

**The Centaur Who  
Fell to Earth...**

## THE HORSEMASTER

**Y**ou watch the Horsemaster mount his Stallion. Instant Centaur. His big boots glisten with spurs. He lifts up out of the sun-dusted corral. His muscular thighs fill out his faded Levi's. His crotch, worn a lighter shade of pale, rubs against the saddle horn.

Sweat-cured leather creaks under his muscular weight. He settles easy into the saddle, cinched tight around his big Stallion's back. He is shirtless. His chest full and sweaty. Thick muscles cord his bronco arms and shoulders. The Stallion stands 17 hands high.

The Horse is the measure of the Man.

The Horsemaster's hands are big, experienced, and gnarled around the leather reins. Son of a son of a rancher's son. He straddles the big Stallion the way a man mounts a lover. His young neck tanned like rich leather. The dark mane of his hair mats down his neck, turns golden down his naked spine where at the small of his strong back the dark hair disappears in a furrow down his jeans.

The Stallion paws the ground. Lowers his long neck. Raises it.

The Horsemaster's teeth bare white with disciplined intent. The Stallion bares his teeth as the iron bit pulls tighter in his mouth. The Horsemaster holds a small rawhide whip in his own bared teeth.

The Stallion stomps expectantly. Leather-harnessed. Muscles ready for heavy workout. The Horsemaster has mounted him before. He rides hard. Trot. Canter. Gallop. Full

gallop. Mane of Stallion and Man flying together in the wind. Hellbent for leather.

You've seen him before. Followed him. Followed the Stallion and the Man into the woods. The Horsemaster dismounted. Hairy. Muscular. Naked. Sprawled back on the rocks in the sun. Man and Stallion. Both breathing heavy. Huge horsecock. Long. Hard. Red. Throbbing. Horsedick hanging to the tall grass near the bearded face of the Horsemaster stroking the wild mustang of his own sweaty meat. Long. Thick. Uncut. The Man a match for the Stallion.

The Stallion knows his Master. The Horsemaster knows his Mount.

You know them both together. As one. Stallion and Man. Man and Stallion. The muscular match of beast and man. Riding like one being: half-horse, half-man. Male muscle beast. Stud Stallion Master. Thigh-crunching power. Lathered sides heaving. Mouth foaming. Glazed wild animal eyes. Reflection in a golden pond of stillwater: hooves trampling through shallow sun-splashed streams. Through dark night woods. Racing through the serious moonlight.

Late night whinnying from a quiet stable. Horse flanks curried to high gloss by the Horsemaster's muscular 21-inch biceps. His hairy armpits dripping with sweat. Horsedick. Mandick. Hard together.

You want him. You want the Horsemaster. You want his haunches heavy on your bare back. His thighs tight and naked on your heaving sides. Panting. His bit and bridle forced hard into your mouth. His riding crop. His spurs. His sweat. You ridden by him. Tethered by him in the straw. Tethered in a moonlit stall. Groomed. Curried. Inspected. His sweaty, horsepiss fingers probing your mouth open. Fingering your teeth. Fingering deep down your throat. Approvingly, he slaps your flanks with his hand.

The Stallion in the next stall paws the dirt, blows out his heavy horsebreath nervously. His hindquarters shudder at the sound of the slap on your flanks. He moves nervously as the Horsemaster leaves the two of you. Each tethered by leather harness in your separate stalls.

The Stallion moves again. The planks, separating your stall from his, shake. You look. Up. At the thick underbelly of the Stallion. His golden eye flashes. The thick golden stream of hot horsepiss steams down into the cold night straw. You are tethered. Tied in leather harness, and bit, far away from him. Horse hide. Horse smell. His tail raises proudly. Hot steaming horse dump hits the wet straw. Aroma of sweet dark horseshit.

You ache for the Horsemaster. You are bound. Naked. Booted on all fours. Feet and hands each laced into four separate boots. The boots shoed with iron horse shoes. A quilted blanket, stiff with dried horse sweat, tied across your back.

The bit in your mouth is cold. You are harnessed, tied, tethered for hours in the steaming stinking stall.

Then he comes again. Horny in the night. Your Horsemaster. Enters in the night. Naked. Muscular. Booted. Hairy. Breathing hard through his broad flaring nostrils. Thick hands pawing the pelt on his big pecs and his hairy balls. His big horse-dick swinging uncut between his powerful equine thighs.

You watch him. He skims the flat palms of his thick hands down his Stallion's long forehead. Between the wild equus eyes. He sniffs the horse sweat on his hands. Rubs sweat through his moustache and beard. Across his mouth. Down his pecs and belly. Then sniffs his hands again. Strokes his Stallion's flanks again. Sniffs his calloused palms. His hands glisten with the horse sweat. His hands drip. He wipes the horse sweat with both hands down the length of his own thick cock. The Stallion stares wildly at him. Expectant of the night's hard, fast ride.

Slathered with horse sweat, the Horsemaster turns from his Stallion. He spits your way. Spits again into his horse-slick hands. Strokes his own horse-size cock. Wets it. Strokes it. Strokes again the Stallion's long nuzzle. Strokes again his own studmeat. Bring it up for show. Ties a length of salty rawhide around the base of his own cock and heavy balls.

The Stallion backs away.

The Horsemaster looks down at you. Forces a sugar cube between your teeth. You chew hungrily on the sweet acid taste.

He uncinches your blanket in the warm stable air. Wet. Sweat. Mancock. Smell of hay and manure and him. He strokes your face, your matted hair. Rubs your back. Curries your flanks, your buttocks, with a stiff brush. Wraps a small coil of barbed wire around the base of your balls. Moves behind you. The four leather boots laced on both your feet and on your hands are heavy with the weight of the horse shoes. Heavy on your feet. Tight on your hands. The Horsemaster has shod you well.

He strokes his horsecock behind you.

The Stallion lunges in the next stall.

He spreads your flanks.

The Stallion whinnies.

A night ride. Another night ride. Spurred on. Whipped. Sugar-acid powered. You paw the straw. Pissing your heavy piss. Your water drunk always from a trough.

The Horsemaster lifts his long, heavy centaur-dick. Puts its huge head against the tight pucker of your asshole. Grips your hips. Rides on into you. Bucking. Spurring you. Riding you. Hard. Deep. Trot. Canter. Gallop.

You turn, post, breakaway. Obey. Obey. Obey his strong hard shoulders. Obey his massive chest. Obey his powerful arms. Obey his harder hands fisted around the leather reins guiding the bit in your tender mouth and the steel clamps on your tender tits. Cinched tight, you turn your head arched in full harness.

In the next stall, you see the wild Stallion's dark, jealous look. His dick hangs 28 inches: veined, wet, pumping the air with cum, dripping to the straw. Reflected in the Stallion's golden eye, you see your Horsemaster's commanding face. The long, square-jawed ranchface of your Horsemaster. Cumming. Cumming into you. In you. His weight driving your body and face down into the hot steaming manure of his wild Stallion, kicking and neighing in the night when the dick in your ass is prelude to the veterinarian fist greased up to the elbow.