

Joining the Stable - An Orifice Gaming Tale

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Part 12

“Welcome everyone, thank you so much for coming to see our debut joint stream as ponut partners!”

Lily’s voice emerged from the computer, as the anus gave an eager, expressive little ripple of anticipation, its round, bulbous surface glistening with sweat and oils under the powerful studio lights.

At its side, its aforementioned partner was sweltering too, the heat stronger than usual – or so it seemed – as the mucus-coated ring of erogenous horse-rectum felt itself tighten, clenching up as their viewer figures climbed into *seven* figures.

The two pony puckers exchanged anxious, excited looks, each giving a little twitch of pleasure as it saw its lover there with it.

Snowdrop and Varen were sitting on a huge bed together, the mares snuggling, pressing their heads together as their anuses worked, each content to allow those ridiculous orifices to entertain the masses as the equines enjoyed one another.

Safely nestled in Varen’s embrace, the sphincter which had once been a person by the same name could hardly believe how far it had come. The tender, motherly squeeze from the horse to whom it belonged was a welcome assurance for her anus, as it stared into the watching cameras, a reminder that its owner would always be there for it.

Just as Lily would.

With their bodies falling head over hooves for one another, the anuses were free to be together, without any fears of dragging around a mare as a third wheel.

“We have a very exciting announcement for you,” the asshole said, its electrodes translating for the people in the audience, “it’s not just Snowdrop and Varen who are together... in love.... Lily and it are... also officially dating.”

‘Holy shit!’

‘No way! Their buttholes are dating too?!’

‘How the fuck does an anus even have a relationship? They’re just parts of the ponies!’

‘This is sick, you perverts.’

'Varen's asshole doesn't even have a name, and that stinky shitter still got a girlfriend before me, fml.'

'Called it!'

'Congratulations!'

'This is really romantic actually, they were literally made for each other.'

'Lol imagine them trying to bone when they're just two slimy impotent holes. Wild shit, right?'

The chat was zooming too fast for it to read more than a few messages, even with the mare's tails so carefully tied back to keep the views unobscured for each anus.

Not that either was paying much attention to the screens.

The two anuses were gazing into one another's eyes, and admiring the trails of glistening fecal sludge coating their lips, each perpetually thrilled by the bestial puckers of pony flesh that they had become, the duo equally besotted with both *being* and being *with* a shit-soaked animal sphincter.

It couldn't stop licking itself, even as it plowed on with the explanation, determined not to let the whole stream pass in perverse self-pleasure.

"You might know it as the anus formerly known as Varen – it doesn't really have any other name, because... well... after falling in love with Lily, it realized that it wasn't enough to just anusify its human form.... For it to be with a horse asshole as divinely disgusting as Lily is, it had to become just as perfect a ponut. So... well... when Lily asked it to turn itself into its own body's butt, it realized... how much it needed that. It... couldn't bear it, couldn't sleep, or relax, or think about anything else, other than being its own anus."

'That's actually kinda adorable... in, like, a really fucking nasty way.'

'Ladies, get you a guy who'll become a butthole just to kiss you, amirite?'

'I've dated plenty of assholes, they're not usually this cute.'

'This is so romantic... in a messed up way.'

'They're Aromeo and Pooliet.'

'How does it cope with the shit though? Like, I'd actually die from licking poop all day, but it's going to town on that dunghole.'

The sphincter shuddered in lust, as it felt, tasted, smelt itself, rimming its own folds for all to see, perceiving the revolting ring of filthy, fuming anus it had become, and clenching up at the intoxicating pleasure of its own form.

“That’s why it paid Orifice Solutions to turn it into an upside-down horse, so that she could replace it as a person... so she could live its life, and it could be reduced to nothing but her orifice. It’s not Varen anymore, because Varen became a beautiful mother mare to care for it, in its permanent new life as her asshole. So it can be two of a kind, with the anus it’s in love with.”

It shared an adoring, delighted glance with Lily, the two mares timing a little fart each to let their sphincters blow a simulation of a stinking kiss to one another.

Yet the explanations weren’t over. Varen gave it a firm, affectionate squish, feces oozing through its lips to make it shudder at the agonizingly awful taste. A loving reminder of the *other* reason.

Its eyes watered at the thought of it... but its body was adamant.

It was her choice to make for the anus.

She knew best, after all, and it was merely her part.

“There’s also... another reason it... needed this. That’s because it... it loves something else, almost as much as it loves Lily.”

The anus hesitated, quivering with the humiliation of what it was about to think, the images, the sensations already flooding through its mind as it held back the words.

It was so wrong.

Like the kiss of a mother, Varen’s muddy feces pushed out through its face, caressing itself folds and tongue to make the sphincter shiver and bounce with lust and disgust.

With delight.

“It’s in love with feces too!”

The thought slipped out, before it could recover from the olfactory assault, and the atrocity of gustation which followed.

It was jiggling and clenching and straining in bliss, as it sucked on rancid sewage, the bubbling blobs breaking apart on its tongue to attack its tastebuds relentlessly with that appalling flavor of fermentation and decay.

“Oh gods it loves this so much! The smell, the taste! It’s so bad it feels like it’s going to die, so good it needs to cum or its mind will break! But it can’t do either, ever again! Being pumped full of festering effluence is orgasmic!”

‘This is some Hellraiser shit, god damn.’

‘These two really are perfect together, wow.’

‘I’m actually shaking, this is so vile I wanna vom.’

Watching from a few feet away, Lily too was shaking, with sympathetic arousal and want, longing for Snowdrop to pass her own brand of manure through its mouth.

“Please,” it was thinking to their bodies, “please use us again soon! It wants to kiss it so badly!”

Drooling feces and dripping sweat, the musky assholes could only plead for anything more than looking. Kissing, touching of any kind, even simple movement, all could happen only at the indulgence of their bodies.

“It wants to kiss it too, Lily,” the other ass thought back, “thank you so much for giving it the push it needed, to let go of its life and become its own anus. It’s... just incredible, being with Lily like this.”

Helplessly, the two bodiless bodyparts jerked and wobbled their puckers at one another.

“P-please donate, for us to make out on this stream!” Varen’s anus thought urgently.

Surreal as it was, their fans were all too happy to help them, money already pouring in as the people watched the revolting debut of their bizarre romance.

And of course, to help the newly remade rectum settle into its new life, with various toys, teases and tests.

It felt sure it would climax, as the ‘5 minute fart challenge’ entered the final seconds, but as ever, even pushing a whole string of anal beads out of itself with Varen’s gaseous expulsions wasn’t enough to bring the butthole release.

Instead it was left hornier than ever, its drooling, sloppy folds and creases caked with shit and sweat, and a shining varnish of mucus, every part of the pucker throbbing with desperate want... yet blissfully refused that so dearly desired reward.

“Oh thank gods,” it thought, in that moment of concentrated, masochistic rapture, “it’s so glad it can’t cum!”

"It is too," the shithole by its side thought, Lily's words echoing that erotically depraved energy. "It still can't believe that its boyfriend really turned itself into Varen's anus for it... it loves it so much!"

Despite the profusion of imprecise pronouns, all seemed to grasp the sentiment, as the two puckers were, at last, granted a kiss by the audience.

Their lips squashed together, rivulets of diarrhea squirting from their creasing folds as they smooched, a messy, squelching makeout that splattered both horse asses with flecks of fecal matter as the two anuses reveled adoringly in one another, as thrilled by their matching malevolent taste as by their eternal, mutual denial.

Pulling apart again, the mud of manure peeled away with long strands, clinging to each like glue, sagging into trailing fronds that snapped one by one as the shuddering shitholes squeezed and shook themselves.

Actual gaming was quickly forgotten, as more donations poured in, and poop poured out of the lovers, but as foul as each soon became, they were denied anything more intimate than kisses.

No matter how they begged.

Until, finally, they entered into their final hour.

The mares couldn't take any more, it seemed – driven to distraction by their animated anuses, they rose, and rammed their rears together. Each horse was almost as aroused as her asshole, the stink of their musk outdone only by the still ranker reek of their unwashed sphincters, as their slammed pussies against one another, grinding and whinnying in want.

Mere inches apart now, the anuses forgot all else, as their eyes met.

Lily was so beautiful that the butthole couldn't bear it.

"Thank it so much for this, soulmate," it thought, "for helping it shed its self, and become what it was meant to be... an object... an anus. For all time. So it can be your pucker-partner permanently."

Lily shook, lips wobbling with emotion as a tear trickled out of its eye.

"Thank *it*, for becoming the most beautiful mare butthole imaginable, and being its bigger, better, even more beautiful other half."

At last, the horses let their assholes meet.

First came a few groping squishes, lips sucking, pulling at one another, nibbling at the ridges and folds of delicious puckers, tongue licking the foam of feces from Lily's dilating ring as the two spread against one another.

Each could feel how the other throbbed, how it *ached* for the foulness of their intimacy, their very souls crying out to be defiled still further.

Neither could bear any more delay, but nor could their owners.

Howling in bliss, Varen and Snowdrop kissed assholes, their anuses smushing together in sloppy, squishing smooches as the horses made love.

As they started to shit.

Defecating uncontrollably through the former people which were their posteriors, the ponies pushed enormous piles of poop out against one another, plastering each with excrement.

Rank farts drilled airways through the piles, letting fresh blasts of poisonous flavor pervade their beings, and each in turn clutched and squished itself against its beloved, as they swapped mouthfuls of feces. Deeper with every kiss, they were pushing into one another, its tongue burrowing through layers of scat and soft flesh, slurping up rivers of scat, drinking rotting shit directly from Snowdrop's colon. Lily's folds bulged out into its mouth in return, as the two anuses mated, made love the only way they ever would, each pushing those parts of itself it could still command ever deeper inside the other's perverse form.

Overwrought by the shared experience of those impossibly erogenous orifices, their mares were trembling at the absurd sensations of their rectums, ravaging their rears.

Too horny and happy to hold back, their bowels released completely as the horses frothed assholes.

Flooding out, pumping through them like the slurping shafts of two endless horsecocks, those pillars of putrid horsepoop and mixed mammalian manure made love to the anuses, even as they fucked one another with them.

Logs of gooey shit were pushing inside each anus from both ends, their kisses turned to penetration by compressed excrement, sucking, licking, massaging and squeezing one another alongside the sewage they were consuming.

Each orifice was locked in an adoring excremental knot with the other, turds sliding past one another as Lily and its lover shit into one another uncontrollably, live in front of tens of millions.

Delirious with desire and adoration, both anuses were aching at the terrible taste, overjoyed by the torment of their own forms, kissing, pressing and rubbing their folds together in a delirious orgy of fecal fucking as they pumped one another with poop.

It was the most horrendous moment of its existence... yet in that tumultuous moment of pure abhorrence, the anus was finally at peace.

That sheer vileness, the torture of that terrible taste and sickening smell, they were unbearable, agony beyond what its mind could comprehend.

Exactly what it needed.

This was why it existed, the reason for it to be.

Its very soul was an anus, overjoyed, *ecstatic* to be filled with waste, and it couldn't have been happier than it was now.

As it sucked and kissed and massaged itself against Lily, and the piles of feces that matching orifice was pushing inside it.

Nothing had ever felt so right.

Nothing could ever be more fulfilling, more divine, than this union, between anuses utterly besotted with one another, and the excrement they so dearly adored.

Thrusting, *grinding* phalluses of feces into one another, in lieu of the penis it used to possess, trying desperately to reach orgasm that would never come, it understood at last how this was *infinitely* better.

Finally, it was all too much, the awareness of each asshole expanding to every part of itself, as the sphincters shuddered in pure joy, passion, perversion, disgust and desire all uniting in the minds of the anuses, into one final coherent thought.

Absolute fulfillment.

The ecstasy of finally becoming what they always needed to be.

As each filthy horse anus fucked the other into unconsciousness, it was in heaven.