**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.

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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.

**Vaginal Weight Training**

Shortly after Jon told me to stop writing my Journal, he decided that my pussy muscles needed toning up a little. At first I thought that he meant that he was going to fuck me a lot more but I soon realised that I would be doing all the work and he’d just be watching.

One evening Jon came home from work and told me that we were going to make something that I could exercise my pussy muscles with. At first I thought he just meant something like a dildo, and in a way I was right, but this was different.

After the evening meal Jon went into the garage and came back with a load of plaster of paris and a big tube of silicone gel. He then stripped off and told me to get him hard. This could be fun I thought. The weather was still quite warm so I hadn’t worn any clothes that day, not even when I’d been out tidying the back garden.

As I eagerly sucked him hard (he had to stop me twice because he didn’t want to cum), Jon mixed a bowl of the plaster of paris. When the mixture was ready he had me put a condom him then a piece of cling-film, and I then put the thick mixture round his dick. It didn’t take long to go hard and after about 10 minutes (he played with my clit and made me cum), we extracted his dick and we had a lovely mould of his dick. While it finished drying Jon relieved his tension in my pussy.

A while later Jon put the 2 halves of the mould together and pumped the silicone into it. Before it went dry he pushed a metal bar into it with a nut on the end. The end result, when it dried, was that we had a perfectly sized copy of his dick, but with a 9 inch steel bar sticking out of the base. He then screwed a base to it so that it would stand on the floor on its own. The tip was about 18 inches off the ground.

This is where the exercise came in. Jon told me to squat down and impale myself on it. When I was completely on it he told me to stand up keeping the silicone dick inside me. Easy I thought, and it was. After I’d done it a couple of times Jon got these metal rings and dropped them over his silicone dick. I then had to go down on it and then lift it off the ground again. It now weighed about a kilo, and I was amazed at how difficult it was. I really had to squeeze my pussy to get it off the ground.

When he went to work the next day, Jon told me to practice my weight lifting. It was a little hard at first, then it got easier, then it became almost impossible. Harder at first until I got used to the weight, then almost impossible. Almost impossible because both my pussy and leg muscles were getting a little tired, but also because the more up and down I went on the silicone dick, the wetter I got. In the end I just had to stop and relieve my desires by hand. When I told Jon about it that night he told me that I must not succumb to temptation and he took me over his knee and gave himself a sore hand on my backside.

I had to do the same weight lifting every morning for the next month. As the weeks went by and it got so that I could easily hold the silicone dick in, Jon would add more weights. By the end of the month I could lift 4 kilos. I was quite proud of myself, and when Jon fucked me I was (still am) able to get a good grip on his dick. It’s made our love-making last quite a bit longer.

As Jon says, “To have a man's penis inside of me is a privilege. To hold him inside of me is my duty."

That’s the details of my vaginal weight lifting.

I have other experiences that Jon has told me to document. I’m sure that Jon will get me to publish all of them on my web pages as and when he’s read them and is happy with them.

Love

V