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Lynn was tucked into her bed, the world outside her window a mere whisper of wind through the trees. As sleep claimed her, she slipped into a dream so vivid and tangible it seemed to breathe life into her fantasies. She found herself in a vast meadow, the grass beneath her feet cool and damp, the air heavy with the scent of earth and the sweet aroma of night-blooming flowers.

At the center of this ethereal landscape stood a majestic stallion, his coat an obsidian sheen under the silver moon. His eyes were like dark wells, deep and knowing, stirring something primal within her. Initially, a wave of hesitation washed over Lynn, the surreal nature of her situation both frightening and exhilarating.

The stallion moved towards her with an elegance that belied his size, his breath warm against her skin, stoking a fire in her loins. She whispered, "This can't be real... but God, it feels too good to be just a dream." His muzzle brushed against her neck, then down to her breasts, where his rough tongue teased her nipples into hard, sensitive points.

Resistance faded as her body responded with a hunger she couldn't deny. She lay back on the soft grass, her legs parting of their own accord as he positioned himself above her. The first touch of his massive, veined cock against her was electric, making her pussy instantly flood with her arousal. "Fuck, you're so big," she gasped, the stretch as he entered her both painful and divinely pleasurable.

His thrusts were measured at first, allowing her to adjust to his size, but each one sent shivers of ecstasy through her. Lynn's moans grew louder, more desperate, "Yes, fuck me, fill me up!" Her pussy was slick, the sounds of their coupling obscene in the quiet night. Her first orgasm came like a tidal wave, her body convulsing, her pussy clamping down on him, milking him for his seed. She felt each spurt of his cum, hot and thick, filling her up.

Barely catching her breath, driven by a lust she couldn't control, she moved to taste him. Her mouth enveloped his cock, still slick with their combined fluids. "Mmm, you taste like sin, like raw, primal sex," she moaned, her tongue tracing every vein, savoring the salty, musky taste of his cum, her pussy clenching at the flavor.

Their second joining was from behind, his powerful body thrusting into her with a ferocity that made her scream, "Fuck, yes, harder!" Her clit was swollen, throbbing with each penetration, pushing her into another series of orgasms, her juices mixing with his cum that was already dripping from her.

For the third encounter, she watched as he entered her again, entranced by the sight of her pussy stretching around his massive member. Her moans were a continuous, vulgar chant, "Oh fuck, I love how you stretch me, fill me up!" Each ejaculation felt like a warm flood, pushing her into climax after climax, her body shaking, her pussy gripping him with each convulsion.

By the fourth time, she was a creature of pure desire, riding him with wild abandon, her movements desperate and frenzied. Her breasts bounced with each movement, her pussy sliding up and down his shaft, the friction maddening. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," she screamed, her voice raw from the intensity. Her orgasms blurred into one another, her pussy spasming, milking every drop of his seed.

His final release was overwhelming, his cum shooting into her in powerful jets, each pulse felt deep within her.

As the dream began to fade, the sensations lingered in her mind, her body still humming with the aftermath. Lynn's eyes fluttered open to the soft light of dawn filtering through her curtains, her

body still thrumming from the dream's intensity. She was drenched in sweat, her thighs sticky with her own arousal, the sheets beneath her soaked through, her arousal was obvious.

The need was still there, pulsing between her legs. Her hand reached under her pillow, pulling out a massive dildo she had only used on the most daring of nights. It was thick, veined, and long - a stand-in for the equine lover from her dream. She felt a shiver of anticipation as she looked at it, her pussy clenching at the thought of being filled once more.

Lying back, she spread her legs wide, her fingers first teasing her clit, already swollen from her dream orgasms. She moaned softly at the touch, her other hand guiding the head of the dildo to her entrance. "Fuck, yes," she whispered, the cool silicone contrasting with her heated skin.

She began to push, slowly at first, the stretch reminiscent of her dream lover's size. "Oh, God, yes," she gasped as it started to enter her, her pussy stretching to accommodate its girth. The feeling was both overwhelming and exactly what she needed. She worked it in gradually, each inch sending waves of pleasure that made her moan louder, her voice thick with lust.

"More, I need more," she panted, pushing the dildo deeper, her pussy slick enough to ease its passage. With each thrust, she imagined it was him, the stallion from her dream, filling her up, stretching her in ways she hadn't thought possible. Her hips moved in rhythm, meeting each downward push of the dildo, her moans turning into cries of ecstasy.

Her free hand was back on her clit, rubbing in tight, desperate circles. "Yes, fuck me just like that," she cried out, her voice echoing in the room. The dildo was now fully inside her, her pussy gripping it like a vice, each movement causing her to feel every ridge, every vein.

She began to fuck herself harder, faster, the sounds of her wet pussy taking the dildo filling the space around her. Her breasts bounced with each thrust, her nipples hard and aching. "Oh, fuck, I'm so close," she moaned, the dual assault of the dildo inside her and her fingers on her clit driving her towards an explosive climax.

The orgasm hit like a storm, her body arching off the bed, her pussy convulsing around the dildo, each contraction more intense than the last. She screamed out her pleasure, her voice hoarse from the intensity, her body trembling as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. She could feel every spurt of her own arousal, mimicking the dream's ejaculations, her pussy milking the dildo for all it was worth.

As the peak passed, she slowed her movements, the dildo still buried deep within her, the aftershocks of her orgasm making her body twitch. She lay there, panting, feeling the dildo slowly slide out, her pussy still clenching around nothing now, craving the fullness.

Lying back, her breath returning to normal, she felt a profound satisfaction mixed with a lingering desire. She knew it was just a fantasy, but the physical memory of it was now part of her reality. As she lay there, her mind wandered, wondering about the next dream, the next night, and what other desires might surface in the dark embrace of sleep. She smiled to herself, already looking forward to the next time she could indulge in such a vivid, erotic dream, or perhaps find even more ways to satisfy her awakened desires.