**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.

**Update December 2008**

Once again I’m slow in writing an update. This time Jon got his schoolmasters cane out and gave me six of the best on my backside while I was bent over the arm of the sofa. He then stood on the sofa and swung the cane down between the crack of my ass. It whipped round and the end of the cane hit my clit. Wow, painful. He did it 3 more times which wasn’t enough to make me cum, but certainly enough for me to be sore for nearly a week.

Anyway, the update!

As usual these days Kelly is the main focus of most of our time, but she is getting more independent and out with her mates more so Jon and I are having a bit more time on our own, hence the caning.

Kelly and Mandy have both got boyfriends now. Kelly has told me that both of them are getting fucked. It turns out that Mandy’s boyfriend is Hannah’s older brother.

Talking about Hannah, after her first lone visit, she came back a couple of weeks later while Kelly was at Mandy’s house and asked for a repeat session. Jon was at home but Hannah didn’t know that until she was restrained. Jon came into the room and just stood there looking at her. As soon as she saw him she went bright red and got VERY wet. Jon noticed her pussy lips swelling and opening. Her juices were very visible. Jon set-up a vibe just inside her and we left her for about half an hour. When he went back to her, Jon asked her what she wanted. She just said, “Please fuck me.” Three times he asked and in the end she pleaded with him to fuck her. Needless to say he did. Afterwards he left her for another 30 minutes, strung-up with the vibe well inside her. She was exhausted when I finally took her down and put her in the shower.

Over a coffee she told me about a recurring dream that she has where she’s tied up and gang-banged. That gave me an idea. I went and asked Jon if we were still going to have a barbeque after the summer holidays. I went back to Hannah and told her that I was going to make her dream come true – if she wanted me to. She was silent for a minute and then asked me if she could wear a mask so that other people wouldn’t be able to recognise her. I told her that we could arrange that and she said, “Yes please.”

Later, when Jon told Kelly that we were having a barbeque she asked if Mandy could come, then when Jon said “yes” she asked if their boyfriends could come. Jon didn’t look too pleased but agreed. This meant that the barbeque had to be carefully organised but we still went ahead telling Kelly that she and Mandy mustn’t tell anyone; especially their boyfriends about it and that it would be a pleasant surprise for them. We didn’t tell them that Hannah was coming.

At the end of the school holidays we had the barbeque and the weather was kind to us for a change. I’d arranged for Hannah to arrive at 2 pm and had sent Kelly and Mandy to Kelly’s room about ten minutes to. Jon had already arranged a screen round the scaffold frame, which I usually get restrained on, in the back garden (see my Journal 27 June).

As soon as Hannah arrived I asked her if she was sure that she wanted to go through with it. Blushing she said, “Yes please.” She asked again if Kelly and Mandy would be there. I lied.

I took her outside and behind the screen then told her to strip off. She was only wearing a mini skirt, top and shoes (no underwear) so it didn’t take long. I then restrained her, spread-eagled, face up, on the frame. Telling her that she would have to wait for about an hour I plugged her mp3 player into her ears, put ear defenders on top of her mp3 ear buds then put a big clown mask on her. You couldn’t even see what colour hair she has. It was a good job that I knew that Hannah was 16 because she looked a lot younger with her small body, pert little breasts and hairless pussy. I’m sure she could get away with pretending to be 12 or 13.

As I left her I ran a finger up her slit. She was wet, very wet.

Jon had invited just a select few quests (3 men and 2 women) who have previously been to our parties, and Bridie. I stripped-off my dress as soon as the door bell rang when the first of them arrived. Jon had told me that I would be serving the food and drinks naked all afternoon.

When Kelly’s and Mandy’s boyfriends arrived they got quite a shock when I opened the door then called for the girls to come down. Both girls were wearing little mini skirts and halter tops – no bras or knickers.

It was the first time that we had met the boyfriends and were pleased to see that they were ‘normal’ looking and quite polite too. Jon took them to one side and told them that none of what they saw and did that afternoon was ever to be discussed with anyone other than the people at the barbeque. I suspect that he also threatened them with something if they didn’t comply because they had serious faces when they came back into the room. They soon perked-up when the girls went to them.

Anyway, Jon did the cooking and I kept everyone topped-up with drinks and food.

After a couple of hours or so, Jon announced that there was an extra bit of entertainment for anyone who wished to join in. I went behind the screen and check that Hannah was happy to continue and that her mp3 player was still working. I gave her a drink then put a gag on her and then moved the screens. You should have seen the faces of the 2 boyfriends when they saw Hannah, not that they could tell that it was Hannah. You should also have seen the tents that appeared in their trousers. Kelly and Mandy saw them, looked at each other then giggled.

Jon announced that all the men were to wear a condom (Jon provided a box of them) for their turn. I then let everyone take a number out of a box to decide who went first.

One of the men asked if the girl was ‘legal’. Jon assured everyone that she was over 16 and a willing participant.

Everyone watched as one by one everyone fucked Hannah. Both boyfriends checked with their girl before taking their turn.

The women and Kelly and Mandy also had a play with Hannah’s body.

It was great watching Hannah cum, again and again and again. Her little nipples were rock hard and she was covered in sweat. There was no problem with a dry pussy; Hannah was producing enough juice to keep going for hours. She didn’t, it was all over in about 40 minutes.

Afterwards, most people left. Even the girls and boyfriends left. Kelly told us that they were going for a walk in the local woods. I smiled and knew what they were going to get up to.

When only Bridie was left, we went and freed Hannah. Bridie and I had to help her to the shower. She was absolutely knackered, but very happy.

Jon took her home before Kelly returned. When she did, she asked us if the girl was Hannah. We confessed and got her to promise that she would never tell anyone, not even Mandy.

We still haven’t told Hannah that one of the men who fucked her was her brother.

After Bridie and I had cleaned up everything we all had a few drinks before having a good night in bed together (the 3 of us).

Kelly’s and Mandy’s dare games are still going well. The most memorable was the naked sunbathing. It took weeks for the right time for it to happen. The weather had to be warm enough, Mandy’s parents had to be out for the day and her little brother had to be at home. As it happened, one of his mates was there as well and Kelly had to persuade Mandy to go through with it. In the end Mandy dared Kelly to join her. She did.

They were both nervous as hell as they went out in their string bikinis. Apparently the boys went very quiet and stared as they walked past them on the way out. The girls started out by rubbing sun lotion all over each other. Then they lay on their stomachs and untied their tops. They kept taking sneaky looks at the windows of the house, and of the house at the bottom of the garden. Two young faces kept appearing for a few seconds then disappearing.

After a while they turned over, letting their tops fall away. By then Kelly told us that she was getting quite excited.

Shortly after that Mandy saw a youths face at a window in the house at the bottom of the garden. Luck was on their side so they untied the strings of their bikini bottoms but left their pussies covered. After a few minutes they decided to turn over again. They both decided to let their bottoms fall away as they got onto their stomachs.

This time they waited longer before turning over again, leaving them stark naked with 2 younger boys and 2 older teenagers watching them. Kelly told us they were both very excited by that time.

Then the dares stared again. Kelly dared Mandy to spread her legs, she did. Then Mandy dared Kelly to finger herself, she did. It all ended shortly after Kelly had an orgasm.

They both walked back to Mandy’s bedroom naked with 2 young boys staring at them.

We’re waiting for the next round of dares.

At the start of the school summer holidays Jon took Kelly and me camping to the Lake District for a few days. The weather wasn’t good, but there again, it wasn’t bad. England doesn’t get proper summers any more.

Kelly had never been camping before and was really looking forward to it.

It was early evening when we got to the camp site so all we did was put up the tent then go to the pub for a quick drink and something to eat. The three of us slept in one end of the frame tent. We took the double sleeping bag but there wasn’t much room for the three of us so we put it underneath us and used the big quilt to keep us warm.

If you’ve read my other updates you will know that Kelly is a bit ‘vocal’ when she’s getting fucked. That night was no exception and she attracted a bit of attention from people in some of the other tents around us. In particular the group of young men that had arrived earlier that evening. There were all sorts of comments being shouted. It was quite funny.

The sun was shining when we got up the first morning. I’ve got this apron with a full-sized picture of a naked woman (neck to knees) on it, and that was all Jon told me to wear when I got breakfast ready. I set-up the little stove just outside the tent and got on with it. I was glad that I was wearing that apron because it got splashed with hot fat as I cooked the bacon. We were up before most of the other campers so no one realised that the apron was all I was wearing.

That day we went to Windermere and had a good wander around. On the way back Jon suddenly stopped the car and turned round. Before drive off he turned to Kelly and said, “Give me your thong.” Kelly looked puzzled (I was as well) but did as she was told. Jon stuffed it in his pocked then drove about half a mile back down the road then pulled in to a drive with a big sign saying ‘Horse and Pony Trekking’. Kelly said, “What are you doing?” Jon told us that we were going horse riding. Kelly protested saying that we weren’t dressed for it. True, because all Kelly were wearing was a mini skirt and smallish top. “Don’t worry, we’ll sort something out.

And he did. We waited by the car while he went in and ‘sorted’ it. When he came back he had three of those hard hats that horse riders wear. When he handed one to Kelly she said, “That wasn’t what I meant, I’ve got a mini skirt on.” “So?” was all Jon said, and then a few seconds later, “Come on.”

We went to the stables and over to a girl who was probably not much older than Kelly. She looked at us and then said, “You want to go riding dressed like that?” “Yes, we do, and none of us has much experience at horse riding.” Jon said. The girl smiled then told us to follow her. She got four horses ready then led one out to us. She looked at me and said, “This one is for you.” She led me over to some steps that I could climb to get on the animal. There weren’t many people around and no one (apart from Jon, Kelly and the girl) saw my skirt rise up round my waist. It settled down a bit as I shuffled myself into a comfortable position. The girl’s eyes opened wide (so Jon later told me) when she saw that I wasn’t wearing knickers. It was quite nice sitting on the horse with my legs wide apart and my pussy against the leather saddle.

When Kelly’s horse was led to her she said, “I can’t do this,” but a few words later she was climbing the steps to get on. This time I saw the girls face as she saw that Kelly wasn’t wearing any knickers as well. She seemed to stare at Kelly’s pussy.

After Jon was on his horse the girl got on hers and led us out of the yard and up onto a track. Fortunately we never went faster than walking pace. When we were out in the middle of nowhere, Jon called the girl and she stopped and waited for Jon to catch up. I heard him asking her if we were going to stay on a deserted track. When she told him that we were only likely to see one or two hikers, Jon asked her if she would mind if Kelly and I could ride dressed like Lady Godiva. She looked stunned at first then said, “They’ve got to keep the hats on, if anything happened we’d have a big problem with the insurance.”

Jon then told Kelly and me to ‘strip.’ Kelly said, “What!” but when she saw me taking my top off she started to take hers off. Taking our skirts off was a bit more interesting but we finally managed it.

We must have looked right idiots on horseback wearing only trainers and those silly hats.

After about half an hour we hadn’t seen anyone, but we could see the stables so the girl stopped and told us that we’d better get dressed. Jon handed us our clothes and we had more fun trying to put our skirts back on. Unfortunately I fell off my horse leaving me legs akimbo on the floor with my skirt round one ankle. I was dazed, but not hurt. Jon told me not to move until he’d checked me over. Both Jon and the girl got off their horses and came over to me. The girl watched as Jon told me to try moving each limb in turn. I looked at the girl and I’m sure that she was staring at my pussy. I convinced Jon that I was okay and I got up - slowly. I put my skirt on then the girl held my horse as I got back on – with Jon’s help.

As the horses were walking that last bit to the stables I could hear the girl telling Jon that she had often dreamed about riding naked. Jon said, “Don’t just dream about it, do it, I’m sure that you’ll enjoy yourself.”

Back at the stables my skirt rode high up past my waist as I slid off. So did Kelly’s, and we were being watched by a small group of riders that had just come back from the opposite direction.

That night we went to the pub and then Kelly got ‘vocal’ again. More comments from other campers about what they would like to do to her.

The next morning we were late getting up and there was more activity on our area of the site. As I was getting breakfast one of the group of young men walked past our tent and his facial expression told me that he had realised that the apron was all I was wearing. A few minutes later he was back with a cup in his hand. I smiled as he asked if I had any sugar that he could borrow. Not very original, but what the hell?

Jon and Kelly were still asleep. I pointed to the pile of food and pans in the tent and said, “Help yourself,” knowing that he would have to go behind me. When he was in the tent and I turned round to see how he was getting on, he wasn’t looking at my ass, he was looking into the sleeping area (the zips and flaps were wide open. I looked over towards Kelly and Jon and saw that they were both asleep, but Kelly had pushed the quilt off herself. She was on her back with nothing covering her naked body. The young man was enjoying the sight.

After a few seconds I disturbed his thoughts and asked him if he would like a cup of tea. His face went a bit red and he nodded. I told him to sit on one of our chairs which he shuffled round so that he could keep on looking at Kelly. After I’d given him his tea I sat down so that he wouldn’t have to turn his head to look at me.

I tried to make a conversation with him but it was difficult. In the end I just said, “Pretty isn’t she?” He heard that and nodded his head. I let him soak-up the scenery and drink his tea while I looked that the growing bulge in his shorts.

A few minutes later Kelly woke-up. She saw me, and then the young man; and not moving she said, “Hi, my name’s Kelly, what’s yours?” He mumbled something then got up and said, “I’ve got to go, thanks for the tea,” and he went. At least he was polite.

It was raining that day and when it came time to go and shower, Jon told Kelly and me not to wear anything under our cagoules (long waterproof jacket). When we got to the showers there was a queue. After a minute or so, I grabbed Kelly’s arm and pulled her towards the men’s showers. As we went in a middle-aged man stared at us so I said, “Long queue for the ladies,” and pushed a shower door open. We were well into our shower when the door opened (I’d ‘forgotten’ to lock the door – oops!) and a youngish man stared at us. I stared back as Kelly’s hands moved to cover her interesting places. The man seemed transfixed so I walked over to him and gently pushed him out saying that we needed some privacy. After I locked the door I turned to Kelly who burst out laughing. There were only a couple of teenage boys at the sinks when we left. They just stared at us.

Jon decided that because it was raining we’d go and get even wetter – swimming. Jon had told me to pack a couple of bikinis just in case. I had made these bikinis earlier this year, at Jon’s request. They are both skimpy, string bikinis, one yellow, and the other white. They are both un-lined and made out of material that goes virtually transparent when wet. The other thing about them is that they are crotchless. The crotchless knickers that I’ve seen in the past had material that meets over your pussy, but can be adjusted so that your pussy and lips are visible. The thing about these crotchless bikinis is that the material over your pussy will not meet so your clit and lips are always visible if you open your legs.

We drove to a leisure centre in a small touristy town. The first thing that we noticed was that the changing cubicles (men’s and women’s) were all in one big room. Some of them were labelled as ‘family’ cubicles. Jon led us to a family cubicle, one that was next to a ‘normal’ sized one. As we went in I noticed that there was a hole in the thin wall, at the opposite end to the seat that was stuffed with paper. Jon pulled the paper out. I pulled the bikinis out and asked Kelly which one she wanted. She looked them over then asked Jon if he really wanted her to wear one of those. Jon said that he’d rather that we all swam naked but he didn’t want to get us arrested. I smiled, knowing that as soon as we got wet we might as well be naked.

Kelly chose the yellow bikini.

As we were getting changed Jon whispered that we had an audience. I turned and saw a pair of feet with the toes pointing towards us. I could also see an eye at the other side of the hole. We finished stripping then Jon whispered that we were going to put a little show on for him – or her.

Jon sat on the seat with his knees well apart. As Kelly watched, Jon got me to get him hard with my mouth. It didn’t take long. He then closed his knees and motioned for me to stand with my back to him and my feet outside his. He then pulled me down onto him. We slowly fucked for quite a while before Kelly let us know that she wanted some, so we swapped over. Jon had to put his hand over Kelly’s mouth to stop her making too much noise. He shot his load into Kelly.

We put our costumes on but had to wait for a while for Jon to go soft. I had my back to the hole as I was putting my bikini bottoms on and as I pulled them up I backed my pussy to the hole. For a split second I could swear that a finger came through the hole and touched my pussy.

We messed about in the pool for a while then Kelly decided that she wanted to have a go on the water slide. Kelly had already commented on the fact that my nipples and areolas were clearly visible through my bikini top. I said, “You want to see my bikini bottoms.” It didn’t twig that her bikini would be just as see through.

The water slide wasn’t that big, but you still needed to go up some steps to get to the top. It was going up those steps that Kelly realised that her bikini was virtually transparent as well. On top of that it was clinging so that she was sporting a beautiful camel toe (so was I). At first Kelly tried to cover up, but in the end she gave up and let anyone who wanted have a look. The crotchless part of the bikinis proved quite revealing to the people behind us going up the steps if we didn’t keep our legs shut. A couple of times I held back going up the steps until I could get just in front of a young man. Kelly didn’t realise what I was doing at first, but when she twigged she helped plan our timing.

One time when we were walking over to the slide one of the lifeguards was walking towards us. He saw how revealing our bikinis were and started to say something, but then stopped, shook his head a bit then walked off. For a second I thought that we were going to get thrown out.

When we were in the pool Jon kept telling me to swim breast stroke on my back and I gave a couple of people a nice surprise.

There were a few kids in the pool who had goggles or face masks. We stayed away from the younger ones, but there was one boy who looked about fourteen or fifteen who appeared to be on his own, and who obviously liked looking at our bodies underwater (he had a full face mask), so I made sure that he saw what he wanted. I even stepped over him as he swam close to me, face up. I thing that he close to drowning by the time that he came up for air.

When we’d had enough we got out and went looking for the showers. We found them; they were at one end of the changing rooms in cubicles just like the changing cubicles. We went to out lockers, stripped off in the open area (no one seemed to notice us), put towels round ourselves and went back to the showers. We each went in a separate one and again, I ‘forgot’ to lock the door. I am careless at times. Anyway, I was shampooing my short hair with my back to the door when I head a man say, “Oops, sorry son I didn’t realise that there was someone in here. You should have locked the door.” I turned round and he went a bit red when he saw that I wasn’t a boy. I let him look for a few seconds before I said, “The lock’s broken.” He turned and went out pulling the door closed behind him. Seconds later I heard Kelly scream. I opened the door and saw a naked Jon looking at the man as he backed out of Kelly’s cubicle saying, “Sorry.”

Jon had gone when I finished my shower so I waited for Kelly, who took ages. We got our clothes out of our lockers then went looking for Jon. We realised that he was in the same family changing cubicle when two teenage girls walking past the cubicle with its open door, gasped then giggled. When we went in, there was Jon, stark naked and sporting a semi, drying his hair.

The hole in the wall was plugged with paper again so I removed it. There didn’t appear to be anyone in the cubicle next door to start with but a few seconds later I saw a pair of girls pink shoes just on the other side. They were moving a bit so I guessed that there was someone in them. A little later Jon whispered that we had an audience again. As it was a girl (probably) Jon stood facing the hole and slowly wanked for a few seconds then told me to give him a blow job. Just before he came, he stopped me then bent me over and rammed into me from behind. After a few strokes I was full with his cum. While we were doing this Kelly was slowly getting dressed while she watched us.

We finished getting dressed and as we walked down the corridor I looked back to see a teenage girl standing half out of the cubicle, and staring at us. I smiled at her.

We dumped our gear in the car and then went looking for a café. We found one that was like many cafés in the Lake District, converted shops that still have the big windows either side of the front door. We sat at the table in one of the windows with me facing the window and Jon and Kelly on either side. Half way through the coffee Kelly said, “What’s that man looking at?” Both Jon and I looked up. Yes, the man was looking at me, or to be more precise, at my pussy. Without realising it I had slouched down in the chair and opened my knees. Jon told us to ignore him and me to keep my knees open. We completely ignored the man and I never saw him leave.

That night we went to a different pub and discovered that it had a pool table in a separate room off the main area. The room was big enough to have the pool table in the middle and small tables and chairs round them. We got our drinks and went and watched the people that were playing. There were a handful of young people in the room. After about half an hour Jon asked Kelly if she wanted a game. When she said yes but that she’d never played before Jon told me to teach her. In my school days there was virtually nothing in our small town for young people to do. The one exception was a youth club that opened a couple of night a week. That’s where I learned how to play.

I put some money on the corner of the table and we waited. When the game finished the youth looked over to me and nodded. Both Kelly and me were wearing mini skirts and lose fitting tops without any underwear. Needless to say we put on quite a show and the room went quiet every time one of us took a shot. I got quite wet knowing that my pussy was being stared at so much.

Eventually the game was over and we went back to our table.

Kelly was quiet that night as she had fallen asleep almost as soon as we went to bed. Jon fucked just me that night.

The weather was a better the next day and we decided to go for a bike ride. We eventually managed to find a shop that hired bikes but they only had men’s bikes (with a cross bar) left. I got the man to adjust the seats on Kelly’s and my bike so that our backsides had to move from side to side for us to reach the peddles. If we wanted to stop we had to slide off the seat and sit on the cross bar. That cold crossbar gave my wet puss a really nice feeling. Kelly was unsure about the saddle height at first, but I convinced her to try it. She was pleased that I did.

We set off with our little skirts blowing in the wind. There was quite a bit of traffic making cycling on the road a bit dangerous so when Jon saw a sign for a public footpath we headed down that. I was glad because the sliding of my puss on the seat was making it a bit hard to concentrate on the traffic; and Kelly looked as if she was having the same ‘problem’.

There were a few people walking along that path and we got a few funny looks as our skirts blew up around our waists. Not that any of them could see our pussies; they were being ‘pleasured’ by the saddles.

As we rode through a wooded area Jon stopped us and we went into the woods a bit. Jon had us Kelly then me up against a tree. We were both so wet and excited that we had both cum before Jon did. He kept ramming into me until he eventually came.

About half way through the ride Kelly asked if she could use the bike that was in our garage. When Jon told her that she could, she asked why it has a hole in the middle of the saddle. We all stopped and Jon told her that I have both a dildo and a vibe that fit nicely into that hole. Looking at me, Kelly said, “So you ride the bike with your cunt impaled on the dildo?” “Yes, it’s nice,” I replied. Kelly just said, “Cool.”

It started to rain so we headed back. By the time we got back to the road our clothes wet and clingy. The man at the bike shop was looking at our nipples, pushing our tops out all the time that we were going through the hand-back.

That evening we packed the car and headed for home. Jon and I shared the driving while Kelly slept for most of the time.

There was just the three of us that went to Spain later on in the school holidays. We had a quiet 3 weeks there. Very relaxing, and great for the all-over tans. Kelly missed her boyfriend, but didn’t miss out on the sex. I think that Jon fucked her as many times as he fucked me.

One memorable occasion was a sort of repeat of one adventure we first had the first time we went there. It was at the naturist beach; Jon put Kelly and me on towels just off the beach, in the dunes, next to one of the many paths that go parallel to the beach. Lots of men wander along these paths all day long. I don’t know if they are there to perv or what. Who cares?

Jon gave me a packet of cigarettes and a lighter that I had to leave visible. Kelly was a little worried at us being alone, but Jon told her that he wouldn’t be far away and would always be watching us and able to hear us if one of us shouted. He then inserted a remote vibe into me and left us to take in the sun.

It wasn’t long before the vibe went on, I started getting excited and men started walking close to us. My legs were wide apart and after a while Kelly’s were too. I could see that she was getting excited too.

Contact – a man stopped close by and got a cigarette out. After pretending not to find any matches he looked at me, then the lighter, then walked the few paces to my side. As he started to talk to me in Spanish Jon wound up the vibe. I gasped and bit my lip, and pretended not to understand what the man wanted. After looking me up and down a couple of times he pointed to the lighter. I nodded and he helped himself to a light.

I was so close to cumming as he walked away.

This happened a couple more times until Jon finally made me cum as a man was lighting his cancer stick. You should have seen his face as I shuddered and shook with the pleasure.

All this time Kelly was watching and getting more excited. After I’d cum she said that she wanted a go. When we thought no one was looking I got the vibe out and passed it to her. It slipped into her very quickly. I put the cigarettes and lighter near her waist and looked over to Jon. He nodded and switched on.

Jon kept her simmering until a ‘victim’ came over to us. Kelly couldn’t hold her orgasm and came just as the man bent down. As you readers will know, Kelly is a bit vocal when she cums and this time was no exception. The man was speechless as Kelly moaned and shuddered. He just stood there and stared.

Eventually he wandered off and Jon decided to call it a day.

Another day we went to the same beach late afternoon. Jon was a bit tired and we just lay there relaxing and enjoying the sun. Kelly kept asking Jon to fuck her there on the beach but he wouldn’t. I think that he was just too tired. After a couple of hours or so we went for something to eat at one of the beach bars. We were there for quite a while having a full meal. Afterwards we walked back to the car and got in. Instead of driving onto the road Jon drove further along the sand road. He stopped and parked under some trees and got out. Stripping off he told us to get out and do the same. Jon had semi hard-on that was sticking out straight forward.

The three of us waked into the dunes, naked with just a towel and flip-flops on. We wandered around attracting the attention of quite a few of the men that were around there. Eventually, Jon found an open sandy area and we lay down to enjoy the evening sun. All the time that we’d been walking around there Kelly had been sticking close to Jon and was obviously a bit nervous being there with all those men watching.

Jon’s semi became a full hard-on and he told us that we two girls were going to take care of it. He told Kelly to mount him which she nervously did. All the time she was looking around to see if anyone was watching. She was just getting well into it when she suddenly stopped and said, “There’s a man watching us over there.” “So what?” Jon said, “Just ignore him and enjoy yourself.” Kelly slowly relaxed and started going up and down on Jon. He stopped her before either of them came and told me to get on. Kelly lay next to Jon and he was finger fucking her as I rode him.

By that time there were four or five men in the bushes around us. At least one was openly wanking.

Jon made Kelly cum just about the same time as we both came. Jon then told me to clean both Kelly and then him up with my mouth.

We lay there for about fifteen minutes watching our dwindling audience before going back to the car and driving back, all of us naked.

Jon took it well, but I could tell that he wasn’t too happy when Kelly beat him at the go-cart racing. The interesting thing was that both Kelly and I were wearing floaty mini skirts and the seat belts didn’t hold them down. As we raced round the circuit both skirts were up round our waists. The audience numbers seemed to increase during that time.

Talking of Jon, just before we went to Spain he bought a new pair of running shorts from a company called N2N. They’re purple mesh. They came with an extra piece of material that would attach to the inside front so that his dick and balls would not be visible through the mesh. Needless to say that that bit went in the bin the day that they arrived. Jon wore those shorts a lot when we were out and about. Although they’re mesh, a casual glance will not reveal that you can see what’s underneath. It takes more of a look to realise that you can see his goodies.

Kelly wore some of my slightly see through clothes when we in Spain. Of course, one of the conditions of us going was that Kelly left all her underwear at home. When he told her about this, she instantly agreed. She looked really sexy when the sunlight shone through the thin material revealing her beautiful body.

Kelly is getting quite relaxed at being naked, or near naked in public. When we all went for a walk out the back of Jon’s villa she was quite excited when we walked along a path that was alongside a road and a few cars went by beeping their horns when they saw us.

Kelly was getting just as much attention as me from the men in the bars and nightclubs that we went to. It was a good job that Jon was there to keep an eye on things. There were a couple of times when a smooth talking guy nearly managed to talk her into going off with him. Mind you, I’m sure that the alcohol weakened her resistance.

The sybian got used quite a bit, mainly outside by the swimming pool. Jon spent many hours sunbathing and watching Kelly or I bring ourselves off on that wonderful machine.

Kelly went down to the garage one morning and came back and asked Jon if she could have a go on the electric shock dildo (see Villa in Spain). Jon reminded her that an electric shock to her pussy would hurt, but she still wanted a go. We all went down to the garage and got her set-up. Kelly’s face of nervous anticipation was fantastic. Jon set the voltage of the shock to low and switched it on.

Kelly did well, she lasted about 20 minutes before her feet went down a bit and she screamed as the tip of the dildo touched her puss. Her feet immediately went up again and contact was lost. “That wasn’t bad,” she said, and lowered her feet deliberately. The tip of the dildo went inside her puss and she rolled her hips a bit. She was enjoying it.

Jon said that the voltage was set too low, told her to rise up, and he upped the power. She looked nervous again and tried to stay up for as long as she could. When the inevitable happened there was another loud scream. Her heals shot up. She was starting to sweat as she struggled to stay off the dildo. There was no way that she could last long, and down she went.

Another scream and up she went again. Jon asked her if she wanted to stop but she shook her head from side to side.

Again she went down and screamed again. This time her heels didn’t go up again. She stayed down and screamed almost continuously as she rolled her hips as much as was possible.

It took only about 20 seconds before the screams were mixed with load moans as she started to orgasm. It seemed to go on for ever and the sweat was starting to roll down her body. Eventually she shouted, “Stop, Stop, please stop.” Jon immediately switched the power off and Kelly relaxed so that the ropes holding her in place took all her weight and the dildo went in as far as it could.

Jon held her while I removed the rope and clamps before we carried her up and out onto a sun lounger.

I got her a cold drink and went and sat beside her. After she drank most of the drink, I asked her if she was okay. “Fuck yes,” she said, “that was unbelievable. I’ve got to do that again.” Unfortunately she had left finding the courage to the day before we were going home and she only managed to have one more go before we left. That second time was very much a repeat of the first time except that the nervous anticipation look on her face was replaced with look of ‘come on, fuck me.’

She had to wait that second time because Jon told me to have a go first. When Jon and Kelly took me off they sat me on a chair so that I could watch Kelly.

The three weeks went all too quick and we headed back to a cold England. About a week later we had the barbeque and shortly after that Kelly started back at school again.

Last week, someone at Jon’s work brought a questionnaire into work for the women to answer. Jon brought it home for Kelly and me to answer. Jon told me to include the question in this update just in case anyone was interested.

The questions – please give details where appropriate: -

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 1 | Have you ever gone commando? |
| 2 | If so, how often? |
| 3 | If all the time, for how long? |
| 4 | Have you ever gone out without a bra? |
| 5 | Have you ever gone out in a mini dress or skirt without wearing knickers and/or tights? |
| 6 | Have you ever gone out wearing underwear and come back home with them in your purse, or without them? |
| 7 | Have you ever given a soiled pair of knickers to a man? |
| 8 | Have you ever changed clothes with someone whilst out? |
| 9 | Have you ever suddenly realised that you were exposing one or both breasts when you never intended to? |
| 10 | Have you ever deliberately exposed one or both breasts to a stranger? |
| 11 | Have you ever gone out wearing something see-through with nothing underneath? |
| 12 | Is your pussy hairy or bald? |
| 13 | If bald, how long has it been that way? |
| 14 | If hairy do you trim it? If so, how short? |
| 15 | If hairy do you trim it into a particular shape? If so, what? |
| 16 | Have you ever suddenly realised that you were exposing your pussy when you never intended to? |
| 17 | Have you ever deliberately exposed your pussy to a stranger? |
| 18 | Have you ever stripped naked in public? Changing rooms do not count. |
| 19 | Have you ever masturbated in public? |
| 20 | Have you ever had full sex in public? |
| 21 | Have you ever gone out with an object in your pussy (other than a tampon)? |
| 22 | Do you own any ben-wa balls? |
| 23 | If yes, have you ever gone out wearing them? |
| 24 | If yes, have they ever dropped out in an embarrassing place? |
| 25 | Have you ever been to a clothes optional or nude beach? |
| 26 | If yes, did you get naked? |

I though about putting these as a quiz on my web site but I don’t know how.

I got a little upset a few weeks ago when I read some comments about me on a forum. They were from a woman who basically said that my writing was a load of rubbish and none of it was true. When I told Jon about it he said, “Don’t let it upset you, both you and me know that everything that you’ve written is what we have done, except for the Amy and Debbie stories; there’s bound to be some jealous people around who haven’t got the guts or the imagination to do what we’ve done. There’s also people around who won’t believe what we’ve done just because they couldn’t think of them and don’t believe that they could do them.” That made me feel better because after a while I realised that he’s right. And anyway who cares what other people think?

I still thought about what that woman wrote and yes, my writings are nothing like any of the novels that I’ve read, but there again they’re bound not to be, they’re about what Jon and I have done. My writings will never win any awards for literacy but I’m not trying to be a brilliant author. All I’m doing is writing about what we’ve done. If people want to read them and find them entertaining then great, I’m pleased that I’ve given them some pleasure. If people don’t want to read them, or don’t like them, then fine again. We each make our own choices. No one is forcing anyone to do or read or believe anything. Live and let live!

On another subject of choice, my boobs. They hover between an ‘A’ and an ‘AA’ cup. Just lately one or two people have asked me if I had considered getting a boob-job done. Never! Is what I always tell them, I’m proud of my boobs and big nipples. If they were bigger it would be more difficult to let people see down my blouses when I bend over and I get turned-on when I see that someone (especially the men) is looking at them. My nipps get harder and there’s more for them to see. Apart from that, Jon has never raised the subject.

Anyway, I think that’s all for now. I hope that you enjoyed reading this. Please let me know – [vanessaevans69@hotmail.com](mailto:vanessaevans69@hotmail.com) I’d also love to hear from you with any suggestion for ‘adventures’ that you’d like us to try.

Love,

V