**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.

#### Vanessa’s 2003 Summer Vacation

Hi, it seems quite a long time since I wrote about any of our adventures. Jon thought so as well, and when we got back from this summer’s holiday he told me to write about some of the exciting ‘events’ that took place.

It all started on the evening of Friday 15th August. First of all Jon arrived home from work in a big 4x4. He said that he’d borrowed it for a while. Nothing more was said until a couple of hours later Bridie arrived with a suitcase in her hand. It was then that Jon told me that we were going camping in the south of France and Spain for couple of weeks. There’s nothing new in me being the last to know about holidays, in fact I like the sudden surprise of being in ‘normal’ mode one minute, then being on the way to the sun next. It seems more exciting.

That evening we loaded up the car and Jon went through the clothes and other things that Bridie and I wanted to take. As usual, Jon removed a few items before all three of us went to bed together.

The alarm went off at 3 in the morning and I went for a shower. I went to get breakfast ready leaving Bridie bouncing up and down on Jon. Because it was so early Jon told Bridie and me not to bother with any clothes and we set off. Being naked in the car didn’t bother me, but Bridie was a little apprehensive as she hasn’t had much experience of been naked in a moving car.

On the drive down to Dover we had a great time catching up on all the happenings since we last saw Bridie. She’s still having problems finding the right man. She rarely has problems getting the first few dates, but as soon as they want to get more serious they all start expecting her to start wearing underwear and longer skirts. Jon told her that the next time she meets a man that she really fancies, to bring him round to our house. Jon said that he’d talk some sense into the man.

Anyway, after a none eventful drive we stopped just outside Dover for a stretch and for Bridie and me to put a dress on. It still amazes me the way motorist drive round in their own little world not noticing what’s going on in the other cars on the roads. It’s as if they get tunnel vision when they get into a car and only see what’s directly in front of them.

After a none eventful Channel crossing we stopped at a big Carrefour supermarket in Calais to fill up with cheap diesel (well, cheaper than England), and get some Euros. Jon also told Bridie and me to ‘get-em off’ again as we started off on the long haul south.

The first really amazing events were the Motorway Toll pay booths. Being a British vehicle its right hand drive which meant that it was whoever was in the front passenger seat had to pay the tolls. Not much of a problem when Jon was in that seat, although at least one toll collector noticed a naked female driver, the real fun was when Bridie or I were in that seat.

At one stop in an Aires just south of Paris Jon decided that it was time that I was restrained into the back seat. Bridie spent about 10 minutes roping my ankles to the front headrests and my wrists to the back seat-belt anchor points. Just to finish-off the job a vibe was placed where it belongs and I had to spend a couple of hours getting all worked-up and cumming a few times as Bridie kept turning the speed up and down. That was the first time that the back seat of that 4x4 got wet with my pussy juices.

You should have seen the face of the toll collector when Bridie drew attention to herself and then pointed to me enough times so that the toll collector looked into the back seat. It didn’t help that Jon wound down the back window and went at snail speed until I was out of sight.

It was good to get over the Pyrenees and down into that really warm climate. It just makes me feel so good – a different good to the one I’ve just described above. Not that the midlands on England has been that bad (for a change) these last couple of months. I’ve spent a few days improving my all-over tan when Jon left me restrained to the scaffolding frame with only a covering of sun tan lotion to hide my modesty (ha).

Anyway, the first campsite was about 100 miles south of Barcelona. It was quite crowded and the pitches were quite small. We gave one or two men a bit of a thrill as we bent over quite a lot putting the tent up. The other thing was that Jon told us we had to use the men’s showers every day, and not to lock the doors. We gave a few men a pleasant surprise. The other thing about the showers was that I have these towels that when I wrap them round me they don’t quite meet. They leave a strip of bare flesh all the way up to the little fasteners that stop them from falling off. Another thing is that they are not very long. When I fasten them just above my little breast they just come down to the top of my pussy. The slightest bend or even when I walk shows my bum and pussy. Great when I’m being followed. Bridie doesn’t have that problem, unless she rolls the top over a bit.

The interesting ‘event’ that took place around that time was when we went to a naturist beach. It was quite crowded when we got there and as we walked alone the water’s edge looking for somewhere to put our towels down Jon suddenly stopped us and said that he had an idea. Apparently he’d remembered something that had happened to him when he’d gone on a holiday to a Greek island with some of his mates. He told us that he wanted Bridie and me to recreate it using a group of young men that were a bit along the beach from us. This is what he told us to do: -

I went on my own and lay my towel down near them so that my feet were quite close to their heads. As I lay my towel down I bent over so that my pussy was fully visible to them. I saw (and heard) one of them let his mates know that I was on display. Next I turned to face them, smiled at them then pealed my dress slowly off. I then put some sun tan lotion and lay down with my feet well apart so that they had a great view.

For the next 30 minutes I slowly worked myself up thinking about them. Every minute or so I’d look over to them or pretend to scratch an itch that slowly go closer and closer to the inside of my pussy. By the time that Bridie arrived I was actually scratching my clit and putting a finger inside.

When Bridie arrived she followed Jon’s instructions to the letter. She said, ‘Hi’ to me then smiled at the group of men. Next she peeled her dress off and stood with her feet either side of my head facing the men. Next she squatted down so that her pussy was just a few inches from my face. I couldn’t resist it; I lifted my head and gave her little clit a quick flick with my tongue. Bridie stood up a said quite loudly, “later lover”. You should have seen the faces of the men. I saw one ‘tent’ deflate. With that we packed up and went to where Jon was.

We got the train into Barcelona a couple of days and went on the tourist busses. Phew was it hot in Barcelona, one of those big digital temperature / time displays said that it was 39 centigrade. We got off the train at Catalunya Square. The station is underneath the square which has a few strips of grass that people laid out on. We gave a few men a pleasant view but had to be careful, as there were lots of policemen walking about.

We went into the big apartment store (can’t remember the name) but it has lots of escalators. We left Jon outside and made sure that lots of men had a pleasant surprise.

As we were walking down one of the streets Jon suddenly burst out laughing. When he stopped we went into this sandwich shop called ‘Fresh and Ready’. When Bridie asked Jon what he was laughing about he said, “A good pussy is like a good sandwich, ‘Fresh and Ready’”.

The next ‘event’ was when we moved up the coast a bit and Jon took us to Universal Mediterranean - Port Aventure. Jon told me to wear one of my halter tops that isn’t quit long enough to cover the bottom of my breasts. As well as that I wore one of my bikini cover-up skirts (without the bikini bottoms), that doesn’t quite meet at the side. Anyone who looks can tell that I’ve nothing on underneath. Bride wore a small tube top and a pair of shorts that I made for her a while back. They’re made out of one piece of thin, white Lycra, no seams or lining. The sides are lace-up (about a 2 inch gap) and the length of them is such that at the back you can just see the top of the crack of Bridie's ass, and you can see the bottom of the cheeks of her ass as well. At the front they are so low that you would be able to see some of her pubic hair – if she had any.

Our brief attire didn’t look out of place as there were lots of girls in bikinis there. Well we didn’t look out of place until we’d been on any of the water rides. There are a couple of them that get you rather wet. When we got off them both sets of nipples and brown circles round them were clearly visible and the crack of Bridie’s pussy looked great. My wet little skirt tended to ride up at the front as I walked along. At one point Jon had to stop me and pull it down because there were some young kids coming towards us.

Later on during the day Jon told us to go to the toilets and swap bottoms. I laced the shorts up tight and you could see my clit pushing the thin Lycra out. I’ve described what they don’t cover of Bridie’s, and I’m a bit bigger that her so you can imagine me what I was showing.

At Port Aventure there is a water park called Costa Caribe, Jon took us there the next day. We didn’t stay long, too many kids, but we did have some fun on the water slides. I made sure that my side tie micro bikini wasn’t fastened squarely and as a lay back on the big rubber rings my pussy was clearly visible to the parks assistants who helped you at the start and where you came to a stop and someone had to push you to get you going again.

The next campsite had big hedges round each little pitch. We pitched the tent and parked the car at the front leaving a big enclosed space behind. Jon told us that that we would need that space later, but didn’t say what for. After a relaxing next day on the beach Jon told me that I was going to be punished for making a couple of mistakes navigating us round the Paris ring road.

After I’d cleaned-up after the evening meal Jon got a box out of the 4x4 and we went behind the tent. There I had to take my bikini top and little mesh skirt off leaving me naked. Jon (with Bridie’s help) then tied my wrists and ankles to the 2 trees. My feet were stretched as far apart as they will go without me falling over (not that I could). Next Jon fastened a ball-gag in place saying that he didn’t want my screams and moans disturbing the neighbours, some of who were only a few feet from us.

Jon then went to the car and got a cane out. He then proceeded to give me 20 strokes. I was getting so close to cumming, but I guess that Jon realised that because he stopped. Then they left me there and went to the bar. During the next couple of hours I was left there totally naked, with a backside that was burning, and a pussy that was aching for attention. The other thing was that the mosquitoes seemed to think that I was their evening meal. I got dozens of bites but couldn’t scratch even one.

When Jon and Bridie got back they untied me and I was sent for a shower. Thankfully when I got back Jon took care of the ache in my pussy.

Another one of the campsites was ‘open-plan’. It only had corner markers for each of the pitches. We were between a Dutch elderly couple and 2 French men with 3 French women (all in one tent). The Dutch couple stayed by their tent for most of the day and the woman was topless all the time – just like us. No big deal, but her breasts were very firm, I just hope that mine are still that firm when I get to her age.

The only none sunny day that we had was while we were on that site. We spent most of the time in the tent have a mini-orgy. A couple of times Jon sent me outside to check on the tent guys – in the nude. One time the French people were just returning from somewhere and I went out right at the wrong (no right) moment. At first they just stared, but after I smiled at them I saw a couple of them smile back and one on the men winked at me.

The next day was sunny again and Jon sent Bridie and me for a walk along the long beach. The local authorities have been good and put a shower on the beach every few hundred metres. Jon told us to walk right to one end of the beach then right to the other end. As we went we had to walk along the water’s edge then up the beach to each of the showers in turn. At the showers we had to take our skirts and tops off (leaving us naked), shower, and then put our bikinis on. At the next shower we had to take the bikinis off, shower then put our tops and skirts on. It took most of the day, but we got some great attention.

That evening when Bridie was getting the evening meal ready I was sat on Jon’s lap while we were drinking some wine. I was only wearing a minute bikini top and a little cover-up skirt. Jon was doing the usual when I sit on his lap – fucking me. The 3 of us were engrossed in conversation and didn’t see the Dutch woman come to talk to us. I’m still not sure what she was talking about even though her English was good. It was a good job that Bridie and Jon could concentrate on the conversation. I can still see that knowing smile that she gave me after she’d stared at us for a couple of seconds.

On the way back from Spain, Jon took us to Cap d’Agde for 3 nights. We stayed in one of the apartments. Two full days, two part days and 3 nights wearing nothing, going everywhere, and doing everything naked. Fantastic. Bridie had never been there before and she was amazed. By the first evening she was so relaxed. We talked about how ‘natural’ it felt, there was nothing sexual about just being naked there, except when Jon started invading our bodies, or we saw someone else indulging in some sexual fun.

The most memorable event there was going shopping and finding a boutique that sold the sexiest clothing I have ever seen. Jon spotted these nipple clamps and clit clamps. Needless to say that he bought some, but not before he got the woman sales assistant to show us how they fitted. When Jon asked her she was silent for a minute, and then she looked me up and down, then said okay. I was pretty ‘dry’ and my nipples weren’t all that big until the first clamp touched me and squeezed my nipple forward. By the time the second one was in place my pussy was getting well lubricated.

The woman told me to sit up on the table and lean back on my elbows, right there in the middle of the shop. We were the only customers in there to start off with, but it wasn’t long before we had an audience both outside and inside the shop.

The clit clamp is like an odd shaped hair-grip, but a log stronger. The open end of it has 2 little rings to make it easier to handle, but they are positions so that the fitter’s finger are right over your hole. As the woman was putting it on one of her fingers went inside me for a second.

After it was fitted, Jon told me to stay like I was whilst he discussed the merits of the device. It hurt a bit, but it wasn’t long before that pain turned into pleasure and I could have easily stayed there watching the small audience watching my pussy get wetter and wetter.

As Jon told me to get down of the table he told Bridie to get on it. She looked surprised and hesitated for a few seconds before jumping up and opening her legs. Jon picked up another clit clamp and started to fit it to her. She gasped as Jon played about with her pussy, pretending to have trouble fitting it. I know that Bridie’s clit is smaller than mine, but it was obvious that he was having some fun (she later told me that he’d fingered her quite a bit). When Jon eventually let the pressure on Bridie really did gasp.

Eventually Bridie got off the table and we started looking at some of the clothes. Jon bought us each a dress that there is nowhere public in England that we could wear them. They are just way too transparent, and there’s no way that Jon would let us wear anything underneath. We did get a chance to wear them on one of the evenings that we were there.

We had to wear the clit clamps and me the nipple clamps for the rest of that day. I’ve previously said that I didn’t get any sexual pleasure walking around Cap d’Agde naked, but with those clamps doing their job there was no way that I wasn’t thinking about sex. I’m sure that the people stood next to me in the shops could smell my pussy juices, I know that Bridie could.

That’s about all the ‘adventures’ on that holiday, I’m sure that Jon will get me to write about others.

V