

Cruelty

A Short Story

By Maryanne

Diary Entry 1

I cannot talk to anybody about these feelings that I have. I know that they are wrong. Not wrong for others perhaps, but just wrong for me. How can I tell people about things that I don't understand myself?

I never thought of myself as gay. I had relationships with women. I had sex with women and I enjoyed it. I never looked at men with any lustful thoughts. But that all changed when I fell in love with a man. How can that be?

But, after all, who understands love? Not even science can explain attraction like this. All that I knew is that I have to be with Scott, and I need to make him love me back.

I must have always been gay. I know that now. It must have been deep inside me – repressed – just waiting for a trigger to open it up. He was that trigger.

But he is not gay. He can never love me the way that I need to be loved by him. He wants to please me. I am not just his boss. He wants something of all the skills that I have. The truth is that he will never be a great chef, but he could be a very good one. But I cannot tell him that. I just cannot afford to lose him. I can never blurt out the way I feel. He would leave in terror.

Until he came into my kitchen my life was so normal, but now it is in pieces. There is that sense of joy that love can bring, but how can you be happy when you face the impossible?

Diary Entry 4

It is done, and I am still alive – but only just.

I had the opportunity to talk to him about the feelings that I had for him. We went to my herb garden together this morning.

Of course, he is not so foolish that he cannot see how I look at him. That is why he started our private chat by confirming that he was not gay. It was a friendly way of saying that he wanted to keep his job and stay on as an under-study provided that I understood that he was not interested in men.

I told him that I had no experience of homosexual activity at all, and that I would not wish him to engage in any such thing. I just wanted to know what he found attractive in a woman.

It really did not cross my mind that I was suggesting that I could become some kind of sissy, but I did not want him to change. I wanted him to stay the man I desired. That would mean that I would need to change. I told him that I was ready to do that.

I could see that he was in a state. It was not that he needed the job – he wanted the job. He wanted to work with me. He did not want to walk away because his boss had suddenly discovered that he was perverted.

I told him that I would never use my position as his employer and his mentor to take advantage of him. I said that my ambition was to win his favor. That is the word I used, but what I really wanted was his love. But how could I say that?

Diary Entry 8

I had to tell him that his work was not up to standard. He could see that I did not want to. But as I said to him, my standards must be high. Otherwise I would not be the chef everyone expected me to be, including him.

The worst thing is that I could see that he knew that he was only keeping his job because of my feelings about him. I could see him thinking about what he could do if he thought that I could not bring myself to dismiss him. The fact is that I would have dismissed him. Not that he is a bad cook, he just not the standard that I require.

I have to tell myself that he can get better. So, I told him that this was what I wanted. I wanted him to be closer to me, but that he could not expect me to compromise on my expectations in the kitchen. If he was serious about being a top quality chef he needed to respect my expertise, and learn.

He agreed to respect me for my skills, but he told me that if there was to be a relationship, he would be the man, so I would need to be the woman. So, I needed to become more feminine.

So, what would that involve? He had some ideas. No hair cut for a start. Maybe some color in it. Some more flamboyant clothes outside the kitchen, and hormones.

Now as a chef, I can put long hair in a net and wear any clothes I like, provided that I dress as a chef in the kitchen – and that is the same outfit for both men and women. But hormones?

God know where he got them from, but he presented them to me. Daily tablets and patches to go under my arm and be replaced weekly.



Diary Entry 14

Two weeks ago I went to the beauty shop and paid for the treatment he wanted for me. Some golden color for my hair, complete removal of my beard and plucking my eyebrows.

Already the hair has grown so that the dark roots are visible. I put that down to the hormones. I swear that those drugs make my hair grow faster.

Still he says that I am too manly and unattractive. I am trying. I have practiced looks in the mirror. Little upward glances across the kitchen with a little smile, as if to say: "Hi there, I'm a silly little girl just like the kind you might fall in love with".

Sometimes I think that I am getting somewhere, and then he puts me down. Then I think that he must hate me. He seems to enjoy making me cry. I never used to cry, when I was a man. Now I just blubber like a baby whenever he is nasty to me.

I just accept it. I hope and pray that tomorrow will be better – that tomorrow he will appreciate all that I have done, all that I have given away, to be his.

Diary Entry 20

He barely notices me, but other people do. I used to see my staff in the kitchen talking about me and maybe giggling, as if saying: "There is the chef who is trying to be a woman". Now I don't see it that much. People I don't know have started calling me "Miss", or "Ma'am" or "Lady". It is hard to get used to, but I like it because it seems all that I am doing must be working.

I could see my shape change regardless. There is no mistaking what is growing on my chest. Little tits. I can see them. Others can too. Why can't Scott see them? Why can't he say something about them? I am doing this for him.

I was invited to join a tasting table at my restaurant this week. I took off my whites and I wore a white dress with a cowl neck. White because I still wanted to identify myself as a cook amongst those critics who seem poorly qualified to judge our work. The cowl neck to show off what was growing, assisted by some soft inserts and a bra designed to push a little flesh into the illusion of a good bosom. I wore earrings too – not just studs. My hair has grown a bit and I thought that I looked good.

Everybody at the table was very nice. They talked about me making good progress with my transition, and "finally achieving my dreams". They have no idea what I am going through – the pain of being invisible to the man I love.

Then, just when I was giving up hope, Scott came out to present some food and he whispered in my ear: "You look fat". It was a lie and it was offensive and hurtful, but all I could think was: "He saw me. He is looking at me. He cares about how I look. I am getting there".



Diary Entry 28

I just try to keep working. I am good at my job and everybody knows it. I guess I have come to grips with being a woman chef, or more correctly a transwoman chef. I have learned how to smile again.



I was worried about my hair and my breasts getting in the way. I have learned how to tie up my hair in a practical top knot that I think looks quite nice. I have a new tunic which has made room for my expanding chest, and I have discovered the advantage of having a fitted bra with room for expansion into the cups. I have spoken with my doctor about what size I might grow to be, and with the senior lady at the department store about how to fill the cups until they are filled. I am quite looking forward to not having to stuff my bra, even though I have come to realize just how clumsy a large pair of breasts can be.

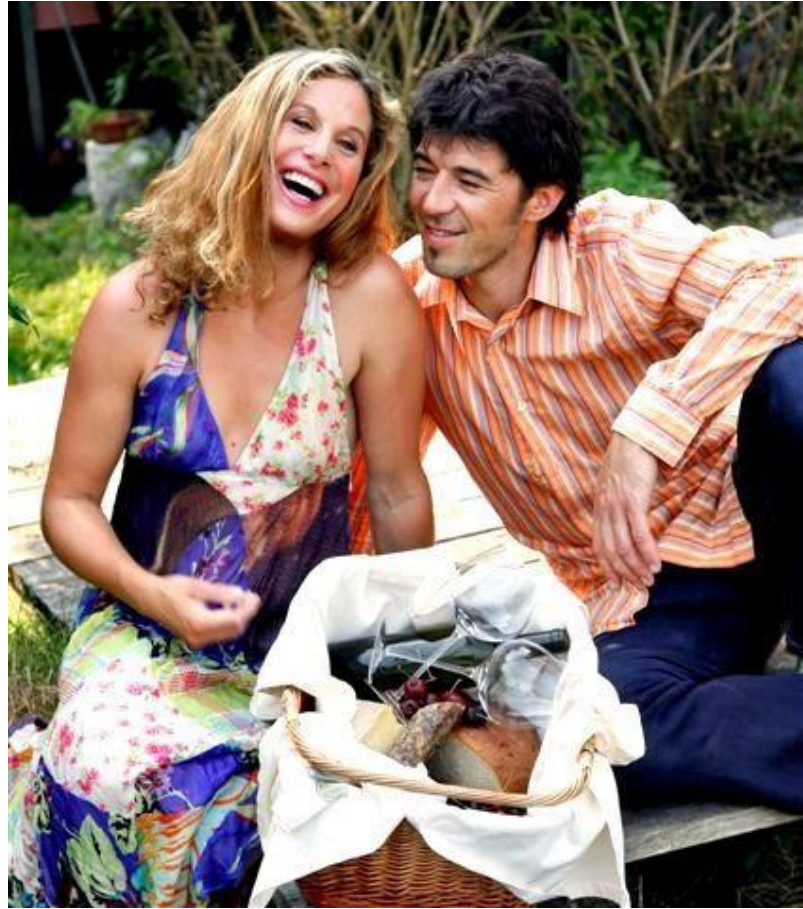
I would never put up with them if I did not think that Scott did not notice them, but now I know that he does. I like to jiggle them when he is around. Just like at the end of service I might take my hair down and shake it free right in front of him, while jiggling my tits at the same time. What man cannot be affected? Instead he just seems to notice a pimple or a whisker, and put on a face to show his disgust.

Diary Entry 30

My world has changed. I have been a fool. Silvio the wine merchant called me yesterday and told me that he had arranged a picnic. I didn't know that it was just him and me.

"No cooking," he said. "Wine, salami, cheese and cherries, with freshly baked bread. Wear something nice."

I have never felt more like a woman. His kisses sent me straight to the moon.



What did I ever see in Scott. He might even be interested in me now, but I am not interested in him. I might lead him on a little, before I tell him where to go. I think that I am entitled to be a little cruel?

The End

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