

## The Stable Master

### Chapter 18

The cane whipped through the air, struck Felicity's ass with a loud *smack*. Her round cheeks rippled with the impact, another red line added to the mess of red stripes already there.

Felicity grunted, whimpered.

"Why won't you tell the truth Mommy?" Alicia demanded softly.

Felicity shook her head, bit back tears.

"Just tell Daddy the truth and we can stop," the daughter spoke in a too-sweet voice. "Tell the truth, Mommy."

Felicity looked up and over at me, eyes watering.

She was hunched over, hands braced on one of the stable's walls. Ass extended outwards, red and sore and welted. The kind of abused bottom that'd make it difficult for the woman to sit down on without wincing in pain. For the next few days at least, I imagined Felicity would be all too happy to be on her feet.

"Stand up straight," Alicia ordered.

When I didn't contradict my daughter's command, Felicity's eyes drifted down to the floor again. She stood, back straight.

Her tits were already covered in red lines. Cross-crossed markings that covered both of my wife's massive mammaries. The lines that passed over her nipples looked the most painful of the bunch.

And, even with all that torture, she hadn't given in.

Momma Penrose. Still stubborn after all this time.

Why didn't she lie? Tell Alicia what she thought the girl wanted to hear? That's what people usually did under torture. Tell their tormentor anything and everything – whatever it took to stop the pain. Truth or lie, it didn't matter.

Why didn't she just lie?

Don't get me wrong. I was glad for it. If Felicity *had* lied to Alicia – and, by extension, me – I'd have been *very* annoyed. Annoyed enough to give her a far worse punishment than *this*. I couldn't very well tolerate my pets attempting to deceive me now, could I? But, even so, I was surprised by my wife's resolve.

When Alicia lifted the cane again, ready to resume assaulting her mother's breasts, I cleared my throat.

Both women looked at me instantly.

"I think that's enough," I said, pushing off the wall I'd been leaning on and walking over to the pair of them. "It's obvious she isn't going to confess..."

Alicia spared her mother a quick glare before nodding her head.

"Given your *enthusiasm* to get the truth out of your mother, I can only conclude that it's you who's telling the truth. Go on back to the manor. Help your sister warm my bed for me. I'll be along shortly."

"Yes Daddy," Alicia said, bowing her head.

A moment later, she was gone. Rushing off to do my bidding.

I turned to Felicity, placed a gentle hand on her shoulder.

"I'm proud of you," I whispered to her.

Felicity's head shot up, wide eyes staring at me.

"You stuck to your guns and didn't lie to me."

"Wait..." My wife croaked, voice raw. "You *knew*?"

"Of course I did," I smiled. "I know everything. This was a test, my love. To see if you'd ever be willing to lie to me for your own gain. You passed."

It'd been no such thing. I'd simply wanted to see Alicia punishing her mother. No deeper meaning than that. But if I *could* gain more from it, all the better.

The look on Felicity's face was priceless. A perfect combination of hurt and betrayed paired with an odd pride.

"Don't worry," I told her, leaning in to kiss her cheek. "I'll punish Alicia for lying later. For now, though, I think it's time to sleep."

Slowly, my wife nodded her head.

When I began walking to the stable exit, Felicity made to follow me. I paused, turned back to her and painted an expression confusion on my face. A moment later, Felicity's expression mirrored my own.

"I think," I said after a moment, nodding to Felicity's stable stall, "it'd be best if you sleep here tonight, honey. The straw and dirt will be good for your skin, what with the marks. And the cold air will help you heal. There's some ointment in the stables office too, if you need it."

"Oh," Felicity said quietly, voice cracking a little. "Okay."

In that moment, naked and worn down as she looked, I almost found myself *pitying* the woman. Just a couple of months ago, and this had been the most obnoxiously arrogant female I'd ever met. A woman in control of vast fortunes, beholden to no-one and nothing.

How the mighty fell.

"I love you," I said with a wide smile. Then, I spun on my heels and began walking again to the stables exit. Off to go join Felicity's two daughters in the master bedroom.

"I love you too," Felicity mumbled behind me, the words barely reaching my ears.

I pulled up outside Penrose Manor in my new car.

A sleek, black sedan. Top of the line with all the optional do-dads included. Everything from an Ultra HD television for every person in the back to a chilled wine cabinet in the front passenger seat. If the marketing was to be believed, the car had its own dedicated satellite up in space. Fully-functioning GPS anywhere in the world, and global access to online streaming services to boot.

The thing cost enough to buy *several* houses.

My three Penrose pets were waiting outside the manor, all smiling eagerly. Felicity – who should've seen this car as a warning sign – was the happiest of the bunch. Easily able to overlook my carefree spending of her family's fortunes thanks to a little hypnotic 'persuasion'.

I was a man. And men knew best when it came to money.

"What're you girls waiting for?" I called, waving them forward. "Come on in. The doors are unlocked."

A few minutes later, we were speeding down country roads – the car using some fancy 'auto-drive' function while I sat back and relaxed. The girls in the back, Felicity in the passenger seat. All three of them loudly wondering where I was taking them.

"It's a surprise," I told them, glancing in the rear-view mirror. "And no, your mother doesn't know either."

The girls were all in casual clothes. Roslyn in track pants and a loose sweatshirt, Alicia in jeans and a t-shirt, and Felicity in a knee-length dress and white cardigan. Looking at them, seeing them in such normal clothes, made me smile.

Eventually, I'd have to slutify their wardrobes. Make them uncomfortable wearing anything but the naughtiest of outfits. But, for now, I was content with their normal attire.

Girls like Alicia and Roslyn? They were impossible to find. Treasures the likes of which most guys would only ever be able to glimpse online – in heavily edited photos at that. And Felicity? She was the personification of MILF. The daydream of every teenage guy who had a thing for older women.

What would people think when they saw the four of us together?

Felicity and Roslyn and Alicia were obviously related. It wasn't exactly difficult to assume Alicia and Roslyn were sisters, though I could imagine some guys would have

difficulty placing Felicity in the family tree – was she the girls' mother or another sister? And what about me, the man walking with them? Older than the sisters but younger than the mother. An older brother, or a young-looking father, or something else entirely?

If I had the chance, I'd have to ask some strangers what they thought. See what the outside world had to say.

With a smile on my lips, I focused my attention on the country road ahead. Revelled silently in the hum of my new car's engine and the remarkably comfortable driver's seat. Music playing softly, the girls chattering in the back.

Before I knew it, we were there.

The trees and fields on either side had become concrete buildings. The empty roads had transformed into traffic-ridden nightmares. The calm and relaxing surroundings vanished, replaced with the hum and activity of a busy city.

I found us a place to park, stopped the car and shut the engine off, turned to my girls.

"Alright," I said with a smile. "Who's ready for a shopping day?"

What was the point in having a vast fortune if not to spend it?

With the Penrose Estate under my complete control, I had access to wealth the likes of which most people could only dream of. The kind of wealth that took generations of hard work and endless frugality to accumulate. What else was I *supposed* to do with that money, if not use it?

And so, that's what I'd do.

Let the girls have a shopping trip, buying whatever they wanted. Earn their affection and gratitude. Use those feelings to boost the 'love' they had for me in hypnotic trances later. It was a simple formula. Simple, yet effective.

For the first two hours of the shopping trip, I watched the girls move from one high-end store to the next. Clothes, jewellery, cosmetics, electronics, furniture and decor. Every time one of my dolls wanted something, I'd buy it for them – which was important. It had to be *me* buying it. They had to know that everything hinged on me and my whims; that if they wanted nice things, they'd have to keep me happy.

After those first two hours, I gathered the girls together – had them dump their bags in the large truck of my new car.

"Honey," I said, slamming the trunk shut. "Why don't you wait in the car. Me 'n' the girls have something we need to take care of. Alone."

Felicity bowed her head, a tiny smile tugging at her lips.

Likely, she thought I was planning some grand gift for her or something. A lovely present from her husband and daughters. Come to think of it, when was Felicity's birthday? I had no idea.

As the mother sat down in the car, pulled out her phone to look up recipes – studying her duties, like a good cook – I led the daughters away.

Off the high-street, down one alley after another.

The girls huddled closer together as I led them to some seedier areas of town. Their joy and care-free happiness transforming into tense, uncomfortable worry.

Not a surprising reaction, given their privileged upbringing.

What was surprising was the dynamic between the two.

Over the last few weeks, I'd been eroding away Roslyn's confidence and tomboy attitude. Likewise, I'd been giving Alicia an eagerness and self-certainty she'd never possessed before. In every way I could, I'd been flipping their personalities – making them the opposites of what they'd once been.

And yet, it was Roslyn who was walking protectively – holding her sister's hand and watching over Alicia.

The younger sister guarding the older.

Not what I'd wanted to see at all.

It should be Alicia who was making Roslyn feel safe, not the other way around. Old habits, I supposed.

When I stopped in one particularly dirty alley, facing a nondescript door with a broken handle, I turned to look at my two wide-eyed girls. They seemed transfixed, almost horrified by their surroundings. Graffiti on the walls, broken bottles on the ground, a puddle of vomit, even a discarded needle.

"Come on," I told them, pushing open the broken door. "It's inside."

"What is?" Alicia asked, voice high-pitched.

"You'll see."

The building's interior wasn't much better than outside. Cracked walls and damp spots, chipped paint and entire sections of exposed brick. There was another broken bottle on the staircase – the elevator wasn't functioning – and several of the windows were boarded up.

I led the girls up several flights, walked them down a long corridor and stopped outside a locked door.

I plucked the key out of my pocket, slid it in the lock and turned.

As I walked into the cramped apartment, the girls hesitated behind me. I looked back at them, waved them in and, reluctantly, they followed – eyes roaming the small room and its near-emptiness.

There was a single bed, next to a small stove and fridge. A microwave on a cheap, one-person dining table. A door that led to the equally cramped bathroom. The entire apartment, bathroom included, was smaller than any given bedroom at Penrose Manor.

"This," I smiled, sitting down on the bed, patting the spots either side of me, "is my old apartment. This is where I used to live before I moved into the manor. Sit down."

Roslyn and Alicia glanced at each other before doing as I instructed; Alicia sitting on my right, Roslyn on my left. I leaned back, rested my hands on their knees.

"Technically, it's still mine. I still pay for it."

"You lived *here*?" Alicia asked, looking around with wide eyes.

"It's not what you pictured," I smiled. "You thought I stayed some place bigger and cleaner. Some wide open space with a great view of the city."

Alicia blushed, nodded her head.

"On what your mother was paying me? I could barely afford *this*."

I looked at their faces then, searching.

They knew their mother – the woman she used to be – cold and ruthless and uncaring. They didn't doubt it for a moment; that woman would've underpaid her workers without a second thought.

"Not exactly a fair and kind boss, your mother."

Again, Alicia blushed. Roslyn stared down at her feet.

"And... Not a very good mother, either."

Both heads snapped to me, eyes wide and lips parted.

"Don't even bother trying to deny it. We all know it's true. Your mother was 'distant' at best. Really, she was nothing less than cold and neglectful towards you two. I mean, let's face it. Rather than trying to help you with your problems, Alicia, she had *stables* built and hired *me* instead. She shoved you off on someone else and threw money at the problem rather than actually *talk* to you about it."

Alicia's face turned bright red.

"But..." The girl said, unable to meet my gaze. "But she'd different now. She's changed."

"No," I shook my head sadly. "She hadn't. She might seem a little different these days, might seem closer and less cold, but that's only because of me. Our relationship. We're in the honeymoon phase, you see. The period where everything is great and

wonderful and it all just works. In time, that'll fade. And your mother will start turning into the cold, heartless bitch she's always been."

I gave the two of them a moment to remember.

For Alicia, their mother had been domineering and harsh. Unwilling to put the time in to understand her daughter. Felicity cared, sure, but she never *showed* it. Not to her daughters. And, shy and awkward and quiet as she used to be, Alicia would've felt alienated and isolated as a result. Alone.

And, in Roslyn's eyes, her mother was always playing favourites. Overlooking all the younger daughter's achievements in favour of supporting the older Alicia. What praise had Roslyn gotten for all her athletic accomplishments? When had Felicity ever supported her? All Roslyn would've seen was the lengths her mother went to for Alicia – having *stables* built for her, hiring me, buying horses. Just because it *might* help with Alicia's anxiety. All Roslyn had ever been was an afterthought. If that.

For the last few months, all three of the Penrose ladies had experienced happiness and fulfilment. Enough so that those old thorns and wedges in their relationships hadn't mattered. They'd grown closer than ever these last few weeks. But those old emotions? That internal conflict each of them had? It was all still there, deep down.

I squeezed the girls' knees.

"That is," I continued, smile tugging at my lips, "unless we do something about it."

The girls looked at me in unison.

"Your mother is a product of her upbringing. She's stern and distant because that's how she was taught to be. It's a part of her. A deep, well-rooted part of who she is. But it *is* possible to change that."

"How?" Roslyn asked.

"It's simple, really." I stared into Roslyn's eyes, then Alicia's. Judging them. "All we – or, more specifically, *you* - have to do, is *educate* her. Show her just how bad of a mother she was to you. Let her see exactly how much her being a bitch affected you. And *teach* her how to be better."

The drive home was quiet.

Alicia and Roslyn brooding, thinking on what I'd told them. The 'methods' I had in mind to 'help' their mother. Alicia, I knew, would be on board. She'd be all too happy to watch her mother suffer, to mock and humiliate and berate her. Roslyn, though, I was unsure about. Was there enough boldness left in her for her to go along with my plan? Time would tell.

Felicity, for her part, was completely oblivious to the silence and dark thoughts of her daughters. She sat in the passenger seat without a care in the world, browsing food recipes on her phone and smiling like an idiot.

Whatever else might be true of the former bitch-in-charge, she certainly thrived when given a task to perform.

Since becoming Penrose Manor's in-house chef, the woman had dedicated herself to learning how to cook. Putting as much effort into satisfying my stomach as she and her daughters put in to pleasing my cock. And, thankfully, she was actually beginning to get better at it too.

When we arrived back at the manor, I gave my wife a nice pat on the backside – sent her off to prepare dinner.

She went graciously, swaying her hips all the way inside.

"Just remember," I said softly as the girls watched their mother disappear inside Penrose Manor, "that's the same woman who was never happy with you - no matter what you did. It's the same woman you were never good enough for."

A statement that applied to both the girls.

I let them boil in their thoughts for a few moments, then grinned and clapped my

hands together.

“Well then,” I said, snapping the two of them out of their unpleasant memories. “Those bags aren't going to carry themselves inside. Come on you two, let's get the car unloaded, shall we?”