

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 3

Piercing and shrill, an alarm pieced the haze of humid horseflesh.

Varen was still slumped there, in his bed, farting and fisting and fellating his holes as it sounded.

Delirious with his desires, both fulfilled and denied, his slimy hand slipped off the phone several times before he could find purchase and presence of mind enough to operate the screen.

Still shaking, chest heaving, sending winding plumes of flatus trailing from his nostrils and 'lips', he looked into the device.

For a moment, it almost seemed a mirror.

"Morning sleepyass!"

Rex.

The man who had become his pet dog's anus.

Varen had found him so depraved the day before, a degraded and dehumanized creature, so perversely at ease in his own disgusting state. He still was that, peering out from his pet's posterior, with the faintest traces of a smile on the edges of Goldie's sphincter, but now Varen felt all the more keenly that dreadful sense of kinship too. The knowledge that they were, in their depravity, kindred beings.

"I wanted to check that your change went well, so since you weren't replying to texts I thought I'd 'anustime' you instead," Rex tooted cheerily. "You wouldn't *believe* how tough it was to train Goldie to prop the phone up like this, by the way."

Looking down his own anal folds, the former human stared at the sphincter as the man 'spoke'.

He wanted to complain, to protest how this was not at all what he'd signed up for, but unlike the actual dog asshole, his bounding, sliding layers slipping over one another were useless for speech. All his efforts accomplished were more succulent clenches and erotic winks of erectile tissue, his parted ponut incapable of passing a single word.

All he was managing to do was fellate his sphincter, tongue slurping uselessly at his farting orifice as he *worshipped* that sloppy, sweating pile of squishy horse-ass.

“Looks like you’re enjoying your permanent new body!” Rex observed all too accurately. “I knew you would – I could see it in your face yesterday, after Goldie’s bathroom break.”

The partial horse shuddered at the dog-ass’s observation; however he still had some distinctions, advantages over a mere animal’s part.

Fingers, for one.

They found the screen-keyboard, something Rex could never do, and he tapped out an outraged message.

‘This isn’t what we agreed to!’

Rex only smirked all the more at that, his shit-stained lips curving visibly, eyes glowing with affectionate amusement.

“I fear someone didn’t read his contract very well! But not to worry, it’s all quite above-board and entirely as agreed on, even if we do get this question from time to time. I can explain everything....”

Unable to interject that he was indeed *very* worried, Varen could only listen as the man talked out his ass.

“You agreed to have your mouth made into an anus, yes, and so as legally required Orifice Solutions did exactly that, but the specifics you filled in, well those were only a baseline, *suggestions*, you might say. If you’d looked closer at section 13f you’d have seen that OS retains the rights to upgrade your transformation – free of charge – to better appeal to your prospective audience. And that’s exactly what we did! We made your face, your original rectum and your genitals into a matching trio of erogenous horse anuses. For free!”

‘But what about my cock? I have no genitals at all now! I can’t even jerk off because you turned my manhood into a butthole!’

“Which is a *huge* draw for our viewers! Can you imagine how exciting your streams will be now, with you totally unable to orgasm, *incapable* of releasing all that pent up pleasure... other than by taking a huge, steaming shit through your ruined body, showing off that colossal, jiggly ponut between your thighs, so many times more sensitive than your penis ever was....”

Rex shivered at the thought, a larger fart pushing out of his face as the dog-sex beneath him grew visibly wet.

‘Well why can I *taste* with them all? The audience can’t see that!’

Rex only burbled in laughter at the question.

“But of course they can! In that outraged expression, the look of longing and loathing you’re wearing right now as you lick your greasy anus while you type! All our transformations come with full sensory support... it would be boring otherwise.”

Rex seemed to savor his words, as they emerged, garbled and grotesque through those unwashed rings of muscle.

‘Fine....’

It most certainly *wasn’t*, but Varen couldn’t make much of a case when he was still caressing his own orifices so lovingly with both tongues, making himself shudder with the affront of their flavors.

‘But why can’t I speak? *You* can speak well enough.’

“Oh, naturally you would be able to normally, since you do still have lungs, larynx and all that stuff... but speech would require a significant degree of muscular control, over every part of your new anus. You don’t have that.”

‘Why not?’

“Why? Because you’re *incontinent* of course!”

His eyes widened despite the fumes that allowed in, the vapors tingling on their surfaces, tainting them with musky horse humors.

‘I’m *what?!*’

“Incapable of containing your mess – and quite spectacularly so at that! Continence is just so much less kinky and fun, so we decided you’d have absolutely no bowel control whatsoever.”

Varen felt his own anuses squeeze at the shocking concept, his whole body tensing up, shuddering with perverse, twisted shock and pleasure as he realized exactly what he was in for.

His heart was pounding with anticipation.

“I’m glad to see you love it as much as I thought!”

Varen’s eyes flashed with outrage, but there was no flame of anger in the glare he aimed at the anus. His former face was flushed bright red not with rage, but humiliation, hot, burning shame and embarrassment... as he realized how right Rex was. He hated how much this was turning him on, almost as much as he *adored* it.

How horribly thrilling it was, to think of his own complete incontinence.

“You’re welcome! It cost a lot extra to implement, but consider it a little signing bonus!”

Closing his eyes, he tried to shut out the sensations for a moment, aghast as his own shameless perversity.

Rex simply ignored him.

“So, naturally we had to completely remodel your internal organs for a transformation this extensive. Fret not, we have plenty of experience doing that. First and most importantly, we’ve massively expanded and improved your digestive system, allowing you to ‘eat’ with any of your new openings and increasing your output by many orders of magnitude. You just need to pump enough organic fuel into your anuses each day, and your body will do the rest. Of course you do have to repeat the process around five times a day, given the reduced efficiency of your new organs, but your food bills will actually go down, since you can process almost anything organic.”

Rex made it sound like he was some sort of experimental car, a machine powered by methane or other waste substances.

That idea was oddly compelling.

“We decided in your case to tune your organs for the consumption of your favorite food of all. Human excrement.”

Over his dilating equine anus, the human parts of Varen widened similarly, eyes bulging as he stared in disbelief.

‘You can’t do this!’

“Oh no, we figured it all out, and I can confirm that we definitely did, to great success. We’ve already registered you not just as our newest gaming anus, but also as the company toilet! I can’t wait to give you a whirl when we’re both at work....”

Varen felt himself retch, as he peered down, at those poop-coated lips of canine asshole, gagging at the mere idea... even as his ‘mouth’ pulsated with anticipation.

With desire.

“And as a little bonus, the huge volumes you need mean you’ll need to shit ten times more often, as well as having a constant supply of flatulence ready to deploy at any moment. Perfect, isn’t it?”

Varen whined at the words. To hear Rex say all that aloud really emphasized how his whole body revolved around excrement and orifices now.

“Your lungs are a secondary outlet for your digestion – reservoirs to hold your farts – but they still act to process oxygen too, it just means that when you breathe out you’re passing gas as well as carbon dioxide.”

‘This is so fucked.’

“Indeed! Unlike any romantic interests you might have entertained!”

Goldie’s rear rippled with a disdainful brrrap as Rex’s pun.

“Ugh. Everyone’s a critic, even my dog. Anyway, as you probably guessed, along with your incontinence, we made sure to give you complete and total impotence as well. With your penis turned into a sphincter, sexual release is no longer a physical possibility for you. Not that any *humans* are likely to want to date you now that your job includes spending several hours a day eating feces.”

‘You can’t do this! I’m so horny already and it’s only been half an hour! I’ll lose my mind if I can’t orgasm!’

“Well yeah, you’re an *anus*, Varen, we don’t exactly have genitals. Being totally and eternally denied orgasm is one of the defining features. Consider it proof of who and what you are. A point of pride even. Anyway, Goldie here needs to go, so I’ll see you at the stable! Later, asshole!”

His head was spinning at the surreal course of the conversation.

All three anuses quaked, squeezing and sucking and groping themselves, but he could feel just how right Rex was.

Licking his netherlips, massaging his aching flesh lustily, still trying to find satiation, and sexual release, he instead felt an absurd, nonsensical rush of gratitude, as he realized the futility of the attempt.

Every part of him was throbbing, clenching and twitching as eroticism consumed his mind once more.

Plunging both hands into his crotch-hole, he whimpered and writhed in pleasure, bucking against his grip, tongues squeezing and gyrating against his puffy rings as his pleasure focused to a single point.

The euphoria of his abject deprivation.

Not release, but sickening, masochistic *relief*.