

## **My Story**

I wasn't born this way, far from it, I didn't even become this way by accident or illness, I chose to be this way, or, to put it another way, I got this way as a victim of circumstance. I've been accused of being a pretender by several people recently so, I feel it's time to set the record straight.

I was born on 21<sup>st</sup> February 1985, my life was normal, did all the normal kid things, got all the normal kids illnesses, had all the normal knocks, grazes and bumps. Everything changed a few months after my 8<sup>th</sup> birthday. My uncle went through a hard divorce, lost his job and generally felt sorry for himself and tried to take his own life. We lived in quite a large house, as it was just my parents, my younger sister and myself, we had a few spare rooms, so my Dad decided to let him live with us until he sorted himself out. I'd always been very close to my uncle, looking back now probably unhealthily so, so I was happy about this.

That all changed one night, My parents had gone away for the weekend and left us with my uncle, we had a fun night, ate pizza from the take away and watched videos, not long after I went to bed I heard my uncle coming upstairs, thought nothing of it, heard him go in to check on my younger sister, then my bedroom door opened, I pretended to be asleep as it was late and I thought I'd get in trouble. I heard the door shut, so I rolled over, threw the duvet off and opened my eyes and saw my uncle still there looking at me. At first I was embarrassed, as it was middle of summer and very warm and sticky I'd gone to bed just wearing a pair of knickers, so I grabbed my duvet and pulled it over me, but I then noticed he was smiling at me. It was then, despite my age, I realised something wasn't right.

He took the duvet off me, put his finger on his mouth and whispered 'Shhh, it will be alright'. He then undressed and got into bed with me, he started stroking my hair, then kissing me, first my cheek, then full on the lips, I hated it. He then stroked my chest working his way down until he reached my pants. Then the worst bit of all happened, he started kissing me harder, even putting his tongue in my mouth, then, he put his hand into my pants, and he put a finger in me. It was all I could do to stop myself from crying.

It lasted about 10 minutes though it seemed longer, after that he got dressed, told me it was our little secret and I was his special little girl, he then kissed me on the forehead and left my room.

Next morning it was as though nothing had happened, he made us breakfast, bacon and eggs on toast, Mum and Dad got home after lunch and everything was fine. In fact nothing happened again for months, I thought it must have been a one off, or maybe I'd even dreamed it. Then, just before Christmas, my Nan was taken ill, my Dad took my Mum too see her, so again we were left with our uncle. Everything was fine the first night, 2<sup>nd</sup> day we went Christmas shopping and to TGI Fridays for dinner, it was a good day. We then went down Oxford St. to see the lights, got home very late and went straight to bed. Later that night I was woken by something stroking my face, it was him, he smelt like he'd been drinking. He then got undressed, pulled my trousers and pants off and had sex with me, it hurt so much I cried, he told me not to be so stupid, that I wasn't a little girl anymore. He then finished off and fell asleep.

Next morning he was gone, I went downstairs and he had breakfast already, again like nothing happened. Dad came home later, sat me on his lap and told me Nana had died, and that Mum was staying with Granddad for a bit to sort him out. We went to the funeral a few

days later, after that things got worse, my uncle started coming into my room regularly. One night I was about 10 or 11 by then I tried to push him away, he just tied my arms to the bed. He must have been a bit rougher that night, Mum found blood on my sheets the next day, assumed my periods had started, I got a long talk about them, I was too ashamed to tell her.

A week or so later, Mum and Dad went out for the evening, I went to bed early, told everyone I was tired and not feeling well, even turned down Ice cream! He came up not long after I went to bed, I think my sister was in bed, he started kissing me, took my top off, my boobs had started to develop by now, he started playing with them. Then he whispered in my ear how much he enjoyed tying my arms up last time. He then produced some belts, he tied my hands to the bed, then took my shorts and pants off, put my feet up by my bottom and put the belts round my feet and thighs to hold them there. He started kissing my thighs, then my vagina, then had sex with me again, I cried all the way through. He left me tied up after for ages.

This went on regularly, he'd have sex with me even with my parents in the house, I became very quiet and introvert, my parents took me to the Dr. she said it was just teenage hormones running riot, normal for a lot of girls through puberty, and it was nothing to worry about.

I started senior school a few weeks later, my uncle also got promoted at work, so the abuse stopped for a while. I came out myself, became very popular with everyone at school, especially boys, I was well developed for my age. I had my first kiss just after my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday with an older boy, I even let him finger me, I just thought it was normal, I didn't know any different. It wasn't long before I had sex with him, and then other boys, I seemed to be quite good at it, I was VERY popular at school, plus I looked a lot older so I got into pubs and clubs. My lowest point was just before my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday I had sex behind a pub with a 26 year old guy, I cried for hours after, I decided I needed to sort my life out, I'd already had sex with about 12 men/boys.

Not long after this we went on holiday to Spain and he came with us. I knew he was watching me when I was wearing my bikini but it didn't bother me, I'm not saying I liked it, but it didn't bother me, I'd started to sort my life out, wasn't being so promiscuous, it was good. Then it happened again, one night on holiday my parents went out, sister was in bed, she was now 10, I don't know if it happened to her, I could never bring myself to ask, I was scared in case he was and of admitting he'd was doing it to me. Anyway, not long after they went out he came in my room, got undressed, undressed me, looked between my legs and then at my chest, told me how much I'd matured since last time he'd seen me like this, he then pushed my feet up to my buttocks, I tried to stop him, I couldn't, he was much stronger, he put the belt round my thigh, did the same to the other side, this time though, instead of tying my arms to the bed he pushed my hands up to my shoulders and tied them there, said he could move me round more. He then made me give him oral sex, I was nearly sick. Then he had sex with me. First just normally, then he stopped, rolled me over, put me on my knees and started having sex with me again, my face was in the pillow, I tried to get up on my elbows but I couldn't. Afterwards he untied me, dressed me and left.

A few weeks after we got back he announced he was moving in with his girlfriend, down in Brighton. I was so pleased I cried myself to sleep that night, glad that if he didn't come in over the next 2 weeks it would finally be over. I thought about telling my parents but it would have destroyed my dad, they were like best friends, not just brothers. It was a secret I decided

never to tell. The day he moved to Brighton came, I woke up early that day, helped him pack, kissed him goodbye, watched him leave from the doorstep, relieved.

Over the coming weeks Mum became more and more tired, she went to see the Dr., and was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, if you don't know what that is look it up on the net, it will take too long to explain here. He'd now be gone almost 3 months. Because Mum was ill my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday came and went almost unnoticed, I went out with a few friends and got money and underwear from my parents, He also sent me underwear, a skimpy, black, lace, thong, I binned it. The week after I was at school and managed to break my right arm in 2 places, spent a night in the local hospital and 6 weeks in plaster. Being right handed I was pretty much useless, had to have a lot done for me. During this time though I discovered something very important, something that will make this story, and why I'm telling it to you make sense. I found out that I enjoyed not being able to do things for myself, I was turned on by not being able to use my arm, this scared me but intrigued me.

6 weeks flew past, I went to the orthopaedic clinic to have the cast taken off, while sitting in the waiting a girl about the same age as me came in on crutches, I looked down and noticed her left leg was missing about mid-thigh, I was in awe, I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was wearing jeans with the leg pinned up, it showed her stump very well. She nervously crutched across the room and sat down, she was obviously a recent amputee. I watched her the whole time she was there, It was then I realised I wanted to be like her, only I wanted more amputated, it was a strange revelation.

When I got home I tried to think of as many ways as I could to pretend to be an amputee, remembering the way he used to strap my limbs up I used belts to strap up one or both legs then I'd put a skirt or tracksuit trousers on, sometimes I'd do an arm as well or instead, though as much as I tried I couldn't find a way to do both arms, anyway I had fun but it wasn't very satisfactory. I tried to do as much as possible, using my mouth, drinking, opening doors, typing with a rod in my mouth, I got very good.

Mum's condition didn't seem to be improving by the time the summer holidays started, despite the treatment she couldn't cope with me and my sister, so it was decided that I'd spend summer with him. I tried everything to get out of it, I nearly told them but I couldn't. So I was sent to him.

His new girlfriend worked for some firm that meant she was out the country a lot, quite often for weeks on end, so I was alone with him a lot, not knowing anyone in Brighton I couldn't go out much so the abuse soon started. One night he tied up all my limbs and made me spend the best part of a week like it, he made me wear tiny outfits, made me sunbathe in my bikini on his balcony, made me do everything like it, He did it a few times over the 6 weeks. I was horrified and upset that it was my uncle doing this to me but at the same time I enjoyed the pretending part.

I was, in some ways glad when the holidays were over but at the same time disappointed that there'd be no more pretending quite like that.

Couple of months after I got back I noticed I hadn't had a period for a while, I got a pregnancy test and it came up positive, so I went to the Dr. for a blood test, that was positive too, I was gutted, I didn't know what to do. Mum seemed to be getting better but I didn't think she was strong enough for this. But after much thinking I decided to tell my parent's,

they'd find out I was pregnant anyway, it was just whether to tell them about him too, and how much. When it came to it, I told them everything except the tying up. Mum cried, a lot, I cried, Dad sat there quiet, then smashed a few things up, told me he didn't believe me and stormed out. Mum cuddled me, told me to get a termination and then never discuss it again. 2 days later I got the termination, I went on my own, I cried as the slid the cold instruments between my legs, Dad still hadn't come home. When he did a week later, it was never mentioned, my father and I never spoke, he couldn't even look at me, Mum and I barely spoke, it was unbearable, my only release was pretending to be an amputee, I was finding better ways to do it and for longer.

Christmas was horrible, I got vouchers from my parents that was it. It was then I decided to leave home, so on January 4<sup>th</sup> I packed up as much as I could carry, left a note for them saying I loved them but I couldn't live with them anymore, I got all my savings out, and got the first train North.

I ended up In Sheffield, I found a nice B&B to stay at, but money soon started to run out, so I started begging. Got a fair bit, but not enough, then one day I hit upon the idea if pretending I had no arms, I got loads of money, more than I'd got the previous 2 weeks added together. So, partly for my own pleasure and partly to make money I pretended to be different types of amputee in different parts of the city, I made enough to eat, get a shower once a week and a bed-sit on really cold days, I was doing well, sort off. I managed to avoid the pimps, they all thought I could earn myself (and them!!) a mint, I was young, pretty if I pretended too I was onto a winner, but I resisted, though on the cold nights when I couldn't afford a room, I smelt bad and was dirty I nearly took them up.

Through out this there was this one guy I saw every morning and evening outside Sheffield Mainline, he refused to give me money but always bought me coffee and breakfast, then a sandwich on his way home. On Friday's he bought me something and chips. He was fairly young, about 22, good looking, obviously very rich, and he had a nice smile.

That nearly all fell apart one Saturday night, it was just after my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday, I'd been there just over a year. I was pretending to be a double leg amputee outside a bar and club complex, I was earning quite a bit. Couple of people said they felt sorry for me, a girl like me shouldn't be on the streets, others offered me money to shag me as a girl like me would me different, I turned them all down, but they gave me money anyway. Then the guy from the station turned up, first of all he walked past, I tried to hide, obviously I couldn't leave, there were people around, they'd know I'd been faking, beside I needed to take my tracksuit trousers off to get back to 'normal', normally I'd wait till no-one was around, or shuffle of to somewhere private on my hands. So I was stuck, then he came back, he came over with a hot dog and coffee, he was smiling, he handed them to me, then looked down and realised what I was doing, he was stunned, he looked disgusted and walked away.

I didn't see him again for ages. So I gave up and moved to Leeds, new city, new places to pretend. It was almost Easter when this big sports car pulled up outside the station, it had been an unusually cold March and April, I was ill, a guy got out the car, and walked toward me carrying a blanket, flask and a paper bag. I was pretending to have no arms, they were both tucked into my jumper. It was the guy from the station, he was smiling, 'I've been looking for you everywhere', he said. I tried to answer but I coughed, a lot. He put the blanket round me, 'Come with me, you're sick, you shouldn't be here', he helped me up, and

into the car, he poured soup out the flask for me, I started to get my arms out, 'Don't worry about that' he said. He then fed me the soup and roll he'd bought me.

'We'd better find you a Dr.'

'Thanks', was all I could manage.

We drove for ages, he told me his name was Dan, that he owned a computer and a construction company, I told him my name was Natalie, not my real name but the one I'd decided to be called by. After about 90 minutes we turned into a luxury apartment block, he drove through the gate and down to the car park, he then helped me out the car, into the lift and into his apartment. It was amazing, wood floors throughout, Chinese rugs here and there, an amazing view, massive telly, 'Bathrooms through there' he said pointing, 'There's a bedroom through there, help yourself to any of the clothes in there, hope they fit'.

I got undressed, stepped into the shower, it was better than the one back at home and that was good, this was amazing. I washed everywhere over and over until I felt clean, it struck me as odd that he had girls soap and shampoo but I didn't care. I then wrapped myself in one of the big, thick blue towels and walked toward the bedroom, as came out he caught sight of me from the kitchen and asked if I wanted any dinner, I told him I did. Strangely, although I was standing in front of him in nothing but a towel, I felt comfortable. I went into the bedroom, found loads of clothes in a wardrobe, all my size, even underwear in a draw. I found a bra that was my size, there were a few different sizes, found some knickers that matched, then dressed in grey cotton trousers and a tight white sleeveless top, the apartment was nice and warm. When I walked into the living room, there was another, older man talking to Dan. He introduced himself as Dr. Watkins, Dan left the room and he examined me and asked me loads of questions. He told me I had a chest infection, gave me some antibiotics, told me to get Dan to call him if it hadn't cleared up in a week.

After he left Dan came in with dinner, 'Nice to see all your limbs' he said smiling, I felt myself go red so I just smiled. 'I guessed you were a blonde too, though I couldn't tell under the dirt and hood', I blushed more. We sat at the table and ate spaghetti bolognese, I ate loads he offered seconds. He told me I was more than welcome to stay, and to treat the place as my own, I thanked him.

'I hope I got the right sizes, it was a lot of guess work, I had no idea of the bra's so I got a few different sizes, tell me which ones right I'll get you some more', he smiled after that, sort of embarrassed. 'That's OK' I said, 'you don't need to, I found one, I'll get more soon, but thanks'.

'I don't mind, it would be a pleasure'.

'I'm sure it would be!!! 34c then, thanks'.

After dinner I washed up, he argued but I told him I was doing it, it was only after I realised he had a dishwasher!!! We then sat on the sofa, I asked him why he was helping me, he told me he didn't make a habit of it just he felt sorry for me, I looked more helpless than the others and more out of place, plus he thought I was too pretty for that and he was just drawn to me. I kissed him on the cheek and cuddled up to him, I felt totally comfortable for the first time in years. I told him I was only 15, he said that was OK if it was OK with me, he told me he was 23. I then told him most of what I just told you. He was shocked but just cuddled me, told me he knew some solicitors if I wanted anything done about it, I told him I didn't want to, he then cuddled me more and I fell asleep shortly after.

I awoke the next day feeling completely refreshed, it was the best sleep I had in over a year, I noticed I was wearing pyjama's , I got worried at first, realised I was still wearing underwear, and I felt OK, but still got worried. I walked into the lounge, the sun was beaming through, I looked at the clock, it was 1.10pm. 'You slept for 15 hours, hope you don't mind me undressing you but you looked really uncomfortable sleeping in those clothes'.

'Thanks'.

Breakfast was waffles with strawberry sauce, we spent the afternoon shopping for food and clothes, Dan was lovely. I was in love!

My 16<sup>th</sup> birthday came round, we had a huge party with all his friends and the few I'd made, he bought me a gold necklace and earrings with diamonds in, I looked good in them even if I was nervous about wearing them, he also paid for to get my navel pierced. I was so happy, in bliss even. Dan was a real gentlemen, never even mentioned sex. A week after my 16<sup>th</sup> he took me for dinner at a big restaurant in the country, when we got back I pushed him against the wall and started kissing him, he seemed a bit shocked at first but then got into it, he picked me up and I wrapped my legs round him, he carried me into the bedroom, I undressed myself then undressed him, he then asked me if this is what I wanted, and if I was sure. I told him I was. We made love for ages, it was nothing like when my uncle abused me, or when I had sex with those guys, this was amazing. We stayed together for the first time that night. We cuddled the whole way through.

A few months on, life was great, I was using Dan's computer to research colleges as I wanted to go back to school, when I found a file just marked 'D', I opened it and found hundreds of pictures of amputees, at first I was shocked, but then got turned on, I still pretended occasionally but not as much as I did. While Dan was still at work I went to the chemist and bought some bandages, I then tied up both my legs and one arm, I wanted to do both but I couldn't. When Dan came in I told him I was in the bedroom, he acted shocked to begin with, asked me what I was doing, I told him about the pictures I'd seen and that I didn't mind, and that I liked it, in fact I didn't just like pretending to be an amputee I wanted to be an amputee, well at that he got undressed, 'amputated' my other arm and we had amazing sex, over and over again, I stayed like that all night, he even took the next day off and I stayed like it the next day.

After that we made it a regular thing, I spent longer like it each time. He bought a wheelchair for me so we could go out, even bought specially adapted clothing for me so I looked real. He took me to a country cottage in Scotland where I spent the entire fortnight as a quad amputee, we even stopped on the motorway on the way to 'amputate' my limbs just so no-one in the village knew any different. Every where we went people said 'you poor thing,'. Then would ask Dan what happened to me, we told them I'd been in car accident when I was 8, when we got back to the cottage my knickers were always soaked as I was so turned on by it.

Just before the end of the holiday, Dan cooked dinner, we sat down, he fed me, then said 'we need to talk'.

I got worried at this point, normally that's not good. 'What about'? I asked, hesitantly.

'Oh, sorry, nothing to worry about', I breathed a sigh of relief, 'its just, have you enjoyed the last 2 weeks'?

‘Yes, off course’ I replied

‘I mean as an amputee?’ He looked nervous.

‘Yes, I loved every minute of it, you know I always do’. I smiled at him

‘OK, here we go’, he took a deep breath ‘ Don’t freak out or anything, I’ll only ask this once, if you say no, that’s fine, I’ll never mention it again, it won’t change anything, OK?’

‘Yes’ I replied

‘I’ve been doing some research into it, and well I’ve found a guy in Switzerland that can do it, and I don’t mind the cost and it will be in confidence and I’ll look after you and get a nurse if you want and...’

‘What are you talking about?’ I interrupted.

‘Would you like to become an amputee, permanently?’

‘Yes’, I replied without a second thought, ‘I’d love to’.

‘Really, are you sure, don’t you want time to think about it, this is a life altering decision, you have to be sure’.

‘I am, very, never been so sure about anything since leaving home, and that was the right decision’.

‘True. You can have any level you want, we can discuss the details when we get home, this is going to be great’ he said excitedly.

He leaned over and gave me a big kiss, ‘Dessert?’ he said suddenly.

He walked back in carrying a big bowl, ‘DAE, mid-thigh DAK’ I said.

‘Sorry’ he replied.

‘I want to be a DAE, mid-thigh DAK amputee, a quad amputee, OK??

‘OK, forget dessert’ he said as he picked me up and took me to the bedroom, both of us so happy, ‘We’ll discuss that with the Dr. next week’.

‘Next week?’ I asked.

‘Yes, we’re going skiing’. He winked.

I couldn’t wait until the next week, those 7 days felt the slowest in my life, finally the day came to fly to Switzerland. We boarded the plane at Manchester early in the morning, it was October and was still dark. When we arrived at Zurich it was covered in snow. We got a taxi to the hotel, Dan told me we had an appointment with the Dr. first thing in the morning. I gave him a kiss and cuddled upto him for the journey to the hotel.

The hotel was a huge country place, secluded and private, as soon as we got to the room, we got changed and went down to the restaurant. We had a lovely dinner, after, we went upstairs, I wanted to get Dan to ‘amputate’ my limbs, but he said no as we had an early start and we needed to discuss what I wanted from this and our cover story. ‘Cover story?’ I asked.

‘Well yes, we can’t very well go home with you having no limbs without some sort of story, I wanted them amputated won’t work’. He said sarcastically

‘True, hadn’t thought of that. Any ideas?’

‘What about a skiing accident, it’s going to be done here in Switzerland, they do a lot of

skiing here so why not. It's believable.

'Sounds good to me, can't think of anything better'.

'OK, how about this, I was at a meeting so you went of skiing on your own. You wanted a bit of excitement so you went of piste. You had an accident and was unable to get help. When we found you 3 days later, you'd broken both your arms in 3 places, dislocated both your shoulders and got severe frostbite in all your limbs, there was no choice but to amputate. You were in ICU for 2 weeks, before you came round, we thought you were going to die. How's that?'

'You've thought about this already, haven't you?'

'Might have', Dan replied then laughed.

'OK, so that's our story, yes?'

'Yes, now, exactly what type of amputee do you want to be?'

'What would you like me to be?' I said, I raised an eyebrow and rubbed his leg.

'A complete quad, DSD, DHD, no stumps'

'But don't you think stumps are sexy?'

'Yes, but no stumps are better, what do you want?'

'I told you, DAE, DAK, with nice smooth rounded stumps to stroke you with'.

The conversation went on for a while, we eventually decided on a compromise. I'd become a DSD with short leg stumps, though I very nearly decided to become a DHD aswell when he pointed out that having no leg stumps at all to get in the way would mean great sex. I pointed out that I could always have them amputated at a later date. I didn't sleep much that night, I was far too excited.

The next morning we got up when it was still dark, I showered, made sure I had matching underwear on ( it's a girl thing!! ), Dan had breakfast brought up to the room. Just before 7 we got a taxi to see the Dr. We pulled up to this big, imposing building, with a long gravel drive, looked like a stately home. I won't tell you exactly where or the Dr.'s name to preserve his and our confidence.

'He sees his private clients from home' Dan said.

We walked into a huge hallway, with a big curved staircase and a huge crystal chandelier, an elderly gentleman let us in, and showed us into the lounge, 'The Dr. will be with you shortly', he said in broken English. Dan said something to him in Swiss, I've no idea what but the man laughed and then walked off.

A short while later a young woman walked in, no more than 19, blonde and gorgeous, Dan was obviously impressed, I slapped his knee.

'Dr. will see you now' with only a hint of an accent.

We walked through a big, heavy wooden door into his surgery. It looked like an average Dr.'s room, clean, sterile, a couch along one wall, a desk against another, a curtain round the couch. A guy greeted us as we walked in, he was mid-forties but still good looking in a sort of rugged, George Clooney way, almost sexy, My Mum would have loved him.

He sat in front of us with a pad of forms. 'Well lets get straight to the point, Dan here tells me that you want to become an amputee, correct' he said in perfect, unbroken English.

'DSD and DAK with short stumps, just long enough to be able to use prosthetics'. I



replied

He then asked why I wanted to be an amputee, especially one this severe, I replied with a long winded diatribe into how I'd always felt incomplete with limbs, and how I needed this for my mental health, he seemed to buy it too.

'How old are you'? He asked.

'21' I lied.

He wrote 21 on the form, 'And really, be honest'.

'16', I said quietly, '17 in February'.

'Wow, that's very young, you realise you'll spend 60 years like this, if not longer'.

'I know' I said assuredly.

'OK'. He then asked about our cover story, we told him, he liked it. He then asked me to get undressed down to my underwear, he needed to examine me, and take photos. After he looked at me, he put some marks with a pen on my legs, 'This is as high as we can go if you want to be able to use prosthetics, but you'll have to exercise a lot to make sure the muscles in the remaining limb are strong enough. Your stumps should be about 12-13cm long stumps, OK?'

'Great' I smiled.

OK, We'll book you in for early December, how does the 6<sup>th</sup> sound?'

'Fine', Dan and I said in unison. 'See you then'.

Dan shook hands with the Dr., as he went to shake my hand he said, 'Just make sure you're positive this is what you want, once we've done it there's no going back, once they're off, they're off, no putting them back on, you understand that, right?'

'Yes, completely.'

'OK, but you can change your mind, anytime right up to starting the op, OK?'

'OK, thanks, bye'.

We left the house, got into the taxi and headed back to the hotel, snow was falling heavily. There wasn't much conversation on the journey, we just held hands. We had a lovely evening, we went out to restaurant, on the way back Dan took me into a secluded park and we had sex in the snow, an experience I can tell you that, while good and different, is not one I'd like to experience again, I was so cold, I couldn't feel my hands and feet for ages after we got back to our room. That night Dan asked me to 'amputate' his limbs so he could feel what it's like, I obliged, we had fun, though I was kind of jealous. Next Morning we flew back to Manchester, it was raining, as usual. There was a pile up on the M62, so it took ages. I jokingly suggested that instead of spending that much money we could stage an accident, Don't think he appreciated it, 'I can afford it', he snapped.

'How much is it costing?' I asked.

'Doesn't matter, it a Christmas present'.

'OK', I knew I'd never get an answer from him, where money's concerned he's very private and I didn't want to spoil the moment.

The time really flew bye, Dan and I made a few adjustments to the house and brought some equipment for me but Dan had said he'd get it all done properly after the 'accident' otherwise

it would look suspicious. I joined a gym to keep fit and built up my muscles, just got on with a normal life during the day, and spent most nights and weekends as an amputee. Practicing using my mouth for everything.

We flew out on December 2<sup>nd</sup>, it was still snowing. This time we stayed in a well known skiing resort, did a lot of skiing and made sure we got seen by a lot of people. I spent the whole 4 days as able-bodied, spending the final days using my limbs as much as possible. We got up early on the 6<sup>th</sup>, got ready, I put on matching underwear again. The clinic sent a car, we left the hotel before anyone was up. I was really nervous as we pulled up the drive, this time to a small private hospital in the country. The Dr. was waiting in my room for us, 'Hello Natalie, How are you?'

'I'm fine, thank you, you?'

'I'm good, thanks for asking. Right, just to check, you still want this, right?'

'Yes, I'm here aren't I?'

'OK, good, and you've not eaten for 24 hours?'

'Nope, nothing'.

'Good. The theatre's booked for 9, until then get comfortable, the nurse will be in in a bit to give you you're pre op meds, you want to remain conscious throughout, yes?'

'Yes, please, if that's OK, erm, can I have a word in private', I asked looking at Dan, he gave a quizzical look, then smiled, 'I'll go do the paperwork', he said then left.

'What's the problem, Natalie?'

'I was wondering if you'd do one other thing for me while I'm in surgery'.

'Depends what it is, I'll do it if I can'.

'It's kind of a surprise for Dan, I don't know if it's possible but can you remove my pubic hair, permanently?'

'Yes, I can do that for you.'

'How much will it cost?'

'I'll do it for you, free'.

'Thank you very much'.

'That's fine, any other questions?' I shook my head. 'OK. See you later'.

The Dr. left and Dan walked in, 'What was that about, everything OK, you still want to do this, right, we can leave now if you want'.

'Everything's fine, don't worry about it'.

'But...'. Before he could finish I gave him a kiss.

The nurse came in after a while, asked me to get undressed, just to leave my knickers on as I'd need to be naked for the op due to the level of amputations. 'Then she put a cannula in and gave me my pre op meds. 'Back in a bit', she said, then left .

A while later the nurse came 'Time to go down', I kissed Dan, 'I love you' I said. I laid down and put the sheet over me.

'I love you too, sweetie'. He was crying a little, I reached up and wiped the tear away

'See you later', I reached down and pulled the sheet up to my hips, 'Last time you'll see

these’.

Then a porter came down and wheeled me in. We went down in the lift, and into a room, it was white, very sterile, turns out it was the pre-op room. The Dr. came over, took the sheet off, told me he was going to mark the point of the amputations, just to make sure I was happy with them. He got out a picture of me out his pocket, then a marker, looked at the picture and put marks on my legs at the same level he did last time, he then put marks on my arms, near my shoulders, he then asked if I was happy with those, I told him I was. Then another guy came over, introduced himself as the anaesthetist, he asked me to roll on my side, which I did, he then explain that for me to remain conscious throughout I’d have to have an epidural, that involved having an injection in my back, after a few moments I wouldn’t be able to feel anything. I told him that was fine so he gave me the injection. That hurt, I can tell you.

About half hour later he came back, walked to my foot end, ‘Can you feel this’, he asked, I presumed he was rubbing my feet as I couldn’t feel it, ‘No’, I replied.

‘What about this’.

‘No’,

‘This’, he was nearer my head now.

‘No’.

‘Good, you’re ready.

I was then wheeled into the theatre, The Dr. leaned over me and smiled, he told me to turn my head to the left, there was a big screen filming everything. I thanked the Dr. I looked up to see Dan in the observation gallery, I smiled at him and he waved back.

‘We’ll start with your legs’. Said the Dr.

The operation went on from there, it took a few hours, I watched the whole thing on the screen, it was the most amazing thing I’d ever seen. I could actually feel them doing it, I think. It didn’t hurt or anything, I could just feel something. Maybe it was in my imagination, I guess I’ll never know.

After the op I watched them wheel my limbs away on a trolley, I said goodbye under my breath. I was the covered up and taken into recovery, where I was monitored and given more drugs, painkillers I think. Later I was wheeled up to my own room, Dan was there waiting, he gave me a kiss and smiled. That was the last thing I remember, I fell into a drug induced sleep after.

When I awoke it was so bright I had to squint against the light, it took a few moments for my eyes to adjust. One they had I realised I needed to pee, I went to throw the sheets back but couldn’t, I got a bit scared at this, then I remembered, I was happy, I could never remember being this happy, I could feel the smile spread across my face. I lifted my head and looked down my body, I moved my legs, I could only see small stumps wiggling under the sheet. I could feel the sheet rubbing against me, I realised I was still naked. I pushed the sheet back a bit with my chin, looked down and saw my arms were gone, I was all bandaged up but they were definitely gone. I started to cry I was so happy.

Once I stopped crying I remembered I needed to pee, I called for the nurse, no one replied, I tried sitting up but I couldn’t. I shouted louder but still no one came. It became apparent that no one was going to come to help, I had to pee myself. As I was going I could feel between

my legs getting warmer. It felt kind of nice. I lay there after investigating all the new feelings in my body until the nurse came in to check on me.

‘Oh, Hi, You’re awake’. She said happily, ‘How are you’.

‘Great’, I replied, ‘Where’s Dan?’

‘At the hotel’, she replied, ‘You’ve been out for 3 days, I’ll ring him, let him know you’re up, Dr. will be in shortly.’

‘Thanks, I’m sorry, I’ve wet myself’.

‘That’s OK, I’ll clean you up’.

She went off, came back a few moments later with a bowl, and some new sheets. First she pulled the cover’s off me. I felt a bit exposed but it gave me a chance to see my new body, she rolled me onto my side, I looked down and saw my new stumps, they seemed big, even though they were bandaged up. ‘Don’t worry, the swelling’s normal’, she said, she must have seen where I was looking. She then rolled me the other way and took the sheet off. She then laid me onto my back, slid my knickers off, then she got a cloth and put it in the bowl, and then wiped between my legs, sorry, stumps. The cloth was warm, it felt nice.

‘Which knickers do you want on’. She asked.

‘Don’t worry about them, leave them till Dan gets here’.

She then lifted my stumps up and wiped under them, like parents do with babies when they change their nappy. After she rolled me on my side again to put the new sheet on, rolled me onto my other side, finished the sheet, rolled me onto my back, put a new sheet under me, then put a load of pillows under my head and shoulders so I could sit up. She offered me some breakfast, I refused, said I wasn’t hungry, really I was starving but I wanted Dan to feed me my first meal.

‘Do you want to see yourself now?’ she inquired.

‘Please’ I answered excitedly, I couldn’t wait

She left the room, came back a few moments later carrying a mirror. She pulled the sheet off me so I was completely exposed, then she held the mirror in front of me.

‘What do you think?’

‘I love it, I look beautiful.’

There I was, naked, in the body I always wanted, I couldn’t help but cry. Even though I was still heavily bandaged I loved it. I stared at myself for ages, wiggling my stumps so I could see them moving, I loved my new body. After a while the nurse told me she had to leave. She covered me up and left.

I sat there waiting for the Dr. wiggling my stumps and continuing to investigate the feelings in my new body. Then Dr. came in, told me everything had gone well, no problems, that he’d used a new technique to minimise the scarring and that the prothesist would be in later that day to measure me so we could start rehab. I thanked him. He then told me the story of my disappearance, my being found and my injuries had been circulated to the British press to make my story convincing. He left telling me he’d be back to check on me the next day.

Dan walked in as he left, they shook hands and Dan thanked him, he then walked in smiling carrying flowers.

‘Hi, how’s my new, little quad?’

‘Great, You?’

‘Great’, he then leaned over and gave me a long kiss, as he stood up he pulled the sheet of me, looked up and down my body, stared at my stumps, then my shoulders for ages.

‘Very nice’, he then winked.

A porter walked in with a tray, Dan told him to put it on the table, after he’d gone Dan walked to the table, picked up a bowl, sat on the bed next to me and fed me Weetabix, then jam on toast followed by coffee. It was so sexy being fed, I mean he’d fed me before but this was so much better.

‘Let’s look at you then,’ he said as he pulled the sheets off me, he then slowly looked down my new body until he got between my shortened thighs and just stood and stared. ‘An extra surprise for you’ I gave him a big smile

‘Wow, I love girls like that’.

‘I thought you did’.

He then stroked me, I started getting wet.

‘I’d better learn to shave you I suppose.’

‘No need, it will never grow back, I had the Dr. remove it permanently’.

‘Cool.’ He then leaned down and kissed where my pubic hair once was, then he started to suck my clit, I came really quick, He then stopped, smiled at me, got a tissue and wiped me then put a new clean pair of knickers on, just normal plain white ones. ‘We’ll save the sexy ones for later’. He said with a smile. I just winked at him. Then he but a blue vest top on me.

In the afternoon a guy came in carrying loads of tools, he introduced himself as the prothesist, he took the sheet of, looked at my body. I don’t know what he’d been told but I assume it was our cover story as he told us there was nothing he could do about my arms as having no stumps meant there was no way of having usable prosthetics as there was nothing to anchor them too, most he could do was give me cosmetic arms. Dan and I looked suitably upset, then I declined the cosmetic arms. He then told us that, though it would be hard, he was confident that he could have me walking. We both acted pleased at this, which we were. He explained that eventually I’d get 2 types, a lightweight set for sports, and a normal set that looked real but to start of with I’d just get pylon type legs with no knee joints. He then took the bandages of my stumps and started measuring me. It was weird seeing my stumps for the first time, I was shocked and how swollen they looked. The prothesist assured me that the Dr. was one of the best and that would all go in time. When he finished he gave me my first pair of stump socks, he put them on me. ‘They’re very tight’, he said, ‘it will help reduce the swelling, see you soon’.

The next day Dan came in with a wheelchair for me, it was a hospital one, he told me my new one would be waiting at home for me. He then dressed me in a modified jumper with no sleeves, and jeans that had cut down legs that were then sewn together. He picked me up and put me in the chair, then we went for a ‘walk’ round the hospital grounds. It was lovely, except when he had to bounce me down a flight of stairs, as I was still bandaged up I couldn’t wear a bra, now I’m not that small in that area ( fortunately ) and even though I was bandaged, I still bounced down everyone, it really hurt.

We spent the rest of the day in my room chatting and watching telly, fortunately they had Sky so there was stuff to watch. Dan left late that night, told me he’d be back early.

Next day the nurse came in and gave me a bed bath, got me dressed in shorts and a vest top,

then a porter came and got me. I could feel him looking down my top and at my short thighs all the way to the gym. When we got there the prosthesist was waiting for me with 2 things that looked like upside down pylons. He asked me how I was, then told me what we were going to do, and not to expect miracles. He took my shorts off and told me as my stumps were so short I'd need to be in just my pants, he asked if I was OK with this, and if I wanted a nurse present. I told him it was fine. He then put something similar to a suspender belt round my waist, he then put some new stump socks on. 'First lesson'. He said, 'Always use fresh stump socks'. He then proceeded to attach the legs to my stumps and the belt. After a few adjustments they fitted. When that was done he wheeled across the room, helped me stand up, that felt weird, standing, but not being able to feel my legs. He then helped me take a few steps, I had to sort of flick my stump out to take a step, but I managed a few. He told me I was doing very well, but not to push it today. After a while a porter came to get me, the prosthesist took off my limbs and told me same time tomorrow, and I got wheeled back to my room where Dan and a nurse were waiting.

'Time to take all your bandages off'. Dan said as he lifted me into bed.

The nurse then took my top off, then my shorts, she then sat me up and started undoing the bandages round my chest, after she then took my stump socks off leaving me naked except my pants.

She then wheeled in a mirror.

'I'll leave you both alone for a bit'.

I could already see Dan just staring at me, I coughed to get his attention, he then wheeled the mirror into position and sat me up in bed. I then asked him to take my knickers off so I could see everything. It was amazing, the scars on my shoulder were nothing more than thin, neat lines, going straight down for about 3 cms. They were perfectly rounded, level with my chest, no protrusion at all, like they'd never been there, except for the scar. My thighs were nicely rounded again, absolutely perfect shape, the scars were thin lines going right round the bottom, barely visible. The swelling had started to subside I then looked between my legs, there wasn't a single hair there, it was completely smooth, I opened my stumps and told Dan to look, he said there wasn't a single hair there. Then he cuddled me.

Next day I had my first water therapy session, nurse came in early, put me in my red bikini and put me in my chair. The porter arrived after and wheeled me down to the pool, I could feel him looking at me again. When we got there the therapist was waiting. He was gorgeous, he had blonde hair, brilliant tan, best 6 pack you've ever seen, blue eyes and a sexy smile. As he picked me up I could feel goosebumps come up all over my body and my nipples harden. I was praying he wouldn't notice, I must have been red faced because he told me to relax. The water felt lovely, he had to hold me the whole time, it was great, he did lots of exercises to build up my abdo, tummy and leg muscles. After he dried me, he had to touch my boobs and between my legs, I nearly had an orgasm, he then wheeled me to the gym where my nurse was there with my shorts and T-shirt to change me for my rehab session with the prosthesist. That went well I was getting better. After we finished that, the porter wheeled me back to my room again where the nurse undressed me, took me for a shower she put some clean clothes on me. After that I slept, I was so tired. When I woke it was dark and Dan was there, he kissed me hello and then we chatted for a bit. After a while I noticed I sweating a hell of a lot, I'd noticed it before but always after doing something so I assumed it was from

that and my body had worked hard. Dan got the nurse for me and I asked her about it. She told us that all amputees sweat more than non amputees because they've got less surface area to lose heat over, the more limbs amputated the worse the problem. All made sense I suppose, but it still wasn't nice. After that we watched a bit of telly and I fell asleep.

After that everything went well, the rehab was going brilliantly, the water therapy was most enjoyable, my stumps and shoulders healed fine so that the scars were barely visible. I progressed well, I wasn't on the pylons long before I could use the sports legs, and before long I was on the cosmetic legs, although I still needed the prosthesist holding me up, I could take 2 or 3 steps unaided. Dan came to see me everyday. Christmas day came round, everywhere outside was covered in snow, it looked beautiful. Dan came in early so that he was there when he woke. I told him to look in the cupboard, in there was a box wrapped up for him. When he opened it he found the whole James Bond set on DVD, he's a huge fan. Then there was another box, he opened it, inside he found a bracelet, inscribed on it was 'My dearest Dan, thank you, Love Natalie'. He kissed me hard, thanked me and asked me how I'd got it. I told him I'd bought it before we came out here. He then got a couple of boxes out for me, asked if he wanted me to open them for him, I told him of course. Inside one was a black lace pair of knickers, suspender belt, bra, a pair of shortened suspenders and a pair of normal suspenders. I was very impressed, he took my T-shirt and knickers off and put on my new underwear including my shortened suspenders, they fitted perfectly. Dan gave me an approving smile, he then got out another box, in it was a diamond ring, 'Will you marry me?' he asked nervously

I was absolutely stunned, I mean I loved him more than you'd ever believe but I'd never thought of marriage. I stayed quiet for a few moments, then I started to cry (again!).

'Of course I will, I love you.'

Dan kissed me, he was crying too.

'How will I wear that though?' I asked.

'On this' he replied as he pulled out another box, in it was a gold necklace.

We spent the rest of the day together, he fed me Christmas dinner, we then watched crap telly together and just cuddled. I stayed in my underwear for him all day. At new year the clinic had a big party, Dan brought my party dress down, got me all dressed and made up, we had a brilliant night. Met all the other patients, other amputees, some in for cosmetic surgery, a few accident and illness victims, all got on well. Though I did feel awkward round the genuine amputees, though as Dan pointed out, you can't tell who's genuine and who became an amp by choice, they'd all have cover stories like us, beside they probably thought I was genuine.

About a week after new year, I'd just got back from water therapy, I heard a lot of shouting and general commotion going on somewhere in the clinic. Then Dan came running in looking very flustered, he started throwing all my stuff into bags, then a nurse came running in carrying my prosthetics, she put them on the bed, said goodbye and left.

'What's going on?' I said

Dan kept packing.

'Dan,' I shouted, 'What's happening?'

'They've found out what the Dr.'s upto, we have to leave now or they'll arrest us'.

‘Who have?’

‘The authorities, the police are downstairs now, they’ve already arrested the Dr., some nurses, a woman who became a DAK and her husband’.

‘Shit!’ was all I could manage. ‘What about rehab?’

‘We’ll sort something in England’.

Dan grabbed me, put me in a chair, grabbed my bags and ran to the emergency exit, there were people running everywhere. We got to the stairs, Dan picked me up, rested me on his hip and ran downstairs, out the emergency exit, and round the corner. It was bloody freezing and I was still wearing only my bikini. We ran for a couple of streets, round another corner then he stopped by a car, put me on the floor, opened the boot, threw my stuff in, then opened the back door, laid me on the back seat and covered me with a blanket. ‘Sorry’, he said, ‘need to keep you out of sight’.

He drove like a madman back to the hotel, when we got there he told me he’d be back in a few minutes.

Dan came back about 5 minutes later though it felt longer, he threw his stuff in the boot. He then got back in the car and drove again.

After about an hour he stopped, got out, went to the boot, then he got in the back, took the blanket off, kissed me, put some clothes on me then picked me up and put me in the front seat. We then drove to the airport and the first plane to England, fortunately it was going to East Midlands airport so we got a taxi from the airport home. The taxi driver and air stewardesses were a bit shocked to see a young girl with no limbs but they were nice and helpful, though I think the taxi driver was an admirer, he couldn’t stop looking at me.

It was nice to be home, Dan had made a few changes to make the place more accessible. He put me on the sofa, went into our room and brought out a wheelchair, it was a purple Quickie chair.

‘Very nice’. I said and smiled, ‘Thank you’.

He then put me in it and wheeled me round the flat to show me the improvements, there were ramps up every step, big light switches I could reach with my head, not that I’d ever use them as I couldn’t wheel myself around. Though Dan pointed out that when I was walking on my prosthetics they’d be useful as I could push them with my bottom. He then wheeled me into my old room, all around was gym equipment, though all of it was adapted in some way. Round the top of the room was a track with some cables hanging down.

‘What’s that for’, I asked nodding toward it.

‘Ahh, let me show you’.

He went out the room and came back with my sports legs, he put them on me, then put a harness on my torso, he then clipped the cables to it, picked up a remote control, pushed a few buttons and suddenly I was lifted onto a standing position, he then pushed another button and I started to be pulled around the room. I realised it was a sort of running machine.

‘You like it’, he asked as I finished the first circuit

‘It’s great’ I replied breathlessly, ‘Though can we stop now, I’m tired and really sweating. We can use it another time.’



Dan put me back in my chair and unhooked me, then wheeled me into the lounge, put the telly on then went off to cook dinner. That night we ate a curry, chatted a bit about what we were going to do, and how Dan wanted to take care of me and not hire a nurse, I grudgingly agreed, though I thought it would be easier for him, he didn't agree. We then went to bed and I had sex for the first time as a quadruple amputee, it was amazing, the best sex I ever had. I came over and over again. Dan loved it too. I was so hot and sweaty after he had to get me a towel, after I fell asleep in his arms.

Over the next few months I found more and more ways to use my new body to please Dan, and together we found more positions that made the most of my unique body. Dan managed to hire an occupational therapist to teach me to walk, I'm doing very well now, I can walk quite away unassisted now, I can even make it down the lift and to the shops and back. Life was great, we saw all our friends, they told me how sorry they were for us and if they could do anything to help just ask, I felt kind of guilty. I even contacted an old friend, didn't tell her where I was, but I did tell her what had happened to me, well the 'official' version, she told me how sorry she was. I asked her how everyone was, she told me my parents were distraught after I left, they spent ages searching for me, they thought I dead, I apologised to her, but told her not to tell them she'd spoken to me. We were on the phone for ages, she told me my Mum had got over her illness, My Dad and sister were fine now, though my sister had gone through a spell of anorexia and harming herself. I didn't ask about my uncle, I didn't want to know. I eventually agreed to maybe meet up with her one day, when I was up to it, we said our good-byes and I put the phone down.

Dan and I went out a lot, he liked to show me off, he was always very attentive, looked after me perfectly until one day he got a phone call, something had happened at work and he had to go in, he tried to get someone to look after me but couldn't. Eventually he went, but told me he'd only be a few hours. Well a few hours turned into almost 12 hours, by the time got home I'd pissed and shit myself and I was hungry. He apologised profusely, cleaned me up and fed me. After a long discussion we agreed to hire a nurse.

We found a lovely Spanish woman called Ava, she'd worked with disabled people for 20 years and spoke perfect English, the woman she'd been working for had gone into a home recently so the family didn't need her. She moved in the next day. Dan could go back to work and I got looked after.

Ava was wonderful, brilliant at her job, always there for me, never left me. We went to Italy on holiday in the summer, Ava came with us. We had a brilliant time, you wouldn't believe the amount of men that couldn't take their eyes off me when I sunbathed in a bikini on the beach or by the pool, I even went topless a lot, I hate tan lines. I got a brilliant tan. Where ever we went out for dinner I got watched too.

So, that brings us up to date, Ava's still with us, Dan and I are still in love, we're getting married next June. There hasn't been a single minute when I've regretted what I've done, not a single second I've not enjoyed my body. I accept that it's a very extreme way of achieving a fantasy but it was my fantasy and I'm happy with it. I do wonder sometimes though if it would still have been a fantasy of mine if it hadn't been for my uncle, or whether it would have happened without him, I guess I'll never know. But for now I wouldn't change a thing, though I may have my stumps amputated in a few years time, I haven't decided yet, I like my body as it is at the moment, but maybe I'll get bored of it. Thank you for taking the time to

read about my life.