**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](mailto: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 August 2010**

I had planned to write an update a couple of months ago, but I’ve been sooo busy. You’d think that 18 year-old girls would be easier to look after than younger ones. My other feeble excuse is that I’ve had a lot of trouble with my laptop recently and it’s been away for repair quite a bit. Never mind, here it is.

Jon came home from work one day a couple of months ago and told me that he had heard that men had started grabbing women’s bottoms a lot more in night clubs. I said,

“That sounds nice.”

Jon told me that we were going to a night club the next Friday night to see if it was true. He told me to get one of our girl friends to come with us. I asked Bridie because I hadn’t seen her for a while, and she was up for it.

Bridie came to our house straight from work on the evening. She brought enough clothes to last for the weekend and we had great fun deciding what to wear to the club. Eventually Jon decided for us and we quickly finished getting ready and left.

We both wore short lose fitting tops leaving a lot of flesh showing round our middles and short, low slung, flimsy skirts. No underwear of course.

It took us about an hour to drive there, and once in the night club Jon positioned himself at one end of one of the bars and we stood near the other end. It wasn’t long before a man came up to us, stood between us, and started chatting to us. After about 2 minutes I felt a hand round my bare waist. I ignored it and then the hand started sliding down onto my bum.

Again I ignored it and after a minute or so, the hand slid down off the bottom of my skirt and onto the back of my left thigh. All the time the man was talking to us about everything and nothing. To be honest I wasn’t really listening, I was more interested in what his hand was doing. I looked at Bridie and she looked as interested in his attempt to pull one of us as I was. I saw her flinch and wondered if the man’s other hand was on her bare thigh as well.

The hand stayed on my thigh for a while before the fingers started drawing little circles on my flesh. The circles started getting bigger and the fingers got closer to my arse.

It wasn’t long before the circling stopped and the fingers slid between my legs and to my puss.

Bridie’s eyes suddenly opened wide for a seconds and I knew that the man had found her pussy as well. Wow! A man that we’d met less than 5 minutes before had his hands in both our pussies at the same time.

I let him get a finger inside me then decided that I had better stop him. I moved forward a bit and his arm left my arse. I told him that we had to go and pulled Bridie away. We went over to Jon (who was smiling). Before I could say anything, Bride said that she was a bit disappointed as ‘it was just starting to get interesting’.

I asked Jon what I should do if it happened again. He told me that I could do whatever I wanted, except fuck the man.

Jon got us another drink then told us to move away from him. We went and sat on a sofa under a spiral staircase that led to a balcony. Both the balcony and the staircase had metal railings round them and spotlights pointing up. Jon said that they were probably put there with the excuse that the spiral staircase was a health and safety risk so the stairs would have to be lit-up. Whatever the reason, they shone up the legs and skirts of all the girls going up.

There were girls stood next to the railings on the balcony, one had a short skirt on and in the up-lights I could see up the back of her skirt. She was either wearing a thong, or no knickers. I could also see up the skirts of the girls that went up the spiral staircase. I didn’t see any knicker covered bums, but I couldn’t tell if some of the pussies were covered by thongs. Some definitely were not.

Leaving Jon sat on the sofa, Bridie and I went for a dance. It wasn’t long before a couple of young men were dancing with us. When the beat slowed they moved in on us and we danced real close. I could see that the hands of the man dancing with Bridie had his hands up the back of her skirt, just like the man with me. He pulled me closer and I could feel his hard-on pressing into my stomach. It felt real big.

The man’s hands caressed my backside for a minute or so before reaching between my legs to my pussy. They stroked and probed. I felt a finger go into both my bum hole then my pussy. I was getting very wet.

The beat sped up and I pushed him away.

After a couple more numbers, Bridie and me left the men and went to the bar and were waiting to get served when a man came and asked us if he could buy us a drink.

The place was crowded and it looked as if we were going to have to wait ages to get the drinks. The man was stood between us and after a couple of minutes his arms went round out waists.

It wasn’t long before his hand slid down my skirt then up onto my bare ass. He was chatting to us as if he was stood 2 feet in front of us, but one of his hands was actually probing between the cheeks of my ass and between my legs. I (correctly) guessed that Bridie was getting the same treatment.

After a couple of minutes of still not being served another man came up to us and started talking to the first man. They obviously knew each other. The first man moved behind Bridie and the second man stood directly behind me. Both Bridie and I were pressed against the bar.

The man behind me was saying something to me but I couldn’t hear so he moved closer so that he could talk directly into my ear. As he moved closer, his hard-on pressed into my bum. I felt the back of my skirt being lifted and then the definite feeling of a naked cock getting pressed between my bum cheeks.

I waggled my bum a bit to let him know that I knew what he was doing, and that I wasn’t complaining. One of his hands went round my waist onto my bare stomach. After a little gentle caressing of around my belly button, the hand started moving in ever increasing circles. At first it was over my skirt and top, but it soon started going underneath. I have to admit that I held my stomach in each time the hand went into the top of my skirt. It didn’t take long for the hand to find my breasts and when I didn’t object to getting my nipples teased, the hand soon started to probe my bald pubes. I had to breathe in quite a bit for the hand to reach my puss.

I was just starting to think that I might have an orgasm if it continued much longer when a barman finally came and asked what we wanted. The man’s hand came out as he got his money out to pay the barman.

Bridie and me got our drinks and moved away from the bar with the two men in tow. We moved into a corner where I knew that Jon would be able to see us, and got groped some more before going to the dance floor.

After a few records we managed to ditch the men and went back to Jon. I could tell that Jon was enjoying the view up the spiral staircase by the bulge in his trousers. I asked him if he was happy. He just smiled.

A while later Jon told us that he was going to the toilet and he told us to circulate, and go upstairs onto the balcony.

As we got to the bottom of the spiral staircase, three young men went and sat on the sofa. I made sure that Bride had seen them and we stopped about half way up, and stood at the rail side of the stairs just above the sofa. We pretended not to see the three men and I stood with my feet apart, facing the men on the sofa. I saw one of them turn to his mate and say something. Both pairs of eyes then looked up at me. I felt a little rush in my already wet pussy.

On the balcony we stood near the railings and watched what was going on down stairs, knowing that some of the men down there were looking up at us, and up our short skirts.

Jon took his time coming back to us and when he did he grabbed my hand and got me to follow him. He took me to a little door less room that was sort of hidden away. It was quite dark and had a couple of sofas and arm chairs in it. There was just a couple trying to tickle each other’s tonsils with their tongues in there. Jon sat down and told me to straddle him with my knees either side of his hips, facing him. As I got on he unzipped himself and got his hard dick out. I lowered myself down on him and started kissing him. We had a long slow fuck, not knowing if the other couple in there, or anyone else, was watching us.

Eventually, Jon shot his load into me and I got off him.

Jon decided that it was time for us to leave and I went looking for Bridie with our juices running down the inside of my thighs.

On the way home Bridie told us that one of the men that she had danced with had actually fucked her from behind. He’d been dancing behind her and lifted her up. His cock sprung between her legs and when he lowered her down she’d leaned forward so that his cock had lined up right and in it went as she was lowered. He’d held her off the ground and lifted her up and down for a minute or so before lifting her off him.

If you read my last update you will know that Jon got me to go jogging on my own a couple of times a week. When the bad weather arrived I was coming back with very cold skin and rock hard nipples that throbbed; but warm inside. One time it started snowing and I was soaked when I got home. My thin cotton tennis dress was clinging to me like a second skin. Jon took one look at me and said,

“Shower, now!”

After about 5 minutes I thawed out and Jon told me not to go jogging again until the weather got warmer. Instead, he got us a Wii with the sports games and I’ve really got into doing all the exercises, naked with Jon watching me. It turns Jon on watching me do all the stretching etc. And a couple of times I’ve turned round to see him with a hard-on. Guess what we ended up doing.

I eventually started going jogging outside again in May.

Jon was looking a web site one evening when he saw a woman in really low riser jeans. At the front they went down to her bald pubic area. Jon said that it was a shame that they didn’t make skirts like that. That gave me an idea, and the next time I went into town I got some black material and bits.

When I got home I dug out my sewing machine and got started.

As you know, most of my skirts are micro minis that are ‘A’ shaped and made out of light material so that the wind can lift them quite easily. This skirt was going to be different, and I hoped that Jon would like it.

I started by getting a 2 inch wide strip of tough, lacy edging. A bit like a 2 inch cotton belt. I cut this and sewed the ends together so that it fits reasonably tight round the top of my legs – right at the level of the horizontal crack that appears when I walk. I got on with the housework for about an hour just to see if the ‘belt’ would stay in place. It did, even though it restricted my leg movements a bit.

I then started on the back part of the skirt that goes from hip bone to hip bone. Its 6 inches deep, plus the 2 inch ‘belt’, just enough to leave a little bit of the top of my butt crack visible. It sits low on my hips, and the back section is a bit baggy.

The front panel was more difficult. I wanted the top of the front panel to follow the lines at the top of my legs until the front panel was 2 inches deep across my pubic bone. This makes the part over my pubic bone a total of 4 inches deep. The shortest skirt I’ve ever had, but looking reasonably ‘decent’ from the back.

I had to experiment with the tension of the elastic of the waist band because I didn’t want the skirt to fall down on its own, nor did I want the tension pulling the skirt up and exposing me all the time.

Finally I got it right and wore the skirt for the rest of the day. I kept checking in the mirror to see what was exposed. When I’m just walking around my puss doesn’t show unless your head is below my pussy. When I sit down there is no way to avoid an ‘up skirt’ view, even by someone stood close in front of me.

Jon loves the skirt, but says that I will have to be careful where I decide to wear it. I haven’t been out in it yet.

On the subject of fashion, there was a bit of a fashion change around here for girls and young women this last winter. It’s continued into spring and summer. Over the last few years black leggings and denim miniskirts have been quite popular, but this year the denim miniskirts have been replaced with thin tops that just cover the bum. Even more interesting is that quite a few of the girls wear black tight instead of leggings. As most of you know, tights aren’t usually as thick as leggings and come in different denier (thickness). This doesn’t seem to worry the girls and it was / is reasonably common for the tights to be see-through.

Now the thing is, the girls wear them as if they are leggings and often don’t cross their legs like they would if they were wearing a skirt. As a result Jon has often been rewarded with the sight of a bare arse, knicker covered, and sometimes a bare pussy through the tights.

Kelly has been no exception to this trend and one day Jon called her over just as she was about to go out. Her black tights were only 60 denier and her top didn’t completely cover her bum. Jon was sat down and when Kelly stood in front of him he could see her bum and pussy through the tights. As often is the case, Kelly wasn’t wearing knickers. Jon told Kelly that he could see her bald pussy but all she said was,

“So!”

Jon just smiled and said,

“Have fun.”

I have to confess that a couple of times when the weather was really bad I resorted to wearing my one and only pair of tights that I have. They are black and woolly and keep my legs warm without affecting Jon’s access to me. I don’t class these as knickers and Jon lets me wear them because they are crotch less. They had a gusset that had some good stitching round it so I was easily able to cut the gusset out without affecting the rest of them.

It was Kelly’s last year at school this year and she and Mandy decided that they would both like to go to University in London. Subject to good results they will be leaving around the end of September. At the start of July the two of them left to spend a couple of months backpacking around Europe. She phones us every couple of days and is having a great time.

Kelly told me that on their last day one of the girls took a camera into school and took loads of pictures of the girls in the class. The photos were all of the girls with their skirts lifted up, front or rear view. No faces. As you can imagine, most of the girls were not wearing knickers, and some of them bent over for the rear view photo. The girl with the camera said that she wanted to remember her friends by their bums and pussies. Kids!

Unlike Kelly and Mandy, Hannah has decided that she is going to take a year out and has been spending a lot of time at our house. She says that she’s looking for a job but she seems to be quite happy spending time with Jon and me.

The little burst in the size of Hannah’s breasts that happened at the end of last year stopped around Christmas and they are still about the same size as mine.

She’s quite proud of her little tits and often goes up to Jon and asks him if he likes them and if he thinks that they’ve grown some more. She usually gets rewarded by him fondling them and pulling on her nipples.

We’ve had a few great times out when Hannah has pretended to be our naughty daughter.

Before Kelly left on her travels Jon gave her a few driving lessons. Just in case there is anyone who doesn’t understand the English driving test system, you first learn to drive to pass the test, and then you learn to drive to survive on the roads. While learning to pass the test you also learn how to control the car. Well, Jon decided that he would teach Kelly how to control the car, and then send her to a driving school so she can learn how to pass the test. It’s changed a lot since Jon or I passed our tests.

Jon decided that he should give Kelly some incentives to get things right. For example he told her that he would buy her a new remote vibe when she could do 5 hill starts in succession without once rolling backwards. He even involved me when I went out with them. One time he told her that if she didn’t do something right I would have to strip off, get out of the car and walk right round it naked. The problem was that we were on a road going through a busy shopping area at the time. I suspect that Kelly muffed that one on purpose and I got cold and wet. I did enjoy the looks that I got though.

Hannah surprised us one day a couple of weeks after Kelly had left on her European jaunt, by turning up with her younger sibling.

“This is Sam.”

Hannah said when I opened the front door. Sam looked me up and down as I invited them in. I was a little concerned as Sam looked like most 12 year-old boys, scruffy jeans and a baggy T-shirt and a bit of acne, although his very short hair was neatly kept.

I took them into the kitchen and as I put the kettle on Hannah started taking her tops and skirt off. Hannah never arrives at our house wearing trousers or underwear these days.

I was just thinking that Hannah was relaxed about taking her clothes off in front of her much younger brother when Jon walked in (naked of course). When he saw our visitors he said,

“Hi Hannah, who’s this then?”

Sam said,

“Sam.”

And a little hand came out for Jon to shake.

“Well Sam, as you can see by Vanessa and me being naked, and your sister stripping off, we prefer that all people who come to this house strip off as soon as they arrive.”

All the time, Sam was looking at Jon.

When Jon stopped talking, Sam looked at Hannah (who nodded) then started taking his clothes off. The top came off, then the trainers and white socks; then the jeans. I was sideways to Sam as the jeans fell and thought, bloody hell; the boy wears his sister’s old little girly knickers.

Jon said,

“Whoa there! I thought.....” Then silence.

I asked Jon what was wrong, but Hannah said,

“Sam is short for Samantha. Sam is my 15 year-old sister.

“And I see that you have Hannah’s delightful, youthful features.” Jon said.

Sam was just like Hannah was when we first met her (apart from the boyish haircut). No breasts whatsoever, no pubic hair, and a backside that hadn’t started taking a curvy shape. Sam looks just like a little boy but without a tiny penis hanging down.

Hannah then told Sam to pick up her clothes, fold them and put them on the side near hers. Sam did this without hesitation.

Knowing that teenagers usually complain about tidying-up I asked Hannah if Sam always does what she’s told so easily.

Hannah said,

“Always, watch this, Sam, lay on the floor and open your legs a bit.”

And she did. She even spread them further when Hannah told her to. Jon butted in telling Sam to touch her pussy. Sam did this straight away.

Without even being told to, Sam started rubbing herself, totally ignoring the fact that there were 2 people she’d never seen before in the room.

“Okay Sam,” Jon said, “that’s enough, get up and sit on the sofa and finish your drink.”

Without a word, Sam did as she was told. Jon got his cup of tea and sat opposite us 3 girls (on the sofa) so that he could watch all of us together.

During our conversation, Hannah told us that their mum and dad were going through a rough patch and asked Jon if they could come and stay with us for a bit. Jon told her that it was okay with us but he would have to clear it with their parents first.

A little later Jon went to the study to use the telephone. He came back about 5 minutes later saying that he’d spoken to Hannah and Sam’s father who’d assumed that Kelly was still at home. Jon didn’t correct this. Hannah and Sam’s father agreed to them staying with us saying that it would give him and his wife a chance to sort things out without having to worry about the kids. Their big brother had left home a few months earlier.

Jon had arranged to take them home in about an hour for them to pack a few things. When he told them, Hannah said to Sam,

“Don’t pack any knickers, trousers, jeans or shorts. They’re not allowed for girls in this house.”

“What about school?” Sam said.

“Forget them. It’s about time you started to go to school without. Anyway, it’s only a few days until the school summer holidays.” Hannah replied.

Hannah moved into Kelly’s old room and Sam into the spare bedroom.

Sam started to get a bit of confidence within a day or two, and she started having long conversations with Jon. It was about 10 days or so before we introduced her to our toys and machines. When we did, Hannah asked if she could give a practical demonstration of each one. Jon agreed and we all watched her move from one piece to another. It was a shame that Jon decided not to fuck Hannah when she got into some of the positions with her legs wide open.

It was great watching her, I got really wet. Sam wanted to have a go on one of them but Jon wouldn’t let her. He told her that she’d have to wait for a week, and if she still wanted to the she’d have to ask him and that he would tell her if she could. If she never said another word about it, it was okay. I guess that he wanted to make sure that it was really her decision and that she didn’t feel obliged to.

Anyway, exactly one week later and first thing in the morning, Sam came into our bedroom and woke us up. She wanted to try out all of our toys. Jon made her wait until he’d showered and then he took her into our ‘games’ room. I left them to it while I got up and got breakfast. Sam’s moans and screams woke Hannah who went and joined them.

Apparently, Sam just couldn’t get enough and has a lot of stamina. Jon still refuses to fuck her, even though she’s been pleading with him to give her the ‘real thing.’ She’s given him a blow job but he says that she will have to wait until she’s 16 and he’s told her that she will have to settle for the dildos and machines for now; and that if she’s so randy then he’ll leave her on a fucking machine until she begs for someone to switch it off, or she passes out.

That hasn’t stopped both Hannah and me going down on her, or her on us. She’s quite talented with her tongue.

Talking about toys and machines, Jon got us a new fucking machine a few weeks ago. He made a rectangular wooden frame (for the floor) that I can be restrained spread eagled on. The machine is then placed on the floor between my legs, lined up and switched on. I can be left for as long as Jon wants, being fucked slowly or fast.

In a way I like it better than the old fucking machine as its less strain on my arms. My arms always ache for a couple of days after a good session on the old machine.

I’ve used the new machine a few times when I’ve been home alone. Not quite the same as when I’m restrained to the frame. It’s not quite as exciting when I know that I can stop it any time I like.

Anyway, all the girls like this machine and its being well used. During the last days of the school term Hannah has been at home on her own quite a bit and I’ve come home a few times to find her getting fucked by that machine. One time she’d passed out with the machine still fucking her. She was quite sore for a couple of days after that, and Jon has now fitted it with a switch on a cable that you have to keep pressing to keep it running. If you let go the machine immediately stops. A bit of a nuisance, but probably a good idea for Hannah and Sam. I’m going to try taping the switch in the ‘on’ position so that I can relax and just ‘go for it.’

On one of the few warm days that we’ve had, Jon was out in the back garden with Hannah and Sam. All were naked and talking. Sam asked what the big frame was for. Hannah told her that it was where she got gang-banged a couple of years ago (see my Update of December 2008). After a pause, Sam asked if Jon could arrange for it to happen to her too. Jon told her to ask him again on her 16th birthday.

Hannah’s had her backside tanned by Jon a few times, both at home, and in front of strangers. She’s also told Jon that her father had spanked her a few times and Sam also. Apparently he doesn’t give a damn about all these stupid laws about what parents can and can’t do to their kids.

During one of their long conversations, Sam agreed that Jon could spank her if she was naughty. Jon wanted to see how she would react if he spanked her in front of strangers, like he’s done with Hannah. Hannah enjoys it, but Sam didn’t know if she would. Anyway, Jon decided to stage a situation where it would happen.

He took us clothes shopping to one of the big cities not far from here. He bought us all some nice summer outfits. We had some fun trying them on and both Hannah and me ‘forgot’ to close the curtains of the changing rooms a few times and gave the waiting husbands / boy friends a bit of a show.

Jon bought me this really nice dress, a bit longer than most of my dresses, but it’s made of this very thin, light material. It’s light brown with a floral pattern. I guess that most women would wear a slip under it because it’s see-through. Without a slip, at first glance it just looks like a light brown floral dress. It’s only when you look harder that you realise that you can see right through it. It’s not a tight fit and if the bodice didn’t tickle my nipples it would be easy to forget I had it on.

When I tried it on the kids told me that it was see though and they could see the top of my pussy and my bum crack. I knew that I could see my dark areolas and protruding nipples. Jon loves it.

Within 5 minutes of walking out of that shop I saw another woman wearing the same dress. The thing was, she was wearing a black thong under it (no slip), and that thong really attracted people’s attention. I noticed 2 men staring at her. I’m sure that she must have known.

Does that mean that she is more of an exhibitionist than me?

In one shop Jon decided to see how far Sam would go and he kept telling her to come out of the changing cubicle and show him what she was trying on. He kept going and getting more clothes for her to try on and she was going in and out so many times that Jon told her to leave the curtain open. Jon and I weren’t the only people that could see her naked as she changed, but Sam just ignored them. There was one man who was waiting for his wife or girlfriend who spent quite a while looking at Sam.

As a sort of finale, Sam came out in a nice summer dress that was obviously way too big for her little body. Jon liked the dress so he told her to take it off, where she stood, and that he’d go and swap it for one a couple of sizes smaller.

Without even looking to see how many people were watching her, Sam just pulled the dress up over her head and passed it to Jon. She just stood there, naked, hands by her side, and looking at the wall. I heard one man say,

“Shit, it’s only a little kid,” and he and his mate walked off.

Jon was back in minutes and Sam looked good in the right size dress. That was one of the ones that Jon bought her.

Jon also bought some boys clothes for Sam, even some boxers. He also bought 3 boys swimming shorts, one for each of us girls. I don’t know where we are going to wear those.

We haven’t thought of any little games that we can play with Sam dressed as a boy yet, but I’m sure that Jon will think of something soon. I’ve started watching 12 and 13 year old boys to see how they do things differently to girls, if we’re going to get Sam to act like a boy she’ll have to act like a boy as well. I’m sure that Jon will be able to help out.

Please email any ideas that you have to vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

While all this was going on, Hannah and I were having our own bit of fun. We were trying on a few tops, but not in the changing rooms. We changed out in amongst all the racks of clothes. We kept just whipping our top up over our heads and then pulling the new ones on. We were seen a few times with our little tits out. One of the shop girls just stood and watched us for a few seconds. An old lady told us that we were ‘disgusting tramps’. That just made us laugh.

We watched one middle aged man stare at us for as long as he could before his wife dragged him off.

Whilst walking back to the car we came across a little ‘old world’ type china shop. Jon stopped and thought for a minute before telling us all to follow him in. Je looked around for a bit then picked up a little porcelain pig. He passed it to Hannah and told her to throw it backwards and forwards to Sam.

The inevitable happened and the pig smashed on the floor.

There was an old man and a young girl working there and the old man came over at the sound of breaking china. Jon of course offered to pay for it and insisted that the kids were punished there and then. He asked if there was an office that he could use. There was, and the old man invited them in.

Once there Jon told the old man that he was going to spank both of the girls and that he could stay and watch if he wanted. Apparently the old man looked a bit apprehensive as Jon told Hannah to bend over the desk. I’ve watched Hannah bend over in that skirt and I know that her bottom would have been visible to everyone behind her.

Jon then told her to spread her feet while he lifted her skirt right over her backside. He then gave her 10 hard slaps on her bare backside. Hannah later told me that she was crying, but ‘very wet’.

Next it was Sam’s turn. Apparently she kept pleading with Jon not to do it, but at the same time as she bent over the desk, lifted her own skirt over her bum and spread her feet.

Hannah told me that the old man was mesmerised while all this was going on, and that she could see an increasing bulge in his trousers.

Sam took the 10 smacks while crying and pleading for no more.

I’d stayed out of the office and gone and made small talk with the girl who kept looking over towards the office. When we could hear the slaps as Jon’s hand hit one of the girl’s bare bottoms, the girls face went red. I guessed that she realised what was happening. I asked the girl if she’d ever had her bottom spanked. She went even redder and said that she had. She told me that she’d had an accident at the shop one day and the old man had given her an ultimatum, have her bare bottom spanked, or get sacked. She was still working there so I knew what she chose.

Before I could ask any more, the three of them came out of the office and we left without another word being said. Apparently, Jon never did pay for the pig.

When I spoke to Sam about it at home later she told me that she too got quite wet and that she’d like it to happen again. She also told me that she’d been turned on when Jon had her stand naked outside the changing cubicles with strangers watching her.

I can see that Sam is going to ‘fit in’ with us quite well. I know that it’s selfish and completely wrong, but I hope that Hannah and Sam’s parents don’t resolve their problems.

About a month ago Jon decided that we needed a new bed. We went to a few bed shops and had some fun trying a few beds. In one shop the poor salesman was so embarrassed as I teased him by getting on and off beds swinging one leg at a time. Jon just watched and smiled. Anyway, after we chose and ordered one, we had real trouble getting them to deliver it. Every time we agreed a date with their customer services they would change it and update their web site saying that we’d agreed the date. After about the 7th attempt they finally managed to deliver it at a time that suited us.

I had some fun teasing the delivery men as I couldn’t be bothered to put any clothes on when the doorbell rang. It took them nearly an hour to get the new bed upstairs and put together. They kept asking me silly questions just to keep me in the room where they were working. When they got me to make a cup of tea for them I heard one of them say: -

“Fucking hell Ken, I wish we had more customers like this one, I could really giver her one.”

When they’d finally finished I jumped on the bed and spread my arms and legs and said,

“Yes, I can see that I’m going to have a lot of fun on this bed.”

They just stood and stared at my very wet pussy.

I let them look for a few seconds then got up and ushered them out. I had an urgent need to take care of.

We’ve had a few days (here and there) of decent weather (not what I would call hot) over the last couple of months, even a few days where the temperature go to the top twenties and early thirties. This has led to a few bits of fun.

On a couple of occasions when it’s been sunny during the week, Jon told me to take a book and go and sunbathe in a park in town. There are usually quite a few people walking around there, especially at lunchtime.

Anyway, I’ve never actually read many words in this book, and on one page I’ve stuck a little mirror so that when I’m lying on my stomach, on my elbows, pretending to read, I can look in the mirror and see who is behind me. If I think that they might appreciate the view up my short skirt, I slide my legs apart. It’s amazing how people will stare when they think that they are not being watched. I have to admit that on a couple of occasions I have just had to slide a hand between the grass and my stomach and start playing with myself. I’ve had a couple of great orgasms while men have been watching.

One sunny Sunday morning a couple of weeks ago, Jon decided that we’d all go to the seaside for the day. It was around 8:00 when Jon told me and I rushed to get a few things ready while he went and got the girls out of bed. The girls were being just like your typical teenagers and didn’t want to get out of bed. After being told to get up twice Jon got them up. He pulled the quilt off Hannah and lifted her up over his shoulder. He carried her down stairs, outside and put her into the car still naked. He then did the same with Sam.

Jon had told me to get some clothes for them but hadn’t told me to give them to them. About half way there he got sick of their moaning that they couldn’t go to the seaside without any clothes on, and he told me to give them their clothes.

We got to the coast around mid-morning and did the usual touristy things for a couple of hours before Jon bought a couple of kid’s buckets and spades and a ball; and he took us back to the car.

He drove a few miles down the coast to a little cove that has sand dunes and a nice, but small beach.

We went down onto the beach and Jon told Hannah and Sam to dig holes, build sand castles and other things that little kids do. After a couple of minutes he stopped them and told them that their clothes we getting dirty and wet; and told them to take them off. Hannah looks around. There were only about a dozen or so people there. They stripped. I asked Jon if I could join in. He nodded and I was soon as naked as them.

It’s been years since it did those silly kids beach games and I was actually enjoying myself. The other people on the beach weren’t taking much notice of us but I noticed a couple of men in the sand dunes watching us. I told Jon about them and he told us 3 to go and play in the dunes, but to stick together, and let the men get a good look.

Hannah had seen the men, but Sam hadn’t. She got a bit of a shock when she ran off round a dune to get the ball that Hannah had badly thrown to her; and was confronted by one of the men. She froze and just stood there with her arms by her side as they both stared at each other while he was having a wank with his shorts round his ankles. I guess that he was enjoying looking at the 3 of us.

I’d seen Sam suddenly stop and gone over to see what she was looking at. When I saw him I went and stood next to Sam. After we’d both watched him for a minute or so, Sam said that his dick was bigger than Jon’s. It was, but as the saying goes, ‘it’s not what you’ve got, it’s the way that you use it,’ and Jon certainly knows how to use his.

Anyway, the man was looking at us and we were looking at him. I thought that I’d give him something else to look at and put my right hand on my left breast, tweaked my nipple then slid my hand down to my pussy. I slipped a finger in, and out, and in and out; then put my finger in my mouth. That was it for the man; he shot his load onto the sand.

I grabbed Sam’s arm and pulled her away. As we walked back she said,

“Wow, that was awesome. Can I watch Jon do that sometime?”

I told her that if she was good, Jon would let her do it to him.

We played for a bit longer before Jon told us to put our clothes on and we went home.

Well, I think that that’s about it for now. I promise that I won’t leave it for so long before my next update.

Love,

V