



Take one office Halloween party for a Fortune 500 company, stir in a group costume contest with serious prize money... and add one dumb-ass son of the CEO (and majority owner) who hangs out with the guys in the mailroom because they're 'his kind of dudes'.

What do ya get?

Me in wedding drag, that's what.

It was my idea, so I had to be the bride... which was what I wanted anyway.

Two of us are in dresses, two in tuxedos, and one guy done up as a priest.

What the dumb-ass doesn't know is that the 'priest' is legally ordained in some online church, and the marriage license we'll be signing is the real deal.

In this state, it's all nice and legalized.

When Big Daddy finds out his son is married to a man, and a cross-dresser to boot, he'll blow his little haystack.

How much will a rich guy pay to avoid having a tranny in the family? One million? Ten million?

Oh, I'll give him his annulment. And I'll zip my lip about it.

But I think I'll hold out for minority ownership, and a seat on the board.

Brendon P. Jones, you look absolutely gorgeous. What man **wouldn't** want to marry you?

Thank you.

Nice cleavage, by the way.

Thanks.

They're implants.

We certainly don't mess around, do we?

We most certainly do not.

It's almost time. Soon I shall be that fool's bride...

...and then I'll screw his sorry ass to the wall.

This girl's steppin' on up the corporate ladder.