**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.

## White Van Man

For a couple of week during this last unusually warm English summer, Jon volunteered me to deliver car parts for one of his customer. Apparently the Driving agency that they use had let them down and they were desperate.

I was a bit nervous at first as I’d never driven a van that size before. Jon to me to his customer the first Monday morning and introduced me to his customer (David) and the van. David took one look at my short skirt and crop top and said that his customers were going to enjoy the next couple of weeks. He then took me for a trip round the block so that I could get used to the van. It was a lot easier than I expected and I soon got used to it.

David explained what I had to do, gave me a SatNav, showed me how it worked, and sent me on my way. Before long I was out in the Lincolnshire countryside enjoying driving in the sun.

When I got to the first customer I realised that I would have to get the right parts out of the van and take them into the customer. Fortunately, most of the parts were light and reasonably small.

The van was already loaded that first morning, but for the rest of the 2 weeks I had to load it myself. All the boxes and bits were on the floor, even though there were lots of shelves nearby. I usually had an audience of Dave and a couple of his workers while I loaded. Needles to say that I gave them what they wanted and bent over from the waist or squatted facing them to pick things up.

Below are details of some of the more ‘interesting’ customers that I visited during the two weeks: -

## Customer A

This customer had a few boxes and other parts to be delivered. As I carried the first box in, the 3 men there saw me and one said, “Woah there girly, what you doing here?” I told them and one man told me to put the boxes on the floor just inside the door. I had to bend over to do that, and as they were looking I bent at the waist with my back to them. They were still staring as I straightened-up and turned towards them. The same thing happened with each of the boxes

## Customer B

This was a little garage in a little village in the middle of nowhere. It still had a pit for the mechanics to work under the cars in. The last time I had an ‘experience’ in a garage with a pit was at Kwik-Fit when I got acid spilt on me. Kwik-Fit changed to machines that raised the cars up shortly after my ‘incident’.

Anyway, I had 2 boxes to deliver there and I walked in carrying them in front of me. I hadn’t noticed the pit; or the man in it as I walked in and stood in front of the car and shouted ‘Hello’. I got a shock as a voice from under the car said, “What can I do for you young lady.” I looked down and saw young man looking up at me. He had a perfect view right up my skirt. I didn’t back away, I told him who I was and what I was doing there. He told me he’d be with me in a minute so I just stood there. So did he for ages before doing something and coming up to ground level.

## Customer C

I walked into this little garage on the outskirts of a little village, again in the middle of nowhere. I was stood near a raised big 4x4 with my feet about a foot apart to help with the odd shaped bit of metal I was carrying. I shouted “Hello”. From under the 4x4 slid one of these little trolleys with a man lying on it. Only problem was that he came out head first and slid right into my left leg. He came to a stop, I said, “Ouch,” and then he said, “Wow, what have we here?” His head was right at my feet looking up my bib dress. Because of the fact that this dress is too big for me round the waist he could see all of my pussy and probably right up to my little tits. After what seemed like minutes he got up, apologised and asked me what I wanted.

## Customer D

Yet another little garage, but on a little industrial estate in the middle of nowhere. One of the two men there really was chatty. He told me that he was the president of the local Armature Photography Club and that he would love to take some photographs of me with some old farm machinery that was in a field round the back. It was difficult getting a word into the conversation and before I knew it I was in the field looking at some rusty farm equipment. Fortunately he didn’t have his cameras with him but I ended up promising him that I would model for him for 30 minutes the next time I delivered something to him. I drove off thinking that I would probably never be going there again.

A couple of days later when I looked through the delivery notes, there was one for him. It was another warm, sunny day so all the time up to his garage my left hand was keeping me just below boiling point. I wanted to be on the verge of cumming when I got there.

When I did get there we sorted out the delivery, and then went to the field. It was then that I saw that there were 5 other men there. The original chatty man, the ‘president’, did have some very expensive looking equipment but the rest had cameras ranging from cheap looking film cameras to digital cameras, and even a mobile phone camera.

The ‘president’ asked me if I minded the others being there, but changed the subject before I had the chance to answer. The ‘president’ did all the directing and had me holding various poses (with my clothes on) on or by each piece of equipment. Two of the machines were 2 old tractors there that looked as if they hadn’t moved for 25 years. While I was doing this I was cooling off a bit.

Then he asked me to take my top off and pose by each item again. Things were looking up and my nipples were rock hard and my pussy was aching.

When I was by the last item what I was expecting happened. He asked me to take my skirt off. Within seconds it was on the grass next to my top. The men got a little more enthusiasm.

We went round each item again. When we got to one of the tractors the ‘president’ asked me to pose sitting on the seat, then on the metal cover of the engine. I had to lay on top, then sit, and then lay with my feet down either side. It was then that the other men really got clicking.

Then it was on to the second tractor. This one was older and had more pieces missing, including the seat and steering wheel. I had to pose similar to the other tractor, then he asked me to stand on the footrests that the driver would have used. These were either side of a big chunk of metal, and I had a bit of trouble getting space for my feet near the pedals. Now, for those of you who know about tractors, this big chunk of metal has the gear change lever on top of it. It was sticking up between my legs, and the knob was about 6 inches below my pussy. He then had me bending back and forward, and then asked me to squat behind the gear lever. There wasn’t enough space.

As you can imagine, having 6 unknown men staring at my naked body, I was feeling extreeeeeeeeemely horny by then. I needed to do something to try to relieve the desires so I squatted down onto the gear leaver. I stopped with the knob just at my pussy entrance and the ‘president’ said, “Fantastic, just hold it right there.” I only managed to hold it for a few seconds before I just had go lower. I sighed as the knob disappeared into me. I humped that gear lever until I came. All the time the 6 men were taking loads of photos. Some from very close to me.

Eventually I came down to earth and looked at the men. They seemed to realise that the session was over and I climbed off (with a ‘plop’) and put my skirt and top back on. The men thanked me and I went on my way wondering if they would order anything else soon.

## Just Driving

I soon realised that being higher up in a van with big door windows has its advantages. Also, I had to have the seat at its maximum height so my legs were just above part of the door window.

I was stopped at traffic lights in a town when another van pulled up next to me on the outside. There were 3 men in the front and as I was looking at them, one of them looked over to me, said something, and his 2 mates looked at me. I smiled back before I had to drive on. Later that day it happened again. This time I realised that the men were looking at my body. I looked down and realised that they were looking at the side of my breast. I was wearing my bib dress with nothing underneath that day. One of the men pulled his shirt open and I had an idea. I pulled the bib to the left. That left my right breast exposed. The nipple jumped erect. I just heard them cheer as I drove off.

I wore my bib dress a few times more during those 2 weeks.

I spent quite a bit of driving time controlling the van with my right foot and hand. My left hand spent most of the time controlling my state of arousal.

Driving along a narrow lane in the middle of nowhere one day I saw a stack of hay bales. Now I’ve always wanted to sunbathe on top of a haystack, so I pulled onto the grass verge and walked over to the haystack. There was a way for me to climb up so I did, took my dress off and lay there enjoying the sun and thinking about the fun I was having. It wasn’t long before my hand drifted to my pussy and I brought myself to an orgasm. After about 30 minutes I decided that I had better move on. I walked naked back to the van and drove naked until I got to the next village where I put my dress back on before looking for the garage.

I really enjoyed those 2 weeks. I told Jon that I’d volunteer to do it again if I was needed.

Love,

Vanessa