

Today was a very rare day where her schedule wasn't jam packed with items. Mayor Theresa Roy started off her morning with a breakfast she didn't have to rush, actually getting to taste her coffee instead of downing it as quickly as its temperature would allow. From her condo she went to City Hall, then checked in with her office staff to go over a few items that were about to start popping up later in the month.

She only had one thing to do today, which was to present a giant fake check for money to an elementary school that had won a contest. The school had already received the money, but the fake check was for the cameras. The plan was for Theresa to show up with her people, joined by a news crew from SanFur 4News, and they'd do a segment where she presents the check to the classroom responsible for winning the money for their school.

The contest had been a science project where the class had made a tiny replica of San Fumando city out of painted Styrofoam and cardboard, which they then lit up with a string of Christmas tree lights powered 100% by potatoes.

A lot of potatoes.

After the check gets presented the news crew would leave, and then Theresa would have lunch with the kids, take some photos for future PR, and then they could leave. She'd wrangled her secretary around to make sure the rest of her day was cleared out of agenda items. She wanted this easy day because she needed it.

After they left City Hall, she was off and on her phone as her transport navigated traffic towards the school. It was a smaller school located across the city, about northeast of the Bay. Not only did they have to navigate the South Bridge to get away from Katy Island, but then they had to take the freeway through several more parts of the city, both naughty and nice.

When they finally arrived, it was closing in on 11am, and the news crew was already present. Her secretary had already phoned in advance to let the crew know they were mere minutes away. As Theresa was checking herself in her compact mirror one last time, her driver opened the door for her, and once she was satisfied, she stepped out. At her impressive height she towered over the small economy car she'd bought for her personal use as a cost-cutting measure.

"You look good today, ma'am." Her driver said.

"Thank you, Ethan, I hope so." She replied, standing a full foot taller than her driver, the Doberman a modest 5'7" to her own 6'7".

Her secretary, another Doberman and the wife to her driver, was already walking around the car to face her. She was on her phone.

"Ms. Roy, the school says they're pulling the kids out of class right now. The news crew wants to film in front of the playground." She told her. Theresa nodded.

"Let's go then." She replied.

Her car had only contained three people: herself, her driver, and her secretary. A second vehicle had tailed them on the way here which included two other support staff and the fake check. They were already parked and opening the back of the SUV to remove the massive check from the back. The check was made of plastic and thick as a sheet of cardboard, easily standing as tall as Theresa if stood up on its end. The pristine white plastic glistened under the good weather and sun, the sharp cursive font on the check reading out Mayberry Elementary with a value of 10,000 dollars. For a school of only 400 students that was an impressive sum that was free to be used for whatever the school needed.

"Mayor Roy!" A sharply dress woman called out to her, hand waving in the air.

She was wearing a bright blue pantsuit was hurrying her way across the parking lot. Trailing behind her were a pair of men each equipped with film and recording equipment.

"Behave yourself." Her secretary muttered quietly as Theresa's group began to walk towards the school.

"For now." She replied.

The woman rushing her way to greet them was SanFur 4News' rising star, a fine young vixen with bright orange fur and a muzzle of the purest white. She was as immaculately groomed as was her suit tailored. Everything about her was perfect from the shine on her red heels to the gloss on her lips. The 20 something newscaster had been with the network for two years now and was one of the stations most popular and charismatic new faces. She'd be the lady interviewing her and the school for today's segment.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Wilkes." Theresa greeted the woman with a bright smile when the two finally came face to face.

The much younger fox stuck out her hand to shake, and Theresa took it, making sure to grip the smaller woman's hand firmly like a man would. The delicate fox responded in kind, or as much as she could.

"I hope we'll have time to chat later, but right now the kids are apparently missing their lunch time so we should probably make our way to the playground now!" She told her. The two men following her were deathly silent and 100% working as a team to film even this minor interaction.

"Of course, let's go!" She replied, and the now large group of adults were heading back towards the school's main entrance where another pair of adults was standing and waiting.

Theresa was introduced to the Principal and Vice Principal of the school, the pair that had been waiting for them at the entrance, and then they all entered through the doors, stepping through the front lobby, and down a long hallway that led to the back of the school where the playground was located. It was a small school, only three small wings with the central wing they were passing through dedicated to administration, the school nurse's office, teacher's lounge, and the cafeteria. The two other wings branching off the sides were where all the classrooms were located.

Though small, Theresa liked it. It looked like a very pleasant and well-kept school, unlike some of the larger ones she'd visited in her time as mayor. San Fernando had a great many excellent schools, but far too many of them looked like prisons from both inside and out.

“Ms. Cartwright has already taken the kids outside, so we should be good to go as soon as you want to start filming.” The principal told them as they exited the double doors to move back out under the sun.

Immediately in front of them was a playground filled with children to their left, and to their right Theresa saw that the rest of the property was devoted to other outside activities, such as there being a baseball diamond and rectangles marked out for volleyball and the like.

“Hello, Mayor Roy!” All the children in the class shouted from the jungle gym. All their tiny, excited faces were beaming with smiles and waving at her. Their teacher, a tall reptile, was clapping and cheering along with her class. Theresa stuck her arms up over her head and waved back to the kids as she put some pep into her step to hurry over to where they were gathered. Her dress suit didn’t make running easy, so she had to do the granny power walk to get to where they were.

All the while the News crew duo filmed everything while Ms. Wilkes got herself ready to begin the segment.

“Hello! I hope you are all excited! You certainly look it!” Theresa said to the class, the kids were all shouting in different volumes that they were. One kid shouted he was hungry. She was too, to be honest.

“Ms. Roy, if you could please, put your back to the kids and face the camera. We’d like to start.” Ms. Wilkes grabbed her attention from behind.

She continued to smile, lifting her finger to her lips to gesture to the kids to settle down while their teacher took over trying to quiet them so they could get through the segment.

“How are we starting?” She asked, turning about to face the news team.

“We’ll start on me, then I’ll move to you. Are we still using the script your office sent over?” The vixen asked.

“Yes.” Theresa replied.

The fox nodded, then turned on a bright and charismatic smile like a light switch had been flipped and turned towards her cameraman.

The man lifted his free hand, extended his four fingers, then started curling them down until he was left with only a fist.

“Good afternoon! I’m Joanna Wilkes with SanFur 4News and we’re here today at Mayberry Elementary to celebrate an awesome achievement by a class of America’s finest little scientists! These kids are this year’s winner of the San Fernando Excellence in Science award for their project of... what is it you kids did to win?” The fox turned, pretending not to know what the project was so that the children could answer, being coached by their teacher.

“We made the city!” They all shouted.

They were only six years old so not much was expected of them for this segment. As the segment they were recording was not being aired live, Theresa understood that some post processing was going to be involved in splicing the footage together along with other footage of the science project that had been filmed earlier in the week by the crew that had filmed the actual contest.

The segment was intended to be aired tomorrow in the early afternoon.

“That’s right! You sure did! So, who did most of the work, you guys or did you make your teacher do it all?” The fox teased them, putting her free hand on her hip while leaning down to look at them all. It was a cute childish affair, this segment, as Ms. Wilkes bantered with the children and their teacher before shifting attention to Theresa.

“And don’t think I forgot about you, Ms. Roy! The Mayor of San Fernando City is the reason this contest even exists, and this is its sixth year running, now right?” She asked, now speaking directly to Theresa who took a few steps to the side to place herself in front of the gathered class while the camera man moved around on his own to draw the focus of the scene to just her and Ms. Wilkes.

“Yes, this is its sixth year, but I think this will be the last year we only select one winner. There’s been so much participation from all the school districts that it doesn’t feel right to only pick one winner. There were a lot of excellent projects this year that made it really difficult to pick.” She replied.

“Oh, I bet it was. I think there were over three hundred projects submitted from schools?” Ms. Wilkes asked.

“Oh, no, it closer to four hundred this year. We’re probably going to start giving out a single prize for each grade instead of just the one.” Theresa told her.

The interview continued with the children growing more restless as the interview dragged on. The interview wasn’t long, and it eventually dragged the class’s teacher into it where she was briefly interviewed alongside Theresa. As the other woman spoke Theresa felt confident that the winning class was in good hands. Ms. Cartwright seemed like a woman in very good spirits and was genuinely proud of her students. Theresa liked seeing teachers that actually enjoyed their profession. Kids got a better education when the teacher actually gave a damn.

She was attractive, too. Fit in body, but still feminine in all the right places. Theresa had seen her name written with the honorific Ms. and she was half the mind to find a chance to speak with her a little more in private until she noticed the well-hidden evidence of a bulge in her khaki slacks. Theresa did not lose any respect for the other woman, but the cock hidden under the shark’s skirt did not like competition with other rods. It was a shame, too, since Ms. Cartwright was in good shape, so would probably have lasted a lot longer in bed.

“Ok, now who’s ready to collect that prize!” Ms. Wilkes announced now that it was time to present the giant fake check. The kids were getting excited again as Theresa’s people brought over the check to hand it off to Theresa first.

The cameraman filmed Theresa presenting the massive check to Ms. Cartwright who was now standing behind her class as they gathered around for a photoshoot of the entire group with the big check for 10,000 dollars. It was cute!

After that was done Ms. Wilkes signed off her segment and thanked everyone for their cooperation. The Principal took control of the fake check, Theresa now happily washing her hands of the fake money and focusing herself back to the upcoming lunch where she'd eat alongside the kids as a chance for them to meet the Mayor of San Fernando City and have a fun time.

"Ms. Roy, thank you so much for helping out with the segment." The fox told her as her two crew members conversed with each other about the recordings and film.

"Of course, any time when I'm not busy." She replied, the fox now taking the initiative to extend her hand for a parting shake. Theresa took it, only to discover that tucked inside the smaller woman's palm was a piece of folded paper.

"Oh, I'm well aware you can be a very difficult woman to nail down, but I'd be more than happy to interview you again when the opportunity strikes." She told her, the young woman putting on her best charm as their hands parted and Theresa openly looked at the small slip of paper now resting in her palm. It was a fortune cookie slip with a phone number crawled onto it in bright red ink.

Very bold of her to try this as a way to secure another interview. Giving out her number to personally secure that next big scoop.

"I'm actually free for the rest of the day after lunch if you have any topics to discuss that I might be interested in." Theresa replied.

Around them the kids were being led back inside with her secretary and staffers waiting for her to join them. Theresa gestured to them to go ahead as she was still talking with Ms. Wilkes. Her secretary gave her a concerned look, then turned and joined the rest as they went back inside.

"Oh, I don't have any topics worth discussing, but..." The vixen started, shaking her hair out of her face with a smile. Theresa's eyebrows both lifted as the vixen batted her lashes up at her.

"If you think you have any big news items you can share in private I'd be happy to-" The vixen continued, but Theresa reached out to grab her the other woman's wrist.

"Ms. Wilkes, I am normally a very busy woman, and if I'm going to have an entire afternoon and evening to myself then I have no intension of wasting it on small talk with an ambitious reporter." She told the younger woman firmly, letting her grip add to the weight of her words.

The vixen looked taken aback, even apologetic. She lifted her free hand up to the small mic pinned to her lapel. Ms. Wilkes very visibly plucked it from the fabric and clicked it off so it was clear that there was no longer a risk of a hot mic moment.

"Ms. Roy, I assure you I have no intention of wasting your time off, but if you'll give me a chance to prove myself, I can assure you that reporting is the least of my talents." She replied with another bat of her eyelashes.

Theresa narrowed her eyes slightly but kept her expression cool. She closed the gap between them with a single step, towering over the vixen so much that she had to lean down to get her lips close to the other woman's ear.

"I'm twice your size, Ms. Wilkes." She whispered.

"You said it yourself, Ms. Roy, I'm ambitious." She replied with a smile, then quickly tilted her little head towards Theresa to plant a quick peck on the larger woman's cheek before taking a step back. Theresa let go of the woman's wrist while she pointed down at the slip of paper still in Theresa's palm.

"Ok, boys! We need to go so this footage can get edited." The vixen was back to business and directing her small team to start heading back inside the school, and Theresa followed them until it was time for them to part ways.

Ms. Wilkes gave her a coy parting goodbye, and then Theresa joined the kids in the cafeteria where there was a table reserved for just them. The rest of the adventure at Mayberry Elementary went off without a hitch and then her team was able to leave. The quality of the school lunch at Mayberry left Theresa hoping that some of that 10 grand was going to be used to upgrade their kitchen.

After lunch, Theresa spent a few minutes saying goodbye to the class, then thanked the Principal and Vice Principal for their help in organizing today's affair. Once everything was completed, she and her staff were able to return to their vehicles. Theresa was desperate to be on her way, and she gave the two staffers who'd come in the SUV freedom to return to City Hall while her own driver took her straight home. She gave her secretary the option to ride in the SUV, but she turned it down.

"Ma'am, please do nothing rash with Ms. Wilkes. She's a reporter." Her secretary told her as soon as they were back in the car with her husband cranking up to begin driving.

"If I did that then this would be an awful waste of a fortune cookie." She replied, smiling at the other woman's confusion. She reached into her jacket pocket and pulled the little slip of paper out and handed it to the Doberman.

Her secretary snatched it and folded the little slip of paper out to read it front and back before crumpling it into a ball. She rolled the window down and tossed it out.

"Didn't we just push a new anti-littering campaign?" Theresa asked.

"It doesn't start until the 14th, ma'am." Was her reply. Theresa let her off on a technicality.

It was a shame, too, since Theresa's curiosity had been piqued by the news vixen. Now, neither of them would find out if the fox had what it took to milk a story out of the Mayor of San Fernando City.

"Are we going straight home, Ms. Roy?" Her driver asked.

She sagged back into her chair and sighed. There were errands she could run, but that would require yoking her two staffers at her side for her to do them. That wouldn't be fair to either of them, so she nodded her head.

"Yes, just take me home. I have things to do, but I can just put them off. A real day off would be nice." She replied.

"I don't recall there being anything else pressing on your agenda for today." Her secretary told her.

Theresa tilted her head to look at the Doberman.

"Groceries, Tiffany. Dry cleaning. A trip to Dillard's for new shoes." She replied, making it clear that the things she needed to do were just the normal things all people had to do at some point in their lives.

"I can have someone take care of that for you, ma'am." She replied, and Theresa rolled her eyes and let her head bump the back of the seat.

"I don't win my elections just so I can abuse public funds to pay an intern to restock my kitchen with top ramen and Pop Secret." She laughed.

"That may be so, Ms. Roy but if you keep your schedule so full that you can't do basic housekeeping you'll lose your next election for living like a slob." The Doberman replied.

She sighed long and loud.

"I'll figure out something tomorrow." She replied.

"Yes ma'am." The Doberman replied.

When they pulled through the gates of her private subdivision, she was grateful for it. She'd spent the rest of the drive home listening to Tiffany explain the next couple of days to her, going over the agenda so nothing was left out. The Doberman was an incredibly focused woman, her attention to detail was sublime. It was wonderful having talented people around her, so much better than things used to be when the city was being run into the dirt so badly Theresa Roy had to run as an Independent with only thoughts and prayers keeping her campaign spirit alive.

Her driver parked the car in the driveway, reaching up to thumb the garage door opener.

"Do you need me to carry anything in, ma'am?" He asked.

She shook her head that she didn't.

"No, Ethan, thank you. I hope you have a good evening." She told him with a smile, popping open the door to step out of the car. As she did the door on the opposite side opened, her secretary stepping out onto the drive.

"You still have things in the trunk. I can get them for you." She offered, and Theresa gave in. If she ever managed to get one of the Dobermen to sit down the other would surely stand up.

"Sure, thank you, Tiffany." She replied and began to walk towards the now open garage.

Walking past the BMW she hardly ever got to drive she started patting her dress for her keys. Of course, she wouldn't have them, she wasn't wearing pants today and with no pants came fewer pockets. She turned to find Tiffany walking up with both Theresa's purse and briefcase in hand. The smaller woman had already found Theresa's house keys and was offering them.

"Thank you." She said, then let herself inside her home.

"You can put everything down on the counter next to the fridge. I hope you have a good evening, too." She told her secretary, who was doing as instructed, putting her two items down on the counter.

"I told Ethan he can go home without me." She replied.

Theresa stopped and turned around to face the other woman.

"What?" She asked.

"He can take care of himself, but no one will be here to take care of you if I leave with him." Tiffany told her, turning to face the shark while wearing a smile on her face.

"Please, do not tell me you told Ethan to drive home without you." She said, lifting her hands to her face and cupping her cheeks.

"I just told you I did. I'm sure that Ms. Wilkes had her intentions on sleeping with you tonight, but I will be here to make sure the only woman you sleep with today is one that has no intention of tanking you in the polls." The Doberman replied, approaching the shark with a sway to her hips that the dog seldom ever performed.

"Tiffany." Theresa said, looking down at the short woman as she sauntered up to her, reaching out to wrap her hands around her middle for a hug.

"Your husband is too good a man for you to be ditching him for me." Theresa told her.

"I will make it up to him later, Ms. Roy. I always do." The Doberman replied, and Theresa sighed.

"Did he really drive away?" She asked.

"I'm sure he's already past the gate now, trying to beat traffic." Tiffany replied.

Theresa groaned, feeling so guilty. Her body might have been cursed with a libido set to hyperdrive, but her spirit was still that of a woman who had morals. Sure, she had her worse moments, those dark times where her sex drive was so strong that it clouded her thoughts... The reason those moments were so rare now was because of the woman hugging her right now.

She'd finally found a woman that would play the role of whore whenever it was needed, and even though Theresa felt guilty for it, she was also grateful.

"Go upstairs. I'm going to make myself something to drink and when I get up there you better be in nothing but your fur." She told the smaller woman.



"Yes, ma'am." The Doberman replied with a big smile and stepped away before turning to make her way to the stairs.

"Do you want me to make you a drink?" She called out after her.

"The only thing I'm drinking tonight is what's in your balls, ma'am." The dog said as she started up the stairs.

That sent her cock to stirring. As Theresa began moving about the kitchen to prepare herself a drink, her dick was straining at the fabric of her skirt. She sat a scotch glass down on the kitchen island, then rooted around in the cabinet for a bottle she wanted. She discovered she still had some Johnnie Walker Blue, so she poured herself a glass of that, then downed the whole thing quick like a shot.

She coughed, the burn of it stinging her mouth and throat. The shark looked at the bottle, staring down the neck to check how much was left inside. Hardly any. She poured the rest of it into her glass then then tossed that back, too, with a big hearty gasp.

Now that she had some liquor in her, she made her own way to the stairs, beginning to undo her jacket, and then her blouse. By the time she was at her bedroom door she'd already stepped out of her heels and was dropping her skirt to the hallway floor. A long line of items was left in her wake and when she finally stood in the doorway of her bedroom, she found that Tiffany was naked, and lying on her bed.

The Doberman was on her back, legs spread wide so she could be extra inviting.

Theresa reached behind her back and unclipped her bra, then dropped it to the floor. Her thong was no longer capable of containing her massive erection. Having long since popped out the side, Theresa hooked her thumbs under the sides and pushed them down, stepping out of them a moment later.

"What did you have to drink?" The Doberman asked.

"The rest of the Johnnie Walker I had." She replied, now approaching the bed.

"Are you going to get nice and drunk and fuck me, ma'am?" The dog asked with an eager looking grin.

This dog was a slut, almost identical to Theresa. The shark had no idea if the Doberman had always been this way, but ever since that first time she'd bent the Doberman over her desk and raw dogged her into a coma, Tiffany had been hooked on Theresa's shark dick like she was addicted SeaSPAN.

And then Theresa had gone and turned her husband into a cuck, slamming shark meat so deep into his wife's cunt that it was a miracle she'd not gotten pregnant yet.

"Not as drunk as last time, but I doubt you'll be complaining." She replied.

The shark reached the bed and leaned over to grab the woman by her legs, dragging her down towards the edge. When the dog's butt reached the limit it could go without slipping off, Theresa knelt down, and planted her lips over the woman's cunt. She started licking, then kissing, and after a few moments of that she slipped her tongue deep inside.

Her cock was rigid like steel, her engine of arousal burning like a wood fire stove. Cooking and glowing red, fire burning bright hot behind a cage of steel. Theresa's cage was her nuts, a fat load wanting to boil over, to explode into the freedom of a slut's warm hole. Theresa always did her best to control her worst impulses, the things that got her into trouble. Her sex drive had hounded her for her entire life, ever since puberty.

Sex wasn't just a vice; it was both a poison and a cure. If she didn't have sex, it'd poison her mind and lead her down dark paths of poor decisions, but if she had sex, she'd push the devil off her shoulder and think clearly. She hated describing it to people, because it always just sounded like an addict explaining why they needed to keep getting their fix. There was no quitting sex for Theresa, it was something deeply embedded in her that she couldn't control, only something she could influence and manipulate.

Some people were born short, some were born infertile, others born blind. Theresa was born with a brain that was wired different from other people.

"Do you want me to give you oral?" The dog asked.

Theresa extracted her tongue from the woman's slit, her pussy now properly drenched in spit and glistening.

"No. Maybe later." She replied, then stood.

When she dropped her cock over the woman's stomach, the Doberman was squirming cutely on the bed. For a woman that was 33, she knew how to act like she was still in her early twenties. It helped that she was aging gracefully, too. Tiffany was a very pretty canine.

Theresa drew her hips back, the dog reaching down to take her cock in hand to help guide her tip down to her wet entrance. When the lips of her cunt touched the end of her cock, Theresa let out a low groan of relief as she pushed forward. The dog's pussy slowly enveloped her, swallowing her cock from tip to base in only a few short seconds.

Tiffany was groaning too, but mostly from Theresa's size. For a woman of her build, Theresa was especially girthy for her. Funny how dogs were all supremely talented in taking thick knots, their bodies built for it by default, but if you ever force fed them a dick that was equally thick from tip to balls, they pouted and whined about how you were too big.

Nonsense. They just needed to learn that some people don't need a knot to plug their cunt tight. Theresa was plugging her tight, the shark feeling her tip squishing up against the bottom of the dog's canine tunnel, a subtle bump showing in her stomach.

When her balls brushed up against the bedding, she knew it was time to her hips back.

As she started thrusting, the Doberman grabbed her legs behind the knees and pulled them up to her chest and hugged them tight, giving Theresa the perfect opportunity to use her how she pleased.

The shark slipped her hands over the backs of the woman's thighs, running her fingers into the fold between the dog's thighs and stomach, grabbing her legs tight. She bucked her hips hard, forcing a

shout from her secretary. Theresa exhaled hard, then inhaled. When she finished, she started jackhammering, slamming her cock in and out of the woman while she writhed and clung to her legs for dear life while allowing her boss to use her body like a sex toy from clit to cervix.

“Theresa!” She shouted, thrashing her head back, mouth falling open.

Her cunt was so eager to please that Tiffany must have been planning for this to happen all day from the moment it became clear that the news bitch was planning something. Theresa smiled, nearly biting her lower lip as she quickly hitched her hips in the woman, making the girl yip and claw at the backs of her knees as she tried to keep her composure as a sex toy.

She yanked her cock out, the dog looking down between the opening of her legs, a look of disappointment on her face at the absence of dick.

Theresa reached under her ass and gave her a twist, flipping the smaller woman over, her legs sprawling out before dropping off the end of the bed.

As the Doberman scrambled to grab tight to the sheets, planting her feet to the floor in preparation to what her boss was about to do, Theresa leaned over and grabbed a handful of the dog’s hair and shoved her face down into the mattress.

“Fuck me, Theresa.” The dog whined, wiggling her ass.

The shark exhaled hard, the sight of that lovely rump doing things to her. She grabbed her dick and lined herself up against the dog’s slit, then deliberately teased the woman.

She pushed forward but angled her dick down with the thumb so her cock slipped and missed. Tiffany whined, arching her back and presenting her ass more to her. Theresa pressed herself back to her slit and pushed again, and again she made sure she missed with her cock bouncing off the dog’s cunt to probe at her inner thighs.

“Theresaaa.” She whined.

Theresa let go of her cock and slapped the woman across her ass, making the dog yelp. Grabbing a tighter hold of her hair she pressed the woman down harder, the Doberman growling hungrily as she lapped up the rough treatment like it was a treat.

“You’re going to be the end of my career, Tiffany.” Theresa grunted and aimed her cock back at the woman’s pussy.

“Noo!” She whined in reply, wiggling her again and rubbing her lips across the head of Theresa’s cock.

Theresa would have loved nothing more than to just destroy this woman’s cunt right now, but she wanted to draw this out, make the dog whimper and pout. She fucking earned a little bit of abuse for ditching her husband like this, and so she let go of her cock and slapped the woman’s ass again.

She yelped, whined, Theresa slapped her again. Tiffany howled into the bed, clawing at the bedspread as she arched her back as much as she could, putting herself up as a sacrificial offering to the Mayor of San Fernando City.

"Beg, Tiffany." She gave her an order.

"Please, Theresa! Please fuck me." She whimpered; voice muffled by the bed.

Theresa gave her another spank on the ass.

"Please!" She shouted, and Theresa slapped her again. The skin under her fur had to have been a bright pretty shade of red now.

She grabbed her cock and angled it at the woman's entrance. Pushing forward, she let the head of dick just barely part her lips before removing it. The dog was squirming under her, nearly writhing with need. Theresa pushed in again, a little bit deeper this time, before removing herself.

"Theresa!" She cried, trying to twist her head to look back at the shark, but that firm grip on the back of her head wasn't letting her.

"You want me to fuck you, Tiffany?" She asked, feeling smug that she had so much control over the smaller woman.

"Yes, God, yes!" The Doberman cried.

She pushed her dick back in, and let the entire head of her cock pop inside, the snugly velvet embrace of the woman's cunt felt so good that it took all of Theresa's self-control to force herself not to sink it back all the way in. Her cock was so sopping wet now from Tiffany's cunt that slipping in and out of her would be like ice skating.

Theresa willed herself to pop her dick back out, and the dog howled with despair.

"Please, Theresa! I'm sorry! I won't do it again!" The Doberman finally broke, confessing her sins like she worked for the church.

"What won't you do again, Tiffany?" Theresa asked her.

"I shouldn't have sent Ethan home!" She wailed, rocking her ass up and down with a desperate need to be filled.

"That's right, Tiffany, he's too good of a man to have married a slut like you. Fucking your boss while he sits in fucking traffic!" She scolded the Doberman, slapping her across the ass extra hard.

The noise the dog made was a cross between a whine and a moan, the Doberman so turned on by her own submission that not even a slap across the ass was enough to settle her slutty ass down.

"I'm sorry! I won't do it again!" She lied, the dog offering her ass up to the shark as hard as she good. Like a well-trained brat, the Doberman was doing what she was told, but only in a way that would invite another slap, or maybe a fat dick up her unlubricated asshole.

Theresa grabbed her dick, and sank it halfway down the woman's cunt, the dog whining happily as she finally got what she wanted, or so she thought. Her joy was short lived as the cock slid back out, Tiffany grunting with disappointment as she squirmed on the bed.

The shark aimed her dick a little higher and pushed the head of her dick against the dog's iron tight pucker. This was the only hole Tiffany had that wasn't loose, mostly due to Theresa preferring holes that had bottoms to them. She enjoyed smashing the head of her dick against a woman's limit and then testing to see if she could go any deeper.

"W-wait!" The dog shouted, and Theresa grunted as she pushed ahead.

Her cock speared up into the Doberman's ass, the dog suddenly tensing up, her asshole clamping down on the rigid invader as her mouth let out a strained groan of discomfort as Theresa forced her dick up her backside.

"Take it, Tiffany, this is what you get!" She told the woman, still cramming dick in the little woman while her body trembled and twitched, her feet losing their grip on the floor, toes curling and spreading wildly like they'd forgotten how to work.

Theresa wished she could see her face; it must have been a delightful expression she was making.

"Yyess, Ma'aam" she whined through gritted teeth.

When the shark had herself hilted to the balls, she grabbed the woman's ass cheeks and spread them apart, looking down at the damage she'd dealt. Tiffany's tight pucker was now stretched taut around her cock, and to Theresa it felt like someone had wrapped a thick rubber band around her dick like it was a cock ring.

She exhaled hard, reaching under the woman to grab her hips tight, and when she started to withdraw her hips the dog grunted, a cute little ugly noise. She crammed herself back in, and the dog grunted again, almost like a bark. The shark leaned over the woman, dipping her head low enough to growl down a whisper for Tiffany to hear.

"I'm going to break your ass in two." She said.

"Plllease, I've been bad!" The dog replied with a low, strained, growl of her own.

Theresa responded by pulling back and slamming herself back in, making the dog shout. With the next thrust she was able to start jackhammering into the woman, roughly force feeding as much dick as the Doberman could fit up her ass while the woman wailed underneath her. Her shouting grew louder and louder until she was kicking her legs out to the side, thrashing wildly.

"Are you going to cum? Theresa shouted back down at her.

“Yes!” She cried back, her wailing leaving her voice hoarse.

“Squirt all over my fat nuts!” The shark shouted back, willing herself to relax all the muscle in her groin that she’d been using to keeping herself from popping her cork. As she felt herself grow closer to her own release, she felt the Doberman clamp down hard, screaming into the bed sheets while something hot and wet pelted her ball sack.

The dog writhed under her, cumming her tits off even as she howled like she was being broken in two.

“That’s it!” Theresa shouted, tilting her head back and smiling, feeling the cum boil up through her nuts and towards her dick.

“Theresa!” The dog wailed, clawing at the bed.

The shark felt her climax hit, and her eyes rolled back over white, the ecstasy of draining her nuts all-consuming. Her nuts thrashed under her, jerking violently as her cock snapped taut in Tiffany’s ass, each jerk of her dick a sign of yet another rope of seed being slung deep into the smaller woman’s bowels.

As Theresa began to shudder and shake, her orgasm leaving her quivering from head to toe, she could hardly hear anything. For a brief moment the world had gone white and mute, just an orgasm so intense it blinded her to everything else.

But slowly, she calmed down, her peak fading and fading still until at last her bedroom came slowly back into focus.

“Theresa...” She heard a whimper.

“-ount.” She heard again.

She looked down.

The dog was limp on the bed, patting the bed with her right hand.

“Recount, eed rehount.” She whimpered.

Oh fuck!

“I’m sorry! Hold on.” Theresa immediately responded as soon as she realized Tiffany was using their safe word, carefully withdrawing her cock from her secretary’s well used asshole.

The shark popped herself free, and carefully picked the dog up to roll her over onto her back.

“Are you ok, do you need anything?” She asked, sitting down on the bed before scooting herself higher up to sit neck to the Doberman, who was still limp, her chest heaving.

“No more anal, please.” She replied, panting.

“No more anal, I promise.” Theresa replied, reaching down to run her fingers through the dog’s hair.

"And get me a really strong drink. I'll let you pretend your knocking me up again." Tiffany replied.

"We only do that when Ethan is here, Tiffany." She replied, patting the woman on the head.

"Film me with your phone, you slut." The Doberman grinned up at her. Theresa shook her head, faking her disappointment.

She hopped up off the bed and wiped her cock clean of cum before wiping it off on the dog's thigh.

"A strong drink it is, then." She told her secretary before turning to head back downstairs, thinking all the while what sort of strong drink to tip down the woman's throat. She did have half a bottle of Everclear left...