**The Hoax**

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Cindy Adams wasn't the brightest bulb in the room. Sure, she was good enough to perform her duties as a secretary at Wineman & Murphy law firm, and she was certainly easy on the eyes, with large, pendulous breasts and a narrow waist. Cindy's hips were shapely and firm, and her small, tight butt was a sight to behold, even if it didn't quite match with the abundant assets up top.

Todd Murphy, the law partner's son, especially enjoyed eyeing Cindy on a daily basis, but what he liked most above ogling her, was her gullibility. Cindy was often the butt of many light-hearted practical jokes in the office, because she so easily fell for pranks.

In Eric's mind, the best had been when he had convinced her that bras were no longer allowed, because the metal in the underwire interfered with the Wi-Fi. Cindy bounced around the office for two days, before she realized she'd been had.

Although Cindy enjoyed the looks she got from men with her clothes on, in reality, she would have been very embarrassed for anyone to see her naked. Her large nipples, though positioned high on her firm flesh, were asymmetrical in shape and she was rather modest about it. The nipples were dark in color, but one was round, while the other was oval and tilted.

One of the running gags in the office was playing on Cindy's belief in ghosts and the supernatural. Todd once played God over the intercom and had her believing the world was coming to an to end.

Although Cindy fell for these harmless jokes nearly every time, she took it in good stride. She knew the boys enjoyed doting her with attention. Still, she wished they respected her more. She'd nearly fallen out of her blouse when she fell for that braless prank. A button had popped off while she was leaning over to put away some files. Bob Moss had been in the room, too. That was the only time she'd gotten truly upset about being pranked. Of course, the boys didn't realize she would almost spill out of her top when they pulled the braless prank, but they did enjoy Bob's reminiscing of the tale.

Cindy sat at her desk now wondering what prank they would play on her next, when a small man in an all-green, over-all getup with a fuzzy white hat, came striding into the office.

"Cindy Adams?" he asked, approaching her.

"Yes, may I help you?"

"No, but I can help you," said the funny, little man.

"I'm sorry," replied Cindy. "I don't get what you mean."

"You are tired of being the butt of all jokes around here. You want others to respect you, yes?"

"Wait.. uh.. how did you? Uh..."

"I'm your fairy godfather." He extended his arms and bowed, smiling as he tipped his hat.

"Oh, please. Fairy godfathers don't look like you!"

"Excuse me? Have you ever seen one before?"

Cindy thought about it a moment and realized she hadn't.

"Is what I say true or not?" asked the man.

"I suppose so," she finally relented. "So how can you help me?"

"By giving you a magic dress."

"What?"

"The perfect dress. When others see you, they will be perfectly respectful. You will command authority and attention. You will attain great success with this dress."

"You're putting me on," Cindy said.

"No, indeed. Would you like my help or not?"

"Well, yes, if I have nothing to lose."

"I don't see how you could lose much of anything," he replied. With that, he procured a pair of heels from his satchel, which had been attached to his belt. They were diamond stilettos.

"Oh, my gosh! Those are something else! I can't wait to see the dress that goes with it!"

"This is the dress," said the strange man.

"I'm sorry?"

"I mean it, this is it. You simply wear the shoes. The viewer will manifest, in his or her mind, the perfect dress that appeals to them. Everyone's tastes are different. For each man, they will see you in the most professional, magnificent dress that suits their individual preferences. The thing is, you only wear the shoes. Nothing else."

"Now I know you must be joking," said Cindy, flatly.

"No, I am not. Don't believe me? Try them on."

There was a moment of silence between them.

"If this is a joke, I will be the laughing stock."

"How could this be a joke? I am here to prevent that from ever happening again."

"I... I don't think I can do this."

"Why not try it in front of Barry Allen, the gentleman in the office nearest yours. Put the shoes on, take off the rest. Walk in his room."

"Naked?"

"You will only be naked to you?"

"But you could be lying!"

"Really? Does it look like I'm lying?"

"Will you see me naked?"

"Not even I can block the power of these shoes. With nothing else on, I will see you only in a highly respectful, commanding and beautiful dress. One that I think is perfectly suited for you."

"You seem so sure of yourself."

"Because it is true. Now hurry! Get dressed! Or rather, undressed!"

"But you're standing there."

"Fine, I will turn around. Quickly now, or I take the shoes and the opportunity with me."

"Okay, okay," Cindy hurried out of her clothes and slipped on the stiletto heels. Her tits swayed in motion with the effort. She couldn't believe she was doing this, yet the strange man seemed so genuine in his demeanor. She stood up and said, "How do I look?"

The Fairy Godfather turned around and smiled wildly. "That is simply amazing. A sight to behold!"

"What do you see?"

"The most amazing outfit. It's perfect. Not too glamourous, but just incredible. It fits you so well. How I wish I could take a picture."

"What if someone did?" asked Cindy. "Take a picture."

"They would always see you how they manifested in their mind."

"Oh, my goodness, Cindy," exclaimed a voice from behind Cindy. "You really outdid yourself." In all her nervousness at standing naked in front of the strange man, Cindy had not heard another man coming down the hall to the front office. It was Steve Jennings, the one who worked in the farthest office in the wing. She turned to face him.

"Wow. You really are starting to fit into this company just fine, Cindy," Steve said. "Keep up the great work and you'll soon get promoted, I just know it."

Cindy was shocked to hear such words.

"Believe me now?" asked the small man.

"Okay, okay," said Cindy. "I'll relax now. Thank you. I'll wear the 'dress' (making quotation marks with her hands) just for today, and see how things go."

"Good. Good to hear." The man turned and raced out of the room as quickly as he'd entered.

"Maybe you should come to the morning meeting, Cindy," said Steve, still looking her up and down. Cindy imagined if what he saw in his head was a fabulous outfit, it would keep him looking. It was kind of cool, in her mind, to be stark naked in front of him and he not realizing how much it truly felt to her like he was ogling her naked body.

Cindy gave herself a brief jiggle to see if it drove any kind of reaction on Steve. It seemed to be okay. It seemed clear to her that Steve was not seeing her naked. Just then, Barry Allen came storming out his office.

"Oh, good!" he said, spotting Cindy and Steve standing together. "Murphy's called a meeting. They need you in it, Steve." Barry paused for a moment, looking Cindy up and down. She stood up straight, thrusting her breasts forward.

'Take a good look,' she thought to herself

"You know, Cindy. You should come to," said Barry.

"I was just telling her that," injected Steve.

"Okay," said Cindy. "I'll be there." She grabbed her notebook and a pen and followed the men down the hall to the large office of Dennis Murphy. Everyone called him by his last name, though. By the time they'd arrive, the other sixteen members of the company were present, Cindy being the only female.

Cindy crowded into the room with the men, somehow finding herself nearest to the center. The men tended to focus their attention on her, and it must have been they were amazed by the outfits they were imagining her wearing, she thought. Still, she couldn't help but find herself getting aroused, feeling so naked in front of them.

"People. It has come to my attention the pranks going on in this company have gotten out of hand." Murphy's voiced boomed across the room, heard clearly by everyone. He made his way to the center, near Cindy.

"Just last week, someone crashed Mike's computer and yesterday, I had to hear that someone put meat in Jeff's sandwich. Jeff, the vegan! Not cool, people."

Cindy never heard Murphy so angry before. It surprised her.

"And now THIS!" Murphy turned towards Cindy and pointed directly at her tits.

"What?" asked Cindy.

"Come on, people. This is NOT acceptable!"

"But, boss..." cried one of the men from the back of the room.

"Uh, excuse me," said Cindy. "Can you tell me what is going on?"

"Oh, you KNOW what is going on," shouted Murphy. "You're naked!"

It hit her. Once again, she'd been fooled with another prank. Cindy could not believe she had fallen for something so stupid yet again.

"Damn it! You guys need to stop!" yelled Cindy, clutching her notebook to her chest, doing her best to cover her modesty.

"Yes, they do," yelled Murphy, his hand slamming down on the desk.

"And as punishment for all of you assholes, I am going to make every one of you spend the day naked tomorrow!"

The men starting objecting immediately, but Mr. Murphy would have none of it. Cindy was thrilled the tables were finally turned and couldn't wait to have them all experience the same humiliation she was currently enduring. While the men were distracted in their anger with the boss, Cindy began peeling herself from the chair to dip out of the room and get some clothes on.

"Where do you think you are going?" boomed Murphy, interrupting her escape.

Cindy turned, again facing full attention from everyone in the room. "I was just, uh, going to get some clothes on."

"If you expect them to be naked tomorrow, you're doing it today. Consider it your punishment for continually falling for these ridiculous, and frankly stupid, antics!"

Cindy immediately stopped objecting and skirted back to her seat. The meeting went over by an hour while she was subjected to the stares of many perverted glances. Even the boss kept staring at her tits, as she sat there blushing.

It wasn't until the next day, when Cindy woke up feeling so good about seeing her coworkers suffer the same humiliation as she had, that she realized it was Saturday.