

Ray grinned to himself as he managed to pick the lock on the old mansion's servant entrance. It had taken him almost half an hour, but he was in. The black squirrel had been waiting for this for *ages* now, the best bit of derelict property in the entire state to go raiding if he was even half right about how much stuff could be inside worth selling. Finding it still locked was an even better sign.

“Scoooooore. Time to see what we've got! Master bedroom -first- and then..”

While his mind wandered, so too did his feet. Ray was already imagining the kitchens having actual silver for silverware and maybe finding jewelry or just old solid copper pipes or the like. But the squirrel knew he wanted to start with the master bedroom, best place to find a safe or a stash of some kind. The lanky rodent ascended the stairs quickly, starting to check doors one by one until he found what he wanted. A sprawling, *massive* bedroom with a four post king size bed – wardrobes on either side – giant windows with heavy drapes – a dumbwaiter and private bathroom. Big mirror too, right by the wardrobes. Ray felt that grin creep in again.

“Paydirt! Well, probably. Think I'll check the wardrobes first..”

It wasn't so much that Ray expected them to have what he wanted as he just was curious about the clothing maybe still being there, but those and the drawers and the chest at the foot of the bed *were* the most likely places to check assuming the valuable she wanted weren't better hidden. The squirrel only got as far as the mirror before stopping though, he was left staring at it as soon as he caught his reflection out of the corner of his eye.

At least.. Ray was *pretty sure* it was his reflection. It moved when he did, it had that little nick in the left ear and the same curl to the big bushy tail growing off his ass. Ray was *not*, as far as he knew, decked out in smoky eye liner with thick, sparkling lips making a distinct 'O' shape back at him. Nor was he walking around trying to balance watermelon sized breasts crammed into not quite enough of a bikini top bra, or a set of sprawling birthing hips with fat thighs and a squishable, cushy looking ass that the tiny skirt the reflection was wearing did *absolutely nothing* to hide. In fact, Ray could see the butt-flossing bikini clear as day despite the skirt, and the tight fishnets and stiletto heels too – designer, from the look of it.

“What.. the hell? I.. it's like.. *me* but.. but a stripper, or something? Fuck that ass is doing work even just standing there. Why do I look so damn *good* like that?”

While his situation was on the deep end of weird, Ray couldn't help getting turned on by what he was seeing. Especially when he started to bounce in place, watching that dumptruck of an

ass try its level best to snap the panties on it and setting off loud clapping he could almost hear. Just like, as he lifted his hands up in front of his chest, Ray could swear he *almost* felt the weight and soft, pillowy heft of his tits.

Opening his eyes, Ray found himself checking the room to make sure nobody was watching him do all this. Which was absurd, the mansion was abandoned, that was the point. Yet, somehow, the nervousness of being self-conscious still crept in for a moment. It was swiftly replaced by a fresh and *brehtaking* erection as just touching his lips left Ray watching his reflection suckle on the tip of his finger with those cock-sleeve lips. What little restraint was left in Ray withered.

It started with wrapping his hands around his sides, curling his back, thrusting his hips out-then came the sultry tilt of the head and the bedroom eyes. Ray opened them slowly, smiling at his reflection so he could see her smiling back like the kind of woman he could only *hope* to buy if this place paid off for him. Then he slid one arm upward, nestling it under those heavy and heaving tits and giving them a little rest – and making sure that when he started to rock his hips up and down they'd get a good healthy bounce going without getting uncomfortable.

Ray didn't have to give the ass quite that much special treatment, all that junk in the reflection's trunk was ready and waiting to quiver and quake like that was the only reason it was put on Earth. Which might very well be the case. Given how mesmerizing it got when Ray turned their hips and went into that rocking, swinging *thrust* motion that was starting to come really easily to them it seemed.. right. The ass rising up, spreading, and then crashing down together while her tail bobbed up and down was just *beautiful*. Like an actual lure for mates – or marks. Grabbing hold of it was the only way to stop the thing from just undulating, endlessly.

Two big handfuls of plump, soft butt was a good start to the next bit of exploration. Ray ran their hands over their thighs and let their mind tell them how all that thick flesh felt with the fishnets stretched over it – and their imagination ran roughshod over their nerves to picture just how sensitive that squirrel *whore* in the mirror's cunt must feel hanging onto that thong through all that grinding. It would just take a little attention, some loving brushing touches from someone who *knows* what it likes-

It almost dropped Ray to the ground, feeling that starburst of pleasure behind his eyes. The squirrel did end up curled tight, hunched down a little, on one knee before they managed to recover. Even then standing up took some effort, they felt.. odd. Unbalanced. That mental image was still

burned into them though, every winding pathway of pleasure under the skin. Ray was careful not to stuff their hands between their legs again. The squirrel wrapped their arms around their chest instead, breathing hard, but taking some weight off things with the added support. All this had still left them *catastrophically* horny.

“Oh *heck* this is just.. like.. too damn much, and.. *shit-*”

Thinking was never Ray's strong suit when riled up, and right now they were deep in it. The squirrel considered getting themselves off, and even the thought of it started them rocking their hips in a loose, lazy circle. Something that drug that thong strap through the swollen, needy, dripping lips of that cunt and played the squirrel's nerves like violin strings.

“I s-swear like.. t-this is the weirdest, uh.. S-stuff, happening? But I'm.. good~”

Ray almost felt drunk on it. The pleasure was lingering, buried in the nerves like a *really* nice high and making it impossible to concentrate. Thoughts came through foggy, if that, and Ray could scarcely hang onto them for more than a couple seconds at a time. Unless it was about *dick*. That notion stuck just fine. Big, throbbing things that could get worked by those supple lips or just plow straight into that ravenous pussy and spill load after load-

With their hands running up their chest and down their thighs along with those thoughts, the squirrel couldn't help letting out a ragged and needy moan. One that sounded *bizarrely* out of place, it was.. girly. Hungry, too. Wantonly, whorishly needful. Ray started trying to come up with something clever to say to that kind of woman making noises that lewd but they started with a sharp smack to the ass to get that junk jiggling again. A sharp, fleshy crack and a clap.. and Ray felt it. Quivering, jiggling, thick and pillowy enough to lose almost their entire hand in it.

Snapping open their eyes, Ray looked at the bombshell of a working girl in the mirror – and then downward. The squirrel found herself staring into a vast wall of cleavage from two giant, heaving tits barely held together by silk and clasps.

“Ohgawd.. Oh, like.. like – but – that.. I don't..”

Rachael put a hand to one of her tits and felt it, hefted the weight of it, let it drop and gasped from the sudden burst of sensation. She put her other hand flat to her stomach and the little bit of softness there – then slid her arms downward. Her right hand's long, painted nails drug gently over her side and came to rest curled around her ass again and giving that a gentle but steady sloshing. The sound of her ass cheeks hitting each other was a bit like applause.

As for the other hand? Rachael had imagined stuffing one into her cunt beforehand, but now? Now the squirrel had her fingers on her thigh and she was working up the nerve to do it for real.

“This is like.. *so* crazy, b-but.. *it feels great~* but how..? A-and.. uh. Wh- *whu~*”

Everything went down in a maelstrom of pink and white, senses blotted out in a blinding deluge of bliss that Rachael was *not* ready for, though one would think she would be. The burst of pleasure, that first orgasm, took Rachael's train of thought and pulverized it. All there was left was quiet gasping, a steady squelch from her puss, and once in a while Rachael letting free a full-blown body-wracking moan as she squirted down her thighs.

It took a good couple of *minutes* for the overwhelming rush to die down, but by the time the pleasure wasn't hammering away at her Rachael's train of thought was **gone**. The squirrel just looked at herself, stuck her ass out a bit, and gave it a sharp slap while making kissy faces at her own reflection.

“Damn, I look like.. *great*. I need to find like.. *Uhm~*”

The squirrel had meant to say something about cock there but as soon as she started thinking about it her mind blanked apart from envisioning someone slinking up behind her, taking her by the hips, getting her fucked good and wild and- **Click**.

Rachael's eyes snapped open as she felt something on her neck. Reaching up to touch it, she found a length of cold metal there. Ornate though, polished, *shiny*. The collar was solid gold, so was the chain hanging off of it, even if she couldn't see who was *holding* the chain. There wasn't anyone in the mirror except her, but she still felt someone tighten their grip on the chain. Rachael's body responded when they did, straightening up a bit and lowering her head and going silent. She didn't properly *hear* what came next, but there was a voice in her head just the same.

Don't you worry, little pet. We'll find you some nice, well-endowed partners to have your fun with. Can't let that perfectly dreamed body of yours go to waste~

An excited little squeak bubbled up from Racheal's throat over the notion. She felt *something* run its hand over her, grazing fingers along her side and down her thighs. Somewhere along the way the last little parts of her that were trying to cling to the notion that something – anything – was wrong went silent. How could anything be wrong? She didn't remember ever being anything else but a sexed up, cock hungry bimbo.. And she was about to get exactly what she wanted. Forever.