**Jenny’s Mirror**
By IndianOutlaw

Jenny’s dressing mirror stood like a monolith in the corner the master bedroom. It held its own little space aside the dresser. In front and off to the side was a small bench. The off white trim and ornate detailing of the bench matched exactly that of the mirror. Jenny loved her mirror. A present from her husband last Christmas. Oval shaped, at least 4 feet of mirror, combined with the trim it was as tall as she was. Perfect for modeling her favorite outfits. Not to mention its handiness for examining clothing for possible tears and stitching weaknesses. She entered her bedroom.

Putting her purse on the bed she ran her fingers through her long silky blond hair. It floated gently around her shoulders as gravity carefully allowed it to fall about her shoulders. She stood, legs slightly spread in front of the mirror. Smiling the winning smile, she admired her suit. It had survived the day intact. She was more than pleased. The cream colored double breasted coat and matching skirt. The skirt stopped just above her knees in an almost Alley McBeal way. Her white blouse barely showed as the buttons of the coat were done up. Fitting tightly around her incredible shape, the coat accented her thin waist, and round ample bosom. It fit tightly, very tight she was afraid of the stitching giving way. But never the less, it did not.

Smoothing out the sides of her jacket, feeling how soft the material was, her hands slid down to her skirt. She was posing. Enjoying her own reflection. From her soft jacket, to her very tight, skirt, down her hose covered legs to her open towed high heels. Jenny liked looking at herself, even though she would never admit it. With her own soft hands, Jenny unbuttoned each of the two buttons to the jacket. It popped open, allowing her to breath a little easier. She slid the coat off each shoulder, then gently folded it up and placed it on the dresser neatly. Jacket now off her blouse showed the missing button. I guess she hadn’t escaped the day entirely without incident. Smiling at herself, the missing button allowed the blouse to gape a little but enough to expose the front clip of her bra and a hint of the D cups.

Turning slightly, Jenny admired how skirt held up. Jackie had talked her into buying the tight, okay extremely tight skirt. Standing with her back to the mirror now she bent over slightly looking at the seams on the back and testing the zipper on the side. It was holding beautifully. She took a moment to lift her leg and straighten a seam on the back of her stocking. Turning forward, Jenny quickly unbuttoned and slowly unzipped the skirt. She let out another small sigh as she was freed from the material. Now bending over, it required a little force to tug the skirt down, as she pulled it slid tightly over her shapely and firm hips. Jenny paused as she felt her panties getting pulled down with them. Taking a moment, she reached inside the skirt and pulled them back up under her shirt. Shifting her knees, but keeping her feet planted, she shimmed the skirt to the floor. Tails from her blouse covering her to just below her most private areas.

Folding the skirt neatly and placing it on the jacket, Jenny cautiously unbuttoned the top button of her blouse. Now the second. The third was missing from before. Her bra top was not totally exposed. Before she could reach the fourth button, it gave way. The strain was too much as it shot off her shirt and bounced off the mirror. Her whole white lace bra was exposed. Jenny shyly noticed her large dark nipples under the lace. She finished the last two buttons and stood there looking at herself. Blouse open, white lace bra completely exposed and white lace thong panties and matching garter belt. Her garters held up the silk hose clinging to her long subtle legs. Rolling the silk blouse, she revealed her milky soft shoulders. The shirt was folded and gently laid on the other garments.

Jenny now stood in front of the mirror, wearing only her lace bra, matching lace garter, lace thong panties, silk hose and high heels. Posing profile, her toned arms, legs and firm butt treated her eyes reflecting in the mirror. She stood facing forward, running her fingers through her hair, tilting her head back slightly, causing those incredible breasts to strain the bras cups. With each breath it expanded to restrain her incredible boobs. Her nipples now appeared to desire freedom. But not yet.

Sliding the bench directly before the mirror, Jenny sat, legs together. Crossing her right leg over the left she slipped the heel off and placed it gently on the floor. As she uncrossed the right leg, the left leg in perfect sync moved until it crossed over the other one. She removed the other heel and smiled as she saw her reflection in the mirror. No Sharon Stone here. Jenny now scooted forward on the bench, until her butt was pirtched on the edge of the padded bench. Crossing one leg under the bench and gently extending the other she reached down and touched the toes of the extended leg. Sliding each hand up each side, Jenny now crossed the one hand over till it met the other just before her inner thigh. Never losing touch with her leg. She unclipped one, then sliding her fingers over the top of her leg, unclipped the other, then around to the last one of the three. Now scooting back, Jenny extended her leg straight up and began rolling the stocking up. As it reached her calf she pulled from the toe and removed it entirely. Looking in her mirror, it was apparent she was now doing a Sharon Stone. Blushing she dropped her leg. The stocking was laid extended on the bench beside her.

Changing position on her legs, placing the now naked one under the bench, the other one forward. Sliding each hand up each side, Jenny now crossed the one hand over till it met the other just before her inner thigh. Never losing touch with her leg. She unclipped one, then sliding her fingers over the top of her leg, unclipped the other, then around to the last one of the three. Now scooting back, Jenny extended her leg straight up and began rolling the stocking up. As it reached her calf she pulled from the toe and removed it entirely. Blushing, she did another Sharon Stone. She placed the second stocking on the first, making sure not to wrinkle or snag either.

Jenny stood, reaching back and unhooking the back of the garter. She had it removed as she was not at her feet. Bra and panties only, she smiled, even blushed a little, even her own private nakedness exposed her shy side. Now she took both sides of the bra clip and undid it. Pulling slightly, all the while looking in the mirror, Jenny freed her breasts to the open air. Her nipples reacted by puffing up slightly. Again she blushed. The bra came off one arm, then the next. She laid it beside the pile on the dresser and stood before her reflection once again.

Jenny liked her body. After all she worked hard for it. Plenty of rest, exercising at the gym, swimming in the pool, eating only the right foods. She ran her hand across her sides, knowing she would find little fat, and only firmness. Her large natural 38 D breasts seemed to defy gravity exhibiting no sag whatsoever. She looked at herself still. Her firm belly, firm to the touch as her hands slid gently over it. Her smooth sides, long strong legs and even her painted toe nails all looked perfect. Jenny even turned to admire her thong “covered” ass. She slid her hands to her hips and placed her fingers inside the sides of her small panties, puling them down, the sides passed her hips, with the center remaining between her legs until her very trimmed pussy came into view. Not able to resist she looked up and smiled. The thong now arrived at her hips as she bent slightly.

Jenny stopped and looked up. She saw her reflection in the mirror. Standing with her panties still at her knees, she developed a perplexed look in her eye. There was something about the mirror, but what was it? She looked at it from her position, not moving her feet. It was a simple white stand alone mirror. She could see nothing behind it, but still. Yes, she now realized. The mirror! She did not get a mirror last Christmas from her husband. Last Christmas they went to Jamaica. Why did she believe the mirror was a gift, and where did it come from. Looking around, suddenly the room didn’t look right. The window was open and light was coming in but all she could see was white. Then she heard it, she paused to listen closer. “5”? Did she hear a 5? Listening again, “3” was that a 3? “ONE!” She heard that followed by a loud clap.

The room unfocused. Her eyes were now met by a series of bright lights, sounds now filled all around her. Squinting she looked about her. Before her now stood a gentleman wearing a Tuxedo? He was smiling, she now turned to the directions of the sounds, much louder now. “Oh my god!” it was an audience. She now remembered. She and Jackie were attending a magic show. She was volunteered to be hypnotized!

Jenny felt her hands down, could it have been a dream? No, sadly for her it wasn’t. Her hands explored her shoulders, sides, hips, now breasts, and finally her pussy. She was indeed naked, on stage for all to see. NAKED! Jenny screamed! And frantically turned to run off stage. As her legs shot forward her panties were still in place around them. She fell forward, onto the floor. She stood, only to fall again as the panties now were around her ankles. The audience erupted in laughter. Jenny crawled off stage heading for any cover she could find. Her hands trying desperately to cover her most private parts.

Jackie stood with the rest of the audience as they started to clap, she continued to laugh, far louder than the rest. “Now that was $100 well spent.” She thought to herself. As the applause died, she continued to giggle. The Hypnotist refrained from his bows, stopped and looked directly at her.
“Excuse me miss, did you enjoy that?” He said looking directly at her.
“Yes, why yes I most definitely did.” She giggled. But oddly she stood and kicked off her flats leaving her barefoot.
“Ladies and gentlemen, this unfortunate woman paid me $100 dollars to embarrass her friend, but as most of you know I need no such encouragement to strip a beautiful woman.” He smiled at her confused look. “Since you are such a good friend, I decided to plant a little something into your subconscious. Every time you complete a sentence you will be compelled to strip, from the bottom up.” He smirked, “At least until I snap my fingers that is.”
“What the Hell?” She now unbuttoned her pants, unzipped the zipper and pulled them down, Her short shirt did not cover her dark green panties. The now baby spot light on her gave the audience a full view of them two. She kicked off her pants.
“Oh my God!” She now reached down, hooking both thumbs in, pulling down her green panties. The fell easily to the floor. Her hips shined easily in the light and her not so neatly trimmed bush glimmered in the bath of the lights.
“Please!” Jackie crossed her arms and pulled her shirt over her head, she was not wearing a bra. Her 34 C breasts came into view of the audience as they bounced. She was now completely naked, embarrassed beyond belief. She now covered her boobs with one arm and placed the over her pussy, bending over slightly. The gentleman sitting next to her enjoyed the eye level view of her round ass. She ran up the aisle toward the exit. Just as she was about to leave the theater, the hypnotist placed his hand against the microphone and ….”SNAP! Good night everyone, have a good night.” He exited the stage.

On the street, two young boys sat on the stoop across from the theater. Eager waiting their reward. Out of the alley way darted a large breasted completely naked Jenny, trying in vein to cover herself. She ran down the street toward the parking lot and hopefully the safety of her car. Now out the front door a brunette burst the theater doors open. She too naked, but not as well endowed. Doing her best to cover herself with only her hands she headed in the same direction as Jenny did.
“Man, that was worth it!” The one boy slapped the others hand. “Thanks man!”
“You ain’t seen the best part yet.”

Now all the theater doors opened as the audience emerged. Talking, laughing, reminiscing about the nights event. The one boys jaw dropped. For not a one of them, not a single one of them was wearing anything below their waists. Naked men from 18 to 70 minus their pants and underpants. Flapping, or flopping if you will with each step. All the women were naked from the waist down too. No skirts, no panties, no hose, no garters, nothing. The unfortunate ones were the ladies who sadly only wore dresses, for that group was left wearing only bras, except for two who did not feel the need to wear a bra with their dress. They were completely naked.

The second boy stood up, raised his arm and…”SNAP!”

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