**A Mailgirl’s Blog**

by sbjdaniels

**Delivering the Dirt - A Mailgirl's Blog (Chapter 1)**

Hi everyone. Thanks for finding my little page. If you found it on a search or followed the link on my Reddit Ask Me Anything then congratulations, this is the new place. That Reddit thread was getting tough to maintain when over 300 questions a day were coming in, and with so many of them being repeats, I figured it would be much more manageable if I did this in blog format.

Please, before asking a question read the previous blog posts or index as your question may have already been answered. If there is enough interest in a particular subject I may post a follow up. Do not ask me super personal or intimate questions as I just won’t answer them. If I don’t answer, don’t persist. It’s creepy.

So, here are the answers to the ten most common questions I get:

“Are you a real Mailgirl?”

Yes.

“How long have you been a Mailgirl?”

This is my fifth year. I’m on my fourth contract and at my third company.

“Do you have to work naked?”

Yes and no. When I’m at work I’m ‘in uniform’; Meaning my numbers are prominently displayed in the right places, the MMU securely strapped to my arm or wrist (I’ve worked in places that used either), hair tied back, shaved and showered. With all that preparation, both physical and mental, I don’t consider myself ‘nude’ when I am at work. I am doing the job they hired me to do while wearing the required uniform and being paid very well for it. So while many would say I work naked I don’t feel that way.

“What should we call you?”

Please call me “Number Six”, “Mailgirl Six”, or just “Six”. I do have a real name but I would like to keep that private for obvious reasons. Six is not even my real number but even a naked girl has to keep some secrets 😉

But this is a good point to bring up a piece of professional etiquette; please call a Mailgirl by her proper number. If you see a Mailgirl at work and her number reads “05” it’s because there are more than ten Mailgirls around. You would not read “19” as “One-Nine”, you would say “Nineteen”. So please say 05 as “Five” instead of “O-5” or “oh five”. It’s a weird little thing but I did have a coworker who kept calling the Mailgirls “0-2” and “0-6” and a boss overheard them. She thought they were getting too friendly with the Mailgirls saying “Oh, Two…” and “Oh, Six…”. Silly mistake but it cost someone their job.

To that extent it’s always Mailgirl (capitalized) and not ‘mailgirl’. DDE trademarked the term before they spun Mail Girls Inc. as its own entity.

“I don’t believe you’re a real Mailgirl. Can you send me pics?”

No. I would not anyway but the Mailgirl contracts are very specific about that. A Mailgirl uniform is trademarked to Mail Girls Inc. as part of its “inscrutable corporate image”, like FedEx or UPS delivery people. We have a code of conduct while in uniform and would be breaching my contract if I sent you pics or posted them here. I could get fired and sued. While that seems a bit much it also makes it illegal for others to take my picture while I’m in uniform, so it is actually an additional level of protection.

(And yes I could scrub off my numbers and send you naked pictures on my own time but I’m not that kind of girl.)

“If we can’t get a pic how about a description? I want a mental image.”

That’s fair. I’m a 25 year old Caucasian female, with shoulder length brown hair and hazel eyes. People say my face is cute and pretty, not beautiful. At 5′ 6″ and 125 lbs. I’m on the thin side and my measurements are 32-24-34. My breasts are on the large side of B cups and are a little more than a handful. My nipples are naturally pink but when I tan they look a little brown. My nips fit under a quarter-dollar coin, covering the areola completely. (Sorry about the details, I get a lot of questions about my breasts. I consider my best feature my legs and that includes booty. Since I started this job it’s all rock hard down there and I think my legs and ass are really sexy.

“Do you feel exploited?”

No. I’m a sex-positive feminist. While I do not attend a nude beach or orgies I consider my naked body to be a healthy expression of female empowerment and sexuality. We are all naked under our clothes, we all like to have sex. That is reality. It’s only taboo because of outdated puritan sentiment. European and Asian cultures accept this healthy expression. America needs a little social progression. This is my job and I want to do it well. If my uniform is distracting you better learn to focus harder. If it is offensive you better learn to lighten up and co-exist. And if you like it give your Mailgirl a good review for a job well done. We actually have to put a lot of work into looking this good and positive reviews and star ratings is how you can show it.

“So how much money do you make?”

This is the big question and it has a complicated answer. A standard two year contract pays $125,000 a year or $250,000, but hose amounts are not a straight salary and they calculate structured bonuses into the payout amount for advertising purposes. My first contract had a $25,000 signing bonus, a $25,000 completion bonus, and a $50,000 performance bonus. This meant my actual contract salary was $150,000 or $75,000 a year. Good money for right out of school but not the fortune it seems on the outset, especially after demerits are subtracted out.

On my third and fourth contract I was able to negotiate higher salaries, especially as I was relocating and had a proven record as a Mailgirl. These are not structured. I developed my Mailgirl skills over the years and am compensated generously for it.

“If you could wear one article of clothing at your job what would it be?”

Running shoes. Hands down. No contest. I would kill for some arch support.

When you spend a full day on your bare feet you feel it all the way up your back. Some days I do a lot of running and underneath those thin carpets are concrete. It does a number on the feet and the small of the back. A good pair of sneakers would make my job so much better.

“I don’t mean to be a perv but I have to ask; What happens if you get horny?”

It’s not a matter of if, it is a matter of when. It happens. It happens to everyone. It happens differently as well as all women have different turn-ons. Some ‘Girls like being watched, for others it can be the brush of fabric against their bare skin, for some its only when certain people look at them or an order is given in certain tone of voice.

When it happens to me I try to control it. If it’s a feeling that has built up over a few days I will masturbate when I get home at night. If it continues I’ll find a friend to hook up with on my own time. Only in the most embarrassing of emergencies do I masturbate at work, and regulations require I do that on a mandatory rest period.

And sometimes orgasms just happen. It can’t be helped if its involuntary. You just come, get embarrassed about anyone watching and try to go on with the rest of your day.

There was one time in particular that was really rough, the projector had broken in a meeting room and clients were coming in to review our progress for a contract renewal. It was an important meeting and I had to run back-and-forth to the copy room, which was on a different floor and different part of the building, for every Powerpoint slide of this presentation. I would get back to the meeting and pass them out as they progressed. It was getting a little exhausting and there was one executive, a young guy, devilishly handsome and I kept catching his eyes looking at me. He was kind of turning me on just by looking. After the last run I stood in the corner and waited to be dismissed and this guy was trying not to obviously look at me.

Finally one of the other clients was like, “Well if your company is as excited to work for us as your Mailgirl is, then I guess we must extend the contract.”

My boss was happy and everybody shook hands, there I was in the corner, nipples erect and more than sweat collecting between my legs, cheeks burning from embarrassment. After they left the boss have me a four star review and a ten minute break to go get myself cleaned up. As it was two minutes to the locker room and four minutes to normally shower, I ran to the closest opportune spot, the loading dock.

It was fall and the air was getting crisp and the big bay doors were open, but there was a floor sink out there for the janitors to rinse their mops. Normally I would not consider this but it was an emergency. I needed the extra time.

The air was cool, the water was cold, but the urge was upon me and I had to release voluntarily now or involuntarily later. So I diddled myself until I came, right there standing in the mop sink with a black rubber hose washing over me and the sounds of my moaning echoing off the concrete walls. The guys in Shipping and Receiving appreciated the show, Mailgirls don’t get down there much and work had come to a stop as they all watched me do it. I guess I put on a pretty good show as they all clapped and cheered while handing me paper towels after I’d finished and hosed off.

So that’s it for the most common ten questions. DM me your own if you would like to see this blog continue.

And remember, health and efficiency matters!

**Tuesday Q & A (Chapter 1.1)**

Good morning Readers! Was happy to wake up this morning as see so many positive responses to yesterday’s blog. Nice to know so many followers have found me. I’m happy to share and answer all your questions, you can either DM me or leave them in a comment. Thanks and on with today’s Delivering the Dirt.

ReaderMan says: “Hello, Six. I really like your attitude. Sounds like a fun job. Please continue your blog!”

Thanks ReaderMan! Your comment brought up something that I should address; Attitude. Attitude is everything. As a Mailgirl you really have no control over your situation, you are naked in an office filled with people who are clothed, who are allowed (if not encouraged) to look at your naked body. They are allowed to stare. They are allowed to leer. Hell, a few times I think I caught a few of them drooling. But you can’t let that phase you. You are always working on a deadline. You will be late. You will be blamed for things that are out of your control. You will always be judged. You may even get hated.

That’s okay. That’s the job.

Your average 40 year old coworker is married, has a couple of kids, a mortgage, a car loan and college to save for. They might be taking care of an elderly parent. It’s even worse if they have teenagers. There is no privacy, little chance for any sexual expression and plenty of regret, stress, and responsibility. Your average coworker has it pretty rough.

They have to release that stress somewhere. This is when people start to go to bars, dance clubs, strip clubs, fight clubs, casinos, brothels, crack houses, or any of the other thousands of ways people bow off stress. If they don’t it leads to substance abuse, cheating, divorce, rehab, etc. I’m sure there is a thousand other things that could be ruining their life, and worse, make them less productive during office hours.

Mailgirls are a proactive corporate response to their employees needs. Studies have shown for decades that happy employees are the most productive, and Mailgirls make the workplace more productive by eliminating excess office tasks, enhancing interoffice communications, and improving workplace morale.

But the corporate line aside, a Mailgirl is a responsible form of release. Everyone gets to boss the Mailgirl around. Everyone gets to stare at her. Everyone gets to humiliate her a little bit. Everyone gets to feel a little superior, to feel a little more in control. A little release. A shared experience. A human connection.

That’s what Mailgirls bring to the table. That is the essential service we can provide. If the closest thing to sexual gratification a coworker will get all day is sending me to get coffee, dropping something on the floor just to watch me pick it up, or staring at my naked pussy, that’s okay. It makes them more productive, makes the company more profit, which they can spend on new products, employees, and Mailgirls. I’m essential to that cycle.

And I can’t do my job without the proper attitude. Most times I am happy to do it. Sometimes I’m not, sometimes I get my buttons pushed or I’m having a bad day. I need to shelve all that for off hours and keep a positive mental attitude.

Mailgirls are human. We do cry. We do feel humiliation, anger, and judgment like anyone else. But we have to keep a positive attitude and professional demeanor. It makes the workplace better and improves the lives of all employees. I’m okay with that. Mailgirl Six is here to serve.

So that’s all for today kiddies. Keep the questions and comments coming in an I’ll answer with my thoughts about being a Mailgirl.

And remember, health and efficiency matters!

**How I Got the Job - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.2)**

Good Morning Readers! Thank you all for the positive comments and questions, it really helps me get through the day. This job is so much easier to do with a smile on my face and a spring in my step. A happy Mailgirl makes the whole office better.

I’m gushing so I should probably get to today’s question:

Cave asks: “If you don’t mind me asking, how did you come to find this job?”

Well Cave, once Mailgirl Six was just your average American college student attending a major university. Now I wasn’t the best student, partying a lot on the first couple years and almost being academically excused for my low GPA. It wasn’t the schoolwork, I was smart enough to handle that. I was failing on attendance, too many skipped classes and tardiness violations. I had a roommate with a lot higher alcohol tolerance and she REALLY liked to party. I just kind of got swept up in her wake.

We ended up getting kicked out of the dorms on an alcohol violation, not my bottle but it was my room 🙁

As I barely slid into my junior year I had to step it up and get a job to afford off-campus housing. On top of that I wanted to redo some classes I had failed so I really had to knuckle down, take the maximum credits per semester and summer session. I was working so hard to get all of this done in the remaining two years that I managed to get all the credits to graduate but I did not meet the requirements; I had to complete an internship.

As a Business Major with a Minor in Human Resources, I had a good resume to get one but by the time I applied all of the paid internships were taken. I would have to wait for fall semester and graduate late or take something unpaid.

I did what anyone would do in my situation, I went to my Academic Advisor’s office and bawled my eyes out. He could look at my transcript and see how much I pulled my grades out of the toilet. He obviously felt sorry for me. He promised to make some calls and see if they could make an exception.

Needless to say I was excited when my Advisor told me I could graduate on time, walk in the spring ceremony and receive my degree if I completed the internship over the summer semester. In that moment I could have kissed him. I might even do a little more as I would not have to pay for another fall semester… but then he explained there was a catch.

I would be working as a Mailgirl.

On top of that the internship was unpaid.

My Advisor explained that he knew a company that wanted to try a Mailgirl program because they heard of the efficiency benefits, but DDE’s program was expensive and they were not sure how the employees would react. Their Board of Directors approved the concept but budgeted it with no money, trying to have it both ways. DDE said they would lend the equipment but this company would have to produce a volunteer.

So if I agreed I would be an UNPAID MAILGIRL for two months, but I could keep my Bachelors Degree and they promised to offer me a permanent position if I competed the internship. If I didn’t the University would pull my degree.

Now to my international readers, internships in the US are either paid or unpaid, you perform menial tasks or entry level work for college credit. It’s a scam. You are supposed to build professional contacts and “get paid in experience”, everyone kind of knows it’s a scam. Interns are cheap or free employees so companies don’t have to pay benefits and taxes. While you are doing your internship you are paying the college to attend as if it was a class. A summer semester, which is an abbreviated schedule and maximum of six credits, at my school costs about $8,000. A fall semester is 24 credits and costs about $30,000!

So my only remaining graduation requirement would cost me $24,000 if I waited till the fall semester and got a normal position, or I could take the unpaid Mailgirl internship and be done with it in August.

Yeah, I was over a barrel.

Five years later I can say I made the right decision.

So that’s it for today kiddies! I hope you all can understand the decision I made and my reasoning behind it. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do and it was even harder to sign my first real Mailgirl contract, but like anything else it has its ups and downs. At least I’m getting paid now, LOL!

Keep the questions coming and keep a positive attitude.

And remember, health and efficiency matters!

**A Follow Up and Feet! - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.3)**

Good morning lovely readers! There is a lot of heavy stuff going on in the world today. Initially I was going to give it a few days before I posted, but I figured somebody might look over here to dig up a ray of sunshine, so I will try to keep things light.

In response to yesterday’s post Cave says:

“Wow, that is quite the rollercoaster. Sorry you had to go through those hardships, but congratulations on making it through! Although I can’t imagine how difficult that decision was, thank you so much for answering my question.”

Thanks Cave. The decision to become a Mailgirl is never an easy one. Exposed, vulnerable, and on display, until you build up your mental armor it is incredibly difficult. Doing what we do is never easy, and for FREE was so much worse. But I needed the credits and it was only for two months, with the promise of a real job afterwards and the savings for a summer semester it made too much sense fiscally not to do.

But that is leadership. Business leaders have to make tough decisions and see them through. That’s one of the reasons you are starting to see former Mailgirls transition to corporate officers. After just one contract you are mentally tough, organized, efficient, and able to make sound decisions.

The only thing harder than starting is following through, then maybe deciding to sign up for the same thing all over again.

I hope that answers you question Cave. Keep reading!

Now that was not as light as I thought it would be (I dug up a few memories I would rather forget. Let’s move on to the next question.

Roobarbandcustard asks:

“…Why are sneakers (trainers in UK) not used in your profession? You state that it is the one item you miss. Surely it would increase efficiency, safety and productivity if they were worn.”

I agree with you Roobarbandcustard, efficiency and safety would definitely increase with a pair of trainers (I love that name), and my productivity would increase, but would the rest of the office?

The going theory is no. A Mailgirl uniform visually and immediately separates them from the rest of the staff. When you see a janitor or a security guard in the same setting you treat them appropriately to the uniform. Mailgirls are the same way. As a friend used to say “When on the clock we are not office workers, we are office equipment.” So the standard uniform without deviation is preferred.

In addition to that there is the aesthetic concern. Some people like bare feet. Like really, really like feet. Search the internet for feet and you will see some sights. LOL.

But just as a male or female coworker may be sexually aroused at the seeing a naked woman others just like the feet. I’ve had coworkers who liked to watch my feet as I knelt at rest, watch me wash them while in the shower, and watch me rub them when they started to hurt. And these piddies can get quite sore.

One guy I thought was incredibly shy. He never looked at my body, eyes always down. Until I followed his eyes and realized he was staring at my feet. I would make him smile by wiggling my toes. Always got good reviews from him after that.

The first company I worked at did allow ankle socks and sneakers while there was construction going on in a different part of the building, there were scared about someone stepping on a nail and suing. But once the construction was done it was back to bare feet (along with the rest of me).

I suppose if I pushed the matter, got a doctor’s note or something, they would probably allow it. I knew a Mailgirl who tried wearing contacts but they kept irritating her eyes, so they let her wear glasses with a strap on them like basketball players do. Maybe I could say I’m getting fallen arches or something…

…But I won’t. I’m a professional.

The Mailgirl aesthetic brings a certain element to any corporate office; This is a company that makes money, this company has a progressive social environment, this company is ahead of the curve, etc. My bare feet play a little part in that and I am happy to contribute to its success.

While shoes would increase my productivity it might reduce the performance of the rest of the office, which defeats the purpose (see what I did there?).

So yes, while I miss shoes I would stick with the standard uniform unless that changed.

I hope that answers your question Roobarbandcustard.

That’s it for today, kiddies! Be safe out there and remember, health and efficiency matters!

**Unforgettable - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.4)**

Wow. I get a little comfortable and say it’s okay and then the floodgates opened. So many questions! I will get around to answering them all but I’m only one Mailgirl so please be a little patient. Thanks for all the interest and now on to today’s question.

ReaderMan says: “Thanks again for sharing Six. May I ask? What was your most unforgettable memory in the first and last year? If that is too personal, then what type of clothing do you like to wear when off duty and when you go outside?”

Unforgettable. Well that could be either good or bad. Generally I like to focus on the positive, but there are some negative things that pop out. I wish I had a little more time to think about it before I go to work today, but I guess it’s good I don’t because you will get the straight opinion.

I have to give an honorable mention to the first time I has sex at work. I don’t remember the guys name, just that he worked in advertising and I had that little bit of heat start to build up for a few days. My college boyfriend had broken up with me because I signed a new contract and I had not had sex in a few weeks. At work people were getting used to the sight of me and I was kind of fading into the background, which is a good thing, but my libido was going crazy with all the sensations of my new position. I had a need and he saw it. I didn’t even have to ask. I just looked over my shoulder and smiled. He followed me to the copy room and to the nook where the paper was kept, the only place no one would see us from the doorway.

There was no foreplay. I just leaned over a counter.

“We shouldn-” he started.

“-please, I need it.” That was the full extent of our conversation.

I was so wet. He slid right in with no resistance. I bit my wrist as I came, simple penetration was enough to cause a little orgasm. My body still trembled with the aftershocks as the actual sex began.

I will never forget the cold feeling of that Formica counter on my bare skin, the tinkling noise of his open belt buckle flopping around as he thrust himself into me, the smell of our sweat mixing with printer toner and bleached white paper. I bit my lip as we climaxed simultaneously.

Two orgasms, five minutes.

He zipped up his pants and left without a word. I cleaned myself up in the bathroom afterwards and was done by the time my MMU buzzed a tell my ten minute break was over.

I can’t even remember the guy’s face but it was just what I needed in that moment and it was perfect.

But in my first year, the unforgettable thing happened about two weeks before the end of my internship. I was running around all day, just full speed. It was busier than normal and I did not have time to stop and think much. I was working so hard to try and keep everyone happy that time just seemed to fly, rushing from one side of the building to the other.

The rare times I had a few moments to spare I showered fast just to hose the sweat off. I was getting the speed shower down to a science, about two and a half minutes, complete with toweling off. A bunch of janitors closets in the building had been converted to “Mailgirl Sanitation Centers”, giving me a quick alternative to running all the way to the executive gym.

I was hosing off the suds just outside of the Human Resources office when I looked up to see all eight people who worked there had formed a half-circle around the open door. People watching me shower was part of the job now, but so many and so blatantly in the middle of the day was kind of freaking me out.

My body was slick with wet, nipples hard from the cold water, I gave an embarrassed look as I reached for my towel. “Can I help you all with something?”

“It’s true,” one of my coworkers mumbled.

“I didn’t think it was possible,” another whispered.

My face and body started to flush red. Seeing my discomfort the HR Lady who hired me stepped forward, she was eyeing the clock on the wall.

“Congratulations,” she said, “you just completed the perfect day.”

I looked around in confusion. My MMU buzzed and little animated fireworks went off on the display.

“Perfect?”

“No demerits, no uniform violations, no lateness, no code violations.”

“Some of us didn’t think it was possible.”

The whole HR department clapped for me as I toweled off and took a little bow. I will never forget the looks of pride in their faces. They gave me a bonus check for a $1,000, I almost had forgotten what having money felt like as this was towards the end of my internship. Two weeks later I signed up for real.

In the last year, most unforgettable thing only happened a few weeks ago. My last contract was with a very strict company and 24/7, so my new contract allowed me a lot of comparative freedom. I was happy and I guess that showed. Several employees at my new company had expressed some interest in pursuing the Mailgirl option.

Eight weeks later I felt a lot of pride well up in me as all four of them were standing in a row. Backs straight, feet shoulder width apart, pussies clean-shaved and their numbers in their proper places; Gayle, the dumpy thirty-something trying to bring a spark of youth back into her life. Aisha, the brave African woman with fine curves accentuated by her dark chocolate complexion. Megan, who was a freckled ginger who decided sales was no longer for her. And spunky little Ann, working the internship I had arranged with a local college, her body thin and girlish like mine had been when I started.

There they were, my Mailgirls, standing at attention, taking the inspection pose on my command so I could make sure their uniforms were completely in order before sending them out into the workday fray.

My naked little soldiers all in a row, my breast swelling with pride. Unforgettable.

That reminds me I need to plan a team-building exercise for next month. Maybe a weekend retreat at a clothing optional spa. I’ll book us one hotel suite with the biggest bed they have, show them all the perks of the program, separate the girls from the Mailgirls… tee-hee! Maybe I’m in for an exciting day.

That’s it for now, looks like I have some planning to do. Stay safe out there and remember; health and efficiency matters!

**My First Time - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.5)**

Good morning lovely readers! You’re favorite blogging Mailgirl had a busy day on Thursday and had to work some overtime. This left me a little too bleary-eyed (“Knackered” for our UK friends) to write on Friday morning, so here comes a little Mailgirl Six on the weekend.

First I want to say thank you for all the positive feedback. This has been a much better experience than Reddit. I supposed the registration on this site is stringent enough to keep the creeps away. Keep your comments and questions coming. I love the positivity 🙂

Second I want to say a big thank you to donnylaja for their insight on Mailgirls wearing shoes at Chinese companies. I’ve never worked there so it’s cool to learn about uniform standards in other cultures. I’ve worked as a Mailgirl in three major metro areas; Chicago, San Francisco, and Atlanta, and even in just three different parts of America standards varied. But it shows how universal the concept and relevant Mailgirl’s are becoming to the business world. The service we provide is useful no matter where we are. You can read more about the subject here: https://nficstoryboard.com/storytitle/five-mailgirls/

Thanks donnylaja!

So on to the question for today. Arthwys writes:

“Dear Mailgirl Six, I really enjoy reading your blog! There is one question I am very interested in. Even when you say you are a sex-positive feminist, you grew up in a more or less “puritan” society. So how was your first time? I mean your first time as a Mailgirl… Did you feel very embarrassed being naked then or were you already cool about it? I would love to work for a company which employs Mailgirls like you! Keep posting!”

My first time?

LOL.

Nervous as Hell.

The decision to become a Mailgirl was tough enough. As I’ve previous explained I really needed to complete this for my schoolwork and I knew I wasn’t getting paid, but still it was more of a “want to” than a “have to”. But I was very nervous about working naked. I wasn’t much of an exhibitionist by nature. Besides a few boyfriends, doctors and my college roommate, no one had seen me naked and most of those times the lights were off.

I had at least a weekend to prepare mentally. I started by exercising nude in my little apartment, getting used to the feeling of moving around without clothes on while doing menial tasks. Second I read everything I could about the Mailgirl experience, which at the time was mostly the official literature from DDE and Confessions of a Mailgirl by Number 9. I had seen the Diana Clarkson movie “The Mailgirl” but was kind of sure the job was not that romantic. I just wanted college credits. My situation was one of the reasons I started this blog. Hopefully future Mailgirls can find it of use.

Shaving was a tough thing too. I was pretty adamant I did not want to do that at work in front of strangers so I shaved at home. I’d never actually been clean-shaven like that since puberty and I should have done it before the morning of my first day. I could feel every little shift of my underwear, the fabric on my bare flesh, the lightest of breezes. I shivered in the middle of summer.

Then I got there. The business complex was huge! Three buildings, a warehouse, a multi-story office building, a recording and broadcast studio; this was one of those hoe shopping companies that bought TV time and ran programming to sell plated-gold jewelry and out of date fashions to retirees and housewives. The HR lady told me almost two thousand people worked there, and I would be the only Mailgirl.

The enormity of what I agreed to hit me as I sat in her office. I was the pilot program, the 60 day free trial. I would be the only Mailgirl in the whole complex. Two thousand people.

Still, I found the strength to sign my paperwork. I needed the credits.

She took me up to the women’s locker room off the executive gym, the only place in the complex with a shower. It was time. My clothes came off.

My new boss watched me shower to make sure I was clean. I toweled off and trembled as I stood for inspection. She took her time to examine every little part of me. I was so embarrassed. My whole body turned bright red.

I remember my palms being sweaty as she handed me a Sharpie and told me it was time to put my numbers on. My hands were trembling so badly she had to help, which was fine as I could not reach the small of my back. In that moment it was easier to let someone else do it, to let this be done to me rather than do it to myself, if that makes any sense.

My mind kept coming back to it, two thousand people.

The HR fit the cuff for the MMU over my left bicep and declared me ready, but I was anything but. Skin flushed, body quivering, sweat building on palms and no skirt to discreetly dry them on. Oddly, horribly, my body was betraying me. My nipples were hard and I felt a little twinge down between my legs. It was the most nervous moment of my life. She must have seen my conflict and asked me if I wanted to quit, offered to shred the contract and come back as a regular intern in the fall, but I would have to quit now because once the MMU was activated there was no turning back.

“I’m okay,” I lied, “just first day jitters.”

She stared at me. I tried to smile.

I held my arm out for her. “Do you think you could turn me on?” I joked.

She chuckled, “I’m not convinced. I think you need to do this yourself.”

And so I did, with fingers fumbling of the touchscreen of the repurposed smartphone, suppressing the urge to hide the nakedness of my repurposed body, I turned on the MMU and entered my code.

“You’re a very brave young lady,” and she said my real name.

Five seconds later the MMU buzzed. It was in training mode so it would alert me of demerits but not penalize me further, not for the first week anyway.

“Please,” I told the HR lady as I took a deep breath, “please call me Mailgirl One, Number One, or Trainee when I’m on duty.”

She saw I was serious and aware of the code violation, so she opened the door and I stepped out into the gym. She lead me down the hallway, past the executive offices, through the call center, accounting, credit services, human resources, all the departments in the main building. She pointed out the managers offices, introduced me to a few, showed me the layout.

I felt cold from the inside out. I was sweating in weird places; my scalp, the soles of my feet, that part of your butt where it meets your upper leg (the underbutt?). I could feel myself sweat from the underbutt as the office workers stared.

I was on parade. So many eyes on my nude body, staring with unabashed interest. I had nowhere to hide and nothing to hide behind, not even my hands. I was out there for all to see; looking, judging, mocking, rejecting, desiring, looks of every kind. The workers were just as conflicted as I was. Ostensibly the tour was to show me around the main building but it was also to show the workers this was really happening. The sweaty, naked Mailgirl was here and you better get used to her sweaty nakedness.

In that moment I wanted to sink into the floor. I did not remember any names or any directions to the areas I was supposed to learn. My brain was stunned and my body numb. I only came out of my stupor when the HR lady showed me the copy room, the last stop of the tour, and pointed to stacks of Mailgirl Program and Service Guides.

“Now that you know your way around you should have no problem distributing these program guides to the employees and answering any questions they have.”

I could not believe my ears. “Talk to two thousand people…”

“No. There’s only about eight hundred working in this building today. You can do the rest in the warehouse and the studio tomorrow.”

It was a rough first day. It got me over my fear of being seen. All things considered it was probably the best way to approach the first day, confront your fears and get over them. I hope that answered your questions Arthwys.

So I hope everybody has a good weekend. Keep those questions and comments coming. And remember, health and efficiency matters!

**Outside Work Behaviours - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.6)**

Good morning friends! Mailgirl Six is here to bring you a glimpse inside her weird little job in this big crazy world. Thank you for all of the feedback about yesterday’s post. It was a difficult subject to write about and brought back a lot of memories, some good and some bad. Remembering how I was back then in comparison to now is night-and-day. I was a trainee with no trainer, just the corporate approved literature. Five years on and having trained many Mailgirls myself, it almost seems like I was a different person back then.

Is it weird I found the whole endeavor therapeutic?

Anyway thank you for the positive feedback and comments. If you can’t tell I’m getting more comfortable doing this blog here than at the last place. Your positive comments help and everyone so far has been very respectful, I suppose Reddit is more anonymous and people feel like they can be more inappropriate over there; But so far here you have all been great and I want to say “Thank You” 🙂

On to the question for today. SliceReality says:

“Thank you for this insight into your world Six. Has working as a Mailgirl had any affect on your life outside of work? Do you ever catch yourself adopting behaviours by accident or do you find it easy to compartmentalise?”

Hi Slice! Good question. I’m thinking about it as I’m getting ready for work. I used to have such a big long ritual, washing, shaving, hair and makeup, such a long routine just to get out the door. Now I’m down to brushing my teeth, throwing on a ball cap and jeans and I’m on my way. I save the rest of the beauty regiment for work, all-in-all it takes about a half hour to get ready once I’m there and this way everyone can enjoy me through the one-way mirror.

Did you know companies with Mailgirls that have voyeur-foyers have almost no tardiness? Late occurrences drop 90% on average!

But that is not what you really asked, SliceReality. You want to know about the personal habits and not the corporate factoids.

OK.

I find myself deferring at doors. It I’m at a building or a shop and people are walking through I hold the door for them and step aside. This confuses a lot of chivalrous men.

When I’m nervous or in an unfamiliar situation I have trouble making eye-contact. I have to remind myself I’m not at work if I’m meeting new people, at a government office or opening a bank account, regular stuff I didn’t have to think twice about before I started the job.

When I’m shopping for clothes I have to be careful to find fashions that cover up my numbers, just in case I have a social engagement after work and my numbers are still visible.

When I’m at home I never put the heat on until the dead of winter. I like being under layers of clothes and soft blankets when I’m at rest. But when I work out I much prefer to be naked. I need the freedom of movement when I’m doing yoga, swimming, or lifting weights. I was lucky enough to find a gym in my current location that will let me come in during off hours. The owner lets me work out while he cleans up. Sometimes he spends all night behind his desk doing paperwork. I know he’s masturbating. I can see him watching me. It’s okay. I won’t tell his wife.

I used to find the notion of something like that gross but now it’s kind of flattering.

I guess I’m breaking my own rules now. This next part is super personal:

My sexual habits have changed. I have trouble keeping a boyfriend, something that used to be so easy before. A lot of guys are fine with fucking a Mailgirl but don’t want to date one.

Speaking of fucking, I’m less aggressive during sex. I used to love the top, going cowgirl or reverse, but now I prefer performing oral or from behind; a position where I can be on my knees and they can’t see my face. It’s much easier for me to orgasm that way.

I’m not into S&M. But the guys that are tend to be the only ones who ask me out.

My libido has gone crazy. I’m don’t know if it’s just getting older but I feel like I need sex a lot more often than I did in college. A lot of other Mailgirls feel this way too. I’m not gay, but if another Mailgirl asks me to, and I can see the need in her eyes, I’ll do stuff with her. I don’t have to be attracted to her either. When I’m with another Mailgirl it’s almost like I’m doing it with myself. There is no shame in that. Most Mailgirls are straight or bi, some of them married, but we all have the same needs. It doesn’t count with other Mailgirls.

I can’t sleep in an unfamiliar bed. If I’m on a business trip or a one night stand, I lay in the bed and stare at the ceiling. I can’t get comfortable. I have to get up and go to the restroom or a closet, turn off all the lights, take my clothes off and kneel on a towel or bath mat in the Mailgirl resting position. I can sleep that way but it makes my knees, feet, and back very sore the next morning.

One poor guy thought I got up and left his apartment in the middle of the night only to get the shock of his life when he opened the closet door in the morning and scared me awake.

Wow. I guess I am comfortable telling you all almost anything. I’m blushing as I type this but it feels good to get in out in the open. I guess my blog has gone full AMA.

So yeah, I hope that answered your question SliceReality. Keep the questions and comments coming, feel free to ask me anything. I let you know if someone crosses the line.

And always remember, health and efficiency matters!