**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.

\*\*\*\*\*\*

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.

\*\*\*\*\*\*

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.

\*\*\*\*\*\*

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.