**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.

**Update May 2008**

Okay, I’m really sorry for not updating my web site for quite a while now. The only reason that I can offer is that Kelly has been taking up a hell of a lot of my time. I’m sure that I didn’t take up as much of my mother’s time when I was 15, but there again, my mother never spoilt me.

Anyway, I love Kelly as if she was my own daughter and I will do everything that I can to make sure that she grows into a sensible mature adult.

When Jon found out that I hadn’t updated my web site for so long he tanned my backside until it was bright red. Not quite long enough for me to cum - unfortunately.

Well, what have we been up to this last year? We haven’t had many adventures since last summer. Not that the weather in England was that good last summer (it was crap), and since last November the weather has been cold, wet and windy most of the time. When I say cold, I mean hovering around freezing point. So much for global warming.

I guess that it would be a good idea to write about some of the fun that we all had when we went to Spain last summer. Bridie came with us, along with one of Kelly’s school mates – Mandy. Mandy’s parents couldn’t take a holiday last summer so Kelly asked Jon if she could come with us. I can tell you that Jon had a great time during that holiday with the four of us girls all wanting some of his body. Poor man, he slept more than usual, and I’m convinced that he has a supply of Viagra somewhere.

Mandy had been round at our house quite a lot before we went to Spain, and was / is comfortable with our lifestyle. That didn’t stop her being a bit shocked and embarrassed when Jon had the knickers / trousers check before we left for the airport. Mandy had brought quite a few pairs of trousers, shorts, knickers and bras with her, but they all stayed in England; and you should have seen her face when Jon told her to lift her skirt so that he could check that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. It wasn’t the being knickerless that embarrassed her, both she and Kelly frequently go to school knickerless, it was the shock of Jon demanding that she lifted her skirt.

It would probably be a good idea if I described Mandy a bit. She’s about the same height as Kelly (just over 5 foot), slightly bigger frame than Kelly, slim waist and probably a ‘C’ cup. She’s got brown short hair on her head and no hair below her neck – much to Jon’s delight. Kelly is now a ‘B’ cup and still growing.

It only took Mandy about a day to get comfortable being naked round the villa, and only about another day to not blush when Jon caught her watching his hard cock. I think it was the fifth day that she asked Jon to fuck her. After that she just joined the queue of the other three of us girls wanting to be fucked by Jon. I can tell you that the sybian took a lot of hammer that holiday.

There were a few memorable adventures that holiday: -

**Pantsed – well de-skirted actually** in Marbella during the day.

One day Jon decided that we 4 girls would have a little competition to see who could get pantsed the most in one day. We all had to wear skirts that would pull down easily and of course nothing underneath. That was easy cos none of us had any knickers with us anyway. It was a little difficult finding 4 skirts with elastic waist bands and I ended up wearing a little bikini wrap skirt that I made. There isn’t quite enough material to go right round me (apart from the waist band) so everyone could tell that I’d nothing on underneath. The thing about it is that when I made it Jon had me make the fastening part out of Velcro, and there’s only just enough overlap to keep it in place, and the slightest tug makes it come undone. Jon designed it so that he could very easily tug at any part of it and the whole skirt comes off.

The whole day was a huge giggle with each of the other 3 having their skirts round their ankles loads of times, and me having my skirt ripped off 18 times (I won). The thing was that Bridie kept running off with my skirt leaving me pretending to be embarrassed and not quite covering my pussy. The best one was in a crowded Burger King when I was carrying a tray of food. I just stood there shouting “Hey! Give me my skirt back” which just attracted more attention.

**Naked in a nightclub**

On one of our nightclub nights we all got a little drunk (nothing new there then (we’d left Kelly and Mandy back at the villa); and Bridie and me ended up naked on the dance floor. No one seemed to mind, and we got lots of offers for dances (and other things). I lost count of the number of hard cocks that I felt pressed against me. On cheeky man even got his out and I felt it between my legs. Jon kept an eye on us and made sure that we all got home in one piece, albeit me without any clothes and Bridie topless. I don’t think that Jon bothered to look for my dress. The taxi driver looked amused and his eyes spent most of the journey in the rear view mirror. Needless to say that Jon had put me in the middle of the back seat so that the driver could get a good view.

**Hire Car**

Because there were 5 of us Jon hired a big car, a convertible. We had some great fun driving around topless (us and the car) and naked. The drive-through at McDonalds was an eye-opener for some of the Spanish staff. We had a lot of fun teasing men at traffic lights either by playing with each others breasts or sometimes sticking our asses up at them.

**Clothing Optional Beach**

Mandy had never been to one of these before. She was very nervous, then fascinated as soon as she realised that everybody wasn’t staring at her. After an hour or so she was just as comfortable as the rest of us there. All four of us girls went with Jon to a beach restaurant wearing just a see through wraps. A few of the men there stared for a while but soon got over it. Jon sent us girls for a long walk along the beach towards the clothed area. He told us to go as far as we dare. I think that none of us wanted to be the first to say that they wanted to turn round and go back so we got well into the clothed area with lots of people staring at us before Mandy chickened and we turned round.

Back at the towels Mandy and Kelly admitted that they got real excited and wet by being naked and the centre of attention. I didn’t have to ask Bridie, I knew that she would have had a few ‘rushes’; I certainly did.

We went to that beach five or six times and each time when we all went swimming Jon fucked one of us in the water. He also took me from behind on the towels on the beach with the others watching.

Mandy was a little surprised one day when Bridie and I didn’t have any clothes with us when we got into the car to go to the beach; and was even more surprised when we got out of the car after Jon had (deliberately I suspect) parked near a group of youths.

**New Clothes**

Jon’s bought us all some great summer dresses. They’re great for letting the sun shine through so that anyone who looks can see our naked bodies though the thin material. I like standing between men and the sun with my legs shoulder width apart. That way my big pussy lips are easily seen. I had a few great looks from the men and a couple of disgusted looks from older women, but who cares?

**Down in the Garage**

If you’ve read my other adventures you will know that in the Villa Garage there is this ‘device’ that gives me an electric shock in my pussy if / when I can’t stand on my tip-toes any longer. When Kelly first went to the Villa she didn’t want to try it, but this time she did. Jon adjusted it to her height and a very apprehensive Kelly let my clamp her big toes in place and tie her wrists and anchor them to the hook from the ceiling. I enjoyed lubricating her pussy and the dildo before putting it in place a few millimetres below the entrance to her pussy. It took about ten minutes before a sweating Kelly screamed out as her heals went down enough for the dildo to touch her puss. Contact was made about six or seven times before she pleaded for Jon to switch it off. As soon as he did she just went straight down onto the dildo and had a long, loud orgasm.

Bridie went next and lasted about twice as long before pleading with Jon. She had a great orgasm as well.

Mandy wasn’t at all sure about having a go, but Kelly convinced her that she would really enjoy it. She did, but she only lasted for a couple of shocks before she asked Jon to switch it off.

I went last. After the first shock Jon took the others upstairs for a drink before coming back to me. Kelly told me that she’d heard me scream about ten times while they were upstairs. Soon after they came back my legs and feet muscles gave out and I dropped down and impaled myself on the dildo with it still switched on. I immediately started cumming and cumming and cumming. I was exhausted. Jon had to half carry me upstairs to a sun lounger by the pool. I lay there for about an hour, feet on the floor either side of the lounger, pussy wide open and still throbbing. Kelly kept me supplied with cold drinks.

We had two more sessions in the garage while we were there.

**Remote Vibe**

Jon told me to take one of the remote vibes and lots of batteries with us. Another game that we played a lot when we were out was for one of us to wear the vibe and another one of us to have the remote control. The only thing was that the wearer didn’t know who had the remote and the person with the remote had to get the ‘victim’ to cum before they guessed who had the remote. The remote got passed round the rest of us and the ‘victim’ had to guess who had it at that moment. We all had orgasms in some really embarrassing places.

Kelly had one while she was buying some ice cream. Mandy had one while getting served in a restaurant. She was so embarrassed. Bridie had one in the front seat of the car whilst naked going through a McDonalds drive through.

I had one while paying for the groceries at the supermarket. I also had one whilst we were being served in a different restaurant to Kelly’s.

Every time one of us had an orgasm the others would make it worse by loudly asking what was wrong. This only attracted more attention, and more embarrassment.

**Marbella Buses**

Parking in Marbella is a nightmare so we usually park-up near the route of one of the local buses and use them to get about. The thing with most of these local buses is that the back half is raised up. Jon says that the engine is at the back. Anyway, on most of them there is a panel of glass in front of the first row of raised seats. This is a fantastic opportunity to flash your pussy, and believe me; all 4 of us girls teased quite a few men.

**Ben Wa balls**

Kelly introduced Mandy to Ben Wa while we were there. Mandy had heard of them before but had never seen them. She loves them and she told us that she’s going to wear them to school to make the days less boring. It took a couple of days for her to be able to hold them in for as long as she wants. We had a couple of slightly embarrassing moments round the villa when one dropped out onto the marble floor making such a loud noise that made all of us aware of what had happened.

Jon bought a pair for Mandy before we left.

**Back at home in England**

I’ve just finished a 4 week stint working for one of Jon’s company’s clients. Angela runs a clothes shop in town and was having trouble getting staff that are intelligent, reliable, can speak English, and aren’t off sick too often. Angela was telling Jon about her staffing problems and Jon thought that it would be a good idea for Kelly to have to learn how to look after the house for a while, so he volunteered me for a month.

Angela’s been to one of our parties so I knew her before I went to work for her. More importantly, she knew me so she wasn’t surprised when I turned up on the first day wearing a short mini, tight cropped top, heels and nothing else.

The shop is on two levels, joined by a wide, open, steep staircase. I had lots of fun going up those stairs in front of the few men that came into the shop. There was one man that I first noticed when he came in with his wife / girlfriend. A couple of days later I saw him again but he was alone and I noticed that he kept looking at me. After a while I realised that he must be waiting for me to go upstairs. So I walked over to near him, then over and up the stairs. Half way up I looked over my shoulder and there he was, looking up my skirt. Every two or three days after that he came back in and followed me up those stairs. I even started stopping near the top and ‘accidentally’ dropping something and bending over to pick it up.

One evening a man who looked to be in his mid twenties came in on his own and was looking through the racks. He kept picking out dresses, skirts and tops, looking at them then putting them back. After a while Angela went over and asked him if she could help. He told her that he was looking for a dress or skirt and top for his girlfriend but couldn’t make up his mind which to get. He said that he was having trouble imagining what they would look like on her. Angela asked him if he would like to see any of the outfits on a member of staff to get a better idea. He said that it was a good idea, so Angela asked about his girlfriend’s size. He looked around and the pointed at me saying that his girlfriend was about my build.

Angela asked me if I would model some clothes for him. Needless to say I jumped at the idea of getting my skirt and top off. I asked the man to pick out a few items and we then went to the changing rooms. There’s an identical changing area on each floor. These are 3 cubicles with curtains in a room off the main shop area. Men usually wait at the entrance to the room and the women who want their man’s approval come out of the cubicle to the main area of the changing room so that they can be seen by their man. There’s also a big mirror at the end of main area. Any man standing at the entrance can easily see into the first cubicle if the curtain isn’t closed properly.

I took some of the clothes off the man and went into the first cubicle. I carefully arranged the curtain so that he would be able to see me changing – if he looked. I put the first outfit on then fully opened the curtain and went out. I had to attract his attention because he was looking out towards the main shop. I guessed that he hadn’t seen me changing.

That first outfit wasn’t very nice and the man didn’t seem too happy. He straight away asked me to put on the next one. This time I kept his attention by asking him about his girlfriend. I also only half closed the curtain. This time he was looking at me. I could easily see him watching me when I glanced at the mirror in the cubicle. After taking the dress off I stood there naked, pretending to arrange the next dress so that I could put it on. His side of our conversation started getting a bit mumbled.

The dress was too big for me so I took it off and walked over to him, gave it to him and asked him to go and get a size smaller. You should have seen the look on his face as I walked over to him naked. The bulge in his trousers looked good too.

I didn’t bother closing the curtain after that and he openly watched me changing. All the time we were holding this conversation about him, his girlfriend and her upcoming birthday.

I must have tried on five or six outfits before he finally decided which one he wanted to buy. He was obviously sexually aroused, and my god was I. As soon as he left I went straight to the toilet and took care of myself.

Anyway, my being out of the house quite a lot got Kelly into the habit of doing more around the house, and, so far, she still is.

Kelly and Mandy are still good friends and Mandy is often round at our house. She’s even had a few sleepovers here. At first Kelly would let Mandy have her bed and she would sleep on the floor but it wasn’t long before they started sharing the bed. Judging by the giggling that comes out of Kelly’s room when Mandy is here they are having some ‘fun’ – if you know what I mean. Kelly does seem to borrow more of my ‘toys’ when Mandy is sleeping in her room. I’ve never asked Kelly what goes on. She’ll tell us if she wants to.

When Kelly first came to live with us she often spent the night in our bed seeking comfort because of her loss. Nothing sexual ever happened between any of us. Just lately Kelly has started coming into our bed again. These times though it’s if she wants to have sex with Jon. I’ve often gone to sleep next to Jon and then woken to the sounds of Jon fucking Kelly. She likes to ride him and is quite vocal when she’s cumming.

On the subject of Kelly sleeping, Jon decided that Kelly needed a new bed. The one that she had been using was only ever intended for short term visitors and now that Kelly has turned 16 Jon wanted to get her a decent bed. While we were out one day Jon suddenly took us to a large Swedish furniture store and we ended up having a bit of fun. Both Kelly and I were wearing short skirts and no knickers. Now this Swedish store is very popular and is like a big warehouse. Furniture is displayed in full view of everyone who is wandering around.

Jon told us to try-out a number of the beds. At first Kelly would just sit on the side with her legs tightly closed. Me, however, jumped on and swung my legs up then lay back slightly bouncing up and down. Needless to say that my legs weren’t crossed, even my knees were a few inches apart. After the first couple of beds Kelly relaxed a bit and swung her legs up. By the fifth bed, she too was relaxing and letting the small audience see up her skirt.

As Kelly slid off the last bed we tried I noticed a slight ‘snail’s trail’ from where she had laid to the edge. I smiled and wondered if I had left any ‘snail’s trails’.

Bed finally chosen, we went looking at the headboards. We finally chose a headboard and footboard that has wooden acorns at each corner. I told Jon that I could easily imagine what those could (and probably will) be used for, but Jon said “no”, when Kelly suggested that I demonstrate.

I have to admit that one afternoon a couple of weeks ago when no one else was at home and I was feeling quite randy, I did go into Kelly’s room and impale myself on one of the acorns. I was imagining being back in that store with a large audience.

Kelly borrows more and more of my clothes these days. Her favourite is a little pink skirt. It has a 6 inch elasticated top with 8 inch flared bottom part. She likes to fold the elasticated part in half making it a very, very short skirt. She does look good in it.

Jon took us both shopping in Birmingham for clothes a couple of weeks ago. With me it was a condition of going that I wore only a coat and boots. When Kelly saw what I was, or should I say, was not wearing, she went back upstairs and appeared a couple of minutes later wearing the same as me. Jon was pleased. We had some good fun that day and quite a few men that were waiting outside the changing rooms got a great view of both of us.

Kelly and Mandy have recently started playing ‘dare’ games. They’ve made a pact that they will do whatever the other dares them to do, unless the ‘victim’ believes that she will get hurt or arrested. If there is a disagreement they will get Jon or me to make a decision for them. Jon has ‘suggested’ that I join in the game but I haven’t discussed it with them yet.

So far they have both had to flash their pussies (no knickers) in one of the classes that have a male teacher; and Mandy has had wear her Ben Wa balls for a day at school – with no knickers on.

Mandy has dared Kelly to wear her Ben Wa balls on a day that they have a PE lesson. Kelly is still plucking-up the courage to do this, but she has a deadline that is getting close. She’s scared that all the jumping and running that she will have to do will be just too much for her. She’s had an orgasm in public caused by her Ben Wa balls before, but she’s scared that she won’t be able to control herself in front of her gym teacher.

Kelly hasn’t told Mandy yet, but her next dare will be to let her younger brother (a year younger) see her naked. After that, she is going to have to stop closing her bedroom curtains at night. Their house has a small back garden and the house over the fence has a couple of teenage boys that have a bedroom at the back.

Jon has agreed to Kelly having an end of school year party for a few of the girls in Kelly’s class. Kelly wants it to be a ‘sleepwear’ party. That should prove interesting. The only problem is that girls that she’s inviting don’t want their parents to know that it’s a party so she’s going to invite them to sleepovers, and she wants Jon or me to tell their parents that it’s a sleepover when they phone to check that it’s okay. Jon’s not too happy about that but I think that he will agree to it. He’s got a couple of months to get used to the idea.

Well, I think that’s about it for now, I’ll try to post updates more often from now on, although I do get a certain amount of pleasure from Jon’s punishments when I leave it for too long.

Love,

V