

## The Stable Master

### Chapter 1

"Animals are simple to understand," I told the girl. "They are all ultimately driven by instinct and hierarchy. Wolves have their instinct the hunt as a group, with a hierarchy focused on the dominance of the alpha. Dogs have an instinct to obey, while their hierarchy always puts them beneath their human owner. All animals, regardless of their environment, follow this simple structure. They are all driven by instinct, and they are all part of a hierarchy."

The girl listened intently, eyes wide.

"For horses, the instinct is simple," I continued. "Horses have been bred and tailored over countless generations for one simple task: To carry whatever humans decide to burden them with. They eat, they sleep, they carry. That is the instinct we've bred into them."

It sounded reasonable enough. For all I knew, it *could* be true. Not like I was an expert or anything.

"And their hierarchy has similarly been tailored by humans for human use."

I knew sweet fuck-all about horses. Or any animal, really. My expertise was in psychology, understanding the *human* mind. The shit did I know about how *animal* brains worked? Still, I had to at least *sound* like I knew. Losing this job now – after seeing the goodies it offered – was *not* an option.

"Horses," I stated confidently, "are easy to understand. And, once you understand something, it's a simple matter to mastering it – controlling it. Your mother tells me you've ridden horses before, is that correct?"

Had to sound professional. For now, at least.

"Uh," the girl blushed. "Yes, I have."

Shy and timid. Just like the mother had told me. What the mother hadn't told me was how *beautiful* her daughter was.

The girl – Alicia Penrose – was impossibly good looking. The kind of flawless, remarkable perfection that countless women dreamed of and strived for, and this girl had it all naturally. Everything from face to body to demeanour, Alicia was the ideal that all real men looked for in a woman. A slutty body made for sex, a pretty face made for fucking, a meek and quiet and trusting personality ready and waiting to be shaped into something wonderful.

After having looked the girl up and down, taken in her every detail, I could find only a single imperfection. That being her eyes. One, the right, was a pale grey-blue. The other, her left, was a bright, golden colour. Heterochromia.

Save for that one defect, Alicia was inhumanly attractive.

Pale white skin, bright blonde hair, cute little nose, high cheek bones. A face that belonged on TV screens and billboards. And a body that belonged in the bed of a man who knew just how to abuse it.

Each tit, by itself, was bigger than the girl's head. And her backside was just as bubbly and mouth-watering.

I was a lucky man indeed, to have stumbled across this jackpot.

"Those times in the past, when you've ridden horses," I smiled at her, made myself appear as disarming as possible. "Did you feel like you were in control of the animal, or was it more like you were along for the ride?"

"Well, I..." Her voice sounded sweet, soft. The voice of an innocent, kind, compassionate girl. Hearing that voice moan and scream would be *very* nice. "I don't really know. It didn't feel like I was in control all that much. Betty – the horse – she moved where I wanted her to and didn't complain, but I don't think I was really 'in control' of her or anything like that."

I nodded my head, pretending I understood.

I'd never ridden a horse in my life. Never even touched one.

"When it comes to riding, there are really three mentalities to have," I told Alicia. "There's the Master, the Equal, and the Servant. The Master takes total control of the animal, dictates and directs while the animal obeys without hesitation. The Servant has no control over the animal at all, they're the ones who allow the horse to walk where it pleases and are just along for the ride. You, I believe, are the middle option, Alicia. The Equal."

First day on the job and here I was, already planting my seeds. Laying the groundwork to turn this cute, sexy girl into my own, personal cum-dumpster.

"The Equal," I told her with a gentle smile, "is someone who doesn't see themselves as the animals master, but their friend and companion. They strive to understand exactly what their horse is feeling, empathising with them as best they can. Putting themselves in the subservient animal's shoes, you might say."

Penrose Manor was a gaudy place. As upper-class as a home could get without being a full-blown mansion.

The manor house itself was a large, many-bedroom building situated at the centre of the huge property. Big enough that it boggled my mind how only three people could live there. A mother and her two daughters.

Surrounding the manor were well-maintained gardens with several gravel paths cutting through them. And, beyond that, a whole lot of empty space – grass and trees and fields of wild flowers.

And, of course, the recently constructed stables where I now worked – built about as far away from the manor building itself as was physically possible. There were stalls for five horses total, with a separate storage room, a cramped little office, and an area set up for hay and water. My soon-to-be-smelly domain.

No horses yet, though. It was one of my first tasks as 'Stable Master' to acquire them.

As I gazed out at the manor house from my tiny kingdom, I couldn't help but appreciate how much Penrose Manor looked like an old-school plantation. Who knew, perhaps that's exactly what this place had once been.

So much space. So much privacy.

I was going to have a lot of fun here. I could *feel* it. Applying for this job might well have been the best mistake I'd ever make.

In my defence, it was more the pretentious bitch's fault than my own.

What kind of a dumbass expects to find someone with both Horse Care and Management *and* Human Psychology qualifications? When I'd applied, I'd assumed there were two separate job openings rolled into one posting. Not that I, a trained psychologist, would also be expected to muck out horse shit and take care of lowly, dumb beasts.

And with the abysmally low pay the bitch was offering...

I'd have turned to job down outright, if not for my own curiosity.

And *boy* had that curiosity led me somewhere nice.

So far, I'd only met two of the three Penrose females. The conservative, bitchy, uptight mother. And the huge-titted, adorable Alicia. And, from what I had seen, I figured it was a safe bet that the third Penrose – Alicia's younger sister – would be as attractive as the other two.

With all this space, all the privacy I'd have, a whole new world of opportunities had presented itself.

All I needed was to play my cards right.

"What time will it arrive?" Momma Penrose asked, voice as cool and cold as her icy eyes.

"I'm not sure exactly," I answered honestly. "Some time in the evening. I'll be sure to

stay here until then, make sure its fed and settled in before I head home for the night.”

The woman looked down her nose at me, an impressive feat given I was probably a good foot taller than her. Her expression told me that she expected nothing less from her new Stable Master. That it was my job, in her eyes, to work over-time if and when I needed to.

“Will I need to sign anything?” She asked, sounding bored.

“No,” I told her – hoping that I was correct.

“Send me a text when the horse arrives tomorrow, then,” the arrogant bitch commanded. “Do whatever it is you need to do, then send me another text when you’ve left the property. You won’t be getting paid extra for working past hours, so don’t bother dallying and wasting both out times. Is there anything else?”

“Actually, yes,” I said, tried not to allow my annoyance to slip into my tone. “There was something I wanted to ask...”

The woman glared at me, didn’t bother to hide her own annoyance. “Yes? What is it? I don’t have all day.”

“You and your other daughter,” I said, resisting the urge to reach out and slap the woman. Putting this bitch in her place was going to be so much fun. “Will either of you be joining Alicia at the stable for lessons or riding sessions?”

The cunt scoffed. Actually scoffed.

“Why would I ever waste my time with that nonsense?” Momma Penrose sneered. “Do I look like some silly child to you? If Alicia and Roslyn want to waste their time prancing around on horseback, so be it. But I have better things to be doing with my time than make a fool of myself.”

If not for the ugly sneer, the derision in her eyes, the woman would’ve been an ideal woman. Raw sex appeal screamed out from every inch of Mrs Penrose’s face and body. Where her daughter had an air of adorable innocence, the mother radiated pure sexuality. This was a woman, I knew, who *knew* how attractive she was – put it on display to the world unashamedly. She knew she was hotter than the sun, and that knowledge likely fed into her already significant arrogance and self-import egotism.

She was the type of woman who knew men would give anything for one night alone with her, yet also believed herself above the price any man could possibly offer.

Jet black hair, a stark contrast to her daughter’s bright blonde. With piercing blue-grey eyes, shrewd and cold and heartless – the kind of eyes that made a man wonder if the late Mr Penrose’s death hadn’t been an accident after all. Her full, red lips tempted men even as they warped into cruel sneers and wicked smirks.

And her body. How could I *not* take a moment to appreciate those curves? Huge tits must be genetic, because it happened to be a gift that both mother and daughter shared. And that slender waist, her hourglass hips. A body made all the more titillating and tempting by the conservative black dress the woman wore.

A temptress who had no interest in tempting.

I’d have to fix that.

“That’ll be all,” I told the MILF. Me dismissing her instead of the other way around. “Thank you for your time.”

The woman glared at me, said nothing more as she slammed the manor’s front door in my face. I stared at the wooden surface for a moment, amusement spreading my lips.

I wasn’t allowed inside Penrose Manor. The bitch in charge had made that painfully clear.

In her eyes, I belonged outside with the horses.

For the time being, at least.

When the horse finally arrived, I did my best to make it look like I knew what I was doing. I patted the big animal’s neck, tied a length of rope around its neck and led it like it was a

dog on a leash.

Thankfully, I'd made sure to purchase – with Penrose money – a horse that was old and weak and obedient, broken in and too tired to bother resisting. The mare knew its place, and so leading it where I wanted it to go was simple enough. It walked along behind me willingly, just as the Penrose women one-day would.

I took it to one of the five stalls, made sure there was food for it to eat and water for it to drink, locked it in, then headed to my office to get my car keys. The car, predictably, was not allowed on Penrose Manor property – I'd have a short hike ahead of me to get to it.

When I stepped out of my office, resigned to the long walk, I was surprised to find Alicia Penrose waiting for me.

Wearing a coat-jacket and jeans, looking as cute as sexy as the last - and only - time I'd seen her. She stood a few feet away from my tiny office, eyeing the recently occupied horse stall with big, round eyes.

One pale blue eye, the other such a soft brown it looked golden. The blue she got from her mother, that much I'd seen for myself. Though where the mother's blue eyes were cold and uncaring, Alicia's was warm and kind. Did she get the golden eye from her dead father? Or was it a genetic defect?

Was it me, or was there a hint of fear behind those oddly-coloured irises?

"Hello again, Alicia," I smiled at her. "How are you this fine evening?"

"I'm well, thank you. I... I saw you bringing the new horse down here a just now," her voice was soft, pleasant. "Would it be okay if I got a little peak at it?"

I permitted myself a little chuckle.

"These stables are more yours than mine," I told the blushing beauty. "I just work here. You and your mother and sister are free to come and go as you please. Yes, you can have a peak. Though no lessons or riding tonight, I'm afraid. She's very tired after the journey here. Tomorrow, though..."

Something stopped me. A tiny flicker of emotion in Alicia's unusual eyes.

"Come on," I said instead, nodding to the stall I'd set the mare inside. "Her name is Butterbowl. Apparently, the person who named her thought that 'Buttercup' was too common a name, but wasn't creative enough to think of something original. I've been told that calling her Butter works just fine."

The horse stall was just that, a little room for the horse to stay in, with a big window it could fit its head out of and an otherwise locked entryway.

Inside, a light, brownish-yellow horse stood silently, unmoving.

"She's a gentle one," I told Alicia, that flicker she'd had in her eyes pulling at my thoughts. "Tame and slow. A little on the older side. Perfect for beginners."

The girl visibly relaxed. Curious.

"You've ridden horses before, right?" I said, watching her closely in the dim, evening light. "Mastering – or, in your case Equalising with – this particular horse should be no trouble at all."

"I-" Alicia fidgeted nervously, eyes never leaving the horse in its stall. "I don't quite-I'm not-"

"Don't worry," I told her. The girl's anxiety was palpable. Where had *that* come from? "There's no rush. We'll take things at a pace you're comfortable with. You *do* want to learn to ride, don't you?"

Alicia quickly nodded her head.

Then why did she seemed so frightened at the prospect of riding Butterstinks?

And could I *use* it?

"You know what," I said, a grin forming on my lips. "Why don't we start now?"

Panic blossomed in Alicia's eyes at that.

"No!" She squeaked, practically jumping on the spot. "It's okay! It's late and Butter's

tired and-

"Not riding," I stated. "That can wait until you're ready. What *I'm* talking about is mental exercises. A way to help you to get into the right mindset. Think of it like meditation, only not as boring."

The panic drained away from Alicia quickly. Her wide, round eyes relaxed. She looked up at me curiously, beautiful eyes shining in the fading light. I started walking back to my office, mind active with the possibilities. Alicia, confused, followed behind me.

"Meditation?" She asked, dubious. "What does that have to do with horse riding?"

"You'd be surprised," I smiled at her. "It'll work, trust me."

"That's it," I spoke softly, soothingly. "Nice and slow. Calm and relaxed."

Hypnosis. Something of a speciality of mine.

"Listen to my voice. Ignore everything else."

I wasn't taking her deep. Not even slightly. If her mind was an ocean and her subconscious was the deep-dark below, Alicia would barely be drifting under the surface right then. Barely even in a trance at all.

"Feels nice, doesn't it?" I asked gently. "Light. Like all your worries are just drifting away."

"Mm'hm," Alicia nodded her head, a leisurely smile on her face.

"You're doing great. Remember, breathe in and out. Slow, calm breaths. In," I inhaled my own breath, held it for a moment, released it, "and out."

Another day, another time, I'd push further than this. A *lot* further. I'd push all conscious thought away, leave only the hollow shell and open mind behind. And, when that time came, I'd begin the gradual process of *changing* her.

First Alicia. Then her mother. Then her younger sister.

Alicia and the bitch mother, I'd have a lot of fun with. I still had yet to meet the sister, but I was certain she'd be just as juicy as the rest of the family.

Eventually, all three would be mine. My pets. My animals.

But, for now, I'd play it safe and slow. Make a place for myself as Stable Master, win their trust.

"Okay," I said the word a little louder than I'd been speaking during the induction. "That's enough for tonight, I think."

The girl blinked her eyes open, shocked awake by my sudden change in tone. She looked confused, almost regretful – like she hadn't wanted to be woken from her 'meditative' slumber. Good. The more she enjoyed being hypnotised, the easier it'd be to drive her deeper when the time came.

"That's it?" She asked, voice impossibly soft and cute. "That was the special meditation thing you mentioned?"

I nodded my head with a smile.

"Yes. Most of it, anyway. I bet you feel pretty good right? Relaxed and content? Kinda like you were falling asleep, but not really? Like listening to music when you're tired, only you don't want to fall asleep while you listen."

The girl nodded her head.

"Animals can sense how you're feeling," I told Alicia. Pretty sure that much was true. "They'll sense if you're anxious or nervous, and it'll make them the same way. Meditating with me like this before lessons will help you keep your emotions in check, and make it easier on both you and Butterbowl."

"I guess..." Alicia said softly, nodding her head. "I guess that makes sense."

"Now," I rose to my feet, letting the busty little mare know we were done for the day. "I think it's about time I headed home. Come by the stables around lunch tomorrow, if you can. We'll begin your training then."