

The Ultimate Sex Toy

My name is Olivia and my life was never going to be great. I was the product of a one night stand. 2 fucked up adults mixing their fucked up DNA making an almighty genetic mess. My mother was too much of a crack head to bother with any antenatal care so I can only imagine the surprise and horror in the delivery room when out popped this tiny, limbless baby from between the legs of a strung out whore. Apparently she stayed around just about long enough to cut the umbilical cord before she left me. I was born very early and with many defects so I was in hospital for the first 6 months of my life while they sorted out my heart and my lungs. Surgeons had to wait until I was strong enough before performing each surgery. Somehow, against all the odds I survived.

Once I was strong enough I was discharged into the care of social services and placed into a home. They never found out who my father was or traced my mother so I was put up for adoption. However it soon became clear that no-one wanted an armless, legless, deaf baby girl who would probably have heart and lung problems for the rest of her life and never live independently.

So I grew up in a children's home. I watched the other children come and go never being able to tell me what life was like away from the home. I learnt to roll around on the floor so I could play a little with the other kids, although what I could do was very limited and I tired very quickly and easily because of my heart and lung problems. They also got bored of me quickly as I had no way of communicating. I spent a lot of time helpless sat in my wheelchair. I used to just wear a pair of knickers so that I could roll around easily, I found clothes just got caught up and slowed me down, I used to fight as much as I could, which wasn't much when they tried to put more clothes on me.

I was so glad when, at 5, I started school. I was finally able to be somewhere different and with different people who involved me. Thanks to this one teacher I also learnt to read which surprised social services, the Dr's and my carers as they all felt I had learning difficulties and had a much younger mental age. Turned out my brain was about the only part of my me that worked. This also meant I had something else to do at home. The same teacher also taught me to type on a laptop with a rod attached to a ring around my head so I could communicate. As it was a special school they also taught me to sit unaided and to bounce around which meant I could play better with the other kids. It also meant that as I got older and my chest started to develop I could get around another way. By the time I was 13 my chest was too big to roll around without being tender and getting in the way. As I got older social services had me fitted with a coil so that my carers didn't have to deal with periods.

When I was 11 it was time to move to senior school. My teacher pushed and pushed for me to be educated at a mainstream school as she said I would suffer educationally at another special school. It was hard but social services eventually agreed to pay for a full time assistant at mainstream school. I was very nervous as I rolled my electric chair out the minibus and across the playground with my assistant. I could feel all the other children staring at me. I now

had an iPad attached to my chair so that I could communicate. There was a special program which I could use with my nose or with the rod to type what I wanted to say and people could type their reply for me to read. This meant I was able to make some friends. I really enjoyed the first time we used the trampoline in PE. My friends helped bounce me higher and higher. I also learnt to swim which I loved as I was able to move my body and feel free.

A few months before my 16th birthday I was suddenly and surprisingly fostered by this lovely family. They had a big beautiful house with amazing gardens. On the day I moved in they showed me round. They had converted the downstairs with ramps and wooden floors and set up a bedroom for me. They'd painted it light pink with white wooden furniture and a low white wooden bed. It was lovely. They also had a son called Ed, he was 2 years older than me and really looked after me. He was so nice. That soon changed though. Although I was pretty much immobile I stayed slim as I didn't eat much either. I had long, dark brunette hair, deep blue eyes and tanned skin. I'd also developed good sized, pert boobs and nice curves. If I had limbs I'd have been gorgeous. Ed had also clearly noticed. One evening his parents went out leaving just the 2 of us. Before they went out they fed me and got me into my pyjamas so Ed just had to put me into bed. After they'd gone the 2 of us sat in the living room watching TV. Ed put the subtitles on for me. After a while he lifted me out my chair and sat me next to him. I thought he was just being nice. He then started undressing me. Once I was naked he undressed himself then sat down again. He slowly looked down the length of my shortened torso. I'd never thought of myself as sexual in anyway but I knew I felt very uncomfortable. He got down to the small patch of fluffy pubic hair and stared before a big smile spread across his face. I knew there was nothing I could do to stop him doing whatever he wanted to me. He started kissing me hard on the lips. I didn't know what to do so I just lay there. He then started kissing all over my body. As he took each nipple into his mouth I could feel a strange, warm, tingly feeling spread across my torso. He reached my vagina and started licking and sucking at it. The warm feeling started to spread out from there. I didn't know whether I was enjoying it or not but I knew it was wrong and I wanted him to stop. Once I was very warm he sat up then lifted me over to him. I looked into his eyes trying to plead with him to stop with my own eyes. He slid me down onto his rock hard cock. It was agony as he got deeper into me. I'd never been touched down there and obviously without arms I'd never touched myself or felt my own vagina so this was all new. I could feel tears streaming down my face as he moved my torso around harder and faster on his cock. I watched as his face screwed up and his body went rigid. His grip on me became so tight. Suddenly I could feel warm liquid spurting deep inside me. When he was done he just threw me on the floor and dressed himself, then carried on watching TV while I lay on the floor sobbing and feeling violated. An hour or so passed before Ed picked me up, cleaned me then dressed me and put me to bed. The same thing happened every time Ed and I were alone together. He would treat me as his sex toy and do whatever he wanted to my vagina, anus, mouth and boobs. I grew to hate my foster home and started to miss the care home. I wanted to tell his parents but I had no idea how so it just went on.

His parents threw a lovely party for my 16th birthday with my friends. They bought for me and dressed me in a beautiful new dress. I had a lovely time but could feel Ed staring at me all night, making me uncomfortable. I knew he was imagining me naked and thinking of things he was going to do to me. He seemed to think that as I as now 16 I was fair game and he

became even more vile and disgusting. I was helpless to stop him. Finally it all stopped one afternoon after school when his Mum got home early and found him with both his fists wrist deep in my pussy. I was taken to hospital and examined. I shivered as they slid the instruments into my vagina and was glad when they dressed me again. Then I was taken back to the home that night and interviewed at length. I had to relive every little embarrassing detail but I was glad it was finally out. He claimed it had been consensual and that I'd instigated it and egged him on. I denied it as much as I could but his parents were very rich. Eventually they offered me £3,000,000 to keep quiet. I wanted to keep fighting it to make him serve justice but the solicitor from the CPS told me to take it as he would probably win in court. I grudgingly agreed.

I stayed at the home until I was 18 and had finished school. The day after my last day at school I was moved into a residential care home. It was mostly old people who all looked at me with pity. As I couldn't do anything for myself and the staff were too busy to do much for me beyond feeding me and cleaning me I spent most of my time reading to stop myself from going mad. Each day passed so slowly as I just waited to be fed then waited to be put to bed. They catheterised me each night so they didn't have to deal with me over night. I hated everything about my life.

One pleasant spring Sunday afternoon I was sat in the conservatory. Most of the old people had family visiting. Other than a few friends from school I didn't get many visitors. I noticed a cute guy was visiting his Nan and that he kept looking over at me. Eventually I caught his eye and smiled at him which he returned. As I sat reading I kept looking over at him and every so often caught him looking at me. After a couple of hours he got up to leave. I watched sadly as he left the home. I lay in bed that night desperately hoping I'd see him again. I could feel a stirring in my vagina. It was getting warmer, the feeling was spreading through my torso. It was the first time I'd had these feelings and I felt as though I needed to do something about it. I lay frustrated and helpless trying to think of ways to ease these feelings. I eventually fell asleep still thinking of the cute guy.

The next Sunday I sat in the conservatory hoping he would come back. He didn't. Neither did he come back for the next few weeks. I was getting more hopeless with each passing Sunday. This went on for several weeks until finally one Sunday I was wheeled into the dining room and there, sat on the same table as me was the cute guy with his Nan. I gave him a big smile and he smiled back. After I'd been fed dinner I was wheeled into the conservatory. He helped his Nan walk in and sat her down. He sat and chatted with her for a bit while I read a book. He then got up and walked over to me before pulling a chair up to me and sitting down. He looked at me and said 'Hello.' I was able to lip read a little but didn't catch much of what else he said. I used my iPad to reply.

'Hello, my name is Olivia, nice to meet you. You need to type on here so I can read what you say.' I looked at him apologetically. He turned the iPad toward him and started typing, when he'd done he turned it back to me so I could read.

'Hello Olivia, My name is Jack, it's a pleasure to meet you.' We sat and typed messages for a while before he told me he had to leave but before he left he asked if I'd like to meet him for dinner one evening. I didn't know what to say, at first I wanted to say yes but then I realised that he'd have to do everything for me and I wasn't sure he'd really be up for that. Also I realised

that he would be able to do anything he wanted to me and I wouldn't be able to do anything about it just like with Ed.

'Thank you for the kind offer but no.' I typed.

'If you're worried about me having to look after you I really don't mind, it would be a pleasure. And if it would make you feel better you can arrange someone to drop you off and pick you up. They could even sit with us if you want.' He typed in reply. I sat and thought some more. I really wanted to say yes but I was also so reluctant. I decided I'd take a chance.

'Ok, yes, please. I'd love to if you're sure you don't mind.' I replied.

He told me he'd email me where and when so I was able to read it.

The night finally came round. My best friend Sarah and her boyfriend came round and got me dressed in a short, tight dress, did my hair and makeup then drove me into town to meet Jack at a beautiful Italian restaurant. Sarah sat with her boyfriend a few tables away. Jack was very attentive and was only too willing to feed me. He was funny and smart and kept the conversation going well after dinner had finished. When it was time to leave he kissed me goodnight and lifted me into Sarah's car.

We chatted online lots after that and we soon had our second date, this time at the cinema. As he wheeled me out of the home I saw he had a big, beautiful car and realised that Jack must have money. He picked me up and lifted me over into the car. I could feel the warm leather against my butt as I was wearing a short denim skirt. He lifted my chair into the boot and got in the driver's seat, he leaned over me and put my seatbelt on the drove us into town. He wheeled me into the cinema and carried me up to our seats. He put his arm round me and cuddled me tight to him as we watched the film. After the film he took me back to the home. He gave me a very passionate kiss good night and left.

The following Saturday I was going to his house for him to cook me dinner. I got my friend Sarah to take me shopping that afternoon to get me some new clothes and lingerie. That evening Sarah got me ready. As she slipped on my new lingerie I found how much more comfortable thongs were and wondered why I'd never bought any before. At 7 a driver arrived for me and drove me to Jack's house. We pulled up to a gate after about 20 minutes. The driver pushed a button on the sun visor and the gates swished open revealing a big, beautiful house. Jack met me at the door and wheeled me inside. He gave me a tour of downstairs and sat me on the sofa while he finished cooking. He then came and carried me into a beautiful dining room and sat me down. He then fed me an amazing dinner with some wine. After we were done he cleared up and carried me back into the living room and set me down on a blanket on the floor. I lay there helpless as he went off. He came back in carrying some bowls and set them down then sat next to me, sat me up and propped me against him. In the bowls were some fruit, marshmallows and melted chocolate. He fed me the chocolate fondue then we sat and watched a film. During the film I could feel him stroking my neck and really wanted him to do more but not being able to speak or move him I just sat there trying to make some groaning noises. He finally started kissing me hard and I kissed him back. He then gently slipped my dress down revealing my bra. He slowly kissed all over my chest and the top of my boobs before looking up at me. I gently nodded my head and he slipped my bra off. I felt my nipples harden as he traced the scar between my boobs with his tongue then he took each nipple in his mouth. He slowly

laid me back then slid my dress down some more kissing each inch of me as he did then slipped it off leaving me in just my thong. He slowly kissed my tummy then back down to my thong before slowly sliding it off. He then came back up, kissed me on the lips and slowly asked if I was ok so I could lip read. I nodded excitedly. He slowly kissed all over me again then started kissing and licking my vagina lips making me wet and warm. As his tongue touched my clit I felt an immediate shock followed by a tingle run through my abbreviated torso. He expertly worked me into my first ever orgasm. I didn't know what was happening I just knew I loved it and never wanted him to stop. My torso violently shook as the orgasm took over. I silently screamed out. I lay breathlessly on the rug as he came up and smiled at me then kissed me before gently sliding his massive, hard cock into my still throbbing vagina. He gently rocked back and forward, I could feel my vagina tingling again. He kept going harder and faster building us both up until we both peaked together. I could feel his warm fluid squirting deep inside me over and over again. Once he was done he laid down beside me and cuddled me tight to him as we fell asleep content.

I woke up the next morning still on the rug. I realised Jack wasn't there and that I was still naked. I suddenly felt very vulnerable. A few minutes later Jack came in carrying a tray of breakfast and my iPad. He fed me then typed on my iPad. 'I hope you enjoyed last night?' he asked. I nodded and smiled. At that he leaned against the sofa, picked me up and slid me on his cock again. I could feel his hardness deep inside me. He moved me up and down until we both came. He then carried me upstairs and we showered together. He wrapped me in a big towel and lay me on his bed. He then went off and came back with some clothes. I looked at him confused. He grabbed my iPad and typed, 'I hope you don't mind but I bought you some clothes as I hoped you'd need them as I'd like to think maybe you'll be staying here more often. Maybe permanently if you'd like and don't think it too soon.' I was so excited, I smiled and nodded. 'I take that as a yes.' He typed. 'Yes.' I managed to type with my nose.

That afternoon we returned to the home, Jack packed my few belongings into a suitcase and told the manager I was moving out. I was so happy that I never had to go back there. As soon as we got back to the house Jack stripped me off followed by himself. He then sat on the sofa and slipped me on his cock. He put the ring round my head so I could type and held the iPad close to me. He then typed, 'This is how we'll spend all our time when were at home, ok?' 'That's fine with me, I hate clothes.' I typed in reply. 'Good.' He typed, 'You now have to tell me what you want me to do to you.' 'That's mean.' I typed in reply. 'I don't know anything really, you're my first proper sex partner.' I slowly told Jack all about Ed and how he used me as a sex toy. I could feel his cock getting harder inside me. When I'd finished he took my iPad away, kissed me hard and cuddled me to him tight. He then slowly moved me up and down until we came together. He wiped me up and carried me to the kitchen to feed me then we sat naked watching another film together. I fell asleep on him during the film.

We spent the next few day having as much sex as we could. I found I really liked sex, not that I could do much. Jack also seemed to really like my unique body. He would use it any

way he could. One afternoon he took my iPad and typed, 'Would you mind if we got your pubic hair removed?'

'Why?' I asked innocently.

'Well, it feels so much nicer and looks better.' He typed.

'Err, ok.' I typed as a reply. 'Would you also buy me some new lingerie, I find thongs so much more comfortable and haven't got many?'

'Of course.' He smiled. Jack showered us both then dressed me in shorts and a tight t-shirt. He then loaded me and my chair into the car and drove into town. We went straight to the beauty salon. I could see him chatting to a lady then he wheeled me into another room, lifted me onto a couch and slipped my shorts and knickers off. A few moments later another lady came in, her eyes nearly popped out her socket when she saw a small, limbless torso laying there but she soon composed herself. Jack told me later that she'd used electrolysis to permanently remove all my pubic hair so I'd be smooth forever. We then went to a few lingerie shops and got lots of matching bras and thongs. Jack also went into Ann Summers while I sat outside, he came out later smiling and carrying a bag. When we got home he undressed us both. As soon as his tongue hit my newly smooth pussy I started coming. I then felt something cool and hard slide into me then start vibrating. My orgasm was so hard, I could feel liquid gushing from my pussy. I lay panting after trying to catch my breath. He then scooped me up and carried me into the kitchen, he flipped me upside down, put a funnel in my pussy and filled me with coke. He then put a straw in me, walked into the living room, sat down and used me as a cup. I realised my head was by his cock so I took it in my mouth and sucked him to orgasm. That night he showed me what else he'd bought in Ann Summers. Along with the rampant rabbit vibrator he'd bought some sex balls, a remote vibrator, a blindfold, a massive butt plug and some anal beads. I couldn't wait to try them all out. That night he fucked me hard with the butt plug in my ass, I came so hard I passed out.

Next morning he showed me my iPad. On it he'd typed, 'I think we've tried enough now, I want you to tell me what you want me to do to you.' I was really embarrassed to tell him but he was insistent so I thought for a while before typing,

'I really like the vibrator in my pussy and when you finger me but I also wondered how much more you could get in, maybe you could try getting your whole hand in me,' I typed then looked at him embarrassed. As he read I saw his cock go very hard. He took the sheet off me and slid down before working my pussy with his tongue. When I was wet he got some lube out the bedside table and covered his hand in it. He slipped 2 fingers back into my pussy and moved them up and down making me hotter and wetter. He used the fingers on his other hand to rub my clit before he slid a 3rd finger inside me which felt tight but made a warm feeling start to spread from my pussy through my pelvis. When my pussy was ready he slipped a 4th finger in and set about working the rest of his hand inside me. I was in agony and wanted him to stop but there was no way I could tell him so I had to let him continue. I felt him slide his thumb in and push, it was agony, I thought I would rip but suddenly his whole fist slipped inside me. I felt like my pussy was on fire. He held his hand still for a while to let me get used to it before he slowly started to build up speed. It wasn't long before he was pounding my pussy. The intense pain had turned to intense pleasure. I could feel the orgasm take over my small, abbreviated torso making it shake violently. I could feel my pussy contracting hard against his fist. The orgasm got harder and more intense, I couldn't see straight. I desperately wished I could grip onto something. I grit

my teeth as I peaked. Fluid spurted over and over from my pussy soaking Jack's face. I lay breathlessly as Jack cuddled up to me. He turned me onto my side facing away from him, pulled my bum back and slid his cock into my still throbbing pussy. I loved how he could just move what there was of my body anyhow he wanted. He pounded my pussy hard until I felt his warm semen spurting deep inside me. He then cuddled back up to me. After we'd both dozed Jack carried me to the shower and cleaned us both. We spent the rest of the day just relaxing.

After the initial excitement wore off Jack had to return to work. It turned out he owned a massive chemical company left to him by his father after he'd died in a car accident with Jack's mum. Jack would get me up in the morning, feed me breakfast and leave me naked on the sofa. I spent the day at home with a carer around if I needed then. When he got home he undressed, fucked me then made us some dinner before feeding me. We'd then have more sex and watch TV before going to bed. Often though Jack would come home, surprise me by getting me dressed then take me out somewhere nice. Most weekends he'd take me away somewhere.

One morning Jack got me up as normal but this time he dressed me in denim shorts and a tight t-shirt. He carried me out to the car and drove us to the airport. There he unloaded the suitcase from the boot and lifted me into my chair. He wheeled me into the terminal and checked us in. As we boarded the plane I was nervous as I'd never flown. I could feel everyone on the plane watch me as they walked past. I felt the thrust of the plane engines as we took off and wished I had a hand with which to hold Jacks. I closed my eyes tight. Jack must have realised as he leant over and kissed me.

As soon as we were in a hire car and away from the airport Jack undressed me leaving me naked on the passenger seat. The thought that anyone could see me got me really excited. We arrived at a beautiful villa about an hour later. Jack carried me inside and put me on the sofa then went out and got our stuff. He then undressed himself, picked me up and carried me out the door. I looked at him worried but he mouthed 'It's ok, everyone here is naked.' He carried me to a beach and laid me on a towel. I noticed he was right, everyone was naked. Though I felt a bit open and vulnerable as with no legs or pubic hair in the way everyone could see my pussy but there was nothing I could do about it so I tried to relax. Jack rubbed sun cream all over my little torso and we both lay there sunbathing and drinking cocktails. As the sun started to set Jack picked me up and carried me to the restaurant where, again, everyone was naked. I started to really enjoy being naked around others as he fed me some dinner. That night he put me in the private pool and helped me float. He then stood by me and slid his cock into my butt while rubbing my clit. His cock felt very tight in my butt. He let the water gently move my little torso before he wasn't able to take it anymore. He grabbed me by the hips and pulled me closer to him making his cock go deep inside me. I felt him cum deep inside my bowel. It felt as though it was in my chest. I felt a little pop as he pulled out. We spent the whole week getting up late, Jack feeding me then carrying me to the pool then he fed me lunch and we went to the beach. At sunset we'd eat dinner then spend a few hours in the bar before going back to our villa and having wild sex. We didn't wear a piece of clothing the whole week. I was sad when Jack dressed me to go home, in fact I felt quite uncomfortable and restricted. I thought back to when I was younger in the children's home and they used to make me wear clothes.

I soon became a living, breathing sex toy for Jack. He did unspeakable things to me, all of which I loved, then he would just throw me away. I accepted that Jack probably got bored of me because although he could carry out all his fantasies on me we couldn't do much else together, it still made me sad though. The ultimate insult was when another girl moved in. She was beautiful, tall, blonde with 4 limbs. Jack explained that while he loved me he needed someone he could talk too. I told him that I didn't want to move back into a home and asked him to help me find a flat and a full time carer then I would move out. Jack looked at me for a long time before typing on my iPad again. He'd typed a really long message that took a while to read. In it he explained that he didn't want me to move out and that if I was willing, and only if I was willing, he and Anna would like me to stay as a sex slave to them. He went on to say that he would give me time to think about it. I didn't need to think, the thought of being a little sex slave and pet got me so turned on I accepted immediately. Jack set up a new bedroom for me then we spent some time come up with some rules.

The rules -

- 1) I am to remain naked at all times at home.
- 2) Either Jack or Anna can use me for sex at any time.
- 3) I can be loaned out as a sex toy at any time.
- 4) I must give permission for any permanent body modifications.
- 5) I must be fed at regular intervals and have water always available
- 6) I must be taken on holiday at least once a year.
- 7) I must be taken out at least once a week.

I was so excited about my new life as a sex toy. That night after I'd been fed dinner Anna and Jack sat on the sofa, I rolled myself from the kitchen into the living room and lay on the floor in front of them. After a while Anna reached down, picked me up and lay me on their laps like a dog. Jack started stroking my head. I could see and feel his cock growing hard so I nuzzled against it until he got the hint. He undid his flies and got his cock out, I hungrily took it into my mouth. I sucked all the way down taking all of it too the base into my mouth. I could feel Anna stroking my pussy then gently sliding some fingers into me working more and more in until it felt like she had her whole fist inside. It was a lot more comfortable than Jack's had been but still felt good. She started moving gently in and out building me up to an orgasm. As I came I felt Jack's cock starting to twitch in my mouth just before he shot his load deep in my throat. I swallowed the whole lot down leaving a little to drip down my chin. Jack put his cock away and I felt Anna pull her fist out of me with a pop. They soon pushed me onto the floor so they could go to bed. I rolled myself to my room and snuggled onto the blanket on the floor.

The next night Anna came into my room, slipped a black PVC g-string on me and stuck 2 black, heart shaped PVC pasties over my nipples. She was wearing a black, PVC dominatrix outfit with thigh high boots. She looked so hot. She slipped a coat over me and took me out to a waiting taxi. The taxi drove us to a nightclub, the sign said 'Club Decadence.' Outside in the queue were lots of people wearing long coats. Anna lifted me out the car and carried me to the door, she said something to the people on the door and they let us straight in. Anna carried me over to a booth, sat me on the sofa and slipped my coat off before taking her own off. If I'd had arms I would have covered myself up but as I couldn't I just sat there feeling very naked and vulnerable. I could feel the floor and seat vibrating from the bass in the music. All around the

club there were people wearing very strange but sexy fetish clothing. I could feel lots of people looking at me but not in the normal pity way, in a strange way like they thought I was sexy. Anna came back with some drinks, one of which had a straw in. She set it down in front of me and I started drinking. Lots of people came over and started talking to Anna. Has she hadn't brought my iPad I had no way of communicating so I had to just sit there. After while Anna picked me up and carried me onto the dance floor. She placed me on a plinth which raised me up so I was above the dancers. Some spotlights shone on me and everyone seemed to be looking at me. I felt so naked but special all at once. I could feel everyone looking at me as they went past, I felt like a statue or piece of art. I'd been there some time when Anna came and took me off the plinth and carried me over to a stage area where there was a bench. A girl with a gimp mask and a thong came over and took me off Anna. She walked to the front of the stage, the bass of the music died down, suddenly she slipped my thong off and I felt her tongue against my pussy working harder and faster. I could see in the mirror behind us that the whole crowd was watching us and seemed to be cheering. I could feel my pussy getting warm and my head going fuzzy. After a while she laid me on the bench. I watched her lube up her hands then slowly worked one fist inside me. I watched in horror as she started to work her second fist inside my pussy. I felt like I was tearing. The feeling was amazing, if I could have I would have screamed. The feeling of everyone watching made everything feel more intense. I felt a pop as the second finally slipped inside me. The woman worked her 2 fists harder and faster deep inside me. I looked at the crowd and they seemed to be really enjoying the show. I felt an orgasm start to take over me. My torso violently shook as she violently fisted me some more. She then lifted me up by my pussy for all the crowd to see. As the crowd cheered the curtains slowly closed. She gently laid me on the bench and Anna came over, kissed me and helped the woman work her fists out of me. I could feel my pussy gaping as Anna slid my thong back on. She then carried me out and got me a drink before putting me back on the plinth where I remained as a piece of art all night. As people started to leave Anna put my coat on and carried me out to a waiting taxi. I fell asleep in the car and woke the next morning in my bed naked and sore.

I loved and enjoyed my new life. Anna took me to the fetish club once a month where I was always the centre of attention and carried out numerous sex acts to the thrill of the crowd. Jack and Anna thought up more and more unique ways to use me. One night they had friends round and used me as the table. They regularly filled my pussy with drink or ice cream and ate or drank out of me. One day Anna took me to get my nipples and clit pierced, which I excitedly agreed too. I nearly came as I felt the needle go through my clit. I was so sensitive when she slid my thong back on. When Jack had sex with me that night I came harder than I ever had before. Whenever they had family round I was put away in a cupboard which made me feel even more like a belonging or a thing rather than a person. When they got me out the cupboard again I was so wet and desperate for a fuck. My favourite was when I was laying on my back with the butt plug up my ass while Jack fucked my pussy and Anna sat on my face. All 3 of us had amazing orgasms.

I was regularly loaned out to friends as a sex toy. This one guy Dave came round one evening and was chatting to Jake and Anna. Jake came over with my iPad, on it he'd written 'Dave has just split up with his girlfriend so is going to borrow you for the weekend.' He picked

me up and handed me to Dave. Dave put me in his car, still naked and drove me to his. He fucked me every way he could over the whole weekend. When he returned me on Sunday night I was very sore but very happy.

Finally, this fucked up, limbless little torso had found a use for herself as a living, breathing, human sex toy and pet and I couldn't have been happier. I just prayed every night that Jake and Anna didn't get bored of me.