

The Stable Master

Chapter 16

What a beautiful sight.

My three Penrose puppets all lined up, backs straight and chests out. Butt-naked and beautiful beyond compare.

I walked in front of them, slowly and leisurely, basking in the knowledge that I *owned* these three sluts. That I could make them do *anything* I wanted. To have *one* such slave was more than most men could ever hope for, but to have three? A matching set of massive tits and tight cunts? It was something else.

None of the sluts said a word as I paced in front of them. They all knew their place.

Don't speak unless spoken to. Don't question me. Serve and obey.

On the far left was the wonderful Alicia.

I had to admit it – she was my favourite of the three. The cute, shy, innocent girl who'd had her mind warped and twisted to the point that she truly believed *this* was her purpose in life. Her sole reason for existing.

A real beauty, Alicia. The kind of hottie that belonged on posters and magazine covers; not in dirty, dark horse stables. Bright blonde, flowing hair – long and luscious and currently tied back in a ponytail. Full lips and high cheek-bones. The face of an angel, with the body of a succubus. Her only flaw, the only aspect of her appearance that couldn't be considered perfect, were the girl's mismatched eyes. One was a pale, grey-blue. The other bright and golden.

She smiled as I looked at her, eagerly awaiting my firm hand.

Truly, she was the prize of this wonderful, amazing family.

Next to Alicia, stood in the middle of the line-up, was Roslyn Penrose. The formerly confident tomboy. An athletic girl with a toned, fit body. Look at her belly, and you'd see the lines and grooves of her muscle. Look at her legs, and you'd see the firmest kind of goodness a woman could aspire to. A girl with more energy and vigour than anyone I'd ever met before.

Channelling all that energy into the right places had taken time and effort, but it was worth it now. A girl who could ride cock for hours, who didn't understand the concept of 'giving up' until her task was done.

She was blushing right now, cheeks uncharacteristically pink.

Still not used to her new position in life. Still shy and awkward about it. But that was fine. She'd grow into the role, I'd make sure of that. In time, Roslyn would be just as eager to please as her big sister was. As her *mother* was.

Ah, yes. The marvellous Matriarch of the small Penrose Dynasty.

Felicity.

My wife.

Long black hair, sharp ice-blue eyes, a mature version of Alicia's youthful sexiness. Huge tits, round ass, and a slim waist. The picture-perfect MILF. But, more than that, more than her looks, she was – had been – the queen of this little kingdom. The bitch in charge, who'd only ever look down her nose at me – saw me as nothing but a pile of dirt.

How the mighty fall.

Once upon a time, this woman had been an arrogant, self-important, snide cunt. The kind of bitch that'd rip a guy's balls off before she ever *lowered* herself to sucking his cock. In a way, I almost respected the woman she'd been – the no nonsense, fully independent, wealthy and powerful Penrose Matron. But this whore stood before me right now? Presenting herself, her body, before me alongside her daughters? She was not a woman *worthy* of respect.

The only thing *this* Momma Penrose deserved was *punishment*.

I stepped in front of Alicia, smiled at her.

"It's a lovely night," I said, eyes roaming the girl's perfect body. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes Daddy," the girl answered happily.

I nodded my head, fought down the urge to shove the girl onto the ground and fuck her there and then.

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

"Being worthless," Alicia answered quickly, eagerly. "For being a freak of nature. For being a dumb bimbo with silly, huge tits. For not being true to myself. For being slow while cleaning and causing Miss Vale trouble. For making a mess in my stable stall. And for not showing Daddy the total respect and obedience he deserves."

"Very good," I said nodding my head. "That's a lot of reasons to be punished, Alicia. Do better tomorrow."

"Yes Daddy!"

I raised my hand, and the girl braced herself.

SLAP!

Alicia gasped, her tits swaying heavily. A single red handprint glowed on otherwise milky white skin. The girl's pink nipples were rock-solid. From the cold, or the anticipation, I couldn't tell. Probably both.

I lifted my right hand again, slashed the air with it and swatted the beautiful girl's chest – striking both tits with one swing. Another gasp escaped Alicia's lips, a high-pitched wine. Then it was my left hand's turn to spank Alicia's tits.

Right hand, then left hand, then right again.

Over and over, striking the soft flesh and turning it a deeper, more beautiful shade of crimson.

Alicia grunted, didn't shy away from her punishment.

SLAP!

Her melons jiggled and bounced, bright red and obviously sore.

SLAP!

Tender, abused skin. Her nipples so hard they hurt my hand with each strike – though I knew my hands were hurting her nipples far more.

SLAP!

Tears formed at the corners of the girl's eyes. She shut them tight, fought back the urge to cry. I watched, smiling in satisfaction, as the little, clear beads drew tiny trails down Alicia's cheek – following along her jaw to her chin before dropping down onto her red tits.

"Well done," I said, genuinely proud of the girl. "Return to your stable stall and rest, Ali. Good girl."

She cradled her chest as she walked to her dark stable stall, her ass wobbling as she went. When she disappeared inside it, closed the small door behind herself, I turned my attention to her sister – the athletic Roslyn.

"What, my pet, are you being punished for today?" I asked her, smiling.

In days past, Roslyn probably would've been too concerned with protecting and looking out for her sister to answer me. I imagined her rushing over to help poor Alicia, take care of her. But those days were long gone now. She knew better than anyone how *tough* the new Alicia was. Tougher than her, that was for sure.

"For not being a real horse," Roslyn answered, eyes forward. Unable to look directly at me. "For being a bad sister. For not helping Alicia. For being bad at cleaning. For... For..."

I raised my eyebrow, waited.

"For disrespecting my mother. And for not obeying Daddy fast enough."

Disrespecting her mother?

This was the first time I was hearing about it. What'd she done to 'disrespect' Felicity? And why did I not know about it?

I could've asked, but I didn't need to. I'd find out soon enough. And asking now

would've implied a lack of knowledge. Which, in turn, implied a lack of *control*. Whatever it was, I'd find out later. For now...

"Sounds like you have a lot to be punished for," I said, lifting my hand. "Do better tomorrow."

There's something oddly satisfying about sitting behind a desk that's older than you are, and putting your feet up on it without a care in the world. No worries, no concerns, just blissful control. I was, in every way, the master of this place.

The Penrose Estate was vast. Wealthy beyond my hopes and expectations. For as much as she fit into her new place in life, Felicity Penrose had been *very* good at her old job – managing Penrose money and making solid investments. So good, in fact, that I was tempted to let her continue doing it. But, unfortunately, that wouldn't do.

Giving one of my pets *that* much control?

No. Nothing good could come from that.

They had their places, were steadily becoming accustomed to their new lives. No need to shake the boat and remind Felicity of the woman she used to be.

So, I took the reins myself.

After liquidating all of the Penrose Estate's investments and assets – with the expectation of the Manor itself – I'd have more than enough money to last me the rest of my life. Enough money that I'd never have to work again for as long as I lived, certainly. It'd mean there'd probably be no more solid income, no assets generating or collecting wealth. And *that* meant that, when the money ran out a few decades from now, the Penrose Estate would bankrupt and the family would lose everything. But what did I care about that? I'd be dead by then.

It was a problem for the next generation to worry about. Alicia and Roslyn and the bastards I gave them.

A life of plenty, without a worry in the world.

Yes, I'd hit the jackpot here. And then some.

My silent revelry was brought to a halt when someone knocked on the office door. A faint, timid tapping. Barely audible, even in the otherwise silent room.

"Come in," I called.

The door creaked open and in stepped my darling Alicia.

She was, unfortunately, wearing a 'modern' cleaner's outfit. Dull, navy blue dress that showed *none* of the girl's amazing body off. No cleavage, not tight enough to show her figure, not even a short skirt – this thing's skirt ended past Alicia's knees and *even then* she had *trousers* on underneath. Rubber gloves and regular shoes and no black and white maid tiara. The outfit was clinical in it's approach, pure professionalism and no fun.

It was to be expected, what with her 'apprenticeship' ongoing and the Manor's other employees around, but even so...

"Yes, honey?" I smiled.

There was a little smudge of dirt on Alicia's cheek. Somehow, that smudge made the girl's face look even cuter than usual.

"A delivery for you, Daddy," Alicia smiled. And, sure enough, she was carrying a cardboard box in her arms.

"Put it on my desk," I smiled. "Thank you."

She walked over to the desk, smiling her cute smile, and placed the package down. As she was leaving my office, she turned back to me, gave me an adorable little curtsy.

As soon as the door shut behind her, I reached for the package and began tearing it open.

Inside were three horse-tail butt-plugs and three horse-ear headbands. And not the cheap stuff, either. These were expensive lil' things, each pair ordered with one of my pets in mind. Blonde ears and tail for Alicia, black for Roslyn and Felicity – though Roslyn's

were the more sleek and sharp of the two.

I'd ordered them on a whim. A little something to complete the look for my 'mares'.

Tonight, I'd have the girls try them out.

But there was something important I needed to do first.

I snatched my laptop off the desk, opened it up and turned it on. In moments, I was browsing the internet – searching for the perfect place to order from.

Adult stores, I'd discovered, came in several shapes and forms.

There were the ones that were more than happy to sell the cheapest, crappiest junk around – giving no care at all as to quality. And there were stores that seemed to think sex toys were 'art' and tried selling solid-gold dildos for extortionate prices. And, between those two extremes, there were so many different stores specialising in so many different areas and kinks, that it took legitimate *hours* to find the right one for me.

An online store that sold custom, hand-made, elegant costumes for high-end clientele and enthusiasts with money to burn. It was the kind of place that, if you bought a 'military girl' costume from, the costume would have real, polished military-grade buttons. The kind of place that, when you ordered a doggy-ear headband from, they asked you to specify exactly what *breed* of dog ears you wanted and how *fluffy* you wanted them to be – with built in wire meshes so you could adjust and style said ears in whatever way you pleased.

Professional costume makers that truly cared about their work.

The perfect place to get three slutty maid costumes made.

I made sure to let the costume-maker know that money wouldn't be an issue when making these outfits, and that if they did a good job – which I was sure they would – I'd almost definitely return to them in future with more requests. And, after a brief back and forth in which I was asked to provide three sets of figures to the costume-maker – heights and bust sizes and waist measurements and such, even how wide my girls' shoulders were – I placed the order.

It'd take a few weeks before all three maid outfits were made and shipped, but that was fine.

I set the expected delivery date on my calendar and, right beside it, jotted down a little note to myself.

A reminder to fire all of the Manor's employees that same day.

Couldn't have them seeing my Penrose Pets strutting about in slutty maid costumes now, could I?

By then, the girls and their mother should've gotten a handle on their new jobs – cleaners and cook respectively. It was just another step towards living the ultimate dream life.

"Pain brings people together," I said the words softly. A simple, calm statement of fact. "Everyone thinks pain is a bad thing, to be avoided at all costs. But you know the truth, Alicia. Pain is *good* for a person."

The girl sat opposite me, eyes closed. Listening.

"Pain helps us to understand each other," I continued, watching her face. More out of habit these days – none of the Penrose Three had come anywhere close to breaking a trance in months. Their brains had become accustomed to my influence over them. "When two people know the same pain, it becomes something they share. Something that unites them."

Twisting everything to my own ends. Some might call it evil, but in truth it was simple practicality. Life was too short to worry about the ethics of my actions; only the end results mattered.

"Two people who have both lost a lover will understand each other better because of it. Family members who share grief over a relative passing away are presented with the

option to come closer together, appreciate each other more, because of that grief. Pain brings people closer together. It is, in a way, as valuable as love. If not *more* so."

Alicia was at the edge of the abyss. Just *waiting* to be pushed.

"When you and your sister and your mother are in pain, after being punished, the three of you share a special connection. Each of you, in that moment, understands the suffering of the others. And, when that suffering fades, the connection remains. *That* is the reason why you feel so much closer to Roslyn and your mother these days. *That's* the reason you feel so much *happier* now."

One little nudge is all it would take.

"The punishments, the pain, have brought you happiness like you've never experienced before. They've brought you closer to your family than you'd ever though possible. Pain hasn't just been *good* for you, it's been *amazing* for you. It's helped you so much, given you so much to be thankful for."

A gentle breeze.

"Are you thankful for the pain I give you, Alicia?"

"Yes," the girl answered softly.

"Are you grateful to me for giving it to you?"

"Yes."

"Do you enjoy the pain, Alicia?"

"No," she answered, voice barely more than a whisper.

"But you still want it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You want me to hurt you, to make you suffer?"

"Yes."

"You want me to punish you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But that's not enough. It's not enough for me to hurt just you. If you want to stay close to your mother and sister, if you want to keep being happy, *they* need to suffer too. *They* need to hurt. Don't they?"

"Yes," Alicia agreed.

I smiled, sat back in my chair, closed my eyes. In a way, I almost mirrored my step-daughter. Listening only.

"You want them to hurt, don't you Alicia?"

"Yes," she answered.

"You want your sister and mother to suffer, yes?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I want my sister and mother to suffer," Alicia said. Ever the dutiful, obedient daughter.

"Again."

"I want my sister and mother to suffer."

"Again."

The three of them stood in a line, backs straight and tits out. Naked, save for their horse tails and ears.

I stood in front of them, lightly tapping a wooden paddle against the palm of my hand. Lightly, but firm enough that each tap made an audible sound.

Save for that noise - the *tap, tap, tap* - the stables were eerily silent.

I swore, I could almost hear the three racing hearts.

It was time for their punishments, and this time it was with a new toy. They all knew it. They all sensed it.

Tap, tap, tap.

Their eyes were forward. Not one dared to look directly at me.

"Today's punishment," I said, my gaze drifting from one girl to another, "is going to be a little different."

Tap, tap, tap.

Was that trembling I saw? Roslyn and Felicity, their bodies shaking ever so faintly. And not from the cold.

Alicia, as expected, stood firm. Cheeks pink, eyes wide, but unmoving. More than accepting of the pain about to come her way. This girl *wanted* it. Soon, she'd *live* for it. And, from her example, the other two would come around.

"Today's food was fucking disgusting," I said, walking over to Felicity – forcing her to look at me. "It made me want to vomit, it tasted so bad. And I regret not doing it – puke would've been a welcome taste compared to the shit you made us for dinner."

My words stung my wife deeper than she showed. I saw the pain in her eyes, her heart crushing.

I turned away from her.

"The manor is *filthy*," I continued, tapping the paddle against my hand as I slowly paced in front of the three. "I don't know what you morons have been doing all day, but you obviously weren't *cleaning*. I'm disappointed in you. All three of you. You all need to do better. *Much* better."

I stopped in front of them, eyes moving to each of their faces in turn.

"Today, all of you will receive harsh punishment. Tomorrow, you *will* do better."

I gripped the paddle, held it up for them all to see. Even though none were looking directly at it, they'd see it out of the corners of their eyes. They *knew* what was about to happen.

"One of you volunteer," I said – looking at none of them in particular. "Who wants to be punished first?"

Nothing at first. Silent hesitation.

Then, slowly, trembling, Alicia's hand rose into the air.