

EX-HUSBAND

Magazine
5

*Turn that cold,
distant ex into a...*

*Hopeless
Romantic*

*Falls in
love so
easily!*

*Favorite
RomCom?
All of them!*

*Constantly
fantasizes
about the
way he
meets his
soulmate.*

*Relationships
are his
everything!*

*Favorite hobby?
Planning his
wedding to the
guy he hasn't
even met.*

*Lives for
flowers,
presents,
compliments
and kisses.*

Cooper, Kadee and Cheelin



Ana had gotten up and tuned in to watch her ex. Although she didn't always want to make changes and she didn't expect much to happen, it amused her just to watch him going about his day with his pretty face and bouncy breasts, his skinny little body and long, tone legs. Knowing it was Markus in there delighted her in ways she couldn't even say, and when his alarm rang and he sat up, she couldn't help but giggle to see he was wearing a woman's sleep shirt covered in hearts that stretched tight across his bust.

Markus had gotten used to the weight of his breasts now, the way they swayed when he moved. Having a firm, bouncy sets of breasts didn't even register to him as anything other than his everyday life anymore. Stumbling blearily toward the bathroom, he spotted the magic book on the coffee table by his couch, and he promised himself he would most certainly and without

a doubt look through that darn book when he got home. He just hadn't had the time yet, but of course he would do anything to get his body and life back to normal.

Watching her hubby lift the toilet seat and get ready to take a leak, legs spread, a wicked smile crossed Ana's face, and she made a change.

Markus tugged his panties down to his knees, put the seat back down and sat with his knees together and tinkled, his mind wandering over wedding dresses, wedding hairstyles, wedding makeup. He'd really gone bananas over weddings, he thought with a giggle. It was so weird!

It wasn't until he wadded up some toilet paper and started to wipe himself that he realized he'd sat down to pee—like a girl. He felt embarrassed, especially with all the changes that had been happening to him, but then, suddenly, he thought, it really makes more sense to sit down to pee. Really, boys should sit, too. They made such a mess! Besides, he told himself as he wiped, stood, pushed his panties all the way down and then kicked them off, his boobs had gotten so big they were really in the way when he tried to reach down to grab his junk which, likewise, had been shrinking.

Oh, well, he thought. At least it made for a smoother profile, since his pants were all so tight now. He showered, went to get dressed, pulling open his underwear drawer, but had opened the wrong one. Instead of his panties, he found himself looking down at his collection of carefully folded bras. The thought of wearing a bra humiliated Markus, even though he now bigger breasts than a lot of women. Still, he wasn't a cross-dresser, and real men didn't wear bras. He started to push the drawer closed. Ana made a change. Markus stopped pushing the drawer closed and instead pulled it open, his eyes dancing gleefully over his bras—there were so many different kinds, and they were all in pretty colors and some had lace and bows! Bras were cute, he'd always like the sight of a woman in a bra, but now he started to think about how much he needed support, and he felt a little thrill at how pretty he'd look with those little straps across his shoulders, the adjusters would look so sexy.

He picked out a bra—it had a pretty flower pattern, and unlike some of his bras which were just scraps of cloth, like tiny t-shirts he would pull over his head, this one had hooks in the back, and he smiled as he touched them, touched the inside of the cups, which was so soft. He was sure it would feel

great to have those cups around his boobs, lifting them, keeping them from jiggling so much and if his nipples did get hard—and they were always getting hard!—the stiff cups would hide them so everyone wouldn't know what a horny little thing he was.

He slipped the straps over his shoulders, reached back and managed to hook the strap that ran across his back, then adjusted his breasts in the cups, adjusted the straps, feeling them pull tight against his shoulders, feeling his breasts lifted and pressed against his chest. So, this is what wearing a bra feels like, he thought as did a couple of cute little bunny



hops, feeling his breasts bounce, but appreciating how much less they bounced now that he was wearing a bra. He looked in the mirror, shaking his shoulders. The bra lifted his breasts and pressed them together, giving him twin hills and deep, shadowy cleavage. Damn, he thought. My girls look sexy as hell. I should post some pictures on Instapic! Haha! Just kidding.

Or, am I? No, he decided, though he thought it would be funny. Gareth might see it and think he was some kind of slut!

He went to work, put in his time, once more finding himself obsessing on cute couples and studly men, checking out what the women were wearing all the while visions of romance dancing in his little head. Halfway through the day, he found himself with both hands planted on the small of his back because even with his bra he was getting a backache. He tugged on his bra straps as well, which had been digging into his shoulders. Something was wrong. During a lull, he grabbed his smart pad and did a quick search, his mouth falling open as he discovered the terrible truth about backaches and bra straps: “This is normal? It’s just part of being a woman, or—” he corrected himself—“you know what I mean.” But, guys don’t have to deal with any of this, and he just couldn’t deal with unfair it was. Then, he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the smart pad, the impressive rise of his bust, and he thought, well, at least they look good.

When he got home, he switched into his lazy girl outfit of a camisole bra and a pair of soft, loose-fitting sweatpants plus a flouncy sweater and climbed onto the couch. He looked over at the coffee table. The book waited there. He started at it. Adjusting a bra strap, he clenched his jaw. Remembering his shock and dismay earlier in the day when he’d learned about the price he’d have to pay for having his own pair of bouncing boobies, he knew it was time. He really needed to look and see if there was a spell that would turn him back into a normal man. As he stared at the book, imagining himself once more a bra-free bro—a memory of Gareth smiling down at him, touching him on his smooth, soft face rose up in his imagination, and he put his hand to his chest and sighed.

“Oh, I’ll look at the book later!” He said, waving it away with a flick of his glossy red nails. He grabbed the remote and found Notting Hill. He needed, suddenly, to see it, and as the movie started to roll, he watched every move



Julia Roberts made, the way she walked, sat, laughed and talked, subconsciously feeling like she was such a good role model. He wished he could be like her. When the movie ended, he found himself crying, tears rolling down his cheeks and falling gracefully onto the soft, round swelling of his breasts. As he reached for a tissue, seeing his long, perfectly sculpted nails, it all hit him, and the man he'd been stirred as he suddenly saw himself as if he were somewhere above looking down—

What he saw was a woman who'd just watched yet another romantic movie, a woman with great breasts, a pretty face, a woman who was enjoying a good cry, touching her smooth, hairless cheek with her long, crimson nails....

“This isn't me,” he whispered in his soft, pretty voice. “I need to stop this.” Once more, he looked at the book. Once more, he remembered Gareth's

smile, his pretty eyes... “Come on, Giselle,” he whispered. “You have to find some way to —”

His phone rang. He looked. It was Gareth, and his heart did a flip as he gasped, putting one hand to his heart. “Omigod... omigod.. omigod...” He answered, making his voice smaller, higher, lighter, “hello?”

“Hey, gorgeous,” Gareth said, and Markus’ heart did two more flips.

They chatted, with Markus spending most of the call giggling. Then, Gareth asked him out on a date.

Markus froze, panicking. Gareth thought he was a woman, and he felt like he needed to be honest, tell him the truth. “Oh, um, well... I... the thing is, actually...”

“Yeah?”

Markus felt himself swoon. “I would love to go out with you.”

“Cool. I’ll pick you up at 7 on Friday. Later, doll face.”

The call ended. Markus rolled onto his back, kicking his legs in the air, squealing. It was, like, the most exciting thing to happen to him in, like, forever or something. He hugged his cellphone to his chest and bit his lip. He’d tell Gareth the truth first thing on Friday, so there wasn’t any confusion. It was only fair to Gareth, and honesty was so important in a relationship. They could just hang like bros did. It would be fine. He sighed, though, and thought, Gareth is so hot. He remembered the chemistry they’d had, how happy he’d felt after they met. It almost makes me wish I was a girl, because if I was, he’d probably be The One!

He shook his head in confusion at what he’d just thought. How silly. Like, whatever. He looked at the magic book. Well, he decided, there really wasn’t any point now. He’d wait until after his date. He got onto the TV and started to watch *Pretty Woman*.

That week, Marcus read a bunch of articles in *Elle*, *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines looking for dating secrets. He was in deep denial, telling himself he just wanted this bro-date to go well, but when he fantasized about Friday night, it always ended with Gareth cupping his cheek, tilting his head back and kissing him, Marcus’ kicking up his leg.

He pictured them walking together as the snow fell gently around them, wearing matching Christmas Sweaters and sharing a steaming cup of mint tea.

He imagined snuggling with Gareth in front of a crackling fire, sharing the warmth of each other's bodies, staring into Gareth's eyes, the flames dancing in his wide, dark pupils, and then the kiss that would send shivers through his whole soft little body.



Why do I keep imagining us in the winter? He wondered.

Ana enjoyed watching her little ex overwhelmed with feminine romantic fantasies, but she decided to make another change. Markus, like any romance smitten woman, suddenly found himself wondering what kind of girl Gareth liked. Whatever sort of girl that was, he was now determined to become her. He would be whoever Gareth wanted him to be.

He chuckled at himself, switching from reading dating advice to doing more research on Gareth—Oh, no, he thought, as he was scrolling through Gareth's pics on Instapic. He hadn't noticed before, but every

single girl Gareth had dated had long, golden hair. Markus ran a hand over his short, dark hair, feeling rising panic and anxiety. Maybe I could go to a salon, get extensions or wear a wig?

Gareth liked blondes. Marcus now needed to be a blonde. He sat up, terrified, but then, almost like a miracle, bangs poured across one of his eyes and he felt hair tickling his cheeks. He grabbed at it, pulled it around and gasped. Blonde. Blonde? Grabbing his phone, he looked at himself and saw he now had long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail. The man in him was horrified to see he was now a blonde with big tits.

The woman he was becoming, however, whispered a prayer of thanks. It was a miracle, and how could he even deny now that he and Gareth were destined to be together?

It was in that constant state of confusion that Markus spent his time getting ready for his big date. He kept telling himself no no no... it was just bros getting together, but then he made an appointment to have his legs waxed. He started giving himself nightly facials. He dropped by Sephora and one of the girls helped him pick out makeup that matched his complexion and gave him lessons, because he had to wear makeup to the bro date because Gareth thought he was a girl and it would be weird if he didn't or something, anyway, he didn't understand it, but it made sense sort of somehow.

He bought himself a pair of stiletto heels—not that he would actually wear them, in fact, he didn't even know why he bought them. It had finally worked to his advantage to look like a woman, as he didn't have to worry about the salesgirl thinking it odd he was buying heels. The girl had even given him a quick lesson—she'd been really sweet—and the shoes! Markus had never understood how women could get so excited by a pair of shoes, but now he totally got it. He loved his new heels so much he practiced walking in them for hours, and when the day of the date came, he slipped them on, eager to show off how good he was in heels. Well, that and he loved the way they made his legs and ass look. I mean- who wouldn't?

He'd ordered a sexy, lacy, push up, padded bra just for his date, told himself it made no sense to wear it for a bro date—but of course found himself hooking himself into it, adjusting his boobs in the cups, admiring how it lifted and presented his girls to the world. They seemed a little bigger, and he was proud, somehow, to have good sized breasts these

days. And, well, he couldn't deny he felt more confident when he knew he was wearing a cute, sexy bra under his clothes.

When Gareth arrived, it was a giggly, blushing and perky new Gareth who double and triple checked his face in the mirror, practiced his smile, and then went to the door, butterflies fluttering wildly in his tummy, and opened it, tilting his head slightly to the side, his biggest, brightest smile on his face.

As soon as the door opened, Markus decided he would tell Gareth the truth. He was a guy. It was the right thing to do.

Gareth looked at him, and it was obvious he liked what he saw. "Hey, sexy," he said in that voice like chocolate syrup, and Markus giggled, felt weak in the knees. "You look great. Like a supermodel."

All thoughts of telling Gareth the truth vanished from Markus' mind. Instead, he tossed his ponytail, put a hand on Gareth's bulging bicep and gave it a squeeze. "Omigod, you're so sweet," he said in that extra high, flirty voice he reserved only for Gareth.

They had decided to have a casual first date. Or, rather, Gareth had decided, and Markus had agreed with a cloud of giggles. As they sat at an adorable wrought iron table on the cobblestoned sidewalk outside the café, Markus had his hand under his chin, leaning forward, absorbing every detail he could learn about his man: Gareth liked country music, especially Garth Brooks. He liked his coffee black. His favorite football team was Arsenal...

After, Gareth suggested they walk down to the river, and so they did. It was odd for Markus walking next to this big, tall man. He'd been much taller before all these changes, but now even in his heels he only came up to Gareth's shoulder and had to tilt his head back to look up at him. It was—exciting—in a way Markus hadn't expected. He felt pretty and small and having this big, strong man with him made him feel safe and protected, like he was a little bunny and Gareth was a ferocious guard dog.

A misty haze hovered over the slow moving, dark green waters of the river, and willow trees swung lazily across on the opposite bank, which was also dotted with big, white mansions. As they walked, Gareth reached down and took Markus' soft little hand in his own.

Markus' heart did one of those little flips, and he felt himself flush. Now, he decided. Now. I need to tell him the truth. Instead, though, he just squeezed Gareth's hand, gazing up at the man, eyes wide with feminine bliss. Gareth looked down at him, his own eyes seeming hot, hungry.

They walked some more, and Gareth slipped an arm around Markus' slender waist. Now, Gareth thought. I have to tell him. Oh, but it felt so good to nuzzle against Gareth, to smell his leather cologne, the manly musk beneath, to feel their bodies press together, the comforting weight of Gareth's hand resting on Markus' soft, round hip. So, he decided not to ruin the moment. It would be rude, and, besides, he wanted to please Gareth more than anything, and since Gareth wanted him to be a sweet, pretty girl, he decided that's what he needed to be.

He didn't even know why, because it made no sense, but the heart, he'd heard somewhere, has more wisdom than the head, and he was determined to follow his heart.

The sun had set, and a bright, full moon hovered above the river, its reflection painting the calm surface of the water silver. They'd reached the end of the river walk, and Gareth turned the two of them to face the river, pulling Marcus even closer. There was a couple in a small boat on the river, lit up by the magical moonlight. "It's so pretty," Markus whispered, caught up in the perfection of the moment. "It's like a scene from a movie."

Gareth grunted. "Yeah. Like one of those romantic movies, right?"

"Yes," Markus sighed, putting his fingertips to his lips. This was his love story, he realized. His romance, and Gareth was his soul mate. The first time he'd laid eyes on Gareth in the bookstore he'd known it.

Now, Gareth turned Marcus so the two of them faced each other. Markus felt giddy, silly, tingly when Gareth moved him like that, guided him. Gareth's hands resting on Marcus' hips, Marcus tilted his head back, putting a hand on Gareth's chest, feeling those same sparks of exciting energy running down his arm, giving him shivers. They stared into each other's eyes. Markus parted his lips, and Gareth ran his thumb along Marcus' lower lip, then cupped his chin. "You're so beautiful," Gareth said.

Omigod... omigod... he's going to kiss me. It was just like in his fantasies, and Marcus felt terrified. He started to pull him away, but Gareth grabbed

him and yanked him back, then leaned down and kissed Marcus, and it was more than any kiss he'd even experienced. He felt the kiss through every inch of his body, every inch of his soft skin. That kiss felt like coming home, not like he was kissing a man for the first time, or kissing Gareth for the first time, but kissing a true, pure soul that he'd always known and always loved since the beginning of time and before—it was like they'd been separated all those millions of years ago when the universe first formed and had spent all the ages searching for each other.

When the kiss ended, Marcus' knees had gone weak, and he fell against Gareth, who wrapped his strong arms around Marcus and held him up. Resting his head against Gareth's chest, listening to the strong, steady beat of the man's heart, Marcus eyes suddenly went wide as he came to a shocking realization: Oh, my God. I'm in love!



Part II



The date... this kiss... Oh! It had all been so romantic Marcus could almost scream. He'd imprinted on Gareth, and he now listened to Garth Brooks constantly, started following Arsenal—though he just couldn't understand soccer! He read a book because Gareth had mentioned it, and then every book by that author he could find. He now lived as a woman and even thought of himself as a woman—because he thought that would please Gareth, and having figured out that Gareth liked sweet, feminine girls he practiced and practiced to play the role his man wanted him to play, spending hours practicing his walk, his smiles, his giggles and listening to and copying the way feminine women talked, their mannerisms. Soom, he talked in a sing song voice, constantly making small gestures with his hands. Knowing that Gareth expected his girl to be trendy and fashionable,

Marcus now obsessed on all the latest fashions and found himself spending all his extra money on clothes and cute shoes.

Of course, Ana watched it all, delighted. She could have just made her ex more feminine, but it was so much more pleasant to watch him eagerly feminize himself, all to please his boyfriend.

The romance took off, with Marcus and Gareth talking and texting every day, hanging out, going on dates. Marcus had never allowed himself to fall so head over heels in love with anyone, and in no time at all he felt like he and Gareth's lives were intertwined, that they were become one and not two. It scared and thrilled him, and the whole time he worried and worried. He was still a biological male, though that stupid little worm between his legs was now an embarrassment to him. Gareth showered him with affection in the form of compliments, flowers, bracelets and necklaces, and it thrilled and delighted Marcus to be so adored.

He'd told Gareth early on that he was saving himself for marriage, and Gareth had been impressed and respectful, so they'd never gone beyond some heavy petting, but Marcus knew that the day would come when he would be found out, and so he prayed each day that the final change would come, that he would wake up to find he'd become a woman, and the perfect girl for Gareth. He wanted to be Giselle and only Giselle, but morning after morning he woke to find he was still not the woman he needed and wanted to be.

He loved Gareth so much that even when he just thought about losing him, he would burst into tears. It was agony.

They'd been dating for six months when Gareth had suggested they go out to Finesse, the most exclusive, upscale restaurant in town. Finesse had a dress code, and Marcus didn't want to embarrass Gareth, so he bought a brand new dress he couldn't really afford and new shoes to go with it. He wore bracelets and a necklace that Gareth had given him and took extra long doing his makeup. This was their sixth month anniversary, and his feminine intuition was buzzing. Could Gareth be planning to pop the question?

"Oh, don't be such a silly girl," Marcus had sighed as he touched up his lipstick. He didn't want to get his hopes up.

All through dinner, Marcus waited and waited. He could tell Gareth was nervous, excited, and each time the waiter came, Marcus expected to find a ring in his drink or his food, but it never happened. He felt crushed. It was their six-month anniversary and not only had Gareth not popped the question, he didn't even seem to remember it was six months to the day since they'd had their magical meeting in the bookstore! Giselle, you silly, silly girl, Marcus thought. Guys never remember that kind of thing. Marcus hid his disappointment behind a bright, dimpled smile.

After, they went for a walk along the river, and as they walked Gareth said, "I have a surprise for you."

Marcus' eyes went wide. "What?"

"It won't be a surprise if I tell you."

"Tell me!" Marcus said.

"You'll just have to wait and see."

"You're mean!"

They made their way down to the docks, where a man waited for them by a boat. "Mister Gareth," the man said, the hint of a Greek accent lingering in his speech.

"Nickolai, meet my girlfriend, Giselle."

Once, it would have bothered Marcus to be introduced as another man's girlfriend, but now it just made him happy, content, loved.

"You are an exquisite beauty," Nickolai said, taking Marcus' hand and giving it a kiss.

"Do you remember on our first date we walked here along the river and there was a couple in a boat?"

"I—I do..." Marcus said, his heart fluttering once more.

Gareth now took Marcus' hand. "Let me help you into the boat."

Soon, Gareth had rowed them out to the middle of the river, where they floated beneath the stars. "I love to just look up at the night sky," Gareth said. "All those millions and millions of stars."

Marcus looked up and smiled. "It's lovely," he said.

They sat in silence for a time, just staring at the night sky, enjoying being together. Then, Gareth said, "You know what today is, right?"

"What?" Marcus said, even as he felt his cheeks growing flush. He remembered!

"The six-month anniversary of the day we met," Gareth said. "Don't tell me you didn't remember?"

"I did," Marcus said, biting his lip, dropping his eyes bashfully. "I thought you forgot."

"How could I forget the day I met my soul mate?" Gareth said. Marcus sighed. Yes. He felt it, too. Gareth now reached into his pocket and palmed something, then got on one knee, the boat rocking gently side to side.

"From the first time I saw you, I knew you were the girl," Gareth said. "I've never met a more beautiful and wonderful woman." He now held a small box in his hand, which he opened, revealing a sparkling ring.

Marcus gasped as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Giselle, will you make me the happiest man on Earth?"

"Yes! Yes!" Marcus shrieked. "Omigod, yes!"



III

From elation to despair. As soon as Marcus got home, he burst into tears once more, but these were tears of despair, the opposite of the joy he'd felt when Gareth had popped with question. The engagement ring sparkled on his finger, mocking him and his hopes for happiness as a wife and a woman. He'd mislead Gareth, letting the other man think he was a girl, and soon the truth would come out and it would all be ruined. Tossing himself on his bed, he buried his face in a pillow and punched his mattress. "You're so stupid!" He screamed into the pillow.

His doorbell rang. Who? It didn't matter. He just lay in bed, weeping, despairing.

The doorbell rang again.

"Leave me alone!" Marcus screamed.

"Giselle," he heard Ana, his ex-wife call. "It's me. I can help you with your little problem."

My problem? Did she know? How could she know? Curious, Marcus dried his tears, got up and went to the door. As soon as he opened it, Ana looked him up and down and said, "Hi, girl. Love your dress."

"Hi," Marcus said, not bothered at all that his ex referred to him as a girl.

"Can I come in?"

"You know, this really isn't a good—"

Ana pushed past him. "So, Gareth asked you to marry him, and you're all tears and sighs because he doesn't know you're actually sort of a boy." Ana sat on the couch and smiled at her pretty little ex.

"How?" Marcus said. "How could you know?"

Ana took the scrying stone from her pocket and an image of the two of them right there in Marcus' apartment appeared. "I've been watching you," she said. "Take a seat."

Marcus sat. "What the hades is going on here?"

"I'm the one who changed you," Ana said. "I gave you those big, kissable lips and that pretty face, that banging body, the cute little voice. It's all magic, of course. Are you mad at me?"

Marcus shook his head. "I think I should be, but I'm not. I'm just not. I like being Giselle."

Ana smiled a wicked, superior smile. "I also made you like it. You were such an annoying asshole as a man, I decided to make you a sweet little woman. Do you really think the man you were would ever put on a push-up bra and take pride in his big tits?"

"No," Marcus said, remembering back to the kind of man he'd been as he idly twisting the bracelets around his wrist. He'd been a man, a man's man once. It seemed like another life. "So, why are you here, then? Did you just come to laugh at me?"

"I've been laughing at you for months, silly. No. I came to make you an offer. I can turn you into a real girl. How would you like that?"

"Really? I would love it."

"Look what I've done to you," Ana said, delighted. "Well, then you need to ask me, and make it sweet."

"Will you turn me into a woman?"

"Sweeter."

Marcus offered his brightest smile and said, "Pretty please, with a cherry on top?"

Ana nodded. She whispered, and Marcus felt his body change, flow, inside and out. "You have a vagina now," Ana said.

"I can't thank you enough," Marcus said, not embarrassed at all, but instead overjoyed to have the body that his man wanted and deserved. He knew that it was Ana who had done this to him, had made him this kind of girl, but he couldn't hate her for it. He'd found his soulmate, and all that had happened was all that was meant to be. Even the fact that he'd been such a bad husband had been a part of the journey and had led him to becoming

a happy and wonderful woman with an amazing man. It was destiny. "Would you be one of my bridesmaids?" Marcus asked, inspired to include Ana in his bridal party given that he owed all this to her.

"Hell, no," Ana said, snorting. "Goodbye."

Marcus' wedding day couldn't have been more perfect. Bright and sunny, surrounded by friends and family, he'd been in an estrogen haze through the whole thing, smiling, looking pretty, posing for pictures. The moment the minister had said, "You may kiss the bride" and Gareth had lifted his veil and kissed him there in front of everyone in the packed church was heaven, the greatest moment of his entire life. He was Gareth's wife now, and there was nothing more he could ever be or want than that.

Later, he and Gareth posed for pictures in front of the beautiful wedding cake. Gareth had leaned in close for an Eskimo kiss, and they'd started into each other's eyes. "How are you holding up, Mrs. Gareth Donegal?"

Mrs. Gareth Donegal. It felt so good to hear those words, to know he now belonged to this gorgeous, strong and caring man. "I've never been happier," he whispered back, "Mr. Gareth Donegal."

"Let's cut this cake," Gareth said. The each held the knife. Gareth stood behind Marcus, one hand on his hip, the two of them moving as one as they sliced the cake. Gareth lifted the piece they'd cut and offered it to Marcus, who nibbled a little of the sweet, sugary frosting, the crumbly yellow cake. Gareth loving wiped some frosting from the corner of Marcus' mouth, then kissed him.

He loves me. He'll always protect and take care of me, Marcus thought as the doves were released and went flapping toward the sun. The crowd clapped and cheered. The newlyweds stood arm in arm, smiling and laughing while the cameras flashed them forward and onto the rest of their lives.

