

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 2

Varen's body was throbbing.

Laying in bed, slowly rousing from log-like depths, the focusing of that woody energy into his nethers was nothing new, but that morning he could feel the pulsing, tense sensation in his head too.

Another day he would have assumed he simply drank too much, but he didn't recall drinking anything the night before. Nothing alcoholic, at least. Nor did the feeling focus on his skull the way a hangover might be expected to. The disquiet radiated out from the middle of his face. Far from unpleasant or painful, his soft and sensitive flesh was energized by unaccustomed delicacy.

What certainly was unpleasant was the flavor in his mouth.

Earth and salt tainted his taste buds, the bitterness reminiscent of fermented alcohols, but the musty overtones on the tip of his tongue made it taste more like he'd spent the night rimming a grimy asshole.

Immediately, he imagined Lily, and felt that familiar rush of longing.

Inhaling, a tingling burn spread through his nostrils, as the fetid humors of his wet lips further violated his senses.

It was the musky stink he imagined, every time he thought of the anus.

Taking another sniff sent a shudder through him, as twisted desire outpaced disgust once more, to rouse his inappropriate passions. His infatuation... his obsession... with that beautiful, forbidden *thing*.

That was when Varen recalled the vial, given by his new employers, now laying drained by his bedside. It was supposed to transform him into his desired form, but he had never imagined it would work so fast.

His fingers pressed to his flesh, exploring his face. Finding a bump, a mound where there should be mouth and nose, they rode up the edge and down, into the center.

Into soft, greasy folds, monopolizing the man's face, shaped utterly unlike lips.

Slick and slimy, the bulbous mass slipped against his touch, wobbling and squishing, gooey sweat and bodily grime oozing from the creased layers of that gigantic, puffy opening.

Somewhere inside, his tongue curled against layers of padding, and the shocking taste intensified. The cavity of his mouth was similarly startling in its seeming absence. His tongue felt thick, fat and swollen, yet had nowhere to go. No room to move or chamber to place it. No teeth or gums, nor even the hint of a jaw.

Just an expanse of blank, padded walls, tingling to life.

A second hand rushed to join the inspection, and the man sat upright, ignoring the pulsing pressure of his loins, widening eyes seeking out his bedroom mirror.

Varen shuddered as he saw the scale of that gross organ, reflected so matter-of-factly in the glass. Bulging out below his eyes, it subsumed everything which had once been mouth or nose. His nostrils were still there, flaring as he breathed his own animal musk, but they were mere divots in the edges of that steaming sphincter.

The giant, oily horse anus, replacing his face.

This was so much more than he'd intended.

It was meant to just be his mouth, just a *small* opening, embarrassing and perverse, but possible to hide or ignore between streams... and certainly not one which retained full, shocking gustation.

Most absolutely of all, not the filthy asshole of a fully-grown horse.

Pleasure and disgust vied in his mind, as Varen examined the new orifice which had permanently displaced his mouth and nose, his tongue flexing against his inner folds as the outer waved salaciously in reflection.

He looked almost as though he had a snout, so large were the piled-up, wrinkling layers of horse rectum. Glistening jet black, they were obscenely vast and utterly inhuman, yet inarguably as much a part of Varen as any other. Incredibly sensitive and soft, they felt smooth as silk against his tongue, and he shook as it slithered out, coated in a layer of the same gleaming gunk which drenched his sphincter.

The stink was unrelenting, but worse yet was the flavor, his senses aching at the tortuous experience of so much concentrated sludge. Congealing on his tongue and somehow rising in his every crease and undulation too, it made his eyes water even as it set his heart racing.

As if it was the taste of a lover.

Nausea made his new asshole twitch and clench, as if his former mouth was trying to escape, but there could be no hope of that now. Instead, his straining muscles simply made the anus twitch and jiggle, the six-inch ring of rectal tissue puffing up all the larger as his

fingers slipped into those plush depths at the center and his tongue wrapped wantonly around the outer padding.

This was what he'd been dreaming of.

Muscles tensed at the erotic interaction, and with a wet slurp, his entire hand was sucked inside.

Quivering, Varen 'sucked' his digits with those greasy velvet folds of anus, tasting only ass but feeling their forms in perfect detail. Yet not so perfect as the orifice itself. He could sense every part of it, so clearly it made his hands feel nearly numb, each undulation in the rectum of his neck many times as erogenous as any erection, the heaping mound of his former mouth more heavenly and horrendous still.

He whimpered, the vocalization of erotic enthusiasm and anguished abhorrence emerging as a mere murmur, muffled by his own overgrown anal lips, simply adding to the pressure slowly simmering at the back of his warped 'throat'.

Sniffing his repulsive folds, licking and sucking at them, he tongued the sweat from each vile pit as he fistfucked his own former face. Thrilled and horrified, he felt that invasion light up the passage within his head and neck ever more brilliantly, a simple tube of rippling rectal flesh, bereft of any apparatus for speech.

Devoid of all trappings of a human mouth.

Eyes aside, his face was simply the final inches of an animal's colon now, an anal flower, blossoming revoltingly into that vast mound of sensual assmeat.

His overgrown tongue was the salivating stamen, hungrily caressing his crude petals.

Pouring out like a lewd slug, he saw it was far too big, but worse was that cataclysmic potency of each taste bud, sending anguished shudders down his spine with each longing, wanton *lick*.

Impossibly soft and sensitive, his anus felt *divine* in his mind, yet as he pulled out his hand with a crude, sucking slurp, and saw his lolling tongue drip with perspiration and worse, the reality was plain to see; a disgustingly engorged and grotesque asshole, drooling with sweat and slime.

It was everything he had imagined, and so much more.

Abhorrently awful and rank, a twisted, depraved fantasy, inflicted irreversibly upon his body.

Varen trembled, as the intoxicating pleasure mingled with the waves of humiliation and disgust washing over him.

He'd done this to himself... wanted it... *dreamed* of it every night, until he couldn't sleep, or relax or even think of anything else.

A part of him didn't dare believe this was really him... another dreaded that growing certainty it was.

Hands rubbed gently around the shape, feeling its hugeness, and he cupped the bulge tentatively, to test its weight.

It bounced once more in his grip, and he groaned at the feeling of such crude, sexual delight.

His tongue pushed deeper into the creases, seeking out still worse tastes as he struggled to slake his lust.

This anus was greater than him, too much to control or contain, and lapping at its oily lips was irresistible.

Vast and powerful, he was intimidated by his own bodypart, awed by the depraved beauty of his reflection, as infatuated as he was revolted, by his own perverse pleasure, and the sensory overload of this filthy, festering anus.

He was giving his own face a rimjob, but it felt more like an act of worship.

Lungs tingling like everything else did, he realized only as his head started to feel light, that he wasn't breathing – and that he still needed to.

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Breathing in was amazing.

Exhaling felt better still, yet far from breath, it was faintly brown waftings which emerged from his nostrils.

As they pushed out of his face-hole, the overwhelming smell came too, of fermenting food and rot, the digestion which was the purpose of a bodypart such as this... the stink of eggs and the festering fumes of worse to come.

Varen's breath was his own flatulence.

Unable to escape his need for oxygen, he dragged those rotten vapors back into his head and writhed in lust.

Incapable of resisting his perverse pleasure, he kept sniffing, *snorting* his own rank horsehole and huffing the escaping stench from his lungs. Not just smelling, but *tasting* his farts.

While he had intended to retain a nose, Varen hadn't planned on preserving its olfaction – the sense had seemed a reasonable sacrifice, for riches and pleasure to fulfill his wildest dream – yet if anything his nose could smell all the better in absentia.

No scent he'd ever encountered was a fraction as strong as this.

It was the intoxicatingly awful aroma of equine musk and waste, of sweating, oily anus and the far worse filth within. The murderous milieu was expanding in his mind, the odors spreading throughout his awareness, just as the sensations of his deformed face did. His 'mouth' 'watered' with fresh upwellings of vile sweat and anal mucus, soaking his tongue as the awful pleasure pervaded him.

Raking those wisps in and out over and over again, he was masturbating his own assface with his farts, licking the traces from his lips.

Groaning at his absurd self-abuse, he felt something shift in his colon. The one which was now his throat. A low, rumbling gurgle was building there, fluids moving, pockets merging, pressing back on his plush lining to spread his passage open.

Bubbling up inexorably, the mass stretched his mouth – his anus – and Varen shook as his folds parted, lips spreading around the release with a bellowing burp, billowing clouds of brown flooding out, soaking everything in sight with a fine mist of fecal grease.

Caressing his rippling flesh with the affection of a kiss.

Condensing on his tongue.

It kept coming, his face-hole wobbling incredibly, a wonderful oscillation of that orgasmic opening, which let him feel perfectly each line and crease and fold of his new orifice as he fumigated himself through his fat face-anus.

Desperately he tried to contain the eruption, to cut short that fearful flow which was so mercilessly defiling his taste buds – which seemed to encompass every part of his new pucker – but he had no power to control the muscles of his mouth now. No authority over the anus that was ripping a deafening fart right through his face. He could only cling to the covers and quake with torment at the blissfully brutal expulsions, bursting out endlessly.

It was far too long, too much to bear, and the human's horsified face contorted in despair and disgust, as his own desire overtook all reason.

Achingly overstimulated lips jiggled in one final arc and fell silent.

Dripping creases closed up once more, pressed back into tasting one another's filth.

This was better than his wildest fantasies.

Varen was left panting, trembling from head to toe by the violation.

The slime slicking lips and tongue and staining his bedsheets was atrocious, nauseating, yet Varen sucked the lingering plumes of bitter, putrid air back into his mouth and nose needily.

It was so wrong, so revolting, yet he was already hooked, hopelessly addicted to that awful odor, a cocktail of the most appalling stinks a body could brew, ravaging his mind and mouth all at once.

Nothing he had ever felt before could compare to the feeling of his flatulence.

Masochistic, maddening the thrill which gripped him throughout that outrage of excretory denigration was beyond compare.

He had never been so disgusted in his life.

Or so horny.

Sweating all over, his hands shook, his loins clenching and squeezing at the forcible transformation of his sexuality as well as his self.

Knees pushing together, he whined anew in his wordless, wanton arousal, as the sensuality of his sex joined the fray.

Blood was rushing down there too, a second area to grow erect, just as his anus had... only his phallus felt far too large.

Too *wide*.

Too *sensitive*.

Too *squishy*.

Varen stiffened, as his dick didn't.

Suddenly sober, he understood in that moment of terrifying clarity just what was wrong.

He couldn't feel his penis at all.

There was something very different between his thighs.

Parting his knees, he whimpered at the way the mound spread, the wet noise audible through the bedsheets, as entirely too much flesh settled and relaxed. Throbbled. Clenched with flaring pleasure.

Peeling the covers back, the slick sound of slimy silk announced the reveal of his remade manhood, a shock of cool air setting the overheated organ steaming, surface shining at it was exposed.

Giant folds of *him* peeled back too, as he spread his legs apart, and at the center that titanic pile spread with them, setting him shuddering with lust as he felt the countless layers of his gooey, erogenous new opening.

A colossal horse anus blessed his hips, filling the space which was once seat to his phallus, Varen's penis completely replaced with the drooling ponut, so many 'lips' blissfully parting, puffing up all the more as his body reacted to his rampant arousal.

Before his eyes, he felt the stirring deep within, and shivered as the rush of air catalyzed a cornucopia of tastes.

Awoken from slumber, the closest thing he had to a phallus slid up from his ruined nether-regions: a slimy tongue.

Two feet long and upsettingly thick, it slithered out with a gush of mucus as it slopped forth onto the bed, pouring out in reams and pressing to his puffed up ponut lips.

Varen whimpered in bliss, as for a moment he lost himself in anus, tongues gratefully, greedily groping at both ends of his perverted digestive passages.

The lower was a perfect match for the upper, the anus which was his face... only it was at least twice as large. Engorged at it had grown, Varen couldn't even close his legs now, the massive blob of bouncing, wobbling butthole totally filling his crotch, the sensations reaching up into his abdomen, intruding all the way to the core of his being.

As though this was his true self, leaking out, the rest of his being merely a wrapper around the anus which was his core.

His eyes watered at the thought – and the redoubled reek of a second sphincter in such close proximity – but as nonsensical as the idea might be, one quickly brushed aside, he couldn't escape his new genitals. The reek of sour, saline animal musk and the pulsing vibrations of that huge, taut horsehole made his head spin.

As did the flavor.

Every inch of each of his anuses were riddled, defiled with gustatory overload, the taste of anus burning into buds which seemed to line each crease and fold, many times more sensitive than those of his original tongue.

His *new* tongues were another matter, however.

Each was magnitudes more powerful, flooding his awareness with the potent experience of horse ass.

Soaking his mind in the form he had so longed for.

This was him now... for the rest of his life.

Orifice Solutions' products were permanent, after all.

His penis had become an asshole forever, just like his face.

His sex was gone, remade into a revolting opening for effluence, totally, utterly and irreversibly.

The thought made him tremble, as he felt how vast that orifice was in his awareness. Demanding, *dominating*, as if declaring that henceforth he lived to serve his own anuses.

His lewd new lovers.

Winking at him in his deepening disgust and degrading desire, his hideous new crotchhole seemed almost to say hello. Each contraction made his entire body twitch, his mind still trying to find his phallus, his pleasure seeking that accustomed outlet... but finding none.

Hands too were groping for the physiology he had lost, as he reflexively attempted to masturbate the very orifice which had un-sexed him.

He could never masturbate again.

Never make love.

He could only fondle his crude equine anuses, tonguing their rancid folds.

They drooled thick blobs of mucus, drenching his bed as he did just that. One hand plunged into his former face, caressing those grotesque bumps and creases. The other pressed to the vast expanse below, a whole *landscape* of ridges and valleys, bulging out like balloons between each digit.

Varen couldn't cry out anymore, but those deadened whimpers made clear how it felt all the same, as did the puffs of gas gouting out of his nostrils with each erogenous clench and twitch of his new organs, so imperiously pulling his hands inside.

Coated in the same grease which stained everything his anuses touched, he finger-fucked his assholes eagerly, smelling, *tasting* anus with face and nethers alike.

Both were more potent than ever, intense, intoxicating, revoltingly awful and all the more addictive for it.

He was hooked on that agony of olfactory violation.

It was so wrong, so foul and fucked up, but his anuses were drooling at their own tastes.

Each slurp of slick folds sucked his hands in deeper, knuckles spreading tighter rings at the core of each orifice, and as his anuses dilated Varen felt them swell all the larger. Bulging out at face and crotch, they were absurd, awful things, yet this new form of morning 'wood' was far more exciting than anything his human body had granted him.

It was better like this.

Varen didn't have a dick *or* a face.

He was just like Lily.

Perhaps it would *prefer* him like this. Not a missable little human ring, hidden under a mask, or a paltry prick between his legs, barely able to enter the horsehole, but a huge pair of those same equine orifices, more than a match even for the professional anus.

Sucking, licking his own folds, he could so easily imagine Lily on them, imagine kissing that anus, instead of this one.

As well as.

His tongue ground into the surfaces all around it, eternally sampling the subtle variations in the taste and texture, and he felt familiar pressure rising in his chest as his pleasure amplified.

He was so desperately horny, his body was taking mercy on him.

Orgasm was so close.

Countless lips parted with a rush of anticipation, the folds of his new rectum spreading, peeling open with gooey tongues of mucus. His anuses were pushing out, opening to drag his hands deeper.

Pressure was building every moment, familiar, tantalizing... menacing....

With an animal bellow, his taut crotch-anus gave way, not into orgasm, but eruption.

He was farting through his own former genitals, feeling the lips which were once phallus wave and slap together, his limbs straining, toes curling at the erogenous assault.

This was surely what a pussy felt like... only many times moreso. More sensitive, more intense, *far* more disgusting. He could taste the flatulence he fucked himself with, his body twisting and writhing as it defiled and denigrated even his sex.

Gagging, unable even to breathe, he could feel it congealing on his tongues and staining his skin brown, and his lungs seemed to heave, as he tried urgently to inhale around far too much hand in his facehole.

Varen's upper lips split too, and abruptly his hand was expelled, as a second jet of gas plowed through him, his digestion venting from each end at once.

Divinely disgusting, suffocating and atrocious, he was tasting, smelling it with each opening, many magnitudes more potent than anything yet, than anything he'd ever imagined.

The former human fisted his sloppy, spewing anuses all the harder in his desperation.

His lungs were flooded with farts, drilling out through his nostrils and assmouth, and making toxic, terrible love to his splattering crotch-hole.

Varen was quivering in tormented, agonized arousal and nausea, struggling and failing to cum – or stop.

He needed to climax more than ever, more than anything... except *this*. Instead of orgasm, he was tasting anus, feeling his fetid folds of jiggling horseflesh, winking and bouncing between his legs and under his eyes, without any hope of release.

It was ecstasy.

It was eternal.

It was Varen.