**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.

**Temping 2**

Two more Temping jobs that I did recently that Jon told me to write about: -

The first was at the offices of a large company where some of the staff comes into contact with the public. As a result all staff has to wear a uniform. In some respects the men were lucky as they have to wear white shirts, tie and charcoal trousers. I say ‘in some respects’ because I wouldn’t like to be trussed up like that all day.

The women were both lucky and unlucky as well. Their summer uniform is a hideous silk like dress that goes down to the ankles. It fastens with buttons all down the front. When I first saw the uniform I hoped that because I would only be there for 3 weeks I wouldn’t have to wear one. Now I was glad that I did.

Looking at the medium size I asked if they had an XS. They didn’t, so I had to settle for the smallest that they had - medium. Most of the women there are grossly over weight so they didn’t hold stocks of small or extra small. I went to the toilet and put it on. It was horrible. The only good thing that I could think of at the time was that it was very thin and felt good against my naked body.

It wasn’t long before I realised that I could do a bit of teasing. Part of my job involved getting people to sign papers, most of them men. After a while one of the men asked me to point out where he had to sign. I didn’t have a clue, not wanting to look too thick I bent over his desk and looked at the document. Where he had to sign was very obvious and as I looked up to tell him I saw where he was looking. The top of my oversized dress was hanging down and he had a great view of my little tits. My nipples got even harder. I let him look for a few more seconds before playing along with his game and showing him where to sign.

By the end of the day nearly all of the men had ‘forgotten’ where to sign. Of course I positioned myself so that they’d get the best view and I always took my time finding where to sign.

Every couple of hours I had to go to the toilet and relieve the pressures that were building up in my pussy.

The second Temp job was delivering Sandwiches to Offices. For 4 weeks I had this little van and worked for 5 hours a day. Fortunately I didn’t have to wear a uniform, I was just told to be ‘smart’.

One of the offices that I delivered to was a big room with about 20 men working at desks. Most of them were very friendly and chatty. One of them was VERY chatty, cheeky, confident and sexist. On the fourth day that I was there while I was near him he was telling one of his mates about a film that he’d seen where there was a naked waitress. He asked me I would deliver the sandwiches in the nude. Of course I said no, but didn’t move away and he asked again. This time I hesitated but again said no.

That night I told Jon about it and he told me to do it if I was asked again

The next day he did ask again. This time I said, “What’s in it for me?” That caught him by surprise but he soon recovered and told me that he’d sort something out and get back to me.

When I went in on the Monday he was waiting for me outside the door with £50 in his hand. He told me that I’d get £50 each day that I delivered in the nude. Well, what was I to say. Twenty men ogling at me as I walked in amongst them. Just what a girl like me loves. I hesitated a bit then said, “Okay.”

“Right then, strip off,” he said. I looked at him then took my top and then my skirt off. As my skirt came off he said, “I thought so.” When I asked what he was talking about, he told me that he’d just won a bet as to whether or not I wore knickers.

We went in and 20 sets of eyes looked over to me as the door opened and word spread. Wow, what a feeling. My nips were rock hard, my pussy lips were swollen and I got wetter and wetter as I slowly walked round dropping off the sandwiches.

I carried the sandwiches in a basket and had to put it on the floor each time I stopped and had to check the sheets for each order and then bend over again to get the right sandwich out. When I’m working I normally bent over in a very lady like way, but since I was naked, and they wanted to see my body, I started bend at the waist. This gave them a great view of my ass and pussy and got me wetter as well.

Only about a dozen of the men had ordered sandwiches so I didn’t have to go to all the desks. It took me twice as long to deliver to that office that day and when I’d finished the cheeky man gave me my skirt and top back and said, “same again tomorrow”. I smiled at him and said, “Okay”. When I got back into the van I just had to take a break and relieve the pressure in my pussy.

When I went into work the next day my boss asked me what I’d been doing at that particular office because the order had nearly doubled. I just said that it must be my natural charm and got on with my work.

When I got to that office I looked at the sheets and saw what my boss meant. I guessed that all the men must have left their packed lunches at home. There was no way that I could get all those sandwiches into my basket for one trip; I’d have to do it in two trips. I moved the little van as close to the door as possible and looked around. Fortunately the office was away from a busy street so I reckoned that I’d be able to get away with coming back down to the van for the second load whilst still naked.

The cheeky man was waiting for me at the door again. I started to go into the office and the man asked me if I’d forgotten something. I just looked at him with a puzzled look on my face. “The clothes!” he said. I smiled at him, put my basket down and stripped. I gave him my clothes, turned away from him and bent at the waist to pick up the basket. Inside 20 pairs of eyes were waiting for me. As I started my round, most of them got on with their work, but some of the men never took their eyes off me until I left.

I took my time delivering the sandwiches as I got more and more excited.

When my basket was empty I went to the door to go back to the van. The cheeky man was there and offered me my clothes. I told him that I would leave them there and just ‘brave it’. He said that he’d come with me ‘just in case’.

When I opened the outside door I had a quick look around. As I’d suspected there was no one around so I went over to the van and opened the back doors. I deliberately leaned into the van to fill up the basket again knowing that Mr Cheeky would be taking in the scenery.

I earned a lot of money those 3 weeks. Each day after I’d been there I would park the van in a quiet place and frig myself to relieve the pressure. The rest of the days were almost a repeat of the first except for: -

One man in his thirties, who was walking about the office, put his hand on my left tit as he passed me. I said, “Look only, you’re not paying for touching.”

One day a Postman was delivering to the office and arrived as I was loading my basket for the second time. When he saw me he stopped in his tracks and when I walked him he said, “I wish the post office offered a special delivery service like that.” “It’s not cheap,” I said.

On the weekend before the last week I put my pussy lips rings back in. You should have seen the face of the cheeky man as I bent over in front of him. He was lost for words.

I didn’t tell them when it was my last day, but I took a French Stick in with me and just after I delivered the last lunch I jumped up on a desk and rubbed the French Stick between my legs then pushed it in. I had to do it quick before it got all soggy.

Love,

V