

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 7

A fortnight on, from the triumphant start of his bizarre new career, Varen was still adjusting.

To his new life, to his new self, and to his new relationship.

In the past, he would have proposed a quiet evening in, or perhaps a boat ride, out onto the quiet parts of the lake beyond, but his dates now had to be in the most public of settings.

Snowdrop walked just ahead of him through the park, her mane glowing in the setting sun. Other visitors parted before the large white horse, staring at her elegant form and pristine coat. She flicked her raised tail proudly as she strolled, head held high, a vision of equine grace and elegance.

Varen only had eyes for her rear, however.

For her oversized, pungent anus, oozing oil and sweat, peeking out at him from between her cheeks.

His girlfriend.

If an anus, lacking any gender or personhood, could be described as such.

"It's so nice to get out of the compound for a few hours," the feces-stained orifice said. "The air feels so good on its folds."

Not that the horse's asshole could talk - its thoughts were detected by the small electrodes stuck to its sides, framing the immense, jiggling donut of black, greasy horseflesh, and its single beautiful eye. The thoughts within it were synthesized into words, emerging from a simple voice module hooked to its piercing, and as the bodypart 'spoke' it clenched emphatically, pushing out congealing globs of grime from its filth-soaked folds.

Lily was especially beautiful that evening.

"How was your stream today?"

Varen blushed at the question, as the man-turned-anus recalled the hours he'd spent licking and fisting himself. Ever since replacing his face and penis with horse assholes, he'd been a horny, perverse mess. Even now, as he walked, that vast, wonderful mound of wobbling equine flesh pushed his legs apart, making him waddle as his thighs squished the divinely soft puffs of his naked and exposed orifice, the colossal pucker slopping with each step.

He couldn't help but stroke it, fondling his ruined former manhood, utterly infatuated with his inverted and distended phallus, just as he was with its twin on Snowdrop's rear.

Clad only in shirt, sweatpants and sandals, he looked absurd, but no-one noticed his fashion choices, as his footfalls spread splashes of runny effluence and flicked sweat all about, and he sank his fingers into the bulging mess of his loins.

His tongues, upper and lower, licked and slurped lovingly at his unwashed anuses, making him shudder at his own foul taste... and the anticipation of the still worse flavors of Lily.

"It was... intense," he typed out, pausing at the choice of adjective as he operated his phone one-handed.

With everything below his eyes an anus now, he needed help to 'speak', but as disgusting and perverse as his body had become, he adored how like his lover he was now.

"I can't get used to having an anus instead of a penis," he added.

There was no need to point out how much *better* it felt, to have a horse anus instead of genitals – excrement instead of orgasms – that was made obvious by the grateful, giddy whimper he made, as that degrading mound on his crotch clenched, then let out a long, deep, obvious fart.

Involuntarily his folds spread, rippling, a brown cloud billowing out of his crotch, and he shuddered as he bent forward and sniffed up that revolting reek, dragging the plumes into his nostrils, the twin tiny dimples lining the top of his anus-face.

Passers-by gagged at the sight, scattering to avoid the spreading taint, but as humiliating as it was for everyone to see the perverse creature he had become, Varen was far too infatuated with flatulence to stop.

His anuses were drooling with pleasure as he licked his bitter folds, upper and lower, his legs growing weak as he debased himself in that most public, shameful way.

He did this every day, live on stream, yet somehow it never grew any less degrading... or disgusting... or delicious.

He was more in love with assholes than ever.

While he was recovering, still rimming his own slimy sphincters, they paused by the fountain, lit up with the radiance of the setting sun, the two anus-lovers talking, trying to act as if no-one else was there.

Despite the stares, flashes of cameras, and phones held up to record them.

"This really is a beautiful-"

Lily's thought cut off abruptly, as Snowdrop's rear strained.

A moment later, a gargantuan cloud gusted out through it, sending nearby strollers running for cover, choking on the stench.

Varen's heart was racing as the smell tingled against his own openings, greedily, lovingly inhaled.

Able to hold back no longer, he pressed his puckering asshole to Lily, his hands parting Snowdrop's cheeks as he smooched his sweet hole.

Its scent was thick, an acrid animal musk they shared – neither Lily nor Varen smelled anything like people anymore, both stank of horse, of unwashed equine assholes, pungent and earthy.

His favorite smell in the world.

Lily was puffing up to meet him, a shining ring of engorged horse-hole, and he plunged his ruined face into its embrace.

The anus kissed back, as best it could, both shuddering in bliss as they tasted one another. His tongue slipped out, to collect the slime of sweat and shit and miscellaneous scum from its creases as they groped his, massaging its puffy bumps and ridges as their 'lips' intertwined, folds gripping one another with wet slurps and squishes.

It tasted absolutely revolting, and Varen shuddered in impotent lust as the flavors burned his 'mouth'.

He couldn't get enough of it.

As he pushed his whole head into the steaming, stinking crevice of the disinterested horse's asshole, Varen whined with want, with adoration and obsession for that revolting shithole around which his life and love revolved.

After licking, sucking and even drinking the shit from that repulsive greasy anus over the course of the past two weeks, and still never tiring, never dulling his desire, he was certain.

It wasn't mere infatuation with Snowdrop's anus.

It was his soulmate.

Pulling back with a wet smack of overinflated folds, their holes drooled slime, strands hanging between them, sticking to his brow and ears, as well as his pucker, as if attempting to glue the two rectums together.

The fetid ropes of rectal sludge gleamed in the pink glow, promising more and fouler flavors and smells still to come, if only he would return to the anal embrace.

The allure was all too intensely revolting, and he pushed his head back inside with a squish, snuffling and snogging and sucking the leaking asshole adoringly, sniffing loud and hard each time his nostrils found Lily's opening.

Especially when Snowdrop farted.

Those audibly gooey makeouts were rapidly clearing the fountain's vicinity, but a few people lingered, on the edge of the 'splash zone', out of some morbid curiosity.

Perhaps they knew about Varen... maybe they even meant to use his body as the toilet it was. He wouldn't have refused – he needed, adored anuses far too much to reject any, human, animal or otherwise... but no other asshole could bring such joy as Lily did.

Under a veil of horse-hairs, they smushed their jiggling sphincters together, wet, scatslimed lips overlapping, sucking and squishing together, soaking his head in slime and mucus as he 'nibbled' at Snowdrop's shithole delightedly and licked it inside and out, pushing apart its piled up layers with his own equally foul anus of a face. Oily horse folds hugged him, stained and tainted his skin as he smooched every inch of them, shaking with lust.

Equine and asshole each were shivering too, as that oversized appendage slithered into Snowdrop's bowels, Lily clenching at it, the anus's thoughts mere incoherent static as it hugged its lover and oozed sewage.

Varen was still further gone, reveling in the foul animal stench and shit-soaked folds as his tongue massaged the excrement from Lily's innards. His lips formed a tight ring around the rectum as he *sucked*, slurping out that rancid, festering taste of horsewaste as they kissed, the makeout polluted, perfected by the putrified manure they were sharing.

He was smooching, sucking, *fucking* the anus completely, making love to Snowdrop's digestive tract, ravaging her tender bowels with his tongue.

The horse herself merely tolerated the experience – she took little interest in her asshole's love-life.

At present she was far more concerned with the long tufts of grass around the fountain.

But she still felt the sensations in her rear. After all, it was *her* bodypart Varen was dating. All that pleasure, that stimulation, and the muscular tension and dilations of her overactive rectum, were transmitted up through her gut.

Lily felt the result before it could be seen, but the anus had no time to warn its doting boyfriend.

Erupting through the shuddering shithole, came a tidal wave of gooey diarrhea.

Filling his lips in an instant, the force pushed Varen back, and he choked and spluttered as a second fountain jetted through the night air, drenching him in the former face like a horrendous fecal hose, squirting runny sewage up his nostrils and splattering lumps all over his body. It was coating, clinging to his hair in chunks, slicking his front and limbs, even soaking into his own nethers, gushing in past the elastic rim as Snowdrop shit directly into his pants.

Whining in horrified bliss, Varen groped himself, fingers spreading his face and baring his crotch hole as he struggled to press both to the spray, revolted beyond words yet desperate to taste more, to feel it pumping inside him, and fill himself with that rancid effluence he so adored.

The most vile taste imaginable was corroding his very thoughts, and his hips bucked in impotent ecstasy as that torture only intensified with each tonguefull he swallowed.

His lips found Lily once again, through the torrent, and the anuses pressed together in their masochistic rapture, shuddering with lust as the humanoid sphincter gratefully drank from his inanimate lover, filling his body with its waste.

They were kissing through assfuls of rotting flesh and putrid vegetation, festering atrocities of taste and texture which would have broken Varen a month before... but now they were the sweet, sickening sewage of his lover's body, the slime of shit that slicked their kisses and made their intimacy so utterly, intoxicatingly abhorrent.

All around, those remaining park visitors were watching in horror, as a horse defecated into a 'human'.

His stomach was bulging out, as the mare used the man as her toilet, yet still he pressed his face to her rear, as if it were the very ambrosia of the gods which was slopping and splattering out all over him.

Being used like that, as Snowdrop's toilet, was the closest thing the pair had to sex.

Both anuses were desperate, as they ground together, body and bodypart tensing, straining, trying and failing to climax, as their remade forms denied them so utterly the release they dearly desired.

But if they climaxed, the agony would end.

Varen had never been so overjoyed, by his own denigration, from person to poophole, and his own absurd, eternal denial.

Instead of orgasm, he simply shit, uncontrollably and grotesquely through his own former penis, his pucker bulging out with dung as his own bowels released in turn, granting no relief, just flooding his pants with ever more ripe pony poop.

It was pumping down his legs, and squirting out over his feet as he shook with bliss and sucked on both his and Snowdrop's excrement.

The anus had never been so grateful, to be both *impotent*, and *incontinent*.