**Mailgirls: The Punishment Position**

by jdmleather

Barbara looked up from her laptop with a sigh. The security video confirmed what Stephanie had told her. Danica was leading Anna into what they thought was a safe zone. The resultant sex was pretty spectacular, but that didn't matter. They would have to be punished, Danica more gravely. Her eyes glanced at the cabinet containing the ball gag and riding crop. No, she decided, their punishments must be more humiliating than physical. As Barbara tossed punishments around in her mind, a sly smile crossed her lips.

Danica contemplated her body as she knelt next to Anna. The last several months of activity had toned her considerably. Her thighs were now sleek engines that propelled her through the office. Her calves stood out with etched power. She had lost 9 pounds, and could do a shift with little difficulty. Fridays were the hardest, with many Premium Rush jobs, but she usually flew about the building, breasts bouncing, with a spring in her step. That was due, in part, to the growing realization that she had exhibitionist tendencies. And, that fact was very arousing. BUZZZ! Both their smartphones beeped. Premium Rush - Auditorium. Auditorium? Danica hadn't been there since her humiliating Presentation. What was up?

Anna and Danica rushed down the dusty services stairs. The only marks on the floor were the footprints of Mailgirls, a constant reminder of their nudity. Reaching the 1st floor with only 30 seconds remaining, the pair ran as fast as they could, dodging clothed employees who did not miss the chance to take in the sight of them. Picture phones appeared, and Danica knew that, once again, her nude running form would appear on the Internet.

Bursting through the auditorium doors, they found the same scene Danica had experienced previously. Darkened room, spotlights, immense TV monitors. Running to the center of the stage, Danica's breasts bobbled and bounced, while Anna's smaller body swayed with her steps. Thet were both panting from the exertion, and a light sheen of sweat covered their bodies. The chill of the cool room raised goosebumps all over their bodies. Both girls assumed the rest position, eyes cast down, hands at the small of the back.

"I've called you all here for an update on the Mailgirl program" Barbara intoned. "As you can see, the girls fitness is not in question. But what is in question is their obedience. I have a video to show you." All the monitors showed Danica leading Anna into a storage closet. Their sexual activity was obvious, as whisles and catcalls came from the audience. Danica was horrified. "As a result of these actions, both will be punished. Nine, place your feet on those painted circles in front of you".

Danica raised her eyes and saw two painted circles, about 3 feet apart. There was a glass circle between them. Approaching closer, she realized with a start that it was a camera lens! She was about to be photographed from below in her most intimate places. As she positioned her feet, Barbara spoke again. "When we met last time, I showed you the Inspection Position. Now, here is the Punishment position. Nine, hands behind your head, elbows straight to the sides. Squat until your thighs are parallel to the floor. Then, up on tippy toes."

Danica groaned internally. The hand position would present her breasts in a very inviting fashion. The squatting would put her pussy even closer to the camera. And tippy toes would force her knees wide apart, giving anyone an unobstructed view of her deepest secrets. Her hands went up, she squatted, and went up on her toes. A collective gasp arose from the crowd. There were some cheers and whistles. All 3 monitors showed her pussy in living color at close range.

"Nine has a history in this room" Barbara intoned. "During her Presentation, she had an orgasm right in front of you. I suspect that having another would cap her humiliation. One, go to that small refrigerator, and get an ice cube." Anna shivered at the thought, but did as she was told. "Now, hold the cube above Nine's right nipple." Barbara had a hand held camera, so the audience would get a good view. Anna did as directed, and a drop of ice water tumbled down. It had an immediate effect. Danica's nipple began to stiffen and grow, as her face turned crimson at the thought of coming in front of hundreds of people. "Now, gently rub the cube on that nipple." The touch of the ice on her nipple made Danica start. It also had another effect. Because the sex stimulation was increasing, Danica could fell her pussy lips beginning to swell. Danica remembered that her labia darkened as they expanded, and the audience was now quite aware of that also. God, she thought, will this never end? Because of the swelling, her lips began to part, exposing even more of her to the audience.

"Well well, what have we here?" asked Barbara. "It looks as though Nine's body is betraying her. I detect significant swelling in a very special place. If it continues, we may get a look at a special button of hers. One, rub the cube on her other nipple." Danica groaned as her left nipple became erect at the touch of the ice. Her pussy became even more exposed, as the monitors showed her inner lips beginning to emerge. "One, I haven't forgotten your punishment. Kneel in front of Nine on your hands and knees."

Anna gasped. In that position, Her pussy and anus would be completely exposed to the audience. Slowly, reluctantly, she positioned herself in front of Danica. Gasps arose from the crowd as one of the monitors focused in on her from behind. The folds of her pussy were very clear. The humiliation was exciting her, and her pussy lips began to swell also.

"Now, run the cube up the inner sides of Nine's thighs." Danica knew that would put her close to orgasm. Already, moisture had begun to appear in her slit. The camera beneath her focused in even closer. Oh no, Danica could see her clit hood beginning to emerge. "One, as you rub the cube, reach beneath your self, and bring yourself to orgasm." Anna went red with embarrassment, but her hand slid into position, and started rubbing. The camera behind her gave the crowd a close up view. The rubbing soon yielded Barbara's desired result, as Anna's pussy became more and more moist. Employees in the closest rows began to hear the squishing sounds that brought Anna almost to tears.

Barbara was smiling from ear to ear. Both girls were near orgasm, and in front of hundreds of people. She decided to start the Grand Finale. It was time for Danica's final humiliation. "One, place the cube on Nine's pussy lips." Danica moaned no, no, no, but felt the icy touch. Her pussy became so engorged that her hard clit was exposed for all to see. Her hips began to thrust involuntarily. Just then, Barbara blew a soft breeze into Danica's ear.

Danica's orgasm was long and strong. The camera recorded her muscles contracting again and again. Her juices splashed down onto the stage. Her legs shook, she had trouble keeping her balance. In front of her, Anna had collapsed into an orgasmic heap of her own. The crowd whistled and cheered, as Danica's sexual flush moved all over the front of her body. "So that's the Punishment Position people. This video will be posted company wide, so that we are all updated about the program. Feel free to download it for your personal use." Danica was crushed. Her pulsating vagina would hit the Internet within minutes.
"One, go to your locked room and shower. Nine, come with me."

Barbara led Danica through a side door. She stopped and turned around, with a flush of excitement on her face. "Well, you're a bit of a mess. Sex juices on your legs, sex flush on your chest, and as sweaty as a plow horse." Then. Then. Then. Barbara moved closer, running her hands over Danica's breasts, gently caressing her tortured nipples, cupping her moist mound. Then Barbara took Danica into her arms and kissed her long and deep and hard. "This is what I've been working toward Danica. We're almost there." Danica............. was in heaven.