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I want to thank those who have messaged me with such compliments and support. Not least of all, my husband who has accepted and supported my shameful desires and moulded them with his own satisfactions. It was him who encouraged me to open my inner self to the wider world, albeit staunchly anonymously. Expressing my experiences and lifetime of curious yearnings has changed my whole life outlook.

If you have read our previous memoir then you will understand how my feelings lie and also my need to fulfil not only my husband's appetites, but also my own. I had promised him I would have sex with our colt this year and I have so far indulged in oral and masturbation with him but he is far too agitated and spirited to engage in truly enjoyable intercourse, even with the security of our cock girdle fitted. His sire was much more accommodating but then again I was also a few years younger and now at the age of 48, the physical aspect is a bit more daunting. I still have the lust and disgraceful desire to have equine intercourse again but over the last few years, any pleasurable intimacy with Carlton's son has been limited to oral sex and flaccid masturbation. Although I have been entered, erect, penetrative intercourse has been utterly frightening and painful as well as unsuccessful in that it wasn't sustained and he didn't reach ejaculation.

It's been well over four years since I've felt the disgusting satisfaction of intercourse to completion with Carlton but I have occasionally enjoyed "being the bitch" as a compromise. I was always fascinated by the equine but the canine was a new concept and I reluctantly agreed to participate only at my husband's suggestion one night many years ago. At that time we had three Belgian Malionis, sadly only the youngest of the three is still with us now at the age of eleven, but we now have a vivacious Alsatian who is well trained to please and a three year old Leonberger who behaves exceptionally well and is keen to learn. He genuinely does seem to relish our play time and seems to want more despite the difficulty I have with him.

Carlton, my stallion, has eventually become disinterested in much other than trekking or grazing and although he's affectionate it's become arduous to stimulate him to a point of necessary arousal for a safe and comfortable intercourse. I have performed with him from time to time over the last couple of years but only to the extent of slack masturbation and oral caressing. He's enjoying a comfortable life still and his foal, now our colt who we named "Tuscan" is reasonably used to my over intimate handling of him but the limited occasions that penetration has taken place with me have been difficult and I haven't reached that dimension of pleasure I was seeking with the act.

The first attempt resulted in me being shoved off the training mare and knocked to the ground. My husband eventually managed to guide Tuscan's cock into me as I leant over the mare but the penetration was hurting, short and interrupted with his cock pulling from me far too early and without his ejaculation I felt incomplete. Even attempting to fellate him to completion was difficult because of his state of agitation and it ended with my husband returning Tuscan to his stall and me being taken back to the house and the dog brought to me. That was not a successful evening as although I was mounted and semenated, we could sustain a tie.

My preference is for the dog to reverse tie with me after the shock and initial humping intercourse and semination. I've found that unless I completely submit to Attila, our Alsatian, the intercourse is extremely painful. There is something sharp in his sheath that doesn't affect me if I openly offer my vagina for his coupling. Natural reaction the first time was for me to shy away which caused the discomfort but from my husband's point of view, me pushing my bum back against Attila's haunches as he powerfully fucked me was extremely erotic for him.

Attila is a large dog, a little skittish but extremely virile. He was also quite easy to introduce to me

and the first intercourse between us was instigated with very little fuss. It was planned by both my husband and I that we would have some canine fun and we chose a date that ensured that we would have the house and gardens to ourselves. I dressed as I would for a special occasion and as I am usually expected to do, I wore stockings and high heels and full makeup.

A long dress is always a hindrance and complicates coupling so I wore a very short dress which barely covered the tops of my nylons.

Obviously Attila wouldn't care but my husband liked the look. We sat on the patio drinking wine and discussing where and what we intended to do and my husband even suggested going up to the paddock and bringing in one of the horses rather than the dog. I wasn't keen as I like the horses to be thoroughly cleaned and groomed before any intimacy. I also do need to completely focus for a good while before consenting to that kind of interaction activity.

In the late afternoon and after some generous glasses of wine we went into the orangery and my husband summoned Attila. I went to the bathroom and liberally lubricated myself and when I returned my husband was play fighting with the dog. He came to me immediately and I joined in pushing him away which made him all the more inquisitive. My husband coached me and we spent perhaps ten minutes interacting with Attila, eventually with me massaging his gland in its sheath. He became amorous and I think we knew he was ready so I knelt on all fours and walked around in circles with the dog, clearly excited, following me.

I patted my bum a few times and encouraged him and he attempted a few mounts and on the fourth attempt he gripped me tightly with his front legs and began wildly stabbing with his semi exposed cock. I was a little frightened but asked my husband to help guide him in while I pulled the gusset of my panties to one side. With a little manipulation Attila's cock poked at my opening a few times then he slid into me and when he felt my tightness he began to drive his cock home. It wasn't painful at first although I was, as I always am a little anxious. It wasn't a totally new experience but just as with different human male partners Atilla's technique was different and I felt him swelling very quickly. His cock became engorged inside me and I started screaming to my husband how hard the dogs cock was.

It was a short but very determined fuck and I began to enjoy it very early on despite the fear I had about being knotted with him. I did wish my own pleasure to come quickly and that was heightened as I felt the sensation of Attila ejaculating. More of the heat of his ejaculate than the pressure or force of it but that did come later. Everything came together absurdly perfect, what with the heat from the dogs belly on my back, his panting and frantic breathing over me and the feeling of his dog cock inside my vagina. My husband was encouraging everything and taking pictures with his cameras and he asked me if the dog was coming inside me to which I confirmed that he was. Attila did develop his knot inside me but it slipped out prematurely and my husband spent a few moments desperately trying to re-insert it into me. He managed it and I had to grip him tightly with my virginal muscles until he swelled beyond my control and then the most astonishingly agonising tie between us developed.

I could only describe it later as though his knot was like two really large stone cobbles inside me and every time the dog tried to pull from me it felt like I was being split. I was trying to relax and savour the feeling of a dog's penis inside me, that along with all the thoughts of how degrading and disgusting the act is but also how much I was enjoying it, when he hopped over me but still securely tied. I did scream but with my husband's help Attila was allowed to reverse tie with me and he settle with my arse against his while he pumped his sperm into me. I was soon able to arch my back with my forearms on the floor and I found my desire, slowly rocking back against Attila's swollen cock and enjoying the feeling of his huge hard knot in my pussy. I did eventually begin to feel some distention inside me but nothing like it had been with my horse with Carlton a few years earlier.

Never the less I was back in a familiar situation and I was truly enjoying it.

That first successful time with Attila, I didn't reach a climatic orgasm but I did feel a genuine satisfaction. I also did try desperately to reach a climax even masturbating with his cock inside me. After a while he tugged against me and he pulled from me before I could stimulate myself enough and that was that. He was fussy but wouldn't mount again and so with dog semen dripping from me I went to shower while my husband put the dog away in the kennels. We resumed in bed and made love as you might imagine and during my husband just about begged me to agree to several suggestions. The following day we discussed candidly again. One suggestion was me, plus Dog then horse consecutively to which I admit I did say I would attempt.

Then he suggested another larger breed dog. We had discussed another dog previously but not for the interaction but because we've always had several dogs around the house. He seemed intent on Rhodesian ridge backs or Wolf hounds but his idea of a Leonberger was exciting as friends of ours in a nearby village have them.

Within a week we had an eight month male called Jagger and a year later he was quite a part of both our social and private lives. Intimacy with anything other than my husband isn't terribly regular and when the idea does take us it stems from a mixture of suggestion and intervallic craving. After the sex and knotting with Attila it must have been about four months before it became prominent again.

During the absence I'd ridden both Carlton and Tuscan and also groomed both. Certainly with admiration but not so essentially with a sexual lust although I knew there would definitely be an interaction at some point. Without any doubt, the mood needs to be perfect and in late February this year everything came together in perfect alignment.

We'd enjoyed a fantastic skiing holiday with friends and family and one wine infused evening in the privacy of our beautiful lodge my husband asked me to entertain him and the "Boy's" one day or evening when we got home. By "Boy's" he meant the dogs and horses. I did play up to him but we both agreed it was farfetched but I also promised that I would have penetrative sex with either one or both of the dogs if they would respond and that I would also participate in some form of sexual activity with at least one of the horses, the likelihood we thought would be oral sex but I did agree to attempt intercourse if we could stimulate and control the animal.

That was a planted seed for him and a slow embellishing idea for me but it was stimulating to discuss and consider. A week or so after we arrived home from the holiday, my husband started his planning and showered me with affection in an attempt to develop consent. I'd already decided that intercourse with Tuscan was what I wanted and that I would massage his cock in front of my husband and even masturbate with it. I also promised that I would try to make him hard but I was concerned that he was just too skittish to safely perform a penetration to my tolerance. The idea of his cock inside me aroused me to such a level that one day towards mid-March that I took him out twice one day, all in order to climax myself at the canter. The first time I came so quickly, rubbing my clit hard against the saddle through my jodhpurs.

I knew the time was drawing closer to a forbidden session and during the same mid-week, my husband arrived home and gave me the news that part of our family business had been successfully sold for a generous figure. We had a small celebration and the Champagne came out, then after his accountant and sales Manager left the house, the euphoric mood turned to talk about sex. It wasn't exactly impromptu because we'd been building up to it happening. Unfortunately there had been no time to prepare the stable block or either of the horses so we agreed that I would interact with the dogs and perhaps Carlton or Tuscan at a later date when the stables could be ready and the horses cleaned and groomed appropriately.

A second bottle of Champaign was almost finished and my husband began to caress me, flattering me with compliments and adding how excited he was thinking about me and the dogs. We decided that it would take place in the Orangery and that he would get everything ready while I changed and so I went to dress taking my glass and what was left of the second bottle with me. I did make the effort too, for my husband's pleasure. My new corset and fully fashioned Cervin stockings were what he'd asked for and as we would stay in the house I wore a pair of really high ankle strap stiletto heels. As I had the previous time, I wore quite a short dress over everything and it barely covered the welts of my nylons. Also I put the usual glamour emphasis into my makeup and the dark red lipstick he likes me to wear. When I returned down stairs, he joined me as I was walking through the kitchen. It was about 8:30 and quite dark outside and despite that we live in a secluded rural and secure spot, he'd closed the blinds and set the gate security.

I went on into the orangery and he disappeared upstairs returning with our "toy box" and there was a debate about what he wanted or I would use. The huge horse cock dildo was placed in prominence also the much smaller dog cock dildo and lubricant. More surprising was the ball gag he produced, a red shiny latex ball which he said he wanted me to wear while Jagger fucked me and I was certainly unsure about that. He did persuade me to try it loose and it wasn't as uncomfortable as I'd imagined it would be and the sight of me wearing it in the mirror convinced me.

He'd moved the large sofa back and put quilts down on the rug and after passing me a fresh glass of Prosecco he said he was going out to bring in the dogs. Our dogs have never lived in the house or had the run of it and they do become quite giddy when occasionally let in. Although it had been quite wet in March we'd had a few days of dry weather so they entered the house through the kitchen quite clean. Attila came bounding through, skidding on the tiled kitchen floor then through the bi-folding open doors and into the orangery. He was very fussy and I petted him as Jagger lolloped in after him. He almost knocked me over and I tottered back. My husband followed and as the dogs didn't seem to be calming down we decided that it would have to be one at a time and he asked me which of them I wanted first. I said that I was used to Attila so I would attempt it with him first and if it worked I'd do Jagger second so he was lead back into the kitchen and the doors closed to segregate him.

After my husband proposed a toast he asked if I was ready, then we both began to excite Attila. My husband began play fighting and with me encouraging them. He jumped up at me a few times and it was difficult to stay balanced in my heels but when my husband suggested I got on my knees, it was obvious almost immediately that Attila wanted to assert dominance he attempted to mount me quite comically. I reached under him and gripped his sheath between my thumb and fingers and began to masturbate him and it did appear to steady him. After a short while he began to harden and I told my husband that I thought Attila would manage it tonight.

The pink sharp tip of his cock began to appear and I let go and started to spin around on my hands and knees, pulling up the hem of my dress as I did it. Attila followed me and eventually began to sniff and lick at my rear so I went down on my forearms and let him lick my scent. His tongue is quite rough and I didn't find it terribly pleasurable. My husband approached and squeezed a good amount of lubricant onto my pussy, then with the dog still licking me my husband pushed our dog cock dildo into me and from there the evening came alive. Strangely as I was being dildoad, Attila became more excited and attempted to hop up on me. I was settling into to my husband's technique with the toy when he asked me if I wanted to try the dog and I agreed.

He removed the dildo and encouraged the dog and he mounted quickly gripping me very tightly with his front legs. I had to hold his left paw as his dew claw was digging painfully into my thigh just above my stocking top. I pushed my backside back and felt his sheath jabbing at me and I told my husband to help him into me. It took a few attempts but Attila's cock found my slit and I felt his

warm dick enter me. Once he felt the tightness he began to really pound into me and his cock grew so quickly at such an astonishing rate, I began screaming to my husband how huge it was. While I was being fucked by the dog, my husband quickly positioned the horse cock dildo and encouraged me to perform oral sex with it.

I did try but it was a struggle. Barely had I got the tip of the dildo in my mouth when Attila began to drive into me harder and the depth he was reaching inside me was incredible. I also had to push myself back against him to avoid whatever tissue was causing the painful sharpness. It must have gone on for perhaps just over a minute with Attila humping then slowing, then going again when I felt him coming and I gasped to my husband that the dog was ejaculating inside me.

He also slowed his hard humping down considerably but resumed an occasional shoving motion if I tried to move. His cock felt wide at the tip and so deep in me but then I began to feel the massive swelling of his knot on the inside of my vagina. I told my husband and he confirmed that I was tied. I stayed quite motionless for a while as my husband asked me questions about the coupling. Again, I didn't climax but I was enjoying the feeling of the dog's heat on my back and his canine cock in my pussy.

Atalla was content to remain coupled with me and one of the things my husband asked was could I feel him coming. It wasn't powerful, certainly not like a horse ejaculation but the pressure of the volume of semen does build up. That's when I can start to feel it and after five minutes of being tied I could feel sporadic spurts as his sperm was pumped into me. I asked my husband to see if he could encourage a reverse tie which I find the most pleasurable and with a little manipulation Attila turned and I was able to concentrate on my own pleasure. He did try to pull out of me but my husband held him in place while I brought myself to an orgasm by rocking against Attila's erect cock.

I was perfectly aware of what I was doing and the mix of shameful and disgusting emotions only helped me reach a shudderingly satisfying climax. I was holding Attila's back legs while my husband steadied him and with the tip of our prosthetic horse cock in my mouth, I pushed back against the dog and lost all control for a few seconds. I was asked if I'd come and could answer honestly that I had. The pull out was painful and his cock came out of me with dog semen spraying everywhere. Attila immediately became interested in his own discharge leaking from me. My husband pleaded with me to suck Attila's cock while it was still engorged and so I manoeuvred beneath him and carefully took his penis in my mouth. That was the first time I had sucked his cock.

My heart was beating so excitedly and my husband encouraged the wanton expression I apparently had while he took pictures. I astonished him by demanding he get the other dog and with enthusiasm he put down his Nikon and opened the Bi-fold to let Jagger in. He came to me immediately and showed an interest in Atalla's organ and certainly the smeared semen on my cheek but he was soon directed to my soaked pussy. I resumed sucking Attila, holding him tightly behind his ridiculously hard knot. I opened my legs for Jagger and he began to lick my slit but my husband wanted to use the toys on me. He fed the horse dildo into me using a mixture of lubricant and Attila's semen to ease its way inside me. It was a little uncomfortable at first and I lost my hold on Attila and he strolled off but Jagger retained his interest in my pussy and the toy that was being inserted into me.

We played for a few minutes with me trying to take the dildo past the preputial ridge. That's about my limit, around 11" and I could feel the toy deep in my cervix. I also knew that Attila's semen was being forced into my uterus by the broad tip of the toy and the thought stimulated me to ask for the other dog. My husband helped me up and watery sperm ran from me, down my thigh and stained the welt of my nylons and I was admitting it when my husband put the ball gag to my mouth. I let him fit it although I was a little hesitant. Then we both began exciting Jagger I stood up and walked around

the orangery catching a look of myself in the mirror. The gag wasn't uncomfortable but it did open a new dimension for me. We'd obviously tried very playful light bondage in our sex life together but I felt vulnerable not being able to communicate. Also the interaction with Jagger could only be purely physical now.

The hem of my dress had ridden down so I pulled it high up to my hips and knelt over the sofa foot stool pouffe. Jagger followed me and buried his nose into my pussy and with my husband's encouragement I opened my legs so he could have full access. He licked my for a while then my husband began encouraging to mount me. He certainly wasn't sure what was expected of him at first and after four or five failed attempts to get him to mount, I took hold of him and began to masturbate him gently until I could feel his bulbous at the base of his sheath beginning to swell. Without being able to speak clearly, I went back over the footstool pulling the dog with me and instinctively he hopped over and mounted me.

Jagger is a big heavy and powerful dog and he was crushing me against the pouffe. I was trying to ask my husband to help guide Jagger's cock into me but I managed to slip my hand between my legs and take hold of his jerking sheath. My husband realised and joined in and a few seconds later I felt our Leonberger giving up his virginity to me.

His first few shoves were tolerable but he suddenly lunged, landing with his front paws over my shoulders pinning me hard down on the pouffe. He also scratched my neck which hurt but it was his weight and the power of his developing thrusts that started my screaming. Jagger weighs about 165lbs, that's 11 stones and he put every ounce of his weight and strength into fucking me. His cock seemed to become thicker and harder with each shove and the force and speed he was driving it into me was astonishing. His haunches were thumping against my buttocks and I was screaming into the gag, desperately trying to enjoy the intercourse.

My husband was so impressed and encouraged me to "take it", not that I had a choice as Jagger had me pinned tightly down on the pouffe and even though I was trying to push up on my arms I just couldn't lift his weight. During Jagger's frantic humping he was almost knocking the wind out of me and I felt a disgraceful feeling of pleasure and satisfaction as I considered to myself that I was being raped by my dog.

The activity attracted Attila and he came over to investigate while I was being fucked but his presence interrupted Jagger and he slowed to an almost stop. I tried to push Attila away and began grinding my bum back against Jagger's haunches and it encouraged him to start again. My husband took Attila into the kitchen and returned just as Jagger flopped down over me. His front paws had been uncomfortable on my shoulders but now his legs were at either side of the pouffe. He was panting and his big fluffy chest heaving and I managed to put my arms around and hold him in place by his front legs as he resumed the humping.

It was easier without his weight crushing me and I relaxed to allow him full penetration. He started fucking me again with a succession of hard deep but jerky movements and I knew he would ejaculate. I'm not sure what I felt first, his sperm spewing into me or the fierce hardness of his knot expanding. Either way, the pain from his knot took prominence and I knew I would have to grip him with my vaginal muscles to prevent him pulling out of me.

My husband took many pictures and some show the concentration on my face as I struggled between the pain of him pulling out, and the pain of holding him in. One of his favourite sets is of me gagged and with my eyes tightly shut, holding on tightly to Jagger's front legs with my bum pushed hard back against his cock and knot. I did become used to his swelling and as the pain subsided I could feel the throbbing spasms of Jagger's cock inside me. Along with each spasm he released his sperm

into me and I'm not sure if the feeling of distention came quicker because of Attila's ejaculate already inside me or the sheer amount that Jagger was depositing in my pussy. In any case it began to squirt and run from my vagina almost in unison with his spasms.

My husband unfastened my ball gag and I was pleased to be free of it although it had been a new and exciting sensation. He investigated our knot, massaging my clit, and asked me if I wanted to reverse tie with Jagger. I did, but it was too agonising trying to manipulate us. Jagger's knot was the size of an orange inside me and it needed to soften but that wouldn't happen until he'd finished ejaculation.

I settled down on the pouffe with the dog over me and helpless to end the intercourse while my husband offered me the dog and horse cock dildoes I sucked them for his camera and he says he was on the cusp of suggesting bringing Attila back in to have his cock sucked when Jagger started going again. It was unexpected and I shouted to my husband that I was being fucked again but after about four good shoves Jagger jumped up over me and spun round pulling his big cock surprisingly easily from my pussy with an audible splat.

My husband encouraged me to go after him as his cock was hanging and squirting watery semen in thin jets all over the quilt but I couldn't. The semen that ran from my slit was much thicker and I pushed down hard in my tummy causing an amazing amount run from me. My husband had a full erection and he'd been massaging himself through most of the evening and I invited him to leave his human mark on me although he wasn't keen about putting his penis in my pussy with the dogs mess inside me. Our finale that evening was our horse cock dildo in my mouth and the dog cock dildo fully past its knot in my pussy, while my husband sodomised me. The sex was astounding and although short with my husband, we both had intense climaxes with my husband ejaculating deep in my anus.

When we'd finished I let my husband tidy the orangery and kennel the dogs while I showered and cleaned myself thoroughly. As I always do, I began crying and sat on our bed shaking, feeling so embarrassed, disgusted and ashamed of myself for the way I'd so willingly desired and enjoyed having sex with our dogs. Despite my revolt, I felt satisfaction and fulfilled. It's not something that we indulge in regularly but it is a real feature of my need for sexual satisfaction. As I finish this account for my dear amazing husband, and also any interested forum members, my overwhelming and lasting desire is to have intercourse to completion with Tuscan or Carlton if he can be stimulated again.

My husband is fully aware of my craving to fulfil this need and plans are in place to attempt it again very soon. The vet's visit appointment is arranged and the stables are all prepared and will be ready on the day and the training mare is modified further to help us achieve a manageable, successful intercourse. We will also have a guest mare staying with us to promote our stallion's interest. The events written about took place in the early part of this year and time of this posting is July 2018.