

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

ALWAYS OSKAR DELETED SCENE

BY: ODESSA HYWELL

THIS PDF IS NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION. PLEASE DON'T.

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

Thank you so much for signing up for my newsletter.

You can find more of my work on Smashwords [HERE!](#)

“Have you ever had an enema, Oskar?” Pops asks.

I shake my head as I bite my bottom lip. I’ve never given myself one, but I know what they are. Holden has given himself one and explained the process in vivid detail. It was a little TMI.

Pops steps between my legs and shows me the box. It’s an unassuming forest green and white. “This one is sodium based, so it will work quickly. I’ll help you. It might be a little uncomfortable at first, but I’ll be with you the whole time.”

It can’t be all that different from douching, and I’ve done that several times now.

“Okay.” I lean into his chest as he wraps an arm around my midsection. “I trust you.”

Pops brushes a kiss across my temple before setting the box to the side and pulling me from the counter. His hands are warm as he runs them across my chest and down my sides before he pushes my pants off my hips. I step out of them before helping him undress. His cock is long and thick. The tip flushed a dark red and wet. I reach for him and he grasps my wrist with a soft chuckle. “Not yet. Let me take care of you first.”

My cock jerks and pre-cum bubbles from my slit. I squirm, more than ready for him to take care of me, but he turns away, pulling an armful of towels from the heated cabinet and laying them on the floor. “Come here.” He offers me his hand and I accept it. “Lay on your side. Draw one knee to your chest. Good boy.” He squeezes my hip and kisses my shoulder once I’m in position. “Comfortable?”

I nod and close my eyes. My stomach clenches and I bite my bottom lip. “I’m nervous.”

Holden said if you fill yourself too fast, the cramps hurt. It can also get . . . messy.

“You can say no, Oskar,” Pops says, cupping my chin and tipping my head back.

I shake my head. “No. I . . . I want to do this with you.”

Pops is always so good about taking care of me and I love when he goes the extra mile. It makes me feel special, like I’m the most important person in the world. This is just more of that.

He brushes his mouth against mine before he pulls back. It's only a second before he returns to my side. His body is warm as he settles behind me. One arm cradles my head as I lean into his chest with a soft sigh. Pops kisses a line across my shoulder as he strokes my side and down the curve of my ass. My cock aches and my balls draw up tight against my stomach as heat builds at the base of my spine.

"Pops." I tip my head toward him and he slots his mouth over mine. His tongue slides into my mouth and he swallows my moan. "I'm ready."

"Try to relax for me," he says, nipping my ear as he presses his fingers between my cheeks. They are wet and I gasp, the sound loud in the silent bathroom. His finger slips into my body and I fist my cock as it leaks. How lame will I be if I come just because he put his finger inside of me?

I suppose it won't be the first time, but still . . .

"Pops," I whimper. "Ian." He curls his finger, and I cry out, pushing back against the digit. It feels like fireworks going off under my skin as he strokes my prostate. "I . . . I can't . . ." I'm going to come if he doesn't stop. "Ian." He slowly pulls his fingers from inside of me and I whine, my hole clenching at suddenly being empty.

"Ready, Oskar?" he asks. I nod before I feel the tip of the enema bottle brushing between my cheeks. "It won't feel as good as my finger, but it won't hurt either."

I reach back, loop my arm around his neck and gasp as he presses the nozzle inside. He strokes my head as pressure builds inside of me. It doesn't hurt, not really. But it's strange and uncomfortable. It's more than that too, though. My cock is harder than ever. I'm leaking like a broken faucet. And with Ian behind me, his mouth warm on my shoulder and his fingers combing through my hair, I feel . . . loved, more loved than I'd ever felt before. I whimper and shake my head as I squeeze my eyes closed.

"Almost done. You won't have to hold it for long."

"It's weird," I whisper. "And . . . I . . . I . . ." I turn my face into his bicep as I grasp my throbbing cock. I'm going to come. How can I not? "Pops."

"You're doing so well, Oskar," Pops says. "I want you to clench as hard as you can when I pull the nozzle free. Can you do that for me?" I nod, squeezing the base of my cock. Pops carefully withdraws the nozzle and I clench so I don't spill early. My stomach spasms, but not hard—not enough to hurt. Just enough to warn me I'm going to need to evacuate my bowels, and soon. "Good boy, Oskar."

Ian's hands are everywhere but where I need them most as he kisses and nips at my body.

Sweat beads my forehead and I whine. “Pops, I don’t think—” I shake my head again. “Oh, god. Ian . . .” The spasms intensify. It still isn’t painful, not really. But it isn’t a sensation I enjoy either. If not for Ian laying behind me, his mouth and hands working hard to distract me, I don’t think I’d be able to do this. I need . . .

“Just a little longer,” Pops says, and I cry out as he teases the tip of my leaking cock with his palm. “I’m so proud of you, Oskar.” He cups my balls as he sucks a bruise into my neck. I cling to him and after what feels like hours, but what is probably only a few minutes in reality, he helps me from the floor and to the toilet. I gasp as I settle. My thighs are trembling as I hold on to his shoulders.

He cups my face and brushes his mouth over mine. “Whenever you’re ready.”

It should embarrass me to do this in front of Pops, but it doesn’t.

My bones turn to liquid as I fall against Ian. He catches my weight as I bury my face in his neck. The uncomfortable pressure eases as he kisses along my temple and jaw, stroking my back and sides while cooing in my ear until it feels as if there is nothing left for my body to give.

“I think I’m done,” I mutter.

“Let’s wait a little longer, then we can shower and I’ll take you to bed,” Ian says.

“Okay,” I agree, wrapping my arms around his neck.

There is no real rush. We have all night—the rest of our lives, in fact, after all.

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION