

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 4

Still reeling from his surreal new shape, and the shocking series of revelations so casually dispensed by Rex over the phone, Varen was struggling to do anything beyond moan and grope himself in the wake of his twisted awakening.

Having those horrendous, erogenous orifices, those drooling horse-holes between his legs and under his eyes, was an incredible relief – the fulfillment of weeks, *months* of desperate want – but now he was left without the means to consummate his redoubled urges.

Instead, he forced himself up, out of the soaking sheets.

As badly as he wanted to, he couldn't just masturbate all day.

Literally.

He no longer possessed the physiology.

But he also had somewhere to be.

Shocking as it was to awaken with horse anuses replacing his face and crotch, he had a contract to fulfill. A highly lucrative one. There was also a house to move into – the stable, where Lily might already be awaiting his arrival.

But between he and it, was the rest of the world.

He could hardly go out there like... this.

Just standing squished his anus together between his thighs distractingly, and it was quite unfeasible to walk normally. His stride was more a waddle, as he tried not to crush that overgrown, super-sensitive sphincter with each step. It made him shudder with warped rapture to feel it there, wobbling between his thighs, a vast mass of bouncing horse anus... everything he'd so desperately desired... replacing the one outlet for his bliss.

It was an act of supreme effort not to just plunge both hands into it again, and masturbate his impotent, exquisite new equine mound, for hours on end.

Varen came perilously close to doing just that... to giving in and giving himself over, to that powerful opening... but in the end he resisted the siren's stink of that rank, drooling horse rectum, despite how hatefully, alluringly awful it tasted as he licked it.

He had to get dressed.

Unfortunately, his new anus made pants almost as impossible as orgasms.

Jeans, suits, swimwear, all were too small to contain such a monolith of an orifice.

Many times, as he wriggled in and out of the various garments, he stopped, just sniffing, sucking and kissing his own pillow-soft openings. They felt so desperately delicious, tasted so atrociously abysmal... he licked himself compulsively, tonguing his animal holes even as he was snorting and convulsing in frustration, trying to work yet another garment over his unseemly 'sex'.

Ultimately, he found a solution of sorts, in his baggiest pair of swim-shorts. They bulged out bizarrely, clinging to his erogenous opening, outlining his anus in the most obvious way, but they did at least cover the black circle of his sweat-soaked horseflesh. Atop them were, appropriate, sweatpants, themselves showing clearly that whatever was between his legs was a fat, squat ring of some sort, utterly unlike a dick. Varen was just relieved that his anuses were covered.

His lower anuses, anyway.

The pucker which was his new face could never be concealed by normal clothing.

Instead, he stretched a facemask across the middle of the opening, whimpering as he felt the strings sink into his softness, the pentagram of padded fabric feeling coarse against his supremely sensate sphincter.

Coarse, and *tiny*.

Staring at himself in the mirror, he shivered at the sight.

It barely concealed even the opening of his anus, the puffy bulge of that shining black ring standing out all around the edges, plainly visible and painfully obvious in all its greasy glory. The brown stain soaking through the center where his breath and sweat steeped the cotton ensured that, even if the clear outline of an asshole hadn't. A matching patch was spreading at his crotch, the reek of equine musk rising from both, as well as wafting up from his equally rank rear opening.

Even a cursory glance would make clear to anyone with eyes that this man had gooey, oily horse assholes for face and sex.

Shuddering with each foul breath, Varen stared at the sight, struggling despite the overwhelming evidence of his senses to believe that this was really him.

That he had genuinely done this to himself.

He couldn't believe it.

Nor could he believe how horny it made him.

He was still shivering, hands weak with shock and legs buckling, as he walked outside.

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“Mommy? What’s wrong with that man’s face? He’s got a butthole there!”

Varen winced at the entirely-too-loud announcement, attracting more eyes to his surreal outline... making his anuses clench and wink, as if lewdly waving to the onlookers.

“Don’t look!” the woman by the child’s side insisted, hurrying them along all the faster.

With his absurd new anatomy so grossly displayed, he couldn’t blame her. He was the very definition of indecent, despite his best efforts. He simply couldn’t conceal something so obvious as the gargantuan organs replacing his face and crotch.

No more than he could keep his new netherlips from sucking his pants into that giant slimy pucker, creating an absurd pit in his groin that practically screamed ‘anus’.

Even if he’d had the requisite control, he was just too pent up to help it.

Already appallingly aroused by his awful form, things had only gotten worse once he was out of his apartment and in the city streets. Everyone he passed seemed to falter in their step, many turning to openly stare, while others even whipped out phones to film.

The public, perverse performance was so very shameful, yet that humiliation had him whimpering in lust, as all those people watched his assface wobble with each step. As they so openly discussed and degraded him, delighted or disgusted as they might be by his warped body.

He couldn’t even tell them to cut it out.

Finally, up ahead he heard a fountain.

The square, where Hua awaited him.

Or so he hoped.

Amid the crowd it was hard to spot a slight young woman such as she. Especially when said crowd was so active in both giving him a wide berth, and gawping openly at his form.

If she wasn’t there, he would have to carry all his possessions from the nearby storage unit to the Orifice Solutions ‘stable’ himself. By hand.

“Hey, Varen! Over here!”

Pretty, petite and pristine, the Asian girl was everything he was not, or so she appeared at least, as she stood on the rim of the fountain, leaning against the handlebars of her motorbike, her jacket draped over the sidecar.

He waved back, hurrying over with his other hand over his face.

Former face.

Ridiculous as it was to try to hide now, he felt especially ashamed to show his childhood friend what he'd done to himself.

She tilted her head as he walked up, as if trying to make sense of the sight.

He could feel her eyes on his hips.

Making his immense anus move, muscles flexing and squeezing all the more with his increasing arousal.

"Hoooooly shit, dude," she gasped, grinning from ear to ear. "I was gonna ask how the signing went, but no need to now!"

He shivered, grimacing at the predictable reaction.

"Oh wow, gross, it's all... bouncy! Well come on, let me see properly...."

Bold as ever, her hand hooked the mask, so futilely disguising his facehole, and tugged it down.

Fat, wobbling anal folds spilled out over the top, expanding into the open air and drooling lustily.

Varen shuddered as he licked the slime from his orifice compulsively, tasting, feeling that appalling chasm, a crater in his face, filled with flaring bands of horseflesh.

Hua coughed, holding her nose, laughing as she waved back the vapors.

Grip loosing, the mask slipped out of her fingers, splatting back against his layers.

"Damn dude, that's so nasty! You smell like a stable! Worse even! I can't believe you actually volunteered for this, you sicko!"

As she spoke she was washing the hand which touched his mask in the waters of the fountain.

His muffled groan was the only vocal response Varen could muster, as he fumbled to try to re-cover his anus as much as possible.

"I guess you really are a pervert if you actually agreed to this. It's waaaaay more than you were talking about last week. It does kinda suit you in a fucked up way though... you always were a shithead, even in school. And now you don't have to pretend you don't love it when I catch you sniffing my farts!"

Varen shuddered, as more heads turned with her every word.

In his mind, Hua had represented a small island of normalcy, of calm, amid this sea of mocking, revolted faces, but of course he had forgotten what kind of friend she was.

The sort who'd tease him mercilessly, just to enjoy how he squirmed.

His crotch clenched, with an audible squish.

"Holy. Fucking. Shit."

She bent down, head lowered to the level of his loins. His nethers tightened at the sudden, close attention, a little more mucus seeping out through his soaking crotch, and he heard a faint gagging sound as Hua staggered back.

"Duuuuuuude, you even have a shithole down here too? That's *fucked* man.... Unlike you, I guess, since you're totally dickless!"

Fingers tapping at his phone screen, the tortured former human turned registered anus tried to dissuade Hua from causing any further scene, but as her phone dinged with his message she simply ignored it.

Incapable of speech, Varen could only depend on others to cooperate for his 'voice' to be heard.

"Like damn, man, you really love horse assholes so much you gave up sex just to have another one? How are you ever gonna get off now? Or get anyone else off? I mean, let me tell you, bro, we fairer sex still want a good plowing from time to time, and a few fingers don't always cut it."

Grunting and gesticulating with his dismay, he implored her to look at her phone, but Hua knew better.

Both of them could see how much he was enjoying this.

"I mean, I guess that overgrown tongue of yours would work, if you really scrubbed it up well, but only if you weren't concerned about little things like your own orgasms. Guess you weren't that bothered though, since you traded your dick for a horse sphincter, huh?"

Another agonized shudder passed through him, and he farted out a visible breath, panting with his arousal.

His friend chuckled, only coughing a little at the fumes.

“Okay, well I guess that’s enough tweaking your tailholes for now,” she said, patting his arm.

Said openings had other ideas, however.

The jolt to his side seemed to be the final impetus needed.

As Hua turned away, there was a powerful gurgle, bubbling out from his core in *both* directions.

Varen’s eyes widened, as he felt pressure and mass, pushing up his throat and down into his crotch.

Thick brown clouds burst through his openings, his friend jumping back from the noxious release as he farted, long and low and loud.

The taste was coating his openings, soaking his tongues.

All his energies went to desperately trying to hold back the tide driving those plumes out, but as Rex had said... he was totally incontinent.

The fumes were filling the square with an unpleasant scent of rotting egg and vegetation, people running for clean oxygen beyond the cloud, yet refusing to stop staring.

Hatefully hot and mushy, he could feel lumps stretching his neck and spreading his legs, his throat bulging out visibly as his body did what it had been made to.

‘No,’ he thought, ‘please gods *no!* Not here, not like this!’

But as much as his mind dreaded what was coming, his body desired it desperately, his openings dilating around his gases, as something so much better pushed into his holes.

It tasted infinitely worse.

“Fuck that’s nasty. Bet you feel better now though, hu-”

Hua’s words were drowned out, by the ‘splorch’ of his flatus turning to fluids.

The flavors of shit hit him all at once.

Atrociously earthy, appallingly sour, shit gushed through his face and crotch, *soaking* his tongues and *savaging* his taste buds.

His wail of distress was audible even over the splattering shit-sounds, as Varen defecated uncontrollably, pint after pint of poop pushing up and down, into his multiple assholes,

muddy and squishing, even softer than the orifices themselves, pressing out against his sides to make him shiver in incredible, orgasmic bliss.

His impotent, incontinent, eternally denied body danced with the agony of it.

Creamy strands of festering diarrhea caressed his tongues with their burning kisses, suspended in fibrous substrates of fermented plant matter which massaged their way through his folds, delighting his anuses better than any fart could. Defiling and engulfing his body and mind, as he writhed in the sickening delirium of his public defecation.

More painful still were the nuggets of condensed, congealed decay, rotten meat, rancid and putrefying in his former mouth, pressing through him, penetrating his every crease and ripple of flesh at once. His feces were *fucking* him in body and mind, wholly, horrendously, wonderfully, in a three-way with his new anatomy, his anuses and his excrement making love to him completely, as no partner ever could.

Hips bucked, 'lips' groping and squeezing, tongues caressing the logs of pure effluence as if they truly were his soulmate, as the mushy shit pushed out of his overstimulated openings, to press and pile against mask and pants.

Held, packed in place against his face and hips, it spread out against his skin, coating, soaking him in the rancid foulness of his own feces.

Varen was howling through his desecrated former throat, hands clutching at his pants, as he shit himself.

As *thousands* of people watched.

Hua was gagging, staggering back from the exponentially worsening excremental stench, yet to his eternal shame, Varen realized he was snorting up that stink even as his anuses tortured him with the concentrated sludge he so adored and abhorred.

He was fucking himself with sewage, sucking, slurping, licking at it as it pushed through his face, and even without orgasm, it was the greatest erotic experience of his existence.

This was what he had dreamed of... this was what it was, to *be* an anus.

The most terrible agony imaginable.

Going on, without mercy, without ending.

It was too much, too terrible and wonderful to bear, tears of agony and ecstasy mingling in his assfolds.

Varen felt that his mind must surely break from the strain, fracturing and crumbling, scattering before the immense pressure, the perverse pleasure of his own masochistic

anguish... yet instead he remained cruelly, *brutally* cognizant, as sensation beyond any orgasm assailed him.

Seconds passed along with his poop, time and taste and sweet torment starting to blur together.

Still the torture went on, *deepening* with every moment, as ever more foul and fetid effluence was forced through his weeping face.

Had it been a minute?

More?

He couldn't even make sense of the thought now.

Time had lost all meaning.

Past and future were forgotten.

Varen simply was, existing in that atrocious moment of abyssal, excremental anguish and adoration.

This was his existence now.

Everything he had dreamed of.

All he needed.

He was making love to his anuses, savoring his sewage as it ruined him.

Excrement was everything.

Eternally.

Until... finally... it wasn't.

Chorus of slops, pops and farts finally abating, the former human came at last to his senses.

Judging by the sheer weight of feces filling his pants and bulging out around his mask, he'd been shitting himself for several minutes straight.

More perhaps, given the huge pile at his feet.

From the exhaustion and the lingering, absurd euphoria, it could have been days.

Quivering, Varen collapsed into his own shit, spluttering and grasping at his mask, struggling to pull it away from his anus, to unpack the sweet load of scat still held to his lips and tongue.

He was still sucking on the sewage filling his facehole, tongue pressing into the mire of hatefully potent mess, putrid and appalling, yet so cruelly addictive.

Even as he tore away his mask, to take one final dump through his anus-face, he was still kissing those fat logs, still licking their flavors from his lips.

“Varen. *Dude*. This is so fucked up.”

Even the unflappable, adventurous and open-minded Hua looked intimidated by the sight. And smell. And sounds.

Stumbling to his feet, he felt pounds more manure, threatening to pull his pants down and spill out all over the once-pristine stone of the square.

“You might as well just strip off and jump in the fountain at this point,” Hua suggested, still holding a hand over her mouth and nose.

“Either way, you needn’t think you’re getting on my bike until you’re washed off. It’ll take weeks just to get this smell out of my clothes....”

Weeks for her, yes, but for Varen, this would be every day.

The thought looped in his mind, as he hauled himself to the fountain, and set about desecrating the beautiful marble basin with his filth.

This was going to happen *multiple times* a day now... for the rest of his life.

The feeling, the taste, the disgrace, all would be a part of his every waking moment.

Forever.

He couldn’t stop licking his twitching folds as he thought about it.

Varen shaking with fecal lust.