The Woman He Deserves

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I said it to Hannah: “How can she do that? It is like she is tormenting him”.

It was supposed to be a double date, but Tammy had insisted on bringing a friend. A man friend to make five at the table. Then she spent the whole night playing footsie under the table with Rafe (that was his name), while Jack was right there. I could see it, and I was damn sure my date Hannah could see it too.

But Hannah’s response left me cold.

“In my experience It is men who get the women they want, but women never get the men they deserve,” she said. “Look at you and me. You have the woman you want in me. Why can’t I get the man I deserve?”

Sometimes women can say things like that designed to cut deep. Sometimes it seems like men are just strong enough to take shit like that, or they ought to be. There was nothing wrong with me. I did my best to please her. But it seemed like the harder I tried the less she liked me. I knew that it could not last, and it wouldn’t.

But I started to wonder if all women were like Tammy and Hannah. It was like I was losing faith in all women by the example of these two. I started to wonder how Jack and I could get what we deserved in a relationship.

I suppose I began to think that men made better partners than women, or at least good men like Jack.

It was not that I was gay or anything like that. Sex was not my primary thought in this. Sex was easy enough for me. It didn’t even matter if I did not come. With Hannah I just wanted her to come. If I didn’t, she might ask whether I had, and I would say yes, but she didn’t really care. I knew from my very first sexual encounter that if a man comes and she doesn’t, it is not good in the long term.

I suppose I am a long term thinker. Sexual activity is just minutes every week, and sexual ability is less than half a lifetime. Relationships are forever. I just began to wonder if I could ever have a lasting relationship with a woman if it was only to please her, and starting with sex.

Women have it easy. They lie back and enjoy. They can jump around if they want to, but they don’t have to. Men have to perform. Sometimes that can be hard, especially if she is being a bitch. But in those moments, you have to find a way. Baling on sex is not an options for a man.

I decided that I would be happy with a non-sexual relationship. A “bromance” if you like to call it that. But I know that is not what Jack wanted. I was just a pal, but he wanted more than that. He deserved more than that. He deserved somebody who only wanted him to be happy, and that was me.

But how could it ever happen?

I think that I had an idea of the woman he deserved. She would be beautiful and sexy, but she would be kind to him and to others, and she would be devoted to him in everything that he did, and whoever he wanted to be.

And then I started to wonder if I could build for him just that woman. Could it be done? Could I be the raw material to make it happen? Could I be the woman he deserved?

I told myself that it was an exercise in self-discovery. The mere fact that I was thinking this way was raising questions about my own sexuality. Was I gay? If I was attracted to my best friend sexually then I must be, but it was not sexual. It was more than friendship too – it was a kind of devotion. I was ready to make sacrifices for his happiness.

I was thinking about using myself as the basis of a model woman. Does that make me transgender? But it was not like I felt misplaced in my body, it was just that the body I had made it impossible to be his companion in any meaningful way.

Or was I just crazy. Who thinks this way? But in what world is friendship and sacrifice craziness? I wanted what was good for him. I think that makes me a good person – a true friend

Tammy ditched him and he was despondent. I said that Hannah had done the same to me and we could share our sorrows over a few beers.

“What if I could place before you the woman that you truly deserve,” I said, after a few drinks. “Would you accept such a woman with a few physical flaws?”

“Tell me about her,” he said, spluttering into his lager.

“Somebody who cared about her appearance because she would never want you to be ashamed of her. Somebody who would accept all of your flaws and never complain. Somebody who would accept all your decisions without question. Somebody whose sole purpose in life is your satisfaction.”

“I would marry her in a heartbeat,” he said.

“Let me put her before you,” I said. “I have to go away for a couple of weeks but let me bring her to you after that.”

“I’ll look forward to it, but I won’t put my house on it. You are talking about a fantasy. There is no such woman.”

I suppose that I had confidence in what I was doing. If I hadn’t then I never would have been able to do what I did.

Yes, I wanted to show him that I could be that woman. You can dress up as a woman and there are places that can help you to do that, but that would not be enough. I would have to understand what it felt like to be a woman, and how to express myself as one. That is something entirely. That is why I needed to give myself time to step out into the world and convince others, before I presented myself to him.

If I was not transgender then it seemed to me that I would need to become that. People may well accuse me of some kind of heresy for saying it, but I was prepared to try it. They may prefer me to say that because I found this fairly easy to do, then I must have been transgendered all along.

I have so say that I found myself scanning my past for some hint that this was the case. I latched on to little things, but perhaps that was all I could find because any thoughts of dysphoria quickly buried in general desire to please people – from the very beginning that was my parents.

I did find it easy. People may this think that it is the walk or the hands or the voice that makes a woman, but it is deeper than that. It is an attitude, and that was one I could easily adopt.

As for my appearance, I was ready for radical change but I wanted to see Jack’s response before I did anything too drastic. I had a full body wax and hair extensions put in, and I had a little plumping of the lips done and eyelash tinting. Everything else could be done with makeup.

I decided to get a prescription for hormones and blockers which was easily done when I first visited my new doctor as “Amelia”. I started on the course immediately which included an injection and patches, but these would have little visible effect when I stepped in front of Jack. For that I needed to choose my look carefully.

I did not want to project sexual desire, although I hoped that our relationship would become intimate. I wanted Amelia to be somebody who he could walk down a beach with hand in hand, or share a milkshake in a diner with two straws – things that two men cannot share without being overtly gay. That is not what he wanted and not what he deserved. My look wanted to be pretty enough to be proud of, with the potential to be drop-dead gorgeous if required.

Her personality would be me – pleasant and engaging, sociable but quite private, but it would carry with in a new passivity. I was prepared to surrender decisions to him, not because I was incapable but because I wanted that for him. He needed to see that in me.

I had my ears pierced and I wore simple earrings. The only other jewellery was a fine chain with a pendant in the form of the symbol for female. That was my statement. I would not wear the trans-pendant. What I wore around my neck was aspirational rather than factual. Amelia would be a woman in every way she could be.

I wore heels because they made my legs look good, but I wanted to be an inch shorter than him even wearing those. I wanted to be his height for direct contact, but slightly smaller, which is what I was anyway.

I sent him a text message. I said that I had arranged for him to meet the women that I had been talking about. The woman he deserved. She knew what he looked like. If he sat down at the table in the corner, she would come over an introduce herself.

I made my final adjustments myself in the ladies’ toilet off the lobby. I was quite confident given all the video lessons I had worked through. I knew to keep it light and fresh and the lipstick pink to save red for later. My hair had curls that I had done myself, perhaps a little better on my left than on my right. I was confident that I looked totally feminine. More importantly, that was how I felt.

I walked in and looked around the room as if I was there for the first time. This was not for appearances, it was true. It was the first time that Amelia had been in this bar and I looked at it through her eyes. It would not be her preference for the future, but if this was where Jack wanted to drink that she would be here too.

He sat looking at his drink, but looked up when I was a few paces away. I could see that he was pleased. I was right. Everything was good. He still did not recognize me – I was sure of it.

“Hi, I’m Amelia,” I said offering a hand in a feminine way. He took it and motioned for me to sit.

“You must be the woman I deserve?” he said with a smile.

“Yes,” I said. “I am hoping that I am”.

Then I saw his brow crease. His smiling eyes suddenly darkened.

“Motherfucker! It’s you. What the fuck are you doing?” He looked around the room to see who was looking in our direction. A few, for certain. I had made an entrance, although deliberately subdued.

“Jack, I just want to show you that perhaps your true soul mate has beside you all along,” I said. “I know you. I know what you like. I know what you need. I will make it my mission to make you happy. I am ready to become a complete woman for you. However you want me, that is how I want to be. I love you Jack, and In time, when you come to realize that I am the woman you deserve, you will love me too.”

“Fuck off,” he said.

The End

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