

EX-HUSBAND

Magazine



Soccer Mom
Part V



With the girls coming over for the weekend, Noah found himself compulsively cleaning, cleaning and cleaning. He wasn't a slob, of course, and his place always looked pretty good, but looking at it now with his "Mommy eyes" he saw so much that needed to be done. He couldn't stand the thought that one of his babies might get sick because of the grime on the kitchen baseboards. Slipping into his favorite, comfy bra and sweatpants, he tied his hair back with a kerchief and scrubbed, scrubbed, scrubbed. It made him feel good, rugged, manly. Real

men cleaned, he told himself as he tugged down the bottom of his bra, which had started to ride up under his chest. He was glad to get back to living as a good, old-fashioned, red-blooded American male, a sponge in one hand, a bottle of cleaner in the other.

Of course, he would bring in a maid service to go over everything one more time once he'd scrubbed down his whole place to the point where he wouldn't die of shame to have anyone see just how messy he'd been. Besides, maids talked, and he couldn't risk having word get around the neighborhood that he was a bad housekeeper.

Alice loved watching Noah in his cute little outfit sweep and mop, scrub and polish. The whole time they'd been married he'd never once so much as wiped down a counter, so it was especially sweet to turn him into a neat freak who obsessed over cleaning.

Thursday evening after work and soccer, an exhausted Noah had touched up his makeup, out on a fresh outfit dragged himself to the grocery store. Once, he would have just run by the store in whatever he'd worn to the office that day, but he'd noticed his office clothes were a little wrinkly after a long day, and who knew what people would be saying if they saw him shopping looking like a bag lady.

He'd planned recipes for all the meals he would make, and he found himself roaming up and down the aisles, his grocery list on his phone, buying enough food to feed 20 kids for a week. Of course, he ran into a few other moms, and he stopped each time to chit chat about the kids, the new couple who'd moved into the neighborhood, and that awful Brad Gillese who was always driving too fast through the neighborhood.

Finally, he made his way home, unpacked the groceries, and sat down on the couch, pulling off his pumps and massaging his calves, sighing with relief. Next, he slipped out of his bra, another sigh of relief as for the first time all day he could breathe freely. He rubbed his shoulders where his bra straps had dug grooves. Well, that was all just part a man paid for having a gladiator chest, he thought. He needed the support.

He picked up the girls Friday after school, and as soon as they got home the girls headed to their rooms. "I thought after dinner we would play some board games," Noah said, "then watch a scary movie."

"Um, that's okay," Milana said. "We're good."

It felt to Noah like he'd been kicked in the stomach. He wanted so badly to bond with his daughters. Being left out of their lives was—it hurt. So bad. Don't try and force it, he decided as he headed to the kitchen and started

getting dinner ready. It's going to take time. Anyway, their big spa day was sure to thaw the ice.

Saturday morning Noah made blueberry pancakes, and then they all three piled into what his daughters had now nicknamed the Bambi Mobile and headed to the spa. The girls seemed legitimately excited. They'd raved over his new purse and kept telling him how manly and rugged it was. He pretty much loved it, with its gold chain and quilted leather. "It's French," he said, proud of his good taste, though he didn't remember buying it.

"C'est une telle fille," Venice said.

"Oui," Milana said, and the two started giggling. "Il est tout en courbes."

"You speak French?" Noah said, impressed.

"We've only been taking it since 1st grade," Venice said.

"I did *not* know that. I'm so impressed."

"Tête de pont," Venice said.

"What does that mean?" Noah asked.

"It means you're the best Dad ever."

"Oh! That's so sweet."

As they entered the spa, Noah walked up to the counter to check in. "Hi, I'm here with my daughters. We have an appointment."

The girl at the counter, Ann, looked at the computer. "You must be Miss Paulson," the girl said, all cheery smiles.

Noah heard his girls giggle. "Miss? How could you possibly mistake me for a woman?" Noah said in his soft voice, clutching his purse strap, indignant.

Ann felt appalled at herself. Of course, Noah now looked and sounded like a woman, never mind he wore a pair of clam diggers, high heels and an off the shoulder top. Still, this was the 21st Century, and it was always better not to assume gender. She looked back at the computer screen. "I'm so sorry about that Noemi."

“Noemi?” Milana said, and once more his girls giggled.



Rage began to build in Noah. This was supposed to be their special day, and this brat was mocking him in front of his daughters? “I have a mind to speak with the manager about your rude behavior,” he said, tilting his head to the side and planting a hand on a hip.

“Um, okay. I don’t know what I did.”

“My name isn’t Noemi,” Noah said. “It’s Noemie.” He froze. Wait. Why did I just say that? “No, my name, it’s Noemi.” That wasn’t his name, he thought. His name was... it was... Noemi? His mind reeled. He knew that wasn’t his name, but he couldn’t remember his real name. He now planted both of his small hands on his hips. Huffed. “I can’t even.”

“Um, come on Daddy,” Venice said, taking his hand. “Let’s get our nails done.”

“So sorry,” Milana said to Ann. “Noemi gets confused sometimes.” Both she and Venice, as a condition of the spell, would now think of him as Noemi, which, truth to tell, fit him better now than Noah.

“My name isn’t... it’s...” Noah murmured as his daughter led him away. Noah had intended to just get a manicure, but as he sat letting his cuticles soak, Venice and Milana went to work.

“You should get nail extensions,” Venice said. “Karla’s Dad has them. It’s the latest thing.”

“It really is,” Milana said.

“Nail extensions?” Noah said, shaking his head. “I really don’t think...” Alice whispered. The world turned sideways. He shook his head. When the nail tech returned, Noah smiled and said, “I’d like extensions.”

Venice and Milana cheered, and they cheered again when he was done, proudly holding up his long, glossy nails. “I can’t believe I never had this done before,” Noah said, smiling. “They look so manly. If someone started a fight with me, I could totally scratch him so bad.”

“You’ll be the envy of all the other fathers,” Milana said.

Next, they were supposed to go and do mud baths, but Noah, prompted by Alice, found himself glancing over at the hairstylists’ chairs. He plucked at his bob with his newly long nails. It was cute and all, but he was really feeling like it was time for something with a little more sass. “I’m thinking of having my hair done,” he said.



I have
claws now!

“You could get halo braids,” Venice said, exchanging a glance with her sister.

“Or space buns!”

“Yeah. You’d look so tough.”

“Hmmm. What about something like Dana?” He asked, still fixated on Queen MILF, wanting to look and move like her.

“Mrs. West?” The girls smiled. “You would totally rock that,” Milana said. “Especially if you go blonde.”

“Blonde?” Noah said, unsure. It was such a big change. “Ya think?”

“Blonde,” Venice and Milana said in unison.

Alice snickered as she watched as the girls went off for their mudbaths and a bedazzled Noah sat while the stylist got ready to dye his hair. Her ex would make such a cute blonde. Of course, she could have made him a natural blonde, but liked the idea of him being another bottle blonde mom in the suburbs. So, instead of making him blonde, she would make him need to be blonde.

She was a little concerned about her girl’s cruel streak, though. Of course, Noah had it coming, but they seemed like truly wicked little girls, which was a side she hadn’t seen from them. She’d have to have a talk with them about it, though she’d be sure to tell them they could be as cruel to Noemi as they wanted to be.

When the girls got done with their mud baths, they found their newly blonde father sitting with one of the girls, chatting about how much they loved Krystal Kinsey. As soon as he saw them, he stood, placed a hand on one hip, lifted a foot, posing like a model, smiled and said, “So?” He was surprised, but he wanted the approval of his daughters so bad. It felt so insane for him to have gone blonde, and yet when he’d seen himself with his sassy new blonde hairdo, he’d instantly felt like he was born to be blonde.

Milana and Venice looked him over as if he were a prize mare. “Hmmm,” Venice said, putting her chin on her hand. “Hmmm.”

“I think—” Noah started, his voice tight with anxiety.



“Tut, Tut,” Milana said, holding up a single finger. “Hold your pose.” She and Venice circled, nodding, frowning. Noah felt himself growing more and more nervous. He realized he was sweating under his boobs—he meant, his pecs.

Finally, the girls huddled, whispering together, and then they turned to Noah and Venice said, “We have decide you’re gorgeous.”

“Yes!” Noah said, giggling, doing a little shoulder raise and then running a long, glossy nail through his hair. “Hugs!” Ruefully, the girls went in for a group hug. They were both a little weirded out by having their father’s

ever-growing breasts press against their bodies.

That night, the girls insisted the three of them watch *Legally Blonde* together and teased Noah the whole way through. Wanting to win over his daughters, Noah played along, imitating the way Elle Woods. “Omigod, you guys!” He said over and over, raising his voice even higher. Meanwhile, as another little inside joke for herself, Alice made Noah fall in love with the

movie. It would be his favorite film for the rest of his life, she decided. She would make it so he had to watch it at least once a week.

The weekend turned out to be a great success. The girls were slowly warming up to their Daddy Mommy. She was so much better than the Dad she'd been. When he had to drop them back off at Alice's Sunday night, he started crying on his way home he already missed them so much.

Alice was glad to have her girls back, and she was also ready to bring Noah around to his final changes. She just had to find the perfect time to remove the part of the spell that blinded him to what he'd become.

Alice decided to push things, so Monday morning, Noah had another episode. He'd picked out a skirt to wear with his blouse, and as he'd stepped into the skirt and zipped it up, he'd glanced in the mirror and seen the way his skirt hugged his round hips, showed off his bare legs. The world once more turned sideways. His head swam. Men don't wear skirts, he thought. We don't wear blouses. Or bras. What the hell am I doing?

Shocked, panicked, he started to slip out of his skirt, when the spell once more kicked in. He paused, looking at himself in the mirror, turning to the side, then looking back over his shoulder. "I look like a million bucks," he said in his soft voice. No. The problem wasn't his skirt. He had great legs. Why would he hide them? The problem was he hadn't yet put on his jewelry.

Noah now enjoyed supercharged maternal instincts and had a powerful desire to mother the world. He saw a boy waiting for the school bus sniffing, no coat, and it was all he could do to stop himself from running to the store and buying the boy a jacket. What kind of mother lets her sick child walk around in this weather without a coat? He thought, shaking his head. "Ugh!"

He spent the rest of the drive to work thinking about his secretary, Pam. She, he decided, needed some serious mothering.

Pam, as much as she had gotten used to her boss' rapidly feminizing appearance, was still shocked when he came strutting into the office that

Nothing says success like a designer bag, Noah thought. He loved collecting purses almost as much as he loved collecting shoes.

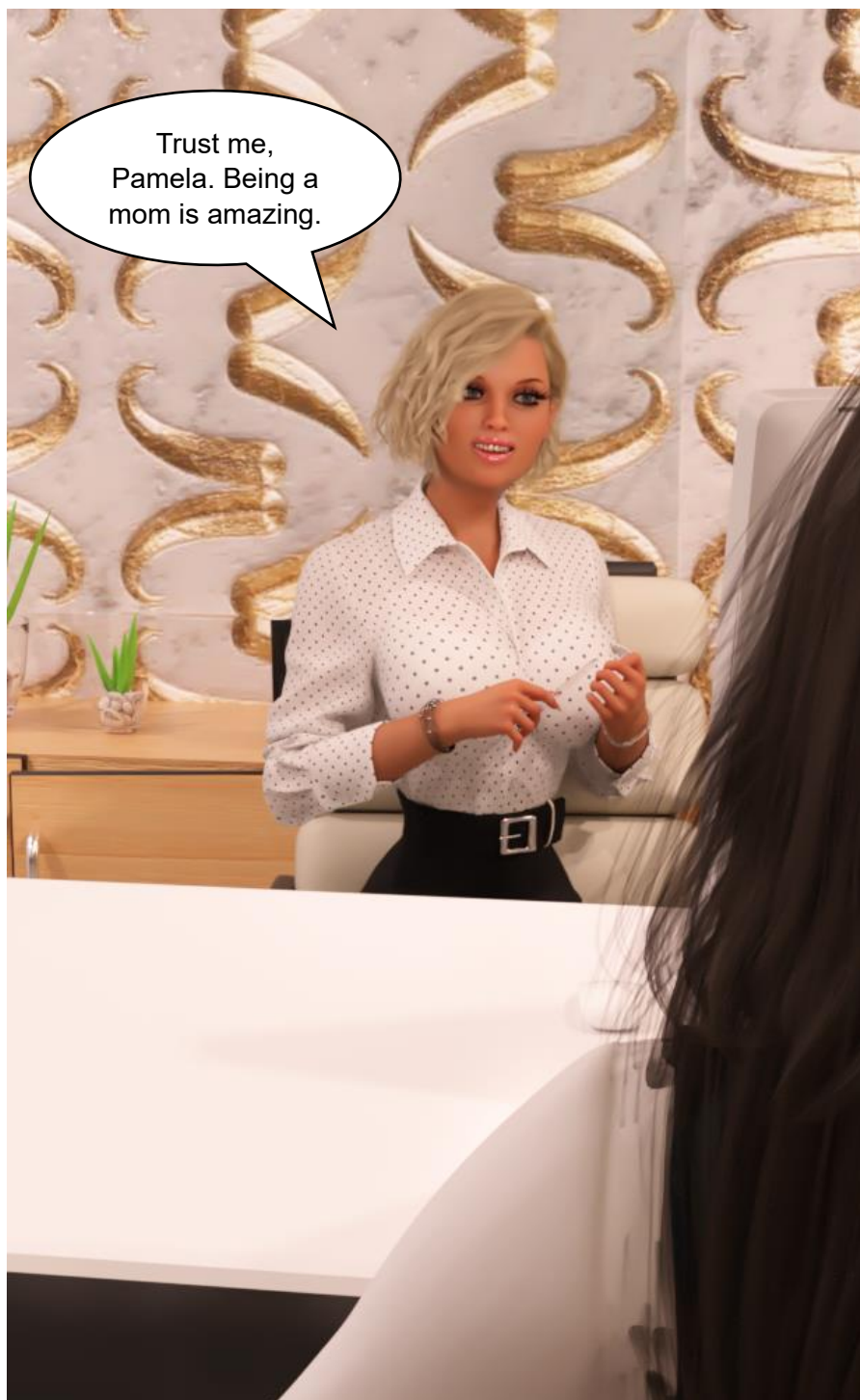


morning. There was nothing of the man left. What she saw was a woman wearing a skirt and blouse, high heels, a stylish purse slung over her shoulder. She wore full makeup now. Oddly, perhaps the least surprising change was the fact Noah had gone blonde. I can see that, Pam thought. He always did have a little bit of a blonde bimbo in him.

“Good morning!” Noah sang out, his full of feminine brightness that made Pam’s slightly hungover morning worse. “My office in five minutes.”

Pam sighed. She’d really been hoping to just make her

drowsy way through the day, get home and go to bed. When she went into Noah’s office and sat down, he picked up a nail file and started idly filing his nails as he talked. Pam’s eyes went wide. She hadn’t noticed the long, glamorous nails, and she was struck once more by how absolutely feminine his mannerisms had become.



Trust me,
Pamela. Being a
mom is amazing.

“So, Pamela,” Noah said. “I’ve decided to take you under my wing. We’re going to come up with a five-year plan for you and figure out how you can become your best self.” He smiled when he finished, raising an eyebrow.

“My five-year plan is just to keep being your personal assistant,” Pam said, not liking the smug vibe Noah was giving off. He reminded her of someone, but she wasn’t sure who.

“Nonsense,” Noah said. “You have so much talent, Pamela. You can’t waste it. You owe it to yourself and your future children.”

“O--kay,” Pam said, fidgeting uncomfortably. So, I’m not planning on having kids, and I am totally fine with wasting whatever talent I might have.”

“No kids?” Noah scoffed. “You say that now, but, trust me, young lady, you will want babies. You’re not getting any younger. Your biological clock is

ticking. You really need to find a man and settle down before you're an old maid."

"Oh, my God," Pam said, sitting back, horrified. "You've turned into my mother."

"Oh, that's so sweet," Noah said, hooking his hair behind his ear.

"I'm not comfortable having this conversation with you," Pam said, getting up. "My personal life is none of your business." With that, she turned and left.

"Her walk is so vulgar," Noah whispered, tsking and shaking his head. He was hurt she had rejected his mothering advice, but there was no way he was giving up. He would just resort to dropping hints and some gentle nagging to help guide his little birdie to a better life. She would thank him for it one day.

The opportunity for Noah's ultimate humiliation presented itself about a week later, when one of the moms announced she was having a pool party for the soccer team. This, Alice decided, was where she would reveal the spell that had made Noah blind to his feminization. She would do it right in front of all the other moms.

In the meantime, she made the final change. One night as Noah slept, the soft, wet lips of a vagina formed between his legs, he developed a birth canal, ovaries and a uterus. Alice had decided to plant a dream in Noah's mind as he changed. He found himself wearing a party dress and Mary Janes chasing butterflies in a forest full of roses, all the buds closed. As he finally caught one of the butterflies and held it in the palm of his small, soft hand, he stared in wonder. "Your so pretty." He felt his chest tingle, then ache, and then little cones of flesh pushed forward. The rose buds all around him began to open spread, opening their silky, red petals to the sun.

"What's happening to me?" Noah said, shocked at the small, feminine sound of his voice. He looked at his hand and saw his fingernails growing longer and longer even as bangs fell across his eyes.

"You're becoming a woman," he heard his ex-wife's voice say, coming from everywhere and nowhere at once.

“I don’t want to be a woman,” Noah said, staring at his blossoming breasts, feeling his hips spread, round, his waist pull in and grow more slender.

“I know,” his wife answered as she began to laugh.

“No!” Noah screamed as he woke with a start. He sat up, looked down at his soft, round breasts, slipped a hand between his legs and felt his vulva. In the real world, the spell held. Everything seemed normal. He was, in his mind, still very much a man. “Whew!” Noah sighed, laying back down. “What a weird dream.”

The week leading up to the pool party Noah found himself consumed with anxiety, insecurity. He went on a crash diet, though he was plenty skinny where he was supposed to be skinny. He spent hours and hours looking for the perfect bikini, scheduled appointments to get waxed and renew his tan. He couldn’t remember being so stressed about finding a bathing suit before, and it seemed so hard to get just the right fit. Either the bottoms were too small and kept riding up his ass, or they were too big and looked like granny panties. The tops never seemed to fit quite right, showing too much or too little side boob, squishing and pinching this chest.

He thought he remembered a different life, one where he did a few pushups, slipped on a pair of trunks and just swaggered in, laughing, but that must have been when he was a little boy and hadn’t gotten these banging pecs yet, he thought.

Noah probably would have kept looking for the perfect bikini forever, but the date of the pool party arrived so he finally just settled on the least awful choice: it was an O-ring bikini in pretty, pastel colors and fit the best out of all the ones he’d tried, plus he loved the way the metal rings sparkled in the sun. As he looked at himself in the mirror, he admired his dramatic curves, the way his bikini cupped the space between his legs. “Today’s the day,” he decided, raising his arms as if flexing his muscles, but there was nothing there. “Dana is mine.”

The girls all jumped in the pool and started screaming and splashing. The moms gathered outside, ever at the ready in case any of the children needed help. The other moms were eyeing Noah in his bikini jealously, particularly the smooth, flawless skin of his tummy. “You can tell she never had a baby,” one of them said. They’d all come to see Noah as a woman,

even if he didn't. The rest of the mothers had all opted for one-piece suits due to their stretch marks.

"Skinny bitch," the other answered.

Dana was sitting by the pool when Noah decided to make his move, walking over with a tray of cheese. "Snack?" He said.

Dana cringed. She was so tired of this crazy bitch. "No thanks."

Noah put the tray on the table. "So, how about—"

"I've told you. I'm not interested."

Noah smiled, lifting his arms and flexing again. "How can you say no to a stud like me?"

Dana couldn't take it anymore. "Stud?" She spat. "You've got bigger tits than I do! Jesus, Noemi, how insane are you? Stud? I can see your camel toe, bitch."

The other moms were all watching, their attention drawn by the shouting and the possibility of a cat fight. Fortunately, none of the kids were paying attention.

Noah shook his head. "What the hell are you talking about?" Just then, Alice whispered, "truth."

Once more, Noah's world tilted, but this time in the opposite direction. The clouds lifted. He became aware of the straps across his shoulders. He felt a strange weight on his chest, rising and falling as he breathed, held up by the straps of his bikini top. Looking down, he saw a pair of big, firm breasts rising from the cups of his bikini. "What?" He looked at his small hands, the long nails, and then he could feel the way his bikini bottoms cupped his new sex, and he was immediately aware that something very important to him was missing. He could feel cool air flow through his thigh gap, the gap that was only possible because--

Shocking thoughts, one two three: I'm wearing a bikini. I have tits. I have a camel toe.

Four: I'm a woman.



Noah screamed, overcome with shock, shame, humiliation. He draped one arm across his breasts and used the other to cover the space between his legs. “Omigod. Omigod. Omigod,” he panted, cringing at his soft, high-pitched voice. “What the hell has happened to me?” He cried out.

The moms all just stared, not sure what to think or say. They’d all watched Noah’s astonishing transition.

Dana, of all of them, suddenly felt overwhelmed with compassion. It was clear this poor little thing was having a nervous breakdown. “Noemi,” she said softly, “maybe you should do inside and lie down.”



Noah looked at her. “Noemie?” Yes, he thought. That was his name now. It was a girl’s name, and he was a girl now. She, Dana, was the woman he’d been crushing on, and he was standing in front of her now, every bit the woman she was. She’d seen his camel toe. His vagina. “I’m a man,” he whispered. “I’m supposed to be a man.”

He could feel the eyes of all the moms on him, anxiety and terror built up until he had no choice. He ran from the pool, just wanting some place to hide.



Epilogue

Noah had gone to drop off the girls at Alice's house. As soon as the door had opened, they'd run inside and Noah had found himself there with just Alice and her new husband, Jake. Alice was nuzzling up against Jake, who had his arm over her shoulder. He let his eyes drift briefly to the swell on Noah's breasts. Noah felt his skin crawl. It was bad enough his ex had found a new man, but now that new man was looking at Noah's tits, probably feeling sorry for him.

"Everything go okay?" Alice said.

“Fine,” Noah said. “Milana got stung by a bee, but she’s tough. She actually laughed about it.”

“That’s my Milana.”

“I probably would have cried my eyes out,” Noah admitted, fishing his phone out of his purse and checking his makeup without even thinking about it.

“You seriously used to be a man?” Jake said, finding it hard to believe.

Noah tilted his head back so he could make eye contact, slit his eyes and said, “rude.”

“Can you excuse us?” Alice said.

“Sure, babe.” Jake gave her a kiss and left.

“So, how you holding up?”

Noah sighed. It was fall, and the sun was already setting. The air smelled of brown leaves and distant fires. “What do you want me to say? You know what you did to me.”

“It’s not all bad,” Alice said, reaching out and putting a gentle hand on her ex-hubby’s arm. “The girls like you a lot better now.”

“And that’s the one good thing,” Noah said. “You wanna know how it’s going? It sucks. I hate being a woman. I hate having men constantly hit on me, ogle me. I hate that I have to spend all my time worrying about my makeup, my hair, getting my nails done. I get back aches from these melons you stuck me with! I despise being a woman, but—” he paused, smiled. “I do love being a mom, and I’m really good at it. I was a lousy dad, but I’m a **good** mother. And you know what? That makes it all worth it. My girls come first, and so I’ll put up with my monthly visits from Aunt Flo, and I’ll shave my legs and suffer the hell of wearing high heels all day, because it’s all about my babies and doing what’s best for them.”

“A mother’s love knows no bounds.”

Alice watched Noah drive off. He clearly thought on some level he’d chosen the mommy track, devoted himself to being the best mom he could be as some sort of noble choice given he was stuck as a woman. She’d decided

to let him keep that delusion along with his C-cups. "I'm not heartless," she whispered as she headed back inside her house. "I mean, I even made him skinny, which a woman his age should thank me for."

Driving along in his mini-van, Noah thought about Alice. Truly, he should probably want to kill her, but the thing was, the two of them needed to get along for the good of the girls. And so, just like with everything else, he'd put his feelings aside and done what was best for his kids. He was proud of what a good mommy he'd become. Really, it was his life now. "I'm a soccer mom!" he shouted, then turned on the stereo. It was Krystal Kinsey. Noah loved her so much. He sang along, shaking his head from side to side, thinking that when he got home, he would watch *Legally Blonde* again.

He didn't know why, but he just loved that movie.