**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.

## The Ice Cream Van

One of Jon’s company’s customers runs an ice cream sales business. He has a few vans and has a concession at a number of big events around the area. Jon volunteered me and Bridie to help him when he was desperate for staff.

The day of our first ‘volunteer’ work came and Jon drove us to this country fair thing. He introduced us to Pete then left us for the day. Pete showed us how everything worked, let us practice filling the cones a couple of times, gave us each a white coat and then told us that he’d be back to check-up on us in a couple of hours.

We were both in the back of the van and Bridie looked at me and said, “Well, I guess we’d better get ready for our hard day’s work.” With that she whipped of her dress and stood there in just her shoes. I’ve never been out done by Bridie before and this wasn’t going to be the first time so off came my dress as well.

We picked up the white coats and looked at them. They were big, and short. We decided that they were designed as jackets for large men. Bridie took the smaller of the two and I had the other one. They both had four buttons down the front, but two of the ones on mine were missing. We looked stupid, but ‘what the hell’, we were only selling ice cream.

We got ourselves organised then realised what was a bit odd about the setup. The floor inside the van was high up, but the counter that the customers would be using was at the customer’s chest height. My knees were just at the counter height. Each time I wanted to pick-up or put something down on the counter I would have to bend over. The white coat was baggy and only came to mid thigh one me, and with two of the buttons being missing, I soon realised that I had to be careful sometimes, and careless others.

The first customer eventually arrived and I nervously filled a cone for his little kid. As I bent over to give the kids father the cone and pick-up the money I felt the bottom of the coat open a bit, and the top fall away from my breasts. I knew that the man would have a good view, but he just didn’t look.

As we were waiting for the next customer we talked about how unobservant people are. Bridie decided that we would keep a tally of how many men and how many women would see what we were showing. By the middle of the afternoon Bridie had worked out that about 90 percent of men, and about 98 percent of women just didn’t look.

We took it in turns to serve and to tease (when we thought that we were being looked at). There was one youth that obviously had noticed because he came back 3 times. The first 2 times Bridie was serving, but the 3rd time I was. Bridie thought that it would be a good idea to grab hold of the back of my white coat and pull it so that the inverted ‘V’ at the front, bottom went all the way up to my waist. The poor youth had real problems concentrating on what he was supposed to be doing.

Pete eventually came to check up on us and as he climbed into the van he said, “When I told you that you’d need to wear the white coats I expected you to put them on over your own clothes, not wear only the white coats.” After making sure that we were okay he left us to get on with it.

I was right in the middle of serving a whole row of customers when I looked up and saw that my next customer was Jon. He smiled at me then bought one of those tubular iced lollies. When I gave him his change he came round the back of the van and climbed in. A couple of customers later, and right in the middle serving a middle-aged woman, I felt the back of my white coat being lifter a little. The next thing that I knew was that Jon was pushing the iced lolly into my already very wet pussy. A couple of customer later, and different favoured juices running down the inside of my thighs, Jon pulled what was left of the lolly out of me and replacing it with one of my remote controlled vibes (not switched on).

Jon left shortly after that, and I thought that nothing more would happen until it was time to pack-up for the day. I should have known better. About an hour later, and right in the middle of serving a rather dishy man, the vibe started. I gasped and squeezed my legs together. The man looked rather puzzled then asked me if I was okay. I though about telling him what was going on, but had second thoughts.

Jon switched the vibe on and off a few times whilst I was serving, but stopped when Bridie took over. Again I thought nothing more would happen, but a short while later Jon came back and asked me for the vibe. I had to hide behind a big box of cones while I retrieved it. He then put it in Bridie’s pussy while she was serving someone. Bridie was a bit embarrassed and went red, but that was nothing compared with her reaction to Jon switching it on and off whilst she was serving people. Poor Bridie had never experienced anything like it and afterwards she confessed that she’d cum 3 times.

What a day, I do hope that Jon volunteers our services again.

Love,

V