

The Stable Master

Chapter 7

Sometimes, it's good to just sit back and stare at something beautiful. Marvellous landscapes, though-provoking paintings, raunchy sculptures, jaw-dropping women. For me, *this* was one of those times.

Sat before me in denim overalls, with a pink t-shirt under denim-blue straps, was an ideal specimen of her gender. A woman with, as far as I'd seen, only one single imperfection in her entire being. Heterochromia – eyes that didn't share the same colour. One a pale grey-blue, the other bright and golden. That, and only that, prevented Alicia Penrose from attaining true, flawless perfection.

Right now, though, her miss-matched eyes were closed. Her only imperfection hidden from view.

All I could see was feminine perfection.

Bright blonde hair, long and full and shiny. High cheek-bones on a heart-shaped face. Full lips that wordlessly hinted at tantalising promises. A pretty face, pure and innocent and trusting. A loving, sweet beauty.

Her body – lean and firm, yet also round and soft. Hard and fit where it needed to be, marshmallowy soft and yummy in those places where those things were to be desired. A chest that drew eyes and fuelled fantasies, a butt with such fullness and roundness that it seemed made for the sole purpose of being slapped and spanked and fucked.

And here she was, in my humble office.

A few feet away from her, a battery-powered space-heater hummed. For now, the only source of warmth to be found in the stables. But, one day soon, I'd fend the chill of this place off in far more enjoyable ways.

"Four," I said simply, eyes never leaving Alicia's face. "Almost there. You're beginning to have thought again, like slowly leaving a daze."

Such a wonderful sight this girl was.

Every single time I'd hypnotised Alicia, waking her from the trance was always the most difficult part for me. The part I least looked forward to.

"Three," I continued. "Your eyelids are fluttering. You can see light through them. Hunger, thirst, happiness; there are all things you're beginning to feel again."

If it were a feasible option, I'd have considered keeping Alicia, and the other two Penrose women, in permanent trances. Fleshy sex-dolls for me to use and abuse at my leisure. Beautiful, amazing, reusable fleshlights. If such an option were available to me, it'd be a tempting one to be sure. Not one I'd take, not with the plans I had for the three Penrose pussies. But a lovely idea all the same.

"Two. You can hear my words now. Actually hear and remember them. Not quite awake yet, not fully. But no longer deep in a trance either."

No, the plans I had for Alicia and her mother and sister were *far* too steamy to set aside. Not now that those plans were finally being set into motion.

"One," I said firmly, louder than I usually spoke during trances. "And you're awake."

Alicia's eyes shot open.

Her first response after my hypnotising her, warping her mind in ways she had no inkling of, was to smile. A thankful, grateful, innocent smile.

She had no idea. None at all.

I smiled back to her, stood up slowly as the girl stretched her arms out and yawned.

"Welcome back," I said, gesturing for her to get up. "How're you feeling?"

"I'm good," Alicia answered dreamily. "Still a little out of it but I'm getting there. Feels kinda nice."

"When you're ready," I told her, "let me know. It's time we tried something new, I think. Something to help you empathise with Butter on a whole new level."

I led Alicia to an empty stall, opened it, stood aside and waved my arm – signalling that Alicia should step inside.

Confused, the girl did as I instructed.

When she was standing alone in the horse-sized stall, I nodded my head sagely, closed the stall door on her and locked it. Not fast – didn't want to frighten or panic the girl – but with clear confidence.

The confusion on Alicia's face doubled.

"Go down on you hands and knees, like a horse. Pretend, for a moment, that you *are* one. That this is your stall. That you, Alicia, are a horse. Not a human, but a true mare."

She looked uncertain, and more than a little embarrassed.

"If you want to truly understand Butterbowl," I spoke softly, comfortingly. "You must be able to see the world from her eyes – from a horse's perspective. That means more than just thinking about it. You have to *act* the part."

Alicia opened her mouth, about to protest. Hesitated. Closed it.

"If this is too much for you, if you're not ready to put yourself on Butter's level just yet, I understand. There's nothing wrong with that. Just say the word, and I'll open up the stall and you can come out."

Her lips pursed, oddly-coloured eyes reflecting her inner conflict. She glanced down at the dirty floor beneath her, at the feeding trough and the hay and mud.

And, ever so slowly, Alicia got down on hands and knees.

I'd could have laughed out loud right there and then. The flare of victory, joy and amusement bubbling underneath my pleasant smile.

With that one decision, that one act, Alicia had sealed her fate.

I said nothing as Alicia, her face beet red, crawled around her stall on hands and knees. She didn't notice the hidden camera I'd set up, didn't see the cold cunning in my eyes. She simply crawled until she found a spot that she liked, then turned her gaze up to look at me – making sure to hide the strange emotions she was feeling from her face.

Contentment. Happiness. Rightness.

This place, Alicia was thinking, was where she belonged. It was home. Her true home, though she'd never realised it until now.

Those were the thoughts and feelings I'd planted in her mind like little traps. Mines for her consciousness to stumble upon when the time was right.

"H-how long do I have to stay here?" Alicia asked, voice barely more than a whisper.

"As long as you'd like, my dear," I smiled. "Until you're ready to leave, though, you shouldn't speak. Horses can't talk, after all."

She blushed, turned her attention down to the floor.

My eyes turned to her hanging tits. Clad as she was, I couldn't see the goodies directly. But the simple fact that she was on hands and knees, too embarrassed to look up, allowed me to take in the wonderful sight. Huge boobs, held against gravity by bra and shirt and overall straps.

My eyes flicked to the hidden camera.

How long would it take?

I smiled, turned my attention back to the girl in her stall as she ever so quietly neighed and whinnied.

A small, well-hidden wire ran from the horse stalls to my quaint little office. Most of it was hidden an inch or two underground, while other parts ran through wood and drywall. Unless someone was looking for just such a wire, they'd never find it.

On one end, a port which I could connect my laptop to. On the other, an equally well-hidden camera.

It'd been a difficult choice – which camera to get. Did I want something with low-quality video, so that I'd be able to store up an entire night's worth of footage? Or did I choose something that recorded much more detailed videos, but could only store a few minutes worth of footage each night?

In the end, I'd gone for the latter.

With the goodies I was expecting to see, I wanted every bit of detail possible.

And, less than a week after Alicia had first set foot in her stable stall, I got exactly what I'd been waiting for. The girl's mind had finally caved and submitted to the commands I'd so subtly planted within her.

When I plugged my laptop in, copied the footage from the camera and emptied its miniscule storage, I was greeted with a sight I'd been waiting on for far too long.

Due to the way the camera worked, it only started recording when it saw movement.

In this case, it was Alicia opening the her personal stall.

At night, that much was obvious. Not only was it the only time I wasn't at the stables, but the picture was hued green; the colour of the camera's night mode. The clip started with the stall door opening. A moment later, Alicia stepped inside with my battery-powered space-heater in her hands.

She set it down carefully in one corner, glanced at the stall door and hesitated. Conflict in her eyes, a decision creasing her pretty brow.

Then, at last, she did it.

Her top came off first, determination wiping away all the girl's misgivings as she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra.

It fell to the floor silently.

And there they were. Alicia's funbags. No longer hidden behind layers and layers of clothing. Free, at last, to be seen and appreciated.

To call them 'big' would've been an insult to the majesty I saw on my screen. Massive, round tits with puffy pink nipples and wide areola. Heavy, by the looks of them. A little saggy. Her skin was so pale, it might as well have been translucent; blue veins were visible on the girl's skin, focused mostly around her nipples and underbreast.

And, when she leaned down and began removing her jeans, those tits swung like pendulums beneath her. Two humongous sacks of tit-flesh swinging as Alicia struggled with her clothing. Those watermelon-sized beauties, as massive as they were, hung low – seemingly wanting to touch the ground just as enthusiastically as *I* wanted to touch *them*.

When she was finally naked, her clothes piled in the corner opposite the now active space-heater, Alicia climbed down onto hands and knees.

Where she belonged.

Where she'd forever want to be, thanks to me.

As the girl got comfortable – at least, as comfortable as a girl pretending to be a horse could get in a cold, smelly stable stall – I gazed at her hungrily. My mind swam with all the possibilities imaginable, all the wicked things I could do to this poor girl.

I'd given her something she'd always wanted – a place to belong.

It was only fair she pay me back.

Not that it'd be any kind of transaction, mind you. I wouldn't be bartering for or winning Alicia's cunt. I'd simply *own* it, just as I'd own *her*. I was, after all, the stable master. And she was nothing more than another mare under my care.

Annoyingly, the clip ended not long after Alicia settled down and stopped moving. The camera only recorded when it detected movement, and when movement stopped, so too did the recording.

The next clip - one that started as Alicia rose to her feet, her joyous, contented time as a mare coming to an end – involved the girl putting her clothes back on, collecting up the now-dead space-heater, and leaving the horse stall.

I sighed, made sure to save the clips and create back-ups.

A knock at my small office's door made me flinch and, quickly, I shut my laptop and set it aside.

"Yes?" I said quickly. "Come in."

The door swung open to reveal a face – and body – I'd seen just seconds earlier. Alicia Penrose, come to join me in the stables first thing in the morning.

Clothed, unfortunately. But still radiantly beautiful and mind-bogglingly sexy.

It took every ounce of willpower I had not to stare at her chest – a vision of those magnificent tits bare in my mind. Puffy pink nipples, blue veins, wide areola. And hidden only by two layers of clothing.

"Alicia!" I smiled, forcing my eyes to meet her mismatched ones. "You're up early. What can I help you with today?"

"I-" The girl glanced over her shoulder, cheeks pink. When she turned back to me, I saw something in her eyes I don't think I'd ever seen there before. Confidence, certainty, eagerness. "I want you to teach me about horses."

"Is that so?" I asked, considering this young, beautiful girl before me. "What would you like to learn?"

"Everything."

Alicia, in her own mind, was a failure. Inadequate.

Her mother was a successful, powerful woman that always got what she wanted. A force of nature, with an unrelenting iron will. Her sister was an athletic over-achiever. Boisterous and energetic and always so full of life and energy, never afraid to take the bull by the horns whenever the option arose.

Alicia saw those two, and judged herself by the standards they set.

She was neither business savvy nor sporty, possessing neither a domineering personality nor an outgoing, energetic, bubbly one. Though she was the older sister, Alicia still saw herself as the baby of the family. Surpassed by her younger sister, frowned down upon by her mother.

Her perception of reality was a little skewed, to put it mildly.

She wasn't the failure she thought she was, nor were Felicity or Roslyn without flaws of their own. Alicia's only *true* flaws were her willingness to trust someone like me, and her desire for approval – both from her family members as well as her own self.

In a way, I really *was* helping the girl out.

Rather than chasing after her mother and sister, Alicia had a new path now. One of fulfilment and joy. A place where she truly belonged, a mindset that squashed and crushed all negative thoughts and feelings – leaving only joy at the prospect of being a horse. A desire not borrowed from her mother or sister, a want not fuelled by seeking their approval.

Sure, I was doing it all for my own purposes, but that didn't change the fact that I was giving Alicia fulfilment in the process.

When I was done, Alicia wouldn't just be fulfilled, she'd be *happy*.

Living a truly happy, stress-free life.

As a breeding mare.

And, with the kind of rack she had, I might well start making use of it at some point down the line. Maybe add a bit of 'cow' to the 'horse' conditioning I was giving her.

With tits that huge, she'd certainly be able to produce enough milk to rival a real, actual cow.

Something to think about.

Roses.

Felicity Penrose liked roses. Specifically, she liked bundles of pink and white roses mixed together. Just like her former husband, the love of her life, used to get her.

A titbit of information I'd snatched from her hypnotised mind.

And so, that's what I sent her.

At first, just a small offering. A single rose of each colour, left for Felicity to find. And find them she did, though I wasn't there to see her face.

Confusion, I imagined.

Surprise.

Just the barest hints of flattery.

After that, it was a bouquet assembled and delivered by a professional florist with a note from Felicity's 'secret admirer'. I'd been there when she'd received that one. As soon as she read the note, she'd glanced over at me – a stern, all business and no nonsense look on her face to hide the faintest of blushes.

The Sunday that followed, she'd mentioned something about how 'anonymous men' sending unrequested gifts was something she looked down upon. Not accusing me directly, even though she knew it'd been me who'd sent it.

The next day, she received another bouquet.

I'd learned pretty early that, despite Felicity Penrose's amazing good looks, her ten-out-of-ten MILF attributes, men rarely ever made a move on her. Her attitude, I imagined, put most off.

So, when I started showing her all the attention she'd been without for so long, Felicity didn't quite know what to do with it.

When she received the next batch of roses, she'd acted cold and distant and disdainful towards the poor delivery girl. Spoke loudly about how she had no interest in such things and how she was going inside the manor to 'dispose' of them.

That'd been on a Saturday. And, on the Sunday that followed it, I went exploring the manor's interior after placing Felicity in a deep trance; found a vase of fresh pink and white roses.

Try as she might not to show it, I knew my advances were having their desired effect.

To be fair to Momma Penrose, I *did* have quite an advantage over her. Access to her mind, knowledge of her interests and likes, information on her past love. The moment she'd started opening her mind to me, it'd become a certainty.

Felicity Penrose was mine. She just didn't know it yet.

A week later, when it came time for another Sunday trance, I took a bouquet of roses up myself. Held them in my hand as I knocked on the door and waited for the handful of seconds it took Felicity to answer the door.

The moment she saw the roses, she froze.

Pink appeared on her cheeks even as her eyes narrowed at me.

"If you think that some silly flowers are going to win my affections and make me swoon for you—"

"I know," I interrupted before the woman could finish. "A man like me has no chance of ever being with a woman as beautiful as you. I know that."

I took a step closer, handed her the bouquet.

"I just... I wanted you to know how beautiful you are. And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't think of any words that truly express it. So I wanted to show you instead. These roses, they don't come anywhere close to matching how truly breathtakingly beautiful you are, Felicity. But they're as close as I've been able to find."

Felicity. It was the first time I'd used her first name outside of a trance.

Her lips parted. Full, cock-sucker lips forming an O-shape.

Her cheeks flushed bright red, a shyness appeared behind her usually cold eyes that made her look almost like her eldest daughter.

I took a gamble, reached a hand out and cupped her chin as I leaned in for the kiss.