

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

Part 6

Varen's time with Lily was bitterly short.

Snowdrop had just sat through a long stream and was raring for a good gallop about the grounds, while he himself had his own debut to prepare for.

Everything was moving all too fast – it was only 12 hours earlier that he had still been entirely ordinary, an average *human* man. Now, with only a short and hectic morning to adjust, his new horseanus body was expected to appear live online, for thousands, perhaps millions to see.

Even as he settled himself into his seat, he was still licking the terrible taste of Lily from his folds, still sniffing his own bestial odor, and struggling to truly internalize that those vast, clenching horse sphincters were really *him*.

Try as he might to focus, his thoughts returned repeatedly to that puckering orifice, so crudely vast and crassly plastered with waste, yet with a musk deep and rich, ripe folds beading with animal sweat as it squeezed and shuddered, a whole human being, irreversibly, eternally repurposed, into a horse anus.

Varen was in love with Snowdrop's anus.

In lieu of that former lady, he groped his own blossoms all the deeper, shuddering as his tongues squeezed at soft, full flesh, his equine taste mixing with that of the real horse.

Of Lily.

He desperately needed to vent some stream before his stream, but he couldn't jerk off even if there was time.

Instead, he sat there, naked and shaking, his huge crotch packed in between his thighs, pressing his legs wide apart as the tongue within licked his anus needily.

'Do I *really* have to be naked for this?' he typed on the computer, as he eyed the cameras – which carefully framed both face and sex in full view. At least, what used to be his face and sex.

"Of course," the tech said brightly, as she adjusted the focus, "like your application said, you're a gaming anus, not a human. You don't have genitals anyway, so clothing is entirely optional for you, but on streams it's totally prohibited. People are here to see an anus play

videogames, so they have to be able to see the anus. They've gotta be able to look right into the real you, the actual horse asshole named Varen."

The winking shiver which passed through his triplicate tailholes at her words was all the reply she needed.

All too soon, they were going live.

"Three... two... one...."

She gestured, as the indicator overhead flicked on.

Immediately, the preview screen changed, to show a stream overlay, with chat window, gameplay panel, and of course, the active streamer.

Transfixed, Varen saw himself appear, a naked former human, shivering despite the hot lights, his pale, pink skin ceding abruptly at head and hips to the black, creased, puckering folds of horseflesh which were the new expressions of his real self. The sight was complete with close-ups of his former face and phallus, each looking all the more cavernous as the cameras enlarged them further, both drooling and twitching as he rimmed his own anuses.

The title was 'Streamer Debut: Nullified Gaming Anus, Varen, here to entertain you!'

He was live, in front of thousands of people.

Staring, like a deer more than a horse, he was frozen, his heart pounding in his chest as he looked directly into the dark eye of the camera. As he felt the humiliation and exposure, all those eyes boring into his body and mind.

Finally, a nervous little gurgle released a gentle brrrrap of flatulence through his face.

Varen shuddered, as he sniffed the stink back in, consciously resisting reaching for his holes with his hands, but still visibly, obviously tonguing them, incapable of ceasing that infatuated, sinful self-abuse.

He was disgracing himself in his very first moment as a streamer.

"Holy. Fucking. Shit."

The first comment was the start of an avalanche, as the watch numbers soared and the remarks poured in. He could barely keep up with them.

"This might actually be more disgusting than Lily!"

"At least it's useful, as part of an actual horse. This guy just fucked his life up for nothing, lol."

“Absolutely sick, look at him licking himself!”

“Must have been born to be an asshole!”

“OMG I was eating!”

“What do you think his mom thinks?”

“Pretty shitty son.”

“He didn’t even wipe himself off before going live, what a sicko.”

Belatedly, he realized he was still wearing one thing – a lipstick layer of Lily’s slurry.

Eyes watering, head spinning with his escalating embarrassment and the stink of horny horse anus, Varen slurped the shit from his orifice, even as he made himself get typing.

“Hi guys,” he began, the text looking far bolder than he felt.

The tech gestured at him to keep going.

“So, uh. I’m Varen, 27, born and raised in NYC, and my hobbies are hiking, collecting and painting 40K miniatures, and of course videogames.”

“And turning into a butthole.”

“Imagine him showing up at his LGS for game night.”

“Def plays Slaanesh.”

“Dude wouldn’t even make it past the door – you can see how bad he reeks!”

“At least he can actually afford the minis now.”

“So like some of you have noticed, I’m not... well suited for public life anymore, but that’s okay, because I’m planning to focus on videogames for now. And, uh, as you can probably guess, I’m a big fan of Lily. It’s definitely my fave streamer, and it’s something I really look up to. Uh... as a... fellow anus. I’m incredibly excited to stream with it sometime!”

He flushed crimson, as he made himself type the words, feeling a giddy rush as he admitted his deep kinship with that other, *true* anus, as well as hinting at his infatuation.

Varen was massaging his ass-creases with both tongues, upper and lower, shivering as he rubbed his nether-sphincter with his thighs.

The already-speeding chat went supersonic as it scrolled, speculation exploding about that suspiciously familiar shade of scat plastering his pucker.

"Ultimate simp, made himself into horseparts just for a shot at Snowdrop's shitter!"

He felt his loins squish at that deliciously direct accusation... so perfectly skewering his perverse personality.

"Fuck, look at him squirm, it's really true!"

"Oh gods look at the way that big nasty hole between his legs is drooling...."

"Man ruined his life for a shot with a shithole!"

"Bro's only been assified like a week at most, and already he's getting his rectum wet with it too!"

"Donation Unlock: FACEPLUG" popped up on the overlay.

He stared at the message – that was meant to cost a *thousand* dollars after all – but the numbers were already rocketing into five figures before his astonished eyes.

Hesitating, they turned to the enormous buttplugs adorning his desk. The smallest of the three was already as wide as his whole face.

"Do it already! We paid to see this!"

The tech gestured too, and he had little option, but to scoop up the heavy rubber toy.

"Plug! Plug! Plug!"

"That one's Lily's favorite, right?!"

"Bet he doesn't want to take it out at the end...."

Unable to wait any longer, Varen whimpered as he pressed his hypersensitive folds to the latex bulb.

His anus was soaked in mucus, slimy and squishing, as he forced himself down the toy, and he shook as he felt his plush layers spread, parting around the blob of rubber, hugging and gripping, actually starting to pull it inside.

Finally, with a mindblowing pop, it slicked into place, a slurp of displaced air making the sound all the lewder, as he exhaled ecstatically around the buttplug filling his throat. Former throat, that was. It was a rectum now.

One sucking, convulsing around the invading mass, as his body reacted with the same gusto as if it was more feces, violating his overstimulated taste buds.

The toy waggled with each clench and squeeze of that impossibly soft sphincter.

"You can see how much it loves it!"

Varen would have grimaced, were he able. Instead he made himself forge ahead.

"Thanks for your donations, guys! Please keep the love coming. Anyway! I couldn't stop thinking about it – Lily I mean – and the contract seemed amazing. The place is too, we get all expenses paid, and our 'house' is more like a luxury resort.... So I figured that it was kinda worth it, you know? I signed up yesterday to... become a gaming anus."

"It's only been a day and he already got some! Varen you player!"

"My man's got a way with horseholes!"

"Guys this is totally sick, he's practically rimming himself as he types."

"No 'practically' about it, dumbass, he's licking his own assholes right now."

Unable to hide it, he exhaled again at the shocking assault of entirely too accurate mockery and well deserved disdain, and once more the man made anus moaned as he smelled his own flatus, sucking it back into his nostrils as it made his crotch sphincter drip with pleasure, his plugged former face tensing around the huge toy.

"He's seriously sniffing his own farts right now too."

"I think I'm gonna hurl looking at this."

"What does Lily see in an ass like this guy? He doesn't even have a dick anymore! I'm twice the man he is!"

"So your dick is double 0 inches? Hmmm...."

"Fuck you!"

"Lol, Varen's not fucking anyone, Lily included."

"Maybe he's the receiver instead? You could lose your whole head in that crotch!"

"Y'all really testing the TOS today, huh?"

"Yeah, well just look at the sick fuck we've got on camera!"

Varen tore his gaze from the endless humiliation engine, whining as he forced himself to keep typing.

It was only ten minutes into his two hour show.

“So, now you know how I ended up joining the stable, alongside Lily itself. It’s really exciting to be here, and I’m hyped to play so games for everyone.”

“Maybe a few rounds of Hide the Horsecock? Nicci’s on after you, after all.”

The tech gestured again, and he made himself go on, despite the needful wink of his shameless crotchole.

“We’re starting a fun game today, Cult of the Lamb... apparently Lily decided it would be kinda thematic for me? So, uh, wish me luck, guys.”

He’d been going less than an hour, when they unlocked the rumble mode of his plug – the one in his face, and the larger toy recently added to his original asshole.

By 90 minutes, Varen was barely looking at the screen at all, too busy shuddering and sucking his own bulbous lining of pillow-soft layers of stinking pony flesh, hands slurping in and out of that vile orifice as he fellated his festering crotch.

It felt so appallingly orgasmic, yet he was no closer to cumming.

He never could, not after trading his dick in for a horse’s dunghole.

“He’s really in love with ass, huh? Can’t keep his hands out of himself!”

“Show me a closeup of that nasty crater you call your genitals and I’ll donate 10k to unlock the crotchplug.”

Already trembling from the vastness of the plug violating his upper asshole, the gaming anus groaned aloud, as he raised his hips, that lewd, drooling cavern gulping at the camera, fronds of steaming sweat and slick slime dripping from the engorged walls and pulsing pucker.

“Please hurry, I need it!” was all he managed to type.

Before he felt that divinely disgusting sensation schlorp out, through his sole available orifice.

Bellowing with bliss and revulsion, the inhuman, outrageous creature which called itself an anus, started to shit through his hips, right in front of the main camera.

Varen howled, back arching, convulsing as he felt, *tasted* his own feces, that exquisite cocktail of slurry, of *sewage*, raw and repugnant, and better than climax, spilling, splattering out of his corrupted crotch.

Bucking, he humped his own logs, tongue wrapping about them, greased with shit, his hands and hole clutching one lovingly as it pushed through and forcing it back in a few inches, to fuck himself with his own festering, putrescent scat.

The taste, the feel, the furious, scorching shame, all came together in his mind, as he stared into the cameras, eyes wide, pleading for he knew not what, as he reveled in his incontinent new form.

Making love to his own feces, live, in front of a million perverts.

All shocked into silence, by his surpassing depravity.