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Marilyn Monroe, the epitome of sensuality, was out for a ride on her favorite stallion, Max. The sun was high in the sky, casting a golden glow over the vast fields that stretched out before them. Marilyn, clad in a thin, white blouse and a pair of tight-fitting jodhpurs, looked as radiant as the sun itself. Her golden locks shimmered in the sunlight, and her full, red lips curved into a mischievous smile as she urged Max into a gallop.

As they raced across the fields, Marilyn felt a rush of exhilaration. The wind whipped through her hair, and the powerful muscles of the horse beneath her sent thrilling vibrations through her body. Suddenly, she spotted a cluster of wildflowers growing by the side of the path. On a whim, she pulled Max to a halt and dismounted, her boots sinking into the soft earth.

Bending down to pick a flower, Marilyn noticed something unusual. Max was whinnying with excitement, his eyes fixed on her. She followed his gaze and gasped. The horse's member was fully erect, standing tall and proud against his powerful flank. Marilyn felt a shiver of excitement run through her. She had heard stories about women and their horses, but she had never dared to try it herself. Until now.

Curiosity getting the better of her, Marilyn reached out and touched the horse's cock. It was warm and smooth beneath her fingers, and she felt a strange thrill as it twitched in response. Her luscious red lips curved into a wicked smile as she leaned closer, her breath hot against the sensitive skin.

Without hesitation, Marilyn's lips connected with the horse's member, her tongue darting out to taste the salty essence. Max whinnied in pleasure, his powerful body trembling beneath her touch. Marilyn felt a surge of power as she realized that she was in control, that she could make this magnificent beast quiver with desire.

Her hands moved to her blouse, her fingers fumbling with the buttons as she eagerly exposed her breasts to the warm air. She unhooked her bra and let it fall to the ground, her nipples hardening in the cool breeze. Max's cock twitched between her breasts as she pressed them together, creating a slick, warm tunnel for him to thrust into.

Marilyn's tongue darted out to lick the tip of Max's cock, her eyes never leaving his. She could feel the tension building in his powerful body, the muscles rippling beneath her hands as he neared his climax. And then, with a final, powerful thrust, Max came, his hot, sticky cum spilling over Marilyn's face and breasts.

Marilyn smiled, her lips glistening with the evidence of their shared pleasure. She had never felt so alive, so wild and untamed. And as she looked up into Max's eyes, she knew that she had found a new kind of love, a love that was as wild and unpredictable as the wind itself.

As Marilyn remounted Max, she couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. She had taken a risk, and it had paid off in ways she could never have imagined. And as they rode off into the sunset, Marilyn knew that she would never forget this day, this moment of pure, unadulterated pleasure.

When they stopped to view the sunset, Marilyn had a thought; she undid her pants, exposing her luscious pussy. She moved underneath Max, and started jerking his cock until it grew hard. She licked around the edges so it became rock hard, and then she rub it against her pussy. Only inserting the tip inside, as the horse bucked, fucking her pussy as she got more aroused with its massive horse cock. She moaned loudly as Max shot a load inside her; cum oozing out of her pussy, but the horse continued to cum as Marilyn opened her mouth to swallow the last remaining load.

And so, as the sun dipped below the horizon, Marilyn and Max rode on, their bodies slick with sweat and cum, their hearts pounding with the thrill of their shared adventure. They were two lovers, bound together by a connection that was as deep and as powerful as the ocean itself. And as they disappeared into the distance, Marilyn knew that she would never forget this day, this moment of pure, unadulterated pleasure.