**Mailroom Girls – The Name Game**by Cambridge Caine

*Executive Kirsten is recruited into a “pilot program” at the corporation where she works. She is systematically humiliated and made to deliver mail in the nude.*

**THE MEMO**

Kirsten and Emily washed dishes in the 3rd floor kitchen. They each wore a smart phone on a neoprene band on their left bicep, rubber gloves to protect their hands, and nothing else.

"You haven't told your boyfriend about the job?" asked Emily.

"That's an awkward conversation. 'Hey babe, remember how I used to be director of Corporate Events? Now I deliver mail naked.' "

"What does he think you do? Never mind that, you have to tell him. He's going to find out sooner or later," said Emily.

"I know, but Emily, it's--"

Someone slapped Kirsten across her face. It wasn't full force, but the surprise, shock and humiliation brought tears to Kirsten's eyes.

Elyse, formerly of accounts payable, now the naked and servile Mailroom Girl number 11, had slapped her. She was a tall, blonde mailroom girl. She was naked and soaked in sweat, which ran down her toned abs.

"What the hell?" said Kirsten.

"Sorry #12... the new memo."

Oh shit. Memos had great power in the office, particularly over the mailroom girls. Initially, the girls had been regular employees, temporarily moved to the mailroom to save their jobs in a time of layoffs. Subsequent memos had changed their duties, stripped them of their clothes, and turned them into naked servants at the mercy of everyone else in the office.

Elyse pointed to a memo on the corkboard outside the kitchen. Someone had posted it between the time Kirsten and Emily had started washing dishes and now.

*We at the Drexler family are always striving to make our processes more efficient. In compliance with our standardization procedures, it is vitally important that corporate communications remains consistent. This becomes vitally important when it comes to the mail room, the principal system of delivery.*

*Currently, mailroom personnel are not being addressed consistently. Some employees refer to them by their given names, some use nicknames, etc. This has made tracking deliveries more complicated than it should be.*

*Effective immediately, all mail room personnel are to be referred to only by their numbers during office hours. This will standardize communication and reduce fraternization during office hours. To ensure this, please take note of the following rules...*

"We have to slap each other?" Kirsten asked, aghast.

Elyse nodded. "Yes. We have to correct each other if someone slips. If we don't, and someone overhears, then it falls to the nearest non-mailroom employee to give us a more severe correction."

"Oh no," said Emily. "Our asses are going to be sore. Elyse, how--"

Elyse slapped Emily across the face. "You know the rules now. Someone always hears." Her armband chimed, summoning her for another run. "I have to go, don't be stupid, ladies."

Elyse trotted off down the hallway, bare breasts bouncing. Kirsten and Emily looked at each other glumly.

Just then, Whit Mitchell walked in. He worked in Human Resources, under the director, Pamela Frost. He was a merciless bureaucrat who joylessly and savagely enforced the rules. All the girls in the mailroom were terrified of him.

"You are, of course, familiar with the new memo?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Kirsten and Emily said in unison.

"Then you know to assume the position."

Kirsten's jaw dropped. Emily smartly snapped into the proscribed punishment position, touching her toes, legs perfectly straight, ass jutting up in the air. Kirsten remembered herself and followed suit.

"She called you ladies. That's not your proper title. You're number 12 and..." he checked Emily's armband. "Number 3."

Kirsten and Emily whimpered. There was nothing they could say. A few of the guys in the office looked up from their cubicles to watch.

Whit typed an entry into his tablet. "I'll assign number 11 her demerits. Carl will correct her later."

Whit put the tablet aside, then he gave Emily a sharp, hard smack against her ass. Emily grunted. Her blonde hair fell in her face as tears rolled down her cheeks. Then he slapped Kirsten, whacking her square on her protruding pussy lips. Kirsten had to bite her lip to keep from yelping, which would incur more corrections for disturbing her coworkers. He spanked them four more times each.

"Thank you sir, for our correction," Kirsten and Emily said in unison.

"I'm not done. That was for failing to correct #11. Now I have to correct you for being out of uniform. You know mail room girls aren't allowed to wear clothes in the office." They looked down at their dish washing gloves. "If you're not washing dishes, take them off. You dummies need to learn how to think."

Kirsten and Emily moaned through the subsequent punishment. It occurred to Kirsten that the correct form of address wasn't dummies, but numbers 3 and 12. She didn't think it was a good idea to mention that to Whit.

**LUNCHTIME**

Kirsten avoided Reggie's desk whenever she could. He was a dick who seemed to take particular joy in making her miserable. It was generally easy to avoid his desk, but she often ran into him in the hall.

She had just completed a delivery on the fourth floor when she saw him talking with Mr. Cooper's new assistant. His pock-marked face lit up when he saw her.

"Hey, get over here, Twelve--"

To her extreme relief, her armband chimed. It was lunch. Reggie's face fell.

"Sorry, sir. I have to get to the mailroom," everyone knew the rule at this point, but the rules said that mailroom girls had to recite it. Kirsten ran off before Reggie could say anything else.

Kirsten took the service steps down to the mailroom. She ran into Chanon Findlay, once a coordinator in the marketing department, now Mailroom Girl #5. Her ample breasts were covered with bruises.

"What happened to you?"

Chanon had tears in her eyes, she struggled to maintain some sense of dignity. A model, once, she had a regal bearing, even while naked. Because she never seemed to be bothered by nudity, the office guys seemed to work extra hard to humiliate her.

"I was late with a message, and Grady's assistant spanked my tits. He said my ass was too bony. Then everyone did it, they said they wanted them to be all bruised."

Kirsten shuddered in sympathy. Every floor had its own personality. The third seemed to really like spanking girls on the breasts.

They emerged onto the basement floor and headed for the "shower room." It was actually an old janitor's closet. The door had been taken off at the hinges, but the grimy mop sink served as the communal shower.

Chanon brightened at the sight of it. "I am so thirsty," she said.

"Assume the position, ladies." Kirsten and Chanon quickly did, conditioned by instinct. They'd been accosted by Rosette Dawson, one of the assistants to the COO.

"I heard you call #12 Kirsten."

"I said I was thirsty--"

Rosette slapped Chanon across her breasts. "I heard what you said. I have to enforce the rules, or I'll get in trouble."

She wound up to spank Kirsten. Kirsten winced. The slap never came.

Whit Mitchell had appeared. He grabbed Rosette's wrist.

"You can't punish them arbitrarily. It confuses them."

"But they said--"

"You heard wrong. Get back to work. I'll deal with you later." Rosette fled. "Twelve. Five. Kneel."

They dropped to their knees.

"When you let yourselves get punished needlessly, you're wasting the time the company is paying you for."

"Please, sir, it's hard when they outrank us," said Chanon.

Whit considered that. "Go to lunch," he said.

By the time the girls had showered, and they were midway through eating their pureed meal from their dog dishes, a new memo spooled out.

*Henceforth, assistants are no longer permitted to punish mailroom girls for name use. Rather, repeated name calling should be reported via memo to Human Resources.*

*Mail room personnel are to memorize the following speech. If called by the wrong name, they are to kneel, then get to their feet again and say, 'Sir, per Human Resources, I am to be called by my mail room number. I cannot comply or respond.'*

Carl rolled his eyes as he hung the memo on the board. "This is not going to be helpful," he said.

**THE NEXT DAY**

"Hold up a moment, Kirsten," said the janitor.

Kirsten dropped to her knees. She was getting rug burns from kneeling so much.

"Sir, per Human Resources, I am to be called by my mail room number. I cannot comply or respond." She sprang to her feet again.

The janitor chuckled. He was an older Latino man with a passing resemblance to William Shatner. "Of course, Chica."

She dropped to her knees again, repeated the phrase and stood up.

"What is your number?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Twelve. My mistake."

"How may I serve you, sir?"

"There is a loose thread on my pants. Please take care of it."

In theory, the mail room girls were office staff and the janitors were freelancers with no claim on them. In practice, the janitors had access to parts of the building the mail room girls needed and they could move around equipment to fuck with them. Kirsten knelt and chewed a loose thread off the man's grimy work pants. He had an erection, and he rubbed it on the side of her cheek as she worked. His pants tasted like stale ketchup.

Soon after, Kirsten ducked into a copy room and spit the thread into the trash. Emily was there, grimly making copies of a business plan.

"Rough day, Twelve?"

"Yeah, that memo just made things worse. We're basically forced to say no, but then we get punished for it anyway."

"You bring this on yourself, you know."

"Me? They mess with all of us!"

"You get it the worst. You and number five. Stop trying to maintain your dignity. We're naked. Everyone has seen us. You keep being embarrassed by it. All you're doing is making it interesting for them. Try to be more like Number One."

She nodded across the office to the elevator, where number One, formerly receptionist Erika Delgado, was following after a Vice President. She was on all fours, but she managed a happy skip in her crawl. He stopped by the elevator and she rolled onto her back so he could rub her tummy.

"That's your role model?"

"They like her. The way things are going, she's going to be our boss. Her life is better than yours. Think about that."

Kirsten didn't have time to. Her arm band chimed. Shit, Reggie was calling her. She ran off.

**REGGIE'S CUBICLE**

Kirsten arrived with fifteen seconds to spare. Reggie was disappointed that he couldn't punish her.

"You made good time, Kirsten."

She dropped to her knees, "Sir, per Human Resources, I am to be called by my mail room number. I cannot comply or respond."

Reggie pretended to be shocked. "Why I had no idea. I thought you liked your name. Shows what I get for trying to be friendly."

She got to her feet. She would have preferred to stay kneeling.

"You're getting to be in pretty good shape. You used to be quite the butterball."

"Thank you, sir."

"You have rug burns on your knees, have you been working off your demerits."

"No, sir."

"Oh? Is it the new rules? Are you accusing your superiors of making that many mistakes? Assume the position, Kirsten."

He said the last part with such authority that she almost did, but she caught herself and dropped to her knees.

"Sir, per Human Resources, I am to be called by my mail room number. I cannot comply or respond."

She got to her feet. Reggie stood up and walked to face her. He was six inches taller than she was. She fought the urge to show fear, then wondered if that was exactly the kind of this Emily had been talking about.

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

No, she didn't. A smart woman wouldn't be trapped in a humiliating job like this.

"No, Sir."

"Kirsten, Kirsten, Kirsten, what am I going to do with you?"

She dropped to her knees and recited her instructions three times.

Reggie was frustrated. He brought his face close to hers. His breath smelled like coffee and donuts. "Do you think these word games matter? You're naked. I can slap you, punish you, do whatever I want. It's only a matter of time before they let us fuck you. Can you imagine that? Just me in your ass all day long."

"Sir, that's against the rules."

"It's against the rules now, Twelve, but rules change. You've lost your job. You've lost your name. You're going to be a mailroom girl running until your tits sag off, and then what?"

Every word was a blow. She began to cry. Her arm band began to beep. If Reggie kept her there any longer, he'd be the one in trouble.

"Get out of my sight, 12."

Kirsten ran off, desperately wishing that she had just let Reggie spank her. Someone called her name. She dropped to her knees. The mail ran particularly slow that day.

By the end of the day, Human Resources put out a new memo, undoing the last two. Unfortunately, this memo was worse.

The End