**Mailgirls at Messidor**

by Nacko

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 001**

“Shit” I thought as I went through the doors of Building G and into HR reception . 20 or 30 people sitting or standing around, most of my age and some I knew from school. One of the boys saw me and waved, I went over and sat down.  
  
“Hi Alice, I thought you were going to University?” he said  
“I’ve deferred for a year, want to earn some money and maybe travel a bit next year. How about you?”  
“Grades not good enough for Uni but need a job so Messidor seemed the obvious start point, seems like a lot of us thought the same,” he said, gesturing around.  
  
Rather rapidly the number of people in the waiting area diminished, then they called my name. I stood up, smoothed down the dress I was wearing and went into the interview. There were two people in the room, as I walked in one of them, a woman, studied me very carefully. The other, a man, examined the papers on his desk.  
  
I was surprised by this. Usually, it’s the men that pay attention to me.  
  
The interview seemed to go well. I answered all of the interviewers questions smoothly. They asked about Uni and I was completely open about my deferral and my need to work to build up some money. I told them my father had left us years ago and my mother didn’t have a good job.  
  
As a statement that was true, albeit a little misleading. My mother was permanently “under the doctor”, as people say. Her persistent illnesses took up much of her time, we usually lived on benefits and, if she had a job, it was always temporary or zero hours.  
  
At the end, the interviewers had a quick, whispered discussion. The woman spoke up.  
  
“Alice we won’t be offering you a job as an admin assistant here. We had a rather different employee profile in mind for that job. We are looking for people who will become loyal, long term Messidor employees. Your desire to go to University rather cuts across that.”  
  
I must have looked disappointed. The man stepped in.  
  
“But you’re local to us here and, we like to help young people, it is part of our corporate mission.” He said a bit pompously.  
  
The woman continued.  
  
“We may have something for you in a different role here at head office. Would you be interested?”  
“Of course” I shot back, I didn’t care what job I took, at least that’s what I thought at that moment. I just needed something to pay me some money.  
  
“If you wouldn’t mind waiting outside for a few minutes I will take you to see one of our managers.” She said  
  
I sat outside in the waiting room and wondered. I looked around. The room was bland, there were Messidor posters in frames around the room. I was a bit upset about the admin job, although only because it was a simple way to earn some money. The job itself was of no interest.  
  
Messidor was, and still is, the largest local employer. Their huge campus spreads over land just outside the town. Everything for their retail operation is run from the campus. My father used to work on the campus before he ran off with his secretary.  
  
I looked around the now empty waiting room and wondered what the other position was.  
  
The lady who had interviewed me came along after a few minutes, I followed her out of the big building near the gates where the interview had taken place and we walked away from the entrance. From outside the campus all that can be seen easily are the two large, fairly standard, office blocks, one of which I had been in. Further back the buildings were arranged in a rough V shape, all of them modern, with a lot of glass. They all had a different look but all clearly belonged to the same architectural family.  
  
It was hot outside but walking up the slight hill was relaxing, a bit like walking through a park.  
  
We went into the first building on the right. The buildings back here were smaller than the one we had just been in. There were no roads to be seen. The owner of Messidor, John Vaux, was a keen environmentalist and encouraged his staff to walk or ride bicycles. Paved paths and what looked like nature trails criss crossed the campus, there were a lot of trees .The sun made the whole area look very inviting.  
  
We got in the lift went up to the sixth floor.  
  
“Alice, please come in.”  
  
A tall slim and elegant woman wearing a rather strange neck band had opened the door into a large office. She had long cascading blonde hair and was dressed in corporate smart clothes, a white blouse, jacket and skirt to her knees.  
  
“My name is Jackie Whitten, do sit down.”  
  
She pulled up a chair and sat next to me on my side of the desk. There was a low table to one side. She had a folder in her hand although she didn’t seem to need to refer to it.  
  
“I’ve been told about your earlier interview. I think we might have something that would serve your purpose although it is a little radical”  
  
She gazed out of the window.  
  
“I see you live in Elmdon Close” I nodded “One of my team lives there, do you know Emma Broughton?”  
  
“Of course” I said “she lives two doors down from me”  
  
Emma was the subject of much discussion in our Close. She was in her twenties, married although her husband had disappeared. She had started working at Messidor a few months ago and obviously had an excellent job because very quickly she had ordered new furniture, replaced her car and apparently paid off her debts. I liked Emma although my mother was catty about her. Emma never told me what her job was.  
  
“Do you know what Emma does?” she asked, looking at me closely.  
  
I shook my head.  
  
“Do you know about Mail Girls?” she asked.  
  
My stomach did a lurch. I had read articles about Mail Girls. I’d played the computer game.  
  
“Emma is one of our mail girls, although officially her job description is Communications Associate” she paused and looked into my eyes, “I think you would be fantastic for that role.”  
  
Time seemed to stop.  
  
“I didn’t know you had mail girls here” I stuttered, as something to say while my head was reeling.  
  
She nodded and went on.  
  
“Their business efficacy is well established, and with the Brexit decisions companies are freed of Euro bureaucracy. Messidor and some other companies have been permitted to operate mail girls. We would offer you a signing bonus, generous pay and the company would help you through University. We would expect you to work for us when on vacation and other occasions, provided it didn’t interfere with your studies”  
  
I stared at her.  
  
She handed me a short document setting out the terms. I looked down, my eyes must have opened up at the amount of money on offer. My heart was pumping. I needed to calm down.  
  
“You can see it is a generous package, take your time and read it all” I nodded enthusiastically, it was a lot of money.  
  
“If you are interested” she looked at me “we need to see if you are qualified to be a communications assistant. Are you interested?”  
  
I nodded involuntarily, this was happening so fast. The money was definitely interesting but the idea of running naked around these offices was a very different thing. I wondered what the qualifications would be.  
  
The thing was, within the last month, I’d been to stay with a cousin. She was my age, I’d always got on well with her. She had the Mailgirl computer game and we’d played it pretty obsessively. We’d talked about the idea of being naked with clothed people watching us. I’d found it all something of a turn on. Because I wasn't a schoolgirl anymore, I’d also started sleeping naked.  
  
I’d had the odd wank thinking of what it would be like to run around naked.  
  
But all of that had been in my cousin’s bedroom or mine.  
  
Jackie stood up and walked back around to the other side of the desk.  
  
“If you’re interested, please take off all of your clothes” she ordered.  
  
Time stopped. I’d started calming down but now my heart went into overdrive. I later understood that this was the killer moment in the interview. If a girl won’t do it, seems excessively awkward or whatever, she will never be a mail girl.  
  
Now I was not brought up to be a prude. I had lost my virginity in a clumsy, almost entirely clothed, encounter in the back seat of a car. I didn’t have a boyfriend but I had ...ed a male friend on a few occasions. I had never been totally naked with him .  
  
I stood up. Three thoughts rattled around my brain.  
  
What would my mother say?  
It was a lot of money.  
The idea of being naked turned me on a little.  
  
I pulled the dress over my head. Jackie had now sat down on the other side of the desk and watched, rather clinically. I undid my bra and let it drop to the floor. I have reasonable boobs. Not terribly big but nice and firm and big enough; nobody has ever called me flat chested.  
  
Jackie looked at me expectantly. Oh well, in for a penny, I thought and I pulled off my panties.  
  
Jackie smiled a beaming smile and said “Very good” I stood somewhat awkwardly with my hands fluttering over my pubes and my boobs.  
  
‘Hands behind your back please Alice.” She came back around her desk and started looking at me as if I were an exhibit. She stood right in front of me and gently lifted both of my boobs. I was shocked.  
  
“Nice and firm, what I would expect from an eighteen year old”  
  
She bent down and studied my pubes.  
  
“Need to get rid of that landing strip Alice, feet slightly apart please”  
  
This was all too much for me. On one hand this medical type inspection was outrageous, on the other I was massively turned on by someone just looking at me in detail.  
  
“I see your labia protrude slightly from your vulva” she said  
“I not sure that is very attractive” I heard myself croak.  
“Oh you are quite wrong there,” she laughed “very nice”  
  
She disappeared behind me, felt my bum and slightly parted my cheeks. I could feel myself getting moist, turned on. I imagined her looking at my anus.  
  
“Very good. You are well qualified, as I thought. I am prepared to let you enter our training programme” she paused “that is if you are still interested.”  
  
I nodded.  
  
She had gone back to her seat behind the desk leaving me naked standing in front of her. She picked up a pen and looked down at her papers.  
  
I was confused, she was acting as if I had applied for this job. An hour ago I’d come here for a job as a boring admin assistant and now I was standing stark naked in a corporate office with a woman who seemed to treat my nudity as normal behaviour.  
  
Out the window I could see up toward the point of the V, the building I soon knew was A. On her wall was a picture of a sea shore that had a Japanese feel to it.  
  
“Training takes up to a maximum of two weeks, usually quicker if you take to the work. It isn’t complicated but the uniform “she smiled” can be, er, challenging. At the end we meet again and I decide whether you are suited to the job.” She smiled at me “You can back out at that stage. We’ll pay you our standard minimum wage for that period. If we both decide to go ahead then you sign the contract, and you become one of the Messidor Mail Girls, pay back dated to your start date”  
  
“When would I start” I heard myself say.  
“Too late for this week so next Monday” she smiled “do I take it you are interested?”  
“Yes” I said.  
  
I seemed to be answering on autopilot. My emotional brain had taken over; this sounded fun. Intellectually I was trying to analyse my reactions. I was agreeing to start running naked around the Messidor office complex. I remembered the line from the Frank Turner song “no-one gets remembered, from the things they didn’t do” I was excited. My nipples had hardened. I was nodding.  
  
“Good, give me a second, and I’ll get the introductory material for you, stay there” she went out of her office into the outer area leaving the door open. A conversation took place and I looked round. A man in chinos and a polo shirt was talking to Jackie but studying me over her shoulder. For a moment I moved to cover up then stopped and stood up straight again. OK, I’d taken my clothes off, my decision, if you want to look then get an eyeful.  
  
Jackie came back in with a corporate style pack. “Read this carefully. The uniform” she smiled “or lack of it, is surprisingly detailed, we will inspect you on arrival next Monday. Being a Mail Girl is a physical job, you appear to be a fit young lady, your CV says you go to the gym regularly. I hope that is true. One thing you could do over this next week is to get used to moving about naked. Trust me, running naked is different, try it.”  
  
She smiled at me.  
  
“You can get dressed if you want, I don't recommend going home nude”  
  
I was wondering how to explain this to my mother.  
  
“Next Monday present yourself to the security guard at the main gate at 8.00 and he will direct you. For fairly obvious reasons don’t bring much and wear as little as you can for decency outside the campus”  
“I cycle most places”  
“That’s good, you can park your bike up at the work location” she gestured outside “we’ll see you next week I hope.”  
  
She looked down and started working on some papers. I quickly pulled on the dress and not bothering with the underwear I stuffed my pants and bra in my small rucksack.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 002**

I got home still surprised at my decision. Somehow my impulsive agreement made me excited; I knew that sensibly I had gone ahead way too fast.  
  
But, hey, I hadn’t committed to anything. I could just tell them tomorrow to forget it. And the money was not just good, it was awesome. I also remembered those horror stories in the press about students stripping, linking up with sugar daddies or actually being prostitutes to pay for their education. None of that would happen to me; I knew that Mail Girls could not be touched in the workplace, that much I did remember.  
  
Mum wasn’t in. There was a note on the kitchen worktop. She had gone to her sisters, a trip that normally involved the pub and a late return. Oh well, might as well get going on the prep I thought. I went up into my bedroom and for the second time in the day got naked. I spent much longer than normal looking at myself in the mirror.  
  
My hair was straight on top with a centre parting and cascaded down around my face in ringlets. I was slim. Nicely rounded boobs with small pink nipples. My hipbones protruded slightly leading the eye down to a clear mons veneris. I had good legs; long thighs. I did look good, I knew that, but I was so happy I had passed Jackie’s detailed up close inspection.  
  
I got the manual, sat naked on the bed and started reading. Up to now my knowledge of the Mail Girl phenomenon was based on the computer game and shock horror press stuff. On youtube there were various, in the game, movies made of high scoring runs achieved by players. I was fascinated by the sight of Mailgirl 9, who was just gorgeous, running around the office block. That was going to be me, if I wanted it.  
  
I did.  
  
The uniform was detailed. No body hair below the shoulders, no stubble down there. Very subtle makeup. I would be allowed some simple face stuff but minimal lipstick and eyeshadow. No nail varnish. Hair not covering boobs.  
  
I went into the bathroom and got out my lady shaver. Obvious first thing were the pubes. I’d never gone bald before, embarrassed by my protruding lips. Jackie must have like them so I told myself, confidence required. I sat on the edge of the bath and started shaving. Some of it was easy, but around my vulva I had to go careful, the tugging around of everything turned me on.  
  
Underarm not a problem.  
  
I needed some body lotion I decided. It was warm outside, Jackie had said to wear as little as was decent. I had been dressed in a flighty summer dress so I put that back on with sandals and no underwear, and went out. Simple pleasures. The air flowed around my pussy under the dress; it was very nice. My boobs jiggled away. Nobody seemed to notice.  
  
Back in the house and naked again I gave my body a good oiling.  
  
By the end of the day I had read the manual through twice. I made myself a couple of lists.  
  
First, things to be worried about. I was hoping that by writing them down I would stop worrying.  
  
1. The first thing in the morning shower and shave at Messidor. All girls were expected to shower and shave on arrival. Then the same thing at lunch and maybe on other occasions. The whole process was on camera and available on the internet in the top level buildings. The idea of repeating the tugging around of my parts on camera for a load of executives was more than a little troubling. But it was also exciting.  
  
2. Speed. I would be under the cosh almost all the time to get packages from A to B. The Mailgirl Management Unit linked to the central Messidor computer would time me and record de-merits if I were late. It appeared that de-merits meant extra hours, although the manual was not clear.  
  
Second, things to wonder about.  
  
1. Being naked all day in front of clothed strangers. Oh ..., I suddenly thought, what if they weren’t strangers. Some of the employees would live near me. Generally though the ‘look but don’t touch’ rules were a hell of an exciting prospect.  
  
2. Running all day naked was exciting, but could I actually do it?  
  
Thirdly, good things  
  
1. Money.  
2. Doing a job that wasn’t boring.  
  
Mum came in early evening. She was lightly pissed.  
  
“Why aren’t you wearing anything?” she said  
“Oh, its nothing you haven’t seen before and it is hot”  
  
She looked suspiciously at me.  
  
“How did the job interview go?”  
“Good, I’ve got a job offer. Need to do a couple of weeks training, starting next Monday”  
“What is it you are doing?”  
  
OK, here we go, do I tell her or not?  
  
“I’m going to be a Communications Associate”  
  
She exploded.  
  
“You are ...ing stupid young lady. You’re going to be a Mail Girl like that Emma next door but one. She told me that she was a communication whatever but I know she runs around that place stark naked. You are absolutely not doing that my girl”  
“I am, I want to try”  
“We’ll see about that” She was shouting at the top of her voice.  
“I’m 18, I can do what I want”  
“You can ...ing move out then”  
  
I looked at her, she was very angry, and I could see why. The move out threat was empty, and we both knew it. If I moved out the money from my father would be reduced, if not stopped. She couldn’t risk that.  
  
I reached into my pack of information and gave her the money sheet. She looked at it as if it was written in a foreign language.  
  
“Mum, the top number is my signing on bonus. I get it cash at the end of the first month. We could pay off your credit cards and have loads left over.”  
“What credit cards?”  
“The ones you don’t talk about, the ones with the statements you hide” I smiled at her “and then you can see how much I get paid per month”  
  
She sat down with a plonk at the table.  
  
“You were going to University and now your just going to run around with men looking at your naked body. What will I tell my friends.”  
“Mum, they will pay me at Uni provided I work for them on vacations etc.”  
“You could get other jobs.”  
“That pay that much, I don’t think so. If I don’t like it after the training I can just walk away. I can do that at any time for the next fortnight.”  
  
She looked at me.  
  
“Alice, I’m worried that you will like it, that you’ll stick it out. Emma thinks it is wonderful.”  
  
She got up and went into her room, slamming the door and leaving me in the kitchen.  
  
I had been thinking about the running. I could obviously run anytime in running gear but running naked would be massively different. One of my standard routes was around a local wild park. It was open all the time and usually deserted at night. Local lads found it all a bit hard work to get around the hills and instead went to a nearby level green surrounded by houses. The park was close by, across a reasonably busy road.  
  
Later in the evening I went upstairs and put on my trainers, some shorts and a tee shirt. Then shouting out to Mum that I was going out for a run I set off. Crossing the road in running gear was no problem. I headed up my favourite path until I got to a deserted and abandoned park hut about 300 metres in. I went around the back of the hut and listened. There were no other sounds apart from my breathing. I must have stood there for a good few minutes until I was totally satisfied I was alone.  
  
Quickly I pulled the shorts down and took the shirt off. Now I was standing naked in a public park, albeit in the dark. My heart was pumping; somehow I expected something to happen but apart from feeling excited nothing happened.  
  
I set off on my run. The first impression was good, the flow of air over all of my body was delightful. Without clothes I ran very much better with smoothness. My boobs bouncing were an issue, obviously something to get used to, but this was fun. The harder I ran the better it got, my parts began to tingle and moistened with the exercise, rather like they had at school when running hard and worrying about the lap time.  
  
I reached the peak of the run and stopped looking out over the town. The Messidor campus glowed in the dark to my right. I wondered If any Mail Girls were working. As my heart slowed down and I got my breath back I was more aware of my parts. I ran my finger along my vag feeling some wetness. I tickled my clit and thought about masturbating there but stopped, worried if someone came, apart from me of course.  
  
Down hill was just as good, racing hard, dodging trees etc was genuinely exciting. At the hut I stopped and caught my breath. I ran my hands down my sides, over my hips loving the expanse of flesh flowing down my body, unbroken by even a hint of a thong.  
  
Once I had got my breath back I pulled on my clothes and went home to my rabbit orgasm and sleep.  
  
Next morning at breakfast my mother was in a different mood.  
  
“I’m sorry I was so angry last night” she said “I suppose you must make your own decisions about your life”  
“Thanks for that Mum”  
“You do understand that I am most unhappy about you doing this Mail Girl thing. I’ve read about all sorts of bad things in America, girls forced to have sex with workers and worse”  
“I know, I’ve been reading about it online as well. The thing is the system used at Messidor is the original Japanese system with certain modifications making it slightly easier for the girls, at least that’s what their material says”  
“Japanese! That makes it all alright does it?” she paused “You mustn’t do this just for the money, we get by”  
“I know, although it is very good. No I am doing it to find out a bit about myself as well as the money. Remember for two weeks in training I just get their corporate minimum wage. I should know more when that is over”  
  
I wasn’t being totally honest about finding out about myself, I’d opened a door and I was going through it unless something dreadful happened in training.  
  
That night I repeated the run. This time I stripped off at the hut but instead of putting my gear back at the hut I ran down to the road and changed just inside the park by some bushes. Cars went by but they couldn’t have seen me in the shadows.  
  
Next night Wednesday I stripped at the bushes and ran all the way to the top and back naked. I was now reaching a point where running naked was better than clothed for all sorts of reasons. The one thing that this didn’t simulate was the exposure. In the park someone might have seen me, but it was unlikely. Next week many people would definitely have seen me.  
  
So having spent all of Thursday naked and oiled with my mother out I vowed to do the whole run naked. I waited until around 23.00. Looking out from my bedroom window I couldn’t see anybody moving about. An occasional car went along the road. I went downstairs and put on my shoes. I was very aware that next week I wouldn’t even have shoes but the ground in the park was just too rough to dispense with the trainers.  
  
I opened the back door and stepped out. I checked the key I had hidden in the shed. The rush of air around me immediately heightened my senses and my excitement level went up a notch or two. Going down the side of the house was no problem and when I reached the front garden I started running. I made it across the road easily, there were cars in the distance but much too far away. Up and up I ran, my excitement levels increasing all the time. At the top it was all I could do not to masturbate but I wanted to maintain my edge as I went down the hill faster than I had ever done. At the bottom I skidded to a halt on the pavement without checking for cars.  
  
Nothing in sight so I ran over the road and back home, safely. In the garden I gave in to my desires and wanked to a glorious leg trembling orgasm leaving me squatting by the back door.  
  
Is this what next week will be like I wondered. Do the Mailgirls keep going because they are permanently turned on?  
  
Friday and Saturday I repeated the total naked run with no issues. Sunday it rained. Not heavily but that soft misty rain that comes in summer sometimes. I spent the morning doing my stubble checking, shaving where necessary. The afternoon in my room naked and in a state of excitement and fear.  
  
At my normal time for the run it was still raining. I looked out of the window initially with disappointment but then had a realisation. What difference would it make, my skin was waterproof, and rain water was good for the hair. I went out. The rain was surprising cold but halfway up the hill my body heat had overcome the cold and I ran on as usual. Standing at the top looking to my right at Messidor I relished the feel of the water running down my body. I reached around and parted my cheeks to let the water flow down my cleft.  
  
I rushed down the hill in my usual fashion slowing down as I reached the road. A car was coming. I stood and waited, as one would ready to cross. The car slowed down as it reached me and hooted, some men in the car opened their windows and shouted as the crept by. I waved back, as if nothing was unusual, then sprinted across the road into the darkness of the houses. By the back door I had another massively overwhelming orgasm with hardly any rubbing from me. The full exposure was the final element.  
  
My worry now was that I would want to wank all through the next day, week, year or whatever.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 003**

So 8.00 on Monday morning I presented myself at the main gate at Messidor.  
  
“Hi, I’m Alice Dawson”  
  
The security guard looked at his clipboard and said, without looking up,  
  
“Building A, follow the signs, report to the rear door labelled Service”  
  
I cycled in, really nervous. There were signs everywhere pointing at the different buildings, my destination, A, was toward the back of the campus up a slight incline. The path wasn’t straight but meandered around, rather like a natural path in a forest. As I cycled nobody seemed to take any notice of me, although I did see cameras everywhere covering the grounds.  
  
Building A was well known, there had even been local TV news item about it.  
  
Basically a horseshoe shape with the centre filled with a large glass atrium. It was the contents of that atrium that interested the local TV.  
  
From ground up to the top, sixth, floor it contained a micro climate to mirror a tropical rain forest. Inside a small waterfall cascaded down over artificial ledges or shelves. The water eventually collected in a pool at the bottom and then was pumped back to the top to be cleaned and to start it’s descent again. The pumps were powered by wind or solar energy, as was much of the campus.  
  
The reception area was at the front of the building but the lifts were at the back so visitors moved around the forest, looking in, as they walked through.  
  
The front of the atrium was unobstructed apart from a bridge across from one wing to the other on the fourth and top floor.  
  
I saw a heliport off to one side. A discreet notice on the front said Corporate HQ. The path split just before the doors and I cycled round the side of the building to the back door which was marked very clearly Service. There was a bike rack next to the door and other bikes were already in place. Some were very expensive, unlike mine. None were locked. I looked around and saw a camera pointing at the bike rack so I just shoved my cheap old bike in.  
  
Was I going to do this? I realised that once I opened the door I would be in a system, oh and a small thing naked. Yes I could back out, that was clear, but other people would be involved and changing my mind would be more complicated.  
  
I opened the door.  
  
A middle aged lady was standing in the middle of the hallway.  
  
“Alice Dawson?”  
“Yes” I said  
“Try again dear”  
I remembered  
“Yes M’am”  
“Good” she looked down “ I am Lily Palmer your direct supervisor, you are henceforth 28T. You will lose the T if you pass training and you wish to continue and, more importantly, if we wish you to continue”  
  
She turned round and with the briefest of gestures indicated for me to follow her.  
  
Down he hall were double doors and from inside the clear sound of music and showers being run.  
  
“Wait here”  
“Yes M’am”  
  
She looked inside and shouted  
  
“32”  
  
A girl came to the door. She was completely naked apart from a neck band which I noticed had her number showing on a small illuminated panel. She had blonde hair cut in a shaggy style, it was long at the back but pulled up with a hair band at the front. Her face was striking with high cheekbones and a strong nose. Her body was slim with average boobs and nice, English, hips. As I expected her vulva was completely smooth and tucked away.  
  
Lily said “32 is your initial trainer, she has considerable experience. Listen to what she says. Later we will pair you with someone else.”  
  
She turned to 32 “ready?”  
  
“Yes M’am”  
“Proceed”  
  
32 looked at me and said,  
  
“Follow me Tango” I knew from reading online that the T for trainee converted into Tango in MG world.  
  
We went into the shower room. It was long with open shower cubicles down the left hand side. To the right were lockers with benches in front of them, like in a gym or sports changing room. At the far end I could see computer screens. The floor was covered with industrial type carpet. There were three or four naked women in there. 32 pointed at a small locker with a seat in front of it near the door.  
  
“This is you Tango. Take a seat” I felt out of place still being dressed amongst all these attractive naked women. 32 squatted down on her haunches knees apart and continued. “Outside the campus you can ask me my name and, if I like you, I might tell you, but in here please just call be 32. D’accord?” She had a slight accent.  
“Yes” I was finding it difficult to concentrate because as 32 was squatting in front of me I had a very clear view of her parts, smooth and packed away. She was talking the same way we might talk in the street, with no recognition that I was dressed and she was nude.  
“Cool. If there is anything you don’t understand just ask. For a couple of days there is no pressure. Your initial watch starts at 8.00 so we are running behind live running, that is fine today but get here by 7.30 at the latest tomorrow. As you may know we work three 8 hour watches so today we will finish at 16.00. Obviously this is the main daytime watch and has the most MGs, Mail Girls, on duty.”  
I nodded “I’d read that in the material”  
“Good. Some Tangos come in here having read nothing so that’s good. This week you are the only Tango so I suspect everyone will just call you that. Next week if we have more starters we may use your number as well.”  
She smiled at me.  
“Ok lets get you naked and checked out” I stood up. I was wearing just shorts and a tee shirt.  
  
“This locker is for Tangos. There are no cameras on it because the Messidor policy is to limit direct pictures of Tangos in case they don’t make it, some don’t, cant handle the issue of nudity or whatever”  
  
I’d stripped off my top and was quickly pulling down my shorts. 32 was looking at me very closely. I was surprised to be pleased by her strict gaze.  
  
“I can see why they wanted you” 32 said “classic MG body. If you make it you will have viewers on your locker camera from the moment you arrive. In these buildings, our client buildings, anyone can look at the MOS channels that cover individual lockers and showers”  
  
I stood up.  
  
“Standing position please” 32 said. I’d practiced this so hands behind back, legs slightly apart, breasts pushed out. 32 dropped down and inspected my pubes. To my complete surprise she ran her fingers over my mons. I managed not to react but could feel myself lubricating already. ‘Nice and smooth. Turn around and lean forward for me” This was new to me, not referred to in the manual. She pulled apart my cheeks and I realised she was checking my anus. She grunted. “Ok relax. You can use shower number one to wash off the road dirt. I understand you cycled here”  
  
“Yes”  
  
“That might be useful as an MG.” The shower was nicely set out, big in size with a seat built in, but no door. I showered and she passed me some body balm. “Good to keep lubricated, this is high quality stuff, they buy in bulk. It’s French.” I rubbed it all over and massaged it in. 32 grinned. “If you make it through I can see channel 28 going up the charts. So far you are a natural.” She handed me a female razor and some foam.  
  
“Probably don’t need this but get used to spreading and shaving a little when you are in the shower. If you don't then some bright spark might instigate inspection regime” 32 said.  
  
“Yeah, I didn’t understand how that worked” I replied  
“I’ll explain later”  
  
I finished showering and stood next to 32. I was tingling all over being alongside a beautiful naked woman in this strange place. Quite unlike being naked with friends in bedrooms, something I had only done a couple of times. 32 gestured me over to a computer screen set in the wall at the end of the room. I realised that at this stage I was probably visible to the cameras.  
  
“When you are showered and ready to go you stand in front of this and press the green register key. The camera above the screen carries out face recognition and will beep and release your necklace” 32 gestured to the side where a rack stood, most of the brackets were empty. “You put the necklace on and it reads your body, a bit like a fitbit, and then you are go on the MOS. Let’s see if it knows you”  
  
She gestured for me to stand in front of the screen and press the green button. There was a moment of spinning onscreen wheels then the screen read.  
  
28T registered on MOS, take necklace  
  
“What is MOS and how does the it know me” I asked “I haven’t had my photograph taken”  
  
32 laughed as she reached for a necklace, now showing 28 on the little illuminated screen. “You have been on campus for around 25 minutes just today, the MOS knows everyone who is here. Lily would have id’d you.” She paused “MOS stands for Messidor Operational System. The computers that run all of this place”  
“Does that mean everywhere is on camera and being recorded?” I asked  
“Sort of, I’ll explain as we get going. Next job the MMU. It also monitors you all the time, it’s how we get instructions”  
  
She moved to the next screen, picked up what looked like an Apple Watch and put it on. She then hit the green button on the screen and it soon showed  
  
MMU Issued to 32  
  
“OK, your turn”  
  
I picked up a watch and followed 32s procedure  
  
MMU issued to 28T - Training Mode  
  
32 looked at me. She seemed to be assessing me, her look was concentrated but friendly. Without saying anything she walked over to the door.  
  
“OK, this is it Tango, we walk through that door, out of the relative safety of the shower room, and your Mail Girl life starts. I know it’s trite to say your life won’t ever be the same, but seriously Tango, it won’t. I guess nothing you have done will be quite like what you are about to do. Even if you back out this evening you will have been a Mailgirl for one day of your life, that’ll never change. Are you sure you are ready to go”  
  
The answer to that question was absolutely Yes and maybe No. I realised that even if I decided against doing this as a job, for today at least, a lot of people were going to see me naked. The whole idea of appearing nude in front of a lot of people I didn’t know, who were fully dressed and thought of me as a number to be ordered around and ogled, was terrifying but immensely exciting.  
  
“Yes, lets go”  
  
32 opened the door and we stepped into a stairwell. She started up the steps and I followed. Her vagina was clearly on show as she moved smoothly upwards. We must have climbed five floors when she stopped.  
  
“The next stage of training or induction is the walkthrough. I have to walk you through Buildings A,B,C,D,E and F.”  
“What, all of them?”  
“Yes, they contain our customers. The two big buildings by the entrance, G&H, are not MG buildings, we don’t go there routinely. They don’t have access to the MG material on MOS, thank heavens. I suspect you will know people who work there, I certainly do” she grinned and paused. “OK, we are about to start the familiarisation process. You will see where everything is, MOS has a chance to look at you. I’ll explain how each floor is organised. It isn’t difficult because they are all broadly the same” she grinned “you generally don’t see what we call textiles on these stairs, they use the lifts. Behind these doors” she gestured over her shoulder “are floors with hundreds of textiles”  
  
I grinned. She smiled back  
  
“Tango now some slightly unofficial stuff before we head out. I told you about the cameras. They record pretty well everything. This collar and MMU tells MOS where I am at all times and thus MOS can link images to people. That lot out there can watch us individually in the lockers but once we are live they can’t. The reason is that they might be tempted to create a job on the MOS to try and get one of us in particular. They” she nodded her head toward the door “can’t find out where any of us are, but the MOS knows”  
“You mentioned the charts earlier?”  
“So the MOS records how many views there are of any of us in the locker. We get to see that in our online reports. The textiles can access part of the system to try and see MGs they fancy. The MOS can spot that and record it. They aren’t supposed to do it as it interferes with work but that hits the dichotomy of the whole MG system. We are there to provide a service but also to tittilate the staff, if they ignored us then the system collapses. So there is a balance. Each of these people have reports sent to their line managers, too much wanking over 28T, for instance, will get them in trouble”  
  
I must have looked momentarily shocked  
  
“Get real Tango. That is a the seedy part of this life. They truly are a bunch of real wankers, never forget that but never let it show or you will get mega demerits. Your audience awaits Tango, the wankers know there is fresh meat, a Tango, in the MOS and some of them are anxious to see you. Ready?”  
  
I nodded.  
  
And 32 opened the doors and stepped out and I followed.  
  
My new life began.  
  
I don't know what I expected but whatever it was it didn't happen. I was now standing on an standard grey and green office carpet, surrounded by people in desk pods working away. There was a general hum of activity. What there wasn't was any reaction to the nude me. Nobody ran over to look at my tits or particularly my pussy. My lips had never had extensive exposure to the world and now there they were for everyone to see, except nobody seemed to be looking. 32 whispered to me  
  
“We sort of fade into the wallpaper if they are busy. If they have nothing much to do, or are taking a timeout then we are attractive and sexy eye candy.”  
  
I felt small psychically. They were all clothed in layers of cloth. I was naked. The juxtaposition between nude women, 32 and me, and the routine office space was bizarre and other worldly. I was both scared and excited.  
  
We moved away from the doors and she turned to me.  
  
“Each floor is numbered. Ground is always 1, the US system. There is a floor above us in A but it’s the top level directors and we don’t go there unless invited or instructed. This building is Corporate, although when you are working you don’t really need to know that.” She emphasised the need. “Each building is subtly colour coded, you see more green along with the corporate greys in building A, B is more red and so on. It’s to help the dyslexic or something. Press the top button on the MMU now”  
  
I did, it read A5.  
  
‘Look around and you will notice the corridor system, even though most of the offices are open plan you can see the pods are subtly arranged in corridors”  
  
I looked around. Most of the people were still working, just like a normal office, but a few were now looking over at us. I had a momentary reflex desire to cover up. Then I overcame that and instead stood tall. Want to look at my tits and pussy, go right ahead, I thought, but don’t ...ing touch. Each of the workers were sitting in a pod that came up to their shoulders when seated. All the pods had a family resemblance but some were bigger than others. I could see the green highlights around the place. Most pods had been personalised with pictures and plants. Some were tidy, some had stuff all over the desks and the floor.  
  
“Follow me” 32 said. “Remember if anyone talks to you look down and its’s Sir and Ma’am”  
  
I glanced at my MMU. As we walked it showed A5a21, A5a22 and so on. I caught up with 32. In a whisper I asked “is this corridor a”  
  
She smiled at me and nodded. I guessed that the last number was the desk location. We did the whole floor fairly quickly. Nobody paid an awful lot of attention to us although a couple of men seemed to be standing in each corridor as we passed. I quickly grasped that 32 was known but I wasn’t so I was the centre of attention. As I walked by these men I looked down.  
  
What surprised me was the overall lack of reaction, people were getting on with their work. This wasn’t a show in the sense people had come to see me, nor was it like a beach where everyone was broadly dressed the same, this was a completely different experience. People did look up as we passed but seemed to quickly return to their work. I was aware that the glances were directed at me, not 32.  
  
Each floor in A was broadly the same until the ground floor. 32 reached that floor but instead of going round the atrium and out through reception she opened the service stairs door.  
  
“Good stuff Tango. You are getting attention. Did you notice?”  
“... me yes, quite a turn on”  
“We’ll address that issue later 28T” she said in a formal way, but with a smile “Now we mustn’t ever go through reception areas on these buildings without authorisation. So we go down to the basement.’ Once there she carried on “two ways to get to another building. First the obvious way which we will do this time. We are going to run this bit, ready?”  
  
She stopped.  
  
“One more thing. You will get a lot of pickups with MAIL as the destination. If you do then you would come here” and she pointed to a hatch with a reader beside it “or the similar hatches in the other buildings. You simply pop the package into the hatch and touch your MMU to the screen which generates a receipt the sender can see”  
  
“Just occasionally it might say MAIL A in which case you run the package to this mail drop here in building A. The physical pickups go on all day but the last pickup of the day is from this one in A so if someone in C has a package which is urgent and the pickup from C has gone MOS will re-route you to A. D’accord”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“Cool. Let’s go”  
  
She opened the door to the outside world and set off running at a fast pace, but OK for me. Her bum moved enticingly and I recognised that mine would do the same. My boobs were bouncing as we went. The sun was out and the sensation of running naked across the campus was brilliant. We quickly got to B and went in the service door.  
  
“We run between buildings because out there we are useless. Nobody to pick up from. In here we are productive”  
“What happens in winter?”  
“I’ll show you later. OK this is B, Finance and Legal. These textiles are our heavy users. Some are complete arseholes, but eventually harmless. You just look down, do the Yessir Nosir stuff and then run your route.”  
  
We climbed this time to Floor 6. As we did another MG came down the stairs fast, as she reached us she waved and grinned and ran on. The sight of a completely naked girl moving fast was exciting. From the top we worked our way down as before. A number of the men and even a couple of the women looked very pointedly at me. I felt like doing a bit of a show, a bit of a wiggle, but knew that was demerit country. At one point the corridor was blocked by what looked like an ad hoc meeting. 32 stopped and adopted the standing position. I followed suit. I couldn’t believe that these men would ignore two beautiful nude women but they did, they were engrossed in whatever they were talking about. Eventually one of them realised we were there and they moved over. As they did so I heard one say.  
  
“Ah, the new Tango, totally up to scratch I’d say”  
  
When we reached the bottom of the building we went into the service stairs and 32 said  
  
“When we were stopped by that group we have to just stand still in the standing position until they move. If we have a package we can go back and go round but not if we are just moving to a resting place.”  
  
She opened the door and again we sprinted naked across the campus to the next building. The process was similar but when we reached the second floor 32 stopped and indicated an area, by the lifts, where the carpet was a different colour. She dropped to her knees and gestured me down. I knew what to do. I kneeled down rocking back on my haunches and spread my knees. The end result revealed my pussy completely and possibly my anus. A man was waiting by the lift. He looked at me closely then down to my parts. He then moved back into the office space and reappeared with two other men who spent some time inspecting me closely. I could feel my juices starting and worried if this would show.  
  
32 stood up and I followed. We moved around the men, one of whom said “Oh” and headed down to the next floor. In the service stairs we stopped.  
  
“So how was that Tango?”  
“Pretty weird. Nobody, apart from a doctor, has ever looked at my pussy like that.”  
“It is a nice pussy” 32 said “love the protruding lips, much more interesting than mine”  
“Do you think so?”  
“Sure, the textiles are going to love it”  
  
She looked at me. Up and down.  
  
“Turned on Tango?”  
“Yes”  
“If you need to do something about it then the safest place is the toilets in the basement of any building, those are the ones we are able to use. If you can come quick then the stairwells have seen their fair share of orgasms, just don’t take too long or MOS will know.” And she laughed.”MOS knows everything”  
“Are there cameras here?”  
“Probably, assume they are everywhere. We do know that stairwell cameras never go on public access on MOS”  
  
After C we ran back up the hill to A.  
  
32 stopped outside the service door.  
  
“You probably haven't noticed this. Back there” and she gestured up the slight slope behind A “there are some low buildings, some of them in the trees”  
  
I looked up and could just see, beyond the helipad, a single storey building. A path skirted the helipad and went up to a set of doors.  
  
She went on “those are the Messidor laboratories. They test products and develop new things up there. You might get a instruction which says LAB. What you do is to go up there, the necklace will unlock the door, and you go into the lobby. Usually there is a security person there and you either give your package to them or collect from them”  
“Do we ever go inside?”  
“Not unaccompanied. Top Secret” and she grinned  
“They aren't regular users of MGs” she added.  
  
We went into the basement again and then into the locker room.  
  
Other MGs were sitting around eating lunch or showering. I noticed that they didn’t shave this time but did lather up and then use more of the body lotion. Music was playing quite loudly. 32 sat on the bench and gesticulated to me to sit in front of the Trainee locker. I had brought some energy bars and re-hydration drink. I didn’t think I needed it but since the morning hadn’t been physically strenuous, but definitely psychically strenuous.  
  
“On a normal day your MMU will indicate lunch, you get 30 minutes for lunch and two 15 minute breaks, all managed by MOS”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“The toilets are back there” 32 indicated over her shoulder “use them now”  
  
I had a pee. The toilets had doors and for the first time I had some privacy. I didn’t feel I needed it however so quickly finished, used the provided wet wipes, and came out. Other MGs were using the loos but often with the door open chatting to others. Back with 32 I asked.  
  
“What’s with the music?”  
“Don’t forget the cameras are on us, the music plays at certain times. When the shift ends we get current big dance hits to make us dance around to add to the joy of the corporate watchers”  
  
Lunch over we set off again from A to D. A was like the point of an irregular V with B & C down one side and DEF down the other.  
  
In the basement of D 32 said.  
  
“You asked about winter, see this door” she pointed at a door labelled Service Cabling Restricted “it is an electronically secured door. Access is limited. However in the winter, if the temperature gets too low, our necklaces will unlock those doors and there are tunnels which lead from building to building. There aren’t any cross tunnels though so if, for instance, you had to go from C to F you go all the way back to A then down to F. Time consuming. Many of us brave the wind, cold and rain and just run outside, it’s actually good.” She stopped and thought “although I’ve never done it in the snow”  
“Doesn’t snow much down here”  
“Yeah, melts almost immediately.”  
  
We ended in F which was HR. On the top floor 32 stopped outside one of the closed offices and knocked. Someone shouted enter. I recognised where we were, Jackie Whitten’s office.  
  
She smiled and gestured for us to kneel. Then she came round the desk and sat on it looking down at us.  
  
“32; how is Tango doing?”  
“Very well Ma’am”  
“Tango, I have been monitoring MOS, the feedback appears very good. Tangos usually attract attention, new blood and all that but you are one of the highest scoring Tangos we have had for some time. Your general appearance and” she gestured at my parts” the thing that you worried about, attract particular comment as I knew they would. Not sure we can do much to improve that but please remember that advantage you have, nice wide leg posture at all times without appearing unnatural”  
“Thank you Ma’am” I said  
“Good. Tango you can go home after the shower. 32 will finish the shift. Tango be ready tomorrow to follow 32 on a simulated day’s work so be in uniform and logged on by 8.00”  
  
Logging off was easy. I faced the screen in the shower room and hit the relevant keys. MOS recognised me and with a buzz the necklace unlocked. I was instructed to place the necklace on the rack and remove the MMU. The screen politely said Thank You and wished me goodbye and stated that it would see me the next morning before 08.00. Very efficient.  
  
My mother was waiting for me in the kitchen, sitting at the kitchen table.  
  
“So, how was it?”  
“Fine, no problems. Didn’t do any runs, just familiarisation with the place.”  
“Oh” she paused and looked pointedly at me “naked?”  
“Of course naked” I smiled “No point in walking around clothed. Naked is the uniform”  
“Cant see how naked is a uniform” she said, emphasising the word uniform.  
“Well that’s what we call it”  
“Oh it’s we already is it”  
  
She studied me.  
  
“How was that” she hesitated “uniform?”  
“Good, as I said no problems”  
  
She looked thoughtful.  
  
“People say that most of the girls who keep at it end up loving the running around naked, even do it at home and stuff. Have you got that inside of you do you think?”  
“Too soon to say “ I lied. I had begun to realise that I did enjoy the running around naked, as she put it.  
“Someone told me that a man two streets over with a really good job was fired on the spot for touching a girls bottom, is that right?”  
“Could well be, the manual says if we are touched inappropriately we report it on our watch things and staff members can get fired. Doesn’t surprise me”  
“Seen the boss man, Vaux?”  
“No, we didn’t go onto the top floor of that building without being asked, so don’t even know if he was there”  
“They say he is weird”  
  
I grinned.  
  
“You’ve been doing research haven’t you mother”  
  
She grinned back  
  
“Need to know what my little girl is getting into. I still live in hope you decide against it but it doesn’t sound as bad as some people make out, once you get over the tits and arse stuff. I suppose Messidor are too big to have scandals”

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 004**

I cycled up to A around 7.20, I was early but that was fine.  
  
Lily was in the hallway.  
  
“Morning 28T, first day went well I understand. First hurdle completed. MOS had no issues, you can move around the buildings in uniform and in a natural way. Always a helpful attribute, do remember to be as easy as you can be, don’t react to the stares. I understand that you are to ensure that your stance, without being too provocative, should be open legged, or at ease as far as possible. We will be reviewing that. Any questions?”  
“No Ma’am”  
“Off you go then, into uniform procedure”  
  
I went into the changing room, quickly stripped off and put my clothes and lunch into the Trainee locker and headed for the showers. Other girls were in already and I simply chose one of the cubicles and turned on the water. The flow was very good. I lathered up and washed myself thoroughly even though I had showered at home. Thinking about it there didn’t seem any point in that, just come in here and shower.  
  
So far this wasn’t that far removed from a school changing room, if a little better fitted out and with added music. I stepped out and collected some of the body lotion and a disposable razor and foam.  
  
I sat down on the seat. Spreading my legs I lathered up and started shaving my pubes away. Then underarm and down the legs. This whole process was very weird, definitely not like school. Tugging my lips around in public seemed so outrageous, except I could see down the showers other MGs doing exactly the same thing. I tickled my clit then got back under the shower to wash the foam off.  
  
The lotion was fine, rubbing it in all over was in itself pleasurable and over my boobs and vulva more than pleasurable. One of the MGs passing by shouted in to me  
  
“No wanking in the showers Tango” with a laugh  
  
I was a little embarrassed, but I realised it was a joke.  
  
I went back and sat in front of my locker. More MGs were moving about than yesterday. 32 came in.  
  
“Morning Tango, get your neckband and MMU while I do the shower stuff”  
  
The computer recognised me almost immediately and I took the necklace and put it on. There was an imperceptible buzz when it locked. It wouldn’t come off until the end of the shift. Then the MMU and again it identified me immediately.  
  
I looked at the MMU. I was sort of familiar with it’s layout from the manual. 32 saw me looking.  
  
“That’s today’s training Tango. And we will check on what we did yesterday, your ability to move around the buildings”  
  
She was standing in front of her locker towelling herself off very extravagantly, wiggling her hips and lifting her boobs in the process. I watched fascinated.  
  
“Need to keep in those charts Tango, you’ll get used to it” and she gave a rueful grin.  
  
At 8.00 sharp 32 and I headed out of A into the campus. Various textiles were making their way into work. Most ignored us as we jogged down toward F although I did notice some paying me particular attention, Tango factor I decided. My boobs were jogging nicely, the heat in the air made the ground easy to cover in bare feet. The paving was smooth. The rush of air over my vulva and arse was amazing. I was thinking about the Spartans who exercised in the nude and realising that they were right.  
  
Through the service door in F and a slow climb up the stairs. 32 stopped.  
  
“Tango, ready?”  
“Yes, I guess”  
  
She did something on her MMU and suddenly mine vibrated and gave a low ting. I looked at it. It read.  
  
B3c12  
  
I looked at 32 who just nodded. OK here we go, down the stairs fast and out onto the campus. We were in F so B was slightly to my right. There was no direct path so I headed out over the grass at speed. Looking up to avoid textiles I ran a curve judging where they would be so as to avoid them, to the service door, in and up three floors. Corridor c would be the far corridor so down I went to pod 12. There was nobody there, it appeared vacant. When I stopped the MMU buzzed again. It showed a negative number.  
  
“Very good Tango. Rest area” and she tilted her head set off to the lift. I followed and we both dropped into the kneeling pose.  
  
“The negative number is the time allowance you earned on that run.” 32 explained “You beat the nominal time”  
“So what is the nominal time?”  
“It’s the time MOS thinks you should take, bearing in mind weather, time and other issues.”  
“I thought we were given an actual time”  
“Thats the old system. MOS contains an update on the Hiromoto original. It is quite new and MOS is still learning about the routes. Each time one of us runs it measures and adjusts the nominal.”  
“I guess it also learns about us” I said  
“You are getting the idea Tango”  
“Can I offset negatives against positives?”  
“No. A positive is a positive and is a de-merit. A negative is just a good thing, ego massage for naked women” she grinned.  
  
Whilst this was going on I was focussing on 32. I glanced to my right and realised that there was a group of textile men staring at me whilst pretending to wait for the lift. My body, without thinking, made my boobs and pubic area alive with whatever. I could feel myself turning on. Ignoring all this 32 continued.  
  
“Right, MOS is now going to give you a typical Tuesday set of tasks. None of your destinations will be occupied so when you get there adopt the standing position for a brief moment then go to the nearest rest area. Good to go?”  
“Good to go”  
  
The men were still staring at me and murmuring to each other. My MMU buzzed.  
  
F2a4  
  
I was up like a flash. As I did so one of the men said  
  
“That Tango is beautiful. Lets hope she makes it I could look at that c\*\*t all day”  
  
I spun through the doors feeling good and ran down the stairs and out onto the campus. Again the run was over the grass. I ran slightly slower because I knew there would be a steady stream of instructs. I reached the destination with another negative and adopted the standing position. Before I could move MMU buzzed.  
  
Mail  
  
Turning away I moved briskly along the corridor back to the stairs and ran down to the basement. At the hatch 32 gestured for me to tap the MMU on the readier. I gave 32 a quizzical look, Where to now?.  
  
“We are in a basement so no need to go to a rest area. If you needed the loo you could touch the temporary logout button on the MMU and do whatever, if you take too long MOS will register. OK, usually the screen gives you a pickup and a destination. It means that the user doesn’t have to actually talk to us. Some do, some don’t. The idea is that we are simply part of MOS. They are supposed to have the package ready when we arrive. Each package has a sticker attached to it with a unique bar code, MOS can track them. You go to the location, adopt the standing position and wait. Today I’ll tap you when you should Move on to the destination. When you reach the destination, you would deliver the package into the basket thing at the end of the desk, wait for MMU clearance and then go to the nearest rest area unless there is another job. So ready?”  
  
I nodded.  
  
D6b15>D1a2  
  
Off we went again. I soon realised that running too fast was an issue, need to manage energy. I was sweating a little and probably a bit red in the face. When I reached the first location the MMU gave a buzz and then all it showed was the second location or destination. I stood in the standing position for a little time. Textiles moved passed me in the corridor. Then 32 tapped my shoulder and I set off for D1a2. When I got there the MMU immediately showed a new job.  
  
C4a8>B6c12  
  
At each destination 32 tapped my shoulder until, towards the end she started tapping my arse. That was very nice and I wondered why she had changed. At some destinations we kneeled by the lifts for a few minutes which enabled us to get our breath back.  
  
Thus the morning ran on. We had a break, MMU told us to take it and then gave a countdown of the 15 minutes. We sat down in a basement backs to the wall knees up getting our breathe back.  
  
The moment the 15 minutes were up.  
  
A3c6>C6a3  
  
The morning flashed by. I was hot, high with adrenaline and endorphins, sexually alive and thinking.  
  
Who wouldn’t want to do this?  
  
LUNCH  
  
We both sprinted back to basement of A and flopped down.  
  
“Take a shower Tango”  
  
I dived in and washed and lotioned. 32 stood in the next shower doing the same. She had a gorgeous figure I decided and, with some pleasure, I watched as she lotioned her bum and labia.  
  
MMU started a countdown at 10 minutes and we were off again.  
  
As the day started running down I had two jobs like this  
  
B3c15>MAILA  
  
And I remembered what 32 said about the last mail drop.  
  
My last job, I thought, was one of those and I was pleased that I’d beaten nominal time on every job during the day. 32 and I were leaning against the wall in the A basement as the time approached 16.00 when my MMU showed.  
  
A6.4  
  
32 looked surprised but said “Sixth floor, lets go”  
  
I sprinted up the stairs fascinated by the thought of being naked on the top floor, amongst the real leaders. I wondered if John Vaux was going to be there. Coming out of the stairwell I was momentarily disoriented. There were no corridors, just a big open space with the glass atrium with the plants and waterfall taking up the centre. The offices were arranged around the outer walls. I glanced left and saw office 7 so I looked right and there were 4 and 5. Clockface. I ran round and stopped by 4 in stand position but remembering to keep my legs slightly apart, as instructed. 32 stopped by me.  
  
A voice said.  
  
“So this is the latest Tango. You can turn around.”  
  
I turned around and there was John Vaux looking at me. He was young looking, given I knew he was 72 years old. He had white hair cut in a fashionably polite long style. His eyes were blue and sparkling. He had a small white goatee beard. He was staring at me intently. Then he looked down at my breasts then down again, taking a step back to improve his view. He circled around me, I could imagine him looking at my arse. I realised I was quite sweaty.  
  
“Well young lady in between other important tasks I have been tracking you on MOS. You are very impressive. Beat nominal every time I think, need to watch that, I might get our software people to look at that.”  
“Thank you sir”  
“Now I’m the one person in this organisation you don’t have to call Sir. Mr Vaux will do fine” he pronounced it Vorx.  
“Thank you”  
“32 knows me, that’s right isn’t it 32?”  
“Yes Mr Vaux”  
“I think I may have kept you over the end of your shift. Sorry about that. I am sure I will meet both of you again quite soon. Assuming you decide to continue, Tango, which I sincerely hope you do”  
  
He spun around and almost immediately the MMU showed.  
  
MAILA  
  
When we reached the basement and went into the locker I turned to 32  
  
“F\*\*k me, Is that usual?”  
“No, but he is known to do it sometimes, he did it to me. He can obviously play God on his own system.”  
  
She looked at me in a different way than usual, as if for the first time she saw me as something other than Tango  
  
“By the way good of you to spot how the sixth floor is different, I was pleased you didn’t panic”  
  
At home I was able to tell my mother that I had met John Vaux, that I had run who knows how many meters and that I was now ready for bed.  
  
In my bedroom, naked again, I lay on the bed. I was tired but my head was spinning. I reached down and felt my pussy. The pussy that for a second day had spent it’s time exposed to anybody who saw me. I thought about the various people I had run by but in particular thought about 32 and the other MGs. I felt my arousal start then very quickly as I rubbed myself I knew I was close and I came in a glorious orgasm.  
  
I lay back and as my spasms subsided I thought about John Vaux.  
  
I had researched him online last week whilst preparing. He was a famous or, if you prefer, a notorious businessman and celebrity. During the sixties and early seventies he was a hippy. He had joined a collective, his words, or a cult, press words, in Europe. The press always referred to them as a sex cult but even I could see from a little research that that was a tabloid exaggeration. They were an anarchist group who believed that property was theft and that sex was a natural urge that should never be suppressed. The “property is theft” rule covered clothes and much of the time in photographs the cult members seemed to be nude.  
  
The cult lived in two camps, one in southern Germany and one on a Greek Island. The money came from a German industrialist, a former member of the SS, who died in the late seventies. When that happened, the money ran out and, as tends to be the case, the collective broke up.  
  
John had started a small business selling books on hippy philosophy, the occult, flying saucers and similar stuff. The business grew into something of a mail order phenomenon physically based in the UK. He had continual tussles with the law since some of the books were deemed obscene or illegal due to sex and drug and revolution references. He got round most of his problems by running the business through various international shell companies based in convenient offshore locations.  
  
Even before the internet arrived he had become something of a celebrity often referred to as the Sex Cult Millionaire. There were many images online of him naked in groups of other young naked people; most seemed to have been taken in the sixties and seventies. The free love aspect of the collective was rumoured to have extended to underage members, although there was no evidence linking Vaux to this. The German industrialist financing the collective was frequently alleged to have been a pedophile although, again, there was never any evidence of this either. Recent research suggested that these allegations were mostly fabricated by parents trying to recover their runaway children from the collective.  
  
Whatever his background the internet enabled Vaux’s business to expand exponentially until it grew into the current Messidor with stores in prime locations worldwide and a massive online shop selling a huge and exotic range of products.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 005**

I left the house at seven not having showered, there didn’t seem an point given what I would do at work.  
  
Lily Palmer was, as usual, waiting in the corridor.  
  
“Morning 28T”  
“Morning Ma’am”  
“Good report from yesterday. Today is your last day with 32, tomorrow I’m putting you on a different shift.”  
  
I was disappointed, I had bonded with 32.  
  
“You can have a lie in and start at 16.00. I’ll link you with another MG who is on that shift”  
  
She looked at me in a studied manner  
  
“You seem to be doing well. I doubt we will keep you in T mode for much longer. You need to work all the shifts to learn what is done. On your current performance I think you will be a useful member of the team. Off you go”  
  
Inwardly smiling I went into the shower room. A few MGs were there. They nodded at me. One shouted  
  
“Morning Tango”  
“Morning”  
  
I stashed my clothes, for what they were, in the locker, collected the lotion, razor and foam and headed for a shower cubicle. There was music pumping through and one of the girls was dancing around naked, no doubt for the edification of the textile viewers.  
  
I stood under the hot water for a couple of minutes. The shower was much better than the one we had at home. Then the usual routine, wash myself off then onto the seat and shave. I did the armpits first, not that they needed much, then onto the pubes. Carefully foaming my mons I shaved off the stubble, such as it was, then onto vulva. As usual much pulling and lifting required to get at all the areas needed. Then finally leaning back doing the bum hole area.  
  
I looked up. 32 was watching me. She hadn’t stripped yet. I smiled at her.  
  
“That’s going to be number 1 on the charts for a while”  
“What?”  
“You shaving, quite a show” she grinned “kept my attention” then she turned away and stripped off.  
  
After some more test runs and our break 32 had us kneeling in C near to HR.  
  
“OK, she said, test runs off for a while. What do you know about inspections?”  
“Textiles can inspect us at any time”  
“Wrong, that has changed, thank heavens”  
“Oh”  
“It was being abused and interfering with efficiency. New system in place. If a textile thinks an inspection is justified they have to go onto MOS and request permission. They have to give a reason. Just fancying a closer look at your vagina isn’t a good reason. MOS will know, for instance, if you have had an inspection that day and will refuse another. It knows how many inspections any particular textile has requested and takes that into account. It factors in other things; who knows what MOS knows about the people here.”  
“So how does it work?”  
“They have to enter the request in MOS. Your MMU will look like this” and she did something on hers. Mine buzzed and read.  
  
INSP>WAIT  
  
“So you adopt standing and wait. If you have moved on and they request it will say this” Mine buzzed again  
  
INSP>RETURN  
  
“And you go back to the last place you were at. You know you can scroll them don’t you”  
“Yeah, I’d guessed that”  
“Then it might say this”  
  
INSP>REFUSE  
  
“In which case you carry on to the next job or the nearest rest area. Or it will say”  
  
INSP>COMPLY  
  
“Which means you do what they say although there are only a few fixed commands they can give. Remember they still can’t touch. It can be pretty degrading, especially if they do it in the open office, which some bastards or bitches do”  
“Bitches?”  
“You’ll get proportionally way more INSP from women than men. Under the new system the men are much less likely to ask for fear of creating an MOS record. The women either do it for spite or because they fancy you but don’t like to admit it”  
“Oh”  
“So follow me”  
  
She got up and walked toward Jackie Whitten’s office. Without going in she touched her MMU and mine said  
  
INSP>WAIT  
  
I stood in the standing position remembering to have my legs slightly wider. Jackie Whitten came out of her office. She was dressed in a black trouser suit. I noticed that she had on what looked like a neckband, albeit one encrusted in jewels. My MMU buzzed.  
  
INSP>COMPLY  
  
“Star position 28T”  
  
I spread my legs wide and lifted my arms up and out to the side. I could hear a murmur in the office.  
  
Jackie slowly looked at my boobs, then under my arms both sides. Then she dropped down and stared at my pubic area closely. I could feel her breath. She stood up, I thought it was over but then she said.  
  
“Touch the floor 28T”  
  
This was new, I hadn’t read about this in the manual. But then it referred to the old system. I complied. I knew now that my whole vulva and anus would be on display. She moved around behind me and again I was aware she was very close to me. Then to my surprise I felt her twice blow on my labia. It was unmistakable, and I felt myself moistening up.  
  
“Standing position 28T”  
  
With relief, I resumed what now seemed a very modest pose. Jackie looked at me and then 32 and said  
  
“Proceed”  
  
We went back to the waiting area. I was aware of the sound of people returning to their desks and assumed I had been the high spot of some afternoons.  
  
“See what I mean” 32 said “the touch the floor is new. It is supposed to avoid the need for them to clamber between your legs to look for whatever. I suppose it is better except, instead of one pair of eyes looking at your parts you now could have the whole office looking.”  
“Could they take pictures on their phones”  
“Could but very definitely shouldn’t. They’ve fired people for that. Textiles can save a limited number of official pictures from MOS on their system here. You’ll see” she smiled “assuming you keep going.” She paused and stretched, arching her back and making her boobs stand out. “A few months ago a picture of an INSP popped up online. MOS knew who the MG was and where the INSP had happened and could work out who took it from the angles. The picture disappeared from the usual web although it’s probably still on the dark web, the guy who took it was fired”  
“What if you fail the INSP?”  
“Downstairs, full shower procedure, then back for second check. If that happens the shower cams will re-activate for the textile pleasure”  
  
I was very unclear about my feelings at this moment. Such an exposure of my undercarriage was troubling, not least because I was a little excited by it. More fascinating was the two breathes on my labia from Jackie, what did that mean?  
  
After lunch 32 took me to a rest area in A.  
  
“OK, last couple of things I need to deal with and then you and me are done”  
  
I looked at her. She just looked back.  
  
“First very occasionally you will be on a run and the MMU will say STOP. That means what it says. If you are in the stairs or basement just stay where you are. If you are on a rest area go into the nearest stairwell.”  
“Why”  
“Usually there is someone on the floor who isn’t a regular, a visitor maybe, so the MG system stops until they are clear”  
“I meant to ask, what if there is a meeting with people from G or H?”  
“There are meeting and conference facilities down there, this lot go to them” and she grinned  
  
“Next, Rush jobs or what we call plus jobs. The MOS allows the user to ask for a rush response. They only have limited access to plus jobs depending on all sorts of seniority crap. We don’t have to understand, as they say, trust MOS”  
“I thought we were always supposed to go fast?”  
“Not really, I know you have been pacing yourself, we all do. But I suspect you could go faster in short bursts”  
“Maybe”  
“So let me show you then we’ll do it”  
  
My MMU buzzed.  
  
A2c5+  
  
“The key is the plus sign. If you get that you go just as fast as you can, you are allowed to push past people, politely, in the corridors, for instance. MOS will learn the really quick MGs and will tend to allocate plus jobs to them. Let’s give it a try. Move down the corridor with me slowly, but be ready to go”  
  
We strolled slowly down the corridor then I buzzed.  
  
F4b6+  
  
I spun round and started jogging toward the stairs. 32 said  
  
“...ing run”  
  
So I did, fast. I guess the pair of us must have been quite a sight because heads turned  
  
Down the stairs, jumping onto landings and out onto the campus. I ran hard and fast pumping my arms and really feeling the hormones kicking in. In F I threw open the door and took the stairs two at a time up to 4. There I ran hard down corridor b, swerving round a couple of textiles to stop at 6. I was breathing hard. 32 arrived slightly behind me. My MMU showed.  
  
+SD  
  
“What does SD mean?” I said between breaths  
“It means Stand Down, we can go to the stairs. Don’t have to go to a rest area”  
  
Still breathing heavily we stood on the stairs out of sight of the office.  
  
“If there is a delivery, which there usually is, you keep going at plus speed but when the whole job is done you get SD. The MOS monitors your heart rate and stuff and when it is back to normal it will buzz again. It means you get a sweaty couple of minutes off.  
  
I leant against the stairwell.  
  
“I don’t think there is much I can teach you now. You are good Tango” She paused and leant close to my ear and whispers. “My name is Erica”  
I turned to her  
“I’m Alice”  
“Pleased to meet you Alice” then she leant further in and kissed me square on my lips. I was shocked but also interested. I pushed back a little, and opened my mouth. Then, to my surprise, I felt her hand on my bum again and she was squeezing and then pulling my cheek apart so the air flowed over my anus”.  
“I think we can be friends” she said then turned away down the stairs.  
  
I stood there for a while, I hadn’t had any serious sexual contact with girls, just mucking about, but what just happened was a massive turn on. I wanted more of that but she had gone. Then the MMU buzzed and said  
  
BASE  
  
I ran back at normal pace to the lockers. Lily Palmer was there.  
  
“Good work 28T. See you at 16.00 tomorrow.”  
  
In the shower room my necklace gave a little buzz and unchecked so I hung it up together with the MMU and a little reluctantly got dressed.  
  
Mum went out to work early next day so I just lazed around the house, most of the time naked. Messidor was about 20 minutes bike ride from home so I set off around 3. Quickly stripped and showered I logged on.  
  
Lily came in and shouted to me to join her. Outside, leaning against the wall, was a slim, long legged girl with dark black hair. She had hardly any tits but did have a gorgeous tan.  
  
“This is 44, she’ll run you through the evening shift things, OK?”  
“Yes Ma’am”  
  
44 smiled at me and said.  
  
“You know the usual routine so just follow me around. You can lead some of the jobs later”  
  
She had a very obvious Irish accent.  
  
44 looked at her MMU and we set off. The difference this time was that instead of MOS simulating 44 was actually working so when we arrived at a destination real people interacted with us. Most of the time nothing was said. We stopped in a corridor and adopted the standing position. Someone would be aware we had arrived and they produced a package which we carried briskly to destination. Sometimes they would pass the time. After about an hour 44 said  
  
“OK Tango, your turn, lead the next one”  
  
She did something to her MMU and suddenly mine lit up.  
  
E3c12>B4a01  
  
We were In D so down the stairs I ran across the small bit of the campus swerving around textiles at speed and up to the third floor. A secretary looked up as I arrived.  
  
“Oh the Tango” she said in a flat voice and handed me the package whilst looking me up and down “don’t get lost dear”  
“Thank you ma’am” I said, but she had turned back to her screen  
  
Down the stairs and across the grass to B and upto 4 which was legal. A01 was a man sitting at a desk. He looked up as I arrived, did something on his keyboard and gestured at his desk and went back to whatever he was doing. I put the package down and turned to 44 who was already walking down to the rest area by the lift. We kneeled down.  
  
“First real job Tango, no longer a virgin” she laughed  
“Do they usually ignore us?”  
“Yes, used to be they had to accept the package and bastards would ignore us but now MOS knows you, and the package, are at destination and if they don’t hit the received key within around 30 secs then something happens on their system.”  
“What if nobody is there?”  
“That will probably happen before we are done tonight, you’ll see”  
  
There was a busy period up until 18.45 then things really slowed down. I did most of the jobs with 44 watching. There were a few MailA deliveries as the shift moved on.  
  
We had a break at 19.00. We sat on the floor in F.  
  
“Quieter here, HR don’t work late. Buildings A & B can be busy all night” 44 explained “Lily wants you to do a particular job this evening, I’ll come with you to show you the ropes”  
  
At 19.40 we both got  
  
MailA>#  
  
“What does that mean?” I shouted to 44 as we ran up to A  
“This is the thing Lily wants you to do” We ran into A and up to the Mail location. As we got there it opened. Inside was a small number of packages.  
  
44 picked up a Messidor back pack hanging on a hook by the hatch and put the packages inside.  
  
”Tango, follow me”  
  
She ran out of the building and headed down the campus toward the main gate. I had no idea where we were going. It took no time to go beyond the end of buildings C and F into what might be called the non MG area. I realised that buildings G and H were largely now empty but nonetheless we were getting close to the road and the entrance gate. I ran down to keep up with 44.  
  
She headed straight for the gate house but just before we reached there she turned to her left to a small building I hadn’t noticed before. She opened a door marked private and gestured for me to follow her in.  
  
Inside was a small office. An old guy was sitting in there at a desk. As 44 walked in he looked up, grinned at her and then studied me.  
  
“Final mail Sir” she said  
“Nice looking new girl” 44 ignored him, looked at her MMU which beeped  
“Receipt confirmed, thank you sir” she said and gestured me out  
“Lovely pair of arses” I heard him say as we left.  
  
Outside 44 stopped.  
  
“So that is the worst regular run. The hash indicates this place, the general mail room. That guy is an old wanker. He almost always makes comments. We’ve all complained but they won’t do anything. So you do like I did. MOS normally recognises delivery pretty quickly so you just stand for a couple of seconds”  
“How does the mail get there other times?”  
“The mailroom sends a runner up. You may ask why they don’t do send a runner for the last delivery.”  
“Yes, Why change the system”  
“Wrong question, why don’t we get sent down for all of them is the right question. Answer because G and H would be fully occupied and we” she emphasised the we “are not for them. At this time they’ve gone home and it’s quiet so we can go down to their area”  
  
I looked over at the buildings. Nobody much seemed to be around. 44 started walking back up to our area.  
  
“Nominal 44?\*  
“Isn’t one for this delivery. I think Vaux likes the idea of us strolling about naked” She turned and grinned at me.  
“How you doing Tango, everyone thinks you’ll be with us next week”  
“It’s good. I love the activity”  
“And the nudity” she stopped again and looked in my eyes “you like the nudity, yes?”  
“Uh, yes”  
“Almost all of us contract MGs get off on being naked but untouchable. Go round moist most of the day with endorphins and adrenalin pumping. Some girls simply can’t hack it but others, once they decide to go naked, just go with it. You’re almost certainly one of them. Wearing much at home now?”  
“No. How did you know?”  
“Typical behaviour. It’s summer so its hot, why dress if you don’t need to.”  
  
She grabbed my hand and we walked, hand in hand back to A.  
  
It was quiet. By this stage there were just four of us at work. MGs working overtime or on demerits filled in unto 20.00.  
  
44 re-routed her MMU to me so at 22.15, when it was dark, I got this.  
  
B5a2>E5b2  
  
I ran out of A into the night. I could easily make my way to the building and ran up to the fifth floor. The building was dark with a few lights on. I assumed that for energy saving lights were turned off when there was no activity. I also noticed that I didn’t seem to trigger any lights and I ran down the corridor in the dark and stopped at the desk. A youngish guy looked up, smiled and handed me the package.  
  
“Thank you sir” I said  
“Very formal Tango, Ok off you go”  
  
I sprinted over to E, glad of the activity. There was a bit of a chill in the air so running hard kept me warm. Desk b2 was empty and the corridor dark, I put the package on the desk and waited. MMU confirmed receipt and I headed back to the rest area by the lifts. Adopting the kneeling position I looked around.  
  
There were a couple of lights on. I was getting my breath back when I saw a woman coming down the corridor. She stopped a few paces from me and smiled. She was formally dressed, high heels, stockings, skirt to her knees and a white blouse. I thought she was going to say something, but she didn’t. She stared at me and seemed to be summing me up, committing me to memory, then she turned and walked away.  
  
BASE  
  
44 looked up as I came in.  
  
“At night, after 22.00, no need to go back to a rest area, you can always come back here”  
  
The last couple of hours were quiet. Just before I logged off Lily Palmer came in. I wondered if she ever went home,  
  
“28T can you come in at midnight tomorrow so you can see the last shift”  
“Yes Ma’am”  
  
A day to myself, although I would need sleep. I rode off home happy.  
  
Mum was strange today. Sitting in the kitchen reading some crap magazine and having meaningless conversations with me. I think she wants to talk about Messidor but doesn’t want to raise it. I chatted about the shifts I am doing to learn the job. She nodded and could have butted in but didn’t. I wonder whether it’s the money thing, which of course so far I haven’t got.  
  
Slept a bit in the afternoon.  
  
Mum went to bed around ten and I lazed around. At 23.00 I went down to the bike wearing a long tee shirt. I had my snacks and drinks in a small rucksack.  
  
It was a warm night, not like last night. I pushed the bike down to the road. It was deserted. The most obvious thing to do was to ride to work naked, so I pulled the tee shirt off and set off. I shot across the main road, nobody to see me, then headed down the cycle path. The rush of the air and the physical activity had the usual effect. I hoped that I wouldn’t see anyone coming the other way. In the distance was a man walking his dog and having a surreptitious fag. I sailed passed him and I don’t think he noticed me, or if he did he paid no obvious attention. I peddled faster and the endorphins kicked in, I was grinning. My nipples were rock hard due to the excitement and the flow of the air.  
  
As I neared Messidor I stopped. I wasn’t sure if I should ride past the gates naked. I decided against it in case I would get de-meritted.  
  
For once there was no Lily in the hallway. 44 was sitting in the shower room reading a book. She smiled when she saw me.  
  
“Hey Tango, ready for the graveyard slot?”  
“Sure, who is with me?”  
“Looks like it’s 82. You’ll like her”  
  
I pulled off the tee shirt and stuffed it in the Tango locker then dived into the shower for the usual ablutions.  
  
“Hey 44” she looked up “you were talking about being naked more”  
“Yeah”  
“I cycled here naked today”  
  
She laughed.  
  
“Did you come through the gates that way?”  
“No, wasnt sure if it was OK”  
“Good decision, probably an excuse for a de-merit”  
“Apart from extra hours what are the penalties for de-merits?”  
“All I’ve ever got is the hours, dunno”  
  
At that moment Emma, my neighbour came in.  
  
She grinned a huge grin when she saw me.  
  
“Hey Tango, I heard you were with us, it’s you and me until about 6.00. Boss wants me to take you through the shift pattern, which is mainly boring. You logged in?”  
  
So I logged in and sat with 44. Emma joined us, her neckband was 82.  
  
Once the evening shift had gone 82 got some coffee from the machine and sat with me.  
  
“How is your Mum taking you doing this?”  
“Weirdly” I shook my head “shouted at first but calmed down a bit when I told her about the money”  
“She was incredibly rude to me when she found out what I did. Makes me laugh to think her daughter is now a Mail Girl”  
“Not yet”  
“Oh they’ll offer you a job Tango, you’ll take it won’t you?”  
“Sure”  
  
Emma stood up and walked to the bin with her empty cup. She was short but slim, brown hair and very bouncy boobs. I think she saw me looking.  
  
“Tits a bit of a problem, running hard they do get uncomfortable. Your boobs much better, enough for a jiggle but not enough to slow you down, right?”  
“Yeah”  
“Word is you are a fast runner”  
“I run to keep fit”  
“Get paid to do it now, just have to do it nude” she giggled.”Although you’re probably not finding that a problem”  
  
My MMU buzzed  
  
B4c2>A63  
  
I sprang up  
  
“Do legal never sleep?”  
“Nope, them and finance usually our main customers”  
  
I was out of the door like a flash and down to B, through the door and up to the fourth floor. Lights were on in some of the pods. I stopped at c2 and stood in position. The man working there looked tired.  
  
“Evening, or should it be morning.” He handed me the package.  
  
Quick sprint back to A then up to the top floor. The whole place was in darkness so I padded silently round to 3 and put the package on the desk next to the keyboard. The MMU confirmed delivery. My time was, as usual, comfortably below nominal.  
  
Emma ran a couple of routes and then I got  
  
D5a12>B2c11  
  
IT floor 5 was busy, lots of pods illuminated. I ran up to a12. As I moved a shout went up  
  
“Hey guys it’s Tango”  
  
There was a ragged cheer and a couple of people, men and women stood up to watch me. I had that surge of nerves and excitement. I felt good.  
  
At my collection pod I stood and waited. There was a chubby guy there. He looked up at me  
  
“Morning Tango, got you learning the graveyard have they. Welcome to IT, the only place worth coming at 2 in the morning.” He handed me the package “Let’s see if the ...wads in Finance can work with that.”  
“Thank you sir”  
  
As I headed off someone shouted  
  
“Thanks for coming Tango, you’ll help me get through the night” and another ragged cheer went up  
  
At B2 only one light was on and as expected it was c11. I ran up and stopped. The frazzled looking man gestured at the desk, I put the package down and MMU released me.  
  
Back at the showers I sat down with 82.  
  
“IT were lively”  
“Yeah, can be amusing, they are by miles the rowdiest bunch up here, and they often are working overnight. They are harmless though. It’s the quiet suits in the other buildings that are the creepiest, but I suspect you know that already’  
“Yeah, sort of noticed”  
  
At five o’clock 82 said  
  
“OK routine job next. Come on”  
  
We went out into the hallway. A number of boxes had been set out, each labelled with a building code.  
  
“Paper route” 82 said “We’ll do A together then we can split them up”  
  
She grabbed a Messidor bag and stuffed packages into it. Then we went up to 6. Before we popped out of the service stairs she opened the bag.  
  
“Each senior person get free papers. Each package has a location on it” she showed me “you give them to the textile if they are there, which they sometimes are, but usually I leave them on the chair”  
  
She gave me a batch and I walked around the floor putting them on the seats. Nobody appeared to be in residence.  
  
“Everyone gets one on the top floor but on the other floors it’s usually just one or two senior people. Generally the top dogs are in aisles a or c on the window side. Some like to be near the lift, others the opposite end”  
  
We dished out the papers through A quickly. The building appeared to be deserted apart from us.  
  
82 gave me D,E &F to do. There were about 10 papers to deliver. I ran down to F and quickly delivered 4 there, including one to Jackie Whitten who had an office, not a pod.  
  
Then to E. One manager was in. He hardly looked up when I walked up, taking the paper from me and tossing it straight into the bin.  
  
I was a bit worried about D, the IT mob. One of the papers was for a manager on D5, where I had been earlier. I stopped outside the door from the service stairs, then decided to do the manager on C first.  
  
So back to D. Deep breath and in. I’d got maybe 20 paces into corridor a heading for pod 16 when they spotted me. It was a woman’s voice  
  
“Hey guys tango is back”  
“Yo” someone shouted  
  
I sashayed down the aisle with a little bounce of my hips.  
  
“Brightening up our day again Tango”  
  
The paper delivered I turned and headed back. I could see that there was a reception group at the service door. As I passed the big guy I had collected from before he shouted out.  
  
“Chaps, with an arse like hers she gets to leave when she wants to, serious, give Tango some room”  
  
The group sort of dispersed, making a corridor and I walked through. I could hear murmuring back in the room as I hit the stairs. I turned the corner so I was out of sight of both floors and started rubbing my parts. I usually liked something in my vagina but the clit was all I needed I came very fast with a total knee buckler, much quicker than normal. I stopped and squatted down for a moment as the contractions receded. I was sweating and I could feel heat in my face. I stayed there, naked on the stairs, at work, just having had an orgasm. What is this job? Then shook myself out and went back to 82 in A.  
  
Just before we logged out Lily came in.  
  
“Tango, can you be at Miss Whitten’s office at 15.00 please”  
“Yes Ma’am. Do I have a shift tomorrow”  
“Just go home and be there at 15.00, in uniform and logged in please”  
  
Outside Emma stopped me.  
  
“I think they are going to say you have passed training Alice. Everyone is saying you’re a natural. Doing the job is easy provided the nudity doesn’t put you off. I suspect far from putting you off it’s a reason to carry on, correct?”  
“I guess, but don’t tell my mother” I said  
“Not going to do that, it would be too much like talking about myself. You OK with this? You can ask for more time before you sign you know”  
“No, this is good fun, better than doing some boring admin job or working in a Messidor shop.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 006**

At 15.00 I was in the standing pose outside of Jackie Whitten’s office, naked of course.  
  
I realised that I was making a big decision. I could, at this moment, just go back to A, put on my clothes, such as they were, and go home. I would get a few days of pay at Messidor minimum wage. My mother would want me to do just that, although quite what she would suggest I do for the next few years, apart from the general “go to uni” I had no idea. We had no money to finance much of a life for me.  
  
That was supposedly the easy route.  
  
My problem was that staying here was actually the easiest decision for me. These last few days had been the most enjoyable days I could remember since carefree days as a child. The actual work was easy intellectually, challenging physically and exciting psychically. The continual movement on the daylight shifts was outstanding, and the flood of hormones released created a beautiful experience. Naked I always felt 20 times more alive.  
  
Also the erotic charge of being totally naked in front of the textiles was something I didn’t think I could recreate anywhere else with the same degree of safety. The textiles were doing their work; their daily hum drum jobs. A beautiful naked women, like me, would go by and for a moment their boring existence would be exposed for what it was. I was doing something very different and enjoying it, and my physical naked presence told them that. My work might be simple and conforming but everything else about me was about freedom. Naked I carried no identification of the commercial world apart from those things necessary for my tasks, which were of course physical tasks, involving my body.  
  
Jackie Whitten came out of her office.  
  
“Tango, come in”  
  
I followed her in, she went and sat behind her desk.  
  
“Shut the door please”  
“Yes ma’am”  
  
I adopted the standing position.  
  
“Alice, you can relax”  
  
I was puzzled by this change. I stayed pretty much in the position.  
  
She smiled at me.  
  
“I’ve called you Alice because at this time you are not a Mail Girl, subject to MG code. You can walk away from here having spent a few days living a different life. If you wanted I can call one of the other MGs to go and collect your clothes. I suspect that wouldn’t constitute very much however.”  
  
I grinned.  
  
“Or you can sign the documents I have here and then you will just be 28 for the next few years, on and off, when on Messidor premises. I say that because we are only too happy to take you into the MG programme. The deal is exactly the one that I showed you before”  
“Thank you Ma’am” I relaxed  
“To be clear however you will be ours during your vacations subject to time spent on academic work and a reasonable holiday. That won’t be months travelling Europe, it will be the standard Messidor holiday entitlement. In addition you must, even while at Uni maintain your body shape and looks so as to be available to us if needed and agreed. If you do leave without our consent before the completion of this contract any bonuses paid have to be repaid. Most obviously this would be the signing on bonus. ”  
“Yes Ma’am”  
“Within these documents are various waivers, the most obvious is nudity but also you agree not to complain if, for instance, pictures or film of you on Messidor business appear on any form of media”  
  
I must have looked puzzled  
  
“I think you know we take action if a member of staff releases pictures taken here at work. But if that should happen by accident, before we can stop it, you agree to take no action. If at some stage Messidor wanted to publicise the MG programme you would agree to us using your image. The usual rules of confidentiality apply as much to you as anyone else employed here”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“If you need time to think you are free to take these home. The offer remains open for 48 hours. If not accepted then the terms may well differ, not to your benefit.”  
“I’ll sign now, thank you”  
“Before you do is there anything that you want to ask, you can ask as Alice”  
  
I looked at her. She was wearing the jewel encrusted necklace. I realised that it looked very similar to my necklace.  
  
“You often wear that necklace, is it an MG necklace?”  
“Used to be”  
“You were a Mail Girl!”  
“If a firm wants to use the Hirotomo system, and ours is heavily based on theirs, then Hirotomo train the prospective manager, in my day that was in Tokyo”  
“You become an MG to be the manager?”  
“They argue that you cant manage an operation unless you can do it yourself. So that means that all MG managers worldwide are women and all have been an MG during their training”  
“Oh, so did you do it in Japan?”  
“I did, but some girls have gone from here to be managers”  
“So all MG managers are attractive women who have run around an office naked?”  
  
She smiled.  
  
“Thanks for the compliment 28, yes when we meet for the annual conferences we are quite a sight”  
  
I looked at her in a new light.  
  
“Ever do runs here?”  
“That would be inappropriate” she said severely.  
“OK, I note that you called me 28, not Alice. I suppose I better sign the paperwork”  
  
Once signed up I was taken to the HR body mapping location where MOS scanned me. Quite spooky, it generated a picture, not a photograph although the image was very realistic. I was fascinated to see my vulva very accurately reproduced. I wondered if there was a picture of Jackie in the same detail on a system somewhere.  
  
Once finished I was released and almost immediately I got  
  
C4c12>A6.8  
  
Important job I guessed. Off I went on my first run as a full time MG. As I kneeled at the rest area on A6 another MG I didn’t know kneeled next to me, she punched me in the arm and grinned.  
  
“Welcome to the gang 28”  
  
All day and into the evening every time I saw an MG they smiled or high fived me. At one point in C I saw 32 coming down as I was going up.  
  
“Sod the nominal” she said and gave me a huge hug, all squeezed boobs and both of us feeling arse cheeks, then she spun away. I carried on up feeling particularly excited. The textile with the job gave me a long look, my nipples were hard and he could probably see that, I knew I was flushed. As I set off I could feel his eyes studying my bum, well it is one of my better features.  
  
Lily had told me to work a shift through to 23.00, which seemed fair. At 19.45 I got  
  
MAILA>#  
  
Cant complain, I’m now totally at MOS command. I collected the small number of last minute packages and headed at a brisk trot down the campus. The old guy in the post room seemed to ignore me, no comments. Outside I stopped. It was a warm night and I felt the breeze over my skin.  
  
I sauntered back up the slight hill to A. I was happy. Being naked left me continually ‘in the moment’. It somehow focussed all energy on myself, a narcissistic feeling, at all times thinking about myself and how I looked.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 007**

My schedule magically appeared on my phone each week, with updates, if required, daily. I started the first week on the 16.00 to 24.00 shift. This shift meant that I got a busy late afternoon and early evening period followed by the easier later evening work pattern. During the busy period staffing levels were increased by MGs working overtime or MGs working demerits.  
  
Surprisingly quickly I got used to running the routes, an operation which was supposed to be sexless from our point of view. I realised that being naked amongst fully clothed people wearing business clothes and working at their desks was an inherently sexual process.  
  
Somehow we were expected to be modest, to the extent that we could be when naked. Quite how we were supposed to balance this modesty with sexuality when showing our breasts and vagina to any passing textile was not addressed. I am sure all MGs were sexually excited by the constant display the job entailed, it was an unspoken part of the fabric of the Messidor Mailgirl relationship. That tension was part of the attraction of the lifestyle, certainly to me.  
  
Another thing that I slowly began to realise was the effect of my total exposure to daylight on the runs between the buildings. I got a positive charge each time I went outside, particularly in the summer with a strong sun. The pleasure that I would normally get from lying in the sun on a beach was supercharged by my total nudity. The change from artificial light in the buildings to natural light outside gave me a kick each time, the longer the run the better.  
  
In contrast to the general modesty rules, the showers in the A Basement were an opportunity to make show, we were encouraged to display ourselves. As Tango I’d been using a shower without a video camera, now that all changed.  
  
So it was that on my first regular day I arrived at 15.30 and quickly stripped off. To be honest all that required me to do was take off an oversize tee shirt. Then having grabbed the soap, shaving kit and lotion I headed for the shower.  
  
82 was there and she saw me going in to the cubicle.  
  
“Give them hell 28; this is probably your best chance to top the charts”  
  
Music was pumping and I lathered my body whilst dancing with my best dance floor bump and grind. Then after washing off the soap it was down onto the seat in the shower for the shave. Now I was used to doing this, but without the eyes of various corporate masturbaters. I took a deep breath and began. The pubic area quickly done then down to outer lips. Thighs wide apart, lots of pulling about to check stubble removed followed by a quick checking of the skin around my anus. Rubbing of clit hood was hard to avoid, even if I had wanted to.  
  
Out of the shower I applied lots of lotion until my body shone under the lights.  
  
Last bit of prep was a naked stretch out, ready for the running.  
  
As the clock ticked down I logged on and sat on the bench under a standard, non Tango locker.  
  
At 16.00 the MMU buzzed in to life and I was away.  
  
That first afternoon on a normal shift I zig zagged back and forth over our 6 buildings. I spent time on the mats and had a lot of attention from various textiles.  
  
For instance, I had to do a delivery to my audience on D5. As I came out of the service door I was aware that lots of eyes were facing me. Probably waiting to see which MG turned up.  
  
“It’s 28, the new love of our life” someone shouted. I jogged along the corridor making my boobs jiggle rather more than normal, doing a very subtle hip swing hoping my arse was also showing a nice tight wobble. I did the drop off and headed back to the rest area.  
  
A couple of the IT geeks came and stood near me as I knelt down there.  
  
“So we get 28 as our special MG” one said  
“ Definitely prettiest, nicest hair”  
“And probably best arse on the team”  
“Not to mention very lick-able vagina”  
“Think you’ll find that’s technically her vulva. The vagina is the bit your cock goes in, the lips are vulva”  
“What the f\*\*k, lickable c\*\*t”  
“Need to be in on time when she’s on the morning shift, don’t want to miss the shower”  
  
At which point the MMU buzzed to interrupt this weirdly flattering discussion of my body. These guys were treating me as an object, as if I was somehow absent. But the fact that they saw me as separate from their existence was part of the protection inherent in the MG system. I was both annoyed and turned on by this.  
  
Later in that first week I started getting a lot of plus jobs.  
  
One afternoon I was standing in the stairwell getting my breath back on SD when another MG stopped.  
  
“F\*\*k me 28, you are quick on the plus jobs, you need to slow down a bit or that will be all you do”  
“Is that a bad thing?”  
“Well not if you are going for the Olympics but you will get worn out, that’s what happened to the last speed merchant we had”  
  
I looked at her. I wondered if I was causing problems by being so fast; was I a Mustang Sally.  
  
“Is it an issue with the others?” I asked, worried.  
“F\*\*k no, if you want to run all the plus jobs all it means is the rest of us just battle with nominal. But you don’t want to pick up an injury”  
  
I thought about injuries. Doing the runs wasn’t too much of a problem. I realised I needed to watch going straight into a fast run without warm up.  
  
One afternoon I found myself on a mat with 32.  
  
“MOS knows about this, it monitors us through the sensors in the neck band and the MMU. I don’t think you’d get a plus run as first job on the shift” she said  
“Oh cool” I thought for a moment then had a naughty notion.  
“What if we stop to give ourselves” I paused “some relief”  
  
She turned to me and gave me the big eyes.  
  
“I guess MOS will know what you are up to, heart rate, breathing, maybe temperature. All that and no actual movement. Depends if it’s a big O or a little O” she thought for a moment “so who do we ask?”  
“Good point, who?”  
  
She looked at me with that serious look Erica had. The one when I wasn’t sure if she was joking or not.  
  
“Hey Lilly, does MOS record when we stop to rub one out?” She said, breaking into a giggle.  
“Or Ms Whitten, are orgasms on duty a de-merit?” I added “maybe I could ask my fanclub on D5?”  
“Jeez that’s a quick way to de-merits.” She gave me the eyes again “Maybe you and I should do a mutual one day”  
  
At which point my MMU sent me away. Does MOS listen to us?  
  
One evening, around 21.00 I got  
  
B3a01>A6.1+  
  
Shit, something from legal to John Vaux’s office and a rush job. Top speed across the darkening campus and a charge upto 3. Package straight way available so at speed down again, being careful not to stumble on the stairs then at top speed back to A and upto 6. Across the stylish central area, being careful not to disturb the water coolers, coffee machines and expensive plants and upto Vaux’s office.  
  
The door was wide open and I stepped in. He was in the middle of a meeting with 5 or 6 senior managers. He looked up and smiled  
  
“Ah, 28. Speedy as usual” he reached out and took the package. I expected the MMU to release me, but it didn’t.  
  
He looked me up and down, I was flushed and breathing heavily.  
  
“This is why I love the MG programme” he said staring at me but addressing the others “look at this beautiful young woman, not an inch of spare fat, getting her breath back after hard physical exertion.”  
  
He dropped the package on the big meeting table and came and stood next to me.  
  
“Look up Alice please”  
  
I did. Because he was now standing next to me all eyes in the room were on him, and me.  
  
“These managers have never experienced the joys of running naked through the evening light. But look at them, they are thinking about it now, just by looking at you. They will think about you again later, in a quiet moment.” He turned to me. My MMU buzzed “enjoy the warm glow of your exercise and your beauty Alice”  
  
I glanced at my MMU which read SD. I walked out of the floor onto the stairs and sat down.  
  
I was sexually alive. Bloody hell John Vaux knows my name, he is showing me off to his managers. I could feel all those eyes on me, eyes that Vaux had directed to look at me. My nipples were erect and I could feel myself warming down there. I reached down and felt the moistness. Is this how you go up the charts?  
  
So the charts.  
  
The charts had no impact on our pay but of course encouraged competition between the girls.  
  
Any of the textiles in the 6 buildings could, through their computers, access cameras pointing at the shower cubicles, lockers and general areas of the changing rooms in the A basement.They decided what to watch. But there were no recordings generally available and the system did not allow them to locally keep anything they had watched. If they wanted to enjoy the show they had to be at their desks to see it live. Not surprisingly, and by design, the buildings were usually quite full by 8 in the morning.  
  
MOS knew which changing room and shower cameras were most requested and from that the basic chart was established. Once I was on the system I was number 1 for a while. The others told me a little grudgingly that scoring high was normal for new girls.  
  
Also at any time of the day the textiles could access the Random Mail Girl (RMG) feed. Using its own logic MOS would pick a Mailgirl and show us moving around doing our job or kneeling on a mat. The video feed came from the cameras which routinely covered all parts of the buildings and grounds, although it didn’t show the stairs. Again the textiles couldn’t record the feed and had no control over which MG was on show. I know from seeing their work screens that many of the textiles had the RMG feed on screen all the time in a small window. It was a little disconcerting to be walking down an aisle and realising that I was on RMG and could see myself moving on their screens as I passed.  
  
Disconcerting and a huge turn on.  
  
Finally there were in house chat rooms, like a local Facebook. MOS could discover which MGs were most discussed and the tone of the discussions. Some of it was positive, good feedback from users. More discussion was pretty filthy with fantasy discussions about us and our bodies. MOS monitored all of this.  
  
We didn’t see the detail but on our schedules, on our phones, we could see our percentage rating and where we stood on the charts.  
  
What about the plus jobs.  
  
The other fast MG was a lady called Lita, number 12. She was a small wiry woman in her late 30s. Pretty with short cut hair. Very much the runner, athletes body, no boobs to speak of. Lita was our oldest MG but still popular and a very fast runner.  
  
We were kneeling together one day and I said to her.  
  
“They keep telling me I’m the plus girl, but I am nothing compared to you. You are way faster than me”  
“Yeah, but I am not permanently in the top 3 on the charts with a percentage over 90%. You may not be as fast as me but you have the looks. Would be nice one day if the ...ing textiles would notice me as a piece of ass rather than as an athlete.”  
“Really?”  
“I used to get the looks and as a result get the excitement, if you know what I mean” she glanced at me “ but now whilst I love the running I am thinking of giving this up”  
“Oh no”  
“Alice, this is a young girls game. We do a proper job shifting paper securely around these buildings, but we all know that we are also here to provide a wonderfully sexual backdrop to boring corporate life. I think I may have aged out of the second role”  
“Are you clear of bonus payback?”  
“God yes, I’ve been at this for enough years. My only worry is that if I stop I’ll start running around the streets naked to get my charge” she giggled. “Still there is a naturist gym in town and I may have to join that”

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 008**

Relations with the textiles were massively variable.  
  
Building B, Legal were one of our major clients, hardly surprising because they had documents that needed reviewing or signing by others in Messidor. We were needed to move those documents around the campus.  
  
Because I was frequently doing plus jobs and because most textiles have very limited access to that service I regularly found myself serving the senior lawyers on B6. Legal clearly think themselves above everyone else at Messidor. Most of the men I dealt with either completely ignored me or gave me a sneering look. This was a practiced view. The boss of legal had been in the room when Vaux did his piece with me at the big meeting and I know how the legal guy was drinking in my sweaty body. Also they are so stupid up there that they think we cant see RMG floating in a window on their screens. Presumably they all go out with supermodels so don’t need to check us out!  
  
The women were different. Some clearly hated the MG concept. I did wonder why they stayed, given Messidor's clear support for the product. I would arrive at a desk to be greeted with  
  
“Morning slut” or “oh here’s the slapper” and similar. This hovered on the unacceptable but it was pain free so I ignored it.  
  
Some of the others had a much more nuanced approach. Quite a few always gave me a good look when I arrived, the sort of checking out women do of each others clothes. I found this amusing. My boobs are my boobs, the same today as yesterday. My parts are what they are. Unless you are checking for signs of arousal those lips look the same today as they looked yesterday. I am sure my bum got a going over as I left.  
  
A few were friendly. One of the nice ladies once gave me a package and said  
  
“Looking good 28, as always” which was nice. Others would wish me a good day.  
  
I got the distinct impression that at least one of these prim female lawyers fancied me.  
  
Finance were similar to legal. There were a couple of guys in finance that were probably virgins. Whenever I bounced up, and for these two I would try a good boob bounce, they didn’t know where to look. Eyes guys, always best place. I’m not allowed to bite.  
  
The Finance women were similar to the legal ladies.  
  
I’ve something special to say about IT and someone in particular in E but across the other buildings there was a general acceptance and possible joy in the MGs. Obviously the Messidor mods to the Hiromoto original were now a Messidor product and the business was generating a profit from this activity. Treating us badly was hardly good corporate behaviour but I rarely felt that the reaction I got was particularly forced. I suspect that those who ignored me would have done the same if I was a male teenager wearing a postboy uniform.  
  
One thing we all experienced was the butter fingered textile. He, it was always a he, would manage to drop the package on a pickup and expect us to bend down to get it. This level of schoolboy behaviour was easy to deal with. I perfected the Bunny dip, legs together, bend from the knee and reach slightly backward to pick up the item. Some girls got so annoyed at persistent stuff like this they reported it and textiles were disciplined. Their was no rigid rule about pickups but the safest system for them was to leave the package on the desk and we would pick it up.  
  
IT floor 5 were one of my favourite floors. Initially I was wary of them, they were mainly young, programmers and coders. They had a very casual dress code and erratic work hours. I would hardly ever see them during the morning but in the evening and night they would come alive. It seemed to me that I got more jobs on that floor than the other MGs. Could be coincidence; but they were hackers at heart and MOS was their baby.  
  
The MG style is to be quiet and modest. Too much humanity coming through led to de-merits, chatting was definitely frowned upon. However I found that I seemed to get away with a bit more on D5 than anywhere else.  
  
I’d come onto the floor in the evening and give them a twirl. They knew someone was coming either on a pickup or a drop so they would tend to be watching the door. It’s distinctly possible that they knew it was me arriving. I could dance down the corridor giving my hips a swing and shaking my boobs. It was risky but it never seemed to get back to management. Or if it did, management didn’t mind. The floor always behaved themselves and were supportive, lots of shouts of pleasure but they stayed back.  
  
I soon gathered that the big guy I’d first run into was the effective leader of the gang, even though there were managers over him. The women on this floor tended to the indie or grunge look. Gutter chic I have heard it called. I always got the feeling they somehow supported me and probably the other MGs. They liked to think of themselves as rebels in the heart of the Messidor beast and the MGs were certainly a group of rebels. This was of course hypocritical, both the coders and the MGs were part of Messidor design, perhaps part of some grand Vaux scheme, and taking the Vaux coin.  
  
Now the lady in E.  
  
First time I noticed her was on a shift she had come and inspected me on the mat. Not in a disapproving way at all but with a smile.  
  
I saw her a few times on daytime runs and she always looked up and watched me as I went passed. In the evening however it was different. She always seemed to be working late if I was doing the middle or graveyard shifts. She always took time to give me a definite once over.  
  
Then things escalated. I was on the mat in E and suddenly she appeared, not on her own floor. She walked very slowly passed me then looked around and presumably having satisfied herself there was nobody about went into a pod overlooking the rest area. She stood there for a little while, arms resting on the pod and leaning over. One hand then disappeared and it looked to me as if she was wanking. Fortunately the MMU sprang to life and I was off.  
  
A couple of nights later, close the end of the shift, I delivered to an empty desk on her floor. Again I went to the mat and she followed me over. Then to my complete surprise, she started stripping. Off came the white business blouse and dark skirt. She was wearing plain neutral coloured bra and pants, nothing too fancy. She took them off and placed them neatly on a desk.  
  
“If I’m going to look at your beautiful body we should be on equal grounds” she said  
  
She stood in front of me naked. She had nice boobs, certainly a bit large for MG work. Broad hips, but not excessive and a completely bald pubic area. I sort of nodded without thinking.  
  
She then started walking up the aisle back towards her pod. I could see her by her pod in the standing posture, then she jogged down the aisle, tits bouncing, and fell onto the mat in the kneeling posture.  
  
“You are not supposed to be on this mat” I whispered  
“Who cares. Who is going to stop me”  
  
She reached down and separated her lips and stared playing with her clit.  
  
“You can go now 28” she said. I ran out and down the stairs. I wondered whether I should report this. I knew I hadn’t done anything wrong, I was sort of a victim.  
  
I assumed MOS would be aware of this but the next night I was heading into E and up the stairs when to my surprise or even shock she was on the stairs naked. She stood back to let me by then followed me to the drop off. Then I headed to the mat and like before she joined me.  
  
“This is such a turn on” she panted, out of breath, clearly not very fit  
“You cant do this” I said  
“Doesn’t say that anywhere in the Staff or Mail Girl rules, I’ve checked” she turned and looked at me, she was clearly excited “mutual wank 28?”  
  
I got up without comment and ran back to Base.  
  
The next day when I logged on a message came up requiring my attendance with Ms Whitten.  
  
“So 28” she said “why didn’t you report this woman in E?”  
“She didn’t touch me or anything, she may have been breaking Messidor rules but I wouldn’t know”  
“Well she may have been, although the rules don’t directly deal with naked masturbation in empty office blocks, I think it is unacceptable” she gave a weak smile  
“She didn’t touch me” I volunteered  
“Mmmm”  
  
She spun round on her black executive chair and looked out of the window.  
  
“4 hours de merits are in my mind but JV wants to talk to you” I looked puzzled “so until that has happened you are still clear. If she approaches you again just move to another building. MOS will know”  
“How do I talk to Mr Vaux?’  
“You will be summoned to A6.1 as a job”  
  
She looked at me closely.  
  
“You are one of our best MGs 28, you are bound to attract attention, if anything like this happens just tell me or Lily Palmer”  
  
I was on the middle shift. When stationery, with no route, I was anxious, waiting for the call. At around 22.00 it came and I ran up to the sixth floor.  
  
John Vaux was sitting in his office and got up when I came in.  
  
“Alice, I wont keep you long. I waited until now since regular traffic reduces at this time”  
  
He gestured for me to sit but I shook my head and remained in standing posture, safer I thought.  
  
“This lady in E is interesting to me. One day we can talk about my youth and you will perhaps understand. We let you guys run around naked so it seems hypocritical for us to object if our other staff want to do the same, within reason of course.”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“The HR team disagree. I don’t want to overrule them, I have a constant battle to avoid micromanaging this place.” He looked at me again “Alice please sit down. I’m not dangerous”  
  
I sat on the edge of one of his big armchairs with my knees tightly together. He looked at me and grinned.  
  
“You and your colleagues create a sexual charge around these boring offices and we know the MGs improves every measure we can think of for staff performance. As far as HR are concerned the battle is to keep everything in the perfect spot, to achieve equilibrium. If I were younger and working downstairs there would be moments when one of you MGs would, without being aware of it, walk or stand or move in a particular way so that at that precise moment in time I’m not sure work would be uppermost on my mind”  
  
At least he is being honest I thought, but he is just another wanker  
  
“You know that.” He looked for agreement from me then went on “I am thinking that maybe we can increase our performance with some fine tuning. Now before we go too far the no touching rules are absolutely sacrosanct. Some female management staff, I think you call us textiles, have asked to work part time as MGs. We wouldn’t want to do that. If they are doing a good job then we want them to continue doing that job, not wasting time being shit MGs. If they aren’t doing a good job then we want them sorted out.”  
  
That made sense and I grunted agreement  
  
“What I want you to think about is this. Could we do ‘follow a Mailgirl for a shift’ programme as maybe a performance reward. Staff members could choose the shift and it would be interesting to see which shift they choose. Maybe they could choose the MG although I dont want you burdened with too many unfit naked women following you around. MOS could manage that if your friends in 5D put their mind to it”  
  
I must have looked surprised  
  
“I know all about 5D. At top level we are interested in the way you react to them and what effect it has on performance.”  
“Why didn’t anyone tell me, I have been worried that I was about to be hit with de-merits”  
“Alice you are too intelligent to ask that. If you knew it would have spoiled the experiment. You’ll be pleased to know that so far the effect is measurably positive. You can carry on but cautiously please”  
  
He gave me one of his deep blue eyed stares  
  
“Think about my idea for a couple of days. I’ll summon you up when I’m able to think and talk. There’ll be no demerits for today’s problem, don’t worry”  
  
He touched his wrist and my MMU said Base.  
  
Relations with other MGs were generally good. We weren’t all bosom buddies but we were a distinct breed apart at Messidor and stuck together. The only competitiveness between us was the chart, and that didn’t have any real impact on money or hours or anything else. I was worried that by being fast I might have the effect of bringing the nominals down.  
  
Emma pointed out that by doing a lot of plus jobs I wasn’t actually affecting the routine nominals, which was a good thing. Contrary to stories around the internet the system wasn’t designed to generate de-merits for us. Like all employers Messidor wanted us to be productive but basically contented. Too much pressure and things can go awry, a challenging but achievable balance was the objective.  
  
One other relationship that I need to mention, 32.  
  
One late afternoon we were walking away from work down toward the gates, I was with Erica, 32.  
  
Erica is Belgian. She came to the job almost exactly as I had.  
  
Her home town was Leuven. Emma told me that when Erica started someone pointed out that her home town was also the home of Stella Artois.  
  
“Yes, that is correct” Erica said  
“So we could call you Stella”  
“No that is not my name, I am Erica”  
“But you come from the same place as the beer so your nickname could be Stella”  
“But my name is Erica” she said, a little perplexed.  
  
From this you might gather Erica has many good points but she does have something of a humour bypass, or at least an English Humour bypass.  
  
She is, amongst her other talents, an amazing linguist. She speaks Dutch, French, German and English fluently. For Erica fluently means near perfectly. I know she can, in addition, make herself understood in Italian and Spanish. She always says that her ability in language is not special, her country has three languages and it is the English who are unusual because they only speak one language.  
  
I once said to her that the English think they are doing well if they can order beer in a foreign language.  
  
“You aren’t going to make a joke about Stella Artois are you” she said seriously.  
“No, no. Its a joke about how bad the English are at languages, they think they are doing well if they can order beer in a foreign bar”  
“But that is easy, most Europeans who work in a bar would understand what you mean by beer because the word for beer in most European languages is actually beer”  
  
She then went on to explain that only the Spanish were significantly different because in Spain the word for beer was cerveza. She gave me a serious look as if I should be thankful for the lesson.  
  
See, humour bypass.  
  
As we walked out that day she asked me.  
  
“You don’t have a boyfriend do you Alice?”  
“No”  
“Standard for mail girls. Men don’t seem to be able to handle their women running around naked all day.” She looked pleased with herself at the joke implicit in the use of the word handle.  
“I guess”  
“Wanna come round tonight and have a few drinks?”  
  
I wondered what was actually on offer and quickly said yes.  
  
Erica lived in a small flat over a shop near me. I cycled round, not wearing much, it was hot. Erica was naked as she answered the door, no surprise for me.  
  
“Strip off 28, play fair”  
  
We sat around, nude, chatting about all sorts of rubbish. As the evening wore on we both got pretty drunk. I think we both knew what was going to happen. We were sitting on the sofa and I leant over to her and gently kissed her on the lips. It was like a switch had been thrown. She kissed me back and pulled me down onto her naked body. Immediately I could fell her hands on my bum, pulling the cheeks apart so that the air rushed over my anus and vagina. I lifted my leg over her legs, my parts were now open.  
  
“Why did we wait” she whispered.  
  
I fastened my lips onto her right nipple, teasing it with my tongue. She suddenly pushed me off and I fell onto my back. Her hands were between my legs by now, running her fingers up and down my labia.  
  
“I want to see what the textiles cant see, 28” she whispered “I want to see all of you”  
  
And her head went down between my thighs. Her hands were pulling my labia apart and her fingers running along the crack. I felt her pull my lips apart and then she licked her fingers and started rubbing my clit area.  
  
She slid up my body and started kissing me, her hand stayed on my clit. I could now reach down to her lips and gently inserted my finger into her wet vagina. Like a couple of teenagers we were quickly mutually finger f\*\*king each other. Locked together our sweaty boobs mashed into each other we thrashed around the sofa. Grunts and yells exploded from both of us. I came in a glorious spasm of pleasure, Erica almost at the same time, jerking her hips into mine we fell apart exhausted.  
  
I moved down her body, passed her tits, passed her hips and parted her thighs. There was no resistance. I looked at her hairless lips; lips I’d seen so many times before. I gently parted them now and exposed her inner lips and clit. I bent down and nuzzled her clit hood with my nose then my tongue, moving up and down pushing the tongue into her vagina.  
  
“Oh yes” she whispered. I twisted my body and freed a hand and with my tongue and lips on her clit I inserted one then two fingers into her soft, warm, wet, vagina. She must have remained close because she came very quickly.  
  
We lay wrapped in a bundle of arms legs tits and vaginas for a long time.  
  
“Ohmigod” I said “do we get demerits for that?”  
“I knew we would end here from the first day I trained you” Erica replied  
  
At least two more orgasms later I rode home. I was glad that my next shift wasn’t until 16.00.