

## **The Stable Master**

### **Chapter 8**

Our lips met.

Felicity tensed, her lips parting as I kissed her. She stood frozen, eyes wide. Her lips were warm, tasted surprisingly sweet. I stepped forward, slid my hands onto the woman's waist, pulled her into me.

For just a moment, a single heartbeat, Felicity Penrose relaxed.

Then her hand lashed out.

I stumbled backwards at the slap, eyes wide. My cheek stung, a red hand-print glowing where Momma Penrose had struck me.

The woman herself was red-faced, standing still with her hand reached out in front of her. Her eyes were wide, shocked. Her body clad in a dark, velvet robe. A mature beauty, with looks and a figure that even women half her age would envy.

She was too stunned by my action to even glare at me.

I smiled, stood straight, stepped forward again.

Deep down, all women were animals. Some wild, others timid. But all could be tamed. Felicity Penrose was no different. An animal that'd been in control for too long, who'd forgotten her rightful place in things. And, like all animals, she hungered for release. Desired nothing more than to be put in her place.

I gripped the wrist of the hand that'd struck me, held it aside as I moved to kiss the woman again.

Again, she tensed – snarled at me through our dancing lips.

But she didn't pull away, didn't tell me to stop.

I pushed her body up against the door frame, my tongue sliding into her mouth. Felicity's racing heartbeat pounded against my chest, her free hand wrapped around my head – fingernails digging into my scalp. Her teeth bit into my lips even as her tongue wrestled mine.

Intoxicating heat flushed through the both of us. A primal, all-consuming hunger. An overwhelming need to be satisfied.

Somehow, though neither of us guided the other, we managed to twist inside the manor building – the front door slamming shut behind us. We struggled against each other, both fighting for control as we made-out and fondled each other. Felicity tore at my clothes as I dragged her robe off her shoulders. And, as I shoved her against a wall hard enough to shake the portraits and paintings either side of her, she wrapped both her slender legs around my waist – kept aloft by my strength and the force with which I held her against the wall.

"Bastard," she growled between kisses. "Dog. Asshole."

Under her robe, she wore a thin nightie. A sheer, seductive slip of cloth that existed for the sole purpose of teasing men. It flaunted her body, revealed enough of her pale, soft skin to titillate without showing too much.

I tore it with a grunt, right down the middle.

Felicity gasped, one of her amazingly huge tits bouncing into view. Her legs tightened around my waist, fingers digging into my now exposed back.

I leaned forward, kissed her neck. Was rewarded by Felicity biting my shoulder.

"Shithead," Felicity moaned. "Son of a-"

The last word was cut off by a loud, deep gasp.

I smirked, slid my finger deeper inside the bitch.

Her eyes glazed over, back arching against the wall. Her hips bucked, her bestial instincts thirsting for the hard cock she could feel pressed against her body. Her cunt clamped down on the finger I'd slid inside her, attempting to trap it in place – urge it deeper.

When I pulled it out of her, Felicity whined. Her cunt twitched.

And, a moment later, when I pressed the head of my cock to her dripping opening instead, the woman's eyes rolled in their sockets.

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes."

I didn't even need to thrust. So hungry for cock as she was, Felicity pushed her hips out on her own, half-impaling herself on my cock herself. She groaned, moaned, let out a high-pitched squeal.

When I slammed my cock forward, impaling her fully, she cried out in pure, agonising pleasure.

"Fuck," Felicity gasped, cunt impossibly tight around my shaft. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*."

With one hand, I gripped onto the woman's hips, used her body as an anchor as I began thrusting. With the other, I gripped the woman's throat and held her head in place – forced her to meet my eyes and see my smirk.

She whimpered, moaned in pleasure.

"Fuck me," the woman begged, her eyes wild.

And fuck her I did.

Not saying a word, my eyes never leaving hers, smirk never falling from my face. I thrust forward again and again, rammed my cock hard into the bitch's cunt. I filled her, fucked her, claimed her. I made her writhe and gasp and moan and scream.

I took her up against the wall, I had her on the floor, I bent her over and took her from behind. And, when it came time to finish, I did so inside her – pumping her full with my cum.

She lay on the floor afterwards, fluid leaking from between her legs. Dazed, breathless, exhausted. Her hair dishevelled, body coated in sweat, skin marred with teeth-marks and tiny bruises from my fingers gripping her too hard. A beautiful mess.

I kissed her one last time before I left. A long, lingering, intimate kiss. And, this time, she didn't resist it at all. Didn't even pretend to fight back.

Horses, I had no idea how to train. But women? I knew those animals all too well.

I gave Felicity's tit a gentle squeeze as I kissed her, slid my tongue into a mouth she opened for me willingly. Her body was limp, open to my touch. She lacked the energy to fight me, to feign superiority. More importantly, she lacked the will to.

Finally, Felicity Penrose was where she belonged.

On the floor beneath me.

"Shit!" I heard a girl scream.

I turned my gaze just in time to see Roslyn topple onto the ground behind a bucking stallion.

She rolled in the dirt, swearing and grunting.

I hid my smile as the youngest Penrose rose to her feet, eyes narrowed at the big horse that almost seemed to be mocking the girl as it pranced away. Roslyn was having very little luck in taming the beast, and even less when it came to actually riding it.

As Roslyn approached me, muttering something unintelligible under her breath, I controlled my features. It wouldn't do for her to see my amusement.

"Fucking horse," Roslyn growled when she reached me. "We'll see who's laughing when I make burgers out of his smug ass."

"He's not laughing," I said, eyes moving to look at the horse than had a distinct smirk-like expression on its face. "And no-one's going to be making horse burgers around here any time soon. Your mother would kill me if her prize stallion ended up in her daughter's belly."

"Prize stallion?" Roslyn smirked. "I doubt she even knows his name."

It was hard to argue with that. Still, after all these months, Felicity Penrose had never once come down to the stables. A blessing and a curse, that. Her not snooping

around gave me total freedom to hypnotise and warp her daughters. But, at the same time, it meant I had fewer opportunities to hypnotise Felicity herself. A problem that, admittedly, I was close to remedying all the same.

"You'll tame Storm eventually," I promised. "You just need to keep at it. You'll wear him down in time."

"If he doesn't kill me first," Roslyn grumbled.

"We could try that trick I mentioned before," I suggested. "You wearing my clothes. If anything will trick Storm into believing that you're my mate, it'll be you having my scent on you."

Roslyn eyed me up and down, nose scrunching at the dirt-covered overalls and the stained shirt I was wearing.

"I don't know," Roslyn said, tilting her head to one side. "Are you even sure it'll work? Rubbing our backs together didn't."

"It might work," I shrugged. "It might not. Storm is pretty smart for a horse. Unless he's one-hundred percent convinced that we're mating partners, he won't submit to you. Wearing my clothes is the best bet you have, short of actually *becoming* my mate - or else having me spray you directly with my bodily fluids or something."

Roslyn scowled. Not a fan of that last idea.

"There's no harm in trying, at least," I smiled at her. "Come on, I'll give you my shirt to wear. With any luck, it'll be enough to trick Storm."

I led the girl to the stable building, all the way into my office. With a smile on my face, I turned away from her and slipped the overall's straps aside, began unbuttoning my shirt.

"Uh," Roslyn said behind me. "I'll go ahead and wait outside..."

"No need for that," I told her, already mostly done with the buttons. I slipped the shirt off, tossed it over my shoulder to Roslyn. "Quicker just to do it this way."

"I- I guess," Roslyn stammered. I felt her eyes on my back. "You get into a fight with a cat or something?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, feigning ignorance.

"Your back," Roslyn stated. "It's covered in scratches."

"Ah!" I chuckled. "Right. *That*. I suppose she was something of a wild-cat, yes. Though I wouldn't call it a fight. It was more like a *battle*."

"Oh?"

"You'll learn for yourself when you're older," I shrugged, back still turned to the girl. Young women, especially those like Roslyn, hated feeling like they were children. A little comment like the one I'd just made could go a long way for a girl who wanted to prove how 'adult' she was. "Are you done?"

"Yeah," Roslyn grumbled. "You can turn around."

I did so, smiled at the girl who was now wearing my shirt. Her eyes quickly roamed my bare chest, a faint pinkness creeping into her cheeks.

"Well then," I grinned. "Let's go see if you wearing my shirt helps with the whole Storm-riding situation."

Unsurprisingly, as things turned out, it didn't.

"Why do you want to ride Storm so much?" I asked.

"Because," Roslyn spoke softly, eyes closed and eyebrows narrowed, "I want to help Alicia."

"Riding Storm will help Alicia?"

"Yes," Roslyn breathed.

"How so?"

Her brow twitched. "She's scared. She... She..."

Roslyn's hypnotised mind struggled for words, not quite able to express her

complex thoughts and feelings. Her lips pursed, eyelids flickered.

"It's okay," I said soothingly. "It's alright. Listen to my voice, Roslyn. Hear my words and relax. Everything is fine. Just listen to my voice..."

I already knew why the girl was so motivated to riding Storm. Alicia was a part of it, sure. She wanted to prove to her older sister that there was nothing to be afraid of. But there was far more to it than that.

Roslyn wanted victory. She wanted to defeat Storm. To prove herself.

In her eyes, the horse was a challenge to overcome.

And Roslyn lived for those types of challenges. They drove her forward, compelled her to be sporty and athletic. The sense of victory after overcoming an insurmountable obstacle, the joy at proving herself to a mother that'd always favoured Roslyn's sister above her. To her, riding Storm was more than just a way of helping her sister. It was a means of standing out, of earning her mother's praise and acknowledgement.

True, I'd spent months building on those initial emotions, turning that foundation into something much, much stronger. I'd amplified Roslyn's motivations for riding Storm to inhuman levels. But, even so, it was the girl's own desires that'd allowed me to push her this far.

To the point where she'd do anything it took to conquer Storm.

*Anything.*

"Wearing a shirt with my scent didn't work, did it?"

"No," Roslyn answered.

"Nothing we've tried so far to convince Storm that we are lovers has worked. Storm is a smart horse, and won't be tricked easily. If you want to ride him, you must convince Storm that you are my mating partner. My lover. Wearing something with my scent on it didn't work. But there are other things that might."

I had more horse sedatives in my desk. When the time came, I'd give them to Storm and Roslyn would be able to ride him without a problem. All I had to do was set up the perfect scenario to use them.

"Animals, horses especially, have better sensory perception than humans. Their sense of smell is vastly more powerful than ours. Even if you were to wear clothes with my scent on them, Storm will be able to tell that it's the clothes and not you yourself that carry my scent. And he'd also know that it was just my general scent, and not the smell of specific bodily fluids that one would expect a lover to have."

Roslyn was close. I could feel it.

Already, her sister was sneaking into the stables every night to live out her fantasy of being a horse. Already, her mother had spread her legs for me and accepted me as a lover. Roslyn was ready too. I just had to put her in the right situation, give her the right motivations.

"My sweat," I said slowly, eyes on the girl's face. "My saliva. My urine. My cum. If you want Storm to submit to you, these are the things you'll need to smell of. And, even then, some of those things won't be enough. Sweat and saliva won't convince Storm that we are lovers, maybe not even urine will do the trick. If you truly want to trick Storm into believing that you are my mate, you'll need to smell of my cum."

A bit of twitching eyebrows and fluttering eyelids, the hint of a frown on her lips, but otherwise not much of a reaction to my words at all. Certainly not the kind of response one would usually expect given what I'd said.

Good. That was very good indeed.

"The two things that are most likely to work are my urine and my ejaculate," I told the tranced girl. "One is more likely to succeed than the other, but both have good odds of working. Now, I want you to think hard about this; it's very important, Roslyn, that you decide which of the two options you dislike the least."

Another subtle form of manipulation right there.

Instead of asking how she felt about wearing my fluids in general, I was planting the two options in her mind and setting them against each other instead – as if assuming that Roslyn had already agreed to try it out. Rather than debating with herself if she wanted to test this method out at all, she'd be debating which way she wanted to attempt it instead.

"Take your time," I told the girl. "Think it over. And, when you're ready to make your decision, come find me. Let me know. And, finally, you'll be able to tame Storm."

I watched my office clock, waited patiently. Outside, the horses plodded about lethargically. Buttershits was a naturally unenergetic beast, while Storm was currently loaded with sedatives to keep him nice and calm.

If I'd timed everything right, she should be here any minute...

Today was the day, I was certain of it.

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

Why did time always have to move so slowly when I was waiting for something? And where the hell was she, anyway?

I resisted the urge to get up from my seat behind the desk and pace, kept myself rooted in place. Waited. Eyes on the clock. Counting the seconds. Mind filled with daunting possibilities.

What if I'd miscalculated and Roslyn wasn't coming today? What if she decided to give riding Storm a go before coming into the stables proper? What if Alicia, despite my best efforts to keep the girls apart when it came to the stables, decided to accompany her sister here? What if-

Footsteps.

Outside my office. A single person approaching.

I wiped the uncertainty from my face as the door opened, smiled at the girl who bounced into my office with all the energy of a child who'd consumed way too much sugar. She was wearing a white tank top and running trousers, both of which hugged her body nicely.

"Hey Roslyn," I began, smiling politely, "I was just-"

"Jizz on me," Roslyn stated, eyes locked onto my face.

"-thinking about... *What?*"

"Jizz on me," Roslyn repeated firmly.

I raised an eyebrow at her, kept the glee I felt from entering my face. "Come again?"

"Hah!" Roslyn grinned. "That's what she said."

I stared at her, mouth open.

"I said," the girl rolled her eyes, "Jizz on me. As in 'your jizz on my body'. Or face. Whatever. As long as it's *on* me."

"I-"

"Wearing your clothes won't work," Roslyn said, a faint blush creeping into her cheeks. "We've tried it and it failed. That *prick* thinks he's so smart... But like you said before. Body fluids. That's *bound* to convince him!"

"I was joking about that," I lied. "I didn't actually mean-"

"Think about it!" Roslyn grinned. "If shit-for-brains smells your jizz on me, he'll have no choice but to believe we're mating partners or whatever it is you said. And, if he fully believes that you and me are fucking, he *has* to let me ride him. Those are the rules, right?"

"Right..."

"So," Roslyn said, surprisingly confident, "jizz on me."

"What, right now?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at the girl. "Are you sure you've thought this through enough, Ros?"

"It's either this," Roslyn said, crossing her arms over her decently-sized chest, "or we *actually* fuck. Or, ya know, I make some horse burgers. Come on! It's not that big a

deal. It's like if you spat on me or something, only I'm asking you to so it's not as bad. And I won't tell Ali or Mom about it, I swear. Please?"

I leaned back in my chair, pretended to think about it.

"I dunno, kid," I said. "I'm not really 'in the mood' right now, if you catch my drift."

"I can help with that, duh," Roslyn said with another roll of her eyes. Her hands reached down and gripped the hem of her tank top and, slowly, she began pulling it up. "So, what d'ya say? Wanna give it a shot?"

"Well," I said, finally allowing myself a smile. My rapidly-hardening cock strained painfully against my boxers. "When you put it that way..."