**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.

**Dogging**

It was only after ‘that night’ that I discovered what ‘dogging’ was.

It all started on one of the few warm days that we had this summer. Jon had taken me up to the Derbyshire Dales for ‘a day in the country’. It was good, fresh air and sunshine, even if I did feel a bit out of place walking on the hills wearing a miniskirt. Anyway, it’s not the time on the hills that I’m writing about; it was the journey home in the evening.

Not long after we headed for home Jon got me to give him a blow job as he was driving. Before I’d got him to cum he pulled into a car park at the edge of a wood. It was obviously a tourist area as the car park was quite big. Jon parked at one end where there were no other cars.

I finished the blow job and as Jon was zipping up his trousers I said that I needed a pee. Jon told me to get out and have one. As I got out he told me to walk to the centre of that end of the car park, open my legs wide and let rip. I couldn’t see anyone else around so I did as I was told.

I was in mid flow when Jon got out of the car and motioned me to take my skirt off. It was a wrap-round skirt so I took it off without interrupting the flow. When I’d finished I wiggled my bum in a pointless exercise to shake off any drops of pee that were on my pussy.

I walked back to the car but before I could get in Jon told me to lean back over the front of the car and masturbate. Jon got hard again quite quickly and it wasn’t long before he was on top of me getting his ‘evil way’ (ha!).

As he was fucking me I turned my head to one side and saw something move in one of the bushes. I looked again and realised that there was a man watching us. Now since Jon brought out the ‘real me’ I’ve always enjoyed an audience. I savoured the moment and then told Jon. He just said, “So what!”

After a minute or so I looked over to the bushes and saw more faces. I smiled at them.

It hadn’t been long since Jon had filled my mouth with cum so I knew that it would be a while before he came again.

After a while the men got a bit braver. They came out into the open and blatantly stared at us. It wasn’t long before 2 men on their own and 1 male and female couple were standing no more than 10 feet from us. My heart was pounding with the excitement and my pussy was gushing. I could feel my juices starting to run down onto the car. Just after I came Jon filled my pussy with his cum then stood up and looked at the audience.

I started to stand up but Jon told me to get back down. During our session, Jon had pulled my top over my head and I was naked apart from my shoes. I looked over to the audience. One man had his dick out and was openly wanking. The other man had a hand over dick outside his trousers. The man with the woman was behind her with one hand up her blouse and the other up her skirt.

Jon looked down at me then waved the audience over. Jon then told them that they could do what they wanted to me just so long as none of their dicks entered me.

The next half hour was great. I came 5 times as all 4 of them played with my body. I wanked all 3 men (not all at once) and frigged the woman until she came. One of the men produced a dildo and got it very wet in my pussy. The woman used her tongue on me while her man fucked her from behind.

By the time they’d finished I was knackered and covered in sweat and cum. It’s a good job Jon carries a towel in the back of his car.

A couple of days later Jon told me that we’d been ‘dogging’ and that we would definitely go again.