**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.

**Watched while in the Shower**

Have you ever spotted someone spying on you whilst in the shower?

I have on more than one occasion. The time that springs to mind was when I went to a Gym whilst on a short visit to Spain with Jon. Jon had left me in the Hotel whilst he went to a business meeting so I went for a walk. I came across a Gym and decided that I needed a bit of exercise. I went back to the Hotel, got my kit and went in. It was quite small and there weren’t many people there. No one took much notice of me as I worked-out wearing only my tennis-skirt, crop top and trainers. After my work-out I went to the changing room, stripped, put my towel round me and went to the little sauna. There were two men and one woman in there, all wearing swimming costumes. I took my towel off and sat on the bench. The three people looked at me then continued talking in Spanish.

When I got too hot I wrapped my towel round me, got my kit from the changing room and went looking for the showers (none in the changing room). I found a room with 3 showers that were separated by curtains. I went into the middle one (there was no one else there), took my towel off, pulled the curtain round and turned the shower on.

I was enjoying the shower when I heard the door open and someone come in. After a couple of minutes I thought I saw the curtain round my shower move a bit, but I ignored it. I heard one of the other showers get turned on. For some reason I looked towards the curtain that I thought I saw move and saw a little red lights. After a couple of seconds I realised that the curtain had been pulled back a bit and I could see a video camera, half covered with a towel, on the bench seat. I guessed that the red light showed that it was recording. At first I was a bit surprised, but I quickly realised that I had an opportunity for a bit of pleasure.

During the following 5 minutes or so I played with my nipples and pussy until I had cum twice. I then turned the shower off and dried myself very slowly, tweaking my nips and clit a few times. All the time I faced the camera, but didn’t look at it.

When I’d got what few clothes I had on I picked-up my bag and made sure that I trapped the hem of my skirt under the bag that I carried under my arm. With my pussy on display I pulled the curtain back. There was no one there. I walked over to the camera, picked it up, squatted down and held the camera close to my open pussy for a few seconds, before putting it back. I then went out into the reception area. As I left, the man behind the counter gave me a voucher for me to get in again for half price.

Love,

Vanessa