

# Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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## Part 1

“The remuneration for your signing will be ample, to say the least. We really are eager to welcome you to our flock after all, especially given your excellent proposal.”

Tall and plain in aspect, the young man did his best to focus on the reams of too-fine print.

Varen wore a suit and tie, fitted to his soft frame and carrying his slight chubbiness well. With his brown hair groomed into a neat, professional cut to match, he looked like any other applicant for an office job. No-one would have guessed that he had come to Orifice Solutions that day to sign on for a lucrative erotic entertainer gig. A permanent position with the company’s ‘stable’ of streamers. Only his eyes, arresting in their eager verdant light, belied his unremarkable appearance, anxiously flicking between contract pages and Kafkaesque employer.

“With OS growing as fast as we are, we simply don’t have enough streamers willing to ‘take the plunge’. As you can see here, on page 3, the process will be quite painless, as well as entirely permanent....”

Tail wagging, the golden retriever in the opposite seat made no gesture towards the papers atop the table. Her haunches raised and her rear pushed out, she panted with obvious pleasure as the words emerged. Not that an ordinary canine like her was capable of speech, let alone hiring negotiations. She couldn’t even see Varen’s contract.

Varen wasn’t looking either – his eyes were transfixed on the animal’s backside, and the surreal, shocking sight of his prospective manager, still talking him through the forms.

He was struggling to focus on the important legal clauses – he simply couldn’t look away from that twisted, *depraved* sight – or ignore the aching, uneasy throb of his own loins, as he imagined what life must be like for the man.

Former man.

Their eyes met, and Rex grinned. At least, so far as he was physiologically capable of such an expression.

Directly below a perverse ‘brow’ formed by stray tufts of tail, his eyes twinkled, a warm, knowing look in the wholly ordinary orbs. They were islands of humanity amid a sea of fur, beginning just past his eyelids, where Rex’s skin gave way to the downy fluff of a canine’s rear. Under those eyes, in place of nose and mouth, was one large orifice. A maw serving as his only other feature, Rex’s sole animate extremity.

An anus.

Pink and puffy, it glistened in the office lighting, strands of mucus trailing between the plush folds of smooth, spongy flesh. They squished as he 'spoke', the overgrown orifice bouncing almost like a breast as it twisted and stretched, pushed apart by muscular action... and rectal expulsions.

A mere fusion of man and feral hound's rectum, Rex lacked vocal cords or lungs. For him to speak, the canine had to push her flatulence out of his mouth.

"And naturally, the conversion process is totally painless – you may have noticed that I myself underwent a version. I decided on becoming Goldie's tailhole not long after I joined the company. She was pining for me terribly while I was at work each day, and it really was rough leaving her for so long – but now we're closer than ever!"

Varen grimaced at the fresh plumes of stink which wafted towards him at that mildly garbled statement. The twist in his features also helped hide the scandalized shiver which passed through him with the titillating realization.

Rex was the anus of his own pet dog.

He was farting his recruitment speech directly across the table, into his prospect's face, making his eyes water at the rank reek of canine digestion. Even as he sniffed, perversely antagonizing his olfaction with that oddly compelling, almost addictive odor.

Another thick cloud gurgled out, and the human opposite that bizarrely-squatting merger wanted to laugh.

To think that he'd worried about how to dress for his interview.

His shirt was already ruined by the stains of those noxious vapors, slowly settling on the silk weave.

It would be a relief to shower and don fresh clothes that evening.

But if he signed that contract... there would be no changing out of his attire to escape.

"...of course in your case you aren't becoming part of an existing animal."

A shiver of shameful lust breaking through his façade of professionalism, Varen realized he was panting. Breathless, at the thought of what he was contemplating. What he fantasized about.

Disgusting as it was, he couldn't stop thinking about it.

It was a terrible idea, *obviously* and *outrageously* wrong, and yet... he hadn't know a moment of peace since seeing that enchantingly awful stream for the first time. He was hard all day, and restless throughout each night as he pictured what it must surely feel like. His work was confused, jumbled, his thoughts more so, ever returning to the same nauseating fantasy.

One he finally had a chance to fulfill.

Shifting uneasily, to try to control his unruly erection, he became aware that he hadn't heard a word the rectum was tooting for a good minute. He knew it was unwise not to go back, to clarify all the little details... but what if they changed their mind? Or someone else took the deal first?

"Excuse me a moment."

For a panicked moment, he thought it was too late.

But then he realized what Goldie was doing. Down from the chair, she trotted over to a large tray in the corner of the room.

"That's it, good girl, in the box, just like you practiced," her asshole assured.

Squatting once again, the dog's tongue lolled from her lips, as she gave a mild, straining whine.

Rex's mouth spread, stretching around something massive. The dilating director gave a delirious, helpless groan, as a hot, muddy lump pressed out through his face, steaming in the cooler air.

Rex twitched, and the hanging chunk tore off, falling with a splat into the tray.

Another came a moment later, groaning out through the dog's gut as her digestive tract worked dutifully to dispense her dung. Rex was visibly quivering, his muffled moans proving the pleasure of those perverse sensations that pervaded his reduced self, and his eyes watered at the smells intensified many times over.

Shamefully snorting, Varen gagged at the flood of gross gases, tainting his tongue with their atrocious taste, yet humiliating as it was, to so blatantly huff the humors of that inhuman animal, it was impossible to resist. The rancid stink of dogshit ravaging his nostrils, and Varen shuddered, feeling moisture soaking his own underwear at the attack on his senses – and the taboo display of canine defecation.

The human was lost in the haze by the time his would-be boss returned, Goldie hopping back up on the seat to once more present her pucker.

"That's better, Goldie really needed that little relief," Rex said, as lightly as if it had been a mere smoke-break.

His 'lips' were *caked* in excrement, dogshit slicking his every word as he apologized for the delay.

Varen couldn't hold back at the sight.

"Don't you... want someone to... clean you off?"

"Hmm? Oh no, we can't be wasting time wiping animals' assholes you know. I mean it would be rather odd, and probably a health and safety violation. It's not like any other streaming company expects its staff to wipe up dogshit."

"But you're covered, and, I mean... it really stinks, doesn't it?"

Rex's chuckle was a burble of those muddy buttocks, upsettingly visceral in sound *and* sight, as bubbles emerged through the puffy sphincter.

"It doesn't look like you mind too much – especially given your own chosen 'avatar'."

Varen flushed, pink burning across his own cheeks as he stared at those of Goldie, yet as embarrassing as it was to admit, he couldn't stop sniffing the air.

If he really became the 'avatar' he had proposed... that scent, or one much like it, would become his constant companion. Even if he wouldn't be able to smell it.

"Besides, she'll only need to go again later, and we certainly don't have anyone at home to do that. You get used to this sort of thing," the anus said, through those sloppy lips, sounding unaffected, "I mean, if I couldn't deal with a face full of dog-doo, I wouldn't have become my Goldie's backdoor, would I?"

The human shuddered, at the awful thought of it, and his own involuntary imaginings of how it must feel.

Trapped in the horrid hotbox created by that small room, powerless to keep himself from drinking in that dire foulness, he was all the more eager to get through the negotiations quickly, before he lost himself utterly in the confusion of lust.

His attention was recaptured, however, by a name.

"As an inhabitant of our stable – our streamer house – you will also be able to spend your downtime with our other top streamers, Lily included."

The picture of that perfect ponut filled his mind at once.

He bit his lip, trying to contain his desperate need.

Set against an enormous, animal rear, filling the screen, that single, quavering eye was burned into his mind, staring out at its audience as the anus entertained them with its squeezes and expulsions.

“I know it can’t wait to meet another nice anus... and I think you might be its type too.”

His mouth was watering, lips tingling and tongue aquiver at he imagined what it must be like... to kiss that corrupted creature. That utterly defiled dunghole, helpless and horny and revolting.

“So what do you think?” came those slurred and sloppy words, lumps of scat tumbling from Rex’s lips as he farted out the question. “Ready to sign?”

Varen forced himself to look back at the papers.

His eye lingered on ‘theme’, and there it was... ‘gaming anus’.

Under ‘form’; ‘replace mouth with rectum’.

There were more words, of course, clauses and regulations and restrictions, but he was too far gone to focus.

Still sniffing the air, he shook, clenching his cock between his legs as he struggled to hold back a shameful release of his obvious enthusiasm.

This was *such* an awful idea.

He almost tore the paper, with the vigor of his signature.