**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.

The adventure I’m about to describe took place quite recently (January 2001) when Jon took me skiing in Austria for a week.

#### Ski Trip

The first I knew about the trip was when Jon took me shopping to a sports shop. Normally when he’s taking me somewhere he doesn’t tell me until the day that we go, but occasionally he does. He told me this time because I needed something to keep me warm. When he did tell me I had mixed feelings. On the one hand I’d never been skiing before and was a bit nervous. I’ve never really been the real sporty type. On the other hand I was excited, it was something new, and I was sure that we’d be able to have some ‘fun’. I was also a bit worried about the cold. As any of you who have read my Journal will know, I don’t wear much clothing, and I had visions of newspaper headlines to the effect of, ‘Young girl found frozen to death buried in snow wearing nothing but a mini dress’.

Jon soon put my mind to rest on the last bit when he started looking at skisuits and thermal underwear for me. He picked 3 skisuits and told me to try them on. I’d gone out wearing knee length boots, a dress and a coat, and nothing else. I needed the coat because the weather was bad.

To try the skisuits on I had to take everything off. The one and only changing cubicle (guess they didn’t have much of a demand for one) was in the middle of the shop, with just a curtain across. Not the best of curtains either.

I didn’t take long to strip off and I was pulling the trousers part of a red suit on when Jon opened the curtain to see how I was getting on. I looked up, and not only could I see Jon, I could see a couple of customers. They weren’t looking my way – to start off with, but as they moved round one of the men saw me. I was just pulling the trouser part over my backside and I’m not sure if he saw my pussy or not. He certainly saw my breasts and I saw that he saw me. I told Jon that a man was watching me and all he said was, “So what, you’ve never been shy before”. He was right; I’m not shy any more. I just wanted to let Jon know that someone was watching me.

I pulled the skisuit properly on and zipped it up. It was a reasonable fit, but I felt strange wearing something that covered so much of my body; and it was warm in there as well. Jon told me to go and have a look at myself in a mirror so I went out into the main part of the shop. The man who had watched me smiled as I went passed him to the mirror, so I smiled back.

I told Jon that I was happy with the skisuit, but he told me to try another one on. I went back into the changing cubicle and couldn’t close the curtain because Jon was leaning against the wall trapping the curtain. I looked at Jon and he said, “Come on, we haven’t got all day.” So I took the suit off. The man who watched me put it on also watched me take it off, so did the other man. When it was off I turned to ask Jon which suit I should try next. This gave my watchers a full frontal view of me. My pussy started to tingle. As Jon answered I looked over at the men and smiled. One of them grinned.

Jon told me to try the blue skisuit on next so I turned and lifted it of the hook. As I did, I ‘accidentally’ dropped it so that I had to bend over to pick it up. When I was bent over I looked back through my legs and saw that the men were still watching. My pussy was getting wet.

After I picked the suit up I turned to Jon and put it on. My eyes were mainly on Jon but I could see the men out of the corner of my eye, they were still watching.

I went through the same routine to try the 3rd suit on (green one), and had an audience all of the time. The 3rd suit fitted even better than the first one and I kept it on longer as both Jon and I decided that that was the one. When I took it off I noticed that my pussy had leaked juices onto the crotch.

One of my watchers looked a bit surprised when I put just my dress then my coat on.

Next was the ski boots, Jon had no intention of buying any, but he wanted me to try some on for 2 reasons. Firstly he wanted to know what size I would need, and secondly he wanted one of the young sales assistants to get a hard-on looking at my pussy as he helped me.

Jon decided on the make and style of boot and asked the young assistant to measure my feet. I sat down with my knees together and coat wide open. My short dress let most of my thighs show, and as soon as the young man got down on his knees I knew that he’d seen my bald pubes. His face went red. As the man fumbled with the measurer I let my knees part a few inches. All the time the man kept looking up my skirt and by then he’d be able to see the top of my slit. I kept the best bit until he brought the boots out and helped me put them on. I slouched down in the chair and let my legs move about as the boots went on. His face was telling me everything. Poor man, he had trouble concentrating on the boots and he trapped his finger as he fastened one of the boots. Then he had to go through it all again as he showed me how to fasten the boots. It wasn’t complicated; it’s just that I wanted him to keep looking at me.

My sloppy pussy was really tingling. I was enjoying it as much as he was.

Amazingly, and unfortunately, the first set of boots fitted me well so Jon took the size and thanked the man for his help. “No problem,” he said, “happy to have helped you.” I bet he was.

Jon sorted out some thermals, socks, gloves and goggles and we went to the sales counter. We put them all on the counter and a different assistant ran them through the till. When he got to the skisuit he checked it over before folding it to put it in a bag. When he looked at the crotch he saw that it was all wet. He looked inside and saw some of my whitish juices and tried to rub them off.

When he finally realised that he wasn’t going to rub the material dry he said, “I’m very sorry, this has somehow got wet. I’ll go and get another one.” Jon told him not to bother; we’d take that one. I was nearly blushing.

From there we went and bought me some jeans. We didn’t bother trying them on. Jon just made sure that the ones that we bought had a big lump of material where the 4 pieces of material met.

We left home the next weekend with me feeling uncomfortable wearing the jeans and a jumper under my coat. At least the jeans rubbed my pussy a bit as I walked. Jon told me to take a couple of dresses, but didn’t know if I’d get the chance to wear them.

The plane journey was uneventful and the coach trip was boring. It was dark and I hardly saw anything.

We arrived at the Sports Hotel in Sol late that night and went straight to bed.

Next morning Jon was up early and he opened the bedroom window to let some fresh air in. It certainly was fresh. Our bedroom wasn’t overlooked which meant that no one could watch me walking around the room naked, and being fucked by Jon. Can’t win them all.

The scenery was fantastic, it was a bright clear day and I could see the cable car going up the mountains. There was also at least 2 feet of snow on the roofs of the buildings. I’d never actually seen snow that deep before.

After breakfast Jon was eager to get to the shop where we hired boots and skis. Jon took me up to the top of the first cable car ride then found my ski school group for me. He told me that he’d see me back in the hotel later that afternoon; and he was off.

Jon had told me that he used to go skiing just about every year when he was younger, and he spent most of the week going down the red and the black runs. I spent most of the week in ski school. It was fun, I did enjoy myself, but I got quite a few aches, pains and bruises.

Back at the hotel that evening we discovered the hotel swimming pool and sports / leisure centre. The swimming pool was just off the reception area and only has one small changing room. There are a couple of changing cubicles, but they are so small that everyone gets changed in the open area.

Fortunately Jon had told me to take my swimsuit with me, but the pool water was cold. Each night before dinner Jon told me to wait in reception until I saw a man going for a swim. I then had to wait a couple of minutes to give him time to start getting changed, and then follow him in. I then had to make sure that he saw everything as I stripped and struggled (deliberately) to put my thin white Lycra swimsuit on. I then had to dive in the pool and make sure that he saw my big nipples trying to burst out of the swimsuit.

After that I had to get out and hang around in the changing area (naked) in the hope that someone else would come in. Only twice did I manage to give someone a show when I got out and dressed.

From there I had to go and join Jon in the leisure centre. Jon told me that the sign that was just after the changing rooms said that clothes were forbidden beyond that point; and everyone was naked. There was a sauna, a steam room, a Jacuzzi, an extremely cold plunge pool, a couple of relaxation areas and a massage room.

We went into the leisure centre every night and for quite a bit of that time I was the only female in there. I spent most of the time in there feeling the eyes of the men staring at me. It was nice. I don’t suppose that me lying on the sun loungers with my feet on the ground at either side did anything to discourage them either.

Neither of us went skiing on the Wednesday. It was a day of rest that we both needed. In the morning we wandered around the village and found a public swimming pool. We went back to the hotel for our costumes and spent the afternoon there.

I was amazed by the number of people there, you could hardly move in some parts. The changing area was fun, what Jon tells me is typical mainland Europe with some little cubicles and one big open area. Guess where I spent a lot of time pretending to get dressed and undressed. Jon left me to it most of the time, but after I got changed for the third time in 2 hours he came after me and fucked me in one of the cubicles.

At one side of the main pool (which was quite warm) there is an exit where you can swim to a little pool outside. There you can sit with just your head above the very warm water with steam rising around you. There’s a bigger pool that was frozen over and had thick snow on it. We watched 3 people get out and roll in the snow. Part of another little pool next to the warm bit had had the ice broken on it and we watched one mad man go for a quick swim in it. Jon decided that I should have a go. I got out of the warm bit and was standing shivering on the edge of the icy bit trying to pluck up enough courage to jump in when Jon pushed me in. It was only about 10 feet long, but Jon made me swim to the other end and back before getting back into the warm bit

God was it cold. My nipples were that cold they were aching something rotten; and talk about swollen; I’ve never seen them that big. They were still aching and rock hard the next morning. Even in the Jacuzzi in the hotel that night they were rock hard. Jon was ‘amused’.

On the Thursday night, Jon decided that we’d stay in the hotel bar. The other nights we’d put lots of clothes on and gone for our Apres Ski at other local bars. Good fun, but nothing worth writing about.

Jon told me to wear one of the dresses I’d taken. It was the only time I wore a dress that week, and I was the only woman there wearing one (little did they know what I wasn’t wearing underneath). All the others (including the staff) were wearing trousers. As we walked into the restaurant it went silent and most of the people looked to see why.

The talking soon started again and we had a nice meal. I think I had a bit too much local beer afterwards and I fell over walking out. I didn’t see if anyone saw my backside and pussy when I was down, or getting up, but some people must have done. Jon helped me up and up to the room where he took his pleasure and went to sleep.

Friday, the last day, was a bit different. Jon asked me where we stopped for lunch and he met me there. I spent the afternoon going down a couple of blue and one red run. Nearly at the bottom of the red run is this log cabin. Jon took me round the back of it (no one lived there in the winters) and we sat on a wooden bench taking in the bright sun and scenery. Fantastic views.

After about 10 minutes Jon told me to strip. Stupidly, I said, “What?” and he had to repeat himself. I just knew what was going to happen as soon as I was naked. It was both hot and cold if you know what I mean. The sun was warm, but everything else was cold. My nipples were hard as I bent over his knee and counted the 20 slaps with his hand. After that he told me to sit in the snow to cool my backside and pussy. That was cold.

A couple of minutes later he told me to get up and lay on my back on the bench. I then had to put my legs straight up in the air and open them wide. He looked at my pussy for a minute the opened his skisuit and fucked me. As he was thrusting in and out I could hear the other skiers swishing passed. I didn’t cum, but Jon did.

My thermals were soaked in our juices by the time we got back to the hotel, and I was glad I didn’t have to put them on again.

We went home the next morning.

That’s about it except to say that Jon threw my jeans and thermals in the rubbish bin just as soon as we got home. The skisuit is now in the loft and I doubt that it will get used until (and if) Jon takes me skiing again.

I still have a few other experiences that Jon has told me to document, and there’s bound to be more as time goes on. I’m sure Jon will get me to publish them on my web pages as and when he’s read them and is happy with them.

Love

Vanessa