

The Stable Master

Chapter 21

There was shuffling in the bed.

My eyes flicked open for a moment – long enough to see my wife climbing out of the bed, red lines across her back and ass. She was facing away from me, moving slowly. Naked and wonderful.

It was too dark to make out much, and I was too tired to bother.

I closed my eyes, welcomed sleep.

And, in moments, I was drifting off to dream-land.

Felicity? She'd head downstairs, leave the manor building and go to the stables – collect her chained up daughters. And the three of them would get started on the day's tasks. Making breakfast and cleaning the home and tending the gardens.

It was a full three hours later when I woke up again.

A few minutes of relaxing, then I got up – climbed out of bed and put on a nice, black robe. No underwear, no need for shirts or trousers. All clothing like that would do was get in the way.

Head held high, I left the master bedroom.

Today, it was Roslyn waiting outside. Wearing her custom-made skimpy maid outfit. Short frilly skirt, thin white stockings, cleavage for days. It looked good on her – her toned legs and impressive backside on full display.

"Daddy," she said quickly, looking down at the floor. "Good morning."

"Morning," I smiled at her. "Sleep well?"

She'd spent the night in the stables. Naked. Only a space heater to keep her from freezing. A bed of straw and hay, no blanket. Dirty and smelly and hard. There was no way she'd slept well. Chances were, from those bags under her eyes, she hadn't slept at all.

"Yes," Roslyn lied, eyes not moving from the floor. "Thank you."

"I'm going to go take a shower," I said, walking past her. "Be a doll and let your mother and sister know."

She didn't move until I was out of sight.

The moment I turned a corner, was unable to see her, she'd scurry off to go inform her mother and look for her sister. Felicity, who'd been preparing food for me for the last three hours, would make sure breakfast was perfect before laying it out for me. Likely, there were already two or three meals that'd been discarded – having grown too cold to eat while I slept.

A lot of wasted food. But, on the other hand, it did mean I always had a delicious breakfast whenever I woke up.

I headed to the manor's main bathroom, dropped my robe.

A large room with a sizeable walk-in shower and multiple shower heads. No matter where I stood in that open space, I'd be getting sprayed from all angles. Hot water – the perfect temperature – and just the right amount of pressure, made it feel less like I was taking a shower and more like I was being massaged by water.

The glass walls of the walk-in shower fogged up as I stood there, basking in total comfort.

No need for me to scrub myself down. All I had to do was wait.

Faintly, I heard the sound of the bathroom door open and close.

Through the fogged up glass, I saw a black and white figure moving. Then, the black and white dropped away – leaving only faint, pale skin and bright blonde hair. I smiled to myself, shut my eyes, held out my arms.

The shower door opened, and in she stepped.

My beautiful, busty Alicia.

She walked over to me. I felt her there. Deafened by the water in my ears, unable

to see or smell, and yet I knew she was there all the same. Naked, soaped up, and ready to go.

She started with my back – pressing soapy breasts against me, slowly rubbing up and down.

Not the most efficient way to clean me, by I didn't mind.

By the time the shower was over, she'd be on her knees 'cleaning' my cock. Earning her breakfast before I went downstairs to eat mine.

Of my three sluts, she was the most diligent and obedient.

I stepped out of the shower feeling like a new man.

Fresh and clean, dripping wet, with a large grin on my face.

A few moments later, Alicia emerged from the steamy haze too. Wiping her mouth, drenched from head to toes.

Once again, I stood still – arms out.

And, knowing exactly what she was supposed to do, Alicia walked over to the heated towel rack and picked up a towel.

Scrubbing me dry didn't take her too long. She was well practised at it by this point. She wrapped the towel around one arm and dried it, then the next, then my legs. She dried my chest lovingly, biting her lip as she looked up into my eyes. My back she scrubbed dry quickly. And, not wanting to harm it in any way, she dried my cock slowly and delicately.

When all that was done, I slipped on my robe and left the bathroom – leaving Alicia behind to dry herself and put her maid outfit back on.

Downstairs, waiting for me in the dining room, was my breakfast.

A steaming plate of sausages and beans and bacon and eggs, mushrooms and toast and hash-browns. And, right behind that plate, a loaf of freshly baked bread – still warm and soft from the oven.

It was the only meal at the large table.

And, of course, standing beside the table with her head down, was Roslyn. Still as a statue and beautiful as snow.

I took my seat, savoured the scent of my meal.

"I think," I said, nodding my head, "today we'll go with the classic. Orange juice."

Roslyn bowed her head, hurried off.

A few moments later, she was back – a pitcher of orange juice in one hand and an empty glass in the other. Without a word, she set down the glass, poured me a drink, and stepped back – still holding the pitcher.

"Excellent," I smiled, taking a sip.

When I was done eating, the women would have their breakfast. Probably cold meals and scraps from my plate.

Taking care of the Penrose Estate was simple enough. Felicity – while she'd been in charge – had kept everything documented and organised. I knew exactly what the family owned, what it owed, its ventures and investments. All totalled up, the Penrose Estate was worth a mind-blowing amount.

All I had to do was sell off those assets.

Most of the time in my office was spent looking at things to buy, lavish treats for myself and expensive entertainments. Having a swimming pool dug out at the manor? Why not. A nice new sports car? Sounded fun. A short holiday somewhere tropical? Well earned.

It'd taken a lot of work for me to end up where I was. If I wanted to treat myself, who was there left to tell me I couldn't?

True, I was spending Alicia's and Roslyn's inheritance. Their birthright. But that was *their* problem. Me? I was all too happy to live my best life if the here and now.

I put my feet up on that huge, old, wooden desk. And I relaxed.

A king sitting on his throne, surrounded by his kingdom.

Felicity's hard work – a lifetime of labours, of dedication and stress – and it was all mine to discard and sell off. She'd been so busy looking after the Penrose Estate that she'd neglected both her daughters, become a cold and distant mother. And for what?

Every time I finalised a deal, I thought of my wife. The former version of her – Momma Penrose, Matriarch of the Penrose Dynasty. I imagined her face, the horror and rage and indignation she'd have upon seeing everything she'd spent her life building up come crashing down.

How would the bitch have reacted to losing everything?

The imagined answers to that question always brought a satisfied smile to my face.

When I got bored, I whipped out my phone – sent a message to one of my three 'slut' contacts. Momma Slut, Happy Slut, Timid Slut. And, in just a matter of minutes, that slut would enter my office and approach the desk – eyes down and back straight.

This time, I was Alicia.

My eyes roamed up and down the girl's amazing body.

Slender waist, wide hips, and a pair of tits that'd make even the holiest of men want to sin. Wearing a tight maid outfit; short skirt and v-neck cleavage and stockings and all. She was as beautiful as the day I'd first met her. Smiling radiantly, chest pushed out to display those wonderful breasts.

My masterpiece.

"Hello Alicia," I smiled, leaning back in my seat.

"Hi Daddy," she replied happily.

"You look lovely today."

"Thank you, Daddy."

Those eyes. One blue, the other brown. If heterochromatic could be considered a flaw, it was Alicia's only one. Bright blonde hair decorated with a maid's tiara, pretty pink cheeks and full pink lips. Breathtakingly beautiful. And all mine.

"Come here," I told her. "Sit on my lap, tell me about your day."

That was a 'fatherly' thing, wasn't it? Asking a 'daughter' about her day, showing interest – more than her mother ever had.

Beaming, Alicia did as I'd told her to. She walked around the desk, sat herself down on my lap, pressed her back to my chest, relaxed into me.

She began talking – telling me all about her mundane life.

Wake up in the morning, clean quietly until I woke up, help me shower, go back to cleaning, so on and so forth. Not the most entertaining of existences, but Alicia seemed happy to have it all the same.

And, as she spoke, my hands roamed her body. Squeezing and groping those lovely curves.

I sat down at the dinner table, eyes drifting to the three women already sitting around it.

Alicia was, as always, happy. Smiling her beautiful smile.

Roslyn, on the other hand, looked nervous. Anxious. She glanced between me and her mother, eyes wide. Face pale.

And Felicity...

My wife looked like a deer in headlights. Holding her head up, her back straight, barely even breathing. She might've been a statue, if statues could depict true fear.

On the table, in front of each person, was a meal.

Steaming vegetables and sauce-coated pork-chops. A simple meal, but Felicity knew from experience that even cooking the simplest of recipes could have dire consequences for her if mistakes were made.

None of the women moved. They looked at me, waited.

Slowly, I raised knife and fork, cut out of square of meat, raised it to my lips.

The air was tense. Felicity frozen in place, holding her breath.

I opened my mouth, bit the meat off the fork, began chewing on it. Right away, I knew it was fine. But, for the sake of drama and subtly torturing my wife, I pretended to think. Really chew the meat thoughtfully; taking in its taste, judging it.

After a few seconds, I let out a gentle hum of appreciation.

When I nodded my head and smiled, Felicity visibly relaxed.

The meal passed the test! She wouldn't be getting punished for it today.

Around the table, I noted the different expressions. Felicity's relief. Roslyn's apprehension. Alicia's disappointment. Of the three, it was obvious who'd been hoping for me to shake my head and spit out the slice of pork-chop.

With my tasting out of the way, everyone started eating freely. The women – who'd spent all day working around the house – didn't hold back, shovelling down their meals and chatting about meaningless stuff.

"I've been thinking," I said – drawing immediate silence from the three. "You've all been so well behaved lately. The manor is cleaner than it's ever been, these meals are flawless and delicious. Everything is perfect..."

Roslyn paled, catching on before her sister and mother.

"If no-one is doing anything wrong," I continued, "it means I don't have to punish any of you. But, if I don't punish you, you'll start slacking. You *need* to be reminded that mistakes are not tolerated. You *need* to know what'll happen if you fail."

I set my knife and fork down, looked around the table – forcing each of my Penrose Whores to meet my gaze.

"In order to make sure none of you forget, one of you will be visiting the stables tonight."

Dead silence.

Felicity's face paled to match Roslyn's. Alicia beamed.

"Wh- Who are you taking?" My wife asked.

I shrugged casually, returned to eating my meal. "I haven't decided yet. It doesn't really matter *who* I take, just as long as you're all aware of it."

"You should punish Mom," Alicia said happily. "She's the one who makes the most mistakes."

"Alicia!" Felicity yelped. "I don't- You shouldn't-"

Long gone were the days when Felicity Penrose ruled this manor. Back then, she'd had more balls and confidence than most men. Now, though, she couldn't even scold her own daughter.

"Your mother does sound like a good idea," I noted. "Do you have any objections, honey? Or anyone you think would suit me better?"

She wouldn't object. If I wanted something, she'd provide. No hesitation. But offering an alternative to herself, someone else to torture, *that* was something she could do.

"I'm not..." She spoke, eyes wide and wild. "I... Don't you think Alicia has been a little rude lately? Maybe she-"

"Nonsense," I smiled. "Alicia is a good girl."

The daughter beamed at me, while the mother glanced around desperately.

"What about Roslyn?" Felicity said quickly. "She's been... She's..."

"Yes?" I urged.

"She has amazing legs!" Felicity yelped. "From running and being athletic. She has nice legs, and a nice butt. Don't you want to spank it? Don't you wanna see red lines all over her thighs?"

Roslyn's mouth dropped open. Alicia started giggling.

"And Alicia! Just look at those tits. They're *huge*! And not saggy at all. Mine? They're

boring and old. But Alicia's are young and firm and big and... and..."

"You should punish Mom," Alicia piped up. "She has the lowest pain threshold of all of us, she'd be the most fun to torture."

"No!" Felicity squeaked. "Not me! Please, I-"

"Maybe," I said – cutting the woman off, "I should punish all three of you. Make it fair. Or, no. Two of you can spend the night at the stables, and one of you can sleep in my bed. That way there'll be punishments *and* a reward."

"I'll sleep with you!" Alicia said, a wide grin on her face. "I'll make you feel real good Daddy."

"No!" Felicity barked. "You want someone with experience. Someone who knows how to make a man feel wanted. Not a silly little girl. A real woman. Choose me, baby. Let your wife look after you. It's my job to make you feel good."

"Pfft," Alicia snorted. "With those saggy bags?"

"Let me stay with you," Roslyn whispered, eyes pleading. "You can do whatever you want to me. Anything. Just don't make me sleep in the stables again."

"I'll let you fuck my ass!"

"You love my tits, don't you? You can spend all night with them."

"Please, Daddy."

"You can pinch me! It'll be like a small punishment. Let the other two stay in the stables, and spend the night with me."

"Spank me, bite me, anything-"

"I can take more than they can!"

"My butt and legs will look nice bruised. And you'll get to see them all day tomorrow because of the skirt."

"Choke me! Punish me in bed instead of the stables."

"Please."

I sat back, listened, smiled.

And, when all three sluts were breathless, panting, I made my decision. Two for the stables. One for my bedroom.

Despite the frowns and displeasure on two of the faces, no-one questioned my decision. No-one complained. They simply accepted the Stable Master's choice. Like good Penrose Women.

I stepped out into the evening air, shut my eyes and basked in it for a few moments. Flowers and freshly-mown grass. The sound of insects humming. A cool, after-warm tingle against my skin.

For a long moment, I hesitated before opening my eyes.

What if it was all a dream? What if, when I opened my eyes, I was back in that shitty apartment again?

But, when my eyes opened, everything was as it should be.

Before me, the grounds of Penrose Manor stretched out. Flowers blooming and beautiful, sloped land neat and trim. And there – at the edges of the property – the stables. Where it'd all begun.

For the first time, I was grateful Felicity had made sure the stables were built away from the Manor.

The stench of those horses? It would have ruined the moment.

Victory.

I'd done it. Gained everything I'd set out to, overcome every obstacle, conquered every woman.

I'd *won*.

And this? This was my prize.

Penrose Manor.

The Penrose Estate.

Everything Felicity and her predecessors had spend their lives building up. It was all *mine*.

Wealth beyond my wildest dreams. A home with more rooms than I knew what to do with. An obedient, beautiful wife. Two sexy, loving daughters. Three cunts to fuck. Three bodies to torment and humiliate.

A man couldn't ask for more.

I stood there for a long few minutes – watching as the sun disappeared along the horizon. As the sky dimmed and changed colour. As the stars began to twinkle and shine.

“Mine,” I uttered, a wide grin on my face.

And then I began walking – feet guiding me towards the stables and the two Penrose Whores waiting for me there.

I noticed the two horses on the short journey. Buttershits and Storm. My original charges. The two residence of the Penrose Manor grounds that, along with me, were free. Pets, sure. But Felicity and Alicia and Roslyn deserved that title far more. 'Pets'.

I chuckled to myself, already picturing my three whores in leather collars. Pets in truth.

And then I was there. At the stables.

What'd once been my little kingdom.

The Stable Master.

Not any more.

Now I was Master of Penrose. A true king, with queen and consorts to boot.

Speaking of which...

I stepped inside the stables, clapped my hands together.

“Alright then ladies,” I grinned. “Lets get started, shall we?”