

The Stable Master

Chapter 3

Felicity Penrose. Momma bitch. I needed to break her.

The daughters were all but mine. Hypnotising Alicia was a piece of cake, and Roslyn I had plans for. With time and continued trances, both of those girls would be mine. Mind, body and soul.

It was the family's matron who was the real problem.

Until I got Momma Penrose into consistent, regular trances, I was severely limited in the progress I could make with the other two. As much as Madame Penrose seemed to loath the stables and as much as she was keen to avoid and ignore its existence, she would not ignore the stables if me and her daughters started having orgies in one of the horse stalls.

Sure, that was a long way off yet. But the problem remained.

Until Felicity Penrose was mine, I could not take things much further with my other Penrose prizes.

Momma Penrose was a problem that needed solving. The sooner, the better.

But how?

What could I do to convince such an uptight, arrogant cunt into submitting herself to hypnotic induction? Under what circumstances would the queen bitch allow me to have that kind of power over her?

If I was going to become king of this tiny little kingdom, filled as it was with beautiful women, I'd *have* to conquer Felicity Penrose.

How?

I thought back to my studies; learning all about psychology and the human mind. Sat alone in my tiny, stinking office, I probed my mind for answers.

The way people acted was a product of their life experiences.

Someone who'd been hurt by betrayal was less likely to trust freely in future, and someone who'd loved and lost would usually be less open to loving again. If I wanted to manipulate Momma Penrose, first I needed to *know* her – who she was and why she was that way.

That in itself presented problems.

How was I supposed to learn about who Felicity Penrose truly was if all she ever showed me was her cold exterior?

A series of lessons and lectures sprang up in my mind. Memories of pasty professors droning on about ethics and morality and other boring, meaningless drivel. They warned that, as we were the ones who knew the human mind best, we were also the ones most well equipped to abuse that knowledge. Was it right, they asked, to manipulate and mentally twist a patient – without their knowledge or consent - for that patient's own good?

A stupid question.

The whole reason I'd been studying psychology was to manipulate weaker minds without them knowing. What was the point in having such power if I was never going to use it? To me, all those ethical and philosophical and moral questions had reeked of cowardice and weakness.

I had power. And I would use it.

On Alicia. On Roslyn. On Felicity Penrose herself.

This place – Penrose Manor – would one day be mine.

I'd somehow manipulate Felicity Penrose into allowing me to hypnotise her. I'd use those trances to win over not just her mind and body, but her heart as well. I'd trick the bitch into marrying me, giving me everything she owned. And, when I was the master of Penrose Manor, I'd have all the devious fun I could possibly imagine with the mother and

her two daughters.

All I needed was that first step. That seed. An opportunity to hypnotise the bitch.

The moment she opened her mind to me would be the moment she sealed her fate, and the fate of her daughters, over to me. That first trance was all I'd need to lay the groundwork for more.

But *how*?

How was I supposed to trick the cunt into allowing me to hypnotise her?

"Come to watch the Butter again?" I asked from behind her.

Alicia jumped – actually jumped – and squeaked in surprise. She spun around, turned to face me with a quickly reddening face.

"She likes it here," I told the pretty girl. I had no idea if it were true or not, nor did I give much of a shit either way. Why would I care how a stupid animal felt? "Lots of space and fresh air, no fumes from cars. It's quiet, too. Isolated."

Slowly, Alicia nodded her head. Still blushing, she turned back to watching Buttercunt.

I stared at the girl's ass for a moment, appreciating the round fullness. Alicia had a nice booty, for sure. I'd enjoy spanking it immensely when the time came. But drool over it all day, unfortunately, I could not. I stepped up besides Alicia, imitating her by following the horse with my gaze.

"You're afraid to ride her, aren't you Alicia?" I asked.

Her head spun so fast, I was half afraid that she'd accidentally snapped it. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw the shock and panic in her gaze, her sudden desire to leave. This was not something she wanted to talk about, that much was obvious.

Good. Unsettling her might lead to useful, unguarded answers when I began asking the *real* questions.

"It's okay," I told her before she could run away like a frightened rabbit. "I'm not going to push you. You'll know when you're ready."

"I-" The girl tried to speak. Her face was bright red. "I don't-"

"Part of the reason your mother hired me," I continued, acting like Alicia hadn't spoken, "is to help you overcome your little problem. Did you know that? She'd probably never admit it, what with that cold and distance facade she's put up, but she cares a lot about you. Enough to build some stables, buy a horse, and hire me. You'd never think it from how she acts, but she's really quite kind and caring."

"She's..." Alicia sighed gently, eyes turning back to the horse. "She's different. In private. She tries to hide it, but..."

I gave Alicia a moment to continue, but she didn't finish the sentence.

"She's hurting," I supplied softly.

It was a guess. And judging from the way Alicia pursed her lips, didn't say anything, perhaps it'd been a bad guess. Still, I'd opened up this conversation. Letting it die now was not an option. I needed more information on the Penrose Matron. And who better to provide that information than the shrew's own daughter?

"She..." Alicia began, shifting uncomfortably. "I think she misses Dad."

Ah, the missing family member. The father.

As I understood it, Felicity Penrose was a widow. Her husband having died many years ago – back when the Penrose girls were young. I'd not given the man much thought, not until now.

I'd assumed it was a political or business marriage, not one of love and affection. It was the Penrose estate; Felicity Penrose and Alicia Penrose and Roslyn Penrose. The daughters had taken on their mother's surname, not their father's. That, at first glance, had made me believe Momma Penrose and her late husband hadn't been very close – that he was some kind of convenient husband for her and nothing more.

A heart-broken widow, then?

Felicity Penrose didn't strike me as the type. She was all business and no sentimentality. But, if it *were* true, that broken heart could be a very useful tool for me indeed.

"Do you remember much about him?" I asked the busty Penrose daughter, lacing my voice with soft sympathy. "Your father."

Pry for information. Learn all I possibly could.

If I knew the type of man Momma Penrose had fallen in love with, I could emulate it – trick her heart into wanting me instead. Love, after all, would make manipulating the Penrose matron that much easier and cleaner. Love was blind and foolish, and those afflicted with it were ripe pickings for control and submission.

"Nothing," Alicia sadly answered. "I don't even remember what he looked like. Mom took down all the pictures a long time ago. He had blonde hair, I remember that much. But that's it."

I nodded my head slowly.

Damn. No useful information there, apart from the slight possibility that Momma Penrose liked her guys blonde. Once I had Alicia in another trance, I'd enquire a little more into her father and what she remembered – the hypnotised mind often had an easier time recollecting things and sifting through memories than one awake and alert.

No time like the present.

"Come on," I said with a smile, turning away from the horse to look directly at Alicia. "Let's go start with today's meditation session."

The girl, of course, was too shy to refuse me.

She wanted to – I could see it in her eyes – but she didn't dare say 'no'. One of the happy consequences of Alicia being raised by her stern and cold mother. Meekness and a lack of self-confidence made my job as a hypnotist so much easier.

No luck.

Even the girl's hypnotised mind couldn't recall any specific, useful details about her dearly departed father.

Not ideal. But I'd worry about that problem later.

For now, I had an amazingly sexy, ridiculously busty girl in a trance. I might not have Momma Penrose under my influence just yet, but I *did* have Alicia.

It was time to push her a little further.

Step one had been to associate animals with happiness. Make her believe that beasts had idyllic, perfect lives.

Step two was to make her envious of animals for that very reason.

The more she wanted to be Butterbowl, the less she'd want to be 'Alicia'. And, if she didn't want to be herself, it'd be that much easier to transform her into being exactly what I wanted her to be; a mindless animal that existed for no other reason than to take my cock and be my pet.

"Animals have such wonderful lives," I said, watching Alicia's face closely, "don't they?"

"Yes," the girl murmured softly.

"Free to live as they want. No stress or anxiety. No expectations or worries. Living from one moment to the next without a care in the world. If they're hungry, they eat. If they're thirsty, they drink. If they're tired, they sleep. To be an animal must be a wonderful thing, don't you agree?"

"Yes," Alicia repeated, the corner of her lips twitching slightly.

"Butterbowl has a good life," I continued. "A great life. Everything she could ever need or want is provided for her. No-one is ever mean or cruel or cold to her. She has someone whose sole job it is to take care of her and make sure she's comfortable and

happy at all times. That horse has an *amazing* life, doesn't she?"

"Yes," Alicia breathed.

I let that thought linger in Alicia's head for a few moments more – gave the message time to sink in. Then, I went on.

"There are three mentalities to have when riding horses," I told Alicia. "The Master seeks to take total control of his mount, dominating it utterly and demanding absolute subservience. This is not you, not at all. You're not a Master, are you Alicia?"

The girl's head twitched left and right.

"No," she stated clearly.

"The Servant is just along for the ride. They have no interest in the animal itself, don't care about anything but doing their job. It's the mentality of those who see animals as tools, rather than living creatures. They won't try to take control of the creature, nor try to bond with it. Only use it for whatever task they need doing – pulling carts or carrying loads. This isn't you either, I think. You care too much to ever be so indifferent, isn't that right?"

"Yes," came the expected answer.

"You then, Alicia, are an Equal." Amazing how the girl trusted my every word, even as I spoke lies and nonsense right to her face. "You want to empathise with Butterbowl. To bond with her and understand her, to be her *equal*. You don't want to be a Master, and you don't fit the role of the Servant. It's not in you to want to control Butterbowl. You want to be her *friend*. In a way, you see Butterbowl as a part of your family, don't you?"

"Yes," Alicia whispered without emotion.

"And, in that very same way, you want to be a part of Butterbowl's family. You want to understand her, be able to see the world as she does. You care about her, want what's best for her. You want to be able to put yourself in her shoes."

How to approach this? The wrong wording might cause Alicia's subconscious to reject what I said next, dismiss the ideas I presented.

"Butterbowl has a good life, an amazing life." It didn't need to be true, all I needed was for Alicia to *believe* it was. "No stress, no worries, no anxiety. Just a simple, happy life. As someone who wants to bond with her as an Equal, I want you to think about Butterbowl's life. Not as an outsider, not as a human, but as a horse. I want you to try to imagine what it must be like for Butterbowl. How amazing it must be to be her. Not right now, but later. I want you to imagine life from the perspective of Butterbowl. The perspective of a horse."

I let the words sink in, watched the girl's face and posture intently. No signs of rejection yet, no hints that her subconscious was rejecting my will.

"When you see Butterbowl out on the grounds," I continued slowly. "Walking around or eating hay or otherwise relaxing and being happy, I want you to think about that. Imagine the world from her eyes. I want you to imagine being her equal, a horse yourself. Do you think you can do that for me, Alicia?"

"Yes," the girl breathed softly, trance still holding strong.

I smiled at her, grinned at the silly girl's beautiful face.

The trick to truly controlling someone, making them feel what you wanted them to feel, wasn't to force it upon them. Sure, I could simply tell Alicia's conscious mind to be envious or jealous of Buttercunt. And, in a mild and impotent way, it'd work. But doing it that way would make the whole process more difficult down the line.

This way – having the girl develop that jealousy and envy herself – was far better. This way, she wouldn't question why she felt that way about a horse, wouldn't be confused by her feelings.

She might not accept how she felt, might not like that she felt jealous of a dumb animal. But that was fine. I could nudge her mind towards acceptance and longing later down the line. And, as that jealousy and longing to be an animal grew to its peak, I'd give the foolish, naive girl exactly what she wanted.

I'd turn her into an animal.

And what's the point of owning a female animal if not to have them breed?

Felicity Penrose. The largest hurdle I faced.

Making her my bride would be challenging. Making her my own personal whore would be even more so. And, before I could do either of those things, I first needed to crack that outer shell of hers. I needed an in. Some way of getting the cunt to lower her guard around me.

If I was unable to hypnotise Momma Penrose, all the progress I'd been making with her daughters would be pointless.

So, how the fuck was I going to make that happen?

Right now, I wasn't even allowed inside the god-damn house.

Information. I needed information. But Alicia hadn't been very helpful in that department, and it was unlikely Roslyn would be any better. Internet searches would tell me nothing I didn't already know, and I couldn't go snooping through the bitch's personal items without first breaking into the manor itself – something I was unwilling to do.

Being caught – or even suspected of – breaking in was a sure fire way of getting fired and losing this one in a lifetime opportunity.

The other staff. Perhaps one of them knew something.

It was worth checking, but earning their trust would not be as easy as it'd been with Alicia and Roslyn. These weren't naive, silly girls. They were adults, working jobs and being paid by the very person I'd be asking them about.

I'd spend a week or two befriending the oldest of the Penrose employees – the ones who'd worked for the family longest. If anyone were able to provide me with the information I needed, it'd be them. Once I'd gained their trust and friendship, I'd pluck whatever secrets I could from their brains.

In the meantime, I had a job to do.

Alicia and Roslyn. One was well on her way to becoming my plaything, the other not so much.

Roslyn didn't have the same issues with horse-riding that her big sister did. Without a care in the world, she climbed on to Buttersnot's saddled back and sat there indifferently as the dumb animal wandered around aimlessly. Not only did the girl have no problem with riding the beast, but she was *bored* by it.

That was *not* a good thing. Not at all.

If Roslyn was disinterested with the stables and with horses, chances were I'd not see much of her. And, if I didn't see or talk to her, my opportunities to hypnotise her would fade away.

For now, she was stuck with me – visiting every few days at the behest of her mother. Momma Penrose still believed my words about Alicia needing to see someone else - someone close to her - riding the horses before she felt comfortable doing the same. And, as long as the family's matriarch willed it, Roslyn would be forced to keep coming to me.

But I wanted something more solid than that. A more reliable way of keeping the youngest Penrose close by.

Roslyn...

I couldn't use the same trick on her as I was with Alicia. It was very clear that Roslyn didn't care to empathise with or be 'equal' to animals. The method I was using on Alicia would not work with her sister.

The youngest Penrose was athletic, energetic. Full of energy.

And Butterbowl as a boring, dull, slow animal.

If I wanted to keep Roslyn's attention, make her want to come to me for my knowledge and advice and guidance, I'd need to present the girl with a challenge.

Something for her to overcome.

And, after I gave it some thought, I found an answer.

It was time, I decided, to fill another of those empty stable stalls.