**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 Toga Party – or the ‘Name that Butt’ game.**

Last New Year’s Eve we had a Toga party. It was a bit of a rushed job because we now have a 14 year old girl (Kelly) living with us and we couldn’t really have one of our parties with a 14 year old girl in the house. The opportunity came when Kelly was invited to a sleepover.

Jon had sent just a few invites out, all of which said that only broad-minded people wearing Togas were invited.

I made some Togas for Jon, Bridie and myself. The material I bought isn’t totally see-thru. At first glance it looks just like white cotton. It’s only when you look for a bit longer that you realise that you can see through it. Jon’s ‘skirt’ part is to about mid thigh and pleated all the way round. It’s really in 2 parts but you can’t tell unless you explore around where the pockets would be on men’s trousers. I made them like that so that I can get my hands in quite easily. Bridie’s is the same as mine. The skirt part is just long enough to cover my butt and the back half is pleated. The front half is just a flat panel so anyone who takes more that a quick glance will see our pussies. Like Jon’s, the front and the back are not joined below the ‘belt’, which is so low slung that my pubic hair would have been visible – if I had any. The top of Bridie’s and my Togas just go over one shoulder and hang very low if we bend forward.

On New Year’s Eve we all met up in a pub about 5 miles from home. By the time we’d walked into the pub from the car my nipples were rock hard. Jon told Bridie and me that we had to stand all the time so that people in the pub who cared to have a good look would realise what they could see. My pussy was a little more obvious than Bridie’s cos Jon had told me to wear my pussy lip rings with a little gold chain between them. With my feet even slightly apart you can see the chain hanging down. Of course, Jon got me to keep putting my drink down on a low table which meant bending at the waist; much to the delight of some youths that went and sat behind us. When all the guests (6 men and 8 women) arrived we all piled into cars and drove back to our place.

Most of the time it was an ordinary party with lots of drinking, eating and talking. Both Bridie and I had problems keeping our Toga tops in place, and on a few occasions they dropped down leaving us topless; much to the delight of the men and the amusement of the women.

At one point Jon and 2 other men were sat on the sofa talking about cars and a group of women were stood in front of them discussing men. I walked up to them to join in and noticed that Emma was quiet and staring at Jon. Emma is about 19 or 20 and works in Jon’s office. She was going to come to the party with her bf but finished with him on Christmas Eve when he’d told her that he wanted her to strip at his football club’s dinner. Not only strip, he’d wanted her to have a gang-bang with the whole team. She said that he couldn’t guarantee that they’d all wear condoms. She didn’t know what STDs she could have caught. Anyway, I followed Emma’s eyes and saw that she was staring at Jon’s legs. As usual, the men were sitting with their knees apart and as Jon’s Toga was only half way down his thighs, Emma must have discovered that Jon was going commando. I didn’t disturb Emma and waited to get Jon’s attention. When I did, I used our sign language to tell him that Emma was watching him. That must have excited him a bit as I suddenly heard Emma gasp. When I looked at Jon I saw that he was getting a bit of a hard-on.

I distracted Emma and we started talking about gorgeous men, and what we noticed first about a man. The general consensus was the man’s butt. Jon had been listening and said that he bet that we women couldn’t even recognise our partner’s naked butt. Arguments all round. In the end Jon said, “Okay, let’s prove it.” He sent me to get 2 bed-sheets and then pinned them to either side of a door frame. The women stayed in one room and the men went to the other side of the sheets. As he was telling me what was going to happen he cut a butt sized hole in the sheet on the men’s side. Each man took it in turn to lift their Toga ‘skirt’, drop any pants that they were wearing (only about half were wearing any), and stick their butt into the hole. I then had to lift the other sheet for 10 seconds while the women had to put a name to the butt. We named the game a ‘Name that Butt’ competition. I was amazed at how many of us got it wrong.

That game went down well so Jon suggested that we take it another stage and try to put a name to a set of balls and a cock. That brought some smiles to some faces. After a bit of hesitation everyone agreed and we started. There was a few drooling women there, especially when a couple of men had a semi hard-on. Jon went last (I’d recognise that cock anywhere), and wasn’t surprised when his dick was pointing to the ceiling.

More drinks and discussions then someone suggested that the game be reversed. If a couple of the women had been sober I think that they would have refused but it didn’t take long to persuade all of us to do it.

About half of the women weren’t wearing knickers of any type. Emma was wearing a thong, but that ended-up on the floor in a corner just before she bent over and stuck her butt through the hole. Emma was the first to bend over, but not the last. Bridie went next and she kept her feet slightly apart. I was last and my feet were well apart. I was so wet.

The next round was pussies, much to the delight of the men. 2 of the women have horrible big bushes, Emma has a well trimmed landing strip, and the rest of us were bald. I suppose most of the women couldn’t think of anything to do other than just stand there and listen to the men describing their pussies, but I decided to be different. When it came to my turn I put my hands down there and spread my lips. I could feel my juices oozing out.

We all thought that the game was over when the last women lifted her Toga skirt, but we were wrong. Jon had one more round. He came and cut a slit in the sheet for the women to stick their breasts through. That wasn’t as exciting as sticking my pussy through.

When we’d all finished we marked all the answer sheets and I was surprised to find that I was the women that had been recognised the most. I guess that it helped that I had the smallest breasts there, and that my pussy chain would have been visible.

As for the Togas that I made, Jon’s stayed in place all the time, but Bridie’s and mine didn’t. They kept falling off our shoulders, much to the delight of the men that were nearby. After the games I just ripped the top part off mine and just wore the little skirt.

That was the most exciting part of the party. When just about everyone had left I asked Emma how she was getting home. She hadn’t thought about that so Jon told her that he’d take her home - in the morning. Then came the problem of who was sleeping where. We only have 2 beds. Jon gave Emma the choice of sleeping with Bridie in Kelly’s bed, with him and me, or with just him while I slept with Bridie. This suggestion didn’t upset me at all as I know my position with Jon, and it would give me the chance to get acquainted with Bridie again. Emma looked at me as if asking if it was okay with me. I just shrugged my shoulders and said, “Okay by me.”

As Bridie and I were having a really enjoyable 69, I heard the odd moan or two coming from the other bedroom.

Next morning I woke up first and went into Jon’s room to get something. Jon and Emma were naked on the bed, both asleep. Jon had one of his usual morning erections so I decided to do what I normally do with them – loose them inside my pussy. I gently knelt either side of Jon and lowered myself onto him. It must have been a good dream that Jon was having cos he came quite quickly. I climbed off and went and had a shower.

Jon, Bridie and I were sat round the kitchen table eating breakfast when Emma finally arrived back in the land of the living. She was a bit surprised to find us all naked as she came into the kitchen wearing just a towel. I got her some breakfast then she asked if we knew where her clothes were. We all said that we didn’t (I’d thrown her thong out with the rubbish). I told her that she could borrow one of my dresses, but when she tried them on they were all too small. In the end she borrowed a skirt and top.

Love,

Vanessa