

The Stable Master

Chapter 13

"You identify as... horses," Felicity said, eyes moving between her two naked daughters – both of which were standing in front of her, eyes on the floor.

"Yes," Alicia whispered, face red.

Roslyn nodded her head.

So far, everything had gone according to plan. Roslyn joining Alicia in the stables, playing the part of a horse herself. The way Momma Penrose had reacted upon seeing the two. All of it had gone just as I'd wanted it to.

"It's a brave new world, honey," I said, placing a hand on my new wife's shoulder. She was almost as naked as her two girls. "It might seem strange, but that's just because we grew up in a different time. Who are we to judge what our daughters feel? Who are we to deny them? As parents, it's our job to support them, isn't it?"

"I... I suppose," Felicity said, eyes not moving from Alicia and Roslyn.

"Alicia," I smiled, eyes on the busty, naked beauty. "Why don't you tell your mother how you feel?"

The girl looked up at me, eyes wide.

Opening up to her mother, about *this*? It was probably a nightmare come alive for poor Alicia. But the cat was out of the bag now, and there was no going back. If she didn't speak up, convince her mother to accept her as she was, who knew what might happen.

She turned to her mother, was unable to meet the older woman's gaze.

"I'm... I..." Her body trembled. Perhaps from the cold, perhaps from the nerves and dread. "I identify as a horse."

Silence.

Felicity didn't say anything. I didn't speak. Roslyn watched her sister, opened her mouth to say something but remained silent.

"It feels right," Alicia continued when no-one interrupted her. "It feels like *me*." She looked up, stared directly into her mother's eyes. "I'm happy when I'm here. When I'm in my stable stall, being a horse. It's like... this is my home."

"You're happy?" Felicity asked, voice softer than either of her daughters had been expecting.

"Yes," Alicia answered earnestly.

There was a long silence after that.

I'd been planning this for a long time. Since the beginning, really. I'd known this day was coming. It was, in a way, the turning point. The moment when everything would change; one way or another.

If I was going to have all three of these beauties as my own personal toys, there was no other way.

"I see," Felicity said.

And, without another word, she turned on her heels and began walking away.

My heart thumped in my chest. A cold shiver ran down my spine.

Was this it? The end of my plans?

Had Felicity rejected the thoughts and impulses I'd so thoroughly drilled into her brain?

She stopped at the stable's entrance. Stood in place, eyes forward.

"Four horses," my wife said softly. "You're going to be quite busy from now on, aren't you dear?"

"Never too busy for you," I smirked.

"I'm going back to bed," Felicity stated. "Are you coming, or do you need to stay here to look after the animals?"

"I'll be right behind you."

Felicity nodded her head, resumed walking.

In moments, she was gone. Swallowed up by the dark night outside of the stables. I turned to my two sexy mares.

"I'd say," I grinned. "That went pretty well."

"How do you feel, Alicia?"

"Content," the girl replied in a soft whisper. "Happy."

"Your mother knows about you, what you really are. She accepts you."

No reply, save for a slight twitch at the corner of her mouth.

"Your sister accepts you, has even joined you. She spent last night being a horse along with you." All true. Roslyn had done her job perfectly. "Your entire family supports you in this new lifestyle, Alicia. Don't they?"

"Yes," the girl answered.

We were in my office. Alicia seated across from me, slumped in her chair, eyes closed. Hypnotised. Wearing a plain white bathrobe and nothing else.

The robe was for her to put on once she was done acting like a horse, something to keep away the cold as she made her way back to the manor before everyone else woke up. Until last night, she'd dreaded the prospect of her mother finding out about her habit.

Yesterday truly had been a day for change.

Wedding bells, signed contracts, secrets uncovered.

"Soon," I said, eyes on Alicia's white robe – the opening that exposed a hint of the girl's cleavage, "you won't have to be Alicia the Human any more. You can be Alicia the Horse full-time. Staying here at the stables all day, every day."

I didn't know if she was ready for that yet. If her mind had been twisted that far. But, before long, it'd be the life she lived all the same.

"There's only one problem," I said, eyes flicking up to watch the girl's face. "Your breasts."

No reaction. Good.

"Horses don't have breasts," I told Alicia. "And they certainly don't have stupidly huge, massive knockers like you do."

I resisted the urge to reach over and grab the, lift them up to demonstrate my point. Snapping Alicia out of the trance like that, while entertaining, wouldn't bode well for me in the long run.

"You can live like a horse all you want; staying in the stables, walking around on all fours, neighing instead of talking. But the one thing you can't change are your big tits. Short of getting breast reduction surgery, which is a *very* bad idea, there is no way for you to reduce the size of your breasts. You will *always* have these two sacks of fat attached to your chest. A constant reminder that you can never *truly* be a real mare."

I'd have to reinforce the 'breast reduction surgery is bad' thing later. Make sure Alicia never considered it as an option. But, for right now, I had grander plans to set into motion.

"Ugly, massive, heavy breasts," I said, eyes on the girl's magnificent chest. "They've probably caused you all kinds of trouble since they grew in. Back pain, discomfort, unwanted attention from guys, you name it."

This plan was, as with all my little ploys, multi-staged.

First, make Alicia feel disconnected from her massive tits.

Then, make her hate them. Absolutely despise their existence.

From there, it'd be too easy to have her want to 'punish' her tits. Open her mind up to the benefits of abusing them.

When the time came, *she'd* be the one asking *me* to spank, slap, and otherwise torture her delicious melons. And, being the kind, loving step-dad I now was, I'd be more than happy to help my beautiful daughter out with that.

"Ugly, disgusting tits," I lied. "Unattractive and unnatural."

"I've been thinking," I said, giving my wife a little peck on the back of her neck. "You should take the girls on a shopping trip. Have a nice day out with them."

Felicity sighed, relaxed into my embrace.

"I know Roslyn could do with some new clothes, and I'm pretty sure I heard Alicia complaining about running out of bras that fit her. You could take them to a clothes store, spend some quality time with them. Maybe ask them about the whole horse thing."

She stiffened slightly at the word 'horse', but quickly relaxed again when I moved my lips to her naked shoulder.

"I think it'd be good for the three of you."

Depending, of course, on your definition of 'good'.

It'd be 'good' for the three of them to bond, sure. But that wasn't why I was suggesting the idea.

Going clothes shopping, especially looking for new bras, would drive home some of the things I'd been drilling into Alicia's skull lately. Her tits were too large, drew too much attention, so on and so forth. In trying to help her daughter, Felicity would drive Alicia even further into my grip.

A subtle, small form of manipulation. But, in truth, it was the small things adding up that made for the greatest changes.

"Are you sure you're not just trying to get rid of me so that you can invite your mistress over?" Felicity asked, panting softly.

I swear, even the slightest touch turned this woman on nowadays. Gone was the regal, cold beauty she'd once been. Felicity Penrose was as horny as a teenager, with all the self control of stray mutt presented with freshly cooked bacon. Any time I wanted to shove my dick in her, all I needed to do was give her a little peck and squeeze and she was ready to go.

"Nah," I smiled, fingers gliding over her bare skin. "She's out of town right now. It'll be just me and the hired help here today."

"Poor you," Felicity giggled.

"Don't worry, you can make it up to me later."

Felicity turned her head, looked me in the eye.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I know."

"It was difficult to find bras in your size, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Alicia answered, frowning slightly.

Not a very deep trance. I'd have to be a little more cautious than usual. But it was workable.

"That's because your breasts are abnormally, freakishly huge."

Her eyelids fluttered.

"And the bras you did find in your size, not many of them were very cute or pretty were they? They were mostly plain and boring."

"No," my step-daughter breathed.

"That's because only pregnant women, obese women, and really old women with sagging breasts tend to have tits as huge as yours. It's not normal. They're not normal. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Alicia answered.

"How do you feel about your breasts, Alicia?"

"I... dislike them," the girl said after a moment.

"Only 'dislike'? If I was you, I'd hate them. They'd make me feel like a freak."

Silence.

"Do you feel like a freak, Alicia?"

"Yes," she replied.

Good.

"Do you want to get rid of your breasts?"

"Yes."

"But you can't, can you?" I shut my eyes, leaned back in my chair.

"No."

"Your breasts are ruining everything for you, making you feel uncomfortable just as you're learning who you really are." A human brain, despite its complexities, was incredibly predictable. Set it on the right path, and it'll do what you want and think what you want. It was all too easy. "Your breasts are just getting in the way, making it more difficult for you to be the person – the horse – you want to be, isn't that right?"

"Yes," Alicia answered.

"I think that's deserving of punishment," I smiled. "Don't you?"

I watched as Alicia gazed at her own reflection, eyes on the bulging chest she'd grown to despise. She was wearing a sweater, which only added an extra layer of thickness to her body – made her breasts bulge out all the more.

I'd done a terrible thing to her. Making such a beauty hate herself so deeply.

But, in the end, it was for the best.

The moment I started putting these bitches ahead of my own needs and desires was the moment I might as well cut my cock and balls off and throw them in a river. Felicity, Alicia, Roslyn. They existed for me. Their bodies existed for my pleasure. From the moment I'd lain eyes on them, from that first hypnotic session, this had become their destiny.

If I needed to make Alicia hate herself? So be it.

If I needed to warp this family and their compassion and love for each other into something else? I'd do so.

Because, at the end of the day, I'd have what I wanted. No matter the cost. No matter the price others were forced to pay.

Three beautiful, busty sluts. A stable stall for each. Their holes at my disposal. Their tits mine to use and abuse. Three Penrose pussies eagerly awaiting my cock and cum. My wife and two daughters. My estate. My wealth. Everything I wanted, mine for the taking.

I turned my gaze away from Alicia, focused on Roslyn instead.

"Will you be coming down to the stables today?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"Can't," Roslyn shrugged, shovelling a spoonful of cereal into her mouth. "Gonna hang out with friends."

Just as I'd instructed her hypnotised mind to do.

It was two-fold.

On one hand, Roslyn would spend time away from home. And, in doing so, activate some other hypnotic commands I'd implanted in her head. She'd feel less happy with her friends than usual, would end up thinking more and more about Alicia and the stables and find herself wishing she could be back there.

See, I couldn't use the same tactic with Roslyn as I had with Alicia. I couldn't simply make her want to be a horse. The two girls were completely different people, with different motivations and weaknesses. Roslyn didn't care about some dumb animals, couldn't easily be made to empathise with them. What she *did* care about was her sister.

Thinking about her sister being alone? That'd get to Roslyn.

I'd made sure Roslyn was driven by solidarity, a need to stand alongside her sister. I'd amplified her love and protectiveness towards Alicia.

So, when she was out with friends, she'd be unable to think of anything else but her

poor, lonely sister.

She wouldn't be hanging out with her friends again after today.

That was one side of my plan.

The other was much more basic. Much less calculating.

Quite simply, it meant I'd have some alone time with my beautiful, busty daughter.

"Come here, Ali," I said, waving her toward me. "There's a good girl."

She crawled on hands and knees towards me, hanging tits brushing the dirt floor as she went.

Quite the sight indeed.

One of the most beautiful, innocent-looking girls I'd ever lain my eyes on, brought down so low that she truly believed *this* was her place in life. No doubt, when I gave my wonderful girl the gift of a horse-tail butt-plug, she'd be over the moon with joy. But, for today, I had other plans.

She stopped in front of me, eyes wide as she looked up.

I knelt down, patted her rump.

Alicia blushed.

"You know," I said, hand sliding from her round ass, up along her spine, down the side of her body towards the soft flesh of her chest. "I almost keep forgetting you're a horse. With big ol' udders like these, I keep thinking you must be a cow."

I stroked the smooth flesh, fingers pressed to her skin.

"Wonder what'd happen if I try milking you," I said, grabbing hold of a breast and giving it a soft squeeze. "Will anything come out?"

Face bright red, Alicia stared at the floor, neighed.

"Horses shouldn't have growths like this," I told my mare. "It's part of my job as Stable Master to examine any strange, unusual growths on my horses. Can't have defective animals in my stables now, can I?"

My grip on her tit tightened, my fingers digging painfully into her.

Alicia bit back a groan.

"After all," I said. "Part of my job is making sure my *mares* are fit and ready to be bred. Wouldn't want to pass down any defective genes now, would we?"

Temptation pulled at me. Demanded I do more.

I had whips hidden away in my desk. Paddles and toys. One short walk to go collect that stuff and I could spend the afternoon torturing this beauty's breasts. Really, I didn't even need that stuff. My palm and the back of my hand would do just fine when it came to abusing Alicia's tits.

She wouldn't stop me. I was confident of that.

Hell, she might even *thank* me for it. Punishing her chest.

But no. Not yet.

So close now, I could almost taste it.

Three women lined up, breasts marred with red lines, eyes filled with a fusion of pain and love. My Penrose toys.

But not yet. Not today.

I released my grip on Alicia's tit, circled around so that I was behind her, undid my belt buckle and let my pants drop to the floor.

Maybe I couldn't do *that* quite yet.

But *this*? This, I could do.

"Have a nice time at the stables today?" My wife asked me, climbing into bed.

"Yes," I smiled. "It was tiring, but fun."

"You know," she said, leaning over to kiss me. "You don't have to be down there any more. We could always hire a new stable master. Or at least a stable hand to take care of

all the dirty work. You don't need to-

"I want to," I interrupted before Felicity could continue. Best to kill *this* idea off now, before it had a chance to fester and grow. "I like working the stables. It's hard work, sure. But there's something about being down there with the animals... It suits me."

"If you say so," she said, slipping her hand under the blanket – fingers guided towards my exhausted cock. "Just as long as you're not too worn out to fulfil your marital duties."

"Never," I grinned. And, sure enough, my cock stirred at the woman's touch. All day spend pounding the daughter's insides, but still had more than enough energy to take care of the mother too. Guess all the fresh air and nature was good for me after all. "In fact, I was thinking it might be fun to have you down at the stables too."

Felicity raised an eyebrow at me, cheeks flushed.

"It might be fun," I told her. "You taking care of my needs in front of the *horses*. Showing them just how *animal* Penrose women can get."

She rolled her eyes, smiled. Her cheeks glowed red.

"You're impossible," she sighed happily, "I don't-"

My finger on her lips stopped her short. She stared at me as I smirked at her.

"No more talking," I said, removing my finger. "Time to put those lips of yours to much better use, don't you think?"

Slowly, my wife nodded her head.

And, a moment later, it was more than just her fingers that were under the blanket and wrapped around my shaft.