

With a single snip the ribbon was cut and as the red fabric drifted to the tile while the gathered crowd broke out in a raucous applause. The ceremony had gone exactly as planned and on schedule, and she was happy with the outcome. She did a lot of these ceremonies each year, but due to the growth of the city she couldn't attend every grand opening, so she'd taken to using a lottery system where she would get an intern to pull names from a hat without any bias to who got a slice of her precious time.

Today's ceremony was for the grand reopening of a historic bank that had been servicing the area for nearly 50 years. The entire building had been renovated with more modern technology, electrical work, and all new plumbing. The aesthetic stonework of the original building had been preserved in its entirety, but it now looked as if it'd only been built just yesterday.

"I'd like to thank you all for coming today, and I wish Mr. Rodgers and all his staff many years of good luck and great success. Thank you." Theresa Roy ended the ceremony and stepped aside from Mr. Rogers to take her place to give a small speech of his own where he followed the script of giving Theresa a polite exit strategy so that she and her assistants could leave.

As Mayor of San Fernando, she was a very busy woman with a schedule jam packed with all kinds of events and responsibilities. The only time she got a chance to take a break was on the car ride somewhere or when she was at home after hours.

"That went very well, Ms. Roy." Her right-hand lady, Vivian, told her after they climbed into her vehicle. She hated all the vehicles the city had bought for her use, partly because she was too tall for a compact car like this, but she only had herself to blame since she'd requested economy cars to be bought instead of expensive luxury machines. They only had one luxury vehicle in the fleet, and it was reserved for special occasions with important visitors to the city, like the President or something.

But most of the time she had to cram her 6'7" inches into a small vehicle like this very reliable Honda, and it didn't help that she had a tail to think of. Her assistant and driver had the convenience of having short slender tails. Theresa, being a Great White, had to have the backseats installed with XL tail notches built into the back of the seat so she could stick her tail into the trunk space.

When she was outside of a vehicle, she loved being tall and intimidating, but they couldn't build the entire world to her exact dimensions, so sacrifices had to be made elsewhere.

Their driver took off to return them to City Hall. Their vehicle only contained the three of them, but there was a second car behind their own with the other four members of her staff.

"Thank you. Next is prep for the meeting with CADOT, right?" She asked. The slender Doberman agreed, and began to flip through documents on her

iPad. The Californian Department of Transportation had been in a constant state of new developments all across the North SanFur area.

"I already have a bullet point list taken care of for you. I'll remind you that the meeting will mostly just be for you to listen in on, so you don't need to spend too much time on reviewing the topics. Leave the grunt work to your staff, ma'am." She replied.

"Right." Theresa gave in with a sigh as she relaxed into her seat. She and the Doberman sat in the backseat while their driver, also a Doberman, although male, took care of the front.

Theresa undid the top button of her blazer and started fanning her chest with her hand. She was burning up, and her assistant told the driver to crank up the AC, which he did. She thanked her assistant, but the AC could only do so much for her.

"Traffic might keep us on the road for an extra fifteen minutes, ma'am." The driver told them after a few minutes. She groaned because she wasn't going to last that long at this rate. It'd been hours since she'd last gotten any kind of relief and today had been a hell of a day. The Rodgers guy was the type to hire nothing but pretty young women, so Theresa had spent the last two hours surrounded by a bunch of young, fertile girls in the prime of their lives.

"Do you need help, ma'am?" Her assistant asked, and Theresa huffed and nodded before reaching to the hem of her dress skirt and scooting it up her thighs until her panties were on display. She noticed the driver glancing at her through the rear view, but he was a trustworthy and excellent driver, so Theresa had no reason to worry.

Her assistant was quick to slip her iPad into the pouch behind the passenger seat so that she could lean herself over to the larger woman. Theresa then felt the Doberman removing her Great White cock from its hiding place, which was a nice pair of new panties she'd purchased along with her current bra. The panties were white and rather plain, but the bra that came with them was nicely embroidered.

Theresa watched the Doberman's hand wrap around her growing cock, but the shark needed no reminder that she was as hung as her libido was infuriating and distracting. Being born into this world with a hyperactive libido that only a doctor could explain to her accurately meant she was horny each and every day, that began in the morning and lasted until she climaxed only for the process to repeat itself again in a few hours' time.

She'd tried being on medications as a youth, but any meds she took impaired her in other ways ranging from depression, mood swings, and a general lack of emotion in other cases. Now as an adult she simply took care of her urges with her hand, or in some cases, someone else's. Her assistant was a good sport about her boss's condition, as well as her driver.

Theresa was at full erection in record time with her assistant having become a master at taking care of business. The shark's cock was huge in her hand as she stroked it quickly with her lips finally coming to rest atop her broad crown. Precum was already beading up to drool down her length, and Theresa was careful to pull her skirt up a little more, so she wasn't sitting on it. The last thing she wanted was stains on her suit when she got back to City hall.

Her driver had been working for her for two years at the time when she'd first gotten election as Mayor of San Fumando City. He'd been with her throughout all three of her sex scandals, all of which were tethered to her wild and sometimes out of control libido. It was thanks to him that she now had her current assistant to rely on. Better to lean onto a talented assistant who she could trust, then to try and tough it out like she had been trying to... and then risking a sexual assault charge when the cute secretary wore something extra spicy that day.

The Doberman lowered her head slowly to get the feel of her boss' cock. It wasn't every day that she serviced the Mayor, but with the shark's great size it was always wise to ease into the ordeal, or at least that was the plan until Theresa put her hand on the back of her head and pushed her down until the canine was left gagging on a dick thick enough to stretch out her throat.

"Fifteen minutes, honey." The shark reminded her, and the gagging slowly stopped and began a sucking and slurping noise. The Doberman caught her stride after a minute or so and Theresa was left a moaning mess and reached down next to the seat to pull the lever that reclined the seat. She popped backwards and used the hand on the dog's head to guide the woman to bob and blow faster and faster until her assistant was running at peak performance. One dark furred hand pumping her shaft like a blur in sync with the bobbing of her head as her tongue danced circles around her cock head.

All the while her driver carefully maneuvered through busy Katy Island traffic without any concern, though he did cast the occasional glance back at the women through the rear view.

"Want me to drive slower, ma'am?" He asked after a few minutes had passed. Theresa yanked the dog's head off her cock and used the other hand to grab herself. Her hand was feminine and slender just like the Doberman's, but she was also much taller, and therefore larger, so her hand did a better job of wrapping around her own great girth. She slapped the Doberman across the face a few times with her cock, the libido dialed up to max with her need to pump a slut full of cum far more important now than maintaining any basic decorum as Mayor of one of the largest cities in the United States.

"Yes, or take a detour, I don't care which." She replied.

"Yes, ma'am." He replied and Theresa heard the turn signal turn on as he made to change his route.

"We can't be late." Her assistant sputtered, but Theresa was passed caring about that and shoved her head back down until the dog's chin touched her taut ball sack.

"He knows when we gotta be back." She grunted as the dog below her gagged. "On the floor!"

She reached back down next to the seat and pulled the other lever that released the seat's locks so that the shark could push her seat back with her legs giving the Doberman ample enough leg room to slide onto the floorboard where she could give her boss a proper 'on the knees' blowjob. Now that she was between the shark's legs she returned to the vicious assault on the shark's cock with her technique much improved by her new orientation.

Theresa's assistant was so talented at her official job as the Mayor's assistant, so being a great lay on top of that was just icing on the cake. When the Doberman wasn't skillfully managing the shark's daily scheduling and preparations, she was a perfect warm hole to satisfy all of Theresa's urges.

She took the dog's head in both of her hands and slammed her head down as far as it would go. Theresa could feel her cockhead penetrating past the back of her throat and down into her gullet as she stretched the dog's neck out with her prick. Few women had ever been able to fully take her cock in their mouth, so she was very lucky the Doberman was as naturally gifted as those fox whores in the porn industry.

"Fuuuck yes." She moaned as her hands pushed the gagging Doberman off her cock halfway before slamming her head back down. Her mouth was just a fuck toy now that her sexual need was in full control. There was no stopping her once her switch had been flipped, and the poor Doberman was being dragged along for the ride as her boss's massive cock resized her throat like an ill fitted wedding band.

The Doberman's hands grabbed at Theresa's legs, and the dog held on for dear life and she was used and abused for a solid two minutes of throat fucking until the shark finally had her fill and started to feel her balls tighten up against her body with the throes of her climax beginning in earnest.

"That's it!" She shouted in a deeper voice that was uncharacteristic of her. It was like she was a different person in the bedroom, a lustier, more brazen, and brutish woman.

"Take it, you fucking slut!" She shouted more and felt the first rope of cum shoot through her cock just as she slammed the dog's head down one last time and held her there with her nose crinkling hard against her stomach as tears stained her cheeks.

Cum erupted into the Doberman's gullet and oozed thickly down into her stomach as the first wave hit her, then the second. Theresa's climaxes never knew moderation, and the shark was left clutching the dog's pointed ears with white knuckles and a heaving chest as she unloaded into the

poor dog again and again until her assistant was clapping her hands at her knees desperately.

Theresa was finished after the tenth or eleventh heavy rope, and after her assistant had since gone limp in front of her. She pushed the dog's head off her cock and cradled her face in her hands while she panted heavily after her incredible release. Vivian had one hell of a throat to fuck! The shark slipped a hand behind the dog's head to grab at the neatly pinned bun of hair she had, then used her other hand to slap the woman across the face.

"M-Ma'am!" The Doberman said, waking with a start, the canine suddenly regained consciousness and coughing up whatever cum hadn't made it down into her belly.

"Such a good slut." She replied and pulled the dog back toward her dick so the shark could begin to wipe the cum off her cock on the girl's face until she was positively ruined with spit, cum, and tears.

"You're welcome, Ms. Roy." Said the Doberman as she recovered her composure and began to lick and suck the cum off her boss' cock until it, and her balls, were spotless. Now that she'd blown her load, the steam of her libido thoroughly vented, her cock was starting to soften until at last her assistant could repackage her tool inside her panties where it belonged.

"How close are we?" Theresa asked their driver.

"About five minutes, ma'am." He replied without remarking at all about the scene that just occurred behind him, a true professional.

"Good. That should give you enough time to clean up then." The shark, looking down at the Doberman who was already moving out from in front of her to retake her seat next to her. Once she was seated, she began to remove a cleaning cloth and a squirt bottle of water from her purse and with a compact mirror she began to clear herself up, and by the time they arrived at the underground garage of City Hall her assistant's expert hand had removed any trace of their activities from her face.

"Now, Ms. Roy, the meeting is in an hour, but the prep should take much less than that, since it's just a review." Her assistant reminded her as they exited the vehicle. Their driver stayed put and left to park the car after receiving a small wave from Theresa's assistant.

"Bullet points, or do I actually need to read a thesis?" She asked.

"I've prepared a slideshow with bullet points and cliff notes for your review." Her assistant replied to which Theresa nodded as they left the garage and took an elevator upstairs to her office.

The shark's office was large and opulent with a massive desk at the opposite end of the doorway with her assistant having a smaller desk of her own settled against the adjacent wall. Multiple rooms made up Theresa's office space, but this one was the main room that meant the

most. The sides rooms were just a breakroom, a private meeting room, and a convenient tiny bedroom for when work kept her at the office all day and night.

Once she was back behind her desk, she was clear headed enough to review the PowerPoint presentation that'd been prepared for her, which did not take very long, but there wasn't enough time left before the meeting for Theresa to do much but visit the restroom and have her assistant prepare her a coffee.

The meeting itself was very strictly business with various construction and city planning reps all discussing the plans for the development of a new bridge for I-7 that takes you north out of Katy Island and into the rest of the city. The existing bridge was nearing 50 years old and was becoming a money sink to repair and a safety hazard.

Most of the construction jargon was outside of her wheelhouse, but she understood the gist that things were moving forward the way the planners all wanted it to, and Theresa had already earmarking funding to begin the project, although it would take all of the rest of her current term and the next Mayor's term to ever hope to see it finished. She hoped that if she won reelection despite her sex scandals that she could make sure it was completed within six years, because if anyone else got in it'd easily take eight.

"That was an easy meeting for you today, ma'am." Her assistant told her after the three-hour meeting had concluded. It had been both long and long winded with everyone wanting to hear their own voice, and the sun was now beginning to set with many in City Hall packing up for the night.

"Yes, it was, but a waste of my time seeing how little I needed to do." She complained.

"There will always be more important meetings worthy of your time, ma'am. Next week you have to meet with the ISD #6's school board, for example." She replied.

"I... thought they'd canceled that after I got caught last time?" Theresa inquired from her seat.

"They did originally, but they rescheduled it. It's in your calendar." The Doberman replied. Theresa checked her Outlook and indeed there was a meeting scheduled on Thursday. Well, that was a surprise. Being caught balls deep in your staffer would normally prevent you from showing face on a school campus! If she made a good show of herself next week that might improve her polling two years from now.

"I see. Well, just something else for me to do then." She said.

Today had been an easier day, and there was hardly anything left for her to do that couldn't be done tomorrow, but she did have to go to the University tomorrow to give a speech to the incoming class of freshman. That was pretty important...

"Vivian." She asked for her assistant's attention.

"Yes, ma'am?" She asked in reply.

"Are you finished for the day?" Theresa asked her, and the Doberman replied that she only needed to catch up on a few emails and then she'd be ready to leave.

"Would your husband be upset if I made him wait on you? I want to use you again in the overnight room before I head home myself." She asked the girl, since she knew she'd need to keep her balls as empty as possible if she was going to spend a few hours on a college campus surrounded by hot and horny coeds. Her assistant smiled and shook her head.

"No, I don't think he'd mind at all, ma'am. He's very understanding of your needs, after all." She replied and stood up from her desk after closing her laptop. Theresa didn't have anything else to do at her desk, so she locked her computer and started unbuttoning her dress suit as she stood up to make her way to the small bedroom connected to her office.

Her assistant's husband would still be downstairs in the garage tending to the fleet of vehicles stored there. He was a good trustworthy driver, a talented mechanic, and a very generous husband to be volunteering his own wife to be the concubine of the Mayor of San Fernando City, and for the next forty-five minutes Theresa made sure that when she returned his wife back to him that she'd need his help to make it back to their car.