. I also want something that goes well beyond just simple role playing and involves a complete lifestyle change."  
  
"And so you decided to use me as your human guinea pig? You really think you know what my true desires are now after a couple of months as a mailgirl?"  
  
"Oh, I've been learning about you much longer than that, Danica."  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked.  
  
"Right after you started working here your new hire class was brought through the tower during orientation. I doubt you even remember seeing me but I remember those green eyes staring out of that beautiful face very clearly. It wasn't just your exotic beauty that caught my eye, though, it was the innate intelligence and hunger I sensed behind those eyes. I was immediately fascinated by you."  
  
"And you got that from seeing me for like thirty seconds?"   
  
"It was enough to get me interested in learning more about you," Barbara replied.  
  
"So, what, you started spying on me and stalking me or something?"  
  
"I've kept a close eye on your work here and learned the basics about you on the internet, but obviously that wasn't nearly enough," Barbara said. "Fortunately I have a friend from college who is an investigative reporter and does some work for me occasionally. She has a rare ability to be able dig up all kinds of information without raising any red flags or even letting the people she's chatting up know they're being interviewed. She found out quite a lot about you from your friends and family. Probably a lot more than they realized they were revealing."  
  
I was stunned by the lengths Barbara had gone to in digging into my life. I had no idea any of this had been going on. "And what did she find?" I asked, more than a little nervous about the answer.  
  
"Oh, she just provided me with raw information. I'm the one who interpreted it into an evaluation."  
  
"Then what did you find?"  
  
Barbara was silent for a few moments before speaking. "What I found was a smart, driven girl who is very conscious of her looks and a little bit vain about them. A girl who grew up without a father and with a frequently absent mother who imposed little discipline and few limits on her. A girl who wanted those things so desperately that she imposed her own limits on herself. A girl who has suppressed her exhibitionist fantasies and homosexual desires while hooking up with a series of losers and allowing them to mistreat her while ceding a great deal of control to them. Most of all I found a latent submissive with the desire to be under the control of a strong person who understands what her true desires and fantasies are and will force her to live them out."  
  
I wanted to lash out angrily at Barbara, to tell her she was wrong and that she knew absolutely nothing about me. I wanted to, but I couldn't. I knew she was right about everything. Some of them were things I'd only recently discovered about myself after being manipulated by her into becoming a mailgirl. As she spoke I felt more naked and exposed than ever, even though this was the first time I'd been dressed in front of her in weeks. I felt a rush of emotion coursing through me as I was psychologically laid bare before her.  
  
"So you started Mailgirls for me, to make me do all the things you think I secretly desire?" I asked in a quiet, trembling voice. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that she was the driving force behind the program at DDE.  
  
"Yes, Danica," she replied. "I've been interested in Mailgirls for a long time. I've always thought it would be a marvelous laboratory for observing and shaping human behavior. It tends to bring out honest reactions and emotions in the interaction between the clothed employees and nude mailgirls, much more so than you would normally find between people in an average workplace. And in your case, once I discovered what I believed were latent exhibitionist and submissive tendencies, I thought it would provide the perfect environment for incubating those tendencies."  
  
"So I'm your big human behavior experiment then?" I said. "Your plan is to take control of my life and force me to do things against my will?"  
  
"Just the opposite, Danica," she replied. "Any knucklehead with a gun or heavy fists can force someone to do something against their will, or can beat them down psychologically like   
Anna's mother has been doing with her. What I'm interested in is peeling back the layers and finding the true core of a person and then forcing them into a situation where they would voluntarily become who they really are every moment of the day."  
  
"If you're forcing someone into that situation then how could what they do be voluntary?" I asked.  
  
"Because there is always a door left open for them to leave at any time."  
  
I let out a sharp, bitter laugh. "You mean like a contract that would ruin a person financially if they ever left? That kind of door?"  
  
"Would it really have ruined you financially, Danica?" she responded. "Someone with your looks, education, intelligence, and drive? It would have been difficult for awhile but you could have overcome it. You still can. The door is right there."  
  
Barbara remained silent for a minute letting those words hang in the air. Could I just get up and walk out the door, I asked myself? Just walk away after everything that's happened and start over? Did I even want to if I could? I didn't really know the answer to those questions but I'm certain that Barbara thought she did. She was practically daring me to get up and walk out. I didn't move a muscle.  
  
I sighed and stared down at the floor. "So what's going to happen to your experiment if the board of directors nukes the Mailgirls program after the ninety day trial is up?" I asked finally.  
  
"They won't."  
  
"How do you know?"  
  
"Because the CEO controls the board," Barbara said, "and I control the CEO." After seeing her interaction with Dan Evans in the tenth floor lounge I had little doubt that was true. "The program will continue as long as I want it to, and I want it to continue for a very long time."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 27b**

As I sat there listening to all of this I realized just how out of my depth I was in dealing with Barbara and what a fool I'd been in thinking I could just stride in here and gain anything from a confrontation with her. "What about Kelly?" I asked finally. "Aren't you forcing her to do things against her will? She hates the submissiveness and humiliation."  
  
"Kelly loves money more than she hates those things," Barbara answered, "and that's what she's getting. And Anna is gaining protection and independence from her mother. You can think what you like about me, Danica, but the truth is I'm giving each of my mailgirls exactly what they want."  
  
"What about me?" I asked. "What are you giving me?"  
  
"Danica, I'm giving you the opportunity to live out every fantasy you've ever desired, every one you've ever suppressed."  
  
"And if I say no?" I asked.  
  
"I don't think you will."  
  
Barbara slid off the desk now, walked behind it and took hold of her desk chair, then rolled it until it was next to mine. She then sat down, grabbed the arms of my chair and turned it until the two us were face to face.  
  
"I know you were in Hiromoto's office when you were in Tokyo," she told me. "I know you saw what he did to Mariko." I was shocked by this revelation. Mariko had sworn me to secrecy and I couldn't imagine that she would tell Barbara.  
  
"How did you know about that?" I asked. "Did Mariko tell you?"   
  
Barbara laughed. "I don't talk to Mariko. Hiromoto himself told me. I deal directly with him."  
  
My head was spinning now. Barbara seems to know everything. "Yes, I was there," I said finally. "Mariko allows him to do it to help protect her mailgirls."  
  
"Is that what she told you?" Barbara replied. "Hiromoto may use his power to protect the mailgirls but that's not why Mariko is still there after all these years and that's not why she lets Hiromoto whip her."  
  
"Then why?" I asked.  
  
"Mariko is a submissive like you are. She wants to feel the whip just like she wants to be forced out of her clothes and humiliated in front of her colleagues. She tells herself that she's doing it only for the other mailgirls but she'll never leave there as long as Hiromoto is alive and in control of her. She craves those things."  
  
"And you think I'm like that?"  
  
"We're going to find out, Danica. I want you to be my Mariko. I want you to be the mailgirls' savior who protects her flock and stands in punishment in their stead for their sins."  
  
My breath quickened and my pulse raced as I heard this. I thought back to Hiromoto's office and the shock I felt at witnessing that. But I also knew that a part of me ached to take Mariko's place, to feel the whip against my bare skin.  
  
"Are you going to whip me for the other girls' demerits?"  
  
"No," Barbara laughed. "I don't give a shit about demerits and the whip is a rather crude tool in molding behavior, although it will have its place at times. No, what I want most from you is obedience. If I get that I'll protect Anna and Kelly and all of our future mailgirls from the sharks in the building the same way that Hiromoto does."  
  
"You don't have his power," I said.  
  
"That's where you're wrong, Danica," she replied. "I do have that kind of power within this company, although it's more subtly applied. I'm the only reason that Hector Flores has kept his dick in his pants this long, and there are much more powerful men than him who want you girls to be delivering more than memos when you visit their offices."  
  
I thought about the odious Flores and how uncomfortable he made it for me and Anna whenever we were in his office. It made me sick to think of him, or anyone else here, laying a hand on her. "If I leave I'll take Anna with me," I told Barbara. "I won't let anyone hurt her."  
  
"Anna is no longer free to leave," Barbara replied, "at least not without financial consequence."  
  
"What do you mean? She's not under contract."  
  
"She is now," Barbara said. "She signed it this morning while you were busy moving. I had to help her open an account in our credit union to deposit her bonus. She'll owe us quite a bit of money if she decides to leave."  
  
I wanted to scream! I had warned Anna about not signing anything without talking to me first!   
  
I was reeling now with everything I'd heard. Barbara seemed to be constantly one step ahead of me no matter what I did. Had she somehow known I'd be coming in here to confront her and had quickly signed Anna to help maintain leverage? Had she sent Kelly to me today to provoke me into this confrontation? I no longer knew what to believe or who to trust. "What the hell do you want from me, Barbara?" I asked.  
  
"I want a decision from you, Danica," she responded. "Right here, right now. And this time I'll tell you everything. I'll tell you exactly what your future will be if you stay."  
  
"Alright," I replied, "tell me. Exactly. No bullshit or lies this time."  
  
"No lies, no bullshit," Barbara said as she leaned in toward me grasping the arms of my chair as she did. I tried to hold her gaze for a moment and then found myself nervously staring at the floor.   
  
"Danica," she said, "I'm going to slowly, methodically strip everything from you, just as I stripped you of your clothes here at work. I'll take your name, your possessions, the control of your clothes when your away from work, and everything else that allows you to be an independent woman. You will rely on me for everything in your life and you will become completely subservient to me." She paused for a moment to let me digest that as a wave of conflicting emotions surged through my body. I could feel my heart thumping in my chest as she spoke.  
  
"When we expand the Mailgirls program and extend it to the rest of the complex, I will expose you to every single employee in every wing," she continued. "I'll humiliate you in front of your former friends and co-workers. You'll remain a mailgirl for the remainder of your contract and then you'll sign another one after that. And after that one expires we won't need any more contracts. You'll beg me to allow you to remain with me, to remain a mailgirl."  
  
I could barely breathe. "Why would I do that," I gasped. "Why would I allow you to do that to me?"  
  
"Because, in your heart of hearts, that's exactly what you want me to do, Danica. Someday I'll be running this company and you'll be there in my service for as long as I want you. In return I'll provide protection for you and the other girls."  
  
"So I'll be your Mariko?"  
  
"Yes, but you'll never be given a management position or duties. You'll always be a lowly mailgirl and will never, ever again wear a single stitch of clothing in this complex."  
  
"And what's my alternative?" I asked.   
  
"The door is right there, Danica. You can walk out and go down right now to HR and sign your separation papers from DDE. You'll have a rough time financially for awhile but you'll overcome it. But if you do that I think you'll regret it every day for the rest of your life. You'll wonder what it would have been like to live out all of your fantasies and to be who you really are."  
  
I thought about this for a moment. "Not Anna," I said quietly. "I won't let you take Anna from me."  
  
Barbara didn't speak for awhile as she silently contemplated this. "Alright," she said finally, "I'll grant you that one concession. I won't take Anna from you as long as you remain obedient. But as I strip you of your independence I can't guarantee that Anna won't decide on her own that she wants to carve out her own life away from you."  
  
The silence hung heavy between us as I digested everything that Barbara had told me. She stood up now and rolled her chair back behind her desk. "You know everything now, Danica," she said to me. "I've laid it all out on the table. I have to go meet with someone upstairs now for a few minutes. When I get back I either want you gone on your way down to HR to turn in your resignation, or I want to find you kneeling naked on the floor with your clothes neatly folded on my desk. There is no third option and there will be no further negotiations."  
  
As the door shut behind her I was left alone with my thoughts. I knew I was at a crossroads in my life and what I decided here would affect me for years to come. How could I possibly go along with what Barbara was saying, to be stripped of everything and become totally subservient to her? She wasn't just talking about being a mailgirl for the remainder of my contract, it would be for the foreseeable future, maybe for years. How could I ever agree to that? And as I thought about it, images of what my life would be like played over and over again in my imagination and the most intensely raw emotions I'd ever felt coursed through my body.   
  
I also thought about the alternative and I knew that Barbara was right about that as well. Coming out of college I'd received multiple job offers before deciding on DDE. With my degree I knew I could easily find another good job and my looks would always open doors for me. Paying off the penalties in my onerous contract would be difficult, but not impossible. As these thoughts raced through my head and I imagined what each future would be like I suddenly realized I'd made my decision.  
  
When Barbara returned to her office she found me kneeling on the floor, naked and trembling.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 28**

**PAIN AND PLEASURE**  
Barbara walked around me, not saying a word, and picked up one of the leather Mailgirls delivery pouches she kept in the corner of the office. Then she walked over to her desk and picked up my folded clothes and shoes and stuffed them into the pouch. After punching something into her smartphone she began working on her laptop leaving me kneeling there in dread and anticipation.   
  
Several minutes later the door opened and I heard someone walk in, although I couldn't tell who it was because my back was to the door. "I want you to take this out to the clothing donation bin in the parking lot and empty its contents into it," Barbara said to the person. "Use one of the side exits on the ground floor. I'll notify Security to let you back into the building when you're done. Then go to the locker room and collect Anna's clothes and do the same."  
  
"You want me to go outside into the parking lot, ma'am? Naked?" I recognized Kelly's voice. The clothing donation bin was all the way across the employee parking lot and near a busy street.  
  
"I understand you left the building earlier today during your shift, Kelly," Barbara said to her. "This time you'll do it wearing your proper uniform."  
  
Kelly didn't speak for a few seconds and it was impossible for me to see her reaction. "Yes, ma'am," she said finally as she collected the pouch. Moments later I heard the door close as she exited the office.  
  
Barbara returned to working on her laptop while continuing to ignore me as I kneeled naked on the floor. She'd left me now with no clothing in the building and I wondered if I'd be forced to walk naked back to the condo. The thought of it was intensely exciting.  
  
I don't know how long I'd been kneeling there before Barbara finally got up from her desk and walked over to stand over me. "I hope you haven't unpacked your clothes yet, Danica, because I'm having someone go by the condo to collect them," she said. "They will also be donated to charity, along with Anna's clothes if she even has any. You've lost all clothing privileges for the rest of the month as punishment for your insubordination today. After that you can request clothing if you want to go out and I'll decide whether or not to grant your request. If I do I'll provide the clothing and decide what you'll wear. The same goes for Anna."  
  
"Anna did nothing wrong, ma'am." I said.  
  
"No, but as long as she's with you she'll also suffer for your sins. Think about that the next time you decide to go off the reservation and completely flout the rules like you did today."  
  
"Yes, ma'am." I knew she was already trying to drive a wedge between us and I'd have to have a long talk with Anna about everything tonight.  
  
"Question and answer time, Danica," Barbara said abruptly. "I want complete honesty from you. I'll know if you're lying."  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Tell me everything you saw that day in Hiromoto's office. Don't leave anything out." I proceeded to describe everything that happened in as much detail as I could. Barbara already knew about it so I didn't see any reason to hold back. After I'd finished she walked back to a cabinet in the rear of her office, unlocked it and retrieved several items from it. I gasped when she turned around and I saw what she held in her hands. In her left hand was a ball gag and in her right was a riding crop. She placed the gag on her desk and walked to me still carrying the whip.   
  
"Is this similar to the whip that Hiromoto used on Mariko?" she asked.  
  
"Y-yes, ma'am." I was beginning to tremble again as a combination of fear and nervous excitement coursed through me. Barbara reached out and placed the leather end of the whip against the upper part of my chest and my body jerked involuntarily at its touch as if shocked by an electrical current. She slowly ran the end of the whip down my left breast until reaching my hard nipple, then rubbed and teased it with the crop before moving it over to do the same with my right nipple. After a few moments it continued its journey slowly down my stomach toward my naval and beyond. When it reached my pussy my body jerked again and I let out a large gasp. My breathing quickened as she rubbed the end of the whip against my clit, then she suddenly withdrew it and stepped back from me.  
  
"Danica, tell me how you felt as you watched Hiromoto whipping Mariko."  
  
"I, um...." I had to stop for a moment and take a deep breath to try to regain my composure. "I was shocked, ma'am. I'd never witnessed anything like that before."  
  
"Did you feel anything else besides shock?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am. I guess it excited me, too," I answered truthfully. "I'd never seen anything like that before, at least not in real life."  
  
"But you had seen things like that before in videos, is that right?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"When?" she asked.  
  
"My freshman year in college, ma'am. I found them on the internet."  
  
"How did you find them?"  
  
"I googled things like 'naked slave girl' and 'bondage' and 'nude in public,' ma'am."  
  
"Why?" she asked. "What made you suddenly curious your freshman year?"  
  
I hesitated for a moment. It felt like I was revealing too much to her and was telling her things I'd never told anyone. "I saw a movie one night on HBO that got me interested in that kind of thing, ma'am," I told her. "It was called 'Secretary.'"  
  
"Ah," Barbara replied. It was obvious she was familiar with the film. "So when you googled these videos did you masturbate to them?"  
  
"No, ma'am," I replied. "I was afraid my roommate might walk in on me. I would sometimes think about them at night in bed, though, and masturbate."  
  
"Did you fantasize yourself in the role of a submissive slave girl?"  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"What about the nude in public videos?" she asked. "Did you fantasize that you were willingly naked in a public place or forced by someone to do it?"  
  
"Forced by someone, ma'am," I replied. "I fantasized that I was forced to do it after turning in a plagiarized term paper or something like that." I don't know why I was being so open with her about everything but I guessed the whip in her hand had something to do with it.  
  
"You said all of this happened your freshman year. What about after that?"  
  
"No, ma'am," I said. "I stopped after that."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I thought I was weird or perverted or something thinking about those things, ma'am. I made myself stop."  
  
"So you began suppressing those thoughts and feelings?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
Barbara walked around me and placed the end of the whip on my neck and brought it slowly down my back until it settled on my right butt cheek. I braced myself for the slap but she withdrew it again.  
  
"Did you ever have sex with a woman while you were in college, Danica?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I replied. "A few times."  
  
"Was it your roommate?"  
  
"No, ma'am. A friend. We did it in her room. She didn't have a roommate."  
  
"And I suppose this was your freshman year and you stopped after that?" Barbara asked sarcastically.  
  
"Yes, ma'am." Barbara laughed at that.  
  
"So basically you're saying that you spent one good year discovering who you really were and then became a seething cauldron of suppressed desires after that until I got ahold of you?" I didn't know how to respond to that so I didn't.  
  
Barbara walked around me again until she stood in front, the whip still in her hand. "Let's get back to talking about what happened in Hiromoto's office," she said. "You told me that witnessing it shocked and excited you. Had you ever been spanked or whipped before that day as part of sex play?"  
  
"No, ma'am."  
  
"Did you wish you could trade places with Mariko while you were watching?" she asked.  
  
"I don't know, ma'am. I mean, I guess so. Part of me did and part of me of was horrified."  
  
"So you had conflicting emotions about it?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"But you've thought about it since then and wondered what it would feel like, haven't you?"  
  
I was afraid to answer that because I'd fantasized about it a lot since returning from Tokyo and I'm not sure I wanted Barbara to know that. She already seemed to know the answer, though, and I was even more afraid of the consequences of lying to her. "Yes ma'am," I replied. "I have."  
  
"And when you thought about it how did that make you feel," she asked.  
  
It I felt like I was on the couch being psychoanalyzed by her, although I doubt any of Barbara's formal psychology training had involved whips and naked, submissive women. I decided the best way forward was to just answer truthfully. "It made me very horny thinking about it ma'am. I masturbated quite often thinking about it."  
  
"Thank you for being honest today, Danica," she replied. Then she placed the end of the riding crop under my chin and raised my head until I made eye contact with her.   
  
"I'm going to grant you your desire now, but you have to ask me, Danica. You have to ask me to allow you to feel the whip."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 28b**

My heart was thumping heavily in my chest as conflicting emotions consumed me. I wondered what would happen if I refused? Would she whip me anyway, and maybe harder? Would she put the whip away? I suddenly realized I didn't want that to happen. "Please allow me to feel the whip," I pleaded, the desperate tone in my voice surprising me.   
  
"Repeat that but address me properly," Barbara responded.  
  
"Please allow me to feel the whip, mistress." I don't know where the word "mistress" came from as I spoke it. Perhaps from my fantasies.  
  
"No, don't call me that!" Barbara responded sharply. "You'll address me as 'ma'am' not 'mistress!' And you're a mailgirl not a slave, is that understood?"  
  
I lowered my head and nodded. "Yes, ma'am."   
  
Barbara picked up the ball gag from her desk and walked toward me. "I'm going to strap this on you now, Danica. We can't let them hear you down the hall." I was visibly shaking now and I don't know if it was from fear or excitement. Probably both. "What I'm going to do will hurt but I won't injure you or do any damage," she said. "I will never do that, Danica."  
  
I took a deep breath to try to calm myself and nodded my consent. Barbara placed the ball in my mouth, then fastened the straps and pulled them tight.   
  
"Get down on all fours," Barbara ordered and I promptly complied. "Now get down on your forearms and place your forehead on the carpet." I obeyed. "Lift your right foot." As I raised my foot I felt Barbara place the end of the crop on the sole.  
  
"I'll only do five on each foot for now, just to gave you a taste." I tried to brace myself but the slap came quickly and I felt a piercing pain in my foot. The gag muted my scream as I quickly lowered my foot to the floor. "Raise it again or that won't count," Barbara commanded. I quickly obeyed and closed my eyes. The second slap came just as quickly, then a third, fourth, and fifth. They weren't vicious blows but each one brought sharp pain.   
  
"Now the left," she commanded and Barbara repeated the five slaps on it. Tears stung my eyes as lowered my foot to the floor. Barbara allowed me a minute to recover and as the pain dissipated from my feet it pulsated up through the rest of my body. With the gag in my mouth I was forced to breathe heavily through my nose.  
  
"Now ten on each ass cheek," Barbara said and I flinched as I felt the end of the crop resting on my bare skin. She counted each slap until reaching ten then moved over and repeated it on my right side. The slaps hurt but were not as painful as they had been on the feet. What hurt nearly as much was the humiliation of being in this position as an adult woman, but with the humiliation and pain also came an intense arousal that was impossible to fight off even if I'd wanted to.  
  
I remained on my forearms with my forehead touching the carpet, my ass and pussy rising up into the air, completely exposed. Barbara moved behind me and tapped the inside of each leg with the whip indicating that she wanted them spread wider, then began rubbing my pussy with the end of the crop. I let out a deep moan that was muted by the gag and my entire body was trembling now. "You're quite wet," she said as she removed the crop. I desperately wanted her to continue.  
  
"Remain in that position, Danica, and bring yourself to orgasm," she ordered. I lifted my right hand up my inner thigh toward my pussy. "No!" she commanded. "From behind."  
  
I reached my hand around my outer thigh coming at my pussy from the rear and began rubbing it. Barbara remained behind me watching, and the blend of pain and pleasure surging through me were producing emotions as raw and intoxicating as anything I'd ever known before. I'd never felt so humiliated or been so completely at the mercy of another person in my life and that only intensified the experience for me. I understood now why the ball gag was necessary - it felt like my moaning would've been heard throughout the building without it. As I plunged two fingers deep inside myself Barbara began lightly slapping my right ass cheek in rhythm with my thrusts. A few moments later my entire body shook as I reached a climax that completely overwhelmed any residual pain I felt.   
  
After it was over I returned my right arm to the floor and waited for Barbara's next command. "Get into your mailgirls kneeling position," she ordered. I felt completely spent as I lifted my head from the carpet and assumed the position. Barbara walked around me and placed the whip on her desk, then surprised me by kneeling down in front of me. She lifted my head with her hands until I was staring into her eyes. The intensity of her gaze made me uncomfortable but I forced myself to remain locked on her eyes.  
  
"There's one more thing I want you to experience today, Danica," she said. "I have to attend a meeting now but your ass is red and I can't allow you to leave my office looking like that. I'm going to bind you now so you'll be unable to leave but I want you to give me your consent. It will be uncomfortable but it won't be painful." My eyes widened as I heard this. Unable to speak with the gag in my mouth I nodded my head in consent, still fixed on her gaze. For the first time since the punishment session had begun a smile crossed Barbara's face and she surprised me by leaning in and kissing me gently on the forehead. "Good girl," she said. "You're doing well."  
  
Barbara rose to her feet and walked to a set of double doors and unlocked them with a key. When the doors swung open I saw it was a closet. I didn't know whether it normally held clothes or not, but right now it was empty. "Get on all fours and crawl over here, Danica." Whatever softness she had shown briefly was gone again.  
  
I crawled across the office until I reached her. "Get into the closet and face the wall to your left on your knees, then place your hands behind your back." The closet was maybe six feet wide and four feet deep, just wide enough for Barbara to enter it and stand behind me after I had obeyed her command. I heard her retrieve something from an upper shelf in the closet and realized it was a rope as she began binding my hands behind my back with one end of it. The rope was made of soft fiber and wasn't abrasive to my skin. She wrapped the rope around my wrists several times and then made several loops around the rope between my wrists. When she had finished with that she took the other end of the rope and did the same with my ankles. She used what was left of the end of the rope to cinch my hands and ankles together, forcing me down into a position that was similar to my normal kneeling position, then tied it into a knot. The rope was the perfect length. It was clear to me now that it, and the closet, had been prepared for me, perhaps even before my very first meeting with her.  
  
The ropes were constrictive and it was impossible for me to move, but because it left me in something resembling my normal kneeling position it wasn't too uncomfortable. "Just one more accessory and we're finished," she said. I heard her retrieve something else from the upper shelf and I realized it was a blindfold as she pulled it over my eyes and cinched it tight. My world now was in total darkness.  
  
"I don't know how long I'll be but I'll be back to free you today, I promise." I felt her hands reaching around to caress my breasts. She began rolling and pulling each of my already hard nipples, teasing them out to even greater prominence, then pinched them hard enough to cause my body to jerk in respnse. "So beautiful," she whispered in my ear. The next sounds I heard were the doors shutting, the key turning in the closet door lock, and her footsteps fading away.  
  
I was alone in the dark now, naked and bound, left with only my thoughts.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 29**

**BOUND**  
My breathing quickened as I tried to fight back my rising fear and panic. Fortunately I wasn't claustrophobic or I'd really have been freaking out, but being bound, blindfolded, and locked in a closet was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. All kinds of thoughts raced through my head. What if there is a fire? What if Barbara falls down the stairs and breaks her neck, who would release me then? What if Barbara is lying and leaves me here all night?  
  
I finally forced myself to take some deep breaths to try to calm down. None of those things are going to happen, I told myself. Barbara will be back soon to free me. She wouldn't allow anything bad to happen to me. It took a few minutes but I finally began to relax.   
  
I'd taken a yoga class in college which had also taught meditation techniques and I began to apply those now. I tried to empty my mind and focus on my breathing and the movement of my body. Every time a stray thought entered my head I gently pushed it aside and returned my focus to the movement of my chest, shoulders, and stomach with each breath. I'm not saying I reached a state of tranquility or enlightenment or anything, but at least I was able to eventually calm down enough to start thinking rationally about everything that had transpired.  
  
It'd all started last night when Anna's mom had showed up at the apartment - was that really less than 24 hours ago? - and had continued to build from there. After that had been the police, the lovemaking with Anna, the order this morning by Barbara to move into her condo, Kelly's confession of her involvement in my recruitment, and finally my confrontation with Barbara.   
  
Confrontation? I had to laugh at the use of that word, or would have anyway if I didn't have a gag in my mouth. It had gone about as well as Custer's confrontation with the Sioux at Little Bighorn. What in the world had possessed me to think I could possibly win that battle? Had I subconsciously decided to force Barbara's hand with its inevitable outcome and subsequent punishment?   
  
A thought suddenly entered my head: I'm here because I've chosen to be here. I tried to push it aside. That's not true, I told myself. I'm here in this closet - bound, gagged, blindfolded, and locked up - because Barbara forced me into it.  
  
No, I'm here because I've chosen to be here. The same thought kept returning until I stopped fighting it and decided to examine it. Could it be true? In terms of the immediate past I knew it was. Barbara had given me the choice today of walking out the door - in fact, had practically dared me to do it - and I had chosen to remain and submit to her. And every step along the way after that - from the gagging, to the whipping, to the binding - she had asked my consent first and I had granted it.   
  
I went farther back now, all the way to that very first meeting in this office. I could have easily walked out then when I first heard about the Mailgirls program. After that came signing the contract, Tokyo, the revelation I was going to be a mailgirl, signing the nudity waiver, and finally agreeing to move into Barbara's condo. Every step along the way I'd had opportunities to change course, and every time I'd chosen the path that led me here.   
  
There's no doubt that Barbara had done everything possible to stack the deck in her favor, but that didn't change the fact that I'd always had a choice. I still do. After Barbara releases me today I could go straight down to HR to sign my separation papers, then leave and never come back. I knew now, though, that I wouldn't do that. I didn't want to. Barbara had known that all along.  
  
I thought back to my life right before all of this had happened. It had been a good life. I had friends, an interesting job with a vibrant company, and was on a career path I believed would lead to success. When I thought about it, though, in comparison to the craziness and intensity of my life now, it just seemed so normal and conventional. So...vanilla.   
  
If I could somehow step out of this closet and go back to that life as if none of this had ever happened, would I do it? As I focused on that question I realized that I wouldn't. The past two months had unlocked cravings and desires within me that I'd barely known existed and it would be impossible for me now to go back to that life, at least not until I'd fully explored those desires. The future that Barbara described for me should have horrified me, but for some reason I found it terribly exciting. Everything, that is, except remaining indefinitely as Barbara's virtual slave until she decided to release me.  
  
I had absolutely no intention of signing another contract after this one expired. Even if I wanted to continue my life as a mailgirl I would do it as a free agent who could walk away at any time without penalty. Barbara had seemed confident, though, that I would sign another one and that made me nervous. I'm sure she believed she could find enough leverage to get me to do it, and I knew better than to underestimate her. Continuing down this path would be treacherous, but knowing that only made it even more exciting. I'd have to be wary to escape any future traps she had planned for me.  
  
I thought about the potential of Barbara turning me into a sex slave for the executives on the upper floors and immediately dismissed it. She'd promised to protect me in exchange for my obedience, and I believed her. Not because I thought that she was trustworthy, because she'd proven repeatedly that she wasn't. No, I believed her because I knew that Barbara considered me one of her possessions now, and she always took care of her possessions. Everything that belonged to her - from her condo, to her clothes, to her car, to her office - were always immaculately maintained. She would no sooner allow the men upstairs to defile me than she would allow one of them to take a dump on her carpet or smoke in her car.   
  
On the other hand I knew that Barbara would probably choose to use me sexually herself. It had already begun today. It's something I had mixed emotions about, but the prospect of being forced into sex by a beautiful and powerful woman also excited me. It was another thing I'd have to talk to Anna about, though. I'd decided I wasn't going to keep anything from her.  
  
For the first time I had finally decided to accept and embrace my true nature as a bisexual submissive. The clues had been there all along, but without someone to force me to test my barriers I'd always retreated back into the relative comfort of "normalcy" at the first sign of risk. With Barbara in charge, though, I crashed through those barriers like I was onboard a runaway diesel truck. There's no way I was going to jump off of this ride right now even though I knew it might well crash and burn down the road.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a key turning in the closet door lock. It startled me because I hadn't heard Barbara return. I felt her hand gently stroking my hair for a few moments, then she began wordlessly loosening the ropes. After freeing me she helped me to my feet and guided me, still blindfolded and gagged, back into the office. My legs felt wobbly, like a newborn colt's, but Barbara kept an arm around me to help me maintain my balance. "Kneel," she commanded, and I obeyed. Finally she removed the blindfold and the gag, then held out a bottle of cold water and let me sip from it. When I had finished she screwed the cap back on and stood above me.  
  
"Now tell me everything you experienced and thought about in there," she commanded. "Everything."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 29b**

I was mostly honest as I described my experience and thoughts while bound, gagged, blindfolded and locked in the closet. Mostly. I doubt Barbara was surprised by any of it. One thing I didn't tell her about was my decision to never sign another contract, although I doubt it would have made any difference if I had. I'm sure her future plans for me weren't based on getting me to agree to sign a second contract by asking me sweetly.  
  
Barbara asked me a few questions but by the time we were done she seemed satisfied with what she'd heard. "I was going to give you the day off today to get settled into the condo," she said, "but since you decided to come in here today you might as well go to work." I looked up at the clock on the wall and was surprised to see it was only about four o'clock with still two hours left on my normal shift. With everything that had happened today it seemed like it should be much later. I doubt I'd been in the closet for more than an hour although it seemed longer.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I responded. "How are Anna and I going to get back to the condo after work without any clothes?"  
  
"I've arranged for that," she said. "Go to the security office in the basement when you're ready to leave. I was going to have a security guard walking you two home every day anyway in case Anna's mom showed up so I've arranged for them to give you something to wear back to the condo. Once you're there you'll take it off and give it back to him. Whoever escorts you to work the next day will bring it back for you to wear. There are no longer any clothes available for either of you in the condo."  
  
So Anna and I are going to be virtual prisoners in Barbara's condo, I thought to myself. "Yes, ma'am," I said. "What will the other condo residents think, though?"  
  
"DDE developed and owns the property and we only sell or rent to DDE employees," she replied. "Most of them are tower employees who've already seen you naked anyway. I've talked to the condo manager and there won't be a problem. The two of you will have a free run of the property including the pool, spa, and workout room."  
  
"What about food, ma'am?" I asked.   
  
"There's a grocery store nearby that delivers. Also a lot of restaurants and pizza places around that deliver as well. I've had your purse returned to the condo with your debit and credit cards in it. You won't starve."  
  
As I thought about all of this Barbara spoke up again. "One thing I want to make clear, Danica is you're not allowed to accept any clothes from anyone unless I authorize it, and I won't do that for the rest of the month. Any violation of that will result in serious punishment, and I don't mean just a whipping for you. You'd probably think of that as a reward. Anna will get the whip as well."  
  
I gasped as she said that. I was going to challenge her but quickly thought better of it. "Yes, ma'am."  
  
"That's why I wanted to give you a taste of it today," Barbara said. "As long as she's with you she'll suffer for your transgressions."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I replied. "I'll be good."  
  
"I suspect you won't," Barbara replied, "but eventually you will." Barbara turned and walked behind her desk and sat down. "You won't be a prisoner in that condo, Danica," she said as if responding to my earlier unspoken thoughts. "You and Anna can come and go as you please, as long as you're willing to do it naked."  
  
I thought about that for a moment. Would I dare do that?  
  
"Now go," Barbara said as she dismissed me. "Get out of here."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 30**

**SHOCK AND AWE**  
I left Barbara's office in a state of shock over everything that had transpired there. As I walked through the ninth floor toward the stairs the same people who had ignored me earlier as I'd passed through wearing normal business attire were now staring at me. I know how weird it sounds but it didn't occur to me until then that I was naked. I guess that's just how crazy my life had become when walking nude through a busy office building felt like the most "normal" thing that had happened to me lately.  
  
I made my way down the stairs to the mailgirls locker room in the basement. I opened my locker and saw it was empty except for my makeup and toiletry kit along with my mailgirls smartwatch. The clothes were gone - both mine and Anna's - taken to the charity clothes bin in the parking lot by Kelly. For the first time it really hit me...I have no clothes. Not in the building, not in the condo, not anywhere. I know this was something I'd fantasized about before, but now that the fantasy had become reality it was a frightening prospect. How can a person function in the modern day world without access to any clothing whatsoever? I was about to find out, I guess.  
  
I hopped into the shower to clean up and prepare myself to get to work for the last part of my shift. I dried and brushed my hair, reapplied my makeup, and strapped on the watch. It didn't take long before I was called out for a pickup. After a couple of pickup and deliveries I found myself on the sixth floor without a new assignment so I headed for the mailgirls mat. When I got there I found Kelly already kneeling on it, also waiting for a new assignment. I knelt down beside her.  
  
The two of us remained in uncomfortable silence for a minute or so before Kelly finally spoke up. "So you had to go straight to Barbara and tell her what I told you in confidence today?"  
  
"Kelly, you're not in any position to be talking about betrayed confidences," I responded.  
  
"Maybe not, but I was trying to help you," she said. "I was trying to warn you that Barbara's been trying to get her claws into you for a long time."  
  
"You're way too late for that," I said. "A couple of months too late."  
  
We kneeled there in silence for several minutes before Kelly spoke again. "Did you hear what happened to Hector Flores today?"  
  
"Flores? No, what happened to him?"  
  
"He got fired this afternoon," Kelly said. "I got called up to his office to pick up a box of his personal effects as security was escorting him out. He was screaming bloody murder about it, too. Said he didn't know why he was being fired."  
  
"When did this happen?" I asked.  
  
"An hour or so ago. Maybe a little longer than that."  
  
It was during the time I was locked in the closet. Now I knew what Barbara had been up to while she was gone. "Barbara did it," I said to Kelly. "Barbara fired him."  
  
"Barbara?" Kelly replied. "He doesn't even work in her department. I mean, the guy's a creep and I'm glad he's gone, but why the hell would Barbara fire him?"  
  
"Just to show me she could," I said. "To prove to me she had the power." I knew now her offer of protection for me, Anna, Kelly, and any future mailgirls in exchange for my obedience was no myth or idle boast. She had just shown me that she could do what she claimed she could do.  
  
Kelly pondered what I'd said for a few moments. "Are you going to tell me what the hell happened in Barbara's office?"  
  
"No."  
  
We both remained kneeling together in uneasy silence for at least another five minutes before Kelly's watch finally alerted her to a pick up. "Thank god," she said as she leapt to her feet and took off.  
  
I finished my last run of the day a little after six and by the time I got to the locker room Kelly was already dressed and bolted out the door without speaking to me. Anna was sitting on the bench looking at me with a puzzled smile. "My clothes are gone," she said to me. "Kelly said you could tell me about it."  
  
"I'll tell you about everything back at the condo, Anna. I just want to get a quick shower and get the hell out of here. It's been a crazy day."  
  
Anna got up and walked toward me. "That's okay," she said with a smile as she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me on the lips. "Clothes just get in the way anyway."  
  
This caught me a little off guard and I laughed a little as my lips pulled away from hers. "Wow, what's gotten into you?"  
  
"You have," Anna replied as she kissed me again. The warmth and touch of her bare skin against mine felt wonderful and was the perfect antidote to all of the craziness of the day. My shy, frightened little girl is growing up fast, I thought to myself. I let her kiss linger this time before pulling away. I took her by the hand and led her to the shower.  
  
The two of us shared the same shower nozzle as we soaped each other, letting our hands wander over each other's bodies. When we were done we toweled each other off, then kissed again. When we were done Anna looked at me. "Now what?" she asked. "How do we get to the condo?"  
  
I took her by the hand. "We're going to have to get an escort from the Security office," I said. "And something to wear."  
  
We walked hand in hand through the basement hall to the same Security office that Anna and I had been brought to the day her mom had showed up here at DDE and she had sucker punched me. Unlike that day, the room was empty except for one man, a balding fortyish security guard with a gray flecked stubble beard. A crooked grin came to his face as he watched us enter. "Hello girls," he said.  
  
"Did Barbara Anderson talk to you about the arrangement to escort us to her condo?" I asked.  
  
"As a matter of fact she did," he replied, his eyes wandering over our bodies. He picked up a radio and keyed the mike. "Hey Tim, I've got a task to take care of. I'll be out of the office for a few minutes."  
  
"Need any help?" Tim's voice replied over the radio.  
  
"Naw," the man said, his eyes glued to my tits. "I just need to escort a couple of employees out. It looks pretty boring. I can handle it on my own."  
  
"Okay'" the voice said. "Let me know when you're back."  
  
"Roger."  
  
"You have something for us to wear?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, unfortunately," he replied. He opened a drawer and retrieved two small scraps of white cotton fabric and what I recognized as the condo key card, a type of key similar to what you would find in hotels. I held out my hand to take the garment.  
  
"Nope," he said. "You're not allowed to dress in the building. "Ms. Anderson's orders." Apparently her statement that I would never again wear a single stitch of clothing anywhere in the DDE complex was meant literally.  
  
We followed the guard out the door into the basement corridor, then walked until we reached an exit door and followed him through it. On the other side was an underground garage reserved for the company's top executives. At this time of the evening it was mostly empty. Now that we were out of the building the guard handed each of us our folded garments. I shook it open and saw it was a thin white cotton tank top. That was it. Nothing else.  
  
I pulled on the tank top and Anna did the same. They were a snug fit and hugged every curve of our bodies. I pulled the bottom of it down to cover my ass which revealed a great deal of cleavage. When I tried to adjust the top part to cover my breasts half of my ass came uncovered. It was barely enough to keep us legal on the walk to the condo. The crooked grin returned to the guard's face as he watched us try to adjust them. "You're a bit overdressed for my tastes," he said.  
  
With Anna's hand in mine we followed him up some stairs to an exit that led us outside into the main employee parking lot. From there we crossed the lot toward a busy street filled with rush hour traffic. Along the way we passed by the clothing donation bin and I thought about our clothes being in there and how Kelly had been forced to come out here naked twice today to deposit them. I don't know he she felt but I knew it would've been very exciting for me. Even wearing the thin tank top out here was exciting.  
  
Several horns honked as we stood at the crosswalk waiting for the light to turn green, and as we crossed the street I could feel the eyes on us. It seemed strange that after being totally nude for weeks working in the tower that being outdoors in public like this wearing a tank top could be so arousing. I could tell by the way Anna was squeezing my hand that she felt the same way. As we passed in front of the cars stopped at the light she playfully grabbed the bottom of my shirt with her free hand and lifted it, revealing my ass. "Anna!" I squealed as I reached back to pull it down. Anna simply laughed. So did the security guard who was behind us and got a prime view of the show.  
  
Five minutes later we stood in front of the entrance to Barbara's condo. The guard inserted the key card and opened the front door, then held out his hand. "Give me your shirts," he ordered. We stripped them off and handed them to him, still standing outside the door. "Someone will be here in the morning to take you back to work. Be ready." He then pocketed the key card.  
  
"What about the key?" I asked.  
  
"You don't get one," he replied.   
  
I knew the door was designed to lock whenever closed. "So we're trapped in here and can never leave except to go to work?"  
  
The guard smirked. "I'm not an expert on doors or anything," he said sarcastically, "but I'm guessing if one of you stays inside then she can open the door for the other one. And don't leave the door propped open either. That's per Barbara Edwards' orders."  
  
The guard turned to leave. "Goodnight gals," he said. "See you tomorrow."  
  
"Adios asshole!" Anna shouted at him, then grabbed me by the hand and dragged me into the condo. She kept dragging me until we reached the bedroom.   
  
I may have created a monster, I thought as Anna pressed her lips against the nape of my neck and began working her way down from there.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 30b**

**AGONY AND ECSTASY**  
Two orgasms later I lay in bed drained, Anna's head resting on my chest, her right hand stroking my hair. As we lay there I pondered the changing dynamics of my relationship with her. The shy, frightened girl I'd first met a few weeks ago was becoming more confident all the time, and as time passed she was taking control of our relationship. I may have mentored her in our first lovemaking session last night but she had quickly taken control tonight. In both cases she had been the aggressor in initiating the sex.   
  
I'd seen some signs of this nature right from the start in her stubborn insistence in becoming a mailgirl despite my advice and the way she had marched into Barbara's office to make it happen. I also recognized my own pattern of ceding control to lovers as relationships progressed and saw this now as part of my own submissive nature. Still, I was surprised with how quickly my original role as a mentor and protector to the girl was changing as Anna became more forceful, independent, and confident.  
  
Anna interrupted my thoughts as she finally broke the silence. "Are you going to tell me what happened with Barbara today?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, but I have a question for you first, Anna."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Why did you sign a contract without talking to me first?" I asked.  
  
Anna sighed. "I wanted to, but Barbara wouldn't let me. She said she was ending my internship immediately and I either had to sign a mailgirls contract or leave the company. She said if I left the office without signing it I wouldn't be given another chance."  
  
That sounded exactly like Barbara. She'd used the same tactic on me today, demanding an immediate "my way or the highway" decision, confident in knowing which path I would choose. I certainly couldn't blame Anna for caving in to it.  
  
"Besides, I love being a mailgirl and I was doing it for nothing," Anna continued. "She offered me a lot of money to do what I wanted to do anyway!"  
  
"That's okay," I said to her. "She forced me into a decision today in pretty much the same way."  
  
"What happened today anyway?" she asked.  
  
I decided I was going to tell her everything, I would hold nothing back. I started with Kelly's confession of her complicity in recruiting me, my confrontation with Barbara, the ultimatum she had given me, and my decision to submit to her. Then I told her about the whipping and the closet.  
  
After I'd finished we both lay there in silence for awhile as Anna digested everything I'd told her. "Wow," she said finally. "I guess me signing that contract didn't help things."  
  
"It gives her more leverage over me," I said. "I think she wants to use the threat of forcing us apart to control me."  
  
"That's never going to happen," Anna said as she kissed me on the lips. I smiled up at her and began stroking her hair.  
  
"No, it's not," I replied  
  
Anna asked me about the whipping Barbara gave me. "That sounds awful. Did you actually like it?" she asked.  
  
I thought it about it for a minute. "I can't say that I 'liked' it but it was incredibly arousing. I think it's mostly the humiliation and loss of control, more than the pain that gets me off. The same with the bondage. There's something in my nature that really gets turned on by it. I don't know where it comes from, but it's there."  
  
She thought about it for a minute. "My mom used to whip me with a belt. I hated it!"  
  
"I know," I said. "Most people would probably feel that way."  
  
"But the pain is pleasurable to you?" she asked.  
  
"To a point," I said. "I'm sure there's a threshold where it wouldn't be, but Barbara never crossed it."  
  
"I still don't really get it," Anna said.  
  
I tried to think of some example that she might relate to. "If you've ever been held down and tickled it's a little like that. It's both pleasurable and very uncomfortable at the same time and is hard to endure without trying to squirm and get out of it. That's kind of what I experienced today, only at a more intense level."  
  
"Okay," she replied. "I guess I understand that a little." A devilish smile crossed her face. "So I guess that means you're ticklish then," she said as she climbed on top of my midsection and straddled me.  
  
"No, I'm not!" I laughed as she began tickling me with her fingertips.  
  
"You're not?" she laughed as she intensified the tickling.  
  
I started squirming and laughing. "Okay I am!" I squealed as I grabbed her arms to make her stop. "I'm very ticklish!"  
  
Anna gave me a theatrical pout. "This is no fun if you won't let me do it."  
  
"I can't help it," I said to her. Then from some deep recess of my brain came the words, "You have to tie me down."  
  
Anna's eyes widened. "Really? You want me to?"  
  
The words had surprised me as they came out of my mouth, but now that they'd been spoken I didn't want to retract them.  
  
"Yes, I do."  
  
Anna looked around the room. "What should I use? Is there a rope or something around?"  
  
"I don't know," I replied. "You'll need to to look around."  
  
Anna crawled off of me and started looking through the closet and various drawers in the bedroom. When she didn't find anything she walked out of the door and began searching through the rest of the condo. I guess I could have helped her look but leaving her in charge was part of the game and I was content to lay submissively on the bed.  
  
A couple of minutes later Anna reentered the bedroom carrying some rope. "I found it in a utility closet," she said. I recognized it as the exact same type of thin rope that Barbara had used on me today in her office. Maybe she gets a discount for buying it in bulk, I thought to myself with amusement.  
  
"That'll work," I said to Anna. "You'll need to cut it into four equal lengths."  
  
She left the bedroom again and returned with some scissors. After she cut the rope she looked down on me as I lay on the bed. "I'm not really sure how to do this," she said. "I don't know any knots or anything."  
  
"That's okay. Just do your best. Tie each of my wrists and ankles up to a bedpost and I'll let you know if it's too loose or tight."  
  
Anna did this, and after some trial and error I found myself firmly tied spread eagle on the bed, unable to move. Anna crawled onto the bed and straddled my stomach, then teasingly wriggled her ten fingers as I looked on in nervous anticipation. "Hmm, where shall I start," she smiled, then reached down and began tickling my armpits. I let out a combination of a laugh and a shriek as she did this and began writhing beneath her. "Oh boy, you really are ticklish aren't you?" she laughed.  
  
"Yes!" I squealed. Anna's fingers kept moving relentlessly over my upper body as I twisted and turned, laughing uncontrollably. I tried in vain to avoid her fingers but the straps held me fast. In some ways this was harder to endure than the whipping as Anna kept tickling without letup.  
  
When she'd finally finished with my upper body she slid off the bed and went after my legs. I continued to writhe and thrash on the bed but I was defenseless against her roaming fingers. When she began tickling the bottom of my feet it was almost more than I could bear. My howls were a combination of laughing, crying and shrieking. Agony and ecstasy. Anna continued until my entire body shook as I reached an intense orgasm.  
  
Anna backed away, a beaming smile on her face. "Wow!" she said. "That was awesome!"  
  
"Oh my god," I said weakly, still trying to catch my breath. Anna let me decompress for a couple of minutes before she spoke again.  
  
"What should I do now?" she asked. "Do you want me to let you go?"  
  
"You're in control, Anna," I said to her.  
  
That devilish grin returned to her face. "Well then, I'm starved," she said. "I'm going to fix myself something to eat and if you're a good girl I might feed you something, too. Then I think we'll do that again!" Anna leaned over and gave me a deep kiss on the lips, then turned and padded out of the room leaving me strapped to the bed.  
  
As I stared helplessly at the ceiling a smile crossed my face. This had been the craziest day of my life, and it wasn't over yet.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 31**

**HOLDING PATTERN**  
After that crazy day things started settling down a bit for me and Anna. Every weekday morning a DDE security guard would show up at the condo at 7:00 am, hand us each a skimpy tank top, and escort us to the DDE complex. We'd enter through the underground executive parking garage and would have to remove the shirt and hand it back to the guard before we were allowed to enter the building.  
  
From 8:00 am until 6:00 pm we worked our regular mailgirls shift. After that I began my now mandatory naked cocktail waitress duties in the tenth floor executive lounge, which usually lasted for an hour or two, depending on how busy it was. Since I was a salaried employee those extra hours earned me no additional money or overtime and the executives were told by Barbara not to tip me. The only one who ever broke that rule was the CEO Dan Evans who continued to be pleasant to me on the relatively rare nights he showed up in the lounge.  
  
Although Anna wasn't required to be there and was too young to legally serve cocktails she always accompanied me to the lounge and refused to go back to the condo without me. By the time we got home each night it was often 8:30 or 9:00 and we only had the energy for a quick dinner and a little television before collapsing into bed.  
  
On Saturdays I was also required to come in for a few hours to deliver mail for the reduced staff working in the tower that day. Anna also came with me, although I kept trying to convince her to stay home and relax. Sunday was the only day we had the entire day off and we pretty much just hung out all day in the condo, unwilling to go outside without any clothes. Other than the brief walk each day to and from work, Anna and I remained nude all day, every day.  
  
When we had the time and energy, Anna and I continued exploring our "tickle torture" bondage game and she even began researching online different types of knots and methods of tying me up. Needless to say this was a tremendous turn on for me and Anna was really getting into it, too. From tickling she began including some light spanking which I also loved. Our relationship continued to evolve as Anna gained confidence and control. It was nothing like a slave/master type of thing - I had plenty of that with Barbara - but I enjoyed allowing Anna to take control of our lovemaking sessions as I played the submissive.  
  
At work my relationship with Kelly continued to be strained. I knew I should forgive her and move on since I needed all the friends I could get right now, but I guess I just couldn't get past the feeling of betrayal. It wasn't necessarily that she had conspired with Barbara to help bring me into the Mailgirls program that pissed me off so much, since we hadn't really known each other well at the time. It was more the fact that after we'd become friends she continued to hide it from me. I couldn't get past thinking about all those Friday evening bitch sessions when we'd get together for drinks. Kelly had griped and griped about Barbara during those sessions but had remained silent about how she'd already been working with her prior to that first meeting in her office and had known of Barbara's intentions to lure me into becoming a mailgirl.  
  
As for Barbara, I rarely saw her over the next few weeks. After being whipped and bound that day in her office I'd been nervously anticipating being called back in for another round, but so far it hadn't happened. In fact none of the three of us saw her much for awhile, not that it was really necessary. By now most of the initial startup problems had been ironed out and the Mailgirls program was running smoothly. The initial shock and titillation of having naked delivery girls running around the workplace had worn off and most tower employees had now accepted it as part of their work environment. That's not to say that a nude mailgirl didn't still draw attention when she showed up on a floor, but it had become part of the everyday bustle of the work day rather than a showstopper. It had also proven to be an efficient method of delivering materials throughout the building so even those who had contempt for the whole Mailgirls concept had reluctantly begun using us as a necessary requirement of their job.  
  
The firing of Hector Flores had also sent a message throughout the building. Although the reason for his dismissal was never officially disclosed, the rumor spread that it was for violating the "look but don't touch" policy regarding mailgirls. To my knowledge Flores had never grabbed or groped one of us - although I'm sure he eventually would have - so I guessed that Barbara was probably the one behind the rumor. It was her way of providing the protection for us that she'd promised me in exchange for my obedience, and I did notice an immediate change. While we were still treated like lowly servant girls there were no longer any snide hints or suggestions that we should also be sexual play toys, not even among the top brass on the upper floors. Some people in the tower even began treating us like we were radioactive, giving us a wide berth whenever we were around.  
  
As for Anna's mom she had disappeared from the scene, at least for the time being. After her arrest at my apartment she'd bellowed loudly to the media about police brutality and how I had assaulted her. Soon afterwards, though, an investigative report appeared in an online men's magazine highlighting her history of alcoholism along with Anna's side of the story detailing years of physical and psychological abuse. Different parts of the piece were widely excerpted in the mainstream media and whatever sympathy had remained for Anna's mother completely evaporated now. Even anti-Mailgirls activists began distancing themselves from her and some of the steam began going out of their protests.   
  
Although it was a factually accurate article nowhere in it did the reporter disclose that she had been a college friend of Barbara Edwards. It had been written by the very same reporter Barbara had used to investigate my life. It was a masterful piece of media manipulation by Barbara who had turned what could have been a crippling controversy for DDE into a story about how a frightened teenage girl was using their Mailgirls program as a safe harbor from an abusive mother. Not long after that Anna's mom, at the advice of her court-appointed attorney, agreed to a plea agreement to enter a rehab facility in order to avoid jail time and hadn't been heard from since.  
  
So time marched on, as it inevitably does, and my life developed into something of a routine. Well, as routine as the life of someone who lives her life as a nude corporate slave can get anyway. I remained fairly content with my circumstances and would've been happy to continue indefinitely that way, but each passing day grew another day closer to the end of the ninety day trial for the Mailgirls program. I had a growing sense that things were going to change after that, one way or another.  
  
Despite Barbara's confident assurance to me that Mailgirls would continue for as long as she wanted it to, there were rampant rumors going around the tower that the board was going to pull the plug on the program at the end of the ninety days. I normally wouldn't have doubted Barbara but she was scarcely seen for most of those last few weeks prior to the deadline so I started wondering whether there might be some credence to the rumors. Had Barbara somehow lost control of the fate of Mailgirls at DDE? That possibility gained more prominence with each passing day.  
  
I have to admit that I had mixed emotions about the possible end of Mailgirls. The past few months had been the most bizarre and exciting chapter of my life and I wasn't sure I wanted it to end. And then came the questions about what would happen if it did. Would I simply be transferred back to my previous job in marketing as part of DDE's management program? Did I even want that? And if it did happen would I ever be accepted by my former friends and colleagues after having been a mailgirl? In some ways I was more nervous about the uncertainty of that future than I was about the certainty of the life that Barbara had mapped out for me.  
  
When day ninety came with still no contact with Barbara or word from the company about the future of the program, Kelly, Anna, and I showed up for what we thought might be our final day as mailgirls. As we entered the showers to prepare for our shift, Kelly chattered excitedly about the prospect of getting out of the rest of her contract without owing any money to the company. Anna, on the other hand, made it clear that she did not want the Mailgirls program to end. She loved being a mailgirl and was frightened about what her future might hold if it ended. As for me, I remained quiet, still unsure of exactly what I wanted.  
  
Since none of us knew what was going to happen there was nothing to do but start our shift as we normally did. After a busy morning I'd just finished my midmorning break on the fourth floor Mailgirls mat when I got an alert over my watch. I glanced at it, then glanced again. This has to be a mistake, I thought. I was being summoned to Auditorium A in the South Wing, an auditorium frequently used for large meetings or media press conferences. The reason I was stunned by it was that it was outside of the tower in an area of the DDE complex that had been off limits to mailgirls. I checked my watch again but the location hadn't changed and there was no way for me to verify if it was a mistake. I'd been given just five minutes to get there and the clock was ticking.   
  
I leapt off of my mat and took off at a fast pace.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 32**

**VIRGIN TERRITORY**  
There was a door leading directly from the tower to the south wing on the fourth floor but since the entrance to Auditorium A was on the second floor I decided to take the stairs down to that floor before exiting the tower.   
  
The tower, as it was commonly called, may have been the center of power for the corporation but it actually represented a relatively small area of the sprawling DDE complex. Up until this point no mailgirl had been allowed out of the tower so the majority of the complex remained "virgin territory" as Kelly had once called it while discussing the possibility of expanding our mailgirl duty area. While all DDE employees were obviously aware of the Mailgirls program, few of those working outside of the tower had actually seen one.  
  
I exited the stairs on the second floor of the tower then walked down the corridor until I reached the entrance door to the south wing. I checked my watch one last time hoping to see some kind of error message telling me it was all a mistake, but the only thing I saw was that my deadline was ticking down and I still had quite a ways to go. I shoved the door open and entered the south wing.  
  
As I walked briskly through a crowded cubicle area toward the main corridor the shocked faces I saw told me that my appearance here was completely unexpected. I wondered once again if maybe this was some kind of mistake, but I was trained to go to the location that appeared on my smart watch so that's what I was going to do. As I reached the corridor I broke into a trot past more astonished faces, then into a run as my watch vibrated alerting me I had less than a minute left. It must have been quite a sight for the employees here to see a nude woman running through their building but I was determined to make the deadline, technical glitch or not. I turned a corner and saw the entrance to the auditorium up ahead. With just seconds to spare I shoved open the door and stepped inside.  
  
A spotlight shined on me as I entered the large room and all around me I heard the sound of whistling, howls, and applause. Temporarily blinded by the combination of the spotlight and the darkened auditorium I raised my arm up to shield my eyes as I tried to make out what was going on. Down below me on the stage I saw three large video monitors. On one of them I saw my own image in all its naked glory, on another was a timer ticking down the last few seconds to zero, and on the third monitor was Barbara Anderson standing on the stage.   
  
"There you have it," I heard Barbara say over the public address system, "our mailgirl made it here from the tower in under five minutes, and she had no advance notice this was going to happen. That's the type of speed and efficiency we can provide and will be demanding from our mailgirls."  
  
I was unsure about what to do next as I continued to try to make out my surroundings. Was this some kind of media event or press conference? "Come on down to the stage, mailgirl," I heard Barbara say. Her reference to me as "mailgirl" rather than by name struck me as odd. As I walked down the stairs leading to the stage the spotlight followed me as did the camera displaying me on the video screen. I passed rows of people on each side, all of them turning to stare at me, and all wearing DDE identification badges. This obviously had to be some sort of employee meeting although it was being staged in a way usually reserved for media events.  
  
My eyes had finally adjusted by the time I stepped up on the stage. Barbara was standing alone on it wearing one of those wireless microphone headsets that would allow her to speak as she moved about the stage and she motioned for me to come to her. "Turn and face the audience and assume your standing position," she ordered and her voice could be heard clearly throughout the auditorium. I turned and spread my legs to shoulder width, then placed my arms behind my back. As I did this I heard whistles and catcalls coming from the audience.   
  
I quickly surveyed the crowd and recognized a few faces from my previous life in the company's management program. I realized now that I was standing nude on stage in front of several hundred DDE managers and supervisors from various departments outside of the tower. One of them I recognized as my former boss, Sanjeev Singh, and beside him sat Stephanie, the girl who had once been my best friend. Steph stared up at me with a smirk on her face and I quickly lowered my eyes to the floor in embarrassment.  
  
"This is the standing position that all mailgirls are required to maintain while awaiting instructions," Barbara said to the crowd. "It's the only standing position they are allowed while not in motion. If there is going to be an extended wait for some reason you may also order a mailgirl into a kneeling position." Barbara nodded at me indicating she wanted me to demonstrate it. I got down on my knees and spread them to shoulder width as I placed my hands on my thighs and arched my back, thrusting my breasts toward the audience. I thought the eyes of a man sitting directly in front of the stage might pop right out of his head as he stared between my legs.  
  
"This is also the position that the mailgirl will assume while resting on their mat when they have no current assignment," Barbara continued. "Under no circumstances is a mailgirl allowed to sit on any piece of office furniture for obvious hygienic reasons. If a mailgirl has a long wait during a pickup she may only kneel if ordered by you and there should seldom be times when the wait is so extensive that you will need to order her to kneel. We'd rather you not be tying up a mailgirl. That's my job."   
  
Laughter spread through the auditorium at the double meaning as Barbara looked down at me with a sly grin. I'm sure my face was crimson red with shame as this spectacle had to be the most humiliating thing I'd experienced yet. At the same time I was also becoming extremely aroused which was probably becoming noticeable to everyone in the front row, if not the entire auditorium since my nude body was still being featured prominently on a large video screen. This added further to my humiliation which turned me on even more. It was a vicious cycle that I was powerless to control and I just prayed I wouldn't have an orgasm right there on stage.  
  
"Return to your standing position, mailgirl," Barbara ordered and I quickly complied. "We learned some valuable lessons during the pilot program in the tower," she said to the audience, her voice ringing out clearly through the speakers placed throughout the auditorium, "but now that we're expanding we will be making a few changes. Until now the primary method of communicating pickups and deliveries to the mailgirl has been via a smart watch. This worked well in the tower but now that a much larger area will be covered by the mailgirls we feel the watch has some limitations." Barbara walked behind me now and silently took hold of each of my wrists as they were clasped behind my back and pulled my arms to my sides. Then she took my left wrist and removed the watch.  
  
"I've recently returned from Tokyo where I saw demonstrations of Hiromoto's 2.0 version of their Mailgirls Monitoring Unit which uses smart phone technology rather than a watch," Barbara said as she walked toward the rear of the stage. "It's more powerful and has more features than the watch and I believe it is better suited to our purposes here at DDE." I guess that explained where Barbara had been recently. She must have been in Tokyo finalizing the preparations for the expansion of the program.   
  
Moments later Barbara returned to where I was standing holding a smart phone attached to a black band. The band was made of some kind of stretchable synthetic material and she slid it over my wrist and up my arm. She then let go of the band and it tightened around my upper arm holding the phone firmly in place. It was a snug fit but wasn't so tight that it would cut off circulation.   
  
I can't say I was really crazy about this change. Personally I liked the minimally intrusive simplicity of the watch over having a phone bursting from my arm like a large growth. Ultimately it didn't matter, though, since their purpose remained the same. They were each electronic leashes designed to move the mailgirl around at the whim of whoever controlled the leash. And since anyone with a Mailgirls app could take control of the leash this would leave me at the beck and call of hundreds of different masters.  
  
Barbara made several small adjustments to the position of the phone on my arm until she was satisfied with it, then stepped back and turned to the audience. "This new Mailgirls Monitoring Unit, or MMU as we call it, has several features that the watch didn't have. You've each been given a booklet called the Mailgirls Program Introduction and Service Guide so I won't go over all of them but I would like to talk about one new feature that will allow you to use delivery credits to order faster delivery speeds."  
  
Barbara began pacing across the stage now as she spoke. "Each department manager will be given a limited number of delivery credits each week for his or her department to use to order faster delivery times. Standard deliveries will never cost any credits but you may also order Express, Premium, and Premium Rush deliveries using varying amounts of credit. Each of these will reduce the pickup and delivery times allowed for the mailgirl to meet her deadline. The Premium Rush delivery is the fastest but is also the most expensive in terms of credit usage, so use it on only for your most time sensitive deliveries, otherwise you'll burn through your weekly credit allotment in a hurry. We don't want to run our mailgirls ragged on rush orders that aren't really time critical."  
  
I definitely didn't like sound of this new feature at all. I felt like I'd been able to develop a strong pace that would get me through a long day without burning out and didn't like the idea of having to do rush orders that would quickly wear me down. The whole thing seemed like it could be ripe for abuse, too, despite the credit system that would supposedly limit its use.

"Another thing that will have to change with the expansion of the program is how mailgirls are identified," Barbara said as she continued to move around the stage. "Up until now, with only three mailgirls employed, we simply referred to them by their names. Obviously we'll need to hire many more mailgirls now so this will no longer be the most efficient method of identifying them since some of the girls will undoubtedly have the same or similar names."  
  
I had a sinking feeling I knew where this was going. We're about to become numbers. The more I'd gotten to know Barbara the more I'd known this was probably inevitable. It was just another step in her plan to enslave me by stripping me of everything, including my identity. Barbara didn't waste any time confirming my fears. "So what we're going to do is assign each mailgirl a number in order to help identify them." Barbara paused momentarily to glance in my direction for a reaction from me but I forced myself to stare passively at the floor.   
  
"And why is it important for us to be able to identify a mailgirl?" Barbara continued. "Because our mailgirls are expected to observe a very strict code of conduct and it's important that anyone observing a violation of this code be able to properly identify the mailgirl when reporting it. Those on each end of the pickup and delivery will know her identity because it will show up on their Mailgirls app with the delivery details, but others witnessing a code violation may not be able to identify her. She won't be wearing a company ID badge, after all." This brought a sprinkling of laughter through the auditorium.  
  
Barbara walked over to me now until she was so close I could feel her breath on my cheek. "So how are you going to know what a mailgirl's number is?" she asked the audience. "Let me demonstrate." Just when I thought my humiliation couldn't get any worse, Barbara took a black felt tip marker out of her jacket pocket, removed the cap, and began inking what I assumed was a number just below the clavicle area above my right breast. I trembled slightly at the feel of the marker on my bare skin as I struggled to keep my emotions in check.  
  
When she finished with that she inked numbers onto each of my hips, then spun me around so my backside faced the audience and began writing a final number on the small of my back. From this position I was able to see myself on one of the video monitors at the back of the stage and for the first time could identify the number she was giving me. Above my right breast she had written the number 9 .  
  
Nine? What the f\*ck? Where did she come up with nine? I remembered that stupid little joke where Kelly and I pretended to be competing for the number one, but even with Anna around it seemed like it shouldn't have been any lower than three. I knew it was silly to care about what number I was assigned, but for some reason this bugged me.   
  
Then the reason for it occurred to me. A higher number like one, two, or even three suggested greater importance. Barbara had made it clear to me that I was always going to be a lowly mailgirl and would never be allowed to rise above that station. Even in assigning me a number she wouldn't allow even a hint that I held a place of any importance in the mailgirl hierarchy. I was just a generic number nine.  
  
After she had finished Barbara spun me back around to face the crowd. "I know using a black marker is a bit old school, but this is the way Hiromoto Industries did it for years, so why reinvent the wheel?" Barbara replaced the cap on the pen and put it back in her jacket pocket. "Resume your standing position," she ordered. She then began pacing the stage as she spoke.  
  
"As you can see, this mailgirl has been assigned the number nine and this will be how she will be referred to at all times while on duty," Barbara said. "I know that some of you know Nine's name from her earlier time working for DDE in another capacity, but as a mailgirl you will always refer to her by her assigned number. This will be the case with all of the other mailgirls as well."  
  
As I stood on the stage in utter humiliation I looked up briefly and caught Stephanie's eye. The look of contempt on her face was unmistakeable and I quickly lowered my eyes again. I knew she believed that what I was taking part in was setting women's rights back a century and I can't say that I really blamed her for thinking that. Barbara was treating me as little more than a slave as she introduced her Mailgirls program, and in reality that's exactly what I was. There were few aspects of my life now that she didn't control and she'd promised me that her grip would only tighten over time.  
  
''Now I'm sure there are many questions involving the expansion of the mailgirls program to the rest of the DDE campus," Barbara continued, "but I believe the guide you've received will answer most of them. All DDE employees will be receiving a digital version of this guide in their email and a video of this presentation today will also be made available via company intranet to any employee who wants to view it. Obviously Nine's nudity in the video won't be considered Not Safe For Work so anyone who wants to view it on company computers will be free to do so."  
  
Oh my god, I thought, everyone in the company is going to see this! This should have filled me with despair, but instead it sent a fresh wave of arousal pulsing through me. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes as I struggled to control it. I desperately wished i could go somewhere private to bring myself off before I came in front of a live audience. Meanwhile Barbara continued her spiel without missing a beat.  
  
"There is one question I'd like to address, however, that I'm sure is on many people's mind. The elephant in the room, so to speak. Why the mandatory nudity for mailgirls?"  
  
"Because it's awesome!" a man shouted out from the back to much laughter around the auditorium.  
  
"Yes, that's true," Barbara replied with a laugh. "For some people that's reason enough. From the company's perspective, though, there are both practical and esoteric reasons for it. Let's start with the practical, beginning with uniform costs. There are none." This brought more laughter from the crowd. "There are no purchase costs, no cleaning costs, no replacement costs. Any uniform we provided would quickly become sweaty, smelly, and cause chafing throughout the course of the shift. This uniform, however," Barbara said, pointing to my nude body, "can be quickly cleaned whenever required."  
  
I continued to teeter on the brink of an orgasm as Barbara began walking back toward me. "In order to insure uniform cleanliness we are adding an inspection routine which may be ordered whenever a mailgirl is not currently enroute to a pickup or delivery. It involves a new stance known as the inspection position." She was standing directly in front of me now and as I looked up into her face I realized she knew exactly what was happening to me. "I believe I'll have Nine demonstrate it for you now," she said with a smile.  
  
I took another deep breath as I once again fought to bring myself back from the edge. "Nine, place your hands behind your head, elbows out," Barbara ordered. "Now spread your legs wider and lift up on your toes. Arch your back more." After I'd complied with all of these demands she stepped back away from me, providing the audience an unobstructed view of my body.   
  
This position was even more humiliating than the other two and left me feeling completely exposed and vulnerable. I began trembling as I continued to try to fight back my rising state of arousal. Meanwhile Barbara slowly walked to the back of the stage under the pretext of needing a sip of water leaving me alone, front and center, with every eye in the room on me. I knew what she was really doing was engaging in a type of silent torture hoping to force me to climax right there on stage. I didn't dare look up at all of those staring eyes and I somehow managed to hold on. Barbara finally returned and began to speak again.  
  
"So what will you be looking for on this inspection?" she asked the audience. "All body hair must be shaved prior to the beginning of each shift so there should be no stubble. Her makeup must not be too heavy or slutty looking and there should no streaks or runs. She must not be adorned by any jewelry. Light perspiration is okay but heavy sweat is not. Her hair should be clean and is not allowed to cover her breasts. She should be lightly perfumed and scented without either unpleasant body odor or smelling like she took a bath in cheap perfume."  
  
Barbara began slowly circling me now inspecting my body, close enough that I could smell the scent of her perfume. She'd almost completed the circuit when, with her back to the audience, she leaned in even closer as if to smell my hair. Instead she began blowing lightly in my right ear.   
  
This was all it took to finally send me over the edge. A moan escaped my lips as my body shook with a powerful orgasm. Somehow I managed to remain in the inspection position, but any hope that the audience hadn't realized what had just happened quickly disappeared as gasps and laughter spread throughout the room. I wanted the stage to open up and swallow me, but I remained there on display, humiliated beyond belief.  
  
Barbara backed away from me and turned to the audience. "I'm guessing that probably answers one of your questions about mailgirls and their feelings about public nudity," Barbara said as laughter rang through the auditorium. "Anyway that was an example of an inspection, although I doubt most mailgirls will react as enthusiastically to it as Nine did." More laughter swept through the room and I just wanted to crawl away somewhere and die.  
  
"Return to your standing position, Nine," Barbara ordered. "This mailgirl passed the inspection, by the way, although she probably could use a cold shower right now." More laughter. "But what if a mailgirl doesn't pass inspection?" Barbara asked the crowd, her voice returning to a more businesslike tone. "We've added a function to the Mailgirls app that will allow you to send her to the Mailgirls locker room to clean up and fix any problems in her uniform's appearance. The app will calculate a deadline for her to do this and return to you for a second inspection. If she also fails that inspection you can assign her demerits. Our demerit program is outlined in your guide."  
  
As I listened to Barbara I felt like I'd just been put through an emotional spin cycle. I knew that news of what had happened here would spread like wildfire throughout the company. And then there would be the video! How could I ever face anyone here again?

"There are several other practical reasons for the nudity," Barbara continued. "Ease of identity is one. No one will ever mistake a mailgirl for a regular employee and this helps us observe and monitor their performance. Another is security. Mailgirls are unhackable, every step of their movement is monitored, and they have a very limited capacity for hiding sensitive materials." This last statement brought another laugh.   
  
"But let's cut to the chase, shall we?" Barbara said to the crowd as she paced the stage. "Those aren't the real reasons for using naked delivery girls. Nudity is helpful, but I'm sure we could find perfectly acceptable alternative measures that would allow us to clothe our mailgirls if we wanted to." Barbara stopped pacing and faced the audience. "If you want the real reason we are employing nude mailgirls I can sum it up on one word. Sex." Nervous laughter and murmuring riffled through auditorium.  
  
"That's right. Sex. The sex drive is one of the most powerful motivational forces in human nature, probably the most powerful one after the basic needs of food, water, and shelter have been met. Sex permeates our lives and our thoughts. You saw a demonstration of that just a couple of minutes ago, although that wasn't actually a planned part of our program here today." More laughter.  
  
"Dumpster Dawg Enterprises was built on games and movies which prominently feature sex and nudity. We believe there is a tremendous amount of vitality and vigor to be derived from tapping into this sexual energy, something that modern corporate culture has attempted to leech from the workplace, creating sterile work environments that pretend its employees aren't sexual beings."   
  
Barbara walked over and stood next to me now. "Ever since Nine came up on stage almost every eye has been on her. I'm feeling quite ignored up here." This brought yet another laugh from the audience. "That's okay because she's a beautiful nude woman at the peak of her sexual desirability. It's only natural that your gaze is drawn to her. That's why mailgirls are allowed no modesty while on duty. We want them to be seen, to be looked at. We want to use their beautiful nude bodies to help us tap into this sexual energy."   
  
Barbara began striding the stage again, working the crowd like a revivalist preacher. "The nude female form has inspired artists for many centuries and we believe that it will inspire creativity, passion, and inspiration here at DDE. We also believe it will create a dynamic, vibrant work environment that will propel us to even greater heights. Every company that has adopted Hiromoto's Mailgirls program has seen measurable gains in productivity. Think about that. That seems counterintuitive, doesn't it? Nude women should be a distraction that hampers productivity rather than helps it, right? While it obviously can be a distraction to a point, that has proven to be more than compensated for by the increased motivation, vitality, and inspiration that the presence of beautiful nude women can provide."  
  
Barbara could sell ice to eskimos, I thought to myself as I listened to her speak. I had the sense that the crowd was totally buying into what she was saying.  
  
"Of course there are limits as to how far this sexual energy can be taken," Barbara continued. "As you know there are politicians and various busybodies who are watching our every move hoping to take us down and put a halt to the scourge of naked women in the workplace. In employing nude couriers we know we are perching ourselves on a thin ledge concerning sexual harassment laws so it's vital that we not cross any legal lines. Tapping into that sexual energy while not violating any legal statutes is the task and the challenge before us. The mailgirls' mandatory nudity clearly separates them from any other DDE employee group and it's important to recognize and maintain that separation at all times. There can be no half measures regarding this."  
  
Barbara was dialed in now and had the audiences rapt attention. She walked to the front of the stage and scanned the crowd. "Listen to what I have to say now as if your jobs depended on it, because they do. Because of their nudity and the potential for sexual harassment issues, mailgirls will be considered a different class than any other employee group at DDE and must be treated that way. They are not your friends, or colleagues, or co-workers and there will be no fraternization with them while on duty. This is for your protection as well as theirs."  
  
Barbara paused briefly and you could hear a pin drop in the auditorium. "Mailgirls will be defined as a servant class here at DDE and as such their role will be strictly defined and monitored, as will your interactions with them. For the purpose of efficiency every employee in the company, from the CEO down to a new hire janitor, will be considered their superior. Mailgirls will be expected to perform their duties with an attitude of humble servitude and must address everyone as 'sir' or 'ma'am.' Any deviation from the strict rules and guidelines laid down for them may result in demerits and subsequent punishment. I know that probably sounds harsh to some, but this has been put in place because of the unique nature of their job and to protect the company."  
  
"Insolence and insubordination will absolutely not be tolerated by a mailgirl and will be severely punished," she said to the crowd, although I'm sure it was also meant for my ears. As if on cue, she turned and looked directly at me. "Mailgirl Nine here, for instance, walked into my office one day fully dressed and attempted to challenge my authority. As a consequence of that blatant insubordination she has been permanently banned from ever wearing clothes again within a DDE building. Since Mailgirls is the only department within the complex allowing nudity, Nine will never be promoted or transferred and will remain a mailgirl for as long as she is employed by DDE." A murmur went through the crowd. Already humiliated by my orgasm, my shame increased even further as I stood in front of all of these people who had once been my colleagues and listened to Barbara tell them how I was being punished for being a bad little mailgirl. Would this damn meeting never end?  
  
After what seemed like forever, Barbara finally shifted her gaze from me back to the audience. "Nudity is the mailgirls uniform and another of its purposes is to provide a constant reminder to them, and you, of their place. Whenever you or they attempt to breach the wall that divides you, it places the company at risk and will not be tolerated. I know in this day and age when everyone is supposed to be both a special snowflake and the equal to everyone else, it sounds shocking for a company to relegate a group of employees to being a servant class. DDE, however, was not built on political correctness."   
  
Barbara paused again and only the sound of a nervous cough broke the silence. She did a slow circuit around me and it was all I could do to keep from squirming as her eyes bore into me. "So what exactly are the rules for interacting with a mailgirl like Nine here?" she asked finally. "You'll find more details in the guide but for the purposes of this meeting I'll keep them simple. You can look but don't touch, don't use any suggestive language or sexual slurs in speaking to them, address them by their assigned number rather than by name, and don't fraternize with them or treat them as colleagues or equals and don't allow them to do this with you. There will be zero tolerance for violating these policies."  
  
Barbara turned away from me and faced the audience again. 'Two tower employees have already been fired for violating these policies," she said. "One was a seventh floor executive who was pushing the envelope in using suggestive and inappropriate language and the other was a third floor employee whose desk was next to a mailgirls mat and was becoming overly familiar and chatty with the girls."  
  
Thomas! The bitch had fired the sweet, gentle, happy-go-lucky guy from Montserrat because he was becoming too friendly to me? I knew immediately this was another shot across my bow intended to keep me obedient and isolated. I looked up angrily at Barbara as she turned and locked eyes with me. I tried to hold her gaze but only lasted a few seconds before lowering my my eyes again again to the floor. I was in a battle I knew I couldn't win.  
  
Barbara turned back to the audience. "I want to reiterate, mailgirls are here to be your servants; not your friends, not your colleagues, not your equals. They are definitely not here to be your sexual playtoys either. Any inappropriate touching, groping, grabbing, fondling, or crude and suggestive language are violations of the state's sexual harassment policies and will lead to punishment up to and including termination. Fair warning."  
  
The mood of the crowd was subdued now as Barbara took another brief pause for a sip of water. After returning to the front of the stage she broke into a smile as she addressed them again. "So now that we've gotten that out of the way, let's get back to the fun stuff. I've been authorized to increase our staff of mailgirls from three to twenty-four so that means there will soon be a lot of beautiful naked women running around. I want to fill as many of these positions as possible in house with current DDE employees so I'm going to need your help in finding and recruiting potential candidates. As an incentive we will be offering a $10,000 bonus for every girl you send us that we hire and signs a binding two year contract." This definitely helped lighten the mood of the crowd, but as she spoke my mind drifted off in thoughts of my present and future.   
  
I'm a naked slave girl, I thought, with little control over my life. My name has been replaced by a number, I've humiliated myself today in front of the entire company, I can be bound and whipped at Barbara's whim, and I have no idea when or if I'll be allowed to wear clothes again. I'm not even sure anymore if I have the power or will to leave after my contract is up so this could go on indefinitely.  
  
All of this should have left me in a state of depression and despair, but instead I felt a sense of excitement and adventure about my future. Am I crazy, I wondered? Did some of my wiring come loose somewhere along the line during my upbringing? Are there other submissive women who would trade places with me in a heartbeat? I suspected there were.  
  
Barbara continued on for another thirty minutes or so discussing the Mailgirls program and her plans for the future, revealing even more humiliating aspects of it. Not only had the rumors about the company pulling the plug on the program been wrong but Barbara seemed even more emboldened now to push the limits of it as far as possible. Through it all I stood there naked on the stage being gawked at by the crowd and not once was I ever asked to utter a single word.  
  
As always I was merely just a prop in Barbara's play.

**Confessions if a Mailgirl - Part 33**

**A MEETING TO REMEMBER**  
Kelly and Anna were already in Barbara's office kneeling naked on the floor when I arrived there. I joined them on the floor and they both did a double take when they turned and saw me with a cell phone strapped to my arm and the number "9" inked on my body.  
  
"Mmkay," Kelly said. "So are you going to tell us about this or is it a big secret, Danica? Or should I call you number nine?"  
  
"Nine," I said.   
  
After Barbara's extravaganza had finally, thankfully ended in Auditorium A she had ordered me to return to her office for a Mailgirls' meeting. "I'll be along in a bit, Nine," she had said. "Tell Anna and Kelly everything you saw and heard here. It'll save me time when I get there."  
  
So I told them everything. Everything except about my onstage orgasm anyway, although I figured they'd hear about it soon enough.  
  
''Holy shit!" was all Kelly could say after I'd finished. Anna didn't say anything although I could tell by her face she was trying to process everything. "So why the number nine?" Kelly asked.  
  
"To keep me in my place," I told her.  
  
Just then Barbara swept into the room past us without acknowledging our presence, sat at her desk, and began working on her laptop. There was nothing for us to do but remain kneeling submissively, waiting for her to speak. After a few minutes she finally finished up whatever it was she was working on, then rose to her feet and walked over and stood above us.  
  
"Did Nine tell you everything?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Kelly and Anna replied in unison.  
  
"Good," she said. "So you know there are a lot of changes coming. I called this meeting to talk about the immediate future for each of the three of you." Barbara still seemed full of adrenaline from her stage performance and began pacing around the room as she spoke.  
  
"Nine will begin working the rest of the complex outside of the tower beginning immediately since she's the only one who'll have the new MMU until we get a shipment in from Tokyo in a week or so. Mailgirls won't go live outside of the tower until next Monday but in the meantime she will go around to every department and every floor in each building and let herself be seen, answer any questions, and let them test out the app. Nine, you will give each department as much time as they need. Begin with your old department in marketing."  
  
Barbara paused for a moment to let that sink in and to see if I had any reaction to it. Obviously I did have a reaction to it, especially after what Stephanie had witnessed happen to me on stage today, which I'm sure she'd already told everyone about. Apparently I hadn't suffered enough humiliation for one day to suit Barbara so of course she had to immediately send me to face my old friends. I fought to keep my real feelings hidden, though. "Yes, ma'am," was all I said.  
  
"Nine, you'll also begin using the new Mailgirls' locker room starting tomorrow," she said. "Anna and Kelly will continue to use the old one for now." This was the first I'd even heard that there was a new Mailgirls' locker room.  
  
"And where is that, ma'am?" I asked.  
  
"North wing, fifth floor, Development Room A," she replied. I was surprised about the placement of it on the top floor of the north wing since I'd been expecting it to be in a basement somewhere like the one in the tower and the one at Hiromoto headquarters. It took me a few seconds of mentally going over the floor plans and department locations before I realized where she was talking about.  
  
"Do you mean the floor where 'Gangsta' is developed, ma'am?" I asked, hoping I was wrong.  
  
"That's right," Barbara replied. "That's the game series that built this company and is still our flagship product and biggest earner so, as a perk and a reward, we've constructed the new Mailgirls' locker room in an unused part of the floor. You can reach it by using the service stairs in the north wing. Except for a few managers, no one on the floor knows what it is. They've just been told its new bathroom facilities. You'll get to inaugurate it tomorrow morning," she said with a smirk.  
  
Oh my god, I thought, thinking of the two way mirror I was certain would be there. I'll be showering in front of a room full of computer geeks!  
  
Barbara waited for a response from me, but when I didn't provide one she moved on. "With the expansion of the Mailgirls' operation I'll be turning over the handling of day to day operations to Donna Haverly. She's been with the company for eleven years and has a great deal of managerial experience. She'll be working out of Hector Flores' old office on the seventh floor and I'm going to need one of you to assist her with her administrative duties, and in the hiring and training of new mailgirls. Anna I'm going to assign that to you."  
  
I knew Barbara wasn't going allow me to perform any administrative duties, but I think Anna was as shocked as both Kelly and I that she was the one chosen. Kelly, after all, had an MBA degree and had been in the company's managerial development program prior to all of this. Anna was fresh out of high school and had been an unpaid intern until just recently.  
  
"You want me to do it, ma'am?" Anna asked. "Danica and Kelly have a lot more...."  
  
"Yes, I want you to do it, Anna," Barbara interrupted. "I'm also assigning you the number one as a mailgirl. You won't need to wear the number or the MMU while you're assisting Donna, but you will be be nude. I'm also rescinding your clothing ban away from work and will be giving you the key to the condo so you can come and go as you please. With your mother in rehab I'm also going to end the security escort for now."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Anna replied. "And what about Danica?"  
  
"Nine," Barbara responded sharply. "You'll refer to her as Nine from now on while on duty."  
  
"Yes, ma'am. What about Nine?"  
  
"I'm making Nine's clothing ban permanent. She'll need permission from me to wear clothes and I normally won't give it unless it's for a doctor or dentist appointment, something like that."  
  
"So she won't be able to leave the condo, ma'am?" Anna asked.  
  
"She can leave anytime she wants," Barbara responded. "There are no state laws prohibiting nudity, and the local laws here are generally unenforced, especially if it involves a nude female. I doubt local law enforcement will give Nine any problems, especially around this area where DDE is the largest employer. In fact I want her naked from now on during the walk to and from work. Anna, you'll be escorting her and I want you dressed while you're doing it."  
  
So there it is, I thought. I'm going to be permanently nude. A flood of conflicting emotions flooded through me, including the familiar tingling of arousal. The more that Barbara took away from me, the more intense this emotional roller coaster became. The idea of being forced to live without access to any clothes actually filled me with excitement rather than dread or fear, though, and I wondered once again what it was that drove me to feel this way.  
  
"I don't have any clothes, ma'am," Anna said. "I was wearing Danica's...I mean Nine's clothes and you gave them away."  
  
"Then go shopping, Anna. You're making good money now. I'll get a dress for you to wear until you buy some clothes. They're to be your clothes though, Anna, Nine doesn't touch them." I noticed that Barbara was still referring to Anna by her name rather than by number.  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"One more thing, Anna," Barbara said to her, "whenever you're off duty and I'm not around, you will be in control of Nine. She will obey your commands as if they were my own. Is that understood?"  
  
Anna hesitated for a moment before answering. "Umm...yes, ma'am. I guess so."  
  
"There's no guesswork about it, Anna. Nine is to obey you, both at work and elsewhere. Is that understood?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Anna replied.  
  
"Good," she said, "now go report to Donna's office on the seventh floor."  
  
I was reeling at the revelation of this latest directive as Anna got up and left the room. I'd expected to still have some degree of freedom while away from work but now it looked like Barbara was determined to strip even that from me, too. Would there be any aspect of my life where I'd have any independence? Barbara quickly turned her attention to Kelly.  
  
"Kelly, you'll be assigned the number two and you'll continue to work the tower until further notice," Barbara said to her. "Any questions?" I knew that being passed over by Anna - not to mention being given the number two - had to be rankling Kelly. I just hoped she'd be smart enough to keep her mouth shut about it. No such luck.  
  
"Yes, ma'am, I do have a question," Kelly said. Uh oh, I thought. This won't go well.  
  
"Alright Two, let's hear it," Barbara replied emphasizing the "Two."   
  
"Why Anna?" Kelly asked. 'I mean she's a nice girl, but she has no background or training in managerial or administrative work. Haven't I done all you've asked, ma'am?"  
  
"Actually you've done a lot more than I asked, Kelly," Barbara responded tartly. "I didn't ask you to call me an asshole during your so-called 'panic attack,' but you did. I didn't ask you to constantly bitch about me behind my back to anyone who would listen, but you did. And I didn't ask you to leave work without permission to go to my condo to confess your sins to Nine, but you did. And those are the just the things I know about. I never asked you to do any of those things did I?"  
  
Kelly didn't respond, having figured out too late to keep her mouth shut. Barbara was just getting started, though.  
  
'Kelly, I've given you a lot of rope over the past three months and all you've done is tie it into a noose. When I was deciding what number to assign you I was going to give you something in the double digits, hell maybe even triple digits. Then I remembered what bodily function the number two represents and I decided that would be perfect for you." Barbara walked over and stood directly over Kelly now.  
  
"Here's what's going to happen, Kelly," she continued. "You're going to finish out the rest of your contract as Mailgirl #2; then you're going to take your money and go away. You'd better remain a non-entity for the rest of that time because if I hear of any more problems from you I'll run you off the property myself and have company lawyers hound you for every last dime of penalties owed in the contract. Have I made myself clear?"  
  
"Y-yes, ma'am," Kelly responded, choking back a sob.   
  
"Now get the hell out of here and get back to work, Two," Barbara commanded. "I never want to see you or hear from you again. The next time you're told to report to this office will be the last time."  
  
My heart went out to Kelly as she leapt to her feet and rushed out of the room. Despite everything, I still felt sorry for her. She'd mistakenly believed that her assistance in helping Barbara recruit me and start up the Mailgirls program would be rewarded, but was now discovering she was just a minnow swimming in shark-infested waters. It had taken her awhile but she'd finally come clean to me about her role and I felt bad now about having turned my back on her. She'd made mistakes but I still needed her as a friend, especially now.  
  
I was alone with Barbara now and my anxiety began rising after hearing how harshly she had dealt with Kelly. Did she have more humiliating revelations planned for me? Another whipping session? Instead, she removed her shoes, then her jacket and surprised me by kneeling on the carpet in front of me. A bright smile lit up her face as I looked up at her.   
  
"You were fantastic today, Danica," she said, calling me by my name. 'You're everything I'd hoped you would be and much, much more." I had no idea how to respond to that so I didn't. Barbara reached out and began gently stroking my cheek.  
  
"I know I pushed you to your limits today but I only did it because I believed you could handle it, and you did," she said with a smile. "I'm going to keep doing that, but I want you to know that whatever I say publicly or how I treat you, that you're not a non-entity or a number to me. You're a bright, beautiful woman Danica and you're very special to me. I don't ever want you to forget that. I just want you to experience your submissive nature to its fullest."  
  
Barbara leaned in and kissed my forehead, then slid her lips down and held them directly in front of mine. I could feel her breath on my face and the smell of her perfume filled my senses as I trembled in anticipation. Before me was the most intelligent, charismatic, and confident woman I'd ever known and I was being irresistibly drawn into her orbit by the sheer force of her gravitational pull. I knew now that I wanted her more than I'd ever wanted anyone. When I could no longer stand it I leaned in and began hungrily kissing her.  
  
Barbara pulled away, denying me her lips. She was torturing me yet again. She stroked my face one last time then rose to her feet.  
  
"Go Nine," she ordered. "Go see your friends."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 34**

**FRIENDS**  
As I exited Barbara's office I was more confused than ever. Confused about myself, my life, my feelings toward Barbara. What the hell had just happened in there? How was it possible that after spending the morning humiliating me in front of several hundred DDE managers and supervisors, treating me like little more than a shiny new product the company was rolling out, Barbara had been able to ignite an intense desire for her with just a few kind words? Was this similar to a Stockholm syndrome situation where a hostage begins to bond with their captor? Was Barbara counting on this bonding as part of her plan to keep me enslaved here as a mailgirl long after my original contract had expired, as she had confidently told me was going to happen?  
  
The truth is that I'd been fascinated by Barbara from the start and that had only grown over time. Her keen intelligence, unshakeable self confidence, and the way she cooly handled problems as they arose were all attributes that I'd grown to admire and envy. She was also undeniably attractive, the very image of a beautiful and powerful businesswoman as if cast in the role by a Hollywood director. And now I'd also discovered that she had a charismatic stage presence as well. Despite being used as a naked prop, I couldn't help but admire the potent and articulate way she had sold her vision for the Mailgirls program today.  
  
But then there was Barbara's dark side. Her lies and manipulations, using people as pawns to be moved around her personal chessboard. The way she had tossed Kelly out like the morning trash after she was no longer useful to her. Her hypocrisy in telling the audience today that there would be zero tolerance for sexual harassment after she'd already gagged, whipped, and tied me up in her own office. And now I knew she was manipulating Anna as well, planning to use her as a surrogate to control me while I was away from work.  
  
I couldn't deny now, though, that I felt a growing attraction for Barbara despite this dark side. Hell, maybe even because of it. Being under the control of a puppet master who could expertly pull my strings without any moral qualms about it - and with no easy way for me to sever those strings - was both frightening and exciting to me.  
  
As I walked through the ninth floor trying to wrap my head around everything I saw Kelly kneeling on the Mailgirls mat looking shaken and despondent. I wasn't on any kind of deadline to get to Marketing so I decided to make a detour. I walked over and kneeled beside her, then reached a hand out and placed it in hers. Kelly turned to look at me with tears in her eyes.  
  
"I'm so sorry, Danica," she said, "I've totally f\*cked everything up for you. It's all my fault."  
  
"No it isn't, Kelly," I said to her. "I'm a big girl. It's long past time for me to own my mistakes and quit blaming you. You never put a gun to my head to make me do anything." I squeezed her hand. "You're my friend, Kelly, and I need you now more than ever."  
  
"Thank you," she said choking back a sob as she reached up with her free hand to wipe her eyes. As we knelt together hand in hand on the mat I thought back to the beginning of all of this. I hadn't really known Kelly well back then, but the two of us had shared experiences as DDE's first two mailgirls that no one else could fully understand, not even Anna. As Barbara slowly stripped away everything I possessed I realized it was more important than ever that Kelly remain a part of my life. I especially valued her opinions since she had a way of cutting through the bullshit when it came to Barbara.  
  
My presence seemed to help Kelly compose herself. After a bit she looked around to make sure no one was nearby listening, then said in a low voice, "You know all of that crap about the condo, and the permanent nudity and Anna being in charge of you away from work? Barbara can't really make you do that. As long as you show up to work and fulfill your contract, she can't say squat about what you do away from here. You should tell her to go piss up a rope."  
  
"I know," I said, "but she'd just use Anna as leverage. She'd threaten to fire her or send her back to her mother or something like that to get me back into line." I thought about whether I wanted to go any deeper than that, but decided if Kelly and I were going to remain friends I'd try to be as honest with her as I could. "Besides," I said, "I want to obey her. I know it sounds crazy but I want her to force me to obey her."  
  
Kelly nodded her head. "Yeah, I thought so. You're really into this humiliation and submission crap aren't you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Well, you definitely came to the right place for that," she said. "DDE must be nirvana for you. So what's going to happen if someday you're not so into it anymore or Barbara goes too far?"  
  
"I'll leave," I said.  
  
"Really?" Kelly asked. "You think you'll be able to just walk away? You're in the spider's web now, girl. The longer you're in it the harder it will be to escape."  
  
"I know," I said. "Believe me I'm not blind to what Barbara is capable of, but if that time comes I've got to have faith in myself that I can find a way out without letting her screw up my life." As I said that it felt like I was trying to convince myself of it as much as I was Kelly.  
  
"I hope you're right," Kelly said. "Personally I think you're making a mistake, though. She's already got you by the short and curlies here at work so why grant her that power away from work?" Just then her watch lit up alerting her to a pickup order. "Gotta go," she said as she smiled at me, squeezed my hand, and gave me a peck on the cheek.   
  
As she was getting to her feet I said, "Kelly, just do what Barbara told you. Lay low, don't cause any problems, then get the hell out of here when your contract is up."  
  
"That's my plan," she said. "I'll be as invisible as a naked girl can possibly be."   
  
After she was gone I reluctantly rose to my feet and began walking toward the stairs. I was thankful for having had the chance to talk to Kelly but was dreading the humiliation tour of the Marketing department that lay ahead of me. I'd seen my old friends from there only once since becoming a mailgirl and that hadn't gone well at all. Whatever respect they'd had for me had evaporated into a mixture of contempt, condescension, and lecherous amusement at my new role. And they hadn't even seen me naked yet.  
  
As I walked through the ninth floor it struck me how much things had changed here in the tower in the past three months. At first the presence of a nude mailgirl had pretty much brought all work to a halt, but now it barely created a ripple. I can't say that I was no longer being noticed, but these people had seen me naked so many times that I'd become a normal part of their work environment. Most of them just gave me a glance as I went by before returning to whatever it was they were doing.  
  
I knew it would be very different in the rest of the complex, though, at least for awhile. Most of the several thousand DDE employees working outside of the tower had never seen a live mailgirl and Barbara had made sure I'd be the first and only one they'd see for now.  
  
I made my way down the tower stairs to the third floor, then to the entrance door to the south wing. Marketing was on the opposite side of the wing so I had a long walk through "virgin territory" to get there.   
  
But the walk through the south wing in front of dozens of people getting their first look at a mailgirl was the easy part of my task. Too soon I stood outside of the familiar doors leading into the Marketing and Sales department dreading what I knew lay beyond those doors. This was a moment I'd known would eventually happen, but now that it was here I desperately wanted to be almost anywhere else. This was where I'd started my career at DDE and had spent nearly a year of my life here. I couldn't have imagined back then that someday I'd walk through these doors completely naked in the middle of a busy work day.  
  
Starting out in the tower had probably made it easier for me to transition from DDE's management development program to mailgirl since very few employees there had known me previously. Most of the people working in the tower have never seen me with clothes on and, if Barbara has her way, never will. Beyond these doors, though, that's not the case. Here I'd once been a colleague, valued employee, friend, and equal. Now I was returning as an inferior who'd been permanently consigned to menial delivery tasks while serving as naked eye candy. I doubted I'd be able to look any of them in the eye now, even if company policy didn't prohibit it.  
  
You'd think that after three months of constant nudity at work I'd be fairly jaded about it by now, but that's just not the case. Oh, I'd obviously become more accustomed to it over time but there's always a point in every day that it strikes me just how bizarre and surreal this really is. It's something I'm always conscious of as I go about my duties. My nudity affects every interaction I have with other DDE employees. It's what clearly separates me from them and Barbara had sought to widen that chasm at every opportunity. By stripping mailgirls of their right to wear clothes it had made it easier for her to convince others that we weren't really one of them, that we were a sub-class undeserving of the rights or respect of other DDE employees. Strapping electronic leashes to us in the form of smart watches or phones that monitored and controlled everything we did only reinforced this, as did a demerit system that could be used to punish us for any deviations from the rigid and arbitrary rules set for us.  
  
Hiromoto had used his wealth and power to exploit loopholes in labor laws to cleverly create the modern day equivalent of a slave girl class within a corporate structure. Mariko had managed to mitigate this somewhat by offering herself up to Hiromoto to protect the other girls, but Barbara had no such restraint in pushing the limits of this concept as far as she could. By using nudity waivers, contracts, and carefully navigating through loopholes in labor and sexual harassment laws she had successfully created her own slave girl class right here at DDE. And now she had ordered me to parade naked in front of my former friends and colleagues. It was such a delicious humiliation that she hadn't been able to resist it for even a single day once the expansion of the Mailgirls program to the rest of the complex had made it possible.  
  
It was with the full knowledge that I was a lowly slave girl that I reluctantly, and with a knot in my stomach, pushed open the door to present myself to my old friends and new masters.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 35**

**OLD FRIENDS, NEW MASTERS**  
I stood inside the doors of DDE's Marketing department momentarily paralyzed, unable to take another step. To be standing nude in such a familiar area had a greater effect on me than I could have imagined and for the first time in ages I had to fight an overwhelming urge to cover myself. I was in a corridor that led past several offices on each side then opened up into a large floor filled with desks and cubicles which is where I'd once worked. The view of that area was limited from here so no one had seen me yet, but even a glimpse of it had left me frozen in place, unable to move. The idea of walking in there like this, totally naked with a phone strapped to my arm and the number 9 inked on various spots on my body, suddenly seemed completely insane.  
  
On my immediate left was Sanjeev Singh's office, the man who'd once been my immediate boss. I could see him through the glass working at his desk, totally oblivious to my presence. Since Sanjeev had been at Barbara's presentation today, along with Stephanie, I decided I'd start there since he'd already seen me like this anyway. I took a deep breath to calm myself, then walked to the door and entered his office.  
  
Sanjeev looked up at me with a stunned look on his face and it was clear he had no idea I'd be coming here. I assumed my required stance with my hands behind my back and my feet spread. "Danica?" he said in a puzzled tone. "I did not order a Mailgirl delivery."  
  
"No sir, Barbara Anderson sent me here. And please refer to me as Nine, sir."  
  
"Yes, of course. Nine. That will take some getting used to I think." Sanjeev was clearly flustered by my sudden appearance.  
  
Sanjeev was in his late 30's with flecks of gray in his thick dark hair. He had a thin runner's build and had actually competed in the 2000 Olympics in Sydney in the 10,000 meters. Born and raised in Jaipur, India he'd attended college in the U.S. and had been with DDE for about eight years. Despite his years in the U.S. he still spoke English with a pronounced Indian accent. Sanjeev had been a pretty good boss, although he was quiet and somewhat remote. It was always hard to get a read him so I had no idea what his true feelings were about me or the Mailgirls program. He wasn't one to rock the boat, though, so he'd go along with whatever he was instructed to do by the tower.  
  
"And why did Barbara send you here?" he asked.  
  
"I'm supposed to go to every department this week and answer questions and assist them with learning to use the Mailgirls app, sir."  
  
"Ah, I see. I believe I understand how everything works and have been reading the literature," he said, holding up the Mailgirls Service Guide that had been handed out at the presentation earlier.  
  
"Yes sir," I said, and for a moment I thought I might be able to get out of here without having to face any of the others. That hope was quickly crushed.  
  
"There are some people out on the floor who have authorization to use the service so perhaps you could go talk to them to see if they need any help," he added.  
  
My heart sank. "Yes sir, I'll do that. Is there anything else you require?"  
  
"No, Nine. You can go."  
  
"Yes sir," I said as I turned and exited the office. Back in the corridor I looked toward the main floor area with dread and had to fight an overwhelming desire to run out of here back to my comfort zone in the tower. As I struggled to find the courage to face my old colleagues, the door in the office opposite Sanjeev's opened and I was shocked to see Stephanie emerge from it with a bright smile on her face. I glanced at the name on the door and realized that she'd been promoted to an assistant manager position since I'd left. That's why she'd been at the presentation today.  
  
"Well look who's here," Stephanie said with a laugh. "It's Mailgirl Nine!"  
  
I fought to compose myself, terribly embarrassed to be standing in front of my former friend like this. "Y-yes ma'am," I stammered. "I was ordered to report here and answer any questions you may have about the Mailgirls program."  
  
"Oh I don't have any questions about it," she said with a smirk. "I understand your role perfectly. I think we should present you to the rest of the gang, though. I'm sure they'd love to see you in your new uniform." Stephanie then reached up and placed each of my already hard nipples between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and began teasing them out to even greater prominence. "I just want to make sure these are nice and perky," she said as I stood there in shock. "I think it adds a nice touch to your uniform." When she was done she slapped me hard on the ass. "Follow me, Nine," she commanded as she walked down the corridor toward the open floor of the department.  
  
If I hadn't felt debased and degraded before I definitely did now as I followed behind her. As we walked onto the Marketing department's main floor I began seeing familiar faces reacting to my appearance. There's definitely something different about being nude in front of people you know and it heightened my embarrassment far beyond what I normally felt in the tower. Stephanie continued to lead me until we reached an open area in the middle of the floor. "Everyone to me," she said loudly, and people from throughout the office began gathering around us. The employees here were relatively young, mostly in their twenties and early thirties, and the atmosphere tended to be more casual than in the tower.  
  
"Get in your standing position, Nine," Stephanie ordered and I quickly obeyed. I lowered my eyes to the floor, unable to meet the gaze of my co-workers. I saw that my nipples remained prominently extended and felt myself becoming moist which only added to my shame. If the presentation on stage today had been my ultimate humiliation up to now, this was even worse.   
  
"I'm sure you guys know that Sanjeev and I went to a Mailgirls meeting today," she said to the gathered group. "I'm also sure you recognize Mailgirl Nine here. She was on the fast track to success but decided she preferred a career as a mailgirl instead." There was some snickering and laughter, but I kept my eyes glued to the floor trying vainly to imagine I was somewhere else. "Since we're going to start using mailgirls next Monday I thought I'd pass on a few things I learned today. The first thing you need to know is that mailgirls don't have names they have numbers. You have to call them by their number even if you know their name."  
  
"That seems pretty f\*cked up," I heard a familiar voice say. It was Gary, the only one of my friends who'd been somewhat nice to me at a party I'd attended after becoming a mailgirl.   
  
"It's company policy, Gary. We have to be able to identify them so we can give them demerits if they're being bad mailgirls," Stephanie replied sarcastically. "And Nine here has been a very bad mailgirl so she's been permanently banned from ever wearing clothes again on DDE property."  
  
"Really?" a woman named Tamara said with a laugh. "That's pretty crazy!"  
  
"Crazy but true," Stephanie said. "She's going to be a permanent mailgirl, isn't that right, Nine?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I responded. Whatever friendship had been between us was obviously over as Stephanie spoke of me in the most demeaning and spiteful way possible.  
  
"So she has to call you ma'am?" Tamara asked. "And why is she standing like that?"   
  
"She's a little servant girl so she has to call everyone sir or ma'am," Stephanie said. "And that's how she's supposed to stand when she's waiting for orders." I was reduced to being a naked prop again as Stephanie and others talked about me like I wasn't there.   
  
"You can also make her kneel," Stephanie continued. "Show them, Nine." I got down on the floor in my kneeling position.   
  
"Wow, that's freaking hot," I heard Tom say, another of my former friends.  
  
"You haven't seen anything yet, Tom," Stephanie laughed. "Nine, get in your inspection position."  
  
I groaned inwardly as I rose to my feet, spread my legs, lifted up on my toes, and placed my hands behind my neck. I was surrounded on every side by my former co-workers with every inch of my body exposed. Earlier I'd had to fight off arousal while in this position but now I was on the verge of sobbing. What had I ever done to Stephanie that she would turn on me like this and treat me in such a demeaning manner? I'm sure she'd been badmouthing me to everyone here ever since I'd become a mailgirl and I wondered now if we'd ever really been friends.  
  
"We have the right to inspect a mailgirl's uniform," Stephanie continued, "and you can send her to the shower to get cleaned up if she's too smelly or sweaty. Nine here loves being inspected so much that she had an orgasm on stage today while it was being demonstrated." This brought a reaction from the crowd and she gleefully went into great detail describing everything surrounding that humiliating moment. I felt like I was trapped in a nightmare as almost everyone, at Stephanie's urging, took out their phones and began taking pictures and videos of me from every angle, hoping for a repeat performance. When it didn't happen, Stephanie finally moved on.  
  
"One thing I have to warn you about, though, is you can't sexually harass the mailgirls," she said. "No inappropriate touching even if she's begging for it. And no matter what you think of Nine, you can't call her a whore, or a slut, or a twat, or a skank."  
  
"Alright, that's enough," I heard Sanjeev Singh say. I looked up and realized for the first time that he'd been observing everything from the background. "Everyone back to their desks. Stephanie and Nine follow me to my office please."  
  
As I entered Sanjeev's office I wasn't sure what to expect. "You may kneel on the floor, Nine," he said. "Stephanie, take a seat." Sanjeev sat down behind his desk. "Stephanie," he said turning to her, "I have been looking over all the material and I believe you would be a good candidate for the company's Mailgirls program."  
  
"What?" Stephanie laughed. "You've got to be joking."  
  
"Not at all," he replied in that Indian accent of his. "You have a very attractive face and figure and I believe you would be an ideal candidate to become a mailgirl. It pays quite well, also. More than you're earning now along with a $50,000 bonus up front for signing a two year contract. I plan on submitting your name for consideration."  
  
"Submit all you want, Sanjeev, but there's no way in hell I would ever do that no matter how much it pays."  
  
Sanjeev leaned back in his chair. "Alright, let's discuss the alternative then, Stephanie. I just witnessed you placing both of your hands on this mailgirl's breasts and slapping her on the rear out in the hallway. And then you called her a slut and a whore, among other things, out on the floor." The color drained from Stephanie's face as he spoke.  
  
"Um, I was just having some fun with her," she replied nervously. "I'm sure she didn't mind it. And I was telling the others to not call her those names."  
  
"Please," Sanjeev said, "do you think I am stupid? Those are clear violations of the company's sexual harassment policies as spelled out for you by Barbara Anderson in today's meeting. I am sure you understand the consequences."  
  
"What the hell is this, Sanjeev?" Stephanie responded angrily. "Are you trying to blackmail me? Is this about getting that $10,000 bonus?"  
  
Sanjeev turned to me now. "Danica," he said calling me by name, "would you like to file a sexual harassment claim against Stephanie? I will back you up if you do."  
  
I suppose I could have taken the high road, turned the other cheek, and felt some sympathy for my ex-friend. Instead I responded almost instantly with "Yes sir, I would." After what had just happened out on the floor I wasn't in a forgiving mood.  
  
"Very well then, I'll start the paperwork. Unfortunately I believe this will end with your termination, Stephanie. I'm also afraid that being fired for cause will make you ineligible for unemployment benefits or severance pay."  
  
"Wait a minute, Sanjeev, please," Stephanie replied desperately. "I'm sorry. I won't do it again, I promise."  
  
"I am sorry, but Danica wishes to file a complaint so I must act on it. Perhaps she would allow you the opportunity to talk to Barbara about an alternative career opportunity as a mailgirl in exchange for dropping her claim?"  
  
"Yes sir, I would," I said to him, "provided she signs a two year Mailgirl contract."  
  
Stephanie eyes began desperately moving from me to Sanjeev to the door and back again as if searching for an escape from her trap. Finally she slumped resignedly into her chair. "I'll talk to Barbara Anderson," she said quietly. "I'm not signing anything, though. I just want to explain things to her."  
  
"Alright," Sanjeev said. "I will see if I can arrange a meeting this afternoon with Barbara so you can discuss your future with her, Stephanie."  
  
Knowing Barbara as I did, I had no doubt whatsoever how that meeting would turn out.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 36**

**SECOND THOUGHTS**  
After being dismissed from Sanjeev's office I suddenly realized how hungry I was. Between Barbara's presentation, the meeting in her office, and the craziness that just took place in Marketing, I'd missed my lunch break. Normally every second of my day at work had been governed by my smart watch, but the phone now strapped to my arm hadn't issued me any orders and I wasn't even sure if it was active yet. Without something to tell me where to go, what to do, and how much time I was allowed to do it, I was feeling a little unmoored.  
  
I decided to go back to the tower to eat my lunch and began making my way back through the south wing. Without a pickup or delivery deadline to meet I felt like just a naked girl walking through a busy office complex as fully clothed people gawked at me. Of course that's exactly what I was, but when I was performing my mailgirls' duties I at least had a sense of purpose and a goal to focus on. With only vague instructions from Barbara to guide me right now, I felt an odd longing for the return of an electronic leash that would control my every step throughout the workday.  
  
It was also strange how much more comfortable I felt once I got back into the tower. After three months here the places and faces had grown familiar and I'd learned to navigate these waters without sinking. Even though the tower employees would never accept me as one of them, it still felt a little like home. The rest of the DDE complex remained a strange and foreign land for a naked mailgirl.  
  
I went down to the makeshift locker room in the basement and decided to take a shower. As I was soaping myself it struck me that this might be the last time I'd be able to do this with some semblance of privacy. Tomorrow I'd be "inaugurating" the new Mailgirls locker room and would be showering in front of an audience. I desperately wished that things could continue on as they were with just Kelly, Anna, and me working the tower. If I could only do that I thought I might be willing to keep working as a mailgirl indefinitely. In many ways the job was perfectly suited for my exhibitionist and submissive impulses. Barbara had more ambitious plans for me, though, and I knew that every time I reached some level of comfort she'd devise a new way to test and expand my boundaries.  
  
After my shower I gathered my lunch and took it to the second floor Mailgirls mat. For once I could eat without worrying about the clock and my mind wandered back to the events in Sanjeev's office. As I thought about it I began having nagging doubts about whether I'd done the right thing. Yeah, Stephanie had been a complete bitch to me today, but I also knew that Sanjeev was cynically using me to blackmail her into becoming a mailgirl so he could get the $10,000 bonus.   
  
Sanjeev had written out the formal sexual harassment complaint against Stephanie while she sat there withdrawn into a morose funk, refusing to speak. After he'd finished it I'd signed it without hesitation, still angry about the way I'd been treated. After that Sanjeev had called Barbara and arranged an immediate meeting with her. I'd been surprised that she excluded me from it, telling Sanjeev that my signature on the complaint was enough. Now that I thought about it I realized that she knew I'd probably start waffling on it, just as I was starting to do now. Barbara knew me too well. She didn't want me anywhere near her office during the meeting with Stephanie.  
  
Now that some time had passed and my anger had subsided I was feeling pangs of guilt about subjecting Stephanie to Barbara's tender mercies. Did she really deserve to lose her job or be forced into Mailgirl servitude just because she'd been mean to me today? And if I was really a humiliation junkie hadn't she given me exactly what I craved? I guess it was because it had happened in front of so many people I knew that it felt like she'd crossed the line.   
  
I was still shocked about how nasty Steph had been to me, but I guess in retrospect I should have seen it coming. Things had started going south almost immediately after she'd found out that I'd become a mailgirl. The party that I went to after that had been uncomfortable all the way around, but Stephanie in particular had been cold and condescending toward me. Something Gary said that night gave me the impression that she'd been trashing me to all of my friends and turning them against me. When I confronted her about it she went into a rant about how I was taking part in something that was setting women's rights back by decades. Steph had never struck me as an ardent feminist before that but I couldn't really argue with it either.  
  
And then today when Barbara put me up on stage and thoroughly humiliated me in front of several hundred DDE managers, Steph seemed to enjoy every second of it. Somewhere along the line I'd obviously pissed in her Cheerios without realizing it.  
  
The more I thought about it the worse I felt about signing that sexual harassment complaint. No matter what Steph had done today she didn't deserve to be swept into the black hole of Barbara's gravitational pull for it. I knew Steph was up in Barbara's office right now and I was tempted to go up there and attempt to withdraw my complaint, but I was certain it wouldn't do any good. Her fate was in Barbara's hands now and for me to try to change that would be like spitting into a hurricane.  
  
I finished my lunch and began wondering what I should do next. Barbara had told me to go to every department in the rest of the complex outside of the tower, let myself be seen, and answer any questions about Mailgirls and the app. That seemed simple enough but how exactly was I supposed to do that? Did I wander around to random departments and search for the manager? Should I establish some kind of plan for the order that I did this to make sure I didn't miss anyone? Should I just blow it off knowing that Barbara's sole purpose for it was to further humiliate me? Good Christ, I thought, I'm totally lost now without a f\*cking watch to tell me what to do. How pathetic is that? Three months as a mailgirl had erased any initiative I'd learned in earning an MBA degree or spending a year in DDE's management training program.  
  
I decided I'd start with the south wing and work my way through it floor by floor, department by department. The prospect of it sounded absolutely horrible, but what choice did I have?   
  
I was nearly to the entrance to the south wing when the MMU strapped to my arm began vibrating. I had to twist my arm to read it and was almost grateful to see I was being summoned to Barbara's office. I turned and made the familiar trip up the stairs to the ninth floor.   
  
As I entered Barbara's office I found Stephanie kneeling naked on Barbara's floor, tears streaming down her cheeks. I wish I could say I was shocked by this, but I wasn't. This is exactly what I'd expected to see.  
  
"Nine, I think you've met our newest mailgirl," Barbara said to me.  
  
I was immediately overcome by intense guilt. What the hell had I done?

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 37**

**DONE DEAL**  
"I'd like to withdraw my sexual harassment claim against Stephanie, ma'am," I said to Barbara who laughed in response as if she'd known this was coming.  
  
"You already have Nine;" she said. "That was part of the agreement, remember? You drop the sexual harassment claim in exchange for Stephanie signing a two year Mailgirls contract. The contract is signed and on its way to Human Resources. It's a done deal."  
  
"By law she should have three days to cancel the contract, ma'am," I said, repeating something I'd once read about contracts.  
  
"In this state that only applies to contracts for consumer purchases," she replied. "If she had signed a contract to join a health club or buy a house or a car that would apply. It doesn't apply to employment contracts. And withdrawing your claim wouldn't help her keep her job since her manager also witnessed the harassment. I'll tell you what, though, in the spirit of fairness I'll give Stephanie one final chance to get out of the contract without penalty."  
  
Barbara turned her attention now to the naked girl kneeling on the carpet. "Stephanie, I'll rip up the contract in favor of immediate termination. Do you want me to do that? Last chance."  
  
"N-no ma'am," Stephanie blubbered, her eyes still wet with tears.  
  
Barbara handed Stephanie a tissue and allowed her a minute to compose herself, then she turned to me. "Take her down to get showered and shaved, then to the security office to be photographed for her new ID badge," she ordered. "She'll be assigned the number three as her Mailgirl identification. There are some black pens down in the locker room now so I want you to apply the number to her body before she gets photographed. After that I want you to escort her to Donna Haverly's office on the seventh floor and drop her off. When you're done there return here to my office, Nine."  
  
"Yes ma'am," I said. My attempt to help Stephanie had gone Barbara's way, just like everything always did. Stephanie rose to her feet and turned to me, her eyes downcast to the floor. This was the first time I'd ever seen her naked.  
  
Stephanie had short blonde hair with noticeable dark roots, brown eyes, and a very pretty face. Her breasts were a full C cup I guessed, firm but with a slight sag because of their weight. They were complimented by a firm, round "bubble butt." Down below she was shaved except for a dark brown strip that would soon be coming off, and on her ankle was a small butterfly tattoo. I knew Barbara wasn't a fan of tattoos on mailgirls but this one must have been unobtrusive enough to let it go. Stephanie had always spent more time clubbing than working out so I thought she could stand to lose five pounds or so off of her waist, but a few weeks as a mailgirl would take care of that. Running naked around the DDE complex would soon give her a wonderfully toned mailgirl's body.   
  
I felt a little embarrassed as I caught myself analyzing her body like that. "Follow me, Three," I said as I turned toward the door.  
  
As we made our way through the ninth floor toward the stairs I kept an eye on her to make sure she didn't try to cover herself but Stephanie managed keep her hands at her sides. Her face was a mask of embarrassment, though, and her eyes darted wildly about the room as we walked. The appearance of a new naked girl on the floor was drawing a lot of attention.  
  
We entered the stairwell and began our descent to the basement, but Stephanie only made it to halfway between the eighth and seventh floor before stopping and grasping the handrail. "Oh my god, I can't believe I'm doing this," she said as she clung to the rail, and for a minute I was afraid she might get sick.   
  
"Are you okay, Steph?" I asked.  
  
"No I'm not, Danica," she said angrily as she turned to face me. "I'm a very long way from being okay. Thanks for ruining my life you f\*cking bitch!"  
  
Whatever sympathy I'd been feeling for her quickly evaporated. "Don't blame me for this Steph. You’re the one who grabbed my tits and slapped my ass right in front of Sanjeev's office, not to mention calling me a whore and a slut and a skank in front of all my friends. You heard Barbara; you were screwed even without me filing a complaint against you."  
  
"Okay, I shouldn't have done that, but you sure as hell made it easier for Sanjeev by agreeing to sign that damn complaint. Did you really feel like I was sexually harassing you? After you'd just spent the morning on stage being treated like a mindless piece of meat by Barbara Anderson? That was a hundred times worse than anything I did to you!"  
  
"No it wasn't. You were humiliating me in front of all my old friends and co-workers. Wait until you have to go back to Marketing as a mailgirl and you'll know what I'm talking about."  
  
"Oh God, I can't believe I'll have to do that," Stephanie said burying her head in her hands. "This is a f\*cking nightmare!"  
  
"Then why are you doing it? Is the job here so damned important that you couldn't go find another one somewhere else instead of doing this?"  
  
"No, I can't," she said angrily. "Don't you understand, Danica, I just bought a house. Every dime I've ever saved went into the down payment for it. I can't afford to go somewhere else and start at the bottom. I'll lose it!"  
  
"What about Rob?" I asked. "Can't he help you?" Rob worked in DDE's Film and Media department and was Stephanie's live-in boyfriend.  
  
Stephanie laughed bitterly. "God you are so out of touch with everything going on. Rob's gone. He moved out a month ago."  
  
This surprised me. While I was still working in Marketing the two of them had been talking marriage. "Well you guys are the ones who froze me out after I became a mailgirl," I said. "How the hell should I know what's going on? And why have you been such a little bitch to me anyway? Don't give me that feminist bullshit either about how I'm setting back women's rights and all that."  
  
"Why not?" Stephanie replied. "I worked my ass off for five years in that department trying to earn respect. Even after I finally got promoted, you know what happened? The guys in the department would say to me 'Hey Steph, when are you going to become a mailgirl? You'd make a great mailgirl.' Crap like that. And now that there's a bounty on us, every pretty girl in the company is going to be pressured to become a mailgirl."  
  
"And you blame that on me? I don't have any control over any of that."  
  
"You helped them start this, Danica. You're a goddamn supermodel with an MBA, with every advantage in the world and you decide to piss it away to become a mailgirl?"  
  
"It's much more complicated than that," I said to her. "You don't know the whole story. And is that why you've been backstabbing me with everyone? Because you're jealous of my looks and education? Are you jealous because you were the hot girl in the department until I showed up?"  
  
"There we go," Stephanie laughed bitterly. "That's the Danica we all know; 'I'm so freaking hot and I've got an MBA. This shitty little department is only a way station for me. It's only a matter of time before I'm an executive working at the top of the tower.'"  
  
"That's not true!" I protested, but I couldn't help but wonder if there was some truth in it. Had I actually come off that way to people?   
  
"You weren't that blatant about it, but it is true. That air of superiority was always there. Your act was wearing thin even before you left and became a mailgirl."  
  
"So then why did you act like you were my friend if you thought I was such an arrogant bitch?" I asked.   
  
"It wasn't an act, Danica. I liked you. I defended you."  
  
"Then what happened, Steph? It couldn't just be about me becoming a mailgirl."  
  
Stephanie remained silent for a minute before speaking again. "It's because of Rob. You're the reason we broke up."  
  
"Me? What did I do?"  
  
"For starters you flirted with him every time you were with us, even when I was right there."  
  
"That's why you broke up with him?" I asked. "It was just innocent fun. He's a great looking guy. Nothing ever happened between us."  
  
"Maybe not," Stephanie said, "but he was infatuated with you. I found a stash of nude photos of you as a mailgirl taken by people in the tower on his laptop. For all I know he was jacking off to your pictures every time he was alone. So I kicked his ass out."  
  
I wasn't quite sure how to respond to that. "I'm sorry, Steph, but that still isn't really my fault," I said finally.   
  
"Okay, whatever," she said. "I'm done with this conversation. Let's go downstairs and get this shit over with." Stephanie began walking down the stairs and as I followed behind her I couldn't help but try to get in the last word.  
  
"Since you think I'm such an arrogant, stuck up bitch, Steph, I guess you'll be interested to know that I've discovered I'm actually a submissive."  
  
"I don't think you know what you are, Danica," she replied. "I think you're whatever the hell Barbara tells you that you are."  
  
Stephanie and I barely spoke to each other again after that argument on the stairs. The whole process of showering, shaving, having numbers scrawled on her body, then being photographed by a leering security guard must have been a humiliating experience for her, but she refused to speak of it.   
  
When I took her up to the new Mailgirls office on the seventh floor I got my first look at Donna Haverly. I'd been expecting an attractive young woman who'd been roped into doing this by Barbara as a way to eventually turn her into a mailgirl, so I had to stifle a laugh when I saw her. Donna was a heavy set middle aged woman with a no-nonsense demeanor. There'd be no demands by Barbara that she get first-hand experience as a mailgirl in her future. Anna was on the floor helping Donna with paperwork when I entered and she looked up and smiled at me. It never failed to strike me just how innocent and adorable Anna looked even when she was kneeling naked on the floor.  
  
Donna greeted me with a gruff, "There you are, Nine." She informed me that Anna would be taking over Three's training and I was free to leave.   
  
I left Stephanie looking nervous and forlorn as I headed out the door and up to Barbara's office as instructed.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 37b**

**QUID PRO QUO**  
Barbara was talking on her cellphone as I entered and she pointed at the floor, so I got down on my knees to wait. After wrapping up the call Barbara told her receptionist Jan over the intercom that she didn't want to be disturbed for a while, then walked to a cabinet in the rear of her office. I was fearful that she would pull out the gag and whip, but Barbara surprised me once again when she returned with a bottle of wine and two wine glasses.   
  
Barbara poured the wine, then kicked off her shoes, removed her jacket and kneeled down in front of me for the second time that day. "You've had quite a day, Danica," she said as she handed me a glass of wine, then clinked it with her glass. "Cheers," she said with a smile as she took a sip. I followed suit as I nervously looked into her eyes. Barbara's unpredictability always left me feeling a little unsettled even when she was being nice.  
  
"Danica, today was an important day for the Mailgirls program here at DDE and I want to reward you for everything you've done to make it possible. For the next few minutes you're not a mailgirl, you're not a number, and I'm not your superior. We're just two people having a glass of wine and a conversation together."  
  
"Yes ma'am," I responded.  
  
"And no 'ma'am's' either," she said. "Do you know what 'quid pro quo' means, Danica?"  
  
"Yes," I nodded. "It means I give you something and you give me something."  
  
"That's right," she said. "In this case it means I promise to answer any question you ask me with complete honesty if you'll do the same for me."  
  
"Okay," I said. The use of the phrase "quid pro quo" reminded me of a scene from The Silence of the Lambs and I could picture myself as a frightened young Clarice Starling with Barbara in the role of Dr. Hannibal Lecter. That image didn't really give me a warm, fuzzy feeling about how this might turn out.  
  
I took a sip of the wine and thought about what I wanted to ask. I had about a million questions but I wanted to make it a good one since I had no idea when, or if, I'd be given this opportunity again. I finally settled on one.  
  
"Okay, Barbara, how about this. Why are you doing this really? I mean all of it. Me, the Mailgirls, the condo, Anna...everything. I know you've told me some of it but I don't think you've told me everything."  
  
Barbara laughed as she swirled her wine around in her glass. "That's a very broad question. I promised you an honest answer, though, so I'll do my best." She took a sip of wine and then spent a minute thinking about how to respond.  
  
"When I was in graduate school I took part in a very interesting psychological study," she said. "It involved student volunteers taking on roles as prisoners and prison guards and studied how they interacted with each other based on their roles. There were two separate groups of men and women volunteers and I was a volunteer in the women's study."  
  
"I suppose you played a prison guard," I said.  
  
"No, I was a prisoner. Our roles were randomly drawn to eliminate any bias in the selection."  
  
"So what happened?" I asked.  
  
"The guards were given khaki uniforms bought from an army surplus store and some wooden batons as symbols of their status. They were told they couldn't use any physical force against us but could otherwise do what they felt was necessary to maintain order. The prisoners were given loose fitting coveralls to wear and were only told that they'd been arrested for armed robbery and were being held in jail. Our 'cells' were merely taped off areas with mattresses in the basement of one of the Psych buildings. The prison guards worked eight hour shifts but the prisoners were confined for twenty-four hours a day. The study was supposed to last a week but it was abruptly ended after six days because things were getting so out of hand."  
  
"In what way?"  
  
"The guards began becoming crueler and more authoritarian with each passing day while most of the prisoners either passively accepted this or turned on their fellow prisoners to gain favor with the guards. It wasn't playacting either. By the end, each group had internalized their roles so completely that it felt like a real prison. The tape on the floor had become as real a barrier as steel bars."  
  
"So did you internalize your role as a prisoner?" I asked.  
  
"To a point, yes, although probably not as much as some of the others. And you know me, I manipulated both guards and prisoners whenever possible to gain favor," she said with a smile. "By the end, though, I did feel like a real prisoner to a much greater degree than I would have ever thought possible."  
  
I took another sip of wine and thought about what she'd told me. "So Mailgirls is your real life version of this experiment? You want to see if the mailgirls will internalize their roles as lowly slave girls?"  
  
"Not just the mailgirls, but the regular employees as well. I wanted to see if they would internalize their roles as your masters. And they are. It's happening. Tower employees are treating you in ways they would never dream of treating any other co-worker, or anyone else in their lives for that matter."  
  
"Okay, I see that. But what's the point of it? If your 'experiment' is producing the results you expected then why continue it? What's your endgame?"  
  
Barbara smiled and took another sip of wine. "My endgame, Danica, is to someday be allowed to walk openly down the street with you a step behind me, naked and wearing a collar showing the world that you belong to me. I want to be seated in a restaurant and have you kneeling nude on the floor next to my table. I want to create a subclass of beautiful nude female servants, not just within the corporate culture, but within the culture at large."  
  
I reeled in shock at this. "That's totally nuts, Barbara. That'll never happen."  
  
"Really?" she replied. "Just a few months ago people were saying that it would be impossible for any company to get away with attempting a Mailgirls program in this country, but we're doing it. And there are quite a few companies watching us very closely to see what happens here."   
  
"But you're talking about a huge cultural shift, Barbara," I said. "I just don't see it happening."  
  
"No one saw Mailgirls coming either until Hiromoto did it. He was in a unique position of wealth and power to attempt it, but even he couldn't have succeeded if the culture hadn't already been shifting in that direction. Nudity had been becoming more acceptable for years, on television and movies, in games, even in public. Cultural changes often take place in a slow, incremental manner but every so often the tectonic plates give way creating an earthquake that alters the landscape. In this case Hiromoto's Mailgirls program was that earthquake."  
  
"Yeah, but you're basically talking about legalized slavery. That was abolished by the Emancipation Proclamation and the Constitution."  
  
"It would never be called slavery, Danica. You're right, there are constitutional prohibitions to it and there are too many negative connotations to that word anyway. That's why you're called a mailgirl and we don't allow the use of words like 'master' or 'mistress.' And the woman must always give her legal consent in the form of a contract."  
  
"But why just women? Why not men, too?"  
  
"Because it would be far more difficult to accomplish with nude men. Fair or not, a lot more people from both sexes are uncomfortable in the presence of a naked man. Besides, I prefer the aesthetic beauty of the female body."  
  
I thought about everything she was saying and an idea suddenly occurred to me. "Okay, Barbara, let's say that this society you dream of that allows naked servant girls actually comes to pass. You're a beautiful woman, how do you know that some powerful person wouldn't entrap you into becoming their naked servant girl?"  
  
Barbara smiled at this. "That's a very good question, Danica. I hadn't really thought of it before. I think it would be very difficult for anyone to trap me into signing that contract, so I guess if it happened then all I could say is 'well played.'"   
  
"Well played? That's it? So everything is just a game to you?"  
  
"Not everything," she replied. "But Mailgirls? Yes, that's a game to me and it's one I'm playing to win. And if I can expand that concept into the rest of the culture at large I'll do that, too."  
  
"What if you fail?" I asked. "What if the whole thing comes crashing down on your head?"  
  
Barbara shrugged. "Then I fail. It wouldn't be the first time and won't be the last. I'd rather be a spectacular failure than a mediocre success."  
  
"You're not afraid of failure?" I asked.  
  
"Danica, have you ever read the sonnet 'Ozymandias' by Percy Bysshe Shelley?"  
  
I shook my head. "I don't think so." Barbara closed her eyes and began reciting it to me.  
  
"I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
`My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."  
  
After she'd finished Barbara opened her eyes and looked into mine. "What does that poem mean to you, Danica?"  
  
"It means that nothing lasts forever, not even the works of mighty kings."  
  
"That's right. Time is the great equalizer. Whether you're a king or a pauper, in time any evidence of your existence here will eventually be erased."  
  
"That sounds depressing," I said.  
  
"Does it?" she replied. "To me it sounds liberating. We mustn't fear either success or failure because someday all that will be left of either are the barren sands. The only thing that should be feared is living life in half measures while we're here."  
  
As Barbara spoke I wasn't sure if she sounded more like a lunatic or a visionary, Maybe both. Perhaps it required a little lunacy to become a visionary.   
  
I took another sip of wine and something popped into my mind that had been nagging me for a while. "I have another question I'd like to ask if you don't mind."  
  
"Go ahead."  
  
"What about Anna?" I asked. "How does she fit into all of this? Was she planted by you the same way that Kelly was?"  
  
"No," Barbara replied. "Anna just fell into my lap. My original plan was to put you and Kelly together in the condo with her in control of you. I could see early on, though, that Kelly wasn't going to work out for a variety of reasons. Fortunately Anna came along to take her place."  
  
"But why do you need someone to control me outside of work?"  
  
"I need you to test the boundaries of public nudity away from work so I need someone who'll force you out of that condo and out into the world. As your boss I can't do that myself. I can't be seen leading you naked around town. Not yet anyway."  
  
I was startled again by how open she was being about her plans for me. "So why are you telling me this anyway? Aren't you afraid that I might try to bail out or escape my role in all of this?"  
  
"Perhaps you will," she replied, "but I doubt it. When things were at their worst during that study any of the prisoners could have walked out at any time. There were no bars holding us in our cells, the building's doors were unlocked, and the guards weren't allowed to physically restrain us. No one did, though. We all knew that we weren't really prisoners and our captors weren't really prison guards but we became our roles anyway."  
  
"And you think I'll internalize my role so completely that I'll be unable to walk away when my contract ends?" I asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Barbara drained her glass of wine and set it on the floor. "Now it's my turn, Danica," she said. "Quid pro quo. Earlier today when you began kissing me, what would you have done if I'd let you continue?"  
  
I thought about how to respond to that and decided that since she'd been honest with me, I'd be honest with her. "I would've kept going as far as you would have let me go. All the way if I could have. I don't think I've ever wanted to make love with someone as much as I did in that moment."  
  
Barbara smiled. "Someday I'll allow you to do that, Danica. I'll allow you to explore every inch of my body, but you'll have to earn that right. You'll have to earn it through continued obedience." She then leaned in and gave me a long moist kiss and I began to melt in desire for her all over again. As I began to reach out for her Barbara pulled away and rose to her feet.   
  
"You've had a very long day, Danica," she said. "Go collect Anna and go home."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 38**

**A WALK IN THE SUN**  
"It's almost gone," Anna said as she scrubbed the "9" on the small of my back with soap. We were in the shower together and I was facing the wall with two hands pressed against it and my feet spread to steady myself. It turned out that removing these numbers was much easier as a two person job, which would definitely make the post-shift showers more interesting for onlookers in the new Mailgirls locker room.  
  
"Good enough," Anna said as she reached her soapy hands around and began kneading my breasts, pressing her body against my back as the warm water cascaded over us.  
  
"I don't have any numbers to wash off there," I murmured. It had been an emotionally exhausting day for me and the combination of the warm water and Anna's touch felt wonderful.   
  
"That's okay, I want to make sure I didn't miss any," she giggled. Her hands began working their way down my stomach and I let out a moan as her fingertips brushed across my pussy lips.  
  
"We shouldn't do this here," I protested weakly. "Someone might walk in."  
  
"Barbara let us off early," Anna said. "There shouldn't be anyone coming in here for awhile. Besides she said I was in control of you now and you have to do what I say."  
  
"Yes I do," I replied, not really wanting her to stop anyway. This might be the last time we'd have any privacy together in the work showers.  
  
"Bend over more," Anna ordered and I obeyed as she removed her hands and soaped them up again. She slid two fingers into my pussy from behind and began stroking, then reached out and grabbed my hair with her other hand. I was in a very submissive and compromising position now and knowing that someone could walk in on us like this only helped fuel my fire.   
  
"Do you like that, slut?" she asked.  
  
"Oh yes," I moaned, a little shocked by the word "slut."   
  
As her fingers pounded my pussy increasingly faster and with more force, my moans grew louder. Thankfully the sound of the running water helped muffle them, and when the orgasm came it was a big one. It was my second one of the day and I hadn't even left work yet.  
  
After it was over Anna looked at me a little sheepishly. "I'm sorry I called you a slut. I didn't mean to." She had been researching knot tying on the internet to learn ways to tie me up for our "tickle games" and had become fascinated with the BDSM videos she'd discovered. Now, it seems, my sweet little Anna was adopting some of the language from them.  
  
"That's okay," I said. "I'm yours to control now. You can call me whatever you want." I surprised myself by how eager I was to cede control to her.   
  
"You're not mad?" Anna asked.  
  
"No," I said with a smile as I leaned in and kissed her. "Do you want me to do you now?"  
  
She shook her head. "Not here. Let's go home."  
  
I dried off and examined my body in the mirror. Faint images of the number "9" could still be seen and I decided there had to be an easier way to remove ink than using soap and water. I'd research it later when I got back to the condo.  
  
"Look what I found in the locker," Anna said excitedly as she held up a pretty yellow cotton dress. "Barbara must have had someone put it here for me. Oh, and some cute leather sandals, too!"  
  
"Very nice," I said, feeling a little envious. I knew there wouldn't be any dress or sandals for me to wear on my walk home. Anna also discovered a neck pouch with a lanyard that contained the condo key card along with a new company ID badge. She pulled it out and showed it to me. Her name was listed as "1" with her real name in parenthesis in much smaller print, and instead of the usual head shot the picture was a very revealing nude shot of Anna in the kneeling position. Even the company ID's were made to be as humiliating as possible for the mailgirls. I checked the locker but there was no condo key or ID badge for me. The message was clear: I wouldn't be able to enter either the condo or the DDE complex without being escorted by Anna.   
  
"Are you ready to go?" Anna asked after finishing dressing.  
  
"Yeah," I nodded. "I like your outfit, Anna," I added with a twinge of jealousy.  
  
"Thanks. I like yours, too," she giggled.  
  
''Do you?" I asked. "It's the latest in the Mailgirl line by Versace." I began walking like a model on a catwalk past Anna, then twirled and struck a pose.   
  
"Bravo!" Anna shouted as she laughed and clapped and I broke out laughing, too. Even after all of the craziness of the day, just a few minutes with Anna had me feeling rejuvenated. The orgasm in the shower hadn't hurt either.  
  
I gave her a hug and then followed her out the door of the locker room into the basement corridor. Instead of turning left, though, toward the exit we'd been using when escorted by the security guard, she turned right toward the stairs. "Where are we going?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, I forgot to tell you. We have to use the main employee entrance from now on."  
  
"Did Barbara tell you that?"  
  
"No, Donna did," Anna replied. The main employee entrance was on the eastern end of the north wing and getting there from here would lead me away from the most direct path to the condo. Not only would it add time to my nude walk home, it would mean walking along the busy road just north of the complex instead of merely having to cross it. It would double the length of my nude walk each day, both ways. I had no doubt about where this order originated. As I expected, Donna Haverly was nothing more than Barbara's puppet.   
  
"Did Donna tell you anything else?" I asked.  
  
"Yes. Whenever we're off duty and out in public together I'm supposed to be dressed and you're supposed to be naked walking a step behind me with your eyes lowered. And you're supposed to treat me like I'm a superior and call me ma'am and all that."   
  
"Did she say anything about me wearing a collar?"  
  
"No," Anna replied. "Nothing like that." Not yet anyway, I thought.  
  
"Anything else?"  
  
"Nope, that's pretty much it. Donna seems almost worse than Barbara in making you do all that."  
  
"She's not the one making me do it," I said. "Donna's mouth is moving but Barbara's words are coming out."   
  
The images that Barbara planted in my head today of my future had already had a disturbingly powerful effect on me. The vision of walking nude and collared down the street a step behind her or kneeling next to her table in a restaurant sent waves of conflicting emotions through me. Before I met Barbara it would've seemed inconceivable to me that something like that could ever take place in the modern world, but I'd long ago stopped underestimating her and now this future seemed very possible. Knowing there was someone in the world capable of making that happen was both scary and thrilling.  
  
I realized now, though, that this wasn't just some distant dream for Barbara, she was already taking steps to make it happen. She was sending me out in public with Anna as her surrogate to gauge public reaction to naked servitude beyond DDE's walls. It was a fishing expedition with me as the bait.  
  
We entered the stairwell now and climbed to the entrance to the first floor of the north wing. "Are you ready?" Anna asked. When I nodded in the affirmative she said, "I think you should stay a step behind me here, like we were told."  
  
"Yes ma'am," I responded. Anna opened the door and I followed her through it.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 38b**

The north wing of the DDE complex was the home of the company's game and film production departments, which were the company's big moneymakers. In other words it was where the bulk of the real work took place. The environment here was also far more casual than in the tower or the south wing and the standard work uniform here was blue jeans, sneakers, and untucked t-shirts. It was also a generally younger crowd with many of the employees in their twenties, making this the area most likely to embrace the concept of nude mailgirls. My walk through the building confirmed that.   
  
The ground floor of the north wing consisted mainly of production and administrative offices and wasn't as open as the floors above, but the corridor leading to the employee entrance was a busy one. Most of the employees here were getting their first look at a nude mailgirl and hoots, whistles, and applause greeted me as I walked behind Anna. Feelings of arousal were stirring again as dozens of eyes gawked at me. Several people asked if they could pose with me for pictures but Anna rejected them saying that she didn't think it was allowed. I remained quiet, walking submissively behind her with my eyes lowered.   
  
We finally reached the lobby for the employee entrance and Anna flashed her employee badge at the male African-American security guard manning the desk. He did a double take when he saw the nude picture on Anna's ID, then he turned his attention to me. "Is she going outside like that?" he asked.  
  
"Yes. I'm supposed to escort her in and out each day and she'll be naked. Did anyone tell you about that?"  
  
"I heard something about it but I didn't know she'd be buckass naked. Damn!" he said with a broad smile and a shake of his head.  
  
"Is that going to be okay?" Anna asked.  
  
"Oh, hell yeah," he laughed. "No problem at all!" He jumped from his seat and walked to the glass double doors and opened one for us. "Have a nice day ladies," he said as we stepped outside.  
  
Despite everything that had happened today it was still only about four in the afternoon so the employee parking lot was still full. It was a warm summer day and a gentle breeze caressed my bare skin as we began our walk toward Jefferson Avenue, the busy street that ran past the north side of DDE property. The parking lot pavement was warm, but thankfully not too hot beneath my bare feet.   
  
"Are you okay, Danica?" Anna asked.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I replied, although that wasn't entirely true. My anxiety had increased a hundredfold the moment I'd stepped outside the doors of the building. Inside the complex at least I knew that my nudity was sanctioned and the employees were aware of the reason for it. Out here that wasn't the case. This truly was virgin territory.  
  
Rush hour was just beginning to ramp up on Jefferson as we reached the sidewalk that ran parallel to it and I was startled by a horn blast from a passing car. I can't believe I'm doing this, I thought to myself. It was far from the first time I'd had that thought over the past few months, but Barbara seemed to be able to continuously push my boundaries and make those previous experiences seem relatively tame by comparison. I knew this was another step in her plan to turn me into her nude slave, and yet another step for me away from who I used to be.  
  
I followed behind Anna as we made our way west toward the crosswalk that would lead us to the condo. This wasn't really a pedestrian area so we were the only ones on the sidewalk, but cars continued to rush by going both ways and I could only imagine what their occupants must have thought when they saw me. On my left we were walking back past DDE's north wing toward the tower, and on the other side of the street was the gated south boundary to our condo complex. There was no entrance on that side, though, so we'd have to walk down to the crosswalk, cross Jefferson, and then walk another block to the gated entrance to the condos.  
  
I placed one bare foot in front of the other and as I looked down I could see my nipples had grown rock hard. They were normally perpetually erect anyway in the air conditioned office building, but the combination of the breeze and my growing arousal were having an even greater effect on them. As we neared the crosswalk I looked up and saw an elderly gentleman standing there waiting for the signal to change and watching my approach with keen interest. Probably a resident from the area out for a stroll, I thought.   
  
When we joined him he turned and looked me over from head to toe. "Out getting a little afternoon sun today?" he said to me with a chuckle.  
  
"Yes, she is," Anna replied before I could respond. I remained a step behind her with my eyes lowered.  
  
"Does she speak?" he asked.   
  
"Only when I allow it," Anna said.  
  
"Ah," he replied and I couldn't tell if he was amused or shocked by that. He didn't say anything more, though, and when the light changed we crossed together as the drivers in the cars waiting at the light got an eyeful of me. On the other side the man turned right as Anna and I continued forward. When he was out of earshot Anna started laughing. "Only when I allow it!" she said loudly, repeating what she'd told the man. "God you should have seen his face when I said that. I thought his eyes would come right out of his head!"  
  
"Yes ma'am," I replied. To Anna this was all just one big exciting game. I suppose it was a game to me as well as I continued playing my role as Anna's slave, but one with much higher stakes.  
  
We continued walking until we reached the entrance gates to the condo complex. There was no guard shack here but entrance required a key card and Anna used hers to open the pedestrian gate. This was the first time I'd been outside in this area naked, but it was quiet right now with most of the residents at work across the street. I breathed a sigh of relief after we climbed the steps to the entrance to Barbara's condo and Anna opened the door. My god what a day this had been!  
  
After we were inside Anna turned to me and planted a wet kiss on my lips. "Oh my god, Danica, that was so exciting! And just think, we get to do that every day!"  
  
Every day.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 39**

**THE MORNING AFTER**  
I awoke early the next morning before the alarm and stared at the ceiling fan turning slowly above my bed. Images from yesterday kept playing in my head like a highlight reel from Danica's Craziest Day Ever. Between being a naked stage prop, the humiliating return to Marketing, my confrontation with Stephanie, Barbara's quid pro quo, and my nude walk home, my emotions felt like they'd been taken for a dizzying ride on a Tilt-A-Whirl.   
  
But with everything that had happened yesterday my thoughts kept returning to the moment when Barbara leaned in and gave me that long, slow, wet kiss. How was it possible that the person responsible for putting me through all of that could make me want her so badly? Maybe the whole point of having me run that gauntlet yesterday was to allow her to toss me a lifeline in the form of a glass of wine, honest conversation, and a kiss. By stacking one humiliation on top of another she was psychologically tearing me down in order to turn a cell that was nothing more than tape on the floor into an inescapable prison with her serving as both my captor and savior. I knew that it was a total mind f\*ck but I was afraid it was working.  
  
Anna continued sleeping next to me and the warmth of her body and the rhythmic sound of her breathing made me feel even guiltier about my desire for Barbara. Last night I'd told Anna about everything except my conversation with Barbara and the kiss. I couldn't. It's not just that I was afraid that confessing my feelings for Barbara would hurt Anna, I also didn't want to reveal her plans for me. For some reason I felt like this should remain a secret between just the two of us. Perhaps a part of me wanted to see how all of this would eventually play out and telling Anna might alter things.  
  
The sound of the alarm jolted me out of my thoughts and I reached over to shut it off. "Hey," Anna said sleepily as she laid her head on my chest.  
  
"Hey," I repeated back to her as I kissed her forehead and began stroking her hair. We laid together like that for several minutes before we reluctantly got out of bed to get ready for work.  
  
Preparing for work is a breeze for a mailgirl. In my case all I had to do was go to the bathroom, brush my teeth, run a brush through my hair and I was ready to go. Showering, shaving, and applying makeup would all take place at work. Anna had the additional step of putting on her dress and sandals. We each had a quick bowl of cereal, a banana, and a glass of juice then headed out the door.  
  
If anything, the nude walk to DDE headquarters was even more embarrassing than the one coming home last night. This time there were other people from the condos also making the short walk to work so we weren't alone on the sidewalk. I followed a step behind Anna with my eyes lowered continuing to play my submissive role. Anna was also playing her role and when a man asked why I was nude she told him, "Because she's my slave girl and I won't let her wear any clothes."  
  
Since winning her independence from her dominating mother Anna was having the time of her life. She loved being a mailgirl, loved the nudity, loved the condo, and loved being with me. Life was an exciting adventure for her and after being sheltered for so long by her mother she was eager to explore every aspect of it. Playing the role of my master was great fun as far as she was concerned even if it was only for the few minutes it took to walk to and from work. Inside the condo last night we'd both dropped the role playing and went back to just being Danica and Anna.  
  
Other DDE employees were also arriving to work as we entered at the main employee entrance. Anna flashed her ID badge at the wide eyed security guard, a different one than the guy on duty last night. I spotted Donna Haverly across the lobby as she was scurrying towards us.  
  
"Nine, you need to follow me," Donna said brusquely. "One, you can head to the tower and start your normal mailgirl shift." She didn't say what this was about but I assumed it had something to do with the new mailgirls locker room, the latest humiliation that Barbara had lined up for me today. A knot began to grow in my stomach.  
  
Donna led me to one of the elevators where other employees were also waiting. When the door opened and they entered, I hesitated. "Get in, Nine," Donna ordered. "There's no damn way I'm climbing five flights of stairs." I entered the crowded elevator.  
  
No one said anything as the elevator began to climb, but a couple of women began snickering and I could sense eyes roaming over my body. The elevator stopped on each floor to let people off. By the time we reached the fifth floor there was only one other guy left and he exited in front of us and disappeared into a nearby office.   
  
I followed Donna past the main entrance to the large room where the game "Gangsta," was produced until we reached a door leading into a service corridor. We walked to the end of the empty corridor and then entered another door. Inside it I found myself in the new mailgirls locker room.  
  
This is huge, I thought to myself as I looked around. Obviously it was much larger than our little makeshift locker room in the tower, but it was also larger than even Hiromoto's locker room in Tokyo. This side of the room held six enclosed toilet stalls, a row of thirty lockers with a bench in front, and a long counter on the wall opposite the lockers with multiple sinks for washing up and applying makeup. On the other end of the room were wall shelves holding dozens of clean, folded white towels and a shower area featuring a dozen shower heads. The feature that really captured my eye, though, was the mirror. It ran nearly the full length of the room and provided a full view of the lockers, sinks, and showers. I assumed it was a two way mirror and wondered if there were already people on the other side staring in.  
  
Donna was winded from just the walk here so the heavyset woman plopped herself down on the locker bench, took out her smart phone and began scrolling through it. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do so I asked, "Is there something I should be doing, ma'am?"  
  
"Not yet," she replied. "We've got a few minutes to kill before the ceremony." Donna had the deep, raspy voice of a long-time smoker and to confirm that suspicion she reached into her jacket pocket, pulled out a stick of nicotine gum, unwrapped it and popped it into her mouth. Then she crumpled up the wrapper and tossed it towards a trash can, missing it by a mile. She was either trying to quit smoking or just trying to make it through the day in DDE's non-smoking environment until she could light one up.   
  
"The ceremony, ma'am?" I asked,  
  
"Barbara's going to say a few words, then they're going to pull the tarp off the wall so the Gangsta employees can see in. Then you do your thing."  
  
"My thing, ma'am?"  
  
"Jump in the shower, shave, do whatever else you do to get ready for your shift. Put on a little show."  
  
This was going to be awful. "I don't have my stuff with me here, ma'am."  
  
"They're in your locker."  
  
The lockers were numbered from one to thirty so I walked down to locker #9 and opened it. Inside I found my shower kit, makeup kit, the MMU that would be strapped to my arm, and a black felt tip pen. I closed the locker and took a deep breath to try to calm myself. "May I take a seat on the bench while we wait, ma'am?"   
  
"I don't give a shit," Donna replied, her face still buried in her phone. The woman was a real charmer.  
  
I sat down, closed my eyes and tried to take my mind off of what lay ahead of me. I decided to try to figure out why Barbara had hired Donna to help her manage the Mailgirls program. In the short time I'd been around her I could tell she was obviously no ideological warrior intent on helping Barbara achieve her dream of societal change. Maybe that's exactly why she was hired. Someone like that might question or even challenge Barbara's methods in achieving her goals. Donna was just here for a paycheck. She was a foot soldier who would do whatever the hell Barbara told her to do. And Donna's looks and gruff demeanor insured that Barbara would remain the face, voice, and brains behind the Mailgirls program at DDE.  
  
I felt pleased by that analysis and thought it helped me gain a little more insight into Barbara's thinking. I was no Psych major but I'd decided that it would be useful to try to figure out what made her tick and see if I could find a way to use it to my advantage.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Donna's phone ringing. "Yeah. Yeah. Okay." That was all she said before hanging up. "Barbara's outside now getting ready to say a few words. When she's done they'll pull the tarp off the wall outside and you can start. I'll let you know when that happens." She stood up now and walked back toward the door we'd entered from. "Come over here," she said. "Get out of sight of the mirror until it's time."  
  
I walked over toward Donna, my anxiety rising with each step. Barbara was hitting me with humiliations in waves now and I wondered if she would follow this with some more wine and conversation in her office at the end of the day to help soothe my nerves and bond us together. Or she could just as easily gag me, whip me, and throw me into her closet. Who could predict with her?  
  
Through the wall now I could hear Barbara's muffled voice speaking along with the sounds of laughter and cheering by the crowd gathered there. I couldn't quite make out what she was saying but I'm sure it was some inspirational speech about how the Gangsta team had earned their very own Mailgirls locker room to gawk into and watch women undressing and showering. Just a little reward for turning out a game that was a massive international hit.  
  
Finally there was a loud cheer and moments later Donna's phone buzzed. She looked at it, then turned to me.  
  
"That's it," she said. "You're on. It's showtime."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 39b**

I froze, unable to move. I was being asked to take a shower and shave my most intimate area in front of my fellow DDE employees and I didn't know if I could do it. How many people were out there watching behind that mirror? A couple of dozen? A couple of hundred? I had no idea. What finally got me moving was Donna's hand on the small of my back and a shove.  
  
I stumbled out in front of the mirror and as I walked tentatively toward my locker I could hear the muffled sound of whistles and cheering on the other side of it. I opened the locker and stared into it, then closed my eyes and took a couple of deep breaths to calm down. This isn't real, I told myself. You're just an actress playing the role of Mailgirl Nine. This isn't really you doing this so just play the part as it's been written for you. I wish I could say this worked and that I disappeared into the role, but as I retrieved my shower items and closed the locker I knew that it hadn't. I was still me and this all still seemed very, very real.  
  
In the shower as I adjusted the water temperature and prepared to step in, a thought occurred to me that finally did help, though. It was something that Barbara told me yesterday. Someday time will erase everything that happens here today, so why live life in half measures? For the first time I think I really understood what she was saying. This was going to happen right now regardless of whether I did it full of angst and embarrassment or simply allowed myself to live for the moment and enjoy something I'd never forget. Either way time would eventually bury this place beneath the barren sands so why not surrender myself to whatever emotions flowed naturally through me without assigning guilt or shame to them? If I'm really a submissive and an exhibitionist then why not revel in that instead of constantly fighting to suppress feelings that could give me pleasure?   
  
The moment I gave myself permission to be who I am my anxiety melted away. If they want a show then, f\*ck it, I'll give them a show.  
  
I stepped beneath the shower stream and felt the warm water cascade over me. I poured shampoo into my palm and worked it into my hair, then took a step toward the mirror, closed my eyes and slowly massaged it deep into my scalp with both hands. After my hair was saturated with the shampoo I turned around, lowered my head beneath the water, placed both hands against the wall and bent forward to let the suds stream down my back and swirl down the drain beneath my feet.  
  
Next I poured body soap into my palms and began rubbing it into my skin. I lingered for awhile on my breasts, kneading them, lifting them up beneath each hand, teasing each nipple between my thumb and forefinger. I worked the soap into every crack and crevice, turning slowly to allow my audience to view my wet, soapy body from every angle. By surrendering myself completely to the moment my shower had become a very sensual experience for me and I allowed my arousal to grow without attempting to suppress it.  
  
Next came the part of my daily shower ritual I'd been dreading most, but I wouldn't allow even this to make me feel shame. There was no place to sit in the shower other than the floor so I squatted down, spread my legs, and leaned back against the wall. My vagina was in full view of the mirror now as I applied the shaving cream and picked up the razor. Slowly, carefully I shaved around the vulva. When I'd finished I rinsed off the remaining shaving cream, then picked up another bottle and drizzled baby oil over my pubic area.  
  
I rubbed the oil into the skin and my body jerked as my fingers brushed over my clit. I let out a moan when it happened a second time. I allowed this to happen several more times and briefly considered masturbating to an orgasm right there in front of my audience but I wasn't ready for that. Not yet.  
  
When I'd finished I stood up, rinsed my body one final time and turned off the water. As I stepped out of the shower I could see Donna on the other side of the room staring at me wide-eyed and slack-jawed and I had to suppress a smile. Then I turned to look at myself in the mirror. The image looking back at me was of a stunningly beautiful nude woman radiating sexuality. It was the same image I knew the people on the other side were seeing. It's what I wanted them to see. I wanted them to see everything.  
  
I continued my show. I toweled myself off, then blow dried and brushed my hair and applied my makeup. I did this in the sink area right in front of the mirror giving my audience an intimate and close up view. When I'd finished I looked directly into the mirror and smiled, then turned and walked away.   
  
"Can you apply the numbers for me, ma'am?" I asked Donna.  
  
"Um, yeah," she replied still looking dumbfounded at what she'd just seen. Before she could move, though, the door opened and Barbara entered the room.   
  
"You can head back to the tower, Donna," she said to her. "I'll take over." Donna left the room without a word leaving Barbara and I alone together and I wondered if I was in trouble. One look into her face revealed the answer. She was ecstatic.  
  
Barbara smiled and shook her head. "You know I was foolish to think I could ever reduce you to being just another mailgirl. No matter what number I assign you or what I say or do you'll always be a star. You're my star."  
  
I smiled, then lowered my eyes humbly to the floor. "Thank you, ma'am."  
  
"Follow me, Nine," Barbara ordered returning to her businesslike demeanor. She walked past me and I fell in behind her. We walked past the shower area, then through a second exit door that led directly into the large room where Gangsta was produced. As we entered the room I was able to glance into the window to the locker room confirming what I already knew. Everything in the room, including the shower area, could be easily seen from this side.   
  
My audience had returned to their desks and cubicles after my show had ended, but as Barbara led me through the middle of the room all eyes were drawn to me once again. I'd been here before in my earlier role with the company, but never like this. I was completely naked without even numbers on my skin or an MMU strapped to my arm. This room had produced hundreds of millions of dollars for DumpsterDawg Enterprises over the years and now I was their reward.  
  
As I followed one step behind Barbara with my eyes lowered I was reminded of what she'd told me her endgame was for me. It no longer seemed far fetched at all. She was showing me off right now to all of these people as her nude submissive, and if she could make this moment happen was it really that crazy to believe that she couldn't also make it happen in the world out beyond these walls? And as I followed her I realized that I wanted it to happen. The months of public nudity, the whipping, the wave after wave of humiliations over the past two days, and the brief moments of kindness and honesty she'd shown me had all worked together to wear down my defenses. I knew now that I wanted the future that she was offering me. I wanted to be hers, for her to possess me.   
  
Barbara continued to lead me through the large open room until we reached the door to an office on the other side. She opened the door and turned to me.  
  
"There are a couple of gentlemen in here who would like to talk to you. They want to put you into the game."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 40**

**REN AND STIMPY**  
"She's all yours," Barbara said to the two men in the cluttered office. Then she stepped out and closed the door behind her leaving me alone with them. They both stared at me in wide-eyed wonder like children seeing a leprechaun riding a unicorn. Finally one of them jumped up and offered me a chair to sit in.  
  
"I'm afraid I'm not allowed to sit on office furniture, sir," I replied. "I can kneel on the floor if you like."  
  
"Um, yeah. Sure. That'd be cool." The man speaking to me was a large, thick man with a mop of untamed brown hair on his head and a thick, scraggly beard. He wore olive colored cargo pants, an untucked Aloha shirt, and ankle high leather boots. The other man was thin and wiry with matching dark brown stubble on both his head and face. He wore blue jeans, white sneakers, and an untucked faded polo shirt. I assumed they were both managers of some sort even though neither one of them dressed even remotely like any of the managers in the tower. The running joke in marketing when I'd worked there was that you could tell who the managers were in the north wing because they had mustard stains on collared shirts instead of t-shirts.   
  
I found a spot in the middle of the office and kneeled down as both men continued to gape at me. "Holy shit!" the large man laughed. "Never in my wildest dreams did I ever imagine I'd have a smoking hot naked woman kneeling on my floor!"  
  
"That's been in pretty much all of my wildest dreams," the thin man replied.  
  
They both continued to stare for a few moments before the large man snapped out of it. "I'm sorry, my name is Stan and this is Len," he said pointing to the thin man. "We're both Production managers for 'Gangsta.' Everyone calls us Ren and Stimpy, though." He paused for a moment as if expecting a reaction from me. When I didn't respond he added, "You know, like the cartoon characters."  
  
I shook my head. "I'm afraid I'm not familiar with them, sir." His face fell slightly when I didn't recognize his cultural reference.  
  
"Um, that's cool. You can call me Stimpy and him Ren, though, if you want."  
  
"I'm only allowed to refer to each of you as 'sir.'"  
  
"Yeah, weren't you paying any attention at the meeting yesterday, dumbass?" the skinny guy called Ren said.   
  
"Dude, I didn't hear a single thing Barbara Anderson said after this girl got up on the stage."  
  
"We're supposed to call her 'Nine.' I can't believe Barbara finally let us have her."  
  
"Yeah, we have to call her by a number," Stimpy said. "That's some crazy shit." Then he turned his attention back to me. "Barbara came to us a few months ago to see if we could do something with mailgirls in the game but we weren't really that interested. I mean the nudity thing is awesome but there's not a lot of game play in delivering mail. Maybe we can throw in a few obstacles to dodge and avoid guys trying to grab your ass as you try to meet your deadline, but that's about it."  
  
"Plus we'd have to design it so the player could control you with just one hand," Ren added,  
  
"Dude, I cannot believe you freaking said that out loud," Stimpy said.  
  
"Not much point in a mailgirls mission unless you can get a good wank in as a bonus."  
  
"You're so freaking vulgar, dude. Anyway I wasn't really interested in doing it until a couple of weeks later I had to attend a meeting in the tower and I saw you go by naked carrying a package. I thought to myself, dude you've got to put that girl into the game. She's freaking awesome!"  
  
"Yeah, he showed me a picture of you and I said we'd do it but only if we could use you as the model for the character," Ren said. "Barbara kept turning us down, though. Said we had to use an actress and that you were only allowed to be a mailgirl."  
  
"Yeah, but for some reason Barbara changed her mind today while you were taking your shower," Stimpy said. "By the way that was un-freaking-believable. If we get to see that every day I'll never ever quit my job. Anyway, during your shower Barbara came up to us and said that if we still wanted you in the game we could have you."  
  
I thought about what Barbara had said to me after the shower about how no matter what she did I was going to be a star and I wondered if something had changed. Her original plan was to keep me as a lowly anonymous mailgirl but maybe now she'd decided it would be better to humiliate me in front of the whole world. Who the hell could ever know what was going on in her mind?  
  
"We're in the middle of working on an expansion pack for Gangsta 4 and it's too late now to do anything but put in a simple mailgirl side mission," Stimpy continued. "I doubt we could do much more than have your character deliver packages on a timer. We might be able to expand on that down the road in the second expansion pack."  
  
"Maybe we could make her a mailgirl by day and an assassin by night," Ren said. "A naked ninja assassin."  
  
"A naked ninja? Dude do you know anything about ninjas? Ninjas are all about stealth. Is there anything more unstealthy than a hot naked woman? If you put Nine here in a room with a hundred people your eyes are going to be drawn to her immediately. Who the hell is she going to sneak up on?"  
  
"Yeah, that's a good point. Maybe she could be an assassin's partner. While everyone is looking at her the assassin could slip a knife into the back of his victim."  
  
"Yeah, that might work. At least it's not as completely idiotic as your first suggestion. That's already kinda been done though in 'The Whole Nine Yards' with Bruce Willis and Amanda Peet."   
  
I have to admit it was hilarious listening to these two interact with each other and I had to stifle a laugh several times. Even though they were berating each other I got the feeling that they were good friends and did this to each other all the time. It was definitely a looser environment here in the north wing than it was in the tower.  
  
"So what are we going to do with her today?" Ren asked Stimpy.  
  
"We'll at least get some pictures taken of her and some mo-capping done."  
  
"She won't be able to wear the mo-cap suit."  
  
"We'll use organic motion."  
  
"Is the room free?"  
  
"Yeah, I checked."  
  
I had no idea what they were talking about until Stimpy turned to me and explained. "Normally we'd put you in a motion capture suit with markers on it to render your movements to use in the game. Barbara said you're permanently banned from ever wearing clothes here though which, by the way, I think is freaking awesome. So anyway we've been developing new technology that allows us to capture motion without the suit and we're going to do that today."  
  
"Yes sir," I replied.  
  
"So all we're going to do is a Mailgirls side mission where Nine delivers packages in the Hiromoto building against a deadline?" Ren asked.  
  
'Yeah, what the hell else do we have time to do? That will at least get her into the game and then we'll see what the modders do with her."  
  
I understood what Stimpy meant by "modders." There were whole communities of gamers who would modify the software of games to add new and often creative elements to gameplay. I was confused by Ren's reference, though. "The Hiromoto building, sir?" I asked.   
  
"Yeah, in the new DLC we're adding more strategy elements to give the player a chance to become the ultimate crime boss of the city," Ren replied. "He or she will end up on the top floor of a building we're modeling after the Hiromoto building in Tokyo."  
  
'Yeah, we chose that building even before we knew DDE was going into business with them with this Mailgirls thing," Stimpy added. "Old man Hiromoto is yakuza, which is kind of like a Japanese mafia member, so we immediately thought of the Hiromoto building in deciding what to model our crime building after. Hiromoto Industries is mostly legit now but he started it as a money laundering front. Hiromoto is one dude you definitely don't want to mess with. He's got a few skeletons in his closet and I mean that literally."  
  
I could never forget my own encounter with the man in Tokyo when he'd whipped Mariko in front of me. Despite his age and short, thin build, Hiromoto had exuded control and power. I read afterwards that many yakuza have tattoos covering their entire body and I wondered if he was covered with them beneath that meticulous business suit he wore. Is that why he banned tattoos on mailgirls, because he felt they weren't worthy of them?  
  
I also thought about how Barbara told me she was bypassing Mariko and communicating directly with Hiromoto in establishing their Mailgirls partnership. Did she know who she was really dealing with? Of course she did. She's too smart to have not done her research. Barbara does nothing with blinders on.  
  
"So anyway as much as I'd love to escort this naked hottie around the building to get things rolling I'm afraid that we're too busy right now," Stimpy said, interrupting my thoughts.  
  
"I'm not. What could be more important than a Mailgirls mini-game?" Ren replied sarcastically.   
  
"Oh, I don't know, how about meeting the deadline in getting this f\*cking expansion out and not losing our jobs? Let's get Lin to take her down to the second floor."  
  
"Lin? Why in the hell would we have Lin...." Ren paused before he could finish as if it suddenly struck him what Stimpy was saying. "Yeah, Lin can do it. She'd be perfect."  
  
Several minutes later the door opened and I heard someone walk in. I had my back to the door and was unable to see the person but I heard a female voice say, "You guys wanted to see me?"  
  
"Yeah Lin," Stimpy said, "Mailgirl Nine here has appointments on the second floor to get pictures and mo-capping done. Take her to Photography first and then Organic Movement."  
  
"Why do you want me to do it?" Lin asked. "I don't know anything about that stuff and I have my own work to do."  
  
"Because I'm asking you to do it, Lin. You've been complaining that you want to get more involved in game production so I'm giving you the chance. I've called down with instructions on what I need done so they'll know what to do. Just stay with her until everything is done and give me a call if there are any questions."  
  
"Alright, whatever. But I know what you're doing, Stimpy."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 41**

**LIN**  
I rose to my feet, turned around and looked into the face of a beautiful Asian woman in her early twenties. Lin had lovely brown eyes, manicured eyebrows, and perfectly coiffed dark brown hair that framed a very pretty oval face. Unlike many of the others I'd seen on this floor she also seemed to have something of a fashion sense. She wore a black blouse unbuttoned just far enough to provide a hint of cleavage, a pair of tight skinny jeans, and on her feet were leather dress sandals with four inch heels. Her makeup was lightly but skillfully applied and her earrings, necklace, and bracelets all fit in perfectly with her casually fashionable attire. Lin was clearly someone who put some thought into her attire each morning and I guessed she was a receptionist or secretary of some kind.   
  
Lin looked me over for a moment then turned toward the door. "Follow me Mailgirl Nine."  
  
For the second time that morning I found myself walking naked through the large Gangsta production room submissively following one step behind another woman. We weren't more than a few steps out of the office before Lin started talking.   
  
"I know why those two assigned me to babysit you today," she said without turning around as we continued to walk. "Ever since the meeting they went to yesterday Stimpy has been putting a full court press on me to become a mailgirl. He's such a perv. I heard he'd get some kind of bonus for it. Is that true?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am. Ten thousand dollars."  
  
"Ha! And he was telling me what a great opportunity this is for me with all the money I'd make when all he wants to do is get his own grubby hands on money himself. Plus he'd get to see me naked which I know he's been fantasizing about ever since he hired me. The crazy thing is I'm actually considering it."  
  
"You are, ma'am?"  
  
"Sure. I could definitely use the money. It's not like this job is paying me anything."  
  
"May I ask what you do now, ma'am?"  
  
"Technically I'm Stimpy's assistant but really I'm just the department gopher. I run around doing errands, delivering items, and picking up sandwiches for Ren and Stimpy and their cohorts. So I've basically been a mailgirl for almost two years, I've just been doing it with my clothes on. I might as well take them off and make a lot more money doing the same thing."  
  
"Ma'am, you know you'd have to shower and shave in front of all your co-workers, right?"   
  
"Yeah, I saw your little show this morning. That would be weird shaving my pussy every day in front of these creeps, no doubt. That would take some getting used to. And my mom would kill me. The nudity wouldn't bother me, though. I love being naked. And it's not like most of the guys don't already spend half the day imagining what I look like naked anyway."   
  
As we continued walking Lin kept up her monologue. "I'm just so damn sick of my job. I have my degree in computer game design but since DDE doesn't hire programmers without experience I took a job as Stimpy's assistant to get my foot in the door. He promised me that after a year he'd consider me for a programming job and that was almost two years ago."  
  
"Why won't he consider you, ma'am?"  
  
"Because he's sexist just like most of the management in this building. I guess they figure having nice tits gets in the way of being able to write code. Ninety percent of the programmers and designers here are men and the women they do hire are usually dykes with purple hair, tatts, and piercings all over their bodies. A well-groomed woman who takes a shower every day doesn't fit their image."  
  
"And you think running around naked in front of them for the next two years would make them any less sexist, ma'am?"  
  
"No. I just want a job doing what I was trained to do. If that takes being a mailgirl for two years I'd do it as long as they guaranteed in writing that I'd get a programming job after my contract is up. Do you think they'd do that?"  
  
"I don't know, ma'am. Maybe. But would you really want to work with people who've all seen you running around naked?"  
  
"I don't give a shit about that. Hell, I'd work naked right now as a programmer if that's what it takes."  
  
By the time we reached the elevator and Lin pushed the down button I'd already learned a lot about her. What I'd learned first and foremost was that she was a chatterbox with absolutely no filter between her brain and her mouth. The whole time she'd been bitching about her job, her boss, her co-workers, the company's sexism, and shaving her pussy in front of "these creeps" we'd been walking through the floor in clear earshot of many of her co-workers. She seemed to have no inhibitions about nudity and even less about expressing her opinions. The first would make her an ideal mailgirl while the second could get her into a lot of trouble. If Barbara got annoyed by Kelly's bitching and insolence then Lin had the potential to be Kelly times ten.   
  
Another initial impression I had of Lin was that I liked her. She was one of the few people I'd met here lately who wasn't either leering at me or treating me condescendingly. She spoke to me like I was a real person rather than a mindless bimbo or a f\*ck toy. I decided I'd make sure she understood what she was getting into if she really wanted to become a mailgirl.  
  
Lin kept talking on the elevator trip down to the second floor and all the way to the Photography department. I learned that she was of Vietnamese descent and her grandfather had been a high ranking government official who had barely escaped with his family during the fall of Saigon. She'd been born and raised in this country and was fully Americanized to the consternation of her parents who tended to be more traditional. She was also a hard core gamer who loved to smoke weed while playing an online game called Dota 2, which I'd never heard of, and was part of the modding community. In her spare time she'd helped write several popular mods for Gangsta and other games. Not being a gamer or programmer myself some of what she told me went right over my head. What little I did know about those things came from what I'd learned in helping to market DDE's games.  
  
A wide-eyed receptionist stared at me as we entered the Photography department. "Nine here has an appointment to get some pictures taken," Lin said to her.  
  
"Why is she nude?" the receptionist asked.  
  
"She's a mailgirl. She's supposed to have an appointment that was made for her by Gangsta."  
  
"And her name is Nine?" the woman asked incredulously.   
  
"I've got this Dana," a man said as he emerged from the corridor behind the receptionist desk. "Come," he said pointing to me. "You can wait out here," he told Lin.   
  
I followed him down the corridor and into a studio toward the end of the hall. It was a relatively small studio without any furniture and the walls were all covered in white panel. "My name's Dave," he said to me. He was a middle aged man with graying hair and a no-nonsense professional attitude. "Have you ever done any professional modeling?"  
  
"No sir," I replied. Many people had asked me that over the years. I'd had offers to do it, and had even had photographers hand me their card out on the street but I'd always been so focused on my degree and career that I'd never done it.   
  
"That's surprising based on your looks, but that's probably a good thing. I don't need you striking any professional poses or sexy looks. We just need photos of your face and body. The animators will use software to manipulate your expressions in the game so try to maintain a neutral expression. I'm afraid I'm going to have to put you into some embarrassing positions but I need to get shots of everything."  
  
"Yes sir," I replied, a little unnerved by the thought of exposing "everything" to his camera.  
  
Dave placed me in the center of the empty studio and began taking photographs of me from every angle. Lots of people had snapped photos of me as a mailgirl with their cellphones but exposing myself like this to a professional photographer felt different. I knew these photos would capture every feature, flaw, and nuance of my body in high definition.   
  
After taking many photos with me just standing with my arms at my sides he had me get into different mailgirls positions for more pictures. First was the standing position with my arms behind my back and my feet spread. Next came the inspection position as I put my hands behind my head and raised up on my toes. Finally came the kneeling position.   
  
When he'd finished with these Dave said, "Okay now we're going to have to do some of the more embarrassing positions. I need you to sit down and spread your legs."  
  
"Yes sir." Once again I was DDE's naked little puppet to be manipulated in any way the company chose. The photographer got down on his knees and began taking close up pictures of my shaved pussy and I felt a combination of shame and arousal rushing through my body. The confidence I'd managed to talk myself into during my shower had disappeared again and I felt helplessly exposed. After he was done there he ordered me onto my knees with my legs spread and my head down and began taking pictures of me from behind. Are they really going to put that into the game, I wondered, or are these most intimate and humiliating pictures just intended for this guy's personal collection? Although Dave hadn't been anything but professional so far he was starting to give me the creeps.  
  
After finishing photographing my pussy from every possible angle Dave stood up and began placing his camera into his bag. I got back up on my feet anticipating that we were done. "Would you like a break?" he asked me.  
  
"Um, no sir. I'm fine. Is there more?"  
  
"Yes," he replied. "Those shots were with a digital camera. We need to do another round with a 3D camera." I groaned inwardly as I heard this. And then we repeated everything a second time.

I'd been in the studio for about an hour when I finally emerged and found Lin looking bored as she scrolled through her cellphone. "Finally," she said as she saw me and jumped to her feet. "Was that guy sketching you freehand or something? We've got to get to Organic Motion."  
  
Once again we walked down a busy corridor past the usual leering, contemptuous, and astonished stares I'd grown used to over the past three months. "Well at least I know now what kind of reactions I'll be getting if I become a mailgirl," Lin laughed. After a quick restroom break we reached the part of the building where the company's motion capturing studios were located. When we entered the office we were greeted by yet another perturbed female receptionist. This one didn't seem surprised by my nudity, though.  
  
"You're late," she said.  
  
"The photographer took forever," Lin said. "It's probably the first time he's had the chance to do gyno shots of a gorgeous naked model so he wanted to make it last. We came straight here."  
  
The receptionist didn't respond but picked up the phone and spoke a few words to someone on the other end. A couple of minutes later a woman entered. "Hi, I'm Amelia," she said in a friendly manner. "I take it you're Nine?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"How did I guess," she laughed. "Follow me."  
  
"Can I come, too?" Lin asked.  
  
"Why not?" Amelia replied. She led the two of us back to a control room. Inside was a good looking African-American man who broke out into a broad grin when he saw me. "This is Martin," Amelia said. "He'll be our tech for this session."  
  
"Hey," Martin said as he reached out to shake my hand. I looked at it awkwardly.  
  
"You're not supposed to touch the mailgirls," Lin said.  
  
"Ah, sorry," Martin said as he withdrew his hand and held both palms up and outward in a sign of surrender. "I guess I'm not up on my Mailgirls etiquette yet."  
  
"That's okay sir," I told him, feeling like an untouchable. Everything in the Mailgirls world was designed to separate us from others, first by Hiromoto and then by Barbara who seemed intent on pushing the concept to even more extreme levels.  
  
So far Amelia and Martin seemed personable enough and I turned my attention to a window that looked into what I assumed was the studio where the motion capturing would be taking place. It was a high ceilinged, white paneled room with a green floor and looked similar to the photography studio I'd just been in, but larger. The two side walls had multiple cameras at both floor level and approximately eye level. Up above were more cameras hanging from metal bars, and in front of the window there were several metal stands holding even more cameras. There were no cameras on the rear wall which was used as the background.   
  
"Why don't we give Nine a demonstration of what this will look like, Martin?" Amelia said. "Fire it up." Martin punched a few keys and a black image of the white room appeared on a large monitor, kind of like a digital version of a photographic negative. Amelia entered a door into the studio and appeared on the screen as a white stick figure with white dots at all the major joints, on the top of her head, her hands, and on her spine. She turned to the camera and began waving her arms and jumping around and I could see the stick figure on the screen moving in unison to her movements.  
  
"That's pretty cool," Lin said.   
  
"Yeah," Martin replied. "No mo-cap suit or markers. Anyone can go in there and we can capture their movements."  
  
"So it wouldn't matter if Nine was naked or clothed when she's in there?"  
  
"Not a bit as far as capturing her movements," Martin said. "It might matter to the company, though. We were told she's not allowed to wear anything ever. Not while on company property anyway."  
  
"Holy shit!" Lin laughed. "What the hell did you do to piss them off, Nine?"  
  
"It's a long story, ma'am," I said. And getting longer all the time.  
  
Amelia emerged from the mo-cap room. "Your turn," she said to me. "Just go in there and I'll tell you what to do."  
  
I walked into the room, turned to face the window and could see Amelia, Martin, and Lin staring at me on the other side. "Start out by going into your standing position," Amelia said through a speaker. She had me do this a number of times from different angles. Then she had me do the same for both the inspection position and kneeling position. After that she had me walk around the room for awhile, then run around, back and forth.   
  
"Okay, good," she said. "Now we're just going to wing it since I don't know exactly what movements they'll use in the game. Do some dancing for me."  
  
"What kind of dancing, ma'am?" I asked.  
  
"Various kinds. Fast, slow, sexy. Give me a variety."   
  
I started moving to an imaginary beat, putting on a high tech peep show for my audience. The rhythmic movement felt good. After so many weeks as a mailgirl my body thrived on movement; movement and nudity had become its natural state. It suddenly struck me that if I was forced back into wearing clothes and sitting in a cubicle all day it would feel like a cage to me. For all of the restrictions that Barbara had placed on my life, in many ways it had also been liberating. She'd forced me into a simpler, more primitive state, freeing me from much of the minutiae and sensory overload that threatened to swamp modern lives like waves crashing over the bow of a tiny boat. My life was relatively simple now. I breathed, I moved, I served, I obeyed.  
  
I danced.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 42**

**LUNCH**  
I found myself following Lin once again, this time to the company's cafeteria in the south wing. After finishing up after several hours in the organic movement studio Lin had told me she was starved and suggested that we get some lunch.   
  
"I'm not sure I'm allowed in the cafeteria, ma'am," I told her.  
  
"I've been put in charge of you today and you're supposed to obey me as a mailgirl, right?" Lin asked.  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"Then let's go to the cafeteria. You're just doing as you're told so what can they say?"  
  
I couldn't argue with that and as we entered the cafeteria I heard laughter and whistles from the crowd of employees dining there. At one of the tables I spotted a few of my old pals from marketing and I prayed they would leave me alone. They just stared at me silently, though, as I walked past their table. I'm sure they knew by now what had happened to Stephanie so maybe they figured it would be best to keep their distance.  
  
I lowered my eyes and followed behind Lin toward the buffet tables. "Get whatever you want," she said. "I'll pay for it since you obviously aren't carrying any money on you."  
  
I made myself a salad from the salad bar and added a bowl of soup and some tea, then fell in behind Lin as she walked with her tray toward the cashier. "She's not supposed to be in here," the cashier said to her as we approached.   
  
"She's doing work for Gangsta today and if you don't like her being here then you can take it up with the production manager who put me in charge of her," Lin responded defiantly.   
  
The cashier glared at the two of us then rung up our food. The Gangsta production department carried a lot of weight at DDE so it wasn't surprising to see her back off. We made our way to an empty table that was uncomfortably close to the marketing table and as Lin sat down a thought suddenly occurred to me.   
  
"Um, ma'am, I'm not allowed to sit on any company furniture."  
  
"What if I ordered you to do it?"  
  
"You could but I really think it would get both of us in trouble, ma'am."  
  
"So what are you going to do?" Lin asked. "We can't take the trays, plates, and silverware out of here."  
  
There was only one thing I could do. I knelt down beside the table and placed the tray on the floor in front of me. As I did this the sound of laughter from all around me rang in my ears. This may not be a downtown restaurant but another aspect of Barbara's future for me was coming to life as I was forced to kneel submissively on the floor as others dined at tables around me.   
  
"Wow," Lin said. "Okay then."  
  
"Will Stephanie be joining you for lunch, Nine?" I heard Bill from marketing say as the rest of the table broke into laughter. "Or should I call her Three? She paid us a visit this morning in her new work uniform."  
  
A wave of guilt came over me about the role I'd played in forcing Stephanie to become a mailgirl. I knew exactly what she'd gone through this morning as she'd faced her former co-workers and friends as a nude and submissive inferior because I'd been through it myself yesterday.  
  
I tried to ignore what was going on around me as I picked at my meal but kneeling naked like this on the floor made me feel like a dog eating beside her master. Whatever appetite I'd had before had vanished as humiliation coursed through my body along with the arousal that inevitably accompanied it. My emotions had been on a rollercoaster ride over the past two days and the ride didn't look like it would stop anytime soon. That moment in the shower this morning when I'd made peace with my circumstances and had allowed myself to be who I am had only been fleeting. Even just a little while ago I'd been enjoying the freedom of my life as I danced nude in the organic movement studio, but this latest jolt to my system suddenly had me questioning my sanity in surrendering myself to forces that controlled nearly every aspect of my life.  
  
Lin sensed my discomfort and quickly finished her meal. She grabbed my tray and put it on the table beside hers. "C'mon, let's go."  
  
I stood up and followed her toward the exit. As I left the room I heard Bill shouting, "Bye bye, Nine! We hate to see you go but we love to watch you leave!"  
  
I followed behind Lin as she led me out of an exit door into the courtyard in the middle of the DDE complex. It was a beautiful sunny day so there were quite a few employees eating bag lunches out here but Lin led me to a remote spot away from everyone and plopped down on a patch of grass. I kneeled down beside her.  
  
"Let's talk for a few minutes," she said to me. "I have some things I need to decide."  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"And cut the 'ma'am' bullshit. Talk to me like a real person."  
  
"I'm not allowed, ma'am," I said. I thought about poor Thomas from Montserrat who'd gotten too friendly with me and had been fired by Barbara as a result.   
  
"There's no one near us that can hear what we're saying. Please."  
  
I looked around to confirm what she was saying. "Okay, Lin. What do you want to talk about?"  
  
"What's your real name?"  
  
"I'm Danica."  
  
"You used to work here as a regular employee, didn't you? I remember seeing you a couple of times when you wore clothes. You're so beautiful you're hard to miss."  
  
"Yes," I replied. "I was in DDE's fast track management program assigned to their marketing department."  
  
"Wow! And you gave that up to become a mailgirl?"  
  
"It's a very long and complicated story, Lin."  
  
"Okay, you don't have to tell me about it if you don't want. I want to ask your advice, though. Do you think I should become a mailgirl if I can get them to promise me a programming job after my contract is up?"  
  
"No, I don't think you should do that, Lin. If DDE won't give you a job that your qualified for then you should leave and find a company that will."  
  
"I had job offers as a programmer after I graduated but they were mostly for companies making business applications or apps for cellphones and tablets, shit like that. I don't want to do that. I'm a serious gamer and DDE makes great games that are on the cutting edge. This is where I want to be, Danica. I was hoping you could help me."  
  
"How can I help you?"  
  
"You know Barbara Anderson. She's got the juice to make things happen in this company and I was thinking maybe you could take me to her and talk her into making a deal. Two years as a mailgirl in exchange for a job as a programmer afterwards."  
  
"Trust me, Lin, I don't talk Barbara into anything. And after seeing what I had to go through today do you really think you want any part of that?"  
  
"I could do it, Danica, I know I could. I don't think Stimpy has any intention of ever giving me a job as a programmer so I have to find another way. And I don't just want to write code, someday I want to design games and I can't do that until I get my foot in the door. I look great naked and that's really the only bargaining chip I have. Please, Danica, you have to help me."  
  
The desperation in her voice was getting to me. Against my better judgment I wanted to help her, but I also wanted to make damn sure she understood what she was getting into. "Lin, all that bitching you did today on the Gangsta floor about your boss, your co-workers and the company, you can't do that as a mailgirl. Barbara isn't anything like Stimpy. If you do that as a mailgirl she'll crush you. I mean it."  
  
"Okay," Lin replied. "I can keep my mouth shut."  
  
"Can you?" I asked. "Once you sign that contract there's no going back. You'll be handing Barbara the power to destroy you financially if you try to quit or refuse to conform to her demands. You'll be considered an inferior to every other employee in the company and will be required to be submissive to them every second that you are on the job. Not only will you be surrendering your clothes, you'll be surrendering your name and your independence. You think what you've been doing the past two years is similar to what you'll be doing as a mailgirl? Girl, you have no idea."  
  
Lin was silent for several minutes as she thought about everything I'd told her. Finally she nodded her head and spoke. "Okay Danica, I can do that. I can roleplay a submissive slave girl. I'm a great roleplayer. I know I can do it."  
  
"Lin, if I take you to Barbara I can't promise you anything. She's very unpredictable."  
  
"I understand," she said.  
  
I took a deep breath. "Alright then, let's go see her."

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 43**

**A FATEFUL MEETING**  
Barbara's receptionist Jan looked surprised when Lin and I entered her office. "Nine, did Barbara summon you here?" she asked.  
  
"No ma'am," I replied. "We were hoping to meet with her. Lin is interested in becoming a mailgirl. Is she in?"  
  
"Oh, um, no but she should be back in a few minutes. Donna Haverly is handling the Mailgirls applications now so you should probably go see her."  
  
"Lin has a special request to make and we were hoping to see Barbara, ma'am," I said.  
  
"Alright. I suppose you can wait here until she gets back."  
  
Lin settled down on the couch in the waiting area while I kneeled on the carpeted floor. It was at least thirty minutes before Barbara showed up and when she finally did she walked right past us without hesitating or speaking, then entered her office and closed the door. Lin looked over at me nervously then spoke to Jan. "Is she going to see us?"  
  
Jan shrugged her shoulders. "She knows you're here."  
  
We waited for another half hour or so and I was about to suggest to Lin that we leave when Jan looked up from her computer. "You can go in now," she said to us.  
  
We nervously entered the office and found Barbara leaning back in her chair with her arms folded. "On your knees," she barked at me. "You can sit," she said to Lin, pointing to a seat in front of her desk. "Now tell me why you're here."  
  
Lin glanced over at me nervously and then began to speak. She explained to Barbara who she was, her educational background, her job as Stimpy's assistant, and how desperately she wanted to become a programmer and game designer for DDE. The girl speaking now seemed completely different than the one I'd first met this morning. Lin spoke with quiet humility, referring to Barbara as "ma'am," and gave what I thought was an earnest and convincing presentation. If she was roleplaying now she was doing a damn good job of it.  
  
If Barbara was warming up to her, though, it didn't show as she continued to sit silently with her arms crossed. It was only when Lin offered to sign a two year Mailgirls contract in exchange for a written guarantee of being offered a programming job that she began to show a spark of interest.   
  
After Lin had finished speaking Barbara unfolded her arms, leaned forward and placed them on her desk. "Stand up Lin," she said. After she had complied Barbara looked her over briefly then said, "Take off your clothes."  
  
Lin gasped at the sudden directness of the request. "Y-yes ma'am." She began fumbling nervously at the buttons of her blouse and finally removed it and placed it on the chair behind her. Then she kicked off her sandals, and began sliding her tight jeans down her legs. After placing those on the seat she was left standing in a matching bra and thong panties. She reached behind her back and unsnapped the bra and added it to the pile, then quickly slid the panties off. When she was fully nude Barbara twirled her index finger indicating she wanted Lin to turn around. She had a beautiful, well proportioned body with flawless skin and firm, medium sized breasts that hung over a flat stomach. I noticed that she didn't have any tattoos which I knew would be a plus in her favor, and the only piercings were in her ears and navel. Lin hadn't lied, she did look great naked.  
  
Barbara leaned back in her chair and appeared to be thinking about how to respond as Lin stood self consciously before her. She was trembling slightly and was obviously very nervous when Barbara finally spoke.  
  
"Lin, I'm not going to offer you a Mailgirls contract." The disappointment on Lin's face was obvious and as she began to open her mouth to speak Barbara raised a hand to silence her. "I am, however, willing to offer a counterproposal if you're willing to hear it."  
  
Lin nodded her head. "Yes ma'am, of course."  
  
"I'll tell you what I'm willing to do for you," Barbara said. "I'll get you on as an entry level programmer with Gangsta and I'll make sure you are given every opportunity there to prove yourself. If you do well I'll also make sure that career advancement opportunities are made available to you and that you won't be discriminated against."  
  
"Oh thank you ma'am," Lin said excitedly. "You won't regret...."  
  
"I'm not finished yet," Barbara interrupted. "There's more."  
  
"I'm sorry, ma'am."  
  
"We need to discuss your dress code," Barbara continued. "It will be what you're wearing now, minus the earrings, bracelets, and navel jewelry."  
  
A look of shock came over Lin's face. "You mean you want me to work naked? As a programmer?"  
  
"That's right," Barbara replied. "You'll be expected to have the same grooming standards as the mailgirls which means showing up to work at least thirty minutes prior to your shift and showering and shaving in the new Mailgirls locker room. You're not going to be a mailgirl so you won't be assigned a number or an MMU, but you will work naked. Since you'll need to communicate with your co-workers as an equal to do your job you won't be required to adopt the mailgirls' submissive language and you'll obviously be allowed to sit in a chair in your workstation. Anywhere else on the premises, though, you'll be expected to kneel on the floor like a mailgirl. That includes the employee cafeteria." After hearing that I was dead certain that Barbara knew about what had happened today in the cafeteria.  
  
"Um, will this be for the full two years?" Lin asked.  
  
"No," Barbara replied. "You'll need to sign a nudity waiver acknowledging that nudity is a mandatory requirement of your job but otherwise there will be no contract and no time limit. This will be a verbal agreement between the two of us. If you hold up your end of it, I promise you I'll hold up mine."  
  
"So you mean I might have to work naked for as long as I'm employed here at DDE?" Lin asked incredulously.  
  
For the first time since entering her office, Barbara smiled. "I don't know," she said. "Frankly this isn't a scenario I'd considered before so I'm not sure how I'll respond to it down the road. It'll be interesting to find out. If you do well at some point I may release you from the nudity requirement. But, then again, I may not. What I can promise you, though, is that if you do substandard work, flout authority, and bitch and moan about your lot in life here at DDE I'll have you fired in a heartbeat. If you're as good as you say you are though and can prove it I'll make sure the door is open to you for advancement in the company. That's my verbal commitment to you. I won't promise you that you'll ever be allowed to wear clothes again as a DDE employee."  
  
Lin gasped when she heard that. "Well, will I at least get the same bonus as the mailgirls get?"  
  
"Nope. You'll be paid the same wages as any other entry level programmer. On the other hand you'll be free to quit the company at any time without any financial penalties."  
  
Lin nervously slapped the palms of her hands against her bare thighs as she thought about what Barbara was offering her. "Can I have some time to think about it?"  
  
"You have until you leave this office to make your decision. After you walk out that door the offer will be permanently retracted. You'll be free to go back to your old job and hope things work out for the best." Knowing Barbara as I did I was certain she'd make sure that things didn't work out for the best for Lin if she turned down her offer.  
  
As I listened to all of this I was shocked by what I was hearing. Not the "my way or the highway" demand for Lin to make an immediate decision since that was pure Barbara all the way. What stunned me was her willingness to expand female nudity from the Mailgirls program into the general employee population at large. Was this really just a spur of the moment decision as Barbara was claiming or part of a calculated plan that had been waiting for the opportunity to present itself to try out? I had no idea, but what I was certain of was that Lin wouldn't be the last pretty female employee who would be "offered" the opportunity to work naked at her normal job if this experiment with Lin worked out. Barbara wasn't one to be constrained by the limits of the Mailgirls program.  
  
"Okay, if that's what I have to do I'll do it," Lin said with a tremor in her voice and my heart went out to her. She was about to embark on a wild ride and I hoped she was ready for it.   
  
"Great," Barbara said with an air of dismissal. "Now get dressed and go. Jan will have the nudity waiver for you to sign on your way out and will send the paperwork to HR and notify your boss of your new position and dress code. You'll start tomorrow morning at eight. I expect you to be showered, shaved and ready to report to your new position by then."  
  
As Lin quietly pulled on her clothes I began to rise to my feet. For the first time since entering the office Barbara turned her attention to me. "Not you Nine. I'm not nearly done with you yet. Back on your knees."

After Lin had left the room Barbara returned to her desk and began working on her laptop, leaving me there on my knees as my anxiety rose with each passing minute. I don't know how long it was before she finally rose from her desk and walked to the cabinet in the rear of the office. This time, though, she didn't return with a bottle of wine and two glasses. Instead she carried the ball gag and riding crop. I began to tremble as I quickly lowered my eyes and bowed my head in a submissive posture hoping for mercy.  
  
"Nine, you know you're going to be punished now. Do you know why?"  
  
"N-no ma'am."  
  
"You don't? Are you trying to tell me you don't remember what happened the last time you showed up at my office without being summoned? When did I ever give you the impression that you were allowed to do that?" I did remember. It was when I'd showed up unannounced and fully dressed to confront her about her collusion with Kelly to get me into the Mailgirls program. It was the first and only time she'd whipped me. Until now.  
  
"I'm so sorry, ma'am. Lin asked me for my help and I thought..."  
  
"Is it your job now to help every stray that comes along? Or is it your job to obey me?"  
  
"To obey you ma'am," I replied as tears began stinging my eyes.   
  
"And why did you think you were allowed in the employee cafeteria?"  
  
"I didn't know ma'am. You've never said anything about that."  
  
"Believe me, Nine, if I wanted mailgirls wandering into the cafeteria for their lunch break I would have told you."  
  
"Y-yes ma'am. I'm sorry."   
  
Barbara moved around behind me now and placed the ball gag into my mouth. As I felt the straps tighten tears began flowing freely down my cheeks. "It's obvious to me now that I've been much too soft on you lately, Nine. But you will learn to obey me, I can promise you that. Now get into position."  
  
I dropped down on all fours and lowered my head to the floor. "Raise your right foot," Barbara commanded. I braced myself for the blow but as the crop snapped against the bottom of my foot the pain shot through my entire body and I lowered it back to the floor. "That one doesn't count," Barbara said. "Lift your foot back up or you'll get twice as many." I quickly obeyed and this time I was able to hold it up as she slapped it again and again and again. I lost track of how many times she struck it before she moved on.   
  
"Now the left foot." Again the pain pulsated through my body as my tears fell to the floor like rain. When she had finished with my feet she started on my right butt cheek and then the left. After it was finally over she stood over me as I sobbed uncontrollably. She waited patiently until I'd finally cried myself out, then leaned down and said, "I'm going to remove your gag now. Please don't make me regret it." All I could do was nod weakly. I felt the straps loosen and then broke into a coughing fit as she removed the gag from my mouth.  
  
Once again Barbara waited patiently until I finally began to calm down and collect myself. "Return to your kneeling position," Barbara ordered but in a calmer, quieter voice than before. She placed the whip and gag on her desk, then squatted down and held two fingers under my chin as she gently wiped the tears from beneath each eye with her thumb. "Danica, Danica, Danica," she whispered. "So beautiful but so disobedient. I want you to know that I will never punish you like this without cause and when I do you need to understand why I'm doing it."  
  
"Y-yes ma'am," I sniffed.  
  
"I'm not angry that you tried to help Lin. I'm glad you did but you arrogantly broke protocol in bringing her directly to me. Everything goes though Donna's office first and then, if it merits it, up to me at a time that I choose to schedule it. If you had followed the proper chain then I'd have been happy to offer Lin a two year Mailgirls contract and the promise of a programming job afterwards. Instead you made it impossible for me to do that."  
  
"I'm so sorry ma'am."  
  
Barbara reached up and began gently stroking my hair. "I know you are Danica, but being sorry isn't enough. There has to be consequences for your actions. I gave Lin the job she wanted but at the cost of her clothes, maybe permanently. You wanted to help her but ultimately you've probably made things much more difficult for her. We'll have to see now just how badly she wants what she says she wants."  
  
"Y-yes ma'am." Her words were cutting deeper than the whip ever could and I wondered how I could have possibly been so foolish.   
  
"And you knew you weren't supposed be in the cafeteria, didn't you Danica?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Say it."  
  
"I knew I wasn't supposed to be in there, ma'am."  
  
"Yet you went in there anyway. You're very lucky that you chose to eat on the floor rather than at the table or things would be much worse for you now than they already are."  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"The last time you disobeyed me so flagrantly you lost your clothing privileges permanently. You realize that your disobedience this time requires another punishment that goes beyond just the short-term pain of a whipping, don't you?"  
  
I hung my head and nodded. "Yes, ma'am. I know."  
  
"Alright then. If you want to eat in the cafeteria then I'm going to give that to you just like I gave Lin what she wanted. You're going to eat your lunch there every day from now on. I'll put a Mailgirls mat in the middle of the cafeteria and you'll eat your lunch on the floor like a dog surrounded by the other DDE employees. But only you. No other mailgirl will be allowed in the cafeteria."  
  
I very much didn't want that but there was nothing I could say or do about it. Barbara continued speaking before I had a chance to respond.  
  
"Danica, I know you've been a little lost and adrift since I took your watch away and gave you an MMU that isn't operational yet and vague orders to carry out. You need structure and control in your life and that really showed today. I'm going to provide that for you."  
  
"Thank you ma'am."  
  
"Good girl," Barbara said and she leaned in and kissed my forehead. "I said earlier that you're going to be my star and you will be. It was foolish of me to think you could ever be just an anonymous mailgirl. Your feathers are much too bright. But I am going to be harder on you than on anyone else. You will learn obedience."  
  
Barbara rose to her feet and stood above me. "Danica, the pain you're feeling in your body right now will soon subside but in its place powerful emotions and feelings will remain. I'm going to leave you alone now to sort through them and I won't be back. Let those emotions flow freely though you, whatever they may be, until they lead you to a place of understanding. Once that happens you're free to leave."   
  
As the door closed behind Barbara I rolled onto the floor into a fetal position and began sobbing again. Powerful emotions began coursing though me just as she had predicted: hate, anger, shock, bitterness, confusion, remorse, contempt for myself and what I was letting her do to me. I let them flow unimpeded until, one by one, they each faded away until only one remained. Love.  
  
I desperately, feverishly wanted Barbara to love me.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl - Part 44**

**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MAILGIRL NINE**  
I awoke before the alarm and slipped quietly out of bed being careful not to wake Anna. After a stop in the bathroom to pee, run a brush through my hair, and brush my teeth, I padded out into the kitchen to make breakfast. I was nude, of course, as I always was and by the time Anna appeared in the kitchen I had the morning meal prepared for her and on the table. I placed my own breakfast on the floor and kneeled down beside her to eat.  
  
This morning ritual had begun fairly recently and was part of our evolving role-playing. Anna's fascination with the BDSM lifestyle had been growing over time but she was always nervous about going too far with me so this had been my suggestion. I'd never told her of the things that had happened in Barbara's office so my idea of "too far" was very different than hers. With Barbara there was no role-playing involved; domination and control were hard-wired into her system and my submissiveness was not optional. To Anna this was a game, though, and I felt it best to nudge her along slowly in allowing her to become the dominant in our relationship. She was such an innately sweet girl that I sometimes felt like a corrupting influence on her, but she seemed to genuinely enjoy playing the game. As long as that was the case I wanted to keep gently pushing her to take greater control of me.  
  
After we'd finished eating I placed the dirty dishes in the sink and followed Anna into the bedroom. We entered the large walk-in closet which featured a small but slowly expanding wardrobe of clothes, all of them hers. She selected the dress and shoes she wanted to wear on the walk to work, handed them to me, and I followed her back into the bedroom where I assisted in helping her get dressed. After a couple of minutes more of preparation we headed for the front door.  
  
"It's raining out so I'll need a jacket and the umbrella, girl," Anna said in her best imperious voice. Neither of us liked the idea of addressing me as "Nine" or "slave" while we were role-playing so we'd settled on "girl" as an acceptable alternative.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I replied as I retrieved them from the coat closet. There would be no jacket or umbrella for me. I'd be walking to work in the nude like I always did.  
  
As we exited the condo I felt the chill in the October air and the light rain made it even colder. I opened the umbrella and held it over Anna's head to keep her dry as I followed one step behind.   
  
It had been several months since going through the two day crucible that began with me as a naked stage prop for Barbara's presentation and ended with a whipping in her office. Thankfully things had settled down since then or I'd be a complete basket case by now. That was Barbara's way, though. She'd hit me with intense periods of shock and awe to throw me off balance and rapidly expand my boundaries followed by relatively calm stretches to allow me to regain my equilibrium. Even during quieter times like this I still remained on edge wondering when the next journey through Barbara's spin cycle would begin.   
  
The rain continued to fall and I began trembling as I followed Anna down the sidewalk toward the sprawling DDE complex ahead of us. It was only about a ten minute walk from the condo to the employee entrance so I figured I could handle all but the most severe winter weather conditions which were a rarity in this part of the country. If a bad winter storm did hit I wondered if Barbara would give me permission to wear a coat and shoes. So far the subject hadn't come up.  
  
My nude walk to and from work had become a regular feature in the neighborhood and I'd heard that there were drivers who tried to time their commute to work past the DDE building to catch a glimpse of me. So far the local authorities hadn't shown any interest in trying to prevent me from doing it so I suppose this meant that the first phase of Barbara's plan to "test the waters" to gauge public reaction to nudity beyond DDE's walls had been a success. This only made me nervous, though, wondering what she might have in mind next.  
  
I lowered the umbrella as we walked through the doors of the employee entrance and was grateful to feel the warm air on my bare wet skin. Pop music was playing over the speakers and in the center of the lobby a beautiful nude woman danced in rhythm to it. This had been another of Barbara's innovations. Each day a different mailgirl was assigned to dance naked in the lobby to greet employees as they showed up for work and today it was the very lovely Mailgirl Six, aka Sarah Thomason.   
  
Sarah had previously been a tenth floor receptionist in the tower. Anna and I used to pass her regularly on our way to the executive lounge where I'd serve drinks to the company's top managers. I hadn't known it at the time but she'd developed a fascination with the two of us and the idea of working naked. When the company posted the internal job opening for new mailgirls no arm twisting or blackmail had been required to get her to apply. She'd walked her application into Donna Haverly's office herself. Barbara made the final decision on hires and Sarah's fresh faced girl-next-door looks and nearly flawless natural body must have made it an easy call for her. It also turned out she had an exhibitionist streak a mile wide and of the new crop of mailgirls Sarah had probably adapted quickest to her new role. She flashed a smile at us as we walked past her toward the stairs.  
  
Anna and I climbed to the fifth floor of the north wing, then entered the service corridor that led to the Mailgirls locker room. This path was the lone area of the large complex that mailgirls were allowed to wear any clothes and only immediately before and after their shifts. The old locker room in the basement of the tower had been closed so this was now the only one in use.  
  
Now that there was a full complement of twenty-four mailgirls, shifts were staggered to maximize efficiency. As we entered the room two of the girls were already in "uniform" and ready to depart for the tower where their job was to place fresh fruit and newspapers in the offices of the top executives before they arrived for the day. One of the two girls was my ex-friend Stephanie and she glanced at me briefly as I entered before turning away. The two of us had barely spoken since that day she'd been forced into becoming a mailgirl. I'd tried to reach out to her several times to clear the air but Stephanie wanted none of it. I'd heard second hand that her first trip back to the Marketing department as a nude inferior had been hard on her and she'd broken down into tears in front of her former colleagues. I suppose that should have made me happy after what she'd done to me on my first trip back there, but it didn't. If anyone could understand what she'd gone through it was me.  
  
The role-playing game that Anna and I played always ended as soon as we reached the locker room where we became equals again. Anna threw her arms around me and gave me a hug as we arrived at her locker. "Living the dream," she smiled. Usually when someone says that it's meant sarcastically, but for her she really was living the dream. I doubt anyone could love being a mailgirl more than Anna. A couple of days a week she was assigned to help Donna with administrative duties, a task she didn't like nearly as much. Today she was getting to run the mail, though, which made her happy.  
  
The locker room was buzzing with activity this morning as the large group of mailgirls prepared for their shift. This was the one place in the building where we were all considered equals so there was a lot of chatting and banter going on. The unusual nature of our job and the knowledge that once we left the room we'd have to adopt a subservient attitude to everyone else helped bond us together. That's not to say that there was no petty jealousy, cattiness or cliquishness going on - we were women after all - but it wasn't nearly as pronounced as I'd seen in other situations when a bunch of females are thrown together.  
  
Barbara hadn't discriminated based on race, creed, or bust size in hiring so we were an interesting mix of women, each with our own story to tell about how we ended up here. One thing we did all have in common was natural beauty. There were no fake boobs, tramp stamps, purple hair, mohawks, or nose piercings. Barbara might accept a woman with a small, inconspicuous tattoo like Stephanie's but that was about it. Cup sizes ranged from A to DD but the breasts were all natural and all of the women had fit, attractive bodies and pretty faces.   
  
Besides Anna, Kelly, Stephanie, and me, nine other women had come from within the ranks of DDE employees making a total of thirteen from in house. The rest were from outside the company and it was surprising to me how many women had applied. With so many to choose from it hadn't taken Barbara and Donna long to fill out the ranks with exceptionally attractive women.  
  
Next to my locker disrobing and gabbing to each other in Spanish were the very pretty Gonzalez twins, also known as Ten and Eleven. Maria and Gabriela were Mexican and had been on DDE's night cleaning crew. One night their manager suggested they should consider applying to become mailgirls or he might take a closer look at the authenticity of their documentation to determine if they were actually legal to work in this country. They quickly accepted the suggestion. The two of them seemed to be handling everything okay despite the fact that neither spoke much English.   
  
The Gonzalez twins weren't the only family act in DDE's Mailgirls program though. Together in the showers right now were Fifteen and Sixteen - Sasha Gutheridge, the oldest mailgirl at 36, and her 18-year-old daughter April. Sasha looked more like April's older sister than her mother and the two of them quickly became fan favorites of the Gangsta crew on the other side of the two-way mirror during the morning shower sessions. To say they had an unusual story was an understatement.  
  
Sasha's husband had been a successful real estate broker until he suddenly quit his job, left his family, and joined a cult that had a compound just outside of the city. To make things worse he drained their bank accounts and sold off all of their investments, then donated it all to the cult in exchange for a promise of Everlasting Divinity, whatever the hell that is. Sasha had been working as a fitness trainer at a local gym which provided her with a toned body but not much income to pay the mortgage or any of the other debts her husband had left her saddled with. She was on the verge of declaring bankruptcy when a friend who worked at DDE told her about the new Mailgirls openings and the large bonuses and salary the company was offering.  
  
It was Sasha who had talked her daughter into applying for the job with her in order to earn money for college and double the bonus money that could be used to help stave off creditors. April, a beautiful but introverted girl, had been mortified by the idea of working naked with her mother but had finally consented to at least go to the job interview with her. When Barbara offered Sasha a contract but only if her daughter came along as a package deal, April felt like she had no choice but to do it. Even after over a month on the job she was still very embarrassed by the "totally weird" situation she found herself in.   
  
For her part, Sasha didn't seem too bothered by either her own nudity or the fact that her shy daughter now had to shower and shave her pussy in front of both her mother and a bunch of leering men. The recent discovery that Sasha had another beautiful daughter a year younger than April who was a high school senior had created quite a buzz on the Gangsta floor, according to Lin. There was a lot of hopeful speculation that she might also join the family business next year after turning eighteen.

As I walked toward the shower area I saw Kelly already in it down at the far end so I joined her beneath the adjacent shower head. "Hey," she said as she saw me approach.  
  
"What's up, Kell?"  
  
"Living the dream," she replied very sarcastically. Kelly had been glad to see an influx of new "talent" into the Mailgirls program since it helped keep her off of Barbara's radar. She hated Barbara but had wisely learned to keep her mouth shut about it, at least at work. "I saw Dear Leader on television again last night," she said, referring to Barbara.  
  
"Oh yeah? Which show?" I asked.  
  
"Bill O'Reilly."  
  
"Ah, I didn't see it. How did she do?"  
  
"Same as always. She made Mailgirls seem like the best thing to happen for women since the invention of the battery powered vibrator."  
  
Barbara had been on television a lot lately. Not everything had gone smoothly in the transition to a larger Mailgirls staff. Of the twenty-four mailgirls under contract after the hiring was over, six had tried to quit within the first few weeks after discovering that the humiliation and physical demands involved in the job were much greater than they'd expected. DDE and its lawyers immediately took legal action against each of them, demanding repayment of the bonus money plus interest and penalties owed the company under the terms of the contract. Five of them had eventually returned to the job after realizing it would cost them a fortune in legal fees to fight back against a corporation with deep pockets and with no guarantee of winning.  
  
The sixth girl, however, had shown up at a press conference held by a feminist group called United American Women with well-known feminist attorney Jennifer Erickson at her side. Erickson called the Mailgirls contracts "a form of legalized slavery" and announced a lawsuit against DDE with the aid of funding by UAW. Barbara was convinced that the girl had been planted by UAW to allow them to sue DDE over its Mailgirls program.  
  
All of this had once again reignited the Mailgirls controversy in the national media, but if the United American Women thought this would deter DDE in any way they sorely underestimated both the company and Barbara Anderson. A new mailgirl was quickly hired to fill the vacancy while Barbara went on a media counteroffensive, appearing on numerous television news programs and talk shows to defend the company and the Mailgirls program. Her combination of beauty, fearlessness, intelligence, and charisma quickly turned her into the face of the Mailgirls program and made her a rising media star. Meanwhile the renewed firestorm had only boosted sales of DDE games and films, and the company's willingness to fight the "Ugly Angry Witches" of UAW for the right of naked women to deliver mail was cheered on by the company's predominately male core demographic.  
  
"Did they show the sexual energy clip on the show?" I asked.   
  
"Of course," Kelly replied.   
  
A video of Barbara's presentation featuring me nude on stage had been made available to all DDE employees so it had taken about two nanoseconds before the whole thing ended up uncensored on the internet. Thankfully my onstage orgasm had been edited out before its internal release although I doubt that had anything to do with sparing me from further humiliation. Barbara probably thought it would be a distraction from her message.   
  
The part of the speech the media seemed most interested in was Barbara talking about employees tapping into the sexual energy created by mailgirls, so whenever she appeared on a show that was the clip that was frequently shown. My naughty bits were usually blurred in it but occasionally it would be shown uncensored in foreign news or in online media. Personally I would have preferred that they blur my face.   
  
Barbara, unsurprisingly, never backed down or apologized for anything she'd said that day. I'm sure she knew the video would end up on the internet and the notoriety of it gave her the opportunity to talk about Mailgirls and expand on her philosophy to a national audience. There were also many media requests for interviews with "Mailgirl Nine" but thankfully Barbara had rejected them all. I had no desire for any more attention than I was already getting.  
  
As I soaped up my body I was conscious as always of the audience on the other side of the mirror. Anna entered the shower next to mine and the three of us "old salts," as Kelly called us, prepared for our shift together.   
  
  
**THE MAILROOM**  
As I sat on the bench waiting to make my first run of the day I felt the nervous energy building as it always did each morning as I waited to be called out. Even after months as a mailgirl I still hadn't gotten used to being nude in an otherwise normal business environment. To be honest, I didn't ever want to get used to it. I never wanted to become jaded or blasé about public nudity or ever lose the feeling that I was living beyond the boundaries of contemporary American society. I still felt shame, embarrassment, and humiliation and I didn't want those feelings to go away because they made me feel more alive now than when all my focus had been on my next pay raise, my next promotion, that office in the tower.  
  
The MMU strapped to my arm came alive and I glanced at it as I rose to my feet. I was being summoned to the mailroom in the south wing. I exited the locker room, then walked briskly through the service corridor to the stairwell and descended down five flights of stairs to the ground floor. From there I entered a door taking me into an empty corridor that bypassed the employee entrance lobby and led to a heavy fire door on the other end.   
  
Up to this point I'd seen almost no one, but when I entered that door I was suddenly in a busy office environment that was alive with activity. I walked briskly past the "normals," as Kelly called them, and toward the exit to the courtyard. The quickest path to the mailroom was through the courtyard to the south wing, but when I opened the exit door I saw that the light early morning rain had turned to a downpour. Since I was freshly showered I had no desire to get drenched on my first run of the day. I checked my MMU and saw I had less than three minutes left to make my deadline. I made a quick decision to take the long way around through the east wing. It would be tight but I thought I could make it.   
  
I began to run now, past desks, cubicles, offices, down corridors, and through doors. With each step my breasts bounced uncomfortably but the raw, primitive feel of it made me feel like a large cat bounding through the jungle after its prey. In this case the prey was only a deadline but I still felt the thrill of the chase.   
  
As I entered the doorway into the mailroom my MMU flashed red. I was 22 seconds late. Shit. That would cost me two demerits. Not the way I wanted to start the day.  
  
The original purpose of Mailgirls, at least as envisioned by Mr. Hiromoto, was to use nude women to make inter-departmental deliveries. The normal mail coming into and out of the building was handled by the regular mailroom staff. Barbara, being nothing if not ambitious, had decided that mailgirls should eventually handle every piece of correspondence that moved through the building which meant transitioning the DDE mailroom into a Mailgirls operation. This transition had already begun which meant that being summoned to the mailroom was a fairly common occurrence, especially in the morning.  
  
"It'll be a few minutes so grab a knee," said Rick Delaney, the manager of DDE's mailroom as his eyes wandered over my body. The clothed mailroom staff was busy filling several carts with letters and packages that nude mailgirls would then wheel through the large complex to deliver to various departments. I walked over to the Mailgirls pad to kneel and found Mailgirl Twelve, Brianna Bell, also waiting there.   
  
"Hey Brianna," I said as I kneeled down next to her. Mailgirls were allowed to call each other by name since they were the only people in the building considered equals. Brianna was a beautiful African-American woman with a dancer's body and small but firm breasts.  
  
"Hello Danica," she said. We waited in silence for a couple of minutes before Brianna sighed and said, "God I hate coming back here." Her old job before becoming a mailgirl had been here in the mailroom so I knew how she felt having to face her old co-workers now. Almost immediately after Barbara's meeting announcing the $10,000 bonus for every woman they successfully referred to the program, Rick Delaney had begun pressuring Brianna to become a mailgirl. He'd told her that the mailroom would soon become a part of the Mailgirls operation and she would become expendable. Brianna resisted for awhile but as a single mother of a young daughter she was worried about losing her job and finally ended up signing the two-year contract.   
  
It hadn't taken long for Brianna to realize she'd made a big mistake. She found the job to be terribly humiliating and was one of the six girls who had tried to quit. After DDE's lawyers had gone after her to repay the bonus money and contract termination penalties she'd felt like she had no real choice but to return. The irony of the whole thing was that Delaney had thought he was lying to her about the mailroom becoming a Mailgirls operation only to discover later that it was true and that he himself might soon be expendable.   
  
"You know it's supposed to be random which girl is called here but I don't think it is," Brianna said. "I get called here all the time." It had to be tough on her to have to continually return to her old department to do the same job she used to do, but in the nude. "I think they do it to punish me for trying to quit. Do you think that if DDE loses that lawsuit then the judge will void all of our contracts?" she asked hopefully.  
  
"I really don't know, Brianna," I told her. "These things can drag out for a long time though, so I wouldn't expect anything to happen soon."  
  
Mariko had managed to get rid of up front bonus money and early contract termination penalties at Hiromoto Industries to prevent women from being trapped the way she had been and the way Brianna was now. The only reason for DDE to include these things is because Barbara wanted women to be trapped. Her vision was to create a modern day slave class of beautiful nude women and a woman couldn't be considered a slave if she could easily quit and leave at any time. Once again I was struck by how much power Barbara seemed to wield within the company. Far more than her job title would suggest.  
  
Brianna sighed. "Yeah, I'm probably here for the duration. You know I have to go to choir practice tonight right after my shift. How messed up is that to have to walk into my church right after doing this all day?"  
  
"Who's taking care of your daughter?" I asked.  
  
"The church has a daycare so I have to swing by there every day anyway. I feel like such an awful sinner every time I walk through those doors."  
  
"Do the other church members know what you do for a job?"  
  
"Yeah, they found out. I was afraid they'd kick me out of the church but they've been nothing but supportive. They know I'm doing what I have to do to support my daughter."  
  
"You're up Twelve," Delaney shouted. Brianna flashed me a quick smile then rose to her feet to go to work. A couple of minutes later it was my turn.

"This cart's all south wing stuff, Nine," Delaney said as his eyes roamed over my body. I had to suppress a groan when I heard that knowing it meant an inevitable trip into Marketing.  
  
Pushing a mailroom cart was one of the more embarrassing tasks for a mailgirl since it meant making stops at just about every department along the way to deliver letters and packages. Since it was impossible to come up with accurate deadlines for mail cart deliveries at least I wouldn't be on a timer. It did mean that just about everyone in the south wing would get a good look at me this morning, though.  
  
As I made my rounds the reaction I got from the clothed office workers was fairly predictable. The threat of being fired for violating sexual harassment policies had been drilled into them to the point where I didn't have to worry about being groped or called a filthy slut or anything like that, but it hadn't taken long for most of them to adapt to their new roles as my superior. People were either embarrassed by my presence, acted in a condescending manner, or openly leered at my body. Whatever the case I was seldom treated as an equal or fellow co-worker. The nudity and the numbers inked onto my body served their purpose of separating me from them. The message it sent was that I wasn't one of them and never could be. I was an inferior, a lowly servant girl, and the submissive manner in which I was required to interact with them only helped to reinforce that.  
  
My cart was nearly empty by the time I rolled up to the familiar doors leading into the Marketing department. It seemed like a lifetime ago now that I'd worked here. I'd been back here any number of times over the past couple of months but I still dreaded it. I opened one of the two double doors and backed the cart in.  
  
My first stop was Sanjeev's office where I had a couple of letters and a package to deliver. "Ah, hello Nine," he said with a slightly embarrassed look on his face. He always looked like that whenever he saw me and I suspect it was because of the guilt he felt over the role he played in forcing Stephanie to become a mailgirl. I'd heard later that he'd only done it because his wife was expecting another child and needed the money, but it was still a pretty scummy thing to do.  
  
I placed the mail on his desk and was given a couple of items for the outgoing mail, then returned to my cart out in the corridor after being dismissed. "Hey, it's the prodigal mailgirl returning home," I heard Bill say as I wheeled the cart out onto the main floor. "And she's got mail!" He always had some smart ass remark to make whenever he saw me although he was clever enough not to ever let it cross over into sexual harassment territory. I didn't respond as I continued through the middle of my old department, the humiliation building as it always did when I came back here.  
  
I only had one more delivery to make in the department and I rolled the cart over to Gary Turner's cubicle. "That guy is such a dick," Gary said to me as I set the brakes on the cart and began to retrieve his package. "Stephanie was here earlier this morning and Bill ordered an inspection on her right in the middle of the floor. Did it just to torment her." An inspection was probably the most humiliating thing that we mailgirls had to endure on a regular basis. It meant placing our hands behind our head with our legs spread and up on our toes as the person inspected every inch of our "uniform" to insure we were in compliance with company standards.   
  
"Did Three pass the inspection, sir?" I asked already knowing the answer. The standards we were supposed to meet were completely arbitrary which meant there was always some reason that could be found for failing the inspection.  
  
"Of course not," Gary replied. "He sent her back to the locker room to shower and reapply her makeup, then return for another inspection. At least he didn't give her any demerits. Sanjeev was pissed when he found out about it, though. He banned any more mailgirl inspections in the department." I was grateful to hear that, not only for my own sake but for Stephanie's. She was having a very hard time adjusting to being a mailgirl and crap like this only made it worse.  
  
I placed the small package I was delivering onto Gary's desk then assumed the standing position. "Do you have any outgoing mail, sir?" He shook his head.  
  
"How are you holding up anyway, Danica?"  
  
"I'm doing fine sir but please refer to me as Nine." Of all of my old friends and colleagues he was the one who had been nicest to me since becoming a mailgirl and I didn't want him to get into trouble. Gary was a graphic designer and his long curly brown hair, sideburns, and John Lennon glasses made him look like a refugee from the Sixties.   
  
"No, I refuse to do that. How about if I just don't call you by anything at all. That should keep us both out of trouble, right?"  
  
"Yes sir," I replied with slight smile.  
  
"You know, when you worked here I used to try to imagine what you looked like naked. Now that you actually are here naked I feel so damn guilty about looking at you because of how you're treated."  
  
"It's my job to allow you to look at me, sir."  
  
Gary shook his head. "Man, this mailgirls thing is so f\*cking crazy. You women are treated like slaves here. I just never imagined something like this would ever be allowed in a first world culture. Someday you'll have to tell me the full story about how you became a mailgirl because I know there's a lot more to it than you're letting on."  
  
"Yes sir, I will," I promised.  
  
Gary smiled at me. "I guess I better let you get back to work. Neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor graphic designers shall keep the mailgirl from her appointed rounds."  
  
I let out a laugh. "Thank you sir."  
  
Moments of genuine human interaction like this where I was treated like a real person rather than a sex object or a servant were so rare in this job that it gave me a lift that lasted through the rest of the morning.  
  
I'd finished delivering two full carts of mail and had just returned to the mailroom when my MMU indicated it was time for my lunch break. I hustled back to the locker room for my mandatory pre-lunch shower, then headed for the cafeteria to live out yet another of Barbara's daily torments that she'd created just for me.

After walking from the mailroom in the south wing to the locker room on the fifth floor of the north wing, taking my mandatory pre-lunch shower, then walking back to the cafeteria in the south wing, my 45 minute lunch break was down to less than twenty minutes. And by the time I got my food and knelt down on the Mailgirls mat in the middle of the room I had maybe fifteen minutes left before I was back on the clock. This was pretty typical. Too little of my lunch break actually involved a break.   
  
Not that I really wanted to spend a long leisurely lunch here anyway. Being forced to eat my lunch naked on the cafeteria floor each day surrounded by clothed DDE employees had been part of Barbara's punishment for breaking one of her unspoken rules, one I was supposed to know even though she'd never specifically mentioned it before. I tried to block out the usual snickering, jokes, and condescending remarks as I began to eat. As a mailgirl I burned a lot of calories during a shift so I needed a good lunch.  
  
"Got room down there for another naked girl?" I heard a voice say above me.  
  
"Lin!" I said excitedly. "I'm so glad you're here!"  
  
"Well that makes one of us then," she laughed.   
  
Lin was completely nude except for the MMU strapped to her upper arm. She didn't have to wear it when she was working at her job as a programmer on the "Gangsta" floor but whenever she was in any other part of the complex it was required. The smart phone had her company ID on it which she needed for access to the rest of the building. It could also be used for making purchases here in the cafeteria which were deducted from her paycheck. It was the same way I bought meals here.   
  
Lin was the only non-mailgirl in the DDE complex allowed to work naked, although "allowed" definitely wasn't the right word for it. She'd been forced to work nude by Barbara to punish me for my disobedience in bypassing the chain of command in trying to help her. I'n sure it was also intended as a demonstration to me of the power Barbara wielded within the company. She wanted me to know that she didn't need money or a binding contract to coerce someone into naked servitude. In this case Lin's intense desire to become a programmer provided all the motivation necessary to allow Barbara to force her out of her clothes.  
  
Lin was allowed to act as an equal within her own department but was required to be submissive and deferential to other employees whenever she was anywhere else in the building. Although she had no numbers inked on her body and was never summoned for deliveries she had to act like a mailgirl to avoid confusing other employees who'd been trained to associate nudity with submissive servitude. Her role as a pseudo-mailgirl once she was off the Gangsta floor also allowed us to speak as equals while we lunched together.  
  
"I saw you in the shower getting ready for lunch so I decided to sneak out and join you," Lin said as she knelt down and placed her tray beside mine. "Sorry I haven't been here to see you lately but it's crunch time to get the new DLC ready for release. I've been eating at my desk most of the time."   
  
"That's okay, I don't blame you for not wanting to come here. I wouldn't come here either if I didn't have to." For the first couple of weeks after starting her job as a nude programmer Lin had met me here just about every day for lunch. She'd found out that the reality of working naked was much different than the fantasy of it so our lunches together had been important to help her get through it.   
  
When Lin first appeared on the Gangsta floor as a naked programmer it had created quite a stir. No one there knew quite how to handle it, especially Ren and Stimpy who were both a little pissed off about Barbara doing it without consulting with them first, then even more pissed off when they found out they wouldn't be getting bonuses since Lin wasn't a mailgirl. Just because they both wanted to see Lin naked didn't mean that they wanted her dropped into the middle of their department like an undetonated bomb.  
  
DDE's north wing, which was where the company's game development took place, had always had the reputation of being more raucous and bawdy than the rest of the complex. Salty language, jokes, and insults were the norm and the Gangsta floor was the rowdiest of all. While the crew there loved the mailgirls they'd been warned over and over again about watching what they say around them to avoid any accusations of sexual harassment. That hadn't been too difficult since a mailgirl was usually only around for a brief time during a pickup or delivery. But having beautiful naked Lin working alongside of them all day long was a totally different story.  
  
To avoid any problems, Stimpy had assigned her a desk in a far corner of the room away from most of the other programmers and tossed her a few simple assignments to do. Lin had been "isolated to protect the herd," as she'd put it, and after about a week she marched into Stimpy's office to bitch about it. To placate her he'd decided to let her work on the Mailgirls mini-game with a couple of other junior programmers and a graphics artist they'd just hired from the mod community. The Mailgirls game wasn't exactly a high priority project as far as he was concerned so he didn't want to waste any experienced people on it.  
  
"How's my game coming along?" I asked about the Mailgirls mini-game. After doing the modeling and motion capture for it I thought of it as "my game."  
  
"Pretty good, considering Ren and Stimpy give us zero support or resources to work with. They think its a joke. They're just doing it to get you into the game and then see what the modders do with you." Lin then started rattling on about levels and NPC's and other things that I only had a vague idea what she was talking about. "You know that big crime building that's supposed to be the centerpiece of this new DLC? It turned out it really consists of only the exterior, the ground floor lobby and the office on the 14th floor that they use for a strategy game. That's it. We've had to create the floors for your mailgirl runs from scratch. Not every floor. We don't have time. And we've had to use a lot of stock art from other parts of the game to do it."  
  
"So it's going to be pretty cheesy then?" I asked. I'm not sure why I wanted my game to be good, but I did.  
  
"No, I don't think so. The gameplay will be relatively simple but it should be kind of fun. You're just delivering packages to different floors against the clock and trying not to rack up too many demerits. We wanted to put in a cut scene where you get chained up in the basement if you do, but I don't think that's going to happen." That scene would have been closer to reality than Lin probably realized. "I actually think we're helping to bring that building to life," she continued. "We're not doing too bad for noob code monkeys."  
  
"So things are going better for you on the floor?"  
  
"Oh yeah. For awhile no one wanted to get near me for fear of the deadly sex rays I was emitting that would get them fired. But then I finally just started flipping them shit and after awhile they started flipping it back. Things have gotten better since then. I'll never be one of the guys since none of the other guys are naked chicks with great tits, but I'm starting to be accepted I think. A few of those geeks have had perma-boners since I started my new job though."  
  
I couldn't help but laugh as Lin talked. She was back to her old self, the one with absolutely no filter between her brain and her mouth. I loved this about her, although I worried that her mouth would get her in trouble with Barbara. I hoped that the loose atmosphere on the Gangsta floor and the fact that she wasn't a mailgirl would allow her some freedom to be herself.  
  
"So how's the Queen treating you these days?" Lin asked, referring to Barbara. She'd been pestering me about what had happened that day in Barbara's office after she'd left, but I didn't dare tell her about the whipping.   
  
"I haven't really seen her much lately. She's been busy dealing with all the publicity from that UAW lawsuit."  
  
"Yeah, she's been on television more than the Kardashians lately," Lin said. "She definitely knows how to sell her program, I'll say that for her. I saw her on 'The View' last week and I swear she had a couple of those gals ready to strip off and strap on an MMU right there."  
  
I just about snorted a mouthful of soup out my nose when she said that. "Lin, you have no idea about how persuasive she can really be," I said in a mix of laughter and coughing.  
  
"Well all I know is that after twenty minutes with her I ended up as a lifetime honorary member of the Mailgirls club. I'd hate to see what would've happened if she'd unloaded all of her mana on me. I might never wear clothes again." Once again Lin had no idea how close to the truth she was getting.  
  
My MMU suddenly vibrated with an alert. "Shit, I'm back on duty already," I told Lin. "I could get called back out at any time."  
  
"Don't worry about your tray and dirty dishes. I'll take care of them. Sorry I haven't been here to meet you more often. I promise we'll do it more once the new expansion is released."  
  
"You don't have to," I said. "I know it sucks to have to eat in here naked on the floor. It's so humiliating."  
  
"It's not any more humiliating than having to report my progress to Stimpy every day while his eyes are locked onto my tits the whole time. I'm sure he has a box of tissues stashed in his office with my name on it, so this is nothing."  
  
"I'm sorry I got you into this mess," I said.  
  
"Naw, it was my choice. Still is. I'm doing what I want to do."  
  
My MMU vibrated again. I had a pickup in the east wing. "I've gotta go," I said as I rose to my feet.  
  
"See you in the game, Mailgirl Nine," Lin said to me as I headed toward the door.

**A BUSY AFTERNOON**  
I'd just made a delivery to an office on the ground floor of the north wing when my MMU flashed and vibrated alerting me to another job. I groaned as I checked it seeing it was a Premium Rush order which meant the deadline I had to meet was significantly shorter than standard. Today was Friday and they were always the worst since departments wanted to use up their delivery credits since they didn't roll over from week to week. This was already my third Premium Rush of the afternoon.   
  
I began running through the corridor toward the stairs being careful to avoid the "norms" in my path. Running into a regular DDE employee was automatically a minimum of ten demerits and the person you ran into had the option making it as high as fifty. A mailgirl who did anything more than lightly brush an employee as they went past was ordered to stop immediately and allow that person to enter the demerits into their MMU. The time it took to do this also made it likely that the deadline for the run would not be met which would add even more demerits.  
  
Each ten demerits meant an extra hour of work for the mailgirl and since we were salaried employees there would be no additional pay for it. At the end of each week the total demerits for each girl were calculated and then they could either be brought in on the weekend to work the extra hours or their schedule the following week would be adjusted to include them. The mailgirls all hated the demerit system since it meant extra work for no extra pay. And, of course, working those extra hours meant the chance of racking up even more demerits and more work. Some of the girls were demerit magnets who seemed like they were always working.  
  
It took me 92 seconds to reach my pick up on the third floor of the north wing but since my deadline was 90 seconds that meant I earned a demerit, my fifth of the day so far. I often made it through an entire day without a demerit but, like I said, Fridays were the worst since it seemed like nearly every run had a nonstandard deadline.  
  
"You have a delivery for me sir?" I asked. I was standing next to the workstation of a software engineer for the game Demon Slayer 3, another of DDE's major titles. It was a dark fantasy RPG that featured lots of violence, sex, and nudity and was the company's second largest franchise behind the Gangsta series. A film based on the game had recently been released and had done well enough at the box office that a sequel was now in the works. DDE also produced a popular series of graphic novels based on the series that expanded on the Demon Slayer universe.  
  
The guy turned from his monitor, took a quick look at me, then averted his eyes. From my experience on the job guys either stared openly at my tits and pussy, tried not to be obvious about sneaking looks at my tits and pussy, or acted as if looking at me in anything other than brief glances would strike them blind like looking too long at an eclipse of the sun. Over time as they got more accustomed to interacting with nude mailgirls most of the male employees had become less and less shy about ogling us, but this guy remained one of the bashful ones.   
  
"I, um, have a delivery for you to take to the tower. Right there," he said pointing to a packet on the edge of the desk without lifting his gaze from the floor.   
  
"Yes sir," I replied as I lifted the packet. The Mailgirls app was available on both their cellphones and work PCs so this guy turned to his work computer to enter the delivery address.   
  
"You're very beautiful you know," the guy said shyly as he clicked the "Finalize" button and my MMU vibrated and flashed with the delivery destination and deadline.   
  
"Thank you, sir," I responded. I always found the bashful ones to be kind of sweet but since this was a Premium Rush order I had no time to delay. I turned and began jogging across the crowded floor as quickly as I could without risking running into someone. My delivery address was on the eighth floor of the tower and I only had four minutes to get there from the distant end of the north wing. I had to slow down several times and take detours around and through busy workstations. The employees had been told that it was our job to avoid them so few ever made any effort to get out of our way.  
  
I exited the Demon Slayer room into a corridor that led past more offices and cubicles until I finally reached the door that led into the tower. I had less than two minutes to reach my destination. I scurried past even more workers and desks to reach the stairwell, then climbed as quickly as I could to the eighth floor. As I entered the door I glanced at my MMU and saw I had about twenty seconds left. Just enough time to make it if all went well. All did not go well. My path through the narrow corridor was blocked by four executives - three men and a woman dressed in business attire. They glanced at me as I approached but made no effort to move out of the way. There was no way past them without making contact and I wasn't allowed to ask them to move. I was just a lowly mailgirl and it wasn't my place.  
  
I stood there unable to proceed until one of the men finally took some mercy and stepped forward enough to allow me space to slide past. The men snickered and the woman laughed as I placed my back to the wall and carefully edged past them. "Nice uniform, Nine," one of the men said as I finally got by them and started running.  
  
My MMU flashed red as I entered my destination office. I was 32 seconds late. That would mean four more demerits. Shit! To make matters worse I was in the office of Janice Bergen, one of the Gaming Department VPs. I knew her well from my days working in the tower. She was notoriously hard on mailgirls.   
  
Ms. Bergen and another man I recognized who also worked on the floor were seated in the office and talking. They both glanced at me as I entered then continued their conversation. I had no choice but to stand there and wait for them to finish. As a mailgirl it wasn't my place to interrupt them.  
  
About five minutes later they finally wrapped up their conversation and the man gave me a once over as he exited the office. Janice Bergen got to her feet and walked over to me. "I have a delivery for you ma'am," I said to her.  
  
"No shit," she said sarcastically as she took the packet from me. She glanced at my MMU. "You were late."  
  
"Yes ma'am. I'm sorry." It was pointless to tell her why I was late since mailgirls weren't allowed to make excuses for tardiness. If you were late you were late. It also wouldn't do me any good to point out that being late had been irrelevant since it had taken her five minutes to accept the delivery anyway. That would only get me into more trouble.  
  
"You're also sweating," she said. I had a light sheen of perspiration on my body. It was nothing unusual, especially for a Friday afternoon, but I knew where this was heading.  
  
"I'm sorry ma'am."  
  
She placed the packet on her desk. "Follow me," she ordered.  
  
I followed her out the door of the office and she led me to a point on the floor where I would get maximum exposure to the most people. "We're going to do an inspection. Assume the position."  
  
I sighed inwardly as I placed my hands behind my head, spread my feet to shoulder width and lifted up on my toes. Around me I could see people turning to watch. Inspections were one of the most humiliating aspects of my job and my arousal level began to climb as it always did in these situations. Ms. Bergen began to slowly circle around me, looking me over from head to toe. Maintaining this position was physically uncomfortable which is why I'm sure she took her sweet time about it.  
  
"Unsatisfactory," she said finally, a result I knew was inevitable. "I'm going to send you back to the locker room to shower and reapply your makeup."  
  
"Yes ma'am." Ms. Bergen punched her smart phone a few times and my MMU lit up. I had 22 minutes to do all of that and return back for re-inspection. It was a ridiculously short amount of time and I turned and began to run.  
  
I entered the Mailgirls locker room on the fifth floor of the north wing and walked quickly to my locker to grab my shower supplies. I wouldn't have time to wash and dry my hair so I tied my hair up to keep it from getting wet and then stepped into the shower. As I soaped my body I glanced at the mirror aware there was almost certainly an audience on the other side watching me. I was careful not to rub the numbers inked on my body too hard since faded numbers could lead to more demerits. I finished up as quickly as I could, toweled off, then grabbed my makeup kit. I hurriedly reapplied my makeup in front of the two way mirror with who knows how many people watching me on the other side with a closeup up view of the upper half of my nude body.   
  
My MMU flashed green as I re-entered Janice Bergen's office a few minutes later. I'd made it back with seconds to spare and I could see a faint trace of disappointment on her face. "Follow me," she said as she led me back out to the same spot for a re-inspection. Once again she circled me slowly as others watched. "I see a faint amount of perspiration still," she said finally as she finished up.  
  
No shit, I wanted to shout at her. I had to run back here to make it in time. "I'm sorry ma'am," was all I could say.  
  
She glanced at my MMU again. "I see you have nine demerits for the day. I'm going to add eleven more." Just enough to make sure I had to work an additional two hours. Bitch.  
  
"Thank you ma'am."  
  
I was released from her service and almost immediately my MMU came to life. I had a Premium Rush pickup order on the fourth floor of the tower and just 90 seconds to get there. I turned and began to run.  
  
My afternoon continued to be busy with an abnormal number of non-standard delivery deadlines to meet and only the occasional break to rest. By four o'clock I'd accumulated five more demerits but thankfully hadn't had to suffer any more inspections. Things were just starting to slow down when I got the message to report to the ninth floor of the tower.   
  
I was being summoned to Barbara's office.

**THE NEXT STEP**  
Barbara was on her phone as I entered her office. She pointed at the floor and I kneeled down in the middle of her office as she continued her conversation. I soon gathered that it was with one of the company's attorneys concerning the lawsuit against DDE by the United American Women.   
  
I hadn't been whipped again since the day I brought Lin in here but there also hadn't been any wine drinking or quid pro quo sessions since then either. With everything going on Barbara was under an insane amount of pressure and she would occasionally call me in to just kneel naked on her floor as she worked. Although she would never admit it I believed I was there to help relieve the stress she was under. Listening to her side of phone conversations also gave me an insight into the true status of the Mailgirls program here at DDE.  
  
What I'd learned was that the Board of Directors was not nearly as unified behind the program as the company portrayed to the media. Although productivity and profits were up since the Mailgirls launch six months ago and the release of Gangsta 4 had been a huge success, the company's stock price had remained stagnant. Analysts believed this was mainly due to investor nervousness over the continuing controversy and media scrutiny the Mailgirls program generated.  
  
CEO and founder Dan Evans remained staunchly behind the program, however, and as long as that was the case the board would follow his lead. At least that was the impression I got from listening to Barbara on the phone. I sometimes wondered about the hold Barbara seemed to have over Evans. Were the two of them having an affair? I guess it wouldn't have surprised me but I never saw any evidence of it.   
  
"Bullshit!" I heard Barbara say into the phone to the company attorney. She had gotten up from behind her desk and was pacing around the office now. "I don't give a damn how Hiromoto does it, we're not going to modify the contracts. We're putting a substantial financial investment into these girls and we need an equal commitment from them to fulfill their contracts."  
  
Barbara glanced down at me as she spoke and I could see the frustration in her eyes. I occasionally saw cracks in her calm, smooth, unassailable persona and this was one of those moments. I quickly averted my gaze and stared at the floor.  
  
As good as Barbara was in dealing with the media one of the criticisms she had the hardest time defending was the substantial financial penalties built into the Mailgirl contracts making it nearly impossible for a girl to leave before her two year commitment was over. Mariko had negotiated with Hiromoto to eliminate those penalties from their contracts in return for agreeing to stay on and becoming his whipping girl. However, Barbara continued to insist that the bonuses be paid up front requiring repayment with interest, along with a large penalty, if a mailgirl broke her contract. Attempting to leave prior to the end of the two year contract would cost a DDE mailgirl in excess of $100,000, an amount that none of them could afford to repay.   
  
Although Barbara was able to come up with lots of seemingly logical reasons for these penalties during media interviews I was probably the only one who understood the true reason for it. Barbara wanted to create a class of nude female slaves and a woman could hardly be considered a slave if she was free to quit and leave at any time. She could never admit this publicly, of course, nor would she ever use the word "slave" to describe a mailgirl, but this was her ultimate goal.   
  
Before I met Barbara I would have thought this was a totally crazy idea that would be impossible to achieve in modern day America, but with her indomitable will and the backing of a multi-billion dollar corporation I wouldn't have betted against it now. Barbara felt that she and her Mailgirls program just needed to withstand the initial firestorm and eventually the concept would become more acceptable over time. Right now, though, she was in the eye of the hurricane and the pressure on her was starting to show.  
  
"No, John, we're not going to compromise on the contracts," she said firmly into the phone. She listened for a few seconds to the response. "What part of 'no' don't you understand, John? If you want to take it up with Dan then go ahead but he'll tell you the same damn thing." This went on for a couple of more minutes until Barbara hung up with an exasperated sigh. "F\*cking lawyers," she said under her breath.  
  
Barbara glanced down at me briefly before sitting down at her desk. She stared at her open laptop for a couple of minutes without ever touching it. "Danica, would you come over here please?" she said in a quiet voice. The tone of it surprised me. Not only did she use my name, it sounded like she was asking me rather than commanding me. I can't remember her ever using the word "please" before in addressing me.  
  
I rose to my feet and walked over to her. "Please kneel down here beside me," she said. I obeyed and as I got down onto my knees I felt her hand begin to gently stroke my hair. I wasn't quite sure what to think of this since she'd never asked me to do this before. Barbara sat quietly for several minutes continuing to stroke my hair. I was still in a subservient position but I was being treated like a beloved pet rather than a slave girl.   
  
Barbara continued stroking my hair for several minutes as I wrestled with my emotions wondering how to take this latest humiliation. Did I really spend those years of hard work earning my MBA only to end up as the naked pet of a powerful woman? On the other hand, her touch filled me with a sense of warmth and comfort along with the stirrings of arousal that always accompanied these moments of humiliation.  
  
Barbara was wearing a skirt suit today without panty hose and she gently pulled my head against her bare leg until I felt her skin against my right cheek. She continued stroking my hair for several minutes until her hand began a downward path until it reached my left breast. She began fondling it and using her thumb and forefinger to tease my rock hard nipple. Barbara had once told me that someday she would "allow" me to make love to her, and I started to wonder if today was the day. This was the most intimate contact we'd had so far.  
  
I had little doubt that Barbara would eventually turn me into her personal sex toy and I'd thought a lot about that. I wanted it to happen. I'd developed such intense feelings for her that I ached to be allowed to give her pleasure. Those thoughts were also accompanied by feelings of guilt, since I also cared deeply for Anna and never wanted to do anything that might hurt her. Maybe I'm just a slut for wanting them both, I thought to myself. Mailslut number nine.  
  
"Tell me what's going on in the condo," Barbara said interrupting my thoughts as she continued to massage my breast. The authoritative tone was back in her voice now, though, and I felt an odd sense of relief. Seeing signs of weakness and vulnerability in her bothered me for some reason. Maybe it was because I had chosen to surrender myself completely to her because of the power and confidence she radiated. Whenever the mask slipped, even briefly, it planted seeds of doubt in my mind. I wanted to be commanded by someone with the power to bend me to her will, not act as a puppy dog to cheer up my master whenever she's feeling blue.  
  
I started telling Barbara about the role-playing games that Anna and I were playing and her growing fascination with BDSM and acting as the dominant in our relationship. When I'd first moved into her condo I was convinced that she must have some hidden cameras and bugs in there to keep track of us. I'd never seen any evidence of it, though, and Barbara would periodically ask me about what was going on there between me and Anna. I'd always answer truthfully. I don't know if it was because of my submissive personality that I revealed everything to her or if I was still concerned that there were hidden bugs and she already knew everything anyway.  
  
Barbara seemed pleased by what she was hearing. "Good," she said. "I want that to continue. In fact I want to take it to the next level." Barbara removed her hand from my breast. "Go back to your spot and kneel, Nine," she ordered.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I said as I began to rise to my feet.   
  
"No. I want you to crawl over there."  
  
I returned to my hands and knees and crawled to the middle of the floor as instructed, then turned towards her desk and assumed the kneeling position. Barbara jabbed the face of her smartphone several times, then began working on her laptop as she ignored me. Several minutes later I heard the door open behind me.   
  
"Yes ma'am?" I heard the voice say. It was Anna.  
  
"Kneel on the floor next to Nine," Barbara ordered. After Anna had complied she said, "Tell me everything that's been going on in the condo lately."   
  
Anna began speaking and told pretty much the same story that I had told to Barbara. Like me she was reluctant to hide anything from her.  
  
"Do you like being the dominant in your relationship with Nine?" Barbara asked. ''Do you enjoy making her walk naked to work a step behind you or kneel on the floor next to you while you eat breakfast at the table?"  
  
"Yes ma'am but..." Anna's voice trailed off as she mulled over what to say.  
  
"But what?"  
  
"I don't know ma'am, I guess I just feel kind of guilty about making her do those things sometimes. I'm afraid that I may go too far or make her do something she doesn't want to do."  
  
"Nine, has Anna ever forced you to do anything you didn't want to do?" Barbara asked me.  
  
"No ma'am," I replied.  
  
"In fact you find it very exciting when Anna is in control and would like her to push things even farther wouldn't you?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," I replied truthfully.  
  
"You love the fact that I've forced you into a life of naked servitude, don't you? That I make you do things you would never ever have done on your own and couldn't have even imagined doing."  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"Have I ever pushed you too far, Nine. Be honest."  
  
I thought about this for a minute. "No ma'am, you haven't."  
  
"Not even the whippings?"  
  
"No ma'am."  
  
"There you have it, Anna," Barbara said. "It would be very difficult for you to push Nine too far. She wants to be under your control. She craves it. She will allow you to do almost anything you want to her, including inflicting pain as long as it doesn't cause any physical damage. Am I right, Nine?"  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"Tell her then," Barbara said to me. "Tell Anna what you want."  
  
"I want to be under your control Anna. All the time."  
  
"Say that again Nine, but address her properly," Barbara ordered.  
  
"I want to be under your control all of the time, ma'am," I said to Anna. "I'll do whatever you wish me to do."  
  
"Good," Barbara said. "And are you ready now to accept Nine's complete obedience and servitude, Anna?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Anna said.  
  
Barbara opened a desk drawer and pulled out a small box and placed it on top of her desk. Then she opened the box and lifted out what looked like a silver necklace and held it in her hand. She rose to her feet and walked over to where the two of us were kneeling, then held it out for me to examine. I saw that it was actually a metallic collar formed by a series of Y shaped links making it flexible similar to a metal watch band. On the front of the collar was a small plate with the number 9 engraved into it. Although there was no attachment loop on it for a leash and it was rather stylish looking I knew exactly what this was. It was a slave collar.

Barbara placed the collar around my neck and as she fastened it I heard a click as it locked into place. I began to tremble as I felt the cold metal against my skin although I don't know if it was from fear or excitement. Barbara took a step back to examine it and a thin smile came to her face. "Perfect," she said. "You'll wear this from now on, Nine. Permanently. I've got the key for it so you won't be able to remove it and you'll damage it if you try." Barbara stared at me as if expecting a response.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I replied finally. "I won't."  
  
"We'll do away with inking numbers on your skin," she continued. "This will be used to identify you instead. I'll tell people that we're testing this out as an alternative means of identifying mailgirls. And we are. Eventually I want all of the mailgirls to wear one at work. I want to see the reaction you get from other DDE employees before I do it, though."  
  
"But you also want me to wear this away from work, is that right ma'am?" I asked.  
  
"Yes," Barbara smiled. "You are a permanent mailgirl now, Nine. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. You'll be expected to serve Anna away from work just as you serve me and other DDE employees at work."   
  
Barbara turned to Anna. "Anna, there's no playacting or pretend involved any more. Nine is not your equal or your pal or your roommate, she is your servant. You will call her 'Nine' and she will address you as 'ma'am.' Do you understand?"  
  
"Y-yes ma'am," Anna replied nervously.  
  
Barbara was silent for a minute as she stared at us kneeling before her. "I'm sure that the two of you have wondered if I have listening devices or cameras planted in the condo to spy on you. I don't. I don't need them because you're going to tell me everything that's going on there, Anna, and you will tell me the truth. You'll tell me the truth because I'll know if you're lying or holding anything back and you don't want to do that."  
  
"Yes ma'am," Anna replied.  
  
"I assume you've seen the small safe in the condo?" Barbara asked.  
  
"Yes ma'am," Anna replied. "It's in the bedroom closet."  
  
"I want you to take all of Nine's credit and debit cards, along with her driver's license and passport and any other identification cards she may have and lock them in it. The only identification she'll have from now on is the number '9' on her collar and the employee ID in her MMU." A cold chill went through my body as I heard this. I was surrendering what little freedom I had left and fully becoming nothing more than Mailgirl #9.  
  
"I don't have the combination, ma'am," Anna said.  
  
"You don't need it. It's unlocked unless you've been screwing around with it. Just open the door and put those items in it, then close the door and spin the dial. I'll be the only one allowed access to it."  
  
"Yes ma'am," Anna replied.  
  
"Nine will have no access to any money or clothes or personal items," Barbara said. "Nothing will belong to her. She will be reliant on you for everything, Anna. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes ma'am," Anna said. "What about her car?" My car was parked in the condo parking lot but had barely been used since we'd moved in. I didn't want to drive naked and Anna didn't know how to drive.  
  
Barbara thought about this for a minute. "You're going to need to learn to drive, Anna, for some of the things I have planned for the two of you in the future," she answered finally. "You can use Nine's car and she can teach you. She's not allowed to drive it though. Start that immediately."  
  
"So she's going to be naked in the car while she's teaching me, ma'am?" Anna asked.  
  
"Nine is to remain naked at all times so, yes. We can't allow her to retain ownership of the car, though. How much do you think it's worth, Nine?" she asked me.  
  
"I don't know, ma'am. Maybe $3000?" It was an older car. It was clean and ran well but it wasn't worth a lot.  
  
"Do you have the title?"   
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Good. Anna will buy it from you for $3000 and you'll transfer the title to her. I know she has more than enough money in the bank for that. We'll deposit the money into your account, Nine."  
  
"But I won't have any access to the money, though, is that right, ma'am?" I asked.   
  
"That's right, Nine. I don't want anyone to claim that we ever stole anything from you. Every dime you are owed will be direct deposited into your account, you just won't be able to touch any of it."  
  
So there it was. I would have no clothes, no money, no possessions, and no control whatsoever over my life. Barbara was doing everything to me that she had once promised she would, but it was happening so much faster than I ever could have dreamed possible. This should have sent me into a state of shock and outrage but instead the thought of it thrilled me. It surprised me how intensely exciting it felt to be forced completely into a submissive lifestyle despite the fact that I also found it very frightening to imagine the future she was describing. Maybe it was exciting because it was so frightening.   
  
I knew now that thinking that all of the controversy and intense pressure on Barbara might deter her in any way from moving forward with her plans had been foolish. She would continue to march forward no matter how strong the headwinds until either everything she desired came to pass or the whole thing blew up in her face. There would be no slowing down or turning back.  
  
"One more thing," Barbara said, indicating we were about to be dismissed. "I assume you know where Martin's Market is, Anna."  
  
"Yes ma'am." It was an independently owned upscale supermarket that was only a few blocks from the condo.  
  
"I've negotiated with Jim Martin, the owner of the store, to allow Nine in there. The two of you will do all your grocery shopping there from now on."  
  
"Nine will be allowed in there naked, ma'am?" Anna asked.  
  
"Absolutely," she said as her lips turned up in a smile. "And over time there will be many more places around town where Nine will be able to go."

I followed Anna out of Barbara's office. Since we had no immediate orders we began walking toward the ninth floor Mailgirls mat. "Wow Anna," I began to say. "I don't know how we're...." Anna halted and spun around to face me.  
  
"That's not how you address me, Nine," she said sharply.  
  
I stood there momentarily stunned. "Um, we're at work now as mailgirls, Anna. We're equals here."  
  
"No we're not, Nine," Anna replied. "You heard Barbara. We're not pretending or playacting any more. This is real. You're beneath me now all the time. You agreed to it so I'm not going to let you break the rules and then have to lie to Barbara about it. She'll know."  
  
I started to open my mouth to respond but I recognized the look of stubborn resolve on Anna's face. It was the same look I'd seen after we'd first met as I tried to talk her out of wanting to become a mailgirl. I'd seen that look at other times since then and I knew that once Anna made up her mind about something she was almost impossible to sway. I lowered my gaze. "Yes, ma'am," I said to her. "I'm sorry."  
  
Anna nodded. "Okay," she replied. "But I'm going to have to punish you now when we get home."  
  
I glanced up briefly into her face searching for a sign that she was joking but there was none. I lowered my eyes again. "Yes, ma'am."  
  
The MMU on Anna's arm lit up with a pickup order. She glanced at it, then turned and took off for the stairwell leaving me standing alone in the middle of the ninth floor of the tower surrounded by men and women in expensive power suits and designer dresses. My nudity, the numbers inked on my skin, and now the collar attached to my neck left no doubt about my status among these people. I slowly made my way past them toward the Mailgirls mat where I assumed my subservient kneeling position, waiting for new orders.  
  
I looked up and caught a woman at a nearby desk staring at me. She smirked and shook her head as our eyes met, then returned to her work. I lowered my head in shame wondering how I would react if our roles were reversed, if I was the well-dressed employee and she was a naked mailgirl. I'd probably have the same feelings of contempt for her as she felt for me.  
  
As I knelt there Anna's words kept running through my head: we're not pretending or playacting any more. This is real. For the first time I think I really understood that, understood what I'd gotten myself into. This had always been something of a game to me until now, a phase in my life where I'd explore my fantasies after which I'd return to the real world. I'd still been thinking of it that way even just a few minutes ago in Barbara's office when I quickly accepted all of the new restrictions that she was imposing on me. But now I was finally beginning to understand the truth: Barbara had every intention of turning me into her slave. Permanently.  
  
I thought about the story that Barbara had told me about her Psych study involving students acting as prison guards and prisoners. It was obvious that she was now running a real life version of that with Anna acting as the prison guard and me as the prisoner. I'm sure Barbara believed that we would both soon begin internalizing these roles and if my interaction with Anna just now was any indication she was right.   
  
Although Barbara had initially been dishonest and deceptive in luring me into the Mailgirls program she'd been remarkably honest with me once I'd become entrapped. She had told me in vivid detail exactly what she had planned for me: how she was going to strip me of my clothes, my name, my possessions, and fit me with a slave collar that told the world that I belonged to her. At first it had seemed so implausible but now it was all coming to pass and was happening far faster than I ever could have imagined. It was no longer some abstract fantasy from a distant future, it was happening right now. Anna was merely my surrogate master for now. It was only a matter of time before Barbara took her place.  
  
What had always sustained me before was the belief that once my two year contract was up I would be free. I could continue on with the game if I wanted or I could leave, but either way I'd no longer be under contractual constraints to prevent me from controlling my fate. But Barbara had also told me that I would sign another contract after this one expired and then after that she would need no more contracts to keep me bound to her. I don't know how she planned to do it but I knew now that if I remained on the path I was on she would make that happen. After seeing how quickly she had accomplished everything else I'd be a fool to believe otherwise. My window for escaping this fate was closing rapidly and it might shut completely later today once my ID cards and bank cards were locked up out of my reach.   
  
What I should do, I told myself, is grab my credit cards, drivers license and passport when I get back to the condo, put on some of Anna's clothes, then get into my car and drive far, far away. But could I do that? And then what? Spend years trying to pay off the burdensome debt from having broken my contract? And what company would ever hire me now as a prospective management candidate after having spent the last six months as a naked delivery girl? There were dozens, if not hundreds, of nude photos of me as a mailgirl floating around the internet now that would never go away. The MBA I'd worked so long and hard to earn wasn't worth the paper it was printed on any more.  
  
I felt the weight of the collar around my neck. Although it wasn't constrictive I was suddenly having trouble breathing and had to fight off the urge to try to tear it off of my neck. I remembered Kelly's panic attack in Barbara's office and wondered if that's what was happening to me now. I closed my eyes and began to take deep breaths in an attempt to calm myself. What finally saved me was the vibration of the MMU on my arm alerting me to a pickup order.  
  
I had a pickup on the third floor. Express delivery, of course, which meant I had little time to get there. I leapt to my feet and began jogging toward the stairwell, then down the stairs. The movement helped me get my head back into a familiar place as I felt the stairs beneath my bare feet and my breasts bouncing with each step as my mind focused on the path ahead of me.  
  
For the next thirty minutes or so I went from one delivery order to another, moving throughout the DDE complex from wing to wing, department to department, delivering the mail. I entered a zone where the only thing that mattered was the next step, the next deadline, the next delivery order. It was at some point during this run that I realized again that, despite everything, I actually liked the job. The excitement of being nude in such a public place and in front of so many people had not diminished over time and my body felt like a well-tuned machine. On top of that my ability to focus on the task at hand had never been better. I'd always thought before becoming a mailgirl that I was a hard worker but looking back now it struck me just how much of my work day was spent texting on my cell phone, reading Facebook, surfing the web, or gabbing and gossiping with my co-workers. As a mailgirl all of that had been stripped away and I was left with only my duties and, literally, the bare essentials required to accomplish them. I guess there's a kind of zen in that type of simplicity.   
  
If not for everything else surrounding it I might have been quite content to continue indefinitely as a mailgirl. It was only after I finally got a break between pickup orders that all my previous worries flooded back in.   
  
As I was walking toward the Mailgirls mat on the second floor of the south wing I saw a Japanese technician on a ladder working on one of the sensors that were used to track our movements. One of the stipulations of the contract with Hiromoto Industries was that only Hiromoto techs were allowed to work on the equipment for proprietary reasons. I had seen this particular man before but had never talked to him and didn't know his name. An idea suddenly came to me and I walked over to where he was working. "Excuse me, sir," I said to him as he turned to look down on me. "Is it possible for you to put me in touch with Mariko Isakawa?"  
  
The man turned and returned to his work and I wasn't sure if he understood me or even spoke English. "Yes," he said finally as he continued to work on the sensor.  
  
"When can you do it, sir?" I asked.  
  
"Go," he replied. "I will summon you when it is time."

**MARIKO**  
I continued making deliveries but my mind kept returning to that Hiromoto tech. What had possessed me to talk to him? I knew I'd get into big trouble with Barbara if she found out, but it had been months since I'd spoken to Mariko and I felt the sudden desire to reach out to her and ask if she could help me get out of Barbara's trap if things got out of hand.  
  
I'd just finished a delivery on the fourth floor of the tower when I got a summons via my MMU for a pickup in the east wing. It was an area of the complex that rarely used mailgirls and I'd never been to this particular office before. I had a feeling I knew who was summoning me and my nerves started to rise as I made the long journey there from the tower.   
  
As I entered the office my suspicions were confirmed as I saw the Hiromoto tech I'd talked to earlier standing there with a cellphone in his hand. "Close the door," he ordered brusquely and I complied. He spoke a few words of Japanese into the phone then handed it to me.  
  
"Hello?" I said into the phone.  
  
"Danica! I am so pleased to hear from you." I recognized Mariko's voice immediately. "I understand you wish to speak to me?"  
  
"Yes, I um..." I stopped speaking as I looked at the Hiromoto tech standing in the room staring at me. Mariko sensed my hesitancy.   
  
"You may speak freely in front of Hideki," she said to me. "He is loyal to me and can be trusted to keep our conversation private."  
  
"Okay. I'm so glad I got ahold of you, Mariko. There's so much that has happened since we last talked and I, um...I don't know what to do!"   
  
"Please tell me everything, Danica. I will help if I can."  
  
The floodgates opened now and I told her everything that had happened over the previous months. I told her about the whippings, the quid pro quo session, the stage presentation with me as the naked prop, Anna, the condo, the constant enforced nudity away from work, and the web that Barbara had been slowly weaving around every aspect of my life.   
  
Mariko remained silent for a few moments after I'd finished before she spoke. "Danica, I must tell you that you should leave there immediately. Go to the condo and retrieve your belongings. You should leave and do not return."  
  
"Mariko, I can't get into the condo without Anna."  
  
"Then after work return with her to the condo. Do not allow her to lock up your passport and your bank cards. It will be much more difficult for you to escape if you do."  
  
I felt my heart thumping heavily in my chest. "Do you really think it's that bad, Mariko? If I quit now I'll owe so much money. And I know it sounds crazy, but I'm not so sure that I don't want to be her naked slave, at least for awhile."  
  
"I understand having those feelings, Danica," Mariko said to me. "I also have those kinds of feelings. However, my arrangement with Mr. Hiromoto allows me to leave at any time if I choose. I believe it is Barbara's intention that you never be allowed to leave. That is what she has told Mr. Hiromoto."  
  
"She has?" I responded, surprised that Barbara had been revealing her plans for me with Hiromoto.  
  
"Yes," Mariko replied. "She has told him that one day she will be able to openly own you as a naked slave. Mr. Hiromoto found that very amusing. He did not believe that such a thing would be possible in America. Barbara assured him that she has a plan to make it happen."  
  
I should have been shocked by this but I wasn't. Barbara had pretty much told me the same thing. What frightened me was her absolute confidence that she could make it happen. "Barbara told me that after this contract expires I would sign another one. She seems certain that it will happen, although I don't know why."  
  
"I would not underestimate her," Mariko said.  
  
I let out a short humorless laugh. "Believe me, Mariko, I don't. If somehow she forces me to sign another contract is there something you can do to intervene?"  
  
Mariko was silent for a few moments. "I cannot," she said. "Mr. Hiromoto has taken a personal interest in the DDE arrangement and Barbara Anderson. He is fascinated by her. Only Mr. Hiromoto would be able to intervene to help you. I do believe he could be convinced to help."  
  
"You want me to convince Hiromoto to help me? Why would he ever do that?"  
  
"You must offer him something of value. As I have said, Mr. Hiromoto does nothing without receiving something in return."  
  
"What the hell could I ever offer Hiromoto? You want me to fly to Tokyo and have sex with him? Let him whip me?"  
  
"Of course not," Mariko replied.  
  
"Then what?"   
  
"Mr. Hiromoto values information."  
  
"Mariko, what kind of information could I give him he would care about. I'm just a mailgirl."  
  
"Yes," she said, "you are a mailgirl. No one sees or hears more than the lowly mailgirl, She goes everywhere and is seen by all, yet remains invisible. She is not worthy of hiding secrets from." This was the second time that Mariko had told me this and I now understood the truth of it. I'd been everywhere in the DDE complex, from the executive lounge on the tenth floor of the tower to the production floor of Gangsta to the accounting offices in the south wing. Over the past six months I had seen and heard many things.   
  
I may have been slow on the uptake but I finally realized what Mariko was asking me to do. A lowly mailgirl made the perfect corporate spy. Few people thought of us as anything other than eye candy and mindless bimbos so it never occurred to them to hide anything from us. No other employee moved so often and so freely between every department in the company  
  
"So you want me to be a spy? Why? We're a gaming company. What kind of information could I provide that would be useful to Hiromoto Industries?"  
  
"Mr. Hiromoto values all information," Mariko replied. "He believes information is power."  
  
"I don't know, Mariko. I don't think I want to spy on my own company."  
  
"It is a company that lied to you in getting you to join its Mailgirls program. It is a company with a top executive who wishes to enslave you."   
  
I couldn't argue with any of that. DDE certainly deserved it, but the idea of becoming involved in corporate espionage still bothered me. It seemed like I'd be crossing yet another line that I thought I'd never cross.   
  
"I'll think about it, Mariko. I should go though. I've been here too long. Barbara will become suspicious when she sees this on my log." I knew that Barbara looked at a log each day of all of my pickups and deliveries and this stop was going to stand out like a dandelion in a rose garden.  
  
"Visits to this office will never show up on any log," Mariko said. "Barbara will see nothing unusual in your daily log."  
  
When I heard this I suddenly realized that this office must have been established as a safe room for mailgirls within the DDE complex long before I ever contacted the Hiromoto tech earlier today. Suddenly everything began to click into place. I remembered Mariko's small office and her admission that the Mailgirls program, despite its notoriety, generated very little money for Hiromoto Industries.  
  
It was then that I had a moment of clarity: Mr. Hiromoto didn't give a damn about making money from selling licenses and technology to his Mailgirls program, he was using it for corporate espionage! It allowed him to gain access to inside information from corporations all over the world.  
  
"I have to go Mariko," I said. "I'll think about it, I promise."  
  
"Very well, Danica," she replied. "You must do what you think is best. I will be in touch again."  
  
I hung up the cellphone, handed it to Hideki and fled from the room.  
  
  
**DECISION TIME**  
The sky was turning dark as Anna and I left DDE headquarters for our walk back to the condo. The rains from this morning had ended and the sky had partially cleared, but a chill remained in the fall air raising goosebumps on my bare skin. Anna had continued to remain in character as my superior in the locker room at the end of our shift, referring to me as "Nine" or "girl" as I scrubbed the numbers from her skin. She had refused to help scrub mine, though, so I'd been forced to ask one of the Gonzalez twins to help me. At least I won't have to wear the numbers in the future, I thought to myself. If I have a future as a mailgirl.  
  
As I walked naked a step behind Anna with my new collar attached to my neck I thought about the possibility of being forced to do this permanently with Barbara eventually replacing Anna as my master. I believed now that this might actually be my fate as control over my own destiny continued to fade. If I allowed Anna to lock up my bank cards and ID's today I knew I'd be taking another large step toward that future. I was still torn over what I was going to do as Anna unlocked the condo door. I followed her through the entrance.  
  
I helped Anna remove her jacket and hung it up in the closet, then stood waiting for instructions. Anna seemed lost in thought herself. "You need to get all the stuff that Barbara said and give it to me to lock up," she said finally. A chill ran down my back.  
  
"Yes ma'am." I entered the master bedroom as Anna followed. I pulled open a drawer where I kept the few personal items I had remaining and it hit me with full force that once I surrendered these I would have nothing. I'd be as naked and dependent as the day I was born.  
  
Once again I thought about grabbing everything, putting on some of Anna's clothes, jumping into my car and leaving, never to return. That would have been the smart play, maybe the first smart thing I'd done since that first meeting with Barbara. Instead I felt an irresistible pull toward seeing this through, seeing where it would lead despite the risks involved.  
  
I thought about the sonnet "Ozymandias" that Barbara had recited to me and her belief that life should be lived boldly because everything we do will eventually be erased by time anyway. I knew she had fed me that to encourage me to throw caution to the wind, but once again she had read me perfectly. The last six months had been the most thrilling of my life and I didn't want to abandon it now for the sake of returning to some degree of "normalcy" only to forever regret not having ridden this roller coaster ride to the end.   
  
On the other hand I didn't want to just continue on blindly and hope for the best. Barbara was leaving me with no cards to play so I thought again about what Mariko had told me today. Could I really expect help from Hiromoto if I supplied him with inside information about DDE? After everything that had happened I no longer felt any loyalty toward DDE, but relying on help from a yakuza mobster who lived half way around the world was a dubious plan at best. Ultimately, though, I trusted Mariko more than any of the other players in the game. If she said Hiromoto would help me then I would need to have faith in that, although I had no idea what information I could come up with that would be useful to him.  
  
I pulled the title to my car out of the drawer, signed and dated it, and placed it on the counter. Then I retrieved my passport, driver's license, birth certificate, and all of my bank cards and handed them to Anna.  
  
"I'll need your cellphone, too," she said to me.  
  
"Barbara never mentioned that, ma'am."  
  
"I know, but she said all of your possessions."  
  
I sighed and retrieved my phone and handed it to Anna, then followed her to the closet where the small safe was located. The safe door was open just as Barbara had said it would be, although I couldn't remember ever seeing it open before. She must have been in here recently to unlock it, I thought.   
  
Anna placed everything in the safe then turned to me. "Are you sure you want to do this, Danica?" she asked, breaking from her role for the first time since the meeting with Barbara. "Once I close the door I won't be able to unlock it." I sensed that this was a frightening moment for her as well since I'd now be totally dependent on her and our relationship would be forever altered.  
  
I smiled at her. "Yes ma'am, I do." Anna nodded and I watched as she locked the last of my possessions away.   
  
I took a deep breath. For better or worse I had just gone all in.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl Part 45**

**TAKEN FOR A RIDE**  
I was kneeling on a Mailgirls mat on the fourth floor of the tower in between deliveries when I saw Barbara approaching. "Go put away your MMU, take a shower and meet me in the executive parking lot in thirty minutes," she said, then turned and walked away before I could respond.  
  
For Barbara to seek me out like this rather than summoning me to her office was very unusual and a sudden unease came over me. Had Barbara found out? Already?  
  
Yesterday, a week after my first phone call with Mariko in the Hiromoto safe room, I'd been summoned back there. "Tell me everything you have seen and heard as a mailgirl relating to company business," Mariko had told me over the phone. "Do not concern yourself about whether it is important or not. I will decide what is worthy of passing on to Mr. Hiromoto and what is not." So I'd spent nearly thirty minutes telling Mariko everything I'd learned about DDE's projects and plans, both rumored and real. I knew some of it was dated information that had already been made public but I also told her things I knew were privy to only a few people at the highest level. Many executives and managers loved to make us lowly naked mailgirls wait while they were on the phone or discussing business with colleagues in their office and they thought so little of us that they had no concern about what we might see or hear.  
  
I thought that I'd feel some sense of shame or guilt about passing on DDE secrets to a foreign company but afterwards I was surprised to find that I didn't. Although I'd been a mostly willing participant since becoming a mailgirl I hadn't forgotten the lies and deceit that had been used to lure me into this life in the first place. DDE had cynically turned a bright, well-educated young woman with a promising future into a naked delivery girl and I no longer felt any loyalty to the company whatsoever.  
  
What did concern me, though, was Barbara finding out about this and what she might do to me if she did. Mariko had said that my visits to that office would never be recorded on my log but Barbara always seemed to know everything. I told myself that she wasn't omniscient and couldn't know everything going on in the sprawling DDE complex, but now she had suddenly broken from routine in ordering me to meet her and that had me worried.  
  
Back in the Mailgirls locker room I quickly showered and re-applied my makeup, then made my way toward the executive parking lot beneath the tower wearing only the metal collar that was now a permanent fixture around my neck. Barbara was already waiting for me as I entered through the door that led into the parking area. "Follow me," she ordered.   
  
It was mid-afternoon and no one else was in the lot as she led me to her car, a black Lexus sedan. The side windows of the car were tinted and I could see a mirrored image of myself in them as I approached. It still struck me as odd whenever I caught a glimpse of my nude body in public places and saw what others were seeing.  
  
Barbara unlocked the doors with her key fob. "Get in the back," she ordered. I opened the car door and saw a towel on the seat, placed there presumedly to protect the leather from my lady juices. Next to it was what looked like a folded black scarf. I crawled into the back seat and shut the door as Barbara got in up front behind the wheel and turned to look back at me. "Buckle up and tie on the blindfold," she ordered. My world went black as I tied the black scarf around my eyes.   
  
I heard the engine fire up and felt the car begin to move. My uneasiness continued to build as the muted sounds of city streets and traffic reached my ears. Once again Barbara was ripping me out of my comfort zone and taking me on a journey into the unknown.  
  
Comfort zone. Those words probably don't really accurately describe any aspect of my life since meeting Barbara. Equilibrium might be a better description. Barbara always allowed me time to find a tenuous sense of balance before giving me another shove past my boundaries. This blindfolded car ride with no explanation about where we were going was something new and different and I was beginning to tremble with fear and anticipation of what might lie ahead. Would she order me out of the car somewhere in the middle of town to humiliate me in front of a bunch of strangers? Would she abandon me to find may way back home, naked and alone? Was I going to be whipped as punishment for spilling company secrets to Hiromoto? My mind swirled with possible scenarios as the car snaked its way through traffic.  
  
We'd been driving for maybe twenty minutes or so when the car eased to a halt. Barbara turned off the engine and, without saying a word, exited the car and shut the door. I was left alone as I heard the electronic click of the door locks. My anxiety continued to escalate with each passing minute as I fought off the urge to lift the blindfold to try to see where I was. For all I knew Barbara was standing right outside of the car watching me to see if I would do that.  
  
Finally I heard the sound of footsteps approaching. The car doors unlocked and my door was pulled open. "God dammit, Barbara, are you completely insane bringing her here like this?" I heard an unfamiliar female voice say. Barbara simply laughed in response. "Get her out of there and bring her in through the back door," the woman said.  
  
"Get out, Nine," Barbara commanded and I turned and slid out the door as Barbara shut it behind me. I felt Barbara's hands on my shoulders as she began guiding me forward.   
  
"Why the hell do you have her blindfolded anyway?" the woman asked.  
  
"For fun," Barbara replied.  
  
Barbara continued to guide me over pavement, then grass, then a wooden deck before entering through a door. She walked me through several rooms before halting me and untying the blindfold. I blinked several times to adjust to the light and found myself in a large, well-appointed kitchen. Barbara opened a door revealing a wine rack, then pulled out several bottles and examined them before finding one she liked. She placed the bottle on a large kitchen island along with a corkscrew and several wine glasses. "Just help yourself to whatever I've got here, Barbara," the woman said sarcastically. Barbara ignored her.  
  
"Pour each of us a glass of wine and bring it to us in the next room, Nine," Barbara said to me.  
  
"Yes ma'am."  
  
"Do you really call her Nine?" the woman asked incredulously.  
  
Barbara laughed. "We have a lot to talk about, Joyce. Let's do it in the den." Joyce followed her out of the kitchen and I marveled at the fact that Barbara remained in charge even in what was presumedly this woman's house.   
  
I uncorked the bottle and began pouring the wine. Of all the possible scenarios that had run through my head as I rode here naked and blindfolded this hadn't been one of them. I felt a little better since this didn't seem to have anything to do with me spilling secrets to Hiromoto. I knew Barbara well enough, though, to know that she hadn't brought me here to just serve wine. She wanted this woman, whoever she was, to see me and the control she had over me.  
  
I carried the two glasses of wine into the next room where the women were seated. Joyce thanked me as I handed her the first glass, her eyes roaming over my body. The woman was fortyish, slightly plump but still attractive with well-coiffed dark hair and manicured nails. She had the look of a professional woman and I guessed that she might be some type of business associate of Barbara's. They obviously knew each other well.  
  
I got no thanks from Barbara when I handed her the glass of wine. "You can kneel on the floor, Nine," was all she said. I took my place on the carpeted floor facing the women.  
  
Joyce laughed and shook her head. "You've got her well trained, I'll say that for you."  
  
"She's had her moments of rebellion and insubordination, but she's learning."  
  
The two women began chatting and I soon discovered that Joyce was a member of the city council and was running for mayor of Wildwood, the suburb where DDE was located. She was apparently locked in a tight race with the incumbent mayor. "I see you're still down two points in the latest poll," Barbara said to her.  
  
Joyce shrugged. "It's within the margin of error and I've been gaining."  
  
"Yes, you have been," Barbara replied. "That's why I'm here."  
  
"Ah," Joyce replied with a bemused smirk. "And I thought you were here in the spirit of friendship. Let me guess, Barbara, you're going to tell me how you can help get me over the top in the election in exchange for a couple of favors down the road. A little tit for tat. Or in this case, tits for tat," she said glancing at my bare breasts.  
  
"That's exactly right, Joyce. I can help get you over the hump in the election."  
  
"You're a little late to the party, Barbara. I could've used your help months ago, not three weeks before the election.  
  
"I had to know you had a legit shot of winning before I got onboard," Barbara replied. "It wouldn't have been in my interest to back a losing horse."  
  
"You're so flattering," Joyce laughed. "But if you think you can get this horse across the finish line, I'm listening."  
  
Barbara took a sip of wine before responding. "I can deliver at least 75 percent of the DDE votes for you. Maybe more."  
  
"Really?" Joyce replied. "75 percent? Wow. That would be, what...one hundred votes? Two hundred? You've got a lot of millennials working there and we both know they don't vote, especially not in local elections."  
  
'"Don't worry, I'll get out the DDE vote," Barbara promised. "We're offering time off with pay on election day for employees to go to the polls. The department with the highest percentage of people exercising their civic duty will be rewarded with a party served by twenty-four nude mailgirls. Those two things will motivate the hell out of the north wing in particular where you'll get at least ninety percent of the votes."  
  
"Why are you so sure they'd vote for me?"  
  
"Because the geeks there love the mailgirls and we'll let it be known that your opponent is hostile to them and may try to pass laws preventing us from using mailgirls."  
  
"Robert? He's got nothing against mailgirls. Hell, he'd use them in city hall if he thought he could get away with it. He told the chief of police to not hassle your girl here on her naked walks to work."  
  
Barbara shrugged. "The geeks don't need to know that."  
  
"Listen Barbara, if you think I'm going to come out publicly as the Mailgirls' candidate you're f\*cking nuts. I'm not going anywhere near that hot potato."  
  
"You don't have to," Barbara replied. "We'll just quietly float the rumor around the DDE complex. Thar'll be enough."  
  
Joyce took a sip of wine as she thought about what Barbara was saying. "Alright, let's say you can net me a couple of thousand DDE votes. That'll help, but it's no guarantee of putting me over the top."  
  
"No, but I've also dug up a little dirt on Robert that if released just prior to the election definitely would."  
  
"What is it?" Joyce asked.  
  
Barbara laughed and shook her head. "If I told you then you could have your people release it and you wouldn't need me."  
  
Joyce let out a sigh. "Why do I feel like I'm about to crawl into bed with the devil. I need some more f\*cking wine."

Barbara nodded at me. I rose to my feet and re-filled both of their glasses, then returned to my spot on the floor. I admit that I was fascinated by the conversation and my glimpse into the seamy underbelly of politics. I wondered how many quiet conversations like this took place in backrooms around the country that would ultimately influence elections and decide our political leaders and policies.  
  
"Alright Barbara," Joyce continued, "let's say that you do help get me elected. What are you going to want in return?"  
  
"I want my mailgirls to be able to go off property to make pickups and deliveries around town."  
  
"Naked? No f\*cking way!"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"Because there are families with kids here."  
  
"I won't be sending them to elementary schools," Barbara replied. "Besides there's nothing inherently obscene about the nude female body and its nothing that kids these days can't see within a couple of mouse clicks anyway. And how many people really object to seeing a beautiful naked woman? A lot less than you think, Joyce."  
  
"Even if that's true if we make public nudity legal what's to prevent not-so-beautiful fat naked guys from walking around town?" Joyce responded.  
  
"You wouldn't be making public nudity legal except for licensed mailgirls. That way nudity would be limited to young, attractive women. The law could be sold as promoting job creation in the Mailgirls industry."  
  
"The Mailgirls industry?" Joyce laughed. "You've hired all of twenty-four women! That's not an industry, it's a tiny boutique you've created to serve your own fetishes."  
  
Barbara took a sip of wine and smiled. "That's only the beginning, Joyce. We're in negotiations with half a dozen companies interested in their own Mailgirls program. They're simply waiting to see how this lawsuit by United American Women plays out first."  
  
"And how will it play out?"  
  
"It's going to go away soon and will do so in a way that damages UAW and discourages future lawsuits. When that happens we'll show everyone just how much our profits and productivity have increased since we started the Mailgirls program at DDE. Without the lawsuit hanging over our heads our stock will rise and those companies are going to be much more willing to take the plunge."  
  
I wasn't surprised to hear about the lawsuit going away since it was the same thing Mariko had told me over the phone. Hiromoto's people had somehow gotten to the former DDE mailgirl bringing the suit. The fix was in.  
  
"Alright, let's say all of that happens," Joyce said. "I still don't see any mass job creation taking place in Wildwood as a result of this so-called Mailgirls industry."  
  
"For starters we'd hire and train all future mailgirls here before they go to whatever company they eventually end up working for."  
  
"A Mailgirls Academy?" Joyce laughed, shaking her head. "Jesus."  
  
"Future Mailgirls contracts won't be tied to any single company," Barbara continued. "All Mailgirls contracts will originate with us and will then be sold on the open market to the highest bidder."  
  
'That sounds a hell of a lot like a slave market to me," Joyce said.  
  
Barbara shook her head. "It's perfectly legal. Employers will be buying contracts, not girls. And the women will have full knowledge of this when they sign the contracts. Only companies licensed by Hiromoto and DDE will be allowed to buy or sell the contracts and they will be held to strict standards in how mailgirls are treated."  
  
''Yes but the girl will be forced to follow the contract to whoever buys it. The optics of it still look terrible."  
  
"We'll be doing it discreetly. It's not like we'll be auctioning the girls off in the public square."  
  
This was the first time I'd heard any of this and I was shocked by it. It did sound an awful lot like a slave market to me. Mailgirls would have little or no say where they worked or who they worked for. I was very glad my own contract was limited specifically to working for DDE and this made me even more determined not to sign another contract after this one expired. I had no desire to be sold to the highest bidder.  
  
Joyce shook her head. "I still don't see how this will create an economic boom for the city. How much of a market will there ever be for mailgirls? Most companies won't go near them."  
  
"Most older established companies won't, that's true," Barbara said. "They're too hidebound and conservative to take risks. The companies interested in Mailgirls are young, hungry high tech startups that aren't bound by convention. They look at DumpsterDawg Enterprises as a successful model of what they someday want to become. They're also the type of companies that could be lured to establish their base in Wildwood."  
  
"You think they'll be lured here by a nascent Mailgirls industry?" Joyce asked incredulously.  
  
"Not just by that. The reason that DDE made the decision to make Wildwood its home is because the city has a young, well-educated population, good schools, and plenty of relatively cheap land."  
  
"And we gave you a hell of a tax break to build here," Joyce added.  
  
"Yes, and that. Those conditions still exist as long as you offer a similar tax break. If you also make this a mailgirls-friendly city I believe we could help lure some of these companies to move here.''  
  
"You couldn't do that without mailgirls being involved?" Joyce asked.  
  
"The only reason these companies are talking to us right now is because of their interest in our Mailgirls program. This gives us the opportunity to also sell them on Wildwood."  
  
Joyce let out a curt laugh. "You know, I bet you probably could sell them on Wildwood if you wanted to, Barbara. Hell, you could probably sell a fire pit to the Devil himself if you were motivated enough. So it's going to be my job as mayor to keep you motivated by allowing you to turn my fair city into a Mailgirls version of Silicon Valley, am I right?  
  
"You always were a quick study, Joyce," Barbara smiled as she took another sip of wine.  
  
'You do know that even if I do make it so your naked girls can wander the streets I can't force private businesses to allow them in their doors. 'No shoes, no shirts, no pants, no service' and all that."  
  
"I know," Barbara replied, "but some will allow them in. We already have an agreement with Martin's Market and more will follow."  
  
I thought about my first trip into Martin's Market with Anna the other day wearing nothing but this collar around my neck. I'd thought that my months of nudity at DDE would have prepared me for it, but it hadn't. The shame and humiliation I'd felt as I followed Anna around the store as other shoppers stared had been incredible. Breaking yet another taboo had created an intense arousal that had me fighting off an orgasm right there in the frozen foods section. After getting back to the condo I found out that Anna had also been turned on by it and she practically dragged me into the bedroom. Only after multiple orgasms did she finally get around to ordering me to put the groceries away.  
  
I looked up and caught Joyce staring at me. "She certainly is beautiful," she said. "Can you leave her here for the night?"  
  
"No," Barbara said. "She's mine."  
  
"Not even in exchange for an agreement to everything you asked for?"  
  
"Nope. I'm not a pimp and she's not for sale. Either the deal stands on its own merits or it doesn't. You decide." My way or the highway. Classic Barbara. She was fearless even in dealing with the potential future mayor of the city. In this case I was grateful for that, relieved that I hadn't been offered up as a sweetener to the deal.  
  
Joyce sighed and rose to her feet as Barbara followed suit. "The deal stands on its own," Joyce said. "If you can get me elected and bring business into the city like you say you can I'll help you turn Wildwood into the capital of your Mailgirls fiefdom." Barbara reached out her hand and the two of them shook on it.  
  
"Now f\*ck off and don't bring her back here," Joyce said as she turned and walked away. "And make sure the neighbors don't see her on the way out."  
  
**REFLECTIONS**  
Once again I found myself in the back seat of Barbara's car as it cruised through city streets, this time without a blindfold. Barbara hadn't said a word since leaving Joyce's place so I stared out the window at the cars around me and their occupants. How different their lives were than mine. I'd once been like them, commuting to and from work every day, sitting in my cubicle. My whole focus back then had been on gaining a promotion to a position where I would have my own office, more power and responsibility, more money, and a path to yet another promotion. Now I had nothing, not even clothes on my back.   
  
I thought about Barbara, Joyce, Hiromoto, Dan Evans, and the DDE executives I'd served in the tenth floor executive lounge. Over the past six months I'd learned a great deal about the machinations of powerful people and how deals were brokered in whispered conversations over cocktails or in secret meetings in back rooms and private homes. I was nothing more than a pawn to be moved around the board by these people and my submissive nature made that my desired place in this game, or so Barbara had told me. Was I really a submissive by nature or was this something that Barbara had manipulated me into believing?   
  
What I had discovered for a certainty about myself was that I was a thrill junkie and an exhibitionist. I got off on the excitement and humiliation of being naked in public and this hadn't diminished at all even after months of constant nudity. I'd gladly choose now to live my life in the nude - all the time, everywhere - if I could. Since that was Barbara's goal for me I wondered if that was the reason I'd chosen to continue down this perilous path, rather than by a submissive desire to be controlled. Couldn't I get that same thrill by choosing on my own to be nude rather than being forced into it? I wasn't at all sure, though, if I could force myself to do it without a push from someone like Barbara to make me do it.  
  
I also wondered why, if I was such a submissive, I had spent so much of my life attaining the education and knowledge required to lead other people? I felt more confused than ever about who I was. Did I want to be the chess master or the pawn? Or neither? And even if I did have a strong submissive nature did I really need to allow myself to be pushed to this extreme to satisfy it? Would it be possible to be a strong dynamic business woman in public while satisfying my submissive urges in private?   
  
I thought about my relationship with Anna and how she was maturing from a frightened, bullied little girl into a confident, independent woman before my eyes. She was learning to take control of her own life at the same time she was learning to control mine. Anna had taken over all of our finances, planned the meals, made the shopping lists, and was now learning to drive. She was also learning to be the dominant in our relationship and was trying to do it in a way that was forceful without being bullying or mean-spirited. If Barbara had been hoping to drive a wedge between us by forcing Anna into a role as my prison guard then so far it wasn't working. If anything our relationship was deepening.  
  
On the other hand I couldn't deny my deep desire for Barbara either. Despite everything - or maybe because of everything - I found myself captivated by her and her intoxicating blend of beauty, confidence, intelligence, and charisma. I was always on edge in her presence, not knowing what would happen next, yet this only made me feel more alert and alive. I doubt that anyone else could have made me willingly choose this life or continue on this road despite the future she'd openly mapped out for me. Even now as I rode naked in the back seat of her car toward some unknown destination I felt her seductive allure casting a spell over me, making me want to see where and how this ride ended. Wherever we were going it wasn't back to DDE headquarters or the condo.  
  
The car turned onto a quiet street and began meandering through an upscale residential neighborhood past beautiful homes with perfectly manicured lawns. The end of the street led into a cul-de-sac and the car pull into the driveway of a large single-story house. Barbara reached up and pushed the button on a remote attached to the visor and my pulse quickened as the garage door began to rise.   
  
Barbara was taking me home.

**Confessions of a Mailgirl Part 46**

**HARSH TRUTHS**  
We entered Barbara's house through the garage door into her living room. I followed one step behind, naked as always except for the metal collar with the number nine on it. Once inside she turned to me and with a bright smile said, "Welcome to my home, Danica. I'm going to go change and then we'll have some wine and talk for awhile. Feel free to explore the house. Mi casa es su casa." Then she turned and quickly strode out of the room as I stood there dumbfounded by her sudden transformation from the commanding business woman I'd been with for the past several hours to cheerful welcome hostess. It was as if she had simply slipped off one mask and put on another. It wasn't the first time I'd seen this kind of sudden transformation and sometimes I wondered which mask was the real Barbara, or if there even was a real Barbara.  
  
I looked around the living room. It was immaculate and expensively furnished just as I'd have expected in a home owned by her, but it looked like it was a room that had been staged by a designer. It didn't have a lived-in feel to it. There was a large flat screen TV on the wall but somehow I doubted she hung out in here at night watching rom-coms on Netflix.  
  
I wandered from there into a gourmet kitchen with granite countertops, stainless steel appliances, and a large island with eat-in bar and stools. It was a beautiful kitchen but it had the same unused feel as the living room. I opened a few cabinets and the refrigerator and found little in the way of food or cooking ingredients. Barbara obviously either ordered in or ate out. She was no cook.  
  
I continued my tour of the house. It was certainly lovely, filled with hardwood flooring, high ceilings, and tasteful furnishings, but it continued to feel like a model home. There were few personal touches in it that you'd normally find in a person's home.  
  
I walked down a corridor and peeked into a partially opened door and discovered a large exercise room. The room held a number of exercise machines, a yoga mat, pilates equipment and the faint smell of sweat. Unlike what I'd seen so far I could tell this was a room that got a lot of use.   
  
Across from the exercise room was another door. I turned the knob and opened it just far enough to poke my head inside and take a look. The shades were drawn so I flipped on the light switch to get a better look into the darkened room and immediately realized that this was where Barbara spent most of her time when she was here. I hesitated about entering but she had told me to feel free to explore the house, so I swung the door open and stepped inside.  
  
I found myself in a large den with a leather chair, a brass floor lamp used as a reading light, and a side table with several books and a pair of reading glasses resting on it. The chair faced a beautiful gas fireplace built into the wall while another wall was covered with a set of built-in bookshelves filled with books. In one corner stood a beautiful antique grandfather clock. It was the only room I'd seen so far that Barbara seemed to care about but it felt like a lonely room. This was her refuge, her sanctuary from the rest of the world.  
  
I walked over to the bookshelves and skimmed the titles. They were hard-cover books on history, warfare, psychology, philosophy and classical literature. Not much here in the way of light reading, I thought to myself. I pulled a copy of Sun Tzu's "The Art of War" off the shelf and opened it up. It was well worn and heavily annotated and highlighted. Next I opened a large volume of Shakespeare's complete works and found the same. These books definitely weren't here as props or for show. Barbara was not only reading them she appeared to be devouring them trying to consume every ounce of knowledge held within.  
  
A book title caught my eye and I pulled it off the shelf. It was an English version of an unauthorized biography of Mr. Hiromoto. It looked like a fairly new book but like the others it was heavily highlighted and annotated. She must have bought it prior to her first meeting with the man to negotiate on behalf of DDE to become his North American partners in the Mailgirls program. It illustrated to me how thoroughly prepared Barbara was in everything she did.  
  
"I see you've found my hidey hole."  
  
Startled, I turned to find Barbara standing in the doorway, a bottle of wine and two glasses in her hands.   
  
"I-I'm sorry, ma'am. I didn't mean to intrude." Barbara was wearing a purple bikini top with a colorful sarong wrapped around her waist. Her dark hair, which had earlier been tied up in a bun, was now spilling down over her shoulders. She looked stunning.  
  
"No need to apologize, Danica. I told you that you could explore. And no 'ma'ams' for the rest of the evening. Tonight we're equals." She flashed a radiant smile at me then nodded her head in the direction of the doorway. "Come."  
  
I placed the Hiromoto bio back onto the shelf and followed her out of the room. She led me to the back of the house and through a sliding glass door onto a patio. She motioned for me to take a seat on a small sofa rather than kneel on the ground, a sign that she really was treating me like an equal tonight.   
  
The sun was going down now and there was a chill in the air. Barbara placed the wine and glasses on a nearby table, then walked to a wall switch and ignited a large rectangular gas fire pit. I immediately felt the warmth of the flames and saw its reflection in the waters of a swimming pool beyond the patio.  
  
Barbara poured two glasses of wine, handed one to me, then slid in beside me. "Thank you, ma'am...um, I mean Barbara." I'd been forced to speak deferentially to her for so long that it felt unnatural now to call her by name. She raised her wine glass toward me and I clinked mine against hers.  
  
Barbara took a sip and smiled at me. "No quid pro quo tonight, Danica. We'll just talk. No restrictions." I nodded and took a sip of wine. "So what do you think of my house?" she asked.  
  
"It's beautiful."  
  
"Are you disappointed you didn't find my 'Fifty Shades of Grey' torture chamber?"   
  
"Um, I don't..." I mumbled, unsure how to answer.   
  
"I'm kidding," Barbara laughed. "I don't actually have one of those here. Or anywhere for that matter. The truth is I'm no dominatrix although I'm willing to play one on occasion."  
  
"So who are you then, Barbara? Really?" The question jumped so quickly from my brain to my mouth that it bypassed the internal filter between them and I immediately wondered if I'd gone too far in asking it. Barbara didn't seem bothered by it though.  
  
"That's a fair question," she replied as she stared into the fire. "I should probably start by telling you where I come from. I suppose you think I was a child of privilege?"  
  
"Weren't you?"  
  
She shook her head. "My parents died in a car crash when I was six. I spent years being shuffled between relatives and foster homes. No one really wanted me."  
  
"I'm so sorry," I said. "I didn't know."  
  
Barbara shrugged. "It happened. You may not believe it now but I was actually a very shy, lonely girl when I was young. I took refuge in books and reading. Still do, as you can see from your discovery of my den."  
  
"So what happened?"  
  
"When I was a teenager I decided I hated my life and who I was so I started reading psychology and self-help books. A lot of it was crap and academic mumbo jumbo but I did find things that had practical value in the real world. Two things in particular."  
  
"What were they?" I asked.   
  
"The first was from a self-help book that said to simply start acting the way that you want people to see you even if you don't feel that way inside. So I began acting as if I was a confident, outgoing person even though I didn't feel that way at all. I was terrible at it at first," Barbara laughed. "People just thought I was weird. But I kept at it until I actually did start to feel that way."  
  
"So you're saying your confidence is an act?"  
  
Barbara shook her head. "Not anymore. It took years of acting confident before I truly felt that way, but it's who I am now. It's no longer an act."  
  
"So what was the second thing you learned?"  
  
"That thoughts and desires are only meaningful if they translate into action."  
  
"Are you saying that what we think and feel inside aren't important?" I asked.  
  
Barbara took a sip of wine and stared back into the fire before continuing. "I had a roommate in college who was an aspiring writer. That's actually how she would introduce herself to people, as an 'aspiring writer.' She used to read books on writing, take classes on writing, attend seminars on writing, but the whole time I knew her she never once sat down and wrote anything that wasn't required for her classes. Not a word. One day I asked her why she never wrote anything and she just gave me some bullshit excuse about waiting for her muse." Barbara laughed and shook her head. "I bet that silly bitch is still an aspiring writer today, still waiting for the Great American Novel to spring fully formed into her head so she can start putting it down on paper. I did learn an important lesson from her, though."  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"If you want to be a writer then sit your your goddamn ass down and start writing. Even if what you write is the worst garbage anyone has ever read you keep doing it until it's not. You may never become Shakespeare but eventually you will become a writer and not just aspire to it. That same principle can be applied to becoming a painter or a musician or a rodeo cowboy or a CEO. You are what you do, not what you dream about or what you desire or what you think you're like inside."  
  
I thought about what she was saying. "I know that you have to work at something to become good at it but I don't agree that you're only the sum total of what you do. It is important what you're like inside."  
  
"Why?" Barbara asked. "If what you're like inside doesn't ever produce anything of value to other people then what good is it?"  
  
"Is that all you think other people are good for? For what they can do for you?"  
  
"Danica, after my parents died many people told me that I would be in their thoughts and prayers but very few of them actually did anything to help me. Ultimately all of their thoughts and prayers never produced anything tangible in the real world, it only served to make them feel better about themselves without having to put out any real effort. So to answer your question, yes, I only care about what people do, not what they think."  
  
"I think people are more than just what they do, Barbara," I replied after a few moments. "I mean look at me, I'm a f\*cking mailgirl! Do you think that's all I am?"  
  
Barbara turned and looked me directly in the eyes. "I don't think that's all you are, Danica, but I do think being a mailgirl is exactly what you want to be."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because you're an exhibitionist and a submissive so this is the perfect life for you. Because every action you've taken since our first meeting has led you down this path despite being given every opportunity to change course. You still could if you wanted."  
  
"How the hell could I change course now?" I asked bitterly. "I have no clothes, no car, no access to my money. You've locked up my driver's license, passport, and credit cards."  
  
Barbara shook her head. "No, Danica, I didn't lock those things up. You did. You're the one who took that action. You're the one who took her clothes off in Tokyo when you weren't required to. You're the one who lets me keep you naked and collared twenty-four hours a day even though there's nothing in your contract that allows me to do that. You're the one who has twice voluntarily submitted to whippings even though you know damn well I'm not allowed to do that either. Danica, you keep granting me power I don't really have to force you to do things you claim you don't want to do. You think you're a different person inside than the naked mailgirl the world sees? That's not what your actions are telling me."

I sat there sulking, my face burning in shame. I wanted to toss the wine in her face and tell her off, to tell her that she was full of shit and all wrong about me. I wanted to, but I couldn't. Every word she had spoken was a harsh truth. "So that's all I am then? Just a naked delivery girl?"  
  
"I never said that. You're so much more than that, Danica, and you don't even see it."  
  
"See what?"  
  
"Since becoming a mailgirl you've taken in and helped an abused girl who has grown in leaps and bounds in the short time she's been with you. And your work has more purpose now. You've gone from helping market a violent, misogynistic video game to adding extraordinary beauty and grace to a previously vanilla work environment."  
  
"You mean I've been eye candy for the geeks making the violent, misogynistic video game."  
  
"Touché," Barbara laughed. "But you're so much more than that. You're a moving work of art. I see a lot of Mariko in you in the fluid grace in which you do your job."  
  
It's true that I'd been trying to emulate the simple elegance and refinement of movement that Mariko had brought to being a mailgirl so I guess I was flattered that Barbara had noticed. "But it's still such a demeaning job," I protested. "I had aspirations of having my own office on the tenth floor one day."  
  
"The tenth floor," Barbara snorted dismissively. "You know there are probably a dozen executives on that floor that I still don't know what they really do. Oh, they attend meetings and churn out memos and play golf with Dan Evans but I've yet to see them produce anything of value to the company. Don't be fooled by their big offices and expensive suits, many of them are nothing but show ponies. One day when I'm running DDE there will be a purging."  
  
Barbara turned her attention back to the dancing flames of the fire. "You know, I've gotten a lot of shit from some of those empty suits in the tower about how much we're paying mailgirls even though productivity is way up since we started the program and the flow of information throughout the complex has improved tenfold. It's already paid for itself many times over. I'd gladly trade all of those worthless execs for one good mailgirl." Barbara turned back to me now and looked me in the eyes with such intensity that I had to force myself not to look away. "And you, Danica, are the most valuable of mailgirls. Don't ever sell yourself short and don't ever think for a moment that I do either."  
  
"You say you value me yet you've taken everything away from me," I protested weakly, not really sure how to respond to the things she was telling me.  
  
I haven't taken anything from you that you really wanted or needed, Danica. If I'd tried you would have bolted."  
  
"You're going to try to take Anna away from me aren't you? If I don't sign a new contract?"  
  
"I've never said that, Danica."  
  
"But that's your leverage to force me to sign it, isn't it?" I was certain that would be her play when the time came.  
  
Barbara shook her head. "No, it's not. That wouldn't work even if I wanted to do it. It would only drive you away and I don't want to do that."  
  
"Then why are you so certain I'll sign another Mailgirls contract after this one expires?"  
  
Barbara smiled and took a sip of wine. "Let's cross that bridge when we come to it."  
  
I stared into the fire thinking of everything she had told me. "Okay, let's say I decided tomorrow to move out of the condo, take this collar off and start wearing clothes away from work, you're saying there's nothing you could do about it?"  
  
"That's right."  
  
"And you wouldn't try to punish me if I did?"  
  
"I didn't say that," Barbara laughed. "I would make it as hard for you as possible. But if you were determined to do those things there's nothing I could do to stop you. But if that's truly what you want then your desires need to translate into action. Otherwise you're just 'aspiring' to live a normal life."  
  
"Why are you telling me these things anyway? Are you so sure I won't take you up on that? Aren't you afraid that I might decide to sever the cord and start living my own life again?"  
  
"I am afraid of that, Danica," Barbara said quietly. "But I know you're smart enough to have already realized everything I've told you anyway. You've known it all along. I'm just hoping that occasionally reminding you that the cage door will always be open will help bind you closer to me." In Barbara's face I saw a rare glimpse of vulnerability as she stared into the fire. I wondered if it was real or just an act.  
  
"You say the cage door is open yet you keep telling me that you'll make me sign another oppressive contract when this one is up?"  
  
"Yes. It will make it easier to tell yourself that you have to follow the path I've laid out for you even though I know in your heart of hearts that you really want to. Your actions keep telling me so. You just need time to get beyond the cognitive dissonance of leaving behind the image you once had of yourself. Once the second contract is over there will be no more confusion about what you want and who you are and there won't be a need for a third contract."  
  
"So what you really mean is the brainwashing will be complete by then, right?" I replied snarkily.  
  
Barbara smiled and shook her head. "There's no brainwashing, Danica. I'm merely allowing you to experience a world you didn't know existed or even could exist." Barbara reached up with her right hand and gently caressed my cheek. "It's a world I'm building for you, sweet girl," she said quietly. "But it's a work in progress and I need time to finish it. I need time so you can experience that world in full."  
  
Barbara leaned in and pressed her lips against mine and in that moment my defenses collapsed. The warm moistness of the kiss made me ache with sudden desire and I gasped when she pulled away.   
  
Barbara flashed a bright smile at me and as I looked into her face the powerful, uncompromising woman I'd known for so long had been replaced by a beautiful, seductive woman. She stood and took me by the hand and pulled me to my feet. She put her arms around me, pressed her body against mine and began nibbling on my earlobe. "Let's go inside, sweetheart," she whispered.  
  
I could feel my heart thumping in my chest. "Y-yes ma'am," was all I could manage to say.

**SEDUCTION AND POWER**  
Barbara led me by the hand through the house and when we entered her bedroom I was surprised to discover a dozen candles burning. She could have just thrown a pair of handcuffs on me and ordered me to go down on her and I would have done it, but the fact that she was using wine and candles to seduce me seemed almost...sweet. That's a word I never would have associated with Barbara before but the woman continued to be an unpredictable enigma.  
  
Barbara turned to me, pressed her body against mine and gave me a long, slow, wet kiss as her fingernails lightly scraped my back. She withdrew her lips and whispered quietly, "Do you want to be my lover or my slave tonight, Danica? It's your choice."  
  
"I want to be your slave, ma'am," I replied without hesitation.  
  
"I thought so," Barbara smiled. She gave me another long kiss and then pulled away. As the two of us faced each other the romantic seductress suddenly disappeared and was replaced by the dominating mistress. It happened in an instant as if a switch had been thrown. "Undress me, Nine," she ordered. She's put on a new mask, I thought to myself.  
  
I walked around behind her and my hands trembled slightly as I untied the bikini top and slipped it off her breasts. I dropped it to the floor and walked back around to face her. I was seeing her topless for the first time and I couldn't help but stare at her firm, round breasts topped with pinkish, quarter-sized aureolas and hard nipples. They hung beautifully over her taut stomach. ''They're perfect, ma'am," I said to her.  
  
Barbara didn't respond so I knelt down at her feet and began untying the sarong. As it fell to the floor it revealed a purple thong that matched the bikini top. I reached up and grasped each side of the thong and began slowly sliding it down her hips as her shaved pussy came into view. When the thong reached the carpet she stepped out of it and stood naked before me as I looked up at her from my familiar subservient kneeling position. Her body was stunning, as firm and toned as any mailgirl's. Barbara did nothing in half measures so I knew she had worked hard for that body. I couldn't wait to touch it, to feel my bare skin against hers. She allowed me to stare for a minute before speaking. "Follow me, Nine," she ordered. I rose to my feet but instead of leading me to the bed as I expected I followed her through a door.  
  
I found myself in her master bathroom which was also lit by candlelight and felt as big as some apartments I'd lived in. On the floor was a large plastic air mattress with a white towel laid across its head cushion. Now what, I wondered? Barbara couldn't just jump into the sack and f\*ck like normal people she had to have some elaborate scenario in place for our first sexual encounter. I could only imagine what it might be.  
  
Barbara turned toward me and saw me staring at the air mattress. "You're going to give me a Nuru massage, Nine," she said. "Do you know what that is?"  
  
I shook my head. "No, ma'am."  
  
"Hiromoto introduced me to it the last time I was in Tokyo. He had Mariko take me into a room on the top floor where she gave me one. It was a fantastic experience and I want you to learn how to do it. I'll give you instructions this time but I expect you to become a master of this."  
  
"Yes, ma'am." I followed her to the counter where a large wooden bowl sat next to the sink. Beside it was a plastic container.  
  
"Fill the sink with warm water and place the container of gel into it. Not too hot." I did as I was instructed then turned to face her again. She was tying her hair up with an elastic band. "Now we get wet," she said.   
  
Barbara walked to the shower, opened the glass door and entered it as I followed a step behind. It was a large shower with beige marble tiles covering the walls and a skylight built into the ceiling. It was the most beautiful shower I'd ever seen.  
  
Barbara turned on the water and adjusted the temperature until it suited her liking, then stepped in. She picked up a large sponge and bottle of shower gel from a tiled seat built into the wall and handed them to me. "Bathe me, Nine," she ordered.  
  
I wet the sponge then poured the gel into it until it was saturated. The soap had a citrus smell that filled the air with a pleasant scent. I placed the bottle back onto the tiled seat and joined Barbara under the stream of water.  
  
I began with the back of her neck, rubbing it gently with the sponge as lather streamed from it down her back and over her tight, firm ass. Barbara's skin was pale and had seen little exposure to direct sunlight. She was definitely an indoors girl who didn't waste her time sunbathing.   
  
When I'd finished with her backside she turned toward me. I poured more bath gel into the sponge then began again with the front of her neck and worked my way down. I probably lingered too long on her breasts, rubbing each of her rock hard nipples with the sponge. When I reached her naval she spread legs slightly. I squatted down, wrapped my left arm around her right leg, and began gently pressing the sponge against her pussy lips. I glanced up and saw that she had her head tilted back with her eyes closed. I was certain I could bring her to a climax if I continued long enough but I wasn't sure if she wanted that yet so I reluctantly moved on. I knelt down and bathed her legs and her feet.   
  
When I'd finished I looked up at her from my knees awaiting a new command as the warm water cascaded over my face. I was hoping that Barbara would take the sponge and bathe my body. Instead, she rinsed her body as I knelt at her feet then turned off the water. Without saying a word she opened the shower door and stepped out. I rose to my feet and followed her.  
  
There was a rack of clean white towels next to the shower but Barbara ignored them as she walked toward the sink allowing the water to drip from her body onto the floor. "Remove the gel from the sink and pour it into the bowl." I did as I was commanded. The gel was clear and odorless like body oil, but thicker. When the container was empty I placed it on the counter.   
  
"Now bring the bowl over to the mattress," Barbara instructed. "You're going to give me a massage using only your body." A thin smile came to her face. "Mariko was able to bring me to orgasm without ever using her hands or mouth. Lets see if you can do the same, Nine." Then she turned and walked to the air mattress and laid down face first on it.  
  
I carried the bowl carefully over to the mat and placed it on the floor. I crawled on top of Barbara and sat on her rear, straddling her body with my legs. I reached over and took a handful of the oil and rubbed over the front of my body then poured another handful over Barbara's back.   
  
Not quite sure how I was supposed to do this I began sliding my ass up and down her back. I was surprised how effortlessly I was able to glide across her body with the slippery gel as a lubricant. The feel of her bare skin against my pussy lips sent a wave of arousal pulsating through me. Clearly this was a massage meant to provide the giver with as much pleasure as the receiver. I continued this for several minutes, then slid back over her rear and down her legs and leaned forward until my breasts were pressed against her back. As I began moving rhythmically, massaging her body with mine, I heard a slight moan escape her lips.   
  
After several minutes of this I decided to try something different. I took more of the oil and squeezed it over my shoulders and let it run down my back. I placed my feet on the floor beyond Barbara's head and sat on her upper back and leaned backwards until I felt my shoulder blades touching her butt cheeks. Using my feet as leverage I began sliding up and down as Barbara moaned her approval. It was then that I noticed the small red light. As I focused in on it I realized that there was a camera on the ceiling. Barbara was taping this!  
  
I should have been angry or upset that she was doing this without my permission but I wasn't. I was thrilled by it! I knew she could only use it for her own personal enjoyment since she was also on it. She couldn't allow it to escape into the wild. I only wished that I could have a copy of it for myself, but I knew she'd never give me one for the same reason. Still, it was exciting to know I was performing on camera for a future audience even if that audience would only be Barbara.   
  
"I'm going to roll over now," Barbara said to me after a few minutes. After she had rolled onto her back she looked up at me through half closed lids and said, "You're doing well, Nine, but you have a ways to go before I reach my Happy Ending." I straddled her stomach, took another handful of the oil and let it drip over her breasts and stomach, then leaned down and began sliding up and down her body, flesh against flesh. I thought about Mariko doing this to Barbara in Tokyo and wondered if Hiromoto had watched. Even if he hadn't been in the room with them I was certain that he had.  
  
I continued gliding up and down her body and although Barbara had a look of pleasure on her face I knew she wasn't yet near orgasm. It was all I could do to resist using my fingers and tongue to explore every inch of her body. Finally I sat back up and straddled her so both of our vaginas aligned, then reached into the bowl and drizzled the oil onto my labia and let it drip onto hers. I lifted her left leg and placed my right leg beneath it then began sliding my pussy lips against hers, slow at first, then faster and faster. Barbara began moaning in pleasure and I knew this was starting to get her close. As her moans grew louder my arousal also began to crest and I did my best to suppress it thinking it would be wrong somehow for me to climax before she did. Just as I thought I couldn't hold back any longer I felt Barbara's body shudder with release as she let out a guttural cry.  
  
Seconds later I did the same.

**AFTERGLOW**  
The warm water of the bath felt wonderful as Barbara leaned back against me in the tub, her body drained of energy. After our mutual orgasms she had ordered me to draw a bath for the two of us although her tone had been that of a satisfied woman rather than a harsh mistress. She remained silent as I gently shampooed her hair, then began scrubbing her face, neck and breasts with a soapy sponge.   
  
As I washed the massage oil from Barbara's body she leaned her head back against my shoulder. Her eyes were closed and she had a look of relaxation and contentment on her face that I'd never seen before. I guessed, knowing the type of driven person she was, that these moments of peace were rare in her life and it made me feel good that I was able to give that to her. I kept waiting for the pangs of guilt over betraying Anna to show up but they never came. As much as I loved her she still felt like a little sister to me, someone I would mentor and teach until she was ready to leave the nest.  
  
Somehow this moment with Barbara felt right. As impenetrable, complex, and unpredictable as she could be she was in many ways a remarkable woman and I felt lucky that she had chosen me to be her...her what? Her lover? Her slave? When given the choice earlier I had elected to be her slave tonight. Would things have been any different if I had chosen to be her lover instead? I didn't know. What I did know was that I had once again chosen servitude.   
  
I thought about our conversation earlier and how Barbara had said that actions rather than thoughts are what define a person. If that's the case then my actions had continually defined me as the submissive that Barbara claimed I was. At that moment I knew that I wouldn't move out of the condo, remove the collar, or start wearing clothes away from work. I would continue to obey her in every way until my contract ended. After that I would let my heart guide me.  
  
But I wouldn't sign another contract no matter what leverage Barbara thought she had over me to force me to do it. I couldn't and have any hope of retaining any semblance of freedom to choose my own course even if that course was to remain Barbara's naked servant. I had to be able to freely choose that on my own rather than be compelled to do it by an oppressive contract with severe financial penalties if I ever decided to leave. I would do everything Barbara commanded of me but I would not sign another contract. But even as I told myself all of this I knew she would somehow find a way to make me do it and I was powerless to stop her.   
  
And on that day I would be signing my life away.