

EX-HUSBAND

Magazine



Soccer Mom
Part IV

“Go.... Go... go...” Noah said, giving his horn a tap as the car in front of him, driven by a tiny little old woman, sat unmoving though the light had turned green. At the sound of the horn, the woman’s head snapped up, and her car slowly began to move. “Sorry,” Noah whispered, feeling a bit rude, but he had so much to do.



“Being a mom is so stressful,” Noah whispered, tugging nervously on his bra strap in what had become a habit whenever he was stressed. He glanced at the clock. He should be able to just make it in time for his appointment at the tanning salon, then it would be get the kids, race home, make snacks, go back and get the kids again, go to soccer practice... “Such a blessing Tina left me,” he said to himself. “I don’t even know where I’m going to find the time for work and the kids, let alone Tina.”

Of course, Tina’s departure also opened the door for him to have a little attachment-free fling with the MILF Queen, Dana. Oh, my God, he thought,

picturing her. She was just so pretty and had it all together. “I want to be her,” he sighed, then shook his head, his bob swirling around his face. “I mean, I want her.” He imagined the two of them feeding each other strawberries, exchanging kisses, chatting about their kids.

Noah rushed into the salon less than a minute before his appointment. “I’m here. I’m here. Don’t cancel me,” he said, hurrying to the counter where a young woman smiled back at him.

She’s pretty, the girl thought, assessing what to her looked like a woman. Fit and trim, though her face wasn’t all that. “Well, let’s get you set up,” she said. Noticing Noah’s had shown up empty handed, she asked, “Do you need tanning lotion?”

“Tanning lotion? Is that like suntan lotion?”

“You’ve never been tanning?”

“Um, no?” Noah said, suddenly feeling a sense of inadequacy, lack, inferiority. Surely, a mom his age should have been tanning, would know all about tanning. He crinkled his nose. “But, please don’t tell anyone?”

“Of course not. We’re very discreet. What level of tan are you looking for? Do you want just a little color, or a deep, dark tan?”

Noah bit his lip. Why did life have to be so full of decisions? “I think—I want---” he was struggling to find the words, so he pulled out his phone and pulled up a picture of a woman sunbathing he’d found on PicturePin. “I want to look like her,” he said. “I mean, her tan, the way her skin glows.” He did want to look like her. He hadn’t even noticed that instead of getting a boner looking at how hot she was, he’d just inspired.

“Got it,” the girl said, grabbing a bottle of Bronze Goddess from the shelf. “Follow me.”

Noah stripped down, coated himself in Bronze Goddess and climbed onto the tanning bed. He stretched out, sighing with pleasure as the bed lit up, bathing him in ultraviolet rays. The salon pumped music into the room, and he even found himself dancing a little, feeling so good. *Sometimes*, he thought, *a man just needs a break from the stresses of being a Mom*. Really, tanning was amazing. He couldn’t even imagine how he’d gotten so late in life without it. The rays from the bed felt so good, and he loved the



coconut smell of his tanning lotion. He drifted off to sleep, smiling, deep in feminine bliss.

Alice thought her slender little ex looked adorable, but, really, the perfectly pretty body she'd given him was just being ruined by the lumpy presence of his dumb penis and ball sack. With a wave of her hand and a whisper, she fixed the problem as Noah's balls pulled back up into his body and his penis shrank until it was just a tiny little nub. Alice giggled, seeing her emasculated ex-hubby, smiling prettily while she whittled away his prize cock. It made her feel so powerful to take away his manhood, she couldn't even imagine how great it was going to feel when she gave him a vagina.

When he got done, Noah took a look at himself in the mirror, admiring his slender waist, soft round hips, and, of course, his now golden, glowing skin. "I'm such a badass," he said, giggling and blowing himself a kiss. "Dana doesn't stand a chance." He turned to the side and looked at his profile: the teardrop swell of his chest, the dramatic swerve at his waist and the plump, inviting rise of his ass: he was all man. His off night at the club had just been a fluke. Thanks to the spell, he didn't even notice he had no balls.

Alice was watching, loving the sight of her idiot ex with his salon tan, posing in the mirror, clueless.



“Why does Dad have boobies?” Milana whispered as she and Venice climbed into the back of Noah’s minivan.

“Because he needs them to fill out his bra?” Venice said, shrugging. The two snickered.

“What are you two sillies whispering about?” Noah, who’d been touching up his lip gloss in the rearview mirror, said. He turned and smiled at the girls. They were so precious.

“We were just wondering,” Milana said, her cruel streak coming out, “what kind of bra you’re wearing.’

“It’s a Missy,” Noah said, tugging on a bra strap. “Cute, right?”

“So trendy. It’s what all the Dads wear these days,” Venice said.

The world tilted, Noah’s brain struggling to reconcile the fact he was wearing a bra, that he needed a bra with—reality. Men didn’t wear bras. Men didn’t have bouncy breasts that needed support. The old Noah, somewhere deep inside, was screaming, trying to wake himself up from this delusion, but it didn’t work. Instead, Noah just forgot all about his confusion, shrugged his little shoulders and started driving.

The girls exchanged a glance, had the kind of psychic conversation only twins could have. “Daddy,” Venice said. “I love your outfit, but it’s missing something.”

“Missing something?” Noah felt panic settling over him. His outfit needed to be perfect. Dana and the other moms. “What is it?’ He wondered.

“Hmmm,” Venice said, pretending to be thinking. “I’m not sure. What do you think, Milana?”

“Let me see,” Milana said, leaning forward, as if trying to get a better look. “I know. *Jewelry*. All the real dads wear sparkly, pretty things.”

“Of course,” Venice said. “You can’t be seen without jewelry, Daddy. It simple isn’t done.”

Alice, who’d decided to keep watching, shook her head, laughing. Those are my girls, all right, she thought, amazed that the whole universe seemed to be working with her to feminize her jerky ex. Tag teaming with her girls, she filled Noah’s head with a love for and obsession with jewelry.

“What can I do?” Noah said, panicking, terrified, humiliated that he’d overlooked such an obvious matter of fashion. “There’s not enough time for me to go shopping.”

Venice and Milana snorted at that. “I know,” Milana said, pretending to surprise herself. “You can wear ours.” Milana loved the idea of her father wearing tween girl bracelets and necklaces. He’d been such a jerk her whole life, she couldn’t help but want some payback. Even his weird, new over-parenting routine, she was sure, wouldn’t last.

“Oh, I can’t,” Noah said. “Then you’d have no jewelry.” He’d been a selfish man, but he’d decided to change all that. The new Noah put his daughters first, even if it meant the shame of showing up to soccer practice without accessories.

Milana and Venice frowned. They hadn’t been expecting that, but they were clever if wicked girls. “We don’t wear it during practice anyway,” Milana said.

“And it would be so embarrassing for us if our father appeared in public without accessorizing.”

“Omigod, you girls are so amazing,” Noah said, sighing with relief. He’d wanted to bond with his girls, and now they were sharing jewelry. It was a miracle. “Oh, by the way, I have an idea for this weekend. How about a spa day? We can get mani-pedis together.”

Oh, this was going to be good, the girls thought. Neither one of them was all that girly girl, but they both had ideas about just what they might talk Daddy into. “Awesome!” They shouted in unison.

The girls slipped off their bracelets, a necklace. At the next red light, Noah slipped the bracelets over his small hands. He turned them this way and that, enjoying the way they sparkled. He put on Milana’s necklace, which lay right in the center of his cleavage, serving to draw attention to his rack. Noah sighed with relief. He had felt naked without his girls’ jewelry.

Once Noah parked, the girls ran off to see their friends. He slung his picnic basket over his arm and sauntered over to the other soccer moms, whose mouths gaped open in shock as they looked at the curvy little thing Noah had become, his graceful, feminine walk and cute bob. One of the moms,

Helen, not really sure how to greet this exotic creature, decided to go with, “Hey, girl.”

“Mah ladies,” Noah answered in his cute, blonde mom voice, not noticing or caring that she’d referred to him as “girl.” He went to the snack table and started to unpack the snacks he’d made.

“More healthy snacks?” Helen said, reaching by him to snag one of his celery stalks.



“It’s so hard to get them to eat right,” Noah said. “It drives me crazy.”

“You look gorgeous,” Helen said and, feeling playful and bold, she cupped Noah’s plump, heart-shaped ass and squeezed. “You’ve got ass like Meghan Fox.”

“Omigod, thanks.” Noah thought Meghan Foxx was so pretty, and she did have a great ass. He knew he had to return a compliment. “Your hair is just so happening.”

Noah spotted Dana, who was watching the girls warm up. Time to make my move, he decided, taking a quick look using the mirror function on his cellphone. His makeup looked good. He fluffed his hair, smiled at himself.



Dana was so focused on watching her daughter during warmups she didn't even hear Noah approaching. Instead, she a soft hand cup her elbow, felt a pair of breasts press into her back, and then a soft, woman's voice whispered in her ear, "Wanna sneak behind the dugout and kiss?"

Thanks to the spell, Dana immediately recognized the sexy woman's voice as belonging to Noah. She turned, then took a step back, shocked at the changed man who stood before her. Not only was he dressed like a woman in a pink Foxes tank top and leggings, but he looked like a woman. She

was totally embarrassed such a feminine and womanly “man” would hit on her at all, yet alone in front of the other moms.

“Oh, God, Noah. Just stop. I’m not interested.”



Dana, like most attractive women, had dealt with a lot of aggressive men over the years, so she knew how to handle them, though none had been quite as busty as Noah. She knew to set clear boundaries. “Don’t ask me again. I am not saying try harder. You’re, seriously, not my type.”

Noah cupped one of his breasts and lifted it. “A night in bed with this hot bod,” he whispered, his soft voice sexy as silk, “and you’ll never be the same.”

Dana burst out laughing, turned and hurried off. She just couldn’t help herself. If Noah had been more of a man, she might have even filed a



complaint with the soccer league over him hitting on her, but he was so feminine and non-threatening, she just felt sorry for him.

Noah watched Dana go, admiring her walk, her poise. "What a goddess," he whispered, turning and walking away, his walk and body language a mirror-image of Dana's.

Soccer practice commenced. Noah chit-chatted with some of the other moms, mostly about kids, and he was excited to pick up a few tips on how to keep their white clothes looking bright and pretty. When he wandered off to watch practice, the moms huddled, looking at his plump ass, narrow waist. "He's got a figure like an 18-year-old," one of the mom's said, feeling a little jealous.

"I hate to admit this, but I used to think he was kind of a stud."

"You aren't the only one," Dana said.

"Come on girls!" Noah shouted. "Hustle. Hustle. You can do it. I believe in you."

"He sounds like a cheerleader," one of the mom's said.

Dana smiled. She thought it might be fun to see if she could talk Macho Mom into a cheerleader outfit.

Bonus Pic and Deleted Scene



It was just a moment, a glitch, but for a second Noah saw himself as he really was, shocked at the rise of his full breasts, the dramatic swerve of his soft, round hips. “What the hell happened to me?” He whispered, shocked at the small, squeaky voice that came out of his mouth. Then, he blanked out, eyes glazed, and a moment later, he giggled. “Hey, handsome,” he cooed, looking at himself, thinking he looked like a Greek statue, the very

image of masculine perfection. Now that he had such a sexy tan, he was sure Dana wouldn't be able to resist him.

Deleted Scenes

I was going to have Noah get shrunk, but on second thought I decided Alice would keep him as a tall (for a woman) leggy model-type. But, since I shot the scenes of him getting shorter, here they are:

