



*Emasculated
by
Ella
Book
One*

**An Original, Exciting
Forced Feminization
Fantasy by Mindi Harris**



Candy Apple Press
Plot Driven Erotica

Emasculated by Ella Book One

An Original Forced Feminization Fantasy

*This book is part one of an exciting
First Time Forced Crossdressing
Three-book series, already completed
With a “Happily Ever After” Ending!*

Featuring:
**Day One: The Poolside Plaything and
Night One: Fashion Show Feminization**

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Sneak Preview

“I know,” said Olivia, “let’s have a wrestling match!”

I said, “Awesome! Which two of you girls are gonna wrestle?”

“Me,” said Serena, pointing at herself, “and you,” she gestured at me.

“Wait, what?” I objected, “I said girls!”

“Yeah, I know,” smirked Serena as she put her hand at the small of my back, and easily propelled me off the cement poolside patio to a place we could safely wrestle.

“Is this really happening?” I muttered in a stunned daze as I let the determined female jock maneuver me into the middle of the large poolside lawn area. Let her? She was in amazing physical shape, and seemed to move me where she wanted with ease. I felt my feet sliding a bit on the newly-mown grass.

Regaining a bit of composure, I protested, “I can’t wrestle you, Rena. I wouldn’t want to hurt you?” I looked at her beautiful lithe body, and I couldn’t stop myself from gazing longingly at her impossibly toned, tan legs. I was staring only for a moment or two, but I should have been more alert.

She yelled “Ready? Go!” and, in the blink of an eye, she pounced on me. I tried to react, but before I could move a muscle, she was in control. I tried to break her grip, but she was firmly holding both of my arms behind my back, pinning them helplessly and immobile in a hammerlock using just one of her arms. I was already at her mercy.

“Get him, Rena!” Ella cheered as my beautiful conqueror struck again. Using her gorgeous foot, she swept my legs out from under me and dropped me to the grass. She went into a sort of belly flop motion, landing on top of me and knocking the wind out of me.

I struggled to get my breath back and hopefully break free, but it was no use. I squirmed around helplessly as she wrapped her powerful legs around my torso and started squeezing the very life out of me. She was like a grimly focused boa constrictor.

I squeaked, “Stop! Let me go!” I could see and hear Olivia laughing and El shaking her head with a huge smile on her face.

“My gosh this is way too easy,” said Serena, casually crushing me in her grasp as I gasped for air. “That was no challenge at all. My little sister puts up a much better fight than that, and she’s just thirteen!”

“Hmmm, maybe Baby Cakes here is really just a tween queen at heart?” said Ella giggling, “Hey little one, I bet you’d look just totally adorable dressed up like Britney Hearts in her ‘Baby Hit Me Once Again’ schoolgirl outfit?”

“Totes adorbs,” Olivia agreed, laughing loudly.

I ignored their teasing. I was too concerned with breathing—specifically my inability to do it with Serena crushing my ribs. “Let me go!” I whined at my captor again, mortified by my own pathetic efforts. “You cheated! You jumped me before I was ready!”

Serena let out a grunt of derision, but she let me up. Still, I wasn’t free as she firmly held my shoulders in her strong hands to prevent me from running away.

“Tell you what, buttercup,” she smiled, “I’ll give you a rematch. If you’re able to keep me from pinning you for 2 minutes, you win. We’ll pay for your pizza with a big tip and send you on your way.”

“Yeah, but if she pins you in less than 2 minutes, you’re our slave girl for the whole weekend,” added Ella.

“Wait, what? What do you mean ‘Slave girl’...?” I began, really not liking where this was going. My arms and chest were still aching as I tried to make up for lost air, but Olivia abruptly cut me off.

“That’s right. You heard her. You lose, you have to be our ‘slave girl.’ The whole weekend,” said Liv. But hold on. If you really think you can beat Serena here, maybe we should make it a bit more interesting. How about... If you win, all four of us including Nicolette will be your slave girls.”

Hearing this, Ella couldn’t contain herself. She chirped, “But it should be for longer! Like for the rest of the summer! Or... Maybe even all next school year?”

My mind was overcome with images of these hot babes dressed in sexy little maid outfits. I could picture them in matching slutty French maid uniforms—skin-tight, scandalously short black dresses with tiny white lacy aprons tied in perky bows. Their sexy feet in four-inch stiletto heels. All serving me!

I daydreamed in increasing detail. They’d wear black fishnet stockings held up by black lacy garter belts. Frothy white petticoats would dance around their shapely thighs. The mental image was so exciting! They’d be adorned with lacy black and white chokers and dainty matching little maid caps. I’d have them wear sexy black bras and thongs underneath.

Imagine the four sexy vixens flouncing around, waiting on me for the whole summer—maybe even the whole school year—at my beck and call, whatever beck and call meant! I started to drift away, fantasizing about all of that.

Serena noticed my far away expression and huge grin. This clearly pissed her off. She rolled her eyes and barked, “Are you ready this time?”

I started to nod, but before I even finished my head motion, Serena was on me again. She took no time at all, pouncing on me like a jaguar. She grappled my arms roughly, pinning them both behind my back.

Moving as fast as a cheetah, she kicked out my feet. She casually sat down on top of me as I fell on top of my arms, trapping them underneath me on the soft grass. Again, I was stunned

and breathless as she wrapped me up and began squeezing all of the air right out of me. It had taken her even less effort to dominate me this time than last time.

As soon as I caught my breath, I again started whining at her to let me go. Serena just giggled and effortlessly flipped me over so my butt was up in the air. This shoved most of the rest of me into the ground. Serena began eagerly spanking me, and my legs started flailing helplessly.

Olivia leaned down to smirk right into my face—even as it was currently being pushed into the lawn. “Well, well, well, my pretty little sissy slave girl? You agreed to serve the four of us girls for all of next year if you lost, and you lost.”

I tried to shake my head no, but I couldn’t move my head at all under the pressure of Serena’s elbow. I forced out the words “No, no way!” through my smooched lips, spitting out bits of grass and dirt that had been invading my mouth.

“Hmmm we’ve got you for the rest of the summer for sure, baby princess,” laughed Ella, “I guess we’ll have to see about the school year later?” she cooed. “Anyway, I’m calling dibs on her for next weekend. I’m having some of my former ballerinas over and I need a sexy French maid to serve at the soiree.”

I stared at Ella in alarm. I was still on the ground, helplessly ensnared by Serena. “Oh, don’t look so surprised, Sissy,” she said smugly, “you know you were planning the same for us! So predictable!”

It was like she’d read my mind. Serena shook her head at me dismissively, laughed, and declared, “We all know you’re my property now, little girl. I can subdue you and dominate you without even breaking a sweat any time I want. I think I’ll make you my pet sissy for now on.”

“N-n-n-no....” I shivered, but she just shifted her beautiful firm butt onto my face and hummed pleasantly to herself, acting like she could sit there all day and all night long besides. I was groaning involuntarily. My body was bruised and aching after the pummeling from Serena, and her twisting me and bouncing on top of me really hurt.

Olivia perked up at that point. “How about this, *Cutie*,” she offered, “you join my cheer team as our featured flyer and tumbler, and Rena will let you up. Otherwise, you can stay down there and I get to spank you. What will it be?”

I was really getting tired of Olivia teasing me about joining her all-girls cheerleading squad. She found out about my advanced gymnastics skills, and had jokingly told me to join cheerleading from time to time. Embarrassed, I’d laughed it off nervously every time she’d mentioned it. But now, she actually sounded serious.

Ella sure thought this was serious as she bounced around clapping and yelling, “Yay!” Then she launched into a brief impromptu cheer, “Baby Sissy she’s our girl! Tumbling, dancing, giving a twirl!”

Olivia regarded her friend with a smile saying, “Hey that’s not bad! Maybe I should add both of you to cheerleading? Obviously, Sissy here could never be on a boys’ sports team.”

— *End of Sneak Preview* —

Introduction from the Author

Welcome to this new series! I have already written all three parts of this series and will publish the next two books soon, so there will be no long wait for this tale to conclude. I hope you enjoy this book and series. If you do, please leave a glowing 5-star review, and check out my full catalog!

Summertime is a very special time of year. Beach parties, pool parties, dance parties. Not to forget shopping trips, sexy makeovers, girly sleepovers. All kinds of feminine frolicking fun for teenaged girls to enjoy! Fun that is, unless you're a just a typical straight guy like Michael, the reluctant and conflicted "hero" of this exquisite, excruciating, emasculating little tale.

This series is my usual "Feminization Verité style" in that the events and reactions depicted actually could happen in real life—no magic, wishes, science fiction, or other supernatural or unrealistic elements. That said, this is a complete fantasy.

None of the characters, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person or thing, living or dead, is unintended and purely coincidental. All of the action in these stories is for personal entertainment only. **Do not try this at home!**

Warning: For Mature Readers Only!

Reader discretion advised. For Mature audiences only. Do not buy, borrow, download, examine, share, or read this book if explicit fetish / erotic / taboo topics offend you, or if you—or anyone you might intentionally or inadvertently allow to see this material—are under the legal age for adult-themed materials. **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by four sexy women!

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This book meets all Amazon/Kindle standards. All characters are of legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations between any blood relations. No illegal, immoral, or criminal activity is presented or implied.

Beware! This 12,000-plus word story will introduce you to a kinky lifestyle! You will find a character helplessly transformed in body and mind—from a normal male into a sexy, feminized sissy! The girls in this book will force a young man to look and act like a feminized pop princess, a beach bunny, a female superhero, a fairytale princess, a cheerleader, a slutty waitress, and more!

Warning! This story contains MTF (male-to-female), TG (transgender), BDSM (bondage, discipline, sadomasochism), crossdressing, LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) erotica, including a conflicted / reluctant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, and female domination, as well as taboo, kinky fetish scenes of restraint, imposed chastity, bondage, rough sex, adult diaper, age regression, spanking, power and role reversal, bimbofication, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification.

If any of these topics offend you, please stop reading now.

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Day One: Poolside Plaything

Bored teenaged girls can be dangerous, especially hot sexy ones. I found that out the hard way on my 18th birthday. My family was out of town, visiting relatives in Cape Cod and leaving me behind for a month.

I was lonely and kind of depressed with nothing much to do for what I'd hoped would be my best summer ever. The source of my grief wasn't hard to pinpoint.

My ex-girlfriend Cynthia had given me the "it's not you, Michael, it's me" speech just the week before. When I asked what she meant by that, she demanded that I "back off" and give her "some space." By which I later found out she meant space to start dating my ex-best friend Pete.

I had learned that they'd been having sex for weeks behind my back. This even though Cindy had told me she "just wasn't ready for sex yet."

I just happened to catch them when I went over to Cindy's house to surprise her with flowers for our three-month anniversary. When I knocked on the front door, it opened slightly. I called her name, but when I heard no answer I got worried, so I went inside.

I immediately saw two pairs of shoes and underwear, blue jeans, and a lemon yellow sundress strewn across the floor and the staircase to the second floor. Curious, I tiptoed up the stairs to investigate. There, I saw Cindy and Pete in her bedroom, on her bed, going at it like sex-starved rabbits.

I felt like I'd been played for an absolute fool. In shock, I screamed at them calling her a slut and a liar, and comparing him unfavorably to various body parts.

Of course, that led to an angry confrontation and then a very short fight between me and my jerk of an ex-friend. It ended up with 6'3" 225 pound Pete easily kicking my 135 pound 5'7" butt. So, I guess he took my dignity along with my girl.

Most if not all of my other stupid "friends" apparently sided with Pete. They weren't answering my calls or texts, even though it was my freaking 18th birthday. Alone again as usual, with nothing else to do, I picked up an extra shift delivering pizzas.

I'd been working for Mama Gina's—a local pizza chain with O.K. pizza and lousy pay. They made up for the low wages by insisting I wear a stupid, ugly polyester uniform. I'd spent my whole summer delivering pizzas in that hot itchy uniform, basically working just for tips. It was demoralizing, but it was the only summer job I could find after my junior year in high school.

I'd dash from place to place delivering pizzas to ungrateful and whiny customers. I just bit the bullet and smiled at them, trying to get the biggest tips possible. Soon, that bubbly behavior became second nature to me. After all, I was saving up to buy a car and I needed every cent I could get.

Depressed about what my summer had become—single, friendless, stuck delivering pizzas in my mom’s baby blue VW bug—I vowed that everything would change for me for my senior year. I had no idea how much. As bad as my miserable birthday was going, it was about to get much worse.

I had just finished an exhausting run delivering five pizzas in a mad rush all over town. I returned to the restaurant when the dispatch girl yelled, “Hey Mike we have a delivery on Walnut!”

I looked at the ticket, an order to deliver 2 vegan pizzas to an address I recognized: the home of Nicolette Edwards. She was the captain of the girls’ swim team and an Amazonian goddess. I knew her well, ever since we were little kids actually, and I didn’t want her to see how low I’d sunk.

Nicolette (also called Nikki) stood about 5’11” and weighed about 135 pounds. She was a vision of stunningly sculpted perfection. She had beautiful long blonde hair, and impossibly long and shapely legs.

Her absolutely beautiful facial features included a cute button nose, full pouty lips, and shining icy blue eyes. She also had a huge smile that was so bright it could give you a suntan.

Oh yeah, and her year-round perpetual suntan was dark and rich, adding even more to her already captivating beauty. Nikki usually wore very girlish clothes, from short skirts and daisy dukes to minidresses and those one-piece things I think they call rompers.

I’d had the biggest crush on her forever, but she could only see me as a nerdy friend. I was good enough to help her with her homework and term papers, or listen to her complain about her latest stupid jock boyfriends, but she’d never consider me boyfriend material.

When I pulled into the long circular driveway in front of the Edwards’ large suburban home, I noticed there were three other cars parked there. I shrugged at that, grabbed the insulated pizza carrier, and walked up to the house. I could hear a dance rhythm bass line thumping from inside as I approached.

I braced myself for the worst when I knocked on Nicolette’s door, but nothing could’ve prepared me for what happened after that. The door opened, but it wasn’t Nicolette. It was her friend Ella Mendez. The petite, perky brunette smiled at me and beckoned me inside.

My crush on Ella—who also went by El—was almost exactly as big as my crush on Nicolette. She had beautiful rich shining dark brown hair that she always wore in different styles. Sometimes it was in a high poufy ponytail like Ariana Adanté—the world famous pop princess and former child actress.

Other times she’d put it in cutesy pigtails, an elaborate French braid, or an alluring, sophisticated updo. Today, it cascaded over her dark tanned shoulders in loose and curly waves.

I thought “Oh well, this isn’t so bad,” and I smiled and blushed when Ella flashed her pretty chocolate brown eyes at me. I felt my insides flip when turned and yelled, “Hey girls, they’re having hotties deliver pizza now!”

I wasn't sure anyone could hear her over the loud music, but someone turned down the sound in response. I wondered just how many girls were in the house. Of the four-girl crew that hung around with Nicolette, El was by far the shortest standing only about 5'4" but her personality was big and electric.

She was wearing a sexy little one-piece coverup in black with multi-colored flowers all over it. Underneath that, I could make out a baby blue bikini top and a short, tight skirt in a matching shade. She was barefoot, showing off her sexy feet with sexy sparkling pink toenails.

I knew Ella was the school flirt, but when she called me a hottie, my heart melted. Rumor had it El liked to play with her boyfriends' hair. They all had long hair, some as long as mine.

I guess it was more than a rumor considering all the pictures of her fashion victims wearing very girly hairstyles that she frequently posted to her InstaShare feed.

Anyway, that's why I wasn't too surprised when she smiled at me excitedly, grabbed my long brown hair, and offered to braid it. "Come on, Baby, it'll be so funnnnnnnn!" she coaxed, with her bright smile shining up at me. "OMG, you'll look soooooo cute! I've wanted to style your hair forever! You have to let meeeeeeee!"

Again, this was nothing new. She always got around to begging me to let her have her way with my hair. This happened literally every time I saw her for more than two minutes. But I was a little surprised when El gazed deeply into my eyes and said in a sultry voice, "We're having a pool party. Care to join us?"

From her tone, it sounded like more of a seduction than an invitation, and also somehow more of an order than a question. She looked at me expectantly with mischief dancing madly in her chocolate brown eyes and said, "I'll do your pretty hair after our swim."

Typical Ella. She was nothing if not persistent. Even so, I didn't know if she was serious or not. Besides being the little clique's designated hair diva, Ella was also the group comedian. She joked around and made fun of everyone including herself. Whenever a guy insulted her, her favorite comeback was "I bet you'd look adorable in my (fill in the blank)."

It might be "I bet you'd look adorable in my prom dress!" or "I'd just love to see you in my ballerina costume! OMG, you'd look sooooo cute!" Her usual theme involved a guy looking adorable in one of her sexy girly outfits.

So, while I was terribly embarrassed, I wasn't really surprised that when I explained "I don't have a swimsuit" she smirked, "I bet you'd look adorable in my hot pink bikini!"

I was about to roll my eyes when I stopped, feeling totally breathless. Somehow, she stunned me with her flirtatiousness as she targeted me with every bit of her powerfully alluring seductive attitude. She kept teasing me about how she'd love to grab me and "bone" me while I was "strutting around" in her bikini.

The whole time I stood there picturing the crazy scene she'd described; I was trying not to look stupid as I realized I was gaping and staring at her. It took me a few minutes before I realized she was actually holding out her hand and offering me the hot pink bikini she'd mentioned.

When she pushed it into my grasp, I snapped out of my dream-state and flung the tiny bits of cloth away from me as if they were angry scorpions. Somehow, I was still holding the pizzas.

“Hmmmph!” Ella snorted, then she yelled over her shoulder, “Hey! I need a little help here!”

“Help? Help for what?” I wondered. Before I could even process Ella’s statement, Nicolette appeared flanked by Olivia Wood and Serena White. Olivia was the first to assess the situation. She saw the bikini on the floor at Ella’s feet, saw her friend’s toe-tapping impatiently in her white sandals, and seemed to figure out exactly what had happened.

Olivia—known as Liv, for short—was the closest to a “mean girl” of the feminine foursome. She was the captain of the cheerleading team and amazingly toned. Her long wavy honey blonde hair framed her angelic face, and her sapphire blue eyes shined with humor and intelligence.

Despite the cheer girl stereotypes, she wasn’t a snob or a bimbo. She was actually smart, flirty, and fun. At the same time, she could be bossy and quick with a put down if she felt it was justified.

She was wearing a pink silky top and distressed denim hot pants that had large pink flower details sewn on them. Her makeup was always perfect, as expected of the part-time fashion model she was.

Turning to Ella she asked, “What’s the problem? Did *Princess* here reject our kind invitation?”

O.K. so I had long hair, I wasn’t very buff, and so on. Still, I didn’t like being called “princess” and I really didn’t like where this was going. Before mouthing off to the girls, I reminded myself that I was working for tips and I knew that if they didn’t pay me for the pizzas, the store would deduct the money from my meager paycheck.

When Ella pouted and nodded, crouching to pick up her discarded bikini, Olivia looked at me, “So, you think you’re good to party with us?” she interrogated me, “I’d have never taken you for a spoiled little princess, *Chica*.”

I tried my best to ignore Olivia’s “princess” and “*chica*” remarks. “First Ella offering to loan me her bikini, and now this. What is with these girls?” I wondered.

With a growing sense of frustration and an equal measure of unease, I frowned at them. Hoping to quickly extricate myself from the situation, I turned to Nicolette saying, “Here’s the pizzas you ordered,” in a forced-friendly tone.

As I was speaking with my phony bubbly voice, I held the cardboard boxes out toward her. I felt myself start to lose myself in her alluring beauty. She was an absolute vision in her dark blue sundress with a pink floral design. The hem fell just to her knees, and I felt my knees weaken in her presence.

Nicolette took the pizzas, walked a short distance to place them on a coffee table in the

den. I watched her sway as she sauntered among the lavish, elegant furnishings. Anyone could tell her family was very well off, even if they didn't know that her mother was a surgeon and her father was a partner in a large law firm downtown.

She said, "Wait here and I'll get your money. I think my bag is in the kitchen."

Olivia was standing with her arms folded, shaking her head. "Yeah, let's pay this dork and get back to our pool party!" she snapped.

El smiled at me and said, "Ignore Liv, she's just mad that her cheer squad still can't stick their latest routine."

Olivia stuck out her tongue at Ella, and then muttered something about, "If we only had one more flyer...." She seemed to be assessing me carefully—a little too carefully for my liking.

Liv was crazy beautiful like all four of these girls. I was nervous that she was looking at me so intently, but I was glad she dropped the whole "princess" thing. That was so embarrassing.

Serena White hadn't said anything up to this point, but she moved closer until she was invading my personal space and looked down on me. She was more than a bit taller than me, standing over six feet tall. She was easily the most athletic of the four beauties, although all of them were in great shape.

Rena was only a junior like me, but she was well known statewide as a volleyball superstar. She led our high school team to three straight championships and was a semi-finalist in national beach volleyball tournaments. I'd even seen some of her matches on the sports channels. She was as incredibly talented as she was beautiful.

Like a typical jock, Serena almost always dressed in some kind of athletic gear. Most of the time she wore the very tight short navy-blue bike pants with gold trim and a gold tank top with navy trim that was her v-ball practice gear.

Serena (or Rena to her friends) was essentially an amazon. Her body was long and lithe, curvy and seductive. Her bright eyes were hazel, and had an alluring glint, shining with intelligence and playful humor.

That afternoon, she was dressed unusually ultra-feminine and flirty-looking in a low-cut cotton dress that hugged her curves before flaring out around her well-toned thighs. I'm not sure what the color was exactly, a kind of purplish-pink, I guess.

It looked absolutely amazing on her, setting off her brunette hair that she wore in a short, sassy style. All in all, Rena was stunning with her perfect facial structure and high cheekbones.

Nicolette shouted from somewhere in the house, "Nope it's not in here, maybe it's in my room?" Then I heard the pit-pat of her dainty feet climbing the steps.

El said, "This could take a while. Can I braid your hair now, Baby Doll?"

I glowered at her using the childish and somewhat girly name for me and shook my head no. In reply, El pouted and somewhat petulantly said, "Fine be a baby, then you'll rub some suntan lotion on me while we wait." That actually sounded pretty fun!

I started to say “Of course....” But Ella wasn’t listening or even letting me reply.

The little nymph reached out and put a plastic bottle of SPF 50 in my left hand. By now her mood had changed for the better. She winked at me, took me by the right hand, and pulled me deeper into the house.

In seconds we were walking out through sliding glass doors to the patio by the swimming pool. Rena and Liv followed behind closely.

I noticed Rena was carrying the pink bikini I’d tossed aside. I thought I heard Liv whisper something to her, and she answered something that sounded like, “No, not yet.”

I wasn’t sure that’s what she’d said, because I was too distracted by Ella to pay much attention to anything else. The beautiful pixie stripped off her cover-up revealing a turquoise bikini top and matching sexy skirt.

She stretched laid face down on a chaise lounge—all with fluid catlike motions. That reminded me. I’d heard she’d been a ballerina, and her every move showed off her feline grace.

When I didn’t immediately respond, El tapped her back as if telling me to get on with it. I was all too eager to start. I knelt beside her, popped open the hinged bottle top, and squirted some lotion into my hand.

Ella sort of wriggled as I began smoothing it into her shoulders and back. We both sighed with pleasure. I was feeling ecstatic, swept away as I massaged this incredibly sexy girl’s soft, tanned skin. I sighed as she turned and smiled at me.

“Mmmm now my legs,” purred Ella, and I quickly complied, pouring some lotion directly onto her thighs. I took a deep breath and started stroking the liquid into her beautiful legs. I made sure I didn’t miss an inch of her skin, from the very edge of her bikini bottoms to the tips of her fashionably polished toes.

I struggled to control my breathing and turned to hide my growing excitement as I slathered lotion onto El, using long, firm motions. The whole experience was getting more and more sensual.

I started to gasp as I watched her tight butt twitching at my touch. It was so erotic that I couldn’t help myself and I tightly squeezed her buns, leaving lotion marks shaped like my hands on her bikini bottom. She squealed in surprise, alerting Olivia and Serena.

“Enough of that!” Olivia snapped, and nodded to Serena who put her strong arm around my back, stood me up, and stated, “Let’s go up and help Nicolette look for her bag.”

“Aww you’re no fun,” Ella pouted, then gave me another sly wink.

I was wondering what Nicolette was up to. It shouldn’t be taking so long to find her money, I thought. And why would she need help to find it?

“I know,” said Olivia, “let’s have a wrestling match!”

I said, “Awesome! Which two of you girls are gonna wrestle?”

“Me,” said Serena, pointing at herself, “and you,” she gestured at me.

“Wait, what?” I objected, “I said girls!”

“Yeah, I know,” smirked Serena as she put her hand at the small of my back, and easily propelled me off the cement poolside patio to a place we could safely wrestle.

“Is this really happening?” I muttered in a stunned daze as I let the determined female jock maneuver me into the middle of the large poolside lawn area.

Let her? She was in amazing physical shape and seemed to move me where she wanted with ease. I felt my feet sliding a bit on the newly-mown grass.

Regaining a bit of composure, I protested, “I can’t wrestle you, Rena. I wouldn’t want to hurt you?” I looked at her beautiful lithe body, and I couldn’t stop myself from gazing longingly at her impossibly toned, tan legs. I was staring only for a moment or two, but I should have been more alert.

She yelled “Ready? Go!” and in the blink of an eye, she pounced on me. I tried to react, but before I could move a muscle, she was in control. I tried to break her grip, but she was firmly holding both of my arms behind my back, pinning them helplessly and immobile in a hammerlock using just one of her arms. I was already at her mercy.

“Get him, Rena!” Ella cheered as my beautiful conqueror struck again. Using her gorgeous foot, she swept my legs out from under me and dropped me to the grass. She went into a sort of belly-flop motion, landing on top of me and knocking the wind out of me.

I struggled to get my breath back and hoped I could break free, but it was no use. I squirmed around helplessly as she wrapped her powerful legs around my torso and started squeezing the very life out of me. She was like a grimly focused boa constrictor.

I squeaked, “Stop! Let me go!” I could see and hear Olivia laughing and El shaking her head with a huge smile on her face.

“My gosh, this is way too easy,” said Serena, casually crushing me in her clutches as I gasped for air. “That was no challenge at all. My little sister puts up a much better fight than that, and she’s just thirteen!”

“Hmmm, maybe Baby Cakes here is really just a tween queen at heart?” said Ella giggling, “Hey little one, I bet you’d look just totally adorable dressed up like Britney Heart in her ‘Baby Hit Me Once Again’ schoolgirl outfit?”

“Totes adorbs,” Olivia agreed, laughing loudly.

I ignored their teasing. I was too concerned with just trying to breathe—specifically my inability to do it with Serena crushing my ribs like a boa constrictor. “Let me go!” I whined at my captor again, mortified by my own pathetic efforts. “You cheated! You jumped me before I was ready!”

Serena let out a grunt of derision, but she reached out her hand and pulled me up with a teeth-rattling tug. Still, I wasn't free as she firmly held my shoulders in her strong hands to prevent me from running away.

"Tell you what, buttercup," she smiled, "I'll give you a rematch. If you're able to keep me from pinning you for 2 minutes, you win. We'll pay for your pizza with a big tip and send you on your way."

"Yeah, but if she pins you in less than 2 minutes, you're our slave girl for the whole weekend," added Ella, her eyes sparkling with her ever-present ebullient energy.

"Wait, what? What do you mean 'Slave girl'...?" I began, really not liking where this was going. My arms and chest were still aching as I tried to make up for lost air, but Olivia abruptly cut me off.

"That's right. You heard her. You lose, you have to be our 'slave girl.' The whole weekend. But hold on. If you really think you can beat Serena here, maybe we should make it a bit more interesting."

This situation was becoming way too "interesting" for me already! I felt light-headed, and not just from the lack of oxygen I suffered while Ree kicked my ass wrestling. I started to object, "Well I really should be going..."

But the girls were having none of that.

"Don't interrupt me!" Olivia snapped, and continued with a tone of finality, "How about... If you win, all four of us including Nicolette will be your slave girls."

Hearing this, Ella couldn't contain herself. She chirped, "But for a prize like that, it should last much longer! Like for the rest of the summer! Or... Maybe even all next school year?"

My mind was addled and befuddled by images of these hot babes dressed in sexy little maid outfits. I could picture them in matching slutty French maid uniforms—skin-tight, scandalously short black dresses with tiny white lacy aprons tied in perky bows. Their sexy feet in four-inch stiletto heels. All serving me!

I daydreamed about this fantasy in increasing detail. They'd wear black fishnet stockings held up by black lacy garter belts. Frothy white petticoats would dance around their shapely thighs.

The mental image was so exciting! They'd be adorned with lacy black and white chokers and dainty matching little maid caps. I'd have them wear sexy black bras and thongs underneath.

Imagine the four sexy vixens flouncing around, waiting on me for the whole summer—maybe even the whole school year—at my beck and call, whatever beck and call meant! I started to drift away, fantasizing about all of that.

Serena noticed my far away expression and huge grin. This clearly pissed her off. She rolled her eyes and barked, "Are you ready this time?"

I started to nod, but before I even finished my head motion, Serena was on me again. She took no time at all, pouncing on me like a jaguar. She grappled my arms roughly, pinning them both behind my back.

Moving as fast as a cheetah, she kicked out my feet. She casually sat down on top of me as I fell on top of my arms, trapping them underneath me on the soft grass. Again, I was stunned and breathless as she wrapped me up and began squeezing all of the air right out of me. It had taken her even less effort to dominate me this time than last time.

As soon as I caught my breath, I again started whining at her to let me go. Serena just giggled and effortlessly flipped me over, so my butt was up in the air. This shoved most of the rest of me into the ground. Serena began eagerly spanking me, and my legs started flailing helplessly.

Olivia leaned down to smirk right into my face—even as it was currently being pushed into the lawn. “Well, well, well, my pretty little sissy slave girl? You agreed to serve the four of us girls for all of next year if you lost, and you lost.”

I tried to shake my head no, but I couldn’t move my head at all under the pressure of Serena’s elbow. I forced out the words “No, no way!” through my smooched lips, spitting out bits of grass and dirt that had been invading my mouth.

“Hmmm we’ve got you for the rest of the summer for sure, baby princess,” laughed Ella, “I guess we’ll have to see about the school year later?” she cooed. “Anyway, I’m calling dibs on her for next weekend. I’m having some of my former ballerinas over and I need a sexy French maid to serve at the soiree.”

I stared at Ella in alarm. I was still on the ground, helplessly ensnared by Serena.

“Oh, don’t look so surprised, Sissy,” she said smugly, “you know you were planning the same for us! So predictable!”

It was like she’d read my mind.

Serena shook her head at me dismissively, laughed, and declared, “We all know you’re my property now, little girl. I can subdue you and dominate you without even breaking a sweat any time I want. I think I’ll make you my pet sissy for now on.”

“N-n-n-no....” I shivered, “I’m no sissy!” but she just shifted her beautiful firm butt onto my face and hummed pleasantly to herself, acting like she could sit there all day long—and all night long besides.

During our skirmish, Rena’s dress had ridden up. That meant I was entrapped beneath its hem. I got a close up look at her pink silky panties as her firm, round butt cheeks loomed above me, just before she took her position using my face as her seat cushion.

Then, she started rising and falling, grinding her ass into my nose and mouth! I was groaning involuntarily. My body was bruised and aching after all the pummeling from Serena, and her twisting me and bouncing on top of me really hurt—more than just my male pride, which was on life support.

Olivia perked up at that point. “How about this, *Cutie*,” she offered, “you join my cheer team as our featured flyer and tumbler, and Rena will let you up. Otherwise, you can stay down there, and I get to spank you. What will it be?”

I was really getting tired of Olivia teasing me about joining her all-girls cheerleading squad. She found out about my advanced gymnastics skills and had jokingly told me to join cheerleading from time to time. Embarrassed, I’d laughed it off nervously every time she’d mentioned it. But now, she actually sounded serious.

Ella sure thought this was serious as she bounced around clapping and yelling, “Yay!” Then she launched into a brief impromptu cheer, “Baby Sissy she’s our girl! Tumbling, dancing, giving a twirl!”

Olivia regarded her friend with a smile saying, “Hey that’s not bad! Maybe I should add both of you to cheerleading? Obviously, Sissy here could never be on a boys’ sports team.”

Serena snorted, “That’s too true. This little girl is too small and weak even for girls’ volleyball or field hockey. She’ll make a sweet little cheerleader, but maybe she’s quick and agile enough for beach volleyball too. She could be pretty good, actually, with the right training.”

“Yes! I’ll do that. Beach volleyball! Anything you want. Please, just please let me up. I can’t breathe!”

“OK little Miss, all you have to do is pledge that you’re my property to with as I wish....”

I immediately said, “I’m not anyone’s property....” and began to struggle to break free. Serena responded just as quickly, opening and then closing her legs in a way that locked her thighs into a vice around my head, grinding her panty-clad ass into my face—essentially silencing me.

“I wasn’t finished, Sissy!”

She laughed at me when I struggled as hard as I could, but with absolutely no impact. I was resolved to resist, refusing to accept what she’d said about me when suddenly I felt someone removing my shoes and socks.

I put all my strength into a mighty surge, but again couldn’t make Serena budge as I felt my pants and underwear slide down my legs and completely off, leaving me naked from the waist down.

Serena lifted her butt off of me and I could see once again. She smirked, “No wonder you never made a real pass at me. You knew that your little equipment just wouldn’t measure up.” To emphasize her point, she held her fingers three inches apart as I shuddered with humiliation.

Ella giggled saying, “I don’t know, it looks kinda cute if you ask me.”

Olivia smiled widely and pronounced me “Missy Sissy Clitty” as the rest of them laughed. She twisted the knife saying, “Look! The tiny thing is hard, but it’s still barely there! That’d be easy to hide in cheerleading spanks. It’d be no problem in a short skirt or even in the

tight competition hot pants!”

There was no hiding or denying it. My tiny dick was exposed for all to see. It was as hard as it had ever been. This was because the three girls mocking me was even worse—and more exciting—than I could’ve ever imagined.

I couldn’t hear well with my ears ringing from my recent beating, especially Serena’s thighs squeezing them painfully, but I clearly heard El saying, “Finally, it’s time for the pretty little princess to wear her pink bikini bottoms!”

As I felt the tiny bit of ultra-girly clothing sliding up my legs and over my straining cock, I tried to stop my descent into sissification by saying, “I’m your property to do with as you wish....”

“Very good that you admit it. Now, proclaim your pledge and seal your fate by kissing my legs, the same legs that just exposed you as a weak little girlie girl,” Serena proclaimed triumphantly.

I quickly obeyed, worshipping her muscular thighs and calves with my tongue and lips. Her strong, taut legs tasted salty with her perspiration. Maybe she’d had to break a sweat after all? I wasn’t that much of a weakling, I tried to reassure myself.

Olivia seemed upset when I once again refused her invitation to prance around with their cheer team in a tiny pleated skirt. She took advantage of my helplessness to spank my ass five times in quick succession.

Her pretty little hand left a stinging impression on my butt, and I yelped in surprise and pain as I hurried to stand up.

Liv moped, “Not fair! We really need another flyer and a featured tumbler!” but when Serena whispered something into her ear, she smiled with wide eyes, shook her head, and then winked at me. I had a sinking feeling that this was all spinning out of control very quickly. I didn’t know the half of it.

Flush with victory, albeit an easy one, Serena took charge saying, “O.K. Miss Thang, you’re officially our little girly dress-up doll. Now that that’s settled, let’s help Nikki find her handbag.”

Before I could even respond, Rena was steering me back into the house and half guiding, half pushing me up the stairs with Olivia and El trailing close behind. By this point, the sun had set on the most bizarre day I’d ever experienced. Little did I know, this was only the beginning.

Night One: Fashion Show Feminization

The girls were all whispering to each other. Most of their words were too faint for me to hear, but I barely made out something about “I’ve never seen Rena so... ummm... forceful?” and “she’s usually the sweetest ray of sunshine” and “I guess the little sissy really gets her engine revving.”

I thought I heard them stifling giggles and implying some very naughty things as well, but I couldn’t be sure. I was torn between conflicting emotions. Of course, hanging around with four beautiful, sexy girls was a dream come true. Too bad their insistence on forcibly feminizing me was more of a nightmare.

Underneath my turmoil was another very strange and totally new feeling. The sense of humiliation and helplessness was sparking a weird but powerful reaction. I couldn’t explain it, but somehow—for some unknown reason—I felt myself getting turned on. I hoped the girls wouldn’t figure that out. If they did, I knew their teasing would be merciless and endless.

When we reached the top of the stairs, Rena shoved me into what I quickly recognized as Nicolette’s room. It was a riot of colors but still done in a very tasteful artistic style befitting our school’s leading fashionista.

Her four-poster bed was natural walnut, with a silky and diaphanous canopy in shades of pink and white. Truly this was the place for a beautiful princess to take her rest.

The girls steered me into a comfortable chair near Nikki’s vanity, and—before I could say a word in protest—the four of them pounced on me. In the blink of an eye, each of them had grabbed an arm or leg.

Within moments, I was stripped from the waist up, and they’d tied my wrists and ankles together using stretchy exercise bands. I couldn’t budge an inch; I was helplessly entrapped!

“Hey girls! What’s going on?” I asked, my voice rising in tone as my humiliation increased. They only giggled in reply. Through my growing panic, I realized this was all a setup. Rather than looking for her bag to pay for the pizzas, Nicolette had been preparing a trap the whole time!

Olivia used her expertise as an esthetician to spread hot wax over my eyebrows, push a thick white cloth over them, and rip away making me yelp. My eyes watered in pain. She carefully tweezed at them to “even them out,” she explained. Not that I was in any position to stop her.

By this point, I was pretty much in shock as Rena and Nikki carried me into the bathroom attached to El’s room. There, they carefully placed me into a warm bath that smelled sweetly of lavender and vanilla. As I soaked, my fear diminished.

Ella washed my hair using a deluxe volumizing shampoo and some rich high-end conditioner that smelled very feminine, with a strong, distinct lavender scent. Both looked very expensive—the kind of hair products sold only at fancy salons.

I began to get excited again. Despite the weirdness of it all, this was by far the sexiest day of my life by far. I was actually enjoying the warmth and sweet smells of the bath, and being touched by the sexiest girls I'd ever met was intoxicating.

To my surprise, Serena pulled my legs up out of the water and draped them over the side of the tub. Olivia took out some pink razors and passed them around, and had Ella spread women's coconut mango shave gel all over me. Nicolette smirked at me and said to the other three, "Let's go."

I could tell they were about to shave my body, but even with all the teasing so far, I still had no idea why. I shouted, "Wait! Why are you doing this?"

Nicolette shrugged and said, "My friends and I miss making our brothers do girly things, so we decided to take it all out on you. You wouldn't let El braid your hair and you refused to join Olivia's cheer squad, so now this is happening."

"But she was just joking about the cheer squad...it's all girls!"

Serena her arms tightly crossed raised an eyebrow and asked, "You got a problem with girls?"

I mumbled, "No, of course not, but the uniforms!"

On cue, Ella said, "I bet you'd look adorable in their little cheer uniform! Blue and gold miniskirt, matching cute little crop top!" with a joyful giggle and a huge grin on her beautiful face.

My eyes went wide as her catchphrase took on a new, darker meaning for me. Even more so when Olivia snickered, "I agree El, and we'll see soon enough."

The four girls made quick work of the hair on my legs, chest, arms, and underarms. They were meticulous, standing me up and turning me back and forth to get at any spots they'd missed, I thought they were done but then Rena shifted me until my pelvis was in easy reach.

Olivia carefully shaved what she called my "bikini area," leaving me with a delicately trimmed heart-shaped patch of hair over my junk, and no other hair below my eyebrows. I felt humiliated but still excited to be so close to four such gorgeous girls.

Nicolette said, "It looks like Ari Girl likes it." I stared at her in shock. That was the secret pet name she used for me, starting when we were much, much younger. She'd talked me into trying on her clothes a few times and even made up my face and styled my hair like a sexy young female singer.

Nikki called me Ariana or Ari ever since, but only when we were alone. At least until now. Now, she was letting three of her hot, sexy friends in on our little secret. I knew she had pictures of me as a pop princess, so I couldn't even deny it.

I didn't have much time to fume at Nikki over this betrayal of trust because Liv was telling Rena, "Now!"

Before I could even flinch, Serena lifted me out of the tub (wow she was strong!) and she held me as Olivia dried me with a fluffy pink towel. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ella holding something small and metal.

Before I could even figure out what it was, she'd slid a tiny tube onto my cock, and locked another metal piece around my balls. My eyes and mouth flew open wide! She'd locked me into a chastity device!

Ella jumped at the chance to tease me. "Ariana? She really does look like an Ariana! Especially with her little clitty locked tightly out of sight," she said before dissolving into high pitched laughter.

My eyes went even wider, and I struggled not to cry in helpless humiliation. When I went to deliver the pizza to Nikki's house, I was worried that these girls might make fun of me, but I could have never imagined such an emasculating situation!

Joining in the laughter, Nicolette said, "You should see her all done up as a pop princess," as she slipped the pink bikini bottoms onto me, tying the strings on the sides tightly. Looking down at my crotch, I shuddered. There was no sign of a male bulge in the tight, feminine swim suit bottoms.

I blushed in embarrassment and struggled trying to try to escape from this forced feminization. But totally immobilized as I was, I couldn't do anything about it. Could this get any more embarrassing? Yes, yes it could, as I found out almost immediately.

My bound wrists and legs were useless, but I still tried desperately to get away when Nicolette appeared with a tube of glue and two large flesh-colored blobs in her hands. I caught sight of all-too lifelike nipples and areola on each of them, and realized they were planning to glue fake breasts onto me! I squirmed and thrashed helplessly trying to get away.

I begged the girls to please stop and let me go, but it was no use. I was their prisoner, and escape was impossible. Olivia calmly painted glue onto my pecs with a brush, and Serena pressed the silicone prosthetic boobs against me one at a time until they set firmly in place.

When she took her hands away, I felt the lifelike boobs bouncing in a very lifelike way, pulling heavily on my chest. I glanced down in shock. I had my own set of sexy, feminine breasts! They appeared to be at least C cups, and they looked completely realistic.

I blushed deeper, realizing that the twin mounds looked seductively alluring, or at least they would look alluring very sexy on a real girl. Even on me, they were seductive.

The utter humiliation combined with the girls' teasing and laughter to get my heart racing. I felt like I was going to swoon, and my breathing became rapid, giving me a heaving bosom. I could feel my new tits jiggle realistically and my mouth dropped open in stunned surprise.

Meanwhile, Nicolette was gluing long pearlescent pink acrylic nails over my own nails, making my hands look dainty and feminine. El painted my toenails in a shimmering pink creme color. I whimpered in embarrassment, all the more so because I could guess what was coming next.

Nikki smiled wickedly as she threaded Ella's hot pink bikini top around my arms and tied it over my now alluringly feminine cleavage.

Blushing, I looked into each girl's beautiful face hoping for some pity, but I didn't see the least bit of remorse. Instead, they were all smirking and leering at me, and even celebrating their handiwork with high fives.

The sexy feminine hostess chirped, "Now we can really get this party started!" She led the way down the stairs and back out to the patio and pool.

Rena carried me the whole way in her arms like a baby. Ella bounced along in excitement saying, "I knew Ariana would look absolutely adorable in my bikini! And, finally, I get to braid her long, silky hair!"

I winced hearing that and cringed when Nicolette added "Sounds like fun, El, and there's still enough daylight to make sure our pretty little princess here gets a nice dark tan with beautiful bikini lines."

I'd thought they'd let me go and this all would be over. Now I realized that there would be tell-tale reminders of my feminization for days or even weeks to come! I shuddered again, trembling and overcome with waves of humiliation, trying to disbelieve that this could be happening to me.

Rena placed me on the same chaise lounge that El was in when I massaged lotion into her sexy little body. Nicolette took over that task, slathering me with tanning lotion as I squirmed, enchanted by the touch of her soft, feminine hands.

Meanwhile, Ella started braiding my long straight hair, humming "I'm not that innocent" by Britney Spears.

Olivia returned from the house carrying a bag and a mixing cup filled with thick goop which she studiously painted onto my face. She covered my eyes with cucumber slices, effectively blindfolding me.

I could clearly hear her explain, "This honey oatmeal mask is great for exfoliation, moisturizing, and pore reduction. When it's done, our pretty little girl here will have a radiant, feminine glow!"

I was mortified hearing this but trussed up I was helpless to do anything to resist. I felt myself blushing deeply beneath the mask as Ella kept worked away, humming Britney's "I'm not a girl, not yet a woman" while happily braiding away.

Nicolette giggled about how smooth and feminine my legs were. I trembled at her touch and her words, fearing she was right. I felt someone, probably El, moving the straps on my bikini top.

I heard her remark, "Wow, your tan is coming in so nicely, Princess! Look at those beach bunny bikini lines! Those are gonna be there for the whole summer. Even longer if we take you to the beach!"

I groaned at the suggestion of being seen in a sexy bikini at a crowded public place. I felt myself blushing while the air around us was cooling as the afternoon slowly faded into night. El, Liv, and Nikki were all chiming in about how precious and feminine I looked.

I didn't hear Serena at the moment, but I had a sinking feeling that she was up to something to make me even more girlish—if that were even possible. I was soon to find out it was certainly very possible.

With our tanning session over, I still couldn't see a thing or move a muscle as I felt strong arms lifting me again. I didn't have to see her to know it was Serena bringing me back inside.

She easily took me into her control, and I could hear her steps on the stairs as carried me back up to Nicolette's room. The cucumber slices still negated my vision, adding to my disorientation.

My eyes were dazzled by the indoor lighting when Olivia pulled them from my eyes. When my eyes were finally focused, I saw Olivia hovering near me holding a warm washcloth in each hand.

She methodically removed my facial mask with firm but gentle circular motions. The usually shy Serena said, "Wow! Her skin is so clear and smooth, and that tan is gorgeous on her!" She held me helplessly in her arms as if I were a baby. The other three girls enthusiastically agreed

Serena carefully placed me on Nicolette's bed—hardly the way I'd dreamed of being where my dream girl slept! By this point, my arms and legs were numb from the rough battering Serena gave me during our two very brief wrestling matches, and equally so from the bondage, I'd been in for what seemed like hours.

Mercifully, the girls finally removed the constricting bands, but my limbs still hung limp and useless. I eventually began to feel the first uncomfortable tingling as the blood flowed back into my hands and feet. Breaking the silence and ending my little self-pity party, Nicolette cheered, "It's makeover time!"

Em's smile was so big it nearly burst right off her face. The other girls giggled and urged her on. "Let's start you off with a nice, clean foundation. We'll have to use Rena's shade since you're so tan now!"

"The facial mask I used increases the tanning effects of sunlight while keeping the skin very well moisturized," Olivia explained smirking.

"And I used my favorite tropical bronzing lotion on you," Nicolette laughed, pulling back my bikini strap and revealing the pale unmistakably feminine tan lines I now had. I was hoping she was just joking earlier, but there was no doubt. Those lines would mark me for months to come. Anyone seeing them would know I'd worn a bikini top!

I felt waves of helpless humiliation roll over me as I looked in the mirror at my face and body. My skin was now a rich golden brown, except for the areas that'd been covered by the

bikini and the cucumber slices. No guy would ever be tanned like this.

Of course, no guy would let himself be made up with Clinique foundation either as Nicolette was quickly doing to me with deft movements of her soft fingertips. My already “pretty face” looked like a tanned Malibu Barbie doll, and she was barely getting started.

“Next let’s glue on some glamour-length “femme fatal” eyelashes and apply some eyeshadow! I think a shimmering silver would be perfect for you!” Nicolette chirped while I struggled to get away. It was no use. Even though Serena had put me down, the other girls had no problems holding me in place.

In response, Serena glued large fake lashes to my eyes, and smiled wickedly chuckling something about “I like my slave girls sexy.”

In response, I batted my newly-heavy lashes at her as Nicolette laughed in agreement and said, “Let’s get your pretty face contoured, what do you say, Ariana? I’ll grab my brushes!”

I knew Nicolette was a magician with makeup. I’d watched her transform her naturally beautiful face into a heart-stopping vision of glamorousness. She’d even tried her makeup magic on me with humiliating results. My mind reeled at the prospect of her using those skills on me again.

Confirming my worst fears Nikki gushed, “You have such high, feminine cheekbones, Ari Girl! We’re going to accentuate that with some highlighter and blush!” She was an artist with cosmetics and knowing that soon I’d be indistinguishable from a beautiful girl, I pouted in impotent defiance.

Nicolette smiled, “Hold that sexy pout for me while I do your lips! I think I’m going to use a nice deep pink lipstick and a slight coat of gloss on top. Sound good, girls?” Of course, they all agreed enthusiastically with her choices. I knew I didn’t have any choice of my own, and held my lips still.

Olivia stepped in as Nicolette retreated to her massive walk-in closet. Liv grabbed my face and lined my eyes with kohl black liquid liner, brushed on thick deepest black mascara, and penciled in my now narrowly arched brows. I was stunned.

I felt panicked as I looked into the doe-eyed and beautiful feminine face reflected in the mirror. “That can’t be me!” I cried.

“Oh yes it can be you, and it is you, beautiful girl,” smirked Serena as Ella bounced up and down like a bunny rabbit, clapping her hands and chanting, “Fashion show! fashion show! fashion show!”

“Hmmm what shall our new little supermodel wear first?” Nicolette mused, tapping her chin with her beautifully maroon-colored manicured fingertips. “Let’s start with something wonderful!” she giggled, holding out the very accurate Wonder Woman costume she’d worn last Halloween.

On Nicolette, this costume was beyond stunning. Despite the fact that her hair was blonde

not brunette, she looked every bit an Amazonian warrior princess. I was over the moon lusting for her seeing her dressed like that. Apparently, I was about to wear the same seductive costume that'd pushed me into erotic overload.

My arms and legs were still tingling as the feeling slowly eked back into my limbs and, anyway, I was outnumbered four to one, so I was in no condition to stop them or even resist much at all.

Laughing, they quickly dressed me in the tiny, tight metallic blue miniskirt and shiny red metallic bustier top—both with bright gold trim shaped like twin W's.

I saw my reflection and nearly fainted. My glued-on boobs overflowed from the tight, push-up, constricting top. They were pushed together and upward in an enticingly erotic feminine display. Serena held my legs out straight as Olivia slipped the long gold high heeled boots up my legs until they reached all the way over my knees.

Ella wasted no time undoing my braids and weaving the matching double W tiara headpiece into my hair, which was now wavy and very full.

“That’s what happens when you braid hair that’s still wet and let it dry like that. It’s almost like a perm with the full body and the kinky curls locked in,” she said, proud of her hair styling abilities and knowledge.

All I knew was it made me look all the more like Wonder Woman as portrayed in the movies. My hair looked exactly like hers! With my face made up and wearing the sexy little costume, I already looked like I could be her little sister. I trembled in humiliations at this they were almost finished with my transformation.

Nicolette placed the golden bands on my arms, pronounced me fully dressed, and nodded to Serena. The girls all clapped and whistled at me as Rena quickly pulled me to my feet. I looked into the mirror and my jaw dropped. I looked exactly like a lithe, ultra-feminine, but more petite version of the movie Super heroine.

“Smile Diana!” Nikki sang, calling me by Wonder Woman’s alter ego, and making me blush with embarrassment. She emphasized, “I told you to smile, girl, and give us some Wonder Woman poses while you’re at it!”

She spoke with a harsh edge to her voice, something I seldom heard from her, but I knew that signaled she meant business.

So, feeling helpless, I forced a big smile onto my girlish face and struck the poses as Nicolette ordered me to take an aggressive karate stance, then squat holding my gilded arms crossed in front of my face, and other typical theatrical Wonder Woman poses.

I did as well as I could and, apparently, my moves were good enough to make the girls giggle and laugh. My stomach clenched when I realized that all four girls were taking pictures and videos of my little performance.

The next outfit was even worse. The girls came at me like a hurricane, pulling off the Wonder Woman costume and dressing me in a satin pale blue jumper over a white silk blouse.

El brushed my hair into a long, silky ponytail with a middle part, and tied it off with a

huge blue satin bow. They finished off this look by putting satin high heeled slippers on my feet, tying a delicate white apron around my waist, and handing me a large book to hold.

If I'd had any doubts about which character I was supposed to be, that disappeared when Serena sighed, "Ohhh Belle! My favorite!" The hungry look she gave me made me wonder if Belle meant more to Rena than I'd ever imagined, but I had no chance to ask her at that time.

I completely lost that train of thought as once more I was posed for videos and pictures by the giggling girls. I was staggering after they made me imitate the dainty dance moves performed in the movie *Beauty and the Beast*.

This was partly because my legs were still stiff and numb, but mainly because they'd transformed me into a clone of Princess Belle. My heart sank as these four girls were turning me into all different examples of stunning female figures with apparent ease, and I realized there wasn't anything I could do about it.

Unfortunately, my dancing was far from over. In a whirlwind of crazy motion, the girls stripped off my Belle costume and replaced it with a tiny bra top and flirty skater skirt, both in shiny black latex.

Nicolette jazzed up my lips with scarlet red lipstick, and glammed up my eyes to pop princess incandescence.

Ella rearranged my hair into a crown-topping high ponytail with an utterly girlish kitty ears headband. Standing before the full-length mirror I recognized Nicolette's favorite image for me: Ariana.

I had barely a second to take in my latest feminized look before the girls forced me to prance around in my four-inch heeled biker boots. They made me lip-sync and mimic Ariana's dance steps while they played her "Side By Side" video. I reluctantly pranced around the room enticingly as the girls laughed loudly.

I was so overwhelmed with humiliation that I started shaking. They let me take a break, but it wasn't really for my benefit as I learned when Ella declared it was time for me to experience life as a blonde!

I tried to make a run for it, willing to take my chances on an escape even while wearing the emasculating sex kitten outfit.

My mad dash ended almost immediately because I couldn't get by the strong, athletic Serena. She easily scooped me into her arms and soon I was tied up helplessly in the elastic exercise bands once more.

Ella smiled as she dismantled my huge poufy ponytail and began painting a strong-smelling pasty solution into my hair.

She said, "This is the good stuff, a single process dye that will strip out most of your brunette coloring and give you honey blonde hair with platinum highlights and wheaten lowlights."

When I asked, "Isn't that permanent?" She gave me the "Uh DUH!" reply, and I

struggled helplessly in my bondage.

About an hour later Ella rinsed out my hair and dried it with a fancy salon blow dryer. While we were waiting, Nicolette forced a tooth whitening mold into my mouth and let it work its magic.

By the time she removed it and El brushed out my hair, I looked like a different person. My hair and teeth were incredibly feminine, like a fashion model's or maybe a....

“Cheerleader time!” Olivia said, holding up the skimpy little uniform of our school's cheer team. She presented the entire ensemble before my eyes: the blue and gold miniskirt, tight midriff shell, the cheer shoes and socks, even the matching sports bra, spankies, hair bow, and pompoms.

“Will you behave if we untie you, Ariana?” Olivia asked in an intimidating tone. I nodded, defeated, with no will to resist left in me.

Serena smirked as she removed my restraint—along with my bikini—and laughed out loud as Olivia and Ella dressed me as a cheer girl piece by piece. The sports bra helped support my ample augmented breasts under the tight little top, and that was oddly comforting.

The panties and the rest of the clothes that they wanted me to wear were the exact opposite of comforting. They uncomfortably entrapped my manhood, which was already locked into oblivion.

My hairless crotch was tightly encased by silky panties. That skimpy, slinky lingerie was bad enough. Even worse, the tiny tight spandex shorts the girls called “spankies” hid my entrapped cock perfectly, giving no indication of my true gender under the tiny pleated skirt.

With the huge floppy bow holding up my newly blonde ponytail and the pom-poms in my hands I was ready to cheer. At least in appearance. Emotionally I was in shock. With just a passing glance in the mirror, I could see that I looked just like any pretty, sexy, perky cheerleader at my school.

Olivia insisted I give it my best school spirit effort, and after I'd run through some cheers, chants, and dance moves she shook her head in amazement. El moped, “Too bad Ariana won't join your squad, Liv, she's a natural!”

When Olivia said, “Don't be so sure. She just might be our newest pom princess yet,” my blood ran cold. I prayed she was just joking—she had to be, right? But I didn't have any time to think about it.

In quick succession the four feminizers had me dressed up as Super Girl, Cinderella, and a ballerina, all in glamorous or tight and skimpy ultra-feminine outfits. Of course, they documented all of the costume changes with videos and pictures.

Nicolette was at her computer, and it looked like she was posting to her InstaShare feed, but I had bigger worries. I had been gone for hours and had probably lost my job.

No one besides work had any idea where I was, and I knew they'd assume I just flaked. They sure wouldn't bother looking for me. My parents were out of town. All my friends were

AWOL. I knew I was on my own. I felt trapped and alone. Helpless, with no possible rescue.

I was in a bright pink tutu, wearing sheer iridescent pearly-white tights, a satiny pink leotard, and matching ballet slippers with ribbons that tied all the way up my smooth, tan, and hairless legs in a pretty crisscrossed pattern.

Ella put my hair in a bun and adorned it with a sparkling tiara. I looked in the mirror and confirmed my fears: the girls had made me up like a prima ballerina.

By now the four sexy sirens had videos and pictures of me getting transformed into several girly costumes, they'd dyed my hair blonde, shaved me smooth, and forced me to get bikini tan lines. "What could be worse?" I wondered.

I soon found out when I stamped my now-dainty foot and yelled at them, "This has gone on long enough! Give me back my clothes. I'm not wearing this ballet bullshit for one minute longer!"

I threw in a few other choice words I'd rather not repeat, hoping to intimidate the girls. It didn't have the desired effect. If anything, it had the opposite of my intended impact.

Serena gave me a sarcastic slow clap and then grabbed my shoulders firmly, pushing me down into a chair. "Look, baby girl, if you want to act like an infant, then we'll treat you like an infant!"

Before I could escape, she'd held me fast as the other three methodically removed my ballerina costume and dressed me in a pink satin baby girl nightie, with adult-sized pink diapers underneath.

I was mortified as they put my hands in baby mittens, making it impossible for me to even try to free myself. They tied me up again, this time to El's four-poster bed.

Serena looked both happy and fierce as she said, "We're making you suck on a pacifier like the little girly baby that you are." I tried to push it out with my tongue, but I couldn't make it budge with her holding it in place.

With an ecstatic expression on her face, Ella tied the plastic nipple firmly onto my face with a pink satin ribbon. "Aww, don't you look adorable. How cute you look, widdle baby Ari," she cooed.

Nicolette, my dear old friend Nicolette, had the final word on my fate. "We'll see you in the morning baby girl. If you're ready to be a big girl then maybe, just maybe, we'll let you dress the part. Night, night, snookums!"

Ella looked almost feral hearing this as she stared hungrily and wickedly at my helpless form.

Each girl kissed me on the forehead in turn, except Ella who gave me a frisky love bite. Nicolette turned out the light, then they all filed out of the room and closed the door, leaving me alone in the dark.

I could hear the four girls laughing and talking about me as they descended the stairs.

“Isn’t Baby Ariana just the most precious thing?” Serena laughed.

“Totes adorbs,” agreed Olivia.

“I feel like going back in there and (whisper whisper),” said Ella saucily.

“Oh, El! That’s so...you’re so bad!” Serena scolded mockingly as they all giggled.

The last thing I heard was Nicolette asking, “Now who wants some pizza?”

Continued in Emasculated by Ella Book Two

Your feedback means so much to me! Please leave a positive 5-star review to support and encourage my writing. I have so many wonderful, sexy, ideas for new stories and series. Be a dear; show you care and show me some love to keep me publishing stories for you!