**A Mailgirl’s Blog**

by sbjdaniels

**Comments on Comments - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.7)**

Hi ReaderMan. I didn’t mean to ignore the second half of your question, but believe it or not that is more personal than the first part of your question. But I did go “Ask me anything.” and I won’t back down from that.

When I’m off duty I tend to wear underwear and sweats. Comfort, comfort, comfort. And while my breasts are not the largest they need a good bra. After a long day in uniform my girls need a home.

Outside the house I got in the habit of tight shirts and overalls. Tight knit sweaters or cotton baseball t-shirts, anything with 3/4 sleeves. And overalls, both long pant and short varieties depending on the season. Throw on some sneakers and a baseball cap and I’m good to go.

This particular type of ensemble I got into on my first contract and I kind of kept it going. Since the only thing holding up the overalls is the snaps I can get naked in less than three seconds. I don’t just talk efficiency, I live it. LOL.

Since someone will probably ask, as my second contract was 24/7 and I lived at the workplace I was only permitted a small amount of space for personal items, a little bigger than a shoe box. So while I lived out in San Francisco I didn’t actually own any clothes.

At my current contract I’m around Atlanta, Georgia and while it is much warmer than San Francisco the culture is far more conservative. On my way to-and-from work I wear a business suit and jewelry, which is fine as I’m a DDE Certified Trainer now. On my own time however it is back to tight shirts and overalls.

arthwys says: Dear Six,

“thank you very much for your detailed and very vivid answer!

“Well doubtlessly, it was a very tough day for you. But that you made it through shows that as a Mailgirl it is not enough just to be beautiful (which is obviously necessary), but one has to be very strong mentally. Otherwise, I don’t think anyone can work in such a job. I mean being naked amongst fully clothed people makes a girl feel very vulnerable; so one needs to have a strong personality.

“Additionally, I guess there must have been quite some pressure on you, being the only Mailgirl in the pilot program. If you had not done a good job, the program would have been cancelled. But I assume, that at least all the male employees supported you to make the pilot program a success…

“Thanks again for your very insightful blog!”

Thank you for your comments arthwys. There are a couple of things here I would like to touch on:

Mental strength is incredibly important for a Mailgirl. You have to have strong will, professionalism, and a dedication for the job. I’ve seen some girls wash out of the program in sobbing heaps, it’s a sad sight when it happens. You have to get strong or the pressure will roll over you.

In some ways the pilot program experience was incredibly liberating. There was less pressure on me because there was no other examples running around. For the office workers they had no expectations as I was the only Mailgirl they had ever seen that wasn’t on TV or the internet. All we had to go on was what was in the manuals and what we made up, so it was actually less pressure on me than my second or third companies which had already developed a Mailgirl culture.

When it comes to male employees you would be surprised how indifferent most of them are. A lot are married and even if they are looking don’t want to be seen as doing so. This means publicly I don’t get much support from most of them, the unmarried men however have their own agendas.

I actually get more feedback, positive and negative, from women. A lot of them see me as a threat, a sideshow, somehow reductive of a woman’s place in the workplace. Others are jealous about how I’m being paid to embrace my natural beauty and sexuality. But some see me how I see myself, as a useful part of the corporate machine that makes the office run smoother, enhances ambiance and camaraderie.

Eventually they see me accidentally orgasm and their opinion changes.

Oops.

LOL.

**Intern to Pro - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.8)**

SliceReaity had some questions about my internship and I figured others might be interested, so if you are not into that sort of question you might want to skip this one. I’m thinking of doing a “Dirty Questions Omnibus” because a lot of those only need a short answer so if something has been itching your brain let me know soon.

SliceReality says: “Six – thank you for answering, and for sharing such personal insight into your experiences. Your self-reflection is fascinating and it’s very interesting to read how being a Mailgirl has impacted you in all aspects of your life. I have some further questions for you, if I may. I hope these first do not offend you but I am very interested to learn what convinced you to stay on as a Mailgirl after your first ‘internship’? Did your college honour your diploma? I am curious what academic merit the college saw in such a program? What convinced you to sign another contract when the internship was over if you had been promised a full time role at the end of it? Considering the number of contracts you have re-signed – do you feel trapped or betrayed? There are a lot of stories in the press about Mailgirl abuses – 24/7 contracts, indentured servitude – have you seen anything like that where you have worked?”

Hmm… okay. A lot to unpack there.

As I finished my summer internship I was a college graduate and sent out a lot of resumes trying to find a job in my field but did not get many bites. Part of this was the cycle for hiring new graduates starts in the summer and I had spend mine interning as a naked Mailgirl, not something I wanted to put on the resume.

My college did honor my degree, I have a Bachelors in the Science of Business Management with a focus in Human Resources.

Now as to what academic merit interning as a Mailgirl brought? LOL. That is a trick question if there ever was one. NO INTERNSHIP HAS ANY MERIT. Internships are widely known as a scam in America. They say they pay you in “experience”, “professional contacts” and college credits. No company uses an internship program to actively recruit. They pass off the lowest level menial tasks on the interns so they don’t have to pay a salary and health insurance. These are the jobs people quit or quickly move on from. Internships are a bigger scam than Mailgirl contracts. At least I get paid well for what I’m doing.

The TV sales company I was with did offer me a position but I did not intend to take it. It was in the Sales Department, receiving phone in orders and basic customer service. The starting pay was $12 an hour, not much with a mountain of college debt. They offered me this as I knelt naked in the HR Lady’s office. I guess she saw the disappointment on my face as I was clearly expecting something better.

“Well,” she said, “the Board of Directors does like your work as a Mailgirl and you are rather popular with the staff. Would you like to stay on as Mailgirl for a standard contract? Two years at a good salary and we can pay your college debt with the signing and completion bonus?”

Now I’m not dumb. I know the whole thing was a set up, but the entire company had already seen me naked. I had already dealt with the basic humiliation of the job. These are the two biggest hurdles any Mailgirl faces and I already conquered them. The question was not if I could do it but if I could keep going.

I decided I could.

Besides, I figured this was just my first job out of school. No one stays at their first job forever.

There was more good than harm by continuing as a Mailgirl at my current company. I don’t regret it in the slightest.

I’ve also completed two contracts now, having just signed my third six months ago. Each I did for different reasons. The first got rid of my student debt. The second got me out of the area I grew up in and was for substantially more pay, but I did not like the environment there and moved on to my third. Here I’m much happier than my last job and I like the corporate culture. It helps that I’m a Corporate Trainer now as it is tangential to the Human Resources focus of my degree. So I don’t really feel trapped anymore. I’m building towards my future and helping companies become more efficient and employ more young women. It’s really a win-win.

As for abuses I’ll save that for another blog. Writing this post was gotten me amped to go to work. I want to make sure my recruits are ready to take on the day.

**Corporate Propaganda - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 1.9)**

Good morning everyone! I had a rough weekend and I needed a day to recover. I hope you are all doing well and staying healthy. On to the question for today:

Anonymous says: “Is no one else feeling like Six is just making propaganda for DDE or Mailgirl Enterprises?! Congress starts talking about regulation and suddenly we get AMAs and shiny advertisements on the TV – I don’t buy it.”

“Some of us agree with the white-stocking movement. These programs should be banned. They’re just slavery in the App age.”

Thanks for the comment Anonymous. I can assure you I’m not doing propaganda for DDE. If you notice I rarely talk about Mailgirl Enterprises or the parent company. If I were they would be paying me some big bucks and I would have hired someone else to do it on the sly.

(LOL. I know how business works now.)

But your post does bring up certain credibility issues and current events I should probably address. I write this blog in the morning before I go to work. I learned early on in order to do what I do I have to maintain a positive attitude. My life would be unlivable if I didn’t. I spend my days looked down on, laughed at and humiliated; Waiting for the MMU to buzz and send me running off on the next deadline and naked for anyone to see. I don’t love doing this. Being gawked at all day, not making eye contact and treated like a machine. It is emotionally taxing so I try to start off with positivity which helps me get through. This is my fourth contract, counting my internship, so I know the mental rigors as much as the physical ones. If I’m not telling you how dreadful everything is I might be because I don’t want to think about it.

Also I am being compensated for my work, as humiliating as it is I am very well paid. I am a competent adult that made a sound financial decision. Starting salary for someone with my degree is $31k-53k, and you know women are always on the lower end of that scale. So I’m a fool for taking a job that pays $125k first year starting? Please.

The most common job for women with no college degree in the United States is a waitress. And what do they make annually? $18k-33K.

Who is really being exploited here, me or the waitress you decide not to tip?

And $125k per year is just the starting salary. I negotiate all my renewal contracts. I have a Human Resources degree and I have completed several contracts, my price goes up each time. I can recruit, not because I manipulate women but because I can speak from experience. If they sign a contract I get a bonus and she gets a job that pays well. Ever think it might be a win-win?

Now I can only speak for my position. I’m not being forced to do this. There is no manipulation going on. I am twenty-five years old, have paid off my student debt, own a condo and am saving for retirement. And I think I may retire comfortably before I turn thirty five. Does your job pay so well you can call it quits that young?

There are a lot of negatives to being a Mailgirl but there are a lot of positives as well.

It’s not slavery, not in this case. Now I know in some states; Colorado, Nevada, North Carolina, Tennessee and I think Wisconsin, prisoners can be sentenced to unpaid labor. If some weasel in their state legislature convinced them to force women into this for no pay its a human rights violation, plain and simple. That should totally be illegal.

But if a woman decides to do this it should be her choice. If she gets breast implants to enhance her looks or has her numbers permanently tattooed on, I’m fine with it so long as it’s her choice.

But women do need to be wary of what company they are working for. I signed my second contract blind because the money was good. I should have looked into it more.

So no, I’m not writing corporate propaganda. That’s why I’m keeping things mostly anonymous including my real number, name, and the name of the companies I’ve worked for. They can’t send me a Cease and Desist letter if they don’t know who or where to send it to.

Lastly, I say “health and efficiency matters” because it does. It is good advice, especially to Mailgirls.

I hope that answers your question Anonymous, even if it was more of an accusation. I hope you have a very good day and the next time you get the chance, appreciate a Mailgirl. She probably works very hard to do what she is doing.

So keep those questions and comments coming, even the negative ones. I said ask me anything and I meant it. Be good to your local Mailgirls and remember; health and efficiency matters!

**Three Dirty Questions - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 2.0)**

Good morning gentle readers. I hope your day is going as well as I expect mine to go. The blog is humming along well and I appreciate all of your feedback. Here we are on the cusp of the dirty stuff so for those who do not wish to know how the sausage gets made you might want to skip this one.

For the less sensitive “Sirs and Madams” out there, a different Anonymous than the Anonymous from the last post asked three questions:

“Hi Six, nice blog. If you would like the floodgates to be opened on all questions then I have some.

1. What’s the most times you’ve orgasmed at work in a day?

2. Is it true they feed you a special slop from dog dishes? I heard employees cum in it, is that true?

3. How do you feel about plans in government to revoke Mailgirls voting rights like convicts?”

Thanks Anonymous! I’ll answer all your questions as honestly as I can. First off most number of orgasms in a work day is actually a tricky answer. I know some girls are multi-orgasmic machines but I’m not so lucky. I get all red and sore after a few. I’m going to say the safe answer to this one is four in a day, actually the first day I had sex on the job (as that was the only time I came twice in five minutes, with a couple more orgasms I did myself during mandatory rest periods, but that answer has a few caveats.

At my first contract I was technically not on duty until eight o’clock in the morning. I would show up before seven-thirty to shower and get ready, and people could see me, and towards the end of my contract especially I was ‘taking care of myself’ before the day started, and sometimes after. So if you were to include the showering edges it would be fair to say five times in a work day. It was the only time I let three different men have a go at me in the same day and it left me very sore, slow, and racking up the demerits. Big mistake. Too much dick in a day. LOL.

And for those of you who are thinking my 24/7 contract should get the automatic win I found the corporate environment there more humiliating than stimulating. For some girls that meant more excitement but it dried me up pretty quick. Most of my orgasms for those two years came as a result of my fellow Mailgirls’ efforts when we were off-duty or during sleep cycles. By the end I almost thought I was a lesbian but a one night stand with a guy straightened me back out. LOL.

Second question, special slop and cum in the food. First let me say “Ew!”.

But a Mailgirl’s diet is very important for her physical health. We can burn a lot of calories in a day and sleep pretty hard at night. Most of us do put on weight in the first year, but that is mostly muscle in the legs and core, which requires protein calories. This leaves a lot of Mailgirls drinking protein shakes or yogurt with every meal out of preference.

At my first contract I was not permitted to eat in the cafeteria as my uniform was considered unsanitary, so I brought lunch and left it in the fridge in the break room. There was a little four seat table in there but I was not allowed to sit. It always seemed to be occupied anyway. I ate standing at the counter and then wiped the counter down and any other surfaces I touched after I was done. My co-workers were quick to make sure that I thoroughly cleaned before my lunch was over.

At the 24/7 place Mailgirls were permitted in the cafeteria but only in certain areas. As our break times were kept to the state minimum the cafeteria provided Mailgirl meals as efficiently as possible; you chose what you wanted to eat and it was blended into a shake with milk, water, or energy drink. We were served our meals in paper cups with cardboard straws as the company was trying to reach a zero carbon output goal. My typical meal was kale, chicken and carrots in Red Bull which makes a surprisingly savory blend. We could order regular meals if we wanted to but for Mailgirls it was more expensive as the plates and silverware were to be throw out afterwards for sanitary purposes. It was cheaper to go out to the local restaurants if you really wanted a full meal, the few that would serve uniformed Mailgirls that is.

At my current contract Mailgirls are permitted to be in the cafeteria after showering and have their own table. It is lower to the floor with resting mats to kneel on and at the center of the cafeteria so everyone can see that we are being as clean as possible.

Now I have heard of companies that bolt bowls to the floor and make Mailgirls eat out of them, or have drip feeders set up like in a gerbil cage. I would never work for one of those but I’m sure they exist somewhere. For the money we get some Mailgirls are willing to subject themselves to that sort of thing. I’m paid to endure a little humiliation but I have my limits.

As for cum in the food, I’m sure it has happened. Spumk has a particular flavor I’m quite familiar with so I probably would notice if it were in a strawberry smoothie. But I honestly have eaten enough salty liquefied lunches that it has probably happened to me. While that is more protein for the Mailgirl machine, it is also super-illegal! That is the type of health code violation that shuts down the building. Not just the kitchen, the whole office building. Most people who work in a kitchen know that (I would hope).

As for cum, I swallow anyway. When I was in high school and college I was a spitter, or worse let a guy cum on my chest or face. While the taste of cum is pretty strong it leaves the mouth quicker if its swallowed and washed down with water. Spitting just leads to more spitting. Taking it in the face just burns the eyes and is wholly unpleasant.

I’ll swallow at work, but only on rare occasions. If I have an itch and a guy wants to risk scratching it he better have a condom or it’s not happening. I used to slip a condom behind the MMU strap and my arm just in case I felt the need. The guys would get disappointed when I insisted but they never walked away, LOL. I can’t risk getting herpes as it would kill my career.

If for some reason I am letting a co-worker fuck me bareback its because I’ve vetted them and know they are clean. In those instances I prefer he cum in my mouth rather than on my back or inside me. The cleanup is easier if I just have to swallow.

Thirdly, as for Mailgirls losing their voting rights, why? What makes that legislation anything even close to fair? Or logical? I give up some rights for my career, we all do in some way, but what about Mailgirls is so threatening they should not vote? This makes no sense to me and I cannot support it.

Now if the Mailgirl is in one of the States were convicts can become Mailgirls for reduced sentences, I get that. They are convicts and should not get their voting rights back until their sentence is served. But strip all Mailgirls of voting rights? That makes no sense.

Well Anonymous you want to present some sort of argument for stripping a Mailgirl of her voting rights I’ll read it and post a follow up, but I think Maigirls have been stripped enough. LOL

That’s it for today gentle readers. I need to choke down a protein shake before work (banana if you are wondering). So keep those questions and comments coming. I’ll get to everybody’s in time, I promise. And remember, health and efficiency matters!

**Who Did I Tell First? - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 2.1)**

Good morning gentle readers! Mailgirl Six is back after a few busy weeks breaking in the new team. They were getting a lot of code violations lately, positional violations, improper attitudes, and their uniforms could use a little work so I figured it was best to put them through boot camp. I required them to show up an hour before regular start time, put them through some calisthenics, isometrics and yoga. Then drilling them on positions, one-on-one Mailgirl training, etc. These are my recruits and I was not going to let any one of them wash out. It meant I lost my regular blogging time for a little bit.

I am happy to say the team is performing up to expectations and morale has improved. We did a little Mailgirl retreat this weekend and everyone is much more excited to be part of the program. I’ve also set a new personal orgasm record of six in a day (since this was technically a work function). So there was a good time had by all. Go team!

Today’s question comes from The Big D who writes:

“Hello Six, Who was the first person that you told that you were going to be a Mailgirl and how did they react?”

Hello to you to The Big D! (I could use a little more of that in my life. LOL) The first person I told I would be a Mailgirl? That was my faculty advisor from college, but he was the one who found the internship so he kind of knew the whole time. Same thing for the HR Lady at Home Shopping Channel. They were in the loop from the beginning so I don’t think that’s the honest answer The Big D was looking for. (And if a girl can’t be honest with The Big D than what “D” can she be honest with? LOL.)

I did talk about the internship offer with a girlfriend, looking for some advice or sympathy, but I really had not made up my mind yet.

So the first person I told after I made the decision was my boyfriend at the time, Andy. He was a super nice guy and we dated the last two years of college. We intended to get married at one point but I kind of ruined it by taking the internship.

We never really had a fight before, just had a lot of fun and a lot of sex. That was kind of the point of a college relationship, right? Feel out what it’s like to be an adult.

Well I knew I had to tell him because he would find out sooner or later. He would see the smudged remains of my numbers because sharpie does not come off without a metric butt-ton of scrubbing. And from what I read my body would change from all the exercise, even if I was already in pretty good shape. So I sat him down and told him.

For the first few minutes he just smiled like a naughty school boy. He must have thought I was joking. After a few minutes it started to sink in; I was not joking or playing some sort of sexual game. I was signing a contract to work completely naked in front of strangers for two months and I was not even going to get paid.

Andy’s little ego must have popped. He tried being a good boyfriend and I give him a lot of credit for that. We tried to make it work, it was only for a few months after all and once it was complete I could graduate and we could get on with our lives. But unfortunately we could not make it that far.

First thing that went was our sex lives. Andy liked himself some morning sex, which was also my preferred way to wake up, but I didn’t want to look puffy or red for work. In addition I needed sex more often. All those eyes on me all day, I was wound up by the time I got home and Andy worked second shift till about 10pm. We were only having quickies before I went to bed and he did most of the work. I was physically exhausted and he was emotionally drained.

I gave him a lot of oral for the first couple weeks. Anal sex is Friday night only for Mailgirls. We need to heal up completely before work on Monday.

By the third week of my internship I couldn’t wait for him to come home anymore so I took care of myself. I was so exhausted I was falling asleep earlier and earlier. I’d be out at 8pm and he would come in two hours later to find me all bundled up on the couch.

It put too much strain on our relationship. I was horny and tired all the time, he was jealous and resentful. I should have let him be dominant to me on the weekends. We might have made it work that way but after four weeks we were both miserable and on each other’s nerves.

It ended abruptly but amicably enough, no big fights or anything like that, just pent up emotions we did not want to talk about. He must have thought I was a whore by the end but was too nice to say it.

So my college boyfriend did not last a month into my internship. Two weeks later and I was hiding in the alcove in the copy room, getting rammed from behind by a guy whose name I have forgotten, trying not to scream as I had my first real, full-body orgasm in what felt like ages.

No lie, the job is tough on relationships. If there was ever a woman who was married to her job it is a Mailgirl. We give a lot of ourselves to our companies and I hope our sacrifices are appreciated.

I hope that answers your question The Big D. You have yourself a good day.

Thanks for reading everyone! Keep the questions and comments coming. And remember, health and efficiency matters!

**Renewing Contracts and Relocating - Mailgirl Six Blog (Chapter 2.2)**

Good morning gentle readers! I hope everyone is doing well. Do something for your health today as we only get one go round in this crazy world. I will keep writing so long as you keep reading, we have a good thing going and I wouldn’t want anything to spoil it 😉

Speaking of this crazy world, orflash64 asks:

“Six, you have stated that you have signed several contracts, were they all close by or did you have to pick up and move out of town, out of state, across the country? Did any of the contracts involve 24/7 positions?”

Good question orflash64. I have signed several contracts in my career, first was my summer internship at Home Shopping Channel followed by a standard Mailgirl contract with the same company. They really liked me there. I went to college a four hour drive from my hometown, just far enough to make it a real hassle if my parents wanted to randomly drop by. This was in the greater Chicago area. But my choice in college effected the rest of my life. My internship and first contract was about a half-hour from campus. I felt this was enough distance for privacy and little chance of running into anyone from school while I was at work. It was part of the reason I took the internship, I felt less embarrassed naked in front of strangers than possibly school acquaintances. Being a blank slate there made being a Mailgirl so much easier, especially for my first time.

All-in-all I enjoyed my time in Chicago but it was coming to an end. My contract was nearly complete, I had paid off my student debt and I would have enough for a good start almost anywhere with my completion bonus. I had no intention of re-upping. My replacement, Maria, was a gorgeous thirty year old from the call center with a mocha complexion and a body to die for. I was training her but felt like a naked little stick next to Maria’s curves. Once she got into the job, really worked it, her body started to change, tighten up little-by-little every day… God… If I was jsut a Mailgirl she was a Mailwoman. So jealous. But I digress. I was leaving HGC in good hands and was confident they did not need me anymore.

Two months before your Mailgirl contract ends Mail Girls Inc. asks if you want to renew. You are free to negotiate new terms or walk away. A standard salary bump per renewal is about 5%. A good Mailgirl, one that has consistently high ratings and low demerits can get a 10% raise. But another twelve or twenty five thousand dollars was not really enticing me. I wanted a normal life.

About a week before my contract completion I got an offer from a tech startup in San Francisco. A full 20% bump as they liked my E-Score and Q-Mod and I would have to relocate. It was a 24/7 contract, I would live at the facility but room and board were provided. In an expensive city like San Francisco that would go a long way. It seemed like a good deal.

I was only twenty-three years old. Most girls my age were barely starting their careers. I had thirty thousand in the bank, enough for the down on a small house or condo. But here was an offer that for two years that would pay for me to live in an exciting city and cover my meals and rent. I had already done the job reasonably well for twenty-six months. This would be another two years of my life but at the end of it I would have another $300,000 in the bank! Enough to buy a house and a car, and I would only be twenty five years old, still young enough to start a career or go to grad school if I wanted. It looked like an all-around win.

So yeah, in retrospect I should have asked more questions.

I have to be careful what I say as I’m still under an active non-disclosure agreement for the next 30 days. I won’t say the name of the company, but it’s not a secret there are Mailgirls all over this famous building now. San Francisco only has a handful of iconic sights. This building is in the top three and it is not a bridge or a prison, so that should narrow it down a lot.

The building has 48 floors, 18 elevators, 3,678 windows, office space for 1,500 employees and 93 of those are Mailgirls.

I went from being the only Mailgirl in a business complex of almost two thousand people to being one of many Mailgirls in a high-rise office building. The culture shift was astounding.

Naked Mailgirls constantly rushed messages, files, and deliveries from floor-to-floor, always darting around non-stop during business hours. We served as tour guides, security, reception, delivery people, and executive assistants. The company had the best Mailgirl-to-employee ratio on the west coast. No expense was spared. The basement, lobby and multiple floors had been renovated to accommodate and allow access to view so many Mailgirls.

At HSC I was quite the unusual sight, being the uniquely naked worker. But in SF I was one of many and mixed in with the crowd. And I did not want to stand out. The Mailgirls that did got singled out as being either problems or pets.

A Mailgirl seen as a problem was either inept at her job or seen as trying to upset the status quo. Both were met with sharp discipline given extra demerits, the worst tasks, and sometimes humiliating punishments. They were made examples of to keep the other Mailgirls in line.

A pet was a Mailgirl who had caught the eye of an executive, either with their physical beauty, work ethic, or both. These were the Mailgirls who were promoted to “executive assistant”, working exclusively for that officer as a typist, gofer, or personal aide. While the office employees did not dare harass these Mailgirls for fear of retribution the other naked staff treated them harshly. The pets were sleeping with their bosses and the other Mailgirls were jealous of their light duties, bonuses, and vacation time. Executive Mailgirls frequently went business trips with their executives and we were pretty sure not all of these getaways were strictly business.

Yes, corporal punishment was offered in lieu of demerits or financial penalties. It was a clause in the contract but it was always voluntary. Sometimes a spanking saved you a few hundred dollars and let an asshole employee get their aggression out. There were more than a few times I “took one for the team”. We all did.

The uniform was slightly different too. I was used to the smartphone strapped to the upper arm, comfortable and a place you could hide little things, business cards and condoms, but the new company required the smartwatch and choker necklace with the ID chip. Even though it only bared my upper arm I somehow felt more naked. Weird right.

Part of that had to do with the privacy policy. The policy was privacy did not exist, not for Mailgirls anyway. Every hallway, lounge, and stairwell had a camera. Every shower stall, bathroom and sleeping area had at least one glass wall. Any employee could immediately single in on you using the camera system and the Mailgirl tracking chip in the ID necklace. Even worse the smartwatch data was accessible, heart rate, respiration, steps taken, sleeping pattern, all that data was available on the network. They could tell when and where we orgasm and used it against us. If you weren’t moving and your heart rate spiked, they knew what we were doing. Especially if two Mailgirl signals were in the same location. Me and a friend used the same stairwell a few days in a row and by the next week there was a camera there.

The company was committed to a zero-carbon footprint model, so Mailgirls slept in sleeper pods in the basement, like the ones in those Japanese coffin hotels. As space was limited for all 93 Mailgirls you could only have a certain amount of space for personal belongings. They gave us an office file box for our personal items. You had to request it be brought up from storage to access your own things. My personal items were some jewelry, sneakers, socks, yoga pants, sport bra, panties, cell phone, iPad and chargers. That was it. So going shopping in San Fransico was pointless unless you were having it shipped somewhere or you could fit it in your box.

Some girls had a work around, they would buy outfits from boutiques in the area and return them after one use. I never felt right doing that and some of the trendier places were starting to change their return policies.

And then there was money. The parent company had developed one of those digital wallet apps, which worked through the smartwatch, but if you wanted cash they deducted an percentage as a transfer fee. Most places around the building did accept digital payments, but leaving the building was a hassle in itself.

If you wanted to leave the property you had to request off, permission that could be denied by many people for many reasons on many levels. If Mailgirls just wanted to go out to a restaurant or club on a weekend they would have to get the approval of their shift trainer, the building manager, security chief-on-duty, and have it approved by the Director of Human Capital. Any one of those officers could put the kibosh on a shopping trip, dinner date, or even a simple outdoor jog. Oftentimes Mailgirls had to do favors to secure time out, even if it was just to the ramen shop around the corner. We were willing to do a handie or two just to get off the property for a half hour.

I’m not going to lie, I was pretty miserable the whole time. They knew where I was, who I was with, how much money I spending. The Human Capital department was not shy about letting us know how much they knew and would use that against us. If you were caught having fun with another Mailgirl they would split you both up and assign you to different floors or shifts. It was like living in an Orwellian sexual dystopia for two years. Ug!

When that contract was set to expire I wanted out. Two years was enough. The demerits I’d accumulated and the unexpected back-charges left me with a little over half of what I thought I would have. I would have been better off staying at HSC.

But again, just as my contract was set to expire, an offer came in from Mail Girls Inc. There was a company in Atlanta, a manufacturing firm, that was looking to start a Mailgirl program. I had little interest but they wanted me bad. The combination of my Mailgirl experience and human resources degree was exactly what they felt they needed to get their program off the ground. I would be the first Mailgirl working there and authorized to recruit and train a full Mailgirl staff. As I had completed two contracts now I would be eligible to become a certified corporate trainer. They offered a 20% increase and a relocation fee.

I kind of wanted out. Atlanta seemed nice but I’ve spent the better part of the last five years with my clothes off. I had no friends and not enough money in the bank.

I said I would think about it. They offered a 25% increase.

I countered with 33%, no 24/7 requirement and a bonus of 10k for every recruit who signed the Mailgirl contract and a Director of Human Capital position upon completion. I thought I was pricing myself outside the market. To my surprise they accepted.

Eight months later and I’m quite happy living in Atlanta. I’m making about twice what I did when I started, equal to some executives in the company, and enjoying my experiences again. I live off-site, a nice apartment minutes from downtown, and I set the tone at work. I do my best to keep spirits up, train the girls up to my standards, and I’m not scared to discipline them with my own hot little hands if I have too. Of course is they are feeling frisky and need a little release I’ll oblige that too. LOL.

The only thing missing from my life right now is a boyfriend. The last eight months have completely changed things around for me and I love my job again.

Sorry I went all over the world on that one orflash64. I hope that answered your question. If you want more specifics I’ll gladly share them after my 9 month N.D.A. expires next month. Feel free to put your follow up comments on this post. I promise to get around to them(pinky swear).

That’s it for today sirs and ma’ams. I hope you enjoy self and don’t neglect self care. I never do. Keep your questions and comments coming and remember; health and efficiency matters!