

Giardino Di Tortura

I was a happy, normal 13 year old girl. My biggest worries were whether the spot I'd just found on my forehead would be obvious, why my boobs weren't as big as my friends, why my Mum wouldn't let me wear thongs when Beth's Mum let her and whether Danny was going to the party on Saturday, and what I should wear to impress him and why did he always play football instead of standing with me when he was supposed to be my boyfriend!!

That all changed a few weeks before the end of the school year. I woke up one morning feeling awful, I felt sick and had a headache, and I just felt horrible. When I told my Mum she said I'd be fine once I got to school so of I went. By mid morning I was feeling worse, my head was banging and I hurt all over so I was sent to the school nurse who called my Mum. When she picked me up I looked white and could barely stand so she took me straight to the Dr's. The Dr examined me and said I had the flu, he advised bed, paracetamol to bring down my temperature and take away the pain and to drink plenty of fluid. When we got home I got changed into my pyjamas as my school uniform was soaking wet from sweat, took 2 tablets and I went to bed.

In the afternoon my Mum came to check on me, my temperature had gone up, my neck was stiff, I hurt all over, and I'd started being sick so my Mum called the Dr again, he came round and again said I had flu, and just gave us the same advice he had in the morning.

In the evening I was even worse, the room was spinning, I couldn't move, I was in agony and had a temperature of 42, so the out of hours Doctor was called. This one was a bit better. She diagnosed a virus, gave me some antibiotics and told my parents I'd be fine in 24-48 hours. That's the last thing I remember, and I only just remember that. I was told the rest by my parents later.

My Mum came in the next morning, she tried to wake me but couldn't, when she pulled the bed sheets of she saw I was soaking wet and now had a purple rash on my arms and legs. She immediately called 999. The ambulance was there in minutes. They carried me out, put me on the stretcher and told my Mum to grab some keys and money as they were going straight away. The paramedic put a needle in my arm, gave me some drugs and fluids and I was taken to A&E on blue lights as I was still unconscious. On the way I had my first cardiac arrest.

I woke up 6 weeks later in Paediatric Intensive Care. Though I didn't know where I was, I was aware that I had a tube in my throat and that someone was just of to my left. I tried to talk but couldn't. My Mums face appeared over mine, she was crying but smiling and saying hello and telling me not to worry. She then called over to someone. A nurse appeared and said she'd get the Doctor. A couple of minutes later a man in theatre scrubs appeared, he told me that he'd take the tube out of my throat. He detached the tube from the ventilator just leaving the one in my throat, told me to take a deep breath and then breathe out hard, as I did that he pulled the tube out. The nurse held a cup with a straw near my mouth and I drank a little, then she

put some tubing round my head with 2 little prongs in my nose, she told me it was oxygen. The Dr was back above my head smiling.

'Welcome back Jessica, I'll give you sometime with your Mum, the nurse is calling your Dad, when he's here I'll come back and have a chat with you, ok?'

'Ok.' I said softly, 'Thank you.'

My Mum leaned over me, kissed me on the forehead and cuddled me. I tried to cuddle her back but I couldn't, my arms wouldn't move. I started to get worried but then told myself it was the drugs I'd been on and I'd ask the Dr about it.

'What happened?' I whispered to Mum.

'Wait for your Dad and the Dr.' She replied and then carried on cuddling me.

This really scared me, what had happened to me. I then started to notice my body really didn't feel right. I could feel the sheet on my stomach and chest, but not on my arms and legs. I tried to move my feet but I couldn't. Neither could I move my knees in fact I couldn't feel or move any bit of my legs, it was the same with my arms. I really was starting to panic now. My Dad then walked into the room. I started crying.

'Dad, what's happened to me, why can't I move?' I sobbed.

He came over and kissed me.

'Later sweetheart,' he whispered.

At this point I became hysterical, shouting as loud as I could, trying to move and crying inconsolably. The Dr came over, I saw him put a syringe into the tubes coming out of my neck, I hadn't noticed those earlier. Before I had a chance to argue I went to sleep, he'd sedated me.

When I woke again it was dark outside, I was on my own. I suddenly remembered earlier, I tried again to move and feel my arms and legs but I couldn't. I called out, no one came so I called louder, I heard the door open and tried to sit up but I couldn't. My parents appeared above me, they kissed me and told me to try to stay calm this time and the Dr would be here soon.

The Dr I'd seen earlier came into the room a few minutes later.

'Hello Jessica, I'm Dr Peters, you can call me Alex, ok? Would you like to sit up a bit?'

'Please.' I replied softly.

He checked the sheets would stay up to my neck which I thought was odd, then he pushed a button on a remote control and the head end of my bed down to my waist moved up until I was sitting on my butt, I remember thinking that there was an odd sensation down there but just put it down to having not sat for a while.

'Right Jessica, you've had something called Meningococcal Septicaemia ok. Have you heard of Meningitis before?'

I nodded.

'Well you've had a strain of that caused by Meningococcal bacteria along with Septicaemia which is the medical term for blood poisoning. And before you ask, we don't know how you got it, but we have now vaccinated everyone in your school to make sure they don't get it.' He smiled again. He had a nice smile.

'Meningococcal Septicaemia can affect different people in many different ways and I'm sorry to say, you seem to be one of the worst affected people I've dealt with Jess. When you arrived at your local A&E you were in cardiac arrest, fortunately they were able to stabilise you. They then called on our services, we came to your hospital, assessed and treated you as best we could and then brought you back here to Great Ormond Street in London. When we got here we took you straight to theatre where you had another cardiac arrest. If you find your chest is sore that's because we had to put you on a by-pass machine. Fortunately we were able to revive you and then we performed the life saving surgeries I'll tell you about in a bit.'

I could feel myself starting to panic again. Surgeries. What surgeries. What had they done to me?

'We then brought you down to the PICU here.' Alex continued. 'You had a 3rd cardiac arrest and again we managed to revive you. You were starting to go into multi-organ failure as the infections were working harder than the drugs we were giving you so we put you on ECMO, which stands for Extracorporeal Membrane Oxygenation and dialysis. Basically these take over the functions of your organs allowing them to rest. You were kept on these machines for 11 days by which time your body had recovered enough to look after itself. Then after that we waited, you remained intubated, which was the tube down your throat I took out when you woke up, but other than that we just waited for you to wake up. All in all you were in a coma for 6 weeks and 3 days. Now here's the hard bit. Unfortunately Jess, because your GP misdiagnosed you and there was such a delay in getting you treatment, by the time we got to you in A&E the infection in your limbs had destroyed them and your arms and legs were poisoning your body. We gave you strong antibiotics in A&E and waited until we got here to GOSH to see if they would work, sadly they didn't and your heart wasn't able to cope with the toxins coming from your limbs, this is what caused your 2nd cardiac arrest. Between the surgeons, your parents and myself we took the decision to amputate your limbs to save your life. I'm very sorry Jessica but you are now a quadrilateral or quadruple amputee.'

'What do you mean?' I asked, not sure I'd heard him right.

'They removed your arms and legs Jess,' Dad said softly with tears in his eyes.

'What, all 4?' I asked incredulously.

'Yes, Jess, all 4.' Replied Dad.

Amazingly I wasn't upset by this, in fact I'm not sure I really felt anything at all.

'Well how much of them are left?' I asked Alex

'Nothing I'm afraid Jess, the septicaemia had killed you're entire limbs. They were all gangrenous and necrotic so we performed a bi-lateral hip disarticulation on your legs which means they were removed at your hips and a bi-lateral shoulder disarticulation which means....'

'You removed them at my shoulders.' I interrupted.

'Yes.'

'Ok, when can I go home Alex?' I asked

My parents and Alex all looked shocked at this.

'It's a bit soon isn't it honey?' Mum asked.

'No, why is it too soon? They can't do anything else here for me can they? They can't attach new arms and legs to me can they? Alex said my body had recovered so why can't I go home?'

Mum and Dad didn't know what to say, they both looked at Alex who still looked a bit shocked.

'Erm, well no, you're right, there's not much we can do for you here that your local hospital can't do, but you do need some rehab and monitoring for any other after effects.'

'Like what?' I shot back at him.

'Well. Like seizures, speech problems, learning difficulties, clumsiness and co-ordination problems, weakness, paralysis and spasms of body parts.'

'How can I suffer from clumsiness and co-ordination problems, and what parts of my body can spasm, you cut off my arms and legs!!'

'Ok Jess,' Alex replied slowly. 'Once we can get counselling and rehab arranged at your hospital we'll send you back there for a bit, but I'm not discharging you home, not yet, OK?' He looked at my parents, who nodded, then he walked out, my Dad followed him.

'I just want to be somewhere I know, and see my friends.' I turned my head to my Mum. 'I know things can never be normal again but I want to get back to as normal as possible, you know.'

'I know sweetheart.' She cuddled me.

'Mum, would you take this sheet of me I want to see my body?'

'I think it's a bit early for that really.'

'I don't, it's been over 6 weeks since they amputated so they're not going to be horrible and bloody are they? Have you seen them yet?'

'No.' Replied Mum. 'Are you sure you really want to Jess?'

'Yes, very sure.' I looked her in the eyes.

'OK.'

Mum took the top of the sheet, and pulled it off me being careful not to pull the central line coming out of my neck and PEG feed coming out my tummy. When the sheet was completely off she looked at me. She was trying to hide the shock in her face but she didn't do very well. I looked down and realised I was completely naked. I looked at my shoulders. There was just a small pad on each side where my arms had been. The top of my shoulders were now a lot shorter and rounded of at about the same angle as my shoulders would have but were level with my chest. Where my legs were attached was covered in larger pads, my hips just seemed to continue round then levelled off at the same level as the lips of my vagina so if I sat straight up I would sit on my vagina lips. In between my hips a catheter came out. I asked Mum to get me a mirror. She went of to the nurse's station while I carried on looking at my new, shortened body. Mum came back after about 5 minutes with a full length mirror which she put at the end of the bed. I sat and stared at myself, my hair was a mess, it was all greasy and needed a good brush, I guess I'll have to get Mum to do that for me now. I continued staring. I looked tiny. I was just a torso with a head. It's amazing how much of your size is in your limbs. I then got Mum to move the mirror to my side and take the pad of my shoulder. She did this and I turned my head and stared again. The scar where my arm used to be was a very neat, red, kind of X. Each line was only about 2-3 cms. I was amazed at how tiny the area where your arms attach

was. I then realised my boobs looked huge from the side now, I smiled. Mum stuck the pad back on. Then it started, what I think my parents had been waiting for since Dr Peters told me, the crying came. I couldn't stop. It was like floodgates had opened. Mum put her arms round me, picked me up and put me on her lap. Dad came in, sat on the bed and cuddled us both, for a second I felt odd being naked around my Dad but that soon passed as I carried on crying. Both my parents then started. I felt so tiny and helpless as we sat there, I couldn't even wipe the tears from my eyes.

We sat there for about an hour cuddling and crying. Once I'd stopped Dad wiped my tears with a tissue, kissed me again and told me he loved me no matter what.

'I know what will make you feel a bit better.' Mum suddenly said. She then stood up and passed me to my Dad.

She came back in carrying a bowl of hot water, a flannel and some soap.

'You can't have a shower or a bath just yet but I thought a good wash would help.' She then smiled.

Mum laid me on my bed and wiped me all over with the warm flannel, then she put soap all over me, laying there wet while she rinsed of the flannel I could feel a light breeze on me and I got goosebumps all over, she then washed all the soap of me, I felt odd when she washed between my hips though. She then rolled me so I laid on my front, not having arms to support me meant my weight (what there was of it) was all on my boobs, I said 'Ow' and told her, she apologised and rearranged my boobs for me. That felt very odd but I guess I'll have to get used to it. She then washed my back and bum. Afterwards she put a towel over my back, rolled me over and wrapped me up in it. Then she picked me up and carried me like a baby over to the sink. She ran the water until it was warm, held me over the sink and my Dad filled a jug with the water and poured it over my hair, he repeated this a few times until it was all wet. He then got some shampoo and gave my hair a good scrub, then rinsed all the shampoo out with the jug, checking the temperature each time. Once it was all washed out he got the conditioner out my Mum's bag and put some on my hair, then rinsed that out. After that he got another clean towel and dried my hair. Mum then carried me over to the chair and sat with me on her lap. Dad left the room again and Mum and I sat in silence for ages.

Suddenly Mum broke the silence.

'I am so sorry Jessica.'

'What for?'

'For not believing you when you said you were ill, for not pushing it when the Dr said you just had flu, for not checking on you in the night, if I'd found you like that earlier maybe you would still have....maybe this wouldn't have happened to you.'

I could see the tears in her eyes again.

'Don't be sorry Mum.' I told her. 'This is not your fault, you couldn't have done anything, I don't blame you, it's that fucking rubbish GP's fault.'

'Jessica, don't swear.'

'Sorry, but it's true, we should complain about him, it won't help me but I don't want this to happen to anyone else Mum.'

'Ok, we'll sort that out later.'

A nurse then came in and changed the sheets of my bed then checked all my observations. After she'd done Mum put me into bed then kissed me good night. I fell asleep in seconds.

I woke up the next morning, it was a beautiful sunny day, Dad was there but Mum wasn't. He heard me stirring.

'Morning beautiful, it's a lovely day out, how do you feel?'

'Erm, fine, I guess. Could you open the curtains please? Where's Mum?'

As he opened the curtains I could see the sun coming through, I had to squint against it.

'I sent her back to the hotel, she was exhausted. Is that too bright?'

'No, it's lovely.'

'Morning.' A big West Indian nurse called Alice chirped as she walked in the room. 'Good news, Dr Peters says we can stop using the PEG feed and you can start eating again, what do you fancy?'

'Errr, just cereal I think.' I replied.

'Ok, we've got most of them, any particular one?'

'Not bothered.'

'Ok, I'll be back, would you like anything Mr Bindon?'

'No thanks, I'm fine with my coffee.' Dad replied nodding at the steaming mug on a table.

'If you're up to it I thought I'd bring your brother and sister over later, they're dying too see you.'

'Yeah, please do, I'd love too see them.'

'Good, I'll get your Nana to bring them down then.'

Alice came back in with some Weetabix and orange juice, she put them on the table and asked Dad if he wanted her to feed me, he told her we were ok and he'd do it. He then came over, used the remote to put my bed up and sit me up. He then sat in the chair next to the bed, grabbed the spoon, put some Weetabix from the bowl on it and started to feed me.

'It's been a long time since I did this.'

We both smiled at each other.

'Thanks Dad.' I whispered.

He carried on feeding me, I watched his face while he did, he hadn't shaved for a while, his eyes were red and blood shot from where he'd been crying and not sleeping. He looked a lot older than I remembered.

'I'll be alright Dad.' I said softly.

'I know you will be sweetie, I know.' And he stroked my hair back.

Once he'd finished feeding me, Mum and Dr Peters walked.

'Morning.' Mum said as she kissed Dad then me. 'Alex has got some good news.'

'Morning.' Said Alex. 'Yes, I've got the results of the CT scan and EEG you had while you were in the coma and they've come back normal, as far as the neurologist can tell there should be no long term effects.' He said, then suddenly embarrassed he added, 'Apart from the obvious that we already know about. Sorry.'

'Also.' He went on. 'We no longer need the PEG feed and central line so we'll get them taken out. If you want to I'll have your catheter removed

aswell. And, if you're up to it I'll let your Mum and Dad take you outside, how's all that sound?"

'Great, thanks.' I replied.

About an hour later another Dr in scrubs came in with a nurse, he explained he was going to take the central line and PEG feed out. He asked my parents to leave, laid me back, pulled the sheet down to my waist and put a sterile drape over my head, chest and stomach. It took him about 10-15 minutes to do the procedure. Afterwards he covered me up with the sheet and sat me up again. As he left I thanked him and my parents came back in with Alice the nurse.

'Do you want that catheter out now?' she asked.

'Please.'

She emptied the catheter bag, then lifted the sheet up to my waist. I could feel her doing something around my bits, it made me feel all tingly. Then she was done.

'There you go Miss Bindon, you should feel more comfortable now.'

'Thank you Alice.'

'That's alright darling, make sure you shout if you need to go ok?'

Mum then pulled the sheet back, if I had had arms I would have covered myself but as I couldn't I just laid there for anyone to see. Out of her bag she got a pair of knickers, a bra, a pair of shorts and my favourite Faithless t-shirt. She then dressed me in them, put my hair up in a pony tail and then brushed my teeth. I noticed that the t-shirt sleeves now hung of my shoulders despite the top being small and tight fitting and the shorts just flopped were my lap used to be even though they would have been very short shorts. Then Dad came in with a wheelchair, quite a cool looking one in my favourite colour, purple.

'We bought this for you, hope you like the colour.'

'It's cool Dad, thanks.'

He then came over, picked me up and put me in it, put a belt around my waist and then put a blanket over me. He stood up walked around the chair and pushed me out as Mum followed.

'Have fun and don't be too long.' Alice called as we walked past the nurse's station.

As we walked through the hospital I noticed that I actually was sitting on the lips of my vagina. Every time we hit a bump I got a feeling through my body I'd only experienced once before, just before I was ill. We'd had a biology lesson at school and that night in the bath I decided I want to feel what my vagina was like. As I was stroking and feeling I discovered I liked certain areas being stroked more than others so I concentrated on these areas and masturbated myself to my first and very powerful orgasm. As I was being pushed I was getting those feelings again. We walked out the hospital into the outdoors, I took some deep breaths and tried to ignore the feelings but it got harder. I found the fresh air felt wonderful in my lungs and on my face and neck but also made matters worse. As we walked we found one of the many squares around that area of London, I think it was either Tavistock or Russell. Dad wheeled me over to a bench where he and Mum sat. I finally managed to control myself though I was on the brink of coming. I even had to ask Dad to take the blanket of me as I was so hot I was sweating. After he did I noticed a

lot of the guys and some women were staring at me, I started to get upset but stopped myself and thought to hell with them. Dad noticed the stares too.

'Do you want to go back, or have the blanket on?' He asked.

'No.' I replied. 'I've got to get used to people looking might as well start now.'

'Ok.' He smiled.

The 3 of us just watched as all the office workers came to eat lunch and meet friends. After a while Mum's phone rang. She went off and chatted on it. When she came back she said it was Nana and they had just got of the train at St Pancras so we'd better head back. Before we left I asked Dad to adjust my position, so I was laying back slightly, I told him that I my hips ached but really it meant I wasn't sitting directly on my lips. This time Mum wheeled me back. As we walked along we went past a group of kids about 15 or 16 years old. They all stared as we passed, then I heard them saying I was a freak, my Dad was going to go back to them but Mum stopped him.

As we walked back into the ward Alice saw us.

'How was the walk?'

'Alright apart from a few arseholes at the end.' I replied

'Don't you worry about them,' she said. 'You're still beautiful, and I bet you're more intelligent and will come to more than they ever will. By the way, you got guests.'

'Thank you Alice. Do you know when Alex Peters will be around, I want to ask him something.'

'After clinic, about 4, is that ok or do you need me to page him?'

'No, that's fine. Thanks.' Mum wheeled me into my room. Nana was there with my big brother Andrew and my little sister Olivia. Andrew and Nana came straight over to me and gave me a big kiss and cuddle, but Olivia was a little scared until Dad took her hand and brought her over to me and picked her up, then she put her arms round me and gave me a big cuddle followed by a sloppy kiss. Dad put me back to bed then Nana and Olivia fed me my lunch and then we sat and chatted for ages until I fell asleep.

When I woke it was dark outside and my family had gone. I could hear Alex Peters' voice and it was getting louder. He walked into my room.

'Evening Jess, sorry I didn't come up earlier clinic went on late then I had to go out on a retrieval. I have some good news but first Alice told me you wanted to see me, how can I help?' He asked as he sat the bed up.

'Erm, yes. 3 questions really, first I noticed I seem to be getting very hot and sweating a lot, in fact I'm sweating now. I noticed it was bad when I was laying here naked with just the sheets over me. Now that I'm dressed and have been doing things it's dreadful.'

'Well Jess.' Alex started. 'It's all to do with body surface area. You see being a quadruple amputee you have a much smaller BSA than an able bodied person, or even a single or double amputee over which to lose heat, so your body sweats more. Unfortunately there's very little we can do about it. Sorry. What was your next question?'

'Err, well, it's a bit embarrassing really.' I could feel myself blushing and getting hotter.

'Don't worry, Jess, I've heard it all before, just tell me in your own time, ok?' He smiled

'Well, I noticed that when I got taken out in my wheelchair earlier.' I got redder, 'I was sitting in such a way that meant...well I mean, erm, having no legs means I'm sitting on bits I've never sat on before and, well, err every time we hit a bump, I errr.' My voice trailed off, 'I found I Enjoyed it. It made me feel nice, down there.' I nodded downward. 'It kinda turned me on, kind of.' I was so embarrassed.

'Ok, that's not normal but not unheard of after an amputation like yours, if it's ok with you and only if you want me to, I'll get a nurse and I'll examine you to rule out any damage down there from the either catheter or surgery and make sure you're not going to cause any further damage either, ok. I'll call your mum too or do you

'Hell no.' I interrupted. 'Please don't call my Mum, I'd die if she found out.'

'Ok Jess, I won't call her. Do you want me to examine you?'

'Please.' I replied still red.

Alex went out and came back with a nurse and some equipment. He explained what he was going to do. Then he pulled the sheet up to my waist. Pulled my shorts and knickers off which I noticed came of very easy. I could feel as he slid the instruments into me, it made me wince and get goosebumps. Once he was done he put the instruments on the tray, got a towel and wiped me and started to put my knickers back on me.

'Please leave them off.' I asked, I get too hot with them on, could you take my top off too please?'

'Yes, Ok, Jess.' He turned to the nurse, 'Would you mind.' He then slid the sheet over me. The nurse came over, pulled the sheet down and took my top and bra off.

'Is that better?' She asked.

'Much better, thank you.' I replied.

'Well.' Said Alex, I can't see anything wrong, It's something you'll just have to put up with I'm afraid, like the sweating. Though you'll probably find that in time you'll get less sensitive to it and the problem will go, ok? What was the 3rd thing?'

'This may sound stupid, and I know I'm young and shouldn't be thinking of things like this but will I be able to have sex, not that anyone probably would want to, but you know, just in case?'

'Of course you can.' Alex said as he sat on the edge of the bed. 'There is absolutely no reason why you can't have a full sex life, and having had meningococcal septicaemia or being a quadruple amputee should not affect your ability to conceive. I know of a number of survivors and quad amputees who have gone on to have families, ok. And besides, any guy would be lucky to have you.' He smiled.

'Ok, but what about giving birth, 'cos when you watch films and telly the lady's always got her knees up or ankles on a weird contraption with her legs wide open and I can't do that.'

'Don't worry Jess, when the surgeons removed your legs they moved your hips and buttocks into a kind of permanent sitting position, primarily so that sitting straight shouldn't be a problem but another advantage is that it opens the vagina and pelvis up so you should be able to deliver a baby naturally. Ok. Anything else?'

I shook my head, then as Alex got up to leave,
'What was your good news?' I asked.

'Oh yes.' He stopped and turned. 'You'll be leaving us tomorrow. I've arranged everything at your hospital, transport's booked for 11am. I'll be here to give you all your aftercare and say goodbye ok?'

'Yes, thanks Alex.'

'Good night Jessica.' Alex walked out of the room and I fell asleep.

I was awoken the next morning by the sound of my Mum packing.
'Morning.' I said sleepily.

'Morning honey, I've got good news, we're going back home. Dad's already gone and taken your chair and our stuff, he'll meet us at the hospital'

'I know,' I replied, 'Alex told me last night, is there any breakfast, I'm starving?'

'Yes, over here.' Mum walked over to the table, picked up a bowl, sat in the chair next to the bed and sat my bed up. As she did the sheet dropped to my waist and she could see I was naked.

'Oh.' She said. 'You were dressed last night when I left.'

'I know,' I replied, 'I asked the nurse to undress me in the night as I was uncomfortable and really hot, apparently people with no limbs sweat more as we've got less body surface area or something.'

'That's right,' Alex Peters appeared at the door, 'How's my favourite patient doing this morning?'

'I'm fine thanks,' I replied, it didn't bother me that I was sitting there with nothing covering my top and he could see my boobs. Mum seemed to forget too and carried on feeding me so I didn't say anything.

'Right,' continued Alex. 'Here's all your wound care information, and information on how to sit and lay and things ok?' He put a load of papers on my suitcase. 'Also here are your follow up appointments, I want to see you a few times here in clinic before I discharge you completely to the care of your local hospital ok?'

'Yeap, ok.' I replied

'Good, right I'm off to clinic, I'll be back before you go though.'

Alex left, Mum finished feeding me and put the breakfast stuff away and then Alice came in.

'Morning Miss Bindon how are you today, looking forward to a nice journey?'

'Yes'.

Good, before you go I'm going to take those dressings off, you don't need them anymore. Have you seen your scars yet?'

'Only one of my arms, erm shoulders.' I corrected myself.

'Ok.' Alice removed the pads from both my shoulders and inspected the scars.

'They've healed nicely,' She commented, 'The surgeon did a good job.' Then she laid me flat and removed the pads from my hips.

'Again. Healed nicely, another good job.'

'Can I see?' I asked.

'Certainly you can darling, I'll be right back.'

Alice left and reappeared a moment later with a small mirror like the one hairdressers use to show you the back of your hair. She sat me up a bit, and held the mirror so I could see. The scars were a red line along each side, the skin was puckered on each side and kind of folded in on itself at the join, the back where my buttocks joined was slightly lower than the front, I guess that's the shape of my pelvis. I could now see that my vagina lips did protrude a bit, past the bit I sat on, I could see the problem. It was weird, I'd never seen my vagina, only felt it (that was something I'd never get to do again!) and now I was seeing it a way that not many teenage girls get too. Alice took the mirror away and went of to do some things. Mum then grabbed a towel, wrapped me in it, picked me up and carried me to the bathroom, she laid me down on the floor and ran the bath. Once it was deep enough she unwrapped me from the towel, picked me up and put me in the bath.

'Is it ok, it's not too hot is it?' Mum asked.

'No it's fine, its lovely, thank you.'

Mum let me soak for ages before starting to wash me, this time I felt less odd when she washed my boobs and between my hips. After, she pulled the plug, picked me up, put me on the towel, dried me and wrapped me in it and then she carried me back to my room. Then she asked me what I wanted to wear for the journey. I told her just a vest top and no bra and my knickers and shorts. Mum dressed me in what I asked for, put my hair in a pony tail and packed the last of my things. As she finished the 2 ambulance guys turned up with their stretcher, followed by Dr Alex Peters, Alice and all the other nurses. Alex came over, picked me up, cuddled me, gave me a kiss and wished me well, he then put me sitting up on the ambulance stretcher. I asked the ambulance guy to put the back up, I hadn't got the hang of sitting up unaided. Then Alice came over, gave me a kiss and cuddle, then the other nurses said their goodbyes. The ambulance crew put all my bags on the stretcher where my legs should have been so my Mum could say goodbye and thank you to everyone and then she carried all my flowers out to the ambulance as the crew wheeled the stretcher, I asked the guy to lay it back a bit, I didn't want to get turned on now, Id never have survived a 2½ hour journey feeling like that!!! Alex Peters and Alice came down with us and as the ambulance left they waved goodbye and I started to cry again.

I soon discovered that it was bloody hard to sit on a stretcher when you've got no arms and legs while an ambulance is moving, you've got nothing to stop you rolling around when you go round corners, and as I was top heavy now, more than a few times the ambulance man had to hold me onto the bed. I soon fell asleep though and the ambulance man laid me almost flat on the bed.

I woke up as we went over a bump into the hospital near home. As the ambulance doors opened some of my family and friends were there with banners, balloons and party poppers to greet me. We stayed with them for about 15 minutes and then the ambulance crew took me on the stretcher up to children's ward. When we got there a lady introduced herself as Julia and told us he was the Senior Staff Nurse. She showed us to my bed and told us the Dr would be round later. Dad picked me up and put me onto the bed, Mum helped the ambulance crew unload everything of the stretcher then they left.

We thanked them both. Mum, Dad and I chatted for a bit until the Dr arrived. He introduced himself as Dr Atkinson, he seemed nice, he told me he wanted to examine me so Dad laid me flat on the bed. Dr Atkinson removed my shorts then had a good look and feel of my hips and shoulders then said he was very pleased with my progress. He then put my shorts back on me and sat me up then sat down on the bed and chatted about what they were going to do while I was there. Firstly the Physio's were going to assess me and teach me how to move and sit and give me some exercises to do, then the Occupational Therapists were going to teach me how to use an electric wheelchair controlled by my mouth with a joystick and any other aids they thought I could use. They'd already been to my home and recommended what changes needed to be made there. The Dr then said he should have me home within 2 weeks. I was so happy to hear that. Dr Atkinson then said we'd start tomorrow but that I could rest for today. He then got up and left.

We spent the rest of the afternoon chatting and watching telly. A few of my friends came by, Mum and Dad left so I could chat with them. It was really nice seeing them again. They told me all the gossip from school. Danny, my sort of boyfriend, asked what it was like having no arms and legs. I didn't really know what to say, just said that everytime I tried to move it felt like they were stuck. Then my friend Beth asked if they could see. I agreed so Beth laid me back and pulled back the sheet and the 5 of them just looked for a while.

'Beth, you can take my shorts off and see my hips if you want too.' I told her.

'Are you sure you don't mind Jess?' Beth asked.

'Not at all.'

So Beth pulled down my shorts and they all had a look, Danny said it was weird but looked kinda cool. I liked that he thought that, I could feel myself getting hot again. Beth put my shorts back on and sat me up. We all sat and chatted for a bit, the boys went leaving me with the 3 girls. We had a real girly chat, it was great. When it was time to go Beth promised to come back tomorrow. We said our goodbyes and they went as Mum and Dad got back. Later the nurse brought my dinner in and Dad fed me, we watched some more telly, Mum then took me to the toilet, washed me and got me ready for bed and I fell asleep.

I woke up early in the morning bursting for a wee, it was only just light. I called out but no-one came, so I called again still no-one came. I waited a bit, called again but again no-one came, I ended up wetting myself. A few hours later a nurse finally came in and found me in tears I told her what happened, she just tutted took my knickers and shorts off and put a pad on me and then changed the sheets and went off. A bit later the lady brought round the breakfast and put it on the table. She smiled and said the nurse should be in soon. I waited about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before calling out, I kept calling for about 10 minutes before the same nurse came in and asked very brusquely what my problem was, I told her I needed feeding. She told me she knew that but that she was busy and would get to me when she could. Then she stormed off. It was about 9 o'clock when my Mum turned up, she found me in a real state. I was crying again. I told her about wetting myself, then not being fed and how the nurse was rude to me. Mum dried my eyes, washed my face, changed me properly, and then fed me. She then told me she'd be right back. I could hear

her shouting and the nurse, Mum was saying how disgusted she was with that she could treat her disabled 13 year old daughter like this. Mum demanded to speak to manager as soon as one came in.

About 10.30 Julia the Senior Staff Nurse and a man dressed in a suit came in, he introduced himself as the Director of Paediatric Services. The 2 of them wrote down our complaint about the nurse, afterwards Julia told us how sorry she was and that she guaranteed that nothing like that would ever happen again, she then gave Mum her mobile number and told her to phone anytime if she had any problems. The man then stood up apologised aswell and they left. About $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later the man came back and told us the nurse had been suspended as this wasn't the first complaint about her attitude.

After he'd left Mum put me in my wheelchair and took me for a walk round the hospital grounds, It was a lovely day, and I found myself getting turned on again by the bumps, I hoped Mum wouldn't notice. When we got back I was fed lunch, then had a nap. In the afternoon 2 girls turned up, they introduced themselves as Ella and Frankie, my physios. Ella put me in my wheelchair, told Mum I'd be back in an hour and wheeled me off.

When we got to the gym, they assessed my shoulders and hips to make sure they were healed properly, then took a set of observations and put a strap round my chest, Frankie told me that there was a sensor on it that recorded my heart rate and sent the info back to the computer so they could make sure I wasn't over doing it. Then they laid me on my back on a mat on the floor and asked me to sit up. I tried as hard as I could but I could only get my head a few inches of the ground. I was disappointed but the girls said that was great. Then they asked me to roll myself over, again I couldn't do it but they assured me I'd be able to when they'd finished with. Lastly they put me on my front and told me to get my hips under my bum. I almost managed it this time. By the time we were done I was knackered. We had a chat about what I could expect from these sessions, which, to be honest, wasn't much. They told me there was a no real hope of prosthetics as there was nothing to anchor them too, and not having arms meant I couldn't use crutches for the legs anyway. There were some I could try if I really wanted but in their opinion it wasn't worth it, however they would get me the info on them if I wanted it, I told them if they didn't think they would work then that was fine. Ella then said that they made cosmetic ones solely for looking 'normal' and that the prosthetist would be there to measure me tomorrow. They then wheeled me back to my room where Mum, Dad and Beth were waiting. As they left Frankie said she'd collect me at 10 and asked if Mum could bring my swim stuff.

I told Mum and Dad about physio and my decision about prosthetic's, they agreed and told me that's what they thought I'd decide. I told them I did want the cosmetic one though. Dad then fed me dinner, the 2 of them went off for theirs and left Beth and I to chat. Beth had brought her hair straighteners with her so she fixed my hair for me while we gossiped, I even told her about the feelings I got when I was sitting upright. She then took me in my chair for a walk. We sat outside in the hospital gardens until it was almost dark then headed back. When we got back a nurse told us my parents had been and gone and that Mum would see me in the morning with my swimming stuff. I thanked her and Beth wheeled me into my room. She then asked if I wanted her to get me ready for bed, I said no at first and that I'd wait for the nurse but

Beth said she didn't mind so I let her. She carried me to the toilet, pulled my shorts and knickers off and sat me on the toilet and left me to go. I called when I was done. Beth picked me up, wiped me and flushed the toilet, put my knickers and shorts back on, brushed my teeth and carried me back to my room. When she put me on the bed she told me I was really light now, I smiled at her. Then she took my t-shirt off and put the new pyjama top on me Mum and bought, and then she laid me back, pulled my shorts and knickers off and put the pyjama shorts on. Then she pulled the sheets over me and said good night, I said good night back and she left. As she got to the door, she turned back and said 'I hope I hit enough bumps on the way back from the garden for you.' Then she winked. We both giggled and Beth left.

I woke up in the middle of the night, it was quiet in the ward and my room was very dark. I was feeling incredibly horny, but there was nothing I could do about it, I tried to roll over in the hope that if I could get my hips under me I might be able to rub myself on the mattress but that didn't work. I then tried concentrating on squeezing the muscles in my vagina but that didn't work either. There was nothing I could do, I just lay there frustrated and not able to sleep.

I don't know what time I did eventually sleep but when my Mum woke me in the morning I still felt tired.

'Oh dear, bad nights sleep?' She asked.

'Yeah.' I replied. 'Don't know why.'

Mum then sat next to me on the bed and fed me my breakfast, when she was done she laid me back and undressed me, while I lay there naked she went to a bag and got out a towel and swim stuff.

'I could only find your bikinis, I don't know where your swimsuits have gone, I'll have to buy you some more.' Mum said.

'I know mum,' I replied, 'Remember, I outgrew all but one and when we went shopping for holiday stuff just before I was ill I asked you to get me the bikini's for holiday and get me new swimsuits for school at the end of the holidays as I only had a few swimming sessions left and a bikini would be ok for all but the 2 competitions. We then threw the swimsuit away after the last race as it was so tight on me'

'Oh yes.' She replied blatantly lying.

Mum then put the red string bikini on me and put a baggy white t-shirt on top. At exactly 10 Frankie came by and picked me up, put me in my chair and wheeled me off to the pool. When we got there Ella was already in the water, Frankie wheeled me right up to the edge of the water, took my t-shirt off, picked me up and passed me to Ella, I felt like a bloody baby!! Frankie then took her tracksuit off and joined us in the warm water.

'I'm sorry,' I said to Ella, 'My Mum could only find bikinis.'

'That's fine,' she replied, 'Whatever you're most comfortable in, you won't be able to do anything too strenuous so it's not like it will fall off!! She laughed, then I laughed too.

'Right, let's get started.'

Ella laid me on my back with her hand just supporting me on the small of my back. The 2 of them got me to try the moves I'd been asked to do the day before, but this time they helped me. Then they left me to float on my own while they stood nearby. The first few times I went under but I soon worked

out how. By the end of the session I was able to do all the moves they wanted me to do without help, I'd even managed to learn to 'swim'. By pulling my bum forward and pushing it back I was able to propel myself forward. It was slow but it worked. Ella and Frankie were very impressed. They said that that was the advanced class. Once we were done Frankie dried me off and wheeled me into the gym. They introduced me to the prosthetist who was called Mark. He was only in his 20's and was soooo fit. When Frankie laid me on the couch in front of him I could feel myself getting hot. He explained that he needed to measure me, and that Frankie would stay because some of the areas he needed to measure were very intimate and did I mind.

'Of course not.' I giggled trying not to make it to obvious what I thought. Quite honestly he could get as intimate with me as he wanted to. Though why would he I thought?

He sat me up and measured my shoulders, the distance all around, the distance from the end of my shoulder to my neck and my bra size, including cup among others. Then he laid me down and started on my hips, again all the way round my waist and hips, then the distance from the back of my waist to the front of my waist round my buttocks, then from side to side under my bum, then from between my hips to my waist on each side, as he did that I hoped he wouldn't notice I was wet. Once he was done he showed me the catalogue of the prosthetics I'd be getting, we then chose the colour closest to my skin tone. As he left he told me I should have them within a month.

After that Frankie put my t-shirt on and wheeled me back to my room. I had physio every day while I was in hospital, alternating between the pool and the gym, and for a long time after I was discharged until I could roll myself over, and sit myself up, though I could never do it the way they wanted me to. The only way I could was to roll myself onto my front, get my hips under me with my butt in the air and then lift my top half up to sitting.

Later that day, after Mum had changed me and fed me lunch, a lady arrived with this big wheelchair, she told us her name was Alison and that she was the occupational therapist. She put a box down on the table, sat on the bed and chatted with Mum and I for a bit about what I'd done in physio and what I'd done sport wise before I was ill. She was pleased to find that I was a swimmer aswell as being on the netball and hockey teams and did gymnastics and ballet.

'That's great.' She said. 'It means your body was fit before you were ill so will be easier to keep trim and fit now.' Ella and Frankie had already told me this but I let her do her stuff. When she was finished she pointed at the chair.

'This is your electric chair.' She said. 'Obviously you can still use the one your parents got you when there's someone there to push you but this one gives you some independence.'

She picked me up and put me in it, made some adjustments to the seat and put a belt round my waist.

'How's that?' She asked.

'Fine,' I said, 'Very comfy actually.'

'Good.'

Next she moved something round from the side with a joystick on, she made a few adjustments until it was sitting just in front of my chin.

'Right,' she went on, 'You can use your mouth or chin to control this, whichever you feel most comfortable using. Go on, try it.'

I nudged the control with my chin and it moved, it was very jerky at first but I soon got the hang of it. Over time I found if I used my chin for forwards and side to side and my mouth for backwards and very fine movements it worked reasonably well. Alison got me to follow her to the gym. I was all over the place but I got there. Once there she moved the joystick arm away and pushed me up to a desk with a computer on it. Then she took a strap with a rod attached and put it round my head so the rod stuck forward.

'This is how you type.' Alison told me. 'I've also got a stick that can go in your mouth to type but we'll stick to this for now ok, give it ago.'

I started to try to type, it was hard to control. I missed the keyboard a few times, so Alison moved the keyboard forward, and I tried again, I typed complete rubbish but it worked. Then Alison gave me sentences to type. I was very slow and made a few mistakes but I could do it. When we'd finished Alison gave me a laptop and some cards with sentences on to practice. She then put the joystick arm back in place and made me get myself back to my room. I was so pleased by the time I got back, I couldn't wait to tell my parents. I became very good with the chair and laptop (well I managed to write this for you didn't !!!). Next time my friends came by, Beth put me in my new electric chair and I was able to wheel myself around the hospital, it was cool.

I also had several sessions with a counsellor but I won't bore you with those details.

The day finally came when Dr Atkinson came to discharge me. He checked me over thoroughly before I left, I'd got so used to being undressed by guys it didn't bother me anymore. He checked the physio reports, the OT reports, the neurologist's reports and the nurse's reports before finally discharging me. Before we left he made sure we had all the contact numbers we needed, all my exercises written down and anything else we needed. He said his goodbyes with the nurses and Dad wheeled me out the hospital. He wheeled me alongside the car, opened the door, picked me up and put me in, belted me in, closed the door, put the chair in the boot, got in the car and on August 17th, 9 weeks after becoming ill I was finally taken home. When we pulled into the drive everyone was there, all my family, even those from miles away, all my friends along with a load of other kids from school were there and some of my teachers were there too. When we pulled up Andrew, my brother opened the door, picked me up and put me in my electric chair which had been delivered home the day before by hospital transport. When we got inside Mark the prosthetist was there waiting for me, apparently he'd got the cosmetic limbs done early. So while everyone went round to the garden Mum undressed me down to my underwear and Mark fitted my new limbs. With a few adjustments they fitted perfectly. I thanked Mark, he gave us his number and the instructions on how to use them, and after a demo he left. Mum then dressed me in a little party dress and put me back in the electric chair and I wheeled myself into the garden where my Dad and Uncle were barbequing, we had a great party, I was so happy to be home. By about 9 most people had

gone home I fell asleep, Mum carried me upstairs and put me into bed. As she undressed me and took my limbs off she noticed a red mark round my chest.

‘I think someone’s growing, looks like you’ve outgrown your B cup bra, guess I’ll have to take you to get measured.’ Mum said.

‘Guess you will.’ I replied then we both laughed.

As she was about to put my pyjamas on I asked her to leave me naked as it was hot, she agreed, then pulled the sheet over me and kissed me good night. I was asleep before she left the room.

About a week later Mum got me up early then fed me and showered me. Up until then I’d been slobbing round the house in just my pyjamas practicing with my laptop and watching telly. But today Mum and I had decided it was my day to face the world. She dressed in me in a light yellow tight fitting t-shirt and a white skirt, put my hair up. Put my favourite necklace on then some make up. Mum hated me wearing make up, she said I was too young, but as I couldn’t do it myself anymore and I would have done normally she felt it was only fair. (Dr Atkinson said they should treat me as normally as possible, even if that meant doing things for me that they didn’t like me doing but I did anyway!!) She then carried me out and put me in the back seat of the car, my wheelchair was already in the boot, and we drove off to the nearest shopping centre. When we arrived Mum got the chair out, put it along side the car, then got me out and put me in it. It was weird parking in the disabled spaces. As she pushed me I noticed the way my skirt was just pooled around me, I must have been an odd site. As we walked along I noticed almost everyone stared at me. Some looked away again quickly, some just stared in shock, others in pity. I heard some making comments like ‘Freak’ and ‘that poor girl’, I even heard one lady say that ‘she’d rather be dead.’ A lot of kids laughed at me aswell, but I didn’t care. One good thing my counsellor had taught me was how to deal with other peoples reactions. It was hard but I was managing. One thing I did find disconcerting though was the way some guys looked at me. At the time I couldn’t describe it but I now know they were probably admirers. (If you were wondering, no I don’t have a problem with devs and admirers. If I did do you think I’d be writing this?) I was having a real problem with the bumps though, I tried adjusting myself but I couldn’t stop it, I was going to have to find another way of dealing with it. As we walked I got redder and redder and hotter and hotter. Eventually Mum stopped and bought me a cold drink. After that she wheeled me into a lingerie shop, now was the moment too see how brave I could be. We wondered round and I picked a few bras I liked then we went up to an assistant and Mum made me ask her if she could measure me. As she looked down she seemed quite shocked but she managed to regain her composure quickly.

‘Certainly, follow me Madam, I see you’ve picked some bras out already.’ She led us to the changing room. ‘Would you mind taking your daughters top and bra of please?’ She looked at my Mum.

Mum lifted my top off and my boobs just dangled there. I caught the lady looking at my shoulders.

‘I’m not wearing a bra, I seem to have grown a bit while I was in hospital with meningitis and none of the one’s I’ve got fit.’ I said.

'Oh.' She said quietly, then louder. 'Oh, I am sorry. Right let's start, what size were you before?'

'32b.'

'Ok, let's wee what you are now.'

Firstly she reached behind my back, I leaned forward as much as I could and she put the tape measure round me, she wrote the measurement down. Then she moved the tape measure up over my nipple. The tape was cold and it made my nipples go hard. Once she was done she wrote that number down too.

'You're between a 34c and a 34d now.' She announced.

'Wow, that's quite big.' I said. 'I used to worry all my friends were bigger than me, guess that not a problem anymore.'

'Guess not.' Said my Mum laughing.

The lady took the bras I'd chosen and went off. Sitting there waiting I noticed it was a little cold and my nipples were still hard, Mum had gone to look round the shop so I had a good look. My nipples were a lot bigger than I'd ever noticed before, they stood away from my boobs almost 1 1/2 cms. I was impressed. I noticed I started to feel tingly again. The lady came back after about 5 minutes with all the bras I'd chosen. She put them all on for me and adjusted them until they were comfortable. Once we'd done she put my top back on for me and wheeled me out to meet Mum.

'Which ones do you want?' The lady asked.

I looked over at my mum who was getting her purse out.

'Well I guess as you've outgrown all your other ones you'd better have them all, any others you like?' She replied.

'I'll have a look then.'

The lady pushed me round the store and I picked out a few more, I ended up with 8 new bras.

'Will you be wanting the matching knickers?' The lady asked. 'We do them all in thongs, French knickers or bikini knickers.'

I looked at Mum.

'I guess I'll have the bikini knickers please.'

'Have what you want.' Mum Sighed. 'If you want thongs then have them.'

'Good.' I replied. 'These normal knickers keep riding up my bum and there's nothing I can do about it. Thank you Mum.' I turned to the lady. 'I'll have those 5 in thongs and those 3 in French knickers please.'

'What size would you like?'

'Small please, size 8-10.'

The lady came back with all the underwear, she rang it all through the till and bagged them, Mum then paid. As we left I thanked Mum again. We then went to all my favourite clothes shops. I got some tight fitting short sleeved tops, some shorts and some skirts. Things I could wear easily.

On the drive home Mum suggested that when we got home we went through all my old clothes to find some that she could alter to fit my new body, those that still fitted that I could wear when I wore my cosmetic limbs and then bin all those that didn't fit. I took us about 3 hours. We had loads of fun with Mum dressing me in all my clothes. I chose a few pairs of trousers and some

tops for Mum to cut down. She put them on me, held them tight to my hips and shoulders and pinned them all up then took them off me. By the time we were done we had quite a few bags to get rid of. Mum then looked at the bottom of my cupboard.

‘What do you want to do about those?’ She asked nodding at my huge shoe collection.

‘Keep them, at least for now. I will still need to wear them when I’ve got my legs on.’ I smiled at Mum.

‘Ok Jess.’ As she got up of the floor she kissed me on the head. Then she picked me up, grabbed the bags and carried me downstairs. She put me on the sofa with Olivia and went of to bin the bags and then make dinner.

I returned to school after Christmas, my parents had hired a full time carer for me with the compensation money I got from the local health authority so she came to school with me. She did absolutely everything for me. At first I didn’t like a stranger doing some very intimate things for me but I soon got used to it, I had no choice really. My Mum still took me swimming as much as she could and every night I did the exercises I’d been taught. They were pretty much just sit ups but they worked at keeping me quite slim. I also found that I was never really hungry. I guess my body didn’t use up much energy. Most of my friends were really cool about my disability though a few were a bit weird and stopped talking to me but I got over that. My friends always took me out with them shopping, swimming and anywhere else they went. If I couldn’t join in I still went and watched. And they always invited me to parties. In fact it was at Beth’s 16th birthday party that I met Philip. He was soo cute. A year older, really fit, into rugby and gorgeous. At the party I’d noticed he kept looking at me, I thought he was just doing the normal gawking at the freak so I decided to ignore him. After a few hours he came over, sat next to me and introduced himself. We then sat chatting for hours. He was so nice. We were all staying over and once Beth brought me back downstairs after getting me ready for bed she put me in my sleeping bag. Philip suddenly took up the space next to me.

‘Hope you don’t mind?’ He smiled.

‘Not at all.’ I replied smiling. Beth winked at me and left to go with her boyfriend.

We stayed awake chatting quietly for ages, I noticed he was getting closer and closer. Then he put his arm round me and carried on chatting. Suddenly we were looking into each others eyes. I found myself lifting my head up and kissing him. I pulled away after a few seconds.

‘Sorry.’ I said, embarrassed.

‘It’s ok, if you hadn’t I was going to.’ He then started kissing me only this time it was a lot harder. I loved it. Then he put his hand into my sleeping back onto my tummy. Then he slowly started sliding his hand up towards my boobs under my top. Now normally a guy keeps going slowly until he gets pushed away or guided up. Well obviously I could do neither so when he started hesitating not sure what to do next I stopped kissing him and whispered ‘It’s ok.’ He smiled and carried on kissing me. When his hand got to my boob I felt tingly and my nipples became rock hard. Then very quickly I started feeling hot. I started kissing him harder and wished I could do more.

He stroked and played with my boobs until I could take it no more, I pulled my head away again.

'You can move your hand down if you want.' I whispered as sexily as I could then I smiled at him. He carried on kissing me, then slowly stroked his way all over my chest and tummy and down into my shorts. Once there he flicked my shorts off (they really do come off easy) and started stroking me over my thong. I carried on kissing him as there wasn't anything else I could do. Then he moved his hand up to the waistband of the thong, put his hand inside and then flicked that of into my sleeping bag too. I'd still been having those feelings when I was sitting up right and being pushed along, they really hadn't subsided at all. Many times I'd been on the brink of coming but somehow I managed to control it each time. So when he started stroking my clitoris I had to kiss him even harder so I could stay quiet and when he put a finger in me I nearly exploded. Up until that moment I'd been conscious of other people sleeping near me but now I didn't care. I was wriggling my body trying to get as much out of his finger as possible wishing I could do something to him and guide him to where I wanted him. When he gently put a second finger in I came immediately. How I didn't scream I don't know but I was breathing so heavily that everyone must have known what we were doing. My second ever orgasm and my first since becoming a quad was absolutely amazing. I laid there after with Philip cuddling me hoping that every orgasm felt like that.

Later that morning, before everyone else woke up Philip put my thong and shorts back on so we looked decent. We'd been up all night talking so were so tired. Dad picked me up just before lunch, I gave Philip my number and he gave me his and promised to call. When I got home Mum fed me as my nurse had Sundays off then put me on the sofa. I lasted about 10 minutes before I fell asleep. When I woke I was still on the sofa with my Dad cuddling me. The phone rang so he got up to get it. He brought the phone over to me, put it on loudspeaker and left. It was Philip. We arranged to go to the cinema the following weekend.

I had great times with Philip, he was so sweet. We re-enacted that night several times. I started finding things that I could do to him too. Though we both found it weird me having to ask him to move himself closer so I could do certain things or if we were sitting cuddling, having to ask him to start doing things to me instead of just starting on him or guiding his hand, but we soon got used to it. After we'd been together about 4 months it was my 16th birthday. My parents threw a huge party for all my friends and family. My Dad and uncle were barbequing again. And getting drunk!! It was a great party and afterwards a load of friends stayed over like at Beth's. Mum took me upstairs and put me in my pyjamas, then put me in my sleeping bag downstairs. Once everyone was asleep, Phil and I started making out again. After a while I pulled away and looked him in the eye.

'Say no if you don't want to,' I whispered slightly embarrassed. 'But would you like to go upstairs?'

'If you're sure I'd love to Jess,' he replied. He then picked me up and carried me up to my room. I felt so light and tiny in his arms. When we got into my room he shut the door and laid me on the bed. First he kissed me again.

Then he undressed me, I had goosebumps all over and my nipples were sticking out a lot again.

‘I wish I could undress you.’ I whispered.

‘I wish you could too.’ He replied as he got himself undressed. Then he started kissing me again, first on the lips and then he gently worked his way down my body. My little body got so hot when he put each nipple in his mouth. I was wondering how he’d react when he got to my hip and shoulder scars, although they were now white and quite faint I was still worried but when he got there he kissed along each one. Then he moved between my hips and starting kissing and licking me down there. I loved it, I was arching my back as he got his tongue deep into me.

‘I want to do something to you.’ I said breathlessly. ‘I want you in my mouth.’

So he turned around, laid on top of me so our stomachs were touching and put his knees either side of my head and I took his big, hard dick in my mouth. I didn’t really know what I was doing but he seemed to enjoy it. We both came together. He moved around so we were facing each other then lay there cuddling breathlessly. After a while we both recovered and I got brave.

‘Have you got any condoms?’ I whispered.

‘Yes.’

‘Good ‘cos I want you inside me now.’

Phil looked shocked for a few seconds but then he kissed me, got out of my bed and grabbed his jeans taking a condom out of his pocket which he then unwrapped and placed on his already rock hard dick. He then got over me and we started kissing. He then sat up, opened me up with one hand and guided just the tip of his dick into me.

‘Are you sure this is what you want Jessica?’

‘Yes, very sure. I’m 16 now and I want to have sex with you.’ And with that he gently pushed his dick into me. It hurt at first but after he’d done a few gentle thrusts the pain stopped. He gently had sex with me for about 15 minutes before he came. I’d never seen a boy come, he looked like he was in pain, I nearly laughed. I have to admit I didn’t come but I think that was nerves rather than him because I came every other time with him. He laid there still inside me for a while before rolling of and cuddling up to me. After a while he started drifting off to sleep so I stopped him.

‘Oi, you’d better dress me and take me back downstairs otherwise you get to explain to my Dad what you just did to his disabled little girl. And don’t forget he has a gun and we have a big garden for him to chase you round.’

We both giggled, Phil kissed me again, got out of bed, dressed himself as I lay there naked waiting for him. Then he dressed me and carried me downstairs.

Next day Phil stayed for lunch. In the afternoon the 2 of us were sitting in the garden, I was in a bikini and he was in shorts and t-shirt.

‘Did you enjoy last night?’ Phil suddenly asked.

‘Yes, of course I did Phil.’

‘I didn’t hurt you did I?’

'Just a little to begin with,' I replied. 'But that's normal I think.'

'That's ok then. I was just worried because I noticed that each time I pushed into you, with you having no legs it seemed I went very deep into you.'

'It's ok, I enjoyed it and I can't wait till next time!' I winked at him and he laughed.

I had some great times with Philip, he really introduced me to sex, we did it in so many places. Outdoors, indoors, once in a cinema and in a nightclub. When Phil got his first car I think we spent more time in the back seat!!! Unfortunately we decided to end things when Phil went to uni but that was a brilliant 18 months.

I adjusted very well to what happened to me, much better than a lot of people. I don't know if it was because I was young enough at 13 to just accept it and adjust, or whether I'm very strong willed and strong minded or even whether the sessions with the counsellor really did help. Maybe a combination of all. My body also matured very nicely. If I'd had arms and legs it would have been an incredibly sexy body, as it was it was hot, my boobs grew some more and I developed lovely curvy hips and bum while remaining slim and firm so the confidence from that may have helped aswell. What I do know is that I never let having no limbs get in the way and I always did pretty much what I wanted, which as you're about to find out, sometimes got me into trouble.

Time soon came to finish school. The day after we finished our last A-level, Beth, Sophie, Bethany, Natasha, Aimee and I went to Ibiza for a fortnight. I'd had huge rows with my parents over going especially as no parent was going but I eventually talked them round after pointing out that I was now 18 and Beth promised she didn't mind looking after me. Besides, she had pretty much done everything for me at some point and we were still best friends. We had a brilliant time. We had our own private villa with a private pool which the 6 of us spent loads of time sunbathing naked round. (Honestly!!! We all hate tan lines). We got lots of attention on the beach, even I did. Especially when we sunbathed topless, though I think Sophie's and my double D boobs and Beth 'D's helped!!! We spent every night in a club coming home at dawn, sleeping naked by the pool till lunch then moving to the beach for 2 whole weeks. We came back with lovely tans. A few days before the end I met an Eastern European guy called Luka, he was lovely and we spent a lot of time together, a lot of it in bed!!!! He told me he was coming to England in September to study. I was taking a year out to decide what I wanted to do, not that there were that many options for a quadruple amputee!! So I gave him my phone number and e-mail address. A few weeks after we got back I got an e-mail from Luka telling me when he was coming over. It worked out great as it was 2 days after the girls went of to uni so I arranged to meet him.

The morning we were due to meet Luka rang to say he was in England and was looking forward to seeing me. That night I got my Mum to put my cosmetic limbs on then dress me in a beige knee length skirt, with a tight, ruffled see through black top and my black knee high boots. Then she put me in my electric chair and drove me into town. She unloaded me out the car and drove off after I promised to ring her when I wanted picking up. I

waited where I'd told Luka to meet me for almost an hour before I tried ringing him but there was no answer. I waited another hour before I gave up and decided he was an arsehole. I rang my Mum who said she didn't expect me to be that quick and was taking Olivia to ballet and would be an hour so I told her I'd go round the shops and meet her at the bus station. As I was wheeling down the road a black van slowed down next to me, suddenly the side door was flung open and a guy in a mask jumped out, grabbed me out my chair and jumped back into the van. As he slammed the door the van sped off. The hooded guy put a knife to my face and told if I didn't behave he'd cut my eyes out. His accent sounded Russian but I couldn't be sure. He then sliced down all my clothes and stripped me to just my thong.

'I have heard that the underwear of a girl with no legs comes of very easy. Let me see if this is true.' His English was heavily accented. With that he put his fingers in the waistband of my thong and flicked it of.

'It is true then, good. We're going to have some fun with you Quad Angel.'

I didn't know what to do, I just lay there sobbing. I got thrown all over the van as it sped out of town. I don't know how long we drove for but when the doors were flung open we seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. There was about 10 men standing together outside the van, one of them reached in and grabbed me. They then passed me amongst themselves inspecting me. One of them grabbed my boobs and another stuck a few fingers inside me. I was turned upside down and back to front while they looked at me. I didn't understand a word but they seemed to approve of me. Then the hooded guy from the van appeared. As he removed the hood I recognised him. It was Luka!!!! I was shocked. This must have been his intention all along. He started talking to the men, they all started shouting. This went on for about 10 minutes before it stopped. One guy, a well dressed middle aged man came forward and handed Luka a suitcase, Luka opened it and inside was a large sum of cash. He then counted the cash into a briefcase and handed the suitcase back. The well dressed man then came over to me, picked me up and put me in the suitcase. I started screaming but it was no use, the guy just put a gag in my mouth. I then felt him lift the suitcase and carry me a short way then I was thrown into something. I heard a thud then a few seconds later we were moving again. We drove for a bit then I felt the car slow and turn left, I heard some muffled voices then we accelerated again. The next time we stopped I heard some more muffled voices and then I felt the suitcase being lifted again. I was put down with a bump and the suitcase was opened. It looked like we were in a private jet plane. The middle aged guy was holding a syringe, he reached in, grabbed my buttock, rolled me toward him slightly and stuck the syringe in my butt, he then laid me back and closed the suitcase again. I suddenly heard the plane engines roar as I slipped into unconsciousness.

When I awoke I had no idea where I was or how long we'd flown for. I was out the suitcase and was lying on a something hard. I lifted my head up and looked around. My head was very groggy and it took a while for my eyes to clear. Once they did I noticed I was in what looked like a surgical theatre. I was laying on a metal table and everything around was metal and sterile. I

continued to look around but that gave me no clue as to where I was. I then looked down at my still naked body and had a sudden feeling they'd done something else to my body. The first thing I noticed was that my pubic hair had been shaved off, it looked weird and I felt like a 10 year old girl. I know Beth and Bethany used to shave but when I saw them naked on holiday I thought it looked odd but they both liked it and said it made sex feel better. Then I looked down at my shoulders, they were still the same shape but had like a metal cap over each one with an embedded hook in them. I also realised both my nipples had been pierced. Then I looked down at my hips and could see what looked like the tops of the caps on each hip. I noticed that my butt and pussy didn't feel right but I didn't know why and obviously I couldn't see.

I laid there for what felt like hours when an old looking man walked in.

'Ahhh, you are awake.' He too spoke in accented English.

'Where am I?' I asked.

'You are in this City's premier sex and fetish club, Giardino Di Tortura. Or Torture Garden in English. And you my dear are our new pet. Now, Sergei said he wanted you ready for 9 and its 8 now so we best get started.'

He came over and inspected the metal caps.

'You've been here 2 weeks now so they should be ok. These are a new idea I've had. The caps are fused to your bone so there should be no movement and therefore less pain.'

With that he picked me up and carried me across the room and through the doors, we walked down some corridors and through another set of doors into what looked like a big night club. However this night club had chains hanging from the walls and torture instruments all over the place. I was scared now but I couldn't do anything. He carried me across the room to what looked like a massive gyroscope. Then using the embedded metal caps he attached me to the gyroscope and turned it on. The machine started off slowly but got gradually quicker until it was spinning me incredibly fast in all sorts of directions. The guy then stopped the machine so that I was half on my back and half upright. I could feel him doing something to my butt. Suddenly there was intense pain down there and I screamed out

'Good, it works. This is another new idea. You're the first person I've tried it on. I've been quite experimental with your unique body' He started. 'Basically there's a ring attached to the opening of your anus. Then when somebody turns the little knob at the top it will open up your sphincter and butt wider. I'm thinking about putting one in your pussy too, maybe I will later but for now I've pierced your clitoris and along your labia. I do hope you have fun, you'll be our star attraction when we open you tonight.' With that he moved the machine so I was upright and started to walk off, suddenly he turned back.

'Oh, I almost forgot. Here's something to keep you warmed up.' He then shoved quite a large vibrator into me and turned it on. He then left. As I hung there I tried to ignore the huge vibrator inside me which was hard but not impossible and looked around the club. I noticed there were other people around the club in costumes. Several were dressed all in shiny black PVC, including their faces, standing on all fours with dog chains round their necks. I noticed that there were people hanging from the walls, again dressed in black

PVC. Then I had the biggest shock, there were other amputees aswell. One of the girls that was hanging naked had no legs or pelvis. Then there was a guy with no arms walking round naked with bulldog clamps on his dick and a chain coming from his piercing down there, to his nipples then to his mouth. Where the hell was I?

I started to notice the vibrator again, I think it got stronger. I could no longer ignore it and I started to come. Once I'd come 3 times I tried to squeeze the thing out of me but it didn't work. I then came twice more. After that the music started, really loud like thrash metal I guess. A guy then came up to me, pulled the vibrator out of me and turned the gyroscope on, it got faster and faster until I couldn't really see. I did notice though that the club seemed to be filling up with people. After a while I was stopped and the music went off. A guy then started talking though I had no idea what language he was speaking. When he'd finished he started speaking in English.

'Ladies and Gentlemen, freaks and gimps, masters and slaves, Giardino Di Tortura, Presov's famous fetish club is honoured to present to you, as promised, for your carnal pleasure, Quad Angel!' Suddenly all the lights were on me, there was a huge cheer and the music got louder, then the gyroscope started and I was spinning again.

After a while the machine stopped again. A guy all dressed in leather stood there, he moved me round so I was lying facing the floor and then he had sex with me. I felt his warm cum inside me. Once he was done he started the machine up and left me spinning. Several more times through that night I was subjected to disgusting and degrading abuse. One guy positioned me upside down, used my anal ring to open me up very wide then had anal sex with me. I was nearly sick as I felt his warm come working its way through my bowel. Later that night I was fisted in my vagina and butt at the same time, fisted in each separately, made to give oral sex to a huge number of guys and some girls and god knows how many guys had sex with me, sometimes more than one person at a time. At one point I had two dicks in my pussy at once. Everytime I was stopped I looked around the club, it was filled with weirdo's and freaks in all sorts of costumes.

After about 4 or 5 hours the machine was stopped so I could have a rest and I was given a drink, I told the guy I needed to toilet, he told me to do it while I was spinning because all the clubbers' loved that sort of thing.' While I was resting my attention was drawn to the stage. There was a girl up there lying on a bench with this huge machine with a big wheel that was moving a rod that was going in and out of her. The guy with me informed me it was a Sybian sex machine and that I'd get my go soon enough. But what drew my attention was that this girl was also an amputee. Both her legs were amputated mid thigh. I was also stunned to see that she actually seemed to be enjoying her ordeal. If she was faking her orgasms she was doing a damned fine job. I also noticed a large number of the clubbers were disabled in some way and they all made a thing of their disability. One girl was obviously also a DHD amputee and she'd come as a mermaid. A DAK guy was using stilts, which actually was very impressive. Lots of arm amputees were using hooks. There was a midget dressed in a suit with a whip and someone normal sized in a gimp costume. The guy started the machine again

and it wasn't for another 3 or 4 hours when the night was over I was taken down from the machine. As the guy held me up right to let all the cum drip out of me he commented on how popular I'd been. I didn't reply. He carried me to a big room where all the other characters, pets, side shows what ever you wanted to call us, were. He put me on the floor and left. Great, so there I was lying naked on my back in a room full of strangers. After a few attempts I managed to roll onto my front, my boobs were sore from the piercings but the pain was bearable. I managed to get my hips under me and my bum in the air but as I tried to lift my top up the piercings in my vagina caused me a hell of a lot of pain. Eventually I decided to put up with and managed to get myself upright. I looked around the room, there was about 12 people in it but only 5 beds. There was a table in the middle with some chairs around it. I noticed it was quite cold in the room and there were no windows and not much light. The DAK girl from the stage came over to me on her hands and butt and introduced herself as Chloe, she was naked too, in fact we all were. She told me she was from Ireland and had lost her legs when she was 19 after a car accident. I told her about me and then we sat and chatted for a while. When the food trays appeared Chloe scooted over and got some for both of us, she ate herself first then fed me after. She told me that she'd been there for about 6 months she thought. She'd been snatched from outside a club in Dublin after becoming friends with an Eastern European guy on holiday and agreeing to meet him. When he didn't show she went outside to call him.

'Luka?' I asked.

'That's right, was it him that got you?'

I nodded.

'When I woke up after travelling for a while,' she continued 'I found that I now had all sorts of piercings and I thought my pubic hair had been shaved but as it has never grown back I guess they did something else to remove it permanently. All the girls here have no pubic hair. They keep the 12 'pets' as they like to call us, in here all the time, only bringing us out on the 4 show nights. The rest of the time we just sit around naked watching the telly when they put it on and talking when they don't. Every morning the showers are turned on, then food arrives. They don't do anything for us so we all help each other as much as possible, I guess you'll need a lot of help.'

'Do you know where we are?' I asked

'No idea, somewhere in Eastern Europe I guess.' Chloe replied.

'Why doesn't the police do anything about this place, they must know about it?'

'Of course they know about, most of them come here, some are even on the payroll.'

'Shit, we're fucked really!' I said angrily. The 2 of us just sat there in silence. Most of the others were falling asleep. Some were on the beds, the rest were on the floor. I noticed the girl with no legs and pelvis walking towards us on her hands. When she got to us she sat down.

'Hello Quad Angel, I am Amelie,' she said She sounded French.

'Hello Amelie, I'm Jessica. I'd shake your hand but it's a bit difficult.' I replied. Amelie went on to tell us that she was 23 and had lost her pelvis and legs to a massive inoperable tumour when she was 17. She went on to say

that she thought she'd been there ever since she was taken from a Paris street about 18 months to 2 years ago. They both told me how they'd been used as sex toys since they'd been there and had such awful things done to them. The 3 of us carried on talking until we couldn't stay awake any longer. Chloe then handwalked off to get us a blanket then she laid me down and the 3 of us went to sleep cuddled up. I found it weird sleeping naked with 2 girls but I had no choice.

I was woken in the morning by the noise of running water. Chloe was sitting next to me.

'Would you like a shower?'

'Please.' I replied.

Chloe waved at a guy and he walked over, he didn't look disabled but it turned out he was deaf. He must be one of the gimps I thought.

'Carry Jess to the shower please.' Chloe shouted very slowly to the guy. He nodded and bent down and picked me up, as he did I noticed his dick went hard. I just smiled sweetly at him. He put me down gently in one of the showers and Chloe followed in on her hands and butt. I was very impressed by the way she 'walked', she did it very gracefully. Chloe then set about washing me, she did every bit of me. I found I got all tingly and hot when she washed between my hips. I got even hotter when I watched her wash herself! The young deaf guy then carried me to the table and sat me on a chair, I thanked him and he went off. A bit later food arrived, this time Amelie helped me by feeding me. I was amazed at the way she was able to sit.

The rest of the day dragged. The 3 of us chatted then caught up on sleep then chatted some more. It seemed I was the most disabled person there so everyone wanted to help me out. Late in the day a guy came into the room, put a key in a lock and turned it. More lights came on and the room became incredibly bright.

'One hour till showtime.' He shouted. Everybody started making their way to the door. The guy came over to me and picked me up. As he did I felt him slide a few fingers into me. I just ignored it. He carried me into the club and up to the stage. Apparently I wasn't on the gyroscope tonight, I was on the Sybian sex machine. He laid me on the bench and strapped me to it. He then got a tube of KY jelly and squirted a load into me. Then he moved the machine closer, he took the rod and adjusted the bench so I was at the right height and angle. After that he started the machine up, the first few times it hurt as it went very deep into me but once the KY started to work I got used to it. In fact I found that I was starting to like it. By the time the club was full I was really getting into it. The combination of the machine and everyone watching meant I was able to come every few minutes, it was amazing. I also found that having my clitoris pierced made it VERY sensitive. I also ejaculated for the first time ever, it was the most amazing feeling. (I now know that very few girls are actually able to squirt but it's something I've carried on being able to do now and it made me very popular then.) Every so often a guy came up, stopped the machine and filed my vagina with KY to keep me lubed up but other than that I was on the machine all night, best part of 8 hours I think. When I was carried back to the room I was shattered and sore but very satisfied. The guy laid me on the floor, then Chloe and Amelie found me,

Chloe helped me sit upright. This time instead of my piercings causing me pain my clitoris was so sensitive I came again. The 2 girls looked at me strangely when I let out a little cry so I had to explain the problem. Amelie then laid me down and we fell asleep cuddled up again

I woke in the night aware of movement around me, I could tell Chloe and Amelie were moving but I couldn't see what was going on. Suddenly I was aware of a sensation in between my hips, then something heavy went over my mouth and started wriggling around. I soon realised that Amelie was giving me oral sex and was fingering me and I was being made to give oral to Chloe. As I woke up more I was able to make out Chloe sitting on my face with her hands against the wall wriggling around on the brink of coming. As I was really enjoying what Amelie was doing to me I decided that I may as well help Chloe enjoy it so I started moving my tongue around. She squealed a little as I did and this spurred me on which in turn spurred on Amelie. Chloe was screaming away and I was as noisy as I could be by the time the 2 of us came together. Once we were done Amelie kept going and Chloe kept wriggling. Suddenly the armless guy came over and shoved his dick into Chloe's mouth. Instead of being annoyed she just sucked it hungrily. By the time the guy came Chloe and I had come 5 or 6 times. The guy just walked off after. Chloe climbed off me, kissed me and cuddled up to me, then Amelie pulled herself up and cuddled up to me, we kissed for a bit before I said that I felt guilty that Chloe and I had enjoyed that so much and she couldn't. Amelie said she got enough enjoyment watching the 2 of us and playing with her tits and although she couldn't come it was still good. I kissed her again and the 3 of us fell asleep, cuddled up together, naked.

We woke up very late, apparently we'd missed breakfast and lunch was being served so Chloe carried me to the table and the 2 of them fed me. I found I was still a bit sore from the night before and I was sticky down there but I couldn't do anything about as we'd missed the showers so I'd have to stay like that till morning. In the afternoon we caught up on some sleep until Chloe and I decided we wanted a repeat performance of last night. As Amelie licked me and pushed her tongue into me I did the same to Chloe who was sitting on my face again. I noticed that everyone was watching, all the guys had hard dicks and a couple of the girls were masturbating. It was amazing, I lost count of the amount of times Chloe and I came, Amelie really seemed to be enjoying it too. When we'd done we cuddled up again and slept for a bit. We did that most nights and sometimes again during the day. Sometimes just 2 of us did it, sometimes others joined in. Occasionally, if the guy was able to hold me I sat on Chloe's face and took the guys dick in my mouth and she laid down and got licked by Amelie. That night the same guy came in, put the lights on and carried me out. This time though he put me into a glass display case which then was filled with blue water up to my chest. He then pushed a button and the display case started moving side to side sloshing the water and me about. As the case was quite tight fitting though there was no way I would fall and drown. Several times throughout the night someone would reach into the case, take me out and have some sort of sex with me. A lot of the guys liked my anal ring, most opening it as wide as it would go. One guy did that, put his dick in me and then closed it down as tight as he could. He

managed to keep going for ages until he finally came, when he had he just pulled himself which hurt, then he threw me on the floor like I was a piece of rubbish. After a while one of the bar staff came round and put me back in the display case. My butt was really hurting butt there was nothing I could do. That night when we got back to the room Chloe checked me and told me it didn't look like he'd done any damage. She adjusted the ring for me so it was as comfortable as possible. After we'd eaten I fell asleep.

The next day went by really slowly though I did manage to get a shower. In the evening I was again carried out to the club. This time I was anchored to the bar using the embedded hooks. I was put upside down facing out to the club. Throughout the night peoples drinks were poured into my pussy, a straw was put into me and they drank from my pussy. Every so often someone put what looked like Mars bar into me instead and ate that from me, I came every time someone did that. I really liked it. Quite a lot of guys got me to put their dicks in my mouth while they drank from me during the night. Everytime I swallowed their come I was almost sick. But then they'd probably have liked me actually being sick. When one of the staff came to check on me I told him I needed the toilet, he told me just to do while someone drank out of me. When I told him I needed to shit he just said that was even better. He then went back to the bar and announced that the chance to drink out of Quad Angel while she shit would go to the highest bidder. With that I had to poo while a guy all dressed in a suit drank out of me while I sucked his dick aswell, when I peed he drank it straight from me like I was a drinking water fountain. I hated this place. That night my hips and shoulders were really sore from hanging all night, so Amelie sat on me and massaged them. It felt very odd having a girl with no legs and pelvis sitting on my back but she was so light it felt nice. When she'd done, with Chloe and Amelie cuddling me I cried myself to sleep.

The next 3 days were our days off so we had nothing to do, they really dragged. Every so often one of the staff would come in and have sex with one of us. The rest of the time we just chatted, or watched telly. The 3 of us had sex together quite a lot. I found I was starting to enjoy sex with girls.

The first show night came round and again I was back on the gyroscope and subjected to lots of people, both guys and girls doing what ever they wanted to my body. In fact this weekend I spent every night on the gyroscope. It seemed that was where I was most popular. By the end of the 4th night my whole body hurt.

On our second rest day a guy came in and carried Amelie off. Chloe and I were really worried about her. She never came back on the show nights either. Or the rest nights after that. On the first show night that week I was carried out through the club this time and into the entrance. There a pole with a big base on it was put into my pussy, then the hooks on my hips were used to anchor me to it so I didn't slip further down it and damage myself too much, though when the put me up right it still hurt like hell. I then had a chain attached to my nipple rings, then down to my belly ring and onto my clitoris ring. I was then place just inside the entrance, the chain was then placed across the floor and a mat put over it. Then someone brought Amelie over and placed her opposite me. I was so glad to see her. She was on a similar stand

to me but it seemed to be coming directly out of her. The chain that was attached to me was then attached to her nipples. Once we were alone I asked her what happened. She told me they'd surgically attached the stand to her. I was shocked, poor Amelie. Once the doors opened I discovered what the chains were for. Everytime someone stepped on the mat it pulled the chain which in turn pulled on Amelie's nipples and my nipples and clitoris. I was somewhere between pain and pleasure all night.

When the night finished I was removed from the stand and the 2 of us were carried back to the room. When we got there I was laid on the floor and Amelie was stood next to me. When Chloe walked in she looked in shock for a few seconds.

'What the fuck have they done to you Amelie?'

While Amelie told her Chloe sat me up. Then she went of to get one of the guys to help lay Amelie down. Once he'd done that the 3 of us cuddled up and this time Amelie cried herself asleep.

That weekend I was put on the stand each night and Amelie and I were the welcomers.

The first rest morning, a man came in and carried me off quite early, I was terrified what they were going to do to me. When we got to the theatre the Dr was there all gowned up. Without a word he gave me an injection in my butt and I fell asleep. When I woke up I was back in the room with Chloe and Amelie either side of me.

'What did they do to me?' I asked groggily.

'They've put a ring into your vagina like the one in your butt.' Chloe told me.

'Bastards!' I replied.

On the first show night after I was back on the gyroscope. My pussy ring was very popular, it kept being opened to as wide as it would go, several guys managed to get both their fists in. Although it was agony I came really hard and ejaculated a lot every time they did. Other guys closed it up as tight as it would go around their dicks, As they came I could feel every little twitch, and that too really made me come as much as I tried not to.

The torture carried on like that, they kept coming up with new ideas. One night I was hung above the club by cables attached to my hooks and was flown around the club all night. I had various things inserted into my vagina and butt and the clubbers all got enjoyment out of them. Another time I had poles attached to the hooks and I was turned into a table, with me facing upright. I was then put into the restaurant area. My vagina was opened up full, filled with ice and used as a drinks cooler. I then had people eat of me all night long. That happened quite a few times throughout my ordeal

One night during our rest days, the 3 of us were chatting when I suddenly realised something.

'You know something.' I started. 'I haven't had a period since I got here, have you 2?'

'Actually no.' replied Chloe.

'That's because when you arrived they put a little contraceptive implant under your skin, normally in your arm so I don't know where they put yours Jess.' Amelie informed us.

'Oh. Ok.' Chloe and I said together. After that we fell asleep.

In the morning we were woken with a commotion. A couple of guys came in carrying someone wrapped in a blanket. Who ever was wrapped up sounded very angry and was fighting a lot. I noticed that whoever was wrapped up looked very small. The 2 guys dropped the person on the floor, pulled the blanket off and left. On the floor was a naked guy who I guess was in his late teens maybe early 20's, he was quite cute looking but clearly very annoyed but what caught my attention most was that he was a quad amputee aswell, though he still had short stumps. Chloe got the deaf guy to carry me over and she handwalked up to him.

'Hello. I'm Jessica, this is Chloe.' I said gently to him and smiled. He quietened down and looked at the 2 of us. He then spoke in a language that neither of us knew. Chloe started stroking his head.

'Do you speak English?' She asked slowly. He looked at her blank.

'No English'. He replied.

Chloe stroked his head for a bit longer until he was calm. I noticed that he kept staring at the 2 of us and that his dick had gone hard. I also realised that it had been pierced, as had both his nipples. Suddenly Chloe scooted down, straddled him and had sex with him. They both clearly enjoyed it. When she was done Chloe got off him and hand walked over to where Amelie was laying leaving a glistening trail of come as she did. The deaf guy carried me over aswell and put me down, he then walked off. We left the new guy laying where he was smiling.

'I can't believe you did that Chloe!' I said, slightly annoyed.

'Look, I couldn't put up with his screaming and shouting all night. Besides I was feeling horny and it's better than masturbating.'

Show night was a few days later, as all the 'pets' made their way out to their places, a guy came over and gave the new guy a tablet then the 2 of us were left behind. I could hear the music pounding outside and I started to think it was very strange that the 2 quad amputees had been left behind. After a few hours some people came in and carried the new guy and myself out. They laid the new guy on a bench on the stage, then attached some cables to my shoulder hooks and hoisted me above him. I realised then that his dick was rock hard, it must have been a Viagra tablet they gave him. As they lowered me down someone guided his dick into me. Then the music stopped and a voice announced that the highlight of the night featuring Quad Angel was going to start. With that the curtains opened, the music started and the table started moving forcing the 2 of us to have sex. With the whole crowd watching and cheering I could feel him moving in and out of me a little. His piercing certainly hit the right spot and it wasn't long before I came. However this went on for about an hour with me coming repeatedly before he finally came. Once he had I was hoisted up and the crowd cheered as the come dribble out of me all over the guys face. I was left hanging there and he was left laying for the rest of the night. We re-enacted that the rest of the weekend and on several other occasions. Sometimes they switched us round but mostly I was on top. One night they attached us together with our piercings with his dick in me then we were put in the middle of the dance floor.

Most nights I was on the gyroscope. One fairly quiet evening a guy all dressed in leather with spikes on it came over. He stopped the machine and started licking and sucking my pierced clitoris. I came quite quickly. Once I had he used the ring open my pussy as wide as it would go and then worked both his fists into me, once they were in he got someone to close the ring as tight as it would go. Then he moved his fists around until I came, which, although I was in agony I did fairly quickly. Once I'd come for the 5th time he very suddenly pulled his hands out of me. As I did I felt a ripping sensation followed by searing pain through the lower part of my torso. I started screaming in agony. The music went off and loads of people rushed over. I was still screaming in pain and crying. One of the bar staff put me upright and started disconnecting me from the gyroscope. I noticed there was a huge puddle of blood on the floor and blood was still pouring out of me. I also noticed something was hanging out from between my hips. The bloke that had done this to me stood there laughing, clearly aroused, until 2 bouncers grabbed him and dragged him off somewhere. A couple of guys carried me off to the theatre. Once there they laid me on the metal trolley and one put a large pad over my pussy while the other tried to calm me down as I was crying hysterically and still in the most unbelievable pain. After about 10 minutes the surgeon came in and asked what happened, one of the guys told him. The surgeon then put a central line in my neck and gave me fluids and some morphine which numbed the pain but it was still uncomfortable. After the 2 guys left the surgeon examined me. I winced when he put his fingers into me and had a feel around. When he'd done he sat next to me.

'Well my dear,' he started. 'It appears that when the chap pulled his fists out he has completely ripped your vagina away from the neck of your womb. The thing you saw hanging from you, that was your vagina. Now obviously you are still bleeding inside and the only way to stop it and hopefully fix you is surgery. Ok.'

'What do you mean 'hopefully'?' I asked.

'Well, If the damage is as bad as I think it is then I'll have no choice but to perform a radical hysterectomy.'

'What's that?' I asked fearing I already knew the answer.

'That is when all the sex organs are removed. The vagina, the clitoris, the uterus, the fallopian tubes and the ovaries are all taken out and your vaginal opening is sewn up permanently.'

'Oh god, please no.' I begged the Doctor.

'Well, I'm not sure it will come to that but the chances are it will. If I don't you will bleed to death.'

'That might be better then being in this place.' I shot at him.

'That's as maybe my dear, but we've put a lot of effort into you and I don't want to lose you know. Besides you've still got your mouth, your tits and this for guys to have sex with you with.' With that he shoved 2 fingers up my butt to make his point. 'Right let us start your surgery.'

I noticed a nurse had come into the room then and she put a mask over my face. Before I could protest I fell asleep.

When I woke up I was still on the metal trolley with nothing covering me. It felt a very familiar situation. I tried to look down my body, I made out what looked like a dressing on my lower abdomen. I also noticed that there were dressings under each boob and that they looked bigger. I looked to my side and saw the line was still in with the fluids up. I called out and the surgeon came over.

'Ha, Quad Angel, you are wake, you've been asleep for 18 hours. How do you feel?'

'Terrible! What did you have to do to me?'

'I am sorry Jessica but we had to take everything out and sew up your vaginal opening. That chap really did damage a lot, he'd managed to rip your uterus open and pull it away from one of your fallopian tubes. There really was nothing else I could do.' Then he changed his voice to sound happy. 'But while you were under I gave you bigger boobs, you're now a 'G' cup.'

I started to cry. I realised I'd had my last orgasm and that bastard that did this to me gave me it. What use was I to anyone now with no limbs and no sex organs? I'd actually started to like my body and appreciate its uniqueness, I had begun to realise that I was a good sex toy. But now what was I? Now I really was a freak, a limbless freak with no sex organs and freakish tits!!

Later that day I was moved elsewhere in the club and put into a comfortable bed. I stayed there for about a week until I was moved back to the room with the other pets. Chloe and Amelie came over to me. Amelie had been removed from her stand, she had some horrible scarring where it had gone into her but she was happy that she could move around. They cuddled up to me and I told them what happened. Amelie tried to tell me that it wasn't all that bad living without sex organs. I didn't believe her.

'There's a surprise for you over there Jess?' Chloe said with a devious look on her face.

'What surprise?'

Amelie got the deaf guy to carry me over to a corner of the room. In it was the man that had done this to me. Only he'd had some surgery. He was now a quad amputee with no stumps like me, they'd removed his dick so there was now just a scarred mess and they'd taken out his eyes and sewn his eye lids shut. I started to smile.

'They made him deaf too.' Amelie told me. 'And he has one of those rings in his butt like you.' Amelie then reached forward, opened the ring wide and shoved her fist in. The man opened his mouth to scream but nothing came out.

'They took his voice box too.' Chloe told me.

The deaf guy then carried me back to our bit of the room and the 2 girls followed, we cuddled up as normal and we fell asleep.

It was a couple of weeks before I was put back into the show. Every night while I was out, a comfortable chair was brought in for me and I was sat in it and the telly was put on for me. The guy that had done this to me was left in a corner and was never part of the show. The first night I was just hung over the auditorium and was flown around. But the next night I was back in

the gyroscope. I found my huge new boobs hurt when I was hung on my front. Lots of guys had sex with my butt that night, their warm come was starting to feel nice deep in my bowel. Most were impressed by the scar on my tummy and my sewn up pussy. I gave a lot of blow jobs too.

It went on from there really, the 4 show nights people did degrading things to my butt, mouth and huge boobs. My body was violated so many times. I was put on display in many different ways. One busy night I was on the gyroscope again. I'd had anal sex with about 30 guys and given 20 odd blow jobs. Suddenly there was a huge bang, everyone hit the floor, including the guy that had his dick up my butt, and the room was plunged into darkness. In the silence I could hear some muffled sounds from outside the door then it burst open and the lights came back on. I looked up and I marched about 100 armed soldiers. They were collecting up everyone that worked there and all the clubbers. Then some paramedics arrived, with the soldiers they started releasing and caring for all the 'pet's'. A nice soldier came over to me and started to get me out the gyroscope.

'Hello, I'm Simon, there's no need to worry.' He was English.

'My name's Jessica Ellie Bindon.' I told him.

'Oh, you're Jessica Bindon, we've been looking for you.'

He finally got me out the gyroscope. He wrapped me in a blanket and carried me out to a waiting ambulance where a paramedic started checking me over. As he stepped off the back he smiled and waved and told me he'd see me later.

At the hospital I was checked over thoroughly, all my scars were looked at and I was asked for a full history of what had happened. Once I'd told them I asked about Chloe and Amelie. The Dr went off to find out for me. About 10 minutes later they were both wheeled into the room in wheelchairs. They were put at the side of the bed and both reached over and cuddled me. The 3 of us sat there crying with joy for ages. The Dr came back in after about 1/2 hour. Amelie and Chloe were put into the beds next to me.

'Right Jessica, the guy from the British forces informs me your parents have been told that they've found you and are on their way. In the mean time we're going to get you up to surgery, remove these metal caps and check out your hysterectomy ok?' The Dr smiled at me with one of those Dr smiles. He went on 'Oh, I do have one question, we have a man here from the club that's had all 4 of his limbs removed recently along with his penis, eyes and voice box and has lost his hearing. Do you know anything about him?'

'Yes.' I replied. 'He was the guy that ripped my vagina out.'

'Oh, ok, sorry.' The Dr replied and then he left.

About an hour later a nurse came in and wheeled me up to theatre.

When I woke up I was in a room similar to the one I woke up in at Great Ormond Street. Mum and Dad were there, they looked so relieved to see me. Dad told me I'd been missing for 19 months. The police had actively searched for me for 3 months before they stepped their investigation down. That was until 6 weeks ago when they found out that disabled people especially amputee girls were going missing across Europe. A massive investigation by Interpol, MI5, the British Police and various other police forces across Europe found out about these fetish clubs. The club I was in

was in Slovakia. It was raided at the same time as 8 others. The British Forces raided the one I was in as they had good information to say that was where I was. They found 150 kidnapped disabled people in the 8 clubs, 60 of which were amputees, some were as young as 15. All were now being cared for and attempts were being made to reunite them with their families.

We stayed cuddling for a bit until the Dr came in, he told me that I'd been in surgery for 10 hours and that the caps from my hips and shoulders had been successfully removed and that he was pleased with the results. He went on to say that the plastic surgeon was able to rebuild me a vagina and clitoris and that while I would never be able to conceive I should be able to have an active and enjoyable sex life, he also removed the breast implants so I was back to a double D. He told me the stretch marks should fade in time. He then said that I should be able to go home within a week.

During the week I said my goodbyes to Chloe and Amelie. Amelie had needed surgery to remove the piece they'd anchored the stand too inside her but she was now ok. Chloe hadn't needed anything doing to her, just all the piercings removed. The 3 of us were told that our pubic hair would never grow back as they'd used electrolysis to kill off the roots. I thought back to what Beth and Bethany had said about it making sex feel better, especially oral sex, so I wasn't that bothered. We swapped addresses, phone numbers and e-mail and promised to keep in touch.

It's a year since that happened to me. I was discharged home a few days later. The British Embassy paid for a first class flight home for my parents and I. When I got back I caught up with all my friends. Philip had heard what happened and was mortified when I told him all the details. He promised to come see me which he did. We got back together after that and on my 21st birthday last week he proposed to me and I accepted. We want to get married next summer. And yes we do have a great sex life, the plastic surgeons did a great job of reconstructing my clitoris and trust me, it DOES work. I've also found that having a bald pussy isn't so bad after all, in fact it can be quite pleasurable. Although I do feel a little open and vulnerable when we got to the nudist beach, which we do quite a lot. I have found that I really do enjoy spending as much time as I can naked

I didn't want to become an amputee, and I would much rather never have. But I have. And I do like it. Between that and being kidnapped I have learnt to always try everything. That means I am very experimental sexually, which Philip loves, there's not much we haven't tried! I doubt very much I'd have tried them if I did have arms and legs! So, being an amputee, even a quadruple one isn't the end of the world, you can still have fun!