**Mailgirls' Holiday**

by eltree

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This is yet another tale in the Mailgirls' universe. It makes more sense if you've got some background in this milieu. I'm especially indebted to the works of Seahawk, LizStanton8181, and SliceReality which I have enjoyed tremendously.   
  
**SUNDAY BRUNCH**  
Sam couldn't take his eyes off the two smoking hot women staring down at the breakfast buffet. They were knock-outs: slim, athletic bikini-clad, a bit pale, but their entrancement gazing at the spread of breads, fruit, pastries, cheeses was positively orgasmic. He speculated that they might melt down on the spot when they noticed the omelet bar.  
  
He hadn't seen them last night at the Meet 'n Greet kicking off the week at the Juniper Resort. The women there had skewed to older and plumper with few that perked his interest and those all in the company of obvious, if not down right possessive partners. He wondered if these two were a couple – that was all right, he was willing to entertain a threesome.  
  
The somewhat taller brunette stepped up and ordered an omlette, her blonde friend opted for a Belgian waffle. From their fascination with the buffet he would have expected them to pile their plates high, but both contented themselves with small plates of fruit, and virgin mimosas, not that he was keeping track. They took their food off to a table on the veranda overlooking the beach and looked toward the mild surf rolling in from the ocean beyond.  
  
Sam filled his own plate and walked over towards the girls. He overheard the blonde say, “I was never a breakfast person Five, but I just wanted it all – then I could hear Mistress V promise us a stroke for every additional ounce on our return and I was good. Temptation is a terrible thing.”  
  
The brunette chimed in, “It might be worth it. Between three meals of actual food per day, plus snacks, plus an open bar and then laying out on the beach or by the pool instead of racing up and down stairs for twelve hours a day I predict well-welted bottoms next Monday. We're going to have to do some serious running in the sand to have any hope at all.”  
  
Sam broke in to say, “Is this your first time at Juniper, ladies?”  
  
The blonde turned and smiled, “I'm usually more a snowbunny this time of year, but I'm planning to enjoy the sun and sand this week.”  
  
Sam visualized the blonde in a ski outfit, but was just fine with the lime green bikini – what there was of it.  
  
The brunette looked him over and asked “Are you offering your services as a native guide?”  
  
“Not a native, I live and work in the D.C. area, but I know my way around this particular stretch of beach and I'd be glad to be of service. You're just here on a week's holiday, then?”  
  
“Yes, we flew in yesterday and next Saturday it's back to the rat race and the corporate uniform.”  
  
“It looks like they're keeping you on a short leash, ” Sam gestured to the smartphone snugged into a black mesh case on her upper arm. Sam noticed both girls wore the same smartphone in an armband arrangement and also sported near-identical metal mesh chokers. “I take it you're co-workers.  
  
“I'm Sam Gehrety, by the way, a lowly analyst with the Department of Defense badly in need of some R&R. And you lovely ladies are....”  
  
The brunette smiled and responded, “I'm Sarah Stevens, our would-be skier is Megan Brooks; we both work at Sloan Guaranty & Trust in Montgomery County, Maryland.  
  
Sam sat down at the next table and asked, “What are you up to this afternoon?”  
  
“We're planning a run on the beach and then both Megan and I are scheduled for tanning sessions on the roof. We haven't gotten beyond that as yet.”  
  
“Why the roof when there are poolside chaises and all that lovely beach to stretch out on?”  
  
“Bikini lines. On the roof we can get an all-over tan.” Looking at Sam's trim build she asked, “Are you interested in joinng us for a run after brunch has settled?”  
  
Sam decided that he had hit the girlstakes jackpot, “I would love to, how ambitious are you ladies?”  
  
Sarah said “Our exercise program calls for an hour of moderate effort. It's been a while since I've run in the sand so I don't think that we'll push too hard.”  
  
“Training for a marathon?”  
  
“No, just trying to maintain fitness so that we'll be ready when we go back to work.”  
  
“How strenous is the banking business?”  
  
“They don't call it a rat race for nothing. Meet you at the pool, ready to run in an hour?”  
  
Sam said “Absolutely.” He watched while the two girls rose, leaving their very clean plates behind. He did approve of women with a healthy appetite.  
  
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**SATURDAY A.M.**  
Mailgirl 5 awoke suddenly when her Mailgirl Management Unit buzzed loudly and the lights of her dorm cubicle flashed on. Her phone chimed to indicate a delivery so she grabbed it from the charging station and read, “Report immediately to Loading Dock 2, do not take time to wash up.”  
  
She just had time to strap her phone to her upper arm when the grill to her cubby opened. She slid out onto the floor and hearing a thump to her right, saw Mailgirl 2 emerging as well. Five asked, “Loading Dock 2?”  
  
“Yes, what kind of delivery shows up at 5 a.m.? – and I'm scheduled for the afternoon shift today!”  
  
Two and Five were two of the original mailgirls in Sloane Guaranty & Trust's roster of 18. They spent their work days racing about SG&T's regional headquarters in suburban Maryland delivering parcels and messages while wearing only an armband on their upper arm which held a smartphone running the Mailgirl Management app and an ornamental choker from which dangled a disk inscribed with their Mailgirl Number. Two and Five had been “recruited” thirteen months previously from SG&T's junior professional ranks into SG&T's brand-new Mailgirls program. After six weeks training at Dumpster Dawg Enterprises, they began their new duties at STG.  
  
Unlike some Mailgirl programs, SG&T's girls lived on-site 24/7 and neither had worn a stitch of clothing since their initial disrobing on Day One. They spent their leisure time in the Mailgirls Lounge and slept in the basement dormitory. The dorm comprised thirty 4' x 4' niches, 5' deep, closed by a metal grille during sleep hours. Breakfast and evening snacks were served in the Mailgirls Lounge; lunch and dinner were taken in designated spaces in the employee or executive dining rooms. They were fed a nutricious, if unappetizing, diet individually calculated to keep them at the peak of fitness demanded by their daily regime of running about the three buildings and multiple floors of SG&T's campus.  
  
When SG&T had announced plans for an East Coast HQ, the courting by municipalities and states was fierce. Offers of tax breaks, favorable zoning, relocation packages, infranstructure improvements, et al accompanied the wining and dining of the study teams. SG&T quietly made known the requirement that their new locale be Mailgirl friendly. Maryland's pro-business, pro-family, governor with the enthusiastic cooperation of the leaders of the House of Delegates and State Senate quietly shepherded through an innocuous sounding bill through the General Assembly. Landing SG&T's presence transcended party lines. The architectural plans for the new campus had some interesting features. Squaring the fire marshall for the underground dormitory was a tricky hurdle, greased by significant pressure from the Statehouse. Middle of the night fire drills on the SG&T campus were overseen by a significant contingent from the local fire department and video images of naked women stumbling into the night had wide circulation in select circles.  
  
Two had been a financial analyst at SG&T before her career change. Five was a junior associate in the in-house legal department. Both were beautiful – that was a prerequisite to be recruited as a mailgirl. The signing bonus was credited to their account after completing training, a completion bonus was promised at the end of their two year contract. What with a boost in base salary and no expenses for those two years, it promised to be a sweet deal financially for the short term; the long term consequences for their careers had yet to be seen. SG&T made regular payments on their student loans from their salaries; the bonuses would clear Two's debts and all but pay off Five's loans. A return to their positions at SG&T was guaranteed; the alternative to signing and completing the Mailgirl contract was instant dismissal for cause. They had signed.  
  
Five's MMU started counting down from three minutes as the external door to the dorm swung open. She and Two raced into the corridor, hearing the door swoosh closed behind them as they dashed for the stairs. They had only one flight to climb for this run and no traffic to weave through at this hour, but launching into a sprint from a sound sleep wasn't normally required of them. Their MMUs triggered the door opener for Loading Dock 2 with seven seconds to spare. Two, whose business had been numbers, thought “seven – that's five plus two, a good omen?”  
  
Two and Five braked to a stop at the sight of Bronwyn Barnes, the Mailgirl coordinator at SG&T, and Mistress V, the Mailgirl Supervisor, standing together in front of them. Ms Barnes was dressed to the nines as befitted a top executive – but at 5 a.m. on a Saturday? Mistress V was wearing her business casual dominatrix garb, crop dangling from her hip. Neither of them was normally present early on a Saturday.  
  
Ms Barnes said “Knees” and the two mailgirls reflexively dropped into one of their two normal resting positions, kneeling with their knees widespread, feet together, arms clasped behind, eyes down presenting their breasts and pussies front and center.  
  
“Congratulations. You two have been selected to inaugurate the Sloane Guarantee and Trust Mailgirls Holiday Program. In accordance with Maryland labor laws, all full-time employees are entitled to two weeks paid leave after one year of continuous employment. So, you will be spending next week at the Juniper Resort. We are flying you there today and back next Saturday after your six days of fun in the sun.”  
  
Two and Five looked up and stared at Ms Barnes in total shock. Beach vacations did not square with 24/7 naked servitude. Two had been involved in the financial package negotiations between SG&T and Juniper Resorts, LLC and recalled the property as being sold as a luxury destination with no mention of naked Mailgirls.  
  
Ms Barnes continued, “Juniper Resort is all-inclusive and for you two that will include appropriate attire for mixing with the other guests. We expect your behavior to be a credit to SG&T. This week will likely profoundly influence the future direction of the Mailgirls Holiday Program.  
  
“Now, we have coffee and orange juice available on the counter over there to help you wake up and I expect you will want to use the facilities. Then we'll get you ready for your flight.”  
  
Shock piled upon shock for Five. She had not tasted coffee since Day One and a mailgirl's normal mode of drinking was by sucking on a nipple or lapping water up from a bowl on the floor. Both girls cautiously rose and went straight to the coffee urn. Two took hers black, Five added enough milk and sugar to turn the dark roast into a pale brown. Five had found the lack of coffee one of the highest hurdles to surmount in her current morning routine, right up there with shaving her pussy while knowing that any number of people could be on the other side of the mirrored wall of the Mailgirl Locker Room watching.  
  
Two was just finishing her second cup when she went pale and made a dash to the restroom. Five followed a few moments later and heard Two voiding her bowels in the next stall as Five frantically plopped herself down on the other toilet as her insides churned.  
  
Ms Barnes laughed as the two mailgirls emerged from the restroom and said, “Now that you've cleaned yourselves out, I recommend orange juice or water as you'll want to hydrate yourselves for the flight.”  
  
As they sipped orange juice she continued, “I know that you'll be on holiday, but you will need to maintain your fitness. I understand brisk runs on the beach are quite good exercise. Mistress V has decreed that any weight gain over the next week will be paid for at one demerit per ounce for the first pound, two demerits per ounce for the second pound, and so on.” As an accumulation of 25 demerits led to a paddling or worse, this was a serious concern.  
  
An outside door to Loading Dock 2 opened and Ms Barnes said, “Here's your ride to the airport.” Two burly security guards pushed in a flatbed carrying two oversized pet carriers and a medium sized carboard box. The two mailgirls flinched and Mistress V called out “Stand.” They automatically spread their feet shoulder wide, hands clasped behind their backs, and eyes downcast.  
  
One guard reached into the box and pulled out two sets of leather cuffs and proceeded to fasten the mailgirl's wrists in place. The second guard pulled out some plastic cloths of of the box which Five recognized as adult diapers and fastened them on the two mailgirls. This was not what Five had envisioned as appropriate resort clothing. The next item of the box was a mass, two masses, of black leatherette that were revealed as hoods that buckled over the mailgirl's heads leaving them blind and mostly deaf. Five resignedly opened her mouth when tapped on her upper lip and felt a large ball being forced between her teeth – she could still breathe through a hole in the ball and her nose.  
  
Unseen by the mailgirls, the two guards then lifted up the tops of the pet crates before picking up the women and folding them into the crates. They then shut the crates, latching them securely, before draping shrouds over the top of the flatbed.  
  
Blinded, deafened, laying on her side, Five couldn't know anything for sure, but from the motion of the crate and her within in she surmised that the flatbed was wheeled into a truck which drove for a while, then the crate were lifted out and briefly set aslant with Five sliding down to one end of the crate. After that she thought she recognized the force of an airplane taking off, though she'd never experienced as cargo before. The landing she definitely recognized. She had no idea of how long she remained folded up, gagged, and blindfolded except that it was too long and her diaper was disgustingly soiled.

**Mailgirls' Holiday, part 2**

**SATURDAY P.M.**  
Some amount of crate shifting later, Five could feel the top of of the crate pull away from her, then she was lifted up and set on her feet. She trembled and began to collapse at the knees and was guided down into the familiar “Knees” posture.  
  
A few minutes later the ball was pulled from behind her teeth and she took a gasping breath. She then felt someone unbuckling the strap at the back of her head and the leatherette was pulled up over her head.  
  
“Well, you two are a proper mess, aren't you?”  
  
The speaker was a striking woman nattily dressed in a striped shirt and navy blue pants. She stepped around Five and unlocked her cuffs, then did the same for Two. She handed both mailgirls an opened bottle of water and directed “Sip slowly, I don't want you getting sick in my office.  
  
“Welcome to Juniper Resort, I know you'll enjoy your week with us. Take a few minutes to quench your thirst and then you can stand and stretch. Leanne will escort you to your room where you can clean yourselves up. I'll have a light meal sent up to you and then in an hour or so, I'll brief you on what to expect from your visit here.”  
  
Five had finished about half her bottle when a small, dark woman gestured for them to rise. Five rose unsteadily to her feet, reflexively spreading her feet to shoulder width and her hands behind her back. She rose onto her toes trying to stretch out her cramping calf muscles and hamstrings.  
  
Leeanne said “Feet” and proceeded to drape light cotton cloaks over Two and Five. She buttoned up the front of the cloaks, pivoted, and said “Follow me.” The three women exited into a sunny corridor, Two and Five still clutching their water bottles behind their backs. They turned left into a stairwell, climbed two flights, and exited opposite a door labeled “Authorized Personnel Only.” Leeanne swiped a key card and pushed the door open.  
  
It was a large, sparsely furnished room whose main feature was a king-sized bed against the back wall, slightly to the right of center, with thick corner posts on which multiple iron rings were fastened. Iron grilles filled the space between the bottom of the bedframe and the floor. To the left there was a rain shower with a drain beneath it, no shower enclosure, no shower curtain. There was a toilet against the wall, and a vanity with two sinks and a mirror. To the right there were two mats on the floor with the familiar SG&T logo.  
  
Leanne broke in “I'm taking your robes now and leaving. Put your diapers in the bin by the toilet and take a shower. The towels are for drying off, not wearing. Perform your normal workday morning routine. Food will be delivered shortly; eat, drink, and be kneeling on your mats by 5 p.m. And girls, the bed is for sleeping and bed-sports, you will not sit or lounge on it.”  
  
Leeanne exited through the door; the door that had poster-sized enlargements of Two and Five's SG&T id cards on either side. Five's had a full length nude photo of here, the appellation “Mailgirl 5”, a smaller image of the framed panties that she was wearing on Day One, and across the bottom “Property of Sloane Guaranty and Trust.”  
  
Five and Two's MMUs both pinged indicating a delivery to “Mailgirl Room, Juniper Resort” and began a countdown from 57 minutes.  
  
The door swung open while Two was scrubbing herself under the cold shower. Five was seated on the bench by the shower shaving any stubble below her neck that had grown out since before work the day before. A young man pushed a delivery cart into the room, caught sight of the two naked women and blushed bright red. He wheeled the cart over to the two mats and put down four metal bowls. Unscrewing a liter bottle of water he filled two of the bowls, straightened up, and then with a furtive glance towards the shower area wheeled his car out of the room. Five heard the lock snick shut.  
  
Five finished shaving her pussy, wiped herself off, and then padded over to the bowls. “Well, it's not Mailgirl Chow, looks to be some sort of stew. This holiday is starting out like a real bad day at work.” She knelt down on one of the mats and leaned over to take a sip of water. “Yep, stew – looks pretty good, actually.” Holding her brown tresses behind her with one hand, she bent down over the food bowl and daintily began to eat her dinner.  
  
Two lowered herself to the other mat and remarked “And I suspect we'll accrue demerits as per Mailgirl protocol is we don't lick the bowl clean.”  
  
When the timers on their MMUs pinged “zero” the two mailgirls were kneeling on their mats, food bowls gleaming before them, faces licked clean of the residue of their dinner, discretely made up and perfumed. The towls were hanging from towel bars near the shower. Their only deviation from strict Mailgirl protocol was that Two's right hand was clasping Five's left, seeking support from each other in this new leap into the unknown.  
  
It was a good 15-20 minutes later that they heard the door open and Leeanne and the other woman walked in the room, closing the door behind them. “You look much better now. I'm Ms Anderson, the General Manager of Juniper Resort and this is your personal welcome to to your week of relaxation and enjoyment.  
  
“Brunch tomorrow is from 10-1 and on weekdays breakfast will be served from 7-10 on the dining terrace. Clothing will be provided each morning and you will come downstairs to eat and mingle with the other guests. I understand that there will be consequences for any unseemly weight gain this week, so I suggest you not overindulge. On the other hand, I also understand that you'll be on a strenuous exercise program so you shouldn't have to skimp too badly.  
  
“Most of your time will be at your leisure, but your MMU will display your daily schedule. Besides your exercise programs, you have mandatory nude tanning sessions on the rooftop each day so as to prevent any unsightly tan lines developing, and you will be serving at private functions two evenings this week.  
  
“Swim attire will be provided each morning and appropriate dress for the dinner hour as well. Your MMUs will open the door to your room except that you will be locked in from midnight to 7 a.m. Cinderella will have to leave the ball each evening. You will not wear clothing while in your room except while in the process of dressing and undressing.  
  
“Demerits will be assessed as necessary during the week and appropriate action will be taken before your return flight next Saturday morning. Your room is, of course, under continuous surveillance and you will wear your MMUs except while swimming or when charging them as you sleep. All orgasms must be entered in your daily record. Mailgirl Management satellite units have been installed throughout the property.  
  
“I am off to the weekly Welcome Reception for our guests. Leeanne will escort your to the fitness room for a light workout before you retire for the night. I'm sure that you are exhausted from your travel today.” With that Ms Anderson took her leave.  
  
Leeanne looked down at the two kneeling mailgirls and barked “Inspection.” They gracefully rose up into the mandated position: on their toes, back arched, hands clasped behind their necks. Leanne walked around the two women looking for stray hairs, smudged make-up, unseemly perspiration. To her chagrin, Two and Five were well versed in their dress code and she found no fault. “Now just remain like that for the next ten minutes and then I'll take you down to the Fitness Center.”  
  
Two was the first to crumble, dropping down onto her heels, well bast the ten minute mark she thought. Leeanne just walked over and pressed the little red square on her MMU to register a demerit. “All right, just stand there while I robe you again – you may move your hands to behind your backs. Now, follow me.” She swiped open the door and led the mailgirls back into the stairwell, down three flights this time. They exited the stairs across from a well appointed and empty fitness center. “Lose the robes, girls and step onto the elipticals. Your MMUs will bluetooth to the machines and load your workouts.”  
  
Five stepped onto one machine and the screen registered a 45 minute interval workout, normally a modest effort for someone who had spent the last fifteen months running up and down stairs for ten hours a day, but she normally didn't spend most of the day folded into a crate. Both mailgirls were sweating profusely when the machines cycled into the cooldown phase. “Okay girls, here are your robes and it's back up to your room and nighty-night.”  
  
They made it to their room without seeing anyone else. Leeanne collected the robes and refilled their water bowls. While they were crouching on the floor slaking their thirst, she said “Take a shower, you stink. Lights out in 45 minutes.” and left, the door locking behind her.  
  
Two sighed “ Not a great start to our vacation. Do you want the first shower or shall we share?”  
  
“No, I'll just take a quick shower and leave you to yours. I've often been horny during the workday, but tonight I'm just tired.”  
  
Twenty minutes later the two women were stretched out on the huge bed, a luxury after sleeping for more than a year in a not quite long enough niche. When the lights flicked off, they rolled towards each other and wondered what the next day would bring.

**Mailgirls' Holiday, part 3**

**SUNDAY A.M.**  
When she had traveled in her past life, Five invariably slept poorly the first night in a new place. So she was disoriented when she drifted awake spooned up against a warm body in a softly lit room. She wanted to know where/when she was, but she didn't want to leave the warmth of the soft, smooth skin against her. The light was slowly getting brighter, so she rolled away and saw her MMU plugged in against the headboard. She reached for it and saw that the time was 6:53 a.m. She heard someone stirring behind her and finally put together Two, bed, holiday and what would today bring?  
  
Five sat up and looked around, wondering fuzzily how long she had before some unseen watcher would decide that she was no longer sleeping and assign her a demerit for being on the furniture. So she slid off the bed (a bed, such bliss!), strapped on her MMU, and walked over to the toilet, the one seat that mailgirls were allowed to sit on. Well, there was the bench they used while shaving their pussies, so that was two approved seats, though both only while performing essential acts. Five had heard of programs where mailgirls were required to use litter boxes; SG&T was more civilized than that.  
  
At precisely 7 a.m. the door opened and the boy with the cart returned. He replaced their food bowls with two new bowls, refilled their water bowls and blushing furiously, looked over at Five on the toilet. “These two boxes contain your clothing for when you leave your room. This booklet has a map of the property and tells you what's available. Ms Anderson said that you can leave your room at anytime, but brunch won't be served until ten.” Two sat up in bed and turned to look at him and he blushed even redder at the sight of another pair of breasts in view. He put down the two boxes, turned to push his cart out the room, and seeing the posters to either side of the door hurriedly left.  
  
Five stood up and said brightly “Shall we see what he brought?”  
  
Two snagged her MMU off the headboard and headed for the toilet saying “I expect that we should take a look while kneeling on the mats – style points and all that.” She soon joined Five in front of the food bowls and commented “sliced peaches and bananas, much better than Mailgirl Chow.  
  
“Okay, what do we know about about this place?”  
  
  
**SUNDAY AFTERNOON**  
They hadn't been supplied with running attire, so Two and Five just wore their bikinis and a coating of sun tan oil, kicking off their sandals. Their bare feet were plenty toughened by the stairs at SG&T. Sam was waiting at the pool in nylon shorts and running shoes, wearing a snug, sleeveless top that showed a more developed torso then the average runner Two saw in local races back when she had a life outside work.  
  
“No shoes, but cellphones? No earbuds either so you're not using the phones to rock your music. Shall I lead the way or do you have a route mapped out?”  
  
Two smiled and said “I think our toes will do better than your shoes in the sand and we need to stay in touch. Which way to the beach?”  
  
“This way ladies” and Sam started off at an easy jog down a path away from the building and tennis courts. Two moved up beside him while Five stayed a step behind admiring the view. They crested a dune and saw the water ahead across about forty yards of white sand. Sam said, “We don't have more than a mile or so of beach in either direction, but if we head left we can pick up a hard packed trail that leads towards town. And the trail has a strategically placed water fountain just before we cross the river.”  
  
Two responded “Let's go left then and see how it goes. I haven't been running much of the way in distance lately except on the treadmill, lots of mileage, but mostly in two to five minute bursts.”   
  
Sam said “I always preferred the long runs to the interval training on the track that we did for cross country and track in college. The coach insisted on repeats for speed development.”  
  
Two pulled ahead, running easily and Five moved up beside Sam. Sam saw no need to be competitive and turned to chat with the brunette. “The only thing I know about Sloane Guaranty and Trust is that they have naked women delivering the mail. The corridors at Fort Meade are a lot less interesting.”  
  
She replied “It's been suggested that the Mailgirls program is a diversionary tactic so that the bank's actual business gets less public scrutiny. SG&T was always seem as a rather stodgy place and this has shaken up their reputation. It has also supposedly cut down turnover at the Maryland headquarters.  
  
“Oh, Megan is getting away from us, won't we need to be closer to steer her onto the proper trail when we run out of beach?”  
  
“Will you be okay running barefoot on the trail?”  
  
“We should be fine as long as it's not gravel or strewn with broken bottles.”  
  
Two picked up the trail ahead and plunged into the woods. Sam and Five concentrated on keeping her within sight.  
  
She finally pulled up and was taking a long drink at the water fountain when Sam and Five reached her. “Oh, I had forgotten how good it feels to just stretch out and run for miles.”  
  
Sam asked “Do you compete at all?”  
  
“Not since my college days of cross country and track. I can't get away from SG&T long enough to race.”  
  
“I would think you'd be an asset to their team in the corporate challenge.”  
  
“Maybe when I complete the current contract I'll be able to get back to running. This week, I just plan to enjoy myself.”  
  
They ran at a more sedate pace on the return leg, but the women seemed to withdraw and Sam's conversational sallies failed to elicit much of a response.  
  
As they jogged up towards the pool, Five's smartphone chimed and she exclaimed “It's time for my tanning session.” The two women retrieved their sandals and continued into the main building leaving Sam behind.  
  
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Leeanne met Five and Two in the lobby. Pointing to Five, she said “You need to come with me now. I'll come back for your friend in an hour.”  
  
Leeanne led Five toward the back of the building and up the familiar staircase. “Ms Anderson is thinking of holding a staff lottery where the lucky winner gets to oil you and your friend up for your tanning sessions.” After climbing the fourth flight she concluded “But today, you have me.” They exited onto a rooftop terrace where Leanne said “lose the clothing, girlie.”  
  
Five peeled off her bright pink bikini and the armband with her MMU, she couldn't remove her choker, but that wasn't being removed anytime soon. Leeanne said “Feet”. Five assumed the position. “Oh, you listen real well, but hold your arms out to the side so I can reach everything.” Leeanne spread oil everywhere spending extra time and effort on the skin that Five had just uncovered. The shorter woman couldn't easily reach all of the 5' 9” mailgirl, but “Knees” took care of that issue. “Okay, down on the mat on your belly, I'll tell you when to roll over.”  
  
Five lay quietly as Leeanne sat in the shade playing with her smartphone. After not too long an interval Leeanne said “roll over” and when Five shifted to her back Leeanne knelt down to touch up the oil on her breasts and lower down. Eventually Leeanne said “Time” and led Five down one flight to her room, checking to make sure the corridor was clear before having Five exit the stairwell and enter her room.  
  
“Clean yourself up, there's a new suit for you on the bed, and then you're on your own until it's time to dress for dinner. Ta-ta.”  
  
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Two had spent some time in the pool cooling off and just luxuriating in the normality of it all before getting out to lie on a chaise. Her MMU chimed and directed her to report to Ms Anderson's office.  
  
She knocked on partially open door and heard a brisk “Enter.” She stepped in and saw Ms Anderson sitting behind her desk. “Close the door firmly behind you.  
  
“Do you see what I acquired in your honor. I had them ship it down with you along with the selection of clothing and jewelry for the week.” Two saw an SG&T mat on the floor to the side of Ms Anderson's desk. “Now, knees.”  
  
Two knelt on the mat and Ms Anderson came around her desk and stood over the mailgirl. “I remember you from the negotiations on getting the financing for this property. And when I heard that SG&T was instituting a Mailgirl Program, I asked my favorite uncle if he could put in a word about you. He's my aunt's husband, but we've always gotten along well and he's on the Board at SG&T. He let me know that you had accepted the opportunity to transfer from Chicago to the new location in Maryland and then were successfully recruited into your current position. And here we are. Uncle Bertie says SG&T employees are forbidden to physically molest mailgirls, but I don't work for SG&T. It's going to be a delightful week.  
  
“Now, let's go up to the roof and we'll see what we can do about preventing unsightly tan lines.” Two followed Ms Anderson out of her office and up the four flights to the roof, trying to count up the number of shocks she'd received in the last thirty-six hours.  
  
Arriving on the rooftop terrace, Ms Anderson had Two strip and then lovingly coated her with oil before having her spread out on the mat. Two lay quietly wondering what else was coming her way. She got to stretch out and sleep on an actual bed, brunch was wonderful, the chance for a run was great, she even had pool time, but she was sure they were going to pay a price for all of this.  
  
“I know your name is Megan, but Two suits you so much better. Having you two here is a win-win for everyone. SG&T properly follows state law and displays their compassion for employees, Juniper Resort gets two more paying guests, and we've managed to lure some private parties from the big conventions downtown by discretely letting out that we have mailgirl servers for their special event. And this week, I get to play with you. Now turn over dear and give your breasts and pussy some sun.  
  
“I'm sending up Marie from our gift shop to your room at 6 p.m. to repierce your ears if necessary since the jewelry that came along with you included some delightful pairs of earrings and it would be a shame for you not to look your best at dinner. Only the best for our mailgirls.”  
  
Two was getting seriously freaked out when Ms Anderson finally said, “Upsy-daisy, dear. Now down to your room and get yourself cleaned up. There is a new suit waiting for you and you're free until it's time to meet Marie. Now, scoot.”  
  
Two grabbed her MMU and its armband and ran down the stairs, looking carefully up an down the corridor before dashing to the door of her room and triggering the lock open.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Two found Five lounging by the pool, basking in yet more sun. They exchanged tales of woe with Five agreeing that Two had the topper. “I wonder if anyone sponsored me, so to speak. That casts an even darker light on the whole program. The daily humiliation is bad enough without someone taking a personal interest in making it happen. I wonder what little surprises are in store for dinner.”  
  
After some more pool time, they got the promised summons to their room. Marie turned out to be a quite pleasant young woman who did a professional job of repiercing their ears and walking them through the proper care of the new piercings. There were two perfectly proper, attractive dresses hanging on a hook on the wall; no panties or bra, of course. “Heels, I haven't worn shoes for more than a year and she expects me to prance around in heels!” Two and Five slaked their thirst at their water bowls, showered, and did their make-up. They left the simple studs that Marie had given them in their ears and Two added a thin ankle-chain. Then, they pulled on their dresses and headed out the door, looking forward to another actual, real meal.  
  
Down in the dining room the two mailgirls restrained themselves at the buffet, but did save room for dessert. They each had a couple of glasses of white wine; Five had a latte with her cake, Two opted for tea with her apple crumble. Five flirted with Sam, avoiding any talk about work beyond saying that she was a lawyer. They sat with other guests and chatted pleasantly. It was a quietly pleasant evening, something that Two and Five hadn't enjoyed since beginning their new careers. And well before midnight they said their goodbyes and made their way back to their room where they shucked their dresses and went to bed – a real bed: this was still a source of wonder.

**Mailgirls' Holiday, part 4**

**MONDAY**  
Monday proceeded perfectly normally, normal for non-mailgirls, at least. The bikinis this morning were powder blue and maroon. Two and Five went for a another long run with Sam, heading the other direction on the beach this time which meant they then looped back and picked up the trail heading away from town. Two and Five made sure to push the pace in order to discourage chatting. Still, Sam learned that Two was a financial analyst, orginally from the mid-West and that Five had gone to college in New England and law school in New Jersey. Sam didn't say much about his job except that he was an analyst and worked at Fort Meade, Maryland.  
  
Lunch was casual and satisfying and the two women capped it off with girly drinks by the pool. Random waiters did the honors for the rooftop tanning and Five channeled her unease with the situation into a session on the stationary bike; Two went for another run.  
  
Dinner was another dress, still no underwear, meeting yet more guests and a walk along the beach before heading off to bed. Two thought she could get used to this life.  
  
  
**TUESDAY A.M.**  
Two untangled herself from Five and looked toward her MMU which had just chimed. She rolled out of bed and checked out her schedule for the day. Breakfast from 7-9 was expected, but lunch/job interview in Ms Anderson's office from 11-1, tanning 2-3, then dinner in the room at 6 p. m., and 7-11 was blocked out for 'Special Event.' She poked Five who had rolled in the other direction on the bed and said “Wake up. What does your schedule look like for today?”  
  
Five sleepily looked at her MMU and replied “The same as yesterday until we get to dinner and then 'Special Event.' Looks like we're about to start earning our keep.”  
  
“I've got two hours blocked out with Ms Anderson for lunch and a job interview. I already have one shit job, I'm terrified that she means to take me farther down that path. When I run this morning I should just keep running.”  
  
“We'll survive today and maybe we'll want to go with that option tomorrow.”  
  
Breakfast was good; Two thought Five and Sam were beginning to show some serious sparks. The morning run was a bit subdued as Two was obsessing over her lunch date while Five and Sam were lagging behind, more interested in each other then focused on picking up and putting down their feet. Five did mention that she and Two (well, Megan) were scheduled to participate in some event at the resort that evening in lieu of dinner. She explained SG&T had an equity stake in the resort and this was part of the deal for their holiday package, but didn't go into details.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
After her run, Two went straight to their room where she showered, shaved what little stubble she found below her neck, and took pains with her makeup. She didn't know where this lunch date/job interview was going, but she didn't want Ms Anderson to find fault with her appearance.  
  
At precisely 11 she knocked on the door to Ms Anderson's office and heard “Come in.” She entered and heard “Now close the door firmly and strip for me. Neatly fold your suit and put it on the chair over there along with your sandals. Then come here.”  
  
Two walked over to the side of Ms Anderson's desk and reflexively settled into “Feet” position.  
  
“No,” handing Two a pair of leather cuffs joined by about six inches of light chain,“move your feet closer together and lock these on your ankles.” She bent down and reached under her flowing skirt and emerged with her panties in her hand. “Open up,” and she placed them into Two's mouth. “Don't swallow. Now hop over there and get your nose right into that corner. I've got some work to finish up while we're waiting for lunch to arrive.”  
  
Two turned and awkwardly shuffled into the corner. She stood there and waited listening to Ms Anderson's keyboard. She heard a knock on the door and Ms Anderson once again said “Come in.  
  
“Oh good, just put the tray down on the desk I'll let you know when to come back to clean up.” Two heard the door close again. “Now just hop back over here and kneel down next to me. It looks like they sent up quite a nice little spread.”  
  
Two shuffled back over to the desk and got down onto her knees, nearly falling, hampered as she was by her restrained ankles and of course, her arms behind her back. Two had heard of Mailgirl Programs where the girls' arms were routinely cuffed behind their backs which just seemed dangerous for someone who spent so much time running up and down stairs.  
  
“Open up.” Ms Anderson reached forward and plucked her panties from Two's mouth. “Maybe I'll let you wear these this afternoon. Wouldn't that be a treat?” She held a glass out to Two, “Don't gulp.” Two sipped the cold water gratefully. Next was a small cube of cheese which Two had to crane her neck to reach.  
  
Ms Anderson alternated between eating something herself and hand-feeding Two. She was drinking either white wine or sparkling water, Two got tap water – it was nicely chilled. It was better than lapping it up from a bowl.  
  
Ms Anderson slid back her chair. “It's time for dessert and your job interview. Just shuffle yourself under my desk and face me. She slid forward on her chair and draped her skirt over Two's head. “I'm sure you can figure out what to do now. I understand that all mailgirls indulge.”  
  
This type of interaction was strictly forbidden for SG&T mailgirls. Two had heard of a number of employees being fired for such behavior. Not the mailgirls, of course, they weren't fired, but the punishment was severe and meted out to all the mailgirls to encourage them to remain on the straight and narrow.  
  
Two tenatively began to tongue Ms Anderson who reached down and pulled her head in closer. “Little kisses dear, and then let's get that tongue right in there.” As Two continued to pleasure Ms Anderson, she heard her pick and the phone and say “You can come pick up the tray now.” Ms Anderson didn't orgasm until after the door opened and the tray was removed. Sometime later she orgasmed again and when she stopped thrashing said “That's very nice dear. Now you can just curl up at my feet and take a little nap while I get some work done.”  
  
Still later she sent Two back into the corner. “Just wait there until someone comes to take you up to the roof. After your session you'll need to rest up for this evening.”  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Two came down from the roof wearing only Ms Anderson's panties. She lay on the bed staring at the ceiling waiting for Five. She was still on the bed, seeing nothing, lost in her emotions when the door opened and Five came bouncing in.  
  
“Oh, my god, what are you wearing; where did you get a pair of panties, what's going on??”  
  
“I've been ...ed, well not actually, but I know that's the next step. My job interview was under Ms Anderson's desk and skirt with my face jammed into her pussy. She had me stand with my nose in the corner sucking on her panties, then it was 'Knees' and eating from her hand before I went under the desk for the next hour. I've been leered at, groped, bound, paddled, and whipped, but this was just different and wrong.”  
  
“We've all munched a lot of pussy in the last year, well not Eleven, and been forced to expose ourselves in ways I never imagined, humiliated each and every day; what makes this so traumatic?”  
  
“Making out, going all the way with another mailgirl, is a way to find solace in misery. It's sex among equals and I need it to take the edge off the whole demeaning swamp that is the life of a mailgirl. Our ids have “Property of SG&T” printed on them, but I firmly hold to the view that just that piece of plastic is owned by SG&T. Ms Anderson intends to own me and I could lose myself to her. And yes it turns me on something fierce; I'm staring at the ceiling, so that I'm not abandoning myself to what she wants from me. I wish I was back in the dormitory in Maryland.”  
  
“Oh Megan, I know now is not the time to tell you this, but unlike you I have been well and truly ...ed and I enjoyed it. After you went off, we went back to Sam's room and got naked. And yes, the sex was even better then the hot shower. I don't know where this is going, but I plan to enjoy the rest of this week.”  
  
Two got up and embraced Five “I'm so happy for your. Did you log your orgasm in your MMU? I haven't gotten off all week; I'm sure I'm disappointing whoever has me in the weekly pool.”  
  
The door to the room opened behind them and Leeanne stalked in. “You” pointing to Two “put your nose in that corner. And you” gesturing to Five “ankles.” Two fled into the corner to the right of the bed and Five bent from the waist and clasped her ankles. She saw Leeanne walk over the the side of the room and unlock an unobtrusive panel in the wall. The smaller woman reached in and pulled out two sets of leather cuffs, a paddle, and a crop.  
  
“You two were told no clothing in this room. So now I punish you.” Dropping most of her load on the edge of the bed she walked behind Five holding the paddle. “Count each stroke and say 'thank you madam' after each.” She tugged at Five's bikini bottom and let it slide down her legs.  
  
Stepping back she dealt a punishing blow to Five's right asscheek.  
  
“One, thank you madam.”  
  
The second blow was a backhander to Five's right asscheek.  
  
“Two, thank you madam.”  
  
She alternated for ten strokes and said “Now stand over by the corner of the bed.” Five shuffled over, hampered by the cloth around her ankles. Leeanne locked one of the cuffs onto Five's left wrist, “now thread the chain though that top ring on that post.” Leeanne then reached up and locked the other cuff onto Five's left wrist. “Now stand here and think about what you did wrong.” The worst of it was that Five couldn't rub her red-hot bottom.  
  
“You, onto the bed now. Knees and forehead.” Two scurried over and got onto the bed, knees spread wide and forehead pressed onto the mattress. “Back up until you are just on the edge of the bed, then extend your left leg back.” Two complied and then felt a searing cut on the sole of her left foot. She screamed and toppled over. “Knees and forehead, right leg back.” Leeane alternated six strokes with the crop leaving Two sobbing into the mattress.  
  
“Off the bed now and to the other corner.” Two slid off the bed and went immediately onto her toes as soon as her feet touched the floor. Leeanne cuffed Two just as she had Five and then pulled Ms Anderson's panties down to slide down Two's legs. “Now you two will just stand here until the boy brings you dinner.”  
  
She replaced the paddle and crop into the cabinet in the wall and relocked the panel. She then left the room, closing the door firmly behind her.  
  
The two mailgirls stood there in their misery, not saying anything. Two would tire and drop down onto her feet, but each time she cried out and forced herself back onto her toes.

**Mailgirls' Holiday, part 5**

**TUESDAY DINNER**  
Five heard the door open behind her, but did not dare to turn her head and look. “Oh, she really laid into you, that must hurt something fierce. I'll let you down when I finish putting out your dinner.” Five heard a can being popped open and groaned. “Ugh, do you really eat this stuff. It looks like dog food, you couldn't pay me to take even one bite.”  
  
He reached up and unlocked her left cuff. “Now pull it through the ring and move your hands behind your back.” He refastened the cuff on her left wrist trapping arms behind her back. “Now go kneel on your mat. You can't start dinner until your friend joins you.”  
  
Five walked over to one of the mats and took her position. He'd left the empty can of Mailgirl Chow on the cart. She didn't like to eat it either, but her choice was dinner or the paddle. He uncuffed and recuffed Two who sank to her knees and proceeded to walk on her knees over to the other mat. Five noticed that he had gotten over his need to blush when he saw them. “Okay, you can eat dinner now, you're required to clean the bowl and then you'll have to clean each other up. You are not to leave your mats until Julie comes to get you ready for this evening.” With that he pushed the cart out the door and left.  
  
Two and Five leaned over their bowls and delicately ate their Mailgirl Chow and sipped from the water bowl. With her arms locked behind her Five had to deal with her hair getting into the two bowls – getting it wet wasn't a problem, but Two would have to clean random bits of food from her hair since they were forbidden to leave the mats.  
  
The two mailgirls were kneeling eyes downcast, when the door opened again. This time it was two women, one pushing a cart carrying a case and a two stools. The younger of the two carried one stool to under the shower head, while the other opened up the case and put the other stool down by the mats. The woman at the shower said “You” pointing to Five who was nearer, “get up and sit here.”  
  
“Miss, we're not allowed to sit on furniture.”  
  
“Well, I'm not bending down to work on you. Up now.”  
  
She turned on the shower instantly chilling Five, but then the water started to warm up. Five looked up questioningly and the woman said, “I told Laura I didn't care if she made you take cold showers, but I wasn't going to freeze my fingers off shampooing you.  
  
“It looks in pretty good shape, does the Mailgirl program run to a hairdresser?”  
  
“Each of us has a standing appointment once a month in the salon on the ground floor of the main building. SG&T doesn't want untidy mailgirls running about.”  
  
The hairdresser finished washing Five's hair and then blew it dry. Standing behind Five she plaited the brown tresses into a French braid. “Now go over and sit on Julie's stool.” She then gestured to Two to come. Two got up awkwardly and tip-toed over to the shower.  
  
“What's wrong with you?”  
  
“Miss Leeanne caned the bottom of my feet because I was wearing clothing in the room. It really hurts to put my feet down.”  
  
“Oh, I knew those two were into some kinky shit, but that's just plain mean. Well, sit here and I'll do your hair.” She shampooed Two and brought out a pair of scissors and proceeded to trim her blonde locks to chin length, coaxing Two's natural curls to cluster around her face. “I can see why Laura told me to cut it short.”  
  
“That's the way I was wearing it when she first met me, before I was a mailgirl.”  
  
Meanwhile, Julie was artfully making up Five, emphasizing her eyes and highlighting her high cheek bones. She also rouged Five's nipples and labial lips. Then she inked a bold “5” onto Five's hip.  
  
Five protested, “We wear these chokers and our MMUs show our number, SG&T doesn't write our numbers on us.”  
  
“Yes, but the hip number is something everyone knows about mailgirls, so we're just satisfying the customer. Now back onto your mat and don't mess it up.”  
  
Two tip-toed over to Julie who made her up with a lighter touch going more for the natural, All-American girl look – plus the rouged nipples and nether lips with a black “2” on her hip.  
  
The two women packed up their equipment and put the stools back onto the cart. “Don't mess up your makeup and just stay where you are until someone comes to get you.”

**TUESDAY EVENING**  
They didn't have long to wait before the door opened again and Leeanne came in carrying two shoeboxes and the light cotton cloaks that they'd worn before. She opened the top box and pulled out a pair of scarlet stilettos which she placed in front of Five. Five had complained out wearing heels for dinner on Sunday, this pair was much more extreme, 5” pencil thin heels with a minimal platform. She looked at Two and said “I'll wait until we reach the private dining room to give you your shoes, you might find it to difficult to navigate the stairs the shape your feet are in and I don't want to explain to Ms Anderson why we only have one server for this evening.  
  
“You'll be serving at a private function for a dozen extremely important men this evening. You will provide impeccable service and they will have no cause to complain. They will arrive shortly for the cocktail hour for which there is an open bar. They may order drinks at the bar or give their orders to you. After cocktails you will be serving a full meal which will be brought up from the kitchen. You will make sure that each of our guests wants for nothing. Less than perfect service will result in severe punishment. Put on your shoes Five and both of you follow me.”  
  
Leeanne draped the cloaks over the mailgirls and led them out the door and down one flight of stairs. Five made it down the stairs successfully though not without some trepidation. Two followed on tip-toes all the way. She led them through an open door and past an antechamber with a cloakroom. She then pushed through a set of double doors into the private dining room.  
  
As they entered Two and Five could see two mailgirl mats against the wall and above each mat was a pair of posters. Two of the posters were more copies of the blow-up of their SG&T id cards. To either side of those images were equally large posters with head and shoulder photos of Two and Five in business attire overlaid with a red circle with a slash through it. Beneath those photos were the legends:  
  
Megan Brooks Sarah Stevens  
BA Econ, Grinnell BA Gender & Women's Studies,  
Connecticut College  
MS Finance, U Iowa JD, Rutgers  
  
Both girls recoiled in horror, not only were they stripped of their clothes, they were also stripped of the anonymous cloaking of being a mailgirl.  
  
“Okay girls, onto your mats. Two, you need to put your shoes on. Then we just wait for our dinner guests to arrive.”  
  
Two and Five dropped onto their mats and stared at the floor. Their humiliation had plumbed new depths and the dozen men had yet to arrive.  
  
The next person to come through the door was the bartender who looked them over appreciatively before going to the end of the room and setting up for the evening.  
  
Some time later Ms Anderson pushed through the double doors followed by a crowd of middle aged men in suits. They stopped part way through the open door when they saw the kneeling girls and the posters above them. Five heard an appreciative whistle.  
  
Ms Anderson turned to face the dinner guests and said, “Welcome to your special dinner at the Juniper Resort. Your servers tonight are these two lovely young girls before you, both on loan to us from the Mailgirls' Program at Sloan Guarantee & Trust. You will address them as Two and Five, they are required to politely correct you if you use their former names. They will take your orders during the cocktail hour and then will serve at dinner. Mailgirl protocol at SG&T forbids physical contact with these girls, we are not quite so fussy at Juniper. My assistant here will supervise the staff and forward on to me any requests that you may have. Bon appetit, gentlemen.”  
  
Of course, no one ordered drinks at the bar. Two and Five were kept busy taking orders and delivering drinks, Five's feet suffering only slightly less than Two's. Most of the men had no compunction about adopting a hands on approach to their requests and Five found her braid tugged down more than once forcing her to look up at whoever standing in front of at the time. Dinner was a bit easier on the girls as the men were seated, but Two's feet were in utter agony by that time. The guests lingered a long time over their after dinner liqueurs and coffee with many getting up from the table and circulating, especially around Two and Five. The girls were not required to clean up after dinner, but it was after midnight when Leanne led the cloaked, thankfully barefoot girls to their room.

**Mailgirls' Holiday, part 6**

**WEDNESDAY**  
Two had soaked her feet in the water bowls before crawling into bed the night before, but she slept badly as her feet throbbed throughout the night. Five held her close, but eventually had dropped off to sleep and was the first to wake up in the morning.  
  
Two finally got out of bed when Five returned carrying a tray. “I brought you some breakfast. If I feed it to you we ought to avoid the no hands rule.” Two knelt on the floor beside the bed while Five held up a cup of coffee to her lips. She followed with a pain au chocolat and then some fruit. “Sam asked where you were and I told him that you weren't feeling well and wouldn't be up for a run this morning. It will do you good to get outside and sit by the pool though. Thrashing your feet was a rotten thing to do; I don't mind the paddling so much, it gets me hot in more ways than one, but half crippling you and then making you stand for hours was just mean.  
  
“My MMU calendar just shows breakfast, lunch, tanning, and dinner today so it looks like we're back to vacation time.”  
  
Two grabbed her MMU from the headboard. “Lunch with Ms Anderson again, tanning, and dinner. Isn't it nice to be special.”  
  
“Just ride it out and hope she doesn't want you marching about. Pool time now? One piece suits today, better for serious swimming and it covers up our hip numbers.”  
  
“A quick shower and then I'll be down. Save me a chaise by the pool and some sun tan oil. If you go down by yourself, maybe Sam will offer to do your back.”  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
The pool had too many people frolicing from side to side to allow Two to do any serious lap swimming. She decided she'd have to come down early the next morning if her feet were still too sore for her to run or ride a bike. She told Sam that she had a stone bruise so was staying off her feet to let it heal; he looked skeptical having seen her tip-toe up to the pool, but didn't say anything except to say that he and Sarah were planning an easy run before lunch and would miss her.  
  
Still, just lying on the chaise soaking up the sun and looks of admiration (from the men) and envy (from the women) instead of being seen as sub-human was a satisfying feeling that she had missed the last fifteen months. Then her MMU chimed and it was off to lunch with Ms. Anderson.  
  
Once again she knocked on Ms Anderson's door at precisely 11 a.m. and heard “Come in.” Ms Anderson was behind her desk and without looking up said, “peel off that bathing suit and cuff your hands behind your back. Now come and kneel by my desk while I work.”  
  
Two stayed on her knees while Ms Anderson typed on the computer, made phone calls, and even just leaned back in her excecutive chair and gazed appreciatively at the naked mailgirl. “We've finalized the arrangements for the special event tomorrow night. Won't that be nice dear. I thought it went very well last night. We got very positive feedback from our dinner guests and inquiries about whether they can schedule again for next year. You are in demand.  
  
“Now with eighteen mailgirls, each with two weeks vacation, that means eighteen weeks a year that we can offer special events. If tomorrow goes as well and then with the next pair of mailgirls then I can approach DDE about offering holidays as a standard feature of mailgirl programs. We are documenting your entire experience here and will produce a series of portfolios for targeted audiences. The general public will see photographs of mailgirls frolicing on the beach and lying out by the pool; prospective customers will be shown the photos of you serving. I expect it all to go over quite well.”  
  
Another knock on the door, “Oh, here's our lunch.” Once again Two ate from Ms Anderson's hand. She would playfully hold morsels just out of reach inducing Two to stretch out to reach the food in her hand. After finishing up lunch Ms Anderson directed Two under her desk again, but this time got up and said, “Just remain there until one dear, then you can get dressed and you're free until it's time for tanning. Regretably, I have a meeting, but I'll think of you here waiting for me. Oh, by the way several of our dinner guests last night inquired about your posters. They should be a hit in the gift shop.”  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Two was still under the desk when she heard the door open again. She saw Leanne sit down in Ms Anderson's chair.  
  
“Now let's see some proper deference. How about kissing my feet? Be properly worshipful.”  
  
Two moved forward and placed her lips against Leanne's right foot and duitifully kissed each toe. Leanne extended a left foot and Two repeated her homage.  
  
“When you start working here full-time this could be part of your duties; won't that be nice? Now come on out from under so that I can unlock your cuffs, then you can get dressed and go off and play.”  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Five joined Two at the pool after her tanning session. Then they dressed for dinner – a year ago Two would have freaked at the thought of going commando, but now had a different perspective – and went down to the dining room where they met up with Sam. Five and Sam lingered over dessert and coffee, Two wandered off to the lounge where she settled down with a book. Boring had much to recommend it, though she missed the underlying sexual buzz that came with being a naked mailgirl.

**THURSDAY A.M.**  
Two was in her suit, another one piece, and out the door just after 7. Swimming wasn't her thing, but she dutifully spent 45 minutes doing laps in the pool with just one other pre-breakfast swimmer for company.  
  
Her schedule for the day was breakfast, lunch, tanning, dinner in the room at 6, and the special event from 7-11. She didn't look forward to the special event, but lunch in the dining room was a welcome change she thought. Maybe Ms Anderson was backing off.  
  
Two didn't see either Five or Sam at breakfast. An older woman with a tray joined her and introduced herself as the other pre-breakfast swimmer; she said her husband had an early tee time. She also mentioned that her husband had some sort of business meeting that evening where they would be getting a presentation on modern employee practices. It was a pleasant normal chat.  
  
Two finally caught up with Five and Sam just before lunch. Five said they had gone for a long walk; she virtually glowed with satisfaction Two asked blandly if they were going for another long walk after lunch and Five said they might just stay out of the sun and check out the gameroom. Two ate sparingly at lunch, worried about the evening's special event and wondering if “modern employee practices” were going to be on the agenda. Five and Sam disappeared together and eventually Two answered the summons to the roof.

**THURSDAY AFTERNOON**  
Two opened the door to the room after her tanning session and immediately noticed the MMU and armband lying on the bed. There was no sign of Five unless she was hiding under the bed and with the thoroughness that served her well as a financial analyst Two bent down to look under. No Five. When she straightened up she saw there was no Five poster by the door.  
  
“Shit, shit, shit. What is she getting herself into? We're on the downhill side of our mailgirls' contract, just ten months to go. Where is she?”  
  
The obvious place to look for Five was with Sam, but Two didn't know his room number. Five did, but that wasn't helpful. To put off running around screaming for a few minutes Two took a shower – the hot water hadn't been turned back on yet – then got dressed again, grabbed Five's MMU and headed out the door.  
  
Two checked the lobby, the pool area, the beach, and no sign of Five or Sam. She walked up to the front desk and asked the receptionist – who had overseen her tanning on Wednesday – what room Sam was in. Five's MMU had chimed, telling her to report for her tanning session and then went red when Five was late and the demerits continued to accumulate. She went back up to the room and found Five and Sam in the corridor.  
  
Five looked at Two and said “Open the door now, we don't want to be standing out here.” Two opened the door and pushed the others through before closing it behind them. Two stripped off her suit and Sam just stared.  
  
“I told Sam everything.”  
  
“I worked that out from the missing poster.” Pointing to Sam “And if you don't want to look at me, my id is on the wall behind you. Ms Anderson thinks they would be popular items in the gift shop.  
  
“So what else did you decide besides racking up enough demerits to leave your butt raw for the rest of the year? Sam, she's taken for the next ten months. Then we'll see if we really do go back to real life. Money is my business and walking out on her contract would put her in a hole that she would spend the rest of her life digging out of.”  
  
“Sam says he can wait and I can call him every Sunday.”  
  
“Assuming that Ms Barnes and Mistress V don't feel the appropriate penalty for the no doubt record number of demerits you're earning is to deny you phone privileges for the rest of the year. That's the kind of punishment that would appeal to them.  
  
“Now, you get out of that suit and then kiss each other goodbye and we wait here for the hammer to come down on us. And Sam, I won't be offended if you only buy Five's poster at the gift shop.”  
  
Five flew into Sam's arms who was stunned, then properly appreciative of assault by a naked woman. After a long clinch, Sam pulled himself away, said “I hope I see you both at breakfast” and left.

**THURSDAY EVENING**  
Dinner was a repeat of Tuesday's experience less the cuffs, not that Two or Five took the opportunity to use their hands while eating. They were in position on their mats when Julie and the hairdresser arrived and prepared them. Neither the boy bringing dinner, nor the two women mentioned Five's missing poster.  
  
Leeanne arrived sans shoes this time, carrying only the cotton cloaks. “No dinner this evening, just a business presentation followed by a Q&A with refreshments and you will be taking drink orders as on Tuesday. Also, your actions today did not go unnoticed; tomorrow we will be giving you a sendoff worthy of the impressive number of demerits that you two have accumulated.”  
  
Leeanne led them to the same private dining room as on Tuesday. This time the room was set up for a meeting with rows of chairs instead of a table and there was a lectern at one end of the room. The mats and posters were together toward the front of the room this time and Leeanne directed the two mailgirls into position on the mats and then placed blindfolds over their eyes and lightweight headphones over their ears. White noise played over the headphones and Two and Five knelt in the dark and silence for some time.  
  
Finally someone pulled the headphones off of Two and then the blindfold. Leeanne was standing over the two mailgirls. Ms Anderson, Ms Barnes, and a third woman that Two didn't recognize were at the front of the room. Ms Anderson headed toward the door as it opened and started greeting a number of men and women, some of whom Two had met as guests at the resort during the week. The folks coming through the door were dressed in a mixture of business and casual attire. Whatever their manner of dress they were all looking at Two and Five on their mats under their posters.  
  
The unknown woman at the lectern spoke into the microphone “If you will all take seats we will get started with the presentation. There will be time to meet with Two and Five afterwards, they will be taking drink orders when we break for individual discussions. Please leave room at the back for latecomers.”  
  
The wall behind her lit up with a photo of a naked mailgirl racing through a crowded office. “I'm Anna Reid, Associate Director of Mailgirl Marketing for Dumpster Dawg Enterprises, the primary licencee for the Mailgirl Program in the United States and the largest supplier of mailgirls and mailgirl training in North America. My colleague is Brownwyn Barnes, Mailgirl Coordinator at the East Coast Headquarters of Sloan Guaranty & Trust, for whom Mailgirls Two and Five work when they are not on vacation. And most of you know Laura Anderson, the General Manager of the Juniper Resort, who is hosting this presentation.  
  
“Over the next sixty minutes we will tell you about the Mailgirl Program writ large, the benefits of implementing a Mailgirl Program in your instiutions, the tangible improvements in productivity seen in virtually every company that has a Mailgirl Program, and the experience of implementing and mangaging a Mailgirl Program. I will also talk about the support that DDE can provide to your mailgirl programs. Ms Barnes will give you the perspective of a recently implemented Mailgirl Program.”  
  
Mailgirl protocol directed mailgirls to lower their gaze when kneeling on their mats; Two and Five both kept their eyes firmly on the floor as the presentation continued.  
  
Photos of mailgirls at work and living the mailgirl experience chased across the wall behind the speakers. There looked to be photos from many companies and buildings – all featured beautiful, naked women.  
  
Ms Barnes wrapped up the presentation with “You've all had a chance to download the Mailgirl app onto your smartphones. It syncs with the Mailgirl servers and network and allows you to request a mailgirl to make a delivery, provides location data for mailgirls, and you can call up detailed profiles of individual mailgirls. From your Mailgirl app you can find out everything you want to know about Mailgirls Two and Five.”  
  
Ms Reid added “Now we'll break for refreshments. Ms Barnes and I will answer any questions your may have. You can enter your drink orders in the Mailgirl app and Two and Five will deliver. Try not to excite them so much that they spill the drinks.”  
  
Two and Five's MMUs began chiming and they sprang up and went to the bar to pick up the first orders. The two bartenders were setting out cocktails, beer, and wine and Two and Five wove through the crowd carrying trays of drinks stoically accepting pats and caresses in passing. Groups stood around Ms Reid and Ms Barnes and even Ms Anderson asking questions and talking among them.  
  
As the first flurry of drink orders began to wind down one of the female attendees asked Ms Barnes about the mailgirl positions. Ms Barnes called out “Mailgirl Two, knees” and Two gracefully sank down onto her widespread knees, hands behind her back, gaze lowered. “That is the basic position in between deliveries.”  
  
Then “Feet” and Two rose up, feet spread shoulder width apart. “This is how they wait to receive a parcel or message or to make a request.” Next was “Toes” and Two went onto her tip-toes, back arched, thrusting out her chest, hands behind her head. “This is the inspection position which they assume when an SG&T employee wishes to make sure that the mailgirl is not out of uniform, which could be untidy grooming, an undue amount of perspiration, smudged makeup, and so on. There are other positions that we use at SG&T such as 'Knees and hands' and 'knees and forehead', but those are the basic three.  
  
“Feet” and Two thankfully eased down off her toes and returned her posture to downcast eyes. Her MMU chimed again and she was off to the bar to pick up another drink.  
  
“Yes,” Ms Reid responded to another query, “contracts may be reassigned much as with professional athletes, though that is at the discretion of each individual Mailgirl Program. There is a brisk aftermarket in mailgirls acquired from DDE and other third-party providers. With new programs we often advise acquiring the contracts of a few current mailgirls so as to provide guidance for new hires, even those that have gone through the six weeks training at DDE. Typically, Mailgirl Supervisors are former mailgirls that have been identified as having more dominant tendencies and wish to stay in the field.”  
  
Five really hoped that the questioner did not have his eye on acquiring the rest of her contract, she now had a compelling reason to return to Maryland.  
  
When the last questions were asked and answered and the last few people disappeared with Ms Reid and Ms Barnes, Leeanne reappeared with the cotton cloaks and led the two mailgirls back to their room. Just one more day of their holiday remained.

**THURSDAY LATE NIGHT**  
Leeanne took Two's cloak and said “Wait here.” Then she looked at Five, said “Follow me” and the two of them left the room closing the door behind them.  
  
Two was lying on the bed wondering what was going on when the door opened and Ms Barnes walked in. “Multi-tasking, that's the theme of this week. Here you've had a holiday, boosted the bottom line of an SG&T asset, and helped DDE sell the Mailgirl Program. If mailgirls got overtime pay you would deserve it. As for me, I'm earning goodwill from DDE with this evening's presentation, getting first hand knowledge of our Mailgirls' Holiday Program, and managing a romantic rendezvous.  
  
Five is off to Mr Geherty's room for the night to get her out of the way. You will sleep here” she leaned down to the side of the bed and swung the grill up against the bed frame. “Now get under the bed and just fall asleep quietly. If you raise a fuss, I'm sure he'll get an additional thrill from making love above a bound and gagged woman.” Two rolled under the bed and Ms Barnes folded down the grill and secured it in place.  
  
A few minutes later Two heard a knock on the door and then heard it open.  
  
An unknown man asked, “What kind of room is this?”  
  
“This is where the mailgirls have been staying this week. No need for closets or privacy or in-room entertainment and what room service provides is a crime. That's why I asked you to bring a bottle and two glasses. Now let's get comfortable and you can show me how excited you get around naked women.”  
  
Two tuned out the conversation and the clinking glasses and later tried to tune out the creaking mattress and the moans from above. It had been a long time for her, but she was feeling more nauseous than aroused. Eventually things quieted down above and sometime thereafter she heard the door open and close again.  
  
“Goodnight Two, I hope that was as good for you as it was for me.” and the lights went out.

**FRIDAY A.M.**  
Two was awake long after she heard she heard Ms Barnes breathing shift into a sleep pattern. When she woke she was disoriented, taking a few long moments to remember she was caged under the bed. The lights were on and she could hear the shower running. Either Ms Barnes was still in the room getting herself ready or Five had returned and didn't know where Two was. She tried to swing the grill on the side of the bed open, but it was still locked down.  
  
“I'll let you out when I'm dressed. I expect that you have to pee. Mistress V tells me there's always a rush for the toilets when she opens your sleeping chambers in the morning. I should check out the video feed from the dormitory some day.”  
  
Ms Barnes opened up the grille and Two rolled out.  
  
“I'm going down to breakfast now. I will have something sent up for you and then when I return we'll chat about your holiday.”  
  
Two had showered and was finishing her morning routine when the door opened and the usual young man appeared with a cart followed by Leeanne. “Just put the plate down in front of her mat and fill her water bowl.” He dealt with the food and water while Leeanne went to the cupboard and brought out the leather cuffs. “I'm not staying to supervise your breakfast so these will ensure that you eat properly. Now turn around.” She locked Two's hands behind her back and then they left Two to her meal.  
  
Two was kneeling on her mat happy that breakfast had been scrambled eggs rather than something messier or worse Mailgirl Chow, when the door opened and Ms Barnes returned.  
  
“So, has the Mailgirls' Holiday Program been a success from your viewpoint?”  
  
“There was much that I enjoyed, Ms Barnes. The travel arrangements left much to be desired.”  
  
“We don't think the airlines are quite ready for Mailgirls though the TSA folks should be pleased and besides shipping you as freight seemed to send the right message. It should certainly help to put you in the proper frame of mind on the trip back.  
  
“We had excellent reports on the two of you both as guests of the resort and in your stint as servers at the event on Tuesday. We will see how you do in the gift shop this afternoon and dinner tonight.  
  
“Ms Anderson has such high hopes of recruiting you as her personal sex slave, but that will be your decision. She'll have you again at lunch, but it's back to Maryland tomorrow and you can decide whether to accept a job offer from her when your contract is up in the fall. Five seems to have found a romance; it will be interesting to see how that goes on. I'll speak to her at lunch while Ms Anderson entertains you. I've told her to leave your feet alone, you have deliveries to make Monday.  
  
“Any further questions or comments about your week?”  
  
“Will everyone be sent on vacation?”  
  
“You will all get two one week holidays in the second year of your contract as per Maryland employment law. SG&T has investments in some other properties so you may not be coming back to the Juniper Resort; some of your colleagues may not get to enjoy this location. I'm sure that you and Five will have much to share with the others.”  
  
“Thank you, Ms Barnes. And about this afternoon and dinner tonight?”  
  
“Oh, let that be a surprise. We're just trying to help ease you back into the working environment. Stand up and I'll get those cuffs off you, there's a bathing suit on the bed and you have free time until your lunch with Ms Anderson. Enjoy.”

**Mailgirls' Holiday, the Conclusion**

**FRIDAY LUNCH**  
Two didn't see Five or Sam downstairs or around the pool, so she went for a quiet walk on the beach. It was likely to be her last opportunity to indulge in normality for the next six months. She resolved to enjoy the waves rolling in and being fully human.  
  
She knocked on the door of Ms Anderson's office at precisely 11:30 and entered.  
  
“Welcome back Two. I hope you've enjoyed your time here. I've made a request to have your contract reassigned to the Juniper Resort You could do very well here as my assistant. Leeanne is fine in her way, but I know you could be so much more. Now just stand quietly while I take care of some business, then we'll share lunch again.  
  
“Did I tell you that I've made a conditional job offer to Samantha Brooks? She's a senior in the hospitality program at Cornell. It's a very good program and I'm sure she'll do well at Juniper. She certainly does take after her big sister. Of course, there wouldn't be an opening if you were coming on board. Just something to think about.”  
  
When the tray arrived, Ms Anderson directed Two to kneel by the desk and hand-fed her once more. She sent Two back to the corner afterwards and left her standing there for another half hour.  
  
“You can go now. No rooftop excursion today, just report to the gift shop at 3. I'm sure you'll want to take back something for all the other mailgirls. It's what people do when they've been on vacation, take back goodies for the office.”  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Five's MMU directed her to report to her room for lunch at noon. She entered and found Ms Barnes sitting comfortably in an armchair, a new addition to the room's décor. There was a bowl of food in front of her mat and the water bowl had been refilled – it still had ice floating in it.  
  
“Kneel down and eat your lunch. Two and I discussed her holiday this morning at breakfast. Ms Anderson requested her presence at lunch so I imagine they're having a quiet tete-a-tete at this time.  
  
“I believe you found your vacation satisfactory; a holiday romance, such a cliché. Your Mr Geherty does understand that he won't see you after this evening for the next ten months, doesn't he?”  
  
“Yes, Ms Barnes. I explained my situation and the terms of my contract to him.”  
  
“Oh good, I've always found that honesty between partners is critical in any relationship. And if it doesn't work out you could always apply to rejoin the Mailgirl Program.  
  
“Any more comments or questions about your holiday? The two of you are essentially beta testers of the experience; we want this to work out for both employees and the corporation.”  
  
“I'm obviously thrilled with my vacation, except couldn't we fly business class? Once we have a chance to talk with the rest of the mailgirls they won't be quite as freaked out as we were on Saturday, but the pet crate is worse even than economy on a low cost carrier.”  
  
“Management feels shipping you as freight sends the proper message and should help with moving back into your role at the end. If you've got nothing else you're free to go; just report to the gift shop at 3.

**Friday, the Gift Shop**  
Five met Two in front of the gift shop about five minutes before 3. “I haven't paid much attention to the shop, but I don't recall there being so much empty space in that display window. My experience is that often the only thing of interest in one of these places is in the window display. But that prime spot has nothing.”  
  
“Maybe someone just bought whatever was sitting there and they haven't put out something new yet. Or maybe it's waiting for one of us, though Ms Barnes said they weren't interested in reassigning my contract.”  
  
A woman came out of the shop and said, “Ah, you're here. I recognize you from your photos. Well, come in and let's get you ready.” Looking over the two mailgirls she gestured to Two “I think you'll do best in the window” and then to Five “and you at the display. Both of you follow me now.” She led them towards the back of the shop.  
  
“George, roll back the curtain.” A tall, skinny youth pushed aside some draperies against a side wall and revealed, not a window, but display shelves and wall space. There were books: “Confessions of a Mailgirl”, “Life among the Mailgirls”, “The Mailgirl Book – a pictorial history”; DVDs of “The Mailgirl Movie” and DDE's Mailgirl Game; rolled up mats and posters. There were even postcards - Two wondered the likelinood of any ever being stamped and mailed. The poster versions of Two and Five's ids were up on the wall with a sign “Meet a Mailgirl 3:30 – 6:00.” The youth unrolled an SG&T mat under the posters.  
  
“You'll be here on the mat and will answer any questions that a customer might ask. You can also sign your poster and anything else they hand you. Ms. Anderson tells me there's a coffee table edition of “Mailgirls at SG&T” in development, but we're still waiting on a publication date.”  
  
She pointed to the front of the store,“George will unroll another mat in the display window and you will be there. You'll cycle through your display positions when prompted by your MMU. You will be facing the glass so you won't be chatting with the customers, just luring them into the store.  
  
“George will take your suits and sandals put them in the back when we put you in position. Just act the way you do when you're running around making deliveries.”  
  
Two and Five wandered about the store checking out the merchandise. It was a normal selection: clothing including swim attire, t-shirts, sweat shirts; books, art work, chocolates, jars of jam, and so on. The one area they didn't check out was the Mailgirl display. They held hands tightly, seeking comfort ahead of the coming ordeal. They had gotten used to running naked throughout the SG&T complex, even when making deliveries to their old offices. They had gotten used to showering, shaving, going to the toilet, all before an audience. The two private events at Juniper Resort had been awful, but the people attending had come to see naked mailgirls. Exposing themselves to normal people who were just having a normal holiday experience was yet another step. At least the gift shop wasn't displaying their before posters.  
  
The gift shop manager came up to them and said “You can shed your bathing suits here or George can take you into the stock room.”  
  
Two replied “It doesn't make much difference, undress in public or walk naked through the shop.” She shimmied out of her suit and handed it to George.  
  
“Follow George to the display window and I'll take Mailgirl Five back to the Mailgirl Display.”  
  
Two followed George to the front where he unlocked the display window and Two stepped up into it onto an SG&T mat. Her MMU chimed and she heard “Knees.” Two sank to her knees and dropped her gaze to the floor outside the window. Still she was aware of people coming up to the window and staring. Then her MMU chimed again and “Feet.” For the next two and a half hours she cycled through the Mailgirl positions as directed by her MMU steadfastly ignoring the people visible in the hallway outside the window and those behind her in the shop. She spent most of her time in “Knees” and “Feet”, but the MMU also directed her to “Toes”, “Knees and Forehead”, and other positions.  
  
Five and the manager walked back to the Mailgirl Display where Five peeled out of her bathing suit and stepped onto the mat. The woman said “Knees” and Five turned and dropped into position. “Now, you're going to have people asking you questions. Answer them in a property deferential tone. You will probably be asked to demonstrate various positions, there's a helpful guide on the wall behind you which also includes an admonishment not to touch the mailgirl. Behave.”  
  
While Two just stayed in the window changing positions as directed by her MMU and doing her best to shut out the world, Five was up close and personal with a steady stream of shoppers and gawkers. She heard many variations on “You're naked!” and patiently explained that she was a mailgirl and what a mailgirl was and why she was kneeling on a mat in the gift shop. She robotically responded to the “Who are you” questions with “I am Mailgirl Number Five” and “what is your name?” with “I am Mailgirl Number Five as per Human Resources.” Five also explained there were currently eighteen mailgirls at SG&T's regional headquarters of which she and Two were members of the original group of six and they each had ten months left on their contracts. She said no she wasn't planning to renew her contract, she expected to return to her old job in SG&T's legal department or seek employment elsewhere. She said yes the poster on the wall was a blow-up of her SG&T id which mostly just hung above her sleeping cubicle and she didn't know whether posters of more mailgirls than just Two and Five were available. Some of the more adventurous customers directed her to demonstrate various positions that they read off the the sign behind her and explain why she would take some of those positions Her explanation of “Toes” and the various punishment positions proved popular with many of the male customers. Five did not see, hear, or otherwise sense Sam in the crowds about her for which she was grateful.

**FRIDAY Dinner**  
At a bit after 6:30 the gift shop manager announced that it was time to get Two and Five ready for dinner and they would be available for more questions in the dining room. The gift shop would remain open until 9 p.m. for anyone wishing to make purchases. Leeanne came and collected the mailgirls and led them up to their room to freshen up for dinner, not bothering with the cloaks for this trip through the hallway and up the stairs.  
  
Leeanne opened the door and shepherded them in. “It's time for the two of you to pay the price for the demerits you've earned this week. Feet and ankles now.” Leeanne went to the cupboard and fetched a paddle while Two and Five bent from the waist and clasped the front of their ankles.  
  
“Thirty smacks for Five and twenty for Two. Count out each one and thank me nicely.” She stood behind Two and swung the paddle against Five's right cheek.  
  
“One, thank you Miss.”  
  
Leeanne methodically alternated mailgirls and the cheeks of their buttocks until Two counted “Twenty” and then finished with ten rapid swats to Five's backside, not even giving Five enough time to cry out the count and gratitude between each impact.  
  
:”Now that we've added some color, take a quick shower and clean up. It's time to go down to dinner.”  
  
Some twenty minutes later Leeanne led the two mailgirls into the dining room where conversation stilled as they entered and then walked over to where a space had been cleared and two mats rolled out for them. There was a single bowl on the floor in front of and between the mats. They took their positions as Leanne said “Knees.”  
  
Ms. Anderson stepped forward holding a portable microphone, “Excuse me ladies and gentlemen. This is Two and Five's last appearance at the Juniper Resort as their vacation has come to an end and they return to work tomorrow. Besides being denied clothing, mailgirls are also denied use of their hands while eating. They have transgressed this week while masquerading as people, but that rule will be enforced this evening. However, to ease their transition back to their customary behavior we have arranged for them to be hand-fed this evening rather than having to lick their food off the plate. We're further indulging them by providing a recognizable meal from our kitchen as opposed to a generic stew or Mailgirl Chow. Two lucky patrons of the Mailgirl collection in our gift shop have been selected to feed our mailgirls. Ms Martha Rivers will feed Two and Mr Sam Geherty has drawn Five. Please do not disturb them while eating, but they will be available with your after-dinner coffees and cocktails until the dining room closes this evening.”  
  
Waiters set up low chairs just to each side and slightly ahead of the two mats. Sam and the woman that Two had eaten breakfast with on Thursday walked up carrying trays which they sat on small tables next to the two chairs. Sam filled the bowl on the floor from a flask and said “I'm afraid you'll have to share the water bowl.”  
  
Ms Rivers speared a piece of steak with a fork and offered it to Two, while Sam held out a piece in the palm of his hand for Five. Both delicately took the food and happily ate pieces of steak, pommes frite, and green beans. Two reflected that would likely be a long time before she ate as well again. Naked wasn't so bad, being treated as sub-human was survivable, Mailgirl Chow was bad.  
  
Sam said to Five “Your ass is glowing red, what did she do to you this time?”  
  
“Thirty with the paddle, not pleasant, but not the worst I've received.”  
  
“Ms Barnes says this is my last chance to see you this week. After dinner you're being whisked away to your room and then you leave first thing in the morning.”  
  
“I'll call you as soon as I can. We usually get some phone time on Sunday unless under punishment. I now have a reason to be good beyond just trying to avoid pain.”  
  
Ms Rivers told Two that her husband had been much taken with the Mailgirl Presentation or more accurately with the two naked mailgirls. “He says that you have a Masters degree and your friend is a lawyer. So why are you doing this?”  
  
“Part of it is the money. At the end of our contract we're to receive bonuses that will pay off our student debt and we're being paid our regular salaries and have no expenses so we'll be in great shape financially when this ends. The penalties for quitting are runinous. We were both induced to sign up by both the financial reward and the implied threat that our careers would be sidelined if we didn't sign. And of course, we didn't realize how hard it would be. Now we just endure.”  
  
“Is a college degree a requirement for becoming a mailgirl?”  
  
“Most of the mailgirls at SG&T were young professional women before they stripped down. It seems to be a point of honor among mailgirl programs to recruit from within the company's professional ranks. A few of our girls were hired on as mailgirls either by SG&T or acquired from Dumpster Dawg Enterprises. They recruit and train mailgirls and then transfer their contracts to clients. This is the business your husband's company is contemplating joining. Ms Anderson made a point of telling me that she has offered my younger sister a job.  
  
“And the worst of it may be that I don't know how I'm going to be able to return to work with people who have spent two years watching me kneel before them, eat out of a dog dish, and being paddled for for my failings as a naked delivery person. Many people see my next role as a sex slave and there are times I fear that will be my fate. SG&T has been very good about policing the no physical contact between mailgirls and the rest of the staff, supposedly some programs are horrow shows for the mailgirls.”  
  
Ms Anderson picked that moment to announce that the mailgirls were finished feeding and were available to guests for the next hour. It was more of what Five had undergone in the gift shop. The two mailgirls were relieved when Leeanne came to fetch them and led them back to their room.  
  
“Get yourselves ready for bed and then you're both going underneath tonight. I hope you appreciate us giving you this chance to cuddle.”  
  
It was a few hours later that the lights came back on. Two and Five curled up together near the middle of the bed where they could only catch glimpses of Ms Barnes' ankles as she prepared for bed. Then it was dark again and they lay quietly waiting to fall asleep again.

**SATURDAY A.M.**  
Ms Barnes woke them the next morning and flipped up the grill to allow them out. She recommended the coffee again, saying it was in their best interests to clean their systems out. “I'm going off to breakfast; I'll let you prepare yourselves for travel. There are two diapers on the bed here; it's your choice as to whether to wear them. However, you will have to clean up any mess you make in the crates and you will be in them until you reach the Loading Dock at SG&T.  
  
“And by the way Five. Mr Geherty was much appreciative of the present you had delivered to him. He now has a brand new IPhone, pre-loaded with the external version of the mailgirl app. He will be able to VPN into an isolated system at SG&T and query it for mailgirl status and information. It is updated daily via a one-way link with all the current mailgirl data., so he'll be able to follow your progress over the next ten months. He'll also be able to see the other seventeen mailgirls. Maybe he'll find a new favorite.”  
  
Leeanne and her male helper entered the room an hour or so later and found two diapered mailgirls kneeling on their mats. Two and Five stepped into the crates and allowed Leeanne to cuff , hood and gag them. She then pushed Two and Five down and closed the tops of the crates over the two mailgirls. Two more men entered the room and lifted the crates onto a flatbed and wheeled it out the door.  
  
The first Mailgirls' Holiday was complete with only the trip back to Loading Dock 2 in front of them.