

The Stable Master

Chapter 14

I took a deep breath, stared over at the girl across from me.

Slouched in an office chair, eyes closed with a slack jaw and slumped shoulders. A casual observer might assume Roslyn was simply sleeping. Taking a nap in the stable's office. But no, that wasn't even close to being the case. Roslyn wasn't sleeping.

"You've been doing well," I told the girl. "Sticking by Alicia, helping her accept herself, making her feel comfortable being who and what she truly is. You've been a good sister."

For Roslyn, it was an act.

Alicia? She believed it with every fibre of her being. She was a horse-girl through and through. She'd bought into the idea to the point that she didn't even consider herself fully human any more.

But not Roslyn.

The youngest Penrose wasn't at the stables because she believed she was a horse. She was there to support her big sister.

Oh, I had my plans for Roslyn. She'd not submit in quite the same way her sister had. But she *would* submit. I just needed to take a different approach with her. What worked on one Penrose woman wouldn't work on another. I had my plans for Roslyn. But, before those plans could be put into motion, some preparation was necessary.

"You're doing well," I told the girl. "Very well. But..."

A pause for dramatic effect that was, in all probability, wasted on a hypnotised mind.

"You *could* be doing better."

I allowed myself a moment to smile, eyes taking in the sight of the beauty before me. Busty, athletic, more than pretty. These Penrose women sure knew how to grab and hold a man's attention.

"You want to do better, don't you Roslyn?"

"Yes," the girl murmured.

"You *want* to try harder, don't you?"

"Yes," the girl repeated softly.

"Alicia needs you. You being there for her means everything to her. You being there for her, emulating her, allows Alicia to truly be the person she wants to be."

Okay, maybe 'person' wasn't *quite* the right word.

"And it feels good, doesn't it?" I said. "Helping her, I mean. It feels *good* that you're there for your sister, that you're helping her come out of her shell. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Roslyn breathed.

"You've been standing with her, copying her, emulating her. You've been there for her. And you're closer to her now than you've ever been before. Ever since you both started staying in the stables together every night, you've grown closer as sisters. You're closer to understanding her than ever before."

I gave my beautiful wife a lingering kiss, my lips on the back of her neck.

She melted. Tensed muscles relaxing, straight back slumping as she leaned back against my chest. A soft, happy sigh escaped her lips. The strain of a long day spent going over her - *our* - estate's finances evaporating away in my embrace.

The woman was infatuated. In *love* with me.

That thought made me lose even more respect for the Penrose matriarch.

Just a few months ago, she'd been hard as nails. No nonsense, no bullshit, no weakness. If I'd kissed *that* woman on the back of the neck, I'd probably have ended up curled on the floor from a solid, merciless kick to the balls. Old Momma Penrose wouldn't have stood for her daughters stripping naked and spending their nights in dirty, dark stable

stalls.

And now look at her.

Soppy and weak and pathetic.

A single kiss was all it took to bring the once mighty Felicity Penrose to her knees. And, on her knees, all it'd take to make the bitch suck my cock was for me to whip it out.

Adding her to the stables would be a pleasure.

But that'd have to wait 'til later. Right now, I had other reasons to interrupt Felicity as she paced in her office.

"Time for a break," I whispered to her, wrapping my arms around her waist.

Felicity sighed contentedly, relaxed against me.

"Come on," I told her softly, "lets go sit down. There's something I want to ask you about."

A curious Felicity led the way to a small sofa. I sat down first, got comfy. My wife sat herself down on my lap, butt wiggling against my crotch. I grinned, slid my hands over her lean curves.

"Roslyn," I said, undoing Felicity's blouse. "I want you to tell me more about your youngest."

"What do you want to know?" Felicity purred.

"Everything."

Distracted as she was with the hands exploring her body, my wife didn't think to question my sudden interest in her daughter. She simply told me everything I wanted to hear.

Roslyn, the youngest. Practically a tomboy, with how much she liked to be outdoors running around. Full of energy and life and joy. Even as a child, Roslyn had sought to protect her big sister from their mother's sternness. Yet, when it came to the questions I needed the answers for, my wife drew up a blank.

"I don't know," Felicity sighed happily. "She's never really shown much of an interest in- Aah!"

I pinched her clit, gave it a little pull.

"She doesn't have any ambitions that I know of," Felicity continued, a hot edge to her voice. "She's driven and motivated, but I don't think she actually has any plans for the future. At least, she hasn't told *me* any."

I figured as much.

With my right hand, I toyed with my wife's clit. With my left, I groped and squeezed one of her massive breasts.

"Roslyn needs guidance," I told Felicity. "Someone needs to give her something to aim for. An end goal. A dream. Alicia knows what she wants from life, but Roslyn is just living one day to the next with no plan. That's no good. No good at all."

"Uh-huh," Felicity moaned in agreement.

"Don't you worry, dear," I smiled. "I'll give Roslyn something to live for. I'll give her purpose."

But Felicity was barely listening any more. Her moans filled the room, free and loud and unrestrained. An animal, as much as Alicia and Roslyn were. A simple-minded, cock-craving slut.

When I shoved her off my lap, watched her tumble to the floor, I couldn't help but smile.

She looked up at me with wide, hurt eyes.

"My cock," I told her, patting my crotch. "Suck it."

Slowly, Felicity nodded her head.

She crawled to me, remained on her knees. With delicate fingers, she unzipped my trousers and pulled out my cock.

"Life without purpose is a terrible thing," I told the hypnotised girl. "Moving from one day to the next, never dreaming of more, lost in the never-ending monotony. Life on repeat, ever single day until – years from now – you look back and wonder where all that time went. What it was all for."

My eyes were glued to Roslyn's face. Searching it for any hint of emotion.

"Your life has no meaning, Roslyn."

Nothing. Not even the barest echo of feeling.

"You like exercising. You want to be the best. You enjoy seeing your sister happy. You want to help her find her happiness, to live her best life. But what about you? What about *your* best life?"

Even hypnotised as she was, the girl knew better to answer that question.

"If you want to live a fulfilling life," I continued. "If you want to be happy, you *need* purpose. You need a goal to strive for."

Her rivalry with Storm was a thing of the past. It'd been useful in allowing me to hypnotise her, getting her to the stables and enabling my manipulations. But wanting to ride Storm was, if it still existed at all, an afterthought for Roslyn these days. She was here for Alicia now.

It was time to change that.

Instead of being here for Storm, or being here for Alicia, it was for *herself* that Roslyn would come here.

I'd give her a dream. Give her an end goal.

And, with her drive, her will to succeed, Roslyn would do the rest. All I needed was the right thing for her to chase after.

"You want to make the people close to you happy, yes?"

"Yes," Roslyn answered instantly.

"You want to make your family members happy?"

"Yes."

"I am a family member now," I reminded the hypnotised girl. "Do you want to make *me* happy, Roslyn?"

"...Yes."

"Your mother wants to make me happy too," I added. "Alicia wants to make me happy. In fact, both of them try very hard to make me happy indeed."

True enough. Felicity's main motivation in life right now was pleasing me. Alicia not so much. But it was close enough.

"If it was a *competition*, you'd be losing it."

Roslyn's eyebrow twitched.

"Compared to them, you've put in very little effort when it comes to making me, your step-father, happy. You're in last place. Dead last. And your mother? She's easily the one winning that race."

A hint of annoyance on Roslyn's otherwise serene face.

"Everyone has to have a goal," I told her. "Everyone has to have an ambition. Something to wake up for. Something to work towards. Without it, life is hollow. You don't want to live a hollow, unfulfilling life, do you?"

"No," my step-daughter answered softly.

"You want to win, to be the best, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Right now, both your sister and mother are beating you at something. They're happy, fulfilled, living their best lives. They have something you don't. They're both dedicated to making me happy. And look how happy both of them are now."

After this trace, when she was walking around the manor and the stables, she'd see exactly how happy Alicia and Felicity were. She'd witness their joy. And, in turn, she'd attribute it to me.

"They're happy," I stated again, a smile tugging at my lips. "You want to be happy too, don't you Roslyn?"

Felicity smiled, let out a girlish, happy laugh.

Across the table, Alicia smiled with her. And, next to Alicia, Roslyn pursed her lips, eyes drifting between her mother and sister.

"And that," I grinned, "is how I earned my high-school nickname!"

"So you're saying," Felicity giggled. "Your nickname through high-school-"

"And college," I added with a chuckle.

"-and *college*, was *Cucumber*?"

"It was a good ice breaker! A girl hears that, she's gonna want to know why. The mind wonders. And I'm sure I don't need to tell *you* the truth behind the name."

Felicity blushed, covered her mouth to hide her smile.

It was, at face value, a plain old – if overly 'chipper' – family breakfast. The girls had come back from the stables, taken a shower, were getting ready for the day. Felicity had been well and truly sexed up, hypnotised to be obnoxiously happy. A perfect little scene to hammer home the idea in Roslyn's mind.

Theatrics at it's best.

"So," I said, eyes turning to Alicia. "How'd you sleep last night? Seemed a little chilly out, so I made sure to set the heater on max for you girls."

"I slept fine," Alicia smiled. Roslyn mumbled agreement – unusually quiet. "Kinda miss having a blanket, but what can you do?"

"Actually," I nodded my head sagely. "Horse blankets are a thing. I don't see any reason why you two can't have one each. It'll make spending time at the stables all the more comfortable for you. What do you think, dear?"

"You're the expert," Felicity shrugged. "I leave decisions about the stables and the *horses* in your hands."

"Then that's what we'll do," I grinned. "I'll get you girls some blankets today!"

"Thank you," Alicia blushed, unable to keep from smiling.

Happy sister. Happy mother.

So much that Roslyn was missing out on. So much that she could have, if only she'd dedicate herself to me and my satisfaction.

It was only a matter of time.

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

"Yes."

"Your mother and sister are happy, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Your mother married me, has dedicated herself to making me happy. Correct?"

"Yes."

"Your mother is happier now than you've ever seen her before. She's happier than she's ever been before. Yes?"

"Yes."

"And your sister is more confident and comfortable with herself ever since she decided trust me, opened up to me, cared about me enough to put herself in my hands. She's happier now than you've ever seen her before. Than she's ever been before. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Your mother and sister are happier than ever because of me, right?"

"Yes."

"And you want to be happy too, don't you Roslyn?"

"Yes."

"It seems to me, then, that you should put your trust in me too. You should dedicate yourself to my happiness just like your mother has, and you should trust me and put yourself in my care just like your sister has. If I made them happy, it only makes sense that I can make you happy too, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to be happy?"

"Y- yes."

"Can I make you happy?"

"...Yes."

"What do you have to do in order for me to make you happy?"

I strode into the stable proper, a wide grin on my face.

Four stable stalls occupied.

Before long, that fifth and final one would be too. I was working my magic on Felicity. Before long, she'd be so 'in love' with me, there'd be nothing she wouldn't do. Getting her to join her daughters would be the simplest thing in the world.

And then the *real* fun could begin.

But, for now, it was the daughters I was interested in.

I walked to their stable stalls, called both their names and had them line up in front of me.

Roslyn rushed to obey, like a little puppy eager to please her master. Alicia was slower, more hesitant to leave her role as 'mare' and become 'human' again – but she obeyed all the same.

"Girls," I said with a smile. "I think it's time for your daily punishment."

Alicia's eyes widened. Roslyn's eyebrow raised.

One of the two knew what I meant when I said 'punishment'. The other? Well, she was about to find out.

The 'daily' part? That was new. No explanation needed. The girls would accept it. I was certain of *that*.

"Alicia first," I said, stepping directly in front of the busty beauty. She looked into my eyes, her oddly-coloured irises glinting in the faint, evening light. "What, my dear, are you being punished for today?"

"For..." She glanced at Roslyn, blushed, looked back at me. "For being a freak of nature. A dumb girl with dumb, huge tits."

Marvellous. The way she said 'girl', the resentment in her voice, made me smile all the wider. She *truly* believed she deserved punishment for having such lovely, massive breasts. The poor girl. I'd truly fucked her up, hadn't I?

"Very good," I smiled.

I raised my hand, palm open.

Alicia shut her eyes.

Roslyn watched in confusion.

I swung hard, struck Alicia's chest with a harsh *slap*.

Her tits danced, her lips opening in a gasp of pain. Besides her, Roslyn watched in horror. I raised my hand again, swung, slapped Alicia's tits. Again. And again. Over and over.

Her pale, goose-pimpled skin turned pink quickly. Then red. Her - already hard – pink nipples pointed out firmly, began turning as red as the rest of her tits were becoming. And still, I didn't stop.

Alicia bit her lip, split it with the force he was biting down with. A tiny trickle of red, a bead of blood.

I stopped mid-slap. Moved my hand to Alicia's chin.

"Silly girl," I said, voice taking on a fatherly, gentle tone. "You don't bite down. You

never bite down. When your jaw locks down like that, it means you're resisting the pain. And if you're resisting the pain, you're resisting the punishment."

I brushed my thumb over her chin and lips, wiped away the trickle.

"You never resist a punishment you've earned. Why are you being punished again, Ali?"

"For being a freak of nature," the girl answered quietly.

"You *want* to be punished, don't you?"

"Yes," the girl said, opening her eyes to stare at me. "I do."

"No more resisting?"

She nodded her head.

I smiled at her, raised my hand.

She opened her mouth in anticipation, didn't shut her eyes.

The loud, sharp gasp she made when I brought my hand down again was magical. A sound I'd never forget – especially not with how often I'd be hearing it from now on.

When Alicia's punishment was done, tears crawling down her cheeks and tits redder than the devil's anus, I took a step back from her, moved to her sister instead. The beautiful, athletic, very busty Roslyn Penrose.

"What, my dear, are you being punished for today?"

The girl stared up at me with a pale, white face and horrified, wide eyes.

"I... I don't know," she answered – torn between the uncertainty of the moment and her newfound drive to please and make me happy. "I'm not-"

"Earlier today," I said, eyes on hers, "you stole one of your sister's sausages. During dinner. Snatched it right off her plate when you were done eating yours. That was rude. And, for being rude, you deserve punishment."

"I..." Roslyn bushed, looked down. "Yes."

"So I ask again, what are you being punished for today, Roslyn?"

"For stealing my sister's food."

"Very good," I smiled.

As I raised my hand, the girl shut her eyes tight, instinctively clenched her jaw in anticipation. I didn't swing right away. Instead, I let my hand hang high above, ready at any moment.

Seconds ticked by. Awkward, silent seconds.

Finally though, Roslyn relaxed a little, opened an eye to see why I hadn't slapped her tits yet.

And that's when I struck.

Roslyn grunted, flinched.

She didn't step back, though. Didn't try to defend herself or stop me. Just stood there with a bright pink hand-print on her gently swaying tit.

I raised my hand again.

"Open your mouth," I commanded her. "Don't want you making the same mistake your sister did, do we?"

It took a moment, but my darling daughter obeyed.

I swung, struck her beautiful tits, watched them dance, raised my hand again. Swung. Struck. Slapped. Over and over and over again.