

Gentlemanly Pursuits - A Matter of Breeding

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Left to stew in his own filth, Lord Roderick had endured a difficult morning after his 'accident'. Difficult, but increasingly common.

Ultimately, the stablehand took pity on him come mucking out, and Roderick was hosed off at the same time. Not the respectful, delicate cleansing he would have chosen, certainly, but a dramatic improvement over standing there stinking of his own waste, and feeling it soaking into his skin and setting his loins throbbing anew with each disgraceful sniff.

Even with the filth scoured from his body, it was not until the following morning that he recovered from the intrusive haze of unwelcome thoughts and fantasies with which it had infected his mind. With nothing to do but experience his own twisted physiology as the hours passed, it was hard for his arousal to dissipate once piqued.

With the new day he was determined to avoid another such display.

He ate his feed quickly, then focused all his efforts on resisting the urging of his abused bowels.

Oddly, the taste had been a little different, and there was no immediate reaction that morning.

He understood why, when his attendant entered his stall, with combs, cloths and hot water.

Naturally it would have been preferable to have enjoyed such treatment when it was most needed, the morning prior, and all the better would have been to see to his *own* cleanliness, but he couldn't deny that he was glad of the help. Even if it evoked a little too strongly some inverted parody of his former life, when his manservants had tended to his toilette with discretion and deference.

The slap of a soapy cloth to his back and the vigorous scrubbing which followed showed neither, of course, but he was still encouraged by the attention, self-conscious as it made him of his bizarre shape. Finally he was getting a proper wash and groom, even if it was at the disinterested hands of a laborer, lathering up his crotch and taint with the same workerly manner as a housekeeper might apply to a badly neglected lavatory.

That too was irritatingly exciting.

"You look like you're enjoying yourself."

The young man by his stall admired him with a gentle mirth in his magnificent eyes as he spoke.

Merely a performer in his past life, Colin's refined accent was an affectation he knew, yet the man carried it better than Roderick ever had.

The denigrated aristocrat opened his mouth to protest... or perhaps just to welcome that beautiful tormentor of his... but only a whicker emerged, the rumble too deep and low to have ever come from a man.

"Yes, I decided you hadn't much call for speech now," Colin remarked, as he adjusted his riding breeches, "you're welcome, Roderick, even if you can't thank me directly."

The words sent a shiver down his spine, tail flicking from the perverse little rush of excitement they sparked. That tingle of *gratitude* as Colin so casually announced what he had chosen for Roderick, what he had taken away forever. In an instant he was horny all over again, and frustrated more than ever, to know how wholly subservient he had become to the haughty, handsome, infuriating man.

"Come."

A simple order, but it was quite irresistible.

Colin always had been, and their new dynamic, their twisted, taboo intimacy between mount and man, was even more so.

Roderick submitted to the hand which reached up, and pressed his head into the touch, as his master ruffled his hair, petting him like he would any other horse in the stable.

"Good boy," he murmured, "very good. You're getting so big now, a real stallion. And I can tell you're so much happier like this, finally in your proper place, with your appropriate, *permanent* body."

Brows wobbled as the remade man looked down imploringly, knowing not what he might beg for, even if he had the words.

"It's quite alright, my pet, I know what you need."

The human turned, looking over at the snorting, impetuous figure of the mare, Jezebel, whose musk was Roderick's constant companion.

He shook his head, emitting an incoherent, animal grunt, even as his own eyes also roved over that pert, bouncing rear, and caught glimpses of the gleaming wetness beneath the cascade of horsehair hiding her sex.

"Oh, no need to pretend to me," Colin said, chuckling, "you're no human after all, so really what's the shame in lusting after the other horses? Besides, your body is too honest now for such a charade – it's telling me just how desperately you desire a good mare like her."

His phallus waved eagerly in agreement at those words.

“Well, perhaps if you’re good today, you might get your wish... or something like it.”

He wanted to refuse the idea out of hand – or at least hoof – but as embarrassing and wrong as it was to want to spill his seed in his own mare of all things, it would be less degrading than that alternative which had almost occurred yesterday. That thought in mind, he moved as directed, sinking down to his knees atop the fresh hay.

“Come boy.”

With that instruction, Colin mounted him.

Not in the sense he yearned for of course, but in the more correct manner. One leg over his back, then the other pressing in, to hug him with the human’s thighs and the hard points of his knees.

Between was another point, near as hard, but far smaller. So overgrown had his own body become, that it took a moment for him to understand that this tiny shape was, in fact, a fully erect human phallus. Grinding into his bare, supple skin, as Colin humped his naked, pink-scrubbed pet.

“I know how much you need this,” the man murmured, as he tugged the bit into the back of Roderick’s mouth.

Strapping a full bridle into place, he tightened the leathers, a tantalizing sensation for his horse, then stroked the mount’s neck as he gave the reins a shake, coaxing him up and into motion.

Roderick could have easily thrown him off – the size of a real horse, no normal man could have restrained him – but Colin had no need of physical control.

Colin ruled his mind, not his body.

Those simple words had been enough to make him tremble, to reduce a resistant, rebellious human to bestial putty beneath him. Pliant to his every demand.

Anguished as he was by the relentless dehumanization of his new life, Roderick was addicted to it.

Infatuated with his own debasement.

He needed this, just as his owner said.

A slap set his buttocks jiggling and spurred legs into motion.

“Good boy, we’ll have a nice morning ride, just like I promised you.”

With a steady beat like the thudding of a heart, his hooves clopped along the path, out of the stables and through the grounds.

His staff were all around, staring at the surreal sight of this pale horse and noble rider, but Colin didn't content himself with displaying his pet to the help alone that day.

He rode Roderick on, down the avenue and along the drive, then out, onto public roads.

Straight towards the village.

Mount and rider shared a shiver, as he realized their destination, the equine's erection stirring in that gooey, throbbing sheath, encouraged by the pokes and prodding in his back. Colin was openly grinding his phallus against his plaything, as if to tell him exactly how exciting it was to so humiliate his horse.

"That's it, my dear steed," he murmured, "this is your life now... the life you should always have had. It's time to show the world what you truly are."

Roderick could only gasp at the insidious whisper, feeling his tailhole shudder with anticipation.

Walking down the main street, they passed between houses, and he saw curtains moving, eyes flashing in the shadows.

A delivery man stared as they passed, so distracted he stumbled and nearly fell into the stream, along with his sacks of potatoes.

Too soon they emerged into the village green, and a hush fell over the charming rural scene.

Familiar faces were everywhere, staring from the roadside, from homes and storefronts, all watching in disbelief as Lord Roderick was ridden like an animal through his own demesne, slipping and wobbling on the bumps of the cobbling.

The only sounds were the clucking of chickens and the burbling of the brook, and of course, the clip-clop of Roderick's hooves on the stones.

The onlookers were his former tenants, men and women who had grown up calling him 'my lord', and watched his comings and goings with respect and admiration.

Now he saw confusion and disappointment in their eyes.

Disgust.

The baker who brought him bread each morning had her lip curled with revulsion. The alderman was whispering violently to the doctor. A gaggle of farmhands had dropped their hens and let the cage door fall open, the birds running loose, ignored.

It was *mortifying*.

Which made each aching pulse of arousal so very much worse.

Yet not so bad as the tell-tale tingling which was then rising through his nethers, his stallionhood softening in deference to another need.

Whining in alarm, he tried to steer himself away from the road and onlookers, towards the fields beyond, but Colin simply laughed, pulling him back on course with the reins.

Left with no choice, and no ability to restrain himself, the former lord neighed in dismay and delirious desire, as he started to urinate.

Huge cock flopping between his legs, he pissed himself right there in the middle of the street.

His naked horsehood was jetting out acrid waste, soaking his fetlocks and splashing against the cobbles, flooding that picturesque street with animal stink and filth.

“Doesn’t that feel better? No more need to hold it in... and no ability either. After all, other horses can’t do that, so why should you? A mere beast of burden needn’t feel any shame in his lack of mastery over his own body.”

Roderick snorted, shocked and stung anew by such crude words, even as he continued his own far cruder actions.

“Now don’t think you can fool me, my fine beast,” Colin went on, as the human’s erection twitched against his back with obvious delight, “you simply adore defiling yourself with your own effluence, just as you love everything about being my perverse little pet. That’s why I gave you this latest gift... of total, irreversible incontinence.”

No degree of linguistic separation could hide the open arousal in the equine’s answering whinny, that pleading, pathetic tone telling all exactly what Roderick thought of his latest transformation, even as his sheath and tailhole twitched and bounced with pleasure.

The villagers were far from hushed now. Their words meant nothing to his ears, but they spoke plainly through tone and expression, saying as much and more.

Outrage, at this disgusting show of debauchery.

Horror, at the corruption of their once noble lord.

Wonder, at how anyone could sink so low.

At how a man could give up his life, his position and prestige, his very hands and all of his body, even his humanity itself... all for some sick, depraved thrill of self-destruction.

They were asking one another how their master could possibly have become this *thing* that despoiled their beautiful village now, a wanton, lewd, base creature, an *animal*.

Only a truly twisted being could even have conceived of such a thing, and it would be one still more corrupted and debauched that would actually... *enjoy* it.

His cock was achingly erect, despite the dregs of urine still gushing out, and the former Lord Roderick trembled, high delirious with shame and perverse, masochistic excitement.

Because he knew they were right.

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When they finally passed out of the confines of twee cottages and thatched rows Roderick was able to relax, at least a little. Yes, many of the bystanders were following, aghast and stupefied by the sight, yet unable to let it pass them by, but if Roderick's body could do one thing, it was gallop. Open country lay ahead, and troubled as he was by the mode in which he would experience it, he and Colin would at least do so alone.

Or so he had hoped.

Reaching the fork in the road, just past the churchyard and its gaping vicar, Colin steered his steed right, rather than left. Back, towards the final dwelling that made up the greater village.

From the streets below it was only a short walk on, up a gentle slope towards the ostentatious, ill-considered edifice which Lord Wentworth called his manor.

Short, as Wentworth had never held the standing or riches that Roderick enjoyed... *had* enjoyed.... Colin was master of those holdings now, including much of the land which Wentworth so presumptuously referred to as 'his estate', and the denizens of Wentworth Manor were in full evidence ahead, ready to greet his lordship.

Roderick's hooves faltered, his nose pushing at the bridle as he tried to turn back.

Anything but this, he thought, anything but letting his long-time rival lord this ultimate ignominy over him.

"Now now, none of that," Colin commanded, audibly pleased by his reaction, "you need this too, if you're ever to properly accept your real place. Your true self. Don't think of it as teasing or cruelty, but as kindness... he's going to help you understand, Roderick, that you aren't a person anymore. You're my mount. An animal. Well bred, but ultimately only livestock."

The equine groan from under him seemed to amuse the young lord all the more as they rode up the driveway, into the presence of the jovial and rotund figure that had, until so recently, been Roderick's eternal second-fiddle.

From boyhood, each had always sought to outdo the other, in sporting, in social graces, in taste and refinement, and Roderick had been accustomed to that familiar look of proud defeat from his rival, as he racked up victories, and the gleeful, petty exultations when Wentworth in his turn scored a rare triumph. He had anticipated the latter in the man's countenance today.

Yet he saw no such expression of jubilation, nor even the scorn of the villagers.

Lord Wentworth wore a simple, *contented* smile as he stood there, balancing gaily on his cane.

He looked comfortable.

He wore the emotion like a well-fitted cloak, wrapping himself in it, letting it drape loosely in his every gesture.

This was confident assurance of a fashion Roderick had never seen in him. The absolute certainty, and the ease, of a man who knew he had won.

For all time.

Roderick had come there dreading the culmination of their decades long duel of wits and wills, but to Lord Wentworth, the war was already ended.

He had no opponent left to fight.

His eyes twinkled as he peered up at Roderick's burning cheeks, and he made some remark which sounded almost like a compliment.

That felt worse than any insult.

In that moment, standing naked, misshapen and disgraced before his old foe, in front of the entire population of mansion and village, he was agonized by the sense of complete and utter defeat which washed over him.

Wentworth was speaking, but he didn't even address Roderick now. He was talking to Colin, as casually as if the man had ridden up on any other steed.

After a few minutes, Wentworth helped the rider down, discretely disregarding the obvious erection that his Lord still showed, and the two stood together in intimate discussion. Roderick could understand only Colin's words, but those were enough to make clear that he was quite forgotten, as he stood there on his absurd equine limbs, his exaggerated ass and crotch twitching with his base, instinctual needs.

It was tempting to simply leave, to gallop off and find somewhere to hide, somewhere his disgraceful face would never be seen again, but even as the embarrassment of his exposure

and the cool air on his soft bare skin sent shudders down his body, he felt the concordant warmth rising in his loins. The tingling enervation that came with those painful gazes, and the outrageous impropriety of his upturned existence, in service to Colin's pleasure.

Roderick was addicted to it.

He barely noticed the portly figure of Lord Wentworth, strolling over, still in talks with his master, but he couldn't miss the callous hand which pulled back his hair to check his ear.

"I think you'll agree that he's in excellent condition," Colin was saying.

Wentworth gave a grunt of assent as he moved on, pushing Roderick's head back to peer up his nose, then forcing those stubby digits past his lips to pull open his jaw. The man's fingers tasted of tobacco as they invaded his mouth, and Roderick found himself drooling around the intrusive hand as his teeth were inspected one by one.

His former rival was examining him as one might a show animal.

In front of *everyone*.

Like mere livestock.

He wanted to demand that this disgraceful mishandling cease once, but even had his lips and tongue been free to attempt so, he knew already that the words would not come.

"Behave yourself now, Roderick," Colin warned him, "or else I won't be able to take you out for any more rides."

That should have been a welcome reprieve, yet instead the power of the threat was a sign of how far gone he was, as Roderick felt himself instantly, instinctually obeying.

He couldn't defy his owner. Not when it felt so... right to obey.

Instead, with growing lust and shame, he squirmed on his hooves, as his old rival probed and prodded his body.

Examining his legs, Wentworth chuckled, tapping on numb, heavy hooves. They had once been the hands that held the winning rifle at last year's shoot, and which trounced him so soundly at cards on every possible occasion. Now Roderick couldn't even hold his own 'weapon', let alone a gun.

The inspection moved towards his hindquarters, and the mighty buttocks, sounding like a drum under Wentworth's crudely slapping hand. Barely recognizable were they, from the smaller, flatter pair which had once mooned him across the river, on the evening he lost the boat-race.

Wentworth followed their lewd lines down, to test the spongy black orbs that were packed in between the equine's thighs, thick horsehide slick with sweat and oily to the touch, utterly different to the pair which had once made such a crude decoration for the man's forehead, after he dozed off during dinner at college.

Finally, he reached between hocks, hefting the titanic phallus which dangled from Roderick's throbbing sheath, the slick pillar drooling in eager, absurd gratitude as he tweaked at the head, its flare too large for his hand to encircle. Many times exaggerated as it was, that same shaft had made Wentworth's first love moan much like Roderick did now, when it cuckolded the man on the drunken night which had begun their rivalry, all those years ago.

Wentworth's words, his face, made plain his sentiment.

"Indeed," Colin affirmed, "hard to imagine any woman having an interest in it now."

Roderick whimpered, as Wentworth gave his erection a twist.

The man spoke again, looking him dead in the eye, and for once, Roderick understood perfectly.

"Your beast may not be well-behaved, nor of the best breeding, but it seems to at least be of adequate stock for my filly."

"I'm gratified to hear it," Colin replied, "he's rather oversexed, so a good rutting ought to do him well about now."

A cry sounded, from around the side of the house. A noise Roderick knew well.

The whinnies and blows of a mare in heat, pulling against the stablehands who were leading her out.

Right there, in front of the house they lined her up before Roderick, tail raised, her sex winking for everyone to see.

It was unbelievable, *criminal* indeed, yet the sight of her had him panting already, licking around his bridle, tasting her lips on his.

"It's not as if I could do it! You're much too big for me now, boy," Colin said, as if to console him, "besides, that would be bestiality! I mean really, the very idea of such a thing.... But this, why it's just two ordinary animals mating. And she really is a fine filly you know, even better bred than you are! She should suit you perfectly!"

He needed to get away from her, before he did something drastic, something from which he couldn't possibly come back... but as his breath quickened, her smell was too thick, saturating the air. Primed by the many days of wallowing in Jezebel's estrus, it was too much for him. It was the musk of a mare in dire need of a male, of a stallion to breed her... a stallion such as Roderick.

Another animal, just like her.

Colin pulled him over by the bridle, and without another word he pushed Roderick's face down, under that raising tail.

Nose and mouth buried in horse ass, the stink assaulted his senses, and he pressed his nose and mouth to her teardrop. Sampling her salty sex on his tongue, he lapped at it, feeling her softness, her equine flavor. Shuddering with disgust and delight in equal measure, he started pleasuring the pony with his face.

Colin had to pull him away.

"Steady on now, or else you won't even get so far as the breeding!"

Despite everything, that was a new low.

Reshaped muscles quivered with wanton desire, but weak as he felt, his altered anatomy held him aloft. His vision was blurring, narrowing, as the rampant, overwhelming shame ate away at Roderick's mind, yet still he could see, could pick out the faces of the people around him, glowing points of still worse disgrace among the haze.

They were the people he had grown up with, Wentworth included, those he had ruled over, commanded and dominated, who had held him in such painfully high regard.

Now they were an agony of intoxicating humiliation, as they watched him sniff that bestial stench, and lick the juices of a horny horse from his lips.

He could see plainly now, that to them he was no different to the mare, truly nothing more than an animal in their eyes.

No.

He was lower than that.

She was a thoughtless creature, ruled by instinct and emotion from her birth, without any concept of shame or impropriety.

But Roderick... he had *become* this, surrendered to it... *wallowed* in it.

And he *loved* it.

Spurred forwards by surging, masochistic passion, he fumbled with his forelegs, hauling his great mass up, onto the pliant beast that awaited him. Mounting her, as one horse did another, and hugging her rear between his hooves as he struggled, searching for her opening with his cock.

He couldn't seem to find it, his flat glans bouncing and prodding against her buttocks ridiculously.

Roderick couldn't even mate unaided.

It was Colin who guided his spasming shaft to the winking teardrop for which it yearned.

Soaking wet lips sucked at him then, and with a thrill of abandon, he plunged inside, his own anus bouncing and blinking crudely with delight as he filled her far prettier slit.

She felt *incredible*, better than Colin ever had, better than a human ever could. His member now was a whole limb of erotic, oversensitive flesh, throbbing with painful intensity, every vein and ridge, each inch of that vast, aching phallus tormenting him with an insatiable hunger for his new partner. He poured himself into that silky channel of sucking folds, whinnying in bliss as they rippled and slurped at his sex. The heat was painful, the embrace terribly tight and urgent, offering none of the relief he sought, yet the softness was divine, the power overwhelming. It was the sensation of innumerable hands, all clutching at once, squeezing and pumping him mercilessly in their powerful grips. With every new thrust he could feel the slick, slimy shape of his horse genitals more clearly, as they pressed perfectly into the embrace of his new, bestial lover.

Snorting at her smell, he kissed her neck, sniffing the odors of his fellow animal as he ground his hips harder and deeper.

She wasn't like him; she was a proud, *noble* thing, unsullied by his taint, yet still she accepted him, where no person ever could.

That thought drove him to redouble his exertions.

Yet heavenly as it felt, the strain was projecting up, through his torso, pulling on areas left still and placid until now.

Such as Roderick's over-eager and easily-disrupted digestive tract.

With the greatest thrust yet, he slapped his giant testicles into her buttocks, and the sweet soreness of his abused orbs was matched, in the sinister gurgle which radiated out from his belly.

Whinnying in alarm, he clenched, tensed his rear, despite the shock of stimulation that sent through his delicate donut, but it was to no avail. It was too late. Already, mass was moving, churning down through his insides, as gases heralded its coming.

Harbinger of the doom his rectum would soon wreak, flatulence billowed through his buttocks, setting them shaking, jiggling with the lewd music of his releases.

It felt exquisite as it rippled his sphincter, driving renewed passion in the perverse pony, his stallionhood squelching and slurping ever deeper as his still-more-erogenous rear lit up, a second source of intoxicating sensory overload.

But it was too disgusting, too gross.

He had to do something, to stop the revolting show he was about to make of himself.

More acutely than ever, he felt his transformation, his *reduction*, from man to beast.

The equine had no hands with which to hold himself back. No dignity remaining to curb his lustful rampages. No humanity left, to stay him from this final, total disgrace.

Roderick felt his tail raising, his gigantic, gooey horse anus pushing out, the wet sounds of parting folds of flesh audible even over his slapping hips and thrusting cock, matching the slops and pops of his messy, bestial sex. And feeling even better.

He was entirely, utterly incontinent.

The pleasure of his perverse, ruined rear was too potent to resist, too seductive and sensual to deny.

Roderick was addicted to that awful asshole.

Obsessed.

In *love*.

He... wanted this.

He *needed* it.

Inexorably, disgustingly, *wonderfully*, his bowels released.

Tailhole stretching wider than ever, Roderick screamed out in shame and thrill as he felt the giant pillar of vile, malodorous excrement, emerging through his body. Steaming manure was pushing out in a vast log, sagging, pulling on the plush ring of piled up folds that was his anus, *kissing* his asshole, *tonguing* him with his own shit as it broke up and fell away, replaced at once by another extrusion.

Ramming against the mare, he raised his inhuman shouts higher with each lump that passed through him, fucking her senseless as his own defecation plowed his gorgeously grotesque asshole in turn, making sweeter love still to his defiled body.

Mare and manure both were his lovers now, one drenching his front and caressing his cock ever closer to climax, the other tumbling down his backside, slicking his skin with a very

different substance, tainting him more than any filly ever could, with that fecal, festering foulness.

“My gods, the animal’s addicted to shitting itself! He loves his own incontinent ass!”

Colin’s words were distant, barely more than a whisper in his swamped perception, but they reached him still, through the maelstrom of disgust and desire in which his mind swirled, and he felt an eddy of giddy, nauseating gratitude. The delight was apparent, enunciated in every word Colin spoke, as the man who had done this to him... for him... reveled in the results, almost as thrilled as Roderick was himself. Rutting and shitting himself, he couldn’t deny that the man was right, but knowing anew just how many eyes observed his abandon made it all the more atrocious.

All the more alluring.

He was a shameless, disgraceful beast, adoring with the animal intimacy of his own debasement, obsessed by this whinnying creature under him, writhing so wonderfully around his erection, and besotted by his own wobbling donut, a disgusting and orgasmic orifice that denigrated him further with every erogenous squish. He could hear himself whinnying like a mare as he felt that hole jiggle and twitch, winking around his shit just as the filly did atop his cock, and he shuddered in bliss at that revolting new form of lovemaking. Each steaming splatter of manure was another gasp from his audience, another tweak at that overwrought sphincter, and a fresh pile freed, to kiss its way out through his horsehole and plaster itself down his loins.

It was too much, too incredible, too addictively awful to bear, and Roderick clutched the filly as if to cling onto consciousness itself, as emotion and sensation rose to drown out thought. Into those black waters he sank, feeling the rush of pain and pleasure beyond bearing, invading every aspect of his self. Coursing through his thoughts, to the very core of his being, where he so jealously guarded that final, flickering candle-flame of control, guttering even now against the seduction of abandon.

With a horrendous splatter, his anus spread, quivering as a torrent of sloppy horseshit gushed through him, and it seemed as if his whole awareness was focused through that revolting ring of puffy assflesh.

It was wonderful.

Pleasure and perversion too great to bear, he felt that last tenuous barrier break, as Roderick came from shitting himself.

Howling out in pure ecstasy, he sank into the depths of his own depravity, exquisite sensation from his erogenous anus merging with the melting folds of the pussy he desecrated, melding together the bliss of both into one atrocious, orgasmic amalgam.

The rushing waters broke upon and within him, snuffing out that final light of defiance.

Drowning his mind, snuffing out his last spark of self-control.

Drunk on pleasure and delirious with shame, he shit uncontrollably, making love to his own excrement as he hammered himself into those divine equine lips. Unfettered at last, every part of Roderick was alive with intoxicating, exultant joy, his nostrils burning with the rank stench of shit, his skin tingling where his mess stained him, his every thought turned towards his filthy horsecock and his huge, abhorrent anus.

The horse reveled in his own incontinence, the scorching hot embrace of the mare, and his filthy display of pure abandon.

In that absolute, abject defeat, everything was all clear.

In that moment, Roderick truly understood, that he could never go back.

He was absolutely, irreversibly ruined, in mind as well as body, and he adored it utterly.

It was the greatest relief of his life.

Colin's gift to him.

His own personal heaven *and* hell.