

EX-HUSBAND

Magazine



Soccer Mom
Part III

Toward the end of the workday, Noah got a text from Tina: This isn't working out for me. I moved out. Good luck with whatever it is you're going through."

Noah slit his eyes and scowled as he burned with feminine rage. Breaking up with me over a text? How tacky. What did she even mean "whatever you're going through?" He hadn't changed at all. She was the one acting weird all of a sudden. He put his phone down, struggling with a head full of wild emotions—anger, betrayal, grief, loss, regret. He felt his eyes burning, and realizing that he was about to cry, he got up and hurried to the bathroom, locking the door, sitting down on the closed toilet and sobbing.

Finally, the crying fit ended. Well, he decided, wiping his tears, fine. He checked his face in the bathroom mirror, primped his hair. I'm not going to feel sorry for myself, he thought, forcing himself to smile. "I am a sexy, powerful man. I'll just go get a better girl."

It was time, he decided, to seal the deal with Pam. Their little game of cat and mouse had been fun, but he wanted her, and he was the kind of man who took what he wanted. Oh, sure, there were risks dating a subordinate, but he was Noah—the rules didn't apply to a man like him. No woman would ever complain about him harassing her because they all wanted him, craved him, needed his attention. Noah checked his teeth, tugged up his bra straps to lift his manly chest. Turning to the side he admired the way his chest thrust out, the curve at the small of his back and the plump rise of his round ass. Bro, he thought, winking at himself in the mirror. You still got it.

He walked right up to Pam's desk, sat down, arching his back, thrusting his chest forward and crossed his legs. Pam looked shocked, scared almost, which didn't surprise Noah at all. Women could find a man as good looking as him intimidating. "Listen, bae," he said, thinking he sounded gruff and aggressive, but actually speaking in the lilting manner he'd copied from Dana. "Enough is enough. I'm taking you out to someplace super cute for dinner, and I won't take no for an answer. I'm a stud, you're a goddess. We belong together."

Pam chuckled. She couldn't help herself. Had Noah just thrust his breasts out and called himself a stud? Had he lost his mind?



Noah didn't realize she was laughing at him. He interpreted her giggle as flirtatious. "So, it's a date then. I know this adorable Italian restaurant. It's delish."

"Oh, um, sorry?" Pam said. Sure, there was a time Noah had been a stud, but this new Noah did not attract her at all. Still, she was smart enough not to say that, though she couldn't help but be a little mean. There was something about feminine men that brought out the bitch in her. 'I'm seeing someone right now. He had a flat chest, so, yeah, I mean, otherwise, I would love to but--?'"

“You’re seeing someone?’ Noah said, eyes sparkling. He put a hand to his chest and squealed. “Dish, girl. I want deets.”

Pam forced a smile. It was like talking to another woman. She made up a fantasy boyfriend on the spot, a kind of Frankenbro stitched together with details from different guys she used to date. They kept chatting and chatting, Pam glancing at the clock on her computer. She really needed to get her report done, but each time she tried to break off the conversation Noah dismissed her efforts with a dismissive flip of his wrist. Finally, it was past 5 o’clock. “Look, Noah, I’m so sorry, but I really have to go,” Pam said, grabbing her purse.

After Pam left, Noah found himself flush, pleased. He’d really never gotten to know Pam. It was another relationship he’d let lie dormant. What was wrong with me?’ He wondered. It was so good to really connect with her. Relationships take work, he thought, the idea striking him as some amazing new insight.

Heading home, he turned on his radio, “Butterfly,” the new song by Krystal Kinsey, was on, so he blasted the radio up to full power, bopping and singing along. He just loved Krystal so much. She was the perfect combination of strong and feminine. In fact, dancing while driving, he decided he’d get cleaned up and hit the bar. He just needed some relationship free sex, and there were always a lot of girls there looking for the same. He knew most of them already, and in the Biblical sense of knowing.

Alice, who’d been too busy with work and the kids to pay attention, tuned in as Noah got out of the shower and wrapped a towel around his curvy torso, girl-style. She smirked as she read his thoughts, realized he was about to hit a club and try and pick up a woman. Alice smiled as inspiration hit. It was almost too cruel. Almost. Right away, she continued to feminize his body, making him slimmer, narrowing his waist, letting his breasts swell a cup size. His shoulders and arms shrank, taking on the pretty, feminine look of a young, yoga-obsessed woman, while his ass both fattened tightened, like he was a girl who did 200 glute bridges a day. His face softened, and Alice nodded, pleased to see her disgusting ex losing everything that he’d once been so proud of as a man, replaced by everything he lusted after in a woman.

Noah, completely unaware of the changes happening to his body, found himself dithering over which bra to wear, which panties. He was expecting to strip at some point on his journey to sex, so his lingerie was super important. Sexy was without question a must—but what color, what cut...? He bit his lip, struggling to decide before finally settling on a lacey pink pair he felt conveyed the right combination of innocent, vulnerable, yet a little slutty. He knew that's what women looked for in a man. Snapping the waist band of his panties, feeling secure and supported by his bra, he went with what Alice planted in his mind were old reliables—a tank top that showed off his manly little arms, and tight jeggings that celebrated his coltish legs and firm, toned ass.

With a toss of his hair and a giggle, as well as a nudge from his ex, he decided to tie up the side of his tank top and show off a bit of his smooth, taught belly. "You sassy bastard," he whispered, tossing a hip to the side.

Now, shoes. His eyes fell on a pair of strappy high heels he didn't remember owning.

Noah swallowed. They were so cute. He'd never noticed how pretty a pair of heels could be, and he wanted, needed, to wear them. "No," the old Noah said, shaking his head. High heels? "What the hell am I even... even... thinking... I uh..."

Alice whispered, and Noah's world turned sideways, his head swam, and then, clarity—"Why the hell is this even a question?" Of course, he would wear his heels. These heels were money. He couldn't count how many times he'd gotten laid because of his cute shoes. Women couldn't say no to a guy in a hot pair of strappy heels. It was a known fact.

Alice snickered as Noah sat on the bed and strapped his heels on, a smug, arrogant look on his face. It would have been funny to make him learn to walk in heels, but Alice thought it would be even funnier if he came strutting into the bar like he thought he was the hottest bitch in the place. He got up, went to the mirror. He had a perfect feminine gait, like he'd been wearing heels since he'd been a little girl.

Alice wasn't done.

As Noah brushed his hair, he noticed a few things on the dresser: eyeliner, lip gloss. What's her name must have left them, he thought, turning his

attention back toward his glossy hair. So full of bounce, he thought. Alice did her work. As soon as he finished brushing his hair and picked up the eyeliner. Should I? He wondered. My eyes would be seriously popping. Guys didn't wear makeup, though. What would people think?



They'd think I'm a total badass who breaks all the rules, he decided as he started to line his eyes, then puckered his lips and painted them with gloss. He checked himself out, nodded. "Lady Killer," he said, grabbing his clutch purse and walking out the door, a sassy sway in his hips.

Noah **did** strut into the bar like he thought he was the hottest bitch in the place, letting his chest swing side to side, like his breasts were machine guns and he was mowing everyone down with his nipples. He dialed up the



wiggle in his hips to ten, a haughty look on his pretty face as he scanned the dark, cool space looking for a target—and there she was: Amy Lee. They'd hooked up a few times over the years when things had been tense with his wife, and she was always fun and DTF.

Amy spotted Noah, but from across the bar, he just looked like some new girl. Taking in the girl's whole boss bitch vibe, she wondered, "who the hell does she think she is?" The woman made eye contact, smirked and walked

directly toward Amy. Amy braced herself, getting ready to explain how she was straight but was totally supportive of anyone's lifestyle choices. She shook her head, stunned, suddenly recognizing the arrogant bitch for who she really was: "Noah?" Amy couldn't help it. She stared, laughing. Noah had always been such a bro, and now here he was in high heels looking like he'd stepped right off the cover of Skinny Bitch Magazine.

The skinny little thing Alice had made of Noah planted a hand on his hip and said, "You gonna buy a boy a drink, or do I have to stand here all day looking pretty?" His eyes went wide. Not only had he said something he found completely embarrassing, but his voice? It sounded high, soft, buzzy. He sounded like a woman.

Rather than make him believe he'd always sounded like a girl as she'd done with the other changes, Alice let him suffer the shock of his feminized voice.

Amy, for her part, was trying to process the information she was getting from her lying eyes. She looked over Noah's curvy new figure, his hair, his clothes, his high heels. The spell made her accept the impossible, but it didn't make her understand it. "What the hell happened to you?" She said, looking at Noah's face. Had he gotten a nose job? Collagen? His lips were so plump. Was he wearing eyeliner?

Noah cleared his throat. "What do you mean?" He said, wincing. He didn't even sound like a woman, but a girl.

"I mean, um, to start with, you got tits, dude. When did that happen?"

"Unh!" Noah said, slitting his eyes. "I find the term tits offensive, and what are you even talking about?" He looked down at the round, soft swelling of his chest. "I have a chest like a Roman God. Most guys wish they had pecs like mine."

Amy's mouth dropped open. Did he actually believe what he was saying? The dude not only had tits, he had great tits. She felt a little jealous. It occurred to her that, clearly, Noah was conflicted about his transition. He'd always acted so macho. She should have known he was compensating. The whole thing made her uncomfortable. She just wanted out. "Okay, so, it's been great to see you," Amy said. She had, indeed, come here looking to get laid, and this new Noah was not quite what she'd had in mind. She

spotted George coming in the door, a guy who she considered pretty okay enough in bed. “Hey, George!” She called, waving.

George, who’d never met Noah, saw Amy talking to some hot chick with a banging ass and walked over. He stepped by Noah and gave Amy a kiss hello. “Who’s your friend?” He asked, now turning around and checking out Noah’s front side, his eyes settling on Noah’s breasts.

Amy wasn’t sure about Noah’s pronouns, so she just said, “That’s Noah.”

“Bro,” Noah said, reaching out a hand, but George stepped in and wrapped his arm around Noah, giving him a tight, lingering hug and a kiss on the cheek. “You’re gorgeous,” he said to Noah, then turned to Amy, “your friend is gorgeous.” He wanted to get both girls in play, thinking maybe he could finally fill in the MFF box on his Sex Bingo Card.

For Noah? Shock. Total shock. The feeling of his soft chest pressed against George’s hard body sent chills and thrills right down to his toes, and the way George smelled? Some kind of leathery musk. Yum. It made his nipples hard, and then add that to the fact the guy was clearly coming onto him. Noah felt weak in the knees and giggled, playing with his hair, not even able to feel uneasy about the fact he was reacting this way to a guy.

Amy, seeing the sparks flying between George and Noah, seethed and decided to get rid of her competition. “George, just so you know, Noah is a guy.”

George looked at Noah. Back at Amy. “No way.”

“Why would you say that?” Noah asked, fishing his lip gloss out of his purse and touching up his lips. “I mean, I’m obviously a man.” He raised a skinny little arm and flexed, revealing he had no muscle.

George and Amy couldn’t help it. They both started laughing.”

“Rude!” Noah huffed, turned smoothly on his heels and walked away. George watched, staring at Noah’s ass. “Burn a hole in it why don’t you?” Amy said.

“I just can’t believe a guy has an ass like that,” he said, then realized he was blowing his chances with Amy. “Oh, hey, he’s got nothing on you, babe. You’re a fucking goddess.”

Amy smiled. George was an asshole, but she wasn't sure she could be too choosy.

Noah, meanwhile, quickly regained his confidence. He was a total badass. Amy and her dumb friend were not in his league. As he walked through the bar looking for a place to set up court, he could feel all eyes on him—women, men, they were all checking him out. That's right, he thought, drink it in. I'm a fucking goddess.

He figured he'd be leaving on someone's arm in less than an hour.

The next day, a confused, depressed and discouraged Noah got out of bed, did a few sun salutations and gloomily got ready for work. He had struck out at the club. It was so hard to understand. The women he'd approached had all seemed to think he was some kind of joke, or they almost acted like they felt sorry for him. A couple guys had hit on him, which was totally flattering but he had to explain to them, and he was as sweet and polite as he could be, that he wasn't gay. The guys had seemed confused for some reason. He'd gone to the men's room to check out his outfit, wondering if he was giving off a gay vibe for some reason, but no, he was his usually cute, pretty self. He touched up his eyeliner and went back out into the bar, but his run of bad luck continued. The women all seemed amused. The guys all seemed confused.

There had been one serious offer from a woman: Elise had bought him a drink and then asked if he wanted to come home with her, explaining she thought he had a great ass and promising she would peg the hell out of him, but he wasn't really into pegging, so, as horny as he was, he'd been forced to decline.

Alice had watched it all, amused as the pretty, busty, teakettle voiced femme she'd made of Noah minced around the bar in his high heels, hitting on women, thinking he was a manly stud. It was so perfect watching him playing with his hair, giggling or adjusting a bra strap suggestively, then getting this surprised, shocked look on his face when the women started laughing. He even tried to impress one by telling her about the excellent safety ratings his pink minivan enjoyed, plus the incredible gas mile. It

would have been tragic, Amy thought, if she didn't hate him so much. Even the sight of him crying himself to sleep didn't soften her cruel heart.

Am I too old, Noah wondered the next morning, looking in the mirror. Have I lost it? He looked himself over. His face was still smooth. No crows' feet. If anything, he thought he looked younger. His chest was as perky and firm as ever. He shook his shoulders from side to side and watched his chest



sway, his nipples hard in the cold morning air. Maybe he could do a few more pushups, but he still had a chest like Wonder Woman— Superman, he corrected. He had a chest like Superman. Looking at his tummy, his waist, he thought he was as skinny

as any guy could want to be. "I'm hot as hell," he squealed, then he sighed. It didn't matter. The mirror lied. The people at the bar didn't, and they had told him he was over.

There was only thing to dispel this mood and restore him to hotness, he decided. A trip to the tanning salon. Alice, of course, had planted the idea in his head. He grabbed his phone and used the APP to schedule an appointment, then looked in the mirror and tried to smile his way to happiness, but the planned tanning session was not enough.

“Oh!” He said, waxing dramatic. “A tan won’t save me. I’m old and ugly. I’m a withered hag no one will ever want again.”

Alice smiled as she watched. She’d filled Noah’s pretty little head with all manner of female anxieties and insecurities, and she loved watching him suffer them all now, freaking out about his body, his face, and, most of all, his age.

“I wasted my best years in a loveless marriage,” Noah moaned to himself, “and now I’m an old maid.” He thought of his daughters. They were his reward, his consolation prize for having no partner. He would grow old alone, hoarding cats, but he’d take solace in being a mom—Dad—he corrected himself. His daughters would grow up, and they’d have kids. He’d be a grandfather. His daughters would bring them over sometimes to visit, and he would bake cookies, knit them sweaters. That would be his life.

Thinking of the that warm future, he smiled for a moment, but then his smile melted away. His girls barely knew him. They probably hated him. Would they bring their grandkids to visit? Would they ever visit? He needed to fix his relationship with the girls. It had to be his top priority.

He had visitation rights this weekend. The girls spent one weekend a month with him which, until just lately, had been one weekend too many. Mostly when the girls had come over in the past, he’d just left them to themselves to watch videos or whatever. They spent the whole weekend staring at smart pads with headphones covering their ears. He barely even spoke to them. Now he had this powerful hunger for connection, a need to bond. How, though? What could he and the girls do together to build some memories?

He decided he would have a chat with Pam, pick her brain on something fun he could do with the girls. He was determined to be a better Mom—Dad.

The next morning, he dragged Pam away from her work once again, sat her down on the couch and started asking her all kinds of questions about what girls liked, how he could bond with his daughters. It was, Pam supposed, sweet that he’d decided to take interest in his daughters, but she had work to do, and she actually wasn’t sure how to bond with kids anyway. She found children annoying. Once more, Noah’s femininity disgusted her.

Her cruel streak came out, and she decided to make a suggestion that she thought would make him look like a fool. “You should go out for Mani-Pedis and some shopping,” Pam said. “Girls love getting their nails done. My Mom and I were always going for manicures together, and we still do even to this day. Boy, did we ever bond. It was like relationship Hyperglue. Seriously.” Actually, those were all total lies. She and her mom never got along.

Noah’s face clouded. “A manicure? Isn’t that a little, I don’t know, feminine?” Pam almost choked. Was he really sitting there with his big, girly bow tie, his sexy bob and that little girl, kewpie doll voice worrying about seeming feminine? She really couldn’t tell if he was joking or had gone insane, but she decided to play along. “What? Feminine? Father-Daughter Mani-pedis are all the rage. It’s trending right now, like, everywhere. Your girls will love you for it.” Pam plastered a smile on her face and held it, waiting to see if she’d sealed the deal.



Noah looked confused, skeptical, but then a pretty smile spread across his face. “Omigod, you’re amazing,” he said. “This is going to be the best weekend ever.”

Pam patted him on the knee. “Good talk. I need to get that report done

before noon.” The next few hours passed in blissful silence, with both Pam and Noah working on their stuff in their separate offices. Around 2:30, Noah got a call from Alice. “Hey, babe,” Alice said. “I need you to pick up the girls after school, drop them off at my mom’s house, then pick them up and take them to soccer practice at 5:30.”

Noah huffed as he looked at the clock. “You could have given me more notice,” he said as he juggled tasks in his mind. He’d need to reschedule his tanning session, pick up the kids, make snacks. Pick up the kids again. He would manage somehow. It was a chance to spend more time with the kids. “I’m happy to it.”



“Thanks. Bye,” Alice said, hanging up the phone, smirking.

Noah decided to change into his new soccer clothes before heading to the tanning salon. Once he’d changed, he stepped into Pam’s office, excited for her to see his new outfit—black leggings, a pink tank top that read Foxes across the chest. Cute shoes the same brand that Dana wore. Pam was intently focused on her work, so Noah, striking a pose, called out, “Pam? Sweetie? I’m leaving a little early. Gotta pick up the girls.”

“Okay,” Pam said, then glanced up, did a double take. Noah was dressed like a suburban mom, right

down to the unlaced deck shoes, and he was standing in a ballet position. He even had ballet fingers.

“Oh, this?” Noah said, though, in fact, Pam had not referenced his outfit. “It’s just something I threw together.” He held his pose, waiting expectantly.

Pam could tell he was fishing for a compliment. Thinking he wanted to be treated like a woman these days, she put on the tone she usually reserved for girl to girl conversations and said, “Your outfit is so cute. I love that top.”



She’s into me, Noah thought. I knew it. He felt super manly in his leggings and tank top, his bra straps bright against his smooth skin. He decided to make a pass. Pretending he needed to adjust his shoe, he kicked back a leg, thrusting his ass back, his chest out. It was a pose he’d seen girls do on porno sites, and it never failed to get him horny. “You sure you don’t want to spend a night getting to know this body? I’ve got the kids this weekend, but next weekend we could take my minivan out to Ulmer’s Lookout, and I could show you a really good time.”

Pam managed not to laugh. He looked like a female model, posing to show off his curves, of which he had serious curves. Yet, he kept piping in that sing song little voice of his like he was some kind of macho stud. "I'm still seeing that same nice guy I mentioned before."

Noah smiled, turned and started to walk out. Pam was about to go back to work, but Noah paused and looked back over his little round shoulder. "Let me know when you get tired of nice and want to spend a night with a real man." Then, he giggled and tossed his hair.

A very confused and amused Pam gave her skinny little boss a thumbs up. He blew her a kiss then walked out the door on those long legs of his, hips swaying from side to side.

Bonus

