**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.

**Electric Chair**

Jon’s had an electric chair installed in our punishment room. It looks just like the big chairs that you see in the movies, complete with ankle and wrist straps, and a little helmet that comes down onto my head. This stops my head rolling about and means that I can totally relax.

I call it an electric chair because it has an electrically operated big vibe sticking up in the middle of the wooden seat, complete with wires running to a control box then mains socket. It’s about 7 inches long and 2 inches in diameter and has 2 little metal bits on the tip. Jon wouldn’t tell me anything more than I could see but we both joked about it fucking me to death.

The first time that Jon told me to get on it we’d been talking about if for a while and I was already very wet with anticipation. It felt good as I lowered myself onto it that Sunday evening. Jon let me get comfortable before strapping my wrists and ankles in place. Next he lowered the helmet onto my head and fixed it in place. I was well and truly fixed in place. Jon left me for a few minutes and came back with a blindfold and ball gag which he put on me without saying a word and then left.

After what seemed like an hour the vibe burst into life and if I could, I would have jumped. It was a quick burst then Jon turned it down. I guessed that I was in for a long session. Little did I know just how long.

The only sound that I could hear was the dull drone of the little motor inside me. I got another shock when the pace changed, then it changed again. It was only the next day that Jon told me that the control box has a random mode for the speed and for another little surprise that I got later.

After the third time that I’d cum it slowed down for quite a while. I was glad of the rest. Then it hit me, and I passed out. When I came round the vibe had stopped and I worked out that I’d had an electric shock from the two little plates on the top of the vibe.

I had the feeling that it was going to happen again and I was right. I got a bit of a rest before the vibe started again. I was ready for it this time and I tried to fight it as the electric shock got stronger and stronger. I found it real hard to fight the pain as I peeked for another orgasm. If I could have screamed I would have. I passed out again.

I was knackered and getting more and more tired as the vibe started up again.

The seat was so wet that my thighs could slide around a bit.

The random sessions went on and on and, in spite of the pleasure; I was so tired that I had trouble keeping awake. The electric shocks kept waking me up before I passed out again.

Eventually Jon came back, switched it off and took the blindfold and ball gag off. I couldn’t say a word, and when he unfastened the straps and helmet I didn’t have the energy to get up.

Jon carried me upstairs and put me into the bath. He then bathed me before lifting me out, drying me and putting me to bed. It was late Monday afternoon when I woke up.

Love,

V