

The Stable Master

Chapter 6

Months flowed by at Penrose Manor in a steady routine. Roslyn and Alicia would visit the stables on alternating days – something I'd set up under the guise of 'private, individual tutoring', but which served more as a means to hypnotise each sister without the other getting in the way. Once a week, always on a Sunday when Penrose Manor was empty save for myself and Madame Penrose, I'd pay a visit to the manor proper and grace the family's matriarch with a trance of her own.

And, slowly and steadily, I made progress with all three of the Penrose beauties.

Felicity Penrose thrived on control, and so that was the illusion I gave her – making her think that our sessions with each other were giving her more control over herself, allowing her to better manage and run the manor's affairs.

Roslyn submitted herself to hypnosis for the calm focus it gave her, aiding her in her athletic pursuits and allowing her to get into a productive, sporting mindset. Her desire to ride Storm, thanks to the words I whispered to her mind whenever I put her under, still consumed the girl. And, with every trance, she ate more and more into the idea that being – or at least appearing to be – my 'mate' was the key to success.

And Alicia. Sweet, naive, beautiful Alicia. Too trusting for her own good, too pure-hearted and caring by far. I didn't even *need* come come up with some false excuse of a reason to hypnotise her. She, quiet and soft as she was, never once questioned why I put her into a 'meditative trance' every time she came down to the stables. She simply didn't consider that I might have ill-intent, opening herself completely to my mental poking and nudging.

Now, I was a pillar of Penrose Manor.

Not the new, untested hire. Not some gardener or maid or cook that did their job without much interaction with the Penrose women. No, as the weeks flowed by, as I became ever more invaluable to Felicity and Roslyn and Alicia, my place on the manor grounds became an ordinary part of the place's running.

Soon enough, I was practically a part of the Penrose family.

And, thanks to my constant nudging and suggestions, the Penrose women were beginning to come around to that very same idea themselves.

I strode up to the manor as if I owned the place, a smile on my face as I hummed a soft, happy melody.

It was Sunday. And Sunday meant Felicity's trance.

When I reached the manor's front door, I rang the doorbell and waited patiently – smile never once wavering from my lips. Felicity had this game she liked to play where she'd make me wait in some kind of weak, silly power-play. Give it a minute or two, and she'd answer the door with a smug, conceited smirk on her face.

I allowed it. The smirk, the false sense of control, the petty power moves. Felicity could have it.

Soon enough, *I'd have her*.

About a minute after I rang the bell, the manor door began to creak open. And, to my surprise, there she stood. Felicity Penrose, only not like I'd ever seen her before.

To sum her up in a single word, she looked *haggard*.

Her usually neat, professionally-styled hair hung loose and messy around her head and shoulders, sticking out at odd angles in a way that made me think she'd woken up like that and hadn't bothered to brush or wash it. Her face, without make-up, looked a little older than it usually did. Tired, shadowed eyes. Full lips without their usual coating of blood-red lipstick. She looked paler than usual. Frailer.

Her usual business-style cloths were gone. The woman standing in front of me, who

would've usually looked like she belonged in an executive meeting room, was wearing a simple white robe tied tightly around her waist. A robe that, while it covered the goodies from view, did little to hide Felicity's hourglass figure. At her collar and upper chest, there was enough skin on display to make me question if she was wearing anything at all beneath that robe. Save for the slippers she wore, I could see no hint of any other clothing on her body.

Her eyes, I noticed, were bloodshot – and seemed ever so slightly unfocused.

"Miss Penrose?" I said, trying hard to keep my eyes above her neckline. It seemed like, at any moment, the woman might lean forward and accidentally flash some cleavage – or more.

"Stable boy," the Penrose matriarch sighed.

And then she did something I'd never seen her do before.

She smiled.

Not a smug, arrogant smirk. Nor the type of forced smile you'd give to someone you actively disliked. No, the smile that Felicity Penrose showed me was soft, gentle. Almost kind. Not a hint of malice or distaste in it.

I stood, back straight.

Whatever was happening right now, whatever the reason for Felicity's current odd behaviour and appearance, I might be able to use it to my advantage somehow.

"May I come in, Miss Penrose?" I asked softly, taking a quick moment to glance around. "It's Sunday."

No new or unrecognisable cars around. That made it less likely Felicity Penrose had a 'guest' over. Besides, the matron of the Penrose family didn't exactly strike me as the type to invite men over for the night. No, that wasn't it.

"Sunday?" For a brief moment, Felicity looked confused. Then her eyes widened. "Oh! Sunday. Yes. Our sessions..."

The woman pursed her lips, stared at me for a long moment.

"I'm not sure," she mumbled, glancing down at herself. "I'm a little busy at the moment, stable boy. I don't think..."

"It won't take long," I said quickly, not willing to let whatever opportunity this was pass me by. "I promise."

She pursed her lips again, glanced down at the floor and shrugged. Then turned her gaze back up to me, gave me another faint smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Okay," she said, stepping aside. "But not for long."

I took in the sight of this beautiful woman, my mind working over ideas and possibilities and options. Whatever was going on, Felicity Penrose was not her usual self. Her air of cold, professional distance was gone, replaced with whatever *this* was.

She sat on a chair in one of the manor's living rooms. Her eyes shut, face relaxed. Her body slumped.

Why hadn't she wanted this trance to take place in her private office like usual? Why was she acting so out of character? What was going on in Felicity's mind right now?

She'd been drinking. Not enough to be wasted, but enough to dull her senses and inhibitions.

Felicity Penrose didn't strike me as the type to drink during the day. Or at all, really. She seemed far too up-tight for that. Yet, here she was. Mildly intoxicated.

"How do you feel, Miss Penrose?" I asked, thoughts racing.

Slowly, the woman's lips moved.

"Empty," she said, voice devoid of emotion.

Curious. Very curious indeed.

The process of inducing a hypnotic state required calm relaxation. Often, when asked that question, the subject would reply with 'calm' or 'relaxed' or 'fine'. Something

along those lines; a reflection of the hypnotic induction. 'Empty' was new.

"Is empty good?" I asked, considering.

Felicity's lips pursed – a sign of emotion, which in turn was a warning that the trance she was in wasn't deep.

"Not good," she answered after a moment, voice containing a hint of sadness. "Just empty."

Think. I needed to think.

The only times Felicity Penrose had ever shown hints of her humanity and revealed her true nature to me was when her daughters were involved. Hiring me and having stables built, instructing Roslyn to attend the stables and horse-riding lessons with me, even allowing me to hypnotise her under the pretence that it'd help Alicia with her issues. Every time she'd let her mask slip in the past, it'd been for the sake of her daughters – specifically Alicia.

This *event*, Felicity's behaviour and appearance, wasn't random. Something had caused the woman to start drinking early, to not care about her appearance or her cold facade. And the only time she'd ever let that facade slip in the past was when her daughters were involved.

But both Roslyn and Alicia were fine. I'd seen them as they left Penrose Manor grounds earlier that morning, off to Sunday School, and there had been nothing different about them than any other time they'd left on Sundays. If one of them had been injured and hospitalised or something, it might explain Felicity's current state. But the girls were fine, so why...

Unless, of course, it wasn't the daughters being hurt that'd shaken Felicity so thoroughly, but someone *e/se* she cared about.

The anniversary of her husband's death. When was it, exactly?

I didn't know. But I had a sneaking suspicion it was close.

"It's not easy," I said, holding on to that idea, that line of thought, "to be alone."

A flash of pain in Felicity's features.

I smiled.

"You have to hold it together, stay strong for them so they don't worry. You do your best for them. But, sometimes, the weight – the emptiness – gets too much, and you can't just bear it any more."

Felicity, hypnotised as she was, didn't respond. Her mind listened, took in my words, but her body didn't react to them.

"That's why you waited until today," I guessed. "When no-one else would be around, when they wouldn't be there to see your pain. You have to be strong for them, because they have no-one else. But you don't need to be strong for them today, when they're out and won't be back until later. Today, you don't have to be strong. Today, it's okay to be weak, to be vulnerable–"

Her eyebrows narrowed, jaw clenched.

Even in this state, it seemed, Felicity did not like the idea of being seen as weak and vulnerable. But now, I was certain. I knew *exactly* what made this woman tick.

"For now, for today, I can take the emptiness away," I told Felicity's subconscious mind. "All the pain and hurt, that big hole in your heart, I can make it all disappear. You'd like that, wouldn't you Miss Penrose? To not have to feel anything?"

"Yes," the woman breathed, empty voice holding the faintest hint of hope.

This was why she'd let me into her home in the state she was in, even if she didn't know it herself. She wanted escape – from her feelings, from her pain, from her loss. She was still grieving her husband, and she couldn't take it any more – not with the date of his death coming up. She'd rather feel nothing at all.

And, if she wanted oblivion that much, it'd be the easiest thing in the world for a hypnotist like me to give her just that.

"Listen to my voice," I told her, heart pounding in my chest. I'd not been expecting this today. Not at all. "Nothing else but my voice. I'm going to take you away, Miss Penrose. Far, far away."

And listen she did.

Slowly, carefully, I took her mind deeper than I'd ever taken her before. Pushed her consciousness down into the dark depths of her mind, leaving no part of her awake or aware. I guided the woman into the deepest of trances – to a place where her mind all but stopped functioning, where she was little more than a doll listening to words, only able to respond with the most simple and direct of answers, where her emotions were a thing of the past.

It was as deep as a human mind could go with hypnosis.

If a normal trance was like sleeping, *this* was like being in a coma. Almost entirely unresponsive, no hint of emotion and personality remaining.

Ordinarily, it wasn't possible to take a person this deep. Not without them having absolute trust in you, and not without preparing them for it weeks or even months in advance.

The only thing that made it possible now was Felicity's grief.

Her desire, her *need*, to not feel anything. To be free from her suffering, her broken heart.

Love is a hell of a drug. And Felicity Penrose was in withdrawal.

"What," I spoke clearly, eyes on the woman's face, "is your name?"

"Felicity Penrose," she answered without hesitation.

Her chest rose and fell slowly, eyes shut and face blank. When she spoke, it was in a voice that lacked all humanity. Her emotions and personality were buried away some place deep, leaving only a hollow shell behind.

"Do you know who I am, Felicity?"

"Yes," came the automatic reply.

In this state, this deep in the trance, I could ask the woman pretty much anything – and she'd answer as best she was able. If I asked her for her cup size, she'd give it. If I asked specifics about her bank details, like her pin number, she'd provide it. Any questions too complex, that required too much thought, would be ignored. But, as she was right now, Felicity was an open book.

More than that, she was a book open to a blank page.

Any suggestion - any programming - I gave her while she was in this deep state of trance would be far more powerful, far longer-lasting, than anything I've given to any of the Penrose women so far.

In her desire to escape her own pain, Felicity Penrose had given me the keys to her mind. Just like that.

My hands, shaking with excitement, reached towards the tranced beauty. Gently, I took hold of Felicity's white robe, one hand on each side, and began tugging it open.

She'd feel it – the physical contact. There was a little risk there, a threat of snapping her out of the trance. If I wanted to, I could instruct Felicity's mind to ignore all physical sensation for the remainder of the trance. But I didn't. I *wanted* her to feel this.

The robe opened, my breath caught.

Not naked underneath. But close enough that it didn't much matter.

She was wearing a white nightie. Thin, sheer, almost transparent. The dark shapes of her nipples were visible underneath the fabric. Two wide, round shadows that drew in my hungry gaze. As I stared at them, those nipples with their wide areola began to stiffen, grow harder – began poking outwards. Was that due to the cool air, or was Felicity's body aware of the situation it was in and was reacting accordingly?

The neckline of the night was low, v-shaped. It plunged enough that it left little to the imagination. Two huge, somewhat sagging tits sat in front of me – watermelons that

demanded my attention.

And my attention was exactly what I gave them.

Gently, I placed my fingertips on Felicity's collarbone, began trialling them down her chest, in between the cleave of her breasts. The lower I went, the more my fingers sank between two heavy cushions of flesh – disappearing from view as Felicity's cleavage swallowed them whole.

Her breathing, I noticed, had sped up a little.

Dangerous. Very, very dangerous.

But you know what they say about danger; it just makes things all the more thrilling and exiting.

"Picture him," I whispered to her, fingers trailing back up Felicity's chest along the straps her her nightie. "Your husband. Picture it's his hands on you, him in front of you. For now, just a few minutes, let yourself enjoy his presence one last time."

The woman's body relaxed further, a soft sigh escaping her lips.

Her stable worker touching her was bad. Her employee taking advantage of her was unthinkable. But her husband, the imagine of him caressing her once more? Felicity wished that to be true so much that her mind accepted the illusion without question.

I took hold of the strap, began pulling it down Felicity's shoulder.

"Hear his voice when I speak," I commanded her. "Allow yourself to be with him – with me – again. Even if it's only for today, only for these few moments."

With every word I spoke, I tugged her a little further away from the blackness, away from the mindless oblivion. But I kept watching her face, making sure she didn't slip too much, that her mind didn't become too aware.

"Do you love me?" I asked as the nightie's strap moved down her arm and her bare breast came in to view.

"Yes," Felicity breathed.

Such a beautiful tit. Strained, lacking the youthful perkiness that I knew Alicia and Roslyn would posses. But beautiful all the same. Wide, dark brown areola. Large, protruding nipples.

I had to hold myself back from leaning down and suckling there and then.

"Do you want me?" I asked, smirking.

"Yes," Felicity repeated.

Staring down at her, my cock was tight in my pants – painfully straining to be released. And I wanted nothing more than to release it, whip it out and slap this uppity, arrogant cunt with it before forcing it into her bitchy mouth.

Somehow, I managed to hold myself back.

I reached into a pocket, pulled out my phone and took a few photos of Felicity as she was – vulnerable, weak, open, exposed.

Then put the phone away, gave the exposed tit a single, wonderfully amazing squeeze, and pulled the nightie strap back up to where it belonged. As I covered Felicity up with her robe again, I couldn't help but feel a pang of regret.

Soon, I told myself. Soon, she'd be mine.

Now that I knew how she ticked, now that I knew her achilles heel, I could conquer the matron of Penrose Manor without issue.

The woman had a hole in her heart. A void in her life where her husband used to be. And, while she might have walls up to protect herself and masks to prevent anyone from ever getting that close to her again, I was me. And I knew *exactly* how I was going to get this woman to accept and embrace me.

With hypnosis as my weapon, I fill the emptiness in Felicity Penrose's life and make her love once again.

Felicity missed her husband, and so I'd become her new one.

And everything she felt for her old husband, all that overwhelming love and desire,

I'd pass on to me.

Just the thought of it – of Felicity calling me 'hubby' and her daughters calling me 'daddy' – filled me with fire.

I gazed down at the still-tranced woman and smiled.

What better time to start than now?