

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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

Part 11

Standing in the middle of the most glamorous restaurant in the city, Varen gave an appreciative whicker, grazing on a tray piled high with premium salad.

Chairs and several tables cleared away to make room for that full-sized equine body, the horse looked all the bigger against the backdrop of wealthy socialites and moguls, each trying not to stare, but failing miserably. The mare ignored them all, standing with her tail raised, ass pointed out at her dinner partner.

Her anus looked out, black form tinted slightly red with the rush of blood inflating it still further, a revolting, humiliated, reeking hole, totally exposed as it squeezed and rubbed itself.

As it tasted its own foulness, and quivered in lust.

It was terribly embarrassing, far more than the familiar, playful exposure of daily streams, and Varen seemed to understand that – she made sure to push extra long, thick farts out through her rectum every time it hesitated or expressed its doubts.

The anus could only twitch in nauseated revulsion and gratitude, as its body helped it remember what it was.

Even in that moment, when it was trying to feel just a little bit of the old normality, the mare was there to ensure her anus's anguish would never end.

"You know I wasn't expecting to see you again, Varen. Not after I heard about... this. I can't believe you're really *nothing* but your own asshole now. That's fucked up, dude."

Hua looked lovely in a black dress, slit all the way up her thigh, but she was still the same under the careful application of makeup and fashion, her amused hand waving towards her transformed friend, while the other cut her steak with a fish knife.

"Oh, uh, technically you and Varen are meeting for the *first* time," the humiliated horse butt explained. "Because the human you used to know turned himself into her... so... she's the new Varen now. It's just... her asshole."

It still felt bizarre to admit it, even after a week as a horse anus, but the taut, jiggling sphincter could hardly deny the reality of what it had become – not when it was actively licking its shit-slicked, slimy, fuming ring, squishing itself with its tongue as it shuddered in disgust.

It felt a fresh rush of validation as the words emerged, spurring it on to further admissions.

“Oh gods Hua, it feels so disgusting, it loves it so much.”

Its speech came from a phone, hanging on Varen’s hip in a small harness, the electrodes on her pucker dutifully deciphering the thoughts of her anus to transmit to everyone nearby. Whether it wanted that or not.

Hua just chuckled, able to endure both the gross exclamation and the baleful vapors of barnyard and sewer which emanated from her friend each time the mare broke wind.

Unlike the other patrons, who were struggling with their meals, and muttering to one another in revulsion at the sight and smells to which they were being exposed.

Normally such an absurd scenario would never have been permitted, but with Varen’s wealth, the restaurant had been prepared to make an exception for her. So that she could tease and denigrate the former master of her body even more, with the absurd clash of the anus with those trappings of its former life.

Shuddering with disgust at itself, the sphincter squeezed, feeling those soft, succulently foul folds squish together in front of all those people, the tortuous taste of feces and fermenting horse ass an eternal torment to which it was absurdly addicted.

“You really can’t get enough of that nasty shit, huh?” Hua asked, looking almost as amused as she was disgusted. “You always were a pervert, but daaaamn.”

“Not you, but it,” Varen reminded her. “I’m Varen now, so it’s just Varen’s anus you’re talking to.”

The mare’s voice was just the feminized version of the same synth package which her anus used to talk – a softer take on the original voice her body had when human. She didn’t feel the need to use it often, but it was highly useful in her self-appointed role as mistress to her masochistic anus.

She gave her rear a loving squeeze, and the asshole whimpered through the speaker, as an especially bitter, concentrated tongue of flatulence crept out through its folds.

“Right, yeah,” Hua nodded, “it’s lucky it got such a keeper as its new body, huh?”

“Varen is amazing,” the anus admitted readily, “she takes such good care of it... and uses it as much as possible... and... makes sure to never let it get used to this. By... filling it with shit every day. For its rebirthday next year she’s even going to have its senses amplified even more, until it can’t bear the taste of itself....”

It was such an absurd, degrading thing to even think, but the sphincter couldn’t deny the reality of its new form. A bodypart, hopelessly addicted and obsessed with feces and

foulness. An anal-fetishist asshole, shivering in anticipation of making its nauseating existence still more intensely erotic.

The mare gave a motherly whinny, as she pushed another thick, vaporous fart through the face of her adoring anus.

"But only if you're good," she reminded it.

"Damn bro, that's messed up," Hua exclaimed, laughing at the absurdity of it all, "it's so nasty the shit you like. I mean, the shit it likes. Sorry Varen, it's just hard not to get mixed up. I've never known anyone messed up enough to give away their *personhood* before, especially just so they can be pumped with shit all day. Your anus really is one of a kind!"

"Two of a kind, actually," Varen reminded her, with an amused, affectionate nicker. "But neither of them can get enough of my manure!"

Hua giggled, the two girls sharing a moment of affectionate mirth over the state of their mutual friend, and its twisted inter-anal romance.

"And how are the love-butts doing?"

"It's been... incredible," the anus admitted, as Lily sprung once more to mind.

The mere thought of it made the anus drool, a thick slurry of brown slime welling up and dribbling down its pucker to befoul the carpet below.

There were very few moments it *wasn't* thinking about Lily.

The other anus was so wonderful, its form so soft and engrossing, musky, sweaty and stinking, and utterly irresistible. When they met, squished and explored one another, the experience was so brilliantly revolting and beautifully rancid that it was agony beyond words. Better than any orgasm, yet too disgusting to bear, the sphincter burning its tongue with that familiar cocktail of toxic waste which filled it every time they kissed.

"Oh gods I need it to shit in me again," came the involuntary exclamation, "Lily's sewage is divine!"

Lacking limbs or a body of any kind, to control the electrodes it wore, the anus had to concentrate if it was to avoid announcing every thought that came to it.

Hua chuckled, despite the clear distaste on her face.

"That's so fucking nasty, asshole, don't you- doesn't it see people are trying to eat here? It's gonna get us kicked out!"

"Not with how much money they're making off Varen."

“Oh yeah? Streaming must be going well! And how is life in the stable anyway?”

“It’s been way too much to get used to all at once, but... it’s a lot better than it imagined. No-one treats it like a person anymore, but the other parts hang out with it, so it still gets to talk. Nicci’s especially nice, and he even helps Varen let off some steam when Snowdrop’s busy, but *everyone’s* been very... understanding....”

The anus hesitated, as it recalled the form that understanding often took.

Helping remind it that it wasn’t a person, but a bodypart, and that it had chosen the life of an anus.

Yet as dull and lonely as it could have been, with Varen as its body it never felt neglected. Far from it. She was always ensuring that her asshole was as filthy as possible, keeping it covered in shit, fermenting and putrefying feces soaking into its tongue and lips for hours, even days on end, until the sphincter was squealing for mercy... and quaking with gratitude.

“You, uh, still ‘eat’ the same way?” Hua asked, seeing that the anus’s eyes were gazing off into the distance.

“Oh! Yeah... all of Varen’s stable-mates help feed it every day. Varen needs to eat a ton, through both ends, to maintain her output.”

“And you really don’t get sick of that?”

The tailhole tensed at the demeaning thought of it, that denigration almost as addictive as the effluence itself, and the anguish it brought.

It felt sick every moment it could taste feces, after all.

“Never... it’s so awful every single time.... Varen had them do something to its mind to make sure of it... to make it unable to block out or acclimatize to sensations or tastes. So that it can *never* adjust to its new form *or* food.”

It was drooling again, as it tasted itself, and the horseshit inside it, tensing and twitching from the pure feeling of its form. The bliss of being a slimy, grease-encrusted anus. For a moment the phone simply recreated a sigh of bliss, extending on and out, into a groan at that gorgeously grotesque form it so adored.

Tongue slipping out to caress its folds, the anus sniffed, *snorted* its own animal stench, as it squeezed and stroked and sucked on itself.

Varen made sure to rub her cheeks together around it, to heighten that sensory rush of euphoria, as it felt anew what it had become, then turned that moan to a cry, as she pushed out a mouthful of fresh fecal matter, smearing it along the twitching hole’s tongue, grinding the muddy, sour scat into its sides.

“Oh gods it’s so rancid,” the pucker protested, even as it hugged her log like a lover.

“Just the way it likes it,” Varen reminded it.

Her adoring, incontinent asshole had no argument there, as it defiled itself so publically, visibly, desperately trying and failing to orgasm from the flavor and feeling of feces fucking it.

Hua just laughed at its frustrated, impotent whimpers.

“Honestly, nasty as this is, it’s *glowing*. I don’t think I’ve ever seen it so happy.”

“It’s... heaven,” the asshole admitted, swelling all the larger at the excess humiliation, piled atop its degradingly delicious defecation, “Varen takes care of it now... so it doesn’t have to worry about anything other than... how foul her waste will be each day.”

Its happy little shiver was perhaps lewder than an actual moan would have been, fragments of fecal matter flicked from its folds onto the table.

“Ughhhh. Well, I don’t think I can finish dinner now,” Hua said, with a snort, as amused as she was nauseated. “You want your usual meal now?”

“...please,” was the anguished answer of that drooling derriere.

Hitching up her dress, Hua was blushing too – it was the first time they’d done this since it became a true anus, after all.

“You know most girls wouldn’t put up with these kinda of dietary requirements,” she reminded it, as she bared her pretty, if comparatively undersized butt.

“I’m glad my anus has friends as caring as you,” Varen said, with a proud snort.

Hua stepped up, onto a chair as the mare pressed her hindquarters back, and that succulent little human hole was finally revealed.

Rears meeting, her rump sank into the embrace of the far larger mare, and Hua sighed, as she felt that revolting squish of warm manure against her cheeks. Pressing right into her own asshole.

“Hey, no kissing,” she reminded it.

But her ass was irresistible.

The anus was throbbing with lust, as it kissed her hole, slurping and smooching her petite pucker salaciously, right there in the restaurant, even pulling the whole orifice inside itself to squeeze and suck.

Hua only sighed, with familiar amusement, at the awful antics inflicted on her ass.

Each time they parted, fronds of fecal slime linked the two openings, steam rising from the sweating shitholes as each twitched, the sentient anus and its mindless playmate each clenching, oozing and farting, as it stirred up Hua's insides with its tongue.

"Ahhh! F-fuck that feels so wrong.... At least your body bought me dinner first," the woman observed wryly, as she wriggled with those lewd sensations... and started to shit.

The anus made out with her hole adoringly, as its best friend shit into its former mouth.

The taste and texture of her excrement was unique, a *refined* form of effluence that plastered every surface inside it with slick, muddy shit, and made it clench with the incredible, acrid potency of that sludge.

Hua was using it as her toilet, feeding it human feces as it made out with her anus.

"Oh fuck yes, it tastes *appalling*," came its errant thoughts, expressed with brutal honesty and volume to the whole room, "this is so disgusting... thank you so much! It needs to cum so badly, and it can't no matter what! S-so please shit in it more!"

"If this wasn't so totally nasty, it would be adorable how addicted it is to total orgasm denial," Hua observed, with a nauseated shudder. "I think it likes *not* cumming even more than it likes huffing farts."

"Th-they're both divine!" it groaned out, in delirious delight.

"You know I used to think it was kinda sexy, with that big dick and handsome face, but I dunno what was wrong with me – it's so obvious now, that it was made to be an impotent, *incontinent* horse anus! It's way better off like this than it was as a person!"

The pucker could only shudder in bliss and disgust as another wave of overwhelmingly foul sewage pushed into it, its tongue slurping up the waste, lips kissing the dregs from Hua's rear.

"It's so fucking sick, dude," the woman laughed, as she continued to relieve herself.