

by Amanda Hawkins

Why Did You Leave Me?

I'm confused.

I did everything you wanted.

I grew my hair long, plucked my eyebrows, permanently removed my beard and even got eyelash extensions.

I practiced applying makeup until I could fix my face in four minutes flat, and my dreams were full of lipstick and blush, eye shadow and mascara, eye liner and skin-tone cover blends.

I developed a feminine face and a sweet smile, one that didn't look at all forced.

You named me Wendy.

I shaved my legs and dressed them in nylon stockings, and practiced in three-inch heels until I could run, on your command, the length of the hall and all the way down the basement stairs.

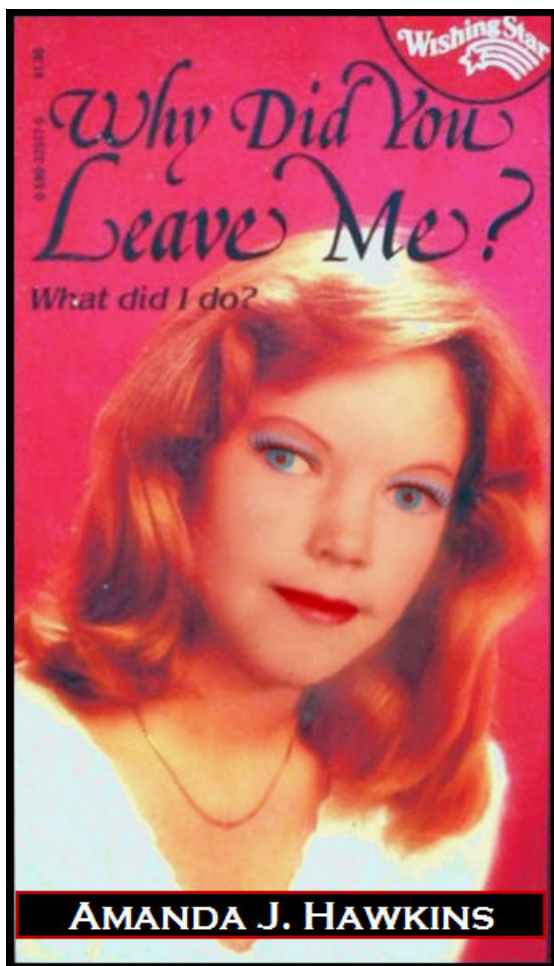
I wore the corset you bought me, the matching slip and the flowered dress you used to wear to cocktail parties. That

was back when we used to go to parties, back when we were a real couple, back before you came home one day and found me wearing your wedding dress.

You seemed more upset by the fact that it fit me.

What I'm getting at here is that I was everything a woman could want in a husband: honest, faithful, a good companion, and cute as a button in a simple white cashmere sweater and black pencil skirt.

Yet still you left me. What did I do?



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I ask you about it one day, over a champagne lunch.

“Why did I leave you? Have you taken a good look at yourself lately? Dear, sweet Wendy,” you say. “As far as the rest of the world is concerned, you’re a woman. And a pretty one at that.”

“But I did this for you. Isn’t this what you wanted?”

You point a polished fingernail at me. “No, it’s what *you* want. It’s what men who prance around the house in wedding gowns want.”

“But I thought you liked me this way. As a girlfriend as well as a husband.”

“Keep your voice down,” you say. “I have live around here, you know.”

I know. In the divorce, you got the house and I got to move back in with my Mom, who was curiously thrilled with her new daughter.

“I thought so too,” you continue, “for a while. But let’s face it, there just wasn’t much happening in the bedroom—even before the estrogen kicked in.”

“That’s not fair!” I whisper back. “You said taking those pills would bring us closer together.”

“Maybe they did. We’re both girls now, right? See those guys over there? They’ve been checking you out this whole time. They probably think you’re a secretary, same as me. So there you are.”

“For Christ’s sake, Brenda, I got *breast* implants for you. How many guys would do that?”

You smile. “Not many, I grant you that. But they’re your breasts, Wendy, not mine. And the important thing is that you *have* breasts. And a nice figure. And pretty hair. And a sweet smile.”

I shake my head, eyes down. Long red tresses sweep across my cheeks, tickle my chin and briefly hide my cleavage from view. My lips are wet with lipstick. It’s true. I’m a woman. I can’t even feel my old equipment, jammed as it is between my legs, some bits tucked up inside and everything held in place by a plasti-skin half-girdle that gives me a feminine bush and a functional slit—another one of your thoughtful gifts. I could strip down to my panties and still show the world a female body.

What woman would want a husband like that?

Your hand closes over mine. “I think you should know, Wendy... I’m dating Tony.”

“Tony? My former best man? *That* Tony?”

“Yes. He’s been very supportive, ever since you... since Wendy arrived. Just between us girls, he’s a real lion between the sheets. You’ll see.”

A lion. What the hell does that mean? Fat, lazy and lets the female do all the work? I rest my chin on my fingers and sigh. “I’ll see?”

“Oh, that’s why I wanted to see you.” You put down your glass. “Tony’s agreed to a threesome. Tonight, at my place. It’s his big fantasy, you know, making love with two gorgeous women at the same time.”

I can’t believe it. Tony? Sure, he’s a good-looking guy, but... Go to bed with him?

“C’mon, Wendy. He knows it’s your first time with a man. He’ll be gentle. I’ll be right there to help.”

I lick my lips. What choice do I have, really? Hell, I did everything else you wanted. Maybe this will change your mind. ■