

Between me and Maxine, you could always tell who wore the “pants” in the relationship (Even though that is a very sexist stereotype that I would never use in the house.)

We met in College, me a timid little philosophy student and her a fierce business major. She walked up to me, said I was cute, took my phone and put her number in.

I’ve been head over heels since.

We married shortly after graduation, and moved into a nice apartment. We changed where we lived pretty often, since Maxine was always moving up the corporate ladder and upgrading our house whenever her salary could afford one.

She was relentless, a force of nature. Whenever she wanted anything, she got it, whatever the cost.

By the time we were entering the 30s, she was the CFO of a major company, and we were multimillionaires. I had a few books published by a pretty big name publishing house (That Maxine owned a lot of stock in.) But other than that I was perfectly happy being a house husband.

We didn’t have any kids, but we both talked about it at length and we decided we didn’t want them just yet. With all the fertility technology money can buy, we could start one whenever so why not enjoy life for now?

But I noticed just how much Maxine was getting stressed out, having to do all these big business things. She was coming home later and later from the office and I wanted to be able to do more than be her cuddle bug.

So I did what any loving husband would do: I started baking.

I started with cookies. I was never much of a sweet tooth so I didn’t even try my own cooking.

But that night, Maxine came in, looking like the day had been an exceptionally tough one, said hello to me, walked by and took a cookie without another word. But when she took a bite, she stopped and turned around.

“Brian, where did you get these?”

“I made them sweetie.”

“These are.. Really good.”

She stood in front of the tray and began eating one after another. I wrapped my arms around her from behind and kissed her cheek.”

“Just wanted to give you some comfort, since I know how hard work has been lately.”

“Well keep 'em coming. These are great!”

And so I did. I followed a bunch of baking recipes that I found online, for brownies, cakes, pies, you name it.

Maxine ate it all. I noticed she wasn't coming home as late. I was glad to see that her job was becoming less stressful, but I still wanted to make sure I was supporting her.

The baking continued, but there was a new problem.

I walked in one day, and Maxine was struggling to close her skirt. I saw her eyes roll back in frustration, and her tongue lolling out.

She saw me come in with a fresh creme brulee and righted herself.

The poor thing was so embarrassed that the washer was shrinking her clothes. I'd have to look into getting a new one, as soon as I mastered the macadamia nut cookie recipe I found online.

I don't like to talk about our sex life, as that's a very private, intimate thing we like to keep to ourselves.

But at the risk of being a little crass, our sex was never better, for me at least.

Maxine would be doing so well, but every now and then she would slip out the words “fat ass”, or “getting tubby.”

It broke my heart that she saw herself that way. In my view she was still the same beautiful woman who I gave my phone number to all those years ago. I didn't want to bring it up, she had so much going on now anyway, but I did always make sure to pick up her favorite ice cream more often.

She seemed to really appreciate that.

One day I was out shopping in our favorite little supermarket when I saw one of those ugly tabloid rags.

The front page was her, at a gala we had gone to last week. The headlines read “Maxine Allen MAXES out dress.”

I was so furious I almost dropped my bag of kale for my dinner and the bag of chocolate chips for Maxine's dessert.

I rushed home, and found my poor wife laying on our bed, cookie in mouth, masturbating with copies of that tabloid and several others all around her.

She was so embarrassed she stopped. I explained I would always be there for her in her time of need, and asked if there was anything else I could get her.

She just said "Some more cream pie."

I love my wife so much. She's the best thing that has ever happened to me. I want to make sure she has the least stress she can possibly get.

And I think the answer to that isn't baked goods.

It's all food in general.

I've hired a world class chef to come in and teach me how to cook. I've noticed that since I started making my food taste better, with butter and stuff like that, she has been taste testing more and more of my stuff, but she also really needs a new washer too, since her clothes have been shrinking so much her button flew off last lesson.

Anyway, I started this digital diary to document how I'm trying to be a better husband, and make my wife's life as easy as possible. She's calling me right now, asking me to feed her some leftovers while she works on her spreadsheet.

Poor thing, hopefully all the butter I cooked it with will make it up to her. I noticed our usual chairs are becoming too uncomfortable for her, so I'm looking to replace those as soon as possible.

Hopefully I'll be able to make this diary more of a regular thing. My therapist says it's a good idea. Maybe I should send her some more muffins, she seemed to really enjoy the ones I sent to her last time.