**Operation - Mailgirl**

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**Operation: Mailgirl Ch. 01**

Claire Cameron Holliday checked her makeup in her compact mirror for what seemed like the fifth or sixth time since she'd entered the cab that morning. It was still as immaculate as when she first applied it in the bathroom of her hotel room thirty minutes prior, but she still cast a critical eye over everything she could. She couldn't recall the last time she had fretted so much over her appearance, but she also couldn't recall the last time she'd had an assignment that put her on edge as much as this one did.   
  
She was twenty-five, four years removed from graduating summa cum laude from Duke University with a degree in International Studies. The oldest of four siblings to a career CIA officer and a police detective, her post-educational path was rather clear cut. She took a job with the CIA, hoping to work her way through the organization and attain the same level of confidence and respect as her father. However, she was still a woman in a male-dominated world, so her climb was always going to be uphill.   
  
Working against her were her looks, the same ones she was still so assiduously critiquing in her compact mirror. At five foot ten, with shoulder length blonde hair, big, bright blue eyes that alternated from deep cerulean to almost teal depending on the lighting, accompanied by high cheekbones, full lips and sparkling white teeth, she had been told on more than one occasion that she was in the wrong line of work. She usually laughed these arguments off, calling attention to her eyebrows, which were dark brown, thick and very well-defined. But truth be told, she had given fleeting thoughts to hanging up her pencil skirts and long commutes and trading them in for a bikini and an exotic beach somewhere far away. Years of varsity volleyball and soccer had given her a lithe, toned body which often elicited more than its fair share of glances whenever she hit the beach. The gazes were often centered around her chest; she had been blessed with a pair of natural D-cup breasts which complemented her slim figure. Still, despite the allure of making a lot more money being on the cover of some men's magazine, Claire stayed true to the pursuit of what she considered her real calling in life.  
  
Her first few years at the agency were spent in training and she threw herself into it wholeheartedly, coming out at the top of her class. Despite her stellar record, however, she found she was being assigned to menial tasks like data surveillance and arm candy for dignitaries at official functions. She had made mention of this to her advisor within the Agency, a grim, no nonsense man by the name of Grimes, and he assured her the role for her would come sooner rather than later and she would need to seize it.  
  
Which brought her to why she was in a cab, weaving through downtown Seattle traffic, on her way to Mizutomo Tower, the newest skyscraper in the SeaTac area. It had gone up relatively quickly over the past two years, buoyed by the capital the Japanese conglomerate had invested in it. The promise of new employment and a stimulus to the economy were also driving factors. At eighty-five stories tall, it beat the Columbia Center by nine floors and almost all of those were occupied by the Mizutomo corporation. It had indeed brought new jobs to the Seattle market, with almost two thousand people milling in and out every day. Among those workers were a select group of thirty young women who had to deliver interoffice memoranda and packages, completely in the nude.   
  
And today, Claire Holliday was going to join their ranks. She was on her way to become a mailgirl.   
  
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"Clarissa Hathaway." It was the cover name she'd been supplied with by the agency, close enough to her own name that she would be able to respond to it for the short amount of time she was scheduled to be there. She didn't imagine she'd be using it much, however, given the fact mailgirls were known only by number.  
  
The lobby security guard peered at the cleverly manufactured ID, then back up at Claire's face. "Miss Hathaway here to see Madame Henckel," he intoned into his intercom before looking back at her. "She'll be down in a few to escort you up."   
  
"Thank you," Claire said with more compunction than she actually felt as she slipped her ID back into her pocketbook and stepped to the side of the lobby desk to await her chaperone. This gave her a little bit of time to reflect on the circumstances which had brought her to this point, for what seemed like the billionth time in the past two weeks.  
  
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She'd gotten the email from Grimes and shot straight out of her seat and nearly ran the eighty feet to his office. "Claude Basara," she said breathlessly, standing in Grimes' doorway. "We're going after The Butcher."   
  
Grimes hadn't looked up from his paperwork, his ever-creased forehead furrowed in deep thought. "Operation has been authorized, but there's still a lot of prep needed before we go all in." He gestured to a folder on his desk.   
  
Claire moved into his office, shutting the door behind her before sitting down and reaching for the folder. "I almost didn't think one would be greenlit," she said, flipping through the dossier. "Not with Basara holed up in UEWA."  
  
He grunted. "It almost didn't," he replied, finally looking at her. "He's still there and shows no signs of moving."  
  
She frowned. The United Emirate of Western Arabia was a perfect sanctuary for a rich expat like Claude Basara, who sought to escape extradition by establishing legitimate business in a foreign nation. His extensive American criminal record meant nothing to the UEWA, not with the amount of money he was bringing into the country. He was untouchable as long as he never set foot back into the United States, a prospect which seemed to suit him just fine. "So what's our angle?" Claire asked.   
  
"Not bag 'em and tag 'em, that's for sure. This one we're in for the long haul." Grimes steepled his fingers in front of his face, studying the young woman seated in front of him. "Have to know you're up for it, no matter what the cost."  
  
For someone like Claire, who had fought for everything she'd achieved, only to be held back by the bureaucracy and male-dominated hierarchy that still pervaded the clandestine intelligence community, being assigned to such a dangerous case was the opportunity she was looking for to prove her mettle. "I'm up for it, Grimes. You know that."  
  
He studied her for a few long moments before pushing another folder over to her. "This is how we get close to Basara." When Claire reached for it, he held it down before she could pull it towards her. "You can say no, just want to tell you upfront. But if you commit, there's no turning back. We only get one shot at this."  
  
Claire's frown deepened, but her curiosity was piqued. She could think of only a few circumstances in which she would say no to a chance like this, but she knew Grimes wouldn't have said it if it wasn't something he meant. "What is it?"   
  
"See for yourself," he replied, releasing the folder from underneath his fingertips.   
  
She opened it and began reading. Her dark eyebrows gradually crept up her forehead as her blue eyes scanned the pages, absorbing the information. "Mailgirls?" she blurted after a few minutes, looking back up at Grimes. "This is really our play?"  
  
He nodded, his face implacable. "Brass thought it would be the best way to get into his network undetected. His buildings in the UEWA are all staffed by mailgirls and he's looking to hire. They say his vetting process is extremely thorough, but you haven't had enough skin in the game long enough to be on his radar just yet."   
  
Grimes' assessment was cold and clinical, as always, but that didn't stop Claire's mind from reeling. The CIA's best play to getting close to a dangerous international fugitive was to strip her naked and have her deliver interoffice correspondence. It was laughably implausible on its face, but here she was, seriously contemplating it as the next step in her career. "How does this even work out? What's the endgame?"  
  
"Like I said, it's a long term operation. You know how they go, Holliday. Recon first, then reassessment and reprioritization." Grimes' voice remained gruff, impassive. He was looking into her eyes, which Claire had always given him credit for, as so many of her coworkers tended to let their gazes drift over the rest of her body. "Basic vital information is there, but you'll get the full rundown if and when you commit."  
  
She exhaled a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding in. "How long do I have to think?"  
  
He leaned back in his seat. "Brass wants to get moving on this ASAP. Window to fill the spots in Basara's company doesn't stay open long. I'd say you have tonight to think about it. Need your decision by oh-seven-hundred tomorrow."   
  
Staring at him for a few moments more, Claire flipped the folder closed and rose out of her seat. "You'll have it."  
  
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And they did, which lead to her present situation. As she gazed at her own reflection in one of the glass walls of the building lobby, it was plainly obvious why she was chosen. While she had taken the night to think about it, the choice to commit wasn't so much easy as it was necessary. Undercover agents took risks all the time... she just wouldn't have anything covering her, at all.   
  
Grimes had told her to play a mailgirl convincingly, she had to experience the role. Thus her presence in Mizutomo Tower. The mailgirl phenomenon had started in Japan and had spread across the world. In the United States it was a little slower to catch on, but Seattle was a gateway to the east and many Japanese corporations had operations in and around the SeaTac area. Mizutomo Tower was the first of a handful of buildings that had naked young women running through its hallways, delivering mail on their bare feet.   
  
It was ludicrous and degrading, Claire had told herself millions of times. She could never let any of her colleagues, family or friends know. The thought of exposing her body to strangers in a professional setting was enough to make her hair stand on end. Yet here she was, standing in the lobby of a building serviced by mailgirls, waiting for someone who would take her and show her how to be one of them.   
  
The elevator to her right chimed and the doors opened to admit a tall, striking woman into the lobby. While Claire considered herself to be on the tall side at five ten, the woman approaching had at least two inches on her, even factoring out the inch-long heels clack-clack-clacking across the marbled floor. Claire couldn't help admiring the woman's figure, concealed as it was behind a tight black dress.   
  
"Miss Hathaway, I presume," she greeted Claire, a slight German accent punctuating her speech as she came to a stop in front of the lobby desk.  
  
Claire nodded. "Madam Henckel."   
  
"Mistress," Henckel corrected with a slight glare at the lobby guard. Obviously he'd made that mistake more than once before. "Shall we be on our way?"   
  
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"I understand you will only be with us for a week or so?" Mistress Henckel queried in the elevator, her eyes raking over Claire's form.   
  
"Yes," Claire confirmed, meeting Henckel's gaze. The cover identity the CIA had provided her gave her an appropriate backstory of a mailgirl needed for an international customer with a very tight time window.   
  
Without preamble, Henckel reached out to grasp Claire's chin in a firm grip. It took all of Claire's willpower to restrain her self-defense training and stand there without reacting. "Yes, Mistress," Henckel corrected. "Mailgirls must address superiors with either 'sir' or 'ma'am' or by their titles. Do not make that mistake again."  
  
"I won't... Mistress." The word felt foreign in her mouth, but Claire forced herself to say it. She knew the life of a mailgirl would be degrading, but the immediacy of Henckel's indoctrination still took her by surprise. Grimes had told her to be prepared, and his words continued to ring in her head.   
  
The elevator slowed to a stop and the doors slid open. Only then did Henckel release Claire's face. "Follow me," she commanded, striding purposefully out into the hallway.   
  
Claire obeyed, falling into step behind the taller woman, her jaw still numb from the vice grip it had just been in. They were in what looked to be a service area, with grey concrete walls and exposed piping overhead, a stark contrast to the pristine marble floors and walls of the rest of the building. She wondered idly if Henckel was taking her this way to keep the inhabitants of the building from seeing her clothed.  
  
Henckel lead the way up a metal spiral staircase at the end of the hallway, her booted heels clicking on each step. At the top of the stairs, she placed her hand on a scanner pad on the wall next to the single door, which slid open slowly. In a move that surprised Claire, Henckel stood aside and beckoned with her hand. "After you."  
  
Resisting the urge to grimace, Claire nodded. "Yes Mistress," she said, walking through the door into a richly decorated office. Dark mahogany bookshelves lined the walls, and the large desk in the middle of the room was also made of the same material. Red velvet cushions lined the large chair behind the desk and the smaller ones in front of it. The equipment sitting on top of the desk looked state of the art.   
  
Claire heard the door close behind her, then felt Henckel brush past her. "Middle of the room," the woman commanded. "Undress and leave your clothes on the table to your right."   
  
Swallowing the last of her pride, Claire walked to the indicated spot, then turned to face Mistress Henckel, who now stood in front of the desk, arms crossed, facial expression stern.   
  
Claire stepped out of her shoes and placed them next to the table, then reached to the side of her skirt to unzip it, sliding the garment down her legs until it collected in a pool around her ankles. Reaching down, she gathered it up and folded it neatly before placing it on the indicated table, something which elicited an approving click of the tongue from Mistress Henckel. Claire next reached up to undo the buttons of her blouse, exposing her ample bosom, supported by a red lace bra, which matched her panties. As she reached behind her back to unhook it, Claire could feel Henckel's eyes continue to rove over her body, even as her natural, but shapely and firm breasts came into view. The room was slightly chilly and Claire felt her nipples harden as the air hit him, sending an involuntary shiver through her body. She placed her bra next to her clothes, then reached down to remove the final piece of clothing. The red panties took their place on the table and Claire stood there, completely nude.  
  
She felt helpless, but she didn't let any emotion cross her face as Henckel started walking around her, inspecting her naked form. It wasn't the first time she'd had a physical examination, but the incredulity of this particular one was enough cause her to clench her fists in stressful anticipation.  
  
"Your body is in excellent condition," Mistress Henckel pronounced, coming to stand in front of Claire again. It wasn't a compliment, but an objective assessment. "No piercings, no tattoos... this is good."  
  
Henckel reached out to take hold of Claire's arms, which were straight to the sides. "Put your hands at the small of your back, and grasp your left wrist in your right. Spread your legs shoulder width apart and push your torso out."   
  
Claire did as she was told, adjusting her body so her legs were apart, her arms were behind her back and her chest was thrust forward. She could only imagine how degrading this looked, and was slightly thankful the inspection was being done in a closed office.   
  
"This is the 'Feet'' pose and is the standard position you will take upon entering an office after delivering your duties," Mistress Henckel informed her. The taller woman traced a hand down Claire's chest, through the valley between her breasts and down the flat of her abdomen before unceremoniously cupping Claire's exposed sex.   
  
The action caused Claire to gasp in surprise and her eyes sought out Henckel's to glare at them. Their gazes locked for the slightest of moments before Henckel brought her other hand around to slap Claire clear across the cheek.   
  
Henckel's voice was impassive. "You are not to look into the eyes of your superiors without their permission. Doing so would earn you a demerit, as would this." The hand on Claire's pussy moved upward, fingers tracing over the small patch of blonde pubic hair over her mound. "All mailgirls are to be hairless from the neck down."  
  
Claire swallowed, the feel of Henckel's hand on her body sending what seemed like electric shocks through her system. "Yes, Mistress," she managed.   
  
Mistress Henckel smiled for the first time, looking down at Claire with a rapacious gaze. "Good, you're learning quickly. Let's get you up to speed. We haven't much time together, after all." She made to move back towards the door, but stopped as if remembering something. "And before we go any further..."  
  
The taller woman reached into her purse and fished out a thick black marker, the kind used for writing on postal packages. Turning back to Claire, she knelt down until her eyes were level with Claire's waist. The marker moved to Claire's left hip, just above her pelvic bone and slowly traced the number "20" on her bare skin.  
  
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"Over here. There's an empty mat."  
  
Mailgirl Number Twenty (she was not allowed to think of herself as Claire or Clarissa on duty) followed the other naked mailgirl to a lavender mat tucked in the corner of a foyer area. It was emblazoned with the company logo and was just wide enough to accommodate two kneeling mailgirls. Parked in front of it was a metal bowl filled with water.  
  
The other girl was Mailgirl Number Sixteen, who had been assigned to train Twenty for the duration of her stay at Mizutomo Tower. Sixteen was younger than Twenty by a few years, but had already been a mailgirl for two and a half. She had a delicately featured face and dark chestnut brown hair done up in a braid which hung between her shoulder blades. Her body was lithe and toned, a dancer's figure, if Twenty had to venture a guess. Her breasts were smaller than Twenty's, but were ample B-cups capped with small dark nipples. A sheen of sweat glistened on those breasts as Sixteen took her place on the mat.  
  
They had spent most the morning on various runs around the building, wherein Twenty had quickly learned that being a mailgirl was every bit as degrading as it sounded on paper. The same lustful, perverted stares from the mostly male employees greeted them at every department they visited, along with disdainful looks from the scant few female workers. Twenty could count on one hand the number of clothed women she'd seen, whereas they had encountered at least five or six other mailgirls darting through the hallways and stairwells, each moving as quickly as their bare feet would allow.

"It's like this," Sixteen said, demonstrating the proper position for "Knees". Dropping to her knees, she lowered herself, her ass coming to rest on her ankles while her thighs spread wide, exposing her shaved pussy to anyone who happened to be looking. She pushed her chest outward, thrusting her breasts forward. Her hands were clasped behind her back, nestled right above her buttocks. She looked up at Twenty and tilted her head, her green eyes twinkling. "Now you try."  
  
Twenty froze for a split second, enraptured as she was by Sixteen's brazenly open posture. She had seen mailgirls around the building adopt the same position during their morning runs, but now that she was expected to do it, her mind locked up.   
  
Sixteen's eyes darted to a spot behind Twenty before looking back up at the blonde. "Hurry," she urged quietly. "There are people coming and mailgirls must be in the proper positions when not on assignment."  
  
This is ludicrous, Twenty thought to herself as she stepped onto the mat. Bending her knees and spreading her legs, she mimicked Sixteen's stance as best she could. She felt a cool breeze drift across her freshly shaven pussy as a glass door on the other side of the room opened, admitting a trio of well-dressed men. They started walked towards the two naked girls, headed for the low chairs surrounding a coffee table near the mat where Sixteen and Twenty knelt.   
  
"Don't stare," Sixteen whispered under her breath. "Eye contact is not allowed unless authorized by a superior. Look down." Her voice did not belie any anger, but it did carry a sense of urgency, which snapped Twenty out of her daze.   
  
Twenty fixed her gaze on a spot in front of her, still tracking the men with her peripheral vision. They were talking to each other animatedly, but all three were looking at her and Sixteen even as they approached the table nearby. Another involuntary shiver went up her spine and she had to resist the urge to cover herself up and bolt from the room. Instead, she pushed her breasts out further and spread her legs wider. You're only another mailgirl, she told herself. They don't know your real name and will never find out who you really are. You can get through this. Just play the part.   
  
The men took their seats and continued their discussion, all while still blatantly looking at the naked girls kneeling mere feet away. Twenty could feel their eyes scanning her sweat-covered body, from her heaving breasts down to her warm and, as much as she was loathe to admit it, decidedly wet pussy. The entire situation was so ridiculous, she found herself being strangely turned on by the whole thing.   
  
Twenty, like most attractive women, didn't mind flaunting her body whenever she was in the right situation to. Most often this was at the beach, where she could lay out in the sun and attract the attention of passersby. However, she never extended this into exhibitionism, and still covered up whenever necessary. So it surprised her to find that her nipples were standing to attention not because they were cold, but because she was becoming aroused. There was something scandalously wrong with kneeling naked next to fully-clothed businessmen and for reasons unknown to her, Twenty's body was betraying her mind.   
  
"Sixteen," one of the men called out.  
  
Sixteen raised her head at the sound of her number and glanced over at the men. "Yes, sir?"  
  
"You're not a run, right? Why don't you come over here and introduce us to the new recruit." His voice was genial and both girls heard hushed mutters of agreement from the other two businessmen.  
  
Sixteen locked eyes with Twenty before nodding and rising up off the mat. "No, we are available, sir." It was true; the smartphones encased in black elastic around their biceps had been silent for the past several minutes. These Mailgirl Monitoring Units, or MMUs for short, were what summoned mailgirls from job to job. Twenty's had been linked to Sixteen's for the day, so whatever job the brunette was called to, Twenty was there with her.  
  
Walking over to stand in front of the trio of men, Sixteen and Twenty assumed the "Feet" position. Twenty felt their stares even more intensely as she spread her legs and thrust her breasts forward, knowing they were drinking in every inch of her unclothed body. Part of her felt humiliated by the whole idea, but she suppressed that feeling as best she could, rationalizing with herself that it was all for the cause, all for her career. But that didn't account for the dampness between her legs.  
  
"This is Mailgirl number Twenty," Sixteen said by way of introduction. "It is her first day here, so I have been assigned to train her."  
  
The man who spoke grinned lasciviously. He was short, portly and balding, probably in his mid fifties, with a round, pinched face that made his smiles seem predatory. "Fresh meat," he crooned, standing up and taking a step towards the girls. "I told you that you were going to like working here, Kenneth."  
  
One of the other men, who had been staring right at Twenty's pussy, looked up at the first men. He was much younger, likely late twenties and sort of attractive in the bookish, nerdy sort of way. Pushing his thick-framed glasses up on the bridge of his nose, he nodded. "I thought it was only in certain cities, Mort. I had no idea there was a Mailgirl program here in Seattle."  
  
"This one has been here only for a little while," the third man informed Kenneth, finally speaking. He was somewhere in the between the other two in terms of age, probably pushing forty with salt and pepper hair and a pleasant, if unremarkable face. "Ever since Mizutomo Tower went up."  
  
"They had one where you worked in New York, didn't they, Cash?" Mort asked, glancing back at his colleague.  
  
"Yeah, they did," Cash affirmed, flipping through his smartphone. To his credit, he seemed to take only a casual interest in Sixteen and Twenty, having looked at them merely once or twice since coming into the room.  
  
Mort was now directly in front of the girls, his round belly mere inches from Twenty's flat, naked one. "Were they as pretty as the ones we have here?"  
  
Cash tilted his head, sizing up Sixteen and Twenty. "Some," he admitted after a moment's deliberation. "Gotta say though, I've seen plenty of good lookin' mailgirls in my time, but Twenty is fucking gorgeous."  
  
Twenty felt herself flush red, the heat from her embarrassment traveling down her face to the rest of her body. She'd been complimented on her beauty before, but not while standing completely unclothed in front of three men she didn't know. It was simultaneously mortifying and electrifying.   
  
Mort made a tsk-tsk noise. "Aren't you supposed to thank him, Twenty?"  
  
"Ah..." Twenty glanced over at Sixteen, who nodded almost imperceptibly. Turning back to Cash, she cast her gaze on his expensive-looking shoes. "Thank you, sir."  
  
Kenneth, whose eyes were now fixated on the slow rise and fall of Twenty's breasts, spoke up again. "What are the rules?" he asked, an undercurrent of excitement behind his words. Twenty dared a glance at his crotch; sure enough, she could make out the outline of his rigid cock straining against his pants.  
  
"Unfortunately, this is still America, so it's very much look, but don't touch," Cash replied with an amused expression on his face as he gleaned the meaning behind Kenneth's question. "Places like Dubai and Singapore, however, they tend to be a little bit more... lenient with their regulations on interactions with mailgirls."  
  
Twenty had read up on other mailgirl programs around the world. Cash was correct in the sense that American mailgirls were for the most part protected from being touched in any way by employees of the companies they served at. Ostensibly this was done to keep the girls from becoming full on sex slaves, and it worked in most circumstances.   
  
"Still, doesn't mean you can't take full advantage of the whole 'look' aspect," Mort said, his eyes glinting. "Twenty, Ankles position."  
  
Twenty looked at her counterpart again for guidance, though her mind was already dreading what was likely about to transpire.   
  
"Ah, sir, Mailgirl Twenty has not yet learned that position," Sixteen said. "May I demonstrate it for her?"  
  
Mort licked his lips in anticipation. "Go ahead, Sixteen. Show her the right way."  
  
Sixteen nodded, then turned to Twenty. "Do as I do," she instructed, meeting the blonde's eyes for a moment before turning her body around so her back was to the men. Bending at the waist, she lowered her upper body as far as she could, reaching her hands out to grasp around her ankles. This presented Mort and company with a complete, unencumbered view of her genitals, a fact that was not lost upon Kenneth as he fished his smartphone out of his pocket and began snapping pictures of Sixteen's bare sex.   
  
"Well done, Sixteen," Mort said, his eyes drinking in Sixteen's presentation before turning to Twenty. "Your turn."  
  
Twenty swallowed, the lust in the man's eyes unnerving her to her core. Summoning ever ounce of willpower she had, she turned her back to them and emulated Sixteen's pose. She had felt naked and exposed before, but this was something new and even more humiliating, as she was basically thrusting her pussy at them. From her upside down viewpoint, she could see Kenneth furiously snapping pictures with his smartphone and even Cash had brought his out and trained it on Twenty's glistening slit.  
  
Mort had not, however, instead choosing to just stand just behind the bent-over girls, admiring their lewd displays. "You learn quick, Twenty," he crooned, a wicked smile on his face. Before she could react, his hand reached out and gripped her left asscheek, kneading the soft flesh roughly.  
  
Twenty felt her whole body stiffen at his touch. Despite the mailgirls' status as sexual objects, everyone from Grimes to Mistress Henckel to Sixteen had told Twenty that she would be just that, an object to ogle, not a plaything for the hundreds of men at Mizutomo Tower. Yet, she had witnessed more than one instance of a male employee initiating contact with a mailgirl during her admittedly brief run with Sixteen in the morning. None of it was near full on sex, but rather more of the pinched ass and tweaked nipple variety. She had asked Sixteen about it, who told her that overt and purposeful physical contact between employees and mailgirls was strictly forbidden by the letter of the law, but in practice merely kept the men from actively molesting the naked women who delivered their mail and memos. The way Sixteen told it was that the higher up on the food chain you were, the more you were allowed to get away with. As Mort's hand kneaded her ass, Twenty wondered what his spot in the food chain was.   
  
Kenneth stopped snapping pictures long enough to look at Mort with some incredulity. "Hey, you're not allowed to touch her, are you?"   
  
"Kid, when you've been here as long as I have, you know what you can get away with," Mort scoffed, his hand still planted on Twenty's ass. "I mean, how the hell do they expect us to look at these girls and not have some kinda reaction?"  
  
"I think that's exactly what they expect," Cash offered, an amused tone to his voice. "Sixteen, come here and take down this memo."  
  
Sixteen, who had not moved since assuming the Ankles position, glanced over at Twenty for the briefest of moments before straightening and walking over to where Cash was. "Yes sir," she said obediently, taking the proffered pen and pad from him.   
  
Mort had a different idea in mind for Twenty, however. "Twenty, correct me if I'm wrong, but it looks like you're all kinds of wet right now. You're getting off on this, aren't you?"  
  
Twenty's first thought was to immediately deny his assertion, to say that no, this wasn't something she wanted or enjoyed and that she was utterly humiliated and offended by the entire situation that she was in. Yet, while part of her brain wrestled with that thought, another part came to the slow, gradual realization that, yes she was in fact enjoying being made to spread her legs and present herself to them and that she was excited by the attention. And there was no denying or hiding the fact that her pussy was almost dripping with arousal. Drawing a deep breath, she shook her head to clear the slight dizziness from bending over for so long before answering. "Yes, I am, sir."   
  
He laughed loudly, the sound reverberating off the walls of the room. "Oh you're gonna fit right in here. Bless wherever they find you sluts." He finally took his hand off her ass, and she could see him move back slightly. "Do me a favor and spread those cheeks for me. I wanna see just how wet you are."  
  
What the fuck? Twenty's mind screamed internally, even as her hands traveled up her long, shapely legs to grip her ass and pull herself open even further.   
  
"Look how fucking wet she is, Kenneth," Mort crowed. "These bitches totally love this exhibitionsm shit. Great we found a way to put them to good use."  
  
Kenneth merely made a murmuring noise of agreement, his concentration entirely focused on taking as many pictures of Twenty's drenched sex as he could.   
  
It was a few moments before Mort spoke again, a new, dangerous undercurrent to his voice. "Hell, I bet she could get off right now," he stated. Before Twenty or anyone else could react, he placed the palm of his hand up against her asshole and plunged his middle finger deep inside her pussy.  
  
The intrusion into her most private of parts took Twenty by surprise, but she was so horny that any sound of protest was drowned out by the involuntary groan of arousal that emanated from her mouth. His finger met no resistance sliding into her, coming to a stop with his knuckle nestled between the outer folds of her labia. "Oh God," she whispered, chest heaving as she unsuccessfully attempted to corral her body's response to the fact a stranger's finger was buried inside her pussy. She felt her vaginal walls tighten involuntarily around the intruding digit, then exhaled a guttural sigh as Mort pulled his hand again from her, the finger slipping almost effortlessly out of her well-lubricated orifice.   
  
"Pretty fuckin' ballsy of you to do that," Cash observed, his voice more amused than admonishing. He had stopped dictating his memo to Sixteen and was watching the older man's actions with a curious expression.   
  
Twenty was gasping for breath as she heard Mort reply almost nonchalantly, "The hell is she gonna do? Rat on me?" He made a scoffing noise, then raised his middle finger, which was coated in Twenty's pussy juice, to his mouth and sucked it clean. "Nothing like the taste of a new mailgirl."  
  
Before anyone could offer any further reactions to what Mort had just done, the MMUs on Twenty and Sixteen's armbands buzzed to life, indicating that the mailgirls had received an assignment. Sixteen, who had been dutifully taking down the memo Cash had been dictating, offered the paper back to him. "Sir, unless you'd like me to take this to any employee in particular, Twenty and I must leave to attend this call."  
  
He nodded, taking the proffered sheet back with a dismissive wave. "On your way, then."  
  
Sixteen moved next to Twenty and touched the blonde on her shoulder. "We have to go."  
  
Twenty whispered a small noise of agreement as she straightened up out of the "Ankles" position, her sweaty, naked breasts heaving as she attempted to compose herself. Mort's intrusion into her pussy had been unexpected and unwelcome, but simultaneously arousing in the extreme. She willed herself to follow Sixteen as the brunette mailgirl led them to the elevator bank down the hallway. It was only when she knew they were out of earshot of the men did she dare speak. "What was that?" she breathed.  
  
Sixteen's look was almost apologetic. "That was illegal," she answered. " Any sort of sexual contact between employee and mailgirl is strictly prohibited."  
  
As they stood there, Twenty's pussy throbbed and ached and she had to fight the almost overwhelming need to touch herself. She knew that masturbation was allowed in the mailgirl ranks, but not while on duty. The rational part of her mind railed against the very idea on principle, as well as the fact she had just been touched in a way that amounted to sexual assault. "Doesn't he get in trouble?"   
  
The elevator arrived and was thankfully empty. Both girls stepped inside and Sixteen pressed the button for their floor before answering Twenty's question. "Technically, he should," she said. "But I don't think he will."  
  
"Why? Who is he?" Twenty asked, brushing a sweaty lock of blonde hair out of her eyes.   
  
"His name is Morten Mansfield. He was the one who brought the Mailgirl program to this area."   
  
Twenty stopped brushing perspiration off her stomach to look at Sixteen. "So he's in charge of the whole thing. Great." She didn't need to wonder where his spot in the food chain was anymore. "Do we tell Mistress Henckel?"   
  
Sixteen shook her head. "You can, but nothing will likely come of it. Maybe if it were any other employee, but Mr. Mansfield has been doing things like this for as long as I've been here and nothing has happened."  
  
The elevator was slowing down, but Twenty had caught the slight hitch in Sixteen's tone. "Has he ever done anything like that to you?"   
  
The younger girl finally turned to meet Twenty's eyes. "At least once a week," she admitted, a hint of resigned sadness in her voice. "I hadn't seen him at all since last Tuesday, so I thought it was going to happen again today but... he seemed more interested in you."  
  
Great, Twenty thought to herself, offering Sixteen a sympathetic look as the doors to the elevator slid open. Both girls stood to the side to allow the other employees on before darting out, breasts bouncing as they ran to their next job.   
  
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"Grimes, do you have any idea what they do to these women?"   
  
Claire leaned against the front facade of Mizutomo Tower, finally clothed again. She had finished her first day as a mailgirl and it had been every bit as degrading as she thought it would be. After their encounter with Mr. Mansfield, the rest of their afternoon had been spent running the various tasks they'd been assigned by their MMUs. Both she and Sixteen suffered their fair share of attention from the male employees in the form of catcalls, derisive language and outright ogling of their naked bodies. Some had even been daring enough to touch them, though nowhere near the level of assault that she had gone through early on. By the end of their shift, both she and Sixteen were sweaty and aching; Claire felt as if she'd run two marathons. Completely naked, of course.  
  
"I have some idea, Holliday, but remember, that's not why you're there." Grimes' voice was as gruff and implacable as ever, even over the phone.  
  
"I know, but this goes beyond fucked up," Claire continued to reason, even though she knew it was futile. She hadn't told him what had happened to her; that particular memory was still a little too fresh and raw. "We can't just let this go on."  
  
Grimes' sigh was loud and frustrated. "Again, not why we're going through this," he chided her. "You have a week to learn this, unless you want to pull out early. Or altogether. But you know what happens if you do."  
  
The veiled threat in his words was plain enough, and it gave Claire pause. Of course she knew what would happen if she pulled out of this assignment. Her future in the CIA might as well be over, given her failure to complete a task of such importance. "Yeah, I get it," she breathed, the words grinding in her mouth. "I'm not pulling out. I'll get this done."  
  
There were a few moments of silence before Grimes spoke again. "It's not going to get any easier, Holliday. You think it's bad here, just wait 'til we get over to the UEWA. But if you think you're done there and can take it, then we can accelerate the op."

He was offering her an early out, and given the day's events, Claire was sorely tempted to accept. Just as she was about to tell him to give her a night to think about it, the door to the Tower opened and a familiar short figure emerged. Claire recognized the balding head of Morten Mansfield as he walked towards a waiting limousine idling at the curb.   
  
"Holliday?" Grimes was still in her ear.  
  
"Hang on," she said taking a few steps back until she was hidden around the corner of the building, her eyes still trained on Mansfield. The stocky man clambered into the vehicle with the door held open by the chauffeur, but it wasn't shut immediately. She heard Mansfield shout something from inside the car, then the door to the building opened again.  
  
A quartet of tall, muscular looking men dressed in black suits exited the building and headed towards the limousine. They flanked a pair of shorter, slighter figures clad in identical beige trench coats with drawn hoods. Just as they all reached the car, the wind picked up and buffeted them, causing one of the trench coats' hoods to fly up and off.   
  
Claire drew a deep breath as she recognized the braided hair of Mailgirl Sixteen before one of the suited men placed a hand on the younger girl's head and forced her into the car. The other figure was similarly handled into the vehicle before the men shut the door and the limousine pulled away from the curb.  
  
It didn't take a genius to reason out what had just taken place and every rational fiber of Claire's being screamed for her to take action. Instead, she pressed herself up against the concrete wall and exhaled slowly to calm her racing heart. "Holliday, what's going on?"   
  
Claire took a few more seconds to compose herself before answering her superior. "Nothing, Grimes, it's nothing," she said as coolly as she could manage. "And no, let's not accelerate the op. I don't think I'm ready to leave here just yet."  
  
Not when unfinished business had just reared its head.