**MailGirls at IDG and Halloween**

by TwstdSail

**MailGirls at IDG and Halloween 1**

So I was going to tell you about halloween. That was what? Six months after we had started running? Eight months? Seems like forever. So yes, lets go with that.  It had been forever of bouncing up and down stairwells and hallways and standing in offices that I used to barge into telling stories, but now I do it silently with my head down and my eyes at my feet, and nearly nothing comes out of my mouth but "yes Sir" ok or "Sorry Miss Jones, I'll be faster next time."

Before I get too far into this story, l want you to think about what it's like to go to the beach in a bikini? I know, it's seems off topic, but it's not. When you're at the beach, wearing a bikini, even a teeny tiny one like that rainbow tanga thing I wore in high school, even that, is fine.

Hahaha, right that one that Dad threatened to spank me out of if I ever wore it again, so I would wear in under the big blue one out of the house? Oh, I'm sure he knows, he just let it go.

Anway, it feels fine. It's not embarrassing or anything. Heck, lets be honest, it feels sexy.. Yeah, you know you're showing some skin, and you know the boys are looking, and a few girls, but it's awesome. So sure, you know, you lie on your towel and every now and again adjust the bottoms around your cheeks when you think the lifeguard is watching. And you do an extra few wiggles getting into and out of the shorts you brought just in case. You know?

But now think about when you are there with friends and one of the girls says "lets just go in our underwear, we don't need suits!" Well it's true. My usual panties and bra cover a lot more than that bikini ever did. Especially if we went to play volleyball or something. Then I usually have on a sports bra and such. Still it feels weird doing it. Taking off your pants and top and jumping in wearing a bra and panties. Even when they are cotton and super modest.

Or.. or … again.. you're at the beach and wearing a bikini right? And you're fine with that. Maybe feeling a bit sexy, a bit turned on. You run up and down the beach, go for a swim, whatever it is that you do. Then, the sun goes down it gets a little cooler and you put on your top and skirt and you head up to the tiki for a drink. Right? Pretty normal day. And you go to sit down and find out that your skirt has been caught somehow the whole time, and you were walking around with your ass hanging out of your skirt for 20 minutes. It's humiliating! Why is that? It's the same damn blue cloth, right right, rainbow striped, whatever, but it's the same stuff you had on at the beach. It's covering just as well, if not better, now that you're not lying down on the beach or playing catch or something. So why is that worse? What's embarrassing about that? What is it about that?

So apparently someone at work, can't imagine who, shrew girl Aikens, caught on to this for half a second and decided to screw with us.

Yeah, because she likes to humiliate us. She likes to see us naked, and she likes to try to make us blush and she likes to try and shame us. And you know in truth it's not that easy to shame someone who gets paid to run around naked. I mean, we are a pretty resilient bunch where shame is concerned. But she thinks up new things all the time. I know the bus wasn't hers, but dollars to donuts putting the princess chairs in it was. I'm convinced beyond a doubt that having us come in to be waxed was hers. Personally I even believe she is somehow filming that and getting off on it at home. She's just such an evil little troll. You know it's that whole thing about petite dictators.

Heheheh.. I said dick. Yeah yeah, we're both 12.

Oh huh, I don't know if she is getting off on it. But I do think so, not the fact that we are naked, the fact that we are exposed at her command. I'm not saying she's a lesbian, I don't even think she is, I think she gets off on control.

Ok, so right. I mentioned how the driver of the bus, yep that's his born name, driver of the bus of evil. I mentioned that he calls us when he's getting close and we have to be outside. Right, so, the lowest ranking girl goes first, she gets buzzed around 6:30, and we are at work by 8. But along comes Halloween. Shelia, who is number Twelve, gets buzzed at 4:40AM with a "20 minute warning" and the rest of us all get the same basic buzz "Twelve being picked up in 15 minutes. Get ready." Well let me tell you, I was asleep in my comfy bed, in my comfy room, of my comfy house with no floors downstairs and I did not need IDG buzzing me out of bed that early. But I saw the text and didn't really think, i just rolled my feet to the floor and started to get up. I'm not even sure I realized how extra early it was, because it was so damn early that I never got to think about it! Now I was Four the day before, so i had about an hour before they came to get me, if it was yesterday. But since you never know your number until you're getting picked up, you don't really know how long you have. It could have been 20 minutes, it could have been 90 minutes. But since you don't want to keep the bus waiting, you get ready. It doesn't take all that long for any us now I guess. We're up, we shower. Hair into ponytails, light make up, grab the jacket, out the door. Most of us wear very little makeup. No one wants raccoon eyes all day long. Well maybe Monica does. She's been weird lately.

Why don't we want to make the bus wait? We get in trouble. We get yelled at, we get shamed. It's pretty bad. Just Miss Aikens saying over and over again "are you so much more important than everyone else at this company that you can make every girl late?" Or "I'm confused, you're just a MailGirl. There are people here doing actual work, and yet you managed to slow down the whole process." I think I told you what happened when one of us was like two minutes late once... we ended up kneeling on mats on the floors! And that wasn't even her fault! One of the Staff people wasn't ready for her when she got there, but he didn't want to endanger his job, so he blamed her. We aren't ALLOWED to walk, so how are we going to 'dawdle'? It's absurd. We're three speed girls; run, kneel, wall.

**MailGirls at IDG and Halloween 2**

Well that's the way it was. Now it's a little different. We got the three strikes rule a couple of months ago. Now if we get three strikes in the day, that day doesn't count as part of the week and we have to come in on Saturday. It's funny, in a way it's not that bad. Saturday is pretty quiet. I would say the staff is like 1/3 to 1/4 the size of a weekday, but since there is only you, you might run a lot more, and usually a lot further. Beth had to be here last Saturday. She said that every run was 5 or 6 floors, but that she only had to do a few runs all day. So most of the day was just spent on a pad. Still it sucks to have to give up a Saturday. Also you have to take and pay for a cab to get you here since we don't have parking passes, so that costs extra. I wonder if I can get all the girls to agree to give each other rides. If I ever get a Saturday, it would cost me the better part of $100 to come in. Right right, closer to 70, but that's still the better part of $100.

What's a strike? Well… I don't know. I know if you're late to the bus it's a strike. If you're late on a run. And someone said anyone could strike you for insubordination too. I have no idea what things count as insubordination. A lot I'm guessing.

Hahaha, I wish. That was funny.. no.. we don't get to go home once we have three strikes. We don't even know we have them really until the end of the day. They text us our strikes at the end of the day. And then you know you're working Saturday.

So where was I? Right, skimpy bathing suits. That's how we got into this.

Twelve got buzzed around quarter to five and told it was the warning. So she's up and getting ready fast. Yeah, the higher the number the less time you have to get ready. If anyone ever becomes Ninety-Nine or something they'll probably buzz her when they're pulling out of her driveway, and do it at 3am. When I got buzzed I usually have time to make a cup of tea, read the paper, whatever. But this was strange, so I was going pretty quickly too. The bus did in fact get to me at around 6:05 and I was just standing there on the curb in my jacket. It was so cold that early in the morning. I remember it was one of those days you're glad to be getting on the bus just to get your toes warmed up.

The driver was in an awful mood. He clearly didn't like being up early any better than the rest of us did. I would have asked him if he knew what was going on, but we don't talk on the bus. Yah, you know that movie "the green mile"? On their way to the chamber they get talked to. We don't. It really is silent on the bus. Just the sound of the bus taking us to another day of groveling and running and being the subhuman that they want us to be. Yep, we get paid a lot for it, but … well.. just but. It is what it is.

So we get to the parking lot and Miss Aikens is waiting for us in the entrance. She looks like she is going to immediately snap us to the wall. I can feel the other girls groaning silently. We all assume that we did something and that we are going to spend the next two hours "Nose Tits and Toes" while she berates us publicly about being stupid and slow girls who can't even do the simplest job in the world.

But that's not how it goes at all. She asked us to gather around and then she started apologizing! Remember what I told you though.. the nicer the greeting, the worse the day.

And then it comes. "I am sorry we woke you all up so early today, and I want you to know we appreciate it. It's a big day here at IDG as I'm sure you all know, we love Halloween, and we thought that you all could help us decorate and really get into the swing of things." She smiled this big smile at us. If you saw it you would think she was the sweetest little girl in the world, but let me tell you, it's the same smile the witch used to get Hansel and Gretel into the candy house.

I actually didn't know it was a big deal at IDG. We did have a Halloween party last year but it wasn't any bigger than most holidays.

They had a special breakfast for us, it was really good actually and it had a halloween themed mini donut on each plate which was kind of nice. And we had our own pot of coffee. Which was so nice!

I never did tell you how that ended up did I? We aren't allowed seconds on coffee at the cafeteria. If a member of the staff offers, you can have one, they said, but a MailGirl waiting in line would make the IDG employees uncomfortable, so we can't do that. And no, before you ask, we would never be allowed to approach a person and ask for the kindness of a refill. One girl, who I think is a receptionist for one of the research teams, she offers to bring us coffee if she passes by you, but no one else does.

After we ate breakfast Miss Aikens had us all go down to the storage rooms and grab some boxes out of the closet. Boxes and boxes of Halloween party decorations.

We started festooning the place in black and orange and gold.  We put up some pumpkins that had been carved and ran little plastic pumpkins full of candy around to all office spaces. While Ten, Eleven and Twelve were doing that, One, Two and Three, that's me today, were putting bows on bigger pieces of candy with the little coffee to go cup stopper things that had the shape of a cartoon zombie or werewolf on them. Everyone else was hanging streamers and putting up cartoonish ghosts. Then we all carried about 50 boxes of those halloween donuts up to the main employee lounge area, but of course those weren't the mini donuts, they were regular donut size.

**MailGirls at IDG and Halloween 3**

And you know what? For a while It was pretty fun. I mean if we hadn't been naked, it would have been pretty cool to be planning a party for the IDG staff. Being naked, that and that alone, was there to remind us that we aren't part of the IDG staff, we are MailGirls. When we finished up the decorating it was nearly 7:15 and Miss Aikens told us to get to the gym for some more Halloween stuff. So, like the good girls we are, off we trotted up to the gym, Miss Aikens following right behind. And do not for one second think we didn't notice that while she was a little winded by the time we got there, none of us were.

 I think we thought this was going to be another place for the staff to have a party today, or some other kind of party game. Imagine our surprise when we got there. There were a bunch of people sitting in the locker room with 4 little booths all set up for us. "Well girls, as you know, halloween is a huge day for us here at IDG and we are excited to have you MailGirls be a part of it this year. So, I know this breaks the rules a little, and you can refuse if you want, but I was thinking today we would like you to wear something… costumes!"

Listen to me.. and hear me well. "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts." When someone who likes to humiliate you offers you a gift, do not be fooled! Do not think to yourself "well heck, I get to wear clothes." Do not be lulled into thinking "how much worse would it be to run in a costume?" It's worse. And she wasn't being kind, or sweet, or in the Halloween spirit. Well maybe she was...in that goulish evil back from the dead spirit way.

You remember those costumes the girls in my sorority wore? Super skimpy. Right, sexy nurse, sexy cowgirl, sexy cop, sexy lump of coal.... That's pretty much what I expected. It's not what we got. The costumes were pre-assigned. I was going to be an angel, more or less. Everyone else? Well Beth was a schoolgirl, Shelia was a cow, Monica got to be the cowgirl, Jessica was going to be a hula dancer, Mary was nurse, Margaret was a cheerleader and Ruth was a genie, Tracey was a rabbit and Alice was Alice in wonderland which easily could have been the most offensive, but instead was kind of the most covering.

Basically, all of the outfits included something like a skirt and some other things. For instance Margaret had on a silver and purple skirt, more or less, and she got white tennis shoes (MAN! I was so jealous of her shoes!) she even got the little over the foot sock with the pom in the back of it!  Then they put her hair in pigtails. The rest they spray painted onto her. So it looked like she had on a sweater with IDG in letters on the chest. And, I guess I didn't mention this, they spray painted a message on her back in bubble letters. We all got one, but we weren't allowed to tell each other what the message was. Hers was "Get Excited!" The skirt? They were all about the same size, except for Monica and Tracey's. They were just about but not quite to the bottom curve of our butts, so we were technically covered, but every time we moved we flashed our butts and, well, you know. No, Monica didn't get a skirt, she got, for lack of a better word, assless chaps. They covered her legs, but left her butt and pussy bare. They had fringes on them and were kind of funny. You would know exactly what I meant if you saw them.

You want better descriptions? Of my costume? oh.. of everyone? Well…

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Jessica.. you do remember that she's the only one of us who has suntan lines right? And that just like we have to make sure we don't' have any, she has to make sure she does. So she is super dark and super white? Of course that's why they made her the hula dancer. It's a dig at her. Everything, every single thing they do is a dig. Meant to remind us of our places. You think Shelia was a cow by accident?

So they made Jessica into a hula dancer. She got one of those super cheesy plastic green grass skirts, well, kind of, they obviously cut the skirt shorter. And they put grass skirt things around her wrists and a lei on her. On her legs they painted a fake-psuedo-kind-of-hawaiian tattoo thing right at the top of her thighs.. basically a bunch of little arrows pointing to her pu.. well you know. And on her feet they painted fake leaves going around her ankles, like she had on leaf socks.They painted on a coconut bra, gave her a Honu necklace, and then on her back they wrote "I'll shake it for you." I think it's tacky, but what the heck. It's not that much more tacky than being naked in the office I suppose.

Let's see, well Shelia. Hers was pretty much unnecessarily humiliating. They gave her ears, horns, and a collar with a bell. Hah.. MORE COWBELL! But yeah. Then they painted her white with black spots. From her head to her toes. If it wasn't for the the fact that they liked to play on her being fat (she is not, I bet she has 1% body fat now, but Miss Aikens still shames her about it), and has the cowbell and some horns, you wouldn't know if she was a dog or a cow. Every time she walks that bell rings, she'll have a hell of a bruise when she starts to run messages. They gave her a super tight, really stretchy skirt that just barely came to the top of the curve of the back of her ass. When she gets the chance to pull it down she'll actually be covered, some girls would go to a club in a skirt just a little longer than this. But she has to run, so it's going to bunch up around her waist.. is it another fat joke? The back of the skirt had a long tail attached to it with a poof on the end of it. On her back they wrote "Eat Me" crossed out the "Me" and added "more chicken." I think it was kind of stupid. Miss Aikens said that for the rest of the day she wasn't allowed to talk, just moo like a real cow. The look on Shelia's face was stricken. She was crumbling before our very eyes. You could see tears well up and it was going to be a fight between refusal and submission. Just as she opened her mouth, either to say "Yes Ma'am" or "hell no!" Miss Aikens interrupted her;

"Oh! No!" She said with an absolutely delighted gleam in her eyes. "That would never work today. Never mind Six, you can talk..." she paused.. "today anyway. Tomorrow we will see."

Let's see I told you Monica had assless chaps. and they painted cowboy boots on her feet and tied a hat to her head. That's also going to suck when we start to run. I don't have to tell you what her back says.. no no.. nothing to do with 'get along little doggies,' that's actually creative. She had "Em del paseo del vaquero" on her. According to my ninth grade Spanish that means "Ride 'em cowboy." But my spanish isn't very good and, no matter what Monica says to Miss Aikens she can't convince her she's not Spanish. She's some Italian mixture. I think. She might be full blooded Swedish for all I really know. So above the chaps they had painted a cowboy shirt on her and given her a bolo tie to wear. Again, stupid of them. The little metal bits are going to make bruises and possibly poke out an eye when she runs.

It almost makes you wonder if they weren't trying to bruise us. The bell, the bolo, even the lei that Jessica had on is going to rub and give her an itchy rash. I'm sure Miss Aikens will just say that it's part of the cost of being a MailGirl, but really, she's thinking that it's a punishment for being a stupid woman.

They made Becky into what was a really traditional French Maid. They gave her this super short twirly black skirt with a white fringe. They painted on black fishnet stockings and painted a fake little top on her. The top was black and white like a little butlers outfit but made with a ton of lace and frills. Those? They are just a stencil. It took seconds to put the lace on. They gave her a maid's cap and on her back they wrote "I'll clean you up." Around her neck they put a collar. Maybe a maid collar, maybe a dog collar. I have no idea.

Anyway who else? Mary was a nurse. They gave her a white spandex skirt like Shelia's, and a nurses hat. They painted her to look like she had a lab coat on with nothing underneath it. That was kind of sly idea actually. They even painted on a name tag that said "Ratchett." They put a stethoscope around her neck, again the bumping and bruising. Maybe I should think that it was more about making matching accouterment.. not injuring us.. but it just doesn't seem like it. They painted her legs to look like she had on stockings and suspenders, kind of old school, and even painted a garter belt on her that was under the skirt. It was pretty darn well done. They tarted it up a little more by painting on a ladder in the stockings, to make it look like she had been busy.

Alice's costume, you want to hear all of these? Well in a way hers was the fanciest. Basically Alice in Wonderland. They painted a whole blue dress on her. Like a party dress. They painted Mary Jane shoes on her feet and added painted on tights that went all the way up her legs, from far away you would think she really did have little girl tights on. She got put in crinoline, basically a tutu, for the skirt. and it was blue too. and stiff enough that when she moved it didn't. I remember thinking to myself "that's going to be itchy as heck when she runs." Around her neck they put a heart locket and they put up her hair in pigtails. I think they didn't know what to do for the head and the necklace so they just made stuff up.

On her back? Oh, they wrote "makes you bigger." Which is a reference to something Alice ate in the rabbit hole.

**MailGirls at IDG and Halloween 5**

No, Tracey's rabbit costume wasn't related to the Alice costume. It was playboy bunny style. They painted her to look like a one of those bunnies who served drinks in the playboy clubs. Even put whiskers on her cheeks. Then they painted on a white leotard which was actually pretty amazing. From more than a few feet away you couldn't tell that she was naked. Originally they tried to use spirit gum to glue on the poofy white tail, but you could tell that as soon as she started to sweat it was going to come off. So they put a belt around her middle and glued the tail to that. It was a black belt so she had this black stripe right above her hip bones. They talked about getting a garter belt but I guess it was too short notice. Then they put a key around her neck. One of those old style house keys. I guess that's what the playboy key looks like. But anyway they gave her that heavy metal key. I guess that was going to be her weight to carry.

On her back? Well, I wish it was something cute like "hopping to it" or "playboy?" But it wasn't. That's not even nearly debasing enough. No, they wrote "I do it like a rabbit." These artists think they are hilarious.

No, you are completely right. I guess I hadn't really thought about it but in a sense the playboy bunnies were the first MailGirls. They were more about the skin than the service and they treated each man like they wanted nothing more than to serve them.

In this day and age, when so many things are messed up and regressive and awful it's bad to be a MailGirl. Hell it's awful to be a MailGirl. Nothing but a bouncing pair of tits and a tight butt running around the office. And absolutely the reason they chose us was that we are smart. It's not just about skin, it's about showing who is dominant and who is just a piece of meat. But think about that in terms of the bunnies! They were at the height of the women's movement! A moment when women were feeling incredibly empowered. And they actually became animals serving men. Uh yes, bunnies are animals.

Some of them defended it, saying that as a feminist it was ok to sell their bodies. Some said that they felt empowered by it because they were the ones who chose to show off.

Well listen, I chose it too. I singed that contract, even if it was under some duress. And I will tell you there is nothing empowering about it. It's reductionist. It's a life designed and built around shaming and disgracing us, and doing it for no reason other than that they can and it is fun for someone.

Sorry I'm rambling and that was not my intention.

Costumes right? Well who haven't we covered? Hahaha. Uncovered. Right. You're hilarious. You're a genius. Everyone loves you.

So that leaves Ruth, me and Beth.  Sure I'll tell you about Ruth first. Ruth was dressed as the genie from "I dream of Jeannie" which is some 1960's tv show. They gave her these dauphinois billowing leggings that attached to a very tight wide band around her waist. They weren't actually leggings more like strips of see through netting. Underneath the belt... over her girl parts... they painted a really ornate bikini bottom. When she stood still she was pretty well covered because the layers of the netting would all fall on her and she looked almost decent. But that's just it right? We aren't ever supposed to be decent. So whenever she moved it opened up like a flower showing off petals. Imagine wearing a skirt of strips and you have the effect.

They painted red silk slippers on her feet. You know, I mentioned that Margaret got shoes and socks. Real ones! But none of the rest of us did. I think it's another example of them dividing us. I know I was jealous that she had them. I felt like I should get some and that it wasn't fair. I was mad at Margaret. Which was stupid of me. But I was! And you and I both know that was the plan to divide us.

Anyway the belt. I wanted to mention the belt. They found one that was wide enough to cover her belly button. I didn't understand why it was so wide. But the reason was twofold. First one of the artists told me that it was an homage to the show. The original Jeannie was made to cover her belly button as it was considered too sexy. Ha! Can you imagine what they would say about Ruth's outfit? Secondly, and I totally missed this at the time, they were making her a corset. They wanted to make it harder for her to run. Almost certainly that meant she would get strikes and end up here on Saturday. Such jerks.

Then they left a bare patch between her belly and her ribs but they painted on a little jacket. Like the money's wear when they are doing that organ grinder thing. Aww look it up. I'll wait.

So right they gave her that little jacket thing. In the end she probably had a lot less painted skin than anyone else. They put a hat on her head that was like a little pill box and gave her a veil. She could hardly keep the thing off her face but that's what the wanted.  A hint of her face. The original didn't have a veil. I think it was just another dehumanizing thing. They also put a lovely scratchy scarf around her neck.  Honestly I'm shocked they didn't give her shackles.

Her message? What was that? Hmm oh right. "You get 3 wishes."

So Beth. She was dressed as a schoolgirl. That means short pleated kilt around her waist. Ever been to that restaurant "Tilted Kilt"? Their skirts are ball gowns compared to the skirt they gave Beth.

On top they painted her into a sweater over a white blouse, and around her neck was a real tie. Red plaid like the skirt. They left her legs bare and painted her feet into black Mary Janes and frilly white socks. But that wasn't the best part.. worst part. Before they gave her the skirt they painted panties on her that were bunched up just at the tops of her thighs. Right, if they were real the would just barely not have covered her totally bald little mound and lips and would have been just under the swell of her cheeks.  I imagine you can guess what the back looked like? Exactly. Again, you've got the game figured out. They painted her butt to look freshly spanked. In bubble letters on her back it said "Bad girl but Easy A."

So me? I was an angel. They painted me into a white corset. It did not make my tits bigger but it's there. And they painted white slippers on my feet. They wove a halo into my hair and put a necklace with a harp about the size and weight of a silver dollar around my neck. But that wasn't the worst thing. I got a pair of wings. They weren't like normal angels wings that just hang over your shoulders. They had straps that went across my chest. Now these did push up my tits and make them look bigger. But they also pulled those straps down tight. They said it was so that they wouldn't move during the day. But really I've noticed that everything is tight. Everything Is designed to hurt just a little and show off that we are naked.

**MailGirls at IDG and Halloween 6**

They put sparkles all over me. I was pulling those things out of my personal nooks and crannies for days.

They gave me a white sparkly plastic skirt that was specially designed to fly up in the back when I ran. You know the ones that look like oil slicks? Purples and blues and silver and sparkly? Each and Every step I took sent the back of it flying so it looked like I was in the air and so that my ass was on display. To make it worse from just above the top of my butt cleft, where I have those dimples, and snaking down my left thigh to my ankle they painted a red devil tail. I didn't even see it! Then the painted the words Heaven or Hell with an arrow point down on my back. So I am an angel devil slut girl. Great. Well no doubt if mom knew she would joke about me at least getting a halo once.

A) no I don't have it so I can't try it on for you. B) no I don't have any pictures of any of us. C) sadly even though it is a fire-able offense to do it, yeah you can probably find some on the web.

Right. There is one more. Melissa. She was dressed the most simply. I'm not sure why they did it that way. They took off her sticker and painted the number 9 on her in four places. Then they put her phone on her just like every other day. No hat. They left her hair loose. Nothing else.

So that is how the day started out. We got up early, we decorated, and then they put us in costumes. You can see how it is going right.

You can't? I thought you were getting ahead of the curve.

After everything was set up Miss Aikens called us over and said she had one more little surprise for us, and that we were going to love it.

I know you remember. I won't go into Greeks and gifts again. She had us all come over and pick up our phones and then she divided us up. One group; Alice, Monica, Ruth, Beth, and Tracey were assigned to go back down to the party room. They were told that they were going to be busy girls, filling up the plates and keeping everyone happy at the staff party. Their job for the morning was to be the cheerleaders and happiness bringers for the whole staff. Alice was to stand at the front door and welcome everyone. Miss Aikens laughed when she told Alice very specifically that she wanted to hear her welcoming the staff into her hole.

Shelia was to be the coffee girl. Keep the pots full, serve sugar and cream. Remember that Miss Aikens was going to make her just moo instead of speak? Well maybe that's not the worst thought. Because instead of mooing Miss Aikens made her carry a little pouch full of coffee creamers and every time someone asked she had to say "Would you like some of my cream Sir?" That's some sadistic stuff right there.

The rest of the girls in that group were told to flirt with the staff, fill plates, and keep people happy. The party was to go from 9 to noon and if people weren't having fun, we "would all be sorry" she warned. Then as if it were an afterthought she looked at Melissa and grinned. "Especially our own little famous MailGirl Nine!"

The rest of us, except Melissa were sent to the tenth floor. Up there was a catered party for the executives. They would be there between 9 and 10 and we were all to be standing "nose tits and toes" against the glass wall of the conference room when they got there. "But don't you girls mess up that makeup! That was very expensive you know!"

Our jobs this particular morning were to keep their service items fill and keep the executives happy. "At all costs." She went so far as the say that "now of course that doesn't mean anything illegal... but you might want to be broad in your definitions today!" She gave a little sorority girl smile that means "and now I'm going to ruin you."

"This is very important. There will be all of our top executives in that room along with the top executives of a dozen other companies and another dozen from government departments we work with." She took a deep breath. "This is very important to me girls.. do not let me down." She gave a grin. "Because personally I think it's not only schoolgirls who can have red bottoms here at IDG. I think it's also maids, genies, cowgirls and," she looked right at me, "even angels. Heck I think all MailGirls should as well! And if this doesn't go as I want it to, that will be my suggestion to correct the problem."

After a moment she looked at our group again. "One more thing girls. I do want the group with the staff to flirt and be fun today. But this group... you need to be as perfect MailGirls as any who ever walked the face of the earth. Fill plates with out asking. Do exactly as you are told. Be sweet. Be responsive. Show how proud you are to be MailGirls! But do not for a moment think that you are anything but MailGirls. Do not be overly familiar with the people in that room. Is that clear girls?"

A smattering of "yes ma'am" was greeted with stony silence. She waited and finally snapped "again girls." This time we all said "yes ma'am!" loud and clear.

"Good," she said. "Now for you," she turned in Melissa. "You are the famous Nine today! The greatest MailGirl in the world. You must be pleased."

Melissa, Two who was now Nine, kept her head down and muttered.

"I couldn't hear you. You get to be your personal MailGirl hero today! Aren't you proud?"

"Yes Ma'am.. I am proud".

"I'm glad to hear it," Miss Aikens replied. "Because since you are the famous Nine, you're our only MailGirl today. I mean," she was barely suppressing her own amusement, "how many do we need if we have you? So you are the only girl running today. Maybe you'll be bored, maybe not. Who knows?"

Nine nodded and now we all knew exactly how important it is to keep everyone at the parties.  The more people who leave the parties, the more Nine has to run. We could actually exhaust the poor girl by noon if we weren't careful.

"Good. So for this afternoon…" she paused, "you'll be running, in costume, just like always. But for this morning I want you always on the mat in the main lobby if you aren't running. Everyone should see how dedicated you are."

This is a horrifying suggestion. Every run and then back to 1. This could add 20 flights of stairs to every run. It's overwhelmingly hard. But Melissa just bit her tongue and said the words we all always say. "Yes Ma'am."

Why did IDG pick Melissa to be Nine? I have no idea. She's not the best MailGirl or the best looking. She doesn't even look a little like the real Nine. Maybe that's why? So that they can show us that we will be whatever they want us to be? Regardless of who we are or what we want? I guess that makes the most sense.

And really that's kind of the point of a lot of the things that the little witch does! Hah yeah... she should have been a witch for Halloween. Or better yet an Egyptian slave driver.

So there it was. Half of us were going to be servants to the staff and half of us to the executives. A day of filling up cups and plates and being humiliated as slave girls. One girl split off by getting shoes, another by having to run all day, all alone, not dressed, except as 'Nine'.

Oh no, I agree with that. Why do you think they had us doing the whole serving thing. The costumes were bad, the splitting us up was bad. But really it was the serving that counted. Everything we had to get was stored on the floor behind something. Why? So we would bend over to get it. Every time we bend over, we flash our pussies to anyone watching. Half of the things we needed on 10 were down on the other floor. That kept us running, sweaty, and our skirts bunched up. Half of the other things we need were being stored on the top shelves in the room. Why? In your bare feet I want you to stretch up and get that coffee from the top shelf in the kitchen. You're in regular clothes and you tell me you won't feel your torso stretching and your tits moving. Tell me you won't wonder if your skirt is flashing your panties at me. If you're wearing panties. But yeah, that was the point.

And it worked. I can't tell you how many times I saw girls who are MailGirls tugging down skirts that weren't going to cover anything anyway. I even found myself doing it. But that's not the really strange part of that moment. I mean it is, but it's not. Ok, right, I'm standing there in this white clingy skirt that would never cover me both front and back, and I reach up to get down some more cups for coffee for the Big Guys and as soon as I'm done, I'm there tugging my skirt back down. Every single person in that room is intimately knowledgeable about every crease and fold between our legs, and there I am tugging and trying to hide. I didn't do that yesterday. I just knelt on the mat and let go. But here I am trying to keep my legs closed and my skirt down. Damn her.

So it's that. It's giving and taking away modesty. It's putting it so close that we can almost have it, and then showing us why we can't. Every move is a humiliation here. Ever time we step or bend or twist, it's another chance to show us just how low we have sunken. And it's more than that… It's more taking. Now we aren't just stupid girls who screwed up now have to run messages around an office full of former friends and colleagues.  We lost our jobs. We gave up our social standing and our social networks. We gave up our rights to control our lives and we even gave up our clothes. And they took all of it for a few pieces of silver. And they just take and take. And now they are taking more. They took away our right to have the job we had. We aren't even naked MailGirls anymore; we are decorations. We are stripped servants who have no control over anything, even if we wear anything. They dressed us up like dolls and made us pose!

And now they can do it again. Do you think there is any way that we don't end up wearing elf costumes and dressed up in bits and harnesses as reindeer at the Christmas party? Do you believe for even 1:1000 of a second that we won't be dressed up and hopping around the office on Easter?

Or if... just if... someone wants a naked girl serving tea at the next IDG board meeting, what possible limit is there that stops them? They broke the rules and we let them and... no insult to Ruth intended.. that genie is not going back into the bottle.

And that my dear is where we started isn't it?

Go back to the beginning. Walking around the beach in your underwear. People seeing your bikini clad butt under your beach wrap. It actually is humiliating. Who cares why? And this is what someone knew. If you want to embarrass a naked girl, give her just enough clothes to almost cover up. Cover her up just enough that she can't stop flashing everyone instead of showing everything.

I know it makes no sense. But I'm telling you that's what it felt like. Don't believe me? Next time you go to the mall wear that short skirt of yours. And don't wear panties. Now ride the elevator and don't let yourself hold down the back of your skirt. I dare you. Do it with a bikini on. Hell do it with a one piece on over granny panties and under running shorts. You still won't be able to not cover up. And now, no matter what, none of us will every be able to cover up, or feel safe even when we are covered.

So now you tell me. Who had on the most humiliating costume? One of the girls in skirts and paint or Nine?