**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.

## Crowd Surfing

One weekend this last summer Jon took me to a big out-door concert. I wasn’t really looking forward to it and the names of the Groups didn’t really mean anything to me. When we got there it was well into the programme and there were what seemed like millions of people and a lot of deafening horrible noise.

I was getting quite bored and a little deaf when Jon pulled me by the hand to one corner of the packed crowd near the stage. We stood there for a few seconds as Jon looked around, then, as he pointed to the middle of the crowd, said to one of the group of young men, “This lady needs to get to her friend over there, can you help?”

One of the men looked at me then said, “Yeh sure, come here love.” As I moved forward, two of the men grabbed me and lifted me up in the air.

Everything happened quickly after that. I was moving slowly; face down, towards the middle of the crowd. The best bit was the hands. I had no idea who they belonged to, but they were everywhere, and so were my skirt, top and shoes (all I’d had on). Within 10 or 15 feet all had been ripped off leaving me naked.

The next few minutes were ecstasy. Those of you readers who have read some of our other adventures will know that I just love being naked in front of strangers, and there I was, less than 2 feet away from dozens of faces; and to make things even better all those hands were playing with my tits and pussy. I lost count of the number of fingers that went into my pussy. Needless to say that I came a couple of times before I was finally lowered to the ground.

When I got my balance I started to wonder what I was going to do. I was naked in the middle of big crowd of clothed people. It didn’t take long for me to realise that the people there were more interested in the music than looking at a naked woman.

After a couple of minutes Jon appeared and produced another skirt and top out of the bag that he had brought with him. He apologised for not remembering shoes. He then led me to another corner of the crowd and the same thing happened. Up I went and had another similar fantastic experience.

It took Jon a while longer to find me that time, and then he didn’t give me some clothes straight away. Instead he stood behind me, put his arms round me and slowly fucked me, right there in the middle of the crowd.

After he’d filled my already very wet pussy, and then gone soft in me, he pulled out, zipped up and gave me yet another skirt and top.

We left shortly after, and on the way home Jon confessed to me that he hadn’t enjoyed the music, and that the whole purpose of the trip was to get me to do the body surfing. He’d wanted to see me get groped and stripped by hundreds of different hands.

I really love that man.

Love,

V