**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.

## The latest trip to Jon’s Villa in Spain

At last I’ve managed to find some time to write about some of our recent fun. Jon’s been keeping me busy either doing some work for him – the easy admin stuff, or out doing ‘Temp’ jobs. I’ll try to find the time to write about some of them later.

Before I tell you about the fun that we had in Spain I just want to tell you a little about where we went over the last public holiday. Jon told me to get into the car on the Monday morning and I wondered if we were going to Spain. As we crossed the M1 motorway I realised that Spain was out. Instead we kept going and eventually ended up in Skegness of all places. Skegness, the typical British rip-off seaside resort that knows every trick in the book when it comes to getting you to part with your money.

Fortunately the weather was reasonable, slightly warm with a variable breeze. It was that breeze that brought the highlights of the day. I was wearing a short thin skirt that has a circumference at the hem of more that 3 times than at the waist.

Well, with me not being allowed to hold it down the breeze frequently blew the hem up to my waist. Skegness hardly comes into the league of open-minded liberal towns and I heard more people saying things like ‘brazen hussy’ or ‘disgusting’ than complementary things like ‘nice ass’ of ‘nice puss’. Of course, Jon loved it; he spent some of the time walking a few metres behind me just so that he could see what the others were seeing.

Anyway, I managed to survive the day, and get a bit of a tan, without getting arrested.

Right then, the main event, the week that we spent at Jon’s Villa in Spain. He’d promised to take me, but I didn’t know when until we pulled into the car park at the airport. Jon had put a small bag with our passports into the car without me knowing. I was only wearing a short cotton skirt and tight top that my nipples were threaten to burst out of. Oh, and an egg vibe.

As we went into passport control I saw a Security Guard was moving this metal detector thing up and down all sides of people coming in. I was a little concerned that it would pick up the egg vibe inside me. When it was my turn it did. The Guard put the wand back in front of my belly and looked closer. Quick as a flash I pulled the elastic waist of my skirt out as far as it would stretch and slightly down. I said, “Look, nothing but me down there.” The Guard was still looking and saw right down my skirt, my bald pubes and maybe the top of my slit. I saw him grin as he stepped back and motioned me through.

On the flight to Malaga Jon kept putting his hand on my thigh and sliding it up. His little finger kept touching my clit. Because of the vibrations of the plane, and Jon playing with the remote control, my pussy was quite ‘damp’ before he started. By the time we started to descend I was thinking about the wet patch on the seat – the back of my skirt was way above my pussy.

Anyway, I managed to get off the plane without anyone noticing and we collected the hire car.

I was naked before we left the underground car park and it wasn’t long before I was getting out to open the gates to the Villa. Although I did get stared at for a few seconds as Jon paid the road toll fee.

Jon’s had a Joiner doing some work for him at the Villa. Out the back by the pool is this frame that holds me spread eagle about a meter from the ground. Believe it or not it’s quite comfortable, whichever way up I’m restrained on it. Anyway, on the second day Jon wanted to try it out so I got myself covered in suntan lotion and went outside. Jon was waiting for me and told me to get on, face up. He fastened the ropes round my ankles and wrists and just before he left me he put a blindfold on me. A short time later I heard the car start and drive off.

The warm sun was so relaxing and it wasn’t long before I dozed off. At first I thought I was having a beautiful dream because I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter. I could feel a tongue doing what tongues were really designed for, but something wasn’t quite right. I started waking up and realised that it wasn’t a human tongue. I could feel these 2 furry paws on my hips and hard claws pressing on me. Thank god the frame height was too much for the dog to fuck me, but it didn’t stop it licking me enough for me to cum. After a while it stopped.

The sun got the better of me again and I dozed off again. When I woke up again I was definitely getting fucked. Jon had quietly come back and found me asleep. I woke up as he thrust in and out. I knew it was Jon because of the familiar grunt that he makes as he cums.

Afterwards when I was telling Jon what had happened he told me that he’d accidentally left the gate open. We discussed me getting fucked by a dog but never came to any conclusion about it actually happening. Maybe one day………

On one of the days that Jon took me to the naturist beach near Puerto Cabopino. He had me lay on a towel on this sort of path that runs along the beach edge of the dunes while he lay on the beach about 5 or 6 metres away, watching me. He gave me a packet of cigarettes and a lighter and told me to sunbathe with my legs wide open (what other way is there). The hope was that some of the men that always walk along that path would stop and ask me for a cigarette (language isn’t a problem for something like that). I was given strict instruction to hold the lighter close to my stomach when they asked for a light. That way their head would be very close to my wide-open pussy.

The first time that I got lucky was with this middle-aged man who looked a right creep. He was wearing these horrible shorts with a large bulge in the front. Poor man nearly choked when he lit up.

Just after that Jon came up to me and asked me if I was enjoying myself. Of course I was. One look at my juicy pussy would have told him that.

Jon went back for his towel and walked off towards the car park. When he got back he had a remote controlled vibe with him. Guess where he put it.

It took about an hour before I got lucky again. That time it was a young man in his late teens or early twenties. He looked nervous as hell and I had to offer him a cigarette to get him to come over to me. In that hour Jon had been trying to run the remote vibe’s batteries flat. He’d made me cum twice. The second time was while the young man was deciding if he had he courage to come over to me. My pussy was oozing by the time put his head near my puss to light the fag.

I only got lucky once more that day. On the second time that we went there Jon gave me strict instructions that I was to squeeze the vibe out just as the man was right in front of my pussy. I wasn’t that lucky that day. No one wanted a cigarette.

On one of the other days that Jon took me to the beach he had me masturbating in full view of some of the people who were walking by. He only had me do it when unattached men or young women were walking by. The ones that I got most pleasure from were 2 girls who looked like they were in their mid to late teens. They actually stopped and watched me for a while before walking on, giggling.

On the last day that Jon took me to that beach I had to again lay on the path with the cigarettes next to me. This time Jon had put the remote vibe into me even before we left the villa. There weren’t that many people on the beach that day and it was about 2 hours before I got my first and only lucky victim. Jon had been turning the vibe on and off all the time and I was getting frustrated. Jon somehow had managed to get me so close so many times that I thought I was going to burst. Anyway, Jon managed to time it so well. As I was giving the man a cigarette I started to cum. And what an orgasm it was. It was so strong that I lost control and grip on the vibe. It came sliding out right there in front of the man. It got him so flustered that he panicked and walked off with the cigarette but no light.

After he’d gone, Jon came and got me and we went for a beautiful naked swim, and of course a fuck. As we were walking down to the water Jon’s dick was pointing nearer and nearer to the sun.

Marbella was its usual fun the warm breeze made it a real pleasure to walk around. The only part that I’m not so keen on is the fact that people there are so used to seeing girls walk around in skimpy clothes that I wasn’t attracting much attention, even when my skirt was blown up around my waist. Although I did hear a couple of screeching tyres.

Jon has had another couple of items added at the villa to give us a bit of fun. One is a sort of crane that is normally used for lifting disabled people into swimming pools. At first I didn’t understand why Jon would want one of those. Jon put the harness over my head and under my armpits. He then told me to stand right at the edge of the pool with my heels just over the edge. He them lowered me until all but my lower legs were in the water in a floating position, quite relaxing it is.

Next Jon roped my ankles, far apart, to some steel rings that I hadn’t noticed before. I still hadn’t worked out what fun we were going to have as Jon walked away from me. It was relaxing all right, but not ‘fun’. It wasn’t long before I found out. All of a sudden I felt the water moving between my legs. Jon had turned on the pools water filtration pump. I was right in front of the outlet into the pool. Not only that, the water was coming out a lot faster than I’d noticed before, and it was aimed right at my pussy. The inevitable happened, again and again and again. After a while Jon got in the water and strapped a buoyancy aid to the top of my shoulders and head. He said that he didn’t want me to drown when I finally fainted out of sheer pleasure and tiredness. It was only after I’d passed out the second time that Jon switched it off and helped me out.

He laid me on a reclined sun-bed and then let me watch as he tried it out (minus the ankle restraints). It was great watching his dick get hard and then shooting his load as the water pounded onto his balls and dick.

Jon used that method to cum again later that day. That time I went and sat on the edge of the pool between his legs, but with my legs over his. Jon was staring right into my open pussy.

I pleaded with Jon all through the rest of our holiday to let me use that device again. We haven’t thought of a good name for it yet (I like the ‘water torture machine’, Jon isn’t so sure), but who cares. Oh, Jon did let me use it again before we left, I can’t wait until we go back there.

One other bit of water fun that we had that day was with the hose pipe. Some Spanish hose pipes are a bit thicker that the ones that I’ve seen in England, but the end still fits into my pussy. After Jon filled me up, with practice, I managed to hold it for a full 6 minutes before squirting it for 3.5 metres.

The second new thing in the garage is a vibe on a pole. It’s anchored to the floor. The tip of the vibe is about 3 inches above the entrance to my pussy. Using a couple of brick sized wooden blocks I can lower myself onto it then kick the blocks away. So far I’ve only managed to stand there for about 2 hours before Jon had to help me off. I was in serious danger of doing myself an injury by collapsing while still impaled on it.

The other bit of fun that we have with the vibe on a pole is using some of the rings that Jon has had installed on the ceiling above it. After a bit of practice Jon has worked out how get me hanging (tied) by my wrists and ankles so that I’m in a sort of sitting position with my pussy just touching the tip of the vibe. As I’m sure you can imaging that it isn’t long before I get so teased and frustrated, and desperately need to push myself down onto the vibe – but can’t. Jon was real horrible and left me hanging there for 3 hours. Even when he untied me he didn’t let the vibe slide into me. He sent me to bed and told me not to play with myself. I was so knackered that I did manage to go to sleep amazingly quick. I was still horny when I woke up. Fortunately Jon was as well and I soon got my release.

Jon also impaled me on the electric shock dildo that I described in my first visit to Jon’s villa, a couple of times. After he’d put me on it the second time he set the control to medium and then got in the car and went out. As I stood there struggling to keep my heels up I kept hoping that nothing would happen to him and that he’d get back before I died of pain and pleasure.

My legs got more and more tired and I started to lose it. Of course I got shocked back onto my tiptoes quite a few times but eventually my body couldn’t take any more and I remember going down the last time thinking that I was about to meet my maker. The electricity being pumped into me got the better of me and as a started to cum yet again I blacked out. The next thing that I remember is waking up sitting on the floor in the shower with warm water spraying on me. My pussy was throbbing so much and I was so knackered. Jon left me there until I found the energy to stand up and soap myself clean. I didn’t even have the strength to dry myself. I just walked round to the back, collapsed on a sun bed and fell asleep with my feet on the floor either side on the bed.

I went to the local shop a couple of times on the scooter wearing only a little bikini bottom cover skirt and little top that kept blowing up above my little tits. I just love the feeling of the wind against my puss and nips.

Jon took me to the water park at Fuengirola one day. It’s not that good, but does have a reasonable water slide. We didn’t stay long because Jon thought that I was in serious danger of being thrown out. Jon kept sending me onto the water slide and the top of my see-through bikini always ended up round my neck. I could tell that the female attendant at the bottom was getting annoyed with me as she mumbled something to me and pointed to my breasts for about the tenth time. It didn’t help one time when one side of my tie side bottoms came undone. Of course I hadn’t realised and when I stood up right in front of her she really gave me a mouth full of Spanish something or other.

Fuengirola has quite a few nice shops that are more realistically priced than Marbella. There’s one sports clothing shop on the main street that has the changing rooms in the main part of the shop. And what’s more, they have curtains on the front. Needles to say Jon had me try on lots of clothes, and the curtain never managed to get closed properly. Quite a few people saw me naked that day.

There’s no way that Jon would let me go to the villa without me spending some time on the little gym horse, 3 times actually.

My pussy took quite a bit of punishment while at the villa, but I loved every second of it. What’s more, Jon says that we can go back there in a few weeks time. I can’t wait.

Love,

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