

## The Stable Master

### Chapter 10

"I'm gonna kill that fucking horse!"

I looked up from my desk as Roslyn Penrose stormed into my little office, the entire left side of her body covered in wet mud. Clad in track pants and a tank top, a red bruise on her elbow, hair tied into a messy ponytail. She was glaring, eyes smouldering.

"He throw you again?" I asked, trying not to smile.

"He isn't meant to do it any more! He didn't last time!"

"Storm's not stupid," I said with a shrug. "He's not easily fooled, and he doesn't fall for the same trick twice. If he doesn't believe you and I are mating partners, he has no reason to let you ride him."

"You've gotta have a gun in here, right?" Roslyn grumbled. "For putting down injured horses. Where is it?"

"Jesus," I chuckled. "No, I don't have a gun here. And no, you're not 'putting down' Storm. Killing off the prized stallion your mother paid so much for would not go down well for either of us. I happen to *like* working here..."

Roslyn huffed, folded her arms over her ample chest.

"Look," I said with a sigh. "I know your *really* want to ride Storm so you can prove to your sister than there's nothing to be afraid of. It's a noble goal. But maybe it's time to accept the fact that Storm, stubborn bastard that he is, isn't going to let that happen."

It wasn't about helping Alicia any more, I knew. Roslyn had set that desire aside a long time ago now. For the youngest Penrose, riding Storm was a mountain she wanted to climb for herself. It was a challenge to overcome, a target to defeat no matter what the cost. Her competitive nature wouldn't allow her to be beaten by some dumb, smelly animal.

"No!" Roslyn shouted, glaring at me. "I'm *not* giving up!"

"I know it's important to you," I said, trying to sound soothing and not condescending. "But some things just aren't meant to-"

"Take your pants off."

I was silent for a moment, mouth frozen open mid-sentence.

"I'm sorry," I said at last, feigning innocence. "I think I misheard you. What did you say?"

"Take your pants off," Roslyn repeated firmly, reaching down to the hem of her tank top and pulling it up. "Storm won't submit unless he believes I'm your mate, right? So let's do it."

I watched, hiding a smirk, as Roslyn lifted her tank top up over her head, tossed it aside. She grabbed hold of the black sports bra she had on underneath, began removing that too.

"You want to have sex?" I asked, eyes transfixed on the girl's wonderful tits; her tan-lines from wearing tank tops and bathing suits out in the sun, golden arms and pale white breasts with chocolate-drop nipples. "Are you sure about this, Roslyn?"

She rolled her eyes, began tugging down her track pants.

"Will it work?" She asked, tits hanging down as she bent over.

"Yes," I answered. "I mean, not right away. Storm will be suspicious after all the tricks you've attempted already. It'll probably take at least a couple, uh, 'sessions' before he's fully willing to believe that we're real mates."

"That's fine," Alicia grinned. "Just as long as the asshole learns his place."

"And," I continued, watching as the girl stepped out of her panties, walked over to my desk wearing only a pair of white socks, "we'll have to keep doing it – pretty much every day – for as long as you want to keep riding Storm. The moment we stop having sex is the moment Storm will start throwing you again."

Roslyn planted her hands firmly on my desk, bent over and stared me right in the eye. The fire I saw in her irises, the determination mixed with her indignation and anger at the beast outside, was a wonderful thing to behold.

"Yeah, yeah," Roslyn said, eyes locked with mine. "I get it. Now hurry up and fuck me already. Time to show that fucking horse who's boss."

"Fuck me!" Roslyn gasped. "Fuck me!"

I grinned, raised a hand and slapped her firm ass. She bucked back, met me thrust for thrust. Her body was lean and strong, less soft than Felicity's or Alicia's. Her perky tits bounced beneath her, danced wildly as I pounded into her tight cunt from behind.

"Holy fuck!" The girl cried out, hands gripping the desk in front of her. "Yes!"

"Louder," I grunted, squeezing a firm ass-cheek, "make Storm hear you being mated."

Roslyn moaned, pussy clamping down on me even tighter.

She lifted her head, a smug grin on her face, and shouted as loud as she could.

"Fuck me, baby!" She screamed. "Pound me! Have me! *Breed* me!"

"Tell him who you belong to," I commanded the girl.

"You!" She cried out, riding my dick like a woman possessed. A girl who wanted to win, *needed* to one-up her animal rival. "I belong to you! I'm your mate!"

I grabbed Roslyn's shoulders, pulled my cock out of her and pushed her onto her back atop my desk. She whined, looked up at me with dazed, wild eyes. All sense and reason was long gone. This was an animal in heat, a bitch to be fucked and used. A cunt that was finally learning it's place in the world.

"I am the Stable Master," I told the girl, pressing my cock to her drenched opening. "I am the master to *all* animals here. And Storm thinks *you're* an animal, doesn't he?"

Roslyn nodded her head silently, thrusting her hips towards me – trying to slide my cock inside herself.

"So," I said, teasing her entrance with the head of my cock, denying her the sweet sensation of penetration, "be one."

The girl moaned, chest rising and falling rapidly. Her tits stood out on her chest like two large, perky hills – peaked nipples begging to be suckled and pinched and teased.

"Be an animal," I told Roslyn, leaning down to whisper in her ear. The tip of my cock pressed inside her, spreading her open. "It's the only way he'll ever respect you. Be an animal. Give in to it, let yourself go. Be an animal, Ros. Be *my* animal."

"Yes," the girl pleaded, shutting her eyes tight. So desperate to be filled again, to have a big, meaty cock inside her that she'd agree to just about anything. "Yes..."

"You're an animal," I told the tight bitch. "And all the animals here bow down to me. I am the Stable Master, Ros. I am *your* master."

"Mmm," Roslyn moaned as I slid another inch or two inside her. "Mm'hm."

"I am your master," I repeated, filling her little by little with my big cock. Opening up her insides to a pleasure she'd never felt before, an amplified intensity that was only possible through hypnotic tweaking. "Say it, Ros. Tell Storm who I am."

"My master," my pet whined as I slammed my cock into her fully. "You're my master!"

"Louder," I commanded. "Make him hear you, Roslyn. Who am I?"

"My Master!" The girl shouted, hips bucking, cunt swallowing my cock hungrily. "My Master!"

"More," I said, lashing out with my hand and slapping the girl's beautiful tits. "Louder!"

"Master!" Roslyn cried out, screaming the word with animal abandon. "Master! Master! Master!"

"The girls aren't bothering you too much, I hope," Felicity Penrose whispered into my bare chest, cuddling into me on her massive, soft bed. "I know they've both been spending a lot more time at the stables recently. If they're being a nuisance, I can tell them to stop..."

"Nah," I said with a smile, planting a kiss on the top of Felicity's head. "I like the company. Being on my own at the stables all day can get lonely."

"In that case," Felicity whispered, "maybe I should come down and visit you myself."

"If you want," I chuckled softly. "Though I doubt I'll be able to keep my hands off you if you do come down, so make sure you dress in something appropriate. Wouldn't want to get your nice gowns and suits dirty in all the right places now, would we?"

"Uh-huh," Felicity smiled, playfully slapping my chest. "Whatever you say."

I sighed contentedly, glanced across the master bedroom floor at my discarded trousers. Was now the time? Would it be better to wait? Hard to tell, but it wasn't the type of thing that could be rushed. Better to hold off until I was certain.

"Alicia has been a lot happier lately," Felicity told me, drawing little circles on my chest with her fingertip. "She's still shy, but I can tell how much she enjoys going down to the stables."

"I think she's found her calling in life," I said. That much was true. "She doesn't want to ride horses any more, but being near them is fulfilling for her. I wouldn't be surprised if she decides to become a veterinarian in future. Or a horse breeder."

"Thank you," Felicity spoke softly, resting her head on me and closing her eyes.

If only she knew what it was she was thanking me for.

I smiled, wrapped my arms around the woman's frame. Her huge, soft tits pressed against me. Her breathing tickled my skin.

The woman was in love. For the first time in many, many years.

Perhaps now *was* the time.

I considered it for a moment, stroking the woman's head while my cock hardened against her belly.

"I have something for you," I said, dragging Felicity away from her attempt to sleep. "Or, I suppose, I have a question to ask you."

Felicity opened her eyes, blinked up at me.

As I climbed out of bed, I could feel the woman's disappointment and her curiosity. She'd been so comfortable, so happy. What could I possibly have to give her or ask her that was important enough to rob her of my warm embrace?

I crouched down, searched through the pockets of my discarded pants. When I found what I was looking for, I clutched it tightly and stood up straight.

Felicity raised an eyebrow as I climbed back into bed, kissed her forehead.

When I opened my hand, showed her the little object I held, the woman's eyes widened in shock. She pushed herself up onto her elbows. Her eyes darted between the object and my face, not quite believing what was happening.

I opened the tiny box, presented the ring to the Penrose Matron.

"Felicity Penrose," I said, locking eyes with her. "Will you marry me?"

My words were followed with dead silence.

I stared into Felicity's eyes, was happy to see them begin to water. Her full lips curved into a smile of pure joy as tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"I..." She choked out a happy laugh, nodded her head quickly. "Yes!"

I leaned forward at the same time she did, met her embrace with an intimate, passionate kiss. My hands wrapped around her as hers encircled my head, held me in place as our lips wrestled and tongues danced.

When the kiss broke, I rolled onto the bed beside Felicity, lay back with my hands behind my back. Victorious.

Felicity, after she slipped the cheap, fake-diamond ring on her finger, moved to kiss me again. She smiled lovingly at me, hands on my chest. And, slowly, she began moving

herself lower down the bed, lips leaving a trail of wet kisses down my neck and chest and stomach before her head vanished under the blanket.

A moment later, her full lips found themselves wrapped around my cock.

My new fiancée, wearing that title well.

"Being a horse makes you happy, doesn't it Alicia?"

"Yes," the girl murmured, eyes closed and body relaxed.

She was naked, laying in her little stable stall. Her mind open and her body exposed. A beautiful flower ready to be plucked and enjoyed.

Of the three Penrose women, it was Alicia I wanted the most.

All of them were beautiful, yes. Any one of them would've been a worthy prize, and enjoyable conquest. But, when all three were lined up next to each other, it was Alicia who stood out the most. Pretty, shy, alluring Alicia.

Bright blonde hair, long and luscious. High cheek-bones and full lips. Her irises, one golden and one a pale grey-blue. She had the face and looks of an angel, absolutely stunning to look at and impossibly pretty. Her smiles lit up her surroundings wherever she went, her laughter was musical and magical.

Her face alone would've set Alicia a league above her sister and mother. But, when paired with her body, there was no question which Penrose deserved my cock the most.

Watermelon-huge tits. The kind that jiggled and bounced and defied gravity. A slim waist that curved into nice, swaying hips with a wonderfully round bottom. Skin pale and smooth, flawless.

"Have you ever been this happy, this worry-free, in your life before?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"No," Alicia answered.

"Deep down, do you wish you could stay a horse-girl forever?"

"Yes."

"Being a horse, an animal owned by a human, means you'll have to do everything a regular horse does. Not just staying and sleeping in horse stalls and walking around on all fours, but other things as well. You'll have to eat like horses, bathe like horses, think like horses. Do you have that in you, Alicia? Are you capable of *truly* being a horse-girl?"

"I..." Alicia's mind considered it. "Yes."

"You'll be expected to let people ride on your back. Is that okay with you, Alicia?"

"Yes," the girl answered.

"You'll be expected to live the rest of your life naked, never wearing clothes again. Would you be brave enough to do that?"

"Yes."

"Horses don't care if they're naked, do they?"

"No."

"And what are you, Alicia?"

"A horse."

"Horses need to do more than just carry people around, though. Prized horses, important horses like you, Alicia, are groomed and trained. Are you willing to be groomed and trained by your Stable Master, Alicia?"

"Yes."

"And," I said softly, watching the girl closely. "Are you ready to do the most important thing a female horse can do? The thing that *only* a true horse would be willing to?"

"Yes," Alicia answered automatically, not even knowing what I was about to ask her – what that 'most important' thing was.

"Are you ready to become a breeding horse, Alicia?"

I could sense her nervousness. Feel her uncertainty.

Two parts of Alicia were warring with each other. The girl she'd once been, and the new one – the girl I'd created. Was she Alicia Penrose, daughter of Felicity and sister to Roslyn? Or was she Alicia the Mare, pet and property of the Penrose family and subservient to the Penrose's Stable Master?

Was her happiness, her freedom from her doubts and insecurities and fears, really worth so much to her that she'd be willing to become an animal in truth?

She was tense, her body rigid.

On hands and knees, naked in her stable stall. Waiting.

I walked into the stall, strode in circles around the beautiful girl. A predator circling its prey.

"How're you feeling today, Ali?" I asked.

She opened her mouth to speak, hesitated. Then, quietly, she neighed.

Horses can't speak.

"I'm having a wonderful evening myself," I said, not stopping as I circled her. "I had this great idea, you see. I was thinking about how there are two empty stable stalls here, and wondering how I could fill them."

As I passed behind Alicia, my eyes lingered on the little slit between her legs. The tiny part of her pussy that was visible as she remained on hands and knees.

"I could ask Felicity Penrose, the owner of this place, to purchase two more horses. But that'd be expensive, don't you think? Horses aren't cheap, after all. So, how in the world am I going to make use of all this free space?"

I stopped in front of her.

"Then it hit me. I've got a good mare here that's the perfect age for breeding."

Alicia looked up at me with wide eyes.

"Yes," I smiled at her. "I'm talking about you, Ali. Breeding you would be the best thing to do. I'd be doing my job, filling these stables up. And you'd be doing yours..."

Her face was pale. Body rigid.

"Of course," I continued, walking around to her backside. "If you're *not* a horse, this would never work. Me keeping a human girl in these stables, breeding her like she was property? No way that'd be okay. And, if you *were* a human, there's no way on Earth you'd ever agree to it."

It was an offer. A last chance for Alicia to speak up. She could stop me, tell me no. Hell, all she'd need do was speak random human words instead of making animal sounds - and she knew it.

Her not speaking up, not stopping me, was her giving her consent. It was her accepting her place as an animal. It was her accepting her life as a breeding mare.

"Of course," I said, "if you were human, you'd say something right now, wouldn't you? A human would never allow this to happen to them. Only a real, *true* animal could accept this."

Tense and uncertain and scared as she was, Alicia didn't speak.

She was determined to be a horse. One of the stable's mares.

"What do you think, Ali? Are you ready to be bred?"

Alicia looked over her shoulder at me, pink creeping into her otherwise pale cheeks. This was it. Her last chance to refuse me. Her final opportunity to keep her humanity intact.

Instead, she turned her head back – stared straight forward at a stable stall wall. I couldn't see her eyes, but I could easily imagine the determination in them. Her desire to live this strange, wonderful dream of hers. To be a worry-free, happy horse. Not a care in the world. No responsibility, no anxiety. Only her Master's will and command to guide her.

She whinnied, leaned her chest down, ass rising towards me.

A moment later, my belt came undone. My pants dropped to the floor.

Tonight was going to be a fun one.