**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 the summer of 2000. The main part of the adventure took place on the London Underground, but I also had a bit of fun in and around the hotel that we stayed at. I know that I’ve written about another adventure that we had on the London Underground in my Journal, but although this adventure is similar, it was on a different occasion. Jon enjoyed the first time so much (so did I) that he took me back for a second go.

**The London Underground**

Jon sprung yet another surprise on me when he came home from work one Tuesday night and told me that he had a business meeting in London the next day. He’d decided to take me to London with him and leave me to fend for myself while he went to the meeting, but have a bit of fun with me before and afterwards. We quickly packed a bag and caught the 7 something train.

The journey down wasn’t anything special and there were very few people on the train. Jon had booked us into the Regent Palace Hotel at Piccadilly Circus. It’s not the best of hotels, but you can’t get much more central without it costing you a fortune (and Jon was paying, not his business).

The room that Jon booked doesn’t have an en suite bathroom. I was a little disappointed until Jon told me that his choice was deliberate so that I could walk around the corridors wearing only a towel, and then let it fall off ‘accidentally’.

Jon had a bad headache when we got there so we went to bed straight away.

Jon woke me up at 6 o’clock the next morning and told me to go for a pee. He gave me a towel to wear that I hadn’t seen before. When I wrapped it round my body it was only just long enough to cover my breasts and bum; and it was only just long enough to wrap over and tuck in. Not only would it take very little for it to un-tuck and fall off, when I put one leg in front of me the whole of my side up passed my waist was showing.

The building is sort of triangular with bits going off. You can walk round the corridor and get back to your room without turning back on yourself. I hadn’t needed to go to the loo the night before so I didn’t know where I was going. I didn’t get far before I had to open a fire door and the inevitable happened. Unfortunately there wasn’t anyone around to see my nakedness.

I eventually found a ladies loo and had a pee. Feeling a bit brave I decided to walk back to our room with the towel in my hand. Unfortunately I must have been too early and never saw anyone. Jon told me I was a ‘good girl’ when I got back to our room, and told me to go again in an hour.

I looked out of the window and was disappointed that there wasn’t much of a view, and the building opposite looked a bit of a dump. It turned out that it was the back of some posh shops in Regent Street. They obviously didn’t care what the back looked like.

About 20 minutes later Jon decided that he wanted a drink of coke. There wasn’t a mini bar in the room so I grabbed the towel and volunteered to go and get him one (I’d seen a coke machine near the lifts).

The corridor was deserted again, and all was quiet when I put the money in the machine. As I was bent over getting the can I heard a man say, “Very nice dear, can you just stay like that for a while please?” I was surprised, jumped up and turned round. This middle-aged man as stood there with a suitcase in his hand. I put my empty hand on my chest and said, “Oh, sorry, you startled me. I didn’t think anyone else was up yet.” He said, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to make you jump, it’s just that I was admiring your beautiful rear end.”

He looked a nice man so I pulled the towel off, said, “Well what do you think of the front end then?” and walked passed him back to our room. As I was walking away from him I heard him say, “Very nice my love!”

Half an hour later Jon said it was time for a shower. He wrapped a towel round his waist and told me to put my towel on. As we walked down the corridor I could hear one or two people moving around. Just as we started turning one of the corners, Jon grabbed my towel and pulled. I gasped and bent down to pick it up. As I did, I looked along the corridor and saw a maid delivering breakfasts. She was looking at us with a grin on her face. Knowing that Jon wouldn’t mind, I stood up and grabbed his towel. It came off as I said, “Two can play at that game.” The maid’s eyes opened wide and her jaw dropped as she saw Jon’s bald dick. She just stared as Jon said, “Right then, wait until I get hold of you.” Off I ran, giggling, with Jon chasing me. Neither of us bothered to put our towels back on until we were passed the maid and round the corner. Her face was a picture.

Round the corner, a man in a dressing gown just stared as Jon pulled me into the men’s room.

There was no one else in there so I went to the loo while Jon shaved. We were both sharing a shower when another man came in, saw us, stared for a second or two, said, “Sorry”, and walked out. I don’t know what he thought we were doing. It wasn’t as if Jon was fucking me.

The walk back to the room was uneventful and we got dressed and went for breakfast. Jon put his suit on ready for his business meeting, and he told me to wear just shoes and one of my thin, cotton dresses. The one that has a scoop front, no sleeves and big armholes. I sometimes have trouble keeping the straps on my shoulders in that one.

After breakfast we went for a ride on the Underground. The weather is always warmer in London than in Derby, but it was a bit fresh out. My nipples were letting everyone know that it was fresh. When we went into the Underground it was quite breezy as well. A couple of times I could feel my dress blowing up.

We got the train to Embankment station then got on the Circle line. The first bit was only a couple of stations and I sat opposite a young man who I could see was looking at me over the top of his newspaper. Not wanting to disappoint him I slowly opened my legs so that he could see my pussy. Poor man went bright red, but he kept looking. When we got up to leave I looked to see if he had a hard-on, but the paper was covering his lap.

Those of you who have read my Journal will know that I never cross my legs like most women do, Jon won’t let me.

As we got on the train at Embankment Jon told me to stand near door and hold onto one of those leather straps that hang down. I’m not very tall and I have to stretch to reach. My dress hemline got even higher on the side where my arm was stretched up. Because my dress is baggy, and has very big scooped armholes, anyone looking at my side that has my arm up would be able to see all of that breast, and a bit of the other one as well.

Nothing much happened to start off with, except that I was getting a bit excited anticipating what might happen. After about 3 or 4 stations the train got busier. I’d watched one young man stare at me as he got on, and he stood close to me watching my little left breast wobble a bit as the train rattled along.

Things got a bit more interesting at the next station, people poured in, and I began to feel like a sardine. A couple of other men were looking at me as well. I couldn’t move and there was a man pressed up against my back, and another in front of me. He was facing me and bent back a bit so that his face wasn’t in mine. When I looked up at him he smiled and continued looking down my dress at my nipples (the breeze and the excitement was keeping them hard).

After a minute or so I felt a hand on my right thigh, just gently at first, but when the owner was confident that I wasn’t going to scream or something, the hand started moving up under my dress. It went all the way up to my waist, and then had a little feel round. I guess that he was trying to find some knickers.

The hand then moved round to my bum and the body that had been pressing into my back, wasn’t any more. My right ass cheek got squeezed before the hand drifted down between my legs to my pussy. Just as it got there, the train stopped at a station and the hand disappeared. People got off, and people got on; but the train wasn’t any the less crowded. The man in front of me was still looking down my dress, the man behind me was still there, and another man was stood at my left looking through the armhole of my dress. With all that attention from men that I’d never seen before, and never spoken to, I was very excited – to say the least.

As the train started to move off, I felt the hand again. This time it went straight between my legs to my pussy. There was a moment’s pause when the owner found out how wet I was, or was it because the hand found the two little gold rings in my pussy lips. Whatever, the pause was only for a moment before the fingers found my clit then went inside me.

I moaned a bit then looked up at the man in front of me. We made eye contact so I smiled. I think I blushed a bit as well. The fingers started to pump in and out of me and my hips started to move in response to the stimulation. I closed my eyes to just enjoy the sensations and was biting my bottom lip when I opened my eyes again to see the face of the man in front of me. He had a puzzled expression on his face and was sniffing the air. I sniffed and realised that he smelt my pussy juices. I felt a bit embarrassed and proud, both at the same time.

The fingers were just getting me close to cumming when the train slowed and stopped at the next station. The fingers stopped moving, but didn’t go out of me. Instead I felt his hand grip part of my right cheek and hold me there.

Again people got off and on, and it was still crowded, neither the man in front of me, nor the one behind had moved. As the train started to move off I looked up and down the carriage. Although there was a crowd where I was, there was plenty of space in the rest of the carriage. There were even some free seats not far away.

I saw Jon, sat down and looking at me with a big smile on his face.

The fingers got working again and it wasn’t long before my orgasm arrived. I tried to stifle my moaning, but I wasn’t that good at it. The man in front of me knew what was happening and had a big grin on his face. As the waves hit me I leaned forward a bit and my stomach felt what was probably the man’s hard-on. I did want to reach in between us and squeeze it, but I thought I'd better not.

The fingers in my pussy knew I’d cum but were still going in and out. They kept going even when the train stopped in the next station, and shortly after that I came for a second time. That time I did manage to stop any noise escaping from my mouth, but it was difficult.

The fingers stopped and just stayed inside me for a minute or so, then pulled out. I felt them being wiped on my backside as the hand withdrew.

The train pulled into another station and I suddenly realised that both men had gone. I was alone, but a few people were looking at me. I did a quick check and my dress was still covering my pussy, ass and tits – just. So they were either looking at my legs (some of them hoping my dress would go just that bit higher); or they had been watching what was going on. I didn’t care which.

I stood there on my own as the train went on to the next station. There some noisy youths got on and started fooling around where I was. A couple of them were looking at me. One moved close to me and lifted the front of my dress. “Nice cunt”, he said as another of them took some interest in me. One of them said, “Let’s have a look at your tits then.” When I didn’t move he said, “Okay then, I’ll get them out for you.” With that he put a hand inside the armholes of my dress and pulled it into the middle of my chest. Both my little breasts were out. Another of them said, “Bloody hell, look at those nipples.” (Well, they were rock hard from the breeze and the excitement).

Next, another of them lifted the hem of my dress up above my waist and said, “Nice ass and pussy as well.”

I was getting a bit scared by then, and looked over to Jon. He was just standing up. He walked over and looking directly into the eyes of the tallest of the youths he said, “I think that’s enough fun for this morning gentlemen. The lady’s getting a bit frightened; and none of us want any trouble, DO WE?”

I think it was the surprise that someone had stood up to them that shut them up, they just stood there. The youth who was holding my dress up round my waist let go of it. It fell back into place.

No one at that end of the carriage said a word. All eyes were looking at us. It seemed like hours, but it must have only been a minute before the train stopped at the next station. When the doors opened Jon grabbed my arm, and pulling me out saying, “I think it would be best if you came with me young lady.” I felt the bunched up part of my dress front start to move back over my breasts. Just round a corner off the platform, Jon stopped and asked me if I was all right. I told him that I was a bit scared, but yes, I was all right.

We got the next train and Jon sat me down next to him. A couple of stations later he told me that that was his station for his meeting. Giving me my purse out of his briefcase, he told me to stay sat down until the train got back to Embankment; then to go back to the hotel. He told me that he’d be back sometime late afternoon.

The journey back wasn’t anywhere near as much fun. I opened my legs to a young woman who sat opposite me and just stared at my pussy when she realised she could see it.

Walking out of the Underground at Piccadilly Circus, the warm sunshine and the bustle of people made me feel good. I didn’t want to go back to the hotel room, and anyway, I was hungry.

Quite close to the hotel entrance is a Burger King; I decided to have a burger. I got it then looked for a table. There were none free downstairs, so I went upstairs. When I got there I saw that there are 2 levels of tables. The floor of the upper level at the front of the restaurant is about at the height of the tables at the lower level. On the edge of the upper level is a railing with not very wide steel bars. Tables are right up to the railing on both upper and lower level. The end result is that someone sat at a table on the lower level has their head at knee level of someone sat at a table on the upper level.

It took me only seconds to realise that it was a golden opportunity for me to flash my pussy at people on the lower level.

There wasn’t a table at the edge of the upper level free when I first got there, so I went to a free table near where I thought someone would be finishing soon. A few minutes later the couple did finish and I moved in. I looked down and saw that there was a young couple on the table below me. Unfortunately I was facing the woman, so I moved. I think that the man had seen me before I moved, and I saw him looking at me as I started to sit down. He was looking right at my legs so I sat down in a very un-lady like manor. My knees were wide apart as my bum hit the seat. Pretending to open my bag of chips, I glanced down and saw that he was having a good look. His head was about a foot from my knee and it was easy for him to look over and see all the way up to my pussy.

I sat there slowly eating and not turning my head his way. He must have had the impression that I didn’t realise what he was looking at. That was just what I wanted.

As I ate, I listened to their conversation. The man wasn’t taking much notice of what the woman was saying, and he was saying stupid things when he thought he should be saying something. The woman was starting to get annoyed with him. Finally, she realised where his concentration was and grabbed his arm and dragged him out. He looked back at me as he started to go down the stairs. I smiled at him.

It took me about an hour to finish that burger, chips and coke. I was surprised that I didn’t get thrown out. In that time I flashed one teenage girl, one middle-aged man and young female member of staff who came to clean up the table below me. When she realised what she was looking at she started to say something, but stopped herself, stared for a minute, and then went away. I was half expecting for the manager to come and throw me out, but no one came.

Eventually I got bored and decided to go for a walk. I went up Regent Street and onto Oxford Street. I went into a few shops, but only had some fun in one of them. An Ann Summers shop. For those of you who have never heard of Ann Summers, she runs a string of shops and home parties. All selling items to make peoples sex life more interesting.

The ground floor part of the shop wasn’t very interesting, but downstairs they have lots of dildos, leather corsets, whips and sexy clothes. After feeling the texture of some of the dildos, I saw a French Maid’s outfit. I thought it was quite cute. I lifted it off the hook and was having a look at how it was made when the male shop assistant told me that I could try it on if I liked. At first I said, “No, its’ all right,” but as soon as I’d said it I changed my mind and said, “Can I please, where’s the changing room?”

The changing room is a cubicle at the back of the shop. It has a big curtain for a door. Inside, my dress was off in seconds and I stood there naked. I was just working out how to get into the little dress when the curtain opened and the man said, “Need any help?” I was a bit startled, and after a few seconds of looking at each other, I said, “No thank you,” and pulled the curtain closed.

Once I finally got the outfit on I looked at myself in the little mirror. It didn’t fit me well. It was obviously made for a woman with big breasts. Mine were lost in there and the material just hung off my chest. The skirt part was good; I liked the layers of lace that made the black skirt go out at quite an angle. I knew that Jon would like the skirt; it only just covered my bum and pussy.

I was just deciding to take it off when I heard the man’s voice say, “There’s a big mirror out here. You can get a better look at yourself.” I was about to say ‘no thank you’ when I suddenly thought ‘why not.’

In the main area of the shop there was the male assistant, a couple of giggling teenage girls and a couple in their early twenties. As I walked out the shop assistant pointed to the mirror that was at the other side of the shop. I’d have to pass all the people to get there. The couple saw me first and watched me go by. Then the girls. They stopped giggling and stared as I stood in front of the mirror and smoothed the material down. As I turned from side to side, to see myself from all angles, I could see the couple and girls in the mirror. They were still looking at me.

I decided to bend over a bit to look at the skirt at the front. This meant that it rode up my backside giving them a good view of my ass. Next I turned to face them then looked back over my shoulder, into the mirror to see that back of the dress. That showed them my pussy and proved that I wasn’t wearing a thong.

The shop assistant came over and asked what I thought. Grabbing the front of the top part, I pulled it out and down off my tits. “It’s not very good,” I said, “it’s been made for someone who’s got a lot more up top that I have.” “Ah, yes, I can see that. How about a Nurses outfit?”

I declined the offer and went and got changed. When I got out, I gave the assistant the Maid’s outfit and left. As I walked up the stairs to the ground floor I was followed by the 2 girls. I heard one of them say, “Look, she wasn’t wearing any knickers because she hasn’t got any.” Then they giggled again.

I wandered around a bit more and got whistled at by a couple of workmen in a hole in the road. It was my fault for standing so close to the edge of the hole.

When I finally made it back to the hotel, Jon was already in the room. My backside got 20 slaps for not being there when he got back.

Jon took me to the theatre and a meal that night. I didn’t think that much of the play, but the food was good. Before we went out, Jon told me to carry my towel to the shower room. It was a wasted naked walk as no one saw me.

The naked walk that I took later that night wasn’t wasted. The quantity of wine that I had with the meal made me a bit braver and when Jon told me to go and get him a coke from the machine near the lifts, I didn’t even think of putting any clothes on when I got out of bed after Jon had fucked me. I just grabbed my purse and went out into the corridor. As soon as I turned the first corner I saw this elderly couple walking towards me. The expression on their faces was great, a bit of shock and amazement. The lady’s mouth finally closed when I got right up to them. I thought she was going to say something so I got my spoke in first. “Doing it for a dare.” I said. “Oh, right then.” The old man said.

I made it to the coke machine without anyone else seeing me, but as I was putting the money in, the lift door opened. Out came 2 middle-aged men who just stopped and stared. They were still there as I walked back towards our room.

I decided to explore a bit and went a different way. The excitement of being naked in an almost public place where I could get caught at any moment was getting my pussy tingling again.

I came to a set of stairs and decided to go down a floor. That would increase the risk.

The floor below was deserted when I stepped out of the stairwell. I was about half way to the lift when a whole group of teenagers came out of the door to the lifts. There must have been over a dozen of them, all about 15 or 16 and both boys and girls. ‘Sod it’ I thought, and kept walking. When they saw me they started talking and laughing. They were not speaking English. Some of them stopped and stared as I walked right through the middle of them. I noticed that one of the girls had a shocked expression on her face, and was holding a hand over her mouth as she stared at me. I felt good.

At the lifts, I decided to go up the floor in the lift rather than use the stairs. The excitement of not knowing who might be in the lift when the doors opened was getting my pussy excited.

It seemed to take ages for the lift to come, and when the doors opened there was a couple about my age in there. He stared and kept staring with a blank face, but her surprise turned to a big smile. “Dare or a bet?” she said. “Dare.” I said as I walked in. I stood facing them as the lift went up the floor. As I walked out she said, “Bye, hope it was worth it.” “Oh it was!” I said as I walked back to our room.

Next morning Jon wanted to catch an early train so it was a quick dash to the toilet and shower. I did it with my towel over my arm, and the only person I saw was a girl member of staff delivering some breakfasts. She just stared at me.

Going out of the Underground at St. Pancras, Jon told me to get on the escalator before him. He then held up the queue for a minute before stepping out of the way. When I turned round to see where Jon was, there was a gap of about 8 empty stairs, then a man staring straight up my dress. When I was facing upwards he must have see my ass, and when I turned to look for Jon he must have seen my pussy. I saw him lick his lips. At the top he said, “Hi, on your own?” By that time Jon was there, he grabbed my arm and we went for the train.

Well, that’s how our little trip to London went. I have other adventures that Jon’s 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

Vanessa