**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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