**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 is one that Jon devised after reading one of Arthur Saxon’s fantastic stories. Some of Arthur’s stories really do appeal to Jon and me, and we both thank him for giving Jon the idea that proved to be so exiting for us.

#### Going Back to School

If you’ve read my Journal you will know that I’m not a very big person (well, the features that you can see when I’ve got some clothes on) and that my face is quite young looking. In the spring of 2001 Jon decided that I would go back to school. At first I was a bit horrified that he wanted me to spend days sitting through boring lessons, but after a couple of minutes of explanation I started looking forward to it.

Jon took a couple of days off work and we drove round the local comprehensive schools as the kids were going to school and when they were going home. It soon became obvious that that we should use the biggest school in the area. It has about 1,000 pupils and is about 3 miles from where we live.

On the second day Jon took me into town and bought me the school uniform. Some of the girls wore trousers and some navy pleated skirts. Guess which Jon bought for me.

Along with the skirt he bought a white blouse that was a size too small, the right school tie, and some white knee socks (virgin socks he called them). Jon also bought a pair of knickers for me. I wasn’t too happy about that as it now meant that I owned a pair of knickers, the first for 3 years! They weren’t your usual big schoolgirl knickers (I’m happy to say), but small, white, bikini knickers. Again they were a size too small so they were a snug fit over my pussy. When we got home Jon had me cut the lining of the gusset out so that there was only one thin layer covering my pussy. It did feel strange putting them on.

Jon then looked through the second-hand ads in the local paper and went and bought me a girl’s cycle that was originally intended for someone smaller than me, but would allow the seat to be raised so that it looked realistic for me to be riding it.

I was hoping that Jon would mount a dildo through the seat like one of the bikes that he has in his garage, but when I asked him, he said that it wouldn’t look right for a schoolgirl to park a bike in the school bike sheds with a dildo sticking up through the seat. Of course he was right.

Jon then told me to shorten the skirt until it was just 6 inches below my pussy. I was a bit surprised by this as all my other skirts and dresses are at least 3 inches shorter than that. Jon told me that I might well need that extra length if I got caught and had to look decent. He also told me to elongate the blouse buttonholes so that they’d pop open easily, and when not expected.

Jon then told me to wash the uniform lots of times so that it lost its ‘new’ look

The plan was that each morning for a few days (until I thought that I couldn’t get away with it anymore), I would cycle to (and from) the school at the same time as the kids did. I would be wearing the uniform with the skirt so short that I would be letting everyone see my knickers. Once at the school I would mingle with the other kids and keep with the crowds until they went into their classes. I would then sneak out and cycle home. On an evening I would do the reverse.

The first Monday of the new term arrived and I got up, showered, removed my pussy rings (Jon’s idea) and got dressed in my uniform (no bra – I don’t own any). Jon had decided to be late for work that morning so that he could drive along the route and park near the school and see how things were going. However, it wasn’t to be. Five minutes before the time that Jon had said I should leave it started raining, quite hard. Jon said that wearing a coat could defeat the objective so he decided that I should abandon that day and try again on the Tuesday.

The next morning finally arrived and I set off. John had told me that I was to pedal standing up rather than sitting down whenever I could, that way I would attract more attention. When he told me that I hadn’t thought about it being windy. As it turned out it was windy and my skirt was blowing all over the place. My legs and knickers were attracting attention and I’m surprised that I didn’t cause a few cars to crash.

As I got nearer the school there were other kids on their bikes and I slowed down to their pace. Some of the lads noticed me and I got a few crude comments. I loved it.

All the other kids were getting of their bikes at the school gate so I did. I followed them to the bike sheds and gave a few of the lads a great view of my knickers as I bent over to put the lock on my bike. When I stood up I checked round the hem of my skirt, it was just above the bottom of my knickers, front and back.

I followed some girls through the yard and into the school. By that time I was attracting a bit of attention from some of the girls as well as the boys. To put it politely, the girls weren’t happy with me, but the boys were. No one passed any comments about my age so I guess Jon was right, I could still pass as a schoolgirl.

Inside the girls I was following went to a locker room. I followed them in and pretended to be sorting my bag out. After a couple of minutes I went back out into the corridor to discover that there were hoards of kids walking up and down to their classes.

I decided to ‘go with the flow’ and walked in the direction that most of them seemed to be going in. When I turned a corner there was a flight of stairs going up a couple of floors, and going round in a square circle – if you know what I mean.

As I was going upstairs I realised that I had a group of boys behind me. I could hear the same boy’s voices over and over, and they ware talking about me. Just as I got to the top I decided to give them a better view, I stopped and bent over to tie my shoelace; I could feel the skirt go right up. The lads would be able to see all my knickers, some of my flesh above my knickers, and (because my legs were apart) my knicker clad pussy. As I looked back though my legs to see the lads had stopped and were staring, I resolved to do the same without any knickers.

At the top I turned a corner then turned round and went back down the stairs. I got a few looks, and a few comments, but that was all. Walking back down the corridor I heard the bell go and the corridor started emptying. I needed somewhere to go. There was a door marked ‘girls’ so in I went. It was a changing room. I looked round and found a door. On the other side was a shower room. I went in and found another door. Through that was another changing room. I was a bit puzzled when I opened another door. It was back to the corridor and had a ‘boys’ sign on it.

I was trying to workout what the set-up was as I walked back to the girl’s changing room when I saw a notice board. There was a timetable for the use of the changing rooms, and the shared shower room. Not at the same time (English schools aren’t at all liberated). The boys and girls used it alternatively with a used period after each period of use. That meant that there was plenty of time for any stragglers to get finished and out before the next batch came in.

As soon as I’d read the timetable and saw that 5C girls were in there first period that afternoon, and 5D boys were there for the third period, I realised there was some potential there. I was just about to go out and head for home when the door opened and a man on overalls came in. After what seemed like ages of us staring at each other (I saw his eyes staring at the tops of my legs), he said, “what are you doing in here?” In a good (true) Welsh accent I told him that I was new to the school and I was looking for a toilet. He told me that I should hurry up or I’d be late for class. He walked over and locked the door to the showers as I walked out. ‘That was it’ I thought, 4A boys were due there first period and the caretaker was locking the door to the girl’s changing room. I guessed that he had to go there in the middle of each unoccupied period and lock / unlock the appropriate shower room doors. ‘Yes’ I thought, ‘I’m coming back at lunchtime.’

The corridors were deserted and I easily managed to get to the bike sheds and leave by the side entrance. As I pedalled home, standing on the pedals, I wished that Jon hadn’t bought me the knickers.

At 11:30 I packed my tennis skirt, trainers and a T-shirt into my ‘school’ bag, put on my uniform and pedalled back to school. I was enjoying the car horns tooting and the odd wolf-whistle and me. By the time I arrived at the school kids were already leaving. I parked my bike and walked to the big yard that had hundreds of kids in it. I ignored the comments from both girls and boys and went straight into the school and found a girls toilet. I’d decided that I was going to unroll the skirt so that my knickers wouldn’t show, back or front, the take off the knickers. I didn’t feel comfortable wearing them.

I went into one of the stalls and locked the door. Before going any further I just had to relieve a pleasant itch that I had. I decided to strip off before getting busy with my fingers. As my clit was getting some treatment I heard a group of girls come it talking about the ‘new girl’ who was obviously a slut. One of them said that something should be done about her, but no one had any ideas. I heard them peeing then they left just before I climaxed.

Still feeling horny, I decided to go out of the stall still naked. I reckoned that if a girl came in I could just say that I’d spilt some fruit juice on myself and was cleaning it off. A bit daft, but not impossible. It was all quiet when I opened the door so I had a good look round and even opened the door to the corridor. I stuck my head out and saw 2 teachers walking my way. They were talking and not looking my way. I rushed back to the stall and locked myself back in. I was just fastening my blouse when the teachers came in and knocked on the door to my stall. “Come on, hurry up,” she said, “Everyone is supposed to be outside.” “Won’t be long.” I said and just waited. Shortly afterwards I heard the door open and it went quiet.

I finished putting the skirt, socks and shoes on and went out. My skirt was very short, but long enough so that nothing was showing, unless I bent over or climbed some stairs.

Outside I just wandered round listening to the comments from both boys and girls. Some of the lads were asking me if I’d let them do all sorts of things to me but I just ignored them. One girl (on her own) came up to me and asked me who I was. Putting on a strong Welsh accent I told her that my name was Vanessa Evans, in 5C and that I was new to the school that day. I asked her what the school was like. She told me all sorts of things that I didn’t really want to know, but one thing she told me was that she wished that she’d got the nerve to wear skirts that short. She said that she’d either get into trouble with a teacher or groped by some of the boys. When she said that bit I said, “Oow, that sounds nice.” A bit later she said that she was in 5A and asked me if I’d got my P.E. kit with me. When I told her that I had she said, “Good, you’ll be going on a cross-country run straight after lunch. I said, “Great, I’m really looking forward to that.” My voice tone gave the impression that I wasn’t happy, but in reality I was, a chance to flash my ass and pussy to a few people.

The buzzer went and everyone moved towards the door. I headed back to the toilets and waited for ten minuets before going to the changing rooms. As I walked in some of the girls looked at me. One said, “Who are you?” I told the same story and found a space at the back. I got a couple of funny looks as I got changed. When I was ready, most of the girls had already left. Outside, I stood at the back as the teacher, a hunk of a man in his mid twenties, told everyone the route. Amidst numerous moans and groans (not the variety I’m used to) the girls set off. As I passed the teacher he stooped me and asked who I was. As I gave him the same story my nipples got even harder as his eyes tried to burn through the thin T-shirt. He accepted what I said and off I went. I looked back before I turned the corner; he was still watching me.

Fortunately, Jon has kept me reasonably fit and I managed to not loose sight of the girls. I even passed a few who probably thought more of cigarettes than exercise. We went along a few streets and then through a few fields before arriving back at the school. I wanted to be one of the last back so I walked slowly from the school gate to the changing room. Some girls were already getting dressed, and some were in the showers. None of them took any notice of my bald pubes as I walked to the shower. In fact there were two other girls in the shower who also had no pubic hair and quite a few who trimmed theirs.

I was the last out of the shower and really took my time getting dried. As I was putting my blouse on the last girls left, leaving me all alone. I took my blouse off again and put all my clothes in a locker. I went back into the shower, checked the door to the boy’s changing room (locked) and waited.

I was very bored and frigged again. Eventually I heard the door from the corridor to the girl’s changing room open. I knew that I was taking a risk that it would be the same caretaker, I figured that the school was big enough to have more than one. I had my back to the door when it opened and a middle-aged man walked it. He said something ad I turned round to face him. I didn’t try to hide anything and just stood there. Eventually he told me that I should have been finished ages ago and suggested that I get dressed quickly. I slowly walked passed him into the changing room. I could feel his eyes watching me as I walked to the lockers. I turned to face the lockers and saw him go into the showers and lock the door.

First part of the adventure over. I then had to wait for a while to make sure that he was gone. As I waited, my fingers were busy again.

Eventually I figured he would be long gone and I started the next phase. I looked out of the door to the corridor, and seeing no one, I quickly ran to the door to the boy’s changing room. There was no one in there so I walked round and then went into the shower room.

I was still naked and the only way back to my clothes was through the boy’s changing room and the corridor. My plan was that I would wait until the boys came for their P.E. class. If any of them came into the shower at the start of their lesson I planned to be shocked and then run to the door to the girl’s changing room Finding that locked I would look round then run through the boy’s changing room, out into the corridor, then into the girl’s changing room. If none of them came into the shower at the start of the lesson then I would wait until the end and then react in the same way. This is what I really wanted, as I would probably (hopefully) see some naked boys.

After a boring eternity I heard the boys arrive. My heart pace increased and my pussy got wetter in anticipation. Nothing happened and everything went quiet.

I had to take care of that itch again and slowly passed the time with busy finger.

I heard a door open and some boys talking. I turned the shower on, turned my back to where the boys would come in, and waited. My pussy was dripping, and it was nothing to do with what was coming out of the showerhead. I swear that if I’d had to wait much longer I would have cum just standing there.

The door opened and I heard at least 3 boys talking, and then silence. I turned round, screamed then ran to the door to the girls changing room. After frantically trying to force the door I turned round and faced them with my hands still on the door handle behind me. I stared at them and they stared at me. Four more boys came in and just stopped. Out of the 7 naked boys in there, 5 didn’t have a towel with them. Four were covering their dicks with either towels or hands but the other 3 just stood there. One was starting to get a little erection.

Eventually one of them said, “What have we got here then?” With that I bolted for the door to the boys changing room. As I went through the door, one of them stuck his leg out and over I went. I went headlong, face down and crashed into one of the benches. I passed out. When I came round I was on my back on the floor, arms and legs out wide. Just about all of the lads, in various states of undress, were stood round looking down at me. Half of the lads were naked and I could see a few little dicks, one was hard. I pretended to be frightened, but didn’t move an inch. When one of them said, “She’s okay, get her. With that about 20 pairs of hands were all over me. I pretended to be petrified, and even struggled a bit. In reality I loved it. My breasts were getting mauled, my nipples squeezed and my pussy probed.

Amazingly, I could see through the mass of legs and saw the door to the corridor open. I was expecting someone to come in, but all that happened was that a man’s voice shouted, “Be quiet you lot, and hurry up.” With that the door shut again.

The boys stopped for a second and I managed to break free. Before they had chance to start again I turned over and crawled between some legs. I managed to get up and went for the door. Out in the corridor I looked both ways as I turned towards the girl’s changing room. There was a man walking the same way as I was going. I flew passed him and was just going into the girl’s room when he said, “BOY, GET BACK HERE!”

I ignored him and continued in. I went about half way down the room and just stood there facing the door, getting my breath back. I was gasping for air when the door opened and the man walked in. Seeing me facing him, naked, he gasped and said, “I thought…. Sorry.” And went out.

I’d done it. I just had to make myself cum again. I stood there with my legs apart and frigged until I came. I was that excited that it didn’t take long.

When I calmed down I decided that I’d better get out of there. I put my blouse, skirt, socks and shoes on and left. The corridor was empty and I made it back to the girl’s toilet without seeing anyone. After a pee, I headed out to the bike sheds and then cycled home. I stayed sat down on the bike all the way home, but I let the skirt go over the back of the seat rather than sit on it. The cold seat was nice on my sopping pussy.

I didn’t go back that evening and when I told Jon what I’d done he told me that I’d done well, but not what he’d told me to do. He took me up to the ‘whipping T’, strapped me on and gave me 20 strokes with the tawse. As usual I counted them saying, “One, thank you Master” etc. When I’d had all 20 he left me for about half an hour before coming back and fucking me while I was still strapped on. After he’d cum, he went and had a shower then untied me, told me to have a shower then go to bed.

Next morning it was school again. The bike ride was fun again, it was a bit windy again, and my skirt was all over the place. My only disappointment was that I was wearing knickers, even though they were showing because my skirt wasn’t long enough to completely cover them, front or back. I got the same sort of comments from a few of the kids, but I just walked into the bike sheds, parked my bike and walked into the school.

I went into the girl’s toilet and tucked part of the hem of my skirt in the back of my knickers – just as if I’d been to the toilet and hadn’t paid much attention when pulling my knickers back up. As I walked out and down the corridor in amongst the crowds I heard comments like, “Look at that slut,” “Wow, look at those legs,” “Look at her knickers,” “Stupid bitch,” “What a tart.” I loved every minute of it.

Walking down the corridor one of the boys walking towards me stopped right in front of me causing me to stop. He said, “Hi Vanessa, what are you doing here?” and then, “I nearly didn’t recognise you with your clothes on.” It was one of the group of boys who seem to take it in turns to come and collect the money for the newspapers. I said, “Hi, I’ve decided to get myself an education, please don’t tell anyone who I am”. When he said, “okay” I thanked him and walked on. As I walked away I heard him say, “Vanessa, you’ve got your skirt tucked in your knickers.” I pretended that I didn’t know but pulled it out because other kids were watching me and it was obvious that I’d heard him.

I needed a bit more excitement and went to the toilet again. I took my knickers off and put them in my bag. Next I unrolled my skirt a little so that it just covered my ass and pussy. After a quick plunge of my fingers into my pussy and a pull on my clit, I went out and headed for the stairs. I didn’t have long to wait before I saw a group of older lads heading for the stairs. I worked it so that I got there just in front of them and they followed me up. At first I couldn’t hear any comment about me from them so I ‘dropped’ my bag in front of me, stopped and bent forward to pick it up. The lads had to stop and when they looked up to see who had caused the problem they got a right eye-full. I heard one of them say, “Fucking hell, look at that!”

Needless to say I didn’t rush to stand up straight again, or get moving again. Just before I did move I felt a hand on my pussy. Only for a second or so, but long enough for a finger to go inside me. As I started walking up the stairs again, I looked round and saw one lad holding his hand in front of his face and a few others looking at it.

When I got to the top I decided to spend a couple of minutes standing against the rail looking down the stair well. I’ve done this a few times in shops and shopping centres. I love looking down on people who are looking up at me and right up my skirt. It gets me wet just thinking about it. Anyway, quite a few kids, boys and girls, looked up at me. The picture on some of their faces was fantastic.

I heard a woman’s voice telling the kids to get a move on, so I decided that I’d better move. As I walked down the stairs a couple of lads stumbled a bit as they looked up my skirt and saw my pussy. At one point I had to hold my bag in front of my legs as a woman teacher came up the stairs towards me. I needn’t have worried because there were too many kids around for her to see my legs.

By the time I’d got down and part way along the corridor the number of kids still on the corridor was reducing rapidly. I headed to the girls toilet and locked myself in a stall. I had a bit of time to kill, and a lovely warm feeling to take care of.

It was quiet and there was no one around when I came out. I thought about trying the showers trick again, but decided that I’d better do as Jon told me and go home.

It was only when I climbed onto my bike and sat down that I remembered that I hadn’t got any knickers on. It didn’t feel as windy, so I thought, ‘sod it’, and kept going. I’m sure that a couple of motorists saw what I wasn’t wearing, but I didn’t hear any screeching of tyres or big bangs so I guess that no one could accuse me of causing an accident.

I was a bit late setting of back to the school that afternoon, and when I arrived I was going the opposite way to just about everyone else. When I got to the bike sheds I decided that I would probably be wasting my time going in, so I turned round and started walking my bike to the gate.

Each time I left the school I went out of a side entrance which was out of sight from the main part of the school. The path went over part of the playing fields, and as I was walked my bike to the gate I had to stop for 3 girls who stepped in front of me. The girl in the middle was obviously the leader. Her skirt was rolled-up (not as short as mine) and she had a cigarette in her hand and obviously fancied herself as the schoolgirls bully.

She asked me who I was. Then she told me that she was the one that ran the place, and that all the girls did what she told them. I just laughed at her and said, “Not any more they don’t, they’ve got me now.” (Yes, I know it was out of character for me, but she annoyed me, and I was feeling brave. I wasn’t going to be told what to do by this 15 year-old kid). There was a bit of an exchange of insults, and then she slapped my face; so I slapped her face back. “Right slut,” she said, “you’re mine.” To her mates she said, “Leave this slut to me; I’m going to smash her face in.”

Before I really realised what was happening we were rolling round on the grass together, my blouse buttons had popped open and my tits were showing. She saw this and started grabbing at my blouse. Before long it was hanging off on one arm. My skirt was up round my waist and my knickers were showing. I decided that I needed to do something and went for her blouse. I tore the buttons open, some of them ripped off, and I grabbed her bra. It was a ‘front loader’ and her big tits flopped out when I grabbed it and pulled.

By that time there were dozens of kids in a circle round us cheering us on.

Over and over we rolled, grabbing at whatever we could of the other. I ripped her blouse and bra off (my blouse had already gone). Next I felt a rip as the elastic round the top of my knickers broke. Then my skirt went. I was naked (apart from my school tie, socks and shoes) by then, but not beaten. In fact I got some extra strength from somewhere and gave her one almighty punch to her stomach. When she doubled-up it was easy for me to rip her knickers and skirt off. We were both naked. I was really getting the better of her and sat on her chest facing her head. I got my knees over her shoulders and pinned her arms with my shins. My pussy was extremely close to her face. I suddenly felt her knees in my back and realised that she was trying to hook my arms under her knees and pull me over backwards.

With a burst of strength I let her hook my arms, but I immediately pulled hard and leaned forwards. She was now bent double with me holding her arm and legs down and with my pussy on her face. She struggled for a minute or so, then stopped and looked up at me. She was mad as hell, but beaten. She just couldn’t move. Her pussy was on display for everyone to see and the kids were enjoying it.

I looked down at her and said, “Admit defeat bitch?” She didn’t say anything so I rubbed my wet pussy onto her mouth and nose. “Eat that.” I said. I don’t know if she was going to or not because all of a sudden I heard a man’s voice shouting, “Get up at once.” Looking up I saw 2 men teachers looking down at us. The crowd had gone silent and had moved back a bit.

I got up and stood facing the teachers so did the other girl. She was trying to cover her hairy pussy and tits, but I stood there with my arms at my sides. After a few seconds while the teachers looked us up and down, one of them said, “I know you’re Wendy Johnston, but who are you (looking at my face for the first time)?” ”Vanessa Evans sir, I’m new here, only started yesterday.” “Not a very good start is it? Get your clothes on both of you, and go home. I want to see both of you at the headmaster’s office at 9 o’clock tomorrow morning. Understand?” We both said, “Yes sir,” and turned towards where our clothes were.

We both put our clothes on as best we could. My blouse only had 3 buttons left on it and the zip on my skirt was broken. My knickers were beyond anything so I just left them on the grass. I cycled home sitting on the cycle seat all the way. If I’d stood up my skirt would have slipped down and I would have probably caused an accident.

About an hour after I got home, Jon got home from work. When I told him what happened he just laughed and said, “That was fun while it lasted, I’ll have to think of some other fun you can have pretending to be a schoolgirl again.”

Well, that’s all about my fun as a schoolgirl. 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

Vanessa