**Yuri’s Antiques: “True Reflections”  
#3**

By: Specter09

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It had a splendid golden touch with all the niceties of the wealthy elite of the Roaring Twenties while also showing the age of one who had lived through such a time. Mitch’s reflection was hard to make out behind the grim that masked the reflective glass. Yet, through the grime, he could fill in the rest of himself.

He was on the heavier side – writer’s block had led to him consuming copious amounts of snack foods in the hopes that sodium, fat, and sugar would tear down such a wall. Yet, all it had given him was a grand total weight skywards of two hundred and sixty pounds. His black hair was long and greasy – he hadn’t showered since his wife had left on her week long business trip. She was due home tonight and his only job was to purchase a new mirror for their bedroom. She’d be pissed if he hadn’t done this one thing.

Olivia was the money maker in their relationship. Mitch had made the mistake of majoring in writing in college; not journalism – writing. He had dreams of becoming the next Rowling, King, Martin, or Koontz. Yet, here he was at thirty and overweight without even a single draft to send to a publisher. His lack of success, and his wife’s booming successes had put a strain on their marriage.

She was twenty-eight. When they met in college, Mitch had fallen in love with her golden blonde locks and her petite, lithe frame. Her ass had been her best physical quality next to her cerulean blue eyes. They met in a geology gen ed. class and had been together since. However, the constant toll and stress of business had taken its toll on her body as well. Her stomach was no longer has tight and firm as it had been in her track days and was replaced with a slight paunch. Her sunny hair had lost its sheen and she had gained weight in the worst places. The constant influx of quick and easy fast food had damaged her body much the same way Mitch’s constant snacking had.

The toll of time and life on their bodies had killed their sex lives as well which only exacerbated the growing friction between them. Mitch hoped that the purchase of this ornate mirror would at least bring a smile to her eye when she returned home all the way from Canberra.

“Like what you see?” a voice said warmly behind him.

Mitch jumped slightly as he turned around to meet eyes with an old man. His smoky white wisps of hair were capped with an olive green beret. He had on a tan and grey checkered button up with grey khakis that were held up with suspenders. On the right suspender was a name tag that read ‘Yuri’.

“Uhh, yeah,” smiled Mitch, still startled from the surprise greeting. He hadn’t seen the man in the antique store when he walked in.

“This mirror is a great one she is,” Yuri smiled, running his hands over the paneling, “It belonged to some of the best speakeasies throughout Chicago, moved around by Capone himself.”

“Really?” Mitch asked, not fully believing the man’s story, but intrigued nonetheless.

“It’s true,” Yuri smiled at him, “Loved by Capone and his gangsters. Legends say he loved it because it revealed one’s truest desires. When he looked into this mirror, he saw the legendary gangster before he had even become a local name on the scene. After he was put in prison, it went through numerous owners until I picked it up at an auction in the 60’s.”

“Impressive,” Mitch replied, “How much?”

“For this treasured piece of history? Three hundred.”

“Sold,” Mitch smiled, shaking Yuri’s hand. It was the style of Olivia’s at the price she loved to get – cheap.

“If you give me a moment, I’ll go and fetch my nephew Sergei to help you load this into your vehicle.

Upon his return home, Mitch struggled to lug the ancient mirror to their bedroom. It was heavy and bulky, a horrible combination when moving furniture. Yet, he succeeded and set it up in the corner of their bedroom at the foot of the bed. It was still smudgy and had the grime of being in an antique store for nearly fifty years. He went to fetch some cleaning supplies to get the mirror ready for the arrival of Olivia.

The filth was hard to get off, but soon, Mitch had it shining again. His reflection was pristine and clear. He no longer had to use his imagination to fill in the abstract shapes behind the grime. However, the reality was just as he imagined – overweight, greasy, and honestly unpleasant to look at.

Staring at himself, he grabbed the fat on his stomach. He wished he could just have abs, a toned muscular form. He’d feel so much better – maybe even better enough to cure his writer’s block. He looked back into the mirror after shaming himself. The man looking back was him, but not him. Mirror Mitch looked fifty pounds lighter and definitely healthier. Was that really him?

Mitch broke his gaze with his reflection to look back down at his body, still fat. He looked back to the mirror.

This time, Mirror Mitch was even smaller. But only smaller in the fat department. The muscle department was booming. He could make out the definitions of his pecs and the slight protrusions of his abs. His arms were toned and muscular. He could see his veins touring over his flesh. What was going on?

He looked back at himself, away from the mirror. Still fat. Now the mirror was just pissing him off. Was the mirror showing him what he always wanted like Yuri had said? Would he become the man in the mirror?

He didn’t really have time to ponder that further when his phone beeped. It was Olivia. She had just landed at the airport and was getting an Uber. She’d be home in the hour and asked him to make some dinner for them.

Shit.

The house was a mess, he was a mess, and he only had an hour to fix everything. He had to get moving if he had any hope of meeting her expectations. Shower had to be first though. It’d look bad if his hair was soaking wet when she arrived.

In nearly one graceful moved, Mitch had his clothes off and was in the shower, feeling the scalding water warm, and sometimes burn his skin. Hair. His hair was gross. He furiously scrubbed his scalp with shampoo hoping to removed any traces of grease. In his frenzy of cleanliness, he was sure that he could feel his locks becoming less and less. By the time he rinsed, his long black hair had retreated and was just a short mass of brown hair.

Was that normal?

The question rang around in his head while he cleaned the rest of his body. His hair wasn’t long was it? Was it ever long? It felt as if two equally true memories were resting atop one another in his mind. His hands ran down his form, soaping every part of him. He felt lighter; still fat, but lighter. Yet it all came to a halt when he went to clean his junk.

What?

What his hands grabbed was not what he was accustomed to – or was it? Another double memory bounced around in his head. In one memory, he was sure that he had always been of average size. Nothing great, but nothing too embarrassing either. However, the penis his hands now touched was very much different than the one he remembered having, but at the same time, he didn’t recall it as foreign.

The member his hands now touched was enormous. Even flaccid, it hung thick and long. His testicles also felt like they were engorged, they felt…heavier. His roaming hands aroused the new member. Mitch could feel the blood rushing to fill himself. This had to be the dick he had always had. It stood proudly erect in the shower, a very worthy eight inches and incredibly thick. It felt, heavy, yet powerful. His hands felt his balls, each felt as large as golf ball. The sensations, his hands, the water, the power, were all intoxicating. He began unknowingly stroking himself, losing himself in the pleasure of his cock. Or new cock? Who didn’t know and he didn’t really care.

The fervent stroking led to him exploding in the shower. Ropes of semen shot out and were quickly consumed by the drain. It was an orgasm beyond any that he had felt before. It was as if his dick had suddenly become incredibly sensitive. The pitter patter of the rain on his bulbous head sent shivers down his spine and legs as the orgasm slowly faded away.

His brain quickly caught back up to him. Olivia. Shit.

He ran out of the shower and dried himself, still, partially in awe of his member, but strangely becoming used to it, as if it had always been a part of him. A passing glance of himself in the mirror showed a thinner face topped with short chestnut hair and perfectly shaved and cut stubble. He looked almost like a model. But, he had always been attractive right? It was one reason why Olivia had approached him in geology class.

Clean house.

Shit.

Mitch ran through the house furiously trying to pick up his dirty clothes and wipe down the kitchen. In his week’s long writer’s block, he had failed to do even the simplest of tasks to maintain a semblance of order in the house. Dishes needed to be washed and a candle needed to be lit. The smell of old water was rather strong. He whipped the dishwasher open and haphazardly placed in every piece of Tupperware, pans, pots, and plates that he could find. Yet, even in the hurried chaos of cleaning, he could still feel his improved member struggling to rest comfortably in his now constricted pants, he could also feel his shirt tighten in the shoulders and arms, but a good tightness; not the whole ‘I’m too fat for this shirt’ tightness. A quick glance and examination showed that he had in fact amassed some definition of muscle in his arms – a definition that he hadn’t seen since college.

He felt good, strong, healthy even. All Mitch had to do was create dinner before Olivia got home. A quick peek in the fridge revealed little to no goods to work with. A few fruits and veggies in the crisper, some bad, some still good. Old Chinese, and some other, less than healthy alternatives. For some reason, his new rejuvenation had him craving healthy foods. Chinese no longer appealed to him despite him having a solid love affair with it for most of his adult life.

As he was thinking, he heard the door open.

Shit.

“Hey hon,” Olivia said, exhaustion heavy in her voice, “What’s for dinner?”

“Hey Liv,” he responded, “And uh, still working on that part.”

“What?” she asked, agitation already building. She must have had a poor trip.

“Working on it as we speak,” Mitch said, trying to keep her calm, “Thinking of doing meatless spaghetti since nothing is currently thawed.”

“But I asked you to do this like five hours ago! Couldn’t you have at least then just ordered a pizza or something?” Olivia asked, annoyed. She also wasn’t quite sure who she was talking to. It was definitely Mitch, but he looked stronger, healthier, hotter even.

“I’m sorry Liv, but I was trying to get your stupid mirror and get work done. It slipped my mind. I’m sorry,” Mitch said, his own annoyance and frustration building. He didn’t want to fight already, but it seemed like it was inevitable.

“And how much work did you actually get done? Anything remotely close to something to send to a publisher?”

“More research,” Mitch said sheepishly.

“It’s always more fucking research with you! When will you actually type something?”

“I don’t know! I just want it to be perfect!” Mitch shouted back.

“I’m tired of working long hours to support you and your dream! I just want to stay at home, take care of stuff! This job is killing me Mitch!”

“I’m trying Liv, I am, but I need time.”

“Its always more time with you Mitch!” she said, tears welling up, “I can’t do this anymore! I have anxiety all the fucking time, nothing is ever done around the house, and you haven’t achieved anything remotely close to your goals since college! Its time to live in the real world Mitch and find a real job that you can do!”

“Just because you make all the money doesn’t mean you can dictate my life Liv!” Mitch yelled, “You’re not my mother!”

“But I’m your wife and we work together,” Liv fired back before leaving teary eyed to the bedroom. The room had become her sanctuary when she was mad. Looked like he’d be sleeping on the couch again tonight.

Mitch finished cooking. At least he could be kind enough to leave her some food for when she wanted it. He moved his way to the downstairs entertainment room. Normally, he’d play some video games and relax to cool off, but not this time. Video games just seemed like a waste of time. Instead, he got onto the ground and started doing some push-ups. It felt good, he felt stronger than he had ever felt before. The exercises were like a therapy for him. Soon, push-ups became planks and other core exercises. With every move, he felt himself become stronger, more muscular. Planks became lunges and lunges eventually evolved into burpees.

Sweat left a soft sheen on his face as Mitch entered the downstairs bathroom. He promptly ran cool water over his face and dried it off. The face staring back at him in the mirror was foreign to him, yet looked so familiar. His face was even more chiseled and cut before. A simple movement of a muscle was enough to make any girl’s panties soak in anticipation.

Intrigued, he stripped his clothes off and admired his form in the mirror. Bulging pectorals and broad shoulders were resting a top perfectly defined arms and forearms. His core was like that of an Adonis, clean, defined washboards and legs with perfect proportional definition.

The voice in his head returned; something wasn’t right. He knew deep down that something was wrong, yet at the same time he couldn’t place it. He had always looked like this because of his daily full body workouts. He was a completely different person from who he was this morning, but still exactly the same.

Something had to be wrong.

The voice was screaming in the back of his mind, like an itch that couldn’t be satisfied unless given fierce attention. Mitch grabbed his lap top and sat on the couch. He immediately started typing fiercely. Something was causing a change in who he was, what he looked like.

However, Mitch soon found himself browsing his portfolios, browsing trends in the market, and making notes of the ones that he would buy and sell the next day when Wall Street opened. Again, something wasn’t right, but the money, the wealth, the success felt so great. A quick check of the email revealed authors sending him their manuscripts looking for approval to be published. He was a publisher? Of course he was a publisher! He had written a book, had it turned into a movie and used the funds to strike it big in the stock market. He was the definition of success in the literary world.

Olivia was just laying on the bed, face buried deep into the pillow. She was riding the tempest of emotions coursing through her. Why was Mitch so lazy? Why couldn’t she just be at home and relax like him? They could have kids then! Success was exhausting, her firm just wanted more and more from her after each victory. It was never enough. It would all be okay if Mitch could just keep the house clean and have something good to eat for her. Was that really too much to ask? Had he even gotten the mirror like she asked him to?

Her watery eyes peered from the abyss of her pillow to peer around the corner and find the ornate mirror staring at her intently. Olivia pulled herself with effort off of the bed and walked up to the full length mirror. She was impressed with its antiquity. It oozed class and sophistication. Hopefully he didn’t spend too much on it.

Her fingers gently ran along the delicate edges, they were electrifying to the touch and sent a sensation of warmth coursing through her. A smile crept across her first, it felt like the first in ages. Had it really been that long since she smiled? If only she could just let go.

Olivia walked in front of the mirror, slowly, she began to strip down until her nude form stood before her. However, what she saw was her, but not her. It was certainly an Olivia who existed years ago, but not the one that existed currently. Her abs were strong and flat, luxurious locks golden waves cascading from her scalp and beautifully toned legs that would make an Amazon jealous. A quick turn to the profile showed off her ass, just as firm and round as it had ever been; perhaps even a little bit larger. Olivia ran her hands over her taunt young flesh. She felt alive for the first time in so long. Yet, she still didn’t feel complete. Her chest was still minute, tiny, flat – it was a poor pair for any woman.

She felt hot – like embers were smoldering through her veins and were feeding a growing fire in her crotch. A compulsion overcame her – lingerie. She needed to adorn her sexiest lingerie. Something lacy, tight, and see through.

Almost as if in a trance, Olivia walked to the dresser and dug through her underwear drawer. The drawer was filled with nothing but thongs and lace – hadn’t she had more cotton panties before? Her hands delicately lifted up a mint colored teddy. Carefully, she draped herself in the delicate lace. Her nipples hardened through the slits in the fabric teasing them ever so slightly. Her pussy drooled in desire, wanton thoughts coursing through her mind and body.

Olivia brought herself back in the mirror to analyze herself. She was hot. She felt powerful, and yet, she wanted Mitch to come in and force her to submit to him. She wanted to be on her knees in front of him and to have him lift her up and pound her against the walls. Olivia coquettishly bit her lip as she stared at herself. Long luscious locks of blonde rolled from her scalp, large eyes filled with the deepest blue stared back at her. Her roaming hands felt the strength of her core and the bounce of her ass. She teased her insignificant breast, but they felt good – better than anything she had felt before.

And she was horny.

Dripping in fact. Olivia worked herself onto the bed and dug through her underwear drawer once more. Then she found it. A lifelike dildo. She had it molded after Mitch’s own gargantuan cock. Just because they were currently fighting didn’t mean that she couldn’t enjoy his anatomy.

She teased her slit through her underwear with the bulbous head. Her other hand was busy kneading her breasts. Somehow, they felt fuller than they were just a moment ago. A fleeting glance revealed budding B-cups, something Olivia had long thought she wouldn’t be blessed with. They felt so good, better than any sex she had had with Mitch previously – did she even need him?

Another quick rub of the dildo confirmed that yes, yes she did need him. She wanted him in here with her. Why were they even fighting anyway? Was it because she forgot to make him dinner? She could easily make that up to him.

Soon, Olivia’s thong was off and her breasts were exposed to the cool air in their room. She arched her back as her fingers worked more frantically to satiate the building fire in her groin. As she did so, she could feel weight reposition itself on her chest. Could it actually be her breasts?

A stolen glance revealed two large breasts nearly pressing up against her chin. Each certainly larger than a C-Cup. Olivia rested her back back down and plunged her fingers into her dripping sex. The free hand furiously massaged her growing breasts, tweaking and playing with the incredibly sensitive nipples.

A small voice in the back of her mind screamed that something was wrong. She had never been this worked up before and no one grows two cup sizes in a matter of minutes. Something wasn’t right, but the pleasure from her nipple play and her masturbation made the screams sound so very quiet and faint.

Olivia pushed the faux phallus deeper into herself, moving faster and faster. A quick flick of the finger brought to life the vibration feature. It had a vibration feature? Part of her felt as though the vibration was a new addition to her toy, it didn’t have that a moment ago did it? Regardless, it felt amazing. The screaming grew softer and softer. Instead, moans vocalized from her lips. It felt so amazing. The massive phallus spread her hungry lips wide, satisfying, albeit briefly, her carnal desires.

“Mitch!” the orgasm rocked her body. Her pelvic floor slammed into the bed, as her hips involuntarily began to quake beneath the jolts of pleasure coursing through her form. She needed his touch, his fingers massaging and teasing her chest and sex. She lusted for his meaty member to penetrate her.

Mitch opened the door to reveal his wife relishing in the throes of her orgasm, eyes rolled back and hips bucking like crazy. Or at least what looked like his wife, she was unrecognizable, yet somehow equally the same as she had always been as new memories floated parallel to old ones. Her chest was enormous, easily the size the of a grapefruit each. Her fingers yanked and teased her large, brown nipples and her eyes were rolled back in her head, riding the throes of her orgasm. Her hair was nearly a platinum blonde.

As she came down from the peaks of her climax, Olivia opened her eyes to see her husband before her, erection quite noticeable. Her hands feverishly dug into her flesh, clenching her thighs, tweaking her nipples, breath heavy and labored. Olivia couldn’t help but smile as her lover was before.

Mitch smiled down at his mewling wife. Lust fiery in her eyes. He knew that she could never stay made at him – she was a cock craving slut after all and she loved his above all other cocks in the world. She cocked her head over the edge of the bed, eyes staring longingly into his as her feverish hands tugged at waistline of his shorts. Her delicate fingers traced the linings of his massive member, her mouth salivating in anticipation of penetration. With one graceful tug, she freed Mitch and marveled at the magnificent specimen of masculinity before her, eyes wide and mouth agape. It was a marvelous ten inches, impressive thick and harder than diamonds.

With a coquettish grin, Liv licked her lips and began running her tongue up and down her husband’s shaft. Her tongue explored every nook and crevice, each vein and ridge. The taste was exceptional. Soon, her attention shifted from the cock to Mitch’s engorged testes. Each one was easily as large as a golf ball and she had now qualms about popping them in and out of her mouth to suck on like candy. His musk invaded her nostrils and only served to drive her more mad with ravenous lust and desire.

Liv adjusted her head once more and aimed herself down the barrel of his cock. With a quick smirk, she grabbed his ass and rammed the massive erection into her mouth, working tirelessly to allows safe harbor through her mouth and throat. Mitch could only grin with glee as his eager minx of a wife encouraged a good throat fucking. He could see her throat swell to accommodate him, a sight that never grew old. Slowly and gingerly, he began to pull himself back out of her salivating mouth. Globs of drool oozing from her cheeks. She released his cock with a loud pop, hands quick to grab a hold of it and begin feverish strokes.

“Get on your knees,” Mitch growled enticingly. Liv could only smile lovingly, eager for the next phase of their fucking. She brought herself to her knees before her behemoth of a man, his stature and muscles dwarfing her. Mitch stroked her behind her ear. Liv knew exactly what was coming next.

Flashing a quick smile, she opened her mouth and began bobbing fervently on Mitch’s cock. The texture of it in her mouth drove her mad. Mitch grinned as he gently, but firmly brought his hands to both sides of her head to control her pace and slow her down. He brought her nose slowly to the base of his cock, letting her savor every bit of his ten inches before pulling her back off. Mitch kept one hand firmly at the back of her head, wrapped in the locks of her platinum blonde hair. He then began to thrust himself into her mouth, being sure to tug her ever so slightly to draw her eyes up into his as he fucked her face.

Liv used her newly freed hands to massage her clit. Each subtle movement sent a cascade of pleasurable sparks throughout her body. A quick glance over to the mirror only served to drive her more mad. Her hulking husband towered over her lithe frame. She was the slut submitting to her husband – no longer a need to be the one in control, but the one to be controlled and ordered around. She loved it.

“Show me your tits,” Mitch growled once more, but only as a whisper in her ear, “I want to fuck them.”

“Whatever you want baby,” Liv cooed back at him, kissing his neck. Live reached her hands below the curve of her breasts. They felt even heavier than before. Another quick glance over to the mirror show gargantuan titflesh clinging to her chest. Hadn’t she just been a C-cup? A quick shake of the head reminded her that that was a long time ago – she was sporting healthy E-cups now. Her hands brought her breasts together creating an enticing cavern of cleavage, she presented her tits as an offering before her husband.

Mitch smiled down lovingly at his busty wife. He loved fucking her tits. He positioned himself and wedged his cock between her soft breasts. Liv used her drool to lubricate her tits as Mitch slowly began thrusting into her.

Liv kept her mouth and eyes toward the cock thrusting like a mighty piston between her deep breasts. The taste of his bulbous head was decadent. Her fingers absentmindedly tweaked her large nipples, each grazing touch, each pinch, shot jolts of savory pleasure through her body. The warmth of her husband’s groin enveloped her. She couldn’t believe the amount of pleasure tit fucking was bringing her, never had her chest been so sensitive – it was like one giant erogenous zone. She could feel the pleasure building deep within her loins; a tidal wave of bliss reaching its peaking and preparing to crescendo.

Liv moaned deeply, allowing her eyes to roll back in her head as she basked in the waves of her powerful orgasm. She had never imagined nor dreamed, that tit fucking could bring her such joy. Yet, at the same time, it always had. Double memories began to crowd her mind, but were quickly shut out with each concussive wave of orgasmic bliss that coursed through her body. Her tits had always been super sensitive, they got her and guys off without the messiness or risks that came with traditional sex – she gave out tit fuckings like candy to nearly every boyfriend she had ever had.

Mitch slowed his pace, letting Liv free her breasts. She gave one quick suck before standing up and kissing her husband deeply. She felt his hands slide up her thighs and come to a halt just beneath the curve of her ass. Liv felt Mitch dig his fingers into her soft flesh and lift her up off the ground as if it were nothing. She instinctually grinned and wrapped her arms around his thick neck. Mitch hovered her dripping cunt over his shaft, teasing her folds with the tip. The sheer grazing of their most intimate of organs drove her mad, lustful fantasies of her being impaled by such a thing bouncing merrily through her mind.

Her wait wasn’t long as Mitch quickly brought her folds down onto his cock. Liv let out a gasp, feeling the length and girth of his dick stretch her lover canal. The sensation of being filled with her husband’s enormous cock was mind numbing. Mitch thrusted in and out of her with such vigorous speed and force, she could quickly feel another orgasm mounting. She had never experienced such raw pleasure before. Soon, she found herself working to impale herself on his cock. She was desperate and eager to feel it fucking her.

Mitch loved making his wife feel so small by lifting her up and fucking her in the air. He loved the feeling of his balls slapping against her ass and her moaning face. She had the look of a slut in heat, and he loved it. He could feel her enormous tits bouncing against his chest as she bounced on his cock.

Liv felt Mitch lay her down, cock still deep within her, onto the bed. She brought her arms back and thrust her chest forward, making sure her husband got a full view of her assets. Mitch brought a free hand forward and played with her massive tits, tweaking her nipples playfully. Each touch only added another layer of pleasure to their lovemaking for Liv. His vigorous thrusts into her pliable form sent ripples through her, tits bouncing furiously. She loved feeling weak and fragile compared her to hulking lover.

Their lovemaking was deeply passionate, a desire for one another that hadn’t been there since they had first started dating. Liv loved the feeling of being split by her husband’s massive appendage and he in turn loved the feeling of her clamping down on him. She had achieved perfection in his eyes. Massive tits, insatiably horny, and loved doing anything in bed. An ideal lover.

Liv was loving the throes of the moment. Each thrust sent concussive waves of pleasure through her and made her chest ripple with glee. If a hand wasn’t busy clawing the mattress, it was busy tugging a nipple, adding little crescendos to each wave. She had never felt more alive in her life before. Sex was now a drug to her, each moment more enjoyable than the last. She could feel her mind slipping into simple ecstasy. She was only saved when she heard Mitch grunt and his pace become more frantic.

“Yes, cum in me,” she cooed. The thought of her husband filling her with his seed just turned her on all the more. Mitch gave one mighty thrust, causing Liv to gasp. She felt him erupt into her, pussy overflowing with him. Mitch’s pace slowed, until he finally pulled out, laying beside her.

“That was fun,” Mitch sighed, still catching his breath.

“Yeah it was,” Liv smiled. Her eyes wandered lustfully over her husband. Mitch was now an Adonis. His body was nothing but clean cut muscle, chestnut hair, and clean shaven all over. Not to mention his massive cock – easily a 10” monster. Yet, a monster that Liv could manage.

Mitch looked over his wife. She was Aphrodite incarnate. Lustrous golden locks cascaded like waves down from her head. Those golden tresses crashed into the bountiful hills that were her breasts. Her curves flowed like rivers where they flared widely out at her hips to accommodate her enormous ass. Legs long and toned, and a tightly toned core to match.

“I love this mirror you got baby,” cooed Liv, “I love watching you fuck me in it.”

“And I love watching you get fucked in it,” Mitch grinned. Part of him knew that the mirror was responsible for their perfect lovemaking, but that echo of reason was far in his mind. Things had always been this way.

“Babe?”

“Yeah Liv?” Mitch replied, snapping back to reality out of his mind.

“Did you hear me?”

“No what? Sorry.”

“I’d love to watch you fuck that secretary of yours,” Liv grinned devilishly, “Maybe you should invite her over to check out this mirror?”