**Introduction**

Hi, my name is Vanessa. I was born in December 1975 and now have a 34AA–24–35 95-pound figure with blondish hair. In 1998 I quit my boring existence in a little town in North Wales and went to work as a Housekeeper for a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England. It was a brave decision to make as I’d applied for the job after seeing the job advert in a BDSM magazine that someone had left in the hairdressers where I worked. I didn’t really know what I was letting myself in for, but I really did need to do something because my life was so drab and boring. Even the interview for the job was unbelievable, but I was so desperate to change my life that I did everything that was asked of me, and I was finally offered the job.
Shortly after starting the job my employer (Jon) told me to write a Journal of my new life, and he has since created a web site that it is published on.

<http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/>

If you care to read my Journal you will discover that my relationship with Jon is rather different to that of most employee and employer, but I have easily come to realise that I have a life that just could not be more satisfying or pleasurable. I love my life and all the little adventures that Jon and I get up to.

Apart from a little bit of hair that grows on my legs, I have no body hair below my neck. It’s all been removed with electrolysis. I’m slim with small(ish), pert breasts that have small areolas and giant nipples. When they’re hard Jon says they’re like chapel hat pegs. I have a nice firm, flat stomach with a pubic bone that does stick out a bit. In my pussy lips I have 2 little gold rings that Jon put in me. My clit is very prominent and is usually sticking out between my lips. It’s about an inch long with a little round head. Jon sometimes calls it my little dick. I don’t own any bras, knickers, trousers, leggings or shorts; and 90% of my skirts and dresses can be described as mini or micro. I used to be a very shy girl, but I’ve now gone completely the other way, and get a great thrill from letting other people see my body.
I hope that’s enough to satisfy the people who asked. If it isn’t, perhaps they would like to e-mail me with specific questions.

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Jon told me to stop writing my Journal in the summer of 1999, but has recently asked me to document, some of the more interesting experiences that we have had since then.

Both Jon and I have been scouring the Internet looking for ideas for little adventures or incidents that we could manufacture to have some fun. We’ve found one or two stories that appear to be slightly rewritten copies of some of the text in my Journal, and one or two that are very similar to some of the adventures that we’ve had and that I’ve written about in my Journal. At first I was a bit annoyed about this, but Jon said that I should be honoured that someone thought our adventures were good enough to copy. I’ve started thinking that way as well.

The adventure I’m about to describe happened in spring 2000 when Jon had to go to Morocco on a business trip. He managed to get a few days holiday and took me along with him.

**Trip to Morocco**

The journey over there was quite uneventful except for me letting one or two people see what I wasn’t wearing under my dress. The flight took off late evening England time and it had been a bit of a dash to get to the airport. When Jon told me about the trip and the long plane journey I remembered the plane trip from Tenerife in December 1998 when Jon had me wear my Ben Wa Balls and I’d been looking forward to hours of slow vibrations sending pleasurable waves through me. As it turned out we were both quite knackered and it wasn’t long before we were both asleep, me leaning over on my side on his chest.

When I woke up my head had fallen onto his lap and my hand was under my head. Jon had woken up before me and had an erection that I was holding onto (over his trousers). I didn’t move for a while and pretended to be asleep while I gently squeezed him. While I was doing that I heard Jon ask one on the cabin crew for a blanket. He told the woman that he thought that my legs would get cold. It was then that I realised that my short dress had ridden up and my backside was nearly on view. I reckon that if anyone in the seats on the other side of the aisle had slumped down in their seat they would have been able to see my entire ass and my little gold rings. Those of you who have read my Journal will know that I have a little gold ring in each of my pussy lips.

Jon carefully put the blanket over most of my body and legs, but not before putting his arm under the blanket. His hand could just reach my pussy and he slowly played with my clit until the inevitable happened and I gave a stifled moan and shuddered.

It was late at night when we got to our hotel in Casablanca and the air conditioning made it lovely and cool. Next morning Jon went and organised a hire car so that we could go and see some of the country before his meeting the next day.

I put on a thin cotton ‘A’ mini skirt, a skimpy halter-top (only just covered my breasts) and shoes, whilst Jon put on chinos and a shirt. As we were walking out to the car one of the hotel porters came over to Jon and had a ‘quiet word’ with him. Apparently he was concerned for my safety going out dressed like that. Neither of us thought that I would have a problem although we did observe that nearly all the women were wearing long black robes that covered nearly everything but their eyes.

Anyway, we drove out towards Marrakech and then down some smaller roads until we were really out in the middle of the desert. Eventually we came across a smallish village and Jon decided that he wanted something to eat. We drove round until Jon found a shop (couldn’t find a café or restaurant) and I stayed in the car until he came back with some strange looking food. I haven’t a clue what it was, but it tasted all right. As we were eating Jon spotted this Church (or Temple or Mosque or whatever they’re called over there), and when we finished eating we went to have a look round.

Big mistake! No sooner than we were inside than 2 men in military style uniforms pounced on me and dragged me outside. When they finally let go of me my halter-top was up round my neck and my boobs were exposed. Both the men were staring at them as Jon arrived and tried to find out what was going on. All he could understand was a word that sounded like ‘police’.

They took me down the road to a place that did look a bit like a small police station, and locked me in a cell. I could hear Jon trying to talk to them, but he can’t speak Arabic and they couldn’t speak English.

After about an hour or so I heard another man speaking English. This man and Jon came to see me and explained what was going on. Apparently, me being dressed like that had been a big insult to their Church and God. Women there are supposed to be covered from head to foot and me having no more than 2 or 3 square feet of material covering me was a big crime. I was starting to get worried.

Jon and the other man went away and about an hour later they came back and Jon told me that he’d sorted out a deal. When he told me what it was I wasn’t at all impressed.

Apparently they have a standard penalty for that sort of crime, one weeks hard labour followed by 5 lashes of the whip – in public. Jon had protested and asked to use a phone to contact the British Consulate. The man who spoke English had told him that last time someone had tried to do that it had taken a week for him or her to get there. After a lot of negotiations, a compromise had been reached. It was one that had me excited and very scared all at the same time. I was to get 10 lashes of the whip in the village square the next day.

The whipping didn’t really frighten me – provided it was aimed at my backside. It was the uncertainty of what else might happen that I wasn’t happy about. On top of that Jon had his very important meeting the next day, so he had to leave me there and come back to collect me the day after.

Eventually, Jon had to leave and I was alone in the prison cell. Quite a number of policemen came to have a look at me through the bars. I guess they don’t see many foreign girls, and even less wearing so little.

Just after it got dark I was laying on the floor with a blanket round me when there was a lot of commotion and a teenage couple were thrown into the cell with me. They both looked about 16, and were both in tears. I tried to talk to them, but it was useless.

They never really stopped sobbing all night and I didn’t manage to get much sleep. It was cold as well.

Just after dawn the place started to wake-up and the man who spoke English appeared. I’ll call him Abdul. That wasn’t his name, but I couldn’t pronounce his real name, never mind spell it. Abdul told me what was going to happen that day. After breakfast (it was horrible), I was to be stripped and taken to the place of punishment. There I would stay, on display until the punishment time (noon). After the punishment I would remain on display (supposed to be a deterrent) until dusk. Abdul would then collect me and take me to his home where I would stay until Jon came for me the next morning.

Abdul told me that the two teenagers had been caught in a state of undress round the back of the church, and that they were both to have a similar punishment as me.

It didn’t bother me being stripped by the 2 policemen, but both the girl and the boy gave a bit of resistance. That was until one of the policemen gave them a good slap on the face.

The policemen kept straight faces as they stripped us, but they both had a bulge in their trousers that weren’t there when they came in.

Our wrists were tied together and we were tied onto one length of rope before being led out (me in front) and into the courtyard. One of the policemen then led us out and down the street.

At first there were only a few people watching us, but by the time we got to the village square there were quite a few. I seemed to be getting more attention than the two teenagers.

When we got to the square I saw 4 large inverted ‘U’ shapes, and one smaller one. We were each taken to one of the large ‘U’s and then tied inside them. My arms were stretched high and my legs wide, but my feet were still on the ground. I guess that the humiliation of being on display, spread-eagle and naked was supposed to be a deterrent (maybe it was for the two teenagers) they certainly weren’t happy, and the girl was sobbing just about all of the time. For me it wasn’t a deterrent. Quite the reverse, I loved every minute of it. The thought of all those people being able to see every square inch of my naked, hairless body started to get to me. It wasn’t long before I could feel my pussy juices starting to trickle down my legs.

It didn’t take long for the policemen to tie us to the frames, and they then disappeared into a nearby building. As I started to get used to being like that I looked over to the two teenagers. They were both quite slim and had large black pubic bushes. I could just see the end of the lad’s small-circumcised dick sticking out. The girl’s tits were about the size of mine, but her nipples were tiny.

A group of young girls came to look at us. When they stood in front of the lad they were whispering and giggling. I cold see that the lad was getting a hard-on. When they came over to me, a couple of them gasped when they saw my lack of pubic hair, my protruding clit and 2 pussy rings.

The rest of the morning went reasonably quietly, a few people came and had a good look at us and about once an hour, one of the policemen would come over and give us a drink of water. As it got close to noon, not only were my shoulders getting a little sunburned, but more and more people were gathering. The anticipation was tremendous, I had some idea of what was coming, and I was both nervous and excited. If the air temperature hadn’t been so high I’m sure that my pussy juices would have been running right down my legs to the ground.

At noon, amidst the whaling and bell ringing, 4 policemen appeared and 1 of them started talking to the crowd. Then the punishments started.

First the lad was taken down and strapped over the small ‘U’ shaped frame. He has now facing me with the crossbeam of the ‘U’ just below his waist. I could just see his shrivelled dick peeking out of that mass of black hair. His legs were spread wide and tied to the uprights and his wrists stretched wide and tied to the uprights of 2 of the large, inverted ‘U’s.

Then it happened, another large policeman with a small whip appeared and stood next to the lad. Something else was said then the man cracked the whip in the air a couple of times. What a crack. I think that just about everyone in the square jumped a bit the first time he did it. All of a sudden I wasn’t looking forward to my turn.

When the first stroke landed, the lad screamed out and tried to struggle free. By the time the third stroke landed he was sobbing his heart out. But at the same time, he had an erection. His back was to the crowd so it was possible that only the girl and I could see it. She was crying and shaking, but her eyes were glued to the lad’s hard-on.

By the fifth stroke the lad had gone all quiet and his dick had gone limp. After throwing a bucket of water over him then untied him and tied him back to his original ‘U’.

Next it was the girl’s turn. She was petrified, and struggled something wicked. The policemen had to really manhandle her to get her tied down. The sweat on her naked body was making it difficult for the men to grip her and hands were sliding everywhere.

Finally they managed to get her tied in place. With her body bent over like that, her little breasts were hanging down and I thought that I could just see that her little nipples were hard.

When the man with the whip cracked it in the air, the girl finally lost it and peed herself. She was now quiet, but shaking something rotten. When the first stroke landed the scream was unbelievable then whimpering. When the second landed there was another ear piercing scream then silence. The girl was out of it. The last 3 strokes landed on a backside that didn’t feel any pain. When she was untied, her limp body collapsed to the ground. Even the bucket of water that they threw over her didn’t bring her round. She was untied and put back on her original ‘U’ without her even knowing what was going on.

Then it was my turn. I had incredible feeling of fear and excitement. I remembered well the pain and pleasure that some (most) of Jon’s beatings have given me. As I was marched over to the punishment bar I saw Abdul neat the front of the crowd. He was smiling.

I didn’t struggle as the men tied me over the bar. There was silence from the crowd as my legs were spread wide and my backside and open pussy were on display for all to see. Some of the crowd must have realised that I was turned-on. My bullet like nipples and soaking pussy must have given the game away – to those who knew what those things mean.

I did jump a bit as the whip was cracked in the air, but I wasn’t really prepared for the pain as the first stroke landed. It was worse than anything that Jon had given me. I didn’t scream, but I did grunt a bit. As the second and third landed I was getting used to the pain, and I could feel that familiar feeling in my lower belly. By the time the fifth landed I was getting the first hint of coming orgasm and was feeling very frustrated when I realised that it was the fifth stroke.

Just when I thought that it was all over (I’d forgotten that I was getting 10 lashes) and that I wasn’t going have my frustrations relieved, a sixth stroke landed. It was then that I realised that I could move my backside a bit and I started moving it from side to side and back and forward. Not much, only about an inch or so, but the pressure that the bar was putting on my belly just above my pubic bone was nice.

During the next 2 strokes my climax increased, and on the ninth stroke I came. It was a loud orgasm as well. I was shouting, “I’m cumming, I’m cumming” thinking that no one would be able to understand what I was saying. I’m sure that I felt my juices shooting out of my pussy.

I think that my moving a bit caused the tenth stroke to land slightly away from the rest (which had accurately places across both cheeks of my ass), maybe the man moved, who knows, but the last stroke got my left cheek and then wrapped round to my pussy. That made my orgasm, which was just starting to subside, intensify. I was in heaven.

The tenth stroke was the last one and the bucket of water felt good as well. The policemen carried me back to my original ‘U’ and tied me up again. I don’t think I could have walked. One of the policemen said something else to the crowd and then all the policemen left.

I was still on a bit of a high and not really feeling the pain when Abdul came up to me and said, “You enjoyed that didn’t you?” I didn’t reply so after a minute or so he said, “I’ll be back for you at dusk.”

The afternoon wasn’t like the morning, there were a lot more people around, and they were wandering around and even touching us. The girl had come round and was sobbing again. The lad wasn’t looking too good either.

Some of the men (and boys) prodded and poked my breasts and pussy. One of the cheeky sods actually put a finger into me and moved it round in me. I didn’t see them do that to the young girl, but a couple girls went and had a close look at the lad. Quite a few people (male and female) had a close look at my lack of pubic hair and little gold rings. I guess that there weren’t many (if any) women in Morocco that are like me.

The afternoon was hot and I was grateful for the drinks of water that the policemen gave us. Although it was hot, the sun wasn’t on us (me) much. I was quite close to a building and got shaded by it.

When dusk finally arrived the policemen came back and so did what looked like the 2 sets of parents. The girl and lad were untied and then dragged away – still naked. The policemen cut me down, bound my wrists and ankles, and tied me to one of the uprights. They then just left me there to wait for Abdul to arrive.

It was getting dark and the policemen had gone. They were no longer interested in me, but a group of 4 young lads were. Once the policemen had long gone the lads came up to me. I couldn’t understand what they were saying, but it was obvious that they were talking about me and my body. One of them started squeezing my left breast. That gave the others courage and 8 hands were exploring my body. It was pointless trying to squirm as I was held firmly in place. All I could do was just stand there. One of them grabbed my sore ass, which made me jump a bit. Then that hand went down and a finger went into my ass hole. Meanwhile, the fingers from another young hand were exploring my pussy. I was being finger fucked in my pussy and ass by 2 different youths whist another 2 were playing with my tits. Just as I was getting close to cumming I heard someone shout something in Arabic and the youths ran off.

It was Abdul. He’d finally arrived to take me to his home. In what appears to be part of the punishment, he cut the ropes round ankles and the post, and then led me down the street – still totally naked. He told me that it would take about 10 minutes to get to his house where his servants would look after my needs.

I had to follow Abdul through the streets of the village and out to a largish house on the outskirts of the village. One or two people saw us, but none of them looked surprised to see a naked foreign girl walking through the village.

As soon as we go inside the house Abdul cut the rope round my wrists as 2 teenage girls approached us. They said something to Abdul and he said something back, then they motioned for me to follow them. What surprised me was what they were wearing. It wasn’t the long black robes that all the other Moroccan women that I’d seen wore, but what was basically a bikini with see-through baggy trousers.

They led me into a big room with a bathtub and couches and tables. I got the impression that they were expecting me because the bathtub was full of warm water. They led me to it and indicated that they wanted me to get in. The water stung like hell when my backside went in, but it wasn’t long before I was laid back, relaxing as the 2 girls washed all of my body. And I mean all of my body. My breasts were bathed about a dozen times and my pussy got opened quite a few times as well.

About 20 minutes later they beckoned me out and gently patted me down with big soft towels. Then I had to lay face down on a narrow table. I was glad it was face down because it would have hurt quite a bit to have to sit on my sore backside.

The 2 girls gently massaged some sort of oil on my sunburned back and my backside. Their actions made it obvious that they wanted me to open my legs, so I did. Their massaging continued all round the inside of my legs and then to my pussy. I’ve never felt so relaxed in all my life. It was fantastic. They slowly brought me to first one, then a second orgasm. After the second orgasm I looked up at them and saw that they were staring into each other’s eyes. I pretended to be asleep so that I could watch them for a while, but I never saw much. The day’s activities had been tiring, and then the pleasurable massage had just been too much for me. I fell into a deep and pleasant sleep.

When I woke up I was thinking about the amazing day that I’d just had. Not only did I get to expose my whole naked body to dozens of people, but I also managed to have a bloody good orgasm whilst they were watching. Okay, the lashing hurt like hell, but that brought-on the orgasm.

Thinking about my sore backside brought me to reality and I looked round. I saw the 2 girls talking to Abdul and remembered the beautiful massage that they had given me. One of the girls came over to me and beckoned me to follow her. We went to a table that had some food on it. I haven’t a clue what any of it was, but it went down well.

Abdul came over to me and pointed to where my skirt, top and shoes were. He told me that Jon would arrive in an hour or so and that I could put my clothes on whenever I liked. Shortly after that I heard a big door shut and then the 2 girls went out leaving me all alone.

I waited there for a while then decided to have a look around. It was a big house really, and I was surprised when I opened one door and was confronted by a big man who just stared at me. I quickly left that room and ended up outside in that lovely warm sun.

I was walking around the garden when Jon arrived. We searched for Abdul and the girls but couldn’t find them to say goodbye. After collecting my clothes we left with me getting into the car still naked.

We drove all the way back to Casablanca before I put my skirt and top back on. I had to tell Jon all the details of what had happened and he said, “I told you that you’d be all right didn’t I?”

Sat in the car for all that time wasn’t good for my backside and I was glad when we got back to the hotel and Jon gave me a dress to put on.

The next day was quite boring by comparison. I got quite a few looks when I went down for dinner wearing just a crochet dress with thousands of holes about the size of the end of my index finger. In the restaurant we were sat near one of the air-conditioning units and it was blowing cold air down on us. It was nice and refreshing, but it did make my nipples erect. About half way through the meal Jon told me to look down at my left breast. The nipple was poking through one of the holes in the dress. I don’t think that anyone else noticed.

The hotel had a big swimming pool with sunbeds round it. Not many people at all. I wore my on-piece white Lycra swimming costume (the one with the ‘V’ that starts at my neck and ends between my pussy and ass holes). Got a few admiring or funny looks, but the best part was when Jon finger-fucked me as I lay there with my knees up. There were a couple of women there (about my age), they were looking over at us, but neither of them said anything.

The flight home was ‘interesting’. Jon told me to wear my Ben Wa Balls which made me leave a large wet patch on the plane seat. I had a ‘flushed’ look on my face for the second half of the flight (I wonder why?), and when the wheels touched the runway the extra jolt made me cum. One of the cabin crew asked me if I was okay! Apart from that the journey was uneventful

It took 4 days for the pain to go, and 2 weeks for the wheals on my backside to go. Although Jon has given my backside and pussy quite a few whippings that have brought on some amazing orgasms, I have to say that the whip that was used on my backside gave me the sharpest pains that I’ve ever had. One of the best orgasms as well.

I hope you enjoyed reading the details of our little trip to Morocco. I know that I will always remember it.

I have other experiences that Jon has told me to document. I’m sure that Jon will get me to publish all of them on my web pages as and when he’s read them and is happy with them.

Love

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