

## The Stable Master

### Chapter 11

The four of us sat at a large dining table; me and Felicity on one side, Alicia and Roslyn on the other. The girls, it was safe to say, looked confused. Their eyebrows raised, eyes flicking back and forth between their mother and the Stable Master.

I could only imagine at the thoughts racing through their pretty heads. Was Alicia worried that her mother knew what she liked to do at night? Did Roslyn fear that Momma Penrose knew that she'd spread her legs for me?

It was amazing, really, that these three women all lived under the same roof yet had no idea what the others got up to.

"Girls," Felicity Penrose said, voice curt and firm. "There is something I'd like to discuss with the both of you. Something, I suspect, you may have some inkling of already."

In unison, the Penrose girls gulped.

I smiled at them, gave them a confident, disarming look.

Felicity Penrose seeing her daughters looking nervous might lead to questions I'd rather she not ask.

"You are both familiar with our resident Stable Master," the Penrose matron went on, formal and regal. Cold. So different from the woman she showed in private. "You've both spent enough time at the stables to become well acquainted with him by now."

Roslyn leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms. Alicia nodded.

"I've brought you here today," Felicity said, voice softening as the emotions began to take hold. "To let you know..."

She looked at her daughters, eyes moving from one to the other.

"...That we're engaged."

I bowed my head, covered my mouth. Held down the urge to burst out into laughter.

The faces those beauties made were a wonder to behold.

The dumbfounded shock, the surprise, the sheer disbelief. It was like they'd both been hit over the head with a sledgehammer. Literal, open-mouthed astonishment.

Their mother - the uptight, conservative, cold, heartless shrew - was engaged. And to the *Stable Master* of all people. A nobody that she'd only known for a few months, that they'd only even seen her speak to on a handful of occasions - and always in a professional, dismissive manner. And me, the guy who'd had his dick in both of them and was, as far as they were aware, just an ordinary employee of the Penrose estate.

It took them several moments to register what their mother had said. And Felicity gave that to them before continuing on.

"We've been seeing each other - in secret - for a while now. I imagine you've both heard someone sneaking about the house at night..."

Alicia blushed brightly.

"...And I'm sure you both already knew who it was and why. But, now that I've decided it's time for me to remarry, it feels only right to let the both of you know before I make the engagement public."

Save for the surprise and slight shyness, Alicia looked relieved. Thankful, no-doubt, that her secret hadn't been discovered.

Roslyn, though, appeared far more conflicted by the news.

"If you have any questions for us," Felicity said, placing her hand on mine and giving it a loving squeeze, "now is the time to ask."

"You're fucking my Mom."

Straight into it, huh? Very well.

"Yes," I said, inclining my head towards Roslyn. "I am."

"And you didn't think to *mention* that little detail before you shoved your cock in

me?”

“It didn't seem relevant,” I shrugged, watching the girl with amusement. “Besides, I seem to remember it was *you* who wanted us to have sex. I was just-”

“You *cheated* on her,” Roslyn snapped. “You fucked her *daughter*!”

I nodded my head slowly.

“I understand you're upset,” I told her gently. “You have every right to be. I should have told you. I couldn't; your mother and I wanted to keep our relationship a secret. But still, I should have let you know. I promise, you and I will never have sex again. The last thing I want to do is make you uncomfortable.”

Roslyn's eyes widened, her flare of indignation fading away entirely.

“That is what you want,” I said, a contained half-smile on my lips. “Isn't it? Me to be faithful to your mother. Us to never do anything like that ever again...”

“N- no,” Roslyn's face paled. “I don't-”

“It would mean,” I said, leaning back in my office chair, “that you'd never be able to ride Storm again. He'll never see or acknowledge you as my mate. But, at the end of the day, that's a small thing, isn't it? He's just a horse. Riding him isn't important. Definitely not worth setting aside your morals for.”

“R- right.”

“I don't even know why you wanted to ride him so badly to begin with. Something to do with helping Alicia, wasn't it?”

The girl looked down, pink creeping into her cheeks.

“You don't need to worry about her, though. Sure, seeing you on Storm would've been a huge help to Alicia, but there are other ways for her to overcome her issues. Ways she and I are already working on. You don't need to feel guilt or anything. No need to feel like Storm's won, that you lost to-”

“Fine!” The girl muttered, not looking up at me.

“Hm?” I smiled at her. “Fine what?”

“I'm not gonna lose,” Roslyn grumbled, looking up with determination. “I *won't* lose. I'll ride that fucker if it's the last thing I do. No matter what.”

If not for the months of hypnosis, the constant subliminal programming, Roslyn would've seen right through what I was doing. She'd know exactly how I was manipulating her – I was hardly being subtle about it. She wouldn't care one bit about sitting on the back of some dumb animal. But, unfortunately for her, she *had* gone through all those months of near-daily hypnotic sessions with me. She *did* care about riding Storm. In some ways, it was the *only* thing she cared about.

“No matter what?” I asked, staring hard into the girl's eyes.

Such determination.

“No matter what,” Roslyn swore.

“Oww!” Roslyn gasped, shutting her eyes against the forming tears.

“Relax,” I told her softly. “You're too tense.”

“You fucking relax,” Roslyn whined, clutching onto my desk with a white-knuckled grip. “Fuck!”

I pushed forward slowly, watched as another inch of my cock vanished inside Roslyn's tight hole.

“Why,” the girl groaned, “do we have to- AH!”

I smiled at the back of her head, pushed my cock deeper into her ass. Her body was rigid, completely tense. Her head was faced down, so I was unable to see the expressions she was making. In my mind, though, I pictured pain. Pain and humiliation.

“A lot of times, when animals have sex, it's anally,” I told her. A blatant lie made up on the spot, but we were well past the 'questioning the Stable Master's knowledge' phase of our relationship. “They're stupid, you see. Don't know which hole-”

I groaned as the last inch of me vanished inside Roslyn's virgin hole. Staring down, seeing our bodies connected like that, her round butt-cheeks pressed so tightly to my crotch, was lovely.

"Which hole to put it in," I said, my hands planting themselves on Roslyn's beautiful bottom. "All the cum I put inside your cunt will mix with your fluids. That'll mess with the scent. This way, when my cum leaks out of you, Storm will know *exactly* what we've been up to."

Roslyn let out a pain grunt, said nothing.

"Relax your body," I told her, slowly pulling back – my dick sliding out of a hole that seemed determined to cling onto it. "It won't hurt as much. You might even like it."

"Fu- ah!"

I thrust forward hard, slammed into the girl. Her entire body jerked with the force, rocking the table under her.

"It'll be over soon," I said as Roslyn choked back a sob. "Just think about Storm. Think about how *amazing* it'll be when you finally beat him."

I held nothing back, began fucking her in earnest.

Hands on her ass, cock pounding her anus in big, powerful thrusts. She jerked, body resisting this odd punishment at first, then slowly accepting and relaxing into it. With her chest and tits pressed to the table, I couldn't see those wonderful melons bouncing. But I could see the ripples in her toned ass every time I slammed into her.

Grinning, I cupped one of those nice buttocks and gave it a hard squeeze.

Roslyn groaned, grunted.

It sounded almost like she was trying to scold me.

Smiling, I gave her ass a hard slap.

"Aah!" Roslyn gasped, breathing hard.

"Just a little bit longer," I said, spanking her again. "You're doing great. Move your hips a bit more and it'll be over a lot quicker. That's it..."

As my climax approached, I reached between Roslyn's legs, began rubbing her dripping cunt.

Her pussy swallowed my fingers hungrily.

"Just a bit more..." I groaned.

Roslyn moaned, body trembling as her orgasm struck her.

Her ass convulsed around my cock, crushing it as her body jerked and spasmed on the desk.

I came, grabbing hold of her girl's hair and pulling on it hard – arching her back as I pumped her hole with burst after burst of hot, white cum. She moaned loudly, a high-picked sound that would've been heard across the stables. Her cunt milked my fingers while her ass squeezed and massaged my cock.

And Roslyn herself?

All she could do was lay there panting, face on the desk, body shuddering. The first of the Penrose three that'd experienced me in every one of her holes.

It was rare for me to leave Penrose Manor these days. I slept in the master bedroom with my arms around Felicity and my cock coated in her juices, I worked at the stables, ate with the family in the big house. I was, in everything but name, a resident of Penrose Manor.

But, on days like today, I ventured out.

Driving through city streets carried with it an odd sensation after being surrounded by nature so long. Everything felt cramped and tight, suffocating. People walking on the streets, driving cars, standing in shops – all so mundane and ordinary.

I was fucking three of the hottest asses I'd ever seen. Compared to them, every other woman I saw felt utterly unappealing.

When I reached my first destination of the day, I parked my beat-up car and got out.

Once I became Master of Penrose Manor, I'd have to buy myself a nice ride. A sports car, something stylish and sleek – the type of car that'd look its best when a sexy bitch was sprawled out naked on the hood. But, until then, my piece of shit ruster would have to do.

Being rich. What would *that* be like?

I'd have all the finances I'd need to outfit the stables with everything I wanted – racks and posts and cages and pumps. All the little toys and devices that'd make the stables my own, personal paradise.

But that was a given.

What would it be like to have unlimited, total access to the Penrose Estate and all its funds?

I tried to imagine it, all the things I could do with that wealth and power. But, try as I might, nothing came to me. Only images of what I could do to my soon-to-be pets. Adorable Alicia, rowdy Roslyn, fancy Felicity. My women. My playthings.

With a wide smile on my lips, I stepped inside the store.

It was, counter to what I'd imagined when I'd found the place online, a brightly lit, clean establishment.

I'd been expecting dim, shadowed corridors covered in dust and grime. Dirty, just like the goods they sold. I'd expected to see men in waistcoats and hats, hiding their identity as they bought things to fill their dens of depravity.

Instead, I got a bubbly, teenage store clerk with pink hair and a friendly smile.

"Hello sir!" She said happily as I walked by her. "Welcome to Betty Despair's Store and Membership!"

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"They really had to stretch for that last letter, huh?"

The girl grinned. "Membership to Betty Despair's Official-"

"Not interested," I said with a quick shake of my head. "I'm here to buy some stuff and then get gone. No memberships for me, thank you."

"Would you like any assistance in picking items out?" The pink-haired girl asked, not missing a beat. "As an employee of Betty Despair's, my training with this store's inventory is extensive."

"I'm good, thanks."

"Of course, sir," the girl said, smile never wavering. "If you need me at all, just let me know."

The store wasn't huge. It had a few aisles, probably a backroom filled with stock and the 'made to order' stuff that the website had touted. It'd take a minute or two to find everything I wanted.

I set off in search of chains and shackles first. Enough to bind the arms and legs of three women at once. Then some gags and anal toys, a riding crop or two, some kinkier bindings that I wasn't sure would fit my three busty ladies.

Before long, my arms were filled with all the gear I needed for the immediate future.

I took them to the counter, paid in cash.

As I was walking out of the establishment, the pink-haired girl smiled my way. I gave her a polite nod, headed back to my car.

Item one of today's to-do list was done.

Now to move on to item two. A tuxedo suitable for a rushed marriage. Not overly expensive, nor particularly fancy. But it'd do the job.

Then it was on to item the third.

"Shouldn't you be up at the house, fucking Mom's brains out?"

The first words out of Roslyn's mouth.

I chuckled, shook my head.

"There's something I want to show you," I told her.

"And it has to be in the dead of night?" She asked, crossing her arms. "At the stables, in the dark?"

"Yes."

"Well then," Roslyn sighed. "What're we waiting for? Show me already so I can go to bed."

"Alright," I smiled. "Follow me."

The girl fell into step behind me as I walked towards the stables, being especially careful I didn't trip over the uneven ground. On a dark night like this, one misplaced step and I'd end up on my ass, covered in mud.

"You seem pretty chill with the fact me and your mother are dating," I noted as we walked. "Not upset any more?"

"I was only upset," Roslyn grumbled, "because I thought you were cheating."

"And you don't think that any more?" I asked, knowing full well what the answer would be.

"Nah," Roslyn said behind me. "It's not cheating if it's for a good cause. Sure, you 'n' me might be fucking, but that's because we have to. In order to show that prick horse who's in charge. It's not like we're real lovers or anything."

"And to help Alicia," I added with a small smile.

"Of course," Roslyn said, a little too quickly and defensively.

Good.

Her motivations were developing nicely. She didn't care about whether or not Alicia ended up on horseback any more. To her, it was all about proving a point. Beating Storm. And, before long, it wouldn't even be about that any more. It'd just be her, hungry for cock. Nothing else.

"Before we go in," I said, stopping as we approached the stable stalls and turning to face Roslyn. "Don't judge her. It's who she is. She can't help it any more than you or I can help who we are. If you judge her, treat her like a weirdo or a creep over it, you'll hurt her deeper than you can ever imagine."

Roslyn raised an eyebrow at me.

She didn't understand. Not yet.

But, in a moment, she would.

I resumed walking, taking the final few strides to the third stable stall. I unlocked it, gripped the stall door's handle, turned to look Roslyn in the eye in a meaningful way. In the dim light of the lamp I'd set up earlier, I could see the girl's confusion.

Then I opened the stable stall door, and watched as the confusion transformed into stunned shock.

"Ali?!" Roslyn gasped, covering her mouth with one hand. "What- Why are you in there? Why are you *naked*?"

"This," I said firmly, not looking at Alicia but instead keeping my gaze on Roslyn, "is Ali. She's the new mare here at the stables. This is her stall."

"I don't..." Roslyn seem lost for words, her eyes moved from her naked sister who – I guessed – was currently on hands and knees, to me. "What's going on?"

"Alicia," I said in a loud whisper, "your sister, has a secret. Something you and your mother don't know about her. Something she's only discovered about herself recently."

I turned, looked at the beautiful creature for the first time.

"She self-identifies as a horse."

"*What?*"

"Some people identify as certain genders, some identify as fictional species or characters, some rare few even identify as plants. It's not something they choose, it's just who they are. It's how their brains work. Alicia identifies as a horse. It is, I imagine, one of the reasons she has so much trouble when it comes to riding them."

Turning back to look at Roslyn, I could see that it was a bit too much for the girl to take in so suddenly. Her eyes were wide, shocked and stunned and horrified.

"She's your sister," I said, soft enough that only Roslyn would be able to hear. "This is who she is. And, right now, she needs your support, Roslyn."

The girl looked at me, a riot of emotions radiating from her.

"She *needs* you," I repeated.

That did it.

The Penrose family bonds were tight indeed.

There were still a tempest of emotions crashing down on Roslyn, I knew. But these girls could always be relied on to help and support each other. They were family, as close as family got.

Roslyn set aside her thoughts, her conflicted feelings. Put them away somewhere deep inside, where she could confront them another time. In private. Right now, her big sister needed her to be there. To be supportive.

"Okay," Roslyn said quietly. "What do I do?"

I smiled at her, pulled a sugar-cube out of my pocket and handed it to her.

"Say hello to her," I told Roslyn. "Treat her like the horse she is."

I took a step back, watched as Roslyn awkwardly approached her sister and knelt down, extending her hand and the sugar-cube it held.

"Uh..." Roslyn murmured. "Hey there Ali..."

Alicia crawled slowly over to Roslyn, leaned her head forward to pick up the sugar-cube with her mouth.

"My name is Roslyn. It's, ah, nice to meet you."