

The Stable Master

Chapter 17

As I waited, I flicked through my phone's photo album.

I'm not much of a photographer, and I certainly wasn't the kind of tool who spent half the day taking selfies. Save for the odd reference photo – pictures of financial documents or passwords or other thing I needed to remember – my phone was filled with images of one kind.

On the screen right then, was a photo of Felicity.

Her back to a stable wall, butt-naked with her eyes on the floor. Her tits were bright red and swollen, visible lines and bruises from the onslaught of abuse she'd endured that night. Her nipples were hard and sore, moisture leaking down between her legs.

The next photo was of Roslyn. On her hands and knees, a horse-tail butt-plug in her ass. She was looking up at the camera, forehead and hair covered in cum with more white dripping down her face. The look in her eyes? Submissive obedience, resignation, defeat.

After that, a picture of all three of them. Felicity on the right, Roslyn on the left, Alicia in the middle. Felicity and Roslyn were grimacing in pain, tits red. Alicia, on the other hand, was grinning ear to ear, a wooden paddle in her hand.

When the office door opened, I set my phone down, looked up.

An old man shuffled into the room, glanced left and right nervously. He was wearing overalls – muddy and wet. A trail of dirty footprints followed him as he walked to my desk, sat down in the chair I nodded to.

"Mr Frederiksen," I said, looking at the man. "By now, I'm sure you know why I've summoned you here."

The man looked down, slowly nodded his head.

"I don't understand," he whispered. "I've worked here..."

The man looked ancient. So skinny he might as well have been a skeleton, with wrinkles so prominent and flappy it was as if his skin were melting off his body. A stooped back and foggy, old eyes. It was a wonder how a man that old could even walk, let alone do all the things he did here at the manor.

"... My entire life, just abouts," the old timer spoke slowly, shakily. "I was here before Mrs Penrose's mother was born. Why... Why now, sir? Have we done something to offend-"

"You've done nothing wrong," I said with a theatrical sigh. "None of you have. That isn't it."

The manor's gardener looked up.

"The truth is..." A dramatic pause for effect. "The Penrose Estate isn't doing well. Financially, I mean. We're losing money faster than you'd believe, and have been for some time."

A blatant lie. But this fossil had no reason to doubt me.

"Much as I wish things could be different, I'm afraid we have no choice but to let you and the other staff here go. Really, this should have happened a long time ago. But you know Felicity. Far too proud for her own good. She couldn't let everyone go, not when it'd mean people learning about her mismanagement of Penrose finances."

The old man looked pained, but he nodded his head.

"Don't worry," I told him, planting a kind smile on my face. "We have enough funds right now that I can give you and the others a more than generous pay-out. A bonus, for all your hard work and dedication over the years. And, if you ever need help in the future, please don't hesitate to come by and ask. I'd be more than happy to assist you. It's the least I can do."

Mr Frederiksen shook his head sadly, slowly rose to his feet.

"The Penrose family thanks you for your labours," I told him as he left the office –

even more slumped over than he'd been when he'd entered the room. "Best of luck to you and your future endeavours."

Future endeavours. As if that old sack of bones had much of a future left. He looked about ready to kick the bucket any day.

Once he was gone, I waited a little while. A minute or two.

Roslyn would escort the fossil out of the manor, bid him farewell. And then she'd go looking for the next employee to bring to me.

Today was the day, after all.

Out with the old, in with the new. By the sundown, this manor would become my own little palace. Its staff would be gone, replaced by my beautiful wife and daughters. Its finances were already mine to do with as I pleased. It was, would soon be, my personal slice of paradise. All that remained was removing the potential witnesses – Penrose Manor's soon-to-be former employees.

I sat down at the dining table with a wide smirk on my face.

It was a large table with only one chair set at it. My chair.

The girls would eat dinner after me. If they were lucky, I'd even leave some scraps from my plate for them to enjoy. But, right now, they had their tasks to do.

The first to enter the dining room was Alicia. Carrying a silver tray with a single, white plate on it. Pasta with spicy meatballs and the former cook's speciality pasta sauce. Today's dinner.

Behind Alicia, Roslyn trailed in. She was carrying a fork and knife, along with a little white napkin.

Both were wearing the maid outfits I'd ordered for them. Made to fit, using the finest fabrics around. These weren't cheap costumes, they were professionally hand-crafted outfits. And they were *stunning*. The bust areas were black, tight and skimpy with plenty of cleavage on display. A tiny white apron and short black skirt, with long black tights and high-heeled shoes. The outfits had frilly white sleeves, little black gloves. Black collars with white frills. And, of course, the slutty maid caps.

Alicia set the plate and its mountain of pasta down in front of me. Roslyn placed the cutlery down, set the napkin on my lap. Then both stepped back, stood silently either side of me as I took my first bite to eat.

"Be a doll," I said, not bothering to look at her, but gesturing for Roslyn with my hand, "and get me something to drink. Red wine, I think. The expensive stuff."

She curtsied, quickly left the room.

"And you," I smiled, waving my hand at Alicia, "get under the table and take care of my cock. No man should have to feel the discomfort of a hard-on while he eats. Get to it."

When Roslyn returned with a bottle of wine and a glass for me to drink it out of, she wordlessly set both down in front of me. The girl glanced around quickly, confused as to where her sister was, but she didn't say anything. Instead, she uncorked the bottle for me, poured me my drink.

When Alicia gagged under the table, her sister's eyes shot wide open in realisation.

I smiled at her, took a sip of my wine.

"It's boring to eat without entertainment," I said aloud. "Be a good girl and dance for me."

Roslyn tensed, looked at me, then at the table.

Slowly, she nodded her head.

She walked around the table, stood opposite me, closed her eyes and began shaking her head to an imaginary tune. Slow and steady. Sensual.

At first, it was only her head that moved. But, as she relaxed into her imagined tune, the rest of her body started swaying and moving too. Hips sliding from side to side, tits jiggling. Her hands travelled up her body, flowed over her wonderful curves.

All I could do was sit back and smile, continue eating my food.

Beneath the table, Alicia made good use of her mouth. Sliding her tongue around my cock, slurping and choking herself on it.

The pasta was good. Not amazing, but Felicity was definitely getting better at cooking.

Before long, Roslyn was dancing hypnotically. Her entire body swaying and gyrating to a soundless beat. Under the dining table, her sister got on with sucking on my nut-sack, doing anything and everything she could to urge the cum from my balls.

Suffice to say, it was the kind of meal that you never wanted to finish.

Without the potential of prying eyes, I could now be a lot more open with my activities. No longer would I have to wait for the manor's employees to leave every day, no longer would Sunday be the only time in the week I didn't have to worry about being caught. I could do what I wanted, when I wanted.

My three Penrose whores wearing their slutty outfits openly was a wonderful thing, certainly. Getting to see their beautiful tits almost spilling out of tight corset-like tops whenever one walked by, that was a treat. But it was nothing compared to the things I could now do.

There's something strange about having options.

When a man has just a few options before him, picking one is simple enough. Like deciding which of the Penrose Three I'd torture next, or which of their holes I wanted to fill with cum. When there were just a handful of options to choose from, picking one was easy. But, when there were countless options, so many possibilities that it was impossible to list them all, deciding what to do next became a much more challenging prospect.

I could do whatever I wanted. But, with all those endless possibilities before me, how was I supposed to decide which to go with?

Should I strap Momma Penrose to a post, have her daughters whip and slap and torment her? Should I degrade all three even further, remove their humanity and make them believe they were animals in truth? Should I have them start pleasuring each other, mother and daughters satisfying each other's needs?

With my influence over them, I could twist things around. Instead of horses, I could make the bitches believe they were cows. Make them want to be milked, make them want to be bred. Or, if I so desired, I could sell their bodies – turn them into pornstars or prostitutes. I didn't need the money by any means, but reducing them to nothing but objects – dolls for men to fuck and use – might be entertaining in its own way. I could even force them pay rent with their 'earnings'.

I truly was the master of this household.

My word was, with a bit of hypnotic reinforcement, absolute law.

So... What *should* I do?

That was the question. The one that'd been on my mind all day. What should I do – what should I make *them* do – next?

I pondered it for a good long while. My feet up on a wooden desk that was almost certainly older than I was, leaning back in my comfortable office chair, eyes on the ceiling, mind lost amongst the maze of endless opportunities.

Only when Alicia entered the room did I come to a decision.

My step-daughter was clad in her maid outfit, those humongous melons of hers bulging out top. She had a small smile on her face. A pretty thing, my Alicia. Plump lips and a perfectly shaped face. If not for her mismatched eyes, the girl would've been flawless.

She curtsied when I looked at her, body moving down into almost a kneeling position, upper body leaning forward in a way that showed off the girl's valley of cleavage.

"Daddy," Alicia smiled brightly. "Mom sent me to ask what you'd like for dessert today."

"No desserts for me," I told her, yet another idea forming in my head. Another option to add to the pile. "At least, not one that she can cook. Come over here, Alicia. I have something I want you to do..."

Dessert. Licking icing off a sexy body sounded fun. Some day, I'd have to get Felicity to make a cake out of herself – coat herself in icing and sugar and treats. Me and the girls would have a lot of fun enjoying *that* dessert.

But, for now, a totally different idea had taken hold.

Alicia approached the desk, smile widening.

"Lying is bad," I said when she came to a stop in front of me. "Lying to your own mother is especially bad. And deserving of severe punishment, wouldn't you say?"

Alicia nodded her head quickly. "Yes, Daddy."

"If you were to lie to your mother," I continued, eyes roaming up and down the girl's perfect body, "I'd be forced to punish you, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"You enjoy being punished, don't you Alicia?"

"I do," she breathed, cheeks turning pink.

"I have a little idea," I told her, a smile spreading my lips. "An idea that'll mean a lot of punishment for you..."

My eyes met hers, saw the eagerness behind those mismatched irises.

"...And for your mother."

"Where," I spoke slowly, coldly, "was my dessert today?"

Felicity's eyes shot wide. Her head flicked to the side, stared at Alicia – who at least had the decency to look away.

"I..." Felicity tried to say. "Alicia said you didn't-"

"Chocolate cake," I interrupted. "That's what I told Alicia, and that's what I expected to be brought to me. Chocolate cake. I waited and I waited, and no chocolate cake came. You *failed* me."

"But..." Felicity shuddered, gulped. "But Alicia said-"

"Are you trying to shift the blame to our daughter?" I growled. "It's bad enough that you didn't make the dessert I ordered, but trying to wiggle out of responsibility by blaming Alicia..."

I shook my head, eyes narrowed at my wife. Her mouth bobbed open and shut, not dissimilar to a fish.

"Alicia," I continued, eyes snapping to the blushing beauty. "Did you pass on my order to your mother earlier? Did you tell her I wanted chocolate cake?"

And there it was. The moment of truth.

Would she lie, and revel in her mother's punishment. Or would she answer truthfully, and take all the punishment and torture for herself?

"Yes," Alicia said, turning her eyes to the floor. Her face turned red under her mother's accusing stare. "Yes, I did."

"Seems to me," I spat, "that one of you two isn't being honest with me. One of you is *lying* to my *face*."

So, she'd chosen to lie. Good.

I'd be sure to reward her with plenty of punishment, let her know she made the right decision.

"That's no good," I told them. "No good at all. I will not tolerate lies and deception under my roof. Roslyn, you may go. You won't be receiving any punishment today. Go warm up my bed for me."

The youngest Penrose fled without a word, left the stables swiftly and didn't dare look back.

When she was gone, I lined up the two that remained.

The once-shy Alicia and the once-stern Felicity.

The daughter held her head high, eyes filled with eagerness and excitement and confidence. The mother looked hurt; betrayed and confused and powerless.

"I'll give you both one chance," I said, eyes moving between them. "Just one. Confess to lying now, and save the other from what's about to happen. Only one of you needs to be punished. But, if you refuse to speak up now, you'll *both* suffer for it."

If not for my recent hypnotic sessions with Alicia, she'd have spoken up. Probably, she'd have never let it get this far to begin with. Old Alicia was too soft and kind for this. New Alicia, though? She *wanted* her mother to suffer.

This game was going to be fun.

I remained silent for a minute, waiting. Letting the tension grow, the torturous stillness seeping into Felicity's body.

Finally, when my wife was all but trembling with dread, I spoke.

"No confessions?" I sighed, shook my head. "So be it. Wait here."

As I left the the main area of the stables, I couldn't help but wonder if Felicity would speak to Alicia while I was gone. To scold her for lying, plead with her to tell the truth, beg her to do the right thing. I'd have to ask Alicia tomorrow, when we were alone.

I opened a door, stepped inside what'd once been my old office. Inside, I found the whips and canes and paddles and ropes I'd stashed away for just such an occasion.

A minute later, I was standing before the two naked women once again, a black cane in my hand and a smile on my face.

"One of you is a liar," I told them both. "And for that, you both get punished. Until the liar confesses, neither of you leaves the stables. I will not have liars in my home. You are my wife and my daughter, and you *will* learn your places."

Felicity's wide, terrified eyes were locked on the cane.

"Alicia, step forward."

The girl did so, back straight and chin up. Utterly obedient.

"Of all the females in this family," I said, looking her in the eye, "you have always struck me as the most honest. The most trustworthy and kind. I can't *imagine* you'd ever lie to me. But, until your mother confesses, you are suspect."

"Yes, Daddy."

I held out the cane for her to take.

"Seems to me," I smiled at her, "that you'd best get that confession out of her, then. You wouldn't want this to tarnish your reputation, or your standing in this household, would you?"

"No, Daddy," Alicia smiled back.

She took the cane.

I walked off to one side, allowed Alicia to stand in my place.

The girl looked at the cane in her hand, turned it over, examined it. She didn't look at her mother when she spoke.

"Mommy," Alicia said sweetly. "Why are you lying to Daddy?"

"I'm not-" Felicity choked out. "I wouldn't- I'd never-"

A *swish*. A sharp, clear sound. The air being cut cleanly by a black cane. Then a sharp, pained gasp.

Felicity's massive tits swayed, a bright red line cutting across them both. She stumbled back, clutched at her chest and hunched over, shut her eyes against the pain.

"Why," Alicia said, making her voice sound painfully innocent, "are you lying to *me*?"

She raised the cane, readied it for another strike, stepped forward.

"Don't you know, Mommy? Lying is naughty. And naughty girls get punished..."