

DUDES WITH BOOBS

WEDDING NIGHTMARE



WITH OVER 200 ELITE GUESTS, THE FALRICH-HOBBS WEDDING WAS THE EVENT OF THE YEAR, AND IT HAD BEEN PLANNED DOWN TO THE FINEST DETAIL. THE BRIDE, TINA HOBBS WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY, NOW WOULD SHE?

IT CAME AS A SHOCK TO EVERYONE WHEN MAX, THE BEST MAN, SUDDENLY POPPED OUT A PAIR OF D CUPS AT THE REHEARSAL. "MY EX-GIRLFRIEND'S A WITCH," HE SAID, GESTURING AT HIS NEW BOOBS. HE PULLED HIS SHOULDERS BACK, ADJUSTING TO THE NEW WEIGHT, AND SAID, "AT LEAST SHE DIDN'T TAKE MY-- EEEE!" JUST THEN, HE FELT HIS JOHNSON VANISH, REPLACED BY AN EMPTY SPACE BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

THE BRIDE, STARING AT THE NOW BUXOM GIRL WHO WAS TO BE THE BEST MAN AT HER WEDDING, CALLED THE GROOM OVER. THEY WHISPERED. EVERYONE WATCHED AS TINA POINTED HER FINGER AND STOMPED HER FOOT.

BEN, THE GROOM. WALKED OVER TO MAX, WHO WAS NOW SHRINKING DOWN TO A PERFECTLY PETITE 5' 6". "BRO, ER, SIS, ER, BABE... OKAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL YOU. ANYWHO, MY FUTURE WIFE, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE. SHE JUST DOESN'T QUITE FEEL RIGHT ABOUT HAVING A CHICK WITH HUGE HONKERS IN ALL OUR WEDDING PICTURES AS THE BEST MAN. YOU KNOW? SHE'S OLD-FASHIONED."

"BUT, BRO?" MAX SAID IN HIS NO SEXY, LITTLE GIRL VOICE. "I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND. I SHOULD BE IN YOUR WEDDING."

"GOOD NEWS, THERE. ONE OF TINA'S BRIDESMAIDS IS SICK AND SHE HAS HUGE JUGS, SO THE DRESS WILL FIT."

"A BRIDESMAID?" MAX TILTED HIS HEAD BACK SO HE COULD LOOK AT HIS NOW MUCH TALLER FRIEND. "I DON'T--"

THE OTHER BRIDESMAID'S RUSHED OVER. "WELCOME TO OUR TEAM, MAXINE," THEY SAID, GRABBING HIS ARMS, DRAGGING HIM AWAY FROM THE MEN. "WE'RE GONNA TO HAVE SUCH FUN AT THE BACHELORETTE PARTY, AND IN THE MORNING WE'RE ALL GETTING MAKEOVERS SO YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR MAKEUP OR ANYTHING!"

MAX GLANCED BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT BEN, HIS EYES PLEADING, SAVE ME. BEN SHRUGGED AND POINTED TOWARD TINA LIKE, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT IT? IT'S HER WEDDING.