

I am Conrad of House Fareux, the oldest son of the the oldest noble house of Akalicia. I was the best in my class – in my own opinion, even if the training master didn't agree – and I have graduated as squire to Sir Galivard, one of the finest Knights of the land. I have worked long and hard to get where I am – sure, sometimes I goofed off and sometimes I teased the younger pages a bit, but I never did anything really *wrong*, even if it was against the rules – and where I am is surely a position to envy. Failure is not a synonym with, nor in the vocabulary of, the eldest son of my House.

This is what I told myself as I stared my master's humongous donut of a hole in the face. I couldn't believe it: I was supposed to clean *that*?

My master was 7 feet tall and must have weighed over 1,000 pounds; all that fat wasn't necessarily evident under his heavy armor, but once he took it off it sure was. He was covered in sweat from the day's exertions, and unfortunately had taken injury in a jousting competition and could not wipe or clean his own bum. So it was my job – *me*, of all people – to do it for him.

Warily, I entered the tent and drew the entrance closed, to save anyone else from the sight of my master's nasty hole. The smell of heavy perspiration and musk permeated the air inside; my master, his sweat and his gas had made the environment incredibly humid, and it was all I could do not to cough and choke on the thick, humid air.

“Good, you're here!” he said, laying facedown across a massage table. “I trust you have been informed of your duties by my manservant?”

“Y-yes sir,” I answered back, stunned. “But surely he couldn't have been right: I'm to bathe and *massage* you, and then head to the stables and clean up after – and bathe and massage – your *horse*?”

“Well, of course! Horses need careful and special handling and rewards, and I think my squires are just the people to do that. Think of this as the first of many inductions into your life as a squire.”

Right. Giving my master's ass a massage. What a fantastic *rite of passage* that is.

“First, I want you to start on my lower back.”

I sighed and leaned forward: the way he was positioned in the tent, the only way to get to his lower back was to lean over on the table with my hands on his lower back, but my face positioned right above his rump area. Specifically, his giant anus.

My face was about an inch above his enormous hole; heat radiated off of it, and I felt like I was in some sort of awful, sweaty sauna. As I rolled and tucked the fat on his back, I was forced to lean in and out, getting closer and further away from the overwhelming stench of an unwashed bum with far too many poo streaks, which made the terrible stink something I had a hard time getting used to.

Suddenly, I tripped and fell in, my head swallowed up in the enormous rectum; the edges of my face were almost entombed in the hot, slick hole, like I was getting a kiss from a hellish butt-monster. My first quick breath was filled with the stink of rancid shit and sweat; I felt an almost burning heat, and a slick, wet surface that had suctioned itself to my face and had me held tight.

After the first breath, there was nothing to smell. I couldn't breath, but I could *taste*. I'm pretty sure I was screaming, or begging him to let me out, or something, but I'm not sure – all I know was that my mouth was open and that what my mouth felt was just nasty. It tasted exactly like you'd expect: a mix of shit and sweat, just like it smelled, but worse. More intense. *Mixed together*.

My hands groped at my master's huge ass, shoving themselves deep into his butt cheeks in an attempt to pull myself out. They didn't get anywhere, mostly because it was hard for them to get any serious grip on the folds of his fat when it was absolutely covered in sweat.

Freedom came with a huge blast of stinky air; one second, I was desperately trying to get out of the embrace of my master's rump, and the next I was on my back, stinking to high heaven, and a witness to a rolling, roaring sound of laughter. For you see, he had farted me out of his butt... and was *laughing* at me. The fat, disgusting bastard. I hadn't even done anything to deserve it!

My next duty was with Sir Galivard's horse, a white stallion named Weston. Normally, you are introduced to horses in a safe, controlled environment, with a person the horse trusts and blah blah blah. I, however, was not so much 'introduced' to Weston as I was rudely shoved into his stall by a stableboy, and it really didn't take much to figure out why.

The first hint was the big pile of steaming horse poop that was easily up to my knees and covered in flies. The second was the fact that it was the entire stall that was covered in manure. And the third was the truly corpulent, elephantine horse sleeping on the ground in the back of the stall, amongst all of its own muck. I was glad that I hadn't eaten anything this morning, because otherwise I would've vomited all of it up onto the already disgusting floor.

I stared up at the horse at the other end of the stall, slack-jawed for about a second before I came to my senses and closed my mouth (I could *taste* the odor of the stall, the horse, the crap... everything). The horse was *huge*. I'd seen smaller dragons, albeit from a distance. Despite all the crap on the ground, everything above his legs remained a shining, almost blistering white; he was absurdly fat, with a bulging paunch and an ass to match it. Comparing him to my master, I thought: *At least he isn't sweaty*. I had no idea how apt the comparison was.

He walked up to me, towering over me like a tank with legs. I hadn't realized it, but as it had approached me I had backed up against the wall. Every stomp he made into the ground sent his shit flying everywhere, slamming what must have been two thousand pounds of weight into the stall-wide pile of poo. Finally, he reached me, leaning down to sniff me and *whuffed* in my face. He softly nibbled on my ear; I was surprised by the huge animal's gentleness. He lightly pulled up on my ear, so that I was looking directly at his face when he let go.

He looked me straight in the eye, snorted, and used his huge head to push me aside onto the ground. I had no idea what was going on – one second I was standing, the next second I was on the ground trying to stand back up and get myself as far away from the knee-deep high manure as was possible.

A second later, this became an impossibility. The horse flopped down on top of me onto its belly, burying me under his paunch and shit; my head was shoved under what must have been a fresh(er) portion of the stall's collection of shit, because it was hot and steaming still, but the rest of it was lukewarm or cold. I was surrounded on all sides – on top of me, there was the horse's hair-covered tummy, and below me and around me was what felt like a ton of compacted excrement.

I tried to get up, really I did, but the belly resisted all of my attempts; the horse was fat and heavy, with emphasis on the *heavy*, and every time I pushed up I seemed to get pushed back down again by a wave of his girth. I was entombed, buried under a mass of horseflesh. I don't know how I could breathe, but I could, and all I could smell was poo; I didn't even want to open my eyes. I didn't want to even think

about what would happen to them if I got shit in them for several hours, unable to reach them with my hands stuck underneath my master's steed. Talk about pink-eye. After a while, I think the horse fell asleep, but there was no way in hell I was going to be able to. The only thing I knew for sure was that, whenever he woke up, I was going to smell heavily of a mix of horse and poop. I didn't like the smell of either.

Finally, after at least an hour, the horse heaved its vast belly off of me; I was almost surprised not to stick to it like a cartoon figure. He had decided to bounce himself on top of me a little first, letting my head up before shoving it back down under the great weight of its paunch. I'd lift my face up for a second before it came back down with a *slam!*, burying my head in fat and shit. After this rough treatment, I was able to get up and gasp for a second – you'd be surprised how refreshing a shit-filled stable is after the experience I'd had.

I remembered that it was my job to clean out the stable and massage the horse, and I groaned. I was starting to believe that maybe I'd failed knight school after all, and ended up with all this as a punishment. Or maybe my family just hated me. Whatever.

Weston, the horse, neighed and move over, giving me a soft nudge with its rump. I guessed that it was time to start kneading, but it's a little hard to think with a big horse butt in your face. It was a seriously monumental booty, filling up my horizon with butt cheeks that overflowed with rolls of fat. It was bigger than I was, and for a second I just stood there, dazed.

The horse took that moment as me failing in my duties towards him, and responded to this with a message of disdain: he saluted me with his tail raised high in the air, revealing a large black pucker that contrasted with his white coat, and a second later it puffed out with a big *poof!* of air, with a soft but voluminous blast of air that made my skin crawl and made me want to vomit.

*Pfffffffffffffffffffft!!!*

I gagged and tried to get away, but unfortunately I was already backed up against a wall and there was really nowhere for me to go. I tried pushing his big bum away from me and my poor, poor nose, but it was an impossible feat; *you* try displacing a several-ton horse.

My hands sunk deep into the fat to the point where I could barely even see them, my face dangerously close to that still-puffing butthole, farting deeply and softly right into my face. I was standing in a nasty cloud of farts and trying desperately to escape.

While I was doing this, the horse had decided it was time for some more fun and had begun backing up towards me, shoving me between its cheeks and the wall and continuing to churn out its big, cloudy, poofy farts, like it was a one-horse gas factory. It was like I was being hugged, deep in the embrace of Weston's nasty gas.

I sunk into those nasty cheeks; unlike the rest of Weston, they weren't clean, and he was sweating like crazy. Above the horse's cheeks, one would have been able to see a single hand grasping at the fat posterior; this was the hand I was able to get free to try to climb up the ginormous rump and get away, and it was not a successful attempt.

When I finally stopped groping with that hand, the horse decided to get nastier and release a much more typical blast of gas for a horse: loud and massive (as opposed to quiet and... uh, massive.).

*BRAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPT.*

I gasped, finally being forced to breathe in when the horse compressed my abdomen with its butt. Oh my God, it was *awful*. It was this overwhelming stink, like grass and shit; horses are herbivores, and you can tell by their gas. It was like a stamp. “Hi. My name is Weston. Here's what I eat.” Ughhhh.

I stood there, pressed against the wall, surrounded by grossness of a horse's sweaty ass cheeks. The horse trundled further backwards, forcing my head in-between those enormous buttocks, right in front of its enormous asshole, and began another fart.

*BPFAAFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFT.*

This time, it burst out of the gates and slammed into me like a racehorse. My hair flew back, practically nailed to the wall, and I wailed and further tried to escape Weston's disgusting clutches. I opened my mouth and got a roll of fat stuck into my mouth for my services; I tasted the strong, sour taste of horse sweat. I couldn't move my head, but I didn't dare bite down – if this was fun, I didn't even want to imagine what this guy did for *revenge*.

Once again today, I was entombed in a butt, stuck in-between somebody's ass cheeks; surrounded by the heat of a fat rump I was unable to escape from, but trying in vain to escape nonetheless.

Suddenly, the horse started to walk forward, and I began to slip out. The roll of ass fat escaped from my mouth; the taste of sweat receded. But all was not well, because the big, black asshole that was twice the size of my face was expanding, and this could only mean one thing: the farts were a precursor to something nastier.

To quote a stablehand who'd taught me horse care: grenades often follow the announcement. I quaked in my boots.

With a crackling pop, a massive piece of poop started to exit the horse's rectum, *right on my face*. It came at me, huge and stinking, and glomped itself all over me, pressing onto my face like a facehugger made out of a turd. With sudden, striking force, I dropped onto my back and out of the horse's rump, my face covered in a nasty, steaming poop facial.

Before I could get up, the horse lowered its rump an inch from my face and splurged out more shit onto me, burying my entire head. And then he plopped his ass down on me, still shitting, shit splurting out of his ass cheeks and around my head which was stuck there again.

I decided to try to see if massaging his rump would work to get him off me; maybe it would appease him, or something. Poo squelched around my hands as I pressed them against his huge cheeks, and after a few seconds it was like I'd gotten hit with a tidal wave of fresh(er) horse crap as my head exited his butt crack along with an enormous plume of shit.

The horse had decided that its ass was a poo volcano, and a geyser of liquid shit exited its butt, splattering all over my already shit-covered body. I retched, getting up and moving forward towards the horse's shitting ass in a last-ditch attempt to get it to leave me alone through an ass massage.

As my hands once more closed on its rump, it stopped shitting and started farting again, a big blast in my face that made me gag but did not make me stop the massage. It occurred to me that Weston might

be testing me, since this was the first time I'd ever worked with him – horses are iffy creatures sometimes, spoiled horses even moreso – and I decided that if I was going to get through this without drowning to death in shit I was going to have to pass his test.

After another hour of being bombarded by farts, but no more horse-shit, I heard the stable door unlock and was finally allowed to leave and take a bath. Maybe see a wizard to spell the smell off of me.