**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.

# **Villa in Spain**

Jon’s bought a little villa in Spain and I’ve just been there for the first time. Jon took me there for a few days then left me there for week on my own. It was great, and I’m really looking forward to spending more time there.

As usual Jon surprised me by coming home and telling me to put a few essentials into a bag and us leaving within a few minutes.

A few hours later we were getting into a hire car at Malaga airport. We drove down towards Marbella then up towards the hills. The villa is on the edge of a small wooded area that Jon tells me he now owns. As soon as I saw it I started imagining the fun that we could have in the open in that wonderful climate. I do hope that Jon decided to move over there permanently.

I’d already taken my dress off within minutes of getting into the car at Malaga airport, and as soon as Jon pulled up at the gate I jumped out of the car and ran to look round the place. It has its own swimming pool with a grassed area and is virtually surrounded by pine trees. Inside there are 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, a big open lounge with a high ceiling, and a basement. In the garage I found a scooter that Jon bought for me to get around when he’s not there.

The basement is our Spanish Punishment room. Jon has had only two pain / pleasure machines installed so far, more about them later.

The first job when we got there was to go back towards Marbella to a giant supermarket to get some food and drink. Jon picked my shortest skirt (8 inches) and shortest crop top for me to wear. The bottom of my little breasts show below my top, and if I do anything other than keep straight upright the skirt will either ride-up, showing my bum and pussy, or slide down showing the top of my bum and pussy. Whichever way you look at it I’ve got to be very careful if there are kids or miserable looking people about. That’s the only skirt that Jon will let me pull straight when I’m with him. Anyway, it didn’t take long to get there and I gave a few people flashes as I reached up or bent down for something. I wasn’t paying much attention to other people; I was more interested in getting back to the villa and out into the sun. I knew that my all-over tan was going to get a real boost.

There was one moment at the check-out that I remember. I was reaching over to get the food to put into the bags when I realised that the check-out girl had stopped scanning things and was looking at me. I wondered what she was looking at then realised that my little top had risen up and was being kept up by my hard nipples.

As soon as the food was put away I asked Jon if I could go for a swim. We both went and I pleaded with Jon for him to fuck me in the water. I love that feeling.

Afterwards we went for a walk in the woods, over the fence and along dirt tracks. We never saw anyone, which was a bit of a disappointment, as we were both naked. At one point Jon got me to bend over a fallen tree while he rammed into me. We walked on with his dick still pointing to the sun and our juices running down my thighs.

The next morning Jon got the little scooter out of the garage and showed me how everything works. I’d never ridden a motorbike or a scooter before, but it wasn’t difficult getting used to it, and with minutes I was riding it around the garden. Jon reminded me that I would need to put some clothes on when I took it out onto the road.

We only went into Marbella one night (on the other 3 nights Jon was more interested in having me out in the open). We wandered along the seafront and drank in the busy bars. My skimpy clothes didn’t attract much attention, as there were hundreds of girls wearing nearly as little as me.

Jon took me to this fantastic beach about 7 miles east of Marbella. It has soft sand and dunes that you can almost get lost in. Just to make it even better, it’s a naturist beach. Apart from the area near the harbour almost everyone was naked. It was great swimming in the warm sea and lying on the warn, soft sand. Whenever Jon wanted some sex we’d either walk out into the sea or walk in the dunes until we found a quiet place where he could have his evil way with me.

One time we only went to the edge of the dunes and while I was impaled on Jon and slowly moving from side to side, three teenage girls walked by and got a view of my pussy and Jon’s balls. His dick was buried deep inside me. The first girl who spotted us told the other 2 and they stared for a while before walking off giggling.

Punishment Room – as I said, only two machines in there so far, but there are lots of steel rings in the walls, floor and ceiling. One machine is a sort of electric shock machine. It’s a long metal dildo attached to a pole that is bolted to the floor. The height is adjustable and is set so that the dildo is just inside me when I’m stood up on my tiptoes. There are 2 little clamps on the floor that keep my big toes in place. I have to stand on my tiptoes because under my heels are switched that turn on the power. It comes on when I relax and my heels go down. Just to make sure that I can’t undo the big toe clamps there are ropes hanging down from the ceiling that Jon fastens to my wrists.

I was a bit nervous when I first saw the wires that went from it to a control unit then to a mains socket on the wall. I looked at Jon who just said, “Trust me!” I do.

For the first 10 minutes or so it was nothing special, just like having a dildo partially in me. After that my legs and feet start to get a bit tired and I started to go down a bit. It’s nice as the dildo goes in a bit further, but then my heels trigger the switch and I get a jolt. Boy did I jump the first time. The control box keeps the voltage low, but it can be increased.

The more tired my legs got the more shocks I got. The more shocks I got the more excited and the more tired I got. Jon left me alone for the first 30 or 40 minutes, then started checking on me every 5 minutes or so. Jon can tell when my pain turns to pleasure and when he realised that I was getting close to cumming he turned up the voltage a bit. Just at the point of no return Jon upped the voltage a bit more and I pushed down on my heels. I was stood there covered in sweat and almost screaming with pleasure.

Jon had to hold me up after he’d untied my wrists. I really needed that long shower and sleep afterwards.

The other pleasure machine is like a small gym horse with no legs. The difference is that it’s got a big electric vibe sticking out of the top. Jon’s had it positioned on the floor between some ropes so that he can tie me down on it once I’ve knelt down and impaled myself on it. The ropes hold me back with my wrists tied to the floor behind me.

Jon ties me in place, switches it on and then leaves me to it. The first time that I used it I’d cum 4 times before Jon came and switched it off.

It wasn’t long before Jon had to go home, but he told me that I was staying there another week on my own. Wow! I’d miss Jon, but I knew that I could have some fun.

After I’d dropped Jon off at the airport I drove back to the villa planning what I was going to do with my week in the sun all on my own.

The first time that I went out on the scooter was ‘interesting’. I’d put on a short, thin cotton ‘A’ skirt and a tie front thin blouse. At first I was concentrating quite hard as I drove along the roads and really didn’t notice what the wind was doing to my clothes. For a start, the wind was keeping my nipples rock hard. The other thing was that my skirt was getting blown up and I had to stop a few times to pull it down from my waist. After a while I got more confident and started relaxing a bit. I soon discovered that if I sat forward on the seat, lounged back and opened my knees, the wind felt wonderful on my pussy. I stopped caring about my skirt being round my waist except for when I was in a built-up area with lots of people about. Out in the country I once noticed that my tie front blouse had come undone and my breasts were getting tanned. The blouse was so thin that I couldn’t feel the difference.

I was really enjoying riding around with my legs open and the breeze massaging my pussy. When I did get off outside a little supermarket there was a big wet patch on the seat. The vibrations were causing me to produce lubrication faster than the breeze could dry it.

After I’d bought some bread and an ice-cream I sat on the road curb eating the ice-cream with my knees bent and my feet apart. I couldn’t have planned it better if I’d have thought about it. Some tourists walked up the road on the other side of the street and I didn’t realise that my pussy was on full display until a man did a double take and said, ‘bloody hell.” When I realised what he was looking at I managed not to react and just sat there.

I got lost on the way back, and had to stop to buy some petrol. The attendant was a youth of about 19 or 20. I had to ask for his help and repaid him by dropping my money and bending over to pick it up giving him a great view of my bum and pussy.

I decided to spend one of the days on the beach. Feeling brave when I got up I decided to make it a clothes free trip. The only thing that I took with me that could be used to cover myself was a towel. I decided that I needed a towel with me to lie on, and to dry myself after going for a swim. The scooter was out of the question for 2 reasons. The first was that it was too far for me, and I didn’t fancy the main road. The second was that I was sure that I would get arrested.

I didn’t notice anyone looking at me as I drove there, although I did take a last minute detour when I saw a policeman standing on a corner where I would have to stop.

There weren’t many cars in the car park when I got there and I parked well away from the dunes. I made a dash across the car park and soon relaxed when I got into the dunes. The day went great, my all-over tan improved and I had a relaxing time in the warm sea.

The ‘fun’ started when I decided to go back to the villa. As I walked towards the car park I noticed a lot of cars, and a gang of about 10 noisy youths on motorbikes hanging around near where I was parked. Realising that I had could have a bit of a problem I hung around for a bit hoping that they would move on. While I was standing around 2 couples walked passed me and it was obvious from their looks that they weren’t expecting a naked woman so far from the beach.

Eventually I decided that I couldn’t wait any longer, and with a pounding heart and a pussy getting progressively wetter, I started walking towards the car. It wasn’t long before they saw me and most of them jumped on their bikes and started riding round and round me. I knew that if I stopped I would probably have difficulty in getting moving again. They were shouting at me, and each other but I hadn’t a clue what they were saying. Eventually, sweating and with wet thighs, I reached the car and got in. Some of them followed me for a couple of miles before giving up and going somewhere else.

A couple of times I took the punishment machine that I kneel down on, outside to pleasure myself out in the sun. I couldn’t take it that far out because the electricity cable wasn’t that long. Anyway, after I’d been riding it the second time for about 5 minutes I was just getting to the point of no return when I noticed something moving out of the corner of my eye. I turned to see what it was and was shocked to see that it was a young man with a bucket in his hand.

Struggling to hold back the orgasm that was about to arrive I asked him who the hell he was. With a big grin he said, “I’m the pool man, come here every Tuesday. Don’t stop because of me, I like to see a woman enjoying herself.” By that time I couldn’t stop even if I wanted to, so I let it happen. It was even more intense because I had a last minute, unexpected audience. A reasonable looking one at that.

As my high subsided the man turned and walked over to the pool. When I climbed off I went for a swim. The man had seen me at my most exposed so what the hell, tease him some more.

One afternoon I went for another walk in woods – naked of course. It was so peaceful, so warm, and so natural. I came across the back on another villa and watched a couple having sex in their pool. That turned me on a bit, so I had to relieve myself whilst I stood there watching them.

Another day I went window shopping in Marbella. There are some fantastic shops there, but in a lot of them you need a big bank balance to buy anything. Not a lot exciting happened although I’m sure I must have given some people a flash of my goodies. The light breeze kept blowing my skirt up and I couldn’t be bothered to do anything about it.

I rode the scooter to the local shops just about every morning that week, and really enjoyed the feeling of the breeze on my pussy as I rode with my knees as far apart as I could. The shop that I usually went to was a little supermarket. I seemed to spend ages there waiting for the opportunity to flash some suitable person either by squatting down to look at something on a bottom shelf, or bending over to give a great view of my ass.

The shop appeared to be run by an oldish man and a teenage girl who was usually on the checkout. By the end of the week the old man was smiling at me and following me about. The girl got her share as well, for some reason I always managed to trap the bottom of my short skirt as I picked the goods up after she had rung them into the till. She usually stared at my bald pussy as I slowly counted my Euros out of my purse with one hand as the other held the bread etc. (and my skirt).

On the Friday night I was having a ‘wet’ dream when I woke up with what I thought to be a burglar in the room. I lay there frightened but quiet, hoping that whoever it was wouldn’t realise that I was there. A bit silly really as what burglar could resist doing something to a naked, slim 28 year old that was sleeping without covers.

He walked up to the bed then put something over my mouth. I passed out.

When I woke up it was still dark, and I was tied, spread-eagle, face down. I was blindfold, had something over my ears, something very solid in my pussy, and something was squeezing and pulling my nipples.

After a short time the something in my pussy was twisted round and pushed in and out a bit. My pussy responded and the pain turned to slight pleasure. It was then removed.

After what seemed like ages, something else was put in. This time I knew what it was, a vibe, and it was switched on. It was left on until I came. As I did I got this terrible sharp pain in my nipples. This intensified my orgasm and I screamed out. As I calmed down I realised that the pain in my nipples was electricity.

The vibe was removed and I was left for a while. Then the same thing happened again, and again, and again. I think it was 4 times in all. I was knackered, but happy, even though I didn’t know who was doing it to me.

I was left for a lot longer time before something was put over my mouth and I passed out again.

When I woke up again I was back on bed and it was getting light. Had I dreamed it all? Had I had a great, wet dream? My pussy was certainly wet and sore, so were my nips. I got up and went and had a shower.

When I walked into the kitchen I was surprised to see Jon eating breakfast. The original plan when Jon left me to go home the previous weekend was that I would fly home on my own.

“Had a good night?” was all that Jon said, but I knew then that it wasn’t a dream – I think, Jon had given me a few fantastic orgasms and made me feel fantastic.

Later that day we went along the coast to where a cable car goes from in the middle of the village / town, to the top of the mountain. I was only wearing a short, light ‘A’ skirt and tight, thin, white ‘T’ shirt. As we got higher, it got colder and windy. When we got out at the top it was blowing a gale, a cold gale. My skirt was all over the place and my nipples were threatening to rip the ‘T’ shirt. With that ‘T’ shirt you can always see my dark nipples, but with them that hard the material was really under pressure. It didn’t help that Jon had poured some of our drinking water on them.

It’s a fantastic place with views for miles and all sorts of wild birds. However, we couldn’t stay long because there were lots of kids there and I was involuntarily giving them a lesson in human biology. Jon even told me that I could try to hold my skirt in its proper place, which is something that I’m normally forbidden to do.

Sunday night - Jon took me to a nightclub in Fuengirola. I wore a little black dress – loose fitting, low cut, spaghetti straps, and 4 inch heels. We both had a few too many drinks and Jon decided that we should get some sleep in the car before returning to the villa.

When I half woke up it was light and I discovered that club car park was part of a route that teenagers took to their high school. I had slept in the reclined passenger seat and my dress had ridden up to my waist and my right hand was gently rubbing my pussy (I often wake up dong that).

I managed to resist panicing and stayed still and waited to see what would happen. After a while I heard a young man’s voice. I couldn’t understand what he was saying, but he was excited. After a few seconds there were more voices, male and female. I decided to up the ante and really started playing with my pussy – still pretending to be asleep. I eased my legs wider and was really going for it when everything went quiet. Next thing that happened was that the driver’s door opened and Jon got in saying, “Did I spoil your fun?”

We went back to the villa and packed. That afternoon we flew back to an England that was a lot cooler.

I’m sure that we’ll be going again, and I’m looking forward to having more ‘fun’ out there.

Love,

V