**Mailgirls at Messidor**

by Nacko

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 009**

In time I had told Vaux my ideas about being followed by naked members of staff. He spoke to 32 as well, maybe other MGs and certainly HR.  
  
Messidor introduced the Guest Mail Girl (GMG) scheme in two broad formats.  
  
A Messidor staff member could follow an MG for, at minimum, half a shift and at maximum a whole shift, at the time of their choosing. The staff member could indicate which MG they would like to follow but their choice could not be guaranteed. They were told that if they did a whole shift they would probably be moved from one MG to another at the 4 hour break.  
  
Access to the scheme was either by way of managerial recommendation or by way of charity donations. The charity scheme worked like this; any female Messidor employee from anywhere in the organisation could be a GMG if they raised a certain amount in charity donations. How much they needed to raise was variable and complicated, Messidor took into account location and employee status. Once the employee had raised the money and completed the GMG session Messidor, as a minimum, matched the amount raised.  
  
Cynics saw this as a way for Vaux to get a broader range of naked women around the offices. That theory might be true but charities benefited from the system. Life is often like that.  
  
The manager access was at the discretion of each line manager. It could be done as an option to reward good work. It could be used as a confidence booster. In fact there were multiple reasons for manager to recommend staff. The key thing I wanted in the rules, and I know Erica said the same, was that the consent of the employee had to be genuine and communicated to HR direct from the employee, not through their manager. HR had the final sign off.  
  
During their period as GMG they would be treated a little like a tango. Nothing personal from the shower room but they could be picked up on RMG.  
  
So here are a couple of my examples.  
  
Roughly two months in to the scheme I had a lady join me at the half time break on the morning shift. I came back into the shower room and there she was, in her business outfit, standing in the Tango area. That was the system, they checked in with Lily and she would direct them to wait.  
  
I vaguely recognised the lady. She was tall, brown hair tied up somehow. She wasn’t routinely pretty but due to her height and her manner she was very striking.  
  
“Hi, I’m 28” I said  
“I know, you were requested” she replied in a somewhat formal manner  
“So you ready for this”  
“I suppose so, what do I do?”  
  
Her attitude was a little odd, but having done a few of these GMGs I was rarely surprised.  
  
“Well first step is uniform, then shower and stuff”  
  
She looked at me with a serious stare.  
  
“And stuff?”  
“Well, if needed, you shave to be like the rest of the MGs, but if you look good, no worries?”  
“OK, I’ll definitely do the lotion”  
“You can put your clothes in the locker there” and I indicated a vacant Tango locker.  
  
The Tango lockers were bigger than ours, big enough, for clothes to be hung up. Once qualified MGs rarely if ever arrived for work wearing very much, and anything that needed hanging was very unusual. Joggers, tee shirts, simple dresses were the norm. Apart from Daria, if one of us had a hot date and arrived with hot date clothes then the piss was taken with a vengeance.  
  
The lady slowly and deliberately started undressing. I could sense that decisions were still being made in her brain. I wondered about the consent issue with HR. The rules for us were clear, we could talk but we couldn’t ask. They had to start any conversation above trivial.  
  
The bra and pants came off slowly.  
  
Naked she was very attractive. Her legs were long but fairly muscular, she had broad hips but totally in proportion to her size. She had obviously shaved and waxed as I couldn’t identify any hair on her vagina, which was nicely proportioned and reasonably tucked away. Her boobs weren’t big but sat nicely on he frame.  
  
“How tall are you?” I asked  
“5 foot 10, why?”  
“Looking good, we don’t usually see nice tall ladies” and I grinned at her. She seemed to soften a little.  
“I’m hitting the shower, need to wash off four hours of work”  
  
She followed me, tentatively, toward the showers. The other MGs, as is their wont, paid no attention to her, she was a temporary issue, a pop up in their life, soon to disappear.  
  
She showered and lotioned up vigourously.  
  
I logged her on with the new GMG setup.  
  
“OK lady, you ready to go?”  
“Yes, lets get going” she said, but with a hesitancy in her voice.  
  
The first job was a routine A to B delivery. As always I stopped before opening the door from the stairs for the first time. She looked at me.  
  
“Last chance to change your mind” I said  
“Does that happen?”  
“Not often” I nodded at her “so ready to go naked”  
“It’s why I’m here”  
  
Coming out of the door on A4 she hesitated and I sensed she was about to cover up, then straightened up and followed me as I jogged around the route.  
  
After an hour she was showing signs of fatigue but seemed to be levelling out. We chatted on pads about trivia.  
  
Then a routine C3 pickup to A4. Nothing special for me but she froze.  
  
“Come on lady, job to do”  
“That’s my floor”  
“Ah” we stopped and I looked at her “you knew this could happen, you agreed to this, let’s do it. Stick to me, look at my back, you are looking great hon”  
  
We headed over and out onto C3, one of the Marketing teams. Initially the textile reaction was routine, a few glances but nothing special until someone yelled  
  
“Shit that’s Ruth” at which point everyone seemed to stand up. Someone shouted “nice bum”. I headed to the pickup and stopped. She came up with me in a sort of hunch.  
  
I whispered to her “Shoulders back, tits out, up straight, you look good and they cant touch you”  
  
She looked at me.  
  
“Stay focussed on me, they are just random background interference, we are the real thing” I continued  
  
Package collected we jogged out, I probably ran faster than normal for the safety of the stairs. When the service door shut I stopped and looked at her. She had flushed up red. Her eyes looked excited.  
  
“F\*\*k me that was so weird” she said  
  
“Lets do the run then we can talk, it you want”  
  
On the mat at A4 I said  
  
“So, how was that then?”  
“Really strange. Management said I was too uptight to work on C3, too stuffy. Doing GMG was one way to loosen me up, they said”  
“That’s not normal, but you agreed?”  
“It’s a good job, well paid, so yes, I agreed” she looked pensive “and I thought it was an experience that I should try”  
  
I looked at her. Her chest was heaving but I noticed her nipples were standing out. She was glowing.  
  
“How do you feel right now? I asked  
“Excited and turned on. I thought I’d feel humiliated but once I got over that I realised that I had the power”  
“That’s the way most of us do this work”  
“I want to go back to C3”  
“MOS has a way of knowing that” I grinned at her  
  
It took about 45 minutes, we’d done a few runs but MOS asked us to run the reverse, A4 to C3.  
  
“I’ll lead” she said “you follow”  
“No issue with that, I’m your wing man”  
  
She’d had her hair up but quickly she undid it and it fell to her shoulders. She shook her head to spread it out.  
  
Then over to A4, do the pickup and across to C3. At the door I said.  
  
“You go, I’ll be a few paces behind”  
  
She grinned  
  
She attacked the corridor. She did the thing on tip toes to emphasise her height and to make her legs even more attractive. She swung her hips like a burlesque dancer. The floor was initially stunned then a female voice shouted out.  
  
“Go for it Ruth”  
  
She sashayed up to the desk, dropped the parcel with a flourish then spun round and headed for the mats. Cheers and applause swirled around. I turned and got to the mat first. She came over and in a very theatrical way lowered herself into the kneeling posture.  
  
A crowd gathered round. I wondered if she could handle this but she was happy in the standard pose. There was a general hubbub of noise and some people were addressing her by name but she ignored them. She leant over to me and whispered  
  
“That was great, I could get used to this”  
“Be careful what you wish for Ruth. Those of us who stick at it feel the same, thing is you probably make more than us”  
“Probably” her eyes were sparkling  
  
The MMU very quickly sent us to D and we were gone.  
  
At the end of the shift we were back in the shower room in A basement. The music was pumping and Ruth was dancing madly about the place, completely naked.  
  
“Hey Ruth” I shouted “you realise that you are on camera, don’t you”  
“Sure, of course, but this was such a great day I want to celebrate with a dance, join me” she yelled waving her arms over her head and grinding her ass to the beat.  
  
I ran to her and we bopped around with the other girls.  
  
Eventually she slowed and walked over to the Tango locker. I joined her. She reached out and swallowed me in a huge sweaty naked fleshy hug.  
  
“I never believed I could do this?” she said “I thought I would be too embarrassed.”  
“But….”  
“Once I got over the nudity I started loving it, if that makes sense”  
“Yeah, what you mean, I think, is once you get over your in built fear of being naked you discover that it’s actually great fun”  
“I thought it was OK for you girls, the supermodel Mail Girls”  
“Supermodel, hey come on”  
“You know what I mean, young, slim, small boobs, tight arses, pretty. That’s what most of you are, it’s OK for you but not for big birds like me. I don’t mind being naked in the right place but the office was never that place. But GMG says it’s a non negotiable requirement to be naked so you have permission, you’ve made the decision”  
“You have a great figure Ruth, different from us but great”  
“And when I walked out there naked nothing happened, no bolt of lightning. Just people looking and some of them liking what they saw. Nearly everyone wants to be liked”  
  
I smiled at her and gave her another hug.  
  
“So what happens tomorrow, back on C3?”  
“Dunno. They’ve all seen me naked now. For the women so what, it’s just variants of what they have hidden away. For the guys some of them might fancy me a bit more now. One thing, I’m going to dress a little more sassy from now on. Shorter skirts and a bit more boob. That will be conservative compared to the show they got today”  
“You’re happy”  
“Yup, may do it again.” And she started tearing up “it’s been one of those days that I will remember for the rest of my life. Thank you 28”  
“Alice”  
“Alice” and she gave me a kiss on the cheek.

Then a couple of weeks ago I was on the daytime shift. I’d left the afternoon before so Lily hadn’t been able to tell me that I would have a GMG with me from the beginning of the shift.  
  
I rolled into the shower room at around 7.30 to find a naked stranger sitting in the Tango seat. She saw me and her face burst into a huge grin and she ran over.  
  
“28, I’ve been waiting for this for months” She had a strong West Country accent.”I’m Sandy”  
  
I looked her over. Petite, slim with a flat stomach and nice but manageable boobs. Pink nipples. She was completely shaved with tucked under vagina.  
  
“Morning, you are quick off the mark”  
“Dont want to miss anything, get the full benefit. I am a charity GMG, I must do 4 hours but if I can do the full 8 then I will get the money matched by Messidor”  
“Oh, better get myself fettled and ready to go” I said, she was infectious.  
  
I stripped off and headed for the showers, she followed me and copied my morning routine.  
  
“No need to shave Sandy, I can see you are nice and smooth. I have to do it as part of my duties”  
“I’m not missing out on any of this” she giggled and sat legs wide apart foaming and shaving her pretty little vagina.  
  
“So this tells us where to go” she said as we sat on the bench at 8 looking at her MMU.  
“Well, it tells me where to go, you follow me” I smiled at her  
“Today it tells us where to go” she said, emphasising the us  
  
She kept up very well. When we have a GMG the system is gentler with us and we don’t have the same issue with nominals. The idea is that at half way we swop over with another MG and get back to proper productive work.  
  
About 3 hours in we were jogging across from C to D when she ran ahead and started running around me, laughing.  
  
“This is so much fun, running around naked in the sunshine and nobody caring”  
“If this was your job Sandy, you would care, the clock is running”  
“But you can go much faster, I know it”  
  
On the mat after the delivery she sat with her knees very far apart, showing that pretty pussy.  
  
“We haven’t had a plus job have we” she stated  
“When we have GMGs MOS doesn’t schedule them for us”  
“Can you override that?”  
  
I looked at her. She seemed eager, her eyes were bright, I knew she was fit.  
  
“I can request that I go onto normal service, with you still following me for the second half of the shift if you want”  
“Oh yes”  
“But it could get brutal”  
“What, more than this” and she gestured around us. Some men had gathered for what they no doubt would describe as a meeting just at the end of the corridor in front of us. They were looking at Sandy clinically. I was used to this. With my eyes I indicated them to her.  
“I know, they can look, it’s a turn on isn’t it?”  
“Yeah” I said  
“So how much more brutal?”  
“Oh not the exposure, not that, the physical stuff”  
“I’m good to go”  
  
So at midday, after our break, she stayed with me as I went onto normal mode. A plus job came up pretty fast. C5 to A5.  
  
I ran as if she wasn’t with me, pounding down the path and up to the fifth floor. She stuck at my back all the way. The package collected we ran the route and after delivery stepped into the stairs for a SD. She was panting but grinning.  
  
“Shit that was good fun”  
  
I looked at her  
  
“Do you want to be a MG?”  
“Not really, I live with my family in Bristol. I don’t want to move. I’ll go back to work in the Messidor in Cabot Square”  
“But you are really enjoying this”  
“Oh God yes”  
  
We must have run four plus jobs in the second half of the shift. She kept with me perfectly. On the last I let her lead and she did it without fault. Running behind her was a turn on, watching her bum move with the peeks of labia between her legs as we ran upstairs.  
  
Towards the end, after the last plus we were in the stairs at C. She was sweating, glistening in the sun coming through the window. The light catching the hairs on her arms.  
  
“Sandy you are a loss to the MG system, you would be a star”  
“Oh not like you Alice, that is your name isn’t it?”  
“Yeah” I gave a good look, up and down “I’m not sure you wouldn’t beat me on the charts”  
“I’ve always wanted to do this, but I am not sure it would be OK with my parents”  
“Do they know you are here?”  
“Sort of, they know it’s official Messidor charity but if they know exactly what I am doing they are not talking about it”  
“And you won’t tell them” I asked  
“No reason to have the discussion.”  
  
She moved over and wrapped her arms around me, her boobs pressing into mine. I felt her leg lift so her thigh was on mine and I knew her vag would be exposed. I leant down and kissed her and her lips parted and her tongue shot our. Then the MMU buzzed and we parted.  
  
At the end she hugged me again in the shower room whilst still naked.  
  
“I could so get used to this” she said “better get back to Bristol”  
  
A couple of days later Jackie Whitten asked me about her. I told her that she was happy in Bristol and didn’t want to be a MG. I understand that John Vaux doubled the Messier charity money, I guess the RMGs of her would be saved for a rainy wanking day in the upper echelons of Messidor.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 010**

Phoebe was already an MG when I joined.  
  
She was stunning. Tall with very long legs onto a slim body with nice boobs, quite big for an MG. She had black hair, dead straight hanging down as long as Messidor would allow, just kissing the top of her boobs. Moving around she was always very elegant, never a speed merchant, probably because of the boobs bouncing. She was popular with the textiles.  
  
Initially, I found her decidedly distant. I’d smile at her in the shower room and she would seem to ignore me. If I needed to talk to her then no problem but that would be it, no real contact.  
  
Then someone ran into her outside work and discovered that she wore glasses. We encouraged her to go to Jackie to check it was OK to wear them at work and Jackie had a look at them and said yes.  
  
Suddenly Phoebe was everyone’s friend. She told us she had spent her time in a sort of fog with everyone a blur. She could tell us apart but didn’t pick up on expressions.  
  
The new Phoebe was funny, lively, always giggling about something or other, would throw herself around in a conversation, as if talking was physical activity. She was great. Strangely the new Phoebe dropped down the charts, it seems the textiles liked the old goddess Phoebe, so she tended not to wear the glasses for runs, but in the basement, they went on straight away.  
  
Her big thing though was outside of the campus. She lived in a large house by herself. She was married, but her husband was permanently in Tokyo and, according to Phoebe, ‘shacked up with some Japanese tart’.  
  
One day we were lounging in the shower room on a break and I asked if her MG job was a problem for her husband.  
  
“He doesn’t know. When he left he sent money for the mortgage and I kept my job in purchasing in G . But he stopped sending the money, and I couldn’t afford to stay on the salary I was getting, so when Jackie suggested Mail Girl to me I went for it”  
  
“So how did it happen”.  
  
She leaned back and stretched out those long legs.  
  
“I was in a regular appraisal. My manager asked if I was getting along OK at home, she knew about my husband, and I told her I wasn’t. I was finding the money side too hard and needed to do something. She said ‘why not sell the house, get a flat’ but I told her I really didn’t want to do that and in any event that meant dealing with my husband.”  
“So she said, get your kit off and be a Mail Girl.” I interrupted.  
“Come on Alice; you know Messidor, nothing so obvious.”  
‘Yeah”  
“She said she would speak to HR. I genuinely don’t think the MG thing would have ever crossed her mind.”  
“But you knew we were up here.”  
“Only vaguely. I don’t know if you’ve noticed but the trees, which appear to be randomly spread across the park, actually provide a very impenetrable barrier to the corporate area. They have been planted with a lot of accuracy. From the top of G, which was my building, you could see the tops of the corporate buildings but not much more.”  
“I’d noticed that, very subtle, typical.”  
  
She shifted her weight, sat up straight and rested her elbows on her thighs. Her boobs very slightly swayed as she did so.  
  
“The MG thing was confidential, that was the Messidor line. Nobody knew how many girls there were. Initially, nobody knew who any of them were. We’d see people going up the paths but were they lawyers, marketing, accountants or mail girls. Who could tell.”  
“They are the ones not wearing much.”  
“But back then they were told to come to work wearing office wear.”  
“Really?” I’d never heard that before.  
“So the details were a big secret. About a week later I was called up here to F and saw one of the HR underlings on floor 2. Bit more of a chat. She ran through other jobs I could do in G or H, slightly more money, maybe. Not enough for my needs. I must have looked disappointed. So then she said there was an opening in the Corporate area for a Communications Associate. I must have looked puzzled. She pushed across the desk a short job description which included the pay. That was all I could look at. If my eyes could have popped out of my head, they would have. The signing on bonus was bigger than my mortgage arrears. The pay was enough to keep the mortgage company at bay and have a very decent life.”  
“Did you guess at this stage.”  
“No, talk about naive. The HR person asked if I was interested. I said ‘obviously yes’. I was then taken up to F6 to Jackie.”  
“How did she do it?”  
“Well things change but as we came out of the lift an MG went by at speed, it was Lita.”  
“Wow, they do a STOP now don’t they.” I said.  
“But not then. I was excited and fascinated to see her. Jackie whisked me into her office and she started talking. The package etc etc. My head was swirling with the money, which would solve all my financial worries, oh, and the sight of Lita, naked, running through the office. Jackie then asked if I understood what the job involved, the uniform. It was then I clicked. ‘This is a Mail Girl job isn’t it’ I said “ so Jackie nodded and said because of my beauty I was an obvious candidate.”  
  
“Beauty, Huh, never thought of myself as beautiful.”  
“Come on Phoebs; you are classically gorgeous.”  
“Yeah, but who sees themselves as others see them. I knew I had a good enough figure but……”  
“So what happened next?”  
“She asked if I wanted a coffee and I said yes and she went out. I’m looking at the paperwork and trying to weigh up the money and the nudity. She comes back in and sits behind the desk; she plonks a coffee my side. She asks if I’m interested and I say yes. Good, she says, so we need to check you are suitable. Please take off all your clothes, she orders. I remember saying ‘what here’ and she says ‘if you are going to do this then this office is quite discreet’ which is of course correct.”  
  
She looked at me with a grin.  
  
“I think we all get this moment,” she said  
  
I nodded.  
  
“Now I’m not modest. In fact at school I was known for flashing my tits. But this sort of unemotional nudity is weird. Getting undressed for sex is Ok, this was just dispassionate. What was uppermost in my mind though was the letter I knew was coming sooner or later from the mortgage company starting a process that would repossess the house. So the kit came off. I’m standing there stark naked and she begins a close-up examination. Has a tug at my pubes, which were trimmed but there. She sort of felt my arse which was weird. Then she says ‘excellent, even more beautiful naked. You would be a positive asset to the programme’. Then she goes out leaving the door open. I look around and some guy is out there giving me the ogle. I’m about to do the tits and pubes with my hands then I think, ... it and stay there naked. Jackie comes back and shuts the door.”  
“Did she give you time to think about it?”  
“Yeah, so I dressed and took the paperwork home. Next morning I’m in her office signing up.”  
“Who trained you?”  
“Someone you wouldn’t know, German girl, went back to Germany, I think she is running an MG operation over there.”  
“Jackie told me that all MG managers have to have done the job at some stage.” I said.  
“She told me that”  
  
Then my MMU buzzed and I was gone.

Phoebe’s big house meant there was always a home for random MGs, Emily lived there for a long time, and it was the site for regular parties either planned or spontaneous. One of those parties I remember very well for its effect on my romantic life.  
  
It was a planned party. I’d been at Messidor for around 3 months and most of my friends had made a decision either to forget me or to carry on as if nothing had changed. One boy from school, Deano, had initially dropped me but then he phoned a couple of times to ask me out. I wasn’t sure so for safety said ‘why don’t you take me to this party’.  
  
I had told him it was at the house of someone I worked with.  
  
When we arrived, the party had taken over most of the ground floor of the house. There were an awful lot of people there, including, I quickly realised, most of the MGs not on duty. Now MGs are inevitably very cute, very fanciable. Deano was fascinated, he kept asking me if this woman or that woman were MGs and I kept saying ‘who cares’.  
  
I began to grasp that he was interested in me not for me, but because of what I did. He probably assumed he would see a lot of naked flesh, or at least a lot of my naked flesh. Eventually I told him I wasn’t getting undressed for him and if that is what he wanted to get lost.  
  
He said. “You’ve changed; running around naked with all those men watching you has made you a bitch, you know that don’t you”  
  
I just shrugged and he moved away.  
  
I wandered for a bit.  
  
I found Erica who was looking bored with a man I didn’t recognise hanging off her. I leaned over her, ignoring the guy and whispered in her ear  
  
“Enjoying yourself?”  
  
She gave me a look, then turned her body towards me and started snogging me hard. The guy with her was both taken aback and engrossed in equal measure. Erica then turned back to him and said.  
  
“I’m with my friend, you can go, ” and she took me by the hand and we went into the kitchen.  
  
Phoebe and Emma were sitting on the worktop drinking beer. They laughed at our expressions as we came in.  
  
“If we are going to have parties I think we either have no other MGs or we face facts and take our clothes off,” I said.  
Erica added, “most of the men have come here for that and it’s a bit annoying.”  
“We could all get naked, wouldn’t be a big issue for us, but it would please these wankers,” Phoebe said  
“Let's do it, but just stay in the kitchen” Emma suggested.  
“And nobody, male or female, can come into the kitchen unless they are in our uniform” Erica added  
  
Phoebe was already stripping off and quickly the rest of us followed.  
  
The effect was slow. Gradually people, mainly men, started hovering around the door. Phoebe’s kitchen wasn’t huge but had enough space for the four of us to move around, help ourselves to booze and dance around a bit. One guy said.  
  
“I need more beer, can I come in.”  
“You must be in uniform; you know what that is” Erica sternly said  
  
He went away.  
  
Emily arrived, looked in and grinned and then went away again. Moments later she returned with a tall willowy and pale girl with gorgeous long black hair. Emily said.  
  
“This is my friend from home, Poppy” she turned to her “come on Pops, join in.”  
  
Emily was stripping off looking back at her friend. Poppy seemed very nervous, sort of biting but not biting her fingernails and fiddling with her hair. She looked at us; we were all smiling at her. Then she slowly took off her trousers and blouse to reveal a slim body. Emily, now naked, went over to her, looked up at her friend and reached around her back to unhook her bra. Poppy was somewhat flat chested. Quickly, without Emily’s help, she stepped out of her panties to reveal a well trimmed and very black set of pubes.  
  
“Ohmigod you are beautiful,” Emma said.  
“Thanks, I can’t believe I am doing this” Poppy said in a very cut glass accent.  
  
Phoebe gave her a glass filled with clear liquid, ice, and a slice. Probably one of Phoeb’s killer gin and tonics. Poppy slugged it down almost in one.  
  
Daria looked in. She was dressed in a very classy black dress with gorgeous jewelry.  
  
“You girls are too much” she shouted over the noise “I’m not at work, I stay covered” and laughing she moved on.  
  
To liven things up at that stage a naked boy appeared. I knew him from school; he was OK.  
  
“I need to get to the booze,” he said slowly advancing into the kitchen.  
“You know the rules, no touching,” I said  
“Might be difficult, a bit crowded in here” he replied  
“Makes life more interesting” and I looked down at a reasonable willy “and no erections either.”  
  
He moved around my back, I felt a slight brush of skin and he made it to the beer. He stood there looking at us all in a very relaxed way, not focussing only on vags, although I did catch him clocking mine and Emily’s.  
  
Then the dam broke, more naked men appeared.  
  
“Getting might crowded,” Emma said and opened the doors from the kitchen into the garden.  
  
It was a warm night and we stepped outside. Erica took on the police role. Every time a clothed person tried to get into the kitchen she noticed and shouted at them to get out. I was interested that some other girls, not just Poppy and not just MGs were getting naked.  
  
“What you need Phoebs, is a swimming pool,” I said  
“Shall I ask Messidor to provide one, they are in the catalogue.”  
“Fat chance.”  
  
Poppy was standing off to one side, clutching a large probable gin and tonic. I went over.  
  
“So how are you tonight?”  
  
She looked around at me and her face came alive.  
  
“This is fun. I seriously can’t believe I did it but now I have, naked is good.”  
“How do you know Emily?”  
“From junior school on. I live about half a mile from her parents.”  
“Do people in the village know what she does?”  
“Uh, yes, most of them. She has utterly scandalised everyone, and she doesn’t seem to care.”  
“And you have now joined her.”  
“Oh I’m not going to be a Mail Girl, I’m pretty confident about that.”  
“What do you do then?”  
  
  
“I work in an accountant's firm in Chelsea. Traditional work but I like it. Not one of the big firms, small with high net worth clients.”  
“Sounds like it could be interesting”  
  
She smiled.  
  
“I live in a very nice recently refurbished house at Kings Cross. It was a brothel before but is now a high class set of flats. My parents bought the flat for me to use for the moment and eventually as an investment for their retirement. I work near Sloane Square. I can get to work in about 30 minutes on the tube or on the bus. The job is paid well and provided I pass the exams I will be an accountant. Unlike Emily I like the work, the people are interesting.”  
  
She paused “Maybe I should go to work and strip off, be a Mail Girl for a day, that would cause a stir.”  
“Probably not advisable.” I said  
  
Emily ran over and grabbed Poppy asking her to go and dance. They boogied around the lawn a blur of thighs, bums, tits, and vaginas. Both of them with hair swirling. Poppy was laughing with pleasure. A slow number came on and Erica found me and wrapped me in her arms, skin on skin.  
  
It finished and she kissed me. Another slow number started and a there was a tap on my shoulder. I looked around. It was Poppy. She grinned.  
  
“My turn.”  
  
Erica laughed and let me go. Poppy threw her arms around my neck. I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her in tight. I could feel her legs up against mine and her small breasts crushed into my not much bigger breasts. She gently kissed me. The song finished. She let go and we both, simultaneously, grabbed each other's bum. I pulled her cheeks gently apart. She slowly disentangled.  
  
“I saw you with Erica and just had to have a go.”  
“Please don’t apologise,” I said  
“It's the first time I’ve slow danced a naked woman, whilst naked myself”  
“Don’t let it be the last; you are good at it.”  
“Oh dear, visiting Emily is upsetting my karma. This is all new”  
  
She wandered off to find Emily.  
  
Over time the party wound down. Erica was on an early shift the next day and after giving me a huge sloppy kiss, she headed back to her place. I was left sitting in the garden with a large beer winding down. Poppy reappeared.  
  
“Hi,” I said “get a drink and sit down.”  
“Already got one.”  
  
She waved a beer can at me and sat on the bench beside me.  
  
“Emily has taken some chap upstairs,” Poppy said  
“Are you sharing rooms?”  
“Oh no, I’ve got a room to myself.”  
“OK”  
  
She turned herself toward me.  
  
“Can I ask you something personal….private?”  
“You can ask Poppy; I will decide whether to answer.”  
“Emily is still straight but um, you and Erica, I mean um.”  
  
I interrupted  
  
“Have sex with each other?” I said  
“Is Erica your girlfriend?”  
“She is what is commonly called a friend with benefits.”  
  
She looked relieved.  
  
“I mean, are you gay?”  
“No, well I don’t think so.” A question I had asked myself “I think I am what they call bi-sexual. I still fancy some men but now I realise I also fancy some women.”  
  
I smiled. She went silent still looking intently at me.  
  
“For instance I fancy you Poppy,” I said  
  
She blushed to her black hair roots. I fancied her even more. I leaned over and kissed her. She kissed me back, moving her body closer to mine. I reached around her and pulled her toward me by the small of her back. She didn’t resist. I ran my hand down her back to her bum, her legs were slightly apart and I reached in and pressed her anus. She gasped but didn’t pull away, if anything she kissed me harder and I felt her hand on my left breast.  
  
“Poppy if you want this to go on we need to go somewhere private” I whispered.  
  
She broke away, her eyes were excited.  
  
“Come to my room.”  
  
I looked around. Nobody was in the garden; there were still a few people in the lounge. I found my clothes in the kitchen and followed Poppy.  
  
Upstairs the doors to all the bedrooms but one were closed. Poppy quickly went into the open door and gestured for me to follow. She threw herself on the bed. I dropped down next to her, she was on her back and I was to one side. We started kissing; her hands went to my right boob. I reached down, her legs were wide apart and I rested my hand on her vagina.  
  
“Are you sure about this Poppy?”  
“Oh god yes” she breathed.  
  
Still kissing I started gently massaging her vagina with my right hand, I then moved up and started stroking her left breast while kissing her right nipple. Then back to her vagina. As I touched her again, she raised her hips and groaned slightly. I rested the heel of my hand on her pubic areas and rubbed her lips with two fingers, she was wet.  
  
“Oh yes,” she whispered.  
  
I moved around her and parted her legs wide and leaned down to her vagina licking her clit area while still rubbing her lips. She raised her hips again. She was lying back, her arms to each side of her head, spreadeagled on the bed. Her black hair was a frame around her face. She was breathing heavily.  
  
As I worked her clit with my tongue her hips started moving up and down to emphasise the motion, I brought my hands around and cupped her buttocks to support her. It wasn’t enough, her head was hard into the bed and she was arching her back, I had to kneel to stay with her. I started ramming two fingers into her hard and she was crying out “Oh. Oh. Oh” and gasping as she did it, bucking her hips up and down ending in a violent orgasm.  
  
When she finished and fell back onto the bed, I moved down on top of her, still between her legs. She started kissing me hard and pulling me closer, wrapping her long legs around me. I knew what to do.  
  
“Just lie there Poppy.”  
  
Kneeling on the bed between her legs I started slowly examining her vagina, telling her how nice it was. I tapped her a couple of times and she smiled. I slid one finger just inside her, then another then took them out and started rubbing her clit hard for a couple of seconds, she began breathing hard again, then I stopped.  
  
“Just getting going, round two.”  
  
She was very wet; her legs were almost at right angles to her body, her vagina completely open. I spat on my finger and using that and her natural juices I slid a finger into her anus at the same time with the other hand rubbing her clit area hard. I started ...ing her anus gently while rubbing her clit hard; she began breathing heavily again and gasping and moaning “yes, yes” Then I stopped the fingers on her clit but started licking again. She was going “Oh Oh” and her hips started vibrating hard and fast and her back arched and she came for the second time in a violent jerking orgasm.  
  
Again we wrapped ourselves together, she passionately kissing me.  
  
“Ohmigod, those were the best two orgasms I’ve ever had” she whispered “the first was fantastic but then a second, even better.”  
  
I rolled off her and she lifted herself on one arm. She ran her fingers down my body, testing my breasts and nipples then down to my vagina. She started rubbing it gently.  
  
“You can go harder Pops, I’m close, f\*\*king you is such a turn on”  
  
She did just that, kissing my boobs and rubbing my clit. I came fast, a nice orgasm. I kept quiet, didn’t want anyone to know I was there.  
  
As we lay there, she said.  
  
“I’ve slept with boys before, I’ve got a regular boyfriend. They hardly ever made me come. Then this……”  
“Women know what to do; boys are good for other things.”  
“I suppose.”  
  
She turned to me and wrapped me up in her arms and long legs. She was clearly about to go to sleep.  
  
“Poppy, I can’t sleep here, life would get too complicated.”  
  
She looked disappointed but nodded.  
  
I quickly dressed, crept out of the house without anyone seeing and cycled home.  
  
When I ran into Emily at work a couple of days later, she said.  
  
“Hey, Alice did you see who hooked up with my friend Poppy. She almost shouted the house down, must have had at least two massive orgasms. She refused to say anything next morning but looked very pleased with herself.”  
“Didn’t see her with anybody” I lied “was she interested in any boys there?”  
“Must have been, kept it to herself though. Given the racket I wouldn’t mind trying him out myself”

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 011**

You may have grasped that the MGs were hardly a normal bunch of ladies. For whatever reason we had all been tempted into the system by money but decided to stay because, in addition to that money, we enjoyed the work. We would mostly arrive at the beginning of a shift not wearing very much because once in the shower room we would soon be wearing nothing, and that was just fine, no point in overdressing.  
  
Daria was different.  
  
She came from Romania, her English was good but heavily accented. She was small. Generally she wore her dark brown hair pulled back in a long pony tail. She was very slim, almost but not quite flat chested. Naked she was very attractive, well proportioned and until she stood next to me, or particularly Phoebe, she would appear perfectly normal. Beside us her petite size became obvious.  
  
Being small wasn’t the thing though.  
  
Daria would come to work dressed like a model, very classy clothes and full make up. She dressed with considerable care and walking up to A she might well have been a particularly well kitted out and beautiful personal assistant. She never seemed to wear the same set of clothes twice. She would come into the room dressed up and very carefully take off her outfit and fold it into her locker. Once naked she would hit the shower, wash off the makeup, do the necessary lotion and shave and then put on the minimum makeup we were allowed at work.  
  
At the end of her shift she would shower everything off, put on some more lotion then rebuild her face with full going out makeup, then retrieve her flashy outfit from the locker and head off home still looking as though she was a top level PA.  
  
“Daria why do you do this job when you so obviously love dressing up?” I asked her one day.  
“The clothes are what I live for, fashion is my hobby, my obsession”  
“It’s a bit weird though, running around wearing no clothes so you can buy expensive clothes”  
  
She looked at me as if I were stupid.  
  
“When I was working in G I couldn’t afford these clothes, even with a Messidor staff discount. Working as a Mail Girl I can afford most of the clothes I want. Isn’t that what Phoebe does for instance, except she wants the money to keep her house. What is the difference?”  
  
She gave me a quizzical look.  
  
“But you can see my point though, all day not a stitch on to be able to spend the rest of the time dressed like a model”  
“Yes that is right, what is weird about that?”  
  
To which of course the answer was, nothing.  
  
Daria’s route to MG was similar to Phoebe. She wanted more money and Messidor offered her a little more in G or H or a lot more as a Mail Girl. Daria said it was an obvious choice for her.  
  
“Did you know about Mail Girls” I asked her  
“Oh yes, by the time I joined they had been in the papers, those articles about how awful it was. I couldn’t see the problem, all the girls had decided to do the job, nobody forced them.”  
“So you thought this was a way to be a Mail Girl?”  
“Not really, I didn’t know how that happened, because nobody really knew. But at the HR meeting they showed me the money and I said yes before they got any further.”  
“Did Jackie ask you to strip?”  
“I offered to, I went in and said that I was good for the job and said I’d show her. She said yes and I stripped off. I signed straight away.”  
“Didn’t you think about it?”  
  
Daria laughed.  
  
“Oh yes, for about 30 seconds. I couldn’t see a reason not to do it. Back home we sunbathe nude on the beaches, I’ve never had any shame about my body, I don’t see any problems. Anyway it’s good work, we all keep fit and enjoy flaunting ourselves, yes Alice?”  
“Yes Daria”  
  
It was obvious that G and H were a good recruiting ground for them either directly or indirectly.

Daria and I worked a very interesting weekend. I wasn’t due to be on duty but Jackie Whitten specifically asked me to change shifts with Emily.  
  
“Its because there might be a personal issue this weekend for Emily”  
  
I looked puzzled.  
  
“You will understand, Emily knows about it”  
  
I wasn’t doing anything and weekend work paid overtime rates.  
  
When I got in on Saturday I almost immediately got an A6.1 message. I waved to Daria and headed upstairs. The top floor was busy, which was unusual for the weekend. I went to Vaux’s office and waited by the door. He saw me and waved me in.  
  
“Alice, or maybe I should call you 28 today, we are planning to complete a big deal with a European company today. Some city lawyers, and the other side, will be turning up shortly. There will be a lot of traffic between Legal and Finance and here.”  
“Oh good, so we’ll be busy”  
“Is that a problem”  
“No, usually weekends are boring”  
“Oh” he seemed relieved. “I wanted to warn you and 27 that there will be some non Messidor people around and they may find you um” he paused “distracting”  
“Might be fun”  
“Best behaviour young lady”  
  
He turned away and MMU said B5a1>A6.1. So we were off. I passed Daria on the stairs and stopped her.  
  
“We’ll be busy, there will be some strangers, non Messidor people around, be warned”  
“No worries”  
  
I collected the package and headed back to A6. As I came out onto the floor a group of around 10 strangers were making themselves comfortable in the central breakout area, drinking coffee and eating the fruit. I jogged around the outside and as I did I heard someone say.  
  
“Ohmigod, look at that”  
  
I smiled inwardly. I was on home territory so didn’t care. Once the package was delivered the MMU said RESTA5 which was unusual. I suppose they didn’t want us flaunting our bits resting on 6 but wanted us nearby. Daria was already kneeling there.  
  
“Did you see the outsiders?” she asked  
“Yeah, think I caused a stir”  
“So did I, they won’t get much work done if they stop to leer each time one of us appears”  
  
Almost immediately she was off and then I got A6.2>B6.a.2+. This was Finance director to his deputy. I ran up onto 6 and round to his office. He saw me and waved me in. A group of strange men and women were there. The conversation stopped dead when I came in, the strangers looked at me very strangely, the Finance Director looked frustrated. He gave me the package and I ran out and across to B.  
  
By mid morning either Daria or I were on the move most of the time. I was glad of my break and sat in the basement drinking a sports drink and munching an energy bar. Jackie Whitten put her head around the door.  
  
“28, a word” she called me over. “Some of the strangers, mainly but not exclusively the women, are complaining about you and 27”  
“What have we done?” I said concerned  
“Oh nothing, they just don’t like the Mail Girl concept”  
“Oh”  
“They think it is degrading”  
“Isn’t that their problem”  
“We agree. Please don’t change your usual work pattern, but please, please ignore any comments”  
“I always do”  
“I know, I’ve also told 27. Just be aware.”  
  
I did a couple of runs between A5 and B but the next time I went onto A6 a group of the outsiders stopped as I move around to my pickup. I heard someone say.  
“Degrading to women. Flaunting their bodies. Sexualising the office” and things like that. I breezed into Vaux’s office and he looked at me and grinned. He gestured to me. I went over and he leant into my ear.  
“That’s the team from the people we are taking over. They’d rather not have to sell to us and you are making it worse for them”  
“What should I do”  
“Nothing, carry on as normal. I’m enjoying it”  
  
Late afternoon Jackie caught up with Daria and me on A5.  
  
“Girls the deal is going through but very slowly. Can you two stay on please. You know what’s happening and it would help enormously”  
  
We both nodded. After she had gone Daria said.  
  
“There is a lovely leather jacket I want, might have the money now”  
  
The deal was going very slow. Some high quality corporate finger food magically appeared on A5 next to our place and we could eat, although both of us were up and down all the time.  
  
The vendor team had settled into A6.4. The Messidor external lawyers were in A6.2 or over in B. Our external lawyers tended to stop each time I appeared but didn’t say anything. They seemed to be enjoying our arrivals and departures. One in particular kept smiling at me and trying to catch my eye, that is when he wasn’t studying my tits or vag. Typical corporate type, didn’t fancy him at all. I remembered what Emily had said about corporate lawyers.  
  
The crisis, if you could call it that, happened around 20.00. I had just delivered a package to A6.2 when John Vaux stopped me.  
  
“Alice come into my office”  
  
The Messidor directors all seemed to be there, but nobody else apart from Jackie.  
  
“The vendors are talking of walking away.” I tried to look interested rather than tired “it is annoying, we have spent time on this deal and it makes sense to both sides. They have nowhere else to go but they are becoming emotional. Would you help us please?”  
“Me?” I couldn’t imagine what I could do.  
“I trust you to tell the truth, that is all we want”  
“Ok. Where?”  
“Come with me”  
  
He walked out and along to A6.4 where the other side were based and walked in, gesturing me to follow. In the room everyone was suddenly silent.  
  
“You have some issues, at this late stage” he said  
  
A woman stood up, I recognised her, she had been one of the voices complaining all along.  
  
“We believe we should not sell to Messidor. There are a number of reasons, this poor young lady being one of them”  
  
I looked her straight in the eye, tired yes, but poor young lady, come on.  
  
She turned to Vaux  
  
“Your business is built on Nazi gold. The commune you lived in 40 years ago was funded by Gerhard Stark who was an Nazi scientist”  
  
I’d read this on the web. I had no idea if it was true.  
  
Vaux smiled in his superior way.  
  
“He did fund our commune and if you have done your research you will know he actually lived with us. He was a scientist. You know that in the 20s and 30s he created a significant pharmaceutical business based in part on his own research. That business he sold in the late 60s and he retired to our commune. It is true that in the 1930s he, like very many Germans, joined the Nazi party and during the war he helped the German war effort. All of that is true and is common knowledge. This business, Messidor, started in that commune so I suppose to a very small extent what you say is technically correct but grossly misleading.”  
“All of this” she waved her hand around “is derived from Gerhard Stark”  
“Oh please, he died in the late 1970s. Messidor had only just got going as a small, hippy, mail order business. To credit him with our growth is hardly reasonable”  
“You expect us to sell our business to you, to entrust our workforce to you, a man who employs naked sex slaves in his offices”  
  
Ah, I can see my role in this beginning to become clear.  
  
“You really should do better due diligence. The Mail Girl programme is hardly a secret and you will know the Mail Girl licence is a product from which we derive profit. But you knew that, I’m sure” he turned to me, gave me one of his looks then turned back to the woman “this is one of our Mail Girls, 28, you have seen her diligently working all day. Feel free to ask her anything about the Mail Girls”  
  
Anything? Oh well.  
  
The woman stared at me.  
  
“Put some clothes on” she said to me  
“This is my uniform whilst at work”  
“You can’t be doing this freely, you are being co-erced”  
“I chose to do this, nobody made me. I get well paid for doing this as I imagine your lawyers get well paid for doing what they do”  
  
I sort of felt Vaux stiffen a little.  
  
“No women with any shame would work naked in amongst all these men”  
“And women” I added.  
“Don’t be clever with me young lady. You all have numbers not names, like a slave”  
“Its convenient, as you may know we are linked closely with MOS” I waved my arm showing the MMU “computers prefer numbers. Numbers also serve as a form of anonymity for us, not massively sophisticated, but it has that purpose. You must know that staff members are not permitted to touch any of us. If they do they would probably be fired. Offices traditionally have art works, many offices have art galleries attached. We mail girls are a constantly changing art gallery, we are performance art. We move around doing practical jobs but providing a window into a different world for the employees as we work. If we are slaves we are a remarkably happy and well paid group of slaves.”  
“But some of you can’t leave because of your contracts”  
  
Good point. Fortunately my mother had insisted I save my signing on bonus.  
  
“I received a signing on bonus, as did most of us. Mine sits in an investment fund. If I wanted to leave early then yes I might need to pay some of that back. But that sort of signing on bonus is hardly unique to Messidor Mail Girls. If one of the girls has spent the bonus then they might have a problem I agree, but that is a personal choice for each girl.”  
“But you are naked”  
“The girls were naked in Sparta, didn’t stop the Spartans fighting to keep Greece free and save democracy. Cultural norms change one way and then change back. I am not ashamed of my body”  
  
The woman looked frustrated. I realised that I was standing on a fissure between two cultures. I didn’t know anything about these people but I did know that Messidor was very different. Vaux started talking.  
  
“Your company is not like mine. Your company has been successful in the past, but no longer. If you walk away from us you will need to find another suitor, and I know you have tried, so far unsuccessfully. If you can’t find a buyer those employees you are concerned about will be out of work. You don’t have to like me or my company. You don’t have to approve of this young lady and the decisions she has freely made, this is business. I can save the jobs of most of your employees, that is in the contract as you know. You are making decisions based on your personal morals that will affect the lives of hundreds of your employees and their families. You say I was funded by Nazi money, well I hope none of you drive a Mercedes, BMW, Audi or VW. All those companies helped the Nazis”  
  
He looked at her. She remained sternly hostile.  
  
“This young lady is 28” he gestured toward me “her name is Alice by the way, is going back to her world. I am going back to my room. You people need to make a decision.”  
  
He looked at me and cocked his head, I followed. As we walked around the floor he said  
  
“Bloody hell Alice, comparing yourself to lawyers was a bit rich, that flipping woman is a lawyer” he paused and laughed “good stuff though, well spoken, loved the bit about Sparta.”  
“I’ve been reading about it”  
“Go back to Daria. I think we may be in for a night.”  
  
We weren’t. I later understood that the buyers argued about a couple of points, Messidor gave in diplomatically, and the deal was signed. I was home by ten. I slept for about 12 hours.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 012**

Emily was one of the most interesting of the Tangos I trained.  
  
You would describe her as posh.  
  
She was small, albeit perfectly proportioned for an MG. Classic English rose look with an elegant nose that revealed a slight hook in profile. Bright eyes and a ready smile. Brown hair centre parted falling to her shoulders. She has a very elaborate vagina, with lips protruding through. Her outer lips large and pronounced, especially given her diminutive size.  
  
I trained her on the middle shift after she had done three days on the main shift. She was doing well. Life was quiet on the shift, and we sat in the A basement chatting. I was by now interested in how people joined Messidor as a Mail Girl, so I asked her.  
  
“I met Jackie Whitten at a garden party at my parent's house” she told me  
“A party at your parent's house!” I was shocked and puzzled  
“My dad is a businessman, successful although not in Vaux’s league. He loves to network, and his companies do business with Messidor so having Jackie there wasn’t totally weird.”  
“So she propositioned her host's daughter?”  
“Well yes but in a very subtle way. We have this big house with one of those huge gardens. It was a lovely sunny day, and I was just bumming around out on the lawn. You need to imagine me then, I had gone to Bristol, got a 2:1 in law, done my LPC and got a training contract at a top city firm. Dad helped that last bit, but the rest was all me. I had a parentally approved boyfriend, local minor aristocracy.”  
“Sounds boringly perfect, but” I hesitated “here you are, a Tango.”  
“Yes, by the time of the party I’d dropped out. I hated the law. It was okay as an academic pursuit, but in practice it was dull and boring. The lawyers I worked with were bad people. Status obsessed and prejudiced, as only the English can be. All they cared about was money and getting on with their careers, which is the same thing. They worked long hours and took drugs to stay awake. If the matter I was on was interesting, all I was allowed to do was photocopy. If I did proper legal work it was on the boring repetitive stuff. So I left. My father was livid, insisted I go back, told me how good my future was, all the usual bollocks”  
“I can see why he would take that view”  
“Oh, so can everyone. I was the pariah of the family. Dad told me that I had to go back to law or repay the thousands he had laid out for the LPC. He thought that would worry me.”  
“I can see Jackie working into that gap.”  
Emily smiled.  
“Don’t rush me. So I’m at the party, and she starts talking to me. At first she seems to treat me as an entree to Dad’s world but gradually as I rant on about that world she changes tack. Very carefully she gets me to tell her about myself, about holidays in the Med, my boyfriend and all sorts of stuff.”  
“She is good.”  
“The best. By the end of the evening Jackie has told me that if I wanted to repay my Dad in both senses of the phrase she had an idea, Messidor could help. She gave me her card, and I gave her my email address.”  
  
A job came up on the MMU, fifteen minutes later I was back.  
  
“Where were we?”  
“Emails”  
“Oh yes. So maybe two days later an email comes from Jackie with all the Mail Girl financials. She was right, I could ultimately repay my father with the signing on bonus. I spent a day online researching Hiromoto and MGs. I picked up that Messidor and Hiromoto were at the respectable end of the business.”  
“Mmm, respectable?” I said quizzically  
“You know what I mean. So I emailed and said I’d talk to her. She arranged for me to come here, put me up in a local hotel, and I came in to see her.”  
“Directly to her?”  
“Yes” Emily looked at me with a puzzled expression.  
“OK, go on, details.”  
“So I go into her room, and she shuts the door. The first thing she says is…”  
“Take off all your clothes.”  
“How did you know? Does she do that to everyone?”  
“Pretty well. The fact that you are here tells me you took them off.”  
“Well, I thought, if I’m going to be a Mail Girl they need to see me naked, and I have to expect that. I’d shaved off all extraneous body hair already. I’d been standing in front of the mirror at home and the hotel looking at myself. Anyway, I’m out of my clothes in a flash. She immediately notices that I have an all over tan and comments that I’m obviously used to being nude. Which was fair because I am used to it on Med beaches.”  
“Anything else happen?”  
“God yes, at one point I’m standing there, and there is a knock at her door. She goes over and starts a conversation with some chap. I looked round, and he is practically wanking on the spot.”  
“That always seems to happen as well.”  
“So she offers me the job subject to this training and the review.”  
  
She leaned back and stretched her legs. As she did so, I could see her vag. It was a fascinating construction; even I was tidy compared to her.  
  
“Does you Dad know?” I asked  
“God yes, I told him”  
“When”  
“Straight away. He was apoplectic with rage. He told me I couldn’t do it. I pointed out I was 26 so stuff him. He said I would bring shame on the family. I think I said I didn’t care. Then he told me he would have a word with Vaux and stop it. He wasn’t having the directors of Messidor ogling his daughter in the nude. How could he face them in a business meeting? I must admit I hadn’t thought of that, but it only made me more convinced, apparently I had seriously upset him, for once he wasn’t in control.”  
“Did he speak to Vaux?”  
“Probably. I’ve heard nothing, and here I am.”  
“Vaux likes his MGs, I suspect he would have told your father to mind his own business”  
“Possibly. Mum called me and tried to get me to change my mind. She also said it would be good if I used her maiden name to save Daddy’s reputation. I told her that at work I was just a number and she seemed happy with that.”  
  
She sat up.  
  
“Have you been on a nude beach?” she asked  
“Not before I started doing this,” I said  
“It's weird. You go to a nude beach and there are scores or even hundreds of people. You strip off, and there is a very short feeling that everyone is looking at you, but you soon realise they aren’t.”  
“Or are being cool about looking.”  
“Yeah” she grinned “and then you get on with your stuff. It’s completely different from this, isn’t it? On the beach it’s like us here, both naked, so the fear thing, or whatever it is, goes away. I’d spent most of the summer on a nude beach in France and was totally relaxed about my body. It’s all the clothed people here that make this different, scary but fun.”  
“Peculiarly exciting.”  
“God yes.”  
  
She leaned over to me and lowered her voice.  
  
“Most breaks I have a wank in the toilets” she whispered  
“Very posh” I whispered back “had one on the stairs yet?”  
“Christ no, have you?”  
“Yeah, I recommend it.”  
“What if someone comes, if you’ll excuse the pun.”  
  
I laughed.  
  
“Got away with it so far.”  
  
A couple of nights later I got the Vaux call at 22.00.  
  
“So Alice how are we?”  
“Very good Mr Vaux.”  
“One day I’ll persuade you to call me John. For heaven's sake Alice sit down.”  
  
I sat down. Slightly more relaxed.  
  
“So how is our Tango, Emily?”  
“Very good, excellent addition to the team in my view.”  
“Get on with her?”  
“Oh yeah, she’s nice, I like her.”  
  
He thought for a minute.  
  
“I want you to do something for me. If I tell you something you must not pass it on to anyone apart from the person I want you to tell, and that includes Erica. Do you promise.”  
  
So he knows about Erica, oh well nothing secret here.  
  
“Yes, I agree.”  
‘Emily’s father is a business contact of Messidor.”  
“I know, Emily told me.”  
“Oh good, saves time, well her father called me up telling me how to run my business and ranting about his daughter not being a Mail Girl. What do you think I said?”  
“Probably politely told him where to go.”  
“Correct, although I’m not sure about polite. He is small fry. Good business connection but can be replaced. He threatened to blacken my name, and I suggested he read my Wikipedia page, which pulled him up short. However I don’t believe in being needlessly unhelpful. Emily will of course stay but can you tell her, and absolutely nobody else, that Messidor will not reveal who her father is to anyone, either internally or externally. At present the only people who know appears to be me, Jackie, you and Emily. I suggest you strongly urge her to keep the information that tight. I don’t mind her father worrying but see no reason to do more. Do we have an agreement?”  
“Yes”  
“Thank you Alice, ” and my MMU buzzed BASE.  
  
I ran into Emily a couple of days later; she was now fully online and out of Tango. I repeated the conversation. She looked relieved.  
  
“It was the one thing Dad said that struck me afterward, the one thing that might have put me off.”  
“So that’s dealt with,” I said  
“Yes luckily.”  
“Emily, never assume anything Messidor do is luck.”  
“You could be right, ” and she ran off taking her gorgeous arse with her.  
  
On another day Emily ran into a lady who was a particular problem. I was fortunate to avoid her, who knows why, but others tangled with her. She was a property administrator based in E. She apparently didn’t approve of us and was surly and rude when we had to deal with her, OK you don’t have to love us, and most of us have reasonably thick, albeit naked, skins. This lady was above and beyond acceptable.  
  
Emily found me standing on a landing in E on SD; downloading oxygen after a plus run. She stopped.  
  
“I'm on a break,” she said and sat down on one of the steps.”Have you run into that bitch on 4, she sits at b5”  
“Don’t think so, doesn’t ring a bell, don’t get much work from E4.”  
“That’s because you do all the plus stuff, so you deal with top floor people.”  
“Yeah, could be”  
“Anyway, she is a queen bitch. She’s reported loads of us for one thing or another, Jackie knows all about her. Last week I got an INSP from her”  
“Ooh”  
“I’d reached the landing when I had to return. I got to her and got the Wait then Comply. She orders me to do the pose, so I’m standing there like a star fish while she starts inspecting me right up close. OK pretty gruesome but I’m facing into her pod. She was never Mail Girl material, trust me, and now she is old and ungainly. Getting down to inspect my vag was a battle for her and she told me to go further into the corridor and face the window, so I did. With a bit more space the old bag could finally get down to the right level.”  
“Disadvantage of being short Em.”  
“Don’t get too comfy, I doubt she could get down to yours either, anyway she does the usual, then does the touch the floor stuff.”  
“You knew that was coming though, surely whoever trained you did that”  
“Yeah but with Jackie in HR, not brilliant but sort of OK. This time I’m out in the corridor facing the window, and I’m about to give anyone behind me a full view of the works, vag, anus the lot. She is standing in front of me but looking over my shoulder, and I could tell there was an audience there from her expression. Nothing I could do so I touched the floor. The old bag ambles around me and seems to take ages to finish.”  
“What were you thinking, did you drop into zombie mode?”  
“ I could hear people talking, and stuff and I could feel my heart pounding away. Then I started getting turned on. All those people I imagined looking at my .... In my head there were hundreds.”  
“So….”  
“Then she just said Proceed. I stood up and looked behind me. People were hurrying back to their desks.”  
“Hundreds?”  
“Nar, ten maybe. So I flounced out onto this landing, right here where I am sitting”  
“Can I guess?”  
“I just sort of touched my parts, a weird ‘don’t worry down there it’s all fine’ which is the worst thing I could do. I was wet and ready. I stroked my clit and knew I was so close that I could risk the stairwell. I gave myself a serious rubbing, fingers into vagina, two fingers on clit and had an eyes into the back of the head big O.”  
“Welcome to the club.”  
“Oh it’s better than that, it was so good I squirted. I hardly ever do that.”  
“Shit” and I started looking at the stairs for signs.  
“... off Alice; it’s long since dried up. But Omigod what a beauty.” She leaned right back, stretching out “Does MOS know, do you think?”  
“I assume MOS knows everything, safer that way.” And laughed “Worth getting the old bag to do an INSP again?”  
“I still hate her even though she was responsible for such an excellent finish.”

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 013**

JV started addressing the group.  
  
“We are targeting Happy Trails. Their holiday business is a competitor of Messidor’s holiday business and they are logically a good fit with us. The takeover battle is likely to be played out at various levels. We will get attention from the financial journalists, something we are used to. However there is one other potential problem areas”  
  
Vaux paused and looked around at the gathered MGs.  
  
“We have also been told that the MG programme is likely to be brought into play. Happy Trails will no doubt go into the attack over our” he paused, as if searching for a word, then he looked happy and continued “moral suitability as owners of the Happy Trails business. We have already experienced this sort of issue as 17 and 28 discovered a couple of months ago. You ladies will understand that the UK tabloids will take great delight in running a business story with beautiful naked women as the visuals. Corporate takeovers are usually of little interest to the tabloid reader, but involve the MGs and the story is very different.”  
  
He switched on the projector.  
  
“So we are going onto a low key defensive mode.”  
  
A map of the campus came up on the screen.  
  
“The outer security has been strengthened. We frequently get people trying to access the campus with cameras, trying to get pictures of you. Usually these are voyeurs. They are easily stopped by security who see them coming much further away than they realise. The press are likely to be better organised. As you know we are well screened back here so they may try and bribe existing staff. Please be vigilant, if someone, a member of staff for instance, is acting strange don’t be the usual cool MGs, report through the MMU immediately.”  
  
“What if they use drones?” Sasha asked.  
  
He smiled an evil smile.  
  
“We have ways of shooting down drones electronically. No, we are most concerned about bribery and direct personal approaches to you. Ladies be vigilant outside, is someone becoming friendly who previously wasn’t, have you met a stranger who seems to be interested in your work? That sort of thing.”  
  
He paused again.  
  
“One last thing, and this is something which is temporary only, can you ladies dress like office staff when coming to work. The staff in G and H say they can tell who the MGs are because they are the ones who head up here wearing shorts and tee shirts and yoga pants and sports gear. We must assume journalists will camp by the main gates and try to identify you. I don’t expect a fashion show but try to look like other staff whilst this is going on. We will put some extra hangers into the basement of this building for your clothes. If any of you don’t have office wear I can arrange for our clothing purchasers to supply samples for you to borrow”

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 014**

Phoebe and I were sitting in a bar in the middle of Bristol. JV had asked us to come and see an MG at one of Messidor’s clients.  
  
“Unusual to be working for Messidor, but wearing clothes” Phoebe commented.  
  
I smiled. The bar was relatively quiet and we were waiting for the Mail Girl.  
  
The Happy Trails takeover had, as JV warned us, turned nasty. The main attack, reminiscent to me, turned on the morals of the MG programme. Shareholders at the target company were being asked to balance their financial well being against the evils of the immoral Messidor.  
  
Apparently well sourced press reports had carried stories reporting sexual and physical abuse of Messidor MGs. These stories had been repeated on national TV. We knew this to be untrue but the press were standing by their stories and the issue seemed to be the way that some users of the Hiromoto/Messidor system were behaving. JV had been pressed in a TV interview.  
  
“Mr Vaux you say that no abuses are occurring in your company.”  
  
“Yes, all of our Mail Girls are genuine volunteers and none have been illegally coerced or abused.”  
  
“But you say that others, using your product, may be breaking the licence agreement”  
  
“Yes that would be one possible explanation of your story”  
  
“So can you give a commitment that you will be taking action”  
  
“No, unless investigating is taking action. I’ve been given no proof.”  
  
“So you are prepared to allow these women to be abused by your customers”  
  
“That isn’t what I said. Look we licence the system, the same way Microsoft licence Word. You wouldn’t suggest Microsoft are liable if a user writes a defamatory news item using Word and this is the same thing”  
  
“Oh come on Mr Vaux, women are being abused”  
  
“And I promised to investigate”  
  
“And will you take action?”  
  
“I will investigate. I won’t commit to anything until I have full information.”  
  
So he had committed to investigate.  
  
So here we were, investigating. One of the local MGs had agreed to talk, but only to other Mail Girls. JV and Jackie W had decided that this was a job for 17 and 28. The client in Bristol was a high powered financial company called Todmesh Investments. They had a generally poor reputation in the financial world, it was thought they dealt with a lot of dirty money. They operated from a fifteen story office block in the middle of the city.  
  
Phoebe looked at her watch, our contact was late.  
  
“I hope nobody has got to her”  
  
“How would they know?” I said  
  
“She talked to a friend who talked to their version of Jackie”  
  
“Oh maybe” at which point I saw two women coming in “those two look like they could be MGs”  
  
“Two!”  
  
“They are coming over”  
  
The two came over and one asked.  
  
“17 and 28?”  
  
“Yeah,” I said “I’m 28. Drink?”  
  
They sat down. When I came back from the bar Phoebe introduced them.  
  
“OK, we have decided at the moment to stick to our numbers, so 28 this is 6 and 9.”  
  
I smiled at them and asked’  
  
“So which of you were we supposed to meet?”  
  
“Me, I’m 9”  
  
She was very blonde in all senses of the word. Quite heavily made up and wearing a short skirt and loose fitting top. Probably around my height with good legs and quite large boobs, especially for braless running.  
  
The other girl, 6, was also blonde but subtler shade. Much smaller in build but naturally prettier. She had on some nice loose fitting trousers and classy tee shirt.  
  
“I brought 6 along because she wanted to back me up” 9 explained.  
  
Phoebe looked at me then said.  
  
“Well why don’t you tell us about your life first, there are a few things we need to check off at the end, if you haven’t told us anyway”  
  
9 took a breath.  
  
“The main problem is the demerits and what follows. You get a demerit if you exceed your time, one demerit for each minute or part over the nominal time”  
  
“Same with us” Phoebe said  
  
“But the nominals are too short” 9 said with 6 nodding furiously  
  
“How can that be” I said “they should be the time that a reasonably proficient mail girl takes.”  
  
“No” 9 said shaking her head “they are just random, two minutes for this, three for that. No logic.”  
  
“And they don’t stay the same” 6 added  
  
“Yeah, one day you get 2 minutes for a delivery and the next day just 1 minute 30 seconds for the exact same delivery. It is impossible to do these times so we are always racking up demerits. We get punishment when we reach 25, which we do, on average, every 2 shifts”  
  
“That’s not the way it’s supposed to work” Phoebe said. “So what happens when you get to 25.”  
  
“We get punished” 9 said.  
  
Phoebe and I looked at each other.  
  
“Punished?” Phoebe asked.  
  
“Basically we get spanked or caned or paddled. What happens with you then?”  
  
“Extra hours and loss of bonus. It’s compulsory overtime and eventually it will affect your pay packet” I said.  
  
“That’s it?” 6 interjected in a surprised voice.  
  
The two of them looked at each other.  
  
“We’d heard about that but when we raised it with Todmesh they said it was just publicity, not true, just said to protect Messidor” 9 said with 6 nodding.  
  
“No, it’s true” Phoebe said.  
  
The two girls sat for a short time saying nothing.  
  
“OK, let’s get those bastards at Todmesh” 9 said.  
  
“So how do these punishments actually work?” Phoebe asked  
  
“They are usually done by Miss X who is our direct boss. In our shower room there are tables set up, one with handcuffs and stuff. We bend over the table and she administers the punishment.”  
  
“How much?” I asked.  
  
“Depends, there aren’t strict rules but the more often you get to 25 the more you are likely to get.”  
  
“So tell me more about this” Phoebe asked.  
  
“You get taken to the table by Miss X. The other MGs are in the room, the MG system stops for this, apart of course for the cameras. It also means it is watched by every perv in the company”  
  
“Which is all of them” 6 joked, 9 smiled and went on.  
  
“Miss X decides how you are positioned on the table. Most of the time you just bend over so your head and hands are one side and your arse on the other. But sometimes she uses a different table and your ankles are strapped in, spread wide with your hands strapped on the other side. Lady bits fully on display with this one. Then off she goes using her hand, the cane or the paddle.”  
  
“How many hits” I asked.  
  
“Oh usually ten, unless you are particularly bad”  
  
Phoebe and I were silent.  
  
“Miss X doesn’t pull back at all, she hits hard so we end up with red welts over our cheeks” 6 said.  
  
“And you often get her massaging your bum afterwards, she certainly gets off on it all” 9 added.  
  
Phoebe looked at me shaking her head.  
  
“Thats not all though” 9 started saying.  
  
“What, there’s more”  
  
“Oh yes” 9 looked serious. “The textiles with OS access can award demerits direct”  
  
“WHAT” I said, astounded.  
  
“Yes, so on any whim they can add to your total. They ask you to do all sorts of things and if you refuse or are too slow then, ping, there is another demerit”  
  
“What sort of thing?” I asked.  
  
“Usually pose in a particular way whilst waiting for a package.” 9 said  
  
“The crab is popular on the top floors” 6 added.”You lie down on your back, raise you shoulders on your hands then spread your legs and raise your hips so you are like a crab. They love staring at your pussy when you are like that.”  
  
“Any physical contact?” Phoebe asked.  
  
“Not really, a pat on the bum sometimes from the top dogs, no point in complaining, Olivia Fisher has no power over them”  
  
“Who is she?” I asked.  
  
“She is our Mail Girl Manager.”  
  
“I had my boob squeezed by one of them, Olivia did nothing when I complained and I got multiple demerits over the next couple of shifts” 6 said  
  
Presumably Jackie Whitten knew her, I thought.  
  
“Olivia tries to keep things under control but the top floors ignore her most of the time. She is very pretty, I expect they’ll suck her into being a Mail Girl sooner or later, like they do with most good looking girls” 6 said.  
  
“If she is a Mail Girl Manager she has been a Mail Girl somewhere, that’s part of the official training” I said.  
  
“Oh shit, there you go” 9 said.

“So 9 how did you become a mail girl?” I asked.  
  
She gave a rueful grin.  
  
“I’m married but my husband left me”  
  
“Sounds familiar” Phoebe said.  
  
“We had a house with a big mortgage. I’d been trying to keep the payments up, borrowing from my parents but it was getting difficult. I couldn’t sell the house because the sale price would barely cover the mortgage ignoring my arrears and the money I’d borrowed.”  
  
“This does sound a exactly like me” Phoebe added and she reached over and held 9’s hand.  
  
“You have to remember Todmesh are financial services, they found out about my situation. I think they gather intelligence on all the potential mail girls looking for a way to influence them. Anyway I’m working as their main receptionist, you know the style, good make up, smart clothes and a ready smile.”  
  
She had a distant look in her eyes.  
  
“Mark Harris comes down with Olivia and Miss X. Mark Harris is the director in overall charge of the Mail Girls. He says they would like a word. I didn’t know who Miss X was but I did know who Olivia was and I could imagine where this was going. They ask me to come out from behind the desk.”  
  
“This is in the main reception?” I asked.  
  
“Yup, street outside, central Bristol. So I’m standing there and Harris says they have good news for me. They realised I was in financial difficulties and they, Todmesh, have taken over all my debts including the mortgage. So now I owe them all the money, not the building society.”  
  
“Can they do that?” Phoebe asked.  
  
“Oh yes” 6 said. “Perfectly legal, it’s one of the things I used to do in Legal”  
  
“Harris says that provided I take on the new role they have in mind for me they will not pursue any of the debts and at the end of the contract they will write everything off. He has this in a document and he shows it to me. I know what’s coming next but, lifting the cloud of financial worry from my mind is the one thing in life I desperately wanted. Then Olivia says that they are pleased to offer me the role of Mail Girl, starting now”  
  
“Let me get this clear, you are still standing in the reception area” I asked.  
  
“Yes. Oh, and Harris says if I don’t take the role they will call in their debt immediately with dire financial consequences for me. I said yes, I suppose in shock. Good, says Olivia, so into uniform now please. I said something like, what here and they said yes. Harris says Now, but louder”  
  
“F\*\*king hell 9, this is awful” Phoebe said  
  
“So I start by taking off my blouse, skirt and tights. Now I am standing in my bra and knickers. So far nobody seems to have noticed outside. I’m hesitating and Miss X springs over with a f\*\*king huge pair of scissors. Like a flash she cuts through my knickers so they fall off and while I’m recovering from that she cuts my bra off. In seconds I’m naked. I try to do the hands but Miss X grabs my shoulder from behind and pulls me upright. She is one strong cow that woman”  
  
“Who is this woman” I ask  
  
“Short, stocky not unattractive to be fair, but built like a brick shithouse. She normally wears black trousers and black tops. Jet black hair cut short, probably not natural colour.”  
  
“Sounds wonderful”  
  
“Harris comes over to me and starts looking at my pubic area. I’d shaved off my pubes previously for no real reason. He runs his hands over my pubic area and says that I need a shave. Then he spins me round and feels my arse, spreading the cheeks and then says I’ll be fine. By now there are people outside looking in, phones are being held up. He turns round and shouts at them to f\*\*k off then says to Olivia to take me to HR and do the paperwork”  
  
“How long did you sign for?” I ask  
  
“Two years. That was 9 months ago”  
  
Phoebe got up to get some more drinks. 9 looked at me.  
  
“So why do you do this job?” she asked.  
  
“Because I like it, its exciting, fun, enjoyable and it pays well. Don’t you find that about the basic job, not the excesses, the basic job”  
  
“I guess I do. Once you get over the nudity it is fun and it is exciting. Do Messidor pay well?”  
  
“Oh yeah, better than most other jobs I could get.”  
  
6 was looking at me carefully.  
  
“So how often do you masturbate at work?” she whispered.  
  
I laughed.  
  
“We don’t keep count, let’s say often”  
  
“Where do you do it though”  
  
“Usually in the toilets in the shower room, they have doors if you are shy, some of us tend not to be. I’ve also wanked on the stairs. I’ve certainly done it the moment I get home”  
  
She smiled back.  
  
“No doors on our loos, My name is Jessica, usually just Jess”  
  
“I’m Alice”  
  
“I think I trust you” and she looked at 9 who said.  
  
“I’m Amanda, never Mandy in any way at all”  
  
Drinks back, Phoebe introduced, Jess told us about her recruitment.  
  
“I feel like Tom Hanks in Philadelphia. The bastards entrapped me with a vengeance, or at least I think they did. I worked as a para legal in the legal department. I wanted to qualify as a lawyer and working for Todmesh Legal was an obviously good thing to have on my CV. I did low level work most of the time, including documenting the deals when Todmesh took over loans as a lever on staff and other people, not just for MG purposes by the way. I would also get called in to help on the big deals and I did some work on Russian Oligarch files that were highly sensitive. The head of legal is a man called John Charles, typical corporate lawyer. When working on these sensitive files I would find myself in conference rooms with Gottfried Barth. He is the founder of the company and the self proclaimed genius who has built it up this far.”  
  
Amanda interjected.  
  
“He is a total German wanker”  
  
Jess smiled.  
  
“I am sure he put me in the frame. I’d be in the room and a real MG would turn up for a bit of low level humiliation but he would be looking at me, probably imagining me naked. So one day I had to swear some documents for the court, low level formal stuff, nothing mega important. I went out to a local lawyer and did the affidavit. About a week later I’m in a big conference room with Barth and Charles making notes on some deal and ...ing Harris, Olivia and Miss X turn up. Now I’m the only possible MG in the room so I thought, f\*\*k this, I’d always thought if they try it on me I’m just going to walk out. I didn’t owe enough on my credit cards for their usual approach to be persuasive. Obviously everyone in the meeting knew because they stop their meeting and Harris takes over”  
  
“Who was there” Amanda asked.  
  
“Barth, Charles, a couple of their arse lickers including Jill Cross from legal. It did cross my mind that she might be in the frame but she is early 30s and not really MG form, got kids apart from anything else. Anyway it was me. Harris makes me stand at the bottom of the table. He says the affidavit I had sworn last week was inaccurate and that I had deliberately amended the figures which meant I had committed the criminal offence of perjury. Now there is no way I would have done that, I worked from the data on screen, but he now produced different data and he insisted it was my error. I can see they had trapped me. He said because of Todmesh’s reputation they would have to report me unless…..”  
  
“F\*\*k them” I interrupted.  
  
She went on “A criminal offence would ruin my future career, even suspicion might be enough. As per their usual procedure they gave me no time to think. Accept the MG job or go to jail, it was my decision according to Harris. I said OK. Then before I could think Miss X just yanks my blouse off, buttons flying. My nice smart trousers are ripped down, the zip gives way and there I am bra and knickers. The scissors come out and they are off leaving me stark naked. The whole thing took seconds. One minute I’m the smart lawyer, next minute the naked Mail Girl.”  
  
I looked at her shaking my head.  
  
“The worst wasn’t over. They make me sit on the end of the conference table and spread my legs. Barth comes round first and inspects my vagina. Like a lot of younger women in MG firms I was already shaved, the last thing you want is to suffer is a public shaving.”  
  
“But you thought you would walk out” I said.  
  
“Yes, but this was a back stop. Didn’t stop that German bastard stroking my labia to check. Olivia is there watching, no protection from her. Then the rest come round and give me a good inspection. I thought Jill Cross might hang back, female solidarity and that but no, she was the worst. She comes round and Harris says we should double check I am smooth so she licks her finger and gives me a good feel, even parts the lips and tries a bit inside.”  
  
“What a c\*\*t, if you’ll excuse the pun” Amanda said.  
  
“Then downstairs for the shower and further inspections from Miss X”  
  
“Presumably this is all on camera” I said.  
  
“Probably on the IT wankfest site.”  
  
“We could get it, get our hacker friends to go in” I was thinking about my fan club in D.  
  
Jess laughed. “Forget it, if they work for Todmesh I probably documented some debt transfers to keep them in line. My Dad, who was an old hippy, used to say ‘The man can do anything you can’t stop him doing’.”  
  
“Good, so lets stop them” Phoebe said.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 015**

Jackie looked thoughtful. I was sitting on A6 with Phoebe and JV. Unusually we were dressed.  
  
“We know Olivia Fisher at Todmesh” she looked at Vaux. He looked puzzled “she trained here on her way to becoming an approved MG manager. She was 88”  
  
“Oh I remember her, yes” Vaux said.  
  
I looked at Jackie.  
  
“You knew about this?”  
  
“No, what I knew was that she was using a stricter regime, she told me that at one of our regular Manager meetings, but wholly within the licence she assured me. I didn’t press her, to be honest I didn’t think it worth enquiring.”  
  
“She didn’t appear the sort of person who would permit this” Vaux said “but who knows what buttons Todmesh have pushed, that debt transfer thing is seriously evil.”  
  
At this moment my big friend from IT appeared at the door. JV saw him.  
  
“John, come in. I understand we may have a solution”  
  
He shuffled to a chair, he was wearing baggy combat trousers frayed at the bottom, a large tee shirt with some clever scientific slogan and a pair of old Vans. He gave me a big smile.  
  
“Sort of. We have tried to hack into their system but it will be very difficult because of the security you had us build in to protect the MGs. Remember the system has only limited connection to the world. They must have modified our system to let them play around with the nominals and give users the ability to charge demerits.”  
  
“That would be a breach of the licence” JV said with a smile.  
  
“Now we do have access to enable us to routinely update their system. Just like any system there can be problems, security issues and useful updates. Most of these can be done without bringing the system down but some, just like on your computers at home, require a restart. So what we suggest is we create a special update for them, one that requires a restart, and we load in a super rigid version of the OS that goes back to default and doesn’t allow their changes. At the same time we can try and grab their video feed which should be available for at least the last 24 hours or so. After that the OS backs it up outside the system.”  
  
“Couldn’t you hackers get that?” Jackie said with a smile  
  
“Maybe, but they might see us doing it and get suspicious. If we go in on a routine update they won’t be suspicious until it’s too late by which time we’ll be gone”  
  
“Seems good” JV said  
  
“One problem. We have checked and it appears they don’t bring their system down for the big upgrades anymore. It may be they are aware of the risk and as a result they have simply not complied with routine automated requests to allow the upgrade. I understand from legal that we can’t insist.”  
  
“What do you mean John?” JV said.  
  
“The last two big upgrades that would have needed a restart haven’t happened. Missing one could be careless, missing two looks like a decision. I could get one of the team to phone them if you want in case it is an oversight”  
  
“No, no, not yet. With all the publicity they might be getting worried” JV said  
  
Everyone looked a bit deflated.  
  
“However D5 have a solution. As you know we occasionally upgrade the MMUs free of charge. We could modify the MMUs and send them down to Todmesh, and ask for the old ones back. The MMUs talk direct to the OS and we could easily insert on the MMUs a command to restart the system. We’d bury it in a menu somewhere. This would be a very small amount of code, and it could have a timer to make it execute in the middle of the night. All we would then need is one of the MGs to enter the command, the system will check for upgrades on a restart and we can do the OS upgrade, grab whatever and disappear without raising suspicion.”  
  
JV looked at me and Phoebe.  
  
“Could we trust your ladies, the Todmesh pair?”  
  
We both looked at each other then both shook our heads.  
  
“Todmesh has both of them under their control. Currently they are with us and they would probably do it. The problem is if identified I couldn’t be absolutely sure they wouldn’t tell Harris to get some benefits for themselves. Amanda in particular is massively under the cosh financially”  
  
“You will recall Olivia Fisher owes us a favour” Jackie said.  
  
Vaux grinned.  
  
“She does” he said  
  
“I could contact her and ask if she could take one of our MGs to experience her stricter training” Jackie suggested  
  
“You could suggest the MG is a problem and you wonder if the stricter regime might be worth testing” JV was warming to the idea.  
  
I could see where this was going. JV looked at me, not Phoebe I noticed.  
  
“Whoever did it would need to be in the Todmesh building for how long John”  
  
“Long enough for some video of them to be on the system, less than a full day I would say. They could trigger the restart command as soon as they had an MMU then just go about their business.”  
  
“Why do we need the video feed?” I asked  
  
“Legal want evidence that our person has been in Todmesh premises to avoid them claiming its fake news” Jackie explained.  
  
JV was clearly thinking.  
  
“How quickly could we get the adapted MMUs to them?”  
  
“Tomorrow. I could phone my opposite number at Todmesh and explain what is going on, the cover story obviously, and asking him to collect the old MMUs, swap them for the new and send them back by courier. Once the old ones are back here we can check we have them all and then we know the ones in Bristol are the new ones.”  
  
“OK get that rolling tomorrow” JV said. “Thanks John”  
  
Jackie and JV put their heads together and whispered something. I could guess what.  
  
“Alice we both think you should be our recalcitrant MG.” JV said “Once the MMUs are in place Jackie can try Todmesh and if they fall for it you can be transferred for remedial training. You would need to be in their building for a day, that’s all. We would make sure you get a big bonus and our eternal gratitude”  
  
“Gratitude is nice, bonus better” I said.”I dont want to be trapped in that place for more than I need”  
  
“We’ll sort that stuff out, if necessary you could just do a runner” Jackie said  
  
“Naked?”  
  
They both grinned.

**Mailgirls at Messidor - 016**

They’d told me to be there at 7.45 and, as is me, I was early. The building was unremarkable, located in the city centre by the water. A fair traffic of people were walking by, heaven knows how many were there when Amanda was taken.  
  
I was to go into the underground garage and ring the bell on the loading bay, Miss X was expecting me, the Messidor bad girl.  
  
JV had made it clear I could back out at any time, but I knew he would be at best disappointed and probably annoyed. I might remind him of his old terrorist girlfriend but in the final analysis I was just an MG.  
  
Anyway this would be an interesting 24 hours. I was testing myself again, pushing the envelope as they say. I took a deep breath and walked into the garage. Over to the left was the loading bay with a ramp leading up to metal sliding doors. There was a bell push to one side. I hesitated for a moment. Final decision time. I thought about Amanda and Jess and the other girls trapped by Todmesh’s altered system and the use they made of it. No brainer really, I rang the bell.  
  
I heard a loud metallic clanging inside, nothing high tech here and the door started sliding back. They must have seen me coming because standing inside was MissX.  
  
No question about this lady, short and stocky. Black trousers, black shapeless blouse, short black hair. Fierce expression.  
  
“You are 28”  
  
“Yes”  
  
“You are not in uniform”  
  
I looked around, I was still in the underground car park.  
  
“Sorry ma’am, i didn't know where the uniform rules started” I said  
  
“This is Todmesh property so you must be in uniform. Five demerits, uniform now.”  
  
So it starts, I stripped off before she could use any scissors. She marched me through the loading area into the shower room. Other girls were already there including Jess who looked at me quizzically. I slightly shook my head. She looked away.  
  
“This is 28, she is visiting us from Messidor. She has been a bad girl there so has been sent to us.”  
  
She pulled me over to near two tables in the middle of the room.  
  
“When you get 25 demerits you visit me here.” She shouted. “ get ready for work, shower and shave”  
  
I was ok with this, there was no French lotion like at our place but it was in other regards similar. Once I had finished Miss X grabbed me again.  
  
“Inspection pose”  
  
She subjected me to a rigorous inspection which extended to running her fingers over my labia and anus. I could feel myself moistening.  
  
“You'll do” she finally said.” Your login details have been sent to us” and she gestured to a standard login screen.  
  
The MMU was the new model, I was very relieved to see. John from D5 had drilled me on the process over the last few days. The actual command was buried in a menu rarely used by MGs and looking like a dead end. What it didn't say was ‘crash the system and restart’ although that it what it was supposed to do. I was told to wait until I was alone before setting it in motion.  
  
The building was organised much like ours. The commands gave a floor and location. I sat down on a bench and waited. It didn’t take long, I was called to the eighth floor, I was given two minutes. I ran out of the room and into the service stairs. I reached the door to the eighth floor and then stopped.  
  
I was used to going out into Messidor, it was totally normal to me, but this was totally new. I could see the counter going down, deep breath and in, run to the location, just made it. A secretary looked up, stared at me, then gave me a package. The MMU buzzed with a destination. She didn’t speak. Fortunately it was down and by rushing dangerously down the stairs I made the nominal, again just. This was madness, I was fast and I could just about do the runs. I headed for the mat which was by the lift. Remembering the basic rules I knelt and stared at the floor in front of me.  
  
As I got my breath back I wondered how I was going to get the time to run the routine on the MMU. I’d have to take some de merits next time on the stairs. I was aware that a couple of men were staring at me, new girl I suppose, make the most of me, I’ll be gone soon. The MMU buzzed and I was off again.  
  
Into the stairs I checked up and down then stopped. Quickly I found the menu and hopefully set the programme running. It would have been nice if the MMU had said ‘thanks Alice’ but all that happened was it reverted to the home screen which showed I had 30 seconds to do four floors. I did my best but picked up more de merits.  
  
Just after lunch the MMU sent me to the top floor, the place Gottfried Barth hung out. I came out of the stairs and a secretary saw me and waved me into a big conference room. Barth was sitting at one end of the room working on the large table. There was a spectacular view over Bristol behind him.  
  
He was medium height, thin with a bald head. He had on the sort of wire framed glasses that Germans always seem to wear in TV films. I noticed he was very tanned.  
  
He was alone. There were papers spread around. He was wearing headphones. In front of him was a large chrome thermos mug. I was surprised there was no laptop but he had two phones off to one side.  
  
He looked up when I came in.  
  
“Ah the new girl” he said with hardly any accent. He took off his headphones and beckoned me with his finger.  
  
I walked upto him.  
  
“Very good,” He tapped the table top. I looked at him with a puzzled expression. Buzz Buzz I felt two demerits hit my phone.  
  
“On the table so I can look at you”  
  
I wasn’t expecting that, I hesitated and as I did so my MMU buzzed, another demerit. So I stepped on a chair and up onto the table. He was sitting down and I was now towering over him. He was looking up at me, studying me, studying my parts.  
  
“I am the boss around here, you do what I say, do you understand”  
  
“Yes sir”  
  
“Good, sit down on the table”  
  
This seemed OK so I sat down keeping my legs together, he smiled.  
  
“Spread your legs, as wide as you can” Buzz, buzz as I hesitated again.”If you are too slow I give you demerits and we can then all enjoy Miss X dealing with you. Come on.” Buzz buzz.  
  
This is what I was here for. Presumably all of this would be on the videos that D5 were going to “acquire” tonight. I spread my legs wide.  
  
“Good girl, now let me see inside of you, open your vagina up, I need to see all of you” Buzz Buzz Buzz. I reached down and did what he said. I was moist down there, something I imagine he could see. He studied me for a little while then looked at my face.  
  
“You know something I find very funny, you girls think that we might take pictures of you. Why do I need to do that” He emphasised the ‘I’. “If I want to see your c\*\*t, inside your vagina, your anus, even your little pearl all I have to do is order you up here and tell you to show me, I don’t need the images on my computer. I can look at the real you anytime I want.” He smiled an oily smile “You can go.”  
  
And as if nothing odd had happened he returned to his paper work as I climbed off the desk. I walked out with as much dignity as I could muster. At Messidor we were naked women, maybe art works. Here at Todmesh we were porn stars, that was the point. Their system was set up to deliver demerits allowing the abuse. You did what they said or got demerits.  
  
His secretary gave me a funny look as I went out onto the stairs. I immediately got 5 demerits, I realised I should have hit the mat so I returned. As I knelt down his secretary mouthed ‘sorry’ and gestured back at him in his conference room.  
  
The afternoon flashed by in a blur of hard running up and down stairs. I wondered how much they had modified the system, were the nominals the same or did they flex to increase the pressure on the girls as the demerits ranked up. I was suspicious because runs that I thought I could do in the morning became impossible in the afternoon.  
  
I collected demerits. I was dreading the shower room, Miss X and her tables. I wondered which one I would get, that I would get one of them was a given. I was hoping as a new girl I’d get an easier introduction.

At the end of the shift I was sitting in the shower room with all the other girls. There was no conversation. Miss X was moving backward and forward between her office and the lobby area outside talking on her phone. She was shooting fierce looks at the girls as she talked, the impression was that she was talking about us to someone, not discussing a Just Eat delivery with her partner.  
  
The phone call over she called the first girl up. The girl bent over the simple table and received 10 smacks from the hand. It didn’t look too fearsome. After it was over the girl thanked Miss X, I noted that. The next girl also bent over the same table but this time Miss X was rather more violent, hitting the girl much harder and leaving red marks on her bum cheeks. The girl yelped as each smack hit and was panting quite wildly as this went on. She received 15 of this smacks and at the end she rather unsteadily got to her feet and quietly thanked Miss X. She seemed breathless as she passed me to sit down. So far Miss X hadn’t said anything other than to call out the girls number.  
  
Then she called out 28. I got up.  
  
“This is the new girl who has come to us from Messidor where she was disobedient. She has been disobedient today with us. We need to show her what happens to girls like her at Todmesh.”  
  
To my horror she moved to the other table and she gestured me over. I noticed a paddle resting up against one of the legs.  
  
Now I realise that a bit of spanking is part of some people's sex life, but it hadn't ever been part of mine. None of the frankly inexperienced boys I had shagged would have dared try it, they were often scared to even touch a real girl.  
  
Erica had shown no signs of liking it either.  
  
It certainly wasn't one of my erotic fantasies. So this was pretty frightening. There didn't seem to be much I could do to escape so I approached the table submissively. Maybe she was just scaring me, I thought.  
  
No, as I got close she grabbed my shoulders and pushed me over the table. Before I could do anything she pushed my legs apart with her feet and reached down locking first my left leg then the right in ankle bracelets attached to the table. Then, very fast, she repeated that approach with my wrists on the other side.  
  
For the second time that day my legs were spread wide apart with my vagina exposed.  
  
“Let us see how 28 likes this” she announced with some pleasure.  
  
She hit me hard with the paddle. I let out an involuntary grunt. It hurt. She had hit me at the bottom of my bum cheeks, where they met my thighs. The second blow came quickly followed by the third.  
  
Then something started happening. I started getting aroused. The pain continued with each blow but each blow stimulated my clitoris. I know now that endorphins and adrenaline start pumping round the body and coupled to the stimulation to my pussy that was the reason I was somehow enjoying it. I thought that the panting and breathlessness of the previous girl might be for different reasons than pain.  
  
The blows went on, the pain remained and an orgasm started building. Oh shit, I thought, what if I come right here. Then she stopped. I'd lost count of the blows.  
  
“I think that's enough” she laughed “I think 28 might be a little slippery”  
  
She released my hands then my feet. Unsteadily I stood up, remembering to thank her. I carefully sat down, bum was sore and hurt as I sat on the hard bench, I shifted from side to side to try and get comfortable.  
  
“28 you are to stay here overnight, I have confirmed that with Jackie at Messidor. You may get a call on the MMU, if you do you must respond. Don’t think about leaving us, your clothes will be locked in my office and in case you think of running out naked, like the whore you are, none of the outer doors will open so long as you have the collar on”  
  
After she had gone one of the girls went out into the lobby and came back with a pillow and duvet.  
  
“Here, they are clean. She often does this, we are used to it.” She looked at me sympathetically “what did you do at Messidor to end up here?”  
  
“Long story, I’m sure you will find out soon enough, don’t want to talk about it.” I grimaced “my bum is sore”  
  
“She is evil” she looked at me sideways and whispered “were you close to coming?”  
  
“Did it show?”  
  
“Sort of, she knows exactly how to do that, she is very good at stopping just before you actually orgasm. Someone said she learned how to do it when she was a BDSM dominatrix”  
  
“My bum is probably all red”  
  
“It will be, takes a few days to go away. She’ll get you again once you’ve recovered a bit. Tomorrow your demerits will be much lower then it’ll ramp up again”  
  
I nodded. Hopefully I’d be gone by then.  
  
We’d planned what JV insisted on calling my extraction over a number of scenarios. Best result was going to be me walking out in the evening, getting back to the hotel and phoning in. We had however anticipated the possibility that I wouldn’t get out so easily and luckily Messidor would know what was happening because Miss X had spoken to Jackie. Assuming the operating system went down as planned I would be able to get out whilst the system was rebooting and someone would be outside at around that time to pick me up. Lack of clothes was an issue but it would be early morning and hopefully nobody much around.  
  
I sat on the pillow and drank some water.  
  
Around 21.00 my MMU buzzed. Top floor. No alternative but to set off.  
  
Coming out of the stairs I looked around. The secretary wasn’t at her desk but I could see Barth in the conference room with a large fat man. Barth waved me in. Both men studied me as I walked in. I tried as far as possible to walk very straight, no hip swinging. No deliberate bounce inducing steps. Barth tapped the table, I knew now what this meant so I climbed up.  
  
“Turn around please 28 and get down doggy style” at this point he became formal “sorry I didn’t introduce Mark Harris, the head of the Mail Girl programme here, amongst other things. So Miss X administered one of her beatings, lets see what that looks like”  
  
Both men were now behind me.  
  
“Head on table please” Harris said. My bum and vagina would now be sticking up in the air.  
  
“Nice pretty anus” Barth said.  
  
“Red cheeks” Harris said and they both laughed.  
  
I was aware that the secretary seemed to have returned.  
  
“Sarah, come in here please” Barth shouted out.  
  
I was amazed to see the smart secretary come into the room. She was naked apart from a suspender belt and stockings and some high heels. She was seriously tall and slim, pretty well flat chested. Her legs, to quote the old line, went up to arm pits. Her hair was long, dark brown and straight, earlier it had been up but now hung down. Her pubes were completely shaven. I imagined that every other young woman in this building had taken that precaution.  
  
“Now Sarah have a look at this young ladies bottom. That is what will happen to you if we have any more disagreements.”  
  
“Yes Herr Barth” she had a very cut glass accent.  
  
I looked up from the table at her, without expression she turned and walked back to her desk. The two men were still behind me presumably staring at my undercarriage.  
  
“She has a nice vagina” Barth said and in a harsh voice “Crab please”  
  
I knew this one. I turned over, wincing as my sore bum hit the conference room table and adopted crab. Harris leant in and tapped my knees to move wider.  
  
My feelings at that moment were difficult to understand. I was used to nudity by now. I was used to people, even seriously creepy men like these looking at me. This was a level or two up from kneeling on a mat at Messidor.  
  
But, but, on another plane it was very sexy. They were staring not just at my labia but at the detail of my vagina, that generally only happened as a part of sexual activity. Were it not for the fact that the crab was uncomfortable and my bum hurt I knew I would be getting excited.  
  
“Very pretty, lovely lips” Harris said and laughed again.  
  
“Thank you 28, enjoy your night, sleep well” Barth laughed and he gestured me to go.  
  
I walked slowly out. The men behind me were involved in a conversation. I reached the secretary who was typing away in her stockings and high heels. She had sad look. I mouthed ‘you OK’. She gave me the ‘comme ci, comme ca’ hand single and wrinkled her nose.  
  
The abuse of women in Todmesh was obviously endemic. I wondered what they had on Sarah.  
  
Back in the shower room I settled down. I didn't want to sleep so every time I nearly dropped off I got up and walked around. The room was a little chilly which helped me stay awake.  
  
I knew the reset should occur at 02.00. As the time approached I got increasingly nervous. The girl also on duty was trying to sleep and so I paced up and down in the lobby of the loading bay.  
  
As the time approached I was ready. I watched the seconds tick down on the MMU. At 2.00 exactly the login screen went blank and the MMU reverted to a simple watch face. I tried the neck collar and it simply unclicked. JV had said to leave the collar and the MMU behind so I rapidly hung them up.  
  
The other MG woke up.  
  
“What's happening” she asked sleepily  
  
“Dunno, but I'm off, not staying here with that bitch”  
  
“Go for it girl” she shouted as I opened the door.  
  
The loading bay door unlocked easily and I ran out into the garage and up the ramp to the street. I looked around, nothing much going on, quiet night in corporate Bristol. There was some sound from bars over the water.  
  
Very slowly, and hugging the wall, I crept out. Fortunately the traffic was non existent. In front of the offices the road was deserted, no people and no cars. To my right there was some light from a 24 hour convenience store. I turned to my left into the road running down the side of the building. As I did so the head lights flashed on a car parked opposite and a voice I knew shouted.  
  
“Over here Alice”  
  
I ran over and jumped into a Fiesta parked on the water side of the road. Inside was Sandy, who high five’d me.  
  
“Always in uniform 28”  
  
“Not planned, my clothes are locked up in there.”  
  
“I'll take you to my place, I've got things you can wear”