**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 04**

The next morning daddy was up bright and early and we went trough my morning routine,. After shaving my pussy he asked me if I needed some relief and I nodded, then told him that I was full of energy after a good nights sleep but that I was frustrated that I couldn’t even move.

Daddy brought me off then asked me if I was more relaxed. I actually was so I told him so. What I didn’t tell him was that I was hopeful that Trisha would take me to the park again, but this time I’d try to keep a count of the number of orgasms I had.

Trisha had Tom in tow when she arrived and after saying hello he asked me why my legs were spread more than the last time he was there.

“Blame your girlfriend for that, she thought that it would be a good idea to leave me as open as she could.”

“Well Saffron, it’s certainly a beautiful sight. Can the leg supports on that chair be adjusted to change the angle that the legs go out in?”

“I don’t know,” I replied, “I can’t exactly get up and have a look. Hey, you’re not thinking what I’ve just thought of are you Tom? You’re getting as bad as Trisha.”

“You don’t exactly upset by the idea Saffy, I think that what Trisha tells me is right, you are an exhibitionist, you want people to see your pussy, spread wide like it is don’t you Saffy?”

I really wanted to deny it, but the more I think about it the more I realise that she’s right. Maybe I should start thinking about how I can be naked more often when I get the damned casts off.

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“Well we’ll have to try to think of ways to help you. You’ve got a great excuse at the moment but we’ll think about afterwards won’t we Trisha.”

“We certainly will, depend on what we think of I might just join you at times. You’d like that wouldn’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“So, where do you want to go to today Saffy?” Trisha asked.

“Do you think that the park will be as busy today as it was yesterday?”

“Ah, you want to have more boys see you and diddle you don’t you Saffy?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied. “I enjoyed myself yesterday.”

“I know,” Tom said, “I normally play football in a Sunday League. I skipped it today to be here with you two. How about we go and watch the games?”

“I don’t like football.” I said.

“Neither do I.” Trisha added.

“I wasn’t really thinking about the games with a ball. I was thinking more about the fun you could have in the changing room afterwards. Think, all those naked young men for you to look at and to come to you and play with your tits and pussy.”

“Hmm,” Trisha said, “You don’t mind if I strip off and join in do you Tom?”

“I guess not, it is for a good cause and it’s not like you will be going home with any of them will you?”

“Hell no Tom. What do you think Saffy?

“Okay, and we might meet some other boys from college or old school mates in the way there or back.”

“Jeez Saffy, you’re going to be a nymphomaniac when you get out of those casts.”

I said nothing.

I buzzed for daddy and the 3 of them managed to shuffle me across to the chair. As soon as daddy had left us Trisha and Tom checked out the leg supports and discovered that there was a way to angle them more, so much so that they had to wait to do it until I was outside on the footpath.

When it was done I asked Trisha if my hole was open because I could feel a draught inside my vagina.

“Only a little bit, nothing to worry about.” She replied, but I knew her and didn’t know if I should believe her. It certainly felt draughty as Tom started pushing me down the street.

Trisha had put the same blanket over me, but folded so that my tits and pussy were exposed, and I didn’t even ask her to cover me properly. Even if I had wanted to be covered I knew that she would have me exposed regardless.

We got stopped a couple of times on the way, and as usual, the conversation was between the people and Trish and I was ignored as if I wasn’t capable of speaking for myself, but I wasn’t really bothered. Trisha was doing a good job at telling all sorts of wrong things about why I was in that exposing predicament.

The football fields are part of a private Football / Rugby club that has it’s own club house and changing rooms and as we entered the car park I could see a bunch of guys coming out of the changing room and start walking to one of the pitches. It was only the straddlers that saw us,

Two of them stopped and said hello to Tom and then one of them said,

“I can see why you are skipping today’s game. What happened to her?”

Tom told him then he asked why I was naked.

Tom told him the same bullshit that everyone was getting. Just then someone for the group in front shouted for the 2 straddlers to get move on. The did, but I heard one of the two shouting to the group that the girl in a wheelchair was naked. I don’t think that they believed him because they got on with starting the game.

“That lot going out means that one game has just finished.” Tom said, “Let’s go inside and find them.”

He wheeled me in, all of being pleased that the doors were all wide ones, and then straight into the changing room. Oh my gawd, there was around a dozen young men in there and they were all in various states of undress, including 2 that were naked, one of them walking out of the showers holding his towel over an arm.

I stared at the 2 cocks as someone shouted,

“GIRLS IN THE ROOM AND ONE OF THEM IS NAKED.”

Unsurprisingly, they all turned and looked at us and the tingling in my tits and pussy got so intense that I though that I was going to cum.

“Tom,” someone said, “you lucky bastard, which one is your girlfriend Trisha?”

Trisha took control and replied,

“That would be me, and this is my friend Saffron. As you can see she’s a bit handicapped at the moment after some bastard of a drink driver ran her over, but she’s feeling a bit frustrated, sex starved, at the moment so she’d like some of you guys to work some magic with your hands, just your hand, and this is probably going to be a one time only offer so make her cum, just once. That is, once for every guy in here. And just for an added bonus for you, you can strip me and do the same to me. But don’t get any ideas guys, none of you have cocks long enough to fuck her in that chair so don’t even try, and don’t try to fuck me either or I’ll knee you in the balls then when you are down I’ll stamp on your cocks. Okay lads, have you got that?”

A couple of them said that they had, and a different couple came over to get a good look at me and start the groping. Gawd, it was like I was being gang-banged but without the cocks.

I managed to watch some of what was happening to Trisha and her skirt and top were soon off leaving her naked and she was put on her back on a bench and she got the same treatment as me. Tom was stood watching it all and I assumed that he was making sure that none of them tried to go too far, which thankfully they didn’t, not that they could have physically got up to my pussy without me screaming my head off with pain. I did wonder if Trisha would have let it be a real gang-bang with her if Tom hadn’t be there; but they did leave both of us worn out.

After they’d all left Tom told us that if we didn’t get out of there quite soon there would be another team coming in and it would all start all over again. Trisha and I looked at each other and smiled, we both wanted it to happen again but Trisha said,

“Can we come back next Sunday instead.”

“Come on,” Tom said, “let’s go, and Trisha, you may like to put your clothes on, you haven’t got an excuse.”

“Damn, I need some plaster casts.” Trisha replied stepping into her skirt.

It was only when we were well down the street that Tom realised that my blanket wasn’t on me. I hadn’t even thought about it and had been quite happy having a naked torso out in public. We checked that it wasn’t under me or in the carrier at the back of the chair then Tom said that he’d go and look for it, there was only one place that it could be.

Tom went back to the clubhouse while Trisha stayed with me.

“You enjoyed that didn’t you Saffy?”

“I did, and so did you.”

“Yes I did.” Trisha replied.

“You’re lucky to have a boyfriend like Tom, most boyfriends would freak out if you did what you did.”

“I know, but I’ve got him under control. I hope that you can find someone like him.”

“I hope so too. Hey, did I hear you say that Tom doesn’t go to college on a Monday?”

“That’s right, he has a 3 day weekend, lucky bastard.”

“Well I was wondering, my father has to go to work tomorrow and I’ll be on my own.”

Before I could finish what I was going to, Trisha replied,

“No you won’t Saffy, Tom will be at your house at 8 o’clock and he’ll take care of all your needs, including emptying your bedpan.”

“Do you trust him to not take advantage of me?”

“It’s not like he could fuck you, and even if he could I wouldn’t mind, you are my best friend and we share everything. As for making you cum, he better had, at least a dozen times. Tell you what, I’ll tell him that he has to frig you twice every hour, will that be okay?”

“You’re the best Trisha.”

“And you’re my exhibitionist best friend Saffy, look at you, totally naked out in public with not a care in the world.”

“Not by choice I’m not, but yes, I am enjoying it. Maybe I shouldn’t have admitted that, not to you Trisha, I know you and I strongly suspect that you are going to take advantage of what I’ve just told you.”

“Too right am girl, you just wait until you’re walking again, I’m going to flash your naked body all over the place.”

“Please don’t make me do anything like that”

“You know that you want to Saffy.”

“That’s beside the point, I don’t want to do it.”

“Yes you do.”

“Oh no I don’t.”

“Oh yes you do.”

We both realised what was happening and burst out laughing.

“So, Saffy, did you count the number of times they made you cum?”

“I lost count at 9. I think that there were 3 or 4 more times but I’m not sure. Did you count yours?”

“By your standards I’m frigid, I only came 4 times.”

“But I bet that they were good ones.”

“The best.”

Just then Tom returned with my blanket and Trisha put it over me, but it was folded and didn’t cover my tits or pussy. Tom laughed and said,

“I don’t know why you bother.”

“Neither do I.” Trisha replied, “But Saffy likes to pretend that she isn’t what she is.”

“I don’t want to get arrested and I don’t want you to get you arrested.”

“You’ve got away with it once so you will again.” Trisha replied.

“Maybe but at least the blanket was on the floor next to me so I had an excuse.”

“Okay Saffy, you got me there. Now, where to now, anyone hungry? How about a burger?”

“I can’t go into McDonalds like this.” I said.

“We could go through the drive-through.” Tom said.

“Or we could go to Burger King, they don’t get many kids in there.” Trisha suggested.

“I like Whoppers.” I said.

“So do I.” Trisha replied, “but I make do with Tom.”

“You can’t have had that many Saffy, you’re way too skinny.” Tom said, ignoring or not realising what Trisha had said.

Trisha got Tom to push the wheelchair for about the half mile to the Burger King. On the way we got the usual stares from people and I wasn’t sure if it was just because of my 4 plaster casts, or if they had noticed my tits and spread pussy.

A couple about our age were just leaving BK when we got there and they each held open one of the double doors so that Tom could wheel me straight in. I looked up at the girl’s face as we got close to her and I saw where she was looking. I heard her gasp and saw her face instantly go red at the shock of seeing my spread pussy then my conical tits.

Just as the doors were closing behind us I heard the girl say,

“Did you see her pussy Zack?”

I didn’t catch his answer.

Tom wheeled me right up to the sales counter, there being no one else waiting to be served. I looked up to the young man serving who was looking down at me. He must have seen my tits and pussy because he just stared as Trisha and Tom decided what they wanted then tried to order. The young man finally said,

“Sorry, what was that?”

I saw Trisha smile, her knowing exactly what had distracted the young man.

Order placed, Trisha manoeuvred me sideways to the table that was nearest the counter. She parked me so that I was facing the counter and she could lean over from a seat and feed me. At first I was a little annoyed that she’d left me where she had, but seconds after Tom brought the food over, a steady stream of male staff came and stood at the counter where they could look over and see my spread pussy and tits.

I did my best to ignore them as Trisha slowly fed me and herself. After she had fed me each little bit her hand went down to my chest, sometimes brushing over my nipple and sometimes bypassing my tit and resting on the folded blanket for a few seconds before taking her hand back.

Each contact of her arm and the blanket caused it to move down just a tiny little bit until finally as she moved her arm away, the blanket slid off me and down to the floor.

I saw Tom smile as Trisha completely ignored the blanket and the fact that I was now totally naked. She continued feeding me as I saw probably each member of the staff come to the other side of the counter and look over to me. Both Trisha and I somehow, managed to ignore the staff as we acted like I was totally covered.

We finished our meal and were just getting organised to leave when Tom said,

“Ice cream, anyone want an ice cream?”

“Good idea Tom,” Trisha said, as we all looked up at the board to see what they’d got.

Tom went and ordered them and I heard one of the not too bright staff say to him,

“Doesn’t she know that her blanket is on the floor and she’s all exposed?”

“Oh don’t worry about her,” Tom replied, “she won’t have realised, the medication that she’s on desensitizes the nerves just under her skin so she can’t feel if she’s covered or not. She’ll be fine.”

I nearly laughed but I also thought,

“I must remember that one.”

As we ate the ice creams a steady stream of staff came and pretended to do something or other as they looked over the counter to me. By the time we were finished I realised that I was feeling quite horny and that it wouldn’t take much for me to climax.

Tom picked up the blanket and draped it over one of my arms and as we headed for the door 2 of the young staff men came running over and opened the doors for us. Guess where their eyes were looking?

Out on the street Trisha stopped Tom as he pushed the chair and she put the blanket over me, folded and not covering my tits or my pussy.

Surprisingly, we made it back to my street without getting stopped or anyone saying anything. Plenty of stares but no vocal communications so in a way it was a boring journey home.

Trisha pressed the doorbell for me and daddy came and helped Trisha and Tom lift me onto my bed. Just before he left us he told me that he still hadn’t found someone to keep me company the next day and he said that he was going to phone a nursing agency.

“Don’t do that Mr. Peterson,” Trisha said, “we’ve got it covered, Tom here isn’t at college on Mondays so he’s volunteered to keep Saffy company.”

I looked at Tom who looked a bit bemused but he didn’t say anything.

“Are you sure Tom, because Saffy may need to use the bedpan.”

“Don’t worry Mr. Peterson,” Tom said, “I’m sure that I’ll manage, it can’t be any worse that dealing with the chemical toilets when I went camping with the Scouts.”

“Well that’s very good of you Tom, I’ll try to get back as early as I can.”

“No need to rush Mr. Peterson,” Trisha said, “I’ll come here straight from college so I’m sure that we’ll be okay.”

“Well thank you, both of you, it’s much appreciated.”

“Hey,”Trisha added, “what are best friends for?”

“Give me a bell when you need me Saffy.”

With that daddy was gone and Trisha turned to both Tom and me and said,

“Right you two, a challenge for tomorrow. At the rugby club Saffy reckons that she had around a dozen orgasms, plus the one that her father gave her when he shaved her this morning, plus the one that he will give her tonight to help her sleep, that’s 14. So, the challenge for tomorrow is for you Tom, to give her more that 14 orgasms before I get here from college.”

“No Trisha,” I said, “I don’t accept your challenge, I’ll be too knackered.”

“Does that matter, it’s not like you won’t be able to stay on your feet.”

“Very funny Trisha, Tom, please tell me that you won’t take part in this stupid challenge.”

“Well Saffy, it sounds fun to me, and I couldn’t possibly go against my girlfriends wished.”

“Oh shit,” I said, “I’m going to be a wreck by this time tomorrow.”

“Oh,” Trisha added, “and take lots of photographs and videos of Saffy in the throws of her orgasms Tom.”

“Yes boss.” Tom replied.

“All this talk of orgasms is making me horny.” Trisha said.

“Well if you and Tom want to fuck right here don’t let me stop you Trisha.”

“What about your father, I don’t want him seeing us.” Trisha replied.

“He’ll be in the front bedroom or the Lounge, and he won’t come in here unless I buzz for him. It’s not teatime or bed-bath time.”

“Are you sure Saffy?”

“Yes, of course I am, would I deliberately let my father see a naked 18 year old girl?”

“Very funny Saffy, Tom, come here and take my clothes off.”

“You can do it outside if you want Trisha, but stay where I can see you please. You’ve seen me cum lots if times today so I want to see you two cum.”

As they stripped I looked over to the houses at the bottom of the garden and was pleased to see Roger and Ian in their bedrooms, I hoped that they’d look over and see the action.

I’d never seen Tom’s cock before and it looked quite nice, I just wished that I could masturbate as I watched him take Trisha doggy style just outside the Patio doors. I wished that I could have photographed and videoed them as well. Trisha was getting quite a collection of photos of me naked and cumming so it was only fair that I had some of her.

As they fucked I saw Roger watching whilst he used his phone, then Ian turned and watched with his phone still to his ear. I guessed that it was Roger on the phone.

After Tom emptied his balls inside Trisha and she’d come down from her high, she got up and said,

“That’s going to be running down my legs all the way home, you should have cum in my mouth then I could have swallowed it.”

“Sorry Love.”

“Hey Trisha,” I called out, “you can use the bathroom to get cleaned up if you like.”

“Naw, it’s a nice feeling and someone might spot it and realise what I’ve been doing.”

“No modesty some girls.” I said.

“Look at the kettle calling the pot.” Trisha replied.

I smiled, she was right, it wasn’t the first time that we’d seen each other getting fucked but the previous times had been in darkened rooms at parties with lots of other people all around us. This was in broad daylight in my back garden.

“Okay Saffy, we’re leaving now.” Trisha said, “I’ll be back around 4 tomorrow afternoon but Tom will be here at 8 in the morning, and you make sure that he makes you cum at least twice each hour.”

I relaxed and thought about my day. It had been good and I’d enjoyed my legs being further apart revealing inside my lips and, probably, the inside of the entrance to my vagina. I really was an exhibitionist and I wondered if I could get Tom to move my legs further apart on the bed. My feet were already at the edges of the single bed but the casts were rigid, could they support me if the bottom parts of them were overhanging the sides of the bed? I was going to ask Tom to experiment, and it would give him better access to me for his hands.

Daddy was going to find me very wet when he gave me my bed-bath later.

I groped around with my fingers and found my phone and the TV remote then opened one of my social media accounts to see who was doing what. I got a bit of a surprise when up on the TV screen came a photo of me, in the wheelchair and the blanket on the floor beside the chair. I was, of course, naked and at the second the photo was taken I had a big smile on my face like I was enjoying myself – which I probably was.

I experimented with the voice commands and finally manage to zoom in and I stared at my larger than life pussy on the screen. I could see everything, right down to the little bubbles of my juice escaping my open vagina. Of course I’d done what probably every girl does and squat over a mirror or taken selfies of their pussies, but to see myself up on the big screen of the TV was amazing. My Urethra looked so small, my clitoris so big, my vagina just a little open. I have very little labia minora and they weren’t blocking the view of anything.

And all this was from a photograph taken by goodness know who and posted on social media. It was good enough to be used in a human anatomy class. I suddenly felt so proud of myself as my pussy started tingling.

Then I heard daddy say,

“Been getting Trisha to take some photos of you have you?”

I blushed and replied.

“Err yes, I wanted some to remind me of the worst 3 month of my life.”

“It will be soon over, you mother’s pussy used to look like that.”

“They all look the same daddy.”

“Now you know that that isn’t true, how many girls do you know with a clitoris as big as yours?”

“Err, none.”

“There you go. You get as much pleasure out of that as you can Saffy while you’re still young. The desire to have fun like that will reduce as you get older.”

“I hope not. Anyway daddy, when are you going to start looking for a girlfriend? And don’t use me as an excuse.”

“I don’t know, I don’t have the time.”

“I know, I’ll sign you up on a dating website.”

“Don’t you dare young lady.”

“Okay daddy, but you have to do something, you don’t want to be all on your own when you get old.”

“I will, but my priority right now is you, what would you like for your tea? After that I’ll get you washed and ready for the night, you look tired.”

“I am daddy, you wouldn’t think that laying on your back all day could be so tiring. Can we just do a basic wash tonight please?”

“Sure, I’ll get the tea started.”

Over the rest of the weeks that I had my casts on Trisha and Tom took me to the Rugby club every Sunday and I / we had just as much fun. They took me at different times so that it was different teams most of the time. It was even the away team sometimes when it was match day instead of a practice day.

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It was early when daddy woke me up. He told me that he’d have a long day at work and he wanted to get an early start, but that didn’t stop him from doing everything that he does for me just about every morning. My pussy was feeling very smooth after he’d shaved me and then clinically brought me off ready for the day. If only he knew what sort of a day I was going to have.

Daddy didn’t want to leave me on my own but I kept telling him that I’d be okay. Finally, after going round the house to make sure that everything was turned off and unplugged, he left me at 06:30.

I got onto social media and easily found some more recent photos of myself. I also found one video of some boy making me cum. The video didn’t show his face and I didn’t recognise his clothes. I wondered how many views that video would get.

Tom arrived just before 8 and came round the back where daddy had left the Patio doors open. After greetings I said,

“Are we really going to do this? I have no idea what it will do to me.”

“Give you a lot of pleasure I guess.”

“You don’t have to to do it if you don’t want to Tom?”

“I want to, I want to make my girlfriend’s best friend happy. Besides if I don’t it will be no sex for me for weeks.”

“Okay, but before we start I’ve had an idea that you might like Tom, Please can you gently spread my legs some more so that the bottom part is hanging over the sides.

“Won’t that hurt?”

“I don’t think so but there’s only one way to find out.”

One leg at a time Tom slowly spread my legs some more. They ended up just as wide, maybe a little wider, than when I was in the modified wheelchair the day before.

“I can see right inside you Saffy.”

“And I can feel the fresh morning air inside me. Tom, to meet Trisha’s target you need to make me cum every about 30 minutes, or if we take out some time for lunch, drinks and pee breaks, you need to do it every 20 minutes. Now, spreading my legs more will make it easier for your hands but with a bit of luck you will be able to get to my pussy from the bottom of the bed with your mouth, do you fancy trying to make me cum with your mouth some of the time? I’m sure that Trisha won’t mind because she said that you can fuck me if you want. I know that that’s not possible for a few weeks but if you can get your head there it will be better for you, and for me.”

“How about I alternate, fingers then mouth? That way I won’t get cramp or lock-jaw.”

“That would work for me. I’ve been looking forward to this ever since I woke up.”

“So that’s why you are so wet.”

“Guilty as charged. So do you need anything before you start?”

“Yes, can I play with your tits as well? Don’t tell Trisha but I like your tits, they’re so cute and solid and a nice small size.”

“Thanks Tom, that would be nice, I like them being played with. Anything else?”

“Yes, to keep Trisha happy is there a piece of paper and a pen so that we can show Trisha the time each time that you’ve cum?”

I told him where he could get them then asked him if there was anything else. He answered that question by reaching over and touching my clit. I gasped and my body shuddered.

“Wow, you’re clit is so sensitive, this is going to be easy.”

Three minutes later I had my second orgasm of the day and as I came down from my high Tom wrote 8:12 on the piece of paper. Then he turned to me and asked,

“Do you want to wait for 20 minutes or shall we see if I can get on the bed and eat you out now?”

“Go for it Tom.”

Tom carefully climbed onto my bed between my legs and lowered his head. I felt his shoulders nudge the casts on both my thighs but it didn’t hurt then his tongue licked right up my open slit to my clit and I gasped and moaned. Then he flicked my clit with his tongue and I moaned louder.

Then he got down to seriously making me feel amazing then cum, and he was good. It didn’t take long before I was having another intense orgasm.

“8:23” I said when I was able. “Write that down Tom.”

“Already have Saffy. Is that the first time that a man’s gone down on you Saffron?”

“No, but the previous times weren’t as good as that Tom.”

“Trisha’s been giving me lessons.”

“Remind me to thank her.”

“It was a lot easier to make you cum because of your big clit, is it a case of the bigger they get the more sensitive they are, Trisha’s isn’t anywhere as near as big or sensitive as yours.”

“I have no idea, I don’t remember it being so sensitive, or as big, as it has been lately.”

“Well you are 18 now, maybe it get more sensitive the older you get.”

“I hope not, in a few years all it will take is the slightest touch with anything and I’ll cum like a steam train. I don’t know that I could cope with that.”

“Maybe you’ve reached your peak now you’re a fully grown adult.”

“I hope so.”

“Will your tits stay like that as well, they’re superb like that, I’ve never seen tits so pointed and conical and they feel like they’re made of rubber.”

“Thank you, I think, I have no idea if they’ll stay like this or not, only time will tell, but I like them as they are as well.”

“So do I Saffron.”

“Can you do that to me again please Tom?”

Tom did, and later wrote 8:39 on the paper.

“Do you want another one with my tongue or shall I get off the bed and use my fingers?”

“One more with your tongue please Tom, can you manage that? You’re not about to get lock-jaw or something are you?”

“No, it’s so easy to make you cum Saffron, you’re like cum machine.”

“Thank you Tom, I’ll take that as a complement.”

“It was meant that way Saffron.”

8:58 was the time that Tom next wrote down, then I asked him to give me a 10 minute break. As I recovered we talked some more and Tom joked,

“At this rate we’ll reach your target of 15 orgasms before lunchtime, You’ve cum 4 times in the last hour, plus one from your father, 5 orgasms before 9 o’clock, you really are a cum machine Saffron.”

I didn’t know if I should be proud of myself or worried that there is something wrong with me but I was determined to see how many I could get to.

“Seriously,” Tom said, “we should start alternating tongue and fingers, it will be no fun trying to make you cum if you’re out cold.”

“I don’t know if it’s possible to have an orgasm when you’re unconscious.”

“It probably is, men have wet dreams so I guess that women can as well, just more difficult to find the evidence, and sleep isn’t that different to being unconscious is it?”

“Well if I do pass out you can try and make me cum, then we’ll know. Right, are you ready to give me number 6 Tom?”

By 12 o’clock we’d got up to 13 orgasms and I needed a rest, and so did Tom. I told him to go and raid the fridge and get something for me as well. Over the next 20 minutes we ate and talked and generally let our bodies recover.

Then we got back to the task in hand, or should I saw in fingers or in mouth. I got Tom to alternate between his tongue (and teeth because I definitely felt his teeth scraping my clit), and his fingers playing with my clit and finger fucking me.

By 3 o’clock we’d got the total to 19 and I was starting to think that we should call it a day. After I’d rested I could get daddy to give me a clinical orgasm as he washed me before bed and that would make it 20. Which in my mind was one hell of an achievement.

However, Tom was eager to eat my pussy at least 2 more times. We had a short break then he climbed onto the bed between my legs again and got to work. Five minutes later number 21 arrived and he kept going and another few minutes later number 22 arrived.

I was just coming down from that last high when I saw Trisha looking at me. Tom was still on his knees between my legs, and Trisha had brought another girl from college. Rosie was stood next to Trisha with a big grin on her face.

“Hi Saffron” Rosie said, “how are you doing?”

“Knackered, and it’s all Trisha’s fault.”

“What, that’s not right, I wasn’t driving that car.” Trisha replied.

“No, but you came up with that stupid challenge.”

“So how did you 2 get on, or did he get on and fuck you all day.”

“No I didn’t Trisha, it was Saffron’s idea, spread her legs some more and let me go down on her.”

“Well did it work? How many did you give her?”

“Don’t be jealous Trisha but she had 21 orgasms.”

“Fucking hell.” Both Trisha and Rosie said, Rosie adding,

“It would almost be worth breaking all my arms and legs. That’s one hell of a stud that you’ve got there Trisha.”

“Trisha,” I said, “your boyfriend has got a bad case of blue balls, hitch up that skirt and let him release all 21 orgasms worth of his cum inside your cunt.”

“I can’t do that, we’ve got company.”

“Don’t mind me you two,” Rosie said, “I’ll just sit here between Saffrons legs, look at her well used pussy and do some verbal catching up.”

As Rosie and I were talking we could hear the grunts, groans and moans from Trisha and Tom just through the patio doors. I could also feel Rosie’s fingers gently toying with my clit. She eventually said,

“You know Saffron, that’s one hell of a clit that you’ve got there girl.”

That comment took my mind back to the pleasure of the day and number 23 arrived.

“Oh my gawd,” Rosie said, “sorry, I wasn’t trying to make you cum, just marvel at that amazing clit.”

“That’s okay Rosie,” I replied when I could, “you should have seen what happened to me in the park and at the rugby club over the weekend. Did Trisha tell you?”

“She did, and she sent everyone the photographs. You know that you are going to be very popular with the boys when you come back to college, they’re all talking about your shaved pussy and those amazing tits and clit, they all want to get their hands on you.”

When Trisha and Tom had finished they came inside and Rosie continued,

“Hey Trisha, do you think that we could get Saffron to college in that wheelchair one day?”

“I hadn’t thought of that. The college is wheelchair friendly, that girl from the finance course gets around okay doesn’t she, so we should be able to wheel Saffy around okay.”

“She won’t get much work done but the boys and the male teachers will all appreciate us taking her in. I wonder if they’ll give is extra credits.” Rosie added.

“Hey,” I interrupted, “what about me, don’t I get any say in this?”

“No.” Both Trisha and Rosie said at the same time.

“Oh fuck.” I thought as I felt my pussy tingle and get wetter.

Just then I heard daddy shout,

“I’m home.”

He came straight in and asked me what sort of a day I had had.

“Okay daddy thank you, Tom was good company.”

“We can do it again next Monday if you like Saffron.”

Daddy answered for me.

“Yes, thank you Tom, that’s very good of you to give up your days off for her, she’ll have to find a way to thank you.”

I looked over to the grinning Tom and said,

“How was your day daddy?”

“Like I’d never been away, this working from home is really good, I can get everything done from here without all that travelling. Now, who wants something to eat.”

Trisha, Tom and Rosie excused themselves and I wondered if I should ask daddy to skip my clinical orgasm when he washed me later.

Number 24 arrived a couple of hours later.

Tom volunteered to look after me every Monday until my casts came off and each one was a repeat of the first one and each Monday (thankfully daddy went to work) Tom screwed Trisha out on the patio after she got there from college. And twice I saw Roger watching them perform.

I / we made it up to 31 orgasms on one of those Mondays, something which I am very proud of.

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