

The Stable Master

Chapter 2

"Listen to my voice," I told Alicia. "That's all you have to do. Nothing else. Just my voice. No need to think; there's nothing to worry about. My voice, that's all that matters. That's all there is. Just my voice..."

Alicia sat in my cramped little office, eyes closed and head down. My eyes, of course, were drawn to her chest. Those huge, marvellous tits. With how innocent and unguarded the girl's mind was, morphing her into my plaything wouldn't be difficult at all. Soon enough, I'd have my cock between those behemoth tits and my hand around that pretty throat.

"Nice and calm. Relaxed. Nothing else matters. Nothing but my voice. My words. All you have to do is let yourself go. Let yourself relax with me, Alicia. Listen to my voice and relax..."

This big-titted cock-socket wouldn't be a problem.

Her mother, on the other hand, would be. An arrogant bitch who believed she was better than everyone else? She'd never stand by and allow me to violate her daughter. And, with the attitude she currently had, I very much doubted she'd be open to hypnotic 'meditation' sessions with me.

"Animals," I said, eyes shifting to Alicia's face. Had to make sure she didn't stir during this next part of the induction process. "They're care-free creatures. No worries, no concerns. They simply live. Relaxed and calm and happy. No thinking, no doubts or worries. Just calm and relaxed."

Yes, the Penrose mother would be a problem.

But every problem had a solution. Every person had a fatal flaw, a weakness that could be exploited and used. All I had to do was find hers before she caught on to what I was doing down here at the stables. Then I could add Momma Bitch to the fun I had planned.

"It'd be so lovely if humans were like that. No worries about anything, free to be happy and content," Not too much. Not yet. In time, I'd have it so Alicia's deepest desire was to be an animal. Specifically, she'd want to be a horse. But not yet. For now, I had to play it slow and safe. "Imagine it, Alicia. Being worry-free, living one day to the next without any stress or anxiety. Being *free* and *happy*."

A tiny smile tugged at the girl's lips.

Good. That was good. In Alicia's mind, I wanted to associate 'being an animal' with 'being happy, content, stress-free'. Which wasn't all that difficult of an ask, really. Animals were, by their nature, too stupid to understand or comprehend how shitty and boring their lives really were.

All I needed to do was build those subconscious associations.

Then, when she was ready, I'd move on to phase two of my five-phase plan for her.

Alicia watched as the horse plodded around a fenced off section of the Penrose grounds.

Momma Penrose didn't want the 'filthy beast' trampling on her flower gardens, so she'd set aside a small chunk of Penrose Manor lands to accommodate and house the horses. The stables where Butterbowl spent her nights, and a fenced off area where the horse could wander about aimlessly during the day.

She made no move to go mount the animal, didn't attempt to even get close. She just watched from the fence, eyes following Butterbrains all the while.

Odd, that. Whenever I mentioned horse-riding to her, Alicia seemed nervous and avoidant on the topic. She was, apparently, the one who'd wanted to own horses. The one who wanted to ride them. Yet, here she was. Afraid to do just that.

There was a story there. I could feel it.

Some reason Alicia *wanted* to ride horses, but shied away from actually doing it.

It was a story I needed to know.

A hypnotist's greatest weapon is always knowledge. The more I knew about my victim, the more power I had over them. Knowing their stories, their history, added tools to my arsenal.

Could be that, whatever story was behind Alicia's odd behaviour, it wouldn't be useful to me. But, even then, it was always better to know than to not. There was certainly no harm in gathering as much information as I could.

I walked over to where Alicia stood, leaned against the fence beside her.

"Lovely day," I said, not looking at her. "Perfect for riding."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the girl blush.

"Uh," she spoke softly, "yeah."

"Want me to go saddle her up for you?"

"N- No thanks," she glanced at me, face red, then turned away from the fence. "I- I have something I need to do. Maybe next time."

As she walked away, a fake smile on her lips, I couldn't help but stare at her round, delicious ass.

I'd learned one thing, at least.

Alicia was a horrible liar.

The job requirements listed for this job, one of them had been Human Psychology. At first, I'd thought that'd just been some ridiculous, nonsensical demand from Miss Bitch. Employers, especially those who had no idea what they were asking for, were always demanding unrealistic things from potential employees. Be it qualifications or potential pay, often both at the same time. They were all looking for that one impossible person who had qualifications from the best schools, with enough experience to do the job proficiently, yet without the experience to know that they were being offered a dog-shit wage.

Now, though, I was beginning to understand *why* Momma Penrose had been looking for a horse expert with an education in Human Psychology. Still a stupid thing to search for, don't get me wrong, but it made sense.

Alicia had some kind of psychological issue with horses.

She wanted to ride them, yet something was stopping her. An irrational fear or phobia or something.

Miss Penrose, rather than hiring two separate people to do the two separate jobs she wanted doing – one to look after the animals and another to sort out her daughter's mental aversion to them – she'd been a cheapskate and hired just one.

Unfortunately for Momma Penrose, that'd landed her with *me*.

So, how could I use what I knew to my advantage?

Alicia Penrose had some kind of aversion to riding horses, but wanted to own and ride them all the same. She wanted to overcome whatever issue she was faced with. That was something I could definitely use. But I needed more information. What exactly was Alicia's aversion, and *why* did she have it?

Momma Penrose had gone out of her way to hire someone with the qualifications to help her daughter. Despite the woman's cold, hostile, arrogant exterior, she evidently cared for her daughter a great deal. I mean, she'd had stables built, bought a horse, and hired an 'expert' to look after the animal. A person, no matter how wealthy they were, wouldn't do all that unless they genuinely cared.

The family's matron wanted to help her eldest daughter overcome her psychological problem.

And there was my 'in'.

Compassion – the selfless desire to help another – was an easy thing to manipulate. A powerful tool that I could use not only in my conquest of the busty Penrose

daughter, but the arrogant mother as well.

Once a week, I was expected to report in to Madame Penrose. Give her a progress update on the stables, horses, upkeep costs, all that 'fun' stuff. Every Sunday, without fail. The first of these weekly reports had been just after I'd been hired, before Buttershits had even been bought. The second was a day or two after the horse had arrived. The third was today.

I walked up to the manor, knowing that Queen Bitch wouldn't be coming down to the stables for my update – she'd expect me to come to her. Neither of the Penrose daughters were about today - something to do with church services – so it'd be just me and Momma Penrose.

The manor itself was huge and, though I'd never been inside, I figured it was probably mostly empty space. Momma Penrose hired cleaners and a cook, a gardener or two and a separate groundskeeper. But none of them lived in the Manor. The only ones even *allowed* inside the building were the cleaners and cook. On Sunday's, I'd noticed, none of the other men or women who worked for Momma Penrose were even around. Likely, they all had this day of the week off. I was the only non-Penrose here.

Just me and the bitch. Alone for the next few hours, until her daughters arrived home.

The things I could do to the bitch in that time...

But no, I had to wait. Had to play the long game. Or, I supposed I didn't *have* to. But I *wanted* to.

My prize, at the end of all the scheming and planning, would be far more worthwhile than a few hours of rough 'fun' with Lady Penrose today. Rather than one broken bitch and a few hours of satisfaction, I'd have three dedicated animal bitches for however long I decided to keep them – the rest of my life, potentially. Or, at least until their looks started to fade and I got bored of them.

When I reached Penrose Manor's large front door, my legs aching slightly from the short hike – in my defence, I'd been on my feet all day – I rang the doorbell and waited.

And waited. And waited.

Minutes passed. Long enough that I was certain the bitch inside was intentionally keeping me waiting.

Petty of her, and annoying for me.

When the time came for me to punish Momma Penrose, I'd be sure to enjoy every single second of it.

Finally, after I'd rang the doorbell three more times, the door opened to reveal the beautiful, scowling face of the Penrose Matron. Mrs Felicity Penrose – the Queen Bitch herself. Wearing an expression of contemptuous dissatisfaction, eyes narrowed and lips tight. If looks could kill, that glare would've been a death-sentence.

It was like she didn't realise we were the only two people on the property. That, if I felt like it, I could do whatever I wanted to her. And there'd be no-one to stop me, no-one to save her.

She looked down her nose at me disdainfully, as if I was nothing more than a disgusting bug for her to squish.

"What," she said, "do *you* want?"

"Weekly progress report," I said, planting an innocent smile on my face.

The woman's eyes narrowed at me, she sniffed the air – no doubt smelling horse shit wafting off me – and grimaced, nose curling.

"Well?" She snarled. "Get on with it."

And so I did, hiding my annoyance at the bitch's attitude. When the day finally came for me to fuck the cunt, I'd make sure it'd be an event Lady Penrose would never forget. Just the thought of putting her in her rightful place made me giddy with excitement.

I gave her a brief report on the stables and their condition, the finances she'd set aside for its maintenance and the acquirement of more horses, told her that Buttersnot was settling in nicely.

"Anything else?" Felicity Penrose asked, sounding bored. She was already beginning to close the door in my face before I even had a chance to reply.

"Yes, actually!" I spoke up quickly, before she could close the door fully. "There was something I wanted to ask."

The door paused, and the half of Momma Penrose's face I could see through the slim crack did not look pleased. She glared, waited for me to say what I wanted to say.

"Alicia," I said, knowing that the name would force Queen Bitch to pay attention. She cared about her daughter, and that was one weakness I could easily exploit. "She's been having some trouble with the horse."

The door creaked open a little.

"Yes?" Momma Penrose said, face still morphed in disdain, but eyes showing a little of something more.

"She hasn't been able to muster up the courage to try riding Butterbowl yet. I'd hazard a guess and say she's probably had some kind of trauma in the past related to horses which is giving her anxiety. And, well, I think there's something you might be able to do to help her overcome it."

The mother didn't say anything, just stood there waiting.

"I think," I said, watching her closely, searching her eyes for any hint of emotion I could use against her. "If she were to see someone else riding Butterbowl, someone she's close to and looks up to, it'd help her feel safer approaching the horse herself. I'd do it myself, but as Stable Master I'm expected to be able to ride and handle horses. What Alicia needs is to see someone unfamiliar with animals ride Butterbowl. If you were to—"

"No," Momma Penrose stated firmly.

The word caught me off guard. With how much she seemed to care about her daughter, I'd expected her to at least hear me out to the end.

"Alicia needs—"

"No," the bitch repeated. "I will *not* be making a fool of myself prancing around on the back of some stinking animal. Is there anything else you wish to discuss?"

"I- I'm..." Well this wasn't going quite as I'd hoped. "No."

"Then we're done here," Felicity Penrose said in a tone that brokered no argument. A heartbeat later, the manor's front door slammed in my face.

Great. Well that could have gone better.

The next morning, I had a surprise visitor down at the stables. Not Momma Penrose, unfortunately. But Roslyn, the younger of her two daughters.

I'd only seen her from afar up 'til now, the girl who liked to run circuits around the grounds. Up close, she was as stunning as the other two Penrose women – albeit, with her own unique *style*.

Both Momma Penrose and Alicia had long hair, black and blonde respectively. And both were curvaceous, sporting huge chests and feminine figures.

Roslyn, on the other hand, was an obvious tomboy.

Black hair so short it didn't come close to reaching her shoulders, messy and wild and altogether unladylike. Rather than wearing the conservative clothes her mother and sister seemed to prefer, Roslyn was in shorts and a t-shirt. And, judging from the nipples poking through that t-shirt, she was *not* wearing a bra.

Sweat beaded down her slightly tanned face, droplets collecting and dripping down off her chin. While she wasn't as blessed in the bosom as the other women in her family, Roslyn certainly still had a respectable, if smaller, bust. And her body, from what I could see of it, was fit and toned. Athletic. An outdoorsy, sportsy type. Her pretty, if somewhat

androgynous, face was what sold me the most. *This* one, I'd definitely be playing with.

"Hello there," I said, hefting an armful of hay. "You must be Roslyn Penrose. Nice to meet you. I'd shake your hand, but..."

I glanced down at the hay in my arms, gave the girl a friendly smile.

"That's me," the girl grinned widely. Her warm, brown eyes shone with easy-going amusement as she gave an exaggerated, theatrical bow. "The family disappointment, in the flesh."

Over her shoulder, I saw her sister – the lovely Alicia – standing a few feet away, looking as timid and nervous as ever.

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance," I gave her a little bow myself – nothing more than me lowering my head, really. "What can I do for you today?"

Roslyn shrugged, the motion causing her breasts to bounce ever so slightly. Not full, huge breasts like the other two. But perky and firm, no doubt.

"Mom wants me to start taking horse-riding lessons with Ali for some reason," she told me. "So it's either this or she writes me out of her will."

I perked an eyebrow at that.

Was that a threat rich parents actually made to their children, that they'd remove them from their will and cut them out of their inheritance?

"Well you've come at the right time," I smiled, nodding my head to the side and gesturing for her to follow. "I was just about to feed Butter her breakfast then let her out for the day. Come on, this way."

So Momma Penrose *had* listened to what I'd said. Just, instead of coming down and trying to ride the horse herself - and risk humiliating herself - she'd sent her other daughter to do the job. No doubt, she thought she was being a good mother – helping poor Alicia out with her problems. All she'd *really* done was send me her other daughter to manipulate.

Kindness and compassion, perhaps the easiest of human emotions to abuse.

I led the way to Butterfuck's stall, opened it up and led the horse out to its feeding area. Roslyn watched with mild curiosity, while Alicia kept an overly-safe distance.

"Butter, huh?" Roslyn said as the horse began slowly chomping on its morning meal. "That's a dumb name for a horse."

Agreed.

"Oh?" I smiled at the girl. "What would you name her, then?"

The horse belonged to the Penrose family. They could, if they wished, rename it whatever to the fuck they wanted. In my heart, though, Buttercunt would always be Buttercunt – or some variant thereof.

Roslyn paused to consider, then a wide grin cracked her lips.

"Stormdancer!" She shouted, punching the air. "Windracer!" Another punch in the air. "Doombringer!"

I crossed my arms, let my amusement show as I raised an eyebrow.

"How much sugar did you have for breakfast?"

Roslyn grinned a wide, white-toothed grin at me.

"None," she said happily. "Mom stopped buying sugary breakfast cereals after that one time I accidentally almost burned the house down. Kind of an overreaction on her part, if you ask me."

I stared at the girl, considered my options.

She was, it seemed, a good-natured girl. Energetic and boisterous, which may prove to be a problem. A wilder personality usually meant it was somewhat more difficult to get them into the calm, trance state of hypnosis. Attractive, though. Which would make the effort of hypnotising and brainwashing her more than worth it.

"If I might make a suggestion," I said, glancing for a moment over the girl's shoulder at her sister. Yes, I could make this work. "Butter is a very timid, quiet horse. With you

being so, uh..." What was the right word to use?

Loud? No. Obnoxious? Definitely not. Energetic? Didn't quite fit.

"Bubbly," Roslyn supplied with a smirk.

"Yes! With you being so *bubbly*, you might startle or unsettle her. There's an exercise I've been teaching your sister to help her calm her nerves before riding. If it's alright with you, I'd like to try it with you too. Just so that poor, old Butter doesn't get too spooked by your, uh, *bubbly-ness*."

Roslyn didn't even stop to consider it or ask any questions, she just shrugged and smiled.

"Sure."

Too easy.