

The Stable Master

Chapter 15

I sat back on the emperor-sized bed, my ass sinking into the soft mattress. My eyes were shut, embracing the moment – the scent of lavender candles burning, the sound of orchestral music playing from speakers that were impossibly expensive. The air temperature was perfectly balanced, not a single degree too warm or cool.

Bed frame, mattress, bed sheets, pillows, side-tables and wardrobes and stereo system. Save for the candles and the discarded clothes, there wasn't a single object in the master bedroom that didn't cost a small fortune all by itself.

I'd bought it all – tossed out all the old 'sentimental' crap. The first of the manor's rooms I'd redecorate.

When I heard a door creak, I opened my eyes.

And there she stood – looking as beautiful as ever, in pure white bridal lingerie. Huge tits hugged tightly to her body, squeezed together by a bra that was obviously too small for her. Nipples not quite hidden behind a layer of transparent white cloth. Atop her head, a white veil that concealed the top half of her face, revealing only her crimson lips and naughty smile.

Felicity slid her hands slowly up and down the door frame before stepping fully into the room, fingers gliding sensually off the wooden surface and finding themselves on her hips instead – moving up her sides, down her ribs, under her gigantic melons.

"The girls aren't here..." My wife said in a sultry whisper as she reached the foot of the bed. Slowly, body swaying, she crawled onto the mattress. "We can be as loud as we want..."

"Girls?" I smiled. "I think you're mistaken, my love. We don't have any *girls*. Only horses."

Felicity paused, lips curling into a smile. When she continued her crawl towards me, it was with a naughty, slutty grin.

"You're right," she cooed, planting one hand either side of my waist, looking down at the bulge of my cock, then up at me. "We don't have any daughters, do we? But that's okay..."

She leaned her head down, kissed my bulge.

"Because..." She kissed it again, let out a tiny moan. "We can always *make* some. Now doesn't that sound fun?"

"Family is everything," I said, loud and clear. "Without family, life holds no meaning. Without family, life is hollow and empty."

Felicity absorbed my words, gave no reply.

"Family, at the end of the day, is all we truly have."

I slid my hand along my wife's body as I spoke, gave her huge tits some nice squeezes. She didn't react to the touch, didn't reject it. Her mind was an open book to me now. There was nothing I could do that'd break these trances. Not a damn thing.

"Sometimes, our family – especially those who are plenty younger than us – might do things we don't understand. Things we might consider *strange*. But that's normal. That's natural. Every generation is different from the last. They're family, and we accept our family – eccentricities 'n' all. Don't we?"

"Yes," Felicity breathed.

"If our daughters are doing things you find weird or strange, it's not our place to point it out or judge them. We simply have to accept them and their behaviours. They're family, after all. And family is the most important thing in the world."

Most guys would've been satisfied with Felicity. The woman was beyond beautiful, was richer than any whore had a right to be, lived in a fucking *mansion*, and was an animal

in the bedroom. Forget being 'satisfied' with her, most guys would've wanted nothing more in life than to be *near* her. Being with her? That was a pipe dream. And yet, why settle for one when I could have three?

"We accept family," I continued. "We accept the oddities. But, more than that, we *embrace* them. We *help* our family in whatever ways we can. Because we care. Because they're so important to us. We do everything in our power to assist them in being who and what they are."

Horses. Mindless, dumb beasts. Pain-loving sluts.

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

"Yes," Felicity answered.

"You want them to lead fulfilling, happy lives. Don't you?"

"Yes," the MILF repeated.

"No matter what it is, you'll accept them. You'll help them, aid them in being who and what they want to be. Yes?"

"Yes."

"Very good," I smiled.

Alicia and Roslyn were already my stable dolls. They spent more times at the stables than they did anywhere else – most of the day, every day. It was only a matter of time before the stables became their entire lives.

Now, I just needed to add Felicity to the mix. Give her the final stable stall. Have her join her daughters at the stables.

"I am not the biological father of either Alicia or Roslyn," I said, trailing a finger around Felicity's exposed nipple.

No reply, of course.

"They are, at least genetically, not my daughters."

A slight twitch of Felicity's eyebrow.

"I love them like they were my own," I added quickly. "I see them as my daughters. But, they have none of my genes in them."

Not *quite* true, that. I had, in fact, put plenty of my 'genes' inside their mouths and cunts. But Felicity didn't need to know that. Not yet, at least.

"Genetically, they are *your* daughters."

Line the three Penrose women up next to each other, and it was obvious they were related. Pretty faces and colossally huge tits must run in the family.

"And, when people share a lot of genetic information, they tend to also share each others' interests. If a mother has a natural inclination towards dark chocolate, their children are also likely to enjoy the taste. Likewise, a daughter who possesses a naturally submissive personality will often find that their parent shares that same natural submissiveness."

It was a stretch. And probably an unnecessary one – if she knew it'd make me happy, she'd almost certainly join her girls without hesitation. I didn't *need* to add yet another reason for her to become a stable-whore.

But I wanted to.

Make her think it was her fault that her daughters were the way they were. Give her an excuse, a reason to fall back on, when she began feeling the same way as they did.

"Both Alicia and Roslyn identify as horses," I stated, giving Felicity's nipple a little tug. "That is not a coincidence. It can't be. Most likely, the girls are genetically predisposed to believing they're horses. And, if it's genetic, there's a very good chance that you, Felicity, also have the 'horse gene'."

Marrying into the Penrose family, becoming the Manor's de-facto patriarch, put me in a very interesting position when it came to the manor's staff.

Gardeners, maids and cleaners, a personal cook. Most of them were older, having

worked at the manor before even Felicity had been born. And, of those that were younger, almost all had inherited their jobs from retired relatives. Pretty much everyone who worked at Penrose Manor had a history with the place. They - the older ones especially – seemed to genuinely care about the Penrose three.

I couldn't have them getting in my way.

The more the girls visited the stables, the more suspicious and curious the manor's other employees would get. It was only a matter of time until one of them decided to 'check out' what the girls were doing at the stables all day and discovered the truth. That was something I could *not* allow to happen.

And, as the new Master Penrose, I had all the power I needed to ensure it didn't.

Firing them all would be easy. The plebs wouldn't be happy about it, but what could they do? There would be downsides, however.

Without the maids and cleaners, who'd keep the huge manor clean and spotless? Without the gardeners, who'd deal with the weeds and care for the flowers? Without a cook- Well, that one was easy enough. A microwave would solve *that* particular problem. But the other two?

It took only a few minutes for me to come up with a solution. It was obvious, after all. Painfully so.

I went to Felicity first, got her blessing.

Then, I went to Roslyn and Alicia and told *them*. Roslyn wasn't pleased, but she'd go along with it. Alicia, though I knew she didn't like it either, didn't complain.

Finally, I went to the cleaners and let them know what'd be happening. They were going to take Roslyn and Alicia under their wings, teach them everything they knew about keeping the manor clean. The girls needed to learn the value of 'hard work' and 'dedication' and such, and the maids would be doing me and Felicity a great service by apprenticing the girls.

Meanwhile, I had Felicity begin studying cooking – like any good wife should. Memorising recipes and learning her way around the kitchen.

The gardens? I didn't give a shit about that. Let the flowers die and the weeds take over. Once the staff were gone, there wouldn't be anyone left at Penrose Manor who cared what the grounds looked like. Just me and my five horses.

A chilly night. Sky filled with sparkling stars and a bright, glowing moon. Save for a few dark and silvery patches, the night was cloudless. A beautiful night, all things considered.

Felicity followed behind me as I walked towards the stables. A slow, easy pace. There was no rush, after all. I'd have all night to enjoy this.

I kept my eyes on the sky, the stars and moon, the emptiness.

Penrose Manor was miles away from anything else. A single estate with no neighbours save for a hut or two just outside the estate's old, stone walls.

Pretty soon, even those cottages would be gone. When I fired the inhabitants, I'd offer to purchase their homes – make sure they had enough money to move somewhere nice, closer to civilisation where they'd be able to find new jobs, or else a nice retirement home somewhere warm.

It'd be just me and my wife and daughters.

"Lovely night," I said, nodding to the sky.

"Yes," Felicity huffed. "Lovely and cold. Can we speed up a litt-"

"Woman," I said sharply. "I will walk as fast or as slow as I choose to. Do you have a problem with that?"

"I..." Even though my eyes were on the sky, I could feel my wife's sudden regret and shame. "No. I'm sorry."

"It's a beautiful night," I told her. "It'd be a shame for you to ruin it. Come, stand next to me. Lets spend a few moments appreciating it together, shall we? We can warm up

when we get where we're going."

"I..." Felicity's voice trembled. "Yes, dear."

I felt her walk up beside me, saw her face turn skyward out the corner of my eye. And, for a minute or two, we stood there silently. Me still and calm, her shaking and shuddering from the cold.

When I turned to look at her, her eyes snapped to me.

She looked good naked, my wife.

And, save for a pair of slippers, that's exactly what my beautiful wife was. Naked. Totally exposed to the chilly air.

Her nipples were hard as diamonds, skin prickled and trembling. Her soft tits wobbled as she shook, a sight more beautiful than any boring sky.

"I love you," I lied.

"I-" Felicity shuddered, teeth rattling. "I love you too."

"Come on," I nodded, taking a step forward. "Let's go see what the horses are up to."

Once again, Felicity fell into step behind me. This time, though, she didn't complain about the speed. She didn't say *anything*. The only sounds I heard from her were chattering teeth and ragged, shaky breaths.

When we arrived at the stables, Felicity slid past me – shuffled over to the nearest space heater and crouched down in front of it. Her backside looked deliciously inviting as she rubbed her arms for warmth.

"Come on out, girls," I said loudly. "We have a visitor."

And, sure enough, the two 'horses' emerged from their stalls.

If she'd been paying attention, Felicity's eyebrows would've shot right up. But, seeing as she was focused entirely on the space heater for the moment, she gave no reaction to the sight of her daughters.

Both Roslyn and Alicia were wearing the full-body leather harnesses I'd gotten for them.

Black straps bound wrists to shoulders and ankles to thighs, forcing the girls to walk on elbows and knees. Tight black harnesses wrapped around their torsos, between and under and around their huge tits. Their cunts were hidden behind straps too, though those ones were easier to undo than others.

The girls crawled over to me, Alicia eagerly – paying no heed to the guest I'd brought. Roslyn, on the other hand, kept flicking her gaze towards her mother nervously as she approached.

"Ali," I smiled. "Ros. Have you two been good?"

Alicia nodded her head quickly, neighed with a wide grin.

Roslyn tried to mimic her sister, but it was obvious that the younger Penrose was far less confident than her sister. How the tables had turned.

"This," I said, nodding my head towards Felicity who had – finally – noticed what her daughters were wearing. And, sure enough, her eyebrows were as high as I'd imagined them being. "Is Fel. She's here to check out the stables. Get a feel for them and the horses here. She's a horse too, you see."

Felicity's eyes shot to me.

"Solidarity," I shrugged, smiling. "I mean, there's no harm in trying it, right? Just one time, I promise."

She stared at me for a moment. Then she rolled her eyes.

"Fine," she sighed. "But just this once."

Once was good enough for me.

Even if all the work I'd put in to make this a thing – Felicity joining her daughters in the stables – didn't pan out. Even if, after tonight, she were to tell me she didn't want to do it again. It wouldn't matter.

Get a woman to do something once and, as long as she didn't hate it, you could make her do it a million times.

All you needed was how to motivate her.

"Come on then," I grinned. "Let's go put on your horse harness. Then we can get started with the sugar cube treats!"

I kept a close eye on the three of them, stayed in the stables all night to make sure everything went smoothly. I needn't have bothered. It all went as well as I could've hoped for.

For an hour or two, Felicity and her daughters plodded around on elbows and knees. The mother getting used to this odd new situation she'd found herself in while the girls milled about aimlessly – something which Alicia enjoyed immensely and Roslyn accepted without complaint.

I washed them with warm, soapy water. I patted each of them on the head and gave them each a sugar cube to eat. And then, when it was time, I locked each of them in a stable stall to sleep.

Alicia, Roslyn, and Felicity. All of them spending a night at the stables together. Three horses.

Hours later, when morning came, I woke them. Undid their body harnesses and led them all back up to the manor. And, while the girls took turns taking long, hot showers, I got to work on making breakfast for the four of us.

No tit-slapping. No punishment.

Not yet, at least. Felicity wasn't quite ready to witness *that*. But, in just a few days – two or so weeks at most – I'd have her there fully. Where she belonged.

After last night, all it'd take was a few more hypnosis sessions.

As I sat down to eat my pancakes, the girls sitting around me with tired eyes and tiny smiles, I felt it – the looming victory. The conquest reaching its peak. Alicia was ready. Roslyn was right behind her. And, with a tiny bit of nudging, Felicity would be all too eager to join them.

My dolls. Beautiful and busty and brainwashed.

Just as I'd renovated the master bedroom, I'd make alterations to the rest of the manor – and, more importantly, the stables. Rather than being some big, boring shed to keep animals in, I'd transform it into my own personal fun-house.

What I'd do with Buttershits and Storm, I had no clue. Sell them, maybe. Or keep them around as pets – a reminder of where this had all begun. But they'd served their purpose now.

"These are delicious, dear," Felicity smiled as she ate her pancakes.

"Yeah Dad," Alicia grinned. "Yummy!"

I let out a chuckle, sat back in my chair and smiled.

Dear? It was nice, sweet. Daddy? Hott in its own way. But, before long, the only thing these bitches would be calling me was 'Master'.

"Being at the stables last night, even though it was different and odd, made you happy, didn't it?"

"Yes," my wife answered softly.

"Why is that?"

Felicity didn't answer for a long moment, her eyebrows scrunching in thought. When she did speak, it was to utter a single word.

"Solidarity."

I smiled.

"Even though it was an awkward situation for you to put yourself in, you wanted to support your daughters. You wanted to be there for them. To be a good mother. Didn't

you?"

"Yes," Felicity answered.

"You *are* a good mother," I told her. "You set your misgivings aside to be there for your girls. You accepted them. A good mother helps her children. Family is everything. And, right now, the best way you can help Alicia and Roslyn feel comfortable is to join them at the stables. You *do* want to be a good mother, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Say it," I commanded her.

"I want to be a good mother."

"What would a good mother do to help her daughters right now?"

Another pause, though shorter this time. I had, after all, just given her mind the correct answer.

"Join them at the stables."