

Ordinary Amy

By Cooper and Kadee

A girl walks into a bar. She's terrified. She spent hours on her hair and make-up, choosing the right outfit. The face and body she wears are bespoke, hand picked; she knows she looks good. She feels certain guys will be hitting on her as soon as she takes a seat, if they even wait that long.

She wants this. She thinks. She's been imagining what it will be like to be female, an object of desire.

Yet, she feels afraid. Why? Because she is a guy in real life, and this is his first time ever being a girl.

Amy— he chose the name because she wanted something simple that sounded kind of wholesome— he was already worrying people might think he was that kind of girl- paused as he entered the dimly lit bar, called Hook Ups, letting his eyes adjust. It was cool inside, and he felt goosebumps on his long bare, legs. Everything felt so real. As his eyes adjusted he saw the bar was crowded— clusters and guys and girls, some on the dance floor, most gathered in groups at tables.

Am I the only one who came alone? He wondered, feeling self-conscious, all his real world insecurities flooding over him even in his pretty new body: loser, outcast, freak.

He hurried to the bar— there was a stool toward the end— and took a seat, brushing back his hair. He loved the feeling of brushing back his hair, seeing his long, red nails.

The bartender was at the other end of the bar, talking. Amy sat ramrod straight, staring straight ahead. He wondered if he should face out, make some kind of sexy pose, and he wanted to. He wanted to flaunt his long legs, his firm breasts, he wanted to look at some guy and give him a “come hither” glance.

He couldn't. He was too nervous. He raised a small hand, trying to get the bartender's attention, feeling like a bashful school girl. The bartender sees him, and starts toward him, a kind of bemused look on her face. “Hey, honey,” she says. “What's your poison?”

“Um...” Amy whispers. He'd thought about this. A lot. “A cosmo?”

The bartender's face softens, and she leans on the bar. “This is your first time, right?”

“I've never been here before,” Amy says, wondering, did I do something wrong? He has a small, pretty voice. It took him hours to choose it.

“No, I mean as a girl.”

Amy blushes and looks away. Is it that obvious? There they are again: his insecurities. Freak. Outcast. Loser. He is sure the bartender is about to laugh in his face.

“I thought so,” the bartender says, though he never answered.

“I’m sorry,” Amy says, grabbing his purse. “I’ll just go.”

The bartender covers his hand with her own. “It’s okay,” she says. “Calm down. Relax. You’re shaking!”

Amy realized he is, indeed, shaking. The bartender’s kindness catches him off guard. He’s not used to people being nice to him. “I’m scared,” Amy admits.

“No shit. My name is Erin. You’re fine. Everything is okay. You’re not the first guy who came here all girled up and felt nervous. How do you think I spotted you?”

“Really?” Amy says. One of what his therapists calls his “challenges” is that he suffers from terminal uniqueness. He’s prone to think no one ever felt the way he felt before, that he’s so different and weird. It surprises him, though, that other guys are afraid of being girls, even if they, like him, must probably have wanted to at least try it.

“Oh, yeah,” Erin says. “Now, you just sit tight. I’m gonna make you that cosmo. But, can you do one thing for me?”

“What?”

“Smile. Try to enjoy yourself. Being a girl should be fun.”

Amy laughs and smiles.

“You have a pretty smile.”

Amy smiles wider, feeling a little relieved. It was supposed to be fun, right? I am such a freak, he thinks. Why do I suffer everything?

Erin is back with his drink. She’d taken a special interest. Her heart goes out to Amy, and all the other shy guys who come in here, wanting to be pretty girls, but terrified of their own desires. “There are some customers at the other end waiting for drinks,” Erin says. “Just remember, this is your experience. It may be enough to handle right now just to come in here and sit down. But, word of advice. The way you are sitting is sending a message that you want to be alone.”

Amy smiles and sips his drink. He feels better. He feels he has made a friend. He had no friends in real life. He doesn’t know why. He thinks he’s pretty nice, but he has longed for, ached for any connection.

He doesn’t like the cosmo. He tried to make one himself in real life and didn’t like it there, either. He’d thought maybe it would taste different as a girl?

He thinks about what Erin said. About the way he was sitting. He thinks about turning on his seat, showing some leg, letting the guys know he's available. The thought terrifies him. Something in him tells him that what he's feeling is wrong, that he shouldn't want a man to dance with him, stare into his eyes, kiss him. It makes him a creep, a weirdo, a pervert. But, he wants it so bad.

"Hey!"

Suddenly, there she is on the barstool next to him. It's another girl, but she looks almost like a cute guy. "You're hot!" She says, grabbing his hand. "Let's dance! I'm Frankie"

She drags Amy from the stool. He's flustered, surprised, blushing. Frankie's so bold and confident, he can't say no! He finds himself on the dance floor, and he feels like the biggest spaz in the world. He doesn't know what to do with his arms, and his feet suddenly feel like they're made out of lead.

Frankie laughs. "Follow my lead," she says.

Amy starts to mirror Frankie, and soon he relaxes, smiles, starts having fun. In his whole life, he has never had the courage to get out there on the dance floor, and now here he is— dancing!

They start dancing apart, but Frankie gets closer, closer, and soon she is touching him— just gentle touches, little caresses that leave his heart racing, skin tingling, and then she kisses him on the neck, the cheek, and then she covers his lips with her own, and Amy feels like he's in heaven.

It's his first kiss, with a boy or a girl, and he— well, he likes kisses! They feel so good.

But he is also feeling afraid of all these feelings. He is feeling insecure. He is starting to think about running right out the door, away from Frankie and her intensity, her raw expression of feelings. She makes him feel pretty and wanted and desired.

I don't deserve this, he thinks. This isn't right. She thinks I'm someone I'm not! If she knew the real me?

Frankie has his hand on the small of Amy's back now, and she's guiding him somewhere— toward the ladies' room? More fear. More dread. More self-hate and terror. Amy didn't know exactly what Frankie had in mind, but he suspected it was something— dirty?

The thought thrills him. Disgusts him. Shames him. He's imagined making love as a woman many times, nights spent tangled in sweaty sheets lost in the soft world of pleasure, but he'd always been alone, he'd never shared these fantasies with anyone.

Frankie is laughing, saying something, as she pushes the bathroom door open and guides Amy toward one of the stalls. He freezes. "I'm not ready," he says. "I'm sorry. I can't." He thinks Frankie will be mad, but she just seems the same— intense, hungry.

"This is your first time, right?" Frankie says. "As a girl?"

How can everyone tell? Amy wonders, blushing, but there's no use denying it. "Yes."

"I love taking a guys' virginity," Frankie says. "I'll be gentle. I'll make sure you enjoy it. You couldn't ask for a better partner."

Amy feels like he'd being sold a car, but yet somehow her words convince him. They are enough to overcome his fear. He nods. Frankie leads him into the stall, and she closes the door.

A couple girls come giggling into the bathroom. They go to the mirror to check their makeup, and they hear soft sighs, panting, a lower woman's voice whispering, "Just relax. Relax."

When it's over, Frankie gives Amy a kiss. "You okay?"

Amy nods. "Yes." He's more than okay. He's — he doesn't even know the word for it. He's never felt this happy. His body has never given him such pleasure. He's always hated his body, suffered it, and he's so happy to be a girl now. It's everything.

In a daze, Amy leaves the bar and heads back to her apartment here in the virtual world. She can't stand the thought of going back to the real world, back to being HIM. And, something has been awoken in her. She explores her new body, and she finds so much pleasure, but she also realizes as she drifts off to sleep, that it's better with someone else.

She wonders if maybe she is a lesbian after all. Frankie had been amazing, and she'd been totally attracted to her, so maybe girls? Yet, when she explores herself, she keeps imagining herself with a man. She knows there is really only one way to find out.

She's going to have to find a man. Or spend the rest of her life wondering.

Amy thinks he has changed. He's taken a bunch of big leaps. Maybe, just maybe, he can be happy?