

The Stable Master

Chapter 12

"It's a mother's job to support her children," I said softly, soothingly. "A good mother cares about her children. A good mother accepts her children as they are. She might not visibly show it all the time, she might have to act aloof and distant, but deep down, a good mother always puts her children first."

That was Felicity to her core.

Conservative, distant, domineering. A lady in control of vast fortunes, in charge of the Penrose estates. A woman with a cold shell that even her daughters had difficulty penetrating. Yet she was a mother first. A woman who wanted nothing more than to see her daughters happy.

It was the weakness in Felicity's strength.

Why, when she possessed so much, would she settle for something so mundane and ordinary? Felicity could have anything she wanted, live the kind of dream ordinary people would never be able to. Yet, rather than reach for the stars, she anchored herself to such a trivial desire; to see her daughters happy.

"Alicia and Roslyn are lucky to have you," I said, brushing a stray strand of hair away from Felicity's face. "Your guidance, your love for them, has helped them grow into beautiful young women."

Three beautiful women. My soon-to-be wife and daughters.

"But, just because they're grown now, doesn't mean you should stop caring about them, does it?"

"No," Felicity mumbled.

"It's a mother's job to support her daughters, to help them achieve their dreams, isn't it?"

"Yes," Momma Penrose answered.

"You want them to be happy, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And everyone finds happiness in different things, don't they?"

"Yes."

"But those different ways, they're not the important part. At the end of the day, it doesn't matter *how* your girls find happiness, just as long as they're smiling. It's not for you to judge them and their decisions. Your only job is to *help* them. To *support* them. That's what good mothers do. And you are a good mother, aren't you?"

"Yes," Felicity answered.

A good mother. And soon, a good bride.

One who'd allow her husband to play with and fuck her beautiful, sexy daughters without worry.

"Repeat after me," I commanded. "I am a good mother."

"I am a good mother," Felicity repeated in her hollow, hypnotised voice.

"Good mothers support their daughters," I continued.

"Good mothers support their daughters," Felicity echoed.

"It's not a mother's place to judge her daughters."

"It's not a mother's place," Felicity said softly, "to judge her daughters."

"It *is* a mother's place to help her daughters achieve their dreams."

As Felicity repeated my words, my fingers found themselves sliding down from the woman's cheek.

"Even if she doesn't understand those dreams, even if they make her uncomfortable."

Sliding down her neck.

"She doesn't question it. She simply does what she can to help."

Gliding between the woman's ample cleavage.
Felicity's hollow voice took on a faint breathiness.
"A mother exists to make her daughters happy."
She repeated the words in a gentle pant.
"Just as a wife exists to make her husband happy."

"I gotta say it hun," I said, fingertips drawing slow circles around Felicity's nipple. "Your tits are amazing."

"Is that so?" Felicity rolled her eyes. Tried to act above what I was doing, haughty and aloof. But I saw the blush in her cheeks, could feel the warmth radiating from her body.

"It is so," I smiled. "From the moment I saw them, I knew I had to have them."

The woman's cheeks turned a brighter shade of pink. She didn't reply.

"You know," I said, looking into my fiancée's eyes. "There's actually something I've been meaning to ask you."

Felicity raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"I have this *kink*, you see..."

How to broach the subject?

I could've planted it in Felicity's mind – made her think that it was she who wanted it, not me. I could've had *her* asking me to do it, acting like the uncertain party myself. But, for all that I could've manipulated her into wanting it herself, I hadn't.

Doing so would've stripped some important, vital part of the act away. It would've made it less fun.

"It's related to breasts," I said, watching Felicity closely. "And wanting to do *things* to them."

"What sort of 'things'?" Felicity asked when I paused.

"Unkind things," I answered softly. "Naughty, painful things."

"I... I see."

I knew how this conversation would play out. With how much I'd peeled at the layers of Felicity's mind, I knew exactly how she'd act and what she'd say and the decision she'd make. But, even with my understanding of her, it'd still be *her* making that decision. Out of love and a desire to please her man.

"Go on..." Felicity urged.

"I guess you could say," I said, eyes flicking to Felicity's wonderful tits. "I want to hurt them. Torture them."

There was no reaction at first. Just raised eyebrows and pursed lips. Felicity took in my words, processed them, mulled them over in her warped brain. And, after a minute of silence, she spoke the words I knew she would.

"I don't quite understand," Felicity said. "What do you mean when you say you want to 'torture' them?"

In her mind, she'd already accepted. She'd go through with whatever I suggested – even knowing it'd bring her pain. She was simply that far gone, that deep into my programming. She wanted to be a good wife, and she fully believed she was in love with me. She'd do anything it took to satisfy me.

"I could try to explain," I said. "But, I think it'd be easier if I showed you."

Slowly, Felicity nodded her head.

"Close your eyes," I commanded her.

She was laying back in bed, utterly naked.

Eyes closed, hands at her sides, breathing evenly. So still that I might have mistaken her for being hypnotised or sleeping, had I not already known what was happening.

"Kumquat," I stated clearly. "That will be the safe word. If, at any time, you want me to stop. Simply say that word. Kumquat."

Slowly, eyes still closed, Felicity nodded her head.

"Say it for me now, just so we know we're on the same page."

"Kumquat," Felicity panted.

Pink flushed through her cheeks, goosebumps dotting her body. Between her legs, I noticed, her snatch had moistened – was leaking with arousal. Felicity managed to keep her arousal from showing on her face, but the fact that she very much was turned on was clear as day.

It was the secret all conservative, held-back women kept.

Trying new things, even things they were uncertain of, was unbearably kinky for them. Though she might not have wanted to show it, and despite how she acted day in and day out, Felicity *wanted* excitement in her life. She wanted a taste of forbidden fruit. She'd just needed the right man around to show her.

"Again," I said, reaching down to caress a huge breast.

"Kumquat," Felicity repeated.

"Now that you know what the safe word is," I smiled. "You're not to use it. Even if you want to, even if you feel that temptation, you won't say that word again. Will you, Felicity?"

Her eyes flicked open, stared right up at me.

Cheeks pink, chest rising and falling heavily, Felicity shook her head.

"Good girl."

My hand, the one on her tit, moved. Fingertips reaching for Felicity's nipple. I grasped it, eyes locked onto hers, and twisted.

A gasp of pain. A wince. Her eyes shooting wide open.

I released the nipple almost immediately. No need to go all in just yet. It'd be much better to lull this woman into it, a little bit at a time.

I massaged her breast softly. Then firmly. Squeezed it. Gripped it, dug my fingers into it roughly.

Another gasp.

Felicity's hand shot up, covered her mouth.

This time, it lasted a little longer before I released her.

Felicity shut her eyes tight, fighting back the tears that were already beginning to form. A woman unaccustomed to pain.

A delicacy.

I moved my fingers again, this time directing them to her other breast.

Little by little. Tiny increments of agony.

And, before she knew it, Felicity would be handing me the whip that I'd use to paint red lines all over her heavy chest.

"I'm gonna go check on Mom," Alicia said, hopping to her feet. "Do you want me to pass on a messages or-"

"Tell her," I smiled, "that I'm looking forward to tonight."

Pink blossomed in Alicia's cheeks.

"I- Uh..." She managed to say, facing reddening like a tomato. "Okay..."

As she retreated, headed in the direction of the master bedroom, I couldn't help but chuckle. Alicia was all bubbles and happiness today. Smiling constantly, her radiant beauty shining for all to see.

"Your sister seems happy," I said, turning to Roslyn.

We were in one of Penrose Manor's smaller room. A room that, once upon a time, had probably been a smoking room. A little place for the men to hang out in and chat while the women did whatever it was women did in those olden times.

Sitting in an old, leather armchair, wearing a colourful pink bridesmaid dress, was Roslyn.

It was the first time I could recall ever seeing the girl wearing make-up. Pink lipstick to match her dress, dark eyeshadow and eyeliner, pink cheeks. Her short, black hair was neat and clean. She was even wearing heels.

It'd probably be the first – and last – time I'd ever see the girl in a dress.

"Mm'hm," Roslyn murmured. "She is."

"Thanks to you," I added softly.

Roslyn's eyes snapped to me.

"She's just excited about the wedding and-"

"No," I stated, cutting the girl off. "It's not *just* the wedding. You accepting her, helping her accept herself, has done wonders for Roslyn. How long has it been since you started coming down to the stables with her at night? Three weeks?"

Roslyn shrugged, blushed.

"It means the world to her," I smiled. "You know that."

"It's nothing," Roslyn muttered, shifting uncomfortably.

Every night, she joined her sister in the stables. Every night without fail. She went even when I didn't. Washing and feeding and being with her horse-brained sister.

It was a good start. But I could do better.

"Really," I said, taking a seat and closing my eyes. "I think the only thing you could do to help her more is pretend to be a horse along with her. Give her that extra bit of solidarity."

A light, faint-hearted idea. Or, at least, that's what I wanted Roslyn to think.

I wasn't *actually* suggesting it. It was just a throwaway comment. Nothing *serious* at all.

Yet Roslyn's mind would absorb it all the same. Ponder over it, think on it, be consumed by it. She would, to make her sister as comfortable and happy as possible, do anything. Even if 'anything' meant getting on her hands and knees naked and occupying the horse stall next to Alicia's.

These Penrose women cared about each other far too much for their own good.

"Crazy to think," I said, relaxing into my leather seat. "By the end of the day today, I'll officially be your step-dad."

"Most step-dads don't fuck their soon-to-be step-daughters," I heard Roslyn say. Her words brought a wide grin to my face.

"Most step-daughters don't beg their soon-to-be step-dads to fuck their brains out," I countered. "Guess that means I'm not gonna be a *typical* step-dad to you girls, huh?"

Roslyn snorted. "Guess not," she agreed.

Felicity looked beautiful in her wedding dress. Truly stunning.

Long black hair tied into a French braid, with a silver tiara resting on her brow. Her white veil was pushed back, now it rested lightly atop her head. Her lips were bright red, eyes lined with black. Icy blue irises shone with love and happiness.

The dress itself was cut low, exposing delicious amounts of cleavage. White and pure, elegant. It clung to her body, showed every curve and crevice that Felicity Penrose had to flaunt. From shoulders right down to the floor. High heels lifted Felicity a few inches in height. And, underneath all that white, I knew that my darling bride was wearing nothing.

No bra. No panties.

She stepped towards me, planted her lips on mine. A gentle, loving kiss. The kind of kiss one would expect on a day like this.

I growled, grabbed hold of Felicity's wedding dress and tore it down the middle.

Felicity gasped as her tits bounced free of their confines.

"Honey," she moaned into my mouth. "The bed, we-"

I took her by the throat, pushed her against the bedroom wall.

Our eyes met. Panic and shock in hers, pure lust in mine.

"I'm not going to fuck you on the bed tonight," I told her, taking a step back to admire my prize. My wife. "I'm going to fuck your tight cunt, and those pretty lips of yours. I'm going to fuck your ass. I'm going to fuck your tits. But none of it will be on the bed."

The bed was a place for lovers. For people. And, so very soon, Felicity wouldn't belong in that category. Pet? Sure. Slave? Definitely. Toy? Yes. But a 'person'? No. Not for much longer.

Slowly, Felicity nodded her head.

She had no idea what I was planning. She just wanted to do her wifely duties.

I smiled at her, raised my hand.

She let out a high-pitched gasp when I swatted my open palm at her.

Her tits bounced, swayed from the impact of my slap. Pale white skin in a bright white dress; now with a faint, pink hand-print. Truly, it was a remarkable sight.

"Stand straight," I ordered my wife. "Hands behind your back."

She complied without complaint.

I slapped her tits again. Grinned as they wobbled in my vision. Felicity stood still, chest pushed outwards. Her heavy breasts swung before me, begging for more of my 'special' attention.

I slapped them again. And again. Over and over.

Grinning, unable to contain myself, I watched as the pale skin turned from white to pink to red. I watched as the hand-prints became a bright blur. Felicity winced, gasped in pain. Grunted as I slapped her again and again.

And not once did she utter the safe word I'd given her.

Only when her wonderful watermelons were a bright, shining red, did I stop. The sight of them filling me with heat and desire like nothing else.

I reached out slowly, ran a gentle finger over the sore skin.

Felicity winced at a touch that would've otherwise been arousing.

How would she feel when I pinned her face to the floor, fucked her hard while her tits were pressed tight to the carpet.

Would she get carpet burn on top of her already sore breasts?

Grinning, I grabbed her hand, dragged her down to the floor.

"Come with me," I said, looking down at the floor.

Felicity lay there limp and unmoving, my cum dribbling out of her ass. Her chest was on the ground, face tilted sideways, eyes unfocussed. Her ass was red, limbs sprawled out in all directions.

She was a mess. A beautiful, brilliant mess.

I nudged her with my foot.

"Get up," I told her. "And follow me."

Her eyes focused a little, gazed up at me.

"Trust me," I smiled.

Slowly, the woman pushed herself up off the ground.

Save for the shredded, ragged remains of the wedding dress, all Felicity had on was the white veil and silver tiara.

As she limped over to where a plain robe rested on her dresser, I walked up behind her, put a gentle hand on her shoulder to stop her.

"You won't need that," I spoke softly. "Put on some slippers – we'll be heading outside for a bit. But you won't be wear anything else. In fact, it's probably best that you don't."

She turned to face me.

My eyes were drawn instantly to her red chest. Her blistered and sore breasts.

Any cloth that touched the sensitive skin there would cause my wife unbridled agony. If anything the cold air would be good for her. Might take the edge away from the pain she must surely be feeling.

Still dazed, tired from our long evening of fucking, all Felicity could do was nod her head and obey.

Before long, I was leading her out into the dark night.

She walked behind me without question. Didn't utter a single word as I led her in the direction of the stables.

"Now that we're husband and wife," I spoke into the night, "it wouldn't be right for me to keep any secrets from you. So, there's something I have to show you. Something important."

I'd prepared her for this. Just as I'd done with Roslyn.

I'd lain the groundwork, readied her mind to accept what she was about to discover. I'd even set down the direction her thoughts would take her, guided her to the right path.

Yet, even with all the work I'd done, there was that tingle of uncertainty.

What if she wasn't ready?

What if she reacted *badly*?

But there was no going back now. If, after everything I'd done, Felicity wasn't ready – she never would be.

"It's going to be shocking," I told her. "At first, you're not going to know what to make of it. But this is who they are. It's what they *want* to be. Odd and strange, sure. But, at the end of the day, there's nothing we, as parents, can do but *accept* them."

The stables grew closer and closer.

"Try not to react," I said, heart thumping in my chest. "Just treat them like you would normally. The last thing you want to do is unintentionally hurt them, right? You causing a scene, overreacting to it all, could very well cause lasting emotional damage."

I paused when we reached the stables, turned to look at my bride.

She was more awake now, more alert. And shivering from the cold. Her body fully exposed, as was what I'd done to it.

"Follow me," I told her.

And I led her inside the stables.

To where her two daughters waited.