**Introduction**

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

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

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

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

vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

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

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

The adventure I’m about to describe happened in the summer of 2000 and wasn’t really planned. It was just a spontaneous reaction (by Jon) to something that happened at the house next door.

#### The Builders Next Door

Although Jon’s house has an upstairs and a downstairs, the houses on either side only have one floor, they’re bungalows. Last summer we noticed quite a bit of activity, and quite a bit of noise, at one of them. Looking down from the punishment room window (we have a 6 feet high fence); we could see that one of our neighbours was having a conservatory built at the back of their bungalow. This gave Jon an idea and he went into the back garden and moved the big scaffolding frame so that the bottom was facing where the conservatory was being built.

The scaffolding frame is a bit like a big bed, but about 10 feet long, and 6 feet wide. It has 2 padded cross members and some webbing straps across it. I’ve spent many a happy hour strapped to it spread-eagle, both facing the ground, and the sky. I’ve also got a few layers of all-over suntan when I’ve been on it.

Anyway, Jon got a few spare pieces of scaffold and made a slight modification to it. He left it so that there was a vertical bar about 6 inches from where my pussy is when I’m restrained on it.

That was it for that night, but the next evening Jon took a look at the building work and told me that the next day was going to be ‘my day’. He told me that the way PVC conservatories are built meant that the job would probably be finished the next day so we only had one chance.

Just before Jon went to work the next morning he told me to cover my front with suntan lotion and to go and make myself comfortable on the scaffolding frame. After he finished his breakfast, he came outside and tied my ankles and wrists to the frame. He then pulled a blindfold out of his pocket and put it on me.

There I was, naked, spread-eagle, and tied down with the prospect of being like that for the next 8 or 9 hours. It was a typical British summer’s day, wet and not very warm. For what seemed like a couple of hours I was quite cold and not very happy. Even the thought of what might happen wasn’t keeping me warm.

About lunchtime (my stomach was telling me it was lunchtime) I started to warm up and could hear some noise from next door. My mind started having visions of the time that our conservatory was built and I was spread-eagle on the bed with the builders taking photographs of me (see my Journal). That time Jon had some control over the builders, but this time he didn’t have any. If, when, they discovered me, they’d be able to do anything they liked to me. The piece of scaffolding that Jon had fixed about 6 inches from my pussy would make it difficult for someone to actually fuck me, but not impossible. All they needed was a spanner.

As time went on I got warmer and wetter, and not from the rain. I was having a wet daydream remembering some of the exciting times that I’ve had. All of a sudden I heard a man shout, “Fucking hell! Come and have a look at this.” Everything went quiet and I knew that they’d seen me. If I was wet before, then I was getting drenched then. That nice tingling in my lower stomach and pussy was starting again.

I could hear them talking, but couldn’t make out the words. After a while everything went quiet. Were they coming round, had the gone for their lunch, or what? The anticipation and not knowing was getting me even more excited. I could feel my pussy juices trickling down between my arse cheeks.

After what seemed like hours I heard the side gate open. Next I heard feet walking towards me. I knew they were there, but I couldn’t see them. I thought I felt something touch my right nipple, but it could have imagined it. Even so, I gasped a little.

Still there was silence. I was just starting to think that they’d gone away when I heard a man cough. “Hello, is anyone there?” I said. After about a minute, a young sounding man’s voice said, “Are you all right?”

Relieved and excited, I said, “Oh Hi, I was beginning to think that I was imagining that someone was there.” “What are you doing out here like that?” the man’s voice asked.

“My Master restrained me here this morning. It’s my punishment for not obeying him.” I said. “Your Master! That means that you’re his slave?” the tone of his voice asked. “Yes, I do everything that he tells me, and he uses me as he pleases.” I said. “So he abuses you and you’re happy about that?” was the reply. I just said, “Yes” and waited.

After a long pause a second man’s voice said, “Right then, you won’t mind if we ‘abuse’ you a bit will you?” With that I felt a rough hand grab my right breast and start mauling it. Then another hand on my left breast. My nipples (which were rock hard) were being pulled in every direction. It was hurting, but it was nice.

“You shouldn’t be doing that,” the first man’s voice said. The second man said, “If you want to miss an opportunity like this then bugger of and finish putting that roof on. I’m going to have a piece of this slut.” After a bit more nipple pulling I heard the side gate bang, then I felt a hand on my pussy. As a finger went inside me, the man said, “You’re loving this aren’t you?” I was, but I didn’t say so.

The hand on my pussy backed off. Then I felt the little rings in my pussy lips being pulled around. Then my clit was grabbed and pulled. It was pulled so hard that I screamed. Both hands went away and I felt the whole scaffolding frame move.

“What bastard put that fucking pole between your legs?” he asked. I didn’t answer him. After the whole frame moved another couple of times everything went quiet before I heard a zip unfasten. Then I heard what must have been the man climbing into the frame because the next thing that I knew was that I felt his dick force my mouth open. “Suck that bitch” he said. So I did.

He was stood above my head with his balls bouncing on my face and I couldn’t get much of his dick in my mouth, but it didn’t long for him to cum. His jism didn’t taste as nice as Jon’s, but there was lots of it. I had trouble swallowing it without choking.

After he shot his load into my mouth there was a long pause before I felt him climb off the frame. “I’m off for a spanner, don’t go away.” He said laughingly. There was a few seconds quiet and I was thinking, “Oh shit, Jon’s not going to like this,” when I heard Jon say, “Can I help you?”

“Err um, me and my mate are working next door and have just seen your slave, err woman. I though I’d better come and see that she was all right.” He said. “Thank you for your concern, but she’s all right, aren’t you Vanessa?” Jon replied. Before I had chance to answer, the man said, “Right then, I’ll get back to work.”

Jon came over to me and asked me if I’d enjoyed myself. I told him that I had, but not enough to cum. He then told me that he’d watched the whole thing from the upstairs window and he asked me what the man’s jism tasted like. “Not as nice as yours Master.” I answered. Jon then told me that he’d take care of me in a minute, and leaving the blindfold in place he disappeared.

About ten minutes later he returned with a spanner and took the extra poll off. I thought that he was going to fuck me then, but he didn’t, he left me and came back a bit later. “Wanted to make sure we had an audience,” he said as he rammed his dick into me.

I was getting close to cumming, but not close enough, as Jon shot his load into me. When he pulled out of me I said, “Master, please make me cum, I need to cum.” Jon ignored me and went inside. I was just coming to the conclusion that my frustrations were not to be relieved when I felt one of my vibrators being pushed inside me. Then it was switched on. It wasn’t long before I reached my first orgasm of the day. Then the second. Just as the third was starting to build up, the vibe was removed and Jon took the blindfold off. He untied my wrists and ankles and told me to go and get a shower. It took ages for my eyes to get used to the sunlight, and when I looked over towards where the builders were working, the conservatory roof looked as though it was finished, and I couldn’t see anyone.

When I got upstairs I looked out of the front window and saw the builder’s van drive off.

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