**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 visit September 2005 – part 2

*Sorry, I thought that I had already posted this on my web site. Jon realised my mistake and really made me suffer.*

*I had to spend 4 hours in the punishment room suspended from the ceiling face down about a metre from the ground. My legs were spread wide and there was a vibe (switched on) in me for the first 3 hours. When Jon came back to me he removed the vibe and then thrashed my ass and pussy with a leather belt. The pussy thrashing made me cum twice, but I passed out when Jon touched my clit with the stun gun.*

*It’s now 3 days since then and my clit is still swollen and painful.*

*Anyway, this is what I should have posted weeks ago: -*

Louise is a very shy, 15 year old, quiet girl whose parents were killed in a car smash and she’d just come to live with Bridie’s parents. It was a month since her parent’s accident and she was still finding life painful without them. Whenever Bridie tried to get Louise involved in something she just did what was asked of her without any real emotion or enthusiasm. Bridie told me that she wanted to put some life back into her.

Both Jon and Bridie were still clothed when they arrived and Louise was a bit startled to see me totally naked. Both Jon and Bridie went off to get undressed leaving Louise with me. I took her round the back, sat her down by the pool and got her a Bacardi and Coke but I’m not sure that she realised just how much Bacardi there was.

It was ages before Bridie and Jon came out and by the looks on their faces they’d been relieving Bridie’s frustration at still not being able to get a permanent man.

Louise had told me all about how unhappy she was. She still desperate missed her parents.

The sight of Jon and Bridie naked didn’t seem to faze Louise. I think the Bacardi and the sun was starting to work their magic.

Louise talked more and I discovered that she’d been spanked by her father, right up until a week before the accident. She told us that it had always been over her knickers.

Louise was still fully dressed and I suggested that she might like to take her clothes off. She went bright red, looked at each of us then down at the floor. Then she giggled. She told us that her parents always told her that being naked was a sin and that the only 2 men that should see her naked were her doctor and her husband.

We couldn’t get Louise to strip off but she did cheer-up a bit and even had a smile on her face when she went to bed.

The next day, Bridie, Jon and I were having breakfast by the pool (naked) when Louise got up. She came out to us wearing a rather large bikini that looked as if her late mother had bought it for her. She was obviously getting used to seeing the 3 of us naked as she didn’t blush at all during breakfast, and I did notice her looking at Jon a couple of times.

After breakfast we put some clothes on and I drove Bridie and Louise to the supermarket. When we got back Bridie and I just peeled our dresses off leaving us naked. Louise said, “You went out with no underwear!” “Always do.” I said, then Bridie said, “Me too.”

Bridie told Louise to get her dress off as well, and she did, slowly. I have to say that Louise did look a bit silly in her large bra and industrial strength granny knickers. I later found out that she’s a 36C, but the bra looked as if it would support a pair of DDs.

Bridie left Louise standing there for a couple of minutes, and then she told her to take the bra off. She did. Her large (by mine and Bridie’s standards) breasts bounced out into the open. She has cute little nipples with small areola. She just stood there looking down at the ground. When Bridie said, “Pants too.” Louise hesitated for quite a few seconds before finally pushing down the massive knickers. Bridie picked them up and threw them into the rubbish bin saying, “We’re going to liberate you this week my girl.” I could see Louise blushing even though her head was bent well forward and down.

Just then Jon walked in and as he saw Louise I saw his dick jerk a bit. I guess a different, young female body had got him a bit excited.

“Nice bod,” Jon said, “shame about the forest.”

“We’ll work on that.” Bride said.

Well, over the next week we did make some progress with Louise. As you might have guessed she’s a little submissive, and always reverts to being prudish at the first chance she gets.

On the second evening, after some alcohol (lots) we managed to get rid of Louise’s pubic hair, and all of her underwear. Just so that she couldn’t retrieve it when she sobered up we got her to cut it all up. It took a few hours the next day for her to get over the embarrassment of us (especially Jon) being able to see her little girl look.

For the rest of our holiday we did the usual holiday things. It was fun trying to get Louise to loose her inhibitions.

One very memorable moment was when we managed to get her into the swimming pool naked. Bridie had her legs up on the side and was asking Jon to “switch it on.” Louise was asking her what she was talking about when Jon threw a float that he’s converted so that it straps on your back and keeps you afloat. Bridie got it on Louise and got her to put her legs up on the side of the pool. “What’s so special with this?” asked Louise as Jon strapped her ankles down.

Shortly after Jon switched the water jet on. We could see Louise’s face go red as she asked us to let her go. Needless to say we didn’t. All 3 of us watched Louise get very embarrassed as she had an orgasm.

Another ‘interesting’ time was when we all went shopping in Marbella. Bridie gave Louise one of her dresses to wear, and told her that the only other item of clothing that she could wear was shoes. Louise went bright red when she saw the dress. It was short, thin and buttoned up the front. When she put it on the buttons were struggling to keep her breasts covered.

After a few ignored protests Jon drove us into town. He left us to do the ‘girly shopping thing’ as he describes it, and went to do his own thing. The best part was the Marbella breeze. By the time we met up with Jon again, Louise was slowly getting used to her dress being blown up round her waist. She’s squealed and almost panicked the first couple of times, but in the end she was just about ignoring it and letting Mother Nature reveal her secrets to the looking world. Just like Bridie and me were doing.

One day we decided to go to the beach at Cabopino. Only Jon decided that we would take the car only as far as the east side of Marbella and then take the bus the rest of the way. Louise thought he was mad, but when he told us that we were not to take clothes (apart from shoes), only towels, Louise wasn’t happy. Bridie just shrugged her off saying that everything would be fine. I realised what Jon intended to happen.

As we were waiting for the bus wearing only our towels, I re-arranged’ Louise’s towel on the pretext of making it more secure. Jon got on first to pay the driver, then Louise, me and finally Bridie. I was right behind Louise as she passed the driver and trapped a bit of her towel against one of the seat backs, hoping that I had got enough of it trapped. I had. Louise moved forward between two large people and when she got passed them she was naked. She screamed, panicked and fell into Jon’s arms. I picked up her towel and wrapped it around her.

On the beach Louise lay on her stomach virtually all day. The only exception was when no one else was within about 20 metres. We did manage to get her into the water once, and she actually admitted that it was a nice feeling swimming in the sea in the nude.

I rubbed sun tan lotion on her and took my time on her ‘interesting’ parts. I even managed to get her to relax a bit and open her legs a bit so that I could cover her inner thighs. She didn’t react when I put some on her pussy, opening it as I did so.

I was watching Jon as I was doing this and saw his hard-on appear. He rolled over to Bridie who was lying on her side. I’m pretty sure that he fucked her in the spoon position.

A little later Jon took Bridie for a walk. When they got back Bridie told me that in the dunes Jon had her get him hard with her mouth, they’d then walked through the area frequented by gays. Bridie’s hand alternating between Jon’s hand and his dick.

When they got nearer the beach Bridie had given Jon a blow job so that his dick would not be so proud when they walked onto the beach.

There was no repeat of the towel incident on the bus going back, but Jon did get me to open my legs and play with myself, much to Louise’s amazement. The journey wasn’t long enough for me to orgasm, but I took care of that little problem in the car.

That night Jon told me to sleep with Bridie. We didn’t get much sleep.

The next morning Jon restrained me on the frame outside and was still fucking me when Louise sleepily walked out of the house. She stared, looked a little shocked, then turned round and went back in. We joined her at the breakfast table 10 minutes later. She stared at us for a few seconds then continued eating her cornflakes.

Up to that point in time Louise hadn’t been down to the punishment room. Jon decided that the time was right, and after breakfast the 3 of us went down. To say that Louise was dumbfounded was an under statement. “This is a torture chamber,” she said. Jon said, “These devices do administer pain, but it’s all with the ‘victim’s’ consent. No one does anything that they don’t want to, and they can stop at anytime that they want.”

Louise was quiet for a while then said, “How does this one work?” She was looking at the long metal dildo bolted to the flow with toe clamps at the base. “Vanessa, a demo please.” Jon said. I climbed on, easily lowering myself onto the dildo (still full of Jon’s juices), Jon clamped my toes in place and I raised my heels up ready for the electricity being switched on. Jon obliged then said, “That’s it until she gets a bit tired and starts to lower her heels. When they get so far down, a switch sends the electricity to the dildo and Vanessa jumps up again.” “Won’t it kill her?” Louise asked.

“Voltage too low.” Jon replied. With that Jon pressed on my shoulders. Down I went, jerked and gasped at the same time. Then shot back up on my toes.

“Wow,” Louise said, “I don’t think that I like this place.” Jon put his arm round her shoulder and led her back upstairs. I could see that one of her hands was holding her pussy as she left.

Over an hour later (I think), Bridie came down stairs and found me. I was sweating, had very tired legs and had already had 3 orgasms.

Bridie saw the state I was in and quickly switched it off. I lowered myself fully onto the dildo whilst Bridie undid the toe clamps. She helped me of the machine and onto a chair. “Can I have a go?” she asked. After a few minutes rest I helped her onto the dildo, clamped her toes and switched it on. I turned the voltage down as I know her pain threshold is lower than mine.

As I knew that nothing would happen for 10 to 15 minutes I told her that I was off for a shower and a coffee.

As I went back down the stairs I heard Bridie gasp. “Not having the desired effect yet?” I asked, and turned the voltage up a little. Within a minute her legs gave and down she went. This time it wasn’t a gasp. It was a scream followed by a strong orgasm. No sooner that it was over, her legs gave her a second orgasm. “Enough, enough, I can’t take any more,” she said. I switched the power off just as a third orgasm started.

It was Bridie’s turn to have another shower.

We relaxed in and around the pool for the rest of the day.

That night Jon took us all to a disco. Louise didn’t feel too bad skimpily dressed because it was dark, but she did complain that it was too easy for the men to grope her because of her lack of underwear. Bridie and I looked at each other and both together said, “We’re not complaining,” and laughed.

Well, that’s about all the interesting things that happened that holiday. Louise did manage to cheer-up a little, but even though she saw, Jon fucking both Bridie and me before we went back to England, Louise kept her virginity.

Jon, Bridie and I all agree that we still have some work to do with Louise.

Love,

V