

EX-HUSBAND

Magazine



Soccer Mom

Noah pulled into the parking lot and found a spot. Grabbing his basket, he let it dangle from his forearm as he walked toward the tent where a few of the moms had gathered. The girls had already taken the field, warming up before the match. Noah scanned the group in their pink Foxes jerseys until he spotted his twins, Milana and Venice, running side by side, their ponytails bobbing. “Hey! Girls!” Noah called, waving. He wanted to make sure they knew he was there.

The girls looked up, surprised to see their Dad had shown up for a change, and was he carrying a picnic basket? Weird. Oh, well, they went back to focusing on their running.

Noah made his way over to the tent, where there were four Moms sitting in chairs. “I brought snacks,” he said, expecting a round of applause. “Put them on the table with the rest,” said one of the women—he didn’t remember her name, but she was most certainly the queen of MILF-Landia. Damn, she was fine.

Noah looked over to see a folding table smothered with snacks. What the hell? This was enough food to feed 100 kids, and—he crinkled his nose in disgust as he removed the containers of healthy snacks from his picnic basket. Someone had brought cookies, another person candy. He snorted, wondering what kind of mother would allow her kids to each such crap, let alone leave it here to poison other kids. He almost said something, but he didn’t want to get on the bad side of these women, so he just smiled as he walked over and took a seat next to the MILFiest MILF. He remembered her face, though he couldn’t not quite remember her name.

“You are.... Let me see...” he said, looking her right in the eyes. She had sexy eyes, wore light makeup, and the tank top left nothing to the imagination. Sure, sure, she was an older broad, but she’d held up well, which was more than he could say for more than a few of these moms.

“Dana,” the woman answered. She had a sexy, feminine voice.

“Dana!” Snapping his fingers. “I think I probably didn’t get your name when we met because I was too distracted by your that pretty face. You are incredibly beautiful.”

Dana smiled. “Keep going.”

The smile, the body language. Noah felt she was horny, and he had a shot. Yeah, yeah, he had a girlfriend, but they'd never said they were exclusive. In fact, it was an unspoken agreement, Noah felt, that they could sleep with anyone they wanted.

Dana, in fact, was interested. She and her husband had recently separated. Noah looked exciting, with his conservative suit offset by his longer hair, the hairband. He would probably be—inventive—in the sack, which Dana craved after years of missionary sex with Mr. Boring. “You’re Milana and Venice’s Dad, right?” Dana had heard a lot about Noah, almost all of it bad. Alice had been quite clear in conveying that Noah was a huge asshole. Dana, however, was looking for sex, not a relationship, and she’d found that sometimes the biggest assholes were the best in bed.

“Yup,” Noah said, and then, wanting to endear himself to Dana, he decided to play up what a good dad he was, though he wasn’t: “I am so lucky to get to raise such amazing... to have... I’m...” his eyes glazed, and his head swam, strange new thoughts and needs flooding his subconsciousness. He noticed how Dana sat—so elegant. Then, he noticed how he was sitting—legs spread, hunched over. He panicked. What would she and the other moms think of him?

Noah changed his posture, imitating Dana, even copying her facial expression.

Seeing Noah suddenly adopt such a feminine sitting position, however, caused Dana’s interest to go cold. A real man would never sit like that. Nope. He would be terrible in bed, she decided. Probably start crying after, want to cuddle or go to brunch. She wanted out of the conversation before femboy got the wrong idea. Dana turned her attention to the field, where the game had started. “Are you kidding me?” She shouted to the ref. “That wasn’t a foul. Omigod!” She said, hooking her hair behind her ear.



“Omigod,” Noah said, not just imitating her words, but her speech pattern, and raising his voice slightly. He even hooked his hair behind his ear as he turned his attention back to the game, at the same time keeping an eye on Dana, how she sat and moved. “Where did you get that tank top?” He asked at one point. “It’s so cool.”

Dana looked down at her pink tank top with the team name, Foxes, stenciled across the front. “We had them made for all the team moms,” Dana said, then added, her voice oozing sarcasm, “I can get one for you if you want to be one of the moms.”

‘Omigod, that would be so great,’ Noah answered, oblivious to her scorn.

Dana raised an eyebrow and examined her nails. “Oh-kaaay.”

Noah raised an eyebrow and examined his nails. Dana was so cool. He wanted to be just like her.

Alice laughed as she watched Noah imprinting on Dana like he was a little girl, and the woman was his big sister. His movements and speech became more and more feminine as the soccer game went on, which Alice watched using the scrying stone while flipping back and forth to watch Noah's progress. The Foxes were playing well, but The Burn was considered the best team in the league, with several girls who'd matured early and were taller and stronger than most 8-year-olds. So, it was pretty exciting that the game was tied 1-1 at halftime.



When the ref blew the whistle signaling the end of the first half, the girls all came running over to the snack table for snacks and water. Dana got up and went to work the table, with Noah following, imitating her walk, her posture. Alice nodded. Good, good. Dana walked like a woman who'd spent a great deal of her youth in ballet class—she practically floated across the grass, her hips swiveling as she walked heel to toe, heel to toe. Now, Noah would have the same graceful walk as any girl who grew up on the barre as his gait went from manly stud to suburban sweetheart in three dainty steps.

Milana and Venice had gotten in line with the other girls at the snack table, all of them bouncing excitedly.

“Omigod,” Noah said, rushing up to his girls, pulling Venice in in for a long, tight hug. “You’re both playing so well. I’m crazy proud of you!” He was talking like Dana, though still mostly with his man’s voice.

Venice, crushed inside Noah’s arms, crunched up her face and looked at her twin sister. What the hell? She mouthed.

Milana shook her head, palms up. His hair? She mouthed.

“Your turn,” Noah said, letting Venice free, throwing his arms around Milana, likewise crushing her to her horror.

When the hugs ended, Milana couldn’t help but ask, “what’s up with your hair?”

“What do you mean?” Noah said, touching his hair, adjusting his head band.

“I mean, why’s it long and stuff all of a sudden?”

“I’ve always had my hair like this,” Noah said, shaking his head. The world tilted, and some distant memory, some thought deep inside him seemed to be struggling to get out. Why would Milana ask him about his hair? If he’d always had it like this, why would... why... It had always been like this. She was just a little kid. They’d forget their heads if they weren’t attached. Alice was always saying that. “You silly goose,” Noah said, bending over and bopping Milana on the nose. “Now, no sugary drinks and stay away from the cookies and candy.”

“Daaaaaad!”

“I brought orange wedges,” he said, which I know you both love, so make good choices.”

“You made snacks?” Venice said, confused. Why was her Dad talking and acting like her mom? Had there been some kind of real-life body swap, like in that movie Transformation Tuesday?

The girls found themselves equally stunned after the game when Noah led them to his pink minivan. “What happened to your car?” Venice said,

crinkling her nose at the thought of the other girls seeing her Dad driving a pink minivan.

“What car?” Noah said as he climbed into the driver’s seat, pulled the seat belt across his chest. He glanced back to see the girls sitting on the bench seat behind him. “Buckle up, girls,” he said.

The girls once more exchanged glances as they fastened their seatbelts. Noah had always been the fun dad, and now with the healthy snacks and seatbelts, he was turning super lame. Milana, feeling cruel and wanting to strike back at her dad for being so annoying, said, “Are you turning gay?”

Noah, who’d been primping his hair in the rearview mirror, froze. “What? Why would you ask me that?”

“Because you’re driving a pink minivan,” Milana said, voice dripping with sarcasm. “And you’re all swishy.” She put her arms out to her sides and let her hands flop about, limp wristed.

Noah got that feeling again—wasn’t something wrong? Milana was right. Something had changed. He had changed, but—the magic washed his concerns away and he smiled at his daughter. “You’re a silly goosey goose,” he said, immediately wondering, why am I talking like that?

As Noah dropped the girls off at their mother’s house, he couldn’t help but worry. They were so young, so small. “Make sure to brush your teeth,” he called. “And wash behind your ears.” It was a way for him to say to them—I love you so much. I’d do anything for you.

The man who returned home to Tina looked the same, but she had to believe he’d been replaced by some kind of podperson—a decidedly feminine pod person. He walked cute. His gestures and even the way he talked were effeminate. He’d come into the living room walking heel to toe, hips swiveling. She’d laughed, thinking he was goofing around, but then he’d sat down on the couch—like a woman wearing a skirt and heels would sit, leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. “Hey, girl,” he said, using a sassy, feminine inflection he’d heard Dana use when she greeted one of the other soccer moms.

“Hey, girl?” Tina said. “Are you sick or something?”

“I’m ah-mazing,’ Noah said, with a wave of his hand, doing his best Dana impression. “Oh, my God. Let me tell you about everything that happened at soccer practice...” He started chattering on, talking a thousand words a minute, his story having no real beginning, middle or end, but just a series of random thoughts. He constantly interrupted himself, stopping, saying things like, “Oh! Wait, but then... nevermind... it was... what was I?—Oh, yeah, so then...”

Tina was used to this when she was talking with her girlfriends, but it was not something she wanted or needed from the man in her life. When had he become such a swish?

Alice, of course, watched it all, amused. When a flush cheeked Noah, high on chitchat, started to tire, she added another new twist to his personality. He stopped going on and on about his daughters. Eyes glazed, mind swirled. “I’m making you dinner,” he said, getting up, leaning down and giving Tina another kiss. “I want you to know how much I appreciate you.”

Tina smiled but cringed inside. Unless this was all some kind of act and Noah would suddenly start acting like a man again, there thing was over. She just needed to find another place to live, which meant she would need to save up a deposit, which meant she might need... a month? Two? She watched Noah mincing off to the kitchen, and she just sighed. She would have to hope for the best. Maybe she should hit him on the head with a bowling pin or something?

After dinner, which Tina had to admit was out of this world, and she didn’t even know Noah could cook, he tied on her apron, handed her a glass of Chablis and shooed her out to the living room. “I’ll take care of the dishes,” he insisted. “I mean, really. You just relax, babe.”

Tina sipped her wine and turned on the TV. Maybe it wouldn’t be so hard to tolerate Noah as long as he cooked like that, did the cleaning. It would be like having her own live-in maid. She smirked, thinking, why not? She could always get a real man on the side.

That night an exhausted Noah crawled into bed next to his snoring girlfriend. Once he’d gotten done doing the dishes, he’d noticed the baseboard looked gross and had spent the rest of the evening on his hands and knees with a bucket and a brush, scrubbing furiously. Now, he tried to

calm his mind, but his thoughts were consumed with his daughters—what if they got sick? Was he saving enough for college? Once the anxious and insecure Noah managed to drift off to sleep, Alice began to change his body: his waist slendered, and his hips rounded. Small, firm breasts blossomed on his chest, while his ass swelled.

By the time Alice was done, Noah had a distinctly feminine body, though she had not yet taken him all the way. Tatiana had assured her that gradual changes were more fun. She couldn't wait to make him all woman. Well, obviously, she could wait, but it was hard.

In the morning, Noah slowly drifted toward sleep, feeling like there was something wrong. It seemed a little hard to breath, and why did it seem like his chest was—wobbling? Concerned, he opened his eyes and gasped as



he saw a pair of firm little breasts jutting from his chest.

Tits? He sat up, cupping his breasts, feeling their soft weight in his hands. This isn't possible, he thought. I don't have tits. I can't have tits.

Alice, who'd gotten up early so she wouldn't miss the show, whispered... "acceptance..." Noah's head spun, he blinked and braced himself, feeling dizzy... and then he shook his head. He was looking down at the same manly chest he'd always had—at least since he'd gotten his bro-bumps when he was 12. How weird that he'd thought he had breasts like some chick, when he actually had a chest like a Roman god. As he got up, he realized he'd worn his girlfriend's clothes to bed: a camisole and her pink pajama bottoms. Hmm, he thought as he tugged the straps of his cami. I bet Dana wears an outfit a lot like this.

Heading to the bathroom, he turned on the shower, flicking his fingers through the water to check the temperature. Then, he began to undress. Noah pulled off his cami and his breasts swayed free. Alice, watching, bounced in her chair like an excited child. She was going to have so much more fun this morning.

Climbing into the steaming shower, Noah sighed, arching his back, enjoying the feeling of the hot water spraying over what his mind told him was his manly chest. Squirting pearly body wash into his palms, he cupped his chest and squeezed, rubbing the sudsy soap over the swell of his chest, running his thumbs over his hard nipples, moaning softly as the smell of vanilla and ginger absorbed into his skin. He just loved having such big, plump, aggressive nipples, and felt bad for guys who had tiny little ones, like girls.

After his shower, Noah toweled off and pulled open his dresser drawer, freezing for a moment as he looked down at all the colorful panties. Panties? What the—but the feeling of wrongness quickly went away. He'd always worn panties. How odd he'd freaked for a second. He grabbed a pair of pink panties with white trim he thought looked really manly. He stepped into his panties, wiggling his slightly rounded hips as he pulled them on, tucking himself down as he did so. That last thing on Earth a real man like him wanted was a gross bulge in his work slacks.

He pulled open his bra drawer, putting his fingers to his lips as he tried to decide what to wear. The thought that he didn't or should wear a bra never entered his mind. He'd been wearing bras for years, but the white blouse

he was planning to wear today—yes. He picked up a delicate, thin, soft camisole top and slipped it on, feeling it stretch across his chest as he slipped his thumbs under the slender straps and pulled it up. He wanted his blouse to look smooth, clean, like he wasn't wearing a bra at all, and some of his sexier bras with lace cups would be obvious.

Alice had decided she wanted to play with different hairstyles for Noah, so after he'd finished putting on his intimates, he grabbed a brush and began to brush his hair. Now, instead of tying it back with a head band, he brushed his bangs forward, down over forehead. Looking in the mirror as



he fussed with his hair, he felt like a badass. He looked so damn rugged. He felt like a gladiator, his bra and panties his armor, giving him the support he needed to crush his enemies. He wondered what brands of underthings Dana liked, decided he would have to find some way to ask her without seeming too nosy. He started to sing what Alice had planted in his brain as a favorite song: "I was the hot girl back in school. Now I'm a mom swimming in the carpool. Some things, well, they don't really change the boys still come around to Cougar Town. I'm a cougar! Ya! Ya! I'm a coug--"

"What the fuck?" Tina said as she walked in to find her boyfriend wearing panties, brushing his hair, signing some chick song while shaking his tits.

Noah stopped. "What?" He asked, genuinely confused. The old Noah was in there, shocked to suddenly become fully aware that he had breasts, wore panties, that his girlfriend saw him dancing in his camisole and panties, his tits bouncing. The new Noah Alice had laid over the old one felt like—why is she surprised? I do this every morning. "What did I do, bae?" He asked the last part mimicking Dana, his new hero.

Tina shook her head, turned and walked out. The spell did its work. She accepted that, somehow, impossibly, Noah had popped out his own pair of little breasts overnight, but she didn't like it. She started thinking of friends she would call. The thought of staying with Noah now seemed impossible. What would people say about her when they found out she was dating a guy with his tits?

"Hon?" Noah called, legitimately concerned as new waves of neediness washed over him. "Is it something we can talk about?"

Tina didn't answer.

Noah frowned, feeling awful. Relationships were so important. He just hated that Tina was upset. He would have run after her, but he had to get to work, and so he would have to try and text her later, see if he could find out what was bothering her. He slipped into his slacks, his blouse, tied his little tie, grabbed his laptop bag and headed out the door feeling like a total stud, ready to conquer the world.

The doorman gave him the strangest look as he walked into the building. "Mr. Brindise?" He said, tilting his head to the side like a confused dog.

“Hey, Bob,” Noah said, favoring the doorman a little fingertip wave and a bright smile. “It’s such a pretty day.”

Bob tried to hide his shock not only at Noah’s changed appearance, but his walk, the feminine tone of his voice.

“Everything okay?” Noah said, noticing Bob’s distress. He felt so much more empathetic these days, which was so cool because everyone knew real men were all about empathy. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost,”

“No. No. I’m fine.”

“Say hi to the misses for me,” Noah said with a little shrug and a toss of his hair as he stepped through the metal detector and headed to the elevator. As he waited for the next one to come, a couple guys gathered behind him and one of them whispered to the other, “Check out that ass.”

“Oh, I’m way ahead of you.”

Noah glanced over his shoulder. Who were they talking about? The three of them were the only ones waiting. Oh, well. Weird, he decided. So weird. The elevator came and they all three got on, the two guys taking positions behind Noah. His skin crawled. He could swear the guys were staring at his ass, but that was impossible. So weird, he decided.

Once Noah got to his office, he strutted in, smiling. “Morning, Dana,” he called in a sing song voice.

Dana looked up. ‘Excuse me, miss,’ she started to say, wondering who this strange woman was who’d come walking in like she owned the place and was headed right to Noah’s office. “Miss, you—Noah?”

Noah gave her an odd look. “Since when don’t you recognize your own boss?’ He said.



Dana looked at Noah, stunned, confused. First off, he now had his own breasts, Bcups, she guessed. On top of that, he sported a decidedly feminine figure with a slender waist and rounded hips. On top of that, he wore women’s clothes that clung to his new curves and celebrated his feminine shape. On top of even all that, he had a trendy Bob that made him look like a different person.

Like others, Dana was equally stunned by how much his mannerisms had changed. He had a more feminine walk than she did. Letting her eyes drift down

from his little, girly tie over the swell of his breasts, past his round hips and long legs, she was almost surprised he wasn't wearing heels, though she saddle shoes were—well, they fit with the rest.

Noah, watching her face, giggled. "Are you checking me out?' He asked, tugging on his earlobe and giving her a wink. I am such a stud, he thought. She can't keep her eyes off me.

'No. Yes. I mean, I really love your outfit," Dana said, trying to recover. "it's so... er.... super cute?"

"You do know how to flatter a boy," Noah said, hooking hair behind his ear, then turning and walking into his office. Dana's mouth dropped open at the sight of his banging booty. Damn, she thought. I have to get to the gym. Noah has a hotter ass than I do.

