

The Stable Master

Chapter 9

Storm plodded around lethargically, the tranquillisers in his system doing their job well. On his back sat a grinning, cum-faced Roslyn; claiming her 'victory' over the beast.

It was an interesting sight, to say the least. And one that made me thankful once again for the distance between the stables and the manor proper; Roslyn could walk – or, in this case, ride – around as much as she wanted with her special facial, and no-one at Penrose Manor would ever know.

I let the girl enjoy her conquest; finally being able to ride on Storm's back again without him bucking her.

And I plotted.

The tranquilliser would keep Storm serene and sedated for a few hours. More than enough time for Roslyn to get bored and return to the manor. Then, when the youngest Penrose tried to ride a sober Storm in a day or two, she'd once more be thrown from the animal's back.

She'd come to me, complaining about how my cum on her body wasn't working any more. I'd tell her that Storm must not be fully convinced that we were lovers. A little bit of hypnosis here and there, fuelling her need to win against Storm, pushing her to that wonderful spot I wanted Roslyn to be at. And then I'd make the suggestion; Storm would only accept Roslyn if he believed she was my lover, so why not have her become exactly that? There wouldn't be any need to trick the animal into thinking we were lovers if we actually became lovers in truth.

After I ploughed the girl a few times, I'd have to make sure Storm was in a constant state of sedation for a while. Let Roslyn believe he'd finally submitted to her.

Then, as time went by, I'd steadily morph the girl's desires. Have her forget all about riding Storm. Make her believe that she'd only wanted to ride him in the first place so she'd have an excuse to sleep with me, instead of the other way around. In time, she'd stop caring completely about the animal and her victory over it. Her only thoughts and desires in all the world would be satisfying me.

One of the three Penrose women in the bag, right there.

As for the other two? My plans were progressing smoothly with them, too.

On all fronts, I was making solid progress.

Roslyn stayed on Storm's back for half an hour, doing slow laps around the stables while waving energetically. A wide grin on her shiny, sticky face.

As she climbed off the saddle, lowered herself to the ground, I couldn't help but chuckle at the joy I saw on Roslyn's face.

"It worked!" Were the first words out of the girl's mouth. "The Jizz trick! It works!"

For now.

"I saw," I said with a smile. "Well done."

"The moment he saw me," Roslyn grinned, "it was like he lost all his energy! Like, he saw the jizz and that was it!"

"You tricked him into believing you're my lover," I nodded sagely. "My breeding partner. He's bound to respect you now, show you preferential treatment and a more submissive attitude."

Letting the girl enjoy this tiny, fake victory was important.

Knowing that it was possible to 'defeat' Storm, craving that sense of victory she'd gotten a taste of today, would give the girl all that much more motivation to go further next time; embrace me as a true lover, not just a pretend one.

What a fun day that'd be.

One by one, the manor's lights turned off.

When only one remained, I crept up to the building – clinging to the shadows as I went. No staff were at the property, they'd all gone home hours ago. It was just the three Penrose beauties at home.

One was asleep, I knew. Roslyn.

Another would be awake. Felicity.

And the third, well...

The door opened, a side-entrance to the manor building. And, a second later, out crept Alicia. Busty, beautiful, shy Alicia. Sneaking out of her home in the dead of night, moving slowly and cautiously with only moonlight to guide her feet.

She didn't see me as she stealthily made her way down to the stables.

Off to spend an hour or two living her fantasy, her dream.

When she was out of sight, I walked over to the door she'd exited the manor from - the door she'd left unlocked - and opened it, stepped inside.

I knew the layout of Penrose Manor well enough by now.

Creeping to the right room was a simple thing.

It was the only room in the building with the light still on.

There was no creak as I turned the handle and opened the door, no floorboards groaned as I walked over to her.

A black lace nightgown. A sexy, little thing. The type of nightie a woman would only wear when she *wanted* to be seen in it. It was simultaneously elegant and refined like the woman herself, and naughty and slutty and suggestive.

Her back was to me, waiting.

When my hands slid around Felicity Penrose's waist, she tensed for a moment. I pressed myself to her back, let her feel the hardness between my legs with her lovely, round ass. She didn't look back at me, didn't fight my embrace.

"You shouldn't be here," Felicity whispered softly.

"I couldn't resist," I whispered right back.

"The girls, they're home..."

"They're sleeping," I smiled, hands beginning to roam up the elegant woman's body.

"We'll wake them," Felicity said, voice catching.

"Only if you're loud."

"And if I am?" The beauty cooed.

"Then I guess I'll have to gag you, won't I?"

Felicity gasped as I gripped her breasts, gave them a loving squeeze. Her hips moved, pressing her ass harder into my crotch.

"At least wait a little longer," Felicity moaned, tilting her head back. "They might not even be asleep yet. I thought I heard one of them moving-"

"No."

The words, spoken firmly, sent shudders through Felicity's body.

"We should-" Felicity tried to speak, the words coming out in an erotic, shaky whimper.

"No," I repeated.

And, not waiting for the woman to speak again, I gripped hold of her nightie, tugged the straps down her arm, peeled the thin fabric away from her magnificent breasts. Felicity gasped, groaned, didn't fight back. As I planted one strong hand on her hip, the other on the back of her neck, Felicity turned her head, tilted it towards me.

Our lips met for a brief, hot moment. A deep, hungry kiss.

Then I pushed her head forward and down, pulled her ass up, bent her over.

A woman like Felicity, wealthy and refined and powerful and beautiful, was used to getting everything she wanted. She was, I knew, the type of girl who'd been spoiled rotten as a child. Who'd grown up in a world filled with people who'd do anything it took to please her. Who'd married a man that'd given her the world and more.

So, what were her desires? For a woman who had everything she could ever want, what did she hunger after the most?

It's pretty simple when you know the answer.

Someone who'd say 'no' to her. Who wouldn't bend over backwards to please her, but would instead bend her over for their own personal satisfaction. After a lifetime of people doing whatever she wanted them to, of having everything handed to her without hesitation and complaint, that's what Felicity had secretly come to crave.

To Felicity Penrose, there was nothing more erotic than a man who'd deny her. Nothing more erotic, more kinky and titillating, than a man who'd say 'no' to her.

A man like me.

My pants dropped. Her legs opened. My cock, her hole.

Her moans and cries of pleasure were music to my ears.

Her body was sculpted perfection, soft and tight and radiant.

"Slow down," she begged at one point, voice loud and desperate. "You'll wake-"

"No," I told her, speeding up our pace even more.

She gasped, moaned louder, her pussy clenching my cock harder than ever.

"I need to-" Felicity pleaded, body tensing. "I'm going to-"

"Not yet," I commanded her. "Don't cum until I say so."

And, amazingly, the woman obeyed.

A truly wonderful creature, Felicity. A hard-ass mother who dressed conservatively, a woman who shone with prestige and grandeur in her every move. A beauty that what most men, even the richest of the rich, could never hope of attaining.

And, of course, a closet sub.

The scream of pleasure she let out as she came, and was filled with *my* cum, was an magical sound. Loud enough to wake the dead, so erotic that it'd spark boners in the pants of any men lucky enough to hear it.

If Roslyn had been asleep, she wasn't any more. That was for sure.

And, as the woman collapsed onto her bed, dazed and smiling, I could see how little she cared that our activities might be discovered by her daughters. She was so far gone, in fact, that I was surprised she didn't pass out there and then.

Instead, she wrapped her arms around my neck, pulled me down onto the mattress with her.

When our lips met, it was gentle. Soft. Lingered.

A moment of love.

"Asshole," the Penrose matriarch sighed as our lips parted, though her voice held no hint of scorn or venom now. Just sweet, soft affection.

"Beautiful," I smiled.

And, just like that, I had her.

First 'lust', then 'love', then 'marriage'. And, finally, 'obedience'.

That was Felicity's path. Her destiny, as decided by me.

Winning her heart had been easy enough. Once I'd broken through her defences, gotten her to start opening her legs for me, it hadn't been all that difficult to get her to open her heart too. Having regular access to her hypnotised mine, of course, certainly helped.

"Close your eyes for me," I told what I supposed was now my 'girlfriend'.

Felicity didn't complain, didn't question. She simply smiled, closed her eyes. And, smirking, I started running her through the induction, guiding her into a peaceful, blissful trance.

Another Penrose woman in the bag.

"Alicia."

The girl jumped, spun around on the spot.

"Could you come with me for a second?"

She was standing at the fence that separated the manor's gardens from the horses section of the grounds, watching the horses doing nothing as usual. Too timid and afraid to attempt riding, yet still wanting to be nearby.

"Uh," Alicia blushed. "Sure."

Holding back a smile, I led Alicia to the stables, guided her into my little office.

"Please," I told her. "Have a seat."

Confused, the Alicia sat down at my desk.

Without saying a word, set my laptop down in front of her, opened it up and let the video play.

Instantly, Alicia's face turned white.

"I noticed some strange things happening here at the stables," I said as Alicia watched the video with wide, horrified eyes. "Like the heater moving by itself, little things not being where they belonged. That sort of thing. I figured I was probably going insane, but decided to install some hidden cameras just in case."

On the laptop screen, a naked Alicia dropped down on hands and knees, began crawling around an otherwise empty horse stall.

"I didn't expect to actually find anything, but..."

Alicia looked up at me, tears brimming in her eyes. I could see it in her gaze, the mountain of fears. Being exposed. Her mother finding out about her strange, new hobby. The judgement. The shame. All of it resting on me. Would I tell her mother? Would I be disgusted? What would happen to this video so clearly revealed her naked body and her deepest desire?

The girl's chest rose and fell rapidly, she began gasping for breath. The panic overwhelming.

"It's okay," I said soothingly, disarmingly. "I'm not going to tell anyone. It's not my place to. I'll delete the video. I just thought you should know-"

"Oh God," Alicia choked. "I don't- I-"

I rolled my eyes, planted a kind smile on my lips and placed a gentle hand on the girl's shoulder.

"It's alright," I told her. "I understand."

She blinked up at me, eyes watery.

"You can't help who you are," I smiled. "You identify as a horse, I guess? Want to do the things that horses do and experience what it's like to be one? Nothing wrong with that. It's a little unusual, sure. But it is what it is."

"Are you..." Alicia sniffed. "Are you gonna tell my..."

"No. Not unless you want me to."

Alicia shook her head instantly, round eyes locked onto mine.

"Then I won't," I promised. "It'll be our little secret."

Slowly, Alicia let out a sigh of relief.

"Thank you."

"Don't sweat it," I smiled, shutting my laptop and setting it aside. "I am the Stable Master, after all. It's my job to look after the horses. All three of them."

"Three?" A momentary flash of confusion before the realisation. "Oh."

In the blink of an eye, her face turned from white to red.

"If you ever want to talk about it," I said, turning away from her and walking to the door. "You know where to find me. And if you want me to treat you the same way as I do Butter and Storm, I can do that too. Just let me know."

I led the way to Alicia's stall, opened it up and stepped aside.

"Are you sure about this?"

Alicia nodded her head, cheeks pink.

"If you want to stop," I said softly, "all you have to do is say."

The girl walked into the empty horse stall, inhaled a deep breath. And, slowly, she began undressing.

A baggy hoodie, the blouse underneath, her long skirt, shoes and socks. She hesitated then, clad in only bra and panties. But she knew I'd already seen her naked. What point was there in hiding herself now? Alicia reached behind her back, unclasped her bra, let it fall to the ground. Her heavy breasts swung like pendulums as she tugged down her panties, stepped out of them.

She kicked the clothes out of her stable stall, lowered herself onto hands and knees.

I watched her for a minute, eyes on that magnificent body.

To begin with, Alicia was frozen in place with embarrassment. But, as time ticked by, the girl visibly relaxed. Cautiously at first, then more confidently, she began circling her stall – crawling from one corner to another. Once or twice, she even whinnied.

"Alright then," I said, drawing the girl's attention. "I suppose we'd best do this before the water gets cold."

Alicia's eyes shifted to the bucket I was carrying. Ever so slightly, she nodded her head.

I set the bucket down in the stall, grabbed the sponge floating in it. Drenched with soapy water as it was, the sponge spewed out rivulets of water as I clutched it over Alicia's back. The water fell, splashed against Alicia's skin, trailed lines down her back and sides.

Being Stable Master, it was my job to clean the animals.

Now, as Alicia had pointed out to me, that technically included her too. She didn't question why she suddenly had the urge to be washed and cleaned like a horse right after waking up from a trance, didn't even comprehend the concept that those two things might be connected.

I lowered the sponge to the girl's back, began rubbing and washing her pale skin. Alicia said nothing – horses couldn't talk – simply remained in place, on hands and knees, and allowed me to do my job.

Her back first. Then her bottom.

I could feel her tense as the sponge slid between her ass-cheeks, the little flinch she gave as I kept on going, moving the sponge between her legs. I didn't keep it there long, though. Best not to be *too* sexual just yet.

I ran the sponge down her legs, scrubbed her calves and thighs clean. Then returned it to her back, trailed it along her shoulders and arms.

She stiffened again when I began cleaning her belly, the sponge brushing the undersides of her humongous tits. Though, again, she didn't utter a single word to stop me. That was all the encouragement I needed to begin 'cleaning' the girl's udders directly.

They swung and swayed, soap suds coating both melons.

Using the excuse of 'needing to hold them in place', I groped and squeezed each breast in one hand while 'washing' it with the other.

Alicia's face, understandably, shone bright red.

She shut her eyes tightly, lips sealed. Refusing to stop me even as I fondled her body to my heart's content.

Once I was done with her tits, I gave the girl's face a once-over with the sponge, enjoying the cute scrunched-up expression she made. Then, stepping back as to not get any of it on me, I lifted the bucket off the ground and splashed what remained of the water on Alicia's naked body.

"Usually," I said, watching the girl shiver. I had, perhaps, spent too long – too much attention – on her breasts and accidentally let the water get cold. "I let the horses dry off by themselves, maybe brush them down afterwards. But, for today at least, I think it'd probably be smarter to dry you up with a towel."

Wordlessly, Alicia turned her gaze to me, nodded her head once.

The third Penrose woman, in the bag; I hadn't had the pleasure of deflowering my new pet just yet. But, given the sight before me, and given how much power I now held over the girl, it was only a matter of time before I broke her in. Like her mother was. Like her sister soon would be. Alicia was mine, it was just a matter of time.

Amusing in a way, when you think about it.

The stables had five stalls, you see. Two reserved for the horses; Buttershits and Storm. Three free for my plans. One for Alicia, which she'd already claimed. One for Roslyn, who would be occupying it soon enough. One for Felicity, who had yet to even visit the stables, yet would be calling them 'home' before all was said and done.

All three of the Penrose women would be mine. One already was. And another already knew her place.

It wouldn't be long now.