

The Stable Master

Chapter 20

"Everyone has their limits," I said, fingertip gliding along my wife's jawline. "No matter how strong they are, no matter how much they think they can take. Everyone has a limit. A pain threshold that they can't pass. A person can only take so much punishment before they break."

Her face was serene. Relaxed. Eyes closed and body slumped.

"You're a strong woman Felicity," I told her. "Or, at least, you *were* a strong woman. You can take a lot of punishment. But even you have a limit, don't you?"

"Yes," my wife breathed softly.

"Everyone has a limit. Everyone. You're no exception."

When my fingertip reached her chin, I slid it gently back up along her jaw – a loving, tender caress.

"Everyone has their limits, but some people don't have a choice. They *have* to bear it. They *have* to endure more punishment than they can take."

I leaned over her, kissed her cheek.

"Or do they?" I whispered into her ear.

I turned my head, looked at the bedroom door. Shut and locked, just like I'd left it. No girl on the other side listening – my daughters had jobs to be doing, knew not to dally or snoop. Yet, even so, I waited.

Alicia. She was a bright girl. And eager. If anyone was going to spy in on me, it'd be her. I wouldn't have been surprised if that girl had worked everything out by now – that I'd used hypnosis to turn her and her sister and mother into my toys. She wouldn't care – we were well past *that* stage now. If anything, she'd probably find the fact exciting. Erotic.

Even so, it was better if she didn't hear this next part.

"Sometimes," I said, turning my gaze back to Felicity, "when a person is forced to take more punishment than they can handle, they do things they'd never have dreamed about before. When a person passes their limit, they'll do anything it takes to stop their punishment and torment."

She was wearing lingerie. Lacy and black, the fabric transparent in every place it mattered. Two soft nipples plainly visible, as was her neatly trimmed crotch-hair. Her dark hair flowed loosely around the pillow her head was resting on.

The body of a goddess. Alluring and sexy beyond words.

I'd married the quintessential MILF. The ideal.

"Sometimes, when the punishment is too much, you have to get rid of it the only way you can."

I wouldn't direct her fully – wouldn't put the exact thought in her head myself. I wanted *her* to come to it. I wanted *her* to make the decision. And, when the time was right, she would. I'd nudge her there, make sure to set things up perfectly for her. But Felicity herself would be the one to decide it.

"Do you remember when I punished you for Alicia's lies?" I asked.

"Yes," my wife answered in her hollow, hypnotised voice.

"Even though you told the truth, you got punished. And, despite the fact she was lying, Alicia got rewarded. That's not very fair now, is it?"

"No."

"But life isn't fair," I told her. "At the end of the day, Alicia lied and you got punished for it. She avoided punishment by pinning it on you, her mother."

Silence. Giving the words a few seconds to sink in.

"She avoided being punished, was okay with you getting punished for something you didn't do. And she never got any kind of comeback for that."

I leaned down, whispered directly into my wife's ear.

"She got away with it, and you got shafted."

Once again, I trailed my finger along her jawline. Only this time, I didn't stop at her chin. My fingertip glided down to Felicity's throat.

"That's not fair, is it?"

"No," my wife answered – and I felt the word on my fingertip.

"But life isn't fair," I told her. "Sometimes, the only justice you get is the justice you make for yourself."

I stepped into the room silently, made sure to close the door as quietly as I could.

She didn't notice.

Her back was to me, focusing on the task at hand – dusting and cleaning a bookcase. A feather duster in one hand, a cleaning rag in the other.

She hummed as she worked, shaking her hips to music I couldn't hear.

Earphones. They weren't part of the 'official' Penrose Manor maid outfit, but I'd give the girl a pass. Of all three pets, this one was the most efficient. The one who, when given a task, would perform it to the letter every time.

I walked slowly over to her, eyes taking in the sight of her backside as I approached.

Whatever else might be true of my Penrose sluts, it was undeniable that Roslyn had the best ass of the three. Years of being an athletic overachiever had toned her rump to perfection.

She flinched when I planted my hand on her ass. Jumped and let out a very girly yelp.

When she looked over her shoulder, saw me standing there – hand still gripping her backside – she blushed, tensed. Her eyes wide as a deer's in headlights.

"Keep cleaning," I told her. "Don't mind me."

Slowly, Roslyn nodded her head. She turned back to the bookcase, resumed dusting.

"I feel like we don't talk as much as we used to," I said, enjoying the feel of her ass in my hand. "I've been so busy with you sister and mother, and with keeping the Manor running properly, that I can't help but feel I've been neglecting you, Ros."

"It's-" Roslyn said, voice tight. "It's fine."

"No, it's not. I'm your father now, remember? It's my job to look out for you and be there for you. And I've been failing at that job recently."

My free hand found itself on the side of Roslyn's body, just below her tit.

"Your mother is busy preparing food, and I've sent your sister down to clean up the stables. It's just you and me right now, princess. No need to be so stiff."

"I'm not-" Roslyn tried to say. "I'm-"

"Bend over for me," I told her, holding her ass in place as I pushed lightly on her torso. "There's a good girl."

She did.

No complaint, no hesitation. Just a whole lot of blushing obedience. She bent over for me, braced herself against the bookcase – her head stuffed into a crack between books.

"I don't suppose you happen to know how many books there are here, do you?" I asked, peeling down the girl's cotton panties. "Or how much they're worth?"

"N- no," Roslyn answered, voice distorted slightly by the tight confines her face was in.

"Some of them look real old and fancy," I noted. "Must be worth a pretty penny or two. I wonder how many generations of Penrose whores have looked after and added to the library here. Has to be a few, at least."

Roslyn let out a little squeak when my cold hand slid between her legs.

"When was the last time you worked out properly?" I found myself asking as I hiked

up her maid skirt.

"I-" Roslyn mumbled. "I'm not sure. A while..."

"I know you do sit-ups and scrunches and all that stuff every morning," I said. "And you sometimes go for a run around the manor when you have free time. But I don't think I've seen you work up a *real* sweat for quite some time."

Roslyn shuddered at the sound of my trousers dropping.

"We should try it together sometime. Working out, building up a sweat. It'll be a fun father-daughter activity for us."

"I... I guess," Roslyn breathed, back tense. I ran a hand over her mound, felt just how wet she was. "I don't know if we'll have time. I-"

She gasped.

"We'll find time," I said, pushing my finger deeper inside her. "It'll be fun."

"Oooh," Roslyn moaned softly. "Ok- Okay."

"Be sure to clean this mess up before you call it a day," I said, nodding to the puddle at my daughter's feet. A milky fluid comprised of both our cum on a hardwood floor. "Don't want to get any bugs in here, do we?"

Dazed and shaky, Roslyn nodded her head.

I turned to go, took one step, stopped. An idea, just a momentary whim. I turned back to Roslyn, smiled.

"On second thought," I said. "Why don't you clean it right now?"

It took Roslyn a moment to steady herself. She reached over for her discarded cleaning rag, froze in place when I cleared my throat.

"No," I said, grin widening. "Not with that. With your mouth."

Roslyn turned to look at me.

"Lick it up," I ordered. "Every drop."

She stared at me uncertainly. When she glanced down at the puddle of cum, her lips curled into a frown. She'd do it – I'd ordered it, after all. But there was that moment of disgust and a strong desire not to.

"If you and your sister have been doing your jobs well," I said sternly, "this floor will be perfectly clean and sanitary. If you and her have been slacking, it'll be dirty. But it's not dirty, is it Roslyn?"

The girl shook her head quickly.

"You've been doing your job. This floor is clean, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Roslyn answered quietly, face red.

"Then you should have no trouble licking that mess up. Now, Roslyn. I'm a busy man. Get on with it."

Slowly, Roslyn got down on her hands and knees.

Face tilted towards the puddle, tongue extended.

At first, she licked gingerly – hesitant and uncertain. But, as she continued to lap up those mixed fluids, she sped up – turning from the timid girl she was now back into the confident girl she'd once been. Lapping up cum like a kitten with milk.

It was only when she was done licking the floor dry that she came back to herself, realised what she was doing. Roslyn blushed brightly, covered her mouth, looked up at me with wide, watering eyes.

"Good girl," I smiled at her.

"I can't-" Felicity said, voice raw and cracked. "I can't take any more."

Good. That was the plan.

"Of course you can," I said, raising the studded paddle once again. "You're a mother. You've been through childbirth *twice*. This is nothing compared to that."

"Please," Felicity croaked. "I can't..."

I brought the paddle down hard, smacked her ass with it with everything I had.

She cried out, entire body jerking at the impact.

"Please," she begged weakly. "I'll do anything... Please..."

"You *already* do anything I want you to, slut. What could you possibly offer me that you haven't already given? What have you got left to give me? Your old, saggy tits? Your flat ass? You're washed, Felicity. Used. Useless."

"I don't know," Felicity practically sobbed. "Please, I-"

"Enough!" I barked, causing her to flinch.

I walked around her, dragging the paddle across her soft skin as I circled.

"Today's food way *far* too spicy," I lied – the buffalo wings and dips she'd made had been flawless and delicious. "I'm probably going to be shitting fire tomorrow because of you. Someone needs to be punished, and it's your fault so-"

"Not me!" Felicity gasped, nibbling on a crumb of hope. "It wasn't my fault. It was Alicia! And Roslyn! You should punish them, not me. Please, honey. I-"

"Alicia and Roslyn?" I said, voice softer now – as if considering my wife's words. "And how could it possibly be *their* fault?"

"I don't-" Felicity gasped, eyes locked onto the paddle dragging against her skin. "They must've done something! Added more spices after I gave them the plates and bowls. They did it, not me!"

It was probably the least convincing lie I'd ever heard. Complete and utter bullshit. But it was what I'd wanted.

Felicity, selling out her daughters to save herself.

"Hmm..." I hummed, feigning thoughtfulness. "Alicia and Roslyn... Yes, that *does* make sense... But can you prove it?"

"No... I... I know it was them," Felicity said. "They were probably trying to make it better. Thought you'd like a little more spice. They're good girls. But it was them. It *had* to be them."

My wife stood in place as I circled around her, pretended to consider her words. A predator and its prey.

"They're good girls," Felicity repeated weakly. "They didn't mean anything bad by it. It's their fault, but they're not *bad* they don't deserve..."

"Punishment?" I smiled.

Felicity blushed, looked down at the floor, slowly nodded her head.

"If what you're saying is true," it wasn't, "then it should be Alicia and Roslyn being punished today. Is that what you want, Felicity?"

"No!" The mother gasped. "No, I just... It wasn't *me*."

"Do *you* deserve punishment?"

"Not for this," Felicity whispered.

"Do our *daughters* deserve punishment?"

"I don't-" Felicity's eyebrows knit together in worry. "They did it, but-"

"Someone has to be punished," I said, stopping behind her. I leaned in, spoke into her ear. "Either it's you, or it's them."

"I..." She said, sounding pained. "I... I..."

I waited, basking in the aura my wife radiated. Defeat and weakness and pure submissiveness. A broken woman. A twisted shadow of who she used to be.

"It was them," Felicity said weakly. "You should punish them."

I grinned. Then, immediately, I hid the smile from my face. Made sure it didn't shine through in my voice.

"So *you* say," I said, beginning to walk around her once again. A wolf circling its kill. "But, if I ask them, I wonder what *they'll* say."

"They did it," Felicity said quickly, desperately. "Not me! They're the ones who-"

"But did they?" I said, shaking my head. "Did they *really*, or are you just trying to

pass the blame on to someone else?"

"No!" Felicity barked, voice cracked. "It was them!"

"Do you have any proof?" I asked. "Any evidence?"

"No," Felicity whimpered after a short pause.

"So it's just your word against theirs," I stated. "Not a very compelling case, is it? You're in charge of the kitchen, Felicity. You're in charge of the food. Not them."

"It wasn't me," Felicity said weakly. "It wasn't."

"You'll have to come up with a better reason than that, if you want me to punish them instead of you."

I took a step away from my wife, gazed at her and the conflict in her face. Her motherly instincts being smothered by her desperation to be free of my torment. It was what I'd been working towards for the last few weeks, this moment right here.

"Give me a reason," I commanded her. "Or I'll have to continue punishing you, Felicity."

"They..." My wife whispered. "They're younger than me. Fitter. They'll be able to endure a lot more..."

She looked up at me, wide eyes watering.

"Alicia *likes* to be punished. And Roslyn will learn to like it. They'll be... They'll be good at it. For you."

I shook my head.

"Not good enough," I said.

"Please!" Felicity panicked as I stepped towards her again. "Wait!"

I stopped, waited.

"They're..." Felicity said, something breaking inside those wide eyes of hers. "They're beautiful."

"Oh?" I hummed as my wife slumped, defeated.

"They're beautiful," she repeated softly. "And sexy. They're good looking girls. No old and worn like... They're young and beautiful, with amazing bodies and..."

"And what?"

Felicity stared into my eyes, and I saw the last embers of old Momma Penrose flicker out. "You can play with them," she said. "Touch them. Make them strip. You can punish them. Do whatever you want to. They're good girls. They'll let you do whatever you want."

"Whatever I want?" I asked with a smile.

Felicity looked down, couldn't meet my gaze. "Yes," she whispered. "Anything you want."

"I'm not convinced," I said. "Why would I want them when I have you?"

"They're not..." Felicity bit her lip, shook her head, shut her eyes. "Picture them," she told me. "Picture them naked. Those big, round boobs. Their bodies. All yours to play with. You can punish them however you want. With whatever you want. You can... You can teach them how to be proper women. They need a strong hand to guide them. Think about it. Those curves. Roslyn has a beautiful ass, doesn't she? And Alicia's breasts... Think of all the fun you could have with those two, teaching them a lesson. Punishing them..."

"You want me to punish your daughters instead of you," I stated.

Not a question. No options given. Just affirmation.

Felicity nodded her head.

"You want me to punish those tight bodies of theirs. You want me to slap and spank and whip and paddle them, bruise their asses and tits. You want me to *hurt* them."

Felicity flinched, but she nodded her head again.

"And if my punishment involves my dick ending up inside their asses? Are you *sure* you'd rather them being punished instead of you?"

She began shaking. Shuddering.

Weeks worth of hypnosis warring with her natural instincts as a mother. But then, Felicity never *had* been a good mother, had she? She'd never cared enough to truly help and support her daughters when they'd needed it. No, she'd hired *me* to do that instead. Better to get a stranger in to help with her daughter's issues than to appear weak, even for a moment.

Felicity was not a good mother. And like all bad mothers, she'd put herself first when the time came.

Slowly, Felicity nodded her head.

"Very well," I smiled. "You've convinced me. Your punishment is over."

Felicity slumped. Every muscle in her body seeming to relax all at once. Tension evaporating in an instant.

"Go back to the manor," I continued. "Find Alicia and Roslyn and send them down here for *their* punishments."

And, just like that, she stiffened again.

Perhaps, on some level, she'd thought this was all a test. That I wasn't *actually* going to punish her daughters. Perhaps she thought I'd been exaggerating when I'd said I'd fuck their asses. If so, that lie she'd told herself died in a single moment.

Felicity nodded her head one last time.

"Yes sir," she said weakly.

And she left the stables, off to look for her daughters.