The Bikini Option

A Version of a Story

By Maryanne Peters

He wanted a home by the beach, so he spent weekends down on the coast just looking – hoping to find the place of his dreams. He would try to do a different section or neighborhood each time, spending some time in local coffee bars to read the vibe, looking in realtor’s windows, and just looking for units for sale. He had some funds and an income from his work from home job that would pay a mortgage loan. He was sick of renting and seeing that money disappear forever. He was sick not being able to improve the place he lived in. And being a young man brought up on the plains now living among the angels, he wanted to live by the sea.

But it seemed like there was nothing. It seemed like all dreams exist only to frustrate the dreamer.

And then suddenly, just as he was thinking that this particular stretch of sand and the small streets behind it would be ideal if only … he saw the sign. It read – “Applications for Purchase Considered / contact the Owner / Email: orvillejplanche@gmail.com”

It seemed like an odd “For Sale” sign, but he sent an email from his phone, and decided to go back to the nearby coffee shop and order another, just in the faint hope that a reply might be immediate. It was not, but he was still drinking his coffee when his phone beeped. He quickly replied – “I am nearby. Could I come to meet you and see the unit now?”

The reply came back yes, with an address. It was the bottom apartment of a block of four stories. The one with the sign on it was the third floor.

The door opened and there stood a tall man with dark hair greying a little at the temples. He could have been forty or even older, but he looked athletic and intelligent.

“Are you Corey?” the man said. “I am sorry to have wasted your time. I thought that you might be female. Corey is one of those names, I suppose. You could have been, but you aren’t, so I won’t be receiving an application from you.”

“Just a minute,” said Corey, trying hard to conceal his irritation. “Are you telling me that you are only receiving applications for purchase from women? It seems to me that is sexist, or just plain wrong. Can’t I persuade you to let me have a look?”

“I am sorry, young man,” said the man at the door. “I will sell to who I like, and I am not asking an unreasonable amount just in case you think it is about money. I just reserve the right to be choosy. I own the whole block, you see. Four titled units. I live in this one and I have one available for sale … just not to you.”

The door was closed. Corey was incensed.

He walked down to the shore and saw the apartment and the view it would have of the sea. He assessed the size and calculated that it would be ideal. It had the large windows and say well to the sun. He imagined himself sitting on the balcony watching the sun go down over the shining sea with a drink in his hand. That was what he wanted.

He tried to accept that this was just not available, but he could not. It was the ideal property, and yet it was denied him.

He decided that he would walk back to his car and call his house hunting over for the day. Rather than follow the beach he cut through the streets and the homes and odd stores. He was upset. Then suddenly something caught his eye. It was a small beauty salon – not something he would look at normally. There were some photos of hair styles and makeup artistry on display in the curtained window, and a before and after image. It was a picture of a man and beside that what appeared to be the same man made to look like a woman. It was a remarkable transformation.

Corey said to himself – ‘If I looked like this man, I might be in with a chance’.

He was a about to walk on in disgust, but then he paused seeing his own half reflection in the window against one of the images of a woman’s hairstyle. At that angle he could see himself as something other than male. Would it be possible?

He checked the time. It was not that late. The beauty shop was open yet empty. He went inside.

“I noticed the man in the window transformed to look like a woman,” he said. “Could you do that for me? Could you make me look female?”

The woman in attendance on her own rose and looked him up and down. “Yes,” she said. “When would like an appointment to do that?”

“Could you do it now?” he said. “You don’t look busy.”

“Sure,” she said, not a little surprised. “Have you brought some women’s clothing with you?”

“No … um … this is a little spur of the moment,” he admitted. “I suppose that I will have to buy something?”

“I actually have some clothes that I am guessing are the same size as you,” the lady said. “I could let you borrow them as a part of the service. And you were obviously looking at the image of my ex-husband in the window. He has left some other things that he has no need of. But first I need to turn the sign to closed and lock the door. You will need to get down to your underwear.”

Before Corey knew what was happening, he was undressed and having his arms and legs shaved down and some compound applied to his face.

“Is all this necessary?” he felt he should ask.

“The outfit I have is bare arms and legs,” she said.

“Do you have a wig?” he asked.

“I’m afraid not,” she said. “But you have plenty of hair to work with. I will just add some wash out color and a few curls. I am looking forward to this. While I am working my transformation miracle can I suggest that you do something about that voice of yours. I can have you looking like a woman, but then you will open your mouth and the vision will collapse. Can you sing falsetto? Let me hear your voice in a higher range.”

As she went about her work, he had a moment of two of misgivings. What was he trying to achieve here? Did he think that he could seriously pass as a woman or was he just going to turn up and confront Orville J. Planche showing how desperate he was to be in the running to buy this property? The possibility of passing seemed to be increasing as he conversed with his beautician in a voice becoming higher and higher.

She said that her name was Pamela. She left his lightened hair in curlers and disappeared for a moment returning with a dress and shoes and what looked like a skin-colored woman’s swimsuit. When she held it up, he could see that it was a fake breasts and a female crotch, all in a single garment made of latex or something similar.

“If you can put this on, then I will do your makeup right down to your neck,” said Pamela. “You could walk down the beach naked and appear female … that is, if you know how to walk? I will give you a few pointers.”

Corey never thought to ask why she was in possession of such a garment. She had transformed her husband, so she had said. It was a miraculous transformation. Could she does as good a job with him? Better, as it turned out. He looked into the mirror in amazement.

“Can I return this stuff to you later tonight?” said Corey in his feminine voice, while fumbling for his wallet and ready to pay whatever she asked..

“Return it tomorrow,” said Pamela. “And let me find you a bag for that wallet. A lady always needs to have a bag. I will drop in a lipstick and a few other items.”

Corey stepped out into the sun and felt it shine on him as if for the first time. His smooth arms and legs exposed by the colorful dress tingled, and the dress itself made him feel alive. He turned back to see his reflection in the salon window. Somehow Pamela had turned his mop of light brown hair into a almost blonde retro style that was unbelievably feminine. He smiled, and that smile stayed, all the way back to the home of Orville J. Planche.

Corey knocked, and he answered.

“Good afternoon,” said Corey in that voice he had been practicing with Pamela. “A friend gave me your address and told me that you had an apartment for sale. Is that you?”

“Yes,” Orville said. “What was your name?”

Corey was momentarily caught by surprise. He needed another name, and quickly. “Sunny … Sunny Shaw.”

“Before I get you details, why don’t we view the apartment?” said Orville. “I will just get the key and we will go up.” He slipped back inside for a minute.

It was everything Corey dreamed that it would be. It had the view and the sun, and the rooms were large, and furnished.

“Does it come with the furniture?”

“I paid out the last owner exercised the Bikini Option and she left everything,” said Orville.

“The Bikini Option?”

“It is something I can explain later,” he said. “She reached a point where she can call for me to buy her out, and in this case she was was getting married to a guy who could give her everything, so she had no need for this stuff. It would be included in the price – nothing extra – if you want it.”

“I have some stuff but it is not as good as this.” Corey has no eye for such things, or had not had until now. Somehow it seemed that everything in this apartment was just right.

“Come and look at the bedroom,” said Orville, leading the way.

It was perfect. It was wonderfully feminine, with the bed covered with cushions as well as the pillows, and a soft toy – a pussy cat – lying across the patterned cover. There was a full length mirror on the sliding wardrobe door. Corey glanced at the woman he saw, so pretty in the patterned sundress and bouncy blonde curls.

“Plenty of storage space,” said Orville. He pulled the door open and to Corey’s surprise, there were garments hanging there – women’s clothing. It was not full. There was room for more.

“Surely the clothing is not included too?” said Corey. He stroked a velvet black cocktail dress, and noticed it was the same size as that sundress he was wearing.

“They could be,” said Orville. “What I really want is a person who truly wants to live here. Somebody who would do anything to make this place their home. Could you be that person?”

“Oh yes,” said Corey. “I am that person. I don’t think that I could live anywhere else. I belong here. I feel it.”

“Well that’s good because I think that you might be right,” said Orville.

Corey was so excited he just wanted to throw his arms around this man. But he held himself in check, just clasping his hands in front of his bosom and beaming with delight.

“So why don’t we drop the pretense, Corey,” said Orville. “Or should I say Cora, or Coral. That is it, Coral, given that you will be living beside the sea.”

Corey was in shock. But not a word seemed to be able to come from his mouth.

“Pamela has done a great job,” said Orville. “The person who was once her husband lived here, but after his final surgery she has moved on. Before that she swapped silicone breasts for the real thing, so she clearly gave those back to Pam. Let’s do that same for you, shall we?”

Corey could only mumble. Still the words could not come.

“You do want to live here, don’t you Coral?” asked Orville. He reached out a hand to stroke the smooth check. The touch of him was electric.

“Yes.” It was not just confirmation, but total submission, and it felt good.

“Well, let’s seal the deal then,: said Orville. He undid his belt and his pants fell to his ankles.

The End

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Erin’s Seed: Corey has a chance to buy a house but for some reason, the seller who lives next door does not want to sell to a guy