

## The Stable Master

### Chapter 5

"That's right," I spoke soothingly, calmly. "Everything is fine. Everything is okay. No worries. No concerns."

A stuck-up bitch like Felicity Penrose - A woman with a perpetual stick up her ass. What would be the best way for me to approach this trance? If this was to be the first of many, and not just a one-off experiment, I'd need to make it count.

What was it, exactly, that made Madame Penrose tick?

"There's no one around. No one but you." Her arrogant, bitchy attitude, where did it come from? "You're on your own. No-one here to watch you or see you or judge you. You're all alone, listening to a voice that belongs to no-one."

What was it that Alicia had told me? That her mother was *different* in private?

If I was right, then the cold, arrogant, disdainful attitude Felicity Penrose always displayed was a facade. A false-face that the woman used as a shield. A deep, psychological defence against... *what?*

Why did Momma Penrose act like such an arrogant cunt constantly?

"No need for walls," I soothed. "No need to protect yourself. Not here, in your own home. Not while you're on your own. You're safe here. Everything is fine. Everything is safe."

I was groping around in the dark. Completely lacking the information I needed to work my craft. Altering minds required, at the bare minimum, knowledge on the mind you were altering. If I didn't know how Felicity ticked, how on Earth was I supposed to make those ticks work for me?

Think. I had to think. What *did* I know about Felicity Penrose?

She had two daughters. One, the elder, a timid and shy girl. The other, her youngest, more active and boisterous. Of the two, Felicity seemed to care about - or at least coddle and prefer - the elder, Alicia. In private, she acted differently than in public. Which implied her public persona was an act, or a defensive mechanism employed by her mind. When her husband died, she completely removed and hid photos of him - to the point that Alicia was unable to remember what her own father looked like.

*I Think she misses Dad.*

Alicia's words.

"Life has a way of wearing people down," I said softly, keeping an eye on Momma Penrose's face. "Like a rock in a river. The longer it's there, the more it'll erode away. Time wears us out, drains us, takes from us. But, for today, right now, time doesn't matter. Nothing matters but this moment, these words."

When she wasn't looking down her nose, that snooty, arrogant expression planted on her face, Felicity was actually quite pretty. Sure, I'd always seen her sexiness. She'd always been attractive in my eyes. Yet, until now, I'd never seen the *softness* to her.

"I want you to remember the happiest feelings you've ever had in life, sensations of warmth and comfort and joy. The feel of being surrounded by those you love, having no worries and just being able to live in those perfect moments. Remember the happiness, the brightness. Feel those things again now, in this safe place. Let yourself relax and smile and be happy."

The corners of Felicity Penrose's lips twitched. The echo of an echo of a smile.

"No-one else is around. The girls are off attending church. The workers all have the day off. You're inside Penrose Manor, safe and alone. Let go of all your worries, all your stresses and pains. And, for just a little while, remember what it was like to be happy. Truly, freely happy."

Her husband died a long time ago. Back when Alicia and Roslyn were infants. A decade and a half. Yet still, Felicity Penrose grieved.

I could see that now. Clear as day.

A woman who'd lost her one true love, who couldn't bare even to look at pictures of him for the reminder of what she could no longer have. Who, without realising it, saw shadows of her lost lover in her eldest daughter's features. A woman who protected herself from the risk of loving again, being heartbroken a second time, by putting up walls and distancing herself – becoming a cold, cruel bitch to save herself from pain.

In that moment, I knew Felicity Penrose. That tiniest hint of a smile had given her away. Who she was. Why she was that way. And how to conquer her.

It'd take more than one session. This woman would require more work than both her daughters combined, to be sure. But she was no longer a mystery to me. Not totally. Not any more.

Felicity Penrose would be mine.

Her, and both her daughters.

All I needed to do was convince the cunt to submit herself to hypnosis as a regular occurrence, rather than a one-off.

And I had just the thing in mind.

"There are three mentalities when it comes to riding horses," I told the youngest Penrose. "We've summarised each of them already, and come to the conclusion that you, Roslyn, fall into the category of 'Master'. For you, it's all about taking control of the animal and having it do what you want it to."

Roslyn nodded her head, rubbing her left elbow while trying not to wince. She'd tried rising Storm again, only to have the beast throw her. The brunt of the impact from her fall had been on her elbow.

That was annoying.

The pain she was experiencing made it unwise for me to attempt hypnosis. Even if I did manage to soothe her mind into a trance, a sudden spike of pain from her elbow could randomly snap her out of it at any time.

Still, I had her alone. I wasn't about to let the opportunity slip by. While I might not be able to hypnotise the girl today, I *could* still lay some groundwork.

"A Master must be confident. Animals will sense any fear you feel and react accordingly. So confidence is the first step. One I'm sure you already have in the bag."

Roslyn smirked at me, and I couldn't help but smile too.

Self-confidence would not be an issue for the youngest Penrose.

"The second step is asserting your dominance and showing Storm that you are his Master. And therein lies our problem."

Roslyn stared at me expectantly, waiting for me to continue.

Instead, I placed a hand on my chin, feigned a thoughtful, knowing expression. It was a small gesture of control, making the girl wait like this. But such miniscule acts were necessary for taming Roslyn Penrose. If I was going to conquer the energetic free-spirit, I'd first need to train her into obedience. And, to do that, I'd need to assert whatever control I might have over the girl wherever the opportunity arose.

Make her wait. Have her help me clean the stables. Get her into the habit of listening to and following my orders without complaint.

"I have an idea," I told Roslyn. "A way in which Storm will be more accepting and submissive to you as a rider. But, in order for it to work, you'll need to trust me."

That raised one of the girl's eyebrows, but she didn't argue. Good.

She wanted to ride the beast. Made it her goal, as I'd hoped she would. Roslyn wanted to prove to her meek sister that it could be done, that even the wildest horses could be tamed and ridden safely. Both, I imagined, because she cared about Alicia and wanted her to overcome her horse-riding issues, and because Roslyn herself enjoyed the thrill of the challenge and desired the sweet sensation of victory.

Roslyn wanted to ride Storm. And if she listened to me, the Stable Master, that's exactly what she'd do.

She just had to obey.

"All animals live in a hierarchy. Alphas dominate the pack while others follow. Horses are much the same. Storm, for the most part, believes himself to be the Alpha of his pack. He is strong and virile, more active than Butter and far more powerful than any of the humans around. In his animal mind, he is the Master and anyone lesser is *unworthy* to ride him."

Nonsense, all of it. I had no idea what Storm thought, or if the dumb beast was even *capable* of thought at all. But then, as always, the truth didn't matter when it came to manipulation. All that mattered was what Roslyn *believed* was true. And, as the horse 'expert', she believed *me*.

"Right now there is only a single person that Storm accepts as being above him in the hierarchy. One person he accepts as Alpha. That, of course, being me."

Now *that* truly was bullshit. I'd never even attempted to climb onto the animal's back, and had no doubts or uncertainties in my mind that Storm wouldn't throw me off if I ever tried. But, the truth didn't matter. All that mattered was what Roslyn believed. What *all* the Penroses believed.

"I have years of experience controlling horses. I'm male, which helps more than you'd think. Storm lives comfortably here, fed and cleaned daily, thanks to me – and he knows it. He, even if he might not like it, knows that I am the Alpha of this place, and so he has no choice but to accept me as his Master."

Roslyn listened. She didn't have the total trust and faith in what I was saying as her older sister did, but that was fine. I had a way of 'proving' my knowledge to Roslyn.

"So, in Storm's hierarchy, it goes as so; me, Storm, you."

The girl nodded her head slowly, pretty eyes never leaving my face. Boy, was I looking forward to staring into those chocolate brown eyes as she deep-throated my cock.

"Makes sense, right?" I smiled, then shook my head slowly. "And therein also lies the problem. Storm might accept me as being above him, but he won't accept anyone else. He might grudgingly take second place, but he won't be willing to take third place to anyone who isn't able to completely control him. And it'd take you years of learning and practice to wrangle a horse like Storm."

Roslyn didn't look pleased at that, was just opening her mouth to say something when I continued.

"Luckily, there is a work-around. A little trick we can pull that'll force Storm to accept you as his rider."

Roslyn's mouth closed slowly. She waited for me to go on.

"In pack hierarchies, there aren't just single Alphas and Betas. Not just a single Master and Servant. It's not just a ladder, where a creature is either above or below another. Some animals can 'borrow' their place in the hierarchies, so to speak. This where the 'Alpha Pair' comes in to play. A pack isn't led by a lone individual, but is instead ruled by a pair of individuals – one male, one female."

What I said next would be important. It'd be the fundamental information which would shape Roslyn's position in the family when I took it over. I'd have to be careful with wording.

"In order to trick Storm into accepting you as a rider, all we have to do is convince him that you and I are a pair. A duo. In nature, it's called an Alpha Pair, or a Mating Pair. In human society we call it Marriage. Don't worry! I'm not asking you to marry me or anything. All we need to do is trick Storm into thinking that you are my chosen companion, which should be as simple as you sharing my scent. I'll give you some of my clothes to wear and it should be as easy as that."

"You want me to wear your clothes?" Roslyn asked with an arched eyebrow.

Thankfully, she didn't look offended or worried or suspicious.

"That's up to you," I shrugged. "It's the best chance we have of making Storm accept you as his rider. But, if you'd rather not, I'd completely understand. I know some girls would rather die than wear ugly clothing..."

"And wearing your clothes, smelling like you, means I'll be able to ride the horse?"

"It's not certain," I said. "My scent might not be enough to convince Storm. But it's the best chance we have. I have some spare clothes in one of my drawers. If you're willing, you can put them on and then we'll have a quick meditation session before we go out and see if it works."

While Roslyn was tranced in my office, I swiftly searched through one of my drawers and pulled out the horse sedatives I'd procured for just this occasion. Going out and giving them to Storm was a simple matter. When I returned to Roslyn, she was thankfully still in the trance – and would never know that I'd ever left the room.

I spent the remainder of the trance reinforcing and repeating some of the ideas I'd given Roslyn while she'd been awake, though I made sure to keep the trance as short and concise as I could.

A female gained its position in the pack by attaching itself to a male. I was male, and the pack's undisputed Alpha. Roslyn was female, and wanted to be at the top of the pack. The only way to do that was by making the rest of the pack believe she and I were a 'pair'.

For now, wearing my clothes would be enough for that. Over time, however, I'd make sure that Roslyn fully committed to being my true 'breeding partner'.

Master, Servant, Equal.

Roslyn, Felicity, Alicia.

She wouldn't be Master over me, of course. Not ever. I'd forever be the source of her position, and she'd do whatever it took to maintain her place by my side. But, by the time I was done with Roslyn, she would most certainly dominate over her mother and sister.

When the trance ended, I led Roslyn – who was now wearing an old pair of overalls and a ragged shirt – out to Storm. The sedatives had taken effect, and the wild beast had calmed considerably.

At first, Roslyn approached the horse with a tepid, cautious bearing. But, when she saw how meek Storm was acting, her natural confidence blossomed. She climbed onto the horse's back, sat there as the big, lumbering beast plodded around the fenced-off section of the grounds.

She grinned at me as I walked alongside, her eyes twinkling victoriously.

The girl had no idea about the sedatives. In her mind, her success was entirely down to me. She was riding Storm not because of her own merits, but because she'd latched on to me and *my* power over the animal.

Next time, the horse wouldn't be sedated. He'd buck her again as he'd already done so many times before. And when my clothes and 'scent' didn't work, I'd present Roslyn with a *new* way of convincing Storm that she and I were a breeding pair.

Soon, she'd be my 'breeding partner' in truth. And, when that time came, she wouldn't care at all about riding Storm. Her only care in the world would be pleasing me, and maintaining her position of power at my side.

I was preparing to leave for the day – at some point, I'd have to convince Momma Penrose to let me sleep and live at Penrose Manor instead of having to transit to and from every day – when an unexpected guest arrived at the stables. Outdoors at night, with barely any lighting to see by. And I *still* knew exactly who they were from the flawless perfection of their sexy silhouette.

I smiled at Alicia Penrose as she made her way over to me.

The girl was as beautiful and delicious as ever. The true prize of Penrose Manor, and the one I was most looking forward to defiling. She was wearing a knitted white cardigan with a yellow dress underneath. Cute and conservative clothes, made slutty and lewd by the way her curves stretched and strained the fabrics.

Her long, bright blonde hair was tied back, a few strands falling over her face. Her full lips were curled into a nervous, forced smile. Her cheeks were pink from the cool chill in the air. But, what drew my gaze most of all, what made me hunger after the girl more than anything else in that moment, were Alicia's beautiful eyes.

How would her mismatched eyes look when her face was contorted in pleasure? What would they look like when Alicia was begging for cock?

One a pale grey-blue, the other bright and golden.

A deformity, yet one that I couldn't look away from for how pretty those irises were.

"Hello Alicia," I smiled when the girl stopped in front of me. "What can I do for you this fine evening?"

Her eyes moved away from me, glanced at the stable stalls.

"I saw earlier," she said, voice soft. "Roslyn was riding Storm."

"Yes," I smiled, nodding my head. "Yes, she was."

The girl remained silent after that. Seconds ticked by as she stared over at Storm's locked stall. No doubt, she was lost in her own thoughts. And I was more than happy to give her the time she needed to work through them. She had, after all, come to me for a reason.

"She's good at everything," Alicia finally whispered. "No matter what it is, she always succeeds. She's always better..."

I said nothing, waited.

"She doesn't even like horses," Alicia said, voice straining slightly. "And she's *still* better at it."

"You're not her," I stated in what I hoped was a comforting tone.

Finally, Alicia dragged her gaze away from the stable stalls. She looked at me with twinkling eyes.

"You're right," I continued. "She doesn't care for the horses. She sees riding Storm as a challenge, but she couldn't care less about him as an actual living creature. You're not her. You *do* care."

This was an opportunity. A wonderful gift from above.

"When you finally ride Butter – and you will, I promise you that – it'll be one of the best feelings you'll ever experience. It won't be the victorious conquest that Roslyn gets. No, it'll be so much more than that. It'll be *special*. And it'll be for you and you alone."

Years of being coddled by her mother had opened Alicia up for this. For being controlled and manipulated by me. When this was all over, I'd have to thank Felicity Penrose for handing herself and her daughters of to me on a silver platter.

"We'll get you riding horses in no time. Get rid of all those fears and anxieties and all the panic you feel. You're not Roslyn and you're not your mother. And you shouldn't want to be them."

The girl looked down at the floor. I could practically feel the uncertainty and doubt radiating from her.

"Come on," I smiled, nodding my head in the direction my little office. "I know just the thing that'll cheer you up."