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Jacob knew his boyfriend had had a fascination for horses for almost his entire life. Ever since he could remember, Thomas had loved the majestic animals, holding an insatiable fascination for them. Jacob could retell from memory every last precious memory related to stallions Thomas had ever told him. From the endlessly exciting trips to his grandparents' farm to the gigantic collection of toys he'd gathered since he was little and the origin story for each one of them.

That's why, if anything, Jacob had come up with the most perfect Valentine's Day gift he could have imagined.

"I still don't get why we don't just go to my Pop's farm. The animals know me there, and I don't need to be tied down with a bunch of stupid rules about where I can or can't go or stupid stuff like that," Tom complained most of the way to Sunset Farms.

"Alright, settle down now," Jacob replied in a soothing tone, letting his hand rest on Tom's thigh. "I promise it'll be worth it. Look, we're here already."

The gates had been left open, expecting the two Valentine's Day guests. It had cost Jacob a pretty penny to secure a spot on such a hotly contested day. Still, he was completely certain it would be perfectly worth it. It must've taken about twenty minutes of dirt road and open fields until they finally reached their destination. A massive white house, like the ones you usually only ever see in the movies, dominated the scene, followed immediately by the cowboy waiting by the door. A nicely built, tanned body from a lifetime of farm work was hardly disguised under his cliched shirt with a red plaid pattern. He was not as buff as Jacob himself, who was a gym rat with a penchant for messy dark hair over his green eyes. Still, the farmer would be quite a fit for Tom's twinkish skinny build in another lifetime.

"Welcome," he greeted them with a slight accent. "Hope it wasn't too hard to find the way."

"Not at all," Jacob shot a smile, followed by a quick frown towards his boyfriend, who was judgmentally looking around and examining the different buildings littering their surroundings.

"You're well equipped," he mumbled finally.

"I assume you're Thomas, then."

That knowledge seemed to pique the twink's interest, and he shot a glance at Jacob, who only grinned in response.

"Pleasure to meet you," the farmer extended a hand. "I'm Jack."

They shook hands first, and then it was Jacob's turn.

"You didn't mention he was so small. I can't guarantee he's gonna be able to take all of it."

The remark immediately caught Tom's attention, his head spinning, eyes wide open, looking at Jacob, who chuckled.

"I'm sure he'll manage."

"Has he ever tried anything like this before?"

"What-"

At this point, it wasn't too difficult to guess what they were discussing. The twink's sharp face was showing a mix of excitement and embarrassment under his blonde hair as a million ideas seemed to flow into his mind all at once.

"A big dog, once."

"Jay?"

"Yeah?"

"What's this about?"

"Follow me," Jack interrupted, leading them to a massive ranch.

"I wanted to give you the best Valentine's Day gift possible," Jacob replied to his partner.

"What does that mean?"

"It means..." he paused for dramatic effect while Jack opened the gates and led them to their prize. "...you get to take his plaything today."

Jacob gestured with his hand to an absolutely massive black stallion standing proudly next to them. At least 5'7", it looked down at them with interest. Particularly, the gawking twink was now fawning all over the specimen. Covered in dark, almost shining fur, it had a slightly long mane that had been kept perfectly by its caretaker. Rippling muscles on its legs were clearly visible, and Jacob felt like he understood the animal's pride then.

"You think you're up to it?" Jacob asked, and it took a minute before Tom managed to come down from his excited cloud to reply with an eager nod.

"Are you sure?" Jack chimed in. "Spirit here is well-endowed. Three and a half feet of horse meat is no small feat, especially when it's also four inches thick."

The color drained from Tom's face, and he looked up at the eager horse, who was now leaning down to be patted by the twink.

"You don't have to feel obligated," Jacob quickly chimed in. "Giving you the opportunity is more than enough to make it all worth it. I just thought I'd give you a shot since I know you've been daydreaming about it for years, especially when I have you on all fours."

A slight blush managed to breathe some life back into Tom's expression, and he was deep in thought for a few moments.

"If you guys want to start with something a bit easier, I have a collection of pure-bred dogs. I can't offer any of them today because of Valentine's and all, but I'd be happy to schedule you for any other day."

"No," Tom finally said, "I'll do it."

"Fair warning, horses don't have safe words. Once he's inside you, he won't let go until you've satisfied him."

Tom nodded more firmly this time. Jacob knew once his boyfriend made up his mind on something there would be no going back. His dick was already jumping at the prospect of seeing his partner

being relentlessly rammed by that muscled animal.

"My younger brother introduced Spirit to humans once, and I could never get him to mate with mares ever again since. He's gotten a taste for screaming twink."

Indeed, it seemed to be that way. Jack brought a sturdy, elongated, flat stool with thick ropes attached to the sides.

"You're gonna want to run away, but that can end pretty badly, so we gotta make sure you don't," Jack explained.

Jacob was bursting with excitement. He felt he could cum without even laying a finger on his dick.

Spirit clearly understood the situation as an enormous four-foot horse cock sprang to life underneath him. He was becoming more and more excited as Tom stripped down, shivering with anticipation.

"Facing up or down?" Jack asked.

"Up."

Both humans turned to look at him quizzically.

"Trust me," he said with a reassuring smile, and Tom nodded.

"You'll have to hold his legs up, then," Jack explained, and Jacob nodded.

Tom lay on his back on the squat stool, his hands tied tight underneath the flat surface. There was no escape now. Jacob knelt by his head, and they kissed softly upside down. Spirit positioned itself with its throbbing meat as long as three-quarters of Tom's own body. Once the horse was perfectly positioned, the twink lifted his legs, and Jacob grabbed the ankles, which had to stick out slightly out the side of the horse's muscular body. Almost as if they were lovers in a missionary position. The stallion needed little incentive to line its pulsing cock at the puckered entrance of the shivering twink.

"Relax," Jacob whispered into his ear.

And then Spirit pushed.

Immediately, Tom's eyes were filled with tears as he moved his entire body in an effort to accommodate an impossibly big piece of warm meat into his comparatively tiny entrance. Jacob noticed his boyfriend attempting to close down his legs, and he drew a deep, sadistic satisfaction from forcing him to keep them open, even if it was for Tom's good.

"That's too- too much!" Tom managed to articulate. "I don't know if- if I can."

"You can do it," Jacob encouraged him lovingly. "The first part is the hardest one. It'll be easier if you relax, and he can get in."

The muscular dark horse was pushing insistently, trying to lodge its flat head into the twink's reluctant hole.

"I love you, Tom," Jacob declared. "And you love horses, don't you? Look at him. He's a prime stallion. And he wants to breed with you. You're his perfect match. He wants to plant his horse seed deep inside you. Don't you wanna satisfy him? Satisfy me?"

Tom nodded and, with a loud moan, announced that it was done. Spirit had managed to push his way inside. Only three more feet remaining.

"Oh fuck!" Tom screamed, sweat covering his forehead now. "He's too big. Oh god, he's gonna break me."

"Shh, relax." Jacob did his best, but he struggled just as much to articulate his thoughts.

The entire purpose of requesting for Tom to be facing up was now manifesting itself in front of his eyes, and it was glorious. Every foot of horse cock that forced its way into Thomas now bulged and throbbed through his skinny stomach, showing a perfectly detailed stallion dick making its way up the twink's body.

Jacob simply couldn't resist. He came in a massive, touchless orgasm. His grunts of satisfaction were quickly drowned against Tom's as he clashed their lips together, and they shared a sloppy, upside-down, wet kiss while Spirit pushed ever deeper. Tom moaned and even outright cried now that the thickest foot of horse cock was left and still pushing deep into his frail body. His struggles to close his legs were becoming increasingly stronger, requiring more focus from his boyfriend, who was at the edge of another orgasm again. However, Tom's reaction had suffered changes at some point. Tears and sweat rolled down his face, but also thick streams of white cum covered his bulging stomach as he came over and over again. Far more than Jacob had ever thought possible.

"I- I feel him in my chest," he managed to say. "And I feel his- his balls."

So the stallion had managed to push his entire four feet thick cock up Jacob's boyfriend. All three of them were in heaven.

"Yeah? You want him to unload those balls in you?" Jacob teased Tom. "You wanna go home full of horse cum gushing out of your ass?"

Tom nodded and moaned as Spirit pulled back slightly, only to slam himself back down into the skinny white body. Two more times of this, Tom seemed to have lost control of himself as he came uncontrollably from pleasure. Jacob couldn't even begin to imagine.

"I'm gonna buy an entire fucking farm for you," Jacob promised while the stallion rammed his boyfriend over and over again. "We're gonna have two dozen horses, and they're going to have their way with you every single day, you got that?"

The twink lost the ability to indicate he could listen to anything else other than the muscle-bound specimen's balls slamming against him over and over again. He was helpless as Spirit fucked him into his climax. Hands tied and legs held open by his boyfriend, Tom was but a breeding toy for the horse. Jacob saw it before it happened. The massive bulge sliding up and down his partner's stomach had begun to twitch violently, and, sure enough, Tom cried out as he felt gallons of horse cum suddenly spill deep inside his body. Spirit pushed himself deep and lodged himself there, perfectly still, as he unloaded buckets of warm, thick cum into his new mate.

Tom came yet again, or maybe two more times in a row. It was hard for Jacob to know while he also climaxed from the obscene view. He saw the horse finally pull out, its cock still about two feet long, covered in a thick white coat. Jacob let go of his boyfriend's legs and untied his hands. They embraced in a passionate kiss while thick seed spilled down Tom's legs.

"Next time, I need to put your face down so you can suck me off," Jacob observed, and they laughed together in bliss.

The End