

Questionable Gifts

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Chapter 1

Checking his phone for the eleventh time that hour, Adam frowned.

No messages.

It would take some time for a general anesthetic to wear off, but still he'd expected to hear something from Eve by now.

If he'd had his way, he would have gone with her to the hospital, but with Eve and her sister, Adam seldom got his way. Mara had arranged the whole trip as a birthday surprise for her sibling, and after she'd been talked into it, Eve had agreed to let the results be a surprise in turn, for her waiting boyfriend.

Her way to tease and titillate him, as she was so fond of doing.

He might have argued, insisted on going with them, but Eve's sister was as forceful as she was gorgeous, and so Mara always got her way in the end. Everything she did seemed to work out, too, so after a few years Adam had learned not to fight it.

Flicking through a well-used tab, he looked over pictures of various surreal outcomes the splicers at the hospital had created. The technique was new, an elective procedure which combined a person with specially engineered DNA, often animal in origin.

Patients were remade in a matter of minutes, into forms that pushed the limits of what society recognized as human... or acceptable.

Permanently.

The glowing testimonial of one young woman with a porcine snout and trotters for hands and feet stood out to him.

'Sure, you can't get a steady job if you're a pig-girl, but it's so worth it, to finally feel like me!'

In Eve's case... Adam couldn't see his lover as a pig, somehow, but her comments recently stuck in his mind. She hadn't hidden how sexy she found that bovine new starlet making waves in indie film, with her big, bouncy udder.

His manhood pulsed, stirring to life anew.

It was hard to imagine her keeping her job if she came back as a cowgirl, but... they'd make it work. Mara was independently wealthy, thanks to her sextoy business, and he had his own rather duller work at the office.

A clack sounded, somewhere outside the apartment.

Adam looked up, straining his ears.

The noise was nearing, regular and rhythmic.

Clop-clop. Clop-clop. Clop-clop.

From the overlap of multiple hoofbeats, it sounded as though both women had gone for the same splice.

Mara's entrance was suitably dramatic.

Door thrown open, a towering form bent to pass through, then rose up to its full height, almost touching the ceiling, an athletic yet voluptuous torso riding high on a miss-matched set of legs.

Blonde, beautiful and so deeply confident and powerful, he knew her face at once, despite the height difference, and the long, twitching ears framing it. She wore a beaming, devilish grin on those lush, soft lips, as she maneuvered the rest of herself in through the door.

From the hips down, Mara had the body of a horse, her torso growing directly from the shoulders, and as she trotted in a small circle in the suddenly-cramped room she swished her tail, knocking over a lamp and scattering a bowl of fruit on the coffee table.

She alone had provided both sets of hoofbeats.

The woman had become a centaur.

"How do I look, hon?" she asked, beaming down at him.

Her voice was deeper, still feminine, but with a resonant power beneath it, to match the obvious strength and scale of her altered body.

"Amazing," he murmured, in full honesty.

It was incredible to think that she'd really turned herself into a quadruped, more equine than human at this point, but somehow, as life-altering as the *irreversible* transformation was, he knew she'd make it work. That was just the sort of person Mara was. Unflappable, confident to excess, yet blessed with the ability and luck to turn everything her way in the end.

His eyes were drawn to her huge posterior, as she maneuvered it rather clumsily around the furniture, and as if in answer, her tail started to raise.

He caught a glimpse of glistening wetness, huge and puffy folds, totally exposed but for that curtain of horsehair.

“Ohhh, I see what’s amazing you,” she said, nickering with glee. “But even if Eve didn’t mind, I don’t think you’d be much use back there. You’re like a little toy compared to me now. I could probably just pick you up and stick you in head-first as the world’s first humanoid dildo! In fact maybe I should try that....”

Shivering at that surreal, perverse thought, Adam was quick to change the subject, before she could spot the tent forming in his jeans.

“What about Eve? Is she paying for the taxi or something?”

“Oh no, she’s right behind me. Can you not see her yet?”

Peering over the colossal rump, he perceived only grass and paving and sky through the open door.

“No no, you’re looking in the wrong place.”

Mara turned, seemingly starting to get the hang of being a centaur, given the reduced collateral damage this time, and she backed up a few paces towards Adam.

He stared up at her in confusion, but her only explanation was to raise her tail.

Her steaming teardrop seemed to wink at him, huge, inviting, teasing him with that faint scent of a mare in heat... but a second opening was winking too.

Two of them.

Bulging asscheeks perfectly framed the huge, puffy ring of muscle above her pussy, a horse-anus gleaming with beading sweat and spreading a tart animal musk throughout the apartment as it clenched, squishing audibly with each twitch.

Above that, in turn, were the secondary openings which had caught his eye.

They met his gaze, and Adam stared in sheer disbelief.

“Surprise!”

Eve’s voice emerged from the huge ring, muffled yet mostly-unchanged as she spoke through that jiggling donut of horseflesh, flexing and deforming it like a shockingly lewd set of lips.

Adam's jaw dropped, as he tried to process what he was seeing.

Her captivating eyes, unmistakable, electric blue, looked out from above Mara's enormous, disgusting asshole.

"What... happened?"

Large and shapely almonds, they fluttered long lashes, and the rectum below them grinned.

"Mara talked me into upgrading to something a bit more exciting than a normal splice! So we decided that she'd become a centaur and I'd become her asshole!"

That oversized animal sphincter smacked wetly as she spoke through it, but her voice set his heart fluttering, as ever it had. Even her gaze, framed by ass and anus, still made his breath catch in his chest.

At the same time, that twisted, disgusting form had his heart pounding, his head throbbing as he stared at his transformed lover, there on Mara's backside... and his pants growing painfully small about his own hips.

"Well?" Mara asked, from a distance, "don't you think the birthday butthole looks just stunning?"

This couldn't be real, he thought suddenly. It had to be a trick of some sort. Even Eve, as adventurous and perverse as she could be, wouldn't voluntarily become a disgusting, dirty anus *forever*.

Yet there she was, in the flesh, undeniable and undaunted by her new position as part of her sister's digestive system. It was so wrong, so twisted... so... terribly thrilling.

Adam shuddered, as he realized that his pants were soaking with precum at the sight of his transformed girlfriend. At the thought of touching her, breathing her scent... kissing those warped, crude lips....

"But... but you're stuck like this now... I-I mean splicing is irreversible! You'll be an... anus... for the rest of your life!"

"Yeah, but Mara's rich."

He wanted to scream at the absurdity of it all – jobs were far from the only issue with his girlfriend becoming a bodypart – yet as his head spun it was with perverse and shameful passion, rather than dismay.

"But now she has to... to... *shit* through you!"

"Mmmmh, that's the idea!"

Her eager little squish wafted the scent of perspiring ponut towards Adam as she spoke, and he found himself sniffing, tasting Eve and asshole together on the air.

He was dating a horse anus.

Sudden panic gripped him, as he wondered if it was even possible for their relationship to continue now.

“What about us?”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Mara cut in, “Eve may legally be my anus now, but I’m very open-minded! I don’t mind you having a relationship with my asshole!”

The perverse, degrading concept made him shudder, yet neither centaur nor anus missed the wetness soaking through his jeans.

“See?” Eve said, eyes twinkling with her own, obvious excitement, “you’re still my boyfriend, and I’m still your girlfriend! It just happens that you’re dating a dunghole now, instead of a woman!”

A quiet little whimper escaped his throat.

It was mortifying, humiliating beyond words to realize that he was in love with this jiggly, pungent anus. This bodypart, belonging to another person, was his partner. His lover.

He was dating Mara’s asshole.

Eve laughed, a slick, raspberry sound that jiggled her huge ‘mouth’ lewdly, as she saw the embarrassment on his face.

“You don’t have to pretend, honey, Mara found your porn folder you know. That was what gave her the idea in the first place!”

Mara gave an emphatic nod, and a flick of her tail.

“Yeah, so be grateful, dude, not many girls would become an asshole you know! Now you get to live your fantasy!”

She didn’t wait for his to reply. Instead, the powerful creature backed up towards him. Adam was pushed down onto the couch, and before he could think his face was sandwiched in those sweaty cheeks.

“Come here, sweetie,” Eve said, through those gleaming folds of steaming pony-hole. “Your dick’s way too small, but you can still make love to me... mouth to ass.”

Their lips met, and Adam's whole face sank into the damp embrace, silky and slick flesh engulfing him, plush and pliant, caressing his skin and hugging him as Eve smooched his whole head with her rectum.

Adam's hands were frantic, unbuckling his pants as he shuddered in lust and disgust, returning her kiss as best he could, mouth sucking, pressing to the bouncing, engorged layers of horsehole.

Musky and animal as it was, it tasted too of Eve. It was all Eve now. Everything she was. He kissed all the deeper as the taste of his lover filled his senses.

Mara was stamping a hoof as she felt the sloppy snogging deep in her behind.

"Mmmmp! What a rush! I'm gonna love your new form of lovemaking!"

But for the sole human in the equation, it was far from enough.

Panting, drooling, he pulled back, strands of sweat and saliva linking his tongue to that giant orifice that throbbed with love for him.

He needed more, needed to fill her, to fuck her, to impregnate her with his seed.

Eve gasped as he thrust his erection inside her, and those silk veils gripped, closing in all around his cock as he bucked against her. The anus was far too large, but still she felt wonderful, sucking and squeezing his manhood, even if it must have felt like sucking on a cocktail wiener to her.

"Oh fuck, yes! This is so fucked up!" Adam grunted, as he ground his hips into his anal-lover.

"Sure is," Mara murmured, as she pressed up against him.

She seemed to tense, and he felt a sudden surge in sensation, a tight, powerful squeeze pushing down along his shaft with a magnificent rush of redoubled pleasure.

He was so close, about to cum.

All around him, Eve seemed to contract, impossibly tight and hot, his cock practically melting in that clinging embrace.

He thrust again, harder than ever, and there was a squelch.

His aching, rock-hard erection collapsed.

Yielding to the pressure, his genitals flowed like clay, sucked and squeezed together, and as he cried out, quivering in sensory overload, Adam felt his cock and balls compressed into a big, round blob.

It was impossibly intense, yet no orgasm came as his body seemed to deform.

Finally, Eve relaxed again.

With a pop, his crotch came free.

Adam stared down at the throbbing, jiggling mass of flesh. Until moments earlier it had been his penis, his testicles, proud and potent, never failing to satisfy himself or his lovers. Now it was a featureless, round orb, twitching with agonizing sensitivity, yet lacking any shaft, any phallic form at all.

Nothing but a round, bouncing ball of squishy skin sat on his crotch now; a totally impotent and utterly nullified bulge.

“Wow, you were so eager!” Eve said, blowing a burbling giggle as the sisters admired his non-sex.

“Yeah, I didn’t think you’d discover that little feature for a few hours at least!” Mara added, snorting horsily, her whickering laugh sounding deeply delighted. “A minor addition that can nicely do away with any cock that’s too small to get us off properly! Eve’s idea, but what a genius one it was! I was just gonna get you nullged separately after a week or two.”

“Y-you... nullified me,” he whispered, face crimson with shame... and surreal, masochistic lust.

His body was still fully aroused, burning with desire and pleasure, and his hips tensed, jerking as he tried to climax.

Naturally, no release was possible now.

“Of course I did, darling! Anuses certainly can’t orgasm, so I figured it would be far more fun if you can’t either! We can just smooch and grope from now on – your sex days are over, sweetie!”

Adam had no words to respond to that.

Only a low, desperate gurgle of intoxicated arousal escaped his throat, as his hands sank into that needy, impotent mound between his legs.

Thanks to the sheer volume of flesh which had gone into it, his nullge was large enough to push his thighs slightly apart, and it tingled and pulsed against his loins and hands, impossibly soft and achingly erogenous, his digits sinking into the surface and making him quiver with pleasure.

Giving it a squeeze, rubbing his hands over the surface, Adam cried out, his whole body trying once again to orgasm, his muscles tensing and his nullge throbbing in desperation, yet release was no longer a function of his anatomy.

“P-please,” he whispered, “y-you’ve gotta let me cum! I need my dick back!”

“No dice, darling,” Eve answered, “you know splicing is totally irreversible! Besides, this is for the best – your penis was far too tiny to be any good to me, so you’re much better off without it! Just imagine what a nullge-job from your anus-girlfriend will feel like!”

No words could have existed, to describe that experience, but Adam’s animal, agonized howls were a fitting substitute, as the conjoined sisters rode their new toy.

Orgasm might have been impossible for him now, but there was nothing stopping Adam from blacking out due to the sheer overload of erotic excitement, as they edged him endlessly.

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The following days were a blur.

His girlfriend lived with her sister now, and Adam had moved in to stay close to her, but the living situation was only a minor blip next to the lifestyle changes. His sudden impotence, his enduring, humiliating denial, and the sheer, thrilling bizarreness of dating a horse anus, it was all a tectonic shift. In his body, in his relationship, and in his activities.

Such as haplessly grinding himself against Mara’s cheeks, trying and failing to climax, or making out so crudely with her puffy tailhole.

Eve, the anus in question, had a great deal to adjust to as well.

She no longer went to work, naturally, but Mara loved to surprise her with her new job. They might be sitting, talking, or even out for a walk, when that tail would suddenly rise, the centaur would give a grunt, and Eve’s voice would be abruptly muffled as steaming logs of horseshit pushed out through the twitching anus.

Watching his girlfriend’s eyes water as she was defecated through had a warped allure... seeing what that beautiful young woman had become, had eagerly reduced herself to.

Because of him.

It was charming, in a twisted sort of way. Those horny, helpless sounds, the desperation, the mingling of dismay and desire, all brought a surreal sense of camaraderie between horse anus and nulled human.

He dared not tell the sisters how he had begun to look forward to their bowel movements.

Mara herself still worked, but she was managing her company from home, so it was only Adam himself who went out each day to earn a living.

Feeling painfully aware at every moment, of the useless lump between his legs, barely concealed in his pants, practically advertizing to all his impotence.

He made sure to carefully adjust his aching new nullge each day before he left, but even so it was hard not to walk with a slight waddle, or moan whenever he tried to cross his legs or rest a hand in his lap. That big, taut mound was a torment, as addictive as it was frustrating, and it was a struggle to keep his fingers away from the inviting, delicate blob of useless non-genitalia.

Adam was in a constant state of pent up, confused and desperate desire, thanks to his unexpected splice.

Not that he could blame Eve and Mara.

The way they moaned when he squished against them, or smooched their own jiggling, bulbous pleasure center, was electrifying. His own denial and frustration only served to heighten that thrill, and to focus him all the more on bringing Mara to a whinnying, bucking climax.

All the while, she and Eve would tease him, tickling and kissing his useless crotch, keeping him at the edge of that impossible climax he so hungered after, and spurring him to ever more enthused bouts of snogging and snuggling with her tender and musty folds.

Even the process of cleaning her – a task which Mara had quickly pushed on him – brought them closer together. As baffling, as revolting as it was, to see his girlfriend pushing out giant logs of Mara's waste, Eve seemed to actually look forward to the process, and to the thorough attention which came after, as Adam sponged her sensitive, puffy ring back to pristine condition.

At least, as pristine as an oily, sweating, musky asshole could ever get.

His reward was to test her cleanliness with his lips.

Eve had always been a wonderful kisser, but now... it was intoxicating to lose himself in her wrinkles and puffing folds, and to feel how they hugged and sucked at his mouth and face.

By the end of the first week, he was thoroughly addicted to horse anus.

And to the blissful anguish that came from grinding his nullge into that squishing, kissing orifice.

Just seeing a regular horse, out in a field, or a well-glazed donut, gleaming in the light, was all it took to make his mouth water and his crotch tingle.

Perhaps, he might even have concluded that all was well that ended well, despite his denial... except for the issue of Eve's own passions.

As the days went on, she grew ever needier, his clumsy, wobbling bulge satisfying her less each time, despite her lover's clear enthusiasm.

"I've decided," she said at last, a few weeks into her eternal tenure as Mara's ass. "We've got to do something about you, Adam."

Pulling back, panting and drooling, he looked up from her sphincter, at those... *entrancing* eyes.

They glittered as they smiled down at him.

"It's nothing you're doing wrong," she added hastily, "you just can't satisfy me without something bigger, honey."

"And it *is* your birthday next month," Mara said, from the other end of the bedroom.

"-right! So, sweetie, let's get you spliced! The rest of you I mean."

Adam stared at her, the fragrance of her depraved form still clinging to his nose, her sweet and musky taste tingling on his tongue. He could see how serious she was about the idea. It was making his nullge *burn* with excitement.

"Mara and I talked about it, and we have the perfect new body for you, one that's sure to thrill us all – and you might even get to orgasm again!"

"I'm not getting turned into another anus or a butt or something," he said quickly – even as his mind raced at the surreal possibilities of two assholes kissing.

"Oh no, nothing like that, you have to be able to pleasure us properly, after all! Just come along with us to the hospital and we'll fix you right up. You'll love it, sweetie, and then we can be together forever!"

Hesitating, humiliated and horny, Adam gave a guttural little gurgle, as his girlfriend smooched him again, with those giant, engulfing 'lips', totally enclosing his nullge and starting to *squish*.

Adam had never been able to resist Eve. Infatuated, besotted, hopelessly addicted to her as she was, he'd known somehow that he would submit from the first.

"Y-yes! I'll do it!"

His ruined, non-orgasm of an overload was especially euphoric that night.