**Saffron gets hit by a car**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 05**

Things went back to the new normal for the next couple of days and I had a quiet time with just daddy looking after me. Although a ball from over the back did keep coming over each evening and 3 excited young men came to retrieve it and I let them continue their education.

Then on the Thursday morning daddy woke me early telling me that we had to rush because Trisha and Tom were coming round on their way to college. I assumed that it was just to talk to me about something and wondered what it was that she couldn’t text me or phone me about. All the time assuming that they were joking about taking me to college, it was a stupid idea and not practical at all.

They arrived just as I was recovering from daddy’s clinical orgasm, Trish asking daddy if I was ready.

“Ready for what?” I asked.

“We’re going to the place where you should be going every day.”

“You don’t mean college do you?”

“Yep.”

“Oh fuck, no, you’re kidding me. Tell me you’re kidding me, pleeeease.”

“Nope, get ready to be shuffled into that wheelchair girl.”

“You’ll have a great day at college.” Daddy said, “Talk to all your friends and keep your hand in at the lessons.”

“It’s not MY hands that I’m worried about daddy.” then I added,

“But we can’t get the chair on the bus.”

“We’re walking, that’s why the early start.”

“Oh shit, please tell me that you’re joking, is it April the first?”

It wasn’t, and 5 minutes later I was being wheeled down the street with the blanket just about covering me. Fortunately, or not, Trisha and Tom were in a bit of a rush and we zoomed along ignoring the stares and the odd comment, but as soon as we got in sight of the college gates they slowed down and other students started the stares and the questions.

I looked down at my chest and saw that the blanket had slipped just below my nipples, low enough for anyone to see the shape of my little tits. I was also sure that if the people in front of me looked they’d be able to see my spread pussy.

We slowly went in, fending off most of the questions and ignoring my exposure. Neither Trisha nor Tom are on the same course as me but Rosie is, and Tom handed over control of the wheelchair to Rosie and another girl on my course, Nikita who I hadn’t see since before the incident and her first words were,

“My gawd Saffron, I saw the photos and the videos but I didn’t think that it was all for real, are you really stuck in those for 3 months?”

“Yes I am.”

“And without any clothes?”

“Yes.”

The she went on to ask how I went on about the basics of life, so I explained that my father was doing all those things for me.

“What about your periods?”

“Daddy puts my tampons in for me.” I replied.

“Oh my gawd, that must be horrible for you, I mean a man, your father, I couldn’t let that happen to me.”

“Not a lot of choice Nikita.”

All the time that we’d been talking people had been walking by or stopping and staring at me. I didn’t like it but in the back of my mind I think that I was actually enjoying it. My nipples were rock hard and tingling a bit, and so was my pussy, it was tingling a little bit, and very damp, and my clit was letting me know that it was still there..

We made it to the classroom and Rosie and Nikita moved a desk out of the way so that Rosie could reverse me into its place. Then in walked Mr, Reynolds.

“Saffron, what a surprise, I didn’t know that you were coming in. It’s great to see that you think that you are well enough to be here, but are you well enough? You look a little apprehensive, glowing, but apprehensive.”

“I am sir, this is a surprise that Trisha orchestrated and I couldn’t exactly run away from it.”

“Well it’s good to see you, and I’m sure that everyone here will want to see all of you and ask you lots of questions, would you like to say a few words to answer the most obvious questions that I sure everyone wants to know. It might stop you having to answer the same questions over and over throughout the day. Tell you what, let me spin you around so that you’re facing everyone.”

Mr, Reynolds did just that. The thing was the blanket. Trisha had done a pretty good job of tucking it in, proving that she can when she wants to, but that was nearly an hour ago and the wheelchair had been bouncing along the footpaths for most of that time. It had slipped a bit revealing my nipples as we got to the college but Mr, Reynolds manoeuvring the chair was the final straw and as he moved me the blanket slipped right off me.

Either Mr, Reynolds didn’t realise, or see it on the floor, or he chose to ignore it and let everyone see what he had seen when he came round to my house. Whichever one it was I was left naked facing the rest of my class. Rosie and Nikita said and did nothing and I should have asked them to put the blanket back over me, but I didn’t, why, I don’t know, or maybe I do, but I just started talking, telling them everything from me leaving Trisha’s house that night to waking up in hospital, getting that bad news then being told about the shortage of gowns and then being put in the wheelchair and then onto my bed which daddy had moved down to the dining room.

Looking round the room as I talked I confirmed how different people are. The couple of prudes who couldn’t even look at me, those with sympathetic looks on their faces, and those who obviously would like to get their hands on my body. I could also see a few boys who actually had got their hands on my pussy in the park the previous Saturday.

Finally, Mr, Reynolds thanked me then turned the chair back round so that I was facing him, and he still ignored the blanket.

Most of the next nearly an hour was spent with Mr, Reynolds looking down at my spread pussy and my tits. I couldn’t take any notes so I had to just listen, not that I could concentrate, my brain was dreaming about Mr, Reynolds doing what Tom had done to me the previous Sunday.

Much of the rest of the lessons that day were spent in a similar way, although the blanket stayed mostly on me and I was really glad that I didn’t have any of the miserable old cow teachers for lessons that day,

At the cafeteria at lunchtime Nikita and Rosie took me to meet up with Trisha although I didn’t get the chance to have anything to eat or drink because of the other people wanting to ask me questions, and stare at me for a while.

Thankfully, no one tried to touch me or take any photographs. I guess that everyone had enough of those already.

When the day was finally over Trisha and Tom took over from Rosie and Nikita but as soon as we got out of the college gates the boys came to gawp at my naked form. Rosie had checked the blanket at the end of each class, but only lightly tucking it in so it kept sliding off and Trisha had taken it right off as soon as we got out of the gates, and Trisha told some of the boys that they could touch me.

Of course the boys interpreted that to mean touch my tits and pussy and that’s what they did. The result being me cumming twice before the end of that street. I was happy that Trisha and Tom were in a hurry to get me home.

As we got close to home Trisha asked me if I’d enjoyed my day. I told her that I had.

Trisha and Tom took me to college every Thursday with similar results, and I have to confess that I enjoyed being naked at college most of those days. When I was there the second Thursday, and at whilst we were in the cafeteria, the Art teacher came over to have a word with me. He then told me that there was always vacancies for a model in his classes if I was interested.

When I said that I might be interested he added that I’d get paid for it and that I didn’t have to wait until I could walk again, he’s be more than happy to have his students draw me as I was, plaster casts as well.

That surprised me and I said that I’d think about it.

That afternoon when I should have been concentrating on the lesson I was thinking about modelling for the art students, some of which I knew. I decided to talk it over with Trisha the first chance that I got.

That chance was as they wheeled me home, Trisha, being Trisha, didn’t wait until I’d made up my mind, and she told me that she’d go and talk to the art teacher the next day and sort something out.

The next Wednesday, and 2 more Wednesdays before my casts came off, Trisha and Tom came and collected me and wheeled me to college and deposited me in the art classroom for the day. For 4 lessons on each of those Wednesdays I just sat there, without the blanket, while the students drew me.

I was impressed at the detail of my pussy that some of them drew.

Of course I only had the one pose but the teacher said that that was okay, that the students could do the same drawing each rime and he’d see how they’d improved over the weeks.

The third Wednesday that I was there I asked the art teacher if I could model for his students when I got the casts off. Unsurprisingly he said that I could, and when I told Trisha she just said,

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

I couldn’t disagree with her.

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During the second month of my confinement a policeman came to see me. Neither daddy nor I thought to cover me with the blanket before daddy brought him into the room. I could see him looking at me as he tried to be as professional as he could as he talked to the naked me.

He told us about the court case for the driver and asked us if I would consider going to the court proceedings and give a ‘victim impact statement’ to the judge and jury. He told us that it might influence the judge to give the driver a more severe sentence.

Well I for one wanted the bastard to suffer as much as possible so I agreed.

The day of the court case saw daddy pushing the wheelchair with me on it, down the streets to the court. Going that way was the only option because there was no way that I could get in a car or taxi, even one of the big 9 seater ones.

Just before we left I got daddy to put the blanket over me and to make sure that it was tucked in properly. The last thing that I wanted was for it to slide off me and leave me exposed with daddy and all those law professionals there.

It took us 45 minutes to get there but we made it and were met by the same policeman and the prosecuting solicitor who explained that I would get called in and all I had to do was answerer a couple of simple questions. It sounded easy.

As we sat outside the court waiting quite a few people stared at me but I could see that my tits and pubes were covered so I wasn’t worried. The only way that anyone could see my bare pussy was if then got on their hands and knees in front of the chair.

The time came and daddy started to push me in but a man, I think his job was an Usher, stopped him and told him that he couldn’t go in and that it was his job to wheel me in.

The Usher wasn’t that good with wheelchairs and the sides of the chair banged the doors, then some of the chairs as we went to the front of the court.

The thing was, since leaving home with the blanket nicely tucked in, it hadn’t been checked, there was no need as it was still covering my tits and pussy, but all the bouncing along the footpaths had loosened it and the Usher banging the chair as we went into the court room was the last straw and just as we got to the front of the court the blanket slid off me and onto the floor.

The Usher was too busy positioning the wheelchair where he wanted me and didn’t notice.

The judge looked up, then down at me, and after a few seconds silence he said,

“You are Ms. Saffron Peterson, the young lady who was knocked over by the car?”

“I am.”

“And you have been like that since the night of the accident?”

“I have.”

“How long will it be before those casts come off?”

“Another 3 weeks.”

“Have the doctors told you what will happen then?”

“They have told me that I will have to have another 3 months physiotherapy for me to learn to walk again and to get the use my arms and legs back to where they were before that night.”

“So all-in-all you will have lost 6 months of your life and suffered a lot of pain on the way young lady?”

“Assuming that the physiotherapy goes as planned, yes.”

“Thank you Ms. Peterson, you may leave now.”

As I was waiting for the Usher to come and collect me I looked around the room, there weren’t many people in there but they were all looking at me. At one table there were 2 men, one shuffling some papers and the other just sitting there looking at me. I assumed that he was the bastard driver. He was a middle-aged man in what looked like an expensive suit and the bastard didn’t look at all sorry for what he had done.

“I hope that they lock you up and throw the keys away.” I thought as the Usher appeared beside me.

“Sorry about that.” He said as he picked up the blanket and spread it over my body.

“That’s it,” the policeman said, “thank you for coming here, hopefully it will influence the severity of the sentence. You may go home now.”

And that was it. I’d sort of expected more and felt a little let down but that was that. Daddy went behind me and started pushing the wheelchair out of the building. We didn’t get far before the blanket started slipping down. Daddy was concentrating on the traffic and the number of people walking about, and it was few minutes before he looked down and saw that my breasts were fully exposed. Of course I’d noticed but I was actually enjoying the exposure, my nipples had got rock hard and were actually throbbing a bit.

When daddy did notice he stopped and apologised then tucked the blanket behind me firmly, spoiling my exposure and pleasure.

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The next notable event, other than the regular events described above, was the removal of the casts. I was both happy and unhappy that everything was going to change. Happy that I would finally be able to move my arms and legs and get some mobility back. I’d already worked out that I wouldn’t be able to run home after the casts came off, that it would take some time for my limbs to return to full and normal use. I WAS unhappy that I’d have no excuse for having my tits and pussy on display for people to see. I’d got used to it and actually started getting pleasure out of it. Trisha was right, I had become an exhibitionist.

Daddy got a letter from the hospital telling us that they had arranged for an ambulance to pick me up, but only me, daddy would have to make his own way there, which, when we thought about it was good because daddy would go in his car which would mean that we had a means of getting home.

The letter didn’t tell us to take anything with us but daddy assumed that I would need some clothes to wear and he asked me which clothes I wanted.

“Just a summer dress and shoes.” I replied.

“No underwear Saffy?”

“No, I might find that it’s too difficult to put them on to start off with.”

Well that was the excuse that I gave daddy, I’d break it to him gently that I never intended to wear bras and knickers again and had started to wonder why on earth women would want to wear them. The only exception being the unfortunate women who had huge breasts and needed some support to stop themselves hurting themselves. I was lucky, mine are small and reasonably solid.

“Yes, you’ll probably find it hard to get your hands to where they are needed to start with Saffy. I’ll pack that dress that has an elasticated top that you can just step in to it and pull up.”

If it was the dress that I thought he meant, he was right, I hadn’t worn it for a couple of years when my tits were just little bulges. I wondered what my traffic cones would look like in it. The other thing was that it was quite short when I last wore it and I had got a few centimetres taller since then,

“Good idea daddy.” I replied. “Do you think that they’ll lend me a normal wheelchair if I can’t walk properly?”

“I’m sure that they will, but let’s cross that bridge when we get there, you might be able to run out of the hospital.”

“I wish.”

At the appointed time daddy lifted me into the wheelchair and wheeled me out to the front to wait for the ambulance. As I waited I was sad that that would be the last time that I an excuse for being naked in public with my legs spread wide. I started to try to think of ways that I could be like that, with or without a legitimate excuse. I couldn’t think of any.

The ambulance was similar to the one that brought me home but with a different driver. This one appeared to be more caring, even if he was a lot younger. As he loaded me inside I could feel the blanket slipping a bit and when he put the brakes on the wheelchair my nipples were already exposed. I saw the driver look at them, smile, then he asked me if I was okay.

“Fine thanks.” I replied.

I looked out of the window and saw daddy getting into his car, then I looked around inside the ambulance and saw a handful of people, mainly elderly, all just staring forwards.

“Jeez,” I thought, “this is a pensioner’s day trip.”

As we bounced along the inevitable happened and the blanket slid off me and onto the floor.

We arrived at the hospital and those who could get out on their own did so, then the driver turned to me.

“Woah there, what happened to you? Did someone pinch your blanket?” He said as he stared at my naked body.

“It slid off, down between me and the side of the ambulance and I had no way to stop it.”

“So I see, let me get you off the vehicle then I’ll get your blanket for you.”

As I was going down on the ramp backwards I noticed all the people walking by, some of them turning their heads to look at me.

“Have a good look folks, this might be your last chance.” I thought to myself.

The driver put the brake on then went for the blanket. As he came down the ramp I looked at his eyes and saw that he was getting one last look at my spread pussy. I felt it tingle. Then he covered me, tucking the sides behind me before wheeling me into the main entrance where he left me at the side of the room when I told him that my father was probably having problems parking.

Daddy arrived a few minutes later carrying the bag with my dress and shoes then he wheeled me to the right department. We checked-in at the reception then a nurse came round and asked me a few question. As she was ticking the boxes she said,

“Is there any reason why your legs are spread wide rather than together?”

“My friend spoke to one of the doctors just before I went home after getting the casts and she told me that I had to keep them as wide apart as I could.”

She smiled then replied,

“Your friend has been playing a practical joke on you Saffron, I hope that it hasn’t been too embarrassing for you.”

“That bitch Trisha has done it again.” I thought, “what can I do to get my own back?”

The questionnaire was finished and the nurse wheeled me into a treatment room where 2 more nurses manoeuvred me onto a table.

“I’ll get something to protect your modesty.” One of the nurses said.

I so wanted to tell her not to bother but I stayed quiet.

A few minutes later a technician or whatever his title was came in and asked me if I was okay and if I was ready to be released.

“Yes please.”

“Well I just have to take some x-rays to check that everything has healed properly then your freedom awaits you.”

The x-rays proved that I was good then the man asked me if I wanted to keep the casts, adding that some people do to remind them of what happened to them. I was about to say that I didn’t then I actually said,

“Yes please, I have a good use for them.”

And a vision of Trisha naked with those casts on her limbs came into my head and I smiled at the thought,

“Summer holidays, get her drunk, strip her, put the casts on her and wait for her to wake up.”

Twenty minutes later both my arms and both my legs were feeling fresh air for the first time in 3 months. I felt great. The technician said that his job was done and he left me with a couple of nurses.

“So Saffron, let’s start with your arms, try bending them please?!

I waggled my fingers then tried to bend my elbows. I managed it but said,

“That was harder that I thought that it would be.”

“That’s to be expected but you did good, now can you lift your legs?”

I knew that I could do that because I’d been doing that a little quite often over the last week but found the casts to be too heavy to lift far. I strained then lifted and was pleased that my legs went up.

“Now bend your knees.”

That was harder but gravity helped me and my feet went down onto the table. It was when my feet landed that I thought about the sight that the nurse at the foot of the table was seeing, but I didn’t care, and she wasn’t looking anyway.

“Now the hard bit, try to lift your butt up which will put your weight on your leg muscles.”

“I did, but couldn’t get my butt up as far as I thought that I should be able to.”

“That’s good Saffron, now sit up and swing your legs over the side, rest for a few seconds then try to stand on your feet.”

As I sat up the sheet covering me dropped to my waist. I pulled it out of the way then swung my legs round. I was totally naked as I pushed myself off the table, the 2 nurses moving in ready to catch me.

“I DID IT.” I shouted as I let go of the table but I spoke too soon and my legs buckled.

Four hands grabbed me and lifted me back onto the table in the sitting position.

“That was good Saffron, most older people wouldn’t have been able to do what you just did, two or three months physio and you’ll be running around like an athlete.”

“I never did like athletics.” I said.

“Well, maybe a new hobby for you. Have you brought some clothes to put on?”

“Yes, my daddy’s got them.”

“Okay, I’ll go and get him and send him in, Then I’ll get a standard wheelchair whilst Wendy here books you in for some physiotherapy for you. Will you be able to get there okay?”

“Yes, my father will bring me.”

“Good, back soon.”

I sat there totally naked and cursing myself for not being able to stand up. I so wanted to walk out of there.”

Seconds later daddy came in and saw me. He was smiling as he said,

“Saffy, you look so much better without those casts on. The nurse tells me that everything is good and that you just need some physio.”

“Are you saying that I look good naked daddy?”

“I was referring to you being without those casts, but yes, you do look good naked.”

“Well that’s good because your work isn’t done yet, I can’t even stand up.”

“You will Saffy, give it time. Don’t expect miracles. You’re young, it won’t take long. Do you want me to help you put the dress on?”

“Yes please daddy.”

Daddy pulled the dress over my head and pulled it down a far as it could go with me sat on the table. It had hurt a little as I lifted my arms up but it wasn’t too bad. It felt really strange having something cover my body but I was happy that the dress wasn’t a tight fit, although the elasticated top did cling to my body and tits.

Daddy bent down and put my shoes on. As he stood up the nurse came back with a wheelchair. She saw my face and realised that I wasn’t happy.

“I’m sorry that you can’t walk out of here, most people who have broken both legs have your expectations, but none of them ever walk out, they too had to do physio, Just be patient, you’ll get there. Do you need any help getting into the wheelchair?”

“I’ve got it.” daddy said as he lifted me up, turned and plonked me down in the wheelchair. The dress had never fallen down to it’s full length and still hadn’t when my bare butt landed on the seat.

“At least that was easier than before.” I said, trying to cheer myself up, “but I must remember to put a towel on that set otherwise I’ll be sitting in a puddle.”

Daddy put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed a little which I found comforting.

The other nurse returned holding a card and gave it to daddy telling us that it was a list of appointments and asked that someone phone the number on the card if there was a problem. Then she said to daddy,

“It will help Saffron if you can get her to do some exercises in her own or with some help, anything that gets her arms and legs moving, the more exercise the better but don’t push her too hard, rest is important too. She’s asked to keep the casts but I don’t know how you are going to get them home.”

“What do you want those for Saffron?”

“A reminder, we can keep them out in the shed.”

“Okay, for now, Nurse, can I take Saffron out to the car then come back for the casts?”

“Sure, I’ll put them behind the receptionists desk. Good luck Saffron, I hope I never see you again, professionally that is.”

“Thank you.” Daddy said and started wheeling me out.

It was so much easier for the person pushing the wheelchair without my arms and legs sticking out like a starfish and we were soon outside and heading for the car. With a little help from daddy I managed to get into the passenger seat of the car and daddy put the wheelchair in the back, then he headed back in to get the casts.

As I sat there I decided that I was going to exercise a lot and hopefully reduce the time before I was running around again. I wanted to start straight away but what could I do in the confines of the car? All I could do with my legs was lift my feet up, which I did, but what could I do with my arms. The only thing that I could think of was taking my dress off then putting it back on, so I did. I couldn’t see anyone else in the car park so I did it again.

I’d just got it off when I heard the back of the car opening then daddy coming round to the drivers side.

“What are you doing Saffy? We can’t drive home with you naked.”

“Why not? It’s okay daddy, I was just getting some exercise.” I replied putting my arms up and letting the dress slide down onto me then pulling the top of it over my tits.

As we drove home I started thinking about things at home, then fired a few questions at daddy.

“Can we leave my bed down in the dining room for now please, I don’t think that I can climb up the stairs yet.”

“For as long as you want Saffy.”

“It feels weird wearing clothes, do you mind if I stay naked and slowly work my way back to wearing clothes?”

“Sure, whatever makes you comfortable Saffy, but I think that you should wear at least a dress to go to your physio sessions.”

“Would you mind if I walked around the back garden to exercise? As soon as I can stand that is.”

“That’s probably a good idea Saffy, if you legs give out in the house and you fall over you might hit the furniture and hurt yourself, if you’re on the grass it take one problem away.”

“Instead of using the bed-pan will you help me to the downstairs toilet?”

“More that happy with that Saffy. I must have been feeding you the wrong food because your poo stinks.”

“Sorry daddy.”

“It’s not your fault Saffy, and as soon as you can climb the stairs I’ll get your bed back up to your room and you’ll be able to have proper showers.”

“That will be nice, I’ve been wanting to have a proper shower for months. Hey, maybe you and Trisha or Tom could carry me up to the shower tonight?”

“We’ll see, let’s get you onto your bed so that you can have a rest first, It’s not just your arms and legs that need exercising, all that laying about has reduced your stamina level, you’ll need to build that up again.”

“So it’s lots of walking about and lifting things for me then?”

We arrived home and daddy got the wheelchair out and helped me get out of the car and into it. As he wheeled me round the back to go in the patio doors I did a stupid thing, when daddy lowered me into the wheelchair my dress hadn’t gone under me, my bare butt being on the seat. I leant forward and slowly pulled my dress up and off.

“What are you doing Saffy?”

“That’s enough of wearing clothes for one day.”

“Do you want me to get a bra and some knickers for you? You’ll be able to get them on now.”

As daddy was helping me onto the bed I said,

“Daddy, I think that I’m going to stop wearing bras and knickers, it’s not like I need a bra for support and I’ve got used to being without either of them so I don’t want to go back to being restricted by them.”

“Fair enough. Your mother used to shun underwear as well, you’re turning out very much like her.”

“Not totally I hope. When I find my Mr. Right I intend to stay with him.”

“I’m pleased to hear that Saffy. You shouldn’t have much of a problem doing that if you’re going to stay like that all the time.”

“Daddy, I will be putting some clothes on when I go out, I don’t think the police would be too happy if I started walking the streets like this.”

“Would you like to do that, walk about in public naked, you mother always wanted to do that, maybe she does that now.”

“I guess that I am like mum, I keep thinking about doing that, and that blanket kept sliding off leaving me naked when Trisha took me to the park. The thing was, I must have liked being naked in public because I never screamed at her to cover me again.”

“Well you had an excuse when you had those casts on, but if you do decide to wander around without any clothes on just be careful not to get caught by the police.”

“I will daddy.”

“So do you intend to stay naked at home Saffy? It won’t bother me if you do, after all, you’ve been naked on that bed for the last 3 months.”

“You know daddy, I think that I might just do that. Think of the money that I’ll be saving on clothes and washing. I love having a father like you daddy, I love you.”

“And I love you too Saffy.”

“With all the unpleasant things that you’ve done for me over the last 3 months you must do daddy.”

Daddy gently squeezed my arm then said,

“Get some rest Saffy, I’ll look in on you in a couple of hours. I think that you can reach the buzzer now.”

As I lay there I thought about what I had just told daddy. I’d admitted to him that I was an exhibitionist, not in so many words, but what I’d said could only be interpreted that way. And what about sex? Daddy had been clinically masturbating me to relieve my frustrations and tension, that would end now that the casts had gone, and could I now take care of my own needs? Would daddy offer to continue doing it for me? Would he mind if I did it in the same room as he was in? Would either of us want to take it further? Would we start fucking? Daddy must have needs like I have so would I be happy to let him fuck me? You know, I think that I would.

As I was thinking all that my right hand had moved to my pussy and I discovered that I can now masturbate on my own again. Should I tell daddy that I don’t need him to do it anymore or ask him to keep doing it for me. I smiled to myself at the thought of him doing it and then me doing it when he wasn’t around.

After I’d cum I thought,

“That drunk driver did me a favour in a way, my life is going to be so much more fun as soon as my arms and legs are back to normal.”