**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.

**New Large Remote Vibe**

Jon’s bought me a new remote vibe. It’s much bigger (length and diameter) than the others that I’ve got. It’s also got something inside that rotates and bulges out the sides as it goes round. When I first saw it my eyes bulged with delight, but then I started to think what would happen when Jon gets me to wear it whilst I’m walking around town. It’s so big that I can’t lose it inside me easily. I was sure that it would work its way out. Imagine walking through a busy shop or somewhere equally public and feeling it drop out onto the floor. Another thing was that it was so big that I was sure that it would be uncomfortable walking with it in.

I talked to Jon about it and he decided that I would wear it around the house while I was getting diner ready and see if I could keep it in. I managed for a while, but as Jon switched it on and off, and I got more excited, I eventually lost control and out it came onto the kitchen floor. As he slipped it back in, Jon said that we needed some way of keeping it in. At first he thought of tying it in with string, but then he decided on duct tape. I immediately remembered the pain of duct tape being ripped of my pussy lips.

Jon went and got some while I dried myself so that the adhesion would be better. Jon cut off a piece about 8 inches long of the 2 inch wide tape and on it went. When it came to sitting down to eat I had to take it very slowly, it felt as if was pushing my stomach up my throat.

That evening Jon decided to walk me to our local pub. As we walked Jon kept turning the vibe up and down. Just as we got to the pub door he turned it up to full and watched me hang onto him as my first orgasm of the evening hit me. I was standing there shaking when a couple of men came out of the pub. One of them looked at me and asked if I was okay. I couldn’t say anything at that moment, but Jon said, “Yes thanks, she’s just cumming.” The man looked at me quizzically then walked after his mate.

Inside Jon told me to go and get the drinks, and as was getting served he turned the vibe onto full again. I didn’t cum, but I did squirm a bit. The barman was a bit of a character and said, “Ants in the pants?” as I shifted from one foot to the other. I said something like, “More like Duracell in the cat.” My pathetic attempt at humour. The barman wasn’t impressed either, and just gave me a funny look.

Jon bought me quite a few drinks that night, and played with the vibe so much that I came twice more before we left. By that time I was able to get off and back down onto the seat without any pain, although I did have trouble walking home as he flattened the battery in the vibe.

When we got home Jon had me ‘assume the position’ while he ripped the duct tape off. The alcohol dulled the pain, but you should have seen the juices that flooded out of me as the vibe just about jumped out of me.

I had to give Jon a blow job before going to bed, but he waited until next morning before waking me up by ramming into me from behind.

Love,

V