

EX

REVENGE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

HUSBAND

MAGAZINE

THINKS YOU HAVE IT
EASY? MAKE HIM A
SOCCER MOM!

SPIRIT ANIMAL
IS MIA HAMM.

OBSESSED WITH
MAKING SNACKS

DRIVES

KIDS AROUND
ALL DAY
IN HIS
MINIVAN

**MUST OUT
MOMMY**
OTHER MOMS

NEW FAVORITE MOVIE?

SOCCER MOM

FEELS
INADEQUATE
ALL THE TIME

LOVES TINY
TIGHT LITTLE

SHORT SHORTS

INSIDE!

FROM
HIGH-POWERED
LAWYER TO
OVERWHELMED
SINGLE MOM!





“I’m not gonna be able to pick up the kids today,” Noah said, sitting back, feet propped up on his desk. He smiled, anticipating his ex-wife’s response. She did not disappoint.

“You have to,” she said, her voice hard and cold, seething with rage. “I’m at work. I can’t.”

Noah chuckled. “You didn’t just refer to your little hobby as work.”

“You asshole. You know I hate that.” Alice could picture the smirk on his stupid face. She’d seen it enough times during their nearly ten-year relationship. She wished she could reach right through the phone and slap him. “The girls are going to be waiting for you. Find a way.”

“Look, I gotta go. Big deal to close. Since most of what I make I just pass on to you, I gotta say my job takes priority. No workee for me, no braces for the kidees. Comprende?”

“I told you—”

“Later.” The line went dead. Alice closed her eyes, took deep breaths and counted down from 10 backwards, resisting the urge to smash her cell phone against the wall.

She looked at the half-finished flower arrangement, then at the clock on her phone. She’d promised Pat Kelly she’d get the flowers done in time for him to pick them up that night. Soccer practice ended in an hour, and not only did the kids need to be picked up, but idiot Noah had also offered to give a ride to Casey Conner, which burden now felt to her, plus she needed to make dinner, do a load of laundry...

She closed her eyes. This is what you do, she reminded herself. She formed a plan of attack, parsed all the tasks, nodded and went to work, finishing the flower arrangement, grabbing her purse, jumping in the van and heading off to pick up the kids. Of course, there was a traffic jam, but by now Alice had gotten in the zone, was totally in flow with the universe. “Ailiee,” she said, “shuffle death metal playlist.”

“Death metal playlist now shuffling.”

The sound of thrashing drums and distorted, screaming guitars filled the van. Alice smiled.

Later that evening, an exhausted but satisfied Alice curled up in a corner of the couch and sipped a glass of white wine, controller in hand as she searched through FlixPlace for something to watch. She had, as she always did, found some way to squeeze 8 hour's worth of chores into 4, and though part of her felt really pretty amazing, most of her just felt exhausted. How long until the kids move out on their own? She wondered, feeling a little guilty.

Alice realized she hadn't check the mail: the old-fashioned, paper things in a box mail. Today was Thursday, when Food Force sent out their weekly flyer and, even though she had the APP and could view all the sales there, she had some sort of emotional attachment to the old, paper flyer.

Summoning her last remaining energy, she got up, headed out the front door and walked down the driveway to the mailbox. Crickets hummed, and a full moon hung high in the sky. It looked really big, and as Mr. Jones came by with Scampers, his dog, on a leash, she couldn't help but comment, "They say magic is extra powerful on nights of the full moon."

"I don't doubt it," Mr. Jones answered. "Which is why, on nights of the full moon, I am extra nice to Mrs. Jones."

"Say hi for me," Alice said as she pulled the mail out of the box.

"Will do," Mr. Jones said with a mock salute. "Enjoy the evening."

As Mr. Jones continued his walk, Alice looked down at the stack of mail in her hands. There was one unusual item: some sort of magazine wrapped in black plastic. Her head started to pound, as she assumed it was some porno mag her stupid ex-husband had ordered, but when she looked at the label, it was addressed to her. "Hmmmmmn."

The night was so nice, Alice decided to sit on the porch. She tossed the rest of the mail aside and tore the plastic off the magazine, then stared in confusion at the cover, which read “Ex-Husband Magazine: Make Him a Soccer Mom.” There was a picture of a cute, busty blonde. Alice scanned the cover headlines, then opened the magazine up and saw article after article claiming to report how women had used magic to feminize their ex-husbands, sometimes partially, sometimes completely. There were tips and ideas on the most fun ways to torment your former man, profiles of the feminized, interviews with the ex-wives, who all seemed so happy.

Ads for sorcerers who promised they provided discreet feminization services, and assurances from the magazine that all of those allowed to advertise in ex-husband magazine were “certified legit” magic practitioners and members of the Witches’ Union.

Alice chuckled, then laughed. The whole thing was ridiculous. It had to be, though looking back at that blonde on the cover, she also had to laugh at the idea of turning Noah into a hot, soccer mom. Maybe he’d finally understand what life was like for her if he spent all day running the kids around.

Yawning, she went inside, turned the porch light off and locked the door, turning on the security system. She brought the magazine up to her room, skimming through some more articles. She found herself thinking about what she would do if this was real, if she decided to hire one of these Certified Legit practitioners. She imagined Noah waking up with boobs, a hot ass, a little girl’s voice, sexy legs, an obsession to wear high heels... each one of the ideas made her chuckle as she pictured her stupid ex putting on a bra or sitting at his makeup table doing his makeup, or, maybe,

wearing an apron and fussing around in the kitchen as he made them dinner instead of just ordering out?

“If only it were real,” Alice thought as she fell asleep. “If only it were real.”

The next morning was chaos, as usual, with the twins somehow struggling to get ready for school, to remember their backpacks, their books. They were only eight, and though they could do some things on their own, Alice had learned to check and recheck everything because they would also, as the old saying goes, forget their own heads if they weren't attached. Finally, she dropped them off at school, muddled her way through the drop-off line, then drove to the tiny little storefront florist shop she'd started after the divorce. She smiled as she saw her name stenciled on the door in pretty script: Alice Ash, Florist.

It had actually been her lifelong dream to open her own florist shop. She loved growing and arranging flowers, being able to help people celebrate their special days, or offer gifts of love. So far, she hadn't made a lot of money, but she'd been at least breaking even. The bell on the door clanged as she pushed her way, immediately greeted by air thick with the smell of roses, baby's breath, lilies...

The memory of Noah insulting her dream, calling it a hobby came back to her and she frowned, pulling the magazine out of her bag. What the hell? She decided. Why not give one of these folks a call? What did she have to lose? She felt drawn to one who called herself Tatiana the Fixer, tapped the number into her phone.

They picked up on the second ring. A young woman's voice: “Tatiana the Fixer. Yes, this is for real. Can I help you?”

Alice smiled.

Chapter Two

Noah sat at his desk, feet up, grinning as his old buddy, Quincey, came strutting into the office. “How about a round of golf?” He said, tossing a golf ball in the air and catching it behind his back. “Klein bailed on me at the last minute, and I need a second. Beer’s on me.”

Noah sighed. Noah glanced out the window at the perfect, blue sky. “I was supposed to pick up the kids, but how can I say no to a friend in need?”

“Great. Tee time’s at four.” Quincey started to leave, but Noah waved him back.

“Hold on. You’ll wanna hear this. My ex goes Nutso when I stick her with the kids.”

“Bitches,’ Quincey said, shaking his head.

He called Alice, expecting her to answer with her usual hard, rage-tinged voice, but instead she answered in a happy, sign song, “Hey. What’s up?”

“I just called to let you know...” he had meant to tell her he couldn’t pick up the kids—again—then torment her with some snarky comments about her mothering skills—

On her end, Alice smiled into the phone. Was this magic real? She was about to find out. The next time he called to bail on the kids, which was now, she’d decided to fill Noah’s little head with super powered maternal instincts. If he could refuse to pick up the girls, she would know Tatiana was a fake.

“To let you know.... To let you...” Noah’s eyes had gone glassy, distant, as he felt himself consumed with a need to make healthy snacks for the soccer team. Of course, he would drive the girls. He was a much safer driver than Alice, and he felt a sudden sense of panic, terror even, that he didn’t know really anything about the girls’ lives—how were they doing in school? What were their hobbies? Interests? What were their dreams? He wasn’t connected, hadn’t bonded with his girls. Oh, my God, he thought, his lower lip trembling as he realized he was not part of their lives... He felt so isolated and cut off, suddenly, so lonely. His darling twins were growing up so fast, and he was missing it.

“Bro, you okay?” Quincey said, concerned at the strange look on his buddy’s face.

Noah shook his head, covered the receiver with one hand and said, “I can’t play golf today. I need to make snacks for the kids.”

Quincey laughed. Noah? Make snacks? But then Noah waved him out of the office. “Another time.”

Alice, meanwhile, waited, wondering what was up. Had the magic worked? She decided to push the issue. “If you’re calling to tell me you can’t pick up the girls—”

“No!” Noah shouted. “No! Never again! Never! It’s just, and I am so embarrassed to admit this, but I want to put together some snacky snacks for the girls, and I don’t have any idea—what do they like to eat?”

Alice tilted her head to the side. Snacks? Noah? An obsession with making snacks had been a specific plant she’d placed in his mind. She loved the idea of him being a true mama bear, fussing over his kids day and night.

This really could be real. She told him what snacks to make, and he thanked her three times, sounding like she'd just shared with him a cure for cancer.

Grabbing the scrying stone, she pulled forth the flickering image of Noah and made the first physical change, watching as his short, tight hair thickened, grew longer, falling down to his jawline.



Noah touched his long hair, then picked up his phone and looked at himself. He looked confused for a moment, even horrified at the sight of his long hair, the bangs brushing across the tops of his eyebrows, but then a placid smile spread across his face. He opened his desk drawer and pulled

out a headband and a brush, fixing his hair as if he'd been doing it his whole life. He checked his hair from a couple different angles, then nodded, satisfied. "Stud," he said, feeling like his hair style and band were the epitome of manliness and made him look more rugged than ever. It was another part of Alice's plan. The more she feminized him, the more macho he would think he looked. To Alice eyes, the new hairstyle softened his features, made him look more feminine.

"I haven't felt like this much of a badass in a long time," Noah said to himself, taking one last look at his hair.

"Just wait until you get your boobies," Alice snickered.

"Gotta pick up the kids," he said to his secretary, Pam, as he headed out the door. She nodded, glanced up from her computer, did a double take. She could have sworn that Noah had short hair when he came into work that morning, just like he'd had the whole time she'd worked with him, and he was most certainly not a headband guy.

Her mind reeled, but then the power of the magic took over. One of the features of the spell was that everyone around the changing man would accept the changes, even though on some level they would realize the changes were impossible. Pam knew Noah could not have grown all that hair, and yet he did, so that meant it had happened. He was already out the door, so she went back to building a PPT for him, thinking, at least he didn't dump the kids on Alice this time. Maybe there was hope for him after all.

Alice, meanwhile, had been keen to watch her former hubby for a bit longer, because she had another surprise in store for him. Reaching the

parking lot, he stopped and stared. His sports car was gone. Parked in his private space was a mini-van. He grabbed his phone, intending to have the van towed, to ream the hell out of security for letting this happen, but then the world seemed to shimmer, and he remembered—"that's my minivan," he remembered. He never owned a sports car. Minivans were much better for driving kids around, and this one had excellent safety ratings and got good gas mileage, plus half the moms in town drove this same model, so he fit right in.

"That's so weird," he thought as he climbed into his van. "Why would I ever want a sports car?" A van was so much more sensible, though he did wonder why he'd bought one that was so—pink.

Alice covered her mouth, watching her confused ex get into his pink mommy mobile, knowing that he even thought he had picked out this car now. She'd decided that she was going to make him believe nothing had changed. He'd always had a pink mini-van, wore headbands. He would, as more changes came, remain oblivious to the fact he was thinking and acting more and more like the woman he was becoming. Later, once he was all woman, she would break that part of the spell and let him realize all at once what'd he'd become.

Though he'd be clueless, everyone around him would watch Noah the Jerk slowly turn into a pretty, perky, suburban soccer mom.

Once he got home, Noah found himself in the kitchen, frantically cutting oranges into wedges, chopping up celery and carrots, packing them into plastic containers, which he then stacked in a big, wicker picnic basket. He glanced at the clock constantly. By the time he'd gotten home, he'd only

had thirty minutes to snack up, and he was totally stressed out, worrying that his slicing was sloppy, the oranges wouldn't taste good, he would be late and all the starving girls would hate him. Worry, he thought. All I do is worry! He had, of course, never worried about such things, instead making fun of his wife when she'd get stressed about that kind of thing. Alice had fixed that.

His girlfriend, who'd been watching TV in the den, wandered in to find a feverish, crazed looking Noah just finishing up his snack packing. He had



longer hair, somehow, tied back with a head band. "What the hell?" She said as the spell started settling over her, making her accept the that the

changed behavior and hair were real, but the spell didn't make her like them. In fact, she cringed as she looked at the hair band—she was not into 'hairband' guys. Not at all. Nor, for that matter, was she into men who made snacks. Or would be seen in public with a picnic basket.

"Boom!" Noah said, puffing up with pride at his snack making prowess.

"The King of Snacky Snacks saves the day."

"Snacky Snacks?" Tina said, wondering if he was high on something.

"Gotta run," Noah said, hooking the picnic basket in the crook of his arm. 'I can't be late. The other moms are soooo judgy.'" He gave Tina a peck and headed out the door.



“Other moms?” Tina whispered, watching him climb into—was that a minivan he was driving now? And was it pink? She noticed something else—the way he walked? Did it seem just a little feminine?

Noah, for his part, had felt like even more of a badass. He very much doubted there was a mom in all the burbs who could muster up a basket of snacks like him. Ha! He was also excited to meet the other moms—he caught himself this time, shook his head. He’d meant the moms of his daughters’ teammates. Yeesh. Whatever. He didn’t have time to worry about it now.

Meeting the moms was so key. He kicked himself for not making a point of it sooner. It was so important to be part of the community, and he would be making up for lost time, he decided, joining the PTA, maybe getting involved in Girl Scouts.

Also, as a possible side benefit, there were some serious MILFS in this town. He might even score while being a good mother—dad—parent.

Alice, back at her flower shop, had the scrying stone opened as she worked on a new arrangement. She’d been thinking that this Ex-Husband thing was another outlet for her creativity. Her husband was a block of marble, and she would carve that ugly lump or nothing into a gorgeous and wonderful woman. Maybe he’d even have his own baby someday. Maybe? Alice chuckled. She had all the power now, she thought, as she slipped pretty little blue delphinium among the lilies in her arrangement. Maybe he was more like a lump of clay she decided, than a hunk of marble. He was so easy to reshape.

Well, if she went that route, there was one thing for sure. His babies would be gorgeous. She glanced at the picture of the woman she intended to make him. He was gonna be a fine piece of ass, as the menfolk liked to say.

