**Introduction**  
  
Hi, my name is Vanessa. I was born in December 1975 and now have a 34AA–24–35 95-pound figure with blondish hair. In 1998 I quit my boring existence in a little town in North Wales and went to work as a Housekeeper for a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England. It was a brave decision to make as I’d applied for the job after seeing the job advert in a BDSM magazine that someone had left in the hairdressers where I worked. I didn’t really know what I was letting myself in for, but I really did need to do something because my life was so drab and boring. Even the interview for the job was unbelievable, but I was so desperate to change my life that I did everything that was asked of me, and I was finally offered the job.  
Shortly after starting the job my employer (Jon) told me to write a Journal of my new life, and he has since created a web site that it is published on.  
  
<http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/>  
  
If you care to read my Journal you will discover that my relationship with Jon is rather different to that of most employee and employer, but I have easily come to realise that I have a life that just could not be more satisfying or pleasurable. I love my life and all the little adventures that Jon and I get up to.  
  
Apart from a little bit of hair that grows on my legs, I have no body hair below my neck. It’s all been removed with electrolysis. I’m slim with small(ish), pert breasts that have small areolas and giant nipples. When they’re hard Jon says they’re like chapel hat pegs. I have a nice firm, flat stomach with a pubic bone that does stick out a bit. In my pussy lips I have 2 little gold rings that Jon put in me. My clit is very prominent and is usually sticking out between my lips. It’s about an inch long with a little round head. Jon sometimes calls it my little dick. I don’t own any bras, knickers, trousers, leggings or shorts; and 90% of my skirts and dresses can be described as mini or micro. I used to be a very shy girl, but I’ve now gone completely the other way, and get a great thrill from letting other people see my body.  
I hope that’s enough to satisfy the people who asked. If it isn’t, perhaps they would like to e-mail me with specific questions.  
  
[vanessaevans69@hotmail.com](mailto:vanessaevans69@hotmail.com)   
  
Jon told me to stop writing my Journal in the summer of 1999, but has recently asked me to document, some of the more interesting experiences that we have had since then.  
  
Both Jon and I have been scouring the Internet looking for ideas for little adventures or incidents that we could manufacture to have some fun. We’ve found one or two stories that appear to be slightly rewritten copies of some of the text in my Journal, and one or two that are very similar to some of the adventures that we’ve had and that I’ve written about in my Journal. At first I was a bit annoyed about this, but Jon said that I should be honoured that someone thought our adventures were good enough to copy. I’ve started thinking that way as well.

**Kelly**

Sorry that I haven’t written about our adventures in the last few months but I’ve had other priorities.

Last autumn Jon got a phone call from the police about his sister and her family. I’d never met them because Jon didn’t have much contact with them because his brother-in-law didn’t approve of our lifestyle and stopped Jon’s sister from contacting him. They lived about 100 miles away from us. Anyway, the family (mother, father, 16 year old boy and Kelly who was 14) had been on holiday in Asia. They had been on a small ferry when a bad storm had turned the ferry over and most of the people had drowned. Kelly was the only family survivor. As Jon was the only family that Kelly knew about she had given the local police his name and the English police had traced him. Neither Jon nor I can recall the disaster being in the UK news.

Jon dropped everything and flew out there. About a week later Jon and Kelly arrived back at our home. The poor girl (understandably) was devastated. Jon had phoned me on the way from the airport and warned me that they were on the way so that I could put a dress on. I wasn’t keen on the idea, but under the circumstances, I was happy to oblige.

For the first couple of weeks Kelly spent most of the time in her bedroom crying, or in our bed, seeking comfort (not physical). She’d been wearing one of Jon’s T-shirts as a nightie, but didn’t seem worried that we both slept naked.

It took a couple of weeks for Kelly to start to settle into her new home, then came the trauma of having to go back to her old home to collect her belongings. All 3 of us went and it wasn’t long before Kelly was in tears again.

Jon took care of everything else, only involving Kelly when absolutely necessary. She doesn’t know it yet, but she’s going to have a nice bit of money when she gets older.

About a week or so later Jon decided that it was time for Kelly to go back to school. He enrolled her in the local girl’s (only) private school. He picked that school for a number of reasons, one of which is that the girls have to wear skirts. Trousers are not allowed.

We had to get Kelly used to us being naked at home so we started going down for breakfast naked and then not getting dressed until later and later each morning. Kelly was a little surprised the first time she saw Jon naked. She told me that she’d felt his naked body against her when she’d come into our bed when she missed her family the most and cuddled up to us; but seeing him naked was different. She’d never seen naked adults before.

As I mentioned earlier, Kelly is only 14 and there is no way that either Jon or myself are going to force, or persuade her to do anything to do with nudity or sex. Nothing will happen unless she really wants it to happen. Having said that, she does have a large curiosity in those areas, and isn’t afraid or embarrassed to talk about anything.

It didn’t take her long to approach the subject of the lack of female underwear in the house. I told her that I never wear underwear and the conversation moved on to my short skirts and men being able to see up them to my naked pussy. She seemed ‘interested’ when I explained that I love to have men look at my naked body. She said that no one would want to look at her body, so I spent the next 10 minutes convincing her that she has a beautiful body that she should not be ashamed of it and should be proud of it. When Jon got home from work I told him about our conversation and he too spent some time convincing her that she is beautiful.

For the record, Kelly is 5 foot nothing with a 34A-21-33 figure and long, light brown hair.

Kelly must have listened to what we told her about her beauty because a week or so after that day both Jon and me noticed that she started taking more pride in her appearance, and she stopped always trying to hide any bit of flesh that got exposed. She also bought some make-up the next time we went into town.

About a week later she started walking to and from the bathroom naked, and didn’t seem at all phased when she met Jon (also naked) on the landing. I remember hearing Jon commenting on her hairy pubes. A few days after that she asked me to get her a razor and the pubic hair disappeared soon after.

By that time I was back to spending just about all my time at home naked, and after Kelly came downstairs to watch some television naked one evening, Jon went back to being naked most of the time as well.

I remember the first time that Jon got a hard-on when Kelly was on the sofa watching television. She pretended not to be looking at him, but I could see her eyes keep changing direction. Her little nipples went all hard as well.

Life went on relatively normal for the next couple of months. Well, as normal can be for Jon and me when we’ve got a 14 year old living with us. We’ve had to curtail quite a number of activities that used to take place all over the house (use your imagination). Kelly settled in at her new school and started making new friends. Naturally, she still has ‘bad’ days, but in general she’s just about come to terms with what happened.

After Kelly had been with us about 4 or 5 weeks Bridie came to see us. I’d told Bridie about Kelly over the phone one day so she wasn’t surprised to see her there. It was before Kelly was used to seeing us, and being naked at home so Bridie kept her dress on. Bridie stayed the night and the next morning Kelly had seen her coming out of our room. She asked me where Bridie has slept and I’d told her that she’d spent the night with Jon and me. “Oh!” was all she’d said.

Kelly has quite a few new school friends and has been on a couple of sleepovers. Jon and I had been talking about having a Toga for quite a while and we got the opportunity when Kelly got invited to a sleepover on New Years Eve. The arrangements for the party were a bit rushed, but ended up quite well. I’ve told a friend in California all about it, but I haven’t written anything for my web site – yet.

The few days over Christmas were a bad time for Kelly, but we made sure that she didn’t have much time on her own, and we really spoilt her with presents.

Over the next 2 or 3 months Kelly continued settling quite well, and has (accidentally) called Jon ‘dad’ a couple of times. Her being naked around the house happens more often now (she’s also given Jon his T-shirts back), although, like most teenagers, she’s lazy, and can’t be bothered to get changed unless she’s going out or experimenting with clothes and make-up. I wish that I’d had as many clothes when I was her age.

She caught us having sex one evening. We were watching television and thought that she was asleep in bed. Jon had a hard-on and I was going up and down on his lap when the door opened and Kelly walked in. I stopped moving, but Kelly said, “I know what you’re doing, don’t stop, I don’t mind.” Kelly sat opposite us and after a few seconds of me not getting on with relieving Jon, she said, “Go on then!” I looked at Jon who nodded, so I started again. Kelly watched me have an orgasm as Jon shot his load in to me. “Cool!” was all Kelly said as she stood up and went to bed.

The next night we had a good talk with her about sex, what she knew (a lot), what she’d done (heavy petting and been groped (tits and pussy) by some adolescent boy, and masturbated to orgasm a few times), and what she wanted to do. She said that she was getting randy more and more and needed to do something about it. I asked her if she wanted to have full sex with a man or a woman. She told us that she wanted to try ‘everything’. Jon explained that she was experiencing what just about every teenage girl does, and that she should not rush things. Everything would happen when ‘the time was right’. Jon also got her to promise to be open about everything, to discuss her feelings with us.

I wish that my parents had been so open and helpful.

Apart from the night of the Toga party, the punishment room had been locked since Kelly arrived. Kelly had asked about it and Jon had told her that it was all to do with his job (which she seemed to accept). Shortly after our discussion about sex, Jon decided that it was time that Kelly knew all about what was in that room. One Saturday morning, before we had got dressed, Jon explained to Kelly what was in the punishment room and asked her if she wanted to look in there. She’d looked fascinated as we explained what the equipment did for us, and truly amazed when we went in there. Jon explained how everything worked as Kelly stood here with her mouth wide open. Her rock hard little nipples told me that she was excited. Jon told her to let us know if she wanted to see any of the equipment in action, or even try-out any of it. Before she had a chance to answer, Jon ushered us out of the room and locked it.

At the end of February I caught some sort of flu type bug and Jon sent me to the villa in Spain for a week in the sun to help my recovery. I was real proud of Kelly because she managed to look after herself and Jon quite well.

As the weather started improving slightly, Kelly started going to school without a coat and her skirts started getting shorter (rolled at the top). She told me that a lot of the girls at school are having a competition to see who can wear their skirt the shortest without getting into trouble. She told me that some of the girls have stopped wearing knickers and that she was thinking of doing the same. I asked her if she was going to and she said that she might. I left it at that.

One day Kelly started getting a bit cheeky with Jon. He just absorbed it for quite a while, but for some reason (teenagers) she kept pushing him. In the end Jon warned her that if she didn’t start being reasonable he would spank her. I don’t know where her mood came from, but she just kept going. Finally Jon lost his patience and pulled her over his lap. Five good slaps on her bare bottom soon brought her back to reality. Amid the tears she apologised to Jon, and within an hour she was back to normal.

Later, when just she and I were in the kitchen, she apologised to me as well. I asked her what she felt when she was getting spanked. She told me that she’d learnt her lesson, but shortly afterwards she’d realised that she was a little excited. It seemed the ideal time to talk a bit more about what the punishment room was for, and that I ‘get off’ on pain like being spanked. Kelly told me that she’d thought a lot about what she’d seen and heard during her brief visit to the punishment room, but she was still undecided if she wanted to try-out any of the machines. I reminded her that it was entirely up to her. Jon and I would not put any pressure on her and that we both still respected and loved her, whatever and whenever she decided.

**Easter in Spain**

A couple of weeks before Easter, Jon decided that it would be a good idea for the 3 of us to go to the villa in Spain for Easter. Kelly’s first reaction was to tell us that she didn’t have any suitable clothes so it was may job to take her shopping. Jon’s only request was that Kelly remember that he weather would be hot. The next weekend Kelly and I hit the shops. Okay, I made a few suggestions as to what looked good on her, but Kelly chose all the clothes that we bought. We had a bit of fun in the shops that had curtains for doors to the changing cubicles. I kept forgetting to close the curtain properly. The first few times Kelly either asked me to close it, or closed it herself, but it didn’t take long for her ‘not to care’ and just half closed the curtains.

In one shop she told me that there was a man watching us. I asked her if she was worried by it and she said, “No,” and just took the little summer dress that she was wearing, off. She was wearing a bra and pants at the time.

The man was still watching as she tried on the next dress. That one looked silly with a bra and, un-prompted; she took the dress off, then her bra, and then put the dress back on. I asked her if she realised that the man would have seen her breasts.

She said, “Yes, so what? I’m sure that he’s seen breasts before. Do you think that he enjoyed looking at mine?"

“I’m sure he did.” I replied, “Did you get any pleasure knowing that he saw you topless?”

Kelly said, “If you mean did I get a tingling in my pussy and did it get wet, then yes, I did.”

The conversation changed subject and we continued shopping.

When we got home and Jon saw all the bags he told Kelly, I hope I’m going to get a fashion parade to show me where all my money has gone.”

After tea, Kelly disappeared then reappeared a bit later in one of her new skirts and tops. In the next hour or so, Kelly modelled all her new clothes and Jon said that it was money well spent.

While Kelly was in her bedroom changing out of the last outfit, Jon told me that he was pleased that there were only skirts and tops and dresses; and that the skirts were all a decent length. Jon’s version of ‘decent’ is short, very short.

Early next morning we got ready to go to the airport. I noticed that Kelly was wearing one of her new skirts and tops, without a bra. Jon noticed immediately and I saw him smile.

There was an ‘interesting’ incident at the airport. Jon went to the toilet while we were queuing for the check-in. When he came back to us he whispered something in Kelly’s ear. She went bright red then said, “Sorry, I’ve never worn a skirt this short before and I forgot.” I asked Jon what that was all about and he quietly told me that Kelly had bent over and shown all the people in the next queue (especially a group of 4 young men) that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. I made Kelly blush a bit more by telling her that she’d just made 4 new friends. She turned and looked at them, then blushed again.

As soon as we arrived at the villa, I stripped and went for a swim in the pool while Jon and Kelly enjoyed the sun. When I got out I went and got things organised inside. When I went into Kelly’s room I saw that she hadn’t even opened her case so I did, and put her things away. It was then that realised that I hadn’t found any underwear. The only bra and pants were bikini ones. When I took drinks out to them I asked Kelly about the lack of underwear and she told us that she was taking a leaf out of my book. She told us that back in England she felt a bit strange, a bit exposed, but by the time she got off the plane she had nearly forgotten about it.

Kelly steered the conversation round to me exposing myself to men and that she’d got excited exposing her breasts in the clothes shop and then accidentally exposing her pussy at the airport. Jon told her that she’d get plenty of opportunities to explore that avenue, both there in Spain, and back to England.

We needed to go to the supermarket so I told Kelly that she had a chance to deliberately expose her pussy if she wanted to. She wasn’t sure so I left it up to her.

When we got to the freezer section I leaned over to the back, knowing that my dress would have ridden up over my backside. Now this isn’t the first time that Kelly has seen me do this, but before she just ignored it. This time she looked round to see if anyone was looking. There was, a middle-aged man getting a pleasant surprise. I was pleasantly surprised when Kelly leaned over next to me, picked up a different box of whatever and said, “No, not that one, this one.” I waited a couple of seconds then stood up straight and turned round. The man was still there, staring straight at Kelly’s naked backside. I tapped her shoulder and she stood up and turned. Her face was bright red. She put the box in the trolley and walked off down the aisle.

As we drove back to the villa Kelly told me that her first deliberate flash of her pussy had got her all horny and wet. I told her that she needed to relieve the tension and said that I knew just the thing to help her.

Back at the villa I told her to go and take a swim. She seemed a bit reluctant so I said, “Trust me.” She stripped and went out to the pool. Jon was there and smiled as he watched the naked 14 year old walk to the pool. Kelly dived in and was at the side talking to Jon when I went out. I told her to go to the place that the water shoots into the pool. I then gave her the floatation board and told her to lift her feet out on the water and put them on the side of the pool. As soon as her ass was up near the jet of water she smiled. I strapped her ankles to the restraints that Jon had had installed and told her to lay back on the flotation device, and then relax.

She looked so content and happy. Jon and I sat there and watched as the water jet did its job on her pussy. It wasn’t long before she started cumming. After the first climax she looked at us and smiled.

I was half expecting her to ask me to free her ankles, bust she didn’t. She came twice more before she finally said, “Enough.”

When she got out of the water she came over to us and gave us both a big hug.

Jon already had a hard-on (what man wouldn’t watching a young girl cum) and as Kelly released him from her hug she got hold of his dick and said that he’d better get me to do something about that. Kelly went and lay on a sun bed while I mounted Jon.

During those 2 weeks we had lots of fun. Kelly proved that she is now quite happy with her body and gets pleasure from showing it to others. I don’t believe that she’s passionate about exhibitionism like me, but she certainly gets a kick from it.

Below are details of some of the more memorable occasions that we had on the Costa del Sol.

The good old breeze in Marbella did is job. We went shopping there a few times. There was only one day that the breeze didn’t keep blowing our skirts up. As usual, when my skirt went up I never pulled it down. I just waited for gravity to do it for me. Kelly however was the perfect embarrassed naked female. Each time her skirt went up and showed all the locals and tourists what she wasn’t wearing, she would grab it and pull it down. Her little gasps of surprise always managed to attract the attention of some of the people nearby.

Kelly got to quite like going up the escalator in La Canada shopping centre. In the end she was picking the best times to get on. I was quite proud of her. She even started going up the escalator facing down, a few steps above a man, so that his face was about her knees height.

When we first went to the beach, Jon asked Kelly if she wanted us to go on the clothed or clothing optional part. After a few seconds thought she asked Jon if she had to take her bikini off on the clothing optional part. Jon explained why it was called clothing optional and that she could wear whatever she wanted. Jon gave a sigh of relief when Kelly said, “Clothing optional.”

For the first hour or so, Kelly kept her bikini on and lay or sat and watched the other people there. She said that she’d never seen so many naked people and stared at most of the men (well the young ones) that walked by. She was definitely getting a bit aroused by what she saw. The wet spot on her bikini bottom gave her away.

Without any prompting, Kelly took her top off and lay on her stomach. After a while she turned over, her little nipples standing proud. After we’d eaten our picnic Kelly looked around then slipped her bikini bottoms off. She lay on her stomach again.

Jon decided that we’d go for a walk. At first Kelly wasn’t keen, but it didn’t take long for her to change her mind. We walked along the beach and back with Kelly staring at just about every naked man on the beach.

I think that the only time that we had to persuade Kelly to do something, was when Jon decided that we’d go swimming. At first we didn’t understand why Kelly was reluctant then we remembered the tragedy. Jon took Kelly for another short walk and when they got back Kelly ran into the sea.

Kelly didn’t bother to take her bikini to the beach again.

It was Kelly’s 15th birthday while we were there and Jon took us to a posh restaurant to celebrate. During the day Jon took us shopping to buy both of his girl’s new dresses. Both dresses are short, very short. Kelly’s dress has spaghetti straps and her little nipples poke the thin material nicely. My dress is a bit more daring. The skirt is very ‘floaty’ and the top is like a feather boa fastened to the skirt part at the front. It’s a bit big for me so whenever I twist quickly of bend over a little, it slips to the side of a breast or two. I lost count of the number of times one of my breasts was on show. The waiter really did give us excellent service.

Kelly wanted to try some wine while we were there and Jon let her have a couple of small glasses. That was the first time that she had ever had alcohol and it went straight to her head. When it came time to leave and she stood up Jon had to catch her before she fell over. We had to leave the restaurant and walk to the car with Jon helping her walk with his arm round her waist. This pulled her dress up a bit and I could see all her ass and her cute little bald pussy so other people must have as well.

Jon and I woke up late the next morning, and when I went to the kitchen I saw a power cable running outside. Following it I found Kelly pleasuring herself on what I have just found out is called a Sybian. Kelly had seen me using it a couple of days before and had watched me with interest. I waited until she’d cum and then went to her with a cold drink. She stayed ‘mounted’ as she drank. We talked and she told me that it was the first time that she’d ever had anything as big inside her. The biggest thing before then had been a boy’s finger. She asked if we could get a Sybian at home and I told her that she’d have to ask Jon.

She did. Jon was a little surprised, but calmly agreed and said that he guessed that she’d enjoyed the experience. Kelly used the Sybian quite a bit before we left. She wasn’t at all concerned or shy when Jon and / or I were around. Jon usually got a hard-on and Kelly’s eyes usually seemed to be watching him. One time when we were on our own Kelly asked me if I would mind if Jon fucked her. She’d known that Jon fucks Bridie so it wasn’t such a ‘big’ question. Of course I said that it was up to Jon who he fucked and that I was happy with whatever Jon decides.

A couple of days later it happened. Well actually it was Kelly who fucked Jon. He’d fallen asleep on a sun bed and was obviously having a sexy dream. His hard-on was pointing to the sun. Kelly had been watching him for ages before she got up and went and stood over him with one foot either side on the sun bed. She looked over to me for approval before lowering herself onto him. When Jon woke up he was expecting it to be me impaled on him and was a little surprised to see Kelly.

As soon as we got back to England we got Kelly on the pill.

One of the birthday presents that Jon bought Kelly was some Ben Wa balls. When Kelly opened them she just looked at them with a puzzled look on her face. Kelly blushed a bit as Jon explained what they were, and what effect they have, but was keen to go and try them. She put them in and then came downstairs and went for a walk round the swimming pool. It didn’t take long for her to get some confidence and she started dancing around. Unfortunately she misjudged it and one fell out. Both Jon and me were watching as she looked round (obviously didn’t see us), squatted down and put it back in.

Since then Kelly has worn Ben a few times and they never fail to keep her excited and she has cum a couple of times when we’ve been out. Jon told us both to wear them when we went to the big supermarket one time and we both came a couple of times which led to us being braver when flashing our pussies.

Jon took us to a water park one day. Before we set off both of us girls complained that we didn’t have a bikini that we could wear and Jon solved the problem by producing 2 yellow Wicked Weasel bikinis. As I opened mine I realised that they would become transparent when wet. Kelly didn’t realise that until we got there and got wet. Both bikinis were virtually see-through and clung to every little curve of our nipples and pussies. We were both showing great camel-toes. Jon was so pleased but Kelly wasn’t too sure. She kept holding a hand in front of her pussy whenever she could, but it was impossible when we were coming down the rides holding on to big tyres. There was one young staff man who was helping people on their way who held onto Kelly’s tyre for quite a long time while he stared at her pussy. Kelly said that she was blushing and getting quite wet, and not from the pool water.

I haven’t mentioned the villa’s punishment room yet. Well, apart from the Sybian it didn’t get used. Kelly asked me what the pieces of equipment were, but didn’t show any real interest. She cringed when I explained how the electric shock dildo worked. Jon offered to show her it working on me, but she declined saying, “maybe later.”

Since getting back home, Kelly has become good friends with one girl – Mandy. Kelly has invited her for a sleepover that will prove ‘interesting’. Apparently, Mandy is one of the groups of girls that roll the top of their skirts so that they are quite short. She also (so Kelly says), doesn’t wear knickers some days.

Kelly has told us that Mandy isn’t going to be able to have a summer holiday because her dad has to work on some big project, so Kelly has asked Jon if Mandy can come to Spain with us. Bridie might be coming as well so whether or not Mandy comes, Jon will have a fantastic time.

More later.

Love,

Vanessa