

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 8

Orgasm-denied orifices pulsed together as the flow finally ebbed, still shivering with the perverse, depraved pleasure of their new selves, yet even amid the echoes of that onslaught of erotic effluence and grotesque intimacy, Varen could sense something awry.

Tension was returning to Lily's form.

The first few days after his transformation had been a glorious time, horrendous pleasure and mutual disgust rapidly deepening to adoration, even love, yet as their whirlwind romance entered its second week, the anus had started to grow distant at times.

Troubled, yet reluctant to open up to anything other than excrement.

Varen pulled back, panting thick flatus breaths as he gently cleansed the sphincter which was his girlfriend.

Lapping up the plastering of horsedung from its soaking form, he stroked it with his hand, gently hefting the weight of the bulbous pucker below its one big, beautiful eye.

"Is anything the matter?"

The words emerged from his phone, which had *mostly* escaped the spill of sewage, the waterproof case valiantly defending the device from the excess runoff which still dripped from its corners.

Dripping itself, the anus gave a nervous little squeeze before it 'spoke', accidentally squirting a spurt of shit out onto Varen's already-soaked forehead.

"Varen...."

The name emerged slowly from the synthesizer, which hung down under the orifice itself, with an oddly wistful tone.

"Do you ever have any regrets? About... turning your face and your manhood into... anuses? Or becoming Snowdrop's toilet?"

It was his turn to hesitate... but he couldn't lie to his partner.

"I do sometimes," came his own artificial words, "like when I want to say something, but my phone's died, or when I feel so pent up that I think my head's gonna explode. Or when one of our stable-mates has extra-rancid diarrhea, and the taste makes me want to hurl."

He shuddered at that final thought... even as his tongues made audible, excited circles around his sphincters, recalling the flavors of those times.

There was a fine line, between regret and rapture, when you were the toilet for your whole streaming team.

"But I don't *regret* regret it. As fucked up as it is, being an anus and a lavatory, it feels... unbelievably sexy, and so incredibly right, despite how wrong it is. Suffering all of that, experiencing and *enjoying* it.... It was worth becoming a walking collection of horse anuses, even if it means I can't orgasm.... Ever. And... also *because* of that."

The visceral shiver of masochistic pleasure which passed through him was too honest to be mistaken for anything else, jiggling those oversized orifices at his head and hips, his free hand compelled down to cup and sink into his gooey netherfolds.

"I'm glad I became an anus. Nothing could possibly feel better than this," he admitted finally, as he groped his own impotent crotch-lips, loosing a happy little fart through his former phallus.

"I-I even love how awful it is, how it makes me so revolted, nauseous and horrified and so fucking horny I want to die."

Lily clenched at that, as if empathizing with his words.

"And most of all," he finished, "I love it, Snowdrop's asshole. How disgustingly beautiful and sickeningly erotic *it* is."

He kissed the puckering ring of the horse's anus, tenderly and affectionately this time.

"Even if I... didn't adore being an anus... it would be entirely worth it to be with it, Lily. So... whatever's bothering it, it's okay to tell me. Because I want to make it happy forever."

That one oversized eye watered, not with slime or oils, but with a single tear, as the anus was moved by that heartfelt answer.

Reluctantly, it spoke again, sensors activated to announce the sphincter's thoughts.

"It loves you too, Varen, but... it's just so... different," it explained, hesitatingly, "that's why it's been... distant lately. It's been worrying about the future, and whether it can really be with you."

He stared at it, brow furrowed.

“How can it say that, when I turned myself into an anus to be with it? I thought that it was delighted by my body.... Besides, so what if we’re not the same shape? Why should it matter that it’s *a* horse’s anus, and I’m a *collection* of horse anuses?”

His head spun as he typed the surreal objection, panic rising in his mind as he imagined their relationship collapsing over something so absurd.

“It is delighted with your body, and of course we’re both... *classed* as anuses, but it means... because you’re still... a person. You’re still in charge of your body. You’re *your own* anus, with your own life and agency... but it’s not.”

Seeing the anus’s anguish, he brushed a dribble of scat from Lily’s lips as it thought to him, holding back his own alarm and angst as he tried to understand.

“It’s not a person at all, not even in any technical or colloquial sense – it’s Snowdrop’s bodypart, *her* asshole, and it’s not fair to her, for her to have to deal with her anus dating and having its own separate relationship. She puts up with it – she’s so kind and loving that she’d never complain, even if she could speak, but she’s a smart animal. As smart as it is, maybe smarter. It can’t take advantage of her, or make her life revolve around her own anus like that.”

Surreal and backwards as the logic sounded, it made a perverse sense to Varen’s ear, and he found himself nodding slowly as Lily went on.

“It agreed to be Snowdrop’s anus permanently, so... it’s only right that it be *only* an anus. It can’t pretend it’s a person, and drag her around forever. It’s her asshole, and it wants... it needs to be treated like one.”

“But what about us?”

“That’s why... it’s been hesitating.... It didn’t want to ask so much of you, Varen, after you’ve already given up your face and your sex.”

His hands cupped the shivering sphincter, and he planted a long, soft kiss on those pungent, goopy folds.

“Lily, I love Snowdrop’s anus more than anything in the world. If there’s anything I can do, I want to know. Tell me how I can be with it.”

“Well... that’s the thing. It would all work out perfectly if you... became a horse’s asshole too. Like it is.”

Varen tensed as he processed the words, his squishy rings clenching. The thought was a perverse, grotesque shock, a concept even beyond the depths to which he had already sunk in his sordid love affair with horse anuses, yet the idea had immediately exploded his arousal.

"It's sorry. It knows this is too much to ask... even though it would be so incredibly sexy and revolting... it just can't see any other way we can be together, without it being unfair to Snowdrop."

As it spoke, the anus squeezed tighter, jiggling and tensing with clear desire.

That simulation stirred the mare, and Snowdrop raised her head with a mild whicker.

Varen's eye met hers, and he stared, as he saw the look of complete disinterest, *disdain*, which she showed at the conversation happening with her hindquarters.

The horse might be more intelligent, but she certainly didn't have anywhere else she needed to be.

She was still entirely happy to trot about parks and woods with Varen sniffing and smooching her buttocks.

That was when he really understood.

Bizarre logic and logistics were set aside, as he looked into the eye of his lover, and saw its real feelings.

It was all just an excuse, a way for Lily to rationalize to itself, to justify asking for what *it* wanted.

Its deepest desire.

His girlfriend was desperate to turn him into a horse's anus, just like it was.

A perfect matching partner, in permanent full-body bondage.

Its attempt to deceive even itself was adorable in its clumsiness – Lily was only an anus now, yet still it tied itself in mental knots trying to avoid having to admit, even to itself, how badly it wanted this. Trying to find a way not to be selfish, despite having no self left other than the salacious thoughts of a horse's asshole.

He smooched it anew, tasting that glorious glaze of dung as the sphincter relaxed into his comforting kiss.

The charming innocence of his horse anus lover was moving, but so was idea of what it really wanted.

Of becoming just like it, permanently... sacrificing everything, his limbs, his freedom, all his rights, giving up on ever doing anything but feeling feces squelch through him, and pressing up against his fellow asshole.

Being eternally reduced to a puckering anus on the back of a pony.

The thought made him shake with revulsion.

With *want*.

It was so utterly, atrociously wrong, the complete *ruination* of even the pathetic, warped existence he had already embraced, all to amplify the very worst aspects of his depraved existence... yet that made him desire it all the more.

As he understood what Lily wanted for him, for their future together, that she would love him all the better, as the rectum of an equine animal, Varen was falling more in love than ever.

It felt so right, in how utterly wrong it was.

"I'll do it!"

That single gorgeous orb lit up, as his lover stared out with disbelief from its permanent place under Snowdrop's tail.

"You will?! Are you sure? You shouldn't ruin your life and give up your body just to be with it!"

"I'm not. I... thank you Lily, for.... Helping me realize how much I want this."

Thrilled beyond even synthetic words, the anus engulfed his head in its adoring embrace, festering rectal folds slurping him in as they smooched.

This time, as the lovers delighted in one another, he imagined a big, round stallion-ass, framing his own features.

Varen couldn't wait to become a pure pony butthole.