**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.

vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

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 visit September 2005 – part 1

We’d been there a couple of days when Jon took me into Puerto Banus. I was wearing a little baggy halter-top and light cotton skirt. As usual, the wind did its job and kept me ‘fresh and ready’. Puerto Banus appears to be a playground for the rich and their very expensive boats. There are some amazing boats there.

After a while wandering round Jon put his hand in his trouser pocket and pulled out one of my bikini tops and a thong. I say a thong. But I’ve seen more material in a band-aid. ‘What are those for Master?’ I asked. Jon just told me to go into the quiet corner between the backs of some shops and put them on. The bikini top is a nice one, and if I have to wear one then that pink see-through one is the one that I’d probably choose. It looked a bit naf with the straps on show, but whatever Jon wants, Jon gets. The thong was matching pink as well, but the bottom of the ‘V’ that’s supposed to cover my pussy ends just at the start of my crack.

We walked on for about 5 minutes and stopped outside what looked like the entrance to club of some sorts. It was then that Jon told me that I was going to get a job. The disappointment must have shown on my face because Jon told me to trust him (which he knows that I do implicitly), and that I’d enjoy myself. Jon told me that I was to go in, ask for the manager and tell him that I wanted to be a dancer. That got me worried because I’m not that fit. Yes, Jon still takes me jogging in my ultra-short tennis dress but I didn’t believe that I was fit enough or co-ordinated enough to be a dancer.

Anyway, I went in whilst Jon stayed outside. It was darkish inside but I found the bar and asked to see the manager. The man asked me what it was about so I told him that I wanted to be a dancer. The man said that he didn’t think that they needed anymore, but told me to wait there whilst he went off through a door.

I looked round and could see a little dance floor, but it was small. I was daydreaming trying to imaging what sort of dancing would be done on that floor when I was startled by what I assumed was the manager saying, “So you want to become a Lap Dancer do you.” That surprised me and there was a couple of seconds before I replied saying that I was desperate for a job and a couple of the girls that I was sharing with had told me that I would make a good Lap Dancer. Not knowing exactly what a Lap Dancer did, I told him that my flat mates said that I had everything that was needed and the right attitude as well.

The manager looked me up and down and said, “Well, you’ve certainly got the body, but can you flaunt it in front of every variety of man that might come in to the club.”

“Sure,” I said, “Nudity has never been one of my hang-ups.” “Well then, come with me and let’s see what you’re made of.”

I followed him to a corner where there are 3 curtained-off overgrown dress shop changing rooms. Each one has a mini sofa at one end where the manager sat down. He hadn’t closed the curtain, but there was no one in the club that looked like a customer, probably too early.

“Right then, what I want you to dance around a bit and slowly take your top off. Then play with you nipples and get them hard.” Little did he know (yet) that they were rock hard just at the thought of what I was about to do. My pussy was starting to lube as well.

“After a couple of minutes of that I want you to rub your tits in my face, then back off and loose the skirt and knickers. Remember to keep dancing around a bit. When you’re naked, turn round and rub your pussy on the crotch of my trousers. You won’t freak out if a customer has a hard-on will you?”

Before I could answer he continued, “After doing that for about a minute, stand-up and bend right over so that I can get a good look at your ass and puss. Waggle it about a bit before standing up and turn to face me. Then put one knee either side of my thighs, rub your tits in my face again, and your pussy on my crotch again. Finally, for a real customer, stand up, thank him and get dressed. Then escort him back to where he was.

“Right, let’s see how you do.”

He was sat there with his head about level with my little tits and his eyes were going from my breasts to my face. I guessed that he was looking to see how comfortable I was stripping in front of a man that I’d only met a couple of minutes ago.

Well I was nervous, I wanted to impress him.

I started swaying my ass about and started taking the halter off. I tried to do it as sexily as I could. With the halter off my see through bikini top did nothing to hide my chapel hat pegs. I saw a faint smile on his face. The bikini top didn’t last long, but I did cover my breast as I took the straps off, and then let it drop.

I think that I played with my nipples for a bit too long because his eyes darted down to my skirt a couple of times. I wasn’t going to miss the sensation of a stranger touching my nips so I leaned forward and rubbed them quickly across his lips. As I felt his touch and warm breath my pussy had a quick rush.

I stood up and slowly went for the skirt. The one little Velcro fastener (which Jon insists on) didn’t last long. His eyebrows went up as he saw the little thong and what it wasn’t covering. The cord that goes up the back had buried itself along one side of my clit, which was very hard and sticking out well.

The thong didn’t last long and I turned round and sat down on his lap with my hands on his thighs. I lifted myself up and slid backwards and forwards. I couldn’t feel a hard-on, but there again he must have had thousands of girls do that to him.

As I stood up I bent forward and grabbed my ankles. My feet were about 2 feet apart and I could feel 2 things. Firstly his eyes burning my pussy, and secondly, my very wet pussy. I slid my right hand from my pubes, back to my pussy and slipped a finger in, rubbed it around for a couple of seconds and then stood up. As I did so I put my juice covered finger in my mouth and sucked it clean.

The manager smiled and said, “Your flat mates were right, you’re a natural. Ten o’clock tonight, be here.” He then just walked off leaving me stood there, still naked.

I put just the halter and skirt back on and carried the bikini top and thong out of the club. Looking around I saw Jon in a bar on the corner and ran up to him. I was so excited that I had trouble stopping telling him all about it. I hadn’t realised that Jon had ordered a drink for me until I saw the girl looking at my side. I was leaning forward and the whole of the right side (nipple and all) was showing to the girl.

The bikini top and thong were on the table for her to see.

Back at the villa I ran around deciding what to wear. In the end (with Jon’s help) I decided on a thong that is only 2 cords. It covers nothing but rubs on the side of my clit and keeps me ‘happy’. For a skirt I (we) chose a little lace tube top. Because of my little tits it only needs to be 5 inches long. Stretching it over my ass it was very see through. And as I walked around it slides up leaving my ass and pussy uncovered.

The top was a problem. Not having big tits I have no cleavage to show off so it had to be something that highlighted my nipples. I was anticipating them being rock hard all night. In the end I chose a tight, semi see-through halter.

I was dressed like that at nine o’clock when Jon told me that we were going. Jon stopped me from getting into the car and threw a dress at me. “Put that on, you might need it later.” He said.

Jon dropped me off just round the corner and I ran up to the entrance. The manager was talking to the security man on the door and he took my arm and led me in. As we walked he said, “Yes, you’ll do, now a few rules. Firstly, you do not poach customers from other girls. How you get the customers to ask you for a dance is up to you. When they do, take them over to the lady at the end of the bar so that they can pay. Its 30 euros. 20 for you and 10 for the club. The lady will record your name so that you get the right money at the end of the night.

I forgot to mention earlier about the drinks. The only drink that you can accept from a customer is champagne. Its 20 euros and you get 10 of it. Go to the bar with the customer so that he can see who the drink is for.

Remember, the customers must not touch you. If they do, tell them to stop. If they don’t, then just shout for help. The security man will be in like a shot.

He introduced me to a couple of girls that were already there and asked one, Jilly, to show me the ropes. Jilly took me to the ladies room, which is also the changing room. I took of my dress and we walked out.

It was very quiet, but Jilly told me that it would change.

More girls arrived and eventually a few men. As I looked at the different attire of the girls I realised that I was the one with the smallest thong. Most were what I consider to be grossly large. Lots of the girl’s backsides were on display so I wasn’t worried by the fact that my ‘skirt’ kept riding up, although I had to keep pulling it down at the front to keep my pussy covered.

The girls started chatting up the men virtually as soon as they walked in the door. I decided to just watch for a while to work out the way that things worked. I didn’t want to cause trouble.

After about an hour the place filled up and it wasn’t long before I was the one being chatted up. I would describe my first potential customer as Mr. Average. Jon had warned me that most men would be telling all sorts of untrue storied just to make then look like Mr Big. Jon told me that I could tell as many fibs as I liked, but I found that difficult.

Mr. Average decided that he was going to chat to more of the girls before having a dance and I left him and looked for another ‘target’ It wasn’t long before I started getting a response from another man who told me that he owned one of the boats in the harbour. I didn’t believe him but didn’t tell him. After the second time that I asked him to dance he said. “Yes” and I led him by the hand to the end of the bar. He paid and we went to a cubicle.

We had to wait for the dance that was going on to finish and then we went in, I told him to sit down and that he wasn’t allowed to touch me. His face dropped a bit but soon perked up a bit when my little halter came off. As Jon says, my nipples are something to be proud of and the man must have agreed. I rolled first one then the other in between my fingers then licked a finger and rubbed it on my nipples. They were aching.

As I leaned forward to rub them in his face his tongue came out and licked my nips. I nearly moaned. I backed off then turned round and started lowering my ‘skirt’. As I did the curtain moved back a bit and the security man’s head looked in. I guess that he was checking that nothing was going on that shouldn’t. He was gone in a couple of seconds, but not before I saw his eyes go down my body.

I started lowering my thong and pushed my ass back towards him. I gave him a twirl before backing on to his lap and then ‘dry fucked’ him, but it wasn’t dry in the true sense of the phrase, as I stood up and looked down I could see my juices on his trousers. Ooops!

Time to turn round, and as I opened my legs to kneel either side of him I felt that great feeling as my pussy opened and felt the warm air. I lowered myself down, dry fucking him again and rubbing my nipples in his face. Seconds later I stood up and decided to do something that I don’t know I should have, but what the hell, I leaned on one side of the cubicle and lifted the other leg as high as I could and put my foot on the other wall. For a few seconds my pussy was as open as it could be, and as on display to him as it could. That little part became part of my routine with all the men.

Time was nearly at an end and I turned away from him and bent right over and put the palm of my right hand on my pubic bone and let my second finger slide in. Boy did that feel good. I could feel his breath on the rest of my pussy and ass. I nearly came.

Time was like my finger – pressing, so I stood up, sucked my wet finger, kissed his cheek, said, “thank you” and got dressed. As the ‘thong’ slid in beside my clit I shuddered a bit but managed to hold out.

I led him back to where I found him, kissed his cheek again, thanked him and started to move away to look for my second ‘client’. As I turned away from him I felt his hand on my ass. I paused as his finger slid down and found its goal. I turned, which meant that his hand fell away, smiled, whispered, “naughty, naughty” and moved away.

I managed to get 11 dances, 2 drinks and 3 orgasms that night. I had to go to the ladies 3 times to clean-up because my thighs down to my knees were wet.

As things got quieter I noticed a number of the girls sitting down and leisurely talking to other girls as well as the men. I noticed one girl in particular teasing some men at the bar by opening her legs wide for a few seconds to show the whole of the material of her big thong. It was obvious that she, like probably most of the girls, was shaved. One of the times that she did it she pulled the thong up and gave herself a wedgie.

I decided that I wanted a piece of that action and went and sat with Jilly who looked knackered. I noticed one man at the looking over to us, so after a quick check around to make sure that no one else was looking, I opened my legs wide. Because of my ultra-thin ‘thong’ that was well hidden in my pussy, it was like giving him a doctor’s view when I go for a smear test.

Jilly caught me the second time that I did it and suggested that I be a bit careful. She knew one girl who got sacked for playing with herself in ‘public’. She also put a hand on my thigh and told me that I had a delicious pussy and to be careful or she’d ‘jump’ me. Mmmm I thought that could be interesting.

All too soon it was closing time and I went and found my dress. It was still lovely and warm outside and I looked round hoping to see Jon. In all the excitement we had never arranged anything. I found him just round the corner and up the roads a bit. Standing leaning back on the car. He was wearing only shorts and as I got closer I could see a hard-on making a tent in the thin material.

I ran up to him and thanked him over and over for ‘making’ me get that job. In the end he turned me round so my back was to him, lifted me up and lowered me down on to his dick. He was fucking me in the street in Puerto Banus. Admittedly it was 4 o’clock in the morning and there not many people about. Jilly and another 2 of the girls walked passed and Jilly looked at my feet a few inches off the ground, smiled, blew a kiss and turned to talk to the other girls.

I was knackered and slept like a log with Jon snuggled up to my back with his dick inside me. Total pleasure.

The next 11 nights were fantastic, I must have got near my un-counted, Jon excluded, record for orgasms during any number of consecutive days.

After a couple of nights I changed my ‘uniform’. The ‘skirt’ that I had used the first couple of nights spent more time up over my ass and I was spending a lot of time pulling it down over my pussy. I told Jon about this problem and he took me into Marbella to buy a new thong, a pretty boring conventional thong, some cord and a cheap, thin cotton skirt. What he didn’t tell me until later was what he wanted me to do with them. The first thing he told me to do was to cut the centre of the thong out. That left my pussy totally exposed. Then I had to cut a piece of material 8 x 6 inches out of the skirt. I then had to stitch round 3 sides then over the cord on the fourth side. I could then wear this as a ‘front only’ skirt. Backside totally exposed and no having to pull the front down over my pussy, but it was very easy to ‘flip’ it up to expose my charms.

There were another couple of nights that were even better.

Jon came into the club on about my fourth night. He was obviously getting some pleasure watching me take the customers and dancing for them. About 2 o’clock he came up to me and asked for a dance. When we got into the cubicle he told me to act as if he was someone else. I guess he wanted to check out my performance. The only difference with Jon’s dance was that when I ‘dry fucked’ him it wasn’t dry. He’d unzipped his trousers and got his dick out. I didn’t realise until I felt him slide into me. I came instantly.

Just as I started to get control of myself the security man stuck his head in. He saw Jon’s hands on the sofa, couldn’t see what was going on because my legs were closed, and assumed that everything was as normal. My routine changed a bit that session and I managed to get Jon to cum quickly. When we got out and I left Jon I had his cum and my juices running down my legs.

I went to the toilet to clean up and saw that Jilly was doing the same. “One got carried away,” I said. “Me too” Jilly said, and we both laughed.

I wonder if the later dances that I had that night realised that the ‘cream pie’ was Jon’s and not all mine.

A couple of days later Jon made me (ha!) go to work with a remote vibe in me. That night I knew that I was going to be really knackered by 4 o’clock.

All was fine for the first 3 hours, Jon was nowhere to be seen I was just leading a customer to the end of the bar when it hit me. I just stopped dead and cringed. The poor man hadn't a clue and asked me if I was okay. What could I say?

Throughout the next 3 dances Jon made my life hell. It’s as if he knew exactly when to turn it up. I don’t know how may orgasms I had, but the customers got even bigger stains on their trousers.

The second memorable evening (they all were) was when Jilly and I had a flashing contest. Jilly wore a little nylon see-through thong that night. Anyway, we’d both managed to get a few drinks bought for us and we were both quite happy. By coincidence we’d both been at the booze before turning up for work (ha!).

Jilly was stood then sat just opposite me and I’d started it when Jilly looked over and smiled at me. My reaction was to open my legs and flash at her. She smiled and then did the same to me. Her little thong has all but disappeared into her and I could see everything. I licked my lips so she did it again. Not to be out done I put my hand on my stomach and when I next opened my legs I quickly slid a finger inside and then licked it. Not to be out done Jilly did the same.

It was then that I noticed a couple of men at the bar looking at me and 3 more looked as if they were looking at Jilly. I rolled my eyes and nodded over to the bar. Jilly caught on immediately and turned slightly so that they could get a better view.

I did the same. It was a good job that the manager wasn’t around because we both scratched an itch, re-adjusted our thongs, checked to see how wet we were and dipped, then licked numerous fingers. By the time we’d both got back to normal I’d actually cum with Jilly and at least 3 men watching. Later Jilly came up to me in the ladies, hugged me and said that she couldn’t compete with that.

I think that I had more dances than ever that night.

By the end of my time there I’d earned one hell of a lot of euros. Jon joked that he’d be better off quitting his job and letting me be the breadwinner.

After 11 nights I was totally knackered and Jon phoned the club and told them that he wouldn’t let his slave work there anymore. Shame in a way, but he was right, I was totally knackered. It wasn’t as if I’d been spending the days in bed. Apart from late starts we did much the same as we normally do when we’re at Jon’s villa

Oh, nearly forgot, one night I had to go in with lots of red marks on my ass. That day Jon had decided that he wanted to see me cum through the pain of having my ass tanned. He’d restrained me out at the back of the villa and given me 23 strokes. It hurt like hell, but the orgasms were good.

Jon decided that we’d stay on for an extra couple of weeks. He had to fly back for a couple of days, but was soon back with Bridie and her little cousin Louise. That was a surprise; I didn’t even know that Bridie had a cousin.

Well, it’s taken me way too long to get round to writing about my time as a Lap Dancer, for which I apologise. I’ll post this on my web site then continue writing about the fun that we had with Bridie and Louise.

Love,

V