

Lauren Part II

It had been just over 3 years since I'd deliberately amputated both my legs and 2 years since my arms had been amputated making me a sexy quad amputee. Now most people would be distraught at having lost all their limbs but I was over the moon, I'd never been so happy or felt so sexy. My boyfriend Alex and I found so many things to do with my unique little body. We found we were both dirty little deviant perverts and had as much sex in as many places as we could.

One night in a fetish club we'd watched a girl get her clitoris pierced and Alex had suggested I'd get it done too. As much as I'd wanted to I still had to be washed and dressed daily by my parents and didn't really want the embarrassment of explaining it to them. I promised that the day I moved out I'd get it done. The morning I left for university Alex and I went into town to get my clitoris pierced, and I mean my clitoris, not the hood. I was really nervous as I slipped my thong off and spread my stumps and prosthetics. Despite the numbing gel it hurt like hell as it was done and I also had to try really hard not to orgasm. I couldn't put my thong back on afterwards, in fact I couldn't wear underwear for a week as my clitoris was so sensitive, I almost climaxed as soon as the cotton touched it. I'd worn a short skirt that morning and felt very naughty but very sexy getting the bus back to Alex's with no underwear on. As soon as we were through the door we bounded upstairs and I jumped onto the bed. Alex very quickly lifted my skirt and buried his head between my stumps. As soon as his tongue touched my newly pierced clit I felt like I was on fire, my orgasm was so hard I passed out. Once I'd recovered Alex fucked me doggy style. His balls banging against my red hot, throbbing clit made me climax hard as he shot his load deep inside me. We'd spent a few more hours together saying goodbye before I headed home for Mum and Dad to drive me to university in Brighton.

Alex and I went to different universities and had promised to make our relationship work and stay together. Fresher's week had been a blast, though it was more like fresher's month. I went to so many parties and made so many new friends. I was very popular. I was the life and soul of the party. I loved playing strip poker, even though I was rubbish at it. I always took my limbs off first, which caused a few gasps the first time, but despite the head start I always ended up 1 limbed and naked. Lots of guys tried to make out with me or ask me out, and a few I really wanted to take up, but I stayed faithful to Alex as promised.

We tried as hard as we could to make it work, but only seeing each other at Christmas, Easter and a few other weekends soon meant the inevitable happened and in the summer term we split up. We were both upset as we realised neither of us would find someone as unique as the other but accepted it was for the best. We still kept in touch though and saw each other in the summer holidays, even having a couple of fucks for old times' sake. He came to my 19th birthday party and gave me a beautiful first edition of *Wuthering Heights* as a present, it was one of my favourite novels.

Time soon came to return to university where I was studying English and Media. I'd spent my first year partying hard, really hard in fact. I'd found that in sexually relaxed Brighton my unique body was very popular especially in certain fetish clubs that I loved to frequent. My Dad had got pissed off with the amount of money I was spending on partying

and clothing so threatened that if I didn't get a job then, other than my apartment, he'd cut me off financially. I protested that there were no part time student jobs a limbless girl could do, but he wouldn't listen. He said 'You chose to be like this so you need take responsibility and get a job.' So after another amazing freshers week, which again was spent partying naked and limbless, and this time having a lot of sex, I applied to several places for work. I had no luck with any of them, most didn't even reply and those that did reply soon changed their mind when they saw me for an interview. I eventually put in an application to the fetish club I liked going to, I figured I spent so much time there anyway I might as well get paid. I was very surprised when a week later I got a phone call inviting me for an interview.

On the afternoon of my interview I skipped out of lectures a little early and went back to my specially adapted apartment. I undressed and took my legs off. My prosthetist Greg had designed a special device for getting my arms on and off when I was alone. To use it I leaned against it and pushed a button with a leg stump then 2 mechanical arms removed my prosthetic arms for me and held them until I was ready to put them back on. I used the device to take off my arms and then shuffled into the wet room for a shower. It had been redesigned with head height push taps. When I was done I shuffled out of the shower causing my boobs to bounce all over the place. I dried myself and wiggled into my silicone liners then got the machine to put my hooks on having decided they would probably be more appropriate for a fetish club. I then used my hooks to roll the silicon liners onto my leg stumps, took the cosmetic covers off my legs before sliding my stumps into the sockets then locked them into place before standing up.

I looked at my naked body in the mirror and could feel myself getting aroused at what I saw. My smooth, beautiful torso with my delightful stumps disappearing into my amazing exoskeleton prosthetics. I traced the lines of the tattoo I'd got in my second semester. It's a floral design that starts on my left stump and works its way over my hip, onto my tummy and stops just below my left boob. After getting it I couldn't wear my left leg prosthetic for 10 days. I wanted to masturbate there and then but decided I'd get all hot and sweaty and couldn't be bothered to go through all the hassle of getting my limbs off and on again to have another shower.

I walked over to my lingerie drawer, picked out my skimpiest black lacy g-string and matching basque. I slipped the g-string up over the cold metal of my prosthetic legs and wiggled it over my butt and hips, then managed to do up my basque and put in on over my head wiggling it on over my boobs. It was the only way I could get it on as there was no way I could do up the fiddly clasps behind my back with prosthetic hands. I reached into each side and made sure my boobs were comfortable, the cold steel of my hooks made me shiver and my nipples go hard. Finally I sat on the bed and put on my black knee high boots then stood up. I looked in the mirror again and considered turning up for the interview as I was but decided against it. I went to my wardrobe and picked out a short, tight black dress which I put over my head then slid it down over my boobs and hips. The dress sat at the same level as the cuffs of my leg prosthetics which meant if I bent forward even slightly anyone watching would be able to see my g-string.

There was a ring at my door followed by a shout of 'Taxi,' so I quickly brushed my hair, grabbed my handbag and walked out the door. The taxi driver looked a little shocked when he saw me but opened the door of the car for me. I got into the back seat trying my best to keep a little dignity by not flashing my g-string. It was only a 10 minute drive to the club. The driver got out and helped me out. I paid him before he got back in and drove

off. I walked up to the door and pushed the buzzer. A large man opened the door, I recognised him as one of the doormen.

‘Hi, I’m Lauren, I’ve got an interview here.’ I explained. He opened the door more and a smile of recognition spread across his face.

‘Ah, yes. Come on in.’ He said stepping aside. I walked in, he shut the door and indicated for me to follow him. We got to some stairs and he started to walk up then turned to me, ‘Oh, erm, are you going to be ok on stairs?’ he asked.

‘I’m fine, honestly.’ I replied and started to slowly walk up the stairs holding the banister tightly with my hook. I followed him the rest of the way and he led me into an office.

‘Take a seat, Mr Wood will be with you in a moment.’ He smiled and closed the door.

I took a seat at the desk. The cold leather against my butt cheeks made me shiver. I looked around the room, it was very well furnished. Behind the big wooden desk was a massive window which looked out onto the main floor of the club. I heard the door click behind me and turned around. In walked a very good looking man. He was probably in his late 30’s or early 40’s. He was very fit and obviously worked out, I could see his muscles through his shirt. He was ruggedly handsome in a kind of George Clooney way.

‘Hi, I’m Brett Wood, I run this place.’ He reached out his hand for me to shake, ‘Lauren is it?’

‘Hello, yes it is.’ I replied shaking his hand. He didn’t seem fazed at all by my hooks. We had a very long chat and he asked me all sorts of questions. I admitted to him that I had no experience at all but that I was keen and a quick learner, though I wasn’t sure what my limitations would be.

‘What do you think you can bring to the club Lauren?’ he asked.

I’d been waiting for this question and had been thinking about my answer for a while. I took a deep breath and started, ‘Well, as a quadruple amputee with prosthetic limbs I personify sexual fetish and BDSM. I’m lots of people fantasies all rolled into one. I have a unique body and a unique appreciation of my body. I doubt you’ll meet any other quad amputee that enjoys, appreciates and actually likes her body, her stumps and her prosthetics. I love the unique things I can do with my body and the helplessness it brings. When I’m with someone without my prosthetics on they can literally do whatever they want to me and I can’t do a thing about it, it’s the ultimate bondage.’

‘Wow.’ Brett answered looking impressed and maybe slightly aroused. ‘And, what happened to your limbs?’ he asked.

‘Well,’ I took another deep breath, ‘From quite a young age I was fascinated by amputees, I wanted nothing more than to be one. I hated my legs and wanted them gone. I used to pretend to be legless as much as I could. When I was 16 I sat in my room one evening and hacked off my own legs. I was rushed to hospital but my legs were starved of blood for too long and couldn’t be reattached so they closed up what was left leaving me with 2 sexy stumps. I was so happy and it got even better when I finally learnt to walk on prosthetics.’ Brett looked fascinated so I continued. ‘Shortly afterwards, I started going

out with a guy who it turned out also like amputees, he didn't want to be one, he just wanted to be with one so we were kinda perfect for each other. We'd been together a while when one night he used some bondage tape to tie my arms behind my back. The sex was amazing and I found I really liked not being able to use my arms. I spent as much time as I could as a 'quad' amputee and was always disappointed when Alex released my arms. We'd even started talking about ways in which my arms could be amputated. One night I got chest pain and couldn't breathe so I was rushed to hospital again. I had clots in my lungs and when they investigated further they found clots in my arms and that I already had nerve and blood vessel damage. They had to amputate both arms to save my life. I was so happy when I woke up, I really was now a sexy little quad amputee, just a torso with a head and 4 sexy stumps.' I finished and looked at Brett.

'Wow, Lauren.' I could see he was trying to think of something else to say. 'That's amazing.'

I shrugged my shoulders and smiled at him. There was a moments silence before he took a deep breath, 'Do you mind if I see your body?' he asked.

'You mean naked?' I asked feeling myself getting tingly with excitement.

'Yes, Lauren. If that's ok?' he replied.

'No problem at all, you might have to help me though?' I answered as I stood up. Brett stood up and walked round to me. 'Do you mind slipping my dress off?' I asked.

'Not at all.' He replied as he slowly slid it off my shoulders, down my artificial arms, over my boobs, tummy and hips then down my artificial legs before dropping it to the floor, allowing it to pool around my feet. I stepped out the dress and stood still. He looked me up and down then started undoing my basque, 'Do you mind?' he asked.

'Nope.' I smiled as he continued undoing it.

'Have you got any tattoo's or piercings?' he asked.

'Well, I have a floral tattoo up my side and I have my navel and clitoris pierced.' I replied.

'Nice.' He answered finally finishing my basque and letting it drop. My pert boobs held it for a second but a little shake soon freed it. He then stepped back and admired my body, he seemed impressed.

'What about my g-string?' I asked.

'Erm, well, no it's ok.' He replied.

'It's ok, you can if you want.' I urged.

'Well, it would be rude not to I guess.' He replied with a smile. He leaned toward me and slid my g-string down my prosthetic legs. I could feel a breeze across my now naked body causing goosebumps to form. I felt so sexy standing there naked with just my prosthetics and knee high heeled boots on. He looked at my body properly then had a very close look at my clit piercing. 'It's a proper clit piercing I see, not just the hood.'

‘Yeap, hurt like hell but totally worth it.’ I told him as I felt it start to throb. Brett carried on staring for ages so I said, ‘Do you want to take my limbs off so you can see the full effect?’

‘Are you serious?’ he asked now visibly aroused.

‘Yeah, you need to see what you’re getting.’ I replied.

‘Well, it would be rude to not got the full effect I suppose, especially when you’ve gone to so much effort.’ He said with a smile.

I stepped forward and reached into my handbag taking out the suction release key. I sat on the chair, this time feeling the cool leather on my butt cheeks and pussy lips. I spread my legs and slowly removed each prosthetic for him before dropping them to the floor. Next I slowly rolled the silicone liners of each stump and dropped them to the floor to join my legs. Finally I removed my right arm and silicone liner before dropping them to the floor as well.

‘This is where I get stuck I’m afraid, do you mind helping me?’ I said to Brett.

‘Oh, err, I’d love too.’ He stammered in reply. I explained step by step how to remove my remaining arm. Once it was off he placed it on the floor with the pile of my other limbs. I dropped myself down to the floor and sat there allowing him to take in my tiny limbless body. I then bounced closer to his desk and stood on my leg stumps resting my arm stumps against his desk. I leaned forward slightly showing my butt better then wiggled it around. I heard him gasp so I sat back on the floor and opened my leg stumps wide to allow him to have a better look.

‘How often do you shave?’ he asked.

‘I don’t anymore, I used too, have done since I was 13. Started getting waxed when I was 15 then had electrolysis when I was 16 so it would never grow. So now I’m smooth forever.’ I replied maintaining constant eye contact with him.

‘Very nice.’ He said still staring at me, there was a long pause before he continued, ‘Need me to reassemble you then dress you?’

‘Don’t you want to sample the goods?’ I asked cheekily spreading my leg stumps a little more.

‘I don’t think that’s a good idea Lauren.’ he replied, though he looked reluctant.

‘Oh,’ I replied feeling embarrassed and suddenly very vulnerable, ‘Look, I didn’t come here with the intention of that, I just thought that the way you’d treated me that you were up for it. You certainly seemed that you were.’ I said pointing my arm stump at the enormous swelling in his trousers. ‘I’m sorry if I’ve offended you. Just forget about it. Could you just get my arms back on, I can do my legs and get dressed myself.’

Brett stood there for a moment, he seemed he was contemplating his next move. He took a deep breath and walked toward me. ‘You sure about this?’ He asked.

‘Only if you are.’ I replied.

‘Oh, I’ve wanted to fuck you since you first started coming to this club.’ He said as he started to undo his trousers, ‘Prepare for a shock though.’

I sat there watching him not sure what I was about to see. He undid his flies and started to slide his trousers down. He seemed to have difficulty as he got them over the massive swelling in his trousers. As he eventually pulled them down dropping them to the floor I gasped as I saw he had 2 cocks, both about 10 inches and massively erect. I kept staring until I was interrupted by his voice. ‘Diphallia.’ I heard him say.

‘Sorry?’ I asked breaking my stare away and looking back at his face.

‘It’s called Diphallia,’ he repeated. ‘I was born with 2 cocks, both fully functioning, I piss out of both and can have sex with both. Only bad point is that if I don’t ejaculate regularly it gets painful.’

‘Any excuse eh?’ I replied with a slight laugh.

‘Yeah.’ He replied. He then walked over to me, picked me up and lay me on his desk. He knelt on the floor, I opened my stumps and he buried his head in my pussy. I was groaning as the warmth spread from my pussy across my torso. Once I was wet he stood up and took his shirt off showing his well toned chest and stomach covered with several tattoos. He then held both his cocks. ‘Where do you want them?’ he asked.

‘Wherever you want. Do you think you can get them both in my pussy?’ I asked.

‘I can try, I’ve managed it before.’ He then held them together and slowly started working them into my pussy. It hurt a little but nothing more than when I’d been fisted. His 2 cocks were so long and hard it wasn’t long until I could feel the end of them against my cervix. Brett gently started thrusting harder and faster. He held me tight by my hips to stop me sliding around. It didn’t take long before my first orgasm took hold. I felt so full. My little, limbless torso shook and my 4 stumps thrashed around. As I tried to catch my breath he slid both cocks out, then slid one back into my still throbbing pussy and the other into my asshole. He held my hips tighter and started to pound me hard. I could feel each of his 2 cocks deep inside me. My 2nd orgasm started to build. I desperately wanted something to squeeze my tits with. I screamed out as he too started to orgasm. I could feel his semen spurting over and over deep into my pussy and ass. He pounded me harder and harder through our combined orgasms.

Brett stood panting for a few moments before sliding his 2 cocks out of me. I felt a pop as the one came out my asshole followed by our combined fluids dribbling from both my holes. He collapsed into the chair as I lay on the desk, both of us struggling to control our breathing. I could feel my pussy and stumps still twitching.

Once we’d both recovered Brett stood up and dressed himself before collecting up my limbs. He helped me sit up and asked ‘How do I get these back on then?’ I explained step by step and he replaced my 4 prosthetics. I slipped my g-string on and Brett helped me get my basque back on before I put on my dress. I sat back in the chair, reached into my handbag, got a hairbrush out and brushed my hair. As I did I felt more of his cum dribbling into my thong.

We sat in silence for a little until Brett said ‘That’s why I started this place, as a place for people with weird body abnormalities or strange fetishes to have a place to be what they want to be.’

‘Well, I love it here. The first time I went to a fetish club I was taken by my ex, I was really nervous until we got there but had an awesome night. We went back there loads of times and when I moved down here I was so glad to find this place. I feel really comfortable here, that’s why I applied for a job here.’ I replied.

Brett smiled. ‘So, Lauren, I guess you’ve got a job then.’ He said with a smile, ‘The only problem is, I don’t really know what job to give you, I’m not sure what you can do. Would you be prepared to try a few different things?’

‘Yeah, of course. I’m up for anything. What you got in mind?’ I asked.

‘Well, maybe a little hosting, a bit of dancing and maybe some bar work if you can manage it. You’re too beautiful and unique to have you out back so I want you front of house.’ He continued, ‘You up for wearing skimpy clothing or maybe going naked. Also are you comfortable going without your prosthetics and showing off those wonderful, sexy little stumps?’

‘Hell yes, I hate clothes and love being naked as much as possible. I didn’t do some very painful things to my body to then hide these beautiful stumps away.’ I replied.

‘Good, well come in on Friday in whatever fetish outfit you want and I’ll let you know what you’ll be doing, ok?’ Brett said.

‘Ok, thanks. See you then.’ I said as I stood up. Brett stood too and walked around his desk, he leaned toward me and gave me a kiss. I kissed him back then turned toward the door. He walked out with me and said goodbye again at the door.

I went straight into town to all the sex shops and lingerie shops, buying lots of things to wear at the club. When I got home I stripped naked, sat on my bed and took my legs off. I then tried all my new outfits and lingerie on. The final outfit was a baby pink crotchless PVC thong and some pink star shape nipple pasties. I looked at myself in the mirror and was really turned on by what I saw. I took some pictures with my iPhone then laid back, opened my stumps and started rubbing my clit. The cold of my metal hooks made me shiver. I rubbed harder and faster until I had a nice, hard orgasm. Once I’d caught my breath I slipped my PVC thong off and peeled the pasties off my boobs. I then dropped myself onto the floor and shuffled over to the arm removal device. Once my arms were off I shuffled over to the wet room and had another shower. The jets of hot water felt good on my sex sticky body. Once I was done I dried off, got into bed and drifted off to sleep.

Friday finally came round. I woke up, slid to the floor and bounced into my wet room. Once showered I dried myself off and used the arm device to get my myoelectric arms on. I then shuffled to my bed got myself up onto it and sat on the edge. I got my stump liners out my bedside drawer, rolled them onto my leg stumps then slipped my legs on before standing up and clicking them into place. Next I slid the cosmetic covers over the legs. I walked to my lingerie drawer, took out a light purple lacy bra and matching cheeky thong. I slid the thong up my legs and over my hips. I had to put my bra on backwards, do it up, turn it round then slide it up and put the straps up over my arms onto my shoulders, it was the only way I had found that worked since losing my arms. When that was done I walked to my wardrobe. As it was still warm out I put on a short cotton Hollister skater skirt and tight, short sleeved Hollister top. I slipped on a small, knitted cardigan, put on some Vans trainers, grabbed my bag and left for lectures.

The day seemed to really drag, I was so excited about starting work at the club that night. When lectures finished I went to a coffee shop with some friends for an hour or so before heading back to my apartment. Once I was back I stripped naked then removed the cosmetic covers from my legs and swapped my myoelectric arms for my hooks. I thought about wearing just the crotchless PVC thong and pasties but decided I probably shouldn't be quite so outrageous on my first night so I chose a dark blue lacy thong and matching basque. I put some black ballet flats on to show off my prosthetics to the full. I checked myself in the mirror and couldn't wait to be seen by hundreds of people. I put some sweatpants and a hoodie over the top as I didn't think going outside half naked was a great idea, as much as I wanted too, then I jumped into a taxi.

We pulled up outside the club, I paid the driver and one of the doormen came over and helped me out. It was still early and there were no clubbers there yet. Brett was waiting for me and led me down to the changing room. He introduced me to the other performers and hosts, most were nice though a few turned their noses up at me. I didn't care. I stripped off down to my basque and thong and stood up for Brett to get a good look at me.

'Well, what do you want to do with me?' I asked.

'So many things Lauren,' he replied, 'But tonight, how do u feel about taking your arms and legs off and dancing on a podium?'

'I like it, but what's to stop me falling off?' I asked both worried and excited.

'I'll show you. Let's get those limbs off first though.' He assured me. I sat down and Brett removed all my limbs. He picked me up, carried me through to the club area and placed me onto a waist height podium with an upright pole coming out of it that went all the way to the ceiling. He then placed a thin leather belt around my waist and attached it to a strap that was attached to the pole. 'Came up with this the other day, it should keep you safe. How long can you stay up on your stumps?'

'Erm, not sure, never really tried for more than a few minutes.' I told him.

'Ok. Well, I'll get someone to check on you regularly and if you're getting tired or need the toilet they can get you down. How's that sound?' he offered.

'Sounds great.' I replied.

The podium started to feel cold on my butt cheeks and thigh stumps. I leaned back and checked the belt and strap would hold, which, to my relief, they did. The club got dark, the strobe lighting started followed by the music. I could feel the bass vibrating in my stumps and butt. People started to crowd up to the bar and onto the dance floor. I stood up on my stumps and started dancing. At first I was slow and just wiggled my bum a bit but as I got more into it I was dancing around on my leg stumps and kicking them out, waving my arm stumps and wiggling and thrusting my body around. I found I was able to lean back on the strap and spin slowly around the pole like a pole dancer. I was having so much fun that when someone came to check on me an hour or so later I told them I was fine and carried on dancing. It wasn't until Brett came and checked on me another hour later that I decided I should take a break. He unstrapped me and carried me to the changing room. He slipped my thong off and sat me on the toilet.

‘Wow, your underwear comes off easy with such short stumps. How are you managing up there?’ he asked.

‘Yeah, it does, another advantage! I’m loving it, though now I’m sat down I realise that my stumps are really starting to ache.’ I told him.

‘Well, I’ll see what I can do about that.’ He replied. ‘You finished?’

‘Yeap, all done.’ I replied lifting my arm stumps toward him. Brett grabbed some tissue, wiped my pussy and slipped my thong back on, he then lifted me up and carried to one of the sofa’s in the changing room. He grabbed a bottle of water and held it for me to drink from. When I’d finished he sat next to me. He reached into one of the nearby drawers and pulled out a bottle of massage oil. ‘Conveniently placed!’ I said sarcastically.

‘Isn’t it just.’ He replied with a smile. He then squirted some oil onto both his hands and started massaging both my legs stumps. It felt amazing. I could feel him prodding through the flesh to find the end of my femur bones. Every so often I felt him rub along my pussy lips which made me shiver. After about 10 minutes he stopped and asked ‘Is that better?’

‘Yes, much.’ I sighed.

‘Good,’ He replied grabbing a towel and wiping my stumps dry, ‘Let’s get you back out there.’ He then picked me up, carried me out and put me back on the podium.

I spent the rest of the night pole dancing and loved it. Every so often someone would bring me a drink then I danced some more. At the end of the night, after all the clubbers had left the lights came up and Brett came to get me. He unstrapped me again and carried me off the dance floor.

‘Do you want me to put your limbs on and help you get dressed or do you just want to stay as you are and I’ll take you home?’ he asked.

‘Well, if you don’t mind taking me home it would be a lot easier to stay like this.’ I replied.

‘Ok, well, give me 10 minutes, alright?.’ I nodded. He carried me up to his office and sat me on the sofa in the corner then went downstairs again and brought my clothes and limbs up placing them on the floor. He then went back downstairs while I was left sat in his office not being able to do anything.

He came back up about 30 minutes later, ‘Sorry Lauren, took longer to cash up than normal, you ready to go?’

‘No, I’m a bit busy.’ I replied sarcastically lifting my arm stumps. Brett smiled, scooped me up then grabbed my limbs and clothes. He carried me downstairs, out of the club and into a waiting silver Aston Martin Vanquish.

‘Wow, nice wheels.’ I said.

‘Thanks.’ He replied. One of the doormen opened the door then took my limbs and clothes from Brett, he put them all in the boot while Brett placed me into the car. He shut the door and walked round the driver’s side. He got in, shut his door, leaned over me and put my seatbelt on, then did his own before starting the car. The engine roared into life, I

could feel it through my little torso, it made my stumps tingle. The luxury leather felt so soft and supple against my skin. Even though Brett was driving quite fast and accelerating hard the seat and belt held me tight.

‘Did you enjoy tonight?’ he asked.

‘Oh yes, every minute of it, can’t wait until tomorrow,’ I replied, then realising it was now almost 4am, ‘Well, tonight!’

‘Good.’ He replied. It wasn’t long until we were pulling up outside my apartment building. Brett parked the car up, got out and walked round the car, opened my door and picked me up. I shivered a little as I was still just in my lingerie and, although it had been warm during the day, it was late September and it had gone cold. Brett must have felt me shiver as he cuddled me to him tighter. He grabbed my bag and got my keys out then carried me inside placing me on my bed. He then went back outside and brought in my limbs and clothes.

‘Do you need some help getting undressed?’ he asked.

‘Please.’ I replied. ‘No way I’m getting this off without my arms on.’ I nodded down to my basque.

Brett smiled, walked over and undressed me, then carried me into the bathroom and sat me on the toilet. When I’d finished he carried me back to my bed. I loved the feeling of his warm body against my skin. Him being dressed and me being naked made me feel vulnerable and sexy.

‘What do you sleep in?’ he asked quietly

‘Nothing, I always sleep naked.’ I replied.

Brett smiled and laid me in bed. He pulled my duvet over me, kissed me gently on the cheek and turned to leave.

‘Oh, you going?’ I asked disappointedly. ‘I wondered if your 2 wonderful dicks needed to ejaculate again? I don’t want you to be in pain.’ I continued suggestively. Brett paused for a moment, turned around and walked back to my bed, he pulled the duvet back and started kissing me hard. I kissed him back and tried to put my arm stumps onto his shoulders. He slowly and gently kissed his way down my body working slowly round each arm stump, then round my boobs and down my tummy before working his tongue around each leg stump. He sat up, stripped himself off then buried his head into my smooth, legless pussy. I felt his tongue probe deep inside me.

‘Move yourself round, I want to take you in my mouth.’ I said trying to sound sexy. He did as he was told and soon both his rock hard cocks were in front of my face. While he carried on working my pussy and clit with his tongue I started sucking and nibbling at each of his cocks in turn. I tried to get both in my mouth at once but gagged so I stopped. Instead I worked each cock in turn deep into my mouth. I sucked and worked on each one until it seemed he was about to cum. I was close too. He turned himself around so he was facing me again.

‘Got any lube?’ he whispered.

'In my top drawer.' I said pointing with my stump. He reached into my drawer and pulled out the pink bottle. He put some on his hand and put the bottle down. Then he rubbed the lube all over his cocks.

'You ready for this?' he asked.

'Been ready since the other day.' I replied. At that he rolled me onto my front. I used my arm stumps to get my boobs as comfortable as I could. I could feel him working one cock into my asshole and the other into my pussy. Once they were both in as deep as they would go he paused to let my asshole adjust before starting to move in and out. Every so often he would pull almost out then slam back in hard. It made me squeal with delight and pain each time. He was soon pounding me hard. He put his hands on my shoulders to hold me still. I squealed out as an orgasm took hold. I felt him go rigid and groan as he too started to orgasm. I felt his warm fluids spurting deep inside my pussy and bowel as they rhythmically squeezed his cocks. My orgasm seemed to continue for ages. I felt his cocks slowly stop twitching inside me before he collapsed down next to me. He cuddled me tight to him and we fell asleep.

When I woke up the next day it was mid afternoon and Brett was gone. I stretched my stumps and noticed my leg stumps still ached. I rolled myself onto my front and slid onto the floor. I could feel Brett's cum pour out of both my holes. I shuffled into my wet room, went to the toilet then had a shower. After drying off I shuffled naked into my lounge and watched TV for a bit. It was soon time to get ready for work so I slid onto the floor and shuffled back into my bedroom and over to my device for putting on my arms. I realised that I hadn't put my myoelectric arms back on it after uni when I'd swapped them for my hooks and Brett hadn't put my hooks back onto the device for me.

'Shit!' I said aloud, 'What the fuck do I do now.' I felt completely useless as I just sat there limbless not being able to do a thing. I shuffled over to where my hooks and clothes were still in a pile. I managed to use my stumps and mouth to separate my hooks from my clothes then tried to get them on, I even tried to lay on the floor and slide a stump into one of them but nothing worked. I eventually managed to use my teeth to open the zip on my handbag and grab my phone. I held it with my teeth and shuffled to my bed. I dropped the phone onto my bed then used my nose to turn it over, unlock it and call a friend. The first few friends didn't answer and I was running out of girls to try so I tried one of my guy friends, Drew. He answered straight away. I told him I needed help and he said he'd come right over. 10 minutes later there was a knock on the door. Now I just had to work out how to let him in. I shuffled over to the door and managed to get the knob between my arm stumps, though my boobs got in the way I managed to turn it but couldn't shuffle back.

'Push the door a little.' I shouted. Drew gently pushed the door and me with it causing my butt to rub along the wooden floor. Once it was open a little I let go and shuffled out the way and Drew came all the way in. He stared at my naked, limbless torso for a few moments before asking what he could do to help.

'Can you get a set of my arms onto me please, then I'll be ok.' I explained.

'Ok, but you'll have to explain how to me.' He replied.

'I will.' I then slowly explained and Drew put my hooks on for me. He brushed his hands against my boobs as often as he could.

'Thanks so much Drew. I'd have been stuck without you.' I said then kissed him on the cheek.

'Oh, that's ok Lauren, anytime. Do you need me to do anything else for you?' he asked.

'No thanks, it's very sweet of you to offer but I'm fine, honestly.' I assured him.

'Ok,' He replied, ' Erm, Lauren, would you like to go out somewhere later?'

'Thanks, but I'm already going out tonight. Another time maybe.' I tried to let him down gently. Drew was lovely but I really didn't fancy him, he was more like a brother.

'Oh, ok, see you then.' He replied looking slightly dejected. As he walked out the door he had one more lingering look at me and left.

I got my legs on then decided to be more daring so slipped my PVC crotchless thong on and the skin coloured, daisy shaped pasties. I looked in the mirror and realised I looked topless from a distance. I called a taxi, put on some trainers, a hoodie and some short cotton work out shorts which showed off the cuffs of my prosthetic legs beautifully. I then ran outside, jumped into the taxi and went to the club.

When I got there I went straight to the changing rooms and stripped off, put some high heels on then sat there waiting for someone to tell me what I was doing. The other girls started to arrive.

A pretty, dark haired girl sat down next to me. 'Hi Lauren isn't it? I'm Chastity.' She said.

'Hi.' I smiled at her.

'So, what brings you to work here?' She asked as she started undressing.

'Well, I needed a job, this was the only place that would hire me with my unique body. Though I love showing it off so it worked out ok.' I explained.

'It's certainly unique.' She replied. 'How'd you end up like that?'

'Did it to myself.' I told her.

'Yeah, right.' She scoffed.

'No, really,' I replied. 'I'd wanted to be an amputee since I was young so when I was 16 I cut my own legs off. Then a year later my arms were amputated when I got blood clots in them from too much bondage.'

'Fuuuccckkk, are you serious? Too much bondage?' Chastity replied looking shocked. She was now naked and I could see she had her tongue, both nipples, navel and clitoris hood pierced along with lots of tattoos. She also had lots of jewellery on her bald pubis.

'Yeap, seriously, and I love it.' I said. I nodded toward her pussy, 'What's that?'

'It's a vajazzle. It's lots of little jewels stuck on to make a pattern. You have to be waxed first though.' She explained.

'Looks awesome.' I replied. 'I don't need to wax, I've had electrolysis.'

'Even better, I'd love to see my beauticians face if you turned up to get it done.' We both laughed. She then slipped a thong up her long legs, some fishnet hold-ups and then put on a see through bra and some high heels. She stood up and started to walk out, 'See you later Lauren.'

'Yeah, see you.' I replied back with a smile. Brett's assistant Katya came in. She was pretty with lots of piercings and tattoos.

'Lauren. You're greeting tonight, ok? You stand at the front door and greet any VIP guests then show them to their booth or suite ok?' She said. 'Do you mind doing it without your arms though?'

'That's cool.' I replied standing up. Katya took my arms off then I followed her out. I was a little wobbly and scared that without arms if I fell I would hurt myself but I quickly got used to it.

'Candice will be greeting too so any questions ask her ok?' Katya explained, 'Oh, and nice outfit. Here, it's slipped though' She reached down and moved my thong making sure my pussy lips and clit piercing were on show again. 'No point wearing that and not showing anything is there?'

'Thanks.' I replied a little shocked.

The club soon started to fill up and the VIP lounge was very busy. I greeted anyone that came to the VIP desk, checked they were on the list then showed them to their reserved booth or suite. I loved climbing the stairs knowing that if I fell I couldn't do anything to stop myself, or taking the guests to the lift and pushing the buttons with my arm stumps. I would take them up then introduce them to their slave for the evening who would get them any drinks or food they requested. The slaves were dressed in black, leather gimp outfits. I was getting a lot of attention and was loving it, I could feel my pussy swelling. I knew that with my prosthetics in heels, my butt looked awesome. I was getting a lot of offers of sex from guys, and some girls but I politely turned them all down. At the end of the night Candice put my arms on for me, I then changed my shoes and slipped my shorts and hoodie back on before getting a taxi home. As soon as I was home I stripped off, took my legs off then used the arm removal device this time so that I could get them back on in the morning, got into bed and fell asleep.

Sunday morning I had to get up early to go meet my parents for a big family barbecue for my Nan's birthday, so I didn't get much sleep. I showered and put my limbs on, this time the myoelectric arms and I put the covers on my legs. I brushed and straightened my hair and put some makeup on. Then I found a nice strapless white dress with blue flowers on to wear that came to about mid thigh. I put on a white thong and matching strapless bra then the dress followed by a pair of flat silver pumps. I put on my grey and pink Superdry windcheater, popped a cardigan and a change of clothes in my bag and left for the 10 minute walk to the train station. When I got there I grabbed a coffee and a croissant from the stand outside and boarded the waiting train. It was very full and I

had to ask someone to give up a disabled seat for me. He looked me up and down at first so I lifted my dress to show him the cuffs of my prosthetics. He immediately looked embarrassed, apologised and jumped up. I thanked him, sat down, put my earphones in, turned on my iPod and got settled for the long journey then started eating my croissant and drinking my coffee.

I changed trains at St Pancras and fortunately had a reserved seat on the next train. So I settled in again and fell asleep. I set my phone alarm and woke up just before my station. I got off the train and found my Dad waiting for me on the platform. He gave me a big kiss and cuddle and took my bag from me.

‘Hi Daddy.’ I said.

‘Hi Lauren. Good journey?’ he asked

‘Yeah, not bad, had to ask someone to give me their seat at Brighton as the train was packed, but he did with no issue. The train from St Pancras was also busy but I had a reserved seat so it was fine.’ I replied.

‘Good. And how’s the job?’ he asked. I’d told Mum and him I was doing bar work in a nightclub but hadn’t told them it was a sexual fetish club.

‘Yeah, good thanks. I’ve only done a couple of shifts but I really enjoyed them. It’s tiring though. I didn’t get to bed until almost 4 and I was up at 8. I slept on the train though.’ I told him.

‘Oh dear, but I’m glad you like it.’ He replied as we arrived at the car. He opened the back door for me and I climbed in while he put my bag in the boot. As I got in I kissed Mum and said hello. Dad then got in and started driving while Mum and I then repeated pretty much the same conversation.

‘How have your prosthetics and residual limbs been?’ She asked, refusing, as always to call them stumps. ‘Have you found a specialist down in Brighton?’

‘Fine, no problems,’ I replied. ‘Greg referred me to someone at Royal Sussex County. I’ve seen him once and he’s nice but not as good as Greg. He said everything was ok though. I think, unless I have any emergency problems, I’ll just see Greg when I’m back here.’

‘Ok then,’ said Mum, ‘If you’re sure.’

We pulled into the drive at my Aunt and Uncle’s house. Dad turned the car off and we all got out and walked into the house. My brothers Will and Adam pulled into the drive behind us and caught us up.

‘Alright Titch’. Said Adam as he gave me a big kiss and cuddle lifting me off the ground. Once he’d put me down Will gave me a kiss and cuddle too. My Aunt Debbie was waiting at the door and gave us all a kiss before taking our coats. We then walked into the garden where all the family was already there. My brothers and I went round and said hello to everyone then went and sat with our cousins.

I noticed Sam, the boyfriend of one of my cousins kept watching me. He was cute and only 2 years younger than me so I sat where he could get a good view of me. I even parted my legs a few times so he could look up my dress. My Dad and Uncle's barbecued while my Mum and Aunts fussed around with the salad and other food. Aunt Debbie was doing her normal walking round making sure everyone was eating. Now I've never had a big appetite and since being a quad amputee it's been even smaller, but she always insisted on giving me a big plate of food and then topping it up every chance she got. She always tells me I'm too skinny and she's going to fatten me up, my Mum tries to stop her but always to no avail.

After we'd sung happy birthday to my Nan and all eaten cake I started to feel cold so went and got Dad's car keys to get my cardigan out of my bag. As I leant in I felt a hand on my butt. Startled, I turned around and found Sam smiling at me.

'I've been watching you.' He said.

'I know, I'd noticed.' I replied.

'You're so hot!' he continued then leaned in to kiss me.

'I don't think so.' I said pulling away. 'Your Gemma's boyfriend, I can't do that to my cousin.'

'But you've been flirting with me all afternoon, letting me see up your dress and leaning forward every chance you got to let me see your tits. Come on babe, you want me too.' He continued.

'Wow, you're very full of yourself aren't you!' I replied. 'Tell me this, do you want to fuck me because you think I'm hot or do you just want to fuck a freaky girl with no arms and legs?'

'Little of both.' He replied. 'Ever since Gem told me about you I've wanted to meet you. I've seen pics of you and thought you were hot, but now I've met you you're so much hotter. I think you'd be an awesome fuck too.'

'And how do you suggest we don't get caught?' I asked.

'Well, we could go up to Gemma's room.' He offered.

'And what if she comes up?' I asked.

'Maybe she could join in.' he replied.

'I don't think so. Wait here.' I told him. I went in and told my Mum I was just going to show Sam where the shop was. Gemma was deep in conversation with another cousin so she didn't hear. I grabbed my purse and walked back outside, grabbed Sam's hand and said 'Follow me.'

Sam duly followed me to the nearby park. I led him through the gate and into the wooded area off to the far side. Once there we started kissing. After a few minutes I stepped back and slid my dress down my chest, tummy and over my hips then dropped it to the floor. I let him look at me in just my underwear for a moment before I sat on the ground.

'I take it you want me without my limbs?' I asked.

'That would be fucking awesome.' He replied.

'Fine, as long as you promise to put them back on afterwards.' He nodded so I reached into my purse and got the key out and then removed my legs. 'Right, pay attention as I take my right arm off 'cos you'll need to do this to my left.' I removed my right arm making sure he was watching. He then slowly removed my left arm leaving me as a limbless torso again. I could see a bulge in his trousers. He undid them and pulled them off revealing that his cock was only about 5 to 6 inches even though he was rock hard. He knelt down, laid me back and kissed me all over, concentrating on each stump. While kissing my left leg stump I could feel him having a really good feel of my right stump. He was pushing through the flesh to find the end of my femur like Brett had done the day before. Once he was done he slid my thong to the side.

'Wow, nice. I love a nice, shaved pussy.' He said.

'It's better than that,' I told him. 'I've had treatment so it will never grow back.'

'Nice.' He replied. He then reached into his back pocket and pulled out a condom.

'You won't need that if you don't want too, I have a contraceptive implant. Besides, it feels sooo much nicer without.' I told him.

'Wow, Gem never lets me go without.' He said putting it away. 'I've never had sex without one.'

'Well, you're in for a treat then.' I said sexily. At that he roughly slipped a couple of fingers into my pussy and moved them in and out for a bit making me wet. He then held his cock in one hand and gently guided it into my pussy. As he did I lifted my stumps up toward my tummy to get him in deep. Once he was all the way in he stopped. It was the first time a guy had got his whole cock inside my pussy as every other guy I'd been with was much bigger than Sam, it was unusual to feel his pelvis against my butt cheeks. Sam started thrusting in and out getting faster and faster with each thrust.

'It feels amazing, I love that with no condom I can feel how warm and wet you are.' He groaned. 'And these little leg stumps mean I get so deep.'

His thrusts got harder but further apart, he put his hands on my boobs to hold me still. Suddenly he gave a massive thrust and let out a groan. His face looked strained and I felt him shoot his warm cum inside me. He held still for a moment, took a deep breath and relaxed.

'Is that it?' I asked both angry and disappointed.

'Sorry Lauren, I've always wanted to fuck an amputee and to find one as amazing and beautiful as you just got me too excited. Also, not having a condom on felt so good' He replied.

'Well, you better find a way of finishing me off buddy.' I told him firmly.

He adjusted his position, slipped my thong off and started fingering me, first with just 2 fingers. He then worked a 3rd in. I could feel my pussy getting hotter and start to tingle, the warmth started to spread across my torso.

‘I could do whatever I wanted to you and there would be nothing you could do about it.’ Said Sam.

‘I could scream.’ I replied, though I was actually really turned on by the thought of what he was saying.

‘I can deal with that.’ He said taking my thong, screwing it up and forcing it into my mouth. ‘Now you can’t even do that.’

I was so hot and horny now. I could feel him sliding a 4th finger in. An intense feeling was spreading across my lower torso and down into my leg stumps. He leaned forward and spat onto his hand then worked his thumb into my pussy before finally his whole fist popped in. I jumped and screamed against my thong gag. He held his fist still inside me to allow my pussy to adjust before starting to move in and out. He was soon pounding my pussy. I could hear people taking as they walked past. Their dog came over and started sniffing me but Sam shooed it away. The thought of getting caught as a limbless, naked torso with a guys fist deep in my pussy got me so turned on I started having a hard orgasm. I could feel my pussy contracting around his fist as he worked it deeper into me then pounded me hard. I could feel fluid squirting from my pussy around his fist. My orgasm felt like it went on forever. I lay breathless on the ground recovering. I could still feel my pussy twitching around his fist which was still inside me. I shivered as he gently removed it causing more fluid to pour out down my perineum. Sam got up and put his trousers on. He then stared at me for ages before taking his phone out and taking lots of pictures of me. Once he was done he removed my thong from my mouth.

‘I hope you’ll never show anyone those pics, especially not Gemma.’ I said breathlessly.

‘No, these are just for me.’ He replied.

‘Good. Now, could you put me back together please, we need to get back.’ I asked.

‘What if I don’t want to? What you going to do about it? I could leave you here naked and limbless and there’s nothing you could do about it. I could leave you here and come and feed you and give you water and use you as a fuck toy, to do whatever I wanted to you. Anyone that found you could do what they wanted to you and there’s nothing your little, crippled, limbless, useless torso could do about it, is there Lauren?’ he asked threateningly.

‘No, nothing.’ I replied scared but also massively aroused. ‘But how would you explain to everyone at the party where I was?’

‘Hmmm, fair point.’ He conceded. He reached into his pocket, took out a tissue and wiped my pussy. He then slid my thong on and put my arms back on while I explained how. I started to pick up my legs but he stopped me, ‘No, I want to do it.’ He whispered so I explained how to do it. He helped me stand up, took one more look at my body then put my dress on me before giving me a gentle kiss on the lips. I got my small fold out hair brush from my purse brushed my hair, then got my make up mirror and checked my face. Once done we walked out the bushes and headed back to the party.

When we got back we went straight into the garden.

'You took your time.' Said Mum.

'Oh, erm, yeah, we went for a walk round the park too, I was feeling a little sick after all that food Debbie made me eat.' I replied.

'Good thinking, how you feeling now?' she asked rubbing my back.

'Ok now.' I smiled at her and she smiled back. I started to feel cold so wrapped my cardigan around me tighter. I could hear Gemma asking why Sam had come back from the shops with nothing. He told her he'd wanted some Jack Daniels but they'd only had big bottles. She then asked why he'd taken so long. Fortunately I'd gotten over there so I apologised and told her the same reason I'd told my Mum. She smiled and asked if I was ok, which I told her I was. Sam stood behind her and mouthed 'Thank you.'

We left the party late and Dad drove us back home. Mum helped me get my limbs off for bed. I noticed her give my tattoo and clit piercing the usual disapproving look before pulling my duvet over me.

'I know you don't like them Mum but I do, and it's my body.' I said gently.

'I know Lauren, doesn't mean I have to like anything you've done to your body though, but I know I have to accept it, you're an adult now.' She said quietly back before smiling then brushing my hair off my face like she used to when I was younger. She leaned down and gave me a kiss. 'Good night honey.'

'Night Mum, love you.' I replied. Mum walked out the room turning off the light as she left. I lay there for a bit thinking of Sam. My pussy still felt a little sore. I slowly drifted off to sleep.

Next morning Dad woke me up, 'Come on Lauren, time to get up if you want to catch that train.' He said gently. I opened my eyes and smiled at him before stretching while he opened my curtains. He pulled back my duvet and picked me up. It should have felt odd being naked around my Dad but I'd got used to it. He put me on the toilet then once I'd finished he wiped me and put me in the shower. He washed my torso all over then my hair. He wrapped me in a towel, picked me up and carried me back into my bedroom. He dried me off and got my limbs on for me.

'Thanks Daddy.' I said to him.

'That's ok honey.' He replied. 'Right, get yourself dressed, I'll make some breakfast, come down as soon as you're ready and then when you've eaten I'll give you a lift to the train station.'

I smiled at him as he left the room. I reached into my bag and got my underwear and clothes out before putting them on. I dressed in a tight t-shirt and skinny jeans with my favourite Etnies trainers. I walked downstairs, dropped my bag by the front door and found my Dad in the kitchen. He'd made me a bagel with jam and poured me an orange juice.

'Thanks Daddy.' I said to him. He looked up from his paper and smiled at me. When I'd finished I got my coat on while he cleared away the dishes. I slipped my jacket on and

we then both walked out to the car and got in. Dad reversed the car out and drove me into town.

When we arrived at the train station Dad parked in a disabled bay and jumped out. He went to the boot and got my bag out while I got myself out the car. He walked with me to the platform and waited with me until my train came in. He helped me onto the train where he gave me a quick kiss and cuddle before we said goodbye. I sat in my seat and waved at him as the train pulled out. I got my iPod out, put in my earphones and turned it on. I then got my iPad out, got comfortable and started reading an iBook.

It was soon coming up to Christmas and the club was getting busier. I'd spent almost every Friday and Saturday night working there. I'd also done some Thursday nights when I needed the cash or they were short of staff. I really loved working there and found more and more daring outfits. I also found my favourite job was limless pole dancing. I loved gyrating round the pole almost naked on just my stumps. I also enjoyed greeting VIPs and showing them to their booths, it meant I got to show off my unique body even more. I'd decided to stay on when university finished for the Christmas break and get the train home on Christmas eve so I could work every night at the club. I spent the nights mostly either dancing or greeting.

The night before Christmas Eve I arrived at the club and changed into an outfit that was basically a set of leather belts joined together by a couple of rings, it covered my nipples and pussy but not a lot else. I finished it off with my knee high leather boots. When I was ready I went and found Katya.

'What limbs do you want me to take off tonight?' I asked her.

'None Lauren, do you mind keeping them on, I need you on the bar tonight.' She replied.

'Oh, err, ok. I've never worked in the bar though.' I said.

'It's ok, Ali is going to give you a crash course.' As she said that Ali walked over.

'Hi, Lauren isn't it?' he asked.

'Yes it is, Hi.' I replied. He was an over 6 foot, well built Aussie surfer type with blonde hair and blue eyes. He was gorgeous and made me feel tiny. He led me down to the bar and showed me the basics. It was very hectic all night but I loved running around and bending over to get bottles out of the fridges knowing that everyone was getting a good look at my leather thong and ass. I did have to take my boots off on my break as they were making my stumps ache, though that meant I struggled to reach some of the optics. I found I had to be careful with my hooks with the glasses but after breaking a couple I soon learnt the correct amount of pressure to apply. By the end of the night I was exhausted. I helped collect the glasses and the other staff found my hooks were useful for taking the trays of hot clean glasses out the glass washer without using a glove. When we were all cleaned up Ali thanked me for my help and we walked back to the changing rooms. Once there I couldn't be bothered to change so I just popped my coat on top and stuffed my clothes into my bag. I wished everyone a merry Christmas and headed out to get a taxi. As I opened the door there was a shout behind me.

'LAUREN, WAIT!'

I turned around and saw Brett running down the steps.

'It's alright, I'll take you home.' He said then shouted 'THANKS.' To the taxi driver.

'Oh, ok, thanks.' I replied and followed him back in.

'I'll be 5 minutes.' He said so I stood by the door waiting for him. A few minutes later Brett came back downstairs, he put his arm around me and guided me toward the door. As we stepped out one of the doormen pulled up in Brett's Aston Martin, he jumped out leaving the driver's door open and ran round to open the passenger door for me. I slowly got in and got comfortable while Brett walked round and got into the driver's seat. He put the car in drive and pulled away.

It was about 10 minutes into the drive when I realised that we were not heading to my apartment.

'Err, Brett, where you taking me?' I asked nervously

'It's a surprise.' He replied mysteriously.

'Brett, I've got to go home to get some sleep, I'm on a train first thing to go back to my parents for Christmas.' I replied firmly.

'It's ok Lauren, I've got it all sorted.' He assured me.

'But....' I started to say before he broke me off.

'Shh,' he said putting a finger on my lips. 'Trust me babe.' At that he turned the music up and accelerated onto the dual carriageway. I realised I wouldn't win and there was nothing I could do anyway so I sat quietly.

After about ½ hour we pulled off the road and drove into a wooded area. Brett parked up the Aston and put the parking brake on.

'I've always wanted to fuck a girl in this car but it's impossible with a girl with a full compliment of limbs, they just get in the way.' he said suggestively.

'Oh really,' I replied. 'And conveniently you now know a girl who doesn't have that problem.'

'Yeah.' He replied undoing his seatbelt and turning toward me.

'I'd love to Brett, in fact I'd really love too,' I started to reply. 'But I've really got to get home to get some sleep before going home tomorrow.'

'It's fine Lauren, I'll drive you.' He replied.

'Brett, it's too far.' I told him.

'Well, I've decided I'm going to see my Mum and hopefully get to see my kids. They all live up near your parents.' he explained. 'So I thought we'd drive up now, stay in a nice hotel nearby to get some sleep then I'll drop you off later.'

'But don't you need to be at the club tonight, it's going to be really busy?' I asked.

'Nope, I've left Katya in charge.' He replied.

'Ok, but what about my clothes and my other arms?' I asked

'It's all sorted.' he replied.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Well, while you were working I found your keys, went to your apartment to pack some stuff for you but found you'd made it easy and already packed so I grabbed your bags and your myoelectric arms and put them in the car.' he said proudly.

'Wow, you thought of everything.' I replied, 'Guess I'm at your mercy then.'

He undid my seatbelt, leaned over and we started kissing passionately. He slowly removed my coat and threw it into the back. We stopped kissing and he reached into my bag for the key for my prosthetics. He then slowly removed my legs and put them in the back then did the same to my arms before rolling the liners off my stumps. I was now sat limbless in just my leather straps outfit. He looked my abbreviated body up and down before we started kissing again. He reached down and slid my outfit off my shoulders, down my chest and tummy then over my hips, I then lifted my leg stumps for him to pull it out. He threw it to the floor and buried his head into my boobs. As he stroked, kneaded and kissed them I felt a warm tingle spread across my torso. I let out a groan and rubbed the back of his neck and head with my left arm stump. He slid his right hand down stroking my tummy as he did. I opened my stumps wide, he moved his hand between them and started rubbing my clit. Once my pussy lips had parted slightly he slipped 2 fingers inside me causing me to groan again.

'I want your cocks inside me now.' I whispered.

Brett sat back in his chair, undid his belt and trousers and started to slide them down. He then went to lift his bum to slide his trousers down but ended banging his head on the roof.

'Oh, Ow, Fuck.' He shouted grabbing his head. I started laughing which made him laugh too while still rubbing his head. 'Need to be more careful.' He said more quietly then carefully slid his trousers down revealing his 2 massively engorged cocks.

I tried to wiggle around so that I could lay down and take one of his cocks into my mouth but I couldn't manage it. 'I want to take you in my mouth babe, help me move.'

He slid his chair as far back as it would go then reached over, picked me up and sat me on the car floor between his legs. I leaned against the chair then took one of his massive cocks in my mouth. I gently started suckling at the end then slowly worked my way down before working back up. I gently worked my tongue inside the tip making him groan. Suddenly I took the whole lot in deep into my throat sucking harder and harder. I could tell he was about to climax so sucked harder.

'Lauren, I'm about to cum.' Brett whispered. I murmured and continued sucking. 'No babe, I want to cum inside you.' He continued.

I lifted my head up and looked at him, 'I want your cum deep inside me too babe but I also want to taste you. I'll suck you until this cock cums then I'll ride your other one until you cum inside me.' I said to him sexily.

‘They don’t work like that babe. I’ve only got one set of balls so when one ejaculates they both do.’ He quietly explained.

‘Oh,’ I replied disappointed. ‘Well in that case pick me up and put me on those beautiful cocks.’

‘Where do you want them?’ He asked as he lifted me.

‘Wherever you want you want to put them.’ I replied as sexily as I could.

Brett lifted me off the floor of the car and held me close to him. I kissed him while he placed the tip of both his cocks into my pussy. I was too light to slide down them so he held me by the hips and slowly slid me down making me groan with pleasure and pain. He carried on holding me by the hips and pumped me up and down hard. He got faster and faster as I felt the waves of an orgasm spread across my abbreviated torso. I lifted an arm stump toward his mouth which he started sucking and kissing making it tingle. My orgasm continued getting harder and harder. He too started to orgasm and squeezed me tight pulling me further down onto his cock. We both climaxed hard together, I could feel his fluid spurting deep inside me as my pussy contracted tighter around his cocks. He let out a gasp followed by a groan as he finished and I collapsed breathlessly only his chest. I could feel my pussy still twitching with his 2 cocks deep inside me.

We sat cuddling for what felt like ages before Brett lifted me back over onto my seat, leaned down and got his trousers back on. He then reached over and put my seatbelt on leaving me naked on the seat. He made sure the hot air was pointing at me then drove out of the woods and back onto to road. The feeling of being completely naked, limbless and helpless was amazing. I could see Brett looking over at me every so often. I felt the car’s speed increase and saw the speedo hit 100. I settled into the comfortable leather seat and drifted off to sleep.

I woke the next morning with the sun streaming down onto my still naked torso. I lifted my head and looked around. Brett was asleep next to me in the most comfortable, luxurious bed I had ever slept in. I continued looking around the room, it too was very luxurious with floor to ceiling windows and deep leather furniture. I put my head back down on to the sumptuous pillow and lay there not being able to do anything else. I stroked Brett with my arm stump but he continued sleeping. I lay there for ages until I started feeling horny. I again stroked Brett with my arm stump but he still slept. I thrust my stumps down in frustration. I looked down the bed again and saw both of Brett’s massive cocks were erect. I managed to kick the sheet off us using my leg stumps then, with difficulty managed to roll onto my front and sit up. Slowly I shuffled myself down a little so I could get a good look at his 2 amazing cocks. They were both just over 10 inches long, very thick, both with a big vein running down the middle of them. They sat side by side and were joined by a flap of skin about an inch or so from the base. From there they looked like one massively thick cock attached to 2 normal looking balls. As I leaned closer to it I could smell our sex from the night before. The more I looked at and smelt his cocks the hornier I could feel myself getting. My pussy started tingling and I could feel my lips part in anticipation. I needed him inside me now. I shuffled around a little and tried to get my stump over his pelvis but couldn’t manage it so I lifted my stump higher and lay myself on him. I pulled myself down a little with my leg stumps then sat myself up. I nearly overbalanced and fall straight back but managed to stop myself. His 2 erect cocks were now between my stumps so I squeezed them together and rubbed his cocks. I watched as they got harder. I lifted myself up a little using my stumps then tried to get both his cocks

into my pussy but with no hands to help it wouldn't work. I then tried to get one in my ass and one in my pussy but that worked even less well. I settled for one cock inside my pussy. I shivered as it quickly slipped deep inside me. I felt it hit my cervix while about an inch or 2 was still outside. I used my leg stumps to move me up and down gently riding his cock. I could feel his second cock under my left leg stump. I wiggled around and moved up and down as much as I could. It started to feel good and I could feel a warmth spreading from my pussy across my tummy. He started to rouse as I worked myself toward an orgasm.

'Morning honey.' He said smiling, 'Look at you, you clever little quad amputee.'

'You have no idea the effort this took.' I said smiling at him. He grabbed me by the hips and helped me move about faster. 'Hold me by my tits.' I ordered.

He did as he was told and I leaned against his strong hands allowing me to move more freely. I could feel the base of his cocks now rubbing against my pierced clit. It wasn't long before we both climaxed hard. It seemed to go on forever, his fluids spurting deep inside me. I could feel that I was squirting over and over again all over his cock and down my abbreviated thighs. I was screaming so loudly, I had no doubt the rest of the hotel could hear me but I didn't care. I could feel his second cock spurting its hot liquid against my stump and onto my butt cheek. I slowed my thrusts down as my orgasm subsided before letting out a sigh and collapsing my weight down onto Brett's still outstretched arms. He lowered me down slowly and cuddled me tight to him. I could feel his heart pounding against me as his deep breaths lifted my tiny abbreviated torso up and down.

We lay like there for some time before I lifted my head up, looked at Brett and said, 'If someone came in now and found us they'd think we were both massive freaks, you with 2 massive cocks and me with no arms and legs.'

'They'd be right.' Brett said with a laugh.

'Erm, How did you get me in here last night? I was naked in the car and naked when I woke up and I can't imagine you dressed me then undressed me.' I asked.

'I carried you in completely naked, I just dumped you on the reception floor nude with our bags while I booked in.' he replied.

'Really?' I asked slightly horrified but also slightly hoping he had.

'No,' he started laughing again. 'I left you in the car while I booked in then carried you in wrapped in the blanket from the car boot.'

'Oh, good.' I said relieved. 'We'd better get ready, it's almost lunchtime.'

Brett sat up easily with me on his chest using one arm to hold me to him. He then put his other arm around me, stood up and carried me to the bathroom. He sat me on the toilet and started running the shower. When I'd finished he wiped me then picked me up and sat me on the shower floor while he used the toilet. Once he was finished he joined me in the big shower. It had lots of very powerful jets coming out the wall as well as a massive head coming down from the ceiling. I was soaking wet in seconds. While he was getting himself wet his 2 cocks kept getting very close to my face so I took one with my mouth and started sucking. I found I was the perfect height for this. I heard him groan. I sucked harder and harder. I looked up and saw he was leaning over me with his

outstretched arms against the wall. His eyes were closed tight. I continued sucking and it wasn't long until I felt him tense up then shoot his fluid deep into my throat. I sucked through his climax then swallowed it all down. He looked down at me and I gave him a proud smile. He picked me up and started washing me with body wash before he suddenly turned me upside down and buried his face into my pussy. I gasped before managing to hook my leg stumps over his shoulders. He expertly worked his tongue deep onto my gaping pussy and then onto my clit. It wasn't long before I was having yet another strong orgasm. It felt like fluid was spurting up from my pussy. I could feel blood rushing to my head as I finished climaxing. I could feel my pussy still twitching as he turned me upright again.

I smiled at him and gave him a kiss which he gently returned.

'Never seen a girl do that.' He said with a smirk.

'Do what?' I asked.

'Ejaculate. It was like a fountain.' He replied looking impressed.

'I know, only been able to do that since being an amputee.' I told him.

'It's impressive,' He replied. 'We must find a way to exploit that at the club.'

'What have you got in mind?' I asked excitedly.

'Not sure yet, I'll have a think.' He said before setting about washing me again. Once I was lathered up he rinsed me off then set me on the shower floor while he washed himself. When he was done he stepped out, wrapped himself in a towel then stood at the edge and washed my hair. Afterwards he turned the shower off, wrapped my hair and torso in a couple of towels then picked me up and carried me back to the bedroom. He gently placed me onto the bed then dried himself off before dressing himself in a shirt and jeans. He then came back to me, sat me up, dried my torso then unwrapped my hair before sitting on the bed and drying my hair with the hairdryer and brushing it.

'Real looking or hooks?' he asked.

'I'll have the real looking ones,' I replied. 'They're called myoelectric.'

Brett got my myoelectric arms on then put the cosmetic covers onto my legs and got them onto me before helping me stand up. He then went and got my bag for me and carried it over to the bed.

'Do you want anything particular out of here?' he asked.

'Anything, not bothered.' I replied. Brett unzipped the bag, reached in and pulled out a pair of dark blue leggings, a light grey tight t-shirt and a blue zip up hoodie. He then grabbed a dark purple matching lacy bra and thong. After he'd helped me get dressed, he put some light brown Ugg boots on me then we walked down to the restaurant. As we walked in a few people stared at us, I think they'd realised that we'd been the very loud couple fucking this morning, I could feel myself going red. The waitress sat us at a table by the window and gave us some menus. When she came back Brett ordered a coffee and a full English breakfast and I ordered a cinnamon bun with an orange juice.

'Not hungry?' Brett asked

‘No, never have had much of an appetite.’ I answered.

‘Really? Even after all that sex?’ he answered smiling cheekily.

‘I’ve always been a small eater, drives my Mum and Aunt crazy,’ I replied. ‘Don’t worry, I’m not anorexic or anything.’

‘Didn’t think you were,’ He replied. ‘Not with that body.’

I smiled at him and was about to say something when the waitress brought our food over. We both thanked her and started eating.

Despite him having a much bigger breakfast he was still finished before me so ordered a second coffee while he waited for me to finish. Once I was, we left the restaurant and went up to our room. We grabbed our bags and went down to reception. Brett gave me the car keys so I went out to the car while he checked us out. Brett came out a few minutes later, got into the car, helped get my seatbelt on and drove off. I directed him to my house and we arrived about 30 minutes later. He helped me out the car then carried my stuff to the door before kissing me goodbye and leaving.

‘Who was the guy?’ Mum asked as she helped me with my stuff.

‘Just my boss.’ I replied.

‘Oh really,’ She replied. ‘And your boss drove you all this way did he?’

‘Yes Mum,’ I replied with a sigh, ‘His Mum, kids and ex-wife live not far.’

‘Oh ok.’ Mum replied clearly still not convinced. I went into the lounge to see my Dad and brothers and spent the rest of the day helping get stuff ready for Christmas day.

Will woke me up the next morning, helped me get a pair of small cotton shorts and a vest top on followed by my hooks before carrying me downstairs and sat me at the table in the kitchen. Mum, Dad and Adam were already up and after they’d all said good morning Mum served breakfast. Mum had done a fry up so I made myself a bacon sandwich and poured myself some coffee. After eating, Adam carried me through to the lounge and set me on the floor. We spent some time opening all our presents then sat and chatted. Late morning Dad carried me upstairs, undressed me and took my arms off, he then left me to have a shower and get ready. After getting out the shower I shuffled back to my bed and got dried before calling out for someone to help me with my prosthetics. Will came in this time and got my arms and legs on before going down to help Mum with dinner. I put on a red lacy thong and strapless matching bra then a sparkly red, above knee length dress. I did my hair, put on some make up and walked downstairs.

‘Wow, you look beautiful.’ Said Mum.

‘Thanks Mum.’ I replied giving her a hug and kiss. ‘Can I help you with anything?’

‘Well, you could stir the sauce over there.’ She said nodding to a saucepan on the hob. I grabbed a wooden spoon and started stirring.

We all sat in the kitchen chatting while getting dinner ready. It was time for food to start coming out the oven. Mum went to get the oven glove but I stopped her and got everything out myself.

'See, there are some advantages.' I said cheekily. Both Mum and Dad frowned so I just laughed and carried on. Dad carved the meats while Adam, Will and I got everything else onto the table leaving Mum to sit and rest. We then had a lovely dinner and afterwards Mum and Dad sit down while my brothers and I tidied up. Once that was done I sat on the sofa with my Dad for the Queens speech then settled in for the afternoon film. I must have drifted off to sleep as I woke up early evening cuddled up to him. Mum made a buffet tea of which I ate a couple of small sandwiches then a slice of Christmas cake before we all sat down and played a board game. It was late once we all went up to bed and Mum helped me get ready.

Next day all the family were coming over for lunch, so I got up early, put my prosthetics on with some sweatpants and a tight t-shirt without underwear, then went downstairs to help get things ready. Dad, Adam and Will went out to play golf leaving just Mum and I. We had a lovely time just the 2 of us talking. By the time they got back from golf we were both fairly pissed from the wine we'd been drinking. It was almost time for people to arrive so I went upstairs and got ready with some help from Will. I put on some lingerie, a dark blue dress that again came to just above my knees then slipped on some strappy silver sandals with a small heel and walked downstairs. As I took the last step the doorbell rang so I went to the door and opened it. At the door was my Aunt Debbie, Uncle Pete and my cousins Tommy and Gemma. Gemma had brought her boyfriend Sam who I'd fucked in the woods at the last family party. He gave me a kiss that lingered slightly too long before following Gemma into the lounge. The house got more and more full as the rest of the family arrived but I could feel Sam watching me the whole time. Every chance he got he would get close to me and touch me. After lunch I'd drunk quite a lot of wine and found I was now very unsteady so sat down on the sofa in the lounge, Nan came in and sat in the armchair while the others cleared up. They all soon came in and Sam took a seat next to me.

'Fancy a repeat of last time.' He leaned over and whispered.

'I don't think that's a good idea, not today.' I whispered back.

'Oh come on baby, we had fun.' He continued.

'You had fun, for me it was so so,' I replied. 'It's not happening.'

I could see he wasn't happy but I was adamant it wasn't happening.

Later I went out into the kitchen to get another bottle of wine as we were running low. As I turned away from the wine rack I was startled to see Sam standing very close to me.

'Hey babe.' He said leeringly and obviously drunk.

'Hey yourself.' I replied in an annoyed tone.

'You fancy doing it in here while everyone is occupied?' He asked.

'No Sam, I already told you, it's not happening, last time was a mistake.' I whispered angrily.

'No it wasn't, it was amazing,' he continued. 'Best fuck, of my life, so much better than Gemma.'

'That's not nice.' I replied.

'Come on Lauren, I've been desperate for a repeat, let's go up to your room or outside, anywhere. I promise not to cum so quickly this time.' He carried on.

'No Sam.' I said firmly and started to walk past him.

'Come on Lauren,' he said blocking my way. 'You're so much better than Gemma. She's got too many limbs, you have just the right amount. You have a beautiful, smooth, bald pussy, Gemma will only trim the edges and keep it short no matter how much I ask. You will fuck anywhere, the furthest I've ever got Gem from the bedroom is the living room when my parents were away. You're adventurous sexually, she's quite boring in the sack. You've got amazing tits, hers are so so.'

'Then why are you with her?' I asked.

'Well, I fancied her at first and she let me take her virginity but after that it got boring. Then I found out about you so I stayed with her in the hope I would get to meet you, her limbless cousin. Then I finally met you and fucked you so I stayed with her to get to see you more.' He replied.

'Wow, you're a pig. I thought you were cute the first time we met. I let you fuck me to give you a treat as I could see how much you wanted to fuck an amputee. I was also flattered by the attention and I love sex and showing of my unique body, but I'll never let that happen again.' I said adamantly pushing past Sam and heading back to the lounge. As I walked in with the wine I could see my Mum and Gemma both looking at me but I ignored them and offered the wine around before pouring myself a large glass and taking a seat. Sam walked back in a few minutes later and sat with Gemma.

The rest of the day went by quickly and it wasn't long before it was late and people were leaving. Sam and Gemma left without saying goodbye. I went up to bed and Mum helped me get undressed and remove my limbs.

'What were you and Gemma's boyfriend talking about for so long in the kitchen earlier?' She asked as she pulled my duvet over me.

'Oh, nothing.' I told her.

'Was he bothering you?' she persisted.

'A little, nothing I can't handle though Mum.' I told her.

'Sure?' she asked concerned.

'Sure,' I replied. 'Good night, love you.'

'Love you too Lauren, sleep tight.' She replied and left.

I spent the next few days at home relaxing and not doing much. I hardly wore my prosthetics, which I loved, it gave my stumps a nice rest. Someone would put one or both of my arms on me for meals then take them off afterwards. I loved just being a quad amputee. I loved the feeling of helplessness and being able to look at and enjoy my beautiful stumps. Also not being able to touch myself and bring myself to orgasm made me feel even more helpless and made me love my little body even more.

After breakfast on the morning before New Year's Eve I decided I needed to go for a run to burn off all the food I'd eaten the last week. I asked my mum to put my hooks on for me, then I put my running legs on with my short, tight running shorts then a sports bra with a Nike track top. I noticed the sockets felt tighter around my stumps than usual. I guessed after all that food I really did need this run. I walked downstairs and made myself a piece of toast and some coffee, sat and ate them then went for a run round the park and woods. I saw several runners and dog walkers, all stared at my legs and hooks. I loved the attention and made a point of smiling at them and saying 'Morning' as I carried on past them. I'd run for just over an hour when I got back home and despite the cold I was hot and sweaty so went straight upstairs for a shower. I stripped off and took my legs off then Adam came up and took my arms off for me as Mum and Dad had gone out. I bounced over to my en-suite and had a long, hot shower. Once I was done Adam came back up and helped dry me, put some underwear on me, then a pair of cotton shorts and a tight t-shirt before carrying me downstairs and putting me on the sofa. We sat and watched some TV for a bit then Will made us some lunch. Adam fed me so I didn't have to put my arms on then we carried on watching TV and chatting.

Later that afternoon I was meeting some friends for dinner and drinks so Will carried me upstairs, took my top off and put my myoelectric arms on for me then left me sat on the bed. I then slid off my shorts so I was just in my underwear, dropped down to the floor and scooted over to my wardrobe. I stood on my stumps and got out a long sleeved, short, tight, white lacy dress. I slipped it over my head then wiggled it over my chest and hips. Once it was on I did my hair and make up before slowly making my way back downstairs. I put my coat on and Adam then helped me into his car and drove me to the pub. Once there he got my wheelchair out the boot then lifted me out of the car and sat me in it. I said goodbye and slowly wheeled inside. All of my friends, including my ex boyfriend, Alex, were already there so I wheeled straight over and joined them. It was a little awkward at first between Alex and I but after a few glasses of wine that awkwardness soon disappeared. We had a lovely meal followed by lots more drinks and it turned into a great night. It was so nice catching up with my old school friends, finding out how they were doing at university or with their jobs.

It was gone midnight when we finally left. Alex helped me get my coat back on then offered to wheel me home. I knew it probably wasn't a great idea, I'd seen him staring at my stumps peeking out the hem of my dress all night, but I accepted anyway. In fact I think I hoped deep down that something would happen.

'How's uni?' He asked?

'Great,' I replied, 'You?'

'Loving it.' He replied. 'Guess you spent a lot of time partying knowing you?'

'Yeah, maybe a little too much! In fact I spent so much money partying Daddy threatened to cut me off if I didn't get a job.' I told him.

'Oh dear, not many part time jobs a hopeless, useless little cripple like you can do is there?' He replied stopping by a bench, turning me toward it then taking a seat facing me.

'Oi.' I replied playfully hitting him on the knee.

'Sorry.. hopeless, useless, sexy little cripple.' He replied.

'That's better.' I said laughing.

'So, what did you do?' He asked.

'You'll be impressed,' I told him. 'I got a job in a fetish club. I spend my time almost naked or in sexy fetish lingerie, mostly limbless, dancing, greeting or behind the bar.'

'Wow, nice.' Alex gasped now visibly aroused. 'I'd love to see you stump dancing. Do you do it round a pole?'

'Yeah, I do actually.' I replied.

Alex didn't reply just nodded and smiled. The bulge in his trousers was now massive. He leaned forward and all in one move slipped my skirt up slightly, put his warm hands on my cold stumps and started kissing me. I reluctantly moved my head away.

'Alex,' I whispered. 'I don't think it's a good idea. Sorry.'

Our eyes locked for a few moments, I could feel his hands now rubbing my stumps warming them up. He leaned back in for another kiss, this time though I felt powerless to stop him. As his warm lips touched mine a tingle spread down my neck to my chest. He took his hands from my stumps and put them round me, pulling me tight to him before lifting me over onto his lap. I slipped my stumps either side of his hips and put my arms around his neck pulling him closer to me and kissing him harder. I could feel the bulge in his jeans through my thong making my pussy tingle and start to moisten. He undid my coat then put his hands inside and placed them on my waist. We carried on kissing harder and harder. I felt his hands slide down my dress, over my hips and butt then down my stumps where they lingered. He gently stroked up and down my stumps making me shiver. He slid his hands up the outside of my stumps and onto the waist band of my thong which he then slid off. I pulled my lips away from his.

'Cheeky.' I whispered.

He just smiled at me before starting to kiss me again. I could feel his hands back on my stumps stroking and massaging them making me groan with pleasure. One hand slowly made its way up the inside of my stump and started stroking my pussy lips before starting to work on my clitoris. I moaned again. Alex slid a finger inside me and let it linger before slowly working it in and out of me. He slid a second in then a third. I had to stop kissing him so I could breathe properly. He moved his fingers in and out of me harder and faster. I could feel I was getting close to orgasm.

'I want you inside me now.' I whispered sexily.

Alex slid his 3 fingers out of me, undid his belt and zip and slid his jeans down, lifting himself, and me, slightly to slide them over his butt. He then put his hands under my arms and lifted me before placing me over his now rock solid cock and lowering me down onto it. I groaned in delight as it slid all the way into my gaping, soaking wet pussy. He put his hands on my waist again and helped me thrust back and forward making his cock slide almost out of me then slam back into me. I gasped, moaned and groaned as my orgasm built and it wasn't long until I was screaming in ecstasy as waves of orgasm spread over my small torso. I kept riding his hard cock through my orgasm making it last longer. I could feel fluid squirting from me over and over again. I breathlessly slumped against him. I could feel his rock hard cock still deep inside my twitching pussy. After a few minutes I

started thrusting again. I kissed Alex hard and pulled him tight to me again. He suddenly stood up so I wrapped my stumps tighter against him. He walked over to a nearby tree pushing me against it. He started slamming his cock over and over deep into my throbbing pussy and it wasn't long until we were both experiencing waves and waves of intense orgasm. I could feel his warm liquid spurt deep inside me many many times. Fluid was pouring from my pussy. When we were done Alex collapsed to floor, leaving us breathlessly cuddled together.

It was about 15 minutes until we'd recovered enough. Alex stood up and pulled his trousers up before lifting me up. I felt more fluid pour from my pussy down my stumps. He smiled a little.

'Look at mess you made of the tree.'

I looked over and in the clear, moonlit night could clearly see a massive wet patch on the trunk where my ejaculate had poured from me.

'Wow.' was all I could manage.

Alex carried me back to the bench, put me into my wheelchair then zipped my coat up for me before we kissed once more. As we silently wheeled home I could feel the cold around my wet, sticky pussy.

We got back to mine, Alex reached into my handbag and got my keys out. He then opened my front door before helping me into the hallway.

'I suppose you better have this back.' he said taking my thong out of his pocket and handing it me.

'Looks like everyone has already gone to sleep, would you mind helping me get undressed and ready for bed?' I looked up at him with my big blue eyes.

Without a word he scooped me into his arms and carried me upstairs. Once in my room he stripped me off, removed my arms, carried me into my en suite and set me down on the toilet. While I pee'd he brushed my teeth for me then wiped me and carried back to my bed.

'Still sleep naked?' he whispered with a smile.

'Always.' I replied smiling back at him. At that he laid me back and pulled my duvet over me. He kissed me goodnight and as he pulled away we gave each other a lingering look. Alex then turned and started to walk out my room. I could feel myself biting my bottom lip. I took a deep breath and whispered 'You can stay if you want.'

Alex stopped, looked back at me for a few moments before turning around and walking out my room and downstairs. 'Shit.' I thought to myself now feeling stupid.

The lights went out and I heard the front door lock. I lay there angry and upset with myself when suddenly I could hear someone in my room. My duvet pulled back and I felt Alex's warm, naked body slide in next to me. He started kissing me hard so I kissed back equally hard. I could feel his soft, warm hands rubbing and stroking all over my body. He straddled me, held his cock in one hand and held my pussy lips open with the other. As he guided himself into me I lifted my leg stumps, hooking them against his hips as he pushed in further. I could feel his massive cock deep inside me. He started thrusting gently at first

getting slowly harder and faster. He leaned down and we kissed hard as we each built up to an orgasm. As my abbreviated torso started to jerk and spasm with orgasm I felt Alex go rigid then his hot sperm spurt deep inside my cavity over and over again. The warmth made me orgasm harder. I bit my lip again to stop from screaming out. Alex started thrusting again to extend his orgasm before he suddenly pushed himself deep inside and held his cock there until it stopped spurting its hot liquid. He collapsed down on top of me for a few moments before he rolled us onto our sides. I felt his cock pop out of my still throbbing pussy. He cuddled me tight to him as we breathlessly fell into a contented sleep.

I woke in the morning with Alex's head buried between my stumps expertly working my clit with his tongue. He gently slipped two fingers inside my soaking pussy while he kept his tongue on my now red hot clit. I could feel his fingers working deep inside my throbbing pussy. I tried hard not to make any noise as my parents and brothers were just down the hallway. Alex slipped a third finger inside me making me gasp. He followed it quickly with a fourth and it wasn't long before his whole fist slid inside me. I let out a small yelp. Alex held it still inside me while still working on my clit with his tongue. My entire abbreviated torso started to shake. He gently started to work his fist deeper inside me. He worked up his rhythm until he was soon pounding my pussy. He put his other hand onto my smooth, bald pubis to hold me still. My pussy felt like it was on fire as he pounded me harder and deeper inside. My arm stumps thrashed around uselessly looking for something to grip onto like a primal reaction. I had to try really hard not to scream out. Alex stopped working my clit with his tongue and with his fist still inside me sat himself up on his knees. I could see a devious glint in his eyes. He reached onto the floor and picked up my thong. He balled it up and stuffed it into my mouth to keep me quiet. He opened my drawer and took out the lube and put a good amount onto his cock. After dropping the bottle he used his hand to cover his whole cock with it. He adjusted himself so he was closer to me then, using the fist inside my pussy he lifted my bum off the bed. He held his cock in his free hand and started guiding it into my sphincter. Once he had the tip in he moved his hand away allowing him to slide it inside more freely. I felt my anal sphincter pop and relax as he got it deep inside. Once he was all the way in he started thrusting gently at first but worked up until he was pounding my ass with his cock. He then started pounding my pussy with his fist. I felt so full. I started to lose control again as the most intense waves of orgasm shook my tiny torso. My arms stumps thrashed around. With my butt still raised my leg stumps flopped about uselessly in the air. I grunted against the thong gag glad it was there. Despite my exhibitionistic tendencies I certainly didn't want my parents and brothers hearing me and coming in to find a guy almost elbow deep in my pussy with his cock deep in my ass. The waves of pleasure took over and I had one of the most intense orgasms ever. The multiple orgasms blended into one. It felt like it went on for ever. As they started to slow Alex groaned and started pumping his warm fluid deep inside my bowels making me start to orgasm again. I could feel my pussy contracting over and over again against his fist. He took one more big thrust with his cock and held it deep inside me emptying the last of its contents. My neck was now bent in an uncomfortable angle as my head was still on the bed but my beautifully abbreviated torso was now mostly in the air. Once Alex's orgasm had finished he slowly slid his still massive cock out of my ass with a pop then laid me down before putting one hand against my butt and gently pulling his fist from my pussy. I felt our juices pour from both holes. Alex then leaned over me and removed my thong from my mouth. I could smell my pussy on his hand, so as it was near my mouth I started licking it then started sucking his fingers. I could see this was getting him massively aroused again so I used my mouth and tongue to

clean my juices from his whole hand. He then leaned down and we kissed before he suddenly flipped me over and roughly shoved his cock into my still wet pussy. He didn't mess around with starting slowly he just started pounding me. He put both hands on my hips to stop me sliding and went to town on my pussy. It was the most frenzied fuck I'd ever had and it didn't take long until we both orgasmed together. He collapsed down on top of me while we both recovered.

'Morning.' he said croakily after about 10 minutes.

'Morning.' I replied quietly. 'Have fun?'

'Nah, not really.' he replied sarcastically.

'Tosser.' I replied. Alex slid off me and got out of bed, he scooped me up and carried me to the bathroom sitting me on the toilet. I could feel more of our juices pour from both my orifices. When I was done Alex wiped me then laid me on the floor so he could go. I had no choice but to just lay there and watch him. I could feel a cool breeze against my sweaty torso and noticed my leg stumps ached so I stretched them as much as I could. When he was done he stood up, picked me up and walked into the shower. He held me on one hip with one arm while he turned the water on. I could feel my still sticky, wet pussy lips slowly sliding down his hip. Once the shower was hot he stepped into it getting us both covered in the hot water. It felt good against my sweaty, sticky body. He sat me on the base and grabbed the shower gel, lathered me all over, paying particular attention to my stumps, boobs and pussy. Once I was all soaped up he started covering himself. I noticed his beautiful cock was at my eye level and was bobbing around. I felt the urge to grab it with my mouth and suck it until he came but I resisted. Alex directed the shower onto me washing off all the soap then he washed my hair. When we were both clean he turned the water off, stepped out and wrapped himself in a towel then reached in, wrapped me in a towel, picked me up and carried me to the bed. He sat me on it while he dried and dressed himself. He then turned his attention to me. He gently dried me, slid a thong up my stumps and butt for me, followed by a bra. Alex then put my legs and myoelectric arms before taking a pair of skinny jeans and a t-shirt out my bag and helping me put them on. He sat on the bed with his legs wide open and I sat down between his legs. He then set about drying my hair with the hairdryer before brushing it then putting up in a ponytail for me. As he was doing that I felt a familiar, comfortable, content feeling. I realised that I really did love Alex and though it was hard being away from him we could just pick up where we left off with no awkwardness, like we'd never been apart. I snuggled back against Alex and closed my eyes. I could feel his warm breath on my neck. I took a deep breath as though to speak but couldn't think of anything to say.

'It's alright Lauren.' He whispered. 'I feel the same.'

I moved a little so I could turn to face him and smiled. He smiled back but also looked sad.

'But, we can't make it work, we tried, as much as we want to again its just too far.' I replied forlornly, I could feel tears welling up in my eyes.

'Maybe we could try again, try harder this time.' he said.

'Alex, I want too, but I can't take hurting you again, I love you so much and I would hate for us to end up hating each other. I'd rather you as a friend for ever than that.'

But.....' I took a deep breath, again not knowing what to say. Alex held me tight to him again.

Before we had a chance to say anything else my Dad shouted upstairs that breakfast was ready. We sat cuddling for a few more moments before getting up and walking downstairs.

'Morning honey.' Chirped Mum. 'Good night last night?'

'Morning.' I replied giving her kiss. 'Yeah, it was good thanks. Hope you don't mind but Alex stayed over.'

'That's ok.' She replied. 'Morning Alex, take a seat, how are you? How's uni?'

'Oh, err, thanks. I'm fine. Uni's good thanks.' Alex replied taking a seat.

'Morning sweetie.' said my Dad as he walked into the kitchen and gave me a kiss.

'Morning Daddy.' I replied.

'Morning Alex.' Said Dad. 'Did you stay over?'

'Erm, yes, yes I did.' Alex stammered.

Mum had made pancakes for breakfast so served them up and put them on the table as my brothers arrived in the kitchen.

'What time is your train Lauren?' Dad asked.

'Oh, err, 1 I think.' I replied.

'Ok, Well if you're ready by 12 I can give you a lift on the way to golf.' he offered.

'Thanks Daddy. I will be.' I replied smiling at him while eating my breakfast.

'I can take you Lauren, if you want. I need to go home and get some stuff done but can come back and pick you up about 12:30.' Offered Alex, the look in his eyes said he wanted just a bit more time with me.

'Ok, thanks.' I replied looking right at him.' Thanks for the offer Daddy.'

We finished breakfast, all chatting about lots of things. Afterwards I walked Alex to the door and we kissed goodbye. I told him I'd see him later.

As I walked back inside to go upstairs to pack Mum caught me in the hallway.

'Back together, or was it just a bit of fun?' she asked with a knowing smile.

'Mum! You're so embarrassing.' I groaned at her. 'I'm not sure yet. I don't know what to do.'

'Well, you clearly love each other, he obviously makes you very happy. He's a nice lad, even if he is partially responsible for those.' she replied nodding toward my prosthetic arms.

'I know we do but, just the distance doesn't work, I don't want to end up hating him.' I replied deciding to ignore the arms comment.

'Only you 2 can make the decision, only you 2 know how you feel.' she said giving me a cuddle.

I carried on upstairs to pack my stuff and brought it all downstairs leaving it by the front door. I sat in the conservatory curled up on the big armchair reading the news on my iPad. Dad brought me some coffee mid morning. I felt strangely nervous about seeing Alex later.

Just after 12:15 the doorbell rang, I jumped up but Adam answered the door. Alex was stood there smiling and waiting for me. I kissed my family and said goodbye while Alex carried all my stuff to the car. I followed him out and got in the passenger seat. Alex got in and drove me to the station. The first part of the journey we were silent, both not knowing what to say. The silence was starting to get awkward so I took a deep breath.

'Alex, I do love you. Maybe we could try, I'd like nothing more than to be with you, but we need to promise now that if it doesn't work we won't be angry with each other.' I said to him.

'Lauren, how about we promise to make it work, no matter what.' He replied earnestly. I sat quietly for a bit before replying.

'How about we make it an open relationship. When we're at uni we can see other people and lead separate lives, not expecting anything from each other. But when we're together then we're together, as a couple, in a proper relationship.' I offered.

I could see Alex was thinking hard before he replied. 'It might be the compromise that works, I'm willing to try anything that means we can be together. If that means we have an open relationship until we finish university then so be it. Are you sure this is what you want though?

'Yes.' I replied putting my hand over his on the gear stick.

When we got to the the train station Alex helped me out the car and carried my stuff onto the platform. He sat with me until the train arrived. He helped me get on board then we cuddled and kissed goodbye. I sat in my seat and waved goodbye through the window. Once he was out of sight I settled in with my iPod and iPad.

The journey went by without any problems. I soon arrived in Brighton where I jumped into a taxi to my apartment. It was getting late so I dropped all my stuff on the floor, quickly got undressed then changed into my hooks and took the covers off my legs. I then slid on the new c-string thong I'd bought and stuck 2 star shaped flesh coloured pasties on my nipples. I danced around my room a little but wasn't sure how secure the c-string felt so I got a bit of double sided tit tape from my lingerie drawer and stuck it just inside the c-string then stuck it to me. I danced around again and it felt a lot more secure. I looked in the mirror and loved what I saw, as I stood side on I realised that I looked naked. I couldn't wait to get to the club. I put my leggings and t-shirt back on with my big winter coat, slipped on my brown Ugg boots and got into a taxi.

As soon as I got to the club I went straight to the changing room and undressed. I then sat and chatted with the other girls about how their Christmases had been. Just before 8 Brett walked in.

'Hi all.' He started. 'Hope you all had a nice Christmas. Tonight it's New Years Eve and we are full for VIP bookings so along with the increased number of walk in's it's going to be a very, very busy night so please enjoy it and make sure all the guests have a great time. Lauren, can I just speak to you a moment please.'

As all the staff started to filter out to the floor I walked over to Brett.

'Hey.' I said as I leant in to kiss him.

'How are you?' He asked as he kissed me back.

'Good thanks, you? How was Christmas.' I asked

'Not bad, nice to see my Mum and got to spend some time with the children. You?' he replied.

'Yeah, it was nice, lovely to see all my family and caught up with a load of friends yesterday. It was good. I replied. 'So, what you got in mind for me tonight?'

'Love the outfit by the way.' He said looking me up and down with a smile. 'It's a bit of a surprise, I've been thinking about it since we were last together and I finally came up with something cool. Firstly, lets get your limbs off.'

'Ok, cool. Sounds interesting.' I replied as I sat down. I removed both my legs then Brett took my arms off for me. He picked me up and layed me on a table. He pointed at my C-string 'How easy does this thing come off?'

'Easily.' I replied. 'I've taped it on.'

'Ok.' He replied then removed my C-string, as he did it felt like a plaster being pulled off my groin. He removed the tape then slipped it back on me. 'You won't be needing that.'

He then took a silver body marker and started writing on my chest and tummy. When he was done he held a mirror over me and I could see what it said. It read -

Drinking Fountain Instructions -

1. Turn upside down.
2. Remove Thong.
3. Rub clit and pussy until it ejaculates.
4. Enjoy your drink.

5. Replace Thong.

'If you can't make it work then you don't deserve to drink!'

'What do you think?' Brett asked.

'I love it.' I replied feeling like such a thing, an object, no longer a person. I could feel my pussy start to tingle. Brett then picked me up and carried me out to the dance floor. He sat me in the middle and left me there.

The club soon started to fill up and got very busy very quickly. At first I was ignored so I tried to dance a little on my stumps. Finally a guy came over to me and read my chest.

'Nice.' He said and turned me upside down. I felt him slide my C-string off then start rubbing my clit. He buried his face in my pussy and it wasn't long until I could feel an orgasm building up. Being upside down meant all the blood rushed to my head making my orgasm quicker and more intense. He slipped 2 fingers inside me and carried on sucking, nibbling and licking my clit. I squealed out as the orgasm took hold. My little torso shook in his arms making him hold me tighter. I felt my pussy squeeze and fluid start to gush from it. I managed to look up to see him drinking my ejaculate as I spurted over and over. Watching him drink made me squirt more. When he was done there was a cheer from the nearby crowd. The guy replaced my c-string and turned me back over. 'Thanks.' he said, his face glistening with my juices.

'You're very welcome.' I breathlessly replied.

After that I was very popular with both guys and girls. I had so many orgasms I lost count. Most times I managed to ejaculate. Brett brought me over lots of drinks to keep me hydrated. One guy got really angry when he couldn't get me to spurt. He got quite violent and shoved his whole fist inside me but still I couldn't orgasm. I got very scared but suddenly several bouncers appeared followed by Brett and I realised they'd not been far from me all night in case this happened. Brett took me from him and carried me straight out back while the bouncers ejected him.

'You ok?' He asked, looking genuinely concerned as he lay me on the table again.

'I'm fine.' I replied. 'A bit sore but otherwise ok. I was really enjoying myself up until then.'

Brett had a good look at my pussy and said 'It's a bit red but looks ok.'

'Thanks.' I replied. Brett sat me up and helped me drink some water.

'What do you want to do now?' He asked. 'Maybe I just put you on a podium so you can dance for the rest of the night?'

'Hell no, I want to go back to being the water fountain, it was awesome, I love feeling like an object.' I replied.

'Cool, that's my girl.' He replied slipping my c-string on and carrying me back out. He sat me on the dance floor and soon more people were drinking from me. It was the

most awesome night. I was exhausted but so satisfied at the end of the night. As the floor emptied one of the bouncers picked me up and carried me into the changing room. He sat me on a chair and left me there. As it had been such a hectic night people were busy cleaning and tidying so it was ages before anyone came into the changing rooms. All of them just grabbed their stuff and left, leaving me starting to feel very vulnerable sat limbless and as good as naked in the chair. I hoped Brett wouldn't forget about me. Eventually Candice came into the room wearing a sexy black basque, thong, stockings and high heels.

'Oh honey, has no one put you back together yet?' She asked.

'No, just been left.' I replied.

'That's such a shame.' she replied with a devious glint in her eye. 'I guess that means I can finally do what I want to you and there's nothing you can do about it.'

Before I had a chance to speak she started kissing me. Her soft, warm, gentle lips felt so sensuous against my own that I started kissing back. I could feel her hands stroking all over my torso. She reached my arm stumps and started stroking and massaging them. It felt so good. She carried on kissing me and moved her hands down to my leg stumps and did the same to them. A tingling spread across my pelvis. She soon started kissing down my body. I groaned as she did, her kisses were so gentle. She reached my boobs and gently removed each pastie taking each nipple into her warm mouth as she did making them sit well proud of my boobs. She continued down across my stomach causing goosebumps to come up all over me making me shiver. She moved slowly down each stump paying extra attention to my scars with her tongue and lips, again making me shiver in delight. She got to my C-String and slid it off taking a good look at my pussy. I opened my leg stumps wider for her to get a better view. She started kissing my smooth, bald pubic mound before she eventually took my burning clit into her warm, wet mouth. I felt like I was on fire as she sucked and nibbled around my piercing. She reached into a nearby drawer and took out some lube with which she liberally coated both hands then while her tongue concentrated on my clit she started to give my leg stumps a deep, hard, sensual massage. The combination made me start to orgasm. She continued harder and faster throughout my orgasm. She didn't stop when I'd finished, she continued working my clit with her tongue and put more lube on both her hands. She slipped 2 fingers inside my aching pussy and started expertly working them deep inside. She slipped a 3rd finger inside. My insides were now aching for more. She quickly slid her 4th finger inside followed by her whole fist. It felt amazing and didn't hurt like a mans did, I guess because it was smaller. She stopped working my clit with her tongue and concentrated on working her fist deeper inside me. I could feel a warmth spreading across my whole torso. She then smiled at me and asked if I was ok. I breathlessly assured her I was. She then slid 2 fingers of her other hand into my pussy. I looked down in both horror and awe as she worked her 2nd fist into my pussy. I groaned as her knuckles caught on my labia and as she pushed past it. I yelped in both pain and pleasure as it finally slipped in. My whole torso went rigid, then my arm stumps started to thrash around, again uselessly looking for something for my missing hands to grip on too. She worked her 2nd fist deeper inside until she was beyond wrist deep with both hands. I really wanted to reach down and play with my own clit right then. She used each fist alternately to pound my throbbing pussy. By now I was having a constant orgasm. My tiny torso was thrashing around. Suddenly Candice pushed both fists up against my cervix and squealed out herself. I looked up to see Brett behind her holding her hips and pounding her. I imagined him with one cock in her pussy and one in her ass.

By now we were all groaning and moaning. Candice's fists were now halfway up her arms inside me, pounding me harder and harder. I could feel her fingers doing something deep inside me. Suddenly there was an intense pain at the top of my pussy and her arms suddenly slipped inside further, right up to her elbows. I screamed as loud as I could in the most pain I had ever imagined, worse than amputating my own legs. Through the haze I guessed she had worked her fists through my cervix and were now deep inside my uterus. As intensely painful as it was it was also bringing on the most intense orgasm. I could hear and see both Candice and Brett were also having hard orgasms. My tiny torso thrashed violently out of control as waves of pain and orgasm rushed over me. I must have passed out eventually as I don't remember the end.

I woke up sometime later not knowing where I was. As my vision cleared I realised I was in a hospital. I called out and a man's voice replied from my side.

'Hi Lauren.' It said croakily. I looked over and saw it was Brett.

'Where am I, what happened?' I asked groggily.

'Sorry Lauren, you're in hospital. We all got a bit carried away last night and Candice pushed her fists through your cervix ripping it.' he explained.

'Fuck.' I replied angrily. 'What have they done? Have they had to do a hysterectomy or something?'

'Oh god no, nothing like that luckily, though I have to admit it was close. They were able to just stitch it all back together.' He explained some more.

'Oh, thank god.' I replied. Brett and I sat in silence for a while until a Doctor walked in. He explained what they'd done to me and that I couldn't have sex for 4 to 6 weeks. He then gave me a prescription for some good painkillers and said I could go. The whole time he looked very disapproving of our sexual activities. Once he'd left Brett stood up and slipped my hospital gown off. I looked down and groaned that the drinking fountain instructions were still on my chest.

'I've only got the clothes you came in last night so no bra and I guess you don't want to wear the c-string thong?'

'No, think it'll be a bit uncomfortable.' I replied. Brett slipped my t-shirt onto me then slid my leggings onto my stumps, as I didn't have my prosthetics my leggings just hung off my stumps. Brett went off to find a wheelchair and when he came back he lifted me over and wheeled me down to his car. He lifted me over, returned the chair to reception, came back and got in the driver's side. He drove me back to my apartment and carried me inside then went back and got my bag and limbs.

'I can't believe I can't have sex for that long. It's going to be awful.' I said.

'I know right.' Brett replied. He helped me shower then got me into bed. Put my arms onto the device for me, gave me a kiss and left. It didn't take long before I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up it was already dark. I got ready and went over to a friend's place for some New Year's drinks. I was feeling quite sore so I took some painkillers before I left. I had a nice night drinking wine and chatting with my uni friends hearing all about their holidays. I ended up sleeping over on the sofa.

A week later it was time to return to uni. I attended lectures during the week and worked at the club at weekends. The time I could finally have sex came round so after the night at the club I went to Brett and asked for a lift home which he happily agreed to. We were barely through the door before he was ripping my clothes off and fucking me doggy style over my desk with one cock in my pussy and one in my ass. I was glad to finally be able to orgasm again, it felt amazing. As I finished my 3rd orgasm Brett shot deep inside me before we both collapsed onto the bed. Once he'd caught his breath he took off what clothes I had left on then slipped my limbs off me and placed them onto the floor before laying back down, pulling me to him and cuddling me tight. We gently kissed before we both fell asleep.

Next morning I woke Brett up by crawling between his legs and sucking one of his dick's. Once he was awake and hard I managed to get myself on top of him, slid one cock into my soaking wet pussy then rode him until we both came. Afterwards Brett got up and carried me to the bathroom and back before going to get some breakfast and feeding me. We spent the day naked having lot's of sex before it was time to leave for the club. Brett dressed me in a pink PVC thong and stuck pink pasties on my nipples. He didn't bother with my pros, just slid a jacket onto me. He then carried me to his car and drove to the club. Once there I spent the night pole dancing. At the end of the night Brett took me home, got me undressed, washed me then put me to bed.

'You not going to stay?' I asked him.

'Can't tonight baby, sorry.' He replied. He bent down, kissed me hard and left. I lay in my bed feeling very frustrated but not being able to do anything about it. It took a while before I eventually fell into a restless sleep.

At the beginning of the Easter Holidays Dad picked me up from uni and took me home. I had dinner with my parents then headed over to Alex's. His parents were away so as soon as I was through the door Alex was ripping my clothes off. He took off my prosthetics where I stood, dumped them on the floor and carried me up to the bedroom. He threw me on his bed, leaned over me and started kissing me on the lips. I loved the feeling of power he had over me with him being dressed and me being naked, limbless and vulnerable. I squeezed his hips with my legs stumps and kissed him back. He then started slowly kissing my face, moved down my neck and onto each arm stump, sucking and licking the end of each one making me tingle all over. He continued kissing around my boobs, sucking hard on each nipple making me wince and groan in pleasure and pain. He worked his tongue down my stomach, ran it along my tattoo, sucked and pulled on my belly ring with his teeth. He worked down, kissing and licking my bald, smooth pelvis. He carried on kissing along the inside of my shortened, truncated thighs. Licked along each scar making me shiver again. He slowly worked back up my shortened thigh making me gasp in anticipation. Finally, he slowly ran his tongue along my pussy lips making me groan. As my lips parted he buried his face into my pussy getting his tongue deep inside me. He moved slowly up to my clit and started sucking and nibbling hard at it. He bit down making me yelp. He reached into a cup on the bedside table and pulled an ice cube out placing on my clit, making me groan and shiver. He slipped the ice cube into my pussy then took another one and alternated between his tongue and the ice cube on my clit. After a while he slipped that one inside me and took another and did the same. I was so close to orgasm, I was groaning and grunting in pleasure. Once he'd put a few ice cubes in me he slipped 2 fingers inside. The contrast of his warm fingers against the cold ice cubes inside me sent waves and waves of orgasm through my tiny body. He worked his fingers

harder and deeper into me. Once they were buried deep into my aching pussy he curled them forwards hitting my g-spot. This made me cum uncontrollably. I could feel a pressure building up inside my pussy. He continued applying pressure and wiggling his fingers slightly against my g-spot making me experience an orgasm like I'd never experienced before. I could feel the ice cubes melting inside of me. Just as I thought I couldn't take any more he increased the pressure lifting my tiny torso slightly. The building pressure suddenly gave and it felt like my pussy had exploded. Fluid came gushing from my pussy like a water fall. I managed to lift my head and saw Alex was getting sprayed over his top. A massive wet patch was appearing and growing on his t-shirt as I continued to squirt what felt like gallons of ejaculate all over him. My entire torso shook. My tiny stumps thrashed around like they were possessed. I completely lost control. I'd never had an orgasm like it. It was a good job the neighbours weren't that close otherwise they'd have called the police for all the noise I was making. My orgasm went on for ages. As it finally started to subside Alex lowered my butt back onto the bed gently removing his fingers as he did. I felt more fluid gush out as my pussy was still twitching, and dribble down my butt. I was really struggling to catch my breath. Alex stripped off, pull me down the bed, lifted my stumps, and guided his massive cock into my soaking wet, still twitching pussy, pushing my stumps up with his pelvis as he did. I felt the end of his cock push against my cervix. He put his hands against my boobs holding his weight against them, pushed my stumps further up letting him get deeper into me. He started thrusting harder and faster building up all the time. He was so deep inside me. With him still deep inside me he cuddled me then suddenly rolled to the side and pulled me on top of him. He put his hands back on my tits and I leaned against them leaving me free to move a bit. I lifted my stumps a little then squeezed them together tight leaving my butt about 2 inches above him. My whole body was now being held up by his cock. I rocked back and forward as fast as I could. It wasn't long until his massive, rock hard cock was spurting against my cervix over and over again. I could feel my orgasm coming in waves over me again. I rode his cock until we were both done. As his cock went soft I felt my torso lower until I was sat on his pelvis. He slowly lowered me down against his chest. We both lay there catching our breath. As we fell asleep I could feel my pussy still twitching and my tiny torso being lifted up and down by Alex's heaving chest. We spent the next day together naked before Alex took me home in the evening.

The next morning I was flying to Florida with some friends for Spring Break. Mum got me up early, helped me shower and get my limbs on then left me to get dressed. I walked downstairs where Mum had made me breakfast. Once I'd eaten I got into Dad's car while he got my suitcase in the boot before getting in himself and driving me to the airport. I met my 5 friends outside, kissed my Dad goodbye and went to check in. At security my prosthetics set off the alarms. I was wearing a t-shirt and shorts so the agents could see what was setting it off but they made me walk through the x-ray then swabbed along the edge of each prosthetic. Once I was cleared we went through to departures to get some breakfast before sitting around drinking in the bar waiting to board. We were all fairly giddy by the time we got on the plane but I just about made it to my seat. Once sat down I slipped my legs off which my friend Elise put into the overhead locker before taking the seat next me. I put on my headphones, got comfortable and settled in for the flight.

It was mid afternoon when we landed in Miami. Once we were at the terminal Elise got my legs down for me and helped me put them on. I had to go through the same checks at security as I had in England. Once we'd got our luggage we found the driver we'd arranged and got into his minivan. As soon as we arrived at the house we'd rented right on

the beach we dumped our stuff, put on our bikinis and sat sunbathing by our private pool while Olivia made us Margherita's. As it became evening we decided to get dressed and head out. I slipped on a small lacy dark blue thong and matching bra and put a small, skimpy dress on top followed by some ballet flats. We grabbed a taxi to the strip and got some dinner before we hit the bars. We had an awesome night. My prosthetic limbs got a lot of attention, I even drank out of one of my legs which got a massive cheer from the crowd and got my friends and I free drinks. I loved the feeling of my stump being on view to all those people. We partied late into the night finally getting home around 6am.

It was early afternoon before I woke up naked and without my limbs, I guessed one of my friends must have taken them off for me and undressed me. I slid out of bed and shuffled to the bathroom. Once there I realised I couldn't do anything for myself so called out for some help. Hanna arrived and, without a word she picked me up and put me on the toilet. Once I was done she wiped me, picked me up again and carried me to the bath. She put me on her hip, leaned over, turned the shower on and then stepped in. The hot water felt good on me as did Hanna's skin. Once we were both soaking wet she put me on the floor of the shower, grabbed the soap and rubbed it all over me then herself. I could feel my pussy start to tingle as I watched her, made more intense by me being eye level with her smooth pussy. She then washed the soap of herself before picking me up and putting me back under the stream of water. She sat me on the end of the bath and slowly started rubbing the soap off me. When she got to my boobs she seemed to pay extra attention to them making my nipples go hard. Once she was finished with my boobs she moved to my arm stumps massaging them deep, making goosebumps come up all over my shortened torso. She carried on working down my body. I was desperate to do something to her. She reached my leg stumps and massaged them deep. I looked her in the eyes, she looked back at me with a glint in her eye then a smile. She then leaned over and kissed me hard. She moved her head down and took each of my nipples in turn into her mouth. I could feel her massaging my leg stumps harder. She started gently stroking my clit with one hand and working 2 fingers into my pussy with the other. I opened my leg stumps as wide as I could for her and rested an arm stump on the back of her neck. She carried on kissing down my torso until she reached my stumps, slowly she kissed around each one while still working her 2 fingers inside me. She then put her tongue on my now red hot clit. I could feel the heat spreading from my pussy, up my pelvis and into my stomach. Her tongue felt amazing on my clit. I could feel her start to work a 3rd finger into my pussy. I gasped as it slid in. I rubbed the back of her head with my arm stumps. I could feel an orgasm start to spread across my torso. Hanna carried on expertly working my clit with her tongue. As I bit my lip to stop from screaming out I felt her whole fist slip deep inside my pussy. I grunted hard as the orgasm took over. My 4 little stumps twitched. Hanna took her tongue off my clit, looked me in the eye, came up and started kissing me hard, then started pounding my pussy making me orgasm even harder. I could feel my pussy squeezing Hanna's hand now deep inside me. I kissed her harder to stop me from screaming out, I felt her tongue probe my mouth. She put her other arm around me to hold me tight. The orgasm seemed to last for ever as waves and waves came over me. Once my orgasm started to slow Hanna gently pulled her fist out with a pop followed by a gush of fluid. As my pussy repeatedly contracted I ejaculated more and more. Hanna watched my pussy intently throughout. Once I'd stopped, she lathered me up with soap and washed me all over again, paying particular attention to my sensitive pussy and stumps. She then washed her fist and face again before turning the water off, picking me up and carrying me to the bedroom. She grabbed a towel, laid it on the bed and wrapped me in it before wrapping herself in another towel. She then lay next to me on the bed and cuddled me to her.

'I've been desperate to do that to you again since that night at yours, I think about your amazing little body all the time.' She told me with a smile.

'It was amazing.' I replied still slightly breathless. 'Is there anything I can do for you.' I asked suggestively.

'Not today babe,' She said with a smile before she leaned down, kissed me then jumped up and dried herself off before drying me. She then scooped me up and started carrying me outside with us both naked. 'Don't want any tan lines, do we?' she giggled.

'Hell no.' I replied giggling back. As we got to the pool the other 4 girls were already there, all topless but still in bikini bottoms. Elise and Jess were in the pool and Olivia and Nat were sunbathing. I felt a little self conscious about being completely naked but couldn't do anything about it. Hanna put me on a sun lounger, grabbed me a drink then sat on the lounger next to me.

'Not a bad idea.' Said Jess sliding her bikini bottoms off. 'Don't want any tan lines.' Hanna and I giggled. Before long we were all naked in the pool together. I was so horny and sensitive I nearly managed to have another orgasm just from the movement of the water.

Later Jess carried me inside to help me get my limbs on and put a bikini on as we were going to a beach party. We had another amazing night dancing and playing silly drinking games, most of which involved us getting naked. I ended up taking both legs off for people to drink out of. We invited loads of people back to our house for a pool party. That ended up with almost everyone naked in the pool together. About 4 am the police arrived because of the noise. They looked a bit shocked when they saw me limbless and naked. We apologised and everyone left while we sat around the pool naked, drinking and talking quietly. It was daylight when Hanna took me to bed. She got into bed with me.

'Lay me on top of you with my head between your legs.' I ordered. Hanna giggled and did as she was told. I gently kissed her smooth thighs and pussy mound before burying my head into her pussy. I could smell chlorine from the pool. I heard her groan in pleasure then felt her bury her tongue into my pussy. We used our mouths to work each other to orgasm. Once we were done Hanna wiped me then got me comfortable and went off to her bedroom.

We spent the next few days getting up at noon, sunbathing round the pool then hitting the strip or a beach party, drinking and partying before getting home in the morning. It was amazing. One afternoon Elise and I went to get new tattoos. I got 1 star each side of the small of my back to add to the floral tattoo on my side. I also got both my nipples pierced. I got really turned on by the pain.

That evening we decided to go to a really exclusive nightclub that we'd managed to get invited to. We all got really dressed up, Hanna helped me get the cosmetic covers onto my pros then I dressed up in a matching black basque and thong with suspenders and a short, tight, long sleeved, little, black dress with a lacy hem. I then put on some sandals with a 3 inch heel. As I looked in the mirror I realised I looked normal, as though my limbs were real and not metal and plastic. I joined my friends and jumped into a taxi. The 6 of us managed to avoid the queue and were soon centre of the party. I was dancing with a really cute guy who said he was from Houston. We were getting on really well and I really

wanted to go home with him. We were flirting outrageously so I thought I'd see if he was up for it.

'You ever been with a girl who's body come's apart.' I said suggestively.

'Err, no.' He replied, looking intrigued.

'Well mine does, and if you want to, you can find out just how much fun that can be!' The guy didn't reply just gulped his drink, grabbed my hand and led me out of the club. I caught Olivia's eye and gave her a wave so she knew I was going. She smiled and gave me a thumbs up. We jumped in a taxi and headed back to his.

His place was an apartment above some shops, it took about 15 minutes to get there. As soon as we were through the door we are kissing and pulling off each others clothing. As he pulled my dress off I noticed him staring at my where my stumps go into my sockets.

'So, what's this about you 'coming apart''. He asked.

'Take me to your room and I'll show you.' I replied.

He took my hand and started leading me to the bedroom. I let my dress fall to the floor and walked in my basque, thong and heels. It was dark so I didn't really see his apartment properly. Once in his room he put a small light on and I sat on his bed. He looked intently up and down my body.

'I got your attention then?' I asked jokingly.

'Hell yes.' He replied.

'You ready for a lesson on how to take me apart then?' I asked.

'Oh yes.' He replied impatiently. I instructed him step by step on how to remove my prosthetics. Once there were off I laid back on the bed.

'Now you're in charge,' I said sexy. 'You can do whatever you want to me and there's nothing I can do to stop you.'

He climbed over me and started kissing me passionately. He slowly worked down my body. When he got to my basque he reached behind me and expertly undid the clasp with one hand, slid it down my torso and over my legs stumps before throwing it across the room. He kissed and massaged each boob and nipple then kissed across to each arm stump. I was worried how he'd react but he slowly kissed, sucked and nibbled each one in turn sending shockwaves through my torso. He then carried on kissing down my tummy, he sucked on my belly button stud making me giggle. He slowly slid my thong off and stared at my smooth, hairless pussy.

'Wow.' He gasped before continuing kissing down each stump, running his tongue along the scars causing a tingling sensation in each one. He then gently kissed and slid his tongue along my pussy lips making me shiver. As his tongue hit my clit I gasped and shivered. He worked my clit until I was panting with desire. He then laid on the bed and said 'My turn.'

I looked at his massive, rock hard cock. I sat up and shuffled around and down the bed. My struggle seemed to make him harder. Once I was in position I started sucking his cock. I managed to work most of his 9 inches into my throat. I sucked harder and harder, listening to him groan and moan until he was about to cum. I dropped it out of my mouth and laid back down. He rolled over, got over me, held his cock with one hand and gently guided it into me. He started gently but built up quickly until soon he was pounding me so hard he had to hold me down to stop me from sliding up. After my first orgasm he pulled out, flipped me over and gently entered my ass. I'd said he could do what he wanted and as I couldn't stop him I let him. He was soon pounding my ass and I found I was actually enjoying it, I think he was actually stimulating my sensitive pussy through my ass. He suddenly thrust hard and came deep in my bowels. This made me cum too. I could feel my pussy twitching and my ass squeezing his cock tight. His orgasm went on for ages, it felt like he spurted gallons of fluid into me. Once he was done he dropped down next to me and his cock slipped out my ass with a pop.

It wasn't long before we were fucking again, and again. He did everything he could think of with my shortened torso. He got some dildos, vibrators, a butt plug and other sex toys out and used them all on me. He filled my pussy and ass with his fists and toys bringing me to the most amazing and intense orgasms. I passed out several times. We went on for hours. I have no idea when we eventually fell asleep but it had been daylight for a long time.

I woke up later with the sun streaming through the windows. I was desperate for a pee, I ached all over and I was aware that my pussy was very uncomfortable. I stretched my 4 stumps which eased the aching somewhat then rolled over to ask the guy to take me to the bathroom but found he wasn't there. I went to call out to him but then realised I didn't even know his name, I felt like such a naughty slut.

'Hello.' I called out but no reply came so I shouted louder, still no reply. I hoped he had just popped out to get some coffee and would be back soon. I just lay there with the feeling of needing to pee getting worse. I started to look around the bedroom as it had been dark the night before and I had been a little too busy to pay attention to it. I noticed it was very bare with nothing but the bed I was laying on and a chair in the corner. I also realised it was not very clean. Some more time passed and he still hadn't returned. I could feel panic starting to set in but I also felt slightly turned on. The feeling of complete helplessness from being limbless and someone having complete control over me had always turned me and now it was happening. I managed to wiggle myself free from the sheets and in doing so realised it felt like something was in my pussy. I lifted my head to look down and could just about see what looked like the end of the massive dildo between my leg stumps. I tried to wiggle myself up the bed to get it out but it wouldn't budge. I rolled over and tried to position myself where it would slide out but still no luck. I shuffled round so my lower half was hanging over the edge of the bed in the hope to would fall out. It still seemed stuck fast. I slipped off the bed onto the floor. The dildo hit the floor first with my weight behind it. The sudden pressure against my cervix caused a shock of pain to course through my torso making me yelp. This also made my bladder give up and I could suddenly feel warm pee pouring down my stumps. It seemed to go on forever leaving my stumps soaked and a massive puddle around me. I then realised that the dildo was so big that my stumps didn't touch the floor. I put my arm stumps back onto the bed and tried lifting myself up but the dildo just came up with me. I was really starting to panic now.

'HELLO, I NEED HELP.' I shouted as loud as I could. I listened for any movement but realised all I could hear was normal outdoors noise. I realised no matter how loud I shouted no one outside would hear me. 'SHIT.' I shouted out loud. The pressure against my cervix was increasing now and I felt like I was about to rip. I tried to scrabble back up onto the bed but couldn't. The one time I got close I slipped and rammed the dildo against my cervix again so hard I was convinced I had ripped. I could now feel tears stream down my face. I had to get the pressure off so I had no choice but to fall to my side into the puddle of now cold urine. It felt horrible. I rolled out of it straight way but was still damp and I could now smell it on me. As I rolled onto my front my boobs hurt and I realised the carpet was dirty and smelt bad. I rolled myself onto my back and caught my breath. I could now see mould and peeling paint around the room. I realised that there was no sign of my prosthetic limbs or the few clothes that had made it to the bedroom. I knew I was now in trouble and that the guy was not coming back and that he had used me for kinky sex. I wondered how many other girls he had done this too and that had to leave the apartment naked. I lay there contemplating what to do. I rolled myself over and over toward the door. As I did I caught a glimpse of a small, red, flashing LED so stopped to take a better look and realised it was a camera. 'Great, this is all now in someone's wank bank and will probably be on the fucking internet.' I said aloud. I knew there was nothing I could do about it so carried on rolling toward the door. I made it into the lounge and nearly cried at what greeted me. It was bare and filthy. I realised this place was nothing more than a place for the guy to come to film himself fucking girls in the most filthy way then steal their clothes when they were sleeping making them have to leave completely naked. I rolled to the stairs and looked down. It seemed a long way to the ground and I thought I'd never make it without either killing myself or at least seriously injuring myself. I thrust all 4 stumps down in frustration. I rolled away from the edge of the stairs and lay there contemplating my next move. I couldn't think of anything. I just lay there crying.

It was soon getting dark. I had pissed myself several times and shit myself once. I'd rolled to a different spot each time but the smell was now overwhelming. I was starting to get a headache from dehydration. It became so dark I couldn't see a thing. I tried shouting out a few times but no-one came. For the first time ever I started to regret losing my limbs. I'd always fantasied about something like this happening because of me being limbless, but now it was happening the thrill had gone and I was now terrified. I eventually drifted off to sleep from the sheer exhaustion.

I was woken the next day by the click of a door closing. I shouted out but no one answered. I could hear foot steps on the stairs. A different man was now stood over me.

'Help me.' I asked weakly.

He grinned at me, bent down, picked me up and carried me back to the bedroom throwing me on the bed. He slipped the dildo out of my pussy, grabbed a wet flannel from the bathroom and cleaned my pussy and ass. He then undressed himself and climbed over me.

'No please.' I pleaded. He leaned over and took some things out of his pocket. I realised it was a bottle of lube and a ball gag. I tried shaking me head to stop him but he managed to get the gag into my mouth and secure it round my head. I tried screaming but no noise came out. He then spread lube over my boobs, put his cock between them and fucked them hard. He was squeezing them so tight it was agony, it brought tears to my eyes. He shot his load over my chest and face. I could feel his sticky warmth. He rolled to the side and lit a cigarette. I could feel a breeze across my naked, sticky torso. Once

he'd finished he sat where my legs should have been, lifted my stumps and started to guide his cock into my pussy. I tried to push him away with my stumps but to no avail, they just were not strong enough. It hurt as he rammed his cock onto me hard. I shook my head but he carried on. I tried to wriggle away but my limbless torso was useless. He came really quickly. I could feel him spurting deep into my pussy over and over. Once he was done he pulled out, jammed the dildo back into me making me wince. He dressed himself then pulled the gag out.

'You fucking cunt.' I screamed as loud as I could at him. He just laughed, grabbed a bottle of water from his coat and forced me to drink it.

'Don't want this pussy dying of thirst now, do we.' He said as he forced me to swallow.

'Asshole.' I growled at him. He laughed again, turned away and left. I screamed over and over again but it made no difference.

I lay there crying feeling used and vulnerable. A fantasy of mine had come true but instead it was horrific. I tried again to get the dildo out but it wouldn't move. I lay in the bed resigned to now being used as a sex toy for the rest of my life.

I was woken by sun light streaming in through the window. I stretched then looked around and remembered my situation. I realised I'd pissed myself again. I started to cry and feel helpless and useless again.

'PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER NOW LAUREN!' I shouted at myself. I lifted my head and looked round the room. I knew I had to somehow get down the stairs and to the front door, then I had a better chance of someone hearing my shouts from the street. I managed to slide off the bed. The dildo hit my cervix again causing me more pain but I knew I had to ignore it. I took a deep breath and fell to my side then rolled out the bedroom. My boobs hurt each time I rolled onto them. They were also really sticky still. I finally got to the top of the stairs, turned myself so I was on my front with my leg stumps pointing down, then took a deep breath and slowly lowered myself down the stairs. As I bumped onto each step the dildo caused more pain and my boobs were agony as they dragged along the rough carpet but I knew I had to keep going. I stopped half way to take a rest before continuing gently and carefully down. Once I was in the small hallway I fell against the wall then managed to wiggle myself down to the floor and onto my back. I was exhausted so I lay there for a bit before I started screaming and shouting. No one came so I wiggled myself round and started hitting the door with my one of my leg stumps while screaming. It took a while but I eventually heard someone at the door.

'Hello, are you ok in there?' Came the voice.

'No, help me, I'm trapped.' I shouted back.

'Can you open the door?' The voice asked.

'No, can't reach it, I'm disabled.' I shouted.

'Ok, I'll call the police.' the voice said.

It wasn't long before I heard sirens then banging at the door.

'Miss, this is the Police, open the door.' Came a loud, stern voice.

'I can't.' I replied.

'If this is some kinda wind up there will be trouble,' Came the stern voice again. 'Now open this door.'

'I really can't.' I replied as I started to cry again. 'I'm disabled, please help.'

'Right, well, you've had your chance, stand back, I'm going to break the door down.' the stern voice said.

'No, wait.' I screamed suddenly realising I was in the doors path. 'Let me get out the way.' I managed to roll over and crawl up a few steps on my stumps. 'Ok, I'm clear.' I shouted.

There were 3 loud bangs followed by a crash as the door burst open. The police officer took one look at me, 'Fuck.' Was all he managed before getting on his radio and saying 'I need EMS here ASAP.' He then ran to his car and grabbed a blanket. Before he came back the massive crowd that had gathered all got a good look at me still laying on the stairs, naked, on my front, with my butt in the air and a massive dildo hanging out of my pussy. I was so embarrassed and turned on all at once. The officer came back and covered me in the blanket before telling everyone to leave. He crouched down to me as I turned my head to look at him.

'What's your name?' He asked gently.

'Lauren.' I replied quietly.

'What happened?' He asked.

'Would you mind helping me to lay down please, I'm really uncomfortable and don't think I can hold myself here much longer.' I asked

'Oh, erm, yes, certainly.' He stammered in reply. He gently lifted me off the stairs and laid me back on the floor. The blanket slipped and I noticed him have a good look at my body and the massive dildo between my stumps before he wrapped me back up. 'Any better?' He asked.

'A bit,' I replied. 'Would you mind slipping this fucking massive dildo out of me please.'

'Er, I think we better wait for EMS, sorry.' He replied. 'Could you tell me what happened here Ma'am.'

I slowly and tearfully explained everything. I could see a pitiful but disapproving and disgusted look on his face. I was glad when EMS eventually turned up though less so when I saw it was 2 men. They lifted me onto their trolley bed and wheeled me to the ambulance. Once I was inside they unwrapped me to check me over. The younger Paramedic just stared at me in shock until he caught me looking back at him. He jumped and picked up the blood pressure cuff, he went to put it on me then looked embarrassed when he realised he didn't know where to put it. The older Paramedic took it off him, put it away and asked me what had happened. I explained again and asked if they could remove the dildo.

'I'll see what I can do.' He replied gently. He gently unwrapped the rest of me from the blanket leaving me completely exposed. He firmly held the dildo and gently started to pull. It wouldn't come at first, I guess my pussy was now very dry. He pulled a little harder while putting his other hand on my bald, smooth pelvis. It felt uncomfortable but eventually it slid out of me. I could smell my pussy now which made me feel even more embarrassed. He then wrapped me up before the younger Paramedic drove us to the ER.

When we arrived I was quickly assessed. They found I was very dehydrated so gave me some IV fluids through a vein in my neck. The police managed to contact my friends who all arrived at the ER in a panic. After several hours the hospital discharged me so my friends got me dressed in some clothes they had brought with them and took me back to the house in a taxi. Hanna carried me inside, sat me on the sofa and got me some food and a drink. While Jess helped me eat and drink I explained to the others what had happened. They all cuddled up to me. Hanna then carried me to the bathroom, undressed me and lay me on my bed while she ran the bath. Once it was deep enough she undressed herself, gently picked me up, stepped into the bath and slowly lowered us both into it holding me with my back to her stomach. The hot, soapy water felt so good. After we had thoroughly soaked, Hanna very gently washed me before getting us out the bath. She gently wrapped us together in a massive, fluffy towel then carried me to the bedroom where she laid us both on the bed. We laid cuddled naked together until I fell asleep.

The next morning Hanna got me into a bikini then fed me breakfast before carrying me out to the pool. She sat me on a sun lounger then sat next to me.

'So, what you going to do without your limbs?' Hanna asked.

'I have no idea.' I replied.

'Do you want to go home?' She asked.

'Hell no, but unless you guys don't mind doing everything for me and I can find a wheelchair I'm going to have to I guess.' I replied sadly.

'Well I certainly don't mind looking after you,' She replied with a smile and a wink while playing with her iPad. 'And a wheelchair is no problem.' She continued as she showed me her iPad with a web page of a local company that hired wheelchairs.

'Awesome, guess that's sorted then.' I replied excitedly flapping my arm stumps. 'Mind stripping me off to sunbathe?'

'Not at all.' She replied with another massive smile before she stood up, stepped over to me and took my bikini off before stripping off herself. We lay sunbathing and chatting for a bit before the other girls joined us. They were all already naked. It wasn't long before we were messing around in the pool.

A few hours later a van arrived with the hired wheelchair. Hanna slipped her bikini back on then carried me naked through the house. The delivery guy's eyes nearly popped out of his face when he saw me. Hanna just giggled and sat me in the chair.

'Perfect.' she said then signed the guys paperwork, he was now looking at the other girls by the pool. He was clearly massively aroused. He left taking one more look before he left. Hanna wheeled me back to the pool where we joined the other girls.

We decided to stay naked round the pool all day and just drink and get take out. When the delivery guys arrived they all looked as though their Christmas had come early being greeted by several naked girls. That night we all got very drunk and all ended up making out with each other naked in the pool. We enjoyed the rest of our holiday. I loved all the attention I got without my pros and with everyone helping me.

Time soon came to fly home. The wheelchair company picked up the wheelchair that morning which meant I then had to be carried everywhere, which I really didn't mind. The girls packed all my things for me and got me washed and dressed, then after lunch Jess carried me to the waiting car. Once at the airport Hanna carried me to check in and through security before setting me down in a chair at the bar. They all took it in turns to feed me and help me drink. We were allowed to board first so Hanna carried me onto the plane and sat with me. I loved all the looks I was getting from people in the terminal and on the plane. There was a guy sat in the seat on the opposite side of the aisle that couldn't take his eyes off me. I could see he was getting massively aroused by my shortened torso. I kept moving all my stumps for him to give him a bit of a show. When food came round Hanna fed me, she was really enjoying helping me. I could see the air stewardess kept looking at me pitifully. After dinner I drifted off to sleep. I woke later needing a wee. Hanna had laid my chair back, wrapped me in a blanket and was cuddled up to me. I woke her up and she carried me to the toilet. After I was done she wiped me, put my thong in her pocket and slid my skirt back down. She then gave me a smile and put her finger to her mouth to say 'Shh.' I smiled at her and as she picked me up I kissed her. She carried me back to our seats, sat down then lay me on my chair facing her. She wrapped us in the blanket and we started kissing. She slipped her hand between my leg stumps and started rubbing my clit before gently working her fingers followed by her fist into me. I nearly squealed out but managed to contain it by kissing her hard. Having all those people so close to me and the almost certainty of getting caught made me feel so naughty and hot. I squeezed my stumps together and started to orgasm. Our tongues were now so deep into each others mouth I couldn't have made a noise if I'd wanted too. She pulled me tight to her as the orgasm took hold. I could feel my pussy contracting hard around her fist. I really wanted to do something too her and the frustration of not being able to made me come harder. My orgasm started to subside and Hanna popped her fist out of me.

'Bring your hand up to my face.' I whispered. She did as she was told and I set about licking and sucking her hands and fingers clean. I could tell she was really turned on by it as she was red faced and her breathing got deeper. Once clean we kissed again and fell asleep.

We were woken by a stewardess with breakfast. Hanna sat me up and fed me then fed herself. Just before we landed she slipped my thong back on me. Once we'd landed Olivia carried me off the plane and through security. They let us jump the queue to save her holding me for too long. Jess and Elise got my bags for me and Olivia carried me out to her Dad's waiting car. He dropped us all home in turn. When we got back to mine Hanna carried me in and gave me a kiss. My parents asked straight away where my limbs were. I told them my pros were stolen but I left out the part about how.

A few days later I managed to get an appointment at the prosthetic clinic. It was nice seeing Greg again and having him measure me up for new pros. He took new casts to make sure my stumps hadn't changed at all. I liked the feeling of the cold plaster against my stumps. After I'd finished Mum drove me home and got my cable operated hooks and running blades on for me. I then changed into tight gym shorts and a sports bra and went

for a long run. As soon as I was back I undressed, took my limbs off and showered. Then I got my hooks back on, put on nice lingerie and a dress, then Dad drove me into town to meet Alex. I told him all about what had happened. I could see he was massively aroused. He apologised about being turned on about the rape. I told him it was ok and it was actually a weird fantasy I had and that in some way's I'd actually enjoyed it. We had dinner in an Italian restaurant, watched a movie then sat in a bar. At midnight we headed back to mine, Alex loved pushing me around in my manual chair. I went back to uni the next day with my cable operated hooks using my electric chair while my new pros were made.

A few weeks later I got a call from Greg to say my pros were ready. I excitedly headed home on the train the next day. Dad met me at the train station and drove me straight to the hospital. I guided my electric chair up to the clinic and once there I changed into a sports bra and tight shorts then manoeuvred to the gym. Greg was stood waiting for me and gave me a big smile and cuddle when he saw me. After asking how I was and catching up he slipped my cable operated hooks off me and placed them on his desk. He then lifted me onto the couch before slipping the silicone liners off my arm stumps before getting me to lay down. He then thoroughly checked all 4 of my stumps, I loved the feeling of his hands on each of them. Once he was done he helped me sit up, then slipped new silicone liners on all 4 of my stumps. He screwed rods onto each of the liners before sliding each prosthetic onto my stumps. It felt weird wearing legs again after a good few weeks without.

'They're the latest models with all the latest updates.' Greg told me.

'Cool. They feel good.' I replied. He then helped me off the couch and to stand. It felt really strange standing again, it was odd how quick I got used to using a chair again. I was a bit wobbly at first but soon got used to them. After about 45 minutes of trying various exercises and a few adjustments the pros were perfect. I thanked Greg, then left the gym to get changed back into my short denim skirt and tight t-shirt. I then sat in my chair and guided it out to the waiting room where my Dad was waiting for me. Greg followed me out and handed my Dad a bag containing all the spares I'd need and the cosmetic covers.

'Thanks again Greg.' I said. 'See you in a year for my check up.'

'You're very welcome.' He replied. 'It was lovely to see you again.'

He leaned over and gave me a cuddle. Dad thanked him too as I started to manoeuvre my chair toward the door.

'Thought you'd want to walk.' Said Dad.

'I do, but it's easier to get my chair out to the car this way.' I replied.

'Oh, Ok.' Replied Dad as he caught up to me. Once outside at the car I got out the chair and got into the car myself while Dad loaded my chair into the car. We stopped to get some lunch. It was nice walking through town and into the restaurant and being able to feed myself properly. We had a lovely long talk through lunch then afterwards Dad drove me to the train station. I again got into my chair to make it easier and headed off to the platform. When the train came in the guard loaded my chair into the luggage car while I found my seat and got settled in. When I got to St Pancras the guard helped me again and showed me where to catch the train to Brighton. I got down to the platform and

waited for my train, again getting help from a guard. Once I got to Brighton Brett met me and drove me back to his.

‘Nice to see you all back together.’ He said sarcastically.

‘Ha ha.’ I replied. When we got back to his he undressed us both, took my new pro off, laid me on my front and gave me a massage.

‘Nice new tattoos.’ He commented as he traced the new star shapes with his fingers.

‘Thanks. I’m glad you like them.’ I replied. He carried on massaging my back for a bit before he rolled me onto my back and traced my floral tattoo with his finger making me shiver slightly, he then did the same with his one of his cocks, groaning as he did.

‘I like the nipple piercings too.’ he said.

‘Thanks. It’s made them so much more sensitive.’ I replied. He stroked my nipples some more making them really hard before getting some lube and squirting it between my boobs. Then he put one cock between them, used his hands to squeeze them together then started fucking them. The feeling of his hands on my nipples and his cock moving between my boobs got me really turned on. He got faster and faster until he came. Both his cocks squirted his warm fluid up my chest and onto my chin and face. I licked off what I could reach with my tongue. Once he’d recovered he made me his sex toy for the rest of the day using both his cocks to get us both to have repeated orgasms.

Next morning I woke up late and found the bed empty. I stretched then lay looking out the window. I realised I could hear the clicking of someone typing on a computer keyboard. I slid off the edge of the bed onto the floor, feeling lots of cum dribble out my pussy and down my stumps. I shuffled into the lounge and found Brett sat at his desk working. He looked bothered.

‘Morning sexy.’ I said as I got close to him.

‘Morning stumpy.’ He replied as he picked me up, sat me on his lap and kissed me.

‘You ok?’ I asked.

‘Yeah, good.’ he replied. He stood up and carried me to the toilet. Once I was done we showered together then Brett carried me to the kitchen and sat me on a chair at the table. He made breakfast then fed me. While eating I thought I’d try to find out again why he looked so bothered.

‘Are you sure everything’s Ok Brett, you looked really concerned on the computer earlier.’ I asked

‘Did I? I’m fine’ He replied. I could tell he was lying.

‘Brett, you’re a shit liar. You can tell me anything. I’d like to help if I can.’ I continued.

‘Honestly Lauren, it’s fine. Just a few problems with the club.’ He replied trying to play down the problems.

‘Come on Brett, tell me, I want to know.’ I pushed. Brett took big sigh before he eventually started explaining.

‘It’s just that the club isn’t make as much money as it has before, entry is down and I can’t seem to work out why. I need something big for the Pride Festival in August something that will make people come, find out they like it and keep coming. Just cant think of anything really different.’ He explained.

‘Oh, is it bad?’ I asked in a concerned tone.

‘It’s not great.’ He replied tersely. ‘So, if you have any amazing ideas, I’m all ears.’

We sat in silence for minutes. I was trying to come up with some suggestions. I really didn’t want Brett to lose his club, both for him and me.

‘You could always become my pimp and sell me for sex, think this body would earn quite a bit.’ I suggested only half jokingly.

‘We’ll call that plan C shall we.’ He laughed.

I slipped off the chair onto the floor, shuffled to between Brett’s legs and took one of his cock’s into my mouth. I worked it deep into my mouth. Just as he was about to cum I slipped it out my mouth. Brett picked me up, turned me round and slid one cock in my pussy and one in my ass. I leaned back onto him, he reached round and started rubbing my clit with one hand while holding me down with his other hand round my waist. His hand worked my clit harder and faster His thrusts built up until he was spurting fluid deep into my pussy and ass. This made me start to orgasm hard. We were both grunting and groaning. Our orgasms went on for ages. Once we’d finished I collapsed back against Brett’s chest. I could feel his heart pounding. We spent the rest of the day sitting around naked and chatting until it was time to get ready for the club. I realised I had no clothes at Brett’s.

‘Can we stop at mine on the way to get me something to wear please.’ I asked.

‘Can do, or you could stay naked. Might make some more money.’ He replied with a laugh.

‘Ok.’ I replied.

‘I was joking Lauren, of course we can stop at yours.’ He replied.

‘I’m serious, I’ll go naked, you know how much I love being naked. It’ll be fun. Plus I get to show off my new nipple piercings.’ I replied back

He laughed, got my limbs on for me so that I could dress in the clothes I arrived in then we headed of to the club. Once there we walked in together. I went off to the changing room while Brett headed to the office. I stripped off then did my hair and make-up while I waited with the other girls for Katya to come down to tell us what we were doing. I ended up greeting at the door all night. I loved the face of people as they saw me completely naked with my prosthetics on full view with no cosmetic covers on. I was so horny by the end of the shift. Brett took me back to my flat, helped me get undress and settled into bed before he kissed me good night.

‘You could always do a live amputation.’ I said as he started to walk out my room.

‘What?’ He said as he turned around.

‘I’ve wanted my stumps removed for ages, I think being a completely limbless torso would be so sexy, and having it done in front of a live audience would be unbelievable.’ I explained. ‘I think it would also bring lots of people in.’

‘I couldn’t do that to you.’ He replied looking shocked.

‘You wouldn’t be ‘doing that to me’, I want it. I’ve been trying to think of a way for a while now. Just think how sexy I’d be, complete open access to my pussy. I’d just be a torso and a head, a life support for a sex doll.’ I told him. I could see he now had a massive erection.

‘Are you serious?’ He asked.

‘Yes, very.’ I replied. At that he stripped off, jumped into bed and buried his head into my pussy. He quickly built me up to an amazing orgasm before sliding both his cocks into my twitching pussy. He pounded my pussy building me to a second orgasm very quickly. I could feel his 2 cocks twitching and spurting deep inside me. He collapsed down breathlessly on top of me before rolling to the side. As he did his 2 cocks slipped out of me with a pop making me shiver. He cuddled me tight to him as we drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I FaceTimed Alex to tell him about the amputations. He also wanted to make sure I was really, really sure. I promised him that I wanted it. I could see he was aroused by the idea. I was sat naked with just my arm pros on so masturbated myself to orgasm for him. He showed me how big the idea had made his cock and then masturbated for me. He promised me he would be there on the day.

We spent the next few months arranging everything, it was so exciting. Brett kept trying to talk me out of it to make sure I was really sure. I promised him I was. He had a surgeon friend that agreed to carry out the amputations. I started using my prosthetics less and less to get used to never being able to use them again. The week before the festival I went to my parents. I wanted to see them before I had my stumps amputated. I arrived with all my prosthetics but wore them less over the 5 days I was there. I knew they wouldn’t react well to me making myself even more disabled so I wanted to show them that I hadn’t made a bad decision already, and to show them how well I managed with no arms and legs. As I left I gave them both a big kiss and cuddle.

The Saturday of the festival finally came around. Brighton had been alive all week, it had been electric. I was so excited I could barely contain myself. I didn’t sleep at all the night before. Brett and I spent most of it fucking and saying goodbye to my amazing stumps that had given me so much pleasure the last few years. Saturday night Brett drove me to the club. He’d promoted the hell out of the ‘live surgery on stage’ and as we arrived there was a massive crowd outside. I met Alex inside and introduced him and Brett. Alex and I were given some time alone so he could get one more time with my stumps. He suckled, kissed and massaged each one before fucking me hard. He explored every inch of my tiny body.

While the club started and everyone else was working I was prepped back stage by the surgeon. Alex stayed with me the whole time. A cannula was put into my neck to give me painkillers and fluids but we’d agreed I would stay awake throughout. Once the club was full it was time for me to go on. Brett came down and asked again if I was completely

sure. I promised him I was. He leaned down, gave me a deep kiss and squeezed one of my leg stumps. He then smiled, stripped naked and put a black mask on.

‘If you’re going to do this, I’m going to be here for you, right by your side.’ He said.

‘Didn’t think you like to show off your cocks?’ I replied.

‘I’d do anything for you, I think your amazing, especially for doing this for me, for us!’ he continued. I smiled at him. I felt sick from the nerves and excitement. The music stopped and a voice echoed round the club. ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, please draw your attention to the stage. For your carnal pleasure, Torture Garden is proud to present our first, ever live surgery.’ There was a big cheer from the crowd. Alex gave me a kiss and walked to the side of the stage so he had the best view. Brett wheeled me out to the middle of the stage on the surgical table that I was strapped to. I felt the heat of the lights on my naked skin. Once I was centre stage the table was tilted so I was upright facing the crowd. Brett stood next to me, his 2 cocks on full display. The Dr then walked onto the stage, stood the other side of me from Brett and started talking into the small microphone on his scrubs.

‘This sex toy is almost perfect,’ He began. ‘It just has 4 small imperfections. Well tonight I will deal with these imperfections to make it the perfect, ultimate sex toy. Lauren will become a living, breathing sex toy. A life support for a perfect pussy, ass and tits to please any man.’

I love being referred to as ‘It’, to be treated as a thing. I could feel my pussy starting to tingle. Brett laid the table down and slid something into my pussy. As it started vibrating I realised it was a remote control vibrator. I looked at him, smiled and mouthed ‘Thank you.’ He smiled and winked back.

The surgeon stood over me and looked my body up and down. I felt so vulnerable. The surgeon moved a trolley with all his tools on closer to him before picking up a scalpel. He told the crowd, who were now silent, everything he was doing. He started on my arm stumps. Once he’d removed one he turned my table round so the crowd could see. There was a big screen to give everyone a better view. He then started on the second arm stump. Despite the fact I’d been given morphine and ketamine I could still feel everything the surgeon was doing, and it hurt. I could feel the vibrator getting stronger. Between the pain of the amputations and the vibrator I started to orgasm. As I wasn’t allowed to move the orgasm was very concentrated. I could feel my pussy contracting and fluid start squirting out between my leg stumps. The crowd started cheering wildly. Once he had removed the other arm stump he placed it with the other on a second trolley and started sewing me up. Once that was done Brett stepped forward and tilted the table again so the crowd could see my new, completely armless body. I could see myself on the screen and loved what I saw. Brett then laid me back again then turned the bed so my stumps and pussy were pointing out to the crowd. The surgeon started on my leg stumps. This time it really hurt. I yelped a little. I looked to the side and saw Brett. He gave me a smile. I could see his 2 cocks were now massively erect. I could feel the surgeon pulling at my stump and it finally come free. He placed it on the trolley next to my arm stumps. After sewing me up again he started on my final, remaining limb stump. The whole procedure took about 45 minutes until my last stump was removed and sewn up. I could then feel the surgeon doing something to my pussy. I tried to lift my head to see what he was doing but couldn’t. I kept feeling sharp pricks on my pussy. I had to wait until later to see what he’d

done. Brett tilted the table again and the crowd let out a massive cheer. I got a glimpse of myself on the screen. I looked tiny. My shoulders rounded straight into my chest. My hips seemed to just round straight to my pussy. I realised then that he'd installed a zip along my pussy lips. I loved my new body immediately. The surgeon stood next to me and took a bow. The crowd applauded him. He turned to me and I mouthed 'Thank You.' He smiled and left the stage. Brett then laid me back down, turned the table round so I was side on to the audience, unzipped my pussy, slipped the vibrator out of me then gently slid one cock in my pussy and the other in my ass. It felt like he was so deep inside me, it was amazing. It hurt my new scars when he gently started to thrust but I was able to ignore it. When he started to orgasm it felt like he was ejaculating into my chest he was so deep into me. I came so hard, with no limbs to thrash around my orgasm was so hard. The crowd cheered us on. As I recovered from my first orgasm as a torso Brett pulled out of me and tilted the table again so I was on display to the club. I felt cum dribble from my pussy and thought it was weird not feeling it dribble down my stumps. Brett then did my new pussy zip up.

I stayed attached to the table on display all night. I had never seen the club so busy. I saw Alex smiling at me from the crowd a few times. At the end of the night Brett came and tilted the table down then wheeled me to his office where he lifted me over onto a bed. The surgeon came in a few minutes later and checked all my stitches. He said they were all fine and put dressings over them. A little later a private ambulance arrived to take Alex and I back to Brett's. They gently moved me over onto their trolley. As they wheeled me outside we passed one of the cleaners who was removing the trolley with my stumps on.

'What do you want to do with these?' He asked. I looked at Brett and Alex.

'Put the in the freezer in my office for now.' Replied Brett

I was wheeled down to the ambulance and loaded on board. The ambulance then drove me slowly and gently back to Brett's while he followed behind in his car. When we got back to his the crew wheeled me inside and into one of the bedrooms where a hospital bed had been set up. They gently moved me over and left. A nurse that Brett had hired appeared and topped up my pain relief through the line in my neck, and gave me some antibiotics she then unzipped my pussy, catheterised me then zipped me back up. After she left Brett came in and sat next to me while Alex stood at the bottom of the bed. Brett took the sheet off me and they both had a good look at my now even smaller body.

'How's it look?' I asked.

'Awesome. It's beautiful Lauren.' Alex replied.

'Amazing. Truly beautiful.' Brett replied.

'It feels weird, like my stumps are stuck. Can't wait to have a good look at myself.' I continued.

'Tomorrow baby, just rest now.' Said Brett.

'I will, I'm exhausted. Did it work though, did we make enough money?' I asked.

'More than I could ever dream of, we took 3 to 4 times what we took last year.' he replied.

‘Good. Night Brett.’ I whispered. Brett leaned over, kissed me then left.

‘I’ve got to head back to uni tonight but I promise you I will be back soon, ok?’ Said Alex as he sat where Brett had just left. He then gave me a kiss.

‘Thank you Alex. I hope you enjoyed the show and you really do like me new body, well torso, can’t really call it a body anymore.’ I replied with a smile.

‘I loved the show and I really love your torso.’ He kissed me again, took one more lingering look at my torso, pulled the sheet over me and started to leave. ‘Love you Lauren.’

‘I Love you too Alex.’ I replied.

He turned the light out and shut the door. I found I couldn’t really move and was getting uncomfortable. I tried to shuffle a little but couldn’t so had to just lay there. It took a while but I eventually fell asleep.

I woke the next morning with the nurse checking my op sites and giving me more antibiotics and painkillers. Brett came in, sat the bed up and fed me, not that I was that hungry. I noticed I was sitting almost straight on my pussy and that the zip felt a little uncomfortable.

I stayed in bed for a week until the surgeon came round to check on me. He sat the bed up, pulled the sheet down then removed the dressings. He took a sharp intake of breath and stared at what was left of my body. I instantly felt vulnerable and turned on at the same time. He looked at and felt each op site then said I was healing well. He gave Brett some new dressings, took the catheter out then said I was ready to be moved around but just to be gentle with me. Brett thanked him and he left.

‘Want to see yourself?’ Brett asked.

‘Hell yes, I’ve been desperate all week.’ I replied. Brett went and got the mirror off the dresser and sat it on the bed where my feet would once have been. I gasped when I saw myself. I looked tiny but beautiful. My shoulders now looked so narrow and rounded straight down to my ribs and side. My boobs looked a lot bigger suddenly. I followed the line of my side and hips which now just continued round to level with my vagina lips. I guessed I now finished level with about the crease where my butt would have met my legs. There was a neat scar at the front on each side roughly where my legs would have bent when I sat or walked. The zipper looked very neat and ran along the inner edges of my labia. Just the black teeth and actual zipper were visible. I started to cry.

‘You Ok?’ Brett asked.

‘Yes.’ I sobbed.

‘Why are you crying then?’ He asked.

‘Because I’m so happy. I look so beautiful and sexy.’ I said tearfully.

‘You certainly are.’ He replied giving me a kiss. He let me look at myself a little longer before taking the mirror. He then dressed me in a thong and bra followed by a vest top and shorts then sat me in my wheelchair. He wheeled me outside and we went for a short walk. I found that after a week of being naked my clothes were really tight and

restrictive and couldn't wait to be naked again. I also noticed I was getting really turned on from sitting on my pussy as we went over all the bumps. As soon as we were back I asked Brett to undress me which he was only too happy to do. As he removed my thong I was amazed at how easy it slid off, even more so that when I had stumps.

It was another 2 weeks before the surgeon removed the dressings and said the op sites were healed and I was able to have sex again. Brett was very gentle. As soon as he'd unzipped me and his tongue hit my newly wide open, completely accessible clitoris it felt like I was on fire. He then slipped 2 fingers inside me. I started to orgasm but Brett continued working his fist inside me. It seemed to go into me really easily. I guess not having legs made it easier. I came so hard. Brett suddenly stood up, lifted me up with the fist in my pussy, held me upside down facing away from him and put me between his legs, then used his free hand to work his cock into my ass. I felt so full it was amazing. This was something I don't think we could have done when I had stumps. My 2nd orgasm was even more amazing. With all the blood rushing to my head I felt all dizzy and passed out at the point of orgasm. I woke up laying on the bed with Brett cuddling me.

'You're new body is amazing, I can get so deep into you now.' He said.

'I'd noticed and I love it.' I replied.

After a few weeks I returned to my apartment with the Nurse, she did everything for me which I loved. Then when Brett was around he did it all for me instead. Literally everything was done for me, I could barely do a thing for myself. I loved my life.

I returned to the club about 6 weeks afterwards. I was kept as a display most weeks. Mostly I was naked but Brett also found all sorts of awesome outfits. My favourite was a shiny black PVC gimp outfit with a zip from my navel to the top of my head and another zip over my ass with an opening around my pussy so I could be used. I was always soaking wet it was taken off me. One night Brett carried me naked into one of the private suites. Sat on the floor was what looked like a cradle with legs and an open top. He laid me on it on my back and I was turned into a table. My pussy was unzipped and a ring was put into my it to hold it wide open. It was then filled with ice so it could be used as a drinks holder. I had food eaten off me all night and I loved being used as an inanimate object. Brett fucked me so hard that night.

A few weeks later Alex collected me and took me to see my parents for the first time since my new amputations. I hadn't told them. I was really nervous. Alex pulled up outside the house, got me into my electric chair and left me to get myself to the door using my mouth to control the joystick. He promised he'd wait outside for a bit. I rang the door bell with my nose and nervously waited. Mum opened the door. Her big smile very quickly turned to one of horror.

'What the hell!!' She squealed. Then with realisation she continued. 'Oh Lauren, what have you done now?'

'I wanted to be like this, I love my body now.' I explained.

'Lauren, you...I...well....I don't know what to say.' Mum continued.

'What's going on?' Came my Dads voice from the living room. 'What's taking Lauren so.....oh!!!' He stopped as soon as he caught sight of me. His face turned to anger.

‘WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE NOW. HAVE YOU NOT PUT YOUR MOTHER AND I THROUGH ENOUGH STRESS, THIS IS IT, NO MORE LAUREN, YOU HAVE A PROBLEM AND NEED HELP.’

‘But Daddy...’ I tried to say but he carried on shouting

‘WE CAN’T GO ON LIKE THIS, I’M TAKING YOU TO GET SOME HELP OR...OR...OR THAT’S IT, WE DISOWN YOU.’

‘What?’ I said shocked

‘What?’ Said my Mum. She turned to my Dad and continued, ‘No, you don’t mean that.’

‘YES I DO.’ He raged. I could see Alex now hurrying down the path. ‘WHAT THE HELL? ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?’ Dad now shouted at Alex.

‘Partly I am sir but Lauren made the decision herself...’ Alex tried to defend me but Dad cut him off.

‘HOW DARE YOU, HAVE YOU NOT DONE ENOUGH TO MY DAUGHTER? YOU FUCKING PERVERT, YOU’VE DESTROYED MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS BODY, HER LIFE. THAT’S IT I’M CALLING THE POLICE.’ He continued screaming.

‘Daddy, no!!’ I shouted but he stormed inside. While he was gone I tried to talk to my Mum but she was crying too much. Alex was now stood consoling me when Dad reappeared.

‘The police are on the way.’ he said. ‘Now Lauren, get inside.’

‘No Daddy. I...’ He cut me off again.

‘DO THE FUCK AS YOU ARE TOLD YOUNG LADY.’ He boomed.

‘No, I’m an adult and I’ll do as I want.’ I shouted back at him through my tears.

‘Come on Lauren, we need to leave.’ Said Alex turning to walk down the drive.

‘DON’T YOU GO ANYWHERE LAUREN.’ Dad shouted as he started storming down the drive. I started to turn my chair and follow Alex but Dad caught me and lifted me out my chair.

‘PUT ME DOWN.’ I screamed but he ignored me and carried me inside. There was nothing I could do to stop him in my limbless state. Alex tried to catch up to me but Dad was too fast and slammed the door on him. I could hear Alex shouting and kicking the door. Dad was still shouting as he threw me down onto the sofa. Mum was crying and trying to pull him away from me. I was really uncomfortable as I’d landed awkwardly with my dress around my waist showing my thong, but couldn’t do anything so just lay there and cried.

It wasn’t long before the police turned up. Dad and Alex both ended up being handcuffed because neither would calm down. We were all separated and asked about what had happened. I explained to the female officer who looked disgusted and appalled. Alex ended up being arrested on suspicion of assault on me. Dad got arrested for domestic assault on me after grabbing me. I got detained under the mental health act. While Dad

and Alex got taken off in different police vans to the Police station I got taken to hospital in an ambulance. The police officer said he should really escort me but as I couldn't go anywhere on my own he would just follow in the car.

We arrived at the hospital about 20 minutes later. The Paramedic carried me off the ambulance. I loved how small I felt in his arms. He put me in a hospital wheelchair and pushed me in. I nearly fell out a few times but he held me back by my shoulder each time. I was admitted to the mental health ward on a 72 hour hold for further assessment. As I didn't have my electric chair I was stuck in bed unless one of the staff moved me. I hated it there. So many of the patients would come and use me for sex and there was nothing I could do to stop them. They really loved my limbless torso and pussy zip. Some of them had serious mental health issues and would do disgusting things to me. I feared for my life on several occasions.

I ended up being held for 6 weeks until they decided I wasn't a danger to myself. That was 6 weeks of not knowing what had happened to Alex or my Dad, of not having anyone look after me properly. I was so glad when I was finally released. As I was wheeled out the ward Alex and Brett were waiting for me. Alex scooped me out of the wheelchair and carried me out the hospital while Brett signed the discharge papers. He put me into the back passenger seat of a brand new Range Rover then Brett got into the driver seat and Alex got in next to me.

'New car?' I asked.

'Yeah, decided I probably needed one if I was going to keep looking after you, especially the space your new electric wheelchair takes up.' Brett replied.

'New chair?' I asked.

'Yeah, your Dad refused to give back your old one, he said he'd bought it and now you couldn't have it.' Alex said sadly.

'Oh.' Was all I could say.

'Sorry Lauren.' Alex replied.

'Not your fault.' I assured him. He smiled at me.

'Brett got you a brand new one though, top of the range, will even climb kerbs and lift you up.' He said.

'Awesome, can't wait to try it.' I replied. 'So what happened after I was hauled off to the looney bin?'

'Well, I was kept in the police cells for 24 hours, as was your Dad. I was bailed and given bail conditions not to contact you, I could be arrested for being here. I'm still on bail pending further enquiries.' He explained.

'For what?' I asked.

'Your Dad is saying I assaulted you and made you do this.' he replied,

'For fucks sake, I'm a grown woman, I can make my own decisions, even if other people think they are bad.' I said.

'I know, you just need to convince the police and your Dad of that,' he replied.

'Hmmm.' Was all I could manage. I looked at Brett. 'How's the club been?'

'Really busy, I've had so many people asking if there was a film of your amputations so I'm glad we recorded it. If you're happy we could make money there. I've also had quite a few requests for similar services from The Surgeon. Apparently you've inspired people Lauren.' Brett replied.

'Wow, nice. I love the idea of people watching me anytime they like so yeah, sell as many as you can.' I said.

'Thought you'd say that.' He replied smiling. I got comfortable and fell asleep for the rest of the long journey back to Brighton.

We pulled up outside my apartment block about 4 hours later. Brett got out, got my chair out of the boot while Alex got me out the car then sat me in my new wheelchair. It took a while to get used to as the control stick was more sensitive than my old one. We got through the main door and into the lift. When we got to my floor and got out the lift we all stopped in our tracks. I felt a sickening feeling come over me. There was a 'For Sale' sign on my front door.

'Oh shit.' I whispered trying not to cry again.

'Come on.' Said Brett reassuringly as he started walking toward the door. He grabbed the key out of his pocket as I caught up with him. He put the key in the door but it wouldn't turn. He tried it a few times getting increasingly frustrated each time.

'He changed the fucking locks!' I said quietly. 'The asshole changed the fucking locks.'

'Come on, let's find the building manager.' Said Alex. We found his apartment and knocked on the door. When he answered we explained I was locked out. He apologised and handed me an envelope, he then realised that I couldn't take it so gave it to Brett while looking embarrassed.

'Sorry. As your Dad is the owner on paper I can't let you in, sorry.' he explained trying not to make eye contact with me.

'What about her stuff?' Asked Brett.

'It's empty.' he replied.

'Where's all my stuff.' I asked, again fighting the tears.

'No idea, I'm afraid, sorry.' He replied as she shut the door.

Brett opened the envelope. In it was a leaflet for a storage place. Written on it was '*Your stuff is here.*' Nothing else, no letter, nothing. We left the apartment block and drove to the self storage place. Brett walked in and gave my name. He was handed a key then came out and got me. The 3 of us went in together. The guy behind the counter looked at me with pity. We found the unit and Brett opened it. Everything I owned was stacked in it. Not too carefully either. A lot of things were damaged including most of my

photo frames. I could no longer hold back the tears and started to sob hysterically. Alex picked me up and cuddled me tight

‘Shh, it’s ok Lauren, it’s ok.’ he tried to calm me down.

‘How is any of this ok?’ I managed to say between sobs. Alex realised that I just needed holding so that’s what he did. He sat in my chair and held me to him with an occasional ‘Shh.’

Once he’d calmed be down Alex stood up, put me back in my chair and Brett locked the unit. We then went back to the car and drove back to Brett’s house. When we were inside his house Alex sat me on the sofa and cuddled up to me.

‘What am I going to do?’ I asked.

‘I’d love for you to move in here.’ Brett replied. ‘I was going to ask you anyway, before all of this.’

‘You don’t mean that, do you? You’re just being nice.’ I replied back.

‘I’m not Lauren, I’d love to live with you, really.’ he assured me.

‘Wow, really?’ I replied.

‘Yes Lauren, really, really truly. Alex can move in too, if you’d like’ He said also looking at Alex.

‘I’d love to Brett, thank you. Are you sure you don’t mind having to do everything for me?’ I replied.

‘Not at all, in case you hadn’t noticed I’m as into this as you are.’ He replied.

‘What about you Alex? I’d love you to both look after me. I said looking at Alex.

Alex sat quiet for a few moments obviously thinking hard. ‘I’d love too, if Brett is sure.’ He said quietly turning to Brett.

‘Very sure, anything for Lauren.’ Brett replied reassuringly.

‘Then yes, thank you, I will, as soon as I finish uni.’ Alex replied.

I turned my head and kissed him. He kissed me back before he lifted me onto his lap and undressed me then himself. He unzipped my pussy then slid me onto his cock while stroking and rubbing me new shoulder stumps.

‘Do you regret any of this Lauren?’ He asked while looking me in the eyes.

‘Not at all. I promise. I’m sad at what it’s done to my relationship with my family but not what I did.’ I replied.

‘Good.’ He replied. He then started moving me up and down having sex with me. I could hear Brett moving around behind us the suddenly saw Alex start staring.

‘Diphalia.’ I told him.

‘W..What?’ Replied Alex still visibly stunned.

'Diphalia. Brett has 2 cocks. Was born that way. Both fully functioning and beautiful.' I explained further.

'Nice.' said Alex looking impressed. Brett smiled, came over and worked his 2 cocks into my butt. I felt so full. The 2 guys fucked me so hard. Alex pounded me against his cock while Brett pounded his cocks into my ass. I was screaming in pain and pleasure. We all reached orgasm together. I could feel so much semen being squirted over and over into my pussy and bowel. Our orgasms lasted for ages. Once we were done Brett slid his cocks out of me, I felt his warm liquid dribble out of my ass. Alex lifted me off his cock and again fluid dribbled from me. He zipped my pussy up and carried me to the bed. As he laid me down I felt his cum moving around in my now sealed pussy. Alex kissed me goodnight and left.

The next morning Brett hired a van and collected all my belongings from the storage unit. We spent the next few days finding places for it all. I didn't have much so it all fit easily. Brett replaced all my broken photo frames for me so that all my pictures could be displayed.

A few days later a police officer came round to interview me. I assured her beyond all doubt that this had been completely consensual and the fact that I'd amputated my own legs when I was 16 and that I'd just been sectioned for 6 weeks should show that Brett or Alex hadn't forced me or done it without my consent. Alex heard a week later that the charges had been dropped against him. I also refused to give a statement about Dad's assault on me so the police had no choice but to drop the charges against him. I tried calling my parents a few times but each time they hung up eventually changing their phone number. I sent a letter that Brett typed for me but it got returned ripped up. I stayed in contact with my brothers, though it was awkward.

Alex moved in about 2 months later. He'd managed to get his course changed to Brighton university so he could finish it and live with me. He was then going to get a job in Brighton. The three of us had so much fun with my new body and I loved being used as an object both at home and at the club. I spent nearly all my time naked and hated it when I had to wear clothes. Brett was always getting custom made sex outfits for me to wear at the club. He eventually made Alex and I partner's in the business. He put both sets of my prosthetic legs and my myoelectric arms behind the bar so certain customers could drink from them. My cable operated hooks were put on display. He also had my 4 stumps preserved and displayed. Hanna, Elise, Jess, Nat, Olivia were regular visitors and all loved my new body, especially Hanna. We always ended up having sex, I loved her fist deep inside me. Now I had no legs at all she could easily get both inside me giving me amazing orgasms. Often one or both of the guys would join in too. My favourite was when she double fisted me while one of them put his cock in my ass. I would ejaculate like a fountain and pass out. We regularly held orgies at home where my limbless torso would end up the centre of attention. In fact Hanna moved in after Christmas too. We lived as a family, all fucking each other when ever we wanted, though I was always involved somehow. Hanna started showing a lot of interest in having an amputation. She would regularly pretend, sometimes having all 4 of her limbs bound for long periods at a time.

It took a while but I eventually stopped missing my parents, though I still thought about them occasionally.

One night the four of us were sat naked in the hot tub drinking. I cheekily asked, 'What do you think we should do to my body next?'

'Isn't it my turn next?' Replied Hanna.

'Oh, I'm sure we'll think of something for both of you.' Replied Brett smiling.