**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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