

## Public Enema Number One

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# **Public Enema Number One**

by Anonymous

## Summary

Kylo consensually receives a huge enema, a flogging and a double anal fisting in public.  
That's it.  
This is pure fantasy nonsense.  
If tags are missing let me know.

It's hot. It's too hot and for all he is wearing nothing but a blindfold, a pecker gag he is drooling around, a collar, a tiny cock cage, and the rope tying his arms together behind his back, he is sweating from the unseen sun beating down on him. He is in a courtyard, and he knows from the voices and Force echoes many people are watching him, aroused by his nudity but too proper to masturbate in public. He thinks some or maybe even most of them know and recognise him. He could free himself with the Force, or use it to ask Mistress Phasma to free him, but this is what he wanted, isn't it?

And Mistress chains him down further to something, legs spread wide, neck held down in such a way he must be bent over with his supple ass on display.

'Today,' says Phasma, 'I am going to show you how I clean out my toy and then demonstrate how clean inside he will be.'

Kylo almost gets hard at the words, but the cock cage prevents it. Presently, his hole is lubed and a plug pushed in, not too big, he has taken bigger toys and cocks and even fists, sometimes. But then the plug in his hole expands and it's too fucking big. And still it keeps expanding, getting bigger and bigger, until it stops. Cool liquid starts flowing into him and he realises the plug is in fact a stupidly big inflatable enema nozzle. The cold of the fluid is a welcome relief in the heat, cooling him from the inside, but Phasma always uses cold water on him, saying toys don't deserve warm, unless she specifically wants to warm him up. If that is the case, it is always uncomfortably warm. But Phasma also likes to add peppermint soap to the water, peppermint soap that makes his guts hurt and burn and cramp and makes him desperately horny, and sure enough, the burn starts now too, a contrast to the coolness, and sure enough, she explains: 'I like to use peppermint soap to clean inside my toy because it smells nice and because he loves the burn of it.'

The water keeps flowing, filling him up, and suddenly he feels a flogger with soft straps run over his skin, his ass, his flank. Then it hits him - literally. Phasma apparently decided to flog his ass and things while waiting for his guts to fill with cold, minty, soapy water.

'My toy loves being flogged,' she says. 'So I thought why not indulge him a little while he takes the enema.'

She keeps hitting him, alternating between cheeks and thighs, mercifully avoiding his balls and belly. But even that is not enough to distract him from the fact that his bowels are overfull, that they are filling up even faster, than in his position they press on his lungs and stomach and bladder, making him queasy and breathless and desperate to piss. He must look full-term pregnant now, sides bowed out, belly hanging full and low beneath his bent over body, belly button popped. And isn't that a nice thought? His Mistress, cruel woman that she is, uses the flogger to caress the outward curve of his distended gut, then hits it, lightly enough not to damage anything, once twice thrice. He howls through the gag because it still hurts and then keeps howling because it jostled his poor bowels, overfilled with the burning enema, and made the burn and cramps worse.

'Good slut,' praises Phasma. 'You've taken it all, you deserve a reward.'

And then she hits his balls with the flogger, hard, and he pisses himself. The pain is exquisite, so is the knowledge of having just lost control of his body like that in front of people.

She makes him keep in the enema for what feels like an eternity, while she flogs and kneads his huge belly, ostensibly to make him cleaner inside. But then the apparent eternity ends.

The plug is yanked from his hole too fast and too rough without deflating it at all and he barely has time to clench up before a powerful cramp wracks his poor, overfilled guts and he's expelling everything, sobbing as his bowels empty and shitty cold water runs down his

legs. He can smell peppermint, hardly masking the oppressive stench of his own waste. 'You're so full of shit, Kylo,' taunts Pasma's voice and she's touching his belly, kneading it, 'I always knew it. Now everyone can see the proof.'

Someone snickers. Maybe Hux.

'Don't you like shitting out an enema this large in front of everyone gathered to watch your humiliation? Now, slut, push it all out or I will flog your balls.'

He clenches up despite the burn in his guts, both to be contrary and because he likes the ball-flogging, and sure enough, she delivers, hitting his sack over and over until he is very sore indeed down there.

'Now, baby boy,' says Pasma with a mocking voice, rubbing his belly to make him shit out more water, 'just a quick rinse.'

Back in goes the plug, and even colder water fills him, downright icy, uncomfortably much again, but this time it is not kept in for long, just enough to make him shiver despite the heat. And when the plug is yanked from his now-aching hole, the water is still cold as he shits it out all over his legs. Someone cleans and dries him once he is done, probably Mistress.

And before he can be lulled into a false sense of security by the lack of various torments, she shoves three lubed fingers into his hole, then four, then her entire slicked-up hand is forcing him open, plunging in elbow deep with no consideration for how much he suffers, just as he likes it. She fists him elbow-deep and fast and brutal, making him feel like his entire guts are being rearranged to make a fucking glove for that wonderful woman who deigned to use him for the purpose. And then, she pulls her hand from his hole with an obscene squelch of lube and he barely had time to catch his breath or feel the air inside his gaping ass before she is pressing both hands folded together inside him. Again, she goes in elbow deep, but this time slower, and he can feel his belly bulging out where her both fists are rearranging his guts. He must look obscene, and the thought, together with the relentless assault on his prostate, triggers something almost like an orgasm, a desperate spasm of his overstretched anus, an dribble of ejaculate without erection or pleasure. Pasma pulls her hands out of him, looks at the gape of his hole, apparently decides he isn't gaping enough and pushes them back in, this time far more brutally. If he was being penetrated before, now he is getting fucked, and he yelps and howls and drools like an animal. He might ejaculate again, and piss himself again, but he is not sure with how focused he is on the assault on his insides. Finally it ends, and when she pulls both fist out she doesn't even have to hold his hole open, as she sometimes likes to, because it gapes wide, grapefruit-size, the hot, humid air feeling somehow cold and dry on his bowels. He moans.

'See that? Gaped wide open, fisted elbow deep and not a speck of shit in him or on my hands. Of course, I think I will reward him for taking my fists so nicely.'

Kylo wants to clench up because he knows what reward is coming, but he cannot with how thoroughly his hole has just been fucked and how it gapes. The flogger with soft straps hits his aching, gaping asshole, just clipping his already flogged balls, and he howls. Another and another and another stroke comes, and he can only feel the pain, the exquisite pain, and thank the Force he is gagged and she isn't making him beg for more, because he would, and everyone gathered would hear him. By the time she is finished, his hole burns even when it isn't flogged and he thinks his rim must be swollen, like it has been pumped. And then she shoves another plug inside, and fuck it is big, and fuck he is sore, and fuck it is exquisite and it keeps pushing into him, this vaguely phallic plug as long as his forearm and as wide as two fists at its bulbous knot.

She chains it to his cock cage so that he cannot dislodge it while he licks her musky, sweaty

pussy to thank her for this ordeal. Not that he would try to get rid of a plug he enjoys this much.

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