

# EX-HUSBAND

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



## *Hopeless Romantic*

*Favorite RomCom?  
All of them, thanks.*

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

*Relationships are his  
everything: tips, gossip,  
friends, celebrities,  
strangers, he can't  
even!*

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

*Falls in  
love so  
easily!*

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

*Cooper, Kadee and Cheelin*

*As the man plucked the book from the shelf, Markus turned to face him, thinking to tell him off, to say—I don't need your help! But, instead, he found himself tilting his head back, back, back... looking up past the man's broad chest and bulging shoulders, to meet his eyes. Such eyes! Markus felt himself getting lost in those eyes, they felt so warm and strong and safe.*

*"I didn't," he whispered. "I don't..." A smile spreading across his face, and he batted his lashes and whispered, "hi!"*

"Hey," the man said, gazing intently into Markus' eyes. They were standing so close, Markus could feel the heat from the man's body, even what felt like sparks of energy passing back and forth between them. Markus felt like the man was standing too close, invading his space, and yet—he kinda liked it. His whole body began to tingle.



“Um, my book?” Markus finally managed to whisper, his voice hoarse.

“Oh, is this yours?” The man said, grinning. “It seems to me it was on the shelf for sale, and I grabbed it first, so doesn’t that make it my book?” He had a musical, Irish accent, like the character from a movie, and it made Marcus weak in the knees. Gaelic mirth danced in his eyes, echoed in his voice. Markus realized he was being teased. Deciding to play along, Markus slit his eyes in mock anger and held out his hand. “Hand it over?” He said it with the lilt, that little lift at the end that made it a cutesy question and not a demand. *What’s wrong with me?*

The man held the book out towards Markus, but when Markus reached for it, he pulled it away and hid it behind his back with one hand, while a cellphone appeared in his other. “I never do this,” the guy said, “but can I get your number? You’re so beautiful.”

“Giggle.” Markus felt himself blush and dropped his eyes to the side, feeling bashful, nervous, conflicted, so many battling impulses running through his head: *Omigod...He thinks I’m a girl... he thinks I’m beautiful... omigod... should I tell him I’m really a guy?... but, it’s so embarrassing and, besides, I just want my book, and he’s sooo cute... no! I’m not gay! I don’t him to kiss me!*

When Markus looked back up at the man, he felt himself nearly swoon. He took the phone. It would be rude to say no, he told himself. He started to tap his number into the cell, conscious of his long, crimson nails.

“I’m Gareth Donegal,” the man said. “What’s your name?”

Name? Uh, oh. Markus felt himself panicking. He couldn’t tell him Markus. For better or for worse, Markus’ Ex, Ana, was watching, loving the sight of her gross ex getting hit on by a guy, his sweet, romance obsessed girl’s heart all pitter patter. She hadn’t decided on a name, so she grabbed one of her fashion magazines and went with the first one she saw.

“Giselle,” Markus heard himself say, letting his voice rise, go extra pretty. To him, it felt like the name had just popped into his head, which it did.

The man cupped Markus’ chin and tilted his head back, then let his finger run along the line of Markus smooth, elegant jawline. “A pretty name for a pretty girl.”



“Giggle.” The man took his phone back and handed the book to Markus, who hugged it to his chest, as he’d become aware that his nipples had gotten hard, erect, were straining against the thin fabric of his tiny tank top like a pair of missiles about to launch.

“Great meeting you, Giselle,” Gareth said. “I’ll give you a call.”

“Giggle.” Markus smiled and waved with his long, crimson fingertips. “I’m looking forward to it.”

Gareth walked off and Markus found his eyes drawn to the man’s strong, powerful looking booty. He sighed and squeezed the book harder against

his breasts, then shook his head as he once more realized he was getting totally turned on by a dude. "I hope this book will help," he whispered. "I hope it will."

A confused and shaken little Markus left the Grimoirium and walked along the sidewalks, conscious of the appreciative glances he was getting from the guys he passed. His nipples had once more decided to stay erect, and one guy stared so hard his girlfriend slapped him. Yet, as Markus walked along, he couldn't help but notice what a beautiful day it was, with a bright blue sky, a cool breeze, and so much pretty sunshine. His confusion melted



away, and he found himself feeling a mysterious new sense of happiness, bubbly joy, he didn't even know why, but it just felt like everything was going his way, like he was on the doorstep of an amazing new and special life.

He began to twirl and dance down the sidewalk, grinning, giggling, not even caring that other people had now started to look at him like he was a crazy person. "Hello, world," he shouted. "Welcome to the Giselle show!"



Coming out of a twirl, he suddenly screamed as he found himself staring up at his ex-wife. "Ana!" He squeaked, shocked to realize she was now taller than him.

Ana, looked him up and down, pretending to be in shock.

"Markus," she said, shaking her head and staring at his breasts. "You have tits."

Markus blushed and looked away, shocked and appalled to have his ex-wife see him like this, to hear her comment on his blossoming breasts. He didn't know what to say, and just stood there, bashful and ashamed.

"My God, you're gorgeous," Ana said.

“And, you’re all girl. You’re wearing lipstick. You had your nails done.”

Ana had wished for Markus to start taking pride in his feminine skills, so the comment stung, but not because he had long fingernails like a woman. “For your information,” Markus said, holding up his nails, “I did my nails myself.”

“Impressive,” Ana said, but she couldn’t help but laugh at that. Tatiana’s magic was amazing, and it made her feel so powerful to have this much control over her ex’s mind and body. He looked prettier in real life than even through the scrying stone, with long legs and those pillowy lips. She was jealous of the perky tits she’d given him, and she might even have given him saggy boobs, but she wanted him to drive men crazy.

“Well, now that you’re a woman, too, we should do brunch some time,” Ana said. “Talk about boys.”

Markus was getting mad now, enraged at the way she was mocking him, talking down to him. He planted a hand on his hip and tilted his head to the side. “I am NOT a woman,” he sassed, and then, the words just came out of his mouth, “and my name is Giselle.”

Wait. What. No, Markus thought. That’s not my name. It’s just a fake name I made up, my real name is... Giselle.

“Giselle! I love it for you, girl. You always struck me as a Giselle.”

“No. That’s not my name,” Markus said, thinking out loud. “I don’t know why I said that.” And yet, when he searched for his name, because he remembered he’d once had a different name, a man’s name, all he could think of was... Giselle.

“Okay, so I am a little confused,” Ana said. “What is your name, then, hun?”

“You know damn well my name is... is...” Markus struggled, but he could only think... Giselle. “It doesn’t matter what my name is,” he finally said. “I don’t know why I’m even talking to you. You’re a...” he wanted to call her an asshole, but a rom com girl like him didn’t say swears, so he ended up saying, “you’re a... a... you’re a meanie!”

“Is that your idea of an insult?” Ana said. “I feel like I just got put down by a five-year-old girl. Oh, well. It must be the estrogen talking.”

Markus’ mouth dropped open. “Goodbye,” he said, turning and strutting off.

“Bold move to go braless,” Ana called after him. “Free the nipple!”

As Markus stormed off, looking every bit the furious little female she was turning him into, a woman at a nearby table shook her head. “She was a man?” The woman asked.

“In a manner of speaking,” Ana said, watching Markus walk away, his hips swaying from side to side. *I gave him such a great ass*, she thought. *And does he appreciate it? No*. Then, she giggled. *I’m sure his husband will, though*.

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Markus, once he was away from his wife, fished his wallet out of his pocket. He needed to know what his name was, or had been, or—he wasn’t even sure. When he opened his wallet and looked at his ID, however, he gasped. The picture. It was this new, feminine face he now wore, though he was sure he’d gotten it taken when he still looked like a man. His ID also indicated his name was Giselle Pureheart. What the hell? He put a palm to his cheek. That wasn’t his name, had never been his name. He searched back through his memory to birthdays, but each and every cake he could recall he now remembered having read “Happy Birthday, Giselle” in pink and white, cursive letters.

“I’m not Giselle,” he whispered again, but then he saw something even more frightening: his ID indicated his sex as Female.

When Markus got home, he was determined to start looking through the spell book to find a way to turn himself back to himself. He put the book down and poured himself a glass of white wine, then curled up in a chair with the book... but, well, he found himself thinking about Gareth. That smile. Those eyes. Oh, and that adorable accent.

Focus. Focus, Marcus thought, but he put the spell book aside and grabbed his smart pad, doing a search for Gareth Donegal, which was not a common name. Marcus found his Gareth right away. “Oh, my,” Marcus whispered as he saw Gareth was partner at an International Hedge Fund. *He must be so rich*. Indeed, when he found Gareth’s social media pages, he found pictures of his mansion, his Mercedes, his Rolex collection. And, with a sigh of relief, he saw that Gareth was single.



*Not that I care, Marcus lied to himself. I mean, why would I care if another guy is single, even if he is a total hunk?*

Somehow, one thing led to another, and Marcus found himself browsing through images of wedding dresses. He'd never really appreciated just how gorgeous and fascinating wedding dresses were, but now he found himself obsessing on a lace pattern, a silky trim, a pair of elbow length gloves... the dresses were all really beautiful, and yet as he looked them over, he kept thinking, "Nah... okay, but... nah..." as he imagined himself wearing them, looking good but not perfect, and if he were going to wear a wedding dress, it had to be **the** perfect dress.

Marcus shook his head as he realized it had happened again. He'd just spent hours looking at wedding dresses, trying to find the perfect dress for him even as he was imagining details of his wedding—doves, and white roses, and, of course, it would take place in a castle in Ireland, which Gareth would buy for him as an engagement gift... Markus giggled and tossed his head. "I'm being so silly," he said to himself. "I'm not a girl," he reminded himself. "I'm not going to be a bride. I don't want to be a bride!"

He glanced over at the spell book. He really should look for a spell, try something to free his body and his mind from the relentless feminization that was happening.

He would, he promised himself, but later or maybe tomorrow. For now, he just couldn't shake the feeling that the perfect dress was just a page or two away, and he was having so much fun. He'd get to the spell book later. "Oh!" He sighed as he looked at a dress called Winter Magic. It was such a pretty color, and the lace was to die for, plus those shoes! It had a slit skirt, so his bare legs would flash as he walked down the aisle, and people would see those pretty shoes.

So close, he thought sadly, but not quite the perfect gown for him and his imaginary never gonna happen wedding. It was a shame, because he would love to try it on, have some pictures taken. Part of him wished he could just by them all and wear wedding dresses all day every day, but that would be kinda hard working in the food truck, he supposed.

"Oh, well. A girl can dream..."

