

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 10

Varen awoke to piercing anguish, like a blade stabbing into his nostrils.

Trying to pull away, or raise his arms in his own defense, seemed wholly futile. They gave no answer, as he tried to move himself. His body felt huge and swollen, revoltingly greasy and terribly delicate, his limbs lost amid the vast softness of sensual, pulsing flesh reacting so perversely to this assault.

It was not a physical weapon, he realized belatedly, as the agony burrowed up through him, but rather a chemical one.

A smell, so potent and foul, that it seemed to lacerate his senses with each breath, even as it made him wobble and bounce with unfocused, overwhelming arousal.

He was used to being unable to release his passion, ever since he gave up his penis, but this... every part of his body was alive with the intensity of his former crotch, and yet his limbs wouldn't even heed that desperate attempt to press something, *anything* into his nethers to ease the burning want.

Blinking, he opened his eyes to see a black curtain over his face, while to either side there were huge mounds like cushions, which seemed to trap him in place.

He couldn't recall actually falling asleep, but he assumed it must be night.

Only... hadn't he just been with the Orifice Solutions technicians?

Varen recalled the conversation with Rex... and an injection into his arm... then remembered the purpose which both had served.

Tensing the singular, vast orifice he could feel or control, Varen felt himself clearly now.

Perceived his new, true shape in those impossibly soft, revoltingly bouncy puffs of oily horseflesh, creaking together as his rounded form clenched, brushing against the rough cascade of hairs which hemmed it in.

Colossal as it loomed in his mind, every fiber of his altered being enervated with a calamitous cornucopia of overactive pleasure receptors, he realized that he was, in fact, much smaller.

The cushions were his new body's buttocks.

The curtain was his tail.

Below, pervading everything with a rich, musty scent of heat, was a drooling marehood, unseen but much too pungent to miss, his senses so keen that he could taste it clearly on his flesh.

Varen was looking out of the asshole of a horny female horse.

He was a mare's anus.

She, his former body, felt still more massive, and as she flexed her muscles he felt himself clenched, every part of his new self lighting up in his awareness, all at once.

His form.

His smell.

His *taste*.

All three were overwhelming, the reeking stench of his equine anal odors only the beginning – as he was moved, awareness returned to his tongue and tastebuds, coating every part of him, and Varen shook, muscles twitching, straining to seize shut that vast opening around which his existence was wrapped, the layers of horse anus jiggling with desperate, disgusted despair, as he tasted, felt, and tonguefucked horse asshole from the inside.

Sweat was beading on his surface, anal mucus oozing up through his throat, as he steamed with stink. Each cell of his surface and innards was aware, the new anus smelling and tasting himself, and the lining of scum which would wrap him in constant embrace evermore.

Every part of his form was already encrusted with gooey blobs of congealed flatus and fermenting equine filth.

His new body had yet to even use him, but nothing had ever felt more thrilling or vile than his remade self already did.

Varen was his ideal.

The thing he adored more than all else.

The former human was a ring of squishy horse anus, made of puffy, sensitive flaps with disgusting, oily, sweating skin. All rubbed together, creases letting his exaggerated curves press into a gorgeously grotesque flower of flesh, riddled with pockets of putrid sludge. His tongue twitched and shook as it slid over and between his new folds, kneading the clenching sphincter he had become and sampling those tantalizingly terrible tastes.

Every part of the new anus was throbbing with the blissful feeling of the form which he so utterly adored.

As if sensing his delight and dismay, the tail covering him rose, and exposed the new rectum to the mirror opposite.

He recognized his eyes at once, wide and vibrant, green gems shining amid the muck of so much darkness.

They were the last traces of the person he had lived as, for the past 27 years.

Below those familiar, staring eyes he saw nothing but a big, black asshole, many times too big, even for the animal to which it belonged, the giant orifice engorged and gooey, drooling disgustingly as the mare made him clench, each contraction of his ring pushing out more foul grease.

With a sickening, masochistic quiver of euphoria, Valen realized the complete success of the procedure.

He could still feel his former self faintly, a distant series of shapes and sensations, which each wash of taste or smell or erogenous twitch of anus-flesh wiped out, but it was enough to know what he had become. The person he had been was now a needy, horny mare, her pussy winking playfully at him in reflection, her estrus already fumigating his nostrils.

And he, Varen, had been willingly reduced to only her asshole, licking, tonguing himself even as the nausea of his depraved taste soaked into every inch of him.

His body was now hers.

It was, and always would be, an upside-down mare.

Varen was simply part of her.

His own body's anus.

Forever.

It was awfulness beyond reason, an atrocity of olfactory evil and grotesque abuse of gustation, growing worse with each moment, as his gross new form seemed to absorb its own sick taste into every seam and pore.

He had to wipe his lips, or clean off his mouth somehow.

Varen shuddered, as he felt again his total lack of limbs.

This was what he'd wanted to badly, a body this disgustingly awful.

This utterly, eternally helpless.

Incapable even of cleaning himself.

A whole new realm of revulsion and twisted, *wretched* torture.

The mare flicked her tail happily, as she pushed a foul, fermented fart through his form, the bubbles of gas violating his body with their dense tendrils, twisting out with an agony of odors more terrible than he could bear, emerging through rippling lips like a kiss from a lover.

Varen was sure his mind would collapse, under the strain of such excremental agony and abysmal ecstasy.

The anus had made a terrible mistake, and gone much too far – the potency was beyond anything he could have ever imagined, more than he could comprehend even now, as it ravaged his remade body. He was begging in his ponut-mind for mercy, pleading for release – for them to just, *please* reduce his sensitivity – but there was no-one to hear him.

He had no body of his own to control now, no hands to type out a message. Everything that he had been was gone, given over to the pony he had replaced himself with, repurposed to create her legs and hooves, her head taking up what had once been his crotch, her happy lips nickering through his erstwhile erection as she seemed to sense his distress.

He couldn't even control himself enough to hold back those foul farts, let alone to attempt to talk.

Desperately, pathetically, he tried to pull his tongue back, away from the pockets of putrefying vapor, still clinging to his folds.

She gave an affectionate clench of those colossal buttocks, and they pressed in, to squeeze his puffy lining together with his tongue, to *force* him to taste it properly. The horse was enclosing him in her rear as if it were loving embrace of a mother to her foal... or the hands of a lover, fondling her sweetheart.

He could feel her pleasure, the warm, rich amusement she was taking, in their new shape and connection.

In their permanent rearrangement, from upright man to inverted mare.

Suddenly, he got a sense of how intimately this creature knew him.

She was *happy* for him.

This perverse creature of elevated equine intellect was farting through his face on purpose.

Because she understood that her anus wanted this.

He *needed* her to ruin his mind with the torture of his own taste.

All the masochistic, jiggling mass of her asshole could to was quiver in pathetic, perverse gratitude, as she forced him to feel every detail of that disgusting orifice he'd become.

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"Ah, wonderful, you're awake again, Varen."

The voice of the technician released the rectum from his self-imposed abuse, as the horse finally stopped farting.

He couldn't actually answer, of course, but it was a relief in multiple ways, to have a normal human come looking for him. To make sure he was okay.

Presumably they would be able to hook electrodes up to him as they had Lily, and he'd be vocalizing his... degrading, depraved delight for all to hear.

"Any ill effects from the procedure?"

Unable to answer, he gave a confused squish, shivering as he tasted sphincter all the more.

"Good, very good. And you're happy with the results?"

Varen was baffled – he couldn't even *see* the speaker yet, let alone maintain a conversation – yet the man was carrying on as though getting clear and coherent answers. His body seemed bewildered too, head rearing up away from a touching hand.

It couldn't possibly be that-

"Just hold still while we apply the electrodes, Miss Varen. You won't have to wear them for long – we just have to make sure that you're doing fine."

They were talking to the horse.

Horror gripped him anew, creeping in through a whole new dimension of unimagined vulnerability, a denigration, a dehumanization he had never even conceived of.

He'd paid them to make him into a mare... so the mare was *him*.

*Her*.

Varen, the female horse.

But then... what did that make her anus?

Tensing up, he tried to call out, his disarrayed mind a mess of warped lust and self-disgust at what he'd done to himself.

The techs were totally ignoring him, not even bothering to take a look at the mare's rear, or wipe the slimy skin of condensed sweat and flatulence from his lips.

"We understand, Varen, this is a lot to process. You didn't even exist until today, after all."

The mare snorted, as if amused by his alarm, and he felt a knowing squeeze of his vast round form, as she played appreciatively with her grossly enlarged asshole.

"We'll do everything we can to help you adjust to your new life, and continue your career as one of our top streamers."

The horse nodded, as if deep in conversation.

"Ah, of course we can get you a voice module too, for whenever you want it. You're in charge now, after all."

Their conversation went on, the trembling ring of oily sphincter at the back of that new animal unable to interject, other than when she squeezed another fetid squirt of gas out through his mouth.

It was at least an hour before anyone came into his view.

When they did, the tech barely glanced at him, more interested in brushing the tail over his eyes than in the frantic, pleading movements of his gaze.

It was only as he stuck out his slime-soaked tongue, wagging it imploringly, that the human man seemed to notice the anus at all.

"Oh, haha, oops! I forgot about it!" he said, as if he'd simply failed to hold the door.

A cloth ruffled over the clenching pucker, roughly cleansing off the worst crimes of equine digestion, and he looked in closer, holding his nose against the fumes as he found the slight pits of former nostrils, and pushed a ring-piercing through those puffy dimples.

"It seems surprised, but this was all clearly laid out in the contract. The man, Varen, asked to be UDTFed into a mare, so he was – the body which it used to so erroneously regard as 'his', became a whole new entity – one which inherits everything that her anus used to possess. Property, possessions, profession... it all belongs to the new Varen. Yes, name included. The mind which used to be in charge, well it's only an anus now – her reeking, incontinent, awful horseanus – so it doesn't have any use for things like names anyway."

The hole between Varen's asscheeks trembled, as he tried to find the power to refute that impossibly perverse, deliciously dehumanizing concept.

“There’s no point pretending otherwise – it’s just an orifice on the body of Varen, the female horse. That’s all it can ever be now.”

The opening wobbled, mind wavering in the delirium of that disturbingly seductive promise.

It was so wrong, so fucked up – there had to be some way back, way out....

But there wasn’t.

Varen still existed, after all, in the form of that playful, affectionate pony, whose pucker was so wracked by existential distress.

Because *it* was only an anus now.

“Congratulations, it’s achieved its dream!”

It was so wrong, so awful... yet it was inarguably true.

The anus shook, as a jolt ran up from deep within it.

Pressure came too, a sudden, huge weight, pushing against the back of its throat. Or rather, the end of its body’s rectum.

‘No’, it thought, ‘please gods, anything but that’.

Gushing out through the anus there came a torrent of bitter excrement, bursting through its hypersensitive horse-ass folds, parting the tongues of delicate soft lining that made up its insides, caressing it throughout as the taste ravaged the erupting asshole.

Vibrating with the flood of vileness, the sphincter wobbled and bounced, sour strands of rotting fecal matter making sick love to its insides, to its face, to its *tongue*, pasty blobs of putrefying horse-poop mixed together with the slurry of human, canine and all other kinds of scat which were Varen’s diet, to create a true abomination, a cocktail of all the worst excrement for her tailhole to enjoy. Its tongue and folds pressed into the river against its will, squeezed into place by the mare, and it was forced to suck, to lick and slurp at the toxic sewage, every part of it searing with revulsion at the festival of rancid flavors violating its revolting form.

The anus had to get away.

It was too much, too *terrible* to bear.

What was once Varen’s mind was a mere appendix now, a fragmentary, vestigial extra, fracturing under the strain, screaming out with pain and pleasure alike, overwhelming, orgasmic anguish pushing it to the very edge of oblivion.

Being a true anus was intense beyond belief, all sensory feedback amplified a thousand fold by its 'upgraded' form; a nuclear detonation of putrid slurry disintegrating all else in its perception, only the texture, the scent and taste surviving, to tear through its thoughts in a firestorm of orgasmic loathing.

At first it thought Varen was just doing this to test it out... to experiment with torturing her imbecile of an asshole.

As the outpouring went on, rivulets of runnier shit interspersed with mushy chunks and slopping logs, and it felt consciousness creaking under the strain of so much abuse, it understood that she was doing the opposite.

Her innards straining to force ever more festering feces though her asshole's former face, Varen was shivering in her own sense of bliss as she felt how her anus twitched and squirmed at the flavors.

It could sense her kindness, her care for it, the mare's motherly, doting adoration for her own asshole, even as she was pushing its mind past the point of breaking.

With a depraved rush of gratitude it realized that she wouldn't stop shitting through it, even as its mind collapsed.

She'd never stop.

This nightmare of noxiously sensual disgust was its life now.

Its body was ruining it with the experience of her excrement, entirely for its own sake.

Because more than anything in the world, the anus *needed* this.

The mind once named Varen was a fading mote of sentience, burning away amid a firestorm of effluent agony... and as it felt itself consumed by the calamitous taste, it strained against the flood of shit for more, quaking in nauseated, sickening bliss.

It was ecstasy.