**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 July 2008**

Well, the end of school year party happened, and it was quite ‘interesting’. Jon wasn’t too happy about having to tell little lies to the girl’s parent, but everything went well and Jon certainly got to see a lot of young girl flesh. Kelly had planned it so that the girls that were being dropped-off by their parents all arrived at slightly different times so that their parents didn’t see the other parents or girls.

The theme was ‘sleepwear’. The 7 girls that came all arrived in normal clothes but quickly changed. To start off with the girls wore a variety of sleepwear including t-shirts, baby-doll nighties and horrible pyjamas. Kelly and Mandy, of course, sleep in the nude and just as soon as the last girl arrived they stripped and re-appeared naked. This was the queue for Jon to go to the pub and for me to lose my dress as well. One of the other girls took her t-shirt and knickers off as well saying that she was glad that Kelly and Mandy had admitted that they slept nude because she hadn’t fancied being the only naked girl there.

The party went well, lots of gossip and bitching. Some of the girls had secretly brought some alcohol and it wasn’t long before everyone was quite happy.

When one of the girls came back from the toilet she asked Kelly why one of the upstairs door was locked, joking that Kelly must have a man hidden away. Kelly had previously told Mandy about the punishment room and I guess that the drink had made her forget that Kelly hade asked her to keep it a secret, but she announced that it was our punishment room. This got all the girls interested and they kept pestering Kelly and me to let them look in. Eventually I gave-in and got the key.

The girls were amazed. After a few seconds of silence the questions all came at once.

There are now only 2 real items in there, and the ropes hanging from the ceiling. There’s the ‘whipping-T’ and the pommel horse. If you haven’t already, I suggest that you read my journal to find out more about these. There were lots of gasps and giggling when I told them how everything worked. A couple of them wanted to try the ‘fucking’ machine; there was no way that I was going to let any of the girls try the machines. Jon would not have been at all happy.

As a compromise, I got out some of my ‘girly’ toys and let them play with them. It got quite interesting watching them. When I later told Jon all about what they’d been up to he got an instant hard-on and took me upstairs for a while.

One of the girls, Hannah, was very quiet and red faced as I was explaining how each piece of equipment in the punishment room worked. Hannah is not as tall as the other girls. She has breasts the smaller than mine, is blonde and has no pubic hair. She told me that it hasn’t started growing yet. When the other girls went back downstairs Hannah stayed back and, with a red face, told me that she would like to try being tied-up. She said that she often dreamed about being tied-up and ravaged by a man, and sometimes even men. I told her that I could help her with the first part, but not the second. I suggested that she came back one day soon after the school holidays started.

That day came a few days later. Kelly got a phone call from Hannah asking if she could come round. Kelly seemed a bit surprised but agreed and when she told me that she didn’t know why she wanted to come round, I told her that I did and explained what she had told me. Kelly was surprised and didn’t want to be there in case Hannah was embarrassed by her being there so she phoned Mandy and then went to her house.

When she arrived, Hannah seemed please that there was only the two of us. After giving Hannah a ‘safe word’ we went upstairs and Hannah stripped off. She looks a lot younger than her 16 years (she’s in Kelly’s class so she must be). She wanted to be tied spread-eagled, so I arranged all the ropes and pulleys, strapped her wrists and ankles and hauled her up to about a metre above the ground (face up) then put a blindfold on her. I didn’t need to ask her if she was getting excited, I could see her pussy, all swollen and wet.

After a few minutes I asked her if she was okay. The way she said, “Oh yes” was very informative. Just to increase her pleasure I fixed up a vibe so that it was just touching her pussy. It didn’t take long for her to start shouting, “I’m cumming”, again and again. After her second orgasm, Jon walked in. If Hannah’s face was red from the pleasure she was getting, it went bright purple when she heard Jon.

Everything was deadly quiet (apart from the vibe) for ages as Jon took-in what he could see, then studied every inch of Hannah as she squirmed about.

Eventually Jon said, “Don’t say a word, and get over there and onto the ‘fucking’ machine”. I took off my dress, put the Velcro straps round my wrists, hooked them up, climbed on, impaled myself and waited for Jon to switch it on. I didn’t have to wait long before I started going up and down.

Jon turned back to Hannah and said, “Well, what have we got here?” Hannah started to talk, but never got beyond “I”. I guess that she was too embarrassed. Smiling, Jon slid the vibe (still switched on) about an inch into Hannah, and then left the room.

It seemed like an eternity before Jon came back. I know that I’d had 2 orgasms, and I’m pretty sure that Hannah had at least another one. Ignoring me, Jon went to Hannah who had found her voice. She started pleading with Jon to fuck her. He didn’t. Instead he un-fastened her and sent her to the bathroom with her dress, but not her underwear. When she finally emerged, Jon sent her home telling her that she can come back whenever she wants. Her underwear went in our rubbish bin.

Jon later told me that he would fuck her if she comes back for another session.

Jon had left me on the ‘fucking’ machine and about 10 to 15 minutes after Hannah left he finally switched it off. I’d had another 3 orgasms and was totally knackered. Jon carried me to the shower, and then into bed. Next morning I woke to the sounds of Jon fucking Kelly next to me.

Back to the party, Jon arrived back from the pub at about midnight to find a house full of naked or nearly naked, nearly drunk teenage girls. None of them seemed embarrassed about their state of dress and some of them tried to hit on Jon. He played along for a while before leaving them to it, and went to bed.

Both Jon and I got up early next morning and it was quite a sight seeing all those young naked bodies sprawled all over the house. Jon made the mistake of having his breakfast before going for a shower. We don’t have locks on any of the internal doors and twice (that I saw), one of the girls went into the shower room. Neither of them screamed at the site of a naked Jon, nor rushed quickly out of the room. I never did ask him what went on in there.

Eventually everyone got dressed and Jon started ferrying them home.

The weekend after Kelly had finished her school exams, Jon took us to Paris for a long weekend. Jon put a ‘condition’ on going for Kelly in that we would only have gone if Kelly left ALL her underwear, trousers and shorts at home. Reluctantly she agreed.

We did all the tourist things and had a good time. The only part that I wasn’t keen on was the open-top bus tour; it was fun going up the stairs in front of a young man, but it went all round the historic parts of Paris and I never was a fan of history. Two ‘events’ in Paris that are worth mentioning. Firstly, just after we got to our hotel room (we all shared one room), Jon decided that he needed a massage. He phoned down and asked for a masseur to be sent up. Kelly and I went for a shower. While we were in there we heard the door bell and when we went out (naked) we were expecting to see Jon lying on the table getting massaged by a young French lady. Imagine our surprise when we saw Jon and a real cute French guy sitting on the bed trying to talk to each other. In the shock and the silence I saw Kelly’s hands go to cover her breasts and pussy. I didn’t attempt to cover-up. The Frenchman stared at us and muttered something in French.

Jon broke the silence and told us that there was no way that he was going to have a massage from a man and that we’d have to have one instead. Grabbing a towel and wrapping it round herself. Kelly said, “Cool, I’ve never had a massage before.”

I went first and lay face down on the table. Andre was good. I was so relaxed. As he was doing my back his hands drifted down to the sides of my breasts. My nipples went rock hard. When he did the top of legs and bum his hands kept brushing my pussy lips which by that time were open and very wet. My clit was sticking out and hard.

Then it was time to turn over. At this point Jon took Kelly out onto the balcony. I was soon to find out why.

Arms, neck and head done, Andre started on my chest. My breasts got a lot of attention and my nipps were throbbing. Andre did each leg in turn; again brushing my puss a few times, then he held both of my ankles and lifted my legs. He bent them every way they would go, and then spread them as wide as he could. My puss was stretched as much as is possible and he was right there looking at me. My knees were bent and pushed as far as they would go towards my face, knees together and wide apart. What an erotic experience that was. My juices were well mixed in with the massage oil.

Moving me down the table so that he could stand between my legs, Andre started on my stomach and waist. He even went up to my breasts again and rolled my nipples again. Just as I was expecting him to stop, Andre’s hands started massaging my pussy. My eyes opened and I looked for Jon, but couldn’t see him so I just lay there.

Andre was good. He teased me to just short of an orgasm about 4 times before taking me over the edge to a fantastic orgasm. Wow, was he good with his hands.

When I found the strength to get up, I smiled at Andre and said, “Thank you”, then, not bothering to find my towel, I looked for Jon and Kelly.

Telling me that she was a bit nervous, Kelly and I went back inside. I took Kelly’s towel off and told her to lie down, face down, close her eyes and relax. I smiled at Andre and said, “Same again.”

Jon smiled at me, took me out onto the balcony and asked me if I’d enjoyed it. Silly question, because the smile on my face told him that I had. He told me that he’d paid Andre an extra 100 euros for the extra service. After a while we crept back in to see Kelly face up, eyes closed, with Andre working on her legs. We could see that she was as wet as I was. Kelly gasped a bit when Andre spread her legs and she obviously tensed-up a bit as he started on her pussy. Andre said something to her in a sexy French voice and she relaxed. Even though her eyes were closed I could see that she was a bit shocked when Andre started opening her legs and she let out a little moan when he first touched her clit.

God, Kelly is noisy when she cums.

Andre left and a short while later a young French lady in a short white skirt and top arrived. Jon was finally getting his massage. By the time she asked Jon to turn face up he had a massive hard-on. Kelly giggled a bit. For a finale, she massaged his balls and cock then wanked him until he shot his load all over his chest.

That night we ate in the hotel’s posh restaurant. We got excellent service, possibly because the waiters got an eyeful of our breasts and my pussy (I couldn’t see Kelly’s lap) each time one of them came to the table.

The other nights we ate out at restaurants that we came across while walking around. We got good service at those restaurants as well. I wonder if it was something to do with the length of our skirts and gaping tops. Both those nights out we all got a little tipsy and I ended up having my dress taken off me as soon as we got in the elevator. I was hoping (not) that no one else would get in, but on the second night just after Jon had me drop my dress, the elevator stopped and 2 middle aged men got in. They spent the rest of the ride just staring at me. Nice, but it would have been more of a turn-on if they had been younger.

Jon had me out on the balcony that night. It seemed so romantic being fucked out in the fresh air while looking out over the centre of Paris.

The weekend was over way too quick and it was time to get the train back home. I think that we picked a bad (or was it a good) time to get on a train to cross Paris. It was crowded. We were all squashed. I could feel a man’s hard-on pressing into my bum and a hand sliding up my leg under my miniskirt. Unfortunately we got to the Eurostar station before anything else happened. Afterwards, Kelly told me that she had had a hand on her bare bum as well.

The third ‘event’ that was memorable (well for Kelly and Jon anyway) was the on Eurostar from Paris to London. The seats we had were two doubles facing each other. Kelly was in the window seat with me next to her, and Jon was opposite Kelly. Within ten minutes of leaving Paris I was asleep and didn’t wake-up until we were in the tunnel. Anyway, Kelly noticed that my knees were a few inches apart. She told Jon (who I can’t believe hadn’t noticed) and he gently eased my knees much further apart. With my skirt being so short, my pussy was on full display. Apparently a few people noticed as they walked along the train. One man apparently went up and down and passed us three times.

Neither of them told me until later that evening back at home.

Kelly and Mandy’s dares are going well, albeit a bit slow. They’ve both let Mandy’s brother see them naked as they went from Mandy’s bedroom to the bathroom, and Mandy has let him peek at her while she masturbated naked on her bed. It’s Kelly’s turn to let him watch her masturbate next time she has a sleepover.

Kelly had to wear her Ben Wa balls for a PE lesson. The girls are supposed to wear thick, horrible schoolgirl knickers under their short skirts for PE, but none of them do. They all wear normal knickers or thongs. The teacher ignores this rule, possibly because she is (allegedly) a lesbian. Anyway, Kelly was wearing a thong that day but had to take it off for PE to comply with the dare. Kelly came close to having an orgasm a couple of times and the teacher asked her if she was feeling okay. She had real problems keeping them in, but somehow managed to make it to the end of the lesson with only two reprimands from the teacher for lack of effort.

The best bit was at the end of the lesson. As she stripped off for the shower, one finally fell out and clunked on the floor. Kelly put her foot on it and none of the other girls saw it but when she looked over to the teacher’s office the teacher was looking at her.

Nothing was said.

Kelly’s next dare for Mandy is to wait until the weather is warm and her parents are out; and to sunbathe naked out the back of her house. The intention being to let the youths in the house at the bottom of their garden see her. She has to do this even if her brother is at home.

I do hope that we have some decent weather for a change, and that this dare will happen.

Mandy’s still thinking about what Kelly’s next dare will be.

We are still deciding what to do for the school summer holidays. Kelly wants to go to Spain again and take a few more of her friends. Jon isn’t so sure. I think that he’s worried that he will not be able to cope with lots of naked young female flesh, all wanting him to fuck them. I jokingly suggested that he get a supply of Viagra.

Well, I think that’s about it for now. I promise that I’ll keep these updates cumming.

Love,

Vanessa