**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.

vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

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 2009**

Just after my last update I got an email from my email friend in Australia (John the Aussie bloke). He had read the update and told us about a web site that had a few videos of girls riding bikes that have a dildo through the seat. Jon and I had a look at some of them and Jon got an idea to improve my bike (it just has a dildo in the saddle). He spent a few evenings in the garage, and took a few bits away to get some welding done. The end result was very much like some of the bikes in the videos. The dildo that comes up through the saddle now goes up and down as I pedal. Well, that certainly encouraged me to cycle more. A whole new experience going to and from work. Fortunately the dildo is detachable and there is a seat cover that covers the hole when I leave the bike outside work. Again, fortunately, there is a little alley-way near where I work where I can remove the dildo and put the cover on without being seen.

We also had a few ‘pleasant’ evenings, when the weather was still warm, cycling around the countryside. Kelly, and sometimes Mandy, joined us on a few of the outings; and they wanted their turn on my bike.

After the few warm days that are the English summer, Jon has built a stand for the bike so that we can bring it into the house and use it as an ‘exercise’ bike. We seem to be having quite a few friends visiting us either to have their workouts at our house, or to watch one of us girls getting their workouts. I must admit that it’s great being able to get that sort of workout while listening to music or watching Oprah.

I quit my job at the end of July after Jon told me to quit and spent more time with Kelly over her summer break. I miss the exercise and fun riding my bike to and from town, but at the same time it was nice to be able to keep on top of the housework.

As well as the cycling exercise. Jon told me to go jogging at least twice a week. I started in September and am really enjoying it. It was a bit strange at first, going jogging without Jon but I've got used to it. I seem to be getting more men whistling and shouting crude comments to me now that I'm out on my own. I'm sure that my short tennis dress has something to do with it.

Jon had this idea a while back, involving chilli sauce. I couldn’t find any sauce but managed to get some hot chilli powder which I mixed up into a thick paste. Jon put some on my clit. The effect was something like the first time that Jon took me to a Thai restaurant. I slowly took a sip of the soup and it tasted good so I took a spoon full. It hit me just as I started on the next spoon full. That was the hottest food I have ever tasted, and the effect on my clit was similar to the effect of the soup on my throat. The difference being that a burning clit gets me sexually aroused. It lasted for hours during which my puss was quite wet and I was desperate for Jon to fuck me. He didn’t. Probably because he didn’t want any of the paste on his cock.

Jon took me to the British Formula 1 Grand Prix. He said that he wanted to go because it was probably going to be the last one at Silverstone. It was a bit of a last minute thing and he could only get ‘general’ tickets. These weren’t for any of the stands, but for the side of the track away from the stands.

It was a windy day and I wore a button top with a short ‘A’ skirt which made it an ‘interesting’ day.

We parked the car at the ‘park and ride’ on the side of the M1 and got the bus to the circuit. The buses were all double deckers and of course Jon wanted me to follow him upstairs; much to the delight of the man that followed me up.

Jon decided that we would spread our blanket on the side of a hilly slope where we could see a fair bit of the track, and one of the huge televisions. The only way that I could stop myself from sliding down the hill was to keep my feet flat on the ground. This meant that my knees were higher than my bum. During the races none of the people on the hill lower than us looked up at me, but in between I noticed a few of the men looking up at me and what was smiling at them from between my legs.

Jon wanted to walk around the shopping ‘village’ a couple of times and get something to eat at the mobile catering vans. There was nowhere to sit to eat other than the grassy areas. Why did he pick somewhere near a group of young men? Not that I was complaining.

Towards the end of August, Kelly got a phone call from one of her school mates. She’d had this idea for a bit of a competition between the girls in her class. It was for all those interested in taking part to go to knickers to school for as long as they could. The winner was the one who was still going commando for the longest time. To prove that they were knickerless each day all those in the ‘knickerless challenge’ group had the right to ask another member to lift the front of their skirt and reveal their uncovered pussy. If anyone refused, they were expelled from the competition. Kelly spent a couple of hours phoning her classmates spreading the word.

When Kelly came home from school on the first day of term she told us that 22 girls in her class were knickerless that day. Since then the number who haven't worn knickers at all at school has gradually dwindled to 5 at the end of November. Kelly is one of the 5.

Kelly has also told us of one or two ‘interesting’ times when she has been asked to prove that she was knickerless. One was when a girl asked her to raise her skirt when she was stood near one of the male teachers. She waited until he turned his head away and she raised her skirt. The teacher turned his head back just as she dropped her skirt. The teacher shook his head and blinked his eyes as if to say, “Did I really see a bare pussy?” The school is predominately a girls school but there are now a handful of boys there, all in the lower years. The second ‘interesting’ time was when she was stood in the playground near two of these boys. She had to flash her pussy as these boys were looking.

**In Spain**

We only managed to get 2 weeks at Jon’s villa in Spain at the end of August. Jon had a lot on at work so he couldn’t come with us. Mandy and Hannah came with us and the girls loved it.

Jon had the usual ‘knicker inspection’ just before we left home. Mandy had been to Spain with us before so she knew what to expect, but Hannah was a bit shocked as Jon went through her bag throwing out all her knickers, bras (not that she had anything to put in a bra), trousers and shorts. She was even more shocked when he undid the jeans she was wearing and pulled them and her knickers, down, and off.

Jon also told us that we could only take hand luggage. He said that women always take way too much so this was his contribution to saving the planet. The 16/17 year old were horrified at first. They kept saying,

“But what about this and what about that?”

Jon’s standard reply was either,

“There’s one out there already,” or “its way too hot over there, you’ll be able to manage without it,” or “You’ll be able to get one out there easily.”

It took about an hour but we finally managed to get what we could survive on into the small bags. I must admit, it made things a lot easier at the airports.

While we were waiting for the plane in England, the girls decided that they wanted a drink – of wine. Since we were on holiday I told them that I would get them one, provided that during the holiday they limited themselves to one glass per day. They agreed. They were a little boisterous when we got on the plane.

At Malaga airport, we collected the hire car and I told them that we had to strip naked in the underground car park before getting into the car. Hannah wasn’t at all keen, but once the rest of us were naked and getting into the car she quickly stripped and climbed in.

The drive was uneventful and we arrived at the villa about an hour later.

After dumping our bags and putting dresses or skirts and tops on we were off to the supermarket to get supplies. I've no idea if anyone saw anything 'interesting' on any of us as we were too busy getting supplies to care.

Boy was it hot over there. By the time we got back we were all ready for a dip in the pool.

At first, Hannah was a little reluctant to walk around the villa and grounds naked, but by the second day all 4 of us were totally naked except for when we went out.

We even went walking in the woods out the back, naked except for flip-flops. We got a couple of car horns 'beeped' at us when we were near the road, but none of them stopped.

One morning while we were all around, or in the pool, Mandy had this idea for a ‘Mini Olympics’. We spent about an hour trying to think of ‘events’ that we could do. We eventually came up with 4 things and a scoring system that we were all happy with. We decided that we'd do one 'event' per day and picked a playing card to determine the order that we went in each event.

In reality, the competition side disappeared and we all had some great fun.

**The first 'event' was moving a wine bottle without using our hands.**

Hannah hadn’t quite understood what was involved at first, but she became quite enthusiastic when I explained it to her. The course was the length of the swimming pool, on the grass. We picked an empty bottle with a long neck and big rim round the top.

The rules were simple. You could only use your hands to stand the bottle back up if it fell over, or out.

Mandy went first. Getting herself impaled on it was dead easy, but watching her try to waddle along was hilarious. It fell out 3 times before she eventually made it.

Kelly went next and the bottle only fell out twice.

Mandy was next and she had trouble even lifting it off the ground. She was so wet that she just couldn't grip it. She eventually completed the course, but it slid out 7 times.

Then it was my turn. Now all the girls knew about my vaginal weight training and suspected that I could do it in one go, and fast. So, before I started, Kelly held the bottle under the water in the swimming pool. When it was nearly full she pulled it out and set it down for me.

Impaling myself on it was easy, but lifting it was sooo hard. It took all my strength to get it to a position where I could waddle along. I called the girls cheats, and all the names under the sun, but I wasn't going to be beaten.

Eventually I made it and the bottle had only slipped out once; but I was knackered and my pussy ached.

**The second 'event' was the Electric Shock Dildo.**

If you’ve read my other adventures you will know that in the Villa garage there is this ‘device’ that gives me an electric shock in my pussy if / when I can’t stand on my tip-toes any longer. It’s a long metal dildo on the end of a pole that is bolted to the floor. The height is adjustable and is set so that the dildo is just inside me when I’m stood up on my tiptoes. There are 2 little clamps on the floor that keep my big toes in place. I have to stand on my tiptoes because under my heels are pressure switches that turn on the power. It comes on when I relax and my heels go down. Just to make sure that I can’t get out of the big toe clamps there are ropes hanging down from the ceiling that Jon fastens to my wrists. These ropes also provide support if / when I can't stand the pain anymore and pass out. There is also a control so that we can increase or decrease the voltage.

Both Kelly and Mandy have used it before but as Hannah hadn't been to the villa before, she'd been down in the garage on the first day, but hadn't asked about the pole sticking out of the floor with wires attached.

Kelly volunteered to go first. We got her set-up, set the voltage to low and then the rest of us went to get a drink. When we got back about 10 minutes later, Kelly was sweating and she told us that she'd had 3 shocks already. Oh, I forgot to mention that we'd all agreed that after 3 shocks at each voltage level it would get increased; so I did.

It took about another 10 minutes for the next 3 shocks, to which Kelly screamed, louder each time. When I turned the voltage up again, Kelly told us that she wasn't sure how much more she could take. There was more sweat as Kelly trembled as she fought to keep her heels up. Eventually her muscles weakened and she let out this almighty scream. It took Hannah a bit by surprise and she jumped up.

Kelly admitted defeat and I turned the power off. She let her heals drop and went further down on the dildo. She'd managed 29 minutes.

Mandy went next. It was about 15 minutes before the first scream, followed shortly by the second and third. Mandy looked very nervous as I turned up the voltage. 3 minutes later came the next scream, and lots of sweat. She was trembling quite a lot. The next scream was her last as she begged me to switch it off. Mandy had lasted 23 minutes.

We decided to have a break and Kelly and Mandy went and had a shower.

When we resumed, it was Hanna's turn. We had a bit of trouble adjusting the height of the dildo, but we eventually managed to get her strapped in and ready for action.

Again, it took about 15 minutes for the first scream, but she didn't jump back up. She stayed down, shaking and sweating. When she finally raised her heels she said,

“Wow, that was amazing!”

The second and third screams came reasonable quickly and again she stayed down for about 20 seconds.

I turned the voltage up.

It didn't take Hannah long to let her heels go down and the scream was definitely louder. This time she went up quite quickly. A couple of minutes later she went down and straight back up again. It was only a few seconds before she went down again, this time she stayed down, sweating and trembling, for about 20 seconds. I was sure she was doing it deliberately. Then she came. Her orgasm was loud, even through her gritted teeth. It was a long, noisy 20 or so seconds before she came up again.

I turned the voltage up again.

With sweat poring off her, she managed to stay up for 2 or 3 minutes before letting her heels drop again. She came again. She screamed louder than I've ever heard her scream before, and then passed out. I switched the power off and grabbed hold of her while Kelly and Mandy untied her wrists and undid the toe clamps. We then lifted her off the dildo and lay her down on the floor.

She came round pretty quickly and I told her that she'd lasted an amazing 38 minutes. We carried her upstairs and let her rest on a sun lounger as Kelly and Mandy installed me on the dildo.

I told Kelly to set the power switch at the level that Hannah had finished on. I told her that it was only fair as I'd had lots of experience on that machine. I also wanted to let the girls do better than me because I had won the 'moving the wine bottle' competition.

Kelly and Mandy left me hanging there, with the power switched on, while they went to check on Hannah. They came back down when they heard me scream. It had been 24 minutes and my feet and legs were hurting. I soon straightened up but went down again straight away. I hadn't realised that I had relaxed, but soon found out. I relaxed again after about 2 minutes and another scream shook the building.

Kelly turned the power up. It was now at the maximum level that I had ever taken. I knew I was in for a tough time.

I hung on for about five minutes before relaxing and staying down. I was sweating, shaking, screaming, grinding my teeth and cumming, all at once. I deliberately stayed down as I orgasmed over and over. Eventually I shouted,

“Stop, stop!” and Kelly switched the power off.

With me shaking like a jelly, Kelly and Mandy released me and helped me off the dildo. I had lasted 29 minutes.

Hannah and I had a shower.

**The third 'event' was a Streak through the La Canada shopping centre.**

This took some planning. We wanted to pick a busy time so that there would be lots of people about. More people to be seen by, but also, it would be harder for the security people to see us. In the end we decided that we would all do it together which meant that, unless one of us chickened-out, we would all get the same points.

Late afternoon was the agreed time, and we parked the hire car in the middle of a row near one end of the shopping centre. We left it un-locked and with 4 sets of clothes on the floor. We walked to the other end of the centre and stood waiting for a car to park. We reckoned that if we took our clothes off and put them under a newly parked car, there was more chance of them being there when we came back for them.

Eventually, we all found the courage and we stripped off. Quickly bundling our clothes under the car, we set off, running.

We nearly got run-over even before we got inside when we shot out from the parked cars over a road.

The girls were off fast and I ended-up last, quite a bit behind them.

About half way through I saw a security guard and he had managed to grab hold of Kelly’s arm. She was struggling trying to get free, so I deliberately ran into his back causing him to let go of Kelly and fall over.

Kelly and me were running again, this time I tried real hard and managed to keep up with her. We turned the corner just in time to see Mandy and Hannah going out of the door. Within seconds, Kelly and me were outside and heading to the car. We jumped in and I drove away as the others were getting dressed.

I drove round the car park until we found the car that we’d put our clothes under. Luckily they were still there and Kelly got them as I put a top on.

I drove to the other end of the car park and stopped. We’d done it! We looked at each other and suddenly burst out laughing. I asked the girls if they were as turned-on as I was and they all said that they found it an amazingly sexy experience.

We went back to the villa and gave the sybian a good work-out.

**The fourth event was to wear Ben Wa balls on a shopping trip and see who dropped one first.**

Hannah had never experience Ben Wa balls and it was a good job that Jon had bought a pair for her and sent them with me. When we first mentioned the idea of this event, Hannah asked what Ben Wa balls were. Her face lit up when we told her and the effect that they have. She was looking forward to the challenge but was scared that she would embarrass herself. Oh, part of the challenge was that none of us could practice holding them in before the event.

After breakfast on the designated day, we all inserted our Ben Wa balls. You should have seen Hannah shuffling around trying to press her legs together as she walked, it was hilarious. After about 5 minutes she started walking normally and declared that she was ready to leave. We put on our skirts, tops and shoes and headed for the car.

We parked at La Canada and went in. None of us were walking fast.

We walked the full length of the shopping centre, stopping occasionally as one of us had an orgasm.

Walking back, we went in a few shops and tried on some clothes. I think that we all were glad for the break from walking, and cumming.

From the shops we went to the area where all the restaurants are and had some lunch. I was sat opposite Kelly and saw that the inside of her thighs were just like mine, very wet.

As we got up to leave I heard the thud of a steel ball hitting the floor. Mandy went bright red and confessed that she’d lost her concentration whilst getting up and one had dropped out.

She was all embarrassed as she bent down to retrieve the ball with a couple of men looking at her.

Okay, Mandy had lost that ‘event’, but we never did work out who had won our little ‘Mini Olympics’.

We were all out shopping in Marbella a couple of days after we arrived when Mandy and Kelly decided that they wanted to go to the beach. Well, we didn't have anything that people take to the beach with us except for some sun cream that I had in my bag. We didn't even have any underwear that we could have worn as bikinis (Marbella beach is right next to the town and nude sunbathing is not permitted (topless is though)). Talking about it, Mandy suggested that we could paint a thong on each of us. This sounded okay, but what could we use? Lipstick was suggested but we all thought that it would smudge too much. We were still talking about it when we passed a little hardware store. The idea came to me that we could use proper paint, not the glossy, oily paint, but the stuff that they use on walls. I got some of it on me when I was helping Jon decorate and he'd painted a bikini on me. I went for a bike ride in my 'bikini' and it had stayed on for a reasonable length of time.

We bought a small tin of blue paint and a little brush and headed for the beach. Next was the problem of getting the 'thong bikini bottoms' painted on without attracting too much attention from the hundreds of people on the beach. We managed to do it one of us at a time by the rest of us 'crowding' round each of us in turn. 3 of us ended up with blue triangles on our pubic bones with thin blue 'stings' round to just above the crack in our asses; and a 'string' down just into the top of our asses. We looked great as we stood around waiting for the paint to dry. Not that it took long in that heat.

I said 3 of us got painted because we decided not to give Hannah a bikini. We all agreed that because of her child like body she could get away with being naked. Hannah was very nervous and even scared about it but she was happy to give it a go.

We went for a wander around carrying our clothes in our bags. We got a few funny looks, but in general most people just glanced at us and saw 3 young women in thong bikini bottoms and a young naked girl.

After we had passed a group of young men Hannah told me that she could see my pink clit 'poking' out of my 'thong'. I looked at each of the girls and saw that they were all getting a little excited, their lips were swollen and on Kelly and Mandy I could just see their clits poking out a bit. I couldn't see Hannah's clit but she admitted that she was wet.

We kept moving for a while before deciding that we needed to cool off a bit. We dare not go into the sea because we feared that the paint would come off and we be left looking naked on a non naked beach. Being in the centre of Marbella we thought that there would be a good chance that we'd get arrested.

Instead we decided to get an ice-cream from one of the beach bars. We picked one that had a young man serving. We thought that there was less chance that he'd call the police that the women in the other bar.

The poor man couldn't take his eyes off us. The three teenagers were really enjoying the attention that we were all getting.

The ice-cream didn't really cool us down so we picked a quieter part of the beach, dumped our bags in a pile and went in to the water. After a while and some fun messing about we decided to get out. Hannah and I got out first. As my lower half came out of the water the paint seemed to be intact, but as soon as I touched it, it rubbed off. I didn't want to get it on my skirt so I went back in the water and rubbed it all off. It was then a question of getting out and dressed as quickly as possible. I got Hannah to back in and tell Kelly and Mandy to do the same.

I'm sure that a few people realised that 3 naked girls had walked out of the water, but nothing was said and the 3 of us that were dressed and a still naked Hannah walked off.

Hannah wanted to put her skirt and top on as we approached the road, but I made her wait until we were on the footpath with people walking up and down. Hannah admitted that she was scared, but at the same time she enjoyed the thrill. The finger test confirmed that she had enjoyed the experience – a lot.

We went out clubbing / dancing a few times, but one time that comes to mind was when we went back to a bar that we'd passed one day when walking around Marbella. It had posters all over the outside showing a few really cute guys, all muscles and sun tans. The girls really looked the look of them. We couldn't tell what the poster was saying but we decided to go back one night.

Inside it was like a bar, but with a dance floor and small stage. Anyway, we'd been there for a while and danced quite a bit when these hunky guys appeared on the stage and the DJ asked for volunteers to dance with these guys. None of us did but after a minute or so a girl did volunteer. It was sexy dancing for a couple of minutes then the guys moved in on her and took her top off. She put up a bit of resistance, but not a lot. Then her bra went and as she tried to cover her boobs, one of the guys held her hands. Next, another of the guys undid her skirt and pulled it down, she had a little white lacy thong on, but that didn't stay on for long. When she was naked they danced up close to her for a few minutes before one of the guys picked her up and carried her back to the man that she was with. She just had a little landing strip on her pubes.

The DJ asked for another volunteer. Kelly moved forward and one of the guys held her hand and onto the stage. Same routine, but of course Kelly had no underwear on. She seemed a bit nervous and tried to cover herself a bit, but still ended up naked.

Another girl went next. She too wasn't wearing anything under her dress. She was bald as well.

Mandy managed to get the next 'dance' but was a bit more brazen about flaunting her nudity.

Hannah went for the next 'dance', The guy who came down for her said something to her so I went over and told him that it was okay, and that she was 18. I have to say that she looked good up there, 4 almost naked hunky guys and a girl that looked as if she was 12.

Two more girls went after Hannah. Neither wore underwear, one was clean shaven and the other had a little heart shaped pubes.

I was beginning to think that I wouldn't get a go, but finally I managed to get picked.

When the guy started to take my top off a pretended to be shy and resisted quite a bit. So much so that my top got ripped a bit. Eventually it came off and I let my little boobs jiggle about as we danced. I had planned to try to stop them taking my skirt off (well, for a few seconds), but a guy caught me by surprise and it was round my ankles before I realised. My hands went to my pussy but 2 strong hands pulled them away. I was naked on stage and wanted to make the most of it. I danced close to them, rubbing a leg up the side of theirs, pushing my backside into the crotch of the guy behind me.

They didn't intend these dances to last long, and before I knew it I was being picked up. I struggled a bit and the guy put me down then picked me up and put me over his shoulder. My pussy was on display as he carried me into the crowd to the girls.

I just stood with the girls for a while before putting my top and skirt on.

Oh, I forgot to say that we all got our clothes back (one girl didn't find her top) but my top was ripped and I had trouble keeping my left breast covered.

Two more girls danced and got stripped before the guys left. One wore a thong and no bra, and had short, trimmed pubes. The other wore no underwear and was bald.

Another day when we were out shopping, my skirt fastener broke and I was left bottomless until I pulled it back up. It seemed better, and easier, to get a new skirt and we soon found a little wraparound one that didn't look see-thru in the shop but when we went outside in the bright sunlight it, was completely see-thru. None of us realised at first. I'd noticed a couple of men looking at me but thought nothing of it. It was only when one young English man said,

“Bloody hell love, I like your skirt,”

I looked down and realised that you could see right through it and see my pussy crack. The girls told me that they'd walk in front and behind me, but I said,

“What the hell, only do that if there is a policeman around.”

I said that if anyone said anything to me, I would say that I hadn't realised, pretend to be embarrassed and act like I was trying to hide.

We continued shopping and I got quite a few looks, and quite wet.

One evening we decided to go to a water park the next day. I knew that this would present us with a bit of a problem as we only had 2 bikinis with us. These were the 2 that I had made a long time ago, both are crotchless. One is white and the other is yellow. Both are made out of very thin material and are string fastening, top and bottoms. They are unlined. If I stand with my legs together you can't tell that they are crotchless, but as soon as my feet part, anyone who looks can see my clit sticking out.

When I made them they got quite see-through when wet and I've been washing them a lot, even if I hadn't worn them, since I made them.

The next morning Kelly wasn't feeling too well and didn't really fancy a day at a water park. Mandy decided that she'd stay and keep Kelly company. This left just Hannah and me. I got our things ready and we got into the car (still naked) and set off to Torremolinos. On the way I had a good chat with Hannah, and asked her how she felt being naked all the time. She told me that she'd been very nervous at first but was now really enjoying it. She told me that when she'd been naked on the beach in Marbella she'd been really scared that she'd get locked-up, but at the same time she'd been really turned-on.

We talked about what we were going to do once we got there and Hannah was keen to act like a little girl if it meant that she could be naked in amongst all those people. I told her that we would pretend that she had forgotten to take her swimsuit and that as a punishment I (pretending to be her mother) was making her go naked all day. This would be the story if anyone challenged us.

We were still talking when we arrived at the water park. We parked and I got our bags and we got out of the car. I started walking towards the entrance then Hannah asked me if we should put some clothes on. I'd completely forgotten about clothes.

I put just a sarong on and Hannah put on some kids clothes that we'd bought for specially her. They were a little crop top and a wraparound skirt that's supposed to be a bikini bottom cover-up. This wraparound skirt wasn't quite long enough to cover her completely and you could just tell that she had nothing on underneath it. She looked quite cute.

Inside we went to the men's part of the changing room and in the open area stripped off and then opened the bag. Hannah pretended to search for her swimsuit for a while as I walked (naked) to the toilet and had a pee.

When I got back, Hannah was pretend crying and she told me that she couldn't find her swimsuit. I then shouted at her for being so careless and told her what her punishment was. This attracted the attention of a couple of men who stared at the 2 naked girls. I put on my yellow, crotchless bikini on and dragged (ha) Hannah to the lockers.

After storing all our belongings I dragged Hannah outside into the bright sunshine. No one took any notice of us apart from a couple of teenage boys who just looked and kept walking.

We went to the big water slides first and climbed up to the top. The young girl staff member just looked at us and motioned for us to get ready to go down.

At the bottom my thin, unlined yellow bikini was completely see-through. From that time on I tried to take every opportunity to get it wet again.

Amazingly, no one came up to us and told us that Hannah should put some clothes on. A few people looked at her, and in one queue a couple of boys asked her where her swimsuit was. In a real little girl she told them that she was being punished for being so forgetful. The boys continued to look at her until it was their turn to get on the slide. Hannah later told me that it was real 'cool' having them stare at her from so close-up.

There's this one ride there where you have come down this meandering artificial river on a big rubber ring. When I jumped on mine my knees were about half a meter apart. I looked at my crotch and my clit and both lips were protruding from my crotchless bikini. Hannah had jumped on her rubber ring and her pussy was on full view.

Now I'd remembered this ride from the last time that we were there. The ride isn't quite steep enough and attendants are needed at 5 or 6 places to keep people moving. They are stood in the water and just push the rings towards the next little waterfall. These attendants are usually young men and women, probably with summer jobs waiting for college on university to start again.

The look on some of their faces when they realised what was on display. Two of the men and one woman held on to my ring for ages just staring at my puss. I looked over to Hannah and saw that she was having the same 'problem'.

When we got to the bottom Hannah told me that she was soaking, and it had nothing to do with the water. So was I. Hannah also told me that one of the men attendants had asked her where her swimsuit was (well that's what she thought he was saying) so she gave him the story about being punished. He'd muttered something then pushed her on her way.

We went on the big water slide again; this time as we were waiting I loosened all the ties on my bikini. As I was going down I felt the top come up round my neck and when I looked down I saw that the friction of the slide was pull my bottoms back under me. When I got to the bottom I pretended that I didn't know anything was wrong and started to wade out. A woman waiting for her kid said,

“You appear to have lost something.”

I looked down and saw that I was completely naked. I pretended to be shocked and made a half-hearted attempt to cover myself. I turned round and looked for my bikini. Hannah had arrived by then and we both retrieved my bikini. I started to put it on in the water but one of the attendants ushered me out. I was holding-up the people waiting to come down the slide.

Out of the water I took my time putting the bikini on, much to the delight of the 3 men that I was stood next to.

The ‘Black Hole’ was good too, you go on it in twos in a sort of double ring. You have to sit in a particular way. We got it wrong and the young male attendant took his time telling us how to sit. My legs were wide apart down either side of Hannah. Much to the delight of the attendant.

Eventually we'd had enough and went back to the changing rooms. I took my bikini off then opened the locker. Moving into the men's changing open area we put our bags on the bench and looked for the shower. When we eventually found it, it was full of men so we had to wait a bit. Most of them saw us waiting. Needless to say we waited facing them. When 2 of them came out we jumped in and I started soaping myself. Hannah just soaked up the water. After I'd paid particular attention to my boobs and pussy I looked at Hannah and scolded her for not getting on with it. I turned to her and started soaping her all over. Her pussy got lots of attention and she let out a couple of loudish moans. If any of the men in there hadn't stopped to look at us by then, Hannah moans made them look then.

Sliding my hand down her backside and pushing 2 fingers in her pussy made her cum instantly. Normally it takes longer but I guess that being naked all day in amongst all those people had got her so worked-up that it only took my 2 fingers to take her over the edge.

By that time, none of the men were showering, they were all watching us. Most of them were getting hard as well. When Hannah came down from her climax she looked round, giggled, and in a little girls voice said,

“Mummy, we are naughty, what will all those men think?”

We went and got dressed which didn't take long, just the skirt for Hannah and the sarong for me; and left.

On the way back, Hannah was so excited. She told me that it was the best day of her life.

Back at the Villa we found Kelly and Mandy in the pool. Kelly told us that they'd had a great time, Apparently the Pool man came to do whatever pool men do while we were at the water park. When he’d arrived Kelly was on a sun lounger reading a book and Mandy was doing her daily workout on the sybian. She was beyond the point of no return when she saw him. She came loudly.

The 2 of them spent the next hour teasing the poor man, offering him drinks and a swim. Mandy even asked him if he wanted to watch her use the sybian again.

The poor man couldn't speak much English and he eventually left with a large, wet bulge in his trousers.

Kelly and Mandy loved what we'd done at the water park and wished they'd been there to see us.

One night I woke up at 3 o'clock and couldn't get back to sleep. After a lot of tossing and turning I decided that I needed to go for a walk – naked. Although I'd often driven around the villa area naked, and even ridden around the area on my little scooter with my skirt up round my waist and my top open for my little boobs to catch some sun, I'd never actually walked round the roads naked.

I put on some comfortable sandals, so that I could walk silently, and run easily if I had to, and set off. I went all round the deserted street not seeing a sole. I headed over the pedestrian bridge over the main coast road and into the outskirts of the suburb of Marbella. The few cars that went along the coast road may or may not have seen me.

I started hearing sounds of talking and laughter. I even heard a couple of cars, but they weren't close to me. Turning one Corner I saw this bar that was still open. I stood there for a minute deciding what to do, but that was decided for me. A couple of men came out of the bar, turned towards me, then stopped.

Suddenly there was loud talking in Spanish and more men came out. I lost my nerve and turned and ran. I could hear people running behind me. I ducked into an alley and hid behind a parked car.

My heart was pounding, I was so scared, but at the same time I loved the excitement. I touched my clit and nearly exploded, it was so large and wet, and so were my thighs.

I waited until everything had been quiet for a few minutes then crept to the end of the alley. I saw no one, but at the same time I couldn't see anything that I recognised. I was lost. To make matters worse, the sky was getting a bit lighter. I had to get my bearings and get back to the villa. I reckoned that I had about 15 minutes before daylight broke and I must have been at least a mile from the villa. What's more, it was uphill most of the way.

I decided on which direction to go and set off. Twice I had to find somewhere to hide when I saw car headlight heading my way. All this was getting me more and more nervous, excited and even wetter than I already was.

I turned one corner after I'd got my bearings and was confronted by a middle aged woman. She looked as if she was going to start a cleaning job.

I kept walking. She mumbled something in Spanish as I just smiled at her.

The traffic on the coast road was much busier, and it was light enough for the people in the cars to see me as I went over the bridge. One beeped his horn so I waved at him.

A little later, not far from the villa, with it nearly full daylight, I saw a man taking his dog for a walk, coming straight towards me. I kept walking, and so did he. As he got closer I saw that he must have been 30 something. He was staring at me. Again I just smiled at him and kept walking. He's stopped just before our paths crossed and was blatantly staring. I could see him turning as I went passed him. I looked back a few metres further on and he was still looking. I waggled my backside just for the hell of it.

I made it just through the gates of the villa as a car drove right passed the gate.

Back inside the girls were still asleep so I got myself a drink then took the sybian outside to relieve my urgent needs.

When I told the girls what I'd done they were amazed.

**Back in a cold England**

One day a few weeks ago when we (just Jon and me) went to Birmingham for the day someone tried to Shark me (well I think that’s the term). I had left Jon looking in a computer shop while I went to a supermarket down the road. As I walked back towards where Jon was I could hear someone walking faster than me behind me. When I was expecting that person to pass me I suddenly felt my skirt go up around my waist. I bet that the man got a bit of a surprise when he realised that I was knickerless. I just stood there, shopping bags still in my hands and watched him as he stared at my naked ass. When I turned round to face him he was still there, staring. After a few seconds gravity won and my skirt started falling back down. The man ran off. When I told Jon he laughed and said,

“I bet that made his day.”

Jon had his car serviced a few weeks ago. What was interesting about that was that he didn't tell me about it and it led to an interesting incident.

Jon left for work one morning saying that he was getting a lift there. No big deal, he often gets picked-up. Kel was just about to leave for school when the door bell rang. Kel answered the door then shouted,

“There's someone here for the car, I'm off to school, see ya!”

I was in the kitchen and didn't have any clothes on. Normally I like put a negligee or something on before answering the door, but all my clothes were upstairs and I would have to go past the front door to get upstairs, and Kel had left the door open. I had no choice; I had to go to the door naked.

As I came out of the kitchen I saw this man stood at the door looking directly at me. After he managed to get pull himself together he said,

“xxx Garage, I've come to collect the car for a service.”

“Oh, I wasn't expecting you; I'll just phone my boyfriend to check.”

I picked up the phone and phoned Jon as the man stared at me.

After I finished on the phone I picked-up the keys and walked to the man and gave them to him. His hand was out, but his eyes were looking down at my pussy. I expected him to leave then, but he said,

“Thank you, I need to check it for damage before I take it.” He said.

“Okay, I don't think that there is any, give me a shout when you're done.” I replied.

A couple of minutes later there was a knock on the door. I opened it, still naked (well, he'd seen me naked so there was no point in covering-up) and looked at his eyes. They were looking at my hard nipples.

After a slight pause he said,

“There's a scratch on the passenger door, but apart from that, it's okay.”

“I don't remember a scratch, show me.”

I said, and walked outside, brushing past him. I looked at the car door but couldn't see anything.

“It's down there, at the bottom” he said, pointing at the bottom of the door.

I still couldn't see anything so I bent forward to get a closer look. As I did I noticed that he'd stepped back a bit and I realised that he was getting a good look at my bent-over ass and pussy.

Not being one to miss an opportunity, I stayed in that position pretending to look for the scratch. I found it quite quickly but kept looking.

After a minute or so I said, “Where?”

After another pause he came over and bent down next to me. His face was inches from my breasts and rock hard nipples.

“There” he said, pointing to the scratch.

“Oh yes, now I see it,”

I said, and stood up. As he was still bent down, his face was now very close to my pussy, I was getting wet.

We both stayed there for what seemed like ages, but in reality it was probably only a couple of seconds, before he stood up and said,

“Are there any valuables left in the car?”

I hadn't a clue what Jon had left in there so I decided that I had better check. I opened the driver’s door and looked in the door pockets. To look in the glove box I had to lean right over, giving the man a great view of my backside.

I told the man that there was nothing of any value in the car and he said,

“Can you sign this please? It's to authorise the work.

I signed the paper, gave it back to the man and he got in the car and left.

That afternoon when the car came back there were 2 men at the door when I answered it. I’d heard the car arriving in the drive and assumed that it was the same man. I was wrong. There were 2 of them. When I opened the door the 2 of them just stared at me.

I just stood there letting them look at my naked body for ages before saying,

“All done is it?”

One of them passed me the keys and a clipboard and I signed the form where there was a little cross. As I passed it back one of them said,

“This is Ben; he’s come to give me a lift back.”

“Nice,” I said, “I think that I’d better check to see that everything is okay.”

I brushed passed them and walked round the car as they stared at me.

I walked back to the house door, thanked them, and went inside and closed the door.

When Jon got home he asked me if I’d enjoyed the visitors. I asked him if he’d get his car serviced more often.

A couple of weeks ago, Hannah turned up at Jon's house one Saturday lunch time. I invited her in and put the kettle on. I was just about to tell her that Kelly wasn't there when Jon came into the kitchen. He immediately took charge and

Hannah told us that she knew that Kelly wouldn’t be there because she’d heard them talking about it at school. Jon asked Hannah what we could do for her and she said,

“I told my mum that I was having a sleep-over with Kelly I was hoping that I could have a sleep-over with you two. If that's okay, can you cover for me if my mum rings?”

“Yes, okay, we would be pleased to have you.” Jon said.

“I'm taking Vanessa out for dinner but I'm sure that the reservation can be changed to make it for three. Vanessa will sort out something for you to wear.”

“Thank you.” Hannah said.

“Right, first things first,” Jon said, “get those clothes off.””

Without any hesitation, Hannah stood up and started stripping.

She took her top off and Jon said,

“Good, no bra.”

It had been a couple of months since I had seen Hannah and it was obvious that she had finally started turning into a woman. Her breasts were nearly as big as mine (AA cup), but she still had that little girl look.

As Hannah started to take her jeans off Jon said,

“Trousers aren't welcome in our house.”

When he saw her knickers he said,

“Knickers are definitely banned, Get them off and put them in the rubbish bin,”

Hannah said, “Yes Sir!” and did as she was told.

When Hannah was completely naked Jon said,

“Right then, come and stand in front of me.”

Jon then gave her the 'finger test' which proved that she was already very excited. He then told her to suck his finger.

Jon then took Hannah upstairs while I got on with the household chores.

After Jon had finished with Hannah he told us that we had 30 minutes to have a shower and get ready to go out. We both showered together and I took the opportunity to play with Hannah's body a bit. My fingers slipped into her pussy so easily.

For Hannah I chose a low-cut, baggy top with frills round the front neck part, and short enough so that it stopped about 3 inches above her naval. To go with it I chose one of my micro miniskirts that are tight round the hips but then flares out, making it ideal if it’s a windy day. It wasn't. Hannah is slimmer than me so the skirt hung low on her hips. If it had been any lower it would have revealed her pubic hair – if she'd had any.

I chose a slightly sheer top that buttons down the front and isn't long enough to reach my naval. I tied the bottom of it instead of fastening the buttons. With it I wore a wraparound short skirt that fastens with a little bit of Velcro. It's one that Jon has me wear when he wants to rip my skirt of in a public place so that I can act like an embarrassed naked female (ENF). All fake of course, but a big turn-on.

On the way to the restaurant, Hannah asked us if she could pretend to be our daughter like she had done in Spain. She said that she'd enjoyed it when I'd told her off.

Jon agreed on the condition that she would act like a naughty little girl in the restaurant.

When we got there we had to wait in the little bar area while they got our table ready. Jon got us some drinks and we stood by this table that had a very low sofa on the other side. There was a youngish couple sat there. The woman hadn't crossed her legs and was giving Jon a great upskirt view. Later Jon told me that she wasn't wearing and knickers (like Hannah and me) and that she had a short landing strip.

Hannah started playing up. In a voice loud enough to be heard by the couple she told Jon that she'd forgotten to put any knickers on. When he turned to look at her she said,

“Look and she lifted the front of her skirt up so that he could see her naked pussy.

The couple's conversation stopped as they stared at Hannah's pussy.

Jon said, “Hannah, let go of your skirt and don't lift it again, it's rude.

“But you lift mummies skirt like this sometimes.”

Hannah replied as she lifted my skirt up as far as it would go.

Jon calmly said,

“Hannah, I've told you, if you do that one more time you'll get punished. Do you understand?”

Hannah didn't reply, instead she grabbed the waist of my skirt and pulled hard. The little bit of Velcro gave way and I was naked from just under my breasts to my shoes.

I shouted, “Hannah!” and put my free hand down in front of my pussy. I acted all embarrassed, put my drink in the table and retrieved my skirt while Jon put his drink on the table and looked at the couple and said,

“Kids, what's got into them these days?”

Jon calmly took Hannah's drink off her, gave it to me and then grabbed Hannah's wrist. He said,

“Punishment time young lady,”

And as he dragged her off to the back of the restaurant where the toilets are we could hear Hannah saying,

“But Dad, you've already spanked me once today.”

They went in the men’s toilet.

I looked to the couple and apologised. The woman said that she thought that they should bring back corporal punishment. If only she knew.

Five minutes later Jon and Hannah came back. Hannah was pretending to cry and at the same time rubbing her bum. Sometimes her hand would lift her skirt a bit and I could see red marks.

Later Jon told me that he'd had her bend over and hold a wash basin and he'd given her 15 really hard slaps. A middle aged man had come in when they were half way through. Jon had said,

“Sorry about this, but she's got a lesson to learn.”

The man went into a cubicle and shut the door without saying anything.

We eventually got our table and had a good meal. The waiter gave us good service which may have been because he kept looking at my top with my rock hard nipples threatening to burst through the nearly sheer material.

Hannah always seemed to be bending forward when the waiter came to us. Even I could see her little boobs and hard little nipples; and I was sat beside her.

During the drive home Hannah asked Jon if she could give him a blow job. Jon agreed but with one condition, if she couldn’t make him cum before we got home she would get punished. Hannah agreed and leaned over and un-zipped him. I watched, knowing that there was no chance that she’d be able to make him cum in time to save her backside.

She failed and accepted that Jon was going to punish her. As soon as we got through the door Jon told her to strip and wait for him in the lounge. She stood quietly waiting for about 5 minutes before Jon came back with the paddle in his hand.

He told her to lie over his lap and he gave her 20 whacks. I was sat opposite her backside and I could see that she was wet, very wet.

When he had finished, she had tears in her eyes and a very red backside.

Straight away, Jon took her upstairs and installed her on the ‘fucking machine’ (see Part 06 of Vanessa’s New Life - week commencing September 28).

I left them to it and went and got a drink.

About 15 minutes later Jon came downstairs leaving Hannah being pulled up and down on the machine. Jon switched the television on and we watched some program (can’t remember what) with the moans from Hannah in the background.

About 30 minutes later we went upstairs and found Hannah covered in sweat and looking absolutely knackered. Jon untied her and carried her to the shower.

I gave her a shower, dried her, and then put her in our bed. She was asleep in seconds.

I woke up in the middle of the night to the sounds of Jon and Hannah fucking.

Next morning Hannah wanted one more ‘ride’. Jon set her up, switched it on and came and ate breakfast. When we had finished we went and watched Hannah having lots of orgasms.

After another shower, Jon gave her an egg shaped vibe and told her to put it in, switched on, as soon as she got home; and to leave it in until the batteries went flat.

Hannah put her top on, and borrowed a skirt, (Jon had dumped her jeans in the bin), and drove her home before Kelly came home.

Hannah phoned Jon that evening and thanked him for the ‘sleep-over’. She also told him that she had had a hard time at home as her mom had made her eat Sunday Lunch with all the family. She’d had a hard time trying to conceal her orgasms while sat at the dinner table.

Well, I think that that’s about all for now.

Have a great Christmas and a Happy Nude Year.

Love,

V