

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 5

After the fountain incident, Varen and Hua had endured an uneasy trip to his storage unit, and on to the new house, the girl grimacing each time his lower opening pressed to her butt.

As soon as the sidecar was unloaded, she'd sped off, shouting something about needing a shower... or possibly to go jump in a river.

However, difficult and degrading as the journey had been, Varen's arrival at the Orifice Solutions stable had been met with a warm welcome.

Starting with Goldie, who had rushed over the moment he entered the spacious compound, leaping up to poke her nose into his squishing netherparts with fascination, snuffling at those equine openings as he and Rex each tried to dissuade her.

Goldie's tail was still wagging excitedly now, as they walked around the grounds.

He had hoped to begin with meeting Lily, but it was streaming at the moment, so he contented himself with being shown around his new home by his new manager.

Of course, aside from following a few verbal directions when she actually felt like it, it was really the pet more than the owner who was doing the showing. Rex was relegated primarily to narration, explaining sights visible to himself only in reverse, as he looked out from his beloved retriever's rear.

Gardens, pool, gymnasium, sauna, *cinema*, the place was a mansion, equipped with all manner of comforts, each carefully designed to accommodate a variety of oversized bodies.

As befitted the other residents.

Already had had met a marvelous array of perversely reconfigured folks, some so extremely reshaped that it made Varen feel almost normal by comparison. Not that he didn't still feel intensely self-aware, as his naked anuses jiggled and bounced like some sick parody of breasts.

With his previous clothes ruined already, he had nothing else that could cover him without intense discomfort, and no way to hide how he was, even then, tonguing at his drooling puckers with every step.

Many of the other residents just laughed in easy understanding, often naked, or entirely incapable of wearing human attire.

Such as Nicci.

"It's really great to meet another horse-lover!" he said cheerily, swaying a little as he spoke.

A few drops of clear fluid escaped his swollen lips, but no-one said anything – it was hard for a horsecock not to drool as he talked.

"I considered applying to be Martin's backside myself, but I realized that meant no more orgasms, so I had a bit of a rethink. I definitely made the right call becoming his stallionhood."

Grinning obliviously as Varen shivered, the equine erection gave a happy little squirm of his own, bashfully bouncing in the horse's sheath.

Still shaped somewhat like the feminine young man he had once been, the phallus had a head and shoulders, even hips and a bulge, but limbs and other extremities were all smoothed away, to form an artful pillar of curvaceous horseflesh, pink with brown mottling that emulated freckles, but carried on down his body.

'So you got what you signed up for?'

Varen had to hold his phone down, under the huge horse's chest, for the animal's pungent penis to read the screen, but when he did, he heard a shy little snort from the schlong.

"Well, I was always a bit of an odd duck, when I was a human, so... I kinda got a bit carried away, and ended up giving them a bit of a free rein. I just agreed to be a horsecock themed streamer. I *kinda* thought they'd just do something a bit more like what you got, but here we are. Everyone gets caught out by the contract one way or another – they don't want to just give you the body you're prepared for, they want to make it *exciting*."

'You don't regret it?'

Nicci blushed.

"I mean, it wasn't exactly a smart move, turning myself into a horsecock permanently, but I always did think with my dick entirely too much. Not a downside anymore! And the OS tech means I still get to use a computer, despite being a limbless erection. Plus... the marehood who was recruiting me was *really* flirty too."

Nicci tailed off, drooling visibly as he seemed to stiffen, an eager little shiver passing along his length as more of it slipped out of Martin's sheath.

"Ohhh, ahh think thaas herh now!"

Martin turned, trotting in the direction of a mare who was strolling across the lawn.

“Sheehh yohh lah-ha!” called the cock.

Varen barely noticed his departure, however.

He was staring at another figure, emerging from the streaming annex.

Clopping up, along the path, was the pristine white figure of a horse he knew better than any.

Snowdrop.

Her tail still bore the signature tyrian streak, styled so expertly into a plume to evoke the streaming sensation who had started all this.

Approaching, the mare turned with a graceful whinny of greeting, and raised her rear a little higher, immaculately groomed hairs uncovering the rank shithole beneath, still encrusted with effluence from their recent stream, and with headset and diodes still affixed to its piercing.

Varen stared at it, transfixed, admiring the anus named Lily.

A leathery black sphincter, it pushed out obscenely from the pristine buttocks of its body, reeking of equine musk and manure, potent enough that as he leant closer, he could smell it, even over his own stink.

The single stylish eye caught his, Lily’s makeup smeared after the latest bowel movement, but still unmistakable, and the man... the anus meeting its gaze, shuddered in desire, slime drooling from crotch and head.

It was even more gorgeous in the flesh.

So soft and puffy, just as his own orifices were, with that same slick coating of anal sludge, sweat and shit mixed together to make it utterly revolting... and mouthwatering.

He longed to bury his lips in it.

It puckered, pushing out thick folds as it seemed to admire his warped anatomy in turn.

“You’re Varen, right? I mean... I don’t think you could really be anyone else, with a body like that.... It’s wonderful to meet you at last! Rex has it so excited, telling it all about you... and Snowdrop’s been teasing it all morning, to make sure her anus is properly excited.... But there was really no need, because you look... absolutely incredible! Totally disgusting and grotesque, and foul as an open sewer of course, but... it really suits you actually!”

The happy twinkle in its eye made him shiver as the headset translated.

It was the first time that day that he'd felt so... desirable... at least to anyone other than himself.

As that lone eye examined his licking, squishing anuses, he felt a surreal pride in his perverse shape.

'This is a dream come true, getting to meet it like this', he typed, 'I love its streams... and its look.'

"That's why you decided to emulate it, huh?"

'To be honest I... couldn't get it out of my head after I saw its first stream as an anus. I couldn't even sleep for thinking about how it looked up on the screen, as Snowdrop took a shit through its former face.... I just... had to sign up. So that I could meet it....'

It was hard to know if the burbling burst of flatulence Snowdrop pushed out was mocking him, but the winking tension in the anus was easier to interpret.

Varen leant closer, taking a long, low breath, sniffing the smell of that foul orifice.

"You mean you... turned yourself into an anus too, just to get closer to it?" Lily asked.

'Not *just*... but... partially yeah,' he admitted.

"And to get to shit through his own mouth," Rex pointed out brightly.

"Oh gosh, oh fuck that's hot," moaned Lily's synthetic voice, "and you even gave up your genitals, so you can't ever jerk off.... It really ruined your whole life."

Sweating, stinking with arousal, the mare anus seemed to lean in, as its owner backed up a half-step.

Varen closed with it, the two transformees locking eyes, as each admired the other.

His chest was heaving, farts billowing from his upper sphincter, but Lily couldn't even breathe. It could only squeeze and drool, little chunks of fermenting manure falling away from its shining folds, so slick with the slurry of its body's excrement.

He couldn't resist it any longer.

Shivering with wanton passion, he pressed his wobbling lips to that perverse opening, in a deeply depraved kiss.

It was even more disgusting than his wildest dreams, oily flesh and slimy sweat sticking to his folds like glue, and as he pressed his head harder into the mare's anus, Snowdrop's sphincter spread wide, squishing and seeping with actual feces.

Shuddering, he pushed his tongue inside as their 'mouths' met, clinging and caressing one another, trails of brown slop connecting them between each steaming smooch, as they tasted, sucked and massaged their anuses together.

It tasted even worse than it felt.

Varen was making out with a rank, unwashed, revolting horse rectum, and it was the greatest thrill of his life, his tongue fondling its folds lovingly, lapping the feculence from the squishing shithole as they snogged.

The fantasy that had so plagued his mind for months was finally realized, in stunning, sickening sensuality, viscerally revolting and utterly orgasmic in its fulfillment, even without his manhood to vent his arousal.

Slurping and sucking on his own netheranus, he realized that this was *better*.

No climax would dispel this enchantment, no relief would end his erotic anguish.

Turning himself into a walking asshole had been so totally worth it.

Horse anuses were his heaven.