

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 9

“Unfortunately we don’t have an appropriate, willing horse available at the moment – Snowdrop is rather fussy about her playmates, you know,” Rex farted, as Goldie gave a sad, hangdog look back, at the two talking anuses.

She was perched on a chair, as usual, to give her rectum a clear look at the new contract he was discussing.

“Does that mean you can’t help me?” Varen typed back.

“No no, we can still fulfill your purchase, we just need to use a slightly different procedure. Instead of turning you into part of an existing animal, like Goldie and I, we’ll leave your anus mostly unchanged, and remake the *rest* of you into a suitable horse, fitting Snowdrop’s tastes to a T and creating a new equine being out of all the parts of you that won’t be needed anymore. It’s very efficient.”

Determined not to repeat his past mistake – the one which mandated that his thoughts be typed rather than talked – Varen studied the document, reading through the terms closely.

The plan to transform him into an inanimate horse anus, though a total ‘upside-down’ transformation, making the rest of his body into a separate, independent being, whose butt would be his new home.

The idea was disturbing and degrading, as was the price he would have to pay for his conversion, from person to ponut.

Even so, he couldn’t help himself, taking a giddy sniff of the combined stinks of himself and the dog as he ticked the box for ‘optional sensory enhancement package’.

For intensity, he simply wrote ‘maximum’.

“Ah, I thought that might interest you,” Rex said, with the imitation of a grin on those disgusting lips, “that bonus procedure will coat every part of your new form with taste and scent receptors, as well as enhancing their sensitivity drastically. We’ve yet to test the limits, but in theory we can amplify flavor and smell by orders of magnitude. But....”

The talking dog-anus hesitated.

In that short pause, Goldie released a playful little fart, bubbling through her owner’s lips, and Rex’s eyes watered at the taste if it, passing through him.

“Are you sure you want to go *all* the way? You’re already going to lose your hands, limbs, every form of movement other than clenching, squishing and licking yourself. Your body will be an animal, its own independent creature, one who doesn’t have to do a thing you want.”

Varen groaned, delirious at the depraved idea, his free hand squishing into the mound of his former sex.

“I’m just saying that you don’t need to rush things, and as foul as it already tastes when Goldie uses me, it might be too much for you if you really get the *maximum* enhancement.”

He was touched by the warning, but as he looked over at the concerned sphincter and untroubled retriever pair, he only felt a sudden, intense pang of envy towards Rex. Even in trying to imagine the outcome they warned of, all he could picture in his mind was Lily, pressing against his reduced form, pushing its feces into his former face to make him convulse with love.

Hooked as he was, he’d give anything for that awful experience.

Do anything to delight the dunghole he was dating.

Even now, as he tried to read, he saw the anus in every ‘o’ on the page.

Imagined its stench, of animal musk and overripe manure with every sniff of his own flatulence.

The frenzy had him again, that relentless obsession with the sensual pleasures which had taken root at the core of his mind.

No matter how Varen distracted himself, or occupied his time, whenever his thoughts were free they would arc back, inexorably, towards this.

To the idea of truly becoming his own anus.

To the matching sphincter waiting for him.

He couldn’t sleep.

Every night was spent in restless longing, thinking of Lily, and of what it wanted him to be.

Its taste still lingered on his anal lips, and his assholes watered with want for more, the image, the sight and sounds of that gorgeous ring of disgusting horse anus, so slimy and stinking, made him shudder with lust and longing.

He couldn’t get it out of his head, couldn’t stop imagining burying himself in that foul taste again, drinking Snowdrop’s shit as she used him as her lavatory, and as he made love to her asshole.

Varen shook with desperate desire, hands trembling with the visceral, urgent *need* for more.

For its kisses and its greasy embrace, its deliciously dire farts and rotten, festering sewer insides, flowing with rancid excrement.

His own anuses, jiggling with lust, started to shit, thick, bitter, muddy effluence pumping through his crotch and head to tantalize and degrade him with the foulness of what he was. Varen's tongues sank into the filth gratefully, his sphincters totally incapable of retaining it inside him, forcing him to just enjoy its passage, and savor all he could of that horrendous flavor.

His innards rumbled as he shit himself, reminding him how badly he needed more filling.

Varen's eyes went to Goldie's behind, and he heard himself give a whine, sounding just like the animal, as he hungered for her feces.

Yet what he needed still more, was those of Snowdrop.

And those of the horse which would take his body away.

Ever since Lily's suggestion, his mind had been racing, churning just like his guts, as he envisaged it. Becoming like his sweetheart, a matching set, a pair of ponuts in love.

He was already hopelessly, irreversibly addicted, hooked on the horse anus he so adored, and the feces with which it fed him, while his own body was an absurd and humiliating mess, barely able to life as a human.

Recalling the existence he'd left behind, it seemed surreal, like another person entirely. One who was able to eat human food, and taste things other than scat on his tongue. Or even, at times, not be tasting anything at all, simply existing comfortably, without bitter, burning sourness on his lips.

Life before becoming an anus, an entertainer and toilet.

It no longer made sense, how he'd lived so long like that.

Even being blessed with anuses for face and sex wasn't anywhere near enough.

He *needed* this procedure, more than anything.

Varen had to be a true anus, just like Lily.

Nothing more than an orifice, horny and helpless.

His hands shook, as he longed to be changed already, to have everything taken from him, so that he could be just as wretched, revolting and rank as the sickening shithole he worshipped.

"I need this," he typed, embarrassed yet excited all the more to admit it.

A fresh load of feces gushed out through his openings, as he shit himself all the harder, shaking with bliss at his delicious self-debasement.

"I've never wanted anything more!"

Too thrilled and disgusted to think, he signed the papers without reading another word.

"If you insist," Rex laughed, as Goldie came over to sniff the mess of a soon-to-be former-man.

"I think she has a little present for you, to help you celebrate."

Hairy, humid and reeking, the canine pushed her asshole against Varen's former face.

He whined louder than she, as her anus opened, to push a thick, hot log of dogshit into his 'mouth'.

Smushing against his tongue, the tart, rancid taste of festering meat and putrid, condensed lumps of rotting fiber made him quiver with agony... fingering his crotch asshole in bliss as he imagined how much worse it was going to get.

Concentrated dog feces were filling his throat, while the images of Lily and of his future self filled his mind, each equally appalling in their masochistic allure.

Surely this was what he was made for.