

The Stable Master

Chapter 19

I stepped out of the manor, breathed in a lungful of fresh air.

It was sunny out. A lovely, bright day. Birds singing and bees buzzing. The kind of day that made you want to go to the beach, soak in the sunlight.

Sprawled before me, the Penrose Manor grounds.

This place had seen better days, to be sure.

Inside the manor was spotless. My beautiful, bouncy daughters kept the place even cleaner than the manor's former cleaning staff. But the grounds? Overgrown and unkempt.

The grass had been allowed to grow without restraint – tall and free, with countless thick clumps here and there. Gone were the days of even, mown grass. And the flowers and bushes and hedges that'd once acted as the manor's neat and colourful decoration? Those places had grown totally out of control, infested with weeds and insects. Flowers wilted and died while nettles grew en masse.

There was a wildness to the grounds. A sense of being untamed.

Off to one side, I saw both Buttersnots and Storm grazing. Both with shiny, healthy coats. Thanks to Alicia's personal care, and perhaps aided by the wildness and naturalness of the grounds, those two animals were thriving.

I smiled, turned my attention to the stables.

A short walk across the grounds. I'd have to be careful with my footing, what with the overgrowth. Getting tripped up and landing in a stray pile of horse shit was *not* part of today's agenda.

One foot in front of the other, I began walking.

"Love is a beautiful thing," I said, pacing slowly at the foot of the bed. "Love brings out the best in people. Fills them with joy and happiness. Makes them whole. You love your husband, don't you Felicity?"

"Yes," the woman answered softly – not a hint of emotion in her voice.

"You love your daughters, don't you?"

"Yes."

"When you love someone, you'll do anything to make them happy. And, when they're upset, you'll do whatever it takes to make them feel better – even if that means giving up a bit of your own happiness in the process. For the people you love, there is nothing you wouldn't do and nothing you wouldn't endure. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Felicity whispered.

As I neared the stables, I heard it. Faintly at first – easily mistaken for a breeze rustling the long grass. Then more clearly.

The sound of skin being slapped. A sound that stung the air.

My cheeks puffed out as my grin widened.

Now *that* was a sound I'd be happy to hear every day. That, and the whimpers that followed it.

Slap. Whimper. Slap. Whimper.

Then a girl's scolding, sinister voice.

I was still too far away to make out the words, but I got the gist of what my eager daughter was saying.

When I got to the stables, I strode inside – eyes darting to the spot I knew my Penrose sluts would be. One of the small stable stalls; two of them on either side of the third. Two wearing leather bondage gear and holding paddles and whips, the third with her arms above her head – a length of rope binding her to the ceiling above while she struggled to remain on tip-toes.

Felicity looked to me with tear-streaked eyes. All across the front of her body were lines and marks. Evidence of her 'punishment' and 're-education' at the hands of Alicia and Roslyn. I couldn't see her backside, but I knew it would be similarly marred with red lines and bruises.

"Hello honey," I smiled to Felicity, then glanced at Roslyn and Alicia in turn. "Girls. What're we up to today?"

"You weren't there for them. Growing up, Alicia and Roslyn needed a mother. But you weren't there. You were distant. Too focused on money and prestige. You didn't want to be weak and vulnerable, even in front of them. And that harmed them."

Felicity's eyelids twitched. Her lips quivered.

The last thing any mother wanted was to be told something like that. Her kids were 'messed up' and it was 'her fault'.

I stopped pacing, watched the woman's face.

"You're responsible for that. All the pain they felt growing up, all the loneliness. It's on you. It's no wonder they resent you, want to hurt and punish you. They think you deserve it. And they're right. You do deserve to be punished, don't you?"

"Yes," Felicity answered quietly.

"The girls, they need to come to terms with their feelings. They need to express the pain you've inflicted on them. It's the only way they'll be able to heal. You do want them to heal from the damage you've done to them, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Hi Daddy!" Alicia gasped happily, jumping on the spot. "Me 'n' Ros are just playing with Mommy. Do you wanna join in?"

"No, no," I smiled. "You go ahead. I'll just watch for today."

"Okay!" Alicia smiled brightly.

She turned away from me, and that smile vanished instantly. Like someone turning off a light-switch. Alicia frowned at her mother, glared at the older woman. She tapped her whip gently on her mother's nose; each little tap causing Felicity to flinch in anticipation. The dread on my wife's face was beautiful.

"Do you remember," Alicia spoke softly, slowly. Each word dragging for just a moment too long. "My tenth birthday party?"

Felicity stared at her daughter with wide, terrified eyes.

"N- no," Felicity whispered with a slight shake of her head.

"That's because I didn't have one," Alicia stated – voice cold and heartless. "I wanted to have party at a fast food place, one with a ball pit and ice cream and music. You said no, that it wouldn't be 'fitting' for our family's reputation. You said I could have a party here, at the manor, instead. And, when I told you I didn't want to have a party here, you told me I wouldn't be having a party at all then. You said it was a 'teachable' moment. Something about knowing when to take a deal and when not to push for more."

"I'm sorry," Felicity gasped. "I'm-"

Alicia's whip lashed across her mother's chest, planting a new red line over Felicity's tits. The soft flesh rippled as Felicity winced, choked back a sob.

"Be quiet," Alicia snarled. "I'm not done talking."

Felicity opened her mouth to apologise again, thought better of it, closed her mouth and looked down instead.

"I spent my tenth birthday crying alone in my bedroom," Alicia said coolly. "Cuddling a teddy bear. And, worst of all, I blamed *myself* for not having a party. But it wasn't my fault, was it?"

Alicia poked the tip of her whip under her mother's chin, used it to lift her head up.

"Was it?!" Alicia repeated.

Felicity shook her head quickly, couldn't meet her daughter's eyes.

"No," she whispered pitifully.

"Whose fault was it, *Mother?*"

"Mine," Felicity answered, shutting her eyes tight.

Alicia raised her whip, eyes filled with a mixture of emotions that made my dick throb. Anger and hatred and pain and spite. Glee. Enjoyment. She held the whip high in the air for a long moment, letting her mother's fear and anticipation reach its peak. Then she brought it down, slashed the air with it.

There was a *swish*, followed instantly by a *smack* and a pained gasp.

"The question is, do you love them enough to let them do that? Are you able to set your own happiness aside for the well-being of your daughters?"

"Yes," Felicity answered after a brief pause.

"They'll want to hurt you. To punish you. It would be selfish of you to prevent that. Selfish of you to put yourself first. Right now, Alicia and Roslyn need a mother. They need you to love them, to be willing to do anything it takes for them. Can you do that, Felicity? Can you be a good mother for once?"

"Yes," Felicity repeated, a little more firm this time.

"You'll do whatever it takes to help you daughters overcome their issues?"

"Yes," Felicity said.

"Say it."

"I'll do whatever it takes to help my daughters overcome their issues."

"Again."

"I'll do whatever it takes to help my daughters overcome their issues."

"Again."

At some point, I decided, I'd have to get a comfortable armchair moved into the stables. A nice throne to watch from. Standing on my feet, leaning against a stable wall, was not as comfortable as I'd have liked.

Alicia raised her whip, brought it down with a vicious grin. As it streaked across Felicity's backside, Roslyn lifted her own paddle up. Down came the paddle, up went the whip. Down came the whip, up went the paddle.

Over and over. A constant rhythm, like the beating of a heart.

Swish, smack. Swish, slap.

Felicity's eyes were shut tight, tears trickling down her cheeks. Her jaw was clenched, body rigid with tension. Saliva dribbled down her chin, a little bit of snot leaked from her nostril.

Her tits jumped with every impact on her ass. The woman hopped on her tip-toes, soaking in the pain wordlessly.

Save for muffled whimpers and grunts, the bitch was impressively silent.

I pulled out my phone, began recording.

With how much of a mess Felicity was in that moment, I couldn't *not* capture it. Momma Penrose looked just a few nudges away from *breaking*. Just a little more, a few shoves in the right direction, and the queen bitch would be no more. All that'd remain of her would be a meek, timid doll with only a single purpose in life. To take cock and punishment without complaint or question.

"You're worthless," I heard Alicia whisper in her mother's ear. "Pathetic. You don't deserve happiness. Not after everything you've done to us. You don't deserve *anything*. You're worthless. Say it."

"I... I'm worthless," Felicity spoke faintly.

"You don't deserve anything."

"I don't deserve anything."

"You don't deserve to be happy," Alicia told her mother, lips curved into a wicked grin.

"I don't deserve to be happy," Felicity breathed.

"You," Alicia sneered, "are nothing."

"I'm nothing."

"I'm a bad mother," Felicity murmured, repeating the words back to me. Laying on her back in bed, naked, my cum dribbling out of her well-used cunt. A beautiful sight.

"Again."

"I'm a bad mother."

"Again."

"I'm a bad mother."

"And it's too late to be anything else," I said, watching her closely. When she didn't react to the words, I continued. "Alicia and Roslyn are adults now. Full-grown women. They don't need a mother any more. You've failed them, and there's no undoing that, is there?"

"No," Felicity answered dutifully.

"You can't turn back the clock and make everything right. It's too late for you to be a good mother to them now. All you can do is make up for being a bad one."

It was time. She was ready.

"You are a bad mother. You want to make it up to them. But they're adults now. It's only a matter of time before they leave. And, with how you've treated them over the years, they'll never want to come back. It'll be just like they'd died. You'll never see or hear from them again."

Pain. In that expression, there was more pain than I'd ever seen in a trance before. So much that I was almost worried it'd snap her out of it. But I knew Felicity. She wouldn't wake up. She wouldn't dare disappoint me like that.

"You've lost someone before. Someone you love. And it broke you. Changed you. Losing Alicia and Roslyn? You wouldn't be able to survive that, would you?"

"No," Felicity answered – the word laced with agony.

"If they leave, that's what it'll feel like."

I let the words sink in. Let them dig deep.

"You can't make them stay if they don't want to. All you can do, the only way you can protect yourself from that pain, is to give them no reason to want to leave. Make them want to stay, to never abandon you. You want them to stay, don't you?"

"Yes," Felicity answered without hesitation.

"You need them to stay, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I need them to stay."

"The only way you can keep them here at the manor," I said, circling the bed and sitting down next to her, "is to keep them happy. Makes sense, yes?"

"Yes."

"And, the best way of keeping them happy is to listen to them. To do what they want you to. Even if you don't want to, even if it hurts, even if it breaks your heart. You have to keep them happy at all costs. No matter what."

Felicity's lips twitched.

"Say it for me; I have to keep my daughters happy no matter what."

"I have to keep my daughters happy no matter what."

"Again."

Felicity dropped to the floor.

Beside her, Alicia – who'd just untied the rope and realised her mother - crouched down. She glanced at me, smiled, whispered something in her mother's ear.

Felicity's eyes shot wide open. She looked at me in tearful horror.

Alicia kept whispering, kept smiling.

I stood there for a minute watching them, unable to hear what was being said but curious to find out.

When Alicia was done with her whispers, she stood.

Felicity remained sprawled on the ground, motionless until Alicia's foot found itself in her side. The mother groaned, pushed herself onto hands and knees, began crawling towards me. She shivered and shuddered as she went, unable to look me in the eye.

Alicia and Roslyn followed behind her. Alicia smiling, Roslyn blushing.

The bondage gear I'd given them to wear – basically nothing more than black leather straps held together with buckles – were wonderful to see on such slim, busty bodies. Their breasts and crotches were exposed to the open air. Alicia, I noticed, was practically leaking with how drenched her pussy was.

Felicity stopped in front of me, eyes on the floor.

"I," she spoke softly, voice quivering, "don't deserve you."

"Oh?" I said, eyes flicking to Alicia.

"I'm worthless," Felicity said. "Pathetic. A bad mother and a bad wife. You deserve better than my... my..."

She glanced to the side, bit her lip.

"You deserve better than my loose, used hole. You deserve more than my saggy, fat breasts. I don't deserve you, and that's why..."

"Say it," Alicia commanded.

"I want you to have our daughters instead," Felicity croaked. "They can be your wives. Better wives. They'll be better... better mothers than me. Use... Use them and-"

Whatever else Alicia had told her mother to say, I'd never know.

Alicia pushed herself forward, practically dived on me – her lips finding mine while her hands fished out my cock. A moment later, Roslyn had joined her. The three of us, me and my daughters, ended up on the dirty floor – my clothes being torn away as my hands and mouth explored their bodies.

Felicity didn't say another word. She tried to look away, started inching towards the exit. But Alicia snapped at her – ordered her to stay and watch.

The next thing I knew, I had a lusty Alicia bouncing on top of me while her obedient sister licked my balls.

Huge, wonderful tits danced before my eyes.

But, as enjoyable as that sight was, I found myself looking in elsewhere. At Felicity.

Every time her daughter slammed herself down on my cock, Felicity twitched. Her eyes wide, horrified, hopeless. She knelt on the floor a few feet away, unable to pull her eyes away from her beautiful daughter. Unable to disobey that direct command.

"Yes!" Alicia cried out – a little too enthusiastic. "I love your cock Daddy!"

I grunted, looked up at Alicia.

"Do you like my pussy, Daddy?" She panted.

"Yes," I grinned, catching on right away. "I do."

"Better than *hers*?"

I looked to my wife, met her eyes.

"Definitely," I said, not even needing to lie.

Felicity winced, clutched her chest.

"Don't worry Daddy," Alicia moaned. "I'll show you what a real wife – a real *woman* - can do!"

It was an interesting sight. The two daughters cuddling in bed while the mother slept on

the floor. Felicity bruised and worn and tired, exhausted physically and emotionally and mentally all at the same time. I'd pushed her a lot today.

But it was done now.

Momma Penrose was finally, truly broken.

Alicia had come a long way. The shy, awkward girl with no confidence was no more. This Alicia was a monster in the making. A girl after my own image; cruel and callous and utterly without remorse. But, above all that, she was loyal. Mine. She'd never think to turn on me, would never question me. I was, after all, the one who'd set her free. Who'd given her this purpose.

And then there was Roslyn.

When I'd met her, she'd been a confident, athletic tomboy type. The kind of chick who took everything in stride.

Now she followed after her sister like a little lost kitten.

A girl somehow between her sister and mother. Meek, but not so much that she couldn't take the reins when needed. Confident, but not so much that she'd want to assume control. Of the three, she was the one who'd be most comfortable with the idea of 'sleeping around'. If I ever needed to pimp out one of the Penrose pussies, Roslyn would be the one.

Not that I'd need to do that any time soon. With the Penrose Family's wealth under my control, money was a non-issue.

The three of them, Felicity and Alicia and Roslyn. They'd reached a point where I could do whatever I wanted – absolutely anything at all – and none of them would think to deny me. They were, all three, mine – in mind and body and soul.

But, for all the things I'd planned for them since I'd begun working in the stables all those many months ago, one idea shone out like a beacon.

I'd have years – the rest of my life – to make a million fantasies come true.

But that one, *the* one, would be first.