**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 01**

It all started when I was hit by a car as I walked home one night.

Before I tell you about that, and how it changed my life, I’d better tell you a bit about myself. My name is Saffron Peterson. I’m 1.34m tall, skinny, natural strawberry blonde shoulder length hair, A cup conical breasts and smallish hips. My mother walked out on my father and I when I was 5 and daddy has been looking after me ever since. I have no siblings.

Daddy and I have always got on well and he’s been my best friend as well as my father. We’ve always talked about everything, including my female issues.

It happened shorty after my 18th birthday, I was walking home after spending the evening at a girl friends house when a car mounted the footpath and skittled me. The next thing that I knew I was waking up in hospital with both my legs and both my arms in plaster and my head, wrapped in bandages.

I shouted for help and within seconds daddy was looking down at me and telling me that I was going to be okay. That really helped me.

Then a doctor looked down at me and said,

“Oh you’re back, how do you feel?”

“What happened to me?”

Daddy answered telling me that I’d been in a car accident.

“But I wasn’t in a car, I was walking back from Trisha’s house.”

“Yes you were, and a drunk driver lost control of his electric car, mounted the pavement and hit you.”

“Okay young lady, Alex,” the doctor said, “don’t think about that right now, I need to check you over to see if we’ve missed anything, would you mind waiting outside sir.”

“No.” I said, “I want daddy to stay.”

“Okay, if that’s what you want, but I’m going to have to take the blanket off you.”

“Please stay daddy.”

The doctor started at my head, checking my vision, hearing and movement of my neck. That hurt a little but the doctor told me that that was to be expected and that it would be okay in a few days.

I looked down at my body again and took in what I’d initially seen when I first opened my eyes. My arms were on top of a blanket, both in plaster from my hand to well above my elbow.. Looking further down I could see my toes but each leg was in plaster from foot to the top of my thighs.

It was when the doctor pulled the blanket down to my waist that I realised that I was naked under the blanket. My face went red as my little breasts came into view.

Daddy hadn’t seen me naked since he used to bath me when I was a little girl, and here I was topless in front of him more than 10 years later.

When the doctor folded the blanket down I felt air blow passed my bald pussy and guessed that the doctor would expose my pussy to daddy as well.

My blush turned a deeper shade of red.

Daddy and I had talked may times about my body as I grew up. My growing pains and puberty pains were never off-limits and we even discussed my period pains and going on the pill to ease them; but we’d never seen each other naked. It wasn’t really taboo, it just never happened, until that moment.

The doctor pressed on all parts of me asking if it hurt as daddy, who was on the other side of the bed, gently put his hand on my bare shoulder and whispered that it was okay, that I was going to be ‘right as rain’ in no time.

As the doctor’s hand moved across my torso they brushed against my nipples and I felt them go hard. It wasn’t really surprising that he brushed my nipples, my little tits are very perky and conical, Trisha, my best friend, sometimes calls them my traffic cones.

Then the doctor folded the blanket onto my plastered legs leaving me naked from my neck to the tops of my thighs, what’s more, the plaster casts were keeping my legs from closing, daddy could see all of my bald pussy which was starting to get wet.

If it was possible to go a darker shade of red I was doing so as the doctor pressed on different parts of my abdomen.

Then he pressed on both my labia and I couldn’t stop myself from letting out a moan., in-spite of my situation I was feeling aroused.

The doctor unfolded the blanket so that I was covered then told me that I was lucky in that it was my arms and legs that took most of the impact and the landing and that the rest of me was okay, apart from a deep cut on my head. He told me to tell the nurses if anywhere else started hurting.

I didn’t feel lucky but I did get a little comfort from daddy’s hand on my shoulder.

The doctor left and I started crying.

Daddy stroked my cheeks and dabbed my eyes with a tissue as he kept telling me that everything was going to be okay, that the damage wasn’t permanent and that I’d be as good as new soon.

I knew that that wasn’t true, I’d probably have those casts on for months. At that time I wasn’t even thinking about the practicality of things.

A nurse came in and told daddy that he should leave and let me get some rest. She was right and we both knew it. Daddy leant forwards and kissed me on my nose, something that he hadn’t done since I was little, but there again, the top of my head was wrapped in bandages and I hurt all over.

The nurse gave me a drink out of one of those baby’s cups with a lid and mouth-piece, then told me to get some rest. I was asleep within a minute.

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I woke as dawn was breaking, only to be told that I’d slept for nearly 24 hours. I guessed that it was true that sleep does heal, but in my case it was only my general aches and pains. I looked down at my arms and legs and saw that I hadn’t been dreaming.

I started to assess my situation, how was I going to do this, how was I going to do that? What about this, what about that? Of course I didn’t have any answers and I was quite depressed when a nurse came over to me. I started bombarding the poor woman with question, none of which she answered, only telling me that a doctor would be round to see me later and asking me if I wanted something to eat.

I started thinking about my stomach, and yes, I was hungry.

Okay, I’d been embarrassed when daddy saw me naked but the humiliation of having someone spoon feed me like a baby was something else. I didn’t think that I could cope with that for long. Then I thought about going to the toilet. Oh my gawd, how the hell was I going to do that?”

With food inside my stomach, my body stated to tell me that I needed to get rid of some waste. I spent a good half hour putting it off and worrying about the embarrassment because there was no way that I was going to the toilet, and even if I got there my hands were useless.

I tried to joke about it to myself thinking that at least I wouldn’t have to wash my hands.

I couldn’t put it off any longer and when a nurse walked by I told her that I needed the toilet. Without blinking an eye she told me to hang on for a second while she got another nurse. A minute later she was back with another nurse, a male nurse.

I thought that they would get me to a toilet somehow, but the male nurse was carrying a bedpan.

“What’s that for?” I asked.

“You said that you wanted to go to the toilet.”

“Yes but?”

“Well Saffron, you’re in no fit state to go there so the toilet has to come to you.”

With that the blanket was pulled off me and the 2 nurses lifted my hips and slid the bedpan under me. Now that was humiliating. My face was bright red and there was no way that I could even pee, never mind poo with them there watching me.

“I, I, I ….”

“You’ve never used a bedpan before have you Saffron?” The male nurse asked as he looked down on my bald pussy.

“No.” I replied.

“Okay honey, we’ll leave you for a while, just try to relax and let it happen. Give us a shout when you are done.”

With that the 2 of them turned and walked away leaving me naked, well apart from the casts and bandages, and sat on a bloody bedpan. How the hell was I supposed to relax.

Well, bodily functions finally took over and I did both a number 1 and a number 2, and quickly wished that someone would invent a new type of bedpan that contained the smell. I called to the next nurse that came by and a couple of minutes later, 2 male nurses were lifting me up and removing the bedpan.

To add to my humiliation, one of them got some wipes and did his best to wipe my pussy and butt.

My face was just about getting back to its normal colour when daddy walked in. After the expected greetings and questions about my health I told daddy about needing the toilet.

“Sorry Saffron, but you’re going to have to get used to that, the doc tells me that you will be in that bed for at least a week and then you won’t get those leg casts off for al least 3 months.”

The reality of my position really hit me then and I started crying.

“Oh daddy, I can’t possibly cope with that, if I’m going to be here for a week where am I going to go until I can walk again, and who’s going to look after me?”

Daddy put his hand on my bare shoulder and replied,

“It’s okay Saffron, we’ll manage, we’ve had problems in the past and we’ve always got through them so we will this time.”

“But daddy, I can’t even go to the toilet never mind put any clothes on.”

“It’s okay Saffron, we’ll manage. I’ve ordered a bedpan from eBay and I’ll move your bed down into the dining room. I’ll put the television in there and you’ll be able to look out on the back garden.”

“But you’ll see me naked.”

“I used to see you naked every day, remember.”

“But I was a little girl and I’m a woman now. You’ll see me naked.”

“I saw you naked when the doctor examined you and the world didn’t end.”

“But ….”

“But nothing, we’ll manage. By the way, Trisha wants to know when she can come and see you.”

“I don’t want her to see me like this.”

“Saffron, most people get sick at times and quite a few end up in hospital, it’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

Just then my doctor turned up and explained the details of my injuries. It wasn’t good news, the fractures in all my limbs were bad and he told me that they would take at least 3 months to heal to an extent that I could have physio to get me walking again.

“Do the casts have to go so high up my thighs, there isn’t room for my legs to close?”

“Sorry Saffron but they need to be as there are for them to heal properly. In the old days with injuries like yours the casts used to go higher to include the hips but with the titanium plates that we’ve screwed to your bones that isn’t necessary.”

“You’ve screwed metal plates to my bones? Will they be there forever?”

“Oh sorry, I thought that you had been told. Once you can put your weight on your legs we’ll operate and take the plates out, and before you ask, we will do our best to make sure that you have no scars. You’re lucky actually, you naturally have a gap between the tops of your thighs so that will make tending to your bodily functions easier, but you do need to keep your legs spread a but so that your bones heal in the right place.”

“Thank you, so I’m going to be stuck in this bed for 3 months?”

“Heavens no, in about a week or 10 days we will discharge you and your mother can look after you at home.”

“I haven’t got a mother.”

“Oh, I’m sorry about that, I’m sure that you’ll be able to find someone to look after you.”

“That would be me.” Daddy said.

“Good, the NHS can lend you a special wheelchair with leg supports so that your father can get you out in the fresh air, it will help your recovery. Now, is there anything else that you’d like to know?”

“My arms, how long will they have to be in the casts?”

“About the same time, they were both bad breaks as well but fortunately we didn’t need to put a plate in either of them so no follow-up procedures.”

“At least that’s something.” I replied.

“Well if there’s nothing else I’ll be on my way, I’ll check on you every day.”

The doctor left and daddy put his arm round my neck and I cried into his shoulder.

“Daddy, I can’t do this.” I mumbled through the tears.

“You can Saffron. WE can do it, and I’ll be there with you all the way.”

I continued to cry for another couple of minutes then said,

“Daddy, I love you but do you know what will be involved? I mean I can’t wash myself or eat or even go to the toilet on my own.”

“That’s okay Saffy, I can do it all for you.”

“What about your job, we need the money.”

“I’ve already spoken to my boss and explained everything to him. He’s said that I can work from home until you’re better. I’ll still have to go in once a week for a few hours but the rest of the time I’ll be at home with you giving you bed-baths, wiping your butt and shaving your pussy.”

“DADDY! I hope that you’ll be doing those things with your eyes closed, and how do you know that I shave my pussy.”

“I was here the other day when the doctor gave you the once over, remember? And of course I will do it all with my eyes shut Saffy,”

“You’d better not, I don’t want you having an accident with a razor daddy.”

“Saffy love, now is not the time to get all modest. We’ll soon get over the initial embarrassment and by the time you’re walking again you won’t want to put any clothes on.”

“No way daddy, no way.”

Daddy had made me feel better but I still wasn’t looking forward to him doing all those things for me.

“Daddy, can you let Trisha know when she can come and visit me please?” I asked, trying to take my mind off daddy doing all those things for me.

“Sure Saffron, I’ll even drive her here for you, the buses are bit of a hassle.”

“Thank you daddy, I love you.”

“And I love you too. Now, I’d better go before they throw me out.”

Daddy kissed my nose again and I managed a little laugh as he left.

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The next day after being spoon fed my breakfast and having to suffer the humiliation of another bedpan, the nurses came to give me a bed-bath. It wasn’t too bad apart from when the female nurse washed my pussy and butt.

She was a bit rough but when she’d finished I realised that I was a bit aroused. I was horrified that something like a bed-bath had made me wet but as I’d discovered before, there’s often a conflict between what my brain tells me I should or shouldn’t do and what my body wants me to do. I just hoped that I wouldn’t get aroused when daddy did those things to me, I wanted it to be very professional, for us both to act like he was a medical professional carrying out a medical procedure. I figured that that was the only way that I could get through it.

That evening Trisha walked onto the ward. As she walked up to me she pulled the blanket that was covering me down a few centimetres. I thought nothing of it as we greeted each other and I told her everything that had happened to me.

As the excitement died down I asked her why she’d pulled the blanket down.

“Because I could see your bald pussy and I thought that you’d want it covered. So, you’re going to be naked for 3 months and your father is going to take care of you Saffy?”

“Yeah.” I dejectedly replied.

“So you’ll get him to jill you off as well?”

“Trisha! No, I’ll just have to go without until I can do it myself.”

“It’s 3 months Saffy, get your father to do it, it must be years since he's touched a pussy.”

“Trisha, he’s my father.”

“And a cute looking man.”

“Do you fancy my father Trisha?”

“No, but he is cute.”

“Trisha, you’ve got a boyfriend.”

“So, there’s nothing wrong with looking, and your dad is going to be doing a lot of looking at you my naked little friend. Maybe I should start calling you Nudy instead of Saffy.”

“Don’t you dare.”

“Hey, some more of our friends want to come and see you, when can I tell them to come?”

“Never, I don’t want them to see me like Trisha.”

“Why not, it’s not your fault that that idiot skittled you.”

“But I haven’t got any clothes on.”

“I can make sure that you’re totally naked, sorry covered when they come.”

“Trisha, you’re my friend you’re supposed to help me not embarrass me. Maybe later when I’m back at home and I can get dad to wrap me in a blanket not just have one thrown over me and feeling like it’s about to fall off me all the time.”

“Okay, I’ll put them off for now.”

“Trisha, stop pulling the blanket off me, I don’t want to be naked here.”

“But you won’t mind when you are back at home.”

“I didn’t say that, daddy will keep me covered.”

“Will he, are you sure? He’s a cute, healthy man and cute, healthy men like looking at naked girls.”

“Stop it Trisha, daddy and I will be very professional about my care.”

“Yeah, right, I bet that you’ll spend half your life without any covering.”

“No I won’t, daddy will look after me.”

“Maybe you’ll want to be naked all the time and tell him not to cover you.”

“No I won’t.”

“Maybe this period of enforced no clothes and no jilling will turn you into an exhibitionist slut.”

“No it won’t.”

“Seriously thought Saffy, I’m here for you whatever you turn into.”

“Thanks Trisha.”

“Now, when were you last tickled?”

“NO.” I shouted but it was too late, Trisha’s hands went under the blanket and started tickling me.

“No, stop, please Trisha stop, you’re making me move and that hurts.”

Trisha did stop but by then the blanket had slid mainly off me. She grabbed my right tit, gave it a wobble then tweaked my nipple.

“Stop, you’re making me horny.”

“Do you want me to bring you off, there’s no one looking.”

Her hand slid down my body, flicked my clit then cupped my pussy.

“You’re wet Saffy, you’ve been enjoying all this banter about your dad taking care of your needs. If you don’t get him to take care of you you will go crazy.”

“Get off me Trisha, and pull the blanket over me, someone will see me.” I said as I realised that I was blushing.

“I think that you want to be seen Saffy. Hey, how many times has your father seen your traffic cones since they started growing?”

“Stop it Trisha.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop, but you have to admit it’s started you thinking, and taken your mind off your injuries.”

Trisha was right on both counts but I wasn’t going to admit the first part.

“Yes, thank you Trisha but I’m not even going to think about what you said about my dad.”

“Bet that you do.”

I said nothing but she was right, my brain already had images of my father eating my pussy. I just had to stop that.

Trisha started talking about college and asked me if I wanted her to talk to the Dean about me.

“Thanks, but I think that dad has already phoned them.”

“Maybe you could get him to turn the pages of your books for you while you study and he plays with your nipples.”

An image of dad caressing my tits came into my head and my jaw dropped.

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop, sorry, I’ve said that once, I will stop now.”

She did stop teasing me and we had a sensible conversation until she had to leave. She stood up, squeezed one of my fingers then I saw a devilish grin on her face. I’d seen that before an I just knew that she was going to so something she shouldn’t. She pulled the blanket off one breast, tweaked the nipple and said,

“Seeya Saffy.”

“Trisha, please.” but she was as good as gone.

I was left laying there with one tit exposed and possibly my pussy, it was a bit draughty down there.

I couldn’t stop thinking about what Trisha had said. It was wrong and I knew it but that didn’t stop me getting images in my head of daddy doing all sorts of things to me as I lay there totally naked and unable to move, and in the mini daydreams I was encouraging him not telling him to stop.

About 10 minutes later daddy walked in and my face went bright red.

“It’s okay Saffy, these accidents happen.”

He said as he re-arranged the blanket to properly cover me, but not until he’d had a quick look at my tit and pussy, my wet, slightly spread pussy.

“So how was Trisha, she refused my lift here. She’s an independent girl, Sorry, I didn’t mean to imply that you’re not, well not after you get back on your feet.”

We talked about all sorts of things, some of them his preparations for me going home. He told me that he’d taken the dining table up to my room and moved my bed down to the dining room. He told me that he’d set it up so that I could look out the back.

“Great, I can watch the grass grow.”

“Hey Saffy, come on, it will all be over in no time. I’ll move the TV and the video player in there.”

“I won’t be able to operate the controls.”

“If I put them by your fingers you will and I’ll be here for you whenever you want me.”

Daddy saying that made me think about what Trisha had said.

“No, stop it Saffron, it’s not right.” I thought.

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Three days later daddy came to collect me. The bandages round my head had gone and I was left with just a bloody, stitched wound that a nurse told me was best left uncovered unless it started bleeding again. My hips and shoulders were painfully working but I didn’t like bending them too much.

Daddy came in pushing a wheelchair with attached supports for my arms and my legs, the legs ones had my legs sticking straight out but not together, my feet would be spread as wide as the chair. The other unusual thing about it was that it was a reclining one, I would be nearly flat on my back on it.

Daddy had also brought a blanket from home but it was what had been my favourite little quilt when I was little and it is covered in a silky material. I saw the problem straight away, it was always sliding off me when I was little and I was expecting it to do the same now.

Two male nurses followed daddy in and lifted me onto the chair. To do so they had to take the hospital blanket off and lift me naked onto the chair. More embarrassment but by then I was starting to get used to people seeing my naked body and had just about resigned myself to months of embarrassment and humiliation.

It hurt like hell as the nurses lifted me into the chair but we made it and I sighed with relief when they let go of me and daddy covered me with my blanket.

“How are we getting home daddy, if these nurses get me in the car you’ll never get me in nor out.”

“The car is at home, we’re going home in an ambulance, not an emergency one, one used just for transporting patients who can’t walk.”

“An old fogies one?”

“Well that’s one name for them I suppose, but it has wheelchair access to we shouldn’t have any problems.”

“Great.”

Daddy wheeled me to the main entrance of the hospital but we had to wait for the ambulance to arrive. I could feel the blanket slipping a bit as I was wheeled along but my tits were still covered when we got to the main entrance.

After a few minutes daddy asked me if I wanted a drink. I asked for a vodka and orange but daddy told me that he’d get me a coffee and he left to get it.

I was alone in the main reception area of a busy hospital wearing only 4 plaster casts and just about covered by a little, baby’s cot quilt that was covered in a silky material with animals printed on it. I felt very exposed.

A few minutes later the back of the wheelchair got knocked, turning the chair a bit. I heard a man behind me apologise but after a couple of seconds I realised that the jolt had loosened the blanket and it was starting to slide off my tits.

There was nothing that I could do as I felt it get lower and lower. When it passed my nipples it dropped to my waist leaving my whole chest exposed. I just had to sit there, suck it up and hope that daddy got back soon.

At first I shut my eyes, not wanting to see if anyone was looking at me but the thought that people might be was getting me aroused. I slowly opened my eyes and although dozens and dozens of people were going by it was only a few that looked over to me.

Those who looked my way did one of three things. Either look back to where they were going, do a double take, smile then keep walking, or stop and stare. Thankfully only 2 of the third category were still looking at me when daddy returned.

Daddy saw my tits and was cursing as he looked for somewhere to put the coffees. Then he finally looked at my tits again before his eyes moved up to mine.

“I’m so sorry Saffy. I should have checked it before I left you.” He said as he pulled the blanket up and tucked it between my back and the chair.

Then I got embarrassed again when daddy tipped my coffee into the yellow (my favourite colour) babies cup that he got out of his backpack. It was so embarrassing having daddy holding it to my mouth for me to drink with all those people walking by.

Finally the ambulance came and daddy pushed me outside to the back of it where the driver took over and pushed me up the ramp into the back. He parked me with my back to the side of the vehicle where I could see all the other people onboard, and they could see me. Daddy was on a seat at the other side facing the front and he would have to turn his head to see me.

I was on my way to the privacy of my own home, I was happy.

The ambulance was an old one and the driver appeared to find every bump and pothole in the road. It wasn’t long before I realised that the blanket was slipping down again.

Slowly it descended and I decided that I should ask daddy to re-tuck it, but I didn’t. For some reason that I can’t explain, I just let it slide down, below my tits. My heart was pounding and I could feel that familiar, nice tingling in my pussy.

“Why aren’t I asking daddy to re-tuck it?” I kept asking myself and I kept opening my mouth to speak but nothing came out. Not even when the bouncing of the ambulance caused the blanker to slide completely off and to the floor.

I looked around and saw 2 old men looking at me and I kept trying to work out why my mouth wouldn’t work. I even considered that what Trisha had said was right. Maybe I was an exhibitionist, maybe I did like being seen naked. My pussy was telling me that I did but my brain was saying that I didn’t.

Daddy finally turned his head and saw me. He clicked his seatbelt and came over to me. He’d just got on his knees between my legs and picked up the blanket when a male voice said,

“Get back in your seat and fasten your seatbelt please.”

Daddy just had enough time to pickup the blanket and throw it over me, but not tuck it in. Inevitably it started slipping down again and I was soon naked again. The 2 old men were still looking at me and my pussy was still tingling.

Fortunately, our house was the first on the ambulance’s route and when the ambulance stopped daddy turned and saw my naked body.

“Oh shit,” daddy said, and he swung into action.

“Why didn’t you shout to me?” Daddy asked as he quickly picked up the blanket and tucked it behind me.

“It happened so quick and I was shocked.” I replied.

By then the driver was opening the back doors and was soon manoeuvring me backwards onto the ramp. Down on the road the driver explained to daddy how to get a wheelchair up a curb. The thing was, he was demonstrating and my body was swinging forwards and backwards a little and that was loosening the tucked in part of the blanket.

The driver was stood at our gate as daddy tipped me back to pull the chair up the curb and when he lowered the front wheels to the ground there was a bump when the front wheels hit the path.

That dislodged the blanket again and as daddy turned the chair to go down the path the blanket slid right off me and I was right in front of the driver. He instinctively squat down to pickup the blanket and his face was right at my feet. He couldn’t help but look between the casts and see my bald pussy, which immediately got wet, and up to my little tits.

“DADDY.” I shouted.

But before daddy could react the driver was spreading the blanket over my body.

“Sorry about that.” Daddy said.

Daddy wheeled me to the front door then turned the chair to pull it over the threshold. The thing was, the driver hadn’t tucked the blanket in and just as soon as the front wheels went down inside the house the blanket slid off me again, and the driver was in front of me checking that daddy was okay handling the elongated chair.

He got another full frontal view of me, again, before picking up the blanket, again.

This time he just passed it to daddy whilst he looked down on my naked body. Daddy thanked him and there was a couple of seconds silence before the driver asked if everything was okay, then turned and left.

“Let’s get you to your bed Saffy,” daddy said, “that must have been an ordeal for you.”

“It was.” I replied but couldn’t help clench my wet pussy in at attempt to satisfy the tingling.

Daddy wheeled me backwards to the dining room where he’d brought my bed. The foot being quite close to the French doors out to the patio and back garden.

“Right Saffy, now to get you onto the bed. Sorry but this is going to be embarrassing for you, and me, I shouldn’t be seeing you like this.”

“I know daddy, but as you say, I’m your daughter, you’ve seen it all before and I’m sure that w can both be very professional about it.”

Daddy took the blanket off me and bent over the side of the chair as he slid his arms under me. His face right in front of my tits.

“Ow, ow, ow, daddy it hurts.” I said, or words to that effect, as he lifted me up and turned to put me down on the bed.

“Wow,” daddy said, “those casts are heavy.”

“Well I’m glad that you didn’t think that it was me that had put a lot of weight on from the hospital food.” I joked trying to forget the pain that the lift had caused.

“You probably lost weight whilst you were there Saffy. Sorry Saffy but I need to manoeuvre you to the middle of the bed.”

“Please be gentle daddy.”

“I’ll do my best.”

It hurt but I was finally in the middle of the bed then daddy went to lift my legs to where the doctor had told us they needed to be, my feet about shoulder width apart. Daddy sat down at the bottom side of the bed and asked me if I was okay. Before I answered I mentally went through each part of my body checking. When I got to my nipples I realised that they were rock hard. Then I realised that my pussy was wet and tingling, and it was spread open a bit. I looked at daddy’s eyes and saw the they were looking at my pussy. That made it get wetter.

I waited until his eyes came back up to mine then said,

“I’m okay, but, but, I’m a bit aroused.”

“Oh sorry Saffy, I should have covered you as soon as you were on the bed.

“That’s okay daddy, you were a bit busy.”

I was still flat on my back looking at the ceiling so I asked daddy if I could have some pillows so that I could at least see outside. He agreed then put the blanket over me, not bothering tucking it in as I wouldn’t be moving, then he went for the pillows. He slid an arm under my shoulders, lifted me and put the pillows under my head and shoulders.

Relaxing down I sighed and thanked daddy.

“I’ll open the patio doors to let you have some fresh air then leave you for a while to let you get used to things. Oh, here’s a bell that you can press anytime that you need me. I’ll put it where your fingers can get it. It’s a remote controlled doorbell, there’s one ringer in the kitchen and another in my bedroom so I should hear you everywhere”

With that he was gone. I looked around and saw the familiar dining room and garden. Then I looked down at my body and saw my right areola. I had a naughty thought. I waggled my fingers and discovered that I could get the blanket to move a bit. I did it some more and soon both my nipples were exposed. I did it some more and soon had the blanket below my tits and that nice tingling in my pussy was back.

I wondered if I could waggle my fingers and get the bottom of the blanket to come up? I smiled when I was sure that it was indeed rising above my pubes. I so wanted to touch my clit and bring myself off but that was impossible.

I relaxed and was soon asleep.

**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

I half woke up and was sure that I could hear Trisha’s voice. Opening my eyes I saw her at the foot of the bed looking up at me.

“Hey,” I said, “What are you doing here?”

“I’ve come to fuck your father, what do you think?”

“Sorry Trisha, getting here wore me out.”

“That’s okay Saffy, I see that you’ve started flashing your father already.”

“No, no, I was just exercising my fingers and didn’t realise what the blanket was doing.”

“Yeah right girl. I see that your using that old baby blanket, is that so that it will slide off you?”

“I didn’t ask daddy to use it, he just did and that damned hospital, they’d lend me the wheelchair but they wouldn’t let me have one of those gowns, they said that they were in short supply.”

“I think that your father wanted it to slide off you so that you could flash everyone including him. Here, let me help you do that.”

Before I had a chance to tell her not to, the blanket was in her hands leaving me totally naked.

“Trisha, that’s not funny.”

“Come on Saffy, it isn’t like I haven’t seen you naked before. Remember that weekend at my house when we both slept naked and went down for breakfast still naked thinking that every one else had gone out and my brother was there.”

“Yeah, it was funny and I still think that you set it up to let your brother see us naked but …”

“It’s only me Saffy, I don’t mind seeing you naked. Hey, some of the guys from college want to visit you. I said that I’d take some photos of you so that they know what to expect, you don’t mind do you?”

With that Trisha got her phone out and took some photos of me even though I was protesting and pleading with her to at least cover me with the blanket.

“There, all sent. I bet the guys will like the one that I took from the bottom of the bed, and you’re all wet, what were you dreaming about girl, your father bringing you off?”

“Trisha, stop it, did you really send those photos?”

“Yep.”

“Oh my gawd, what are they going to think, I’m finished, I’d better tell daddy to phone the college and tell them that I won’t be coming back.”

“Oh, your college tutor wants to come and see you to give you some books to read so that you don’t get too far behind. When shall I tell him to come, or should that be cum after he’s looked at the photos.”

“You didn’t?”

“I did.”

“Oh fuck.”

“You won’t be doing that for a while but at a push he could get his knees between your arms and your body and fuck your mouth.”

“Trisha, you’re such a slut.”

“Says that naked girl who’s on display for all her neighbours to see.”

“Shit, I never thought about them. I must get daddy to put some curtains or blinds up.”

“And spoil your view, and theirs, don’t you dare girl, being in a dark box for 3 months will mean your next journey will be to the loony bin.”

“So, seriously Saffy, how are you?”

“Okay I guess, the journey here in the ambulance was a bit revealing. The blanket slid off and the passengers and driver got an eyeful.”

“I bet that you enjoyed that, flashing and being able to blame it on something else. Hey, is that the chair? I’ll be able to take you for walks to the park or into town, stop you from going crazy in here.”

“Nice idea, but not until I can get some clothes on. You’d think that someone would design some clothes for people with my problem.”

“I’m glad that they haven’t, we’re going to have so much fun.”

“Please no Trisha, I know what your version of fun is, do remember when you stole my bikini in the swimming pool?”

“Yeah, that was fun.”

“No it wasn’t, I was still in the pool at at the time and I didn’t even realise that you’d pulled the strings so that it slid off without me knowing.”

“Yeah, it was so funny watching you try to cover your butt, pussy and tits with only your 2 hands.”

“I’ve never forgiven you for that, I’ll get my revenge one day.”

“Not when you are laying naked on that bed, I’m going to have so much fun with you, or should I say your body.”

“Please cover me Trisha, daddy might come in.”

“You’re not trying to tell me that your father hasn’t seen you like that are you?”

“He has but …”

“And you enjoyed him seeing you like that?”

“No.”

“I know you Saffy, tell the truth.”

“Okay, okay, I liked it.”

“And you liked me sending those photos.”

“No, definitely not.”

“Liar.”

“Trisha!”

“Okay, stay in denial, but remember Saffy, we’ve been best friends for what, 15 years?”

“Is it that long? Jeez.”

Just then daddy walked in.

“Oh hi Trisha, how are you?” Thanks for coming to cheer-up Saffy, she was a bit down. Oh, your blanket has come off, let me put it back on you.”

“It’s okay Mr. Peterson, Saffy prefers it like that, it keeps her dry between her legs.”

“Trisha, stop it.” I said.

“Yes it does get quite hot in here, we don’t want you getting all sweaty, that will mean more bed-baths.”

“Pay a lot of attention between her legs Mr. Peterson, girls need to be very clean down there.”

“Trisha, stop it.”

“I imagine that they do, can I get either of you a drink?”

“I’m fine thanks daddy.”

“Could I have a juice please Mr. Peterson? And Saffy will have one as well please, we can’t have her getting dehydrated.”

“Good point Trisha.”

Daddy left and I begged Trisha to cover me. She ignored me.

“No chance girl, your father is going to love seeing your tits and pussy and lusting after them.”

“Please Trisha.”

“Nope, you need to get used to being exposed, you know that you’ll enjoy it.”

“I won’t.”

“You won’t what Saffy?” Daddy said as he entered the room again with a glass of juice for Trisha and that damn baby cup for me.

“Nothing daddy.” I said.

“I’ll baby feed her if you like Mr. Peterson.” Trisha said.

“Thanks Trisha.”

“This is so much fun.” Trisha said when we were alone again and she was holding the cup to my mouth with one hand, the other caressing my tits with the other.

“It might be for you.”

“Oh it is, I can do whatever I like to you and you can’t do a damn thing to stop me. Wait until I start on your pussy. Oh no, I can’t, that’s your father’s territory, he’s going to get you off isn’t he?”

“No, and I’m gonna kill you when I can walk again.” I said after Trisha had helped me to drink.

She was kind and helpful as she helped me to drink, even if she was fondling my tits as she did so.

We talked, sensibly, for about another 30 minutes then Trisha said that she had to go but she’d be back soon, with some of our college mates, boys and girls. I pleaded with her not to, at least not the boys, but I knew that I was wasting my time.

I was also wasting my time when I kept asking her to put the blanket over me before she left.

I relaxed for a while, thinking about Trisha and our banter. We’d been doing it for years and we knew that we loved each other even when we called each other tarts or sluts or lesbians or whatever. Even when we played practical jokes on each other. We had a lot of laughs and neither of us got hurt.

When my brain stopped thinking about Trisha I looked outside. The sun was going down and I scanned the houses at the bottom of our garden. I couldn’t see anyone in the upstairs windows but I knew that 3 of the rooms were used by young men, I knew them, I used to go to school with them. I just hoped that they wouldn’t look over my way when they were in their rooms.

A while later daddy came in. I saw him looking at my naked body but for some strange reason I didn’t ask him to cover me, maybe it was something that Trisha had said.

“Tea time, I’ve made your favourite. Do you need to go to the toilet before you eat?”

I really wanted to say no but I needed to go so I nodded my head. He got the bedpan from under the bed then lifted my butt up so that he could get the bedpan under me so I could go. At least he left me alone for a few minutes whilst I did what I had to do. Daddy came back and lifted me off the bedpan then he did his best to clean my butt and pussy with baby wipes before taking the mess out of the room. Two minutes later he was back with the cleaned bedpan.

Then he went and got the food and slowly fed it to me. Fortunately we didn’t have an accident so he didn’t have to clean my chest. I knew that I had that ‘pleasure‘ to come.

Next was cleaning my teeth for me and spitting out into a bowl.

It’s bad enough having a nurse, female or male, doing those things for you in hospital but you will never know how humiliating it is for an 18 year old girl to have her father spoon feed her and take care of her bodily functions and personal hygiene, especially when you are naked.

Daddy finally left me to try to regain some dignity but I knew that I’d have to go through it all again many times before I was on my feet.

About an hour later I was feeling cold, the sun had gone down and the patio doors were still open. I moved my fingers and managed to press the doorbell. Daddy was beside me in seconds.

“I’m getting a bit cold daddy.”

“Oh sorry, I should have realised. I’ll close the doors.”

He did then said, “Can I get you anything else?”

I was going to ask him to cover me with the blanket, but when I opened my mouth the words said,

“No thank you daddy, I’m fine.”

Daddy looked up and down my naked body and said,

“Well you’ve got the bell. Would you like me to read you a story?”

“Daddy, I’m 18!”

“Yes, sorry, would you like the television on?”

“No thanks.”

“I know, your phone.”

“I haven’t got my phone, I’ve never seen it since that night.”

“I’ve got it, the police gave it to me a couple of days ago. They’ve proved that you weren’t on it when the car hit you.”

“But I can’t use it anyway.”

“Maybe you can, blind people use mobile phones, voice control, and don’t most phones have voice control as well these days?”

“Daddy you are brilliant, but how will I see the screen?”

“I might just have a solution to that problem as well, leave it with me.”

My mood improved, if daddy could get both things working I wouldn’t be as cut off from the world as I was. I fell asleep forgetting to ask daddy to cover me, or should I say attempting to ask daddy to cover me. I hadn’t a clue what would come out of my mouth when I opened it.

Would I ever manage to ask daddy to cover me? My college mates were coming to see me, and horror of horrors, maybe even my tutor Mr, Reynolds. I had to find a way to control my mouth. I didn’t want to spend my days exposed to the world, I was so glad that I was out of hospital and the male nurses looking at me, and I could get really annoyed at Trisha if she wasn’t my best friend. As for daddy seeing me, at least he was family and I loved him. I just accepted that I would have to live with it for a few months.

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I woke feeling chilly and needing a pee. I waited as long as I could then pressed the doorbell button. Daddy appeared wearing just his boxers and I apologised for waking him then told him that I needed a pee.

“Sorry, I forgot to cover you last night.”

“That’s okay, I didn’t miss it.”

Technically I didn’t because I was asleep but I would have much preferred to have been covered.

“I’ll take it away then if you don’t need it.”

“I, I, I need to pee quickly daddy.”

My mouth let me down again and it looked like I was going to be naked for 3 months. At that time I didn’t think about my pending visitors.

Daddy put the bedpan under me and I started peeing just as soon as it was in place. The noise my pee was making was both deafening and embarrassing but I couldn’t stop. Daddy just ignored it and when I was done he removed the bedpan and got the wipes out.

“Pussy dry.” daddy said,

“Well now that I’m up I might as well give you your bed-bath.”

I was speechless. I knew that it would happen sometime but it was a shock when daddy said it.

A couple of minutes daddy was back still in his boxers and carrying a bowl of warm water, a wash cloth and soap.

Daddy started with my face and neck, and I have to say that he was more gentle than the nurses. He was more gentle and thorough on my chest and torso as well, paying a lot of attention to my little tits and nipples, probably because they went rock hard and I couldn’t stop myself from moaning a little.

I looked at daddy’s face as he washed then dried my tits and he looked to be enjoying doing it. I wasn’t impressed with the fact that I was enjoying it as well.

I was nervous and excited as I watched daddy put soap on the washcloth to wash my vulva and what it was partially hiding. My pussy was getting wet but that didn’t worry me because my juices would soon be mixed with the soapy water.

I gasped when the warm wash cloth met my pussy,

“Sorry Saffy, was it too warm or cold for such a delicate area?”

“No, no daddy, it was just a surprise.”

“Sorry.”

“That’s okay, You need to wash in between all the folds daddy. Use you fingers to pull them to one side.”

As soon as I’d said that I cursed myself, and then moaned.

“Oh daddy,” I said, “that’s s nice.”

“I know Saffy, do you want me to keep going”

“Oh yes, please, make me cum.”

Again, as soon as I’d said that I cursed my mouth, but it was too late, daddy was about to make me cum. And did I cum; I’m a normal healthy (well that part of me) girl with needs, and I hadn’t satisfied those need for over a week. It all came out of me, daddy making me cum like the doctor had when I went to get put on the pill, all clinical like, like he was just doing another job like cooking or making the bed.

As daddy was rubbing my clit I so wanted to push up to make the rubbing harder but my injuries and casts wouldn’t let me so I had to settle for clenching and releasing my vaginal muscles.

My euphoria was short lived when I came to my senses. My daddy had just made me cum and it was all wrong. I should have stopped him, but I hadn’t, and I had enjoyed it. Was Trisha right, I did enjoy it even if I felt a bit guilty.

Daddy was still washing my pussy and he turned his head and said,

”I know you young women have needs and you shouldn’t be embarrassed to let me satisfy those needs. I’m sure that you’ll heal faster if you’re happy.”

“Thank you daddy, I’m sure that it will help.”

“I don’t seem to be able to get you’re err, pussy dry.” Daddy said, “every time I think that I’ve done it it gets wet again, I don’t know where the water is coming from.”

“Don’t worry about it daddy, I often have that problem. It’s exposed to the air so it will dry on its own.”

What was I saying? That pussy of mine is crazy, did it have a direct link to my mouth? Then daddy moved down to my anus and I gasped again.

“Got to keep you clean there as well Saffy.”

I stayed silent, not letting my mouth make things worse than they already were.

Thankfully daddy finished ‘down there’ then went to change the water. When he got back he explained that he had to get me sat up as much as I could so that he could wash my back. That involved my arms and legs moving a bit and it hurt. Fortunately daddy go most of my back done before I had to stop him and get him to put me back on my back.

I sighed and relaxed, my emotions were all over the place, What the hell had I / we just done? He was my daddy, I was his daughter, it was wrong, but it was nice. Should I listen to Trisha and get daddy to do it every day. I was confused and needed to change the subject so that my brain could work on the problem in the background.

I looked out of the patio doors, and saw the sun rising over the house at the bottom of the garden. I could also see Mike, one of the young men who lived in one of the houses at the bottom of the garden. He was in his bedroom and he appeared to be naked. I hoped that he didn’t look over my way, but my pussy was getting wetter. I even considered asking daddy if he had any binoculars that I could borrow then remembered that I couldn’t hold them. I smiled as I wondered if Mike had any binoculars.

Was Trisha right, did I want people to see me naked. I hadn’t asked daddy to get the blanket for me so maybe I wanted to be seen. Maybe I was an exhibitionist.

My thought were disturbed by daddy bringing breakfast in, As he was feeding me he said,

“When I was washing you I discovered that your pubis has stubble on it. I’ll bring the shaving kit down after breakfast.”

“Oh fuck,” I thought, “I’m going to cum again.”

I did cum again as daddy shaved my pussy. He was shaving the sides of my vulva and he was pulling my inner labia out of the way the same as the woman did when I wend for a Brazilian, when it hit me.

“My, my Saffy, you do have a lot of built-up tension. I can help you with that anytime that you want. Just ask, we can’t have you all tensed up, it’s not good for your recovery.”

I was surprised that he didn’t say anything about how wet I was, but there again my pussy was covered in shaving cream.

My humiliation wasn’t over but at least it was reduced a lot as daddy cleaned my teeth for me. At least I have an electric toothbrush at home.

“Daddy, I need to take my birth control pill.” I said when my teeth were done.

“Are you thinking of inviting your boyfriend over and letting him fuck you Saffy?”

“No daddy, I haven’t got a boyfriend, and you know why I’m on the pill, we talked about it and you went to the doctors with me when he prescribed them.”

“Yes, I’m just joking, I remember that doctor’s visit. It was embarrassing for me listening to the doctor examine you and check that your responses to stimulation were normal.”

“Yes daddy, that was embarrassing.”

“But your periods were far less painful and more regular after that so it was worth while.”

“Yes daddy.”

“Okay Saffy, where do you keep them?”

I told him, and from then on he fed a pill to me each morning with my breakfast at the same time as I took the painkillers that the hospital gave me.

Daddy opened both French doors telling me that the fresh air would do me good then he left me.

I reflected on what had happened in the last hour but my brain still couldn’t make and sense of it. I got distracted when I saw Mike again. He was stood in front of his window still looking as if he was naked. I watched him put some boxers on then he turned and looked out towards me.

My heart skipped a beat and my pussy tingled as I thought that he had seen me. He was certainly looking my way. He stared for a minute or so then waved his hand.

OMG, he had seen me, the naked me. I felt my pussy get wet.

Mike turned and continued getting dressed. I guessed that he was getting ready to go to college.

About an hour later daddy came into my room all excited.

“I’ve got one.”

“One what?”

“An app called something like ‘Hands Free Phone’, and it works, try it.”

Daddy put my phone between my breasts and I said,

“Text daddy.”

“Please speak your message.” My phone answered.

“Hello daddy.”

After a pause my phone said,

“Please say ‘End message’ or ‘continue’.”

“End message”.

“End message, sending.”

A few seconds later we heard daddy’s phone buzz.

“Can I send another text please daddy?”

“Of course Saffy.”

“Text Trish.”

“Text Trish.”

“Text Trisha.”

“Please speak your message.” My phone answered.

“Trisha, are you coming to visit me after college?”

“End message.”

“Message sent.”

There was a short pause then my phone said,

“New message from Trisha, shall I read it to you?”

“Yes please.”

“Try and stop me, I want to tickle your naked bod.”

“End of message.”

I blushed but daddy just ignored it, picked up my phone which has slid down to my pubes and said,

“Now for part 2. I’ll experiment on the TV in my bedroom then set it up on the TV down here. Ring the bell if you want me.”

With that he was gone and I was left alone, but happier.

Daddy was a bit frustrated when he brought me some lunch, and when he was spoon feeding me he looked down at my bald pussy and said,

“Are you really okay like that, anyone could come and see you.”

My mouth let my brain down again, I wanted to say,

“No, can you get me the blanket please.”

But what came out of my mouth was,

“I’m fine thanks daddy, it’s healthier like this.”

I cursed myself and got on with my lunch.

Mid afternoon daddy was back. He turned to the television on in front of me, I’d been watching daytime TV. I was glad that he came in and immediately asked him to switch it off.

“No, no Saffy, watch this.”

He did something at the back of the television then picked up my phone and said,

“Say Cast phone to TV.”

I did and my phone replied.

“Which TV?”

Daddy whispered and I said,

“Dining Room.”

My phone’s display appeared on the television.

“I love you daddy.” I said.

“Just one more minor problem Saffy.”

“What?”

“I’ve got to find a way of keeping your phone on your chest, we don’t want it sliding down and going between your legs, I don’t know if it’s waterproof.”

I kept my mouth shut and daddy disappeared with my phone again. Two minutes later he was back with a loop of string stuck to the back of my phone. He hung it round my neck and said,

“Job done. Now you can get back into the electronic world that you young people live in.”

I smiled and said,

“Thank you daddy.”

He smiled back and left and I said,

“Open Facebook.”

Daddy left me to master my new way of using social media and catching up on everything that I’d missed. Before I knew it Trisha was coming in through the French Door.

“Hey slut, how are you doing?” Trisha said.

“Not too bad bitch.” I replied.

It was then that I saw that she wasn’t alone, she’d brought a girl and a boy from college.

“Aaron get out,” I said, “wait until I can get covered.”

“You stay where you are Aaron.” Trisha said. “Aaron’s got the photos of you so it’s nothing new, and besides, there’s nothing here to cover you, and you like people seeing your traffic cones and bald pussy don’t you Saffy.”

“No I don’t, cover your eyes Aaron.”

“Saffy, stop being so melodramatic, it’s only a human body. I’m sure that Aaron has seen a naked girl before.”

“I hate you Trisha.”

“And I hate you too Saffy, now tell these nice people exactly what happened to you and how you are now, and then thank me for bringing them.”

“Grrrrr. Okay, I’ll murder you later Trisha.”

“That’s my girl.”

I started telling my story to Aaron and Liz who were very sympathetic, and as I talked I kept looking at their eyes. Liz’s mostly were aimed at my face but I did see her looking down my body occasionally. Aaron on the other hand was the complete opposite, his eyes rarely found my face.

I didn’t blame him, if the roles were reversed I’d probably be looking at his cock all the time. As I was thinking that I started to realise that my body was letting me down again. I didn’t want to get aroused but I could feel my pussy tingling and getting very wet. And as for my nipples, well, it was a good job that I wasn’t wearing a top because they would have bored 2 holes in it by then.

We had a good chat about college and other things and at one point daddy came in as was surprised to see that I had company. I saw him look at my naked body as he asked me if I wanted anything, then he left.

Trisha used that as a reason to start winding me up again.

“You know that Mr. Peterson takes care of her every need don’t you, and I mean everything, even her sexual needs.”

“No he doesn’t.” I protested.

“Yes he does, look at the smooth pussy, who do you think got it that smooth, it certainly wasn’t Saffy, and a man can’t shave a pussy without satisfying that pussy, if you know what I mean.”

“Is that right Saffy?” Aaron asked.

“No.” I lied, and Trisha knew it, she knows me too well,

“And she got her father to put her bed here and to take the blanket away just so that she can flash Mike and Ian and Roger, that’s there houses at the bottom of the garden.”

“No I didn’t.”

“That’s not what Mike was telling everyone at lunch break, he said that he waved to you this morning and you smiled back.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Don’t listen to her guys, she’s only grumpy because she’s been found out. Hey Saffy, do you want me to tell Mike, Ian and Roger to come round so that they can get a proper look at you instead of from the gallery? It will stop them needing to borrow some binoculars?”

“Don’t you dare, it’s bad enough them being able to see me from their houses.”

“You love it really Saffy, you’re just a natural exhibitionist, that’s why your bed is here and you’re naked. I bet that it was your choice not to be covered, just so that you can show yourself to everyone.”

“No, none of that is true.”

“Then why are your nipples so hard and your pussy is dripping? And look at your tits Saffy,”

Trisha turned her head to Liz and Aaron and continued,

“You know, I might just bring some orange and some white florescent paint and paint some circles round each of her tits and then put a cherry on her nipples, make her easier to be seen from the boys in the houses at the bottom of the garden. What’s their names, oh yes, I remember, Ian Mike and Roger, you’d like that wouldn’t you Saffy.

“No.”

“What do you think Aaron, would she make great traffic cones?”

“Hell yeah.” Aaron replied.

As Trisha was saying that her hand went to my right tit and gave it a wobble. Then she said,

“Ouch, I think that I’ve cut my hand on your nipple because it’s so hard. Hey guys, you have a go, see if your hand gets cut.”

“Noooo. Stop it Trisha, you just wait until I can get on my feet again.”

But it was too late, both Aaron and Liz each put a hand on a tit and gave them a wobble.

“Check her pussy guys, am I right or am I right.”

“Noooo.”

But it was too late again, both Aaron and Liz each put a hand on my pussy and Aaron bent his finger and entered me. I moaned.

“No don’t.” I pleaded.

“Go on guys, make her cum, she wants you to.”

I didn’t tell them to stop, but I did see Trisha taking some photos.

One of the 2 hands was finger fucking me and the other was rubbing my clit. Needless to say that I came pretty quick.

“See, I told you that she was a natural exhibitionist as well as a slut. What normal girl would ask her college mates do that to her?”

“I didn’t.”

“That’s not what I heard Saffy. Come on, tell me that you didn’t want or need that?”

I stayed silent, I did and didn’t want that but I certainly needed that. Trisha has this way of winding me up sexually. Many is the time that I’ve left her house and had to get myself off as soon as possible, not because I fancy her, because she just taps into the part of my brain that controls my pussy, well try to.

Shortly after that daddy appeared and asked if anyone would like a drink. We all said not but Trisha said that I should have one to keep hydrated. When daddy brought me the baby cup Trisha thanked him and he left.

Trisha helped me drink whilst the other 2 watched.

“So when can we take you for a spin in that chair?” Trisha asked.

“Maybe next weekend, the doctor said 10 days.”

“Great, I can’t wait to zoom round town with you naked and your legs spread wide.”

“Why ARE your legs spread wide Saffy?” Aaron asked.

“I told you, she a natural exhibitionist.”

“No I’m not, the doctor said that I have to keep them like that, something to do with them healing in the right place.”

“That’s what she tells us but we all know the truth don’t we guys?”

“It’s true, do you think that I want to be on here like this? I’m a young woman and young women just don’t go letting everyone see their pussies.”

“Unless their name is Saffron Peterson.”

“I give up with you Trisha. Liz, did Mr. Reynolds really say that he was going to come and see me? I don’t want him here Trisha.”

“Yes he did Saffy, he was looking at a photo of you when he said it.”

“Oh fuck, I can’t let him see me like this, I don’t want anyone to see me like this.”

“Yet you invited the whole class to come and see you and I’m bringing my boyfriend tomorrow. He can take care of your needs while I video you.”

“Stop it Trisha, I didn’t invite them, you did.”

Trisha saw the annoyance in my face and said,

“Sorry Saffy, I just can’t help myself, I do love you.”

“I know you do Trisha and it’s great you coming to see me, and bringing our mates, it’s so boring just laying here.”

“We’ll keep coming to see you as well Saffy, I’d hate to be in your position.” Liz said.

“Thanks guys, I really do appreciate it.”

We had a sensible talk for a while then Liz and Aaron said that they had to leave. Trisha stayed for a while and at one point she asked me if I wanted her to ask my dad for the blanket.

“No, don’t you dare tell anyone, but it’s actually quite nice laying here naked, apart from the casts that is, and I do like men / boys looking at me, it sort of empowers me. Maybe you should try it.”

“See I told you so, you are an exhibitionist.”

“Trisha, please don’t start again, and promise me that you won’t tell anyone what I just said.”

“I promise Saffy.”

She sounded sincere but it wouldn’t be the first time that she’s promised not to tell, then told. I just hoped that this wouldn’t be one of those times.

“I can see that you’re tired Saffy, I’ll go and come back tomorrow.”

“Thanks Trisha, love you.”

Daddy came to see me shortly after Trisha left and told me that I shouldn’t do too much to start with, that I had to take things slow. Then he told me that tea would be ready in 15.

“Thank you daddy, and sorry but I need a pee.”

“Don’t be sorry sweetheart we all need to pee. Come on, I’ll lift you on the bedpan.”

Peeing into a stainless steel bedpan can be a very noisy and embarrassing thing and I had a red face when daddy lifted me off it. When he wiped me with a tissue he said,

“Those damn bedpans have quite a bit of bounce back.”

I didn’t tell him that it was my juices not pee.

The rest of the night was quite boring. I spent most of it on social media or watching the TV. Daddy had left the remote near my fingers and rigged up a way whereby I can turn a bedside light on and off with a cable to a switch near my fingers.

The only highlight was that I saw Roger in his bedroom and after his light had gone out I was sure that he was looking my way, and I still had my light on. I had a naughty thought of inviting the 3 of them over to let them have a good look at me like Trisha had said.

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Another embarrassing morning of daddy feeding me, taking care of my toilet needs, washing me, shaving me and cleaning my teeth. I moaned when he cleaned my pussy and when he looked at my face questioningly I nodded my head and he rubbed my clit to an orgasm without us saying even one word. I wondered if that would be a daily event. I hoped so.

It was a Saturday and Trisha was round by late morning, and she brought her boyfriend. Another man to stare at my tits and pussy but I have to say that by then I was sort of getting used to it and didn’t get anywhere near as embarrassed.

“See Tom, I told you that she has traffic cone tits.” Were the first words that Trisha said.

“Well and good morning to you too Trisha.” I said, “Hi Tom, sorry about my lack of clothes, Trisha took the only covering that I had and convinced my father that I didn’t need any.”

“That’s okay Saffron. Apart from those lumps of plaster you look good, much better than I expected after what happened, and after Trisha you have the best body that I have ever seen. I can try to find something to cover you if you like, although I prefer you as you are.”

I wasn’t quite sure if Tom was complementing my naked body or if he was saying that apart from my limbs, I was looking healthy.

“Did the police catch the bastard who did that?” Tom asked.

“Yes they did, I think that he’s out on bail. The bloody police were trying to say that it was my fault because I was using my phone at the time but their tech guys proved that I wasn’t.”

“It wasn’t a copper driving was it?”

“I don’t know but I want to go to the court to see him, show him what he’s done to me.”

“Even if your still naked Saffy?” Trisha asked.

“Trust you to think of that Trisha.”

“Hey Tom, next weekend you and me are taking Saffy for a walk in that chair.”

“Good, getting out will do you good Saffy.”

“You will make sure that I’m covered won’t you Tom?”

“Of course I will.”

“Saffy’s clothing is my job Tom, you just enjoy the view.”

“Hey, don’t I get any say in this?” I asked.

“Nope, Tom will be pushing you around the park totally naked.”

“Very funny Trish, you’ll get locked up. They won’t lock me up because they’ll be able to see that I couldn’t do anything about it.”

“Except that I would tell them that you were blackmailing me into taking you out naked.”

“Bloody hell Trish, you’ve got a devious mind.”

“I know, and that’s why you are my BFF Saffy, you like the little tricks that I play on you.”

“Does she do this to you Tom? I mean blackmail you to going naked somewhere?”

“No, I’m still working on a way of getting her naked on public somehow?”

“Well if she keeps going on at me like this I’ll break her legs when I get better then we can take her out in public all naked.”

“No chance girl. Hey, I brought some permanent marker pens with me, I’m going to write on your plasters.”

“Please don’t write anything rude Trisha.”

“Well see. Is ‘Traffic Cone Tits’ rude?”

“No please don’t Trisha.”

I knew that I shouldn’t have asked her not to it because whenever I did that she just did it anyway, and she did. Right up my left leg.

“Jeez Trisha, what are people going to think?”

“That you’ve got tits like traffic cones then they’ll stare at your tits imagining you on your back on the road. Hey Saffy, before I came here I went into town and to that theatrical shop.”

“I daren’t ask.” I replied.

“Yep, orange and white, I couldn’t get and fluorescent white so ordinary white will have to do. You do the white rings Tom and I’ll do the orange rings.”

“No, please don’t guys, my father will get upset.”

“No he won’t, he’ll find it funny just like everyone else who comes and sees you.”

There was absolutely nothing that I could do as Trisha and Tom painted orange and white circles round both my tits, but it did feel sort of nice as they did it, I could feel my pussy tingling and my nipple got really hard.

Trisha said that they should have brought a couple of cherries to put on my nipples. Tom asked Trisha if she had any small amber lights that they could stick on my nipples.

They were just putting the paints away when daddy came in with my lunch and saw my tits.

“Oh wow, that’s quite funny, they do look a bit like traffic cones and that body paint just makes you stare at them. How easy is it to get that paint off?”

“I’d leave it on for a few days Mr. Peterson, that’s a delicate part of her body and you don’t want to have to scrub it.”

“Good point, I’ll wash around them for a few days.”

“Would you like us to feed her Mr. Peterson.”

“Would you, that would be so helpful, thank you. I see the marker pens have come out, don’t write anything too rude will you?”

“No Mr. Peterson.”

Trisha and Tom were left with the tray and things got a little serious as they fed me but things got more embarrassing a few minutes later when 2 boys from my class at college appeared at the French doors.

“Hi Saffron,” they both said as they looked up between my legs.

“Hi Jack, Alfie, come on in, have a good perv at my body, everyone else is.”

“Now now Saffy,” Trisha said, “that’s no way to talk to Jack and Alfie after they’ve come here to see how you are.”

“You mean to stare at my naked body after you sent them the photos of me.” I thought, but said,

“Sorry guys, being like this gets to me at times.”

“I can believe that,” Jack said, “especially with these 2 jokers taking care of you. I bet that it was one of these 2 that stripped you, took the photos, and did that paint job on your nice tits.”

“That would be me.” Saffy said, “but Saffy told me to do it.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Come on Saffy, you can admit it, no judging.”

“Here we go again,” I said, “I’m not even to going to argue with you Trisha,”

“That’d because I’m right, you are an exhibitionist.”

“Grrrrrr.”

I was silent for a while then I stupidly said,

“So you like my tits Jack?”

Everyone turned and looked at me and I blushed, regretting what I’d said.

“Yes,” Jack said, “of course I do, what man wouldn’t?”

I felt a little relieved that Jack had diffused the situation. And I looked at him and smiled. He blushed but Trisha saw an opportunity,

“So you fancy Jack do you Saffy?”

“I didn’t say that Trisha.”

“But you like Jack looking at your tits.”

“I didn’t say that Trisha. Can you all just go so that I can have a rest.”

“You don’t mean that Saffy, you’re just all tensed up, You just need some relief.”

With that Trisha put her hand on my pussy and started rubbing my clit.

“Trisha stop, you can’t do that.”

“Because I’m a girl, I know, guys, which of you would like to bring Saffy off?”

“Nooooooooo.”

“Ignore her, she’s just too shy to ask you, Did you know that her father gets her off each morning when he shaves her? Come on guys, if no one volunteers I will have to pick one of you.”

None of the guys volunteered so Trisha volunteered Tom, telling him to do as good a job as he does with her.

Tom’s hand moved to my pussy and a few minutes later I was cumming right in front of my best friend, her boyfriend and 2 boys from college. I hated myself but what could I do?

Next it was out with the marker pen and Trisha telling Jack and Alfie to write something on my casts. Alfie wasn’t very creative and just signed his name, but Jack embarrassed me, Instead of writing on one of the casts I could feel him writing on my lower stomach.

“Hey, stop that, it’s a permanent marker.” I said, but Jack kept writing.

“What does it say? I asked.

At first no one would say, only laugh, but then Trisha said,

“I like that Jack.” Trisha said.

“What does it say? I again asked.

“PLEASE RUB MY BUTTON.”

Tom said, trying to control his laughter. Then Trisha grabbed the pen and added an arrow pointing down to my pussy at each end of the words. Then she got her phone out and took a photo. As soon as I saw it I said,

“Bastard. That’s permanent ink, it will be there for days.”

“That’s to remind your father to jill you off each morning.”

“He does not.” I lied, then when I saw the Trisha was still tapping on her phone I added,

“Don’t you dare send that to anyone,”

“Too late.” Trisha replied and Tom’s Jack’s and Alfie’s phones all pinged.

“Fuck.” I said looking all heartbroken.

“Now I do think that Saffy is knackered, let’s go girls and boys, let her rest for a while.”

They did, and I was grateful for the peace and quiet. Daddy had often told me that doing nothing was tiring and I’d never really believed him, until now that is.

Anyway, the silence got to me and I dozed off.

I was woken by the sound of something hitting one of the French doors. I looked out and saw a football rolling across the lawn. I stared at it for a few seconds as it rolled into the tall flowers and bushes that daddy grows down one side of the garden. I was thinking,

“Well I can’t throw that back.”

I knew that it had come from the house at the bottom of the garden because it had happened before, a few times, so I forgot it and said,

“Text Trisha.”

I was rewarded with,

“Please speak your message.”

“Sorry that I was so grumpy, please keep visiting me. End message.”

A minute or so later I was listening to her reply,

“Try and stop me, it’s so much fun teasing you. Did you like Tom making you cum, he’s good isn’t he? Can’t wait to get the other boys from college to diddle you. See you tomorrow. Love T. End of message.”

Next we had one of our name calling sessions by text.

“Bitch.”

“Slut.”

“Whore.”

“Skank.”

Trisha ended the conversation with,

“Exhibitionist.”

That was the first time that that word had been used in out name calling game and I stopped and thought about it. After a minute or so I started to think that she was right. For all my protests I had actually enjoyed what she, and the others, were doing to me.

My thoughts got interrupted when I heard a noise outside. I looked out and saw Mike, Ian and Roger, the boys from the 3 houses at the bottom of my garden. I say boys, but they’re about the same age as me but no where near as mature.

“Can we have our ball back please?” Roger asked.

“Well I don’t know boys, yes of course you can.”

“So how come you’re naked?” Ian asked.

“That’s a long story.”

“And how come your tits are orange and white?”

“That’s the strange sense of humour of my friend.”

“So how do you get washed and err other things?”

“My dad looks after me.”

There was a short silence which I broke.

“Guys, I’m going to be here like this for quite a few weeks so don’t you go getting any ideas about spying on me will you?”

“No Saffron.”

“Go on, get your ball.”

The 3 of then turned and went in the direction of the bushes which was out of my sight, but not out of the range of my hearing. I heard,

“See, I told you that she was naked.”

“Yeah. I could see right into her hole.”

“I thought that she was 18, she doesn’t look 18”

“I wish that I’d painted her tits?”

“What was written on her stomach?”

“Please rub my button.”

“I’d like to do that and make her cum.”

“Me too.”

“Me too.”

“Have you got any binoculars Mike?”

“My dad has.”

“Will he let you borrow them?”

“Yes if I tell him why I want to borrow them.”

“Will you tell him the truth?”

“Yeah, I’m sure that he’ll want to look at her as well.”

“I’m going to borrow my dad’s camera, it’s got a telephoto lens.”

“Can I have copies of the photos Roger?”

“There’s the bloody ball.”

Ten seconds later the trio were back at the French doors and Roger said,

“Got it thanks Saffron.”

“Have a nice day guys, and remember, no spying.”

“Yeah right.” I heard as they disappeared out of my line of vision.

I knew exactly what they would be doing quite soon, and for some strange reason it didn’t worry me, in fact I felt my pussy tingle for a while.

Daddy later fed me and cleaned my teeth and I saw him smiling every time that he looked at my orange and white tits.

“You think that that’s funny don’t you daddy?”

“You’ve got to admit that they do look quite cute, with or without the paint.”

“You think so? They’re not like the ones that I see on the girls in the showers.”

“Well I think that they are nice. A lot cuter that your mother’s were.”

“Thank you daddy.”

Again I wasn’t embarrassed about talking about my tits with daddy, nor the fact that he was openly looking at them. Maybe Trisha was right.

As daddy was cleaning my teeth his arm gently brushed one of my nipples and I couldn’t stop myself letting out a little moan.

“Sorry Saffy, that was an accident.”

“I know daddy, but it felt nice.”

“I see that one of your friends had been writing on your tummy instead of your casts.”

“Yes daddy, I couldn’t stop him.”

“And is that what you wanted him to do to you or did he do it then write that.”

“He just wrote it, I told him that he couldn’t do that to me.”

“Well you know that I can get rid of your frustration and stress any time that you want Saffy, it doesn’t just have to be on a morning. Remember, a stress free girl is a happy girl and happy girls heal faster.”

“Thanks daddy, would you please?”

“Now?”

“Yes please.”

I watched daddy’s hand slide down from my chest to my pussy and start rubbing. As he started something outside caught my eye and I looked and saw Mike in his bedroom watching, and he had some binoculars and Roger was stood beside him.

“Oh gawd.” I thought, and the tingling got a lot stronger.

I moaned a couple of times then said,

“That’s so nice daddy, can you put your fingers inside me please.”

Daddy’s other hand moved in and soon I was getting the pleasure of being finger fucked and having my clit rubbed by my own father, and I was in heaven.

As the waves hit their peak I felt my back arch up as I ignored the pain from my limbs, then I sighed and relaxed down.

“That was sooo nice daddy, thank you, I really needed that.

“Anytime sweetheart, anytime.”

“Don’t say that daddy, even though it’s wrong I might just take you up on that offer.”

“You can Saffy, in fact it might be an idea to do it twice a day until you can do it yourself, morning and evening. That way you should be more relaxed and heal quicker.”

“If you do that to me twice a day I might say that I’ll never get better.”

“Saffy, I’m only doing it to you to help you get better, no other reason, okay?.”

“Daddy, you need a girlfriend.”

“I’ve got you to look after sweetheart, keeping you happy is enough for me.”

“But you need to have proper sex, it must have been years for you.”

“As I said I’ve got you.”

“But you can’t fuck me, well not until I get these damned casts off.”

“Like that’s ever going to happen you’re my daughter and that’s wrong.”

“Wow, I guess that I did just say that didn’t I, ………… and you can.”

“Saffy!”

“Okay, okay., you’re not going to fuck me.”

“No I am not. Making you have an orgasm is bad enough, even if it is for medical reasons.”

Had I really just said that I wanted my daddy to fuck me, Jeez, I had, and my pussy was gushing at the thought. What would Trisha say?

The rest of the evening was spent on my phone or watching the TV.

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**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 03**

I woke up late and daddy later told me that he’d checked in on me a few times before I woke. It was the Sunday and I usually slept late. Shortly after that Trisha arrived and for a change she went to the front door and rang the bell. When daddy saw who it was he invited her in and told her that I had only just woken up and hadn’t had my breakfast or got washed.

“Don’t worry about that Mr. Peterson, I’ll do all that for her, give you a rest.”

“She hasn’t been to the toilet yet.”

“What are good friends for.”

“Thank you Trisha, much appreciated. If you need a hand lifting her up give me a shout.”

“Will do.”

Daddy went and got on with some work thing and Trisha went to the kitchen. When she came back with my breakfast she started feeding me then said.”

“Paint job still going strong I see.”

“The only way for it to come of is when somebody is giving me a bed-bath.”

“I’d better not wash your tits then Saffy, but I can tweak your nipples to wake you up,”

“Gee thanks, you know that you’re going to have to bedpan me and shave me don’t you Trisha?”

“Yes, and make you cum as well. I can’t have you missing out on your morning cum just because you father is having a break.”

“Who said that daddy makes me cum when he shaves me.”

“You just did, Seriously Saffy, what man could shave a pussy without making it cum? Especially one so beautiful as yours, it’s on display 24 hours a day and is begging for it.”

“None probably.”

“So I’ll just have to make you cum when I shave you Saffy, but first pongo time. I hope that you haven’t had an Indian lately.”

“Nope, not even a Chinese, only good old English food.”

“Good. I think that I’m going to have to climb on the bed to lift you up,”

Trisha did and I discovered that she wasn’t wearing any knickers.

“Skipped the knickers again today I see.” I said.

“So did you.”

“Like I had a choice.”

“You know that I often go knickerless under skirts, and so do you. You’re not complaining are you?”

“No, just letting you know that you just flashed me.”

“You’ve seen it all before, hell you’ve had your tongue in there loads of times.”

“And very nice it was too.”

By then my butt was on the bedpan and I was about to evacuate my bowels.

“Sorry about the stench that I’m about to make Trisha.”

“I’ll forgive you Saffy.”

I did, and Trisha carried the bedpan away at arms length and holding her nose. When she got back she said,

“Well now that that’s out of the way lets see about getting you clean and satisfied, I’m assuming that you want me to take care of that little problem as well.”

“Yes please.”

Trisha gave me a bed-bath although I had to tell her what to do at times, then it just left my pussy and butt to wash. She washed my butt then went and got some clean water to do my pussy. Trisha was nowhere near as rough as the nurses at the hospital but she was as good as daddy was, then the razor came out.

It was the first time that Trisha had shaved someone else, that I knew about, and I knew that Tom shaved her, so I hoped that she wasn’t out of practise.

“Be gentle with me.” I said as the razor was about to hit my flesh.

“Relax girl, what’s the worst that I can do?”

“Cut my clit off.”

“Now that would hurt, but I wouldn’t want to cut your little cock off Saffy. You know that you have the biggest clit that I’ve ever seen Saffy, it sticks out nice and proud just like your tits do, and it’s as hard as them. No wonder the boys like getting their hands on you. You are one lucky girl Saffy.”

“I don’t feel very lucky at the moment.”

“In a way that drunk driver did you a favour Saffy.”

“You what!”

“Well look at it this way, if he hadn’t put you in hospital with all your arms and legs in plaster you wouldn’t have had your father seeing you naked and taking care of your personal needs. You wouldn’t have some of the guys in your college class seeing you naked and finger fucking you. And your teacher, and your neighbours, shall I go on? Oh and you wouldn’t have realised that you are definitely an exhibitionist Saffy.”

“Okay, okay, I guess that being like this does have it’s advantages but I wouldn’t wish being like this on anyone, not even you Trisha. Hey, do think that they might let me keep the casts when they finally come off, then I can put you in them and you can find out what it’s like.”

“Would you keep me naked and invite all my college mates round to finger fuck me?” Trisha asked.

“And your teacher and your father and your brothers. See how you’d like the humiliation and embarrassment.”

“Don’t tempt me girl. Now, your shave.”

Trisha was holding the razor and her hand was shaking like she had some sort of disease.”

“Only joking.” She said as I felt the razor glide over my pubes.

I had no way of checking but it certainly felt like Trisha had done a good job and I told her so as she wiped the last traces of shaving cream off me then squirted my pussy with some perfume that she got out of her bag.

“Got to make you smell good, you never know who’s going to turn up at your door and eat you out.”

Then she cleared everything away and just sat there. After a minute or so I put on my saddest face and Trisha said,

“What? Were you expecting more?”

I pouted my lips and asked her if she’d forgotten anything.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Trisha, daddy rubs me after he’s shaved me, I thought that you knew that and when you said that you’d take care of me you knew what that meant.”

“Oh, you want me to do that do you? Well sorry but I’m not in the mood.”

She looked at her watch then got out her phone and sent a text. Two minutes later 4 guys from college were standing at the foot of my bed.

“Hi guys.” Trisha said, “I was starting to think that I’d have to start without you.”

Tony, Oliver, Zack and Noah, all from my class at college were all stood at the foot of my bed and staring up my body. Amazingly I didn’t blush.

After the hellos and questions about how I was and why my tits were painted in orange and white, Trisha said,

“I was starting to get worried that you weren’t going to help Saffy, I’ve got her ready for you, all nice and clean, who’s going first.”

“First what?” I asked.

“I told all the other guys in your class that you had a lot of sexual tension built up in you and that you couldn’t do anything about it yourself so you were looking for volunteers to help you. And guess what, these 4 volunteered.”

“You didn’t, oh my gawd Trisha, you need locking-up.”

Zack stepped forward with a big grin on his face.

“Hang on a sec.” Trisha said, “just got to get my phone and video this.”

When her phone was ready she continued,

“Actually guy’s I think that it would be better if you did it in pairs, one from each side of the bed, one working on her clit and the other on her hole. Don’t worry that you’ll miss out, you can swap pleasure bits and do it again.“

By then my mouth was wide open, my best friend had just given my body to 4 guys that I knew, and told them to make me cum. By that time my pussy was gushing.

Zack and Oliver went to my sides and their hands moved in on my pussy. My heart skipped a few beats as I anticipated their touch. Then I gasped. Then I moaned. Oh my gawd, two male hands working on my pussy at the same time. Even 2 male hands near my pussy would have made me cum but the orgasm from those 2 hands doing what they were doing gave me a really intense orgasm.

What’s more, I knew that I was going to experience that 3 more times before lunch time.

And I did.

“Bloody hell guys,” Trisha said as my 4th totally awesome orgasm was subsiding, “look what you’ve done to her. I’m going to have to wash all that sweat off her now.”

None of the 4 guys apologised, they just smiled.

“Okay guys, mission accomplished, but before you leave can you all write something rude on her casts, there’s a marker pen on that table. I’ll go and get some water to wash her whilst you do that then you can leave and let me get on with it.”

The 4 guys got on with their writing and Trisha went to the kitchen. I couldn’t see what they were writing but they were smiling at each others work. They left just after Trisha got back and she too smiled when she read the additions.

By then I had got all my senses back and I asked her what they’d written. These were the ‘interesting’ ones: =

FUCK ME HERE – Written at the top of both my thighs and with arrows pointing to my pussy.

FUCK MY MOUTH – Written on my right arm.

PULL ON THESE – Written on my chest just below my tits.

“Right,” Trisha said, “let’s get your pussy cleaned-up.”

As she was doing that I said,

“That was awesome Trisha you just gotta try that.”

“How do you know that I haven’t, Tom has mates as well?”

“You little devil Trisha, was it as good as I’ve just had?”

“Sorry Saffy but it was better, you see I had the use of my arms and legs and they all properly fucked me.”

“You were gang-banged? How many of them?”

“Six of them, including Tom.”

“Wow Trisha, and you didn’t tell me.”

“I haven’t had the chance, it only happened while you were in hospital.”

“So did you agree to do it or were you gang raped?”

“Oh I wasn’t raped, I arranged it.”

“Wow, will you arrange one for me when I get rid of these bloody casts?”

“We could make it a double gang-bang, and if the weather is still good we could do it outside somewhere.”

“I can’t wait.”

Trisha spent the rest of the day with me, only leaving when daddy said that he was getting tea ready and asked if Trisha was joining us. The only ‘interesting’ bit being when the football came over into our garden again and it took all 3 of the boys to come and collect it. Trisha didn’t stop the boys seeing me but she did go out to watch them them looking for ball so I didn’t hear if they were talking about me.

Shortly after Trisha had gone daddy brought me my tea and fed me. I saw him read the comments but he didn’t say anything.

Later he came to clean my teeth and give me a partial wash, and, what was to become an everyday event, he rubbed me to another clinical orgasm then asked me if I was relaxed enough to be able to sleep.

I certainly was.

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The next few days were quite boring, The main highlights being when daddy brought me off twice each day and the Tuesday evening when my tutor, Mr, Reynolds appeared at the open French doors.

Up until then I’d assumed that Trisha was joking, just trying to wind me up but there he was.

“Hello Saffron, would you like me to wait out here until you get covered up?”

“No, no Mr. Reynolds,” Trisha said, “come on in, Saffy doesn’t mind people seeing her like this.”

“So why are you naked Saffron, surely you could at least have a blanket over you?”

“Saffy prefers to stay naked telling us that it’s cooler and healthier for her.” Trisha replied before I had the chance.

“She maybe right. I see that the graffiti artists have been busy. I like what they’ve done to your breasts, very appropriate. Sorry, if that’s a bit too personal.”

“That’s okay Mr. Reynolds,” Trisha said, “that’s nothing to what some of the boys in the class have been doing to the poor helpless Saffy.”

“Oh dear, I do hope that they haven’t been upsetting you Saffron, that’s the last thing that you want right now.”

“Oh she hasn’t been upset, she’s loved every second of it haven’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I meekly said.

“Well Saffron, I thought that you’d like some reading so that you can keep with the curriculum. Trisha told me that you can use your phone so I’ve put together some pdf files that you can read. They’ll help you to keep on top of things, maybe even get ahead of some people.”

“Thank you Mr. Reynolds, I should be able to read them it’s not like I can do anything else most of the time.” I replied.

“True, but get stuck into the things that you can do and the time will go faster.”

“Yes, thank you Mr. Reynolds, although if anyone was stood outside and listening to me having a conversation with my phone they’d think that I was crazy.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about that Saffron.”

“Saffy can get off that bed at the weekend so we’re going to put her in that chair and take her for a walk.” Trisha said, “We can’t decide between the park or into town shopping.”

“Well I know that you girls enjoy your shopping but I think that the park would be better for you, fresher air. What do you think Saffron?”

“You’re probably right Mr. Reynolds.” I said. “I’ll enjoy the fresh air and there won’t be many people there to see me laying back in that chair with my legs open.”

“Yes, I was wondering about that, just why do you have to keep your legs open, all your visitors can see everything that you’ve got. That must be really embarrassing for you.”

“It is.” I replied as I looked at Mr. Reynolds face and saw that his eyes were looking at my pussy.

I had lied and I didn’t feel at all guilty or bad about it, my pussy was tingling knowing that he was staring at my pussy.

“Well I’d better be on my way, don’t hesitate if you’d like me to come round again and explain anything to to you, I can’t have any of my students disadvantaged, I hope to see you back at college soon, Bye.”

As soon as he was out of the room Trisha said,

“I bet that he’d like to come round again, have another close-up look at that cute pussy of yours, and I bet that you enjoyed him staring at it.”

“I did not.”

“Yeah right.”

When daddy was washing me on the Thursday evening he was looking at my tits and he told me that the paint was cracking and that he thought that it would be a good time to try to get it off, if I wanted. I was getting a bit sick of looking down and seeing the orange and while rings so I agreed.

Daddy spent ages washing and wiping both of my tits. Some of it came off easily but some didn’t and daddy had to almost scrub it off. The strange thing was that it was the paint around and on my areolae that was difficult to remove and the attention that that part of my tits was getting was enough to make me cum.

Daddy smiled and when I was recovering he said,

“I guess that it’s your lucky day. Twice so far today and once more when I wash you tonight, if you still need it?”

“Yes, thank you daddy.”

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Saturday arrived and I was dreading what Trisha was going to do to me, and the pain that would be involved in getting me onto and out of that chair. She hadn’t actually told me what she intended to do, but I know her”

She arrived just after daddy brought me to my first clinical orgasm of the day and I was still flushed and daddy was wiping his fingers on a tissue.

“You should let her lick your fingers clean Mr. Peterson, Saffy likes the taste of her own juices.” Trisha said.

“TRISHA, don’t, you’re embarrassing us both.” I said.

Daddy looked at Trish, then me, then said,

“I’ll leave you two to it.”

“Mr. Peterson, is it alright if I take Saffy out to the park, get some fresh air and a change of scenery?”

“That’s a good idea Trisha, thank you. Give me a shout when you are ready and I’ll give you a hand to get her into the chair.”

“Thanks, I will.”

Daddy left us then I said,

“You will keep me covered won’t you Trisha?”

“I’ll make sure that you are displaying everything that you want to and no more.”

“Thank you Trisha but who decides what I want to display?”

“No need to talk about it, I know what you want. Was that your first or second orgasm today Saffy?”

“What?”

“Your father with your pussy juices all over his hand. First or second time today?”

“First.”

“Well how about we ask every guy that you know who we see whilst we are out, make you cum, see if we can get into double figures.”

“Don’t you dare Trisha, I want my pussy and tits to be covered all the time when we are out.”

“Of course sweetie, we don’t want you to get arrested do we?”

“No, this is just going to be a simple walk in the park, just you and me, right.”

“Of course it is” Trisha said, but the look on her face told me otherwise. I just hoped that things would be okay.

Trisha went for daddy and between them the sat me up and shuffled me onto the chair. It was painful but Trisha distracted me by putting her hand under my butt and working a finger into my hole.

I was sat reclining in the chair thinking that maybe the outing was too soon. When I said that to daddy he told me that the movement would be good for me and that we should find a way of massaging my back to stop me from getting bed sores. That sounded good but I hadn’t a clue how we were going to do that without me screaming in pain.

In the chair I relaxed then asked daddy if he could get my blanket for me. He went and came back with the same, silky babies quilt. I knew that I should have asked him for a different blanket, but for some reason I didn’t, a decision that I would really regret later.

Trisha tucked it in at my sides telling me that it would keep me warm then daddy and Trisha lifted me out of the French doors then daddy explained to Trisha how to get the chair up and down steps.

It was as daddy left us that I realised that my legs were further apart in the chair than they were on my bed. And as Trisha wheeled me down the drive I noticed the breeze blowing between my legs under the blanket and tickling my pussy, it felt nice but I didn’t tell Trisha.

I looked down to check that my pussy was covered and saw that the blanket was only just covered my pubes and anyone in front of me would be able to see my open pussy. My brain was confused, common decency said that I get Trisha to pull the blanket down a bit but the thought of my pussy being seen was making it get wet. My pussy obviously wanted to be seen.

My arousal level wasn’t very high at the moment and I asked Trisha to pull the blanket down a bit, and she did, saying,

“We can’t have you flashing everyone cane we?”

The only problem was that Trisha had a devious grin on her face as she said it. I soon found out why. As she pulled the blanket down my breasts got uncovered

“Trisha, stop, you’re uncovering my tits.”

Trisha pulled the blanket up and I could see my pubes.

“Too far Trisha.”

She pulled it down and my tits saw the sun.

“Too far Trisha.”

“Make up your mind Saffy.”

“Can’t you find a happy medium?” I asked.

“I can but do you remember telling me what happened when you came home from the hospital?”

“I do, but that was because it wasn’t tucked in properly.”

“Because you can’t tuck it in properly, your father didn’t manage it so I’m sure that I can’t”

“Can we go back for a proper, bigger blanket?”

“No, you’re just going to have to live with it.”

I didn’t reply because half of me wanted to be covered and half, my pussy, didn’t.

Trisha kept pushing me with my little conical tits enjoying the sun.

Everything was okay for the first few minutes until we saw someone coming our way on the same path.

“Good morning, it’s a lovely day.” Trisha said.

“Oh you poor thing, what happened to you?” The woman replied.

“Car accident.” Trisha replied as I looked at their faces. The woman was looking at mine but the man’s eyes were lower.

“Oh dear, your blanket seems to have slipped down, here let me.”

She bent forwards and pulled the blanket right up to my chin, not realising that she had just exposed my pussy and most of my stomach. I saw the man’s eye’s light up.

“There you go dear, can’t have you going around all exposed. Come on George, Mary is waiting for us. Get well soon young lady.”

After a few seconds I asked Trisha to adjust the blanket so that my pussy was covered.

“So which do you want exposed Saffy, tits or pussy?”

“Neither.”

“Sorry, no can do, I want you to live your secret desires.”

“And what would they be?”

“You’re an exhibitionist Saffy, you want people to see your naked body.”

“No I don’t.”

“Yes you do.”

“Oh no I don’t”

“Oh yes you do.”

“Oh no I don’t”

“Oh yes you do.”

We both laughed at the silly pantomime game then I said nothing. I was seriously considering the possibility that Trisha was right. I thought back to every time that I had been exposed and decided that I might not have admitted it at the time, but looking back, I had enjoyed them. My conclusion was that I was an exhibitionist.

“Can you untuck the blanket a bit Trisha please, I want it to slide down.”

“That’s my girl Saffy, have you finally admitted that I’m right?”

“Yes, but don’t you dare tell anyone.”

“I won’t, but I will help you flash your goodies as often as I can, and if you’re lucky I might just bring you off when there’s some boys looking. Whilst we are in the park I’m going to fold the blanket over so that all your goodies are on show all of the time.”

“You’re the best Trisha but you will cover me if a policeman turns up won’t you?”

“I know and I will, if I remember.”

Trish kept pushing the chair towards the park as more and more people appeared on the path. It’s amazing how many people look at the wheelchair and see all the 4 limbs of the person in the chair in plaster casts supported by brackets, then stop and wait for you to get to them.

When you get to them they usually say something like,

“Oh you poor thing.”

It’s amazing how many people think that because I was in the chair like that, that I didn’t have a brain or a voice and couldn’t speak for myself so they’d ask Trisha how I was or what had happened to me. It’s usually only the men that look down to me and see that I’m naked, then they smile and keep looking.

Occasionally an older woman will look down on me and realise that I’m naked, Some look shocked and drag their husbands away and a few will smile like the men do, making me wonder if they are lesbians and fancy getting their hands on me.

We got stopped 4 times before we made it to the park. Then things got worse, or was that better. There was quite a few young people hanging in the park, some of whom we knew.

As Trisha pushed me along there seemed to be a constant stream of groups of people coming to see who was looking stupid in a wheelchair. All of them soon discovering that the folded blanket wasn’t covering either my tits or my pussy. The comments soon started coming, from both the boys and the girls.

“Wow, those are cute tits. You don’t see many like that.” One of the young men said.

“Do you know that your tits and pussy are showing?” From one, not so bright, young man.

“Wow, that’s one hell of a clit you’ve got there Saffron.” Another young man that I knew said.

The comments that Trisha reacted to were the ones where the young person said words to the effect of,

“I’d like to get my hands on that, or those.”

If Trisha liked the person she’d invite them to put their hands on me. Needless to say that those hands got me aroused and Trisha knows me well enough to tell when I’m getting close to cumming, and each time she saw that far away expression on my face she’d tell whoever it was to stop, sometimes saying that cumming wasn’t good for me in my condition.

After about the fourth time, when a boy from my class at college actually asked if he could touch my ‘amazing clit’, Trisha let him bring me off, right there in the middle of the park. Apart from the hand belonging to a boy from my college class, I was over the moon, I needed that release.

After that Trisha told me that I was going to be very popular when I went back to college.

“I don’t know that I will be going back to college.” I said, “Too many boys there will have seen me naked and brought me off. They’ll expect to be able to do it anytime that they like.”

“And that’s a problem because? You’re a lucky girl Saffy, you’ll be able to get fucked whenever you want with no strings attached.”

“You mean I’ll be slut?”

“No, you will have control of who fucks you and when, under your terms. Think Saffy, you’ll have your choice of all those cocks. I’ve only got the choice of one.”

“That’s your choice Trisha.”

“Yes, I know, but he is good as shaving my pussy.”

“Is that how you chose him Trisha, because he was good at shaving your pussy? How many did you try before you chose Tom?”

“Hey stop that Saffy, I’m not the one letting random guys frig you in public.”

“I am not, you’re the one telling the guys to frig me.”

“Talking about boys frigging you, how about these 2 walking this way?”

I looked in the direction that Trisha was and saw 2 boys walking our way.

“Fuck Trisha, one of them is your brother, quick, cover me, I don’t want him to see me naked.”

“Why not, he’s seen you naked before.”

“That was different.”

“Hi Mike, Harry, what are you doing here?” Trisha said.

“Just hanging sis.”

Then they turned and looked down at me.

“Hi Saffron,” Mike said, “Sorry to hear what happened to you. I see that you’ve got a bit of a predicament.”

“You could say that.” I replied.

“Is it a medical requirement you being naked like that, or is that your choice? You look different from the last time that I saw you naked.”

“Yeah, I’ve got these lumps of plaster on my arms and legs.”

“No, I didn’t mean that, your tits are bigger and more pointy and your clit, it’s much bigger, I could hardly see it last time.”

“That’s because she’s really horny right now. She needs someone to bring her off, would you like to help her?”

“Trisha! Stop that.” I said.

“Go on Mike show us your best. Come on Harry, you help him.”

“Trisha, no.” I shouted, but it was too late, Mike was on one side of me and Harry the other. Both had a hand on my pussy and it was nice. They finger fucked me and played with my clit until I orgasmed, yet again. By that time I had lost count of the number of orgasms that day.

Another thing that a lot of of the younger people did was get their phones out and take some photographs, never asking if it was okay, and Trisha’s brother was no exception, After him and Harry had made me cum out came their phones. I tried to tell them to stop but Trisha told me that they’d already got the photographs of me that were doing the rounds at college.

After Mike and Harry had moved on I said,

“Is there anyone at college that hasn’t got those photographs Trisha?”

“Maybe one or two of the older female teachers.”

“I’m definitely not going back to college when I can walk again.”

“Don’t be silly Saffy, you could go back to college totally naked and people wouldn’t see anything that they haven’t seen before.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel better Trisha?”

“Think Saffy, all those boys looking at your cute little body all the time, you’ll be so horny that you’ll be asking the boys to bring you off or fuck you between every lesson.”

“Well that does sound nice, but it isn’t going to happen, I’m not going back.”

“We’ll see, by the time you get those casts off you’ll want to be naked all the time, a permanude.”

“I don’t think that they have those in this country.”

“You could be the first, like that girl we read about in America, Tammy Smithers or whatever her name was.”

“I don’t think that that was a true story Trisha.”

“Fiction becomes real life sometimes.”

“I don’t think that the UK is ready for something like that yet.”

“Probably not.”

“Would YOU stay naked all the time if you could Trisha?”

“Yeah, I think that I would, and I know that you would Saffy.”

“Well by the time that you’ve finished with me I think that I’ll be conditioned into wanting to.”

“You do now Saffy.”

“Do I have a choice?”

“No, even your father fell for that one about your body needing fresh air.”

“Well that’s actually true Trisha, pussies need fresh air to keep them healthy,”

“Yes they do, that’s one reason why I’m not wearing any knickers right now.”

“And that you are jealous of me being naked out in public.”

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“But you would like to swap places wouldn’t you Trisha?”

“Maybe.”

“That means yes Trisha. If I can keep these casts when they come off I’ll put them on you and take you to the park, let the boys frig you all the time.”

“Talking about you getting frigged and photographed, it’s about to happen again, look,”

“Shit, I know some of those boys.”

“Well, it looks like they are going to get to know you a little better Saffy. HEY GUYS, COME OVER HERE, SAFFRON HAS A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU.”

I got the usual comments about the shape and size of my tits and clit, then the photographs, then the fingers. If the end results hadn’t been so good it would have been getting boring.

This time there were 4 boys so Trisha split them into two and each pair made me cum.

After they’d moved on, I said,

“Trisha, no more please, I’m exhausted.”

“What’s the problem Saffy, it’s not like your legs are going to give way and you’ll collapse in a heap. The only parts of you that are moving is your tits and clit and vag muscles.”

“It’s mentally draining Trisha, and I’m getting a bit sore.”

“Hmm, I didn’t think about that, okay, I’ll take you home but I’m bringing you back here tomorrow, I’m going to show-off my horny little exhibitionist as much as I can before the hospital spoils if for you.”

“You mean you.”

“And me.”

We passed a few more people in the park who all stared at me, and it wasn’t until we were on the street heading for home that Trisha decided to cover me with the blanket, well partially cover me.

On the way we came to some shops and Trisha asked me if I’d like an ice cream.

“That sound nice but you’ll have to feed me.”

“Okay BFF, I can do that.”

“Before you leave me will you cover me properly please?”

Trisha did, but she didn’t do a very good job of it, or maybe she did, because as soon as she’d left me I could feel it start to move a little. What’s more, I could see a very rare sight, 2 policemen walking towards me. I watched them approach and my heart beat faster and I took deeper breathes. That was a mistake because it caused the blanket to slip some more. Then just as they got in front of me it happened, the blanket slid off me and fell on the ground.

The 2 policemen stopped and stared at my naked body.

“I’m so sorry.” I said, “this damned blanket has a mind of its own. Can you put it back on me please?”

One of the policemen picked up the blanket but held on to it whilst the other said,

“I could arrest you for indecent exposure young lady.”

“But I have no control over the blanket, or anything else.”

“Probably not, so what happened to you, or are those casts fake and you just want to be naked in public?”

“No, no, do you remember a couple of weeks ago, a girl getting knocked over by a car one night, well that was me and I have multiple fractures in all my arms and legs.”

“I remember that.” The other policeman said, “A drunk driver in an electric car.”

“That’s right,” I replied, “and look what the bastard did to me.”

They were both already looking at the naked me.

“So don’t they have those gown things at hospital anymore?”

“There was a shortage and they didn’t even want to try to get one on me with all these casts, they just covered me with a blanket.”

“This isn’t a hospital blanket.”

“No, it was my comfort blanket when I was a kid and daddy thought that it might make me feel better.”

“So where is your father? How did you get her?”

“My friend, she’s in the shop getting me an ice cream.”

“Well I think that you should tell your friend to get you a bigger blanket. If you go around like that there a good chance that you’ll get molested.”

With that the copper holding the blanked spread it over me.

“Take care and get better soon.” One of them said and they continued their stroll.

A couple of minutes later Trisha came out of the shop holding 2 ice creams.

“Did you do that on purpose Trisha?” I asked, “You nearly got me arrested for indecent exposure.”

“What? How, who was going to arrest you and why, your tits and pussy are covered.”

“Those 2 coppers, and the blanket slid off me.”

“What 2 coppers, they don’t do foot patrols anymore these days.”

“Well they did today, can’t you see them?”

“Nope, no coppers around here.”

“There was.”

“Open your mouth and suck on this girl, you’re starting to loose it. Is your brain over-heating with all the excitement that your pussy is having?”

I didn’t get the chance to answer that as the ice lolly got stuffed into my mouth.

“Maybe I should push this up your hole to cool you down Saffy, or hold it on your clit to try to get it to shrink?”

“Don’t you dare.” I replied when I could, then regretted saying it because I knew that she might just do it.

Thankfully she didn’t and I never did find out if she knew about the policemen.

The rest of the journey back home was much the same as the one to the park with a handful of people showing their sympathy and having a good look at my naked body, Yes, Trisha did fold the blanket so that my tits and pussy were exposed all the way home.

After that first, successful outing, Trisha and Tom took me to the park every Saturday except when it was raining. I was grateful for the break for daddy, and by the end I was looking forward to the outings, especially the groping and fingering. Trisha’s brother and his friend were there each week and we stopped at the ice cream shop each week, and no, thankfully, Trisha didn’t push and ice cream or an ice lolly up my vagina. Also, thankfully, that police patrol was a one-off.

When Trisha wheeled me round the back of our house the 3 boys from over the back were there, all looking in amongst the plants.

“CAUGHT YOU.” Trisha shouted.

“No, no, we weren’t here to steal anything” Roger said, “we just came to get our ball back.”

“You mean you came to perv at Saffron’s body?” Trisha said.

“No, no.”

“That’s okay guys. Saffy likes boys looking at her naked body, you can come over anytime that you like to further your female anatomy knowledge, Saffy doesn’t mind, do you Saffy?”

I just looked at them.

“And now that you are here you can help me get her from the chair to the bed.”

“What, no Trisha, I’ll shout for daddy to come and help you.”

“Don’t be silly Saffy, there’s 6 strong hands already here, no point in disturbing your father, isn’t that right boys?”

Only Roger agreed but all 3 stepped forward to help Trisha. After Trisha has manoeuvred the chair beside the bed Trisha said,

“Right guys, pick a limb, any limb, then use one hand to lift that limb and put the other hand under her body, she’ll like the feel of your hands on her bare flesh. Then on the count of 3 lift her then carry her over the bed. One, …… two, …… three.”

Up I went screaming my head off, the pain from all 4 of my limbs was not nice but they ignored me and, thankfully, in seconds I was flat on my back and the pain was gone. The thing that I noticed straight away was that Trisha had been on my right leg and Roger on my left leg, and when they put me down they spread my legs as wide as the bed would allow.

“Trisha, my legs are too far apart, can you and Roger lift them closer together please, gently?”

“Nonsense Saffy, you need plenty of fresh air down there, and besides, if these lucky guys are going to be studying female anatomy it’s easier for them if you are spread wide.”

“Please Trisha, I could be here like this for days.”

“I was planning on taking you back to the park tomorrow, but if you don’t want to go?”

“No, no, I want to go, the more time I’m away from this room the better.”

“See, I told you that you’d like all those boys bringing you off in the park, you want to go back for more don’t you?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“And you want to help these 3 guys with their education by exploring every little nook and cranny and hole of your female anatomy don’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“There you go guys, one willing test subject. She’s all yours. Have fun, but if you get interrupted come back some other time to continue or repeat what you discover about how easy it is to arouse a woman, it’s not like she’s going anywhere and she likes handsy male visitors don’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“Oh, I hear that her father has to go to work on Monday so she’ll be home alone until the evening. Have fun guys, and make sure that Saffy does as well. Seeya tomorrow Saffy.”

With that Trisha was gone, leaving me with the 3 neighbour young men that I hardly knew, and what’s more, Trisha had invited them to use my body however they wanted. I was both nervous and excited, and so were my nipples and pussy.

I looked at all 3 guys who were just stood there looking down at my nude body. After a good minute of silence and no movement I said,

“Well guys, Trish has given you permission to do what you want to me so get on with it, do your best, and if you want to know something just ask.”

It was Roger that moved first, moving closer to me, his right hand reaching over and covering my right tit. He started caressing it then playing with my nipple.

“How come your tits are this shape? All the other that I’ve seen are wider and flatter, well not flatter but bulkier, yours are more pointy, more conical.”

“I have no idea, all girls are different, just like all cocks are different, not that I’ve seen that many, it’s like faces, all basically the same but different.”

“Well I like them like this, do they point straight out when you’re standing up?”

“Yes,” then I stupidly added, “you’ll have to come back when I’m back on my feet and look at them then.”

By then Roger had got a bit more confident and he was alternating massaging my tit and rolling my nipple between his thumb and finger, and it felt nice. So nice that I moaned.

“Does that feel nice?”

“Yes.”

“Shall I do the other one as well?”

“Yes please.”

“Would you like one of the others to play with your pussy?”

“Well they aren’t going to learn much if they don’t.”

Again I’d invited the boys to play with my pussy, why do I say these things, why can’t I just keep my mouth shut?

Mike and Ian stood either side of the bed and their fingers got busy. I was still not completely over all the orgasms that I’d had earlier in the day, and with Roger playing with my tits, it didn’t take long for me to cum again. I’d lifted my head to watch what they were doing to me but when I started to cum my head fell back onto the pillow and I started saying the usual things that I say, like,

“Yes, that’s it, keep doing that, don’t stop, more, fuck that’s good, harder.” All the things that I suspect most girls say. The only thing that I’ve said a couple of times that I suspect not many other girls have said when they are starting to cum was,

“No, don’t lift my up by my pubic bone, it hurts my legs too much.”

The 3 of them backed off when I was cumming, then as my high started to recede Roger said,

“Come on guys, swap over, let the dog see the rabbit.”

I wasn’t too keen on the last bit although right then I would have quite happily fucked like a rabbit if my casts would have allowed it.

“I’ve never seen a clit this big.” Were the first words that Roger said when he got near it. “Is it this big all the time?”

“It is lately, it’s usually covered with a pair of my knickers but I can’t wear any at the moment so it’s begging for attention all the time these days.”

My stupid mouth strikes again.

“So why can’t you wear knickers?” Roger asked.

“I haven’t go any with leg holes big enough to get the casts through, besides the doctor told me that I have to keep my legs spread wide to help the healing process.”

“I’ve not heard of that before.”

“Neither had I but Trisha assures me that that’s what he said.”

“Are you sure that she’s not just having you on?”

“Maybe, but I don’t want to risk it, I don’t want to heal and walk like a cripple.”

“So girl’s clits, is it a case of the bigger they are the more sensitive they are?”

“I wouldn’t know about that, I just know that mine is super sensitive, as you’ll find out very soon if you keep doing that.”

Needless to say that Roger did keep doing probably everything to my clit that he could think of, in the position that we were in, and the inevitable happened.

Again, all 3 of them stopped as I orgasmed. As I came down from my high I cursed myself for not keeping a count for the day. It must have been somewhere in the region of 15 to 18. I was feeling proud of myself.

The 3 of them were still just staring at me when the door opened and daddy walked in.

“Oh you’re back Saffy, I thought I heard you. Did you have a good day out? Where did you go and what did you do?”

I’ll tell you in a bit daddy, these 3 live in the houses at the bottom of the garden and came to get their ball. When they saw me they came to see if they could help in any way.”

“Well done guys, thank you. I think that we’ve got everything organised but if we need anything Saffy has just told me where I can find you.”

“Yes Mr. Peterson,” Roger replied, “we’d be happy to help wouldn’t we guys?”

“Sure,” both Mike and Ian added.

“Well we’d better be going Saffron,” Roger said.

“Guys,” daddy said, “It’s lonely for Saffron just laying there all the time, you’re welcome over anytime, she needs the company. I now that it’s difficult but maybe you could think of some games that you could play.”

“We’ll have a think, see you.”

The 3 of them left and I noted that they hadn’t found their ball, if there ever was one.

“So Saffy, where did Trisha take you?”

“To the park and we met quite a few kids from college. They all wanted to talk to me, ask me what happened and how I was. I don’t see how I could get so tired just laying in the chair but I did.”

“I bet that you and Trisha never stopped talking. Once you two get together I’m surprised that anyone else can get a word in.”

“Daddy, we’re not that bad are we?”

“Sometimes, hey, did I tell you that I have to go in to work on Monday? We need to talk about who we can get to look after you when I’m at work.”

“I’ll be fine daddy, I’ve got my phone and the television. I can always phone you if I have a problem.”

“We’ll have to make sure that you’ve used the bedpan before I leave.”

“Yes daddy.”

“You have a rest while I get some tea ready,”

“I don’t have a choice, my fingers can’t find my phone or the TV remote.”

“Good, you need a rest.”

Daddy woke me when he brought the tea in. As he was feeding me he asked me about my trip to the park again. I’ve never kept any secrets from daddy but I just couldn’t tell him about all the groping and frigging so I just told him about the questions that I got about the accident and how I was recovering. I also didn’t tell him about the policemen.

When it came to daddy getting me ready for sleep I asked him to not masturbate me, telling him that I’d had such a relaxed day that I wasn’t feeling at all tensed-up. To daddy, masturbating me was just a clinical procedure and I got the impression that him not doing it was a bit of a relief for him.

The rest of the evening was pretty much the same as other evenings except that I fell asleep early.

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**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 04**

The next morning daddy was up bright and early and we went trough my morning routine,. After shaving my pussy he asked me if I needed some relief and I nodded, then told him that I was full of energy after a good nights sleep but that I was frustrated that I couldn’t even move.

Daddy brought me off then asked me if I was more relaxed. I actually was so I told him so. What I didn’t tell him was that I was hopeful that Trisha would take me to the park again, but this time I’d try to keep a count of the number of orgasms I had.

Trisha had Tom in tow when she arrived and after saying hello he asked me why my legs were spread more than the last time he was there.

“Blame your girlfriend for that, she thought that it would be a good idea to leave me as open as she could.”

“Well Saffron, it’s certainly a beautiful sight. Can the leg supports on that chair be adjusted to change the angle that the legs go out in?”

“I don’t know,” I replied, “I can’t exactly get up and have a look. Hey, you’re not thinking what I’ve just thought of are you Tom? You’re getting as bad as Trisha.”

“You don’t exactly upset by the idea Saffy, I think that what Trisha tells me is right, you are an exhibitionist, you want people to see your pussy, spread wide like it is don’t you Saffy?”

I really wanted to deny it, but the more I think about it the more I realise that she’s right. Maybe I should start thinking about how I can be naked more often when I get the damned casts off.

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“Well we’ll have to try to think of ways to help you. You’ve got a great excuse at the moment but we’ll think about afterwards won’t we Trisha.”

“We certainly will, depend on what we think of I might just join you at times. You’d like that wouldn’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“So, where do you want to go to today Saffy?” Trisha asked.

“Do you think that the park will be as busy today as it was yesterday?”

“Ah, you want to have more boys see you and diddle you don’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied. “I enjoyed myself yesterday.”

“I know,” Tom said, “I normally play football in a Sunday League. I skipped it today to be here with you two. How about we go and watch the games?”

“I don’t like football.” I said.

“Neither do I.” Trisha added.

“I wasn’t really thinking about the games with a ball. I was thinking more about the fun you could have in the changing room afterwards. Think, all those naked young men for you to look at and to come to you and play with your tits and pussy.”

“Hmm,” Trisha said, “You don’t mind if I strip off and join in do you Tom?”

“I guess not, it is for a good cause and it’s not like you will be going home with any of them will you?”

“Hell no Tom. What do you think Saffy?

“Okay, and we might meet some other boys from college or old school mates in the way there or back.”

“Jeez Saffy, you’re going to be a nymphomaniac when you get out of those casts.”

I said nothing.

I buzzed for daddy and the 3 of them managed to shuffle me across to the chair. As soon as daddy had left us Trisha and Tom checked out the leg supports and discovered that there was a way to angle them more, so much so that they had to wait to do it until I was outside on the footpath.

When it was done I asked Trisha if my hole was open because I could feel a draught inside my vagina.

“Only a little bit, nothing to worry about.” She replied, but I knew her and didn’t know if I should believe her. It certainly felt draughty as Tom started pushing me down the street.

Trisha had put the same blanket over me, but folded so that my tits and pussy were exposed, and I didn’t even ask her to cover me properly. Even if I had wanted to be covered I knew that she would have me exposed regardless.

We got stopped a couple of times on the way, and as usual, the conversation was between the people and Trish and I was ignored as if I wasn’t capable of speaking for myself, but I wasn’t really bothered. Trisha was doing a good job at telling all sorts of wrong things about why I was in that exposing predicament.

The football fields are part of a private Football / Rugby club that has it’s own club house and changing rooms and as we entered the car park I could see a bunch of guys coming out of the changing room and start walking to one of the pitches. It was only the straddlers that saw us,

Two of them stopped and said hello to Tom and then one of them said,

“I can see why you are skipping today’s game. What happened to her?”

Tom told him then he asked why I was naked.

Tom told him the same bullshit that everyone was getting. Just then someone for the group in front shouted for the 2 straddlers to get move on. The did, but I heard one of the two shouting to the group that the girl in a wheelchair was naked. I don’t think that they believed him because they got on with starting the game.

“That lot going out means that one game has just finished.” Tom said, “Let’s go inside and find them.”

He wheeled me in, all of being pleased that the doors were all wide ones, and then straight into the changing room. Oh my gawd, there was around a dozen young men in there and they were all in various states of undress, including 2 that were naked, one of them walking out of the showers holding his towel over an arm.

I stared at the 2 cocks as someone shouted,

“GIRLS IN THE ROOM AND ONE OF THEM IS NAKED.”

Unsurprisingly, they all turned and looked at us and the tingling in my tits and pussy got so intense that I though that I was going to cum.

“Tom,” someone said, “you lucky bastard, which one is your girlfriend Trisha?”

Trisha took control and replied,

“That would be me, and this is my friend Saffron. As you can see she’s a bit handicapped at the moment after some bastard of a drink driver ran her over, but she’s feeling a bit frustrated, sex starved, at the moment so she’d like some of you guys to work some magic with your hands, just your hand, and this is probably going to be a one time only offer so make her cum, just once. That is, once for every guy in here. And just for an added bonus for you, you can strip me and do the same to me. But don’t get any ideas guys, none of you have cocks long enough to fuck her in that chair so don’t even try, and don’t try to fuck me either or I’ll knee you in the balls then when you are down I’ll stamp on your cocks. Okay lads, have you got that?”

A couple of them said that they had, and a different couple came over to get a good look at me and start the groping. Gawd, it was like I was being gang-banged but without the cocks.

I managed to watch some of what was happening to Trisha and her skirt and top were soon off leaving her naked and she was put on her back on a bench and she got the same treatment as me. Tom was stood watching it all and I assumed that he was making sure that none of them tried to go too far, which thankfully they didn’t, not that they could have physically got up to my pussy without me screaming my head off with pain. I did wonder if Trisha would have let it be a real gang-bang with her if Tom hadn’t be there; but they did leave both of us worn out.

After they’d all left Tom told us that if we didn’t get out of there quite soon there would be another team coming in and it would all start all over again. Trisha and I looked at each other and smiled, we both wanted it to happen again but Trisha said,

“Can we come back next Sunday instead.”

“Come on,” Tom said, “let’s go, and Trisha, you may like to put your clothes on, you haven’t got an excuse.”

“Damn, I need some plaster casts.” Trisha replied stepping into her skirt.

It was only when we were well down the street that Tom realised that my blanket wasn’t on me. I hadn’t even thought about it and had been quite happy having a naked torso out in public. We checked that it wasn’t under me or in the carrier at the back of the chair then Tom said that he’d go and look for it, there was only one place that it could be.

Tom went back to the clubhouse while Trisha stayed with me.

“You enjoyed that didn’t you Saffy?”

“I did, and so did you.”

“Yes I did.” Trisha replied.

“You’re lucky to have a boyfriend like Tom, most boyfriends would freak out if you did what you did.”

“I know, but I’ve got him under control. I hope that you can find someone like him.”

“I hope so too. Hey, did I hear you say that Tom doesn’t go to college on a Monday?”

“That’s right, he has a 3 day weekend, lucky bastard.”

“Well I was wondering, my father has to go to work tomorrow and I’ll be on my own.”

Before I could finish what I was going to, Trisha replied,

“No you won’t Saffy, Tom will be at your house at 8 o’clock and he’ll take care of all your needs, including emptying your bedpan.”

“Do you trust him to not take advantage of me?”

“It’s not like he could fuck you, and even if he could I wouldn’t mind, you are my best friend and we share everything. As for making you cum, he better had, at least a dozen times. Tell you what, I’ll tell him that he has to frig you twice every hour, will that be okay?”

“You’re the best Trisha.”

“And you’re my exhibitionist best friend Saffy, look at you, totally naked out in public with not a care in the world.”

“Not by choice I’m not, but yes, I am enjoying it. Maybe I shouldn’t have admitted that, not to you Trisha, I know you and I strongly suspect that you are going to take advantage of what I’ve just told you.”

“Too right am girl, you just wait until you’re walking again, I’m going to flash your naked body all over the place.”

“Please don’t make me do anything like that”

“You know that you want to Saffy.”

“That’s beside the point, I don’t want to do it.”

“Yes you do.”

“Oh no I don’t.”

“Oh yes you do.”

We both realised what was happening and burst out laughing.

“So, Saffy, did you count the number of times they made you cum?”

“I lost count at 9. I think that there were 3 or 4 more times but I’m not sure. Did you count yours?”

“By your standards I’m frigid, I only came 4 times.”

“But I bet that they were good ones.”

“The best.”

Just then Tom returned with my blanket and Trisha put it over me, but it was folded and didn’t cover my tits or pussy. Tom laughed and said,

“I don’t know why you bother.”

“Neither do I.” Trisha replied, “But Saffy likes to pretend that she isn’t what she is.”

“I don’t want to get arrested and I don’t want you to get you arrested.”

“You’ve got away with it once so you will again.” Trisha replied.

“Maybe but at least the blanket was on the floor next to me so I had an excuse.”

“Okay Saffy, you got me there. Now, where to now, anyone hungry? How about a burger?”

“I can’t go into McDonalds like this.” I said.

“We could go through the drive-through.” Tom said.

“Or we could go to Burger King, they don’t get many kids in there.” Trisha suggested.

“I like Whoppers.” I said.

“So do I.” Trisha replied, “but I make do with Tom.”

“You can’t have had that many Saffy, you’re way too skinny.” Tom said, ignoring or not realising what Trisha had said.

Trisha got Tom to push the wheelchair for about the half mile to the Burger King. On the way we got the usual stares from people and I wasn’t sure if it was just because of my 4 plaster casts, or if they had noticed my tits and spread pussy.

A couple about our age were just leaving BK when we got there and they each held open one of the double doors so that Tom could wheel me straight in. I looked up at the girl’s face as we got close to her and I saw where she was looking. I heard her gasp and saw her face instantly go red at the shock of seeing my spread pussy then my conical tits.

Just as the doors were closing behind us I heard the girl say,

“Did you see her pussy Zack?”

I didn’t catch his answer.

Tom wheeled me right up to the sales counter, there being no one else waiting to be served. I looked up to the young man serving who was looking down at me. He must have seen my tits and pussy because he just stared as Trisha and Tom decided what they wanted then tried to order. The young man finally said,

“Sorry, what was that?”

I saw Trisha smile, her knowing exactly what had distracted the young man.

Order placed, Trisha manoeuvred me sideways to the table that was nearest the counter. She parked me so that I was facing the counter and she could lean over from a seat and feed me. At first I was a little annoyed that she’d left me where she had, but seconds after Tom brought the food over, a steady stream of male staff came and stood at the counter where they could look over and see my spread pussy and tits.

I did my best to ignore them as Trisha slowly fed me and herself. After she had fed me each little bit her hand went down to my chest, sometimes brushing over my nipple and sometimes bypassing my tit and resting on the folded blanket for a few seconds before taking her hand back.

Each contact of her arm and the blanket caused it to move down just a tiny little bit until finally as she moved her arm away, the blanket slid off me and down to the floor.

I saw Tom smile as Trisha completely ignored the blanket and the fact that I was now totally naked. She continued feeding me as I saw probably each member of the staff come to the other side of the counter and look over to me. Both Trisha and I somehow, managed to ignore the staff as we acted like I was totally covered.

We finished our meal and were just getting organised to leave when Tom said,

“Ice cream, anyone want an ice cream?”

“Good idea Tom,” Trisha said, as we all looked up at the board to see what they’d got.

Tom went and ordered them and I heard one of the not too bright staff say to him,

“Doesn’t she know that her blanket is on the floor and she’s all exposed?”

“Oh don’t worry about her,” Tom replied, “she won’t have realised, the medication that she’s on desensitizes the nerves just under her skin so she can’t feel if she’s covered or not. She’ll be fine.”

I nearly laughed but I also thought,

“I must remember that one.”

As we ate the ice creams a steady stream of staff came and pretended to do something or other as they looked over the counter to me. By the time we were finished I realised that I was feeling quite horny and that it wouldn’t take much for me to climax.

Tom picked up the blanket and draped it over one of my arms and as we headed for the door 2 of the young staff men came running over and opened the doors for us. Guess where their eyes were looking?

Out on the street Trisha stopped Tom as he pushed the chair and she put the blanket over me, folded and not covering my tits or my pussy.

Surprisingly, we made it back to my street without getting stopped or anyone saying anything. Plenty of stares but no vocal communications so in a way it was a boring journey home.

Trisha pressed the doorbell for me and daddy came and helped Trisha and Tom lift me onto my bed. Just before he left us he told me that he still hadn’t found someone to keep me company the next day and he said that he was going to phone a nursing agency.

“Don’t do that Mr. Peterson,” Trisha said, “we’ve got it covered, Tom here isn’t at college on Mondays so he’s volunteered to keep Saffy company.”

I looked at Tom who looked a bit bemused but he didn’t say anything.

“Are you sure Tom, because Saffy may need to use the bedpan.”

“Don’t worry Mr. Peterson,” Tom said, “I’m sure that I’ll manage, it can’t be any worse that dealing with the chemical toilets when I went camping with the Scouts.”

“Well that’s very good of you Tom, I’ll try to get back as early as I can.”

“No need to rush Mr. Peterson,” Trisha said, “I’ll come here straight from college so I’m sure that we’ll be okay.”

“Well thank you, both of you, it’s much appreciated.”

“Hey,”Trisha added, “what are best friends for?”

“Give me a bell when you need me Saffy.”

With that daddy was gone and Trisha turned to both Tom and me and said,

“Right you two, a challenge for tomorrow. At the rugby club Saffy reckons that she had around a dozen orgasms, plus the one that her father gave her when he shaved her this morning, plus the one that he will give her tonight to help her sleep, that’s 14. So, the challenge for tomorrow is for you Tom, to give her more that 14 orgasms before I get here from college.”

“No Trisha,” I said, “I don’t accept your challenge, I’ll be too knackered.”

“Does that matter, it’s not like you won’t be able to stay on your feet.”

“Very funny Trisha, Tom, please tell me that you won’t take part in this stupid challenge.”

“Well Saffy, it sounds fun to me, and I couldn’t possibly go against my girlfriends wished.”

“Oh shit,” I said, “I’m going to be a wreck by this time tomorrow.”

“Oh,” Trisha added, “and take lots of photographs and videos of Saffy in the throws of her orgasms Tom.”

“Yes boss.” Tom replied.

“All this talk of orgasms is making me horny.” Trisha said.

“Well if you and Tom want to fuck right here don’t let me stop you Trisha.”

“What about your father, I don’t want him seeing us.” Trisha replied.

“He’ll be in the front bedroom or the Lounge, and he won’t come in here unless I buzz for him. It’s not teatime or bed-bath time.”

“Are you sure Saffy?”

“Yes, of course I am, would I deliberately let my father see a naked 18 year old girl?”

“Very funny Saffy, Tom, come here and take my clothes off.”

“You can do it outside if you want Trisha, but stay where I can see you please. You’ve seen me cum lots if times today so I want to see you two cum.”

As they stripped I looked over to the houses at the bottom of the garden and was pleased to see Roger and Ian in their bedrooms, I hoped that they’d look over and see the action.

I’d never seen Tom’s cock before and it looked quite nice, I just wished that I could masturbate as I watched him take Trisha doggy style just outside the Patio doors. I wished that I could have photographed and videoed them as well. Trisha was getting quite a collection of photos of me naked and cumming so it was only fair that I had some of her.

As they fucked I saw Roger watching whilst he used his phone, then Ian turned and watched with his phone still to his ear. I guessed that it was Roger on the phone.

After Tom emptied his balls inside Trisha and she’d come down from her high, she got up and said,

“That’s going to be running down my legs all the way home, you should have cum in my mouth then I could have swallowed it.”

“Sorry Love.”

“Hey Trisha,” I called out, “you can use the bathroom to get cleaned up if you like.”

“Naw, it’s a nice feeling and someone might spot it and realise what I’ve been doing.”

“No modesty some girls.” I said.

“Look at the kettle calling the pot.” Trisha replied.

I smiled, she was right, it wasn’t the first time that we’d seen each other getting fucked but the previous times had been in darkened rooms at parties with lots of other people all around us. This was in broad daylight in my back garden.

“Okay Saffy, we’re leaving now.” Trisha said, “I’ll be back around 4 tomorrow afternoon but Tom will be here at 8 in the morning, and you make sure that he makes you cum at least twice each hour.”

I relaxed and thought about my day. It had been good and I’d enjoyed my legs being further apart revealing inside my lips and, probably, the inside of the entrance to my vagina. I really was an exhibitionist and I wondered if I could get Tom to move my legs further apart on the bed. My feet were already at the edges of the single bed but the casts were rigid, could they support me if the bottom parts of them were overhanging the sides of the bed? I was going to ask Tom to experiment, and it would give him better access to me for his hands.

Daddy was going to find me very wet when he gave me my bed-bath later.

I groped around with my fingers and found my phone and the TV remote then opened one of my social media accounts to see who was doing what. I got a bit of a surprise when up on the TV screen came a photo of me, in the wheelchair and the blanket on the floor beside the chair. I was, of course, naked and at the second the photo was taken I had a big smile on my face like I was enjoying myself – which I probably was.

I experimented with the voice commands and finally manage to zoom in and I stared at my larger than life pussy on the screen. I could see everything, right down to the little bubbles of my juice escaping my open vagina. Of course I’d done what probably every girl does and squat over a mirror or taken selfies of their pussies, but to see myself up on the big screen of the TV was amazing. My Urethra looked so small, my clitoris so big, my vagina just a little open. I have very little labia minora and they weren’t blocking the view of anything.

And all this was from a photograph taken by goodness know who and posted on social media. It was good enough to be used in a human anatomy class. I suddenly felt so proud of myself as my pussy started tingling.

Then I heard daddy say,

“Been getting Trisha to take some photos of you have you?”

I blushed and replied.

“Err yes, I wanted some to remind me of the worst 3 month of my life.”

“It will be soon over, you mother’s pussy used to look like that.”

“They all look the same daddy.”

“Now you know that that isn’t true, how many girls do you know with a clitoris as big as yours?”

“Err, none.”

“There you go. You get as much pleasure out of that as you can Saffy while you’re still young. The desire to have fun like that will reduce as you get older.”

“I hope not. Anyway daddy, when are you going to start looking for a girlfriend? And don’t use me as an excuse.”

“I don’t know, I don’t have the time.”

“I know, I’ll sign you up on a dating website.”

“Don’t you dare young lady.”

“Okay daddy, but you have to do something, you don’t want to be all on your own when you get old.”

“I will, but my priority right now is you, what would you like for your tea? After that I’ll get you washed and ready for the night, you look tired.”

“I am daddy, you wouldn’t think that laying on your back all day could be so tiring. Can we just do a basic wash tonight please?”

“Sure, I’ll get the tea started.”

Over the rest of the weeks that I had my casts on Trisha and Tom took me to the Rugby club every Sunday and I / we had just as much fun. They took me at different times so that it was different teams most of the time. It was even the away team sometimes when it was match day instead of a practice day.

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It was early when daddy woke me up. He told me that he’d have a long day at work and he wanted to get an early start, but that didn’t stop him from doing everything that he does for me just about every morning. My pussy was feeling very smooth after he’d shaved me and then clinically brought me off ready for the day. If only he knew what sort of a day I was going to have.

Daddy didn’t want to leave me on my own but I kept telling him that I’d be okay. Finally, after going round the house to make sure that everything was turned off and unplugged, he left me at 06:30.

I got onto social media and easily found some more recent photos of myself. I also found one video of some boy making me cum. The video didn’t show his face and I didn’t recognise his clothes. I wondered how many views that video would get.

Tom arrived just before 8 and came round the back where daddy had left the Patio doors open. After greetings I said,

“Are we really going to do this? I have no idea what it will do to me.”

“Give you a lot of pleasure I guess.”

“You don’t have to to do it if you don’t want to Tom?”

“I want to, I want to make my girlfriend’s best friend happy. Besides if I don’t it will be no sex for me for weeks.”

“Okay, but before we start I’ve had an idea that you might like Tom, Please can you gently spread my legs some more so that the bottom part is hanging over the sides.

“Won’t that hurt?”

“I don’t think so but there’s only one way to find out.”

One leg at a time Tom slowly spread my legs some more. They ended up just as wide, maybe a little wider, than when I was in the modified wheelchair the day before.

“I can see right inside you Saffy.”

“And I can feel the fresh morning air inside me. Tom, to meet Trisha’s target you need to make me cum every about 30 minutes, or if we take out some time for lunch, drinks and pee breaks, you need to do it every 20 minutes. Now, spreading my legs more will make it easier for your hands but with a bit of luck you will be able to get to my pussy from the bottom of the bed with your mouth, do you fancy trying to make me cum with your mouth some of the time? I’m sure that Trisha won’t mind because she said that you can fuck me if you want. I know that that’s not possible for a few weeks but if you can get your head there it will be better for you, and for me.”

“How about I alternate, fingers then mouth? That way I won’t get cramp or lock-jaw.”

“That would work for me. I’ve been looking forward to this ever since I woke up.”

“So that’s why you are so wet.”

“Guilty as charged. So do you need anything before you start?”

“Yes, can I play with your tits as well? Don’t tell Trisha but I like your tits, they’re so cute and solid and a nice small size.”

“Thanks Tom, that would be nice, I like them being played with. Anything else?”

“Yes, to keep Trisha happy is there a piece of paper and a pen so that we can show Trisha the time each time that you’ve cum?”

I told him where he could get them then asked him if there was anything else. He answered that question by reaching over and touching my clit. I gasped and my body shuddered.

“Wow, you’re clit is so sensitive, this is going to be easy.”

Three minutes later I had my second orgasm of the day and as I came down from my high Tom wrote 8:12 on the piece of paper. Then he turned to me and asked,

“Do you want to wait for 20 minutes or shall we see if I can get on the bed and eat you out now?”

“Go for it Tom.”

Tom carefully climbed onto my bed between my legs and lowered his head. I felt his shoulders nudge the casts on both my thighs but it didn’t hurt then his tongue licked right up my open slit to my clit and I gasped and moaned. Then he flicked my clit with his tongue and I moaned louder.

Then he got down to seriously making me feel amazing then cum, and he was good. It didn’t take long before I was having another intense orgasm.

“8:23” I said when I was able. “Write that down Tom.”

“Already have Saffy. Is that the first time that a man’s gone down on you Saffron?”

“No, but the previous times weren’t as good as that Tom.”

“Trisha’s been giving me lessons.”

“Remind me to thank her.”

“It was a lot easier to make you cum because of your big clit, is it a case of the bigger they get the more sensitive they are, Trisha’s isn’t anywhere as near as big or sensitive as yours.”

“I have no idea, I don’t remember it being so sensitive, or as big, as it has been lately.”

“Well you are 18 now, maybe it get more sensitive the older you get.”

“I hope not, in a few years all it will take is the slightest touch with anything and I’ll cum like a steam train. I don’t know that I could cope with that.”

“Maybe you’ve reached your peak now you’re a fully grown adult.”

“I hope so.”

“Will your tits stay like that as well, they’re superb like that, I’ve never seen tits so pointed and conical and they feel like they’re made of rubber.”

“Thank you, I think, I have no idea if they’ll stay like this or not, only time will tell, but I like them as they are as well.”

“So do I Saffron.”

“Can you do that to me again please Tom?”

Tom did, and later wrote 8:39 on the paper.

“Do you want another one with my tongue or shall I get off the bed and use my fingers?”

“One more with your tongue please Tom, can you manage that? You’re not about to get lock-jaw or something are you?”

“No, it’s so easy to make you cum Saffron, you’re like cum machine.”

“Thank you Tom, I’ll take that as a complement.”

“It was meant that way Saffron.”

8:58 was the time that Tom next wrote down, then I asked him to give me a 10 minute break. As I recovered we talked some more and Tom joked,

“At this rate we’ll reach your target of 15 orgasms before lunchtime, You’ve cum 4 times in the last hour, plus one from your father, 5 orgasms before 9 o’clock, you really are a cum machine Saffron.”

I didn’t know if I should be proud of myself or worried that there is something wrong with me but I was determined to see how many I could get to.

“Seriously,” Tom said, “we should start alternating tongue and fingers, it will be no fun trying to make you cum if you’re out cold.”

“I don’t know if it’s possible to have an orgasm when you’re unconscious.”

“It probably is, men have wet dreams so I guess that women can as well, just more difficult to find the evidence, and sleep isn’t that different to being unconscious is it?”

“Well if I do pass out you can try and make me cum, then we’ll know. Right, are you ready to give me number 6 Tom?”

By 12 o’clock we’d got up to 13 orgasms and I needed a rest, and so did Tom. I told him to go and raid the fridge and get something for me as well. Over the next 20 minutes we ate and talked and generally let our bodies recover.

Then we got back to the task in hand, or should I saw in fingers or in mouth. I got Tom to alternate between his tongue (and teeth because I definitely felt his teeth scraping my clit), and his fingers playing with my clit and finger fucking me.

By 3 o’clock we’d got the total to 19 and I was starting to think that we should call it a day. After I’d rested I could get daddy to give me a clinical orgasm as he washed me before bed and that would make it 20. Which in my mind was one hell of an achievement.

However, Tom was eager to eat my pussy at least 2 more times. We had a short break then he climbed onto the bed between my legs again and got to work. Five minutes later number 21 arrived and he kept going and another few minutes later number 22 arrived.

I was just coming down from that last high when I saw Trisha looking at me. Tom was still on his knees between my legs, and Trisha had brought another girl from college. Rosie was stood next to Trisha with a big grin on her face.

“Hi Saffron” Rosie said, “how are you doing?”

“Knackered, and it’s all Trisha’s fault.”

“What, that’s not right, I wasn’t driving that car.” Trisha replied.

“No, but you came up with that stupid challenge.”

“So how did you 2 get on, or did he get on and fuck you all day.”

“No I didn’t Trisha, it was Saffron’s idea, spread her legs some more and let me go down on her.”

“Well did it work? How many did you give her?”

“Don’t be jealous Trisha but she had 21 orgasms.”

“Fucking hell.” Both Trisha and Rosie said, Rosie adding,

“It would almost be worth breaking all my arms and legs. That’s one hell of a stud that you’ve got there Trisha.”

“Trisha,” I said, “your boyfriend has got a bad case of blue balls, hitch up that skirt and let him release all 21 orgasms worth of his cum inside your cunt.”

“I can’t do that, we’ve got company.”

“Don’t mind me you two,” Rosie said, “I’ll just sit here between Saffrons legs, look at her well used pussy and do some verbal catching up.”

As Rosie and I were talking we could hear the grunts, groans and moans from Trisha and Tom just through the patio doors. I could also feel Rosie’s fingers gently toying with my clit. She eventually said,

“You know Saffron, that’s one hell of a clit that you’ve got there girl.”

That comment took my mind back to the pleasure of the day and number 23 arrived.

“Oh my gawd,” Rosie said, “sorry, I wasn’t trying to make you cum, just marvel at that amazing clit.”

“That’s okay Rosie,” I replied when I could, “you should have seen what happened to me in the park and at the rugby club over the weekend. Did Trisha tell you?”

“She did, and she sent everyone the photographs. You know that you are going to be very popular with the boys when you come back to college, they’re all talking about your shaved pussy and those amazing tits and clit, they all want to get their hands on you.”

When Trisha and Tom had finished they came inside and Rosie continued,

“Hey Trisha, do you think that we could get Saffron to college in that wheelchair one day?”

“I hadn’t thought of that. The college is wheelchair friendly, that girl from the finance course gets around okay doesn’t she, so we should be able to wheel Saffy around okay.”

“She won’t get much work done but the boys and the male teachers will all appreciate us taking her in. I wonder if they’ll give is extra credits.” Rosie added.

“Hey,” I interrupted, “what about me, don’t I get any say in this?”

“No.” Both Trisha and Rosie said at the same time.

“Oh fuck.” I thought as I felt my pussy tingle and get wetter.

Just then I heard daddy shout,

“I’m home.”

He came straight in and asked me what sort of a day I had had.

“Okay daddy thank you, Tom was good company.”

“We can do it again next Monday if you like Saffron.”

Daddy answered for me.

“Yes, thank you Tom, that’s very good of you to give up your days off for her, she’ll have to find a way to thank you.”

I looked over to the grinning Tom and said,

“How was your day daddy?”

“Like I’d never been away, this working from home is really good, I can get everything done from here without all that travelling. Now, who wants something to eat.”

Trisha, Tom and Rosie excused themselves and I wondered if I should ask daddy to skip my clinical orgasm when he washed me later.

Number 24 arrived a couple of hours later.

Tom volunteered to look after me every Monday until my casts came off and each one was a repeat of the first one and each Monday (thankfully daddy went to work) Tom screwed Trisha out on the patio after she got there from college. And twice I saw Roger watching them perform.

I / we made it up to 31 orgasms on one of those Mondays, something which I am very proud of.

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**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 05**

Things went back to the new normal for the next couple of days and I had a quiet time with just daddy looking after me. Although a ball from over the back did keep coming over each evening and 3 excited young men came to retrieve it and I let them continue their education.

Then on the Thursday morning daddy woke me early telling me that we had to rush because Trisha and Tom were coming round on their way to college. I assumed that it was just to talk to me about something and wondered what it was that she couldn’t text me or phone me about. All the time assuming that they were joking about taking me to college, it was a stupid idea and not practical at all.

They arrived just as I was recovering from daddy’s clinical orgasm, Trish asking daddy if I was ready.

“Ready for what?” I asked.

“We’re going to the place where you should be going every day.”

“You don’t mean college do you?”

“Yep.”

“Oh fuck, no, you’re kidding me. Tell me you’re kidding me, pleeeease.”

“Nope, get ready to be shuffled into that wheelchair girl.”

“You’ll have a great day at college.” Daddy said, “Talk to all your friends and keep your hand in at the lessons.”

“It’s not MY hands that I’m worried about daddy.” then I added,

“But we can’t get the chair on the bus.”

“We’re walking, that’s why the early start.”

“Oh shit, please tell me that you’re joking, is it April the first?”

It wasn’t, and 5 minutes later I was being wheeled down the street with the blanket just about covering me. Fortunately, or not, Trisha and Tom were in a bit of a rush and we zoomed along ignoring the stares and the odd comment, but as soon as we got in sight of the college gates they slowed down and other students started the stares and the questions.

I looked down at my chest and saw that the blanket had slipped just below my nipples, low enough for anyone to see the shape of my little tits. I was also sure that if the people in front of me looked they’d be able to see my spread pussy.

We slowly went in, fending off most of the questions and ignoring my exposure. Neither Trisha nor Tom are on the same course as me but Rosie is, and Tom handed over control of the wheelchair to Rosie and another girl on my course, Nikita who I hadn’t see since before the incident and her first words were,

“My gawd Saffron, I saw the photos and the videos but I didn’t think that it was all for real, are you really stuck in those for 3 months?”

“Yes I am.”

“And without any clothes?”

“Yes.”

The she went on to ask how I went on about the basics of life, so I explained that my father was doing all those things for me.

“What about your periods?”

“Daddy puts my tampons in for me.” I replied.

“Oh my gawd, that must be horrible for you, I mean a man, your father, I couldn’t let that happen to me.”

“Not a lot of choice Nikita.”

All the time that we’d been talking people had been walking by or stopping and staring at me. I didn’t like it but in the back of my mind I think that I was actually enjoying it. My nipples were rock hard and tingling a bit, and so was my pussy, it was tingling a little bit, and very damp, and my clit was letting me know that it was still there..

We made it to the classroom and Rosie and Nikita moved a desk out of the way so that Rosie could reverse me into its place. Then in walked Mr, Reynolds.

“Saffron, what a surprise, I didn’t know that you were coming in. It’s great to see that you think that you are well enough to be here, but are you well enough? You look a little apprehensive, glowing, but apprehensive.”

“I am sir, this is a surprise that Trisha orchestrated and I couldn’t exactly run away from it.”

“Well it’s good to see you, and I’m sure that everyone here will want to see all of you and ask you lots of questions, would you like to say a few words to answer the most obvious questions that I sure everyone wants to know. It might stop you having to answer the same questions over and over throughout the day. Tell you what, let me spin you around so that you’re facing everyone.”

Mr, Reynolds did just that. The thing was the blanket. Trisha had done a pretty good job of tucking it in, proving that she can when she wants to, but that was nearly an hour ago and the wheelchair had been bouncing along the footpaths for most of that time. It had slipped a bit revealing my nipples as we got to the college but Mr, Reynolds manoeuvring the chair was the final straw and as he moved me the blanket slipped right off me.

Either Mr, Reynolds didn’t realise, or see it on the floor, or he chose to ignore it and let everyone see what he had seen when he came round to my house. Whichever one it was I was left naked facing the rest of my class. Rosie and Nikita said and did nothing and I should have asked them to put the blanket back over me, but I didn’t, why, I don’t know, or maybe I do, but I just started talking, telling them everything from me leaving Trisha’s house that night to waking up in hospital, getting that bad news then being told about the shortage of gowns and then being put in the wheelchair and then onto my bed which daddy had moved down to the dining room.

Looking round the room as I talked I confirmed how different people are. The couple of prudes who couldn’t even look at me, those with sympathetic looks on their faces, and those who obviously would like to get their hands on my body. I could also see a few boys who actually had got their hands on my pussy in the park the previous Saturday.

Finally, Mr, Reynolds thanked me then turned the chair back round so that I was facing him, and he still ignored the blanket.

Most of the next nearly an hour was spent with Mr, Reynolds looking down at my spread pussy and my tits. I couldn’t take any notes so I had to just listen, not that I could concentrate, my brain was dreaming about Mr, Reynolds doing what Tom had done to me the previous Sunday.

Much of the rest of the lessons that day were spent in a similar way, although the blanket stayed mostly on me and I was really glad that I didn’t have any of the miserable old cow teachers for lessons that day,

At the cafeteria at lunchtime Nikita and Rosie took me to meet up with Trisha although I didn’t get the chance to have anything to eat or drink because of the other people wanting to ask me questions, and stare at me for a while.

Thankfully, no one tried to touch me or take any photographs. I guess that everyone had enough of those already.

When the day was finally over Trisha and Tom took over from Rosie and Nikita but as soon as we got out of the college gates the boys came to gawp at my naked form. Rosie had checked the blanket at the end of each class, but only lightly tucking it in so it kept sliding off and Trisha had taken it right off as soon as we got out of the gates, and Trisha told some of the boys that they could touch me.

Of course the boys interpreted that to mean touch my tits and pussy and that’s what they did. The result being me cumming twice before the end of that street. I was happy that Trisha and Tom were in a hurry to get me home.

As we got close to home Trisha asked me if I’d enjoyed my day. I told her that I had.

Trisha and Tom took me to college every Thursday with similar results, and I have to confess that I enjoyed being naked at college most of those days. When I was there the second Thursday, and at whilst we were in the cafeteria, the Art teacher came over to have a word with me. He then told me that there was always vacancies for a model in his classes if I was interested.

When I said that I might be interested he added that I’d get paid for it and that I didn’t have to wait until I could walk again, he’s be more than happy to have his students draw me as I was, plaster casts as well.

That surprised me and I said that I’d think about it.

That afternoon when I should have been concentrating on the lesson I was thinking about modelling for the art students, some of which I knew. I decided to talk it over with Trisha the first chance that I got.

That chance was as they wheeled me home, Trisha, being Trisha, didn’t wait until I’d made up my mind, and she told me that she’d go and talk to the art teacher the next day and sort something out.

The next Wednesday, and 2 more Wednesdays before my casts came off, Trisha and Tom came and collected me and wheeled me to college and deposited me in the art classroom for the day. For 4 lessons on each of those Wednesdays I just sat there, without the blanket, while the students drew me.

I was impressed at the detail of my pussy that some of them drew.

Of course I only had the one pose but the teacher said that that was okay, that the students could do the same drawing each rime and he’d see how they’d improved over the weeks.

The third Wednesday that I was there I asked the art teacher if I could model for his students when I got the casts off. Unsurprisingly he said that I could, and when I told Trisha she just said,

“See, I told you that you are an exhibitionist.”

I couldn’t disagree with her.

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During the second month of my confinement a policeman came to see me. Neither daddy nor I thought to cover me with the blanket before daddy brought him into the room. I could see him looking at me as he tried to be as professional as he could as he talked to the naked me.

He told us about the court case for the driver and asked us if I would consider going to the court proceedings and give a ‘victim impact statement’ to the judge and jury. He told us that it might influence the judge to give the driver a more severe sentence.

Well I for one wanted the bastard to suffer as much as possible so I agreed.

The day of the court case saw daddy pushing the wheelchair with me on it, down the streets to the court. Going that way was the only option because there was no way that I could get in a car or taxi, even one of the big 9 seater ones.

Just before we left I got daddy to put the blanket over me and to make sure that it was tucked in properly. The last thing that I wanted was for it to slide off me and leave me exposed with daddy and all those law professionals there.

It took us 45 minutes to get there but we made it and were met by the same policeman and the prosecuting solicitor who explained that I would get called in and all I had to do was answerer a couple of simple questions. It sounded easy.

As we sat outside the court waiting quite a few people stared at me but I could see that my tits and pubes were covered so I wasn’t worried. The only way that anyone could see my bare pussy was if then got on their hands and knees in front of the chair.

The time came and daddy started to push me in but a man, I think his job was an Usher, stopped him and told him that he couldn’t go in and that it was his job to wheel me in.

The Usher wasn’t that good with wheelchairs and the sides of the chair banged the doors, then some of the chairs as we went to the front of the court.

The thing was, since leaving home with the blanket nicely tucked in, it hadn’t been checked, there was no need as it was still covering my tits and pussy, but all the bouncing along the footpaths had loosened it and the Usher banging the chair as we went into the court room was the last straw and just as we got to the front of the court the blanket slid off me and onto the floor.

The Usher was too busy positioning the wheelchair where he wanted me and didn’t notice.

The judge looked up, then down at me, and after a few seconds silence he said,

“You are Ms. Saffron Peterson, the young lady who was knocked over by the car?”

“I am.”

“And you have been like that since the night of the accident?”

“I have.”

“How long will it be before those casts come off?”

“Another 3 weeks.”

“Have the doctors told you what will happen then?”

“They have told me that I will have to have another 3 months physiotherapy for me to learn to walk again and to get the use my arms and legs back to where they were before that night.”

“So all-in-all you will have lost 6 months of your life and suffered a lot of pain on the way young lady?”

“Assuming that the physiotherapy goes as planned, yes.”

“Thank you Ms. Peterson, you may leave now.”

As I was waiting for the Usher to come and collect me I looked around the room, there weren’t many people in there but they were all looking at me. At one table there were 2 men, one shuffling some papers and the other just sitting there looking at me. I assumed that he was the bastard driver. He was a middle-aged man in what looked like an expensive suit and the bastard didn’t look at all sorry for what he had done.

“I hope that they lock you up and throw the keys away.” I thought as the Usher appeared beside me.

“Sorry about that.” He said as he picked up the blanket and spread it over my body.

“That’s it,” the policeman said, “thank you for coming here, hopefully it will influence the severity of the sentence. You may go home now.”

And that was it. I’d sort of expected more and felt a little let down but that was that. Daddy went behind me and started pushing the wheelchair out of the building. We didn’t get far before the blanket started slipping down. Daddy was concentrating on the traffic and the number of people walking about, and it was few minutes before he looked down and saw that my breasts were fully exposed. Of course I’d noticed but I was actually enjoying the exposure, my nipples had got rock hard and were actually throbbing a bit.

When daddy did notice he stopped and apologised then tucked the blanket behind me firmly, spoiling my exposure and pleasure.

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The next notable event, other than the regular events described above, was the removal of the casts. I was both happy and unhappy that everything was going to change. Happy that I would finally be able to move my arms and legs and get some mobility back. I’d already worked out that I wouldn’t be able to run home after the casts came off, that it would take some time for my limbs to return to full and normal use. I WAS unhappy that I’d have no excuse for having my tits and pussy on display for people to see. I’d got used to it and actually started getting pleasure out of it. Trisha was right, I had become an exhibitionist.

Daddy got a letter from the hospital telling us that they had arranged for an ambulance to pick me up, but only me, daddy would have to make his own way there, which, when we thought about it was good because daddy would go in his car which would mean that we had a means of getting home.

The letter didn’t tell us to take anything with us but daddy assumed that I would need some clothes to wear and he asked me which clothes I wanted.

“Just a summer dress and shoes.” I replied.

“No underwear Saffy?”

“No, I might find that it’s too difficult to put them on to start off with.”

Well that was the excuse that I gave daddy, I’d break it to him gently that I never intended to wear bras and knickers again and had started to wonder why on earth women would want to wear them. The only exception being the unfortunate women who had huge breasts and needed some support to stop themselves hurting themselves. I was lucky, mine are small and reasonably solid.

“Yes, you’ll probably find it hard to get your hands to where they are needed to start with Saffy. I’ll pack that dress that has an elasticated top that you can just step in to it and pull up.”

If it was the dress that I thought he meant, he was right, I hadn’t worn it for a couple of years when my tits were just little bulges. I wondered what my traffic cones would look like in it. The other thing was that it was quite short when I last wore it and I had got a few centimetres taller since then,

“Good idea daddy.” I replied. “Do you think that they’ll lend me a normal wheelchair if I can’t walk properly?”

“I’m sure that they will, but let’s cross that bridge when we get there, you might be able to run out of the hospital.”

“I wish.”

At the appointed time daddy lifted me into the wheelchair and wheeled me out to the front to wait for the ambulance. As I waited I was sad that that would be the last time that I an excuse for being naked in public with my legs spread wide. I started to try to think of ways that I could be like that, with or without a legitimate excuse. I couldn’t think of any.

The ambulance was similar to the one that brought me home but with a different driver. This one appeared to be more caring, even if he was a lot younger. As he loaded me inside I could feel the blanket slipping a bit and when he put the brakes on the wheelchair my nipples were already exposed. I saw the driver look at them, smile, then he asked me if I was okay.

“Fine thanks.” I replied.

I looked out of the window and saw daddy getting into his car, then I looked around inside the ambulance and saw a handful of people, mainly elderly, all just staring forwards.

“Jeez,” I thought, “this is a pensioner’s day trip.”

As we bounced along the inevitable happened and the blanket slid off me and onto the floor.

We arrived at the hospital and those who could get out on their own did so, then the driver turned to me.

“Woah there, what happened to you? Did someone pinch your blanket?” He said as he stared at my naked body.

“It slid off, down between me and the side of the ambulance and I had no way to stop it.”

“So I see, let me get you off the vehicle then I’ll get your blanket for you.”

As I was going down on the ramp backwards I noticed all the people walking by, some of them turning their heads to look at me.

“Have a good look folks, this might be your last chance.” I thought to myself.

The driver put the brake on then went for the blanket. As he came down the ramp I looked at his eyes and saw that he was getting one last look at my spread pussy. I felt it tingle. Then he covered me, tucking the sides behind me before wheeling me into the main entrance where he left me at the side of the room when I told him that my father was probably having problems parking.

Daddy arrived a few minutes later carrying the bag with my dress and shoes then he wheeled me to the right department. We checked-in at the reception then a nurse came round and asked me a few question. As she was ticking the boxes she said,

“Is there any reason why your legs are spread wide rather than together?”

“My friend spoke to one of the doctors just before I went home after getting the casts and she told me that I had to keep them as wide apart as I could.”

She smiled then replied,

“Your friend has been playing a practical joke on you Saffron, I hope that it hasn’t been too embarrassing for you.”

“That bitch Trisha has done it again.” I thought, “what can I do to get my own back?”

The questionnaire was finished and the nurse wheeled me into a treatment room where 2 more nurses manoeuvred me onto a table.

“I’ll get something to protect your modesty.” One of the nurses said.

I so wanted to tell her not to bother but I stayed quiet.

A few minutes later a technician or whatever his title was came in and asked me if I was okay and if I was ready to be released.

“Yes please.”

“Well I just have to take some x-rays to check that everything has healed properly then your freedom awaits you.”

The x-rays proved that I was good then the man asked me if I wanted to keep the casts, adding that some people do to remind them of what happened to them. I was about to say that I didn’t then I actually said,

“Yes please, I have a good use for them.”

And a vision of Trisha naked with those casts on her limbs came into my head and I smiled at the thought,

“Summer holidays, get her drunk, strip her, put the casts on her and wait for her to wake up.”

Twenty minutes later both my arms and both my legs were feeling fresh air for the first time in 3 months. I felt great. The technician said that his job was done and he left me with a couple of nurses.

“So Saffron, let’s start with your arms, try bending them please?!

I waggled my fingers then tried to bend my elbows. I managed it but said,

“That was harder that I thought that it would be.”

“That’s to be expected but you did good, now can you lift your legs?”

I knew that I could do that because I’d been doing that a little quite often over the last week but found the casts to be too heavy to lift far. I strained then lifted and was pleased that my legs went up.

“Now bend your knees.”

That was harder but gravity helped me and my feet went down onto the table. It was when my feet landed that I thought about the sight that the nurse at the foot of the table was seeing, but I didn’t care, and she wasn’t looking anyway.

“Now the hard bit, try to lift your butt up which will put your weight on your leg muscles.”

“I did, but couldn’t get my butt up as far as I thought that I should be able to.”

“That’s good Saffron, now sit up and swing your legs over the side, rest for a few seconds then try to stand on your feet.”

As I sat up the sheet covering me dropped to my waist. I pulled it out of the way then swung my legs round. I was totally naked as I pushed myself off the table, the 2 nurses moving in ready to catch me.

“I DID IT.” I shouted as I let go of the table but I spoke too soon and my legs buckled.

Four hands grabbed me and lifted me back onto the table in the sitting position.

“That was good Saffron, most older people wouldn’t have been able to do what you just did, two or three months physio and you’ll be running around like an athlete.”

“I never did like athletics.” I said.

“Well, maybe a new hobby for you. Have you brought some clothes to put on?”

“Yes, my daddy’s got them.”

“Okay, I’ll go and get him and send him in, Then I’ll get a standard wheelchair whilst Wendy here books you in for some physiotherapy for you. Will you be able to get there okay?”

“Yes, my father will bring me.”

“Good, back soon.”

I sat there totally naked and cursing myself for not being able to stand up. I so wanted to walk out of there.”

Seconds later daddy came in and saw me. He was smiling as he said,

“Saffy, you look so much better without those casts on. The nurse tells me that everything is good and that you just need some physio.”

“Are you saying that I look good naked daddy?”

“I was referring to you being without those casts, but yes, you do look good naked.”

“Well that’s good because your work isn’t done yet, I can’t even stand up.”

“You will Saffy, give it time. Don’t expect miracles. You’re young, it won’t take long. Do you want me to help you put the dress on?”

“Yes please daddy.”

Daddy pulled the dress over my head and pulled it down a far as it could go with me sat on the table. It had hurt a little as I lifted my arms up but it wasn’t too bad. It felt really strange having something cover my body but I was happy that the dress wasn’t a tight fit, although the elasticated top did cling to my body and tits.

Daddy bent down and put my shoes on. As he stood up the nurse came back with a wheelchair. She saw my face and realised that I wasn’t happy.

“I’m sorry that you can’t walk out of here, most people who have broken both legs have your expectations, but none of them ever walk out, they too had to do physio, Just be patient, you’ll get there. Do you need any help getting into the wheelchair?”

“I’ve got it.” daddy said as he lifted me up, turned and plonked me down in the wheelchair. The dress had never fallen down to it’s full length and still hadn’t when my bare butt landed on the seat.

“At least that was easier than before.” I said, trying to cheer myself up, “but I must remember to put a towel on that set otherwise I’ll be sitting in a puddle.”

Daddy put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed a little which I found comforting.

The other nurse returned holding a card and gave it to daddy telling us that it was a list of appointments and asked that someone phone the number on the card if there was a problem. Then she said to daddy,

“It will help Saffron if you can get her to do some exercises in her own or with some help, anything that gets her arms and legs moving, the more exercise the better but don’t push her too hard, rest is important too. She’s asked to keep the casts but I don’t know how you are going to get them home.”

“What do you want those for Saffron?”

“A reminder, we can keep them out in the shed.”

“Okay, for now, Nurse, can I take Saffron out to the car then come back for the casts?”

“Sure, I’ll put them behind the receptionists desk. Good luck Saffron, I hope I never see you again, professionally that is.”

“Thank you.” Daddy said and started wheeling me out.

It was so much easier for the person pushing the wheelchair without my arms and legs sticking out like a starfish and we were soon outside and heading for the car. With a little help from daddy I managed to get into the passenger seat of the car and daddy put the wheelchair in the back, then he headed back in to get the casts.

As I sat there I decided that I was going to exercise a lot and hopefully reduce the time before I was running around again. I wanted to start straight away but what could I do in the confines of the car? All I could do with my legs was lift my feet up, which I did, but what could I do with my arms. The only thing that I could think of was taking my dress off then putting it back on, so I did. I couldn’t see anyone else in the car park so I did it again.

I’d just got it off when I heard the back of the car opening then daddy coming round to the drivers side.

“What are you doing Saffy? We can’t drive home with you naked.”

“Why not? It’s okay daddy, I was just getting some exercise.” I replied putting my arms up and letting the dress slide down onto me then pulling the top of it over my tits.

As we drove home I started thinking about things at home, then fired a few questions at daddy.

“Can we leave my bed down in the dining room for now please, I don’t think that I can climb up the stairs yet.”

“For as long as you want Saffy.”

“It feels weird wearing clothes, do you mind if I stay naked and slowly work my way back to wearing clothes?”

“Sure, whatever makes you comfortable Saffy, but I think that you should wear at least a dress to go to your physio sessions.”

“Would you mind if I walked around the back garden to exercise? As soon as I can stand that is.”

“That’s probably a good idea Saffy, if you legs give out in the house and you fall over you might hit the furniture and hurt yourself, if you’re on the grass it take one problem away.”

“Instead of using the bed-pan will you help me to the downstairs toilet?”

“More that happy with that Saffy. I must have been feeding you the wrong food because your poo stinks.”

“Sorry daddy.”

“It’s not your fault Saffy, and as soon as you can climb the stairs I’ll get your bed back up to your room and you’ll be able to have proper showers.”

“That will be nice, I’ve been wanting to have a proper shower for months. Hey, maybe you and Trisha or Tom could carry me up to the shower tonight?”

“We’ll see, let’s get you onto your bed so that you can have a rest first, It’s not just your arms and legs that need exercising, all that laying about has reduced your stamina level, you’ll need to build that up again.”

“So it’s lots of walking about and lifting things for me then?”

We arrived home and daddy got the wheelchair out and helped me get out of the car and into it. As he wheeled me round the back to go in the patio doors I did a stupid thing, when daddy lowered me into the wheelchair my dress hadn’t gone under me, my bare butt being on the seat. I leant forward and slowly pulled my dress up and off.

“What are you doing Saffy?”

“That’s enough of wearing clothes for one day.”

“Do you want me to get a bra and some knickers for you? You’ll be able to get them on now.”

As daddy was helping me onto the bed I said,

“Daddy, I think that I’m going to stop wearing bras and knickers, it’s not like I need a bra for support and I’ve got used to being without either of them so I don’t want to go back to being restricted by them.”

“Fair enough. Your mother used to shun underwear as well, you’re turning out very much like her.”

“Not totally I hope. When I find my Mr. Right I intend to stay with him.”

“I’m pleased to hear that Saffy. You shouldn’t have much of a problem doing that if you’re going to stay like that all the time.”

“Daddy, I will be putting some clothes on when I go out, I don’t think the police would be too happy if I started walking the streets like this.”

“Would you like to do that, walk about in public naked, you mother always wanted to do that, maybe she does that now.”

“I guess that I am like mum, I keep thinking about doing that, and that blanket kept sliding off leaving me naked when Trisha took me to the park. The thing was, I must have liked being naked in public because I never screamed at her to cover me again.”

“Well you had an excuse when you had those casts on, but if you do decide to wander around without any clothes on just be careful not to get caught by the police.”

“I will daddy.”

“So do you intend to stay naked at home Saffy? It won’t bother me if you do, after all, you’ve been naked on that bed for the last 3 months.”

“You know daddy, I think that I might just do that. Think of the money that I’ll be saving on clothes and washing. I love having a father like you daddy, I love you.”

“And I love you too Saffy.”

“With all the unpleasant things that you’ve done for me over the last 3 months you must do daddy.”

Daddy gently squeezed my arm then said,

“Get some rest Saffy, I’ll look in on you in a couple of hours. I think that you can reach the buzzer now.”

As I lay there I thought about what I had just told daddy. I’d admitted to him that I was an exhibitionist, not in so many words, but what I’d said could only be interpreted that way. And what about sex? Daddy had been clinically masturbating me to relieve my frustrations and tension, that would end now that the casts had gone, and could I now take care of my own needs? Would daddy offer to continue doing it for me? Would he mind if I did it in the same room as he was in? Would either of us want to take it further? Would we start fucking? Daddy must have needs like I have so would I be happy to let him fuck me? You know, I think that I would.

As I was thinking all that my right hand had moved to my pussy and I discovered that I can now masturbate on my own again. Should I tell daddy that I don’t need him to do it anymore or ask him to keep doing it for me. I smiled to myself at the thought of him doing it and then me doing it when he wasn’t around.

After I’d cum I thought,

“That drunk driver did me a favour in a way, my life is going to be so much more fun as soon as my arms and legs are back to normal.”