

Dark Nurse

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[Phase 0] A bustling clinic and the quiet arrival of

From outside the window, a gentle breeze blows in, mixed with the peaceful sound of cicadas and a somewhat nostalgic scent of earth.

"Akari-chan, could you help me with this for a bit?"

Saki, a fellow nurse the same age as me, called out to me while preparing an IV drip.

This clinic, located in a small rural area nestled in the mountains, is a very small place run by just three people: myself, Saki, and a young doctor.

"Okay, I'm coming now."

I'm just a nurse whose only redeeming quality is my diligence, but the elderly men and women in the village always doted on me like their granddaughter, calling me "Akari-chan, Akari-chan."

However, the new inpatients who arrived today had a slightly different demeanor than the villagers who usually visit the hospital.

This is Shiromu (the younger brother), one of the adorable twin siblings, who will be hospitalized for a while due to a broken leg.

As I entered the hospital room, Shiromu-kun, with his leg sprawled out on the bed in a cast, looked up at me with a apologetic expression.

"Oh, Akari-san. I'm sorry to have made you come all this way."

"No, don't worry about it, Shirom. Are you in any pain?"

"Yes, the doctor treated me, so it's not so bad now. But I feel really bad that I've troubled someone like me at a clinic in the countryside like this..."

"Don't say that. This is my job, so please feel free to ask me for anything."

Shirom-kun is a boy who speaks very politely, and he has an aura that makes you want to protect him, a kind of maternal instinct that awakens within you.

When he heard what I said, his face turned slightly red, and he smiled happily.

"Hearing you say that, Akari, is really reassuring. It makes me feel like I'm glad I came here."

"Hmm...?"

At that moment, Heim, the twin sister who was sitting on a folding chair in the corner of the room, spoke in a low, flat voice.

In contrast to Shirom, Heim is a girl who is always low-key and it's hard to tell what she's thinking.

"Heim, it's rude to Akari if you make noises like that."

"Nothing in particular... I just thought Shiromu looked happy..."

"That's because Akari is so kind to me."

"I see... Well, as long as Shirom behaves himself, I don't really care either way..."

Heim-chan idly fiddled with her hair and turned her gaze out the window.

She might seem a little cold, but since she's been here with her little brother all this time, I'm sure she's a kind older sister.

"Haim, aren't you tired from your long journey? Shall I make you some tea?"

"Mine's fine... More importantly, please make sure Shiromu's leg is properly healed..."

"Yes, leave it to me. I will do my best to take care of Shirom so that he can walk around healthy again as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Akari. I'm really happy that you're my 담당 (person in charge)."

Shiromu looked at me with a sincere gaze and said that to me.

When you say things like that, I feel a deep sense of fulfillment as a nurse, and it makes me a little embarrassed.

"Oh, Shirom, you're so good at this. Alright, first, let me take your temperature."

"Yes, I understand. Please proceed."

When I handed him the thermometer, Shiromu-kun accepted it without complaint.

Heim watched the scene with sleepy, curious eyes.

[Phase 1] The examination room at dusk and a mischievous proposal

As evening approached and the sound of cicadas outside gave way to the mournful chirping of evening cicadas, the doctor at the clinic stopped me as he was getting ready to go home.

"Akari, can I talk to you for a moment? It's about Shirom, who's in the hospital."

"Yes, Doctor. Is there something wrong with Shirom?"

"Looking at the medical records, it seems like she hasn't had a bowel movement recently. It might be due to the change in environment, but it's definitely not good for her health. If she still hasn't had one by tonight, please give her an enema."

"An enema, you say...? O-Okay, I understand. I'll check during my night rounds, and if she hasn't had a bowel movement yet, I'll prepare it."

The doctor said, "I'm leaving it to you," and then left the clinic.

As a conscientious nurse, I knew the doctor's instructions were absolute, and I was determined to do my job properly for Shirom's health.

Then, I heard footsteps approaching from behind me, and my colleague Saki came alongside me, a sly grin on her face.

"Hey, Akari. The doctor just gave you instructions to have an enema, right?"

"Yes. It seems like Shirom hasn't had a bowel movement since he was hospitalized, so we need to give him some medicine to help him feel better."

"Hmm, I see... Hey, Shiromu-kun has a cute face that kind of appeals to maternal instincts, doesn't he?"

"Huh? Yes, he's certainly a very polite and cute boy, but... what about it?"

"Akari-chan is so innocent. Hey, Shirom-kun, you're kinda cute, so maybe we should play a little prank on you?"

"Huh...? What do you mean, a prank...?"

Saki's unexpected words left me wide-eyed in surprise.

It's absolutely wrong to treat medical procedures as a prank, yet Saki's eyes gleam like a boy enjoying a serious wicked scheme.

"You know, you can adjust the amount of enema a little within the prescribed range, right? So, I was thinking, let's give him a slightly stronger enema so we can see Shirom writhing in agony from the urge to defecate."

"N-no, that's not okay, Saki! It's unfair to Shiromu, and the teacher has given instructions too..."

"Don't be so uptight. It's nothing harmful to your body, and it's just that your urge to go is stronger than usual and it comes all at once, so it's fine. This is the first time Akari has ever given Shirom an enema, right?"

"Yeah, it's my first time, but..."

"All the more reason then. Don't you think there's something a little alluring about the face of a cute teenage boy who's embarrassed and desperately trying to hold back? Even Akari-chan has that kind of mischievous side, right?"

Saki is nudging my shoulder with her elbow and laughing happily.

Even though I knew it was wrong, I was overwhelmed by Saki's assertiveness and couldn't strongly deny it any further.

"Uh, well... But still, it's really sad..."

"Akari, you're so earnest. But since you're not refusing, I guess you're at least a little interested in giving Shirom an enema, right? Well, I have another task to do, so I'll leave the preparation and execution to you!"

Saki waved her hand and left the treatment room.

Left alone, I stared at the enema kit laid out on the tray and began to agonize over what to do.

I shouldn't be thinking such an inappropriate thought as wanting to make Shiromu writhe in agony from the urge to defecate, but Saki's words wouldn't leave my head, and I could feel my heart beating faster and faster.

[Phase 2] Hesitation and preparation, the expanding transparent enema

Left alone, as if forced by Saki, I stood frozen in front of the shelves in the dispensing room, my heart beating faster than ever before.

"I wonder if it's really okay to do something like this..."

As a conscientious nurse, I have always tried to work diligently, following the doctor's instructions and keeping the patient's best interests in mind.

Yet, Saki's words, "Don't you think there's something a little alluring about a boy's face when he's embarrassed and desperately trying to hold back?" stuck to the core of my mind like a sweet poison and wouldn't leave.

Shirom-kun is a boy who is always polite and affectionately calls me "Akari-san."

The thought of Shiromu-kun, that quiet and adorable boy, being given an enema by my hand, being overcome by an intense urge to defecate, his face turning bright red with distress, sent a strange, thrilling sensation down my spine that I couldn't stop.

Unable to voice my objections, I was swept along and began arranging the utensils on the tray.

Normally I would use a smaller glycerin enema, but I took a heavy, large 100-milliliter glass enema syringe from the back of the shelf.

The cool, transparent glass tube exudes a heavy, imposing presence, as if to tell the story of the amount of liquid that will be poured into Shirom's body.

Moreover, I didn't just pick one, but several, including spares, and placed them clattering onto the tray.

Saki's words, "a little extra," kept growing in my mind, and before I knew it, it had become an enormous amount.

"The concentration of the enema... for this amount, let's try 30 percent..."

The special 30 percent glycerin enema won't hurt Shirom's stomach, but the moment it reaches his rectum, it will hit him with an unrelenting and intense urge to defecate.

I carefully mixed warmed purified water and glycerin to create the perfect enema solution.

It is then slowly drawn up through the suction opening of a thick glass enema syringe.

As I watched the clear liquid fill the bottle to the 100-milliliter mark with each pull of the piston, I was overcome with a

sense of transgression, as if I, who had lived an honest life, was doing something terribly wrong.

"Shirom-kun, it's going to be quite an experience if you get an enema like this... But, if we don't do something like this, your stubborn constipation might not go away..."

Even as I made excuses to myself, my hands were trembling.

The sight of the huge glass enema syringes, each filled with a 30 percent concentration of medication, being lined up one after another on a tray was somehow bizarre, yet it intensely stimulated my mischievous side.

When I lifted the prepared tray with both hands, I felt its heavy weight.

"Okay... Let's go to Shirom's hospital room. It'll be your first enema, so I'll be gentle, but I'll also give you plenty..."

As I walked quietly down the corridor, I pictured Shiromu's face, which would be trembling with shame and pleasure, and I bit my lip slightly in nervousness.

[Phase 3] The moment of the enema announcement

The clinic corridor, now completely shrouded in night, was eerily quiet, a stark contrast to the daytime hustle and bustle.

I quietly made my way down the corridor, carrying a tray on a handcart, which contained several 100-milliliter glass enema syringes filled with a 30-percent concentration solution.

A faint rattling sound of metal rubbing against metal echoed through the surprisingly spacious room, making my heart beat even faster.

It was a time when visiting hours should have long since ended, but a faint light was still leaking from the gap in the door of Shirom's hospital room.

I quietly opened the door and stepped inside, and there, just as I'd seen earlier in the day, was Heim, the twin sister, sitting on a folding chair next to Shirom's bed.

Heim-chan kept her eyes fixed on the small handheld game console in her hands, moving her fingers indifferently, and seemed completely oblivious to my presence, maintaining her usual low-energy demeanor.

"Excuse me, Shiromu. I've come to check your temperature tonight and to ask how your stomach is doing."

"Oh, Akari-san. Thank you for working so late. Thank you so much for coming all this way."

Shirom-kun sat up in bed and greeted me in his usual polite tone.

Shirom-kun had no idea that he was about to be given an enema.

When she looks at me with those innocent eyes, the sight of the large number of huge glass enema devices hidden on top of the cart suddenly seems terrifying.

I swallowed hard and approached him in a low voice to relay the teacher's instructions.

"Listen, Shirom. The doctor instructed us that since you haven't had a bowel movement for the past few days, we're going to give you some medicine tonight to help clear your stomach."

"Medicine, you say...? Is it something you take orally?"

"No, you won't drink it... We'll insert the medicine directly into your bottom. Let's do an enema."

The moment the word "enema" came out of my mouth, Shirom's body tensed up in shock.

His pale cheeks quickly turned bright red, and he seemed so embarrassed he didn't know what to do, his gaze wandering all over the place.

"Huh, um... an enema...? Does that mean I have to show Akari my butt...?"

"It's alright, it's a normal thing for nurses. ...Hey, Shirom, is this your first time getting an enema?"

When I asked him in a voice that was a little teasing, but also gentle, Shiromu was completely speechless.

He seemed to have reached the height of embarrassment, and with his lips tightly pressed together, he lowered his head and fell completely silent.

Her face, and even the area around her ears, was bright red, just as Saki had said, and she looked absolutely adorable, which only further fueled the mischievous urge deep inside me.

Then, Heim-chan, who had been staring intently at the game screen, closed the game console with a thud and quietly turned her gaze towards me.

Although visiting hours were over, I deliberately chose not to ask Heim to leave, and instead decided to proceed with the procedure in front of her.

"Heim-chan, is it okay if we watch here while Shirom-kun is about to get an enema?"

"Hmm... It's fine, I guess... But I'm curious about Shiromu's enema..."

Heim didn't seem particularly surprised, and remained remarkably calm and low-key, seemingly intending to carefully watch her brother's enema scene.

Faced with the reality of being given an enema in his rear end right in front of his own sister, Shirom shrinks even further into fear.

"H-Heim...please don't look... Akari, are you really going to give me an enema...?"

"Yes, that's what the doctor told us to do. Let's make sure we clean our stomachs thoroughly."

When I said that, Heim let out a small sigh, then closed her eyes and fell silent.

Neither rejecting nor making light of the situation, that unique silence further heightened the tension in the hospital

room.

Even before I had taken off his underwear, just the announcement of the enema was enough to completely draw Shirom-kun into my pace, and he was trembling with embarrassment.

I gently moved the towels on the cart aside, revealing to them several thick glass enema syringes filled to the brim.

[Phase 4] Tent in the crotch area of the pajamas

The air in the hospital room was heavy and thick, almost like jelly, and strangely stifling.

I quietly lifted a heavy glass enema syringe, filled to the brim with 30 percent glycerin solution, from the handcart, making a soft clinking sound.

Feeling the cool texture of the glass in my palm, I spoke to Shirom, who lay rigid in bed, consciously adopting the extremely businesslike and gentle tone of a nurse.

"Shirom-kun, you can stay lying on the bed, just bend your knees. Ideally, we'd have you turn to your side, but since you have a fractured leg and can't move your body freely, we'll have to perform the procedure in this position, lying on your back with your legs spread and your bottom sticking out—the 'lithotomy position'."

"So, the 'crushing position'...is that it...? That's the position where you lie on your back with your legs spread apart, right? Akari will be able to see everything..."

Shirom's face turned bright red like a cherry, and he whispered in a voice so faint it was almost inaudible.

The lithotomy position is similar to the position used when changing a diaper. The difference is that the legs are placed on a platform, making it easier to maintain this position.

To protect his fractured leg, he couldn't be positioned on his side, so the only option was to have him assume the most embarrassing position for him: a vulnerable position with his legs spread wide.

Obviously, if you do that, not only will Shiromu's penis be completely exposed, but his anus as well, since he's a boy of that age.

Smiling to ease his tension, I first firmly grasped the edge of the thick blanket with both hands, as it was getting in the way of the procedure.

"Don't worry, I'll do it quickly and properly. Now, I'll just move the blankets aside for a moment."

It was at that moment, as I was about to pull the comforter towards the foot of the bed, that it happened.

Shirom, who had been quietly huddled up until then, suddenly grabbed onto the edge of the futon with both hands and pulled it back towards his body with incredible strength.

"Ah, Akari, please wait...! I'm not mentally prepared yet...! Really, really, please don't take the blankets yet...!"

"Oh...? Shiromu, what's wrong? If you put that much force into it, it'll hurt your broken leg."

I was a little surprised by his unexpectedly strong resistance.

Even though receiving an enema from a female nurse might be embarrassing, it felt strange to see Shiromu, who is usually so polite and obedient, resisting so desperately.

Sitting on the folding chair next to them, Heim-chan remained motionless, her gaze as cold as ever, silently observing their exchange.

As a conscientious nurse, I decided that I had to avoid a prolonged argument that could worsen the patient's injury.

No matter how hard he resists, he's just a frail boy lying in bed with a broken leg.

"No, Shirom-kun. Let me do my job properly."

Consciously using a slightly firm tone, I gripped my arms tightly and forcefully pulled the blanket down from Shirom's slender hands.

With a loud rustle, the last remaining barrier protecting his body was completely removed.

At that moment, my gaze was fixed on the crotch area of his pajama pants.

"Ah... uh..."

It was right at the crotch area of the thin pajamas that Shiromu-kun was wearing.

There, standing tall and taut, was a tiny tent, impossible to hide.

(This... It's small, but it's an erection... right?)

Of course, saying something like "your genitals are small" would be hurtful, so I can't say that.

Perhaps it was a mix of embarrassment, nervousness, and fear and excitement about the enema I was about to administer, but his male parts were bravely hard and erect.

"Ah, uh... Akari-san... please don't look..."

Shiromu covered his face with both hands, and this time he was completely panicked, trembling violently on the sheets.

Witnessing this unexpected turn of events made my heart skip a beat, and at the same time, I felt the "mischievous spirit" that Saki had mentioned about to explode within me.

[Phase 5] Gentle comfort and the reasons for the excitement are revealed

I was momentarily stunned as I stared at the small, erect tent-like shape rising from the crotch of his pajamas, but I

quickly regained my composure by mobilizing all the rationality I possessed as a conscientious nurse.

"Akari-san... please... don't look..."

Shiromu-kun, with his face covered by both hands, is curled up on the bed, his body trembling uncontrollably, a truly pitiful sight.

I thought that if I acted shy or teased him at this point, I would completely hurt his pride, so I deliberately spoke to him in a soft, gentle, and comforting voice.

"It's okay, Shirom. You don't have to be so embarrassed, it's really okay."

"But... but, I mean, in front of Akari-san, I..."

"It's just how the human body works, so there's nothing you can do about it. Boys sometimes get erections like this naturally, right before they fall asleep or when they relax after being tense. So, it's not Shirom's fault."

I quietly snuggled up to his bedside and comforted him by gently patting his slender shoulders through his pajamas to reassure him.

I knew that the real reason was his nervousness and embarrassment about the enema that was about to be administered, but as a conscientious nurse, I wanted to gently support him out of concern.

Hearing my kind words, Shirom slightly opened his hands that were covering his face, and with tears still in his eyes, he looked up at me as if pleading for help.

"Akari... I'm really... so sorry..."

"Yes, it's fine, it's fine. So don't worry about anything—"

"Hmm... Relaxing right before falling asleep, huh...?"

At that moment, Heim-chan, who had been silently listening to the conversation between me and Shirom-kun up until then, suddenly joined in.

Still speaking in her usual flat, low-pitched voice, close to her natural speaking voice, she looked back and forth between my face and the tent in Shirom's crotch, and quietly, but accurately, began to tease my younger brother.

"Shiromu... Akari is being gentle because it's her job, but aren't you actually excited because you're about to have your asshole examined and be given an enema...?"

"What...!? H-Heim...! W-What are you talking about...!!!"

His older sister's merciless words sent Shiromu trembling on the bed as if he'd been struck by lightning, and his face turned bright red.

"But Shirom, you've always been like that... It's not good to get your dick that hard in front of Akari and then lie..."

"N-No, it's not like that...! Really, it's absolutely not like that...! Akari, please believe me, what Heim is saying is nonsense...!"

Shiromu shook his head frantically, tears welling up in his eyes as he vehemently denied what Heim was saying.

But the more desperately he tried to make excuses, the harder and more taut the tent in his pajamas became, and I could clearly see it.

When his own older sister hits the nail on the head by saying, "You're excited because you're going to get an enema," Shiromu desperately denies it in the depths of embarrassment.

Heim-chan stared at the scene with a blank, expressionless face.

As I watched their exchange, my mischievous side grew to a point of no return.

[Phase 6] The boy's underwear is revealed, and his sister confesses.

The awkward atmosphere that hung in the hospital room seemed to intensify and heat up even more as Shiromu desperately tried to explain himself.

"N-No, it's not like that...! Really, it's absolutely not like that...!"

With tears welling up in his eyes, Shiromu denied Heim's words, his shoulders trembling uncontrollably, presumably from intense shame.

Torn between my sense of duty as a conscientious nurse to complete the procedure and the mischievousness Saki had instilled in me, I told myself that I couldn't prolong this any longer.

"Shirom-kun, Heim-chan, let's stop chatting now. We need to administer the enema as instructed by the doctor, so please take off your pajamas."

I took a step forward from the side of the pushcart and stretched both my arms out towards Shirom's waist.

"Ah, Akari, wait...! I'll take them off myself...!"

"No, Shirom-kun has a broken leg and can't move, right? I'll do it, so please relax."

What I felt when I grabbed Shiromu's waist with both hands.

His slender build and the childish gestures of his desperate attempts to resist made it painfully clear that he was a boy much younger than me.

Since I usually deal with middle-aged and elderly people, it was a very refreshing experience.

In this case, "fresh" has a double meaning: it was fresh from my own experience, and it was also fresh from the perspective of Shiromu-kun being young and a human being.

My fingertips trembled slightly with nervousness at the thought that I was about to make a boy much younger than

me, a boy who had only just begun his journey into adulthood, vulnerable with my own hands.

I put my fingers on the elastic waistband of Shirom's pajama pants and carefully, but without hesitation, pulled them down so as not to put any strain on his injured leg.

"Ah... Akari-san...!"

Shirom let out a short, shriek-like sound and, in embarrassment, gripped the bedsheets tightly with both hands.

What was revealed beneath the stripped-off pajama bottoms wasn't boxer shorts like an adult man's, but surprisingly boyish, pure white briefs.

The central part of the white area is unnaturally bulging out in a round shape, sticking out sharply forward, due to the tent that had been standing there earlier.

And although I said it was pure white, there was a faint yellowish tint, and a strong scent, typical of a boy's crotch, filled my nostrils.

The fact that he was wearing briefs appropriate for his age, and that they had been exposed to the light of day (though it was the middle of the night) by my hand, made Shirom's face turn bright red, and he tried to curl up into a small ball.

"Akari-san...please, I beg you, don't look...I'm so embarrassed to be dressed like this..."

Seeing Shiromu-kun pleading in a voice so faint it was almost inaudible stirred my protective instincts, and at the same time, it further stimulated the twisted expectation deep within my heart of what Saki had said—the desire to see his face as he desperately tried to hold back his embarrassment.

I'm about to give this child an enema. I wonder what will happen.

Then, Heim, who had been observing the scene intently, spoke again in a flat, monotone, low-pitched voice.

"Akari-san... Shirom wears briefs all the time..."

"What...!? H-Heim, please don't say unnecessary things...!"

"But it's true... Shirom wears the ones I bought in bulk at a bargain price every day without complaining..."

Heim-chan didn't change her expression at all, and with the same casualness as if she were reporting the weather on a normal day, she told me Shirom-kun's private secret.

His own sister had exposed the fact that he still preferred wearing boys' white briefs, leaving Shirom with a look of utter despair, as if he had no escape route whatsoever.

"Heim... please stop... Akari, that's not it, this is...!"

"Shirom-kun, those briefs look really good on you, you look adorable. There's nothing to be embarrassed about."

".....!"

(a)

I realized after saying that maybe calling a teenage boy "cute" was a taboo word.

As I smiled gently, I felt a warmth slowly spreading through the pit of my stomach as I faced the reality that I would soon have to pull that white fabric down as far as it would go.

[Phase 7] The warmth that touches the fingertips, and the boundaries of the boy that are broken down

The air in the hospital room was filled only with the sound of Shirom's ragged breathing.

Having his own older sister, Heim, expose even his usual underwear habits, Shirom seems completely devastated, as he simply cowers, clutching the sheets tightly.

As a conscientious nurse, I swallowed hard and reached both hands again for the elastic waistband of the white cotton briefs that remained around his waist.

"Okay, Shirom-kun... I'm going to give you an enema now, so I'll pull down your briefs too."

"Uh, ah... Akari-san, please... be gentle..."

Shiromu whispered those words to me in a trembling voice that was barely audible, as if pleading for help.

Taking great care not to touch his injured leg, I slowly hooked the elastic of his briefs with my fingertips and tried to slide them downwards.

That's when it happened.

Perhaps my hand slipped slightly out of embarrassment, or maybe my fingertips were trembling with nervousness, but the back of my hand accidentally touched the tip of the taut little tent.

"Ah...!"

I could sense that Shiromu took a short breath.

A small erection, still somewhat childish, befitting a boy much younger than me.

But the sensation that I felt firmly on the back of my hand was surprisingly hard, hot with the heat of life, and standing straight up.

He's still such a small, cute little boy, yet the fear and shame of the enema I'm about to administer to him have made him so stiff.

The fact that it was "small yet surprisingly hard" was directly imprinted on my mind through the back of my hand, and

it tightened my chest violently.

(So cute... Shirom-kun, even though he's so small, he's gotten so hard...)

A sweet, lustful affection, something a serious nurse should never feel, began to take over my heart.

The combination of hardness and softness of the heat transmitted through the back of my hand caused a warm, simmering excitement to well up from deep within my own body, and I couldn't stop it.

I gazed at the large number of glass enema kits on the tray, and my heart pounded so hard I could barely breathe, filled with the perverse excitement of about giving this cute little boy an enema with my own hands and making him writhe in agony from an intense urge to defecate.

While deliberately letting the small genitals against the back of my hand linger a little longer, I quickly pulled my white briefs down to my ankles, trying to hide my rising excitement.

The fabric fell to the edge of the bed with a rustle, leaving Shirom's lower body completely exposed and vulnerable under the light of the hospital room at night.

"Ah, uh... Akari-san...! Akari-san...!"

Shiromu was letting out an inarticulate scream, completely covering his face with both hands, his small, hard penis trembling, as he writhed in shame in front of me.

Sitting on the folding chair next to me, Heim-chan continued to observe everything with an equally cold and detached gaze.

[Phase 8] The cooperation of the nurses and the suffering of the defenseless boy

His pristine white briefs were completely pulled down, exposing Shirom's lower body entirely to the light of the hospital room at night.

At that moment, the sound of a door opening softly echoed through the room.

"Akari, how's the preparation going?"

The person who came in was Saki, my colleague who had made a mischievous suggestion to me in the dispensing room earlier.

Seeing the numerous thick glass enema syringes on the handcart and Shirom-kun lying on his back, completely defenseless and frozen, her eyes narrowed mischievously for just a moment.

"Ah, uh...! Even S-Saki-san...!"

The arrival of the other young nurse sent Shirom into a complete panic, and with tears welling up in his eyes through the gaps in his hands that were covering his face, he desperately tried to shrink himself away.

Even just having me see it was incredibly embarrassing for him, but to have another woman see his lovely private parts must have pushed his sense of shame beyond its limits.

"Hmm... Saki's here too... Poor Shirom, he's even less able to escape now..."

Heim-chan, sitting on the folding chair next to me, left her game console as she murmured, a small, almost amused expression playing on the corner of her lips.

Although she's usually quite low-key, she seemed to be enjoying this situation—her younger brother completely naked from the waist down, surrounded by two nurses and looking embarrassed—as a kind of entertainment.

However, the moment Saki stood before Shiromu, she completely erased her playful attitude from before and switched to the serious expression of a dignified nurse.

This is strictly a medical procedure, and she began speaking calmly and matter-of-factly, making sure not to deviate from the pretense that she was undergoing treatment.

"Shirom, there's no need to be so scared. We've just come to perform the correct enema procedure, following the doctor's instructions, to relieve your stubborn constipation."

"But, but... I'm dressed like this, and surrounded by the two of you..."

"This position is the safest way to protect your fractured leg. Akari, wait a moment. Before we inject the medication, we need to apply plenty of petroleum jelly around your anus to make it slippery, right? You forgot, didn't you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Saki. I was just a little nervous..."

I was startled by Saki's precise observation, still gripping the heavy glass enema syringe containing 30 percent solution.

Saki picked up a tube of medical-grade petroleum jelly from the corner of the pushcart, and skillfully put on plastic gloves on both hands as she approached Shiromu.

"It's a thick glass enema syringe, so to avoid damaging the mucous membrane, I'll apply plenty of Vaseline first.

Akari, you just keep the enema syringe warm."

"Uh, yeah. I understand, Saki. Please do."

"Huh, S-Saki-san is going to paint it...? A-Akari-san, help me...!"

Shiromu cried, gripping the bedsheets so tightly that his fingernails turned white.

Before the enema was to be administered, she was told that another nurse would first touch and loosen her most embarrassing parts directly.

That strict and serious outlook on medicine, ironically, completely deprived Shirom of any escape route, raising the

tension in the hospital room at night to its peak.

[Phase 9] Vaseline in the anus, followed by a surprise finger insertion.

The air in the hospital room grew even hotter, and all eyes were focused on the most shameful organ at the center of Shirom's exposed lower body—the area around his anus.

Saki squeezed a generous amount of clear petroleum jelly onto her fingertips and, without hesitation, reached her hand between Shiromu's thighs, which were spread open defenselessly as he lay on his back.

"Shirom-kun, please relax. I'm going to soften the area around your anus so that the enema will be easier to administer."

"Ah, uh... ah, Akari-san... Saki-san..."

The moment Saki's fingertips touched the delicate wrinkles of Shiromu's anus, his body jumped violently.

The anus is a sacred yet filthy place for excretion, a place that should never be shown to others.

The shame of having that constricted opening directly caressed and played with by the fingers of a young female nurse must have been a shock so intense it felt like his brain was burning, especially for adolescent Shiromu.

Each time Saki gently spreads petroleum jelly around the anus in a circular motion, a lewd squelching sound of the lubricant rubbing together echoes through the quiet hospital room.

"Ahhh... mm, mmm..."

Overwhelmed with shame, Shiromu covered his face, but gradually, instead of words of resistance, sweet, slightly pleasurable, and sensual sighs began to escape his lips.

With only his lower body exposed, the pleasure of having his most vulnerable spot, his bare anus, gently stimulated was surely melting away his reason.

"Hmm... Shiromu seems to be enjoying having his asshole touched... What a pervert..."

Heim, who had been watching the scene intently from beside the bed, mercilessly mocked the fact in a flat, low-pitched voice.

"N-no, it's not like that... Heim, don't say that... ah..."

Despite his desperate attempts to deny it, every time Saki's fingers gently rubbed against the mucous membrane of his anus, Shirom's body couldn't resist the pleasure, and he trembled adorably.

As I watched the scene unfold, clutching the specially made enema device, my heart pounded so hard I thought it

would burst.

Seeing this usually serious and well-mannered boy moaning in pleasure as his anus, a shameful place, is played with, stimulates my mischievous side as a nurse and as a woman to an almost maddening degree.

Saki watched with a truly magnificent, satisfied smile as she watched Shirom's anus relax rapidly under the touch of her fingertips, and as he became ecstatic with pleasure.

Shiromu-kun's anus has been melted into a gooey mess with Vaseline, leaving him completely defenseless and immersed in pleasure.

At that moment, as I was staring at the tightly constricted anus of his, I inwardly exclaimed, "Ah!"

Saki's gentle touch suddenly changed, her eyes sparkling mischievously, as she mercilessly thrust her finger deep into Shirom's anus.

Splat!

"Aaaaaah!?!? Mmmmmmm!!!"

In the quiet hospital room, a dull, heavy sound of flesh rubbing violently against flesh echoed.

Saki's slender index finger was thrust deep into Shiromu's anus without any hesitation, completely unaware of his unguarded state, and was inserted all the way to the base as a surprise attack.

"Ah, Saki...?!"

As I cried out in surprise, Shiromu arched his back like a bow, overwhelmed by the intense pleasure and shame of having something inserted directly into the deepest part of his anus—a sensation he had never experienced before. Saki's fingers, buried all the way to the base, stretched Shirom's taut anus into an unprecedentedly round and wide opening, completely shattering his boyish pride.

[Phase 10] The finger inserted into the anus is rotated forcefully.

As Saki's finger sank deep inside Shiromu's anus, it gripped the warm mass of the finger with unparalleled greed, regardless of his will.

"H-ah, ah, uh, Saki-san... what is this... what's inside...!"

Shiromu was in a complete panic, yet he was writhing in agony from the intense pleasure brought on by the finger

thrust deep inside his anus.

It's not just a feeling of foreignness or embarrassment.

The direct, forceful stretching of the most sensitive part of his rectum caused the lewd pleasure of his anus, which had been dormant deep within his body, to suddenly surge.

A warm, tingling sensation spreads deep within my stomach, and a sweet pleasure that directly numbs my brain runs through my entire body—but I absolutely cannot admit this in front of the two female nurses, or in front of my own older sister, Heim.

Shiromu bit his lip tightly, tears streaming down his face, desperately trying to hide the insane pleasure surging up from his anus.

"Mmm, mmm...! It's, it's painful... please, take it out..."

He desperately pleaded, pretending it was painful, but his penis, now exposed after his pants were stripped off, had become even harder than before and was trembling with pleasure.

There was no way that the battle-hardened Saki would overlook his pathetic, false resistance.

"Oh dear, Shirom-kun, it looks like you're still tensing up too much. If you keep this up, Akari-chan will hurt your anus when she inserts the special glass enema device. You need to loosen it up more."

Saki maintained the facade of a perfectly serious nurse, but her eyes gleamed with a sinister light. She then began to rotate the finger that had been buried deep inside the anus, now forcefully and rhythmically at a steady pace.

Squish, squish, slurp, slurp...!

"Huh!?!?!"

The petroleum jelly mixes with the mucus from the intestinal wall, and an incredibly lewd sound of flesh rubbing together echoes throughout the hospital room.

Each time Saki's fingers rotated forcefully, the deepest part of Shirom's delicate anus was ravaged from the inside, and each time his small genitals thrashed about restlessly like a carp begging for food.

"Aaah!? Ah, ah, mm, mmm! Saki, no... not there!"

As the powerful, rhythmic rotation of the fingers continued, Shirom could no longer hide his pleasure, and his voice cracked as he arched his back on the bed.

It was immediately clear that the boy's taut anus was squelching and twisting in response to Saki's fingers, and that he was greedily devouring the pleasure, biting down on the large amount of Vaseline, wanting to go deeper and harder.

A single, transparent thread slid down from her genitals.

I watched, breathless, as Saki's fingers moved mercilessly and as Shirom-kun, though embarrassed, completely succumbed to the pleasure in his anus.

The thick glass enema syringe, filled to the brim with a 30 percent concentration of medication, which I held in both my hands, rattled softly and vibrated with a mixture of tension and excitement.

(Wow... Shiromu's anus is gripping Saki's finger so tightly... I wonder what will happen when I pour this massive enema into it...)

I could definitely feel my rationality as a conscientious nurse crumbling before my eyes at the sight of Shirom's expression of maddening pleasure.

[Phase 11] The rectum is filled with a special enema.

Each time Saki's fingers rotated forcefully and rhythmically, Shirom's anus mixed with plenty of petroleum jelly, making lewd squelching sounds as it was completely loosened.

"Mmm, ah, ah, Saki-san... I can't take it anymore... My butt is going to go crazy...!"

Shirom-kun, with his small, boyish penis twitching, is on the verge of drowning in waves of shame and pleasure.

Saki watched the scene with a look of satisfaction, then with a squelching sound, slowly pulled out the finger that she had buried all the way in.

"Hmm... ahh..."

After the finger was removed, Shirom's anus was red and flushed, wide open and gaping, and was twitching sadly, trying to constrict, having lost its owner.

"Okay, Akari-chan, sorry to keep you waiting. Your asshole is all ready, so let's go for that special stuff all at once."

Saki kept a serious expression on her face, but gave me a playful wink.

"Yes... Shirom-kun, I'm going to give you an enema now. Do your best."

I lifted a massive 100-milliliter glass enema syringe, filled to the brim with 30 percent glycerin solution, from the handcart using both hands.

The liquid inside the transparent glass tube swayed eerily.

When Shiromu realized that this much was going to be poured into his anus, his face was wet with tears and his eyes widened in fear.

"A-Are you really... going to give me an enema...? Akari-san, I'm a boy, are you really going to give me an enema...?!"

It's true that boys might not be the type to be given enemas.

"It's okay, I'll insert it slowly. Just breathe out through your mouth and relax your buttocks."

I sat beside the bed and gazed at the constricted, reddened anus between Shiromu's spread thighs.

Then, gently place the tip of the thick glass nozzle against the center.

"Ahhh...!"

Just the touch of the cold glass tip on his delicate anus caused Shirom's body to tremble violently.

I aimed carefully and put all my strength into it, making sure not to let the narrowing escape.

Nubbuuuh...!

"Mmmmmmm!!!"

A glass tube, harder and colder than Saki's finger, slid and stretched Shiromu's anus before mercilessly thrusting into its deepest part.

"It's...it's in...it's cold on my butt...Ahhh, Akari-san, ahhh!"

"Shirom, you're making some incredible noises... Your asshole is clenching that glass tube really tight..."

From the folding chair next to her, Heim-chan calmly provides a running commentary in a flat, low-pitched voice about her brother's pathetic state.

The fact that he was being given an enema while his own older sister stared at him only further tormented Shirom's sense of shame.

"Heim, don't look... Mmm! Akari, take it out now...!"

"No, Shirom-kun. The real show is yet to come. We're going to give you an enema to clear your stomach."

I placed my thumb on the large piston of the glass enema syringe and, without hesitation, pushed it in forcefully.

This concludes the trial version.

If you'd like, I'd be happy if you also read the full version.