

Gentlemanly Pursuits – Finding His Station

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High atop his proud mount, Lord Roderick surveyed his audience with the ease of one born to command.

The village was small, a simple place, populated by simple folk, but they knew their station and they paid proper deference to those above them.

Bred of the very finest stock, a man of Roderick's caliber could hold his head high among the great courts of Europe, but this was his personal demesne, and his people had come out to pay appropriate respects as their lord rode through. With the pristine Jezebel under him, and the dashing Colin at his side, he cut a grand figure, befitting his long and storied lineage.

Nearing the turn which led on, out of the village, he elected to put his mare to the gallop, a fitting display of equestrianism and pedigree horseflesh.

Wentworth would be suitably chagrined, for the road wound right past his grounds, and his old rival had never owned a steed so fine as her.

Yet even as Roderick thought the idea, he felt something amiss.

He couldn't feel the reins in his grip.

Jezebel's step was faltering, and the eyes of the villagers turned to watch in confusion as the haughty gait their lord's steed had cut degraded into a confused meander.

Digging in his heels to spur her into action, he *insisted* that his mare obey, yet she showed no recognition of his command.

Roderick pulled tighter, yet the leather bands seemed not to move.

A moment later they fell away entirely, to hang uselessly about the horse's neck.

"Is something the matter, *My Lord?*"

Turning back he saw a playful grin about Colin's features, the younger man looking up at the imperious figure of his lover with impertinent amusement.

"Just a trifle. My hand slipped."

As ever, Roderick was loathe to show ill ease or shaken certainty, even when it came to Colin. Only one man wore the jodhpurs in his estate, after all.

"Of course."

The smaller figure replied nonchalantly as he came up alongside Roderick, watching with some interest as the nobleman struggled to grasp the reins of his idle steed.

“Something... off about the bridle it seems....”

He couldn't see any such issue – if anything it felt more as though his own body was awry somehow, unwilling to move and articulate in an obedient and timely manner – but Lord Roderick was certainly not going to admit to such a queer loss of control.

Colin leant over, taking him by the arm.

“It seems that the stablehand tacked up this animal all wrong. Allow me to help.”

He took the lifeline with both hands. Metaphorically, at least.

Allowing himself to be helped down from his saddle, Roderick stumbled as he hit the ground, his legs oddly unsteady too now.

“For one of your stature, it would be *much* easier to stand like this....”

Palm on the back of his head, Roderick felt himself pushed down, into an odd, awkward crouch.

Indignation bubbled up, and he shook off the gently insistent touch.

“Now see here, Colin! I can't just walk about on my arms you know!”

“No, certainly not, you should be walking on your *legs*, Roderick.”

Colin was beaming, as he looked *down* on his lover.

Roderick tried to straighten up, to raise a hand in gesticulation against such nonsensical disrespect... only his body wouldn't bend that way....

His hands weren't there.

Holding up his arms, he stared at the shining black stubs, a pair of hooves, growing directly from his wrists.

Wrists, which were shaped more like ankles... or fetlocks.

Everything felt different, felt *wrong*. He didn't know what he was doing, suddenly, there in the village, before all those people. It was both confusing and embarrassing. Nothing made any sense.

“Because you were in the wrong place.”

The words came unprompted, as if in answer to his thoughts.

“Remember?” asked the amused magician. “It does no good to try to pretend to be something you’re not, my dear. You were never the rider, Roderick. You’re the *mount*.”

Loins throbbed to life as the words sank into his addled mind, touch following soon after. Fingers, gripping his *own* reins, guiding him down from the awkward half-crouch of a man, to stand on his hands. His hooves.

He was mere feet from Jezebel’s shapely posterior, and suddenly he was acutely aware that the mare was deep in heat. The smell was everywhere, thick and musky, an unpleasant animal odor that tingled in his sinuses as he snorted it.

As he consumed it.

Each sniff, each draught of that tart perfume made him shiver with disgust, as he felt the heat rising through his hips, burning in his core. He couldn’t stop sucking it in, any more than he could hold back the phallus which was pushing out through his twitching sheath, his own body, his own thoughts disgracing him with those bestial desires.

Yet he couldn’t even touch himself.

Standing on all four legs, he could do no more than shudder and moan, his inhuman erection waving shamelessly in the air.

Everyone was watching.

His disgraceful desires were laid bare before them, just as was his warped body.

He was no lord now... he was a grotesque thing, a creature of base instinct and salacious abandon, pathetically thudding his cock against his chest and forelegs as he snorted and licked the air.

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Lord Roderick awoke with a jolt, his limbs clacking together painfully.

Such a perverse, shameful dream.

Yet the smell lingered, his mouth watering as he tasted Jezebel’s must, and his face seemed to press not into the cushions of his usual bed, but into the itchy roughage of hay.

Roderick recalled why, with that familiar sensation which greeted him every morning.

The cold clarity of reality, reasserting itself with merciless certitude.

Opening his eyes he affirmed what he already knew; he was in his stall, in the stables.

The very same stall which had been his ever since that night....

When Colin had changed him, transformed him, from lover into *pet*.

Usually he would have been rushed out of bed by his valet, a stack of correspondence already awaiting on his desk, ever-accruing work which couldn't possibly wait or suffer delegation, but all that had changed now. For a few minutes he simply lay there, as the scenes of his recent escapades replayed in his mind, mingling with the improprieties of that bizarre dream. With nothing to harry him to action, he had that dubious luxury now, what might even have been termed a 'lie-in'.

Not that a pile of hay was a fitting place for a lord to lay his head, even if it was surprisingly soft.

That cloying, insidious comfort irked him that morning, and railing against the allure he made himself stand.

Rising was a challenge, but it had lessened of late, as he became more adept with his surreal physiology.

In place of human appendages were the limbs – the legs – of a hairless horse, still pink and fleshy as his own had been, but shaped wholly for life on four hooves. For that was all his limbs ended in now.

At his rear there grew a handsome tail, long and lustrous, whose root began a band of thick and tender true horseflesh. It stood out, black, oily and animal against his delicate pink, encompassing his rear, taint and manhood all. Replacing human with horse. A huge, jiggling, tender hole, gooey and crude, set into puffy, wrinkled skin that was ever throbbing with sensation, leading down to those outsized orbs, and the great sheath which so poorly concealed his perverse, garish phallus.

That was him now, a demihuman plaything for his former partner.

A disgraced, degenerate creature, debasing himself with animal wants for the amusement of his new master.

And Roderick had submitted.

*Willingly.*

His breath vibrated through his lips, as he recalled the lowlights of his own denigration, from master to mount.

It was so very wrong, to love this so very much. To tremble with such debauched desire, even a grotesque, masochistic *gratitude* towards his debaser.

That was the true torment which set his hindquarters aflame, his supple ring tingling and clenching as his tail started to rise.

“Morn.”

The voice stirred him from his reflection, and he looked over at the figure, leaning on the side of his stall.

The stable-hand, a man Roderick himself had hired, had paid to house and train, was regarding him with the casual amusement and disdain of a particularly interesting circus sideshow.

The man was still speaking, but in recent weeks Roderick had struggled to make sense of human words. The sounds were still there, familiar, evoking the *feel* of language, but the meaning seemed to slip away, as if he were listening to a foreign tongue, with only a passing similarity to his own.

He could pick out ‘breakfast’, and some reference to ‘tall’.

The former man shuddered, as he took a step on his four hooves, feeling sheath and tailhole bounce.

As promised he had grown into his altered anatomy... grown large enough to be a real horse indeed, yet those pony parts were still many sizes too big for any equine. Filthy, bestial bodyparts, they rubbed against his hindlegs and tail constantly, impossible to ignore or conceal, the vast shapes shamelessly displayed and disgusting to feel twitch and throb. Constant reminders of what he had become.

His body was impossible to ever escape or acclimate to.

Much like the smell from the opposite stall.

Amusement was plain on the stable-hand’s face, as his former master huffed the reek of horsepussey, the man leering at Roderick’s own tensing rear, that sweating sphincter seizing with want, even as the grossly overgrown stallionhood descended into view below.

Roderick was well aware of the shameful spectacle he was making of himself, parading his penis and ponut about as he snorted the musk of his own former mount, yet he couldn’t resist the smell of her. Couldn’t hold back from sucking in the air, to taste her winking slit on his tongue. His body shuddered with each breath, his own animal smells intensifying as he clopped closer to the source.

Shoulders pushed against the gate, and he whinnied, a sound of pitiful, perverse and wanton lust, which made his human caretaker chuckle.

Quite what the fellow said was impossible to know, but the sense was clear. Even as he was pouring out feed the stablehand was mocking his charge, for his shameless desire to mount that pungent mare.

A barked reprimand emerged as a mere neigh, and the man went on with his business, undeterred.

Roderick wasn't sure when he had last spoken actual words.

His vocalizations were equine whinnies and nickers now, angst-riddled neighs which were wholly inhuman, as every part of his life had become.

The stablehand thumped his breakfast down on the floor.

Served in a mere bucket, it looked as unappetizing as it tasted. A pile of mere animal feed, it sloshed as it was tossed there for him to consume. The gourmand in him railed against such earthy, bitter and paradoxically bland fare, but resistance was futile now.

Colin had made the irreversibility of his transformation exquisitely clear. He couldn't turn his former boyfriend back even if he wanted to. And he didn't.

Those days of Michelin chefs, catered society banquets, imported delicacies and delights from every corner of the globe, were all done.

This was Roderick's life now.

A stall, a pile of hay, and a bucket of slop to eat face-first off the floor, like all the other livestock.

Forever.

The equine shuddered with inappropriate, outrageous lust, as he lowered his head into the pail.

Unpleasantly sticky, the feed tasted worse than ever that morning, clinging to teeth and tongue, but Roderick was growing accustomed to that. Just as he was to sleeping on the ground, and standing on all fours. What he dreaded more than the taste was what this new mix seemed to be doing to him afterwards.

Gurgling, his gut seemed to throb, tingling sensation spreading down his digestive tract.

Roderick paled, whining aloud as he felt motion. Pressure was gathering into his rear, pushing towards his posterior. Instinctively, his tail rose, lifting the horsehairs away to further expose his engorged anus to the smirking stablehand. It could have swallowed the man's head whole, with barely a stretch, but now it was feeling dangerously small, growing taut as it swelled with blood.

It was the side effect of his new feed, certainly. Nothing else. It wasn't that he couldn't control himself, but simply that his food... disagreed with him.

Eyes watered as those quivering, puffy folds were pushed out, spreading so sensually, as by a lover's kiss.

Yet no lover had ever touched him this masterfully.

Flatus burst out, and he shuddered, feeling his tailhole dance and ripple to the tune of that raunchy bellow, as it wracked his body with dazzling vibrations.

Release from his bowels should have been a disgusting, detestable thing – as it assuredly was – yet he arched and whined against the touch, as if his flatulence were the fingers of a lover, teasing him towards climax. His manhood had never granted stimulation so intense. No pleasure of the human flesh had made him tremble so.

It was so wrong, so twisted and humiliating, yet he was powerless to defy his own warped body. To deny his own depravity. Roderick whinnied in shameful need, pushing out his buttocks disgracefully as he felt his intensely erogenous horsehole stretching.

The true bliss had yet to even begin.

He tried to hold it back, at least long enough to move to the side of the stall, or into a corner, but his body betrayed him.

The equine had no power over those muscles, so willfully releasing, no authority or right to command them to stay the tide of revolting waste about to befoul him. Colin had taken that away from him. Taken it... *for* him.

Lord Roderick was totally, utterly incontinent.

Powerless to resist, he felt the urge became an imperative, a desperate *need* to feel that depraved delight, that defilement of his very soul once more, and he quivered in heady, nauseous anticipation.

Neighing in his anguish, the former nobleman felt his bowels release.

Soft yet dense, the mass moving through him caressed his innards, a cornucopia of tongues and lips kissing him from within, massaging through his shamefully sensual passages, and pushing his ponut ever wider, as he birthed the first grotesque log.

Roderick's cries became a moan, a long, low, animal sound of distress and delight, as he shit himself uncontrollably.

His erection thudded against his chest, drooling and splattering precum against his skin and forelegs. The overgrown, engorged compliment to his giant anus was equally excited by this excremental indulgence, despite the abject disgrace of it all. Despite it, and because of it.

The stablehand's choked laughter was a distant second to that awful music of slopping pops and squishes, but together they formed a toxic melody. A symphonic assault of shame and sensuality, which ravaged Roderick's ruined mind as he snorted his own stench. His nose was burning with the reek he was releasing, his anus quivering and slopping out endless orgasmic eruptions.

He was shuddering, bucking against his own shit as each log pushed out of his achingly erotic anus.

Colin had found yet another avenue through which to dehumanize and debase his plaything, another element of his humanity to strip away.

What was worst of all, was that it felt *wonderful*.

Not just the physical act, the overloading of intensely erogenous nerves by mechanical manipulation, but the experience itself. The feelings which welled up, as unbidden yet irresistible as his excretions, every time he debased himself in this fashion. The giddy, sick, intoxicating thrill which came with simply thinking that horrible word....

*'Incontinent'.*

Waste was falling down his hind legs, tumbling and rolling against his skin, smearing his haunches with scat and splattering against his hooves. Already, a pile had formed, the musty smell pervading the stable with its deeply unpleasant bite, the feeling of hot, muddy manure on his skin still more repugnant. Worst again was the squish underhoof, each time he moved, and trod in his own waste. It clung, plastered itself to his hooves, and the aeration only thickened the fumes.

Yet Roderick was hornier than ever.

His humiliation was appalling, yet equally alluring. Like moth and candle, his mind could not escape the orbit of that burning fire of debasement, no more than he could ever leave or alter his warped body.

He was growing addicted, to the shame and anguish as well as the awful pleasure.

To that titanic, sweat soaked and shit-stained anus, which jiggled with every breath.

To the exquisite sensations of shitting himself.

Shuddering in disgust, the former man felt his cock thudding against his still-humanoid chest, the crude equine phallus grossly overgrown, but wholly irresistible.

Squealing in pathetic, desperate need, he tried to push one sweaty head down far enough to meet the other.

He couldn't reach. He knew he couldn't, from his many attempts. His multiple sprains and pulled muscles.

Roderick hated that he kept trying anyway.

Raising a foreleg was the only thing which worked, and he shuffled on three limbs as he struggled to hook his cock with the fourth, trampling in yet more manure. His hoof simply bounced off his greasy shaft, the edge impacting painfully, the ankle and foreleg slipping against his slimy skin. He kept trying, spurred on by the interminable teasing of his rear, as his wastes spilled out so irresistibly. Shameful as it was, he had to touch himself, to reach climax and dispel this bewitching haze of erogeneity.

Manual dexterity was not something a horse possessed, however.

Every time he thought he had it he would grip harder, to apply actual stimulation, yet that very act made his sweat-soaked stallionhood slip inevitably away.

Snorting in impotent frustration, he stamped his hoof, but that only befouled his forelegs as he already had his hind, spreading muck all over all four former hands and feet.

His hands had once been so skillful, commanding as his mind was, agile and talented in all purposes to which they were put, yet now they were gone forever, remade into these ridiculous, pathetic lumps, caked in his own shit.

Incapable even of masturbation.

Perversely, that thought made him all the more aroused.

Desperately he struggled, smearing the mushy manure from his hooves over his legs and shaft, covering his genitals in a disgusting, lubricating paste of feces, as he failed to pleasure himself. It felt revolting, of course, but he was too horny to stop, too delirious with degrading desire not to defile himself still further.

Despite knowing it was futile.

Roderick wanted to scream, not with rage at his defeat, or anguish over his ruination, but that far worse emotion that was the result of their admixture.

The appalling, depraved pleasure he felt at his own humiliation.

Masochistic, self-destructive, it gnawed at his mind, undermining his ego and collapsing his very sense of self.

He was powerless to escape, powerless to resist, but worst of all, powerless to hate this.

And everyone knew it.

The stablehand was still there, watching, as Roderick defiled his stall and self, eyes following the arcs of that bouncing flare he perpetually fumbled to catch. The man was admiring how his own master had been reduced, from noble to beast, an animal desecrating even its mind as it disgraced itself so openly.

“Good boy,” he seemed to be saying.

Even that couldn’t stop the pony from pressing a scat-smeared hoof hopelessly against his flare, and even with his inability to do more than befoul his own body, he could feel the peak of his pleasure approaching, as he fucked his own shit-soaked hoof and wracked his incoherent body with his endless bursts of excrement.

Climax promised so much more than mere orgasm. It would bring pleasure beyond his comprehension, the bliss of total abandon. All he had to do was accept it. Willingly, and freely.

If he did, it would all be over.

In his mind, as it already was in reality.

Dangerously close to that foreboding precipice, he teetered on the edge....

Then pulled back.

His bowels had taken mercy upon him, and his sphincter at last fell silent, folds of abused flesh laying still.

Ebbing but still powerful, he felt nonsensically dismayed to sense the tides of his dehumanization recede, but he knew they would return. Colin would ensure that, one way or another.

No matter how hard he resisted, the man knew him too well.

Yet resist he would, even if the struggle was hopeless.

Shuddering, soaking with sweat and plastered with feces, Roderick looked askance to the stablehand, who had so enjoyed the show, despite the malodorous results and additional labor to which it subjected him.

That was a problem for later, however. The man chuckled at the sight of his filthy charge, yet made no move to enter the stall. Instead, he waved a hand, then turned and ambled lightly from the stables.

Roderick’s neighs could almost have been words, ordering the man back, *demanding* that he at least wash his master’s rear and... gentlemanly areas... and that he certainly must muck out the floor and lay down a new bed. But in actuality, the confused vocalizations were little distinguishable from Jezebel’s enticements, from across the way.

Even had they been words, he knew they would have fallen on deaf ears.

Animals had no right to command people.

The stalls were cleaned at the same time, every day, regardless of his wants. Roderick had been left to stand there, plastered with his own filth for the rest of the morning, unable even to wipe the manure off his hooves and horsehood.

Livestock like him did not have that dignity.