

Emasculated By Ella

*Book
Three*

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



Emasculated By Ella Book Three
An Original Forced Feminization Fantasy

This book concludes an all-new, exciting three-book series with a “Happily Ever After” ending

Featuring
Day Three: Beauties And The Beach
Night Three: Beach Bunnies’ Barbecue

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Sneak Preview

“Hey stop! Quit it!” I gasped as Ella began tickling my sides with gentle flutters punctuated by more insistent pokes of her soft, feminine fingers slithering under my arms and jabbing into my ribs.

“Just say the magic words and I’ll let you go, little baby princess” she taunted. Instead, I desperately struggled against my bindings. I squirmed desperately trying to get away from her torments, but it was no use. I was trapped and helpless. All I could do was laugh louder and repeat my increasingly whiny and plaintive pleading that she stop.

She flashed an evil grin as she shifted around—still sitting on top of me—but she had turned so she was facing away. I could barely hear her as said in a sweet little voice “Awww, is baby girl Ari uncomfortable?”

I was breathing hard, trying to calm my lungs enough to speak, but before I could say anything, El leaned over me and began tickling my feet! My most sensitive spot when it came to tickling!

She giggled as she continued tickling me. I tried not to writhe, I tried to suppress my laughter, but Ella was relentless. She kept tickling me, calling me a giddy little girl, and generally tormenting me. In response, I couldn’t help but giggle and grind on the bed.

After what seemed like an endless ordeal, but was probably just a few torturous minutes of this mistreatment, I fought to regain the power of speech. “Ella, this is serious,” I pleaded with her, “I need to go to the bathroom. Now!”

She turned around to look at me with a huge mocking smile. “Don’t worry, baby Ari. If you soil your diapers that just means Auntie Ella will get to babysit you for a very, very long time!” she said, using a cooing little baby tone of voice. “It’ll be sooooo fun! I’ll bottle feed you, change you, powder you,” she sighed, a faraway look in her beautiful eyes.

“Ella, please! I’m serious!”

“So am I, baby girl.”

Finally, I had no choice. I “admitted” that I wanted to be her baby girl. My shameful tears and soft sobs were overwhelmed by her cries of triumph as she mercifully untied me and let me up.

In a rising panic, I ran to the bathroom, and I made it just in time. Barely. When Ella checked my diapers under my little baby doll nightie, she found me safely dry. “Aww, you’re no fun!” she pouted, “but soon you will be mine all mine, baby Ari!”

I glared at her, but she only laughed. Defeated but not completely disgraced, breathed a

huge sigh of relief, my sides still sore from all of her tickling and my laughing. She smiled at me showing her perfectly white teeth, and winked at me mischievously.

Our laughter and arguing, plus my mad dash to relieve myself had become somewhat loud. We apparently made enough noise to wake up the other girls. In moments they had surrounded me in Ella's bedroom.

“Good, you're awake, Sissy,” Nicolette said, “we have a big day ahead of us!”

We quickly drank cups of cold brew coffee and ate a light breakfast of cereal and bagels in the kitchen. Then, we gathered once again in Ella's bedroom. Soon, I was trying on beach clothes including cute bikinis and flirty cover-ups in a rainbow of colors and a variety of styles.

By a show of hands, the girls voted that I should wear a bright lemon yellow string bikini and a matching wrap with white flip flops that showed off my perfect pedicure. Nicolette made up my face in a natural “beach girl” look as Liv deftly arranged my hair in a very feminine style with a messy bun and loose tendrils framing my face.

“O.K. let's get going,” said Ella.

“Going? Where are we going?” I asked, fearing the worst.

“Duh?” she giggled, “to the beach! Where else would five gorgeous beach babes go?”

While I was busy trying on the different outfits, the girls had all slipped into their own swimsuits. Serena and Olivia even had time to make snacks for us to take to the beach. They grabbed a picnic basket, a few beach blankets, sunscreen lotion, and some towels.

—— *End of Sneak Preview* ——

Introduction from the Author

Welcome to the concluding book of this series! This is the third and final part, so please stop reading and read the first two parts if you haven't already. I hope you enjoy this book, and if you do, you will leave a glowing 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 vérité 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!

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

Disclaimers

Don't Read This Book unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by four sexy women!

Beware! This 10,000+ word book will immerse YOU into a kinky new life! 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 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), kinky, LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) erotica, including conflicted / reluctant characters' forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, female domination, forced chastity, as well as taboo, kinky fetish scenes of rough sex, 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 Three: Beauties And The Beach

After a long day at the mall with the girls and an exhausting night hostessing at Sexy Sporty, another night in diapers getting tied into Ella's bed was almost a relief. Almost.

At least they didn't blindfold me this time. To be honest, my ordeal working as a Sexy Sporty Girl was the main thing on my mind at that point, so even being forced feminized and age regressed by a group of beautiful girls was secondary.

I awoke stiff and sore, but I knew this ordeal was just about over. These girls were mischievous, but they were still my friends. They wouldn't dare keep up their little forced feminization game for much longer. Or at least so I thought. I sighed and even smiled slightly as I heard dainty feet padding up the stairs.

I'd been able to stave off any "accidents" over night. That was a huge relief, because even though I doubted that Ella was really serious about keeping me as a baby girl, I was desperate not to test her.

In any case, I was uncertain enough to resolve that there was no way I would even give her the chance. Age regression and being forced to wear diapers and baby girl clothing was a kind of humiliation I could do without.

When I saw El skip happily into her bedroom alone, I gave her a quizzical look. She was wearing tight jeans shorts, with an oversized graphic t-shirt with the cover of a punk rock band's album on the front. The shirt was so big on her, it looked like a dress, and it covered her shorts nearly completely.

"Morning Sleeping Beauty," she chirped, "no one else is awake, yet. The other girls all partied pretty hard last night, but I went easy. I wanted to make sure that I'd be the first one to get my hands on you today!"

Something about the gleam in her eyes and the feral look on her face made me nervous. I knew her well enough by now that I could read her moods. Based on her past manic pixie behavior, her attitude this early in the day put me on edge.

She had a wicked sense of humor and could take things too far. My current predicament was more than ample proof of that. I wondered if she might have had a bit too much coffee?

"Morning, El," I said hopefully but warily, "you've come to untie me? I could really use a little...pit stop right about now, if you know what I mean."

"You need to use the widdle baby girls' woom? Awww, that's just adorable." When I shook my head in an emphatic yes, El smirked and shook her head no. "Not yet, baby princess!" she grinned, bounding across the room, jumping on top of me, and bouncing up and down with her round, sexy butt positioned over my abdomen. "So Precious girl, are you feeling a little...squishy?"

I whined for her to get off of me, “Ella please! I’m dying here!”

I gave her my best pitiful puppy dog eyes, but she just smiled seductively and said, “I don’t think that’s what you really want. You do remember what Nicolette said would happen if you had a widdle accident?”

My face went pale with fear. As if I could forget? I clenched my eyes closed, and tried to think of anything but the shameful fate that awaited me, should my need to use the facilities overcome my self control.

Being feminized completely by four beauties was bad enough. Having “an accident” and being exposed in diapers would be so much worse! I once again resolved to hold it in, even though it was all the more difficult with my cock securely locked into chastity.

El smiled wickedly and said, “I think that deep down, you really want to be my widdle baby girl. Admit it and I’ll let you up.”

When I didn’t answer quickly enough, she resumed bouncing on me, which I have to admit would have felt very sexy and exciting under any different circumstances. She could tell she was getting a big rise out of me in more ways than one, but before this all went too far, she changed her tactics.

“Hey stop! Quit it!” I gasped as Ella began tickling my sides with gentle flutters, punctuated by more insistent pokes of her soft, feminine fingers slithering under my arms and jabbing into my ribs.

“Just say the magic words and I’ll let you go, little baby princess” she taunted—her wide eyes and huge smile showed just how much she was enjoying my torture at her hands.

I refused to give in. Instead, I desperately struggled against my bindings. I squirmed desperately trying to get away from her torments, but it was no use. I was trapped and helpless. All I could do was laugh louder and repeat my increasingly whiny and plaintive pleading that she stop.

She flashed an evil grin as she shifted around—still sitting on top of me, still bouncing—but she had turned so she was facing away. I could barely hear her as she said in a sweet little voice “Awww, is my widdle baby girl Ari uncomfortable?”

I was breathing hard, struggling to calm my lungs enough to speak. I was about to protest again, but before I could say anything, El leaned over me and began tickling my feet! My most sensitive spot when it came to tickling!

She giggled as she continued tickling me. I tried not to writhe. I tried to suppress my laughter. I tried to resist any way I could, but Ella was relentless. She kept tickling me, calling me a giddy little girl, and generally driving me mad. In response, I couldn’t help but giggle and

grind back and forth on the bed like a cat in heat. I could feel my resolve breaking down under this merciless assault.

After what seemed like an endless ordeal, but was probably just a few torturous minutes of this mistreatment, I fought to regain the power of speech. “Ella, this is serious,” I pleaded with her, “I need to go to the bathroom. Now!”

She turned around to look at me over her shoulder with a huge mocking smile. “Don’t worry, baby Ari. If you soil your diapers that just means Auntie Ella will get to babysit you for a very, very long time!” she said, using a cooing little baby tone of voice. “It’ll be sooooo much fun! I’ll bottle feed you, burp you, change you, powder you,” she sighed, a faraway look in her beautiful eyes.

“Ella, please! I’m serious!”

“So am I, baby girl,” she cooed, “so am I.”

Finally, I had no choice. I “admitted” that deep down I really wanted to be her baby girl. She made say, “Please Auntie Ella, I want you bottle feed me, burp me, change me, and powder me.”

Not satisfied with that, she made me repeat it all over again, and beg her to do all of those humiliating things. She made me keep repeating it until I convinced her that I really wanted her to do all of that to me.

My shameful tears and soft sobs were overwhelmed by her cries of triumph as she mercifully untied me and let me up. In a rising panic, I ran to the bathroom, and I made it just in time. Barely.

When Ella checked my diapers under my little baby doll nightie, she found me safely dry. “Aww, you’re no fun!” she pouted, “but soon you will be mine all mine, baby Ari!”

She claimed that since I was so adamant that she baby me, I had no choice but to endure the treatment she’d made me beg her to do. I thought my previous forced sissyish treatment was bad, but having a sexy girl I had a huge crush on treat me like a baby girl was much more emasculating than anything I’d ever imagined.

She had found a baby bottle somewhere, and placed it on the bed stand. Then, she undressed me, powdered my butt with some lavender-scented powder and diapered me. At this point, I was beyond mortified, but I hoped El would finish this demeaning treatment before the other girls woke up and came into the room to watch.

She picked up the bottle and made me drink some sweet, whitish liquid from it. When she was done with my feeding you, she held me over her shoulder and tapped me gently on my back to burp me. I found out later that this was all recorded on a hidden “nanny cam,” just like every other embarrassing event that transpired in Nikki’s room.

I glared at her, but she only laughed. Defeated and completely disgraced, I breathed a huge sigh of relief, my sides still sore from all of her tickling and my laughing. She smiled at me showing her perfectly white teeth and winked at me mischievously.

Our laughter and arguing, plus my mad dash to relieve myself had become somewhat loud. We apparently made enough noise to wake up the other girls. In moments they had surrounded me in Ella's bedroom. I breathed a heavy sigh of relief that they'd barely missed the babying I'd just endured at Ella's hands.

"Good, you're awake, Sissy," Nicolette said, "we have a big day ahead of us!"

We quickly drank cups of cold brew coffee and ate a light breakfast of cereal and bagels in the kitchen. Then, we gathered once again in Nicolette's bedroom. Soon, I was trying on beach clothes including cute bikinis and flirty cover-ups in a rainbow of bright, feminine colors and a variety of sexy styles.

By a show of hands, the girls voted that I should wear a neon lemon yellow string bikini and a matching wrap with white Birkenstock sandals that showed off my perfect pedicure.

Nicolette made up my face in a natural "beach girl" look as Liv deftly arranged my hair in a very feminine style with a messy bun held in place with a big pink scrunchie leaving loose tendrils framing my face.

She sprayed my face with a lavender Mario Badescu facial mist, and tossed the bottle along with some metal straws, tinted lip balm, my ID, phone, and some other stuff into a peach pink Fjallraven Kånken Mini Backpack which she handed to me.

Ella clasped a puca shell choker around my neck, slid four silk scrunchies around my left wrist, and tied three friendship bracelets around my right ankle.

Serena handed me a pink Hydro Flask adorned with cutesie stickers that said, "GRL PWR," "Beach Princess," and similar slogans. Then, she declared me VSCO Girl ready.

"O.K. let's get going," said Ella.

"Going? Where are we going?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"Duh?" she giggled, "to the beach! Where else would five gorgeous beach babes go?"

While I was busy trying on the different outfits, the girls had all slipped into their own swimsuits. Serena and Olivia even had time to make snacks for us to take to the beach. They grabbed a picnic basket, a few beach blankets, sunscreen lotion, and some towels.

El slipped on a pair of oversized sunglasses with white frames and handed me a similar pair, but in a neon yellow that complemented my swimsuit nicely, I noticed. With wide eyes, I wondered, "Why would I even notice that? What in the world is happening to me?"

“We’re ready!” Liv said, putting on a pair of funky Ray-Bans.

“Yeah, what are we waiting for?” Rena asked, peering over her stylish Aviator sunglasses.

Ella grabbed me by one arm, and Nicolette took the other. Together, we marched out to El’s little Jeep. We ran into a bit of traffic, but it was still relatively early in the day, so we made pretty good time. Before long, El pulled into a parking spot not far from the ocean.

We quickly grabbed our supplies, shuffled toward the waves, and found a prime spot. Then it hit me! I was actually out in public, dressed as a beach bunny! My heart was beating so quickly and loudly that I thought everyone on the beach could hear it.

I tried to calm myself with slow deep breaths, but the only thing that helped to distract me from my panic was Ella’s offer to rub sun tanning lotion on me. Of course I took her up on that, laying out on a blanket face down as I tried to ignore my plight as a guy skimpily clad in a sexy little string bikini.

Despite my humiliating situation, El’s tender ministrations felt absolutely wonderful as her soft, beautiful hands stroked my shoulders, neck, and back. She purred reassuringly about how completely I passed as a pretty girl while she smoothed the thick lotion all over my back and arms.

I had mixed feelings about this. On one hand, I hoped no one would realize my true gender. At the same time, it felt particularly emasculating to pass as a girl in such a skimpy, sexy swimsuit.

Serena took out another bottle of SPF 50 and spread it into the backs of my legs. Nicolette tossed a bottle to me and demanded I return the favor by rubbing lotion into Ella’s and Rena’s backs and legs.

I smiled and nodded, pouring ample dollops of creamy lotion into my palm, and I happily spread it into Ella’s soft skin. Her tanned, toned legs seemed to stretch for miles, and I enjoyed watching her wriggle as I eagerly massaged her.

Once I’d finished with El, I did the same for Serena. Then, Liv had me do the same for her. Finally, I massaged lotion all over Nicolette’s amazonian body. The girls were all rambunctiously appreciative, saying I made a perfect slave girl with their bright smiles reflecting their delight.

Sufficiently sun-screened—at least on our backs—the five of us stretched out on our blankets and towels, working on our tans in the warming morning sun. After a bit, we turned over, reapplied lotion to our fronts, and sipped ice tea as the morning lazily turned into a glorious if somewhat hot afternoon.

It didn’t take long for the surfer dudes and beach bros to notice the five bikini-clad cuties. I felt more than embarrassed than ever when I realized that I had just counted myself among that

number of beach bunnies!

Six or seven buff guys in board shorts gathered around us like a hungry crowd at a buffet—or maybe more like ravenous sharks eyeing a school of prey.

Nicolette pushed herself up on her elbows and glanced from one stud to another flashing her trademark Cheshire Cat grin at each of them in turn.

Serena surprised me by acting sort of shy, but Ella was her usual teasing self. When she caught a tall blond guy staring at her, she started in on him.

“Hey blondie,” El grinned, “like what you see?” she asked, arching her back to show off her sexy curves to best advantage. Then, she giggled as he blushed slightly and turned his eyes away.

Olivia jumped in, “Oh don’t mind our resident little flirt Ella, that’s just her way of being friendly.”

That seemed to break the ice as five of the guys sort of paired off with each of us. I of course was terrified. I’d interacted with guys at the sports bar the night before, but that was somehow very different. I was sort of playing a part, and I knew the bouncers had my back if anything scary started to happen.

This seemed so much more personal. I was humiliated by the attention I was getting from a stubble-faced dark-haired guy named Steve. I arranged my cover-up carefully and rolled onto my stomach to avoid tipping off the guys that I wasn’t really a girl.

Steve didn’t seem to notice anything out of place. He flashed a huge, white-toothed smile at me and knelt down beside me, leaning in very closely. My voice stuck in my throat when he asked me my name and zodiac sign, blatantly chatting me up.

When “Surfin’ Stevie” took my hand in his huge paws and remarked how soft and feminine my fingers were, I was humiliated beyond words. Here I was, so feminized that a guy actually thought I was an attractive girl!

I wished the sand would just open up and engulf me, or maybe a sudden tsunami would strike—anything so I could escape from his hungry male gaze. Still, I was too embarrassed to say no when he offered to rub sunblock on me.

Immediately I regretted my indecisiveness. I froze as his strong, rough fingers massaged the silky lotion into my skin. It felt so much different from Ella’s soft and gentle touch earlier that morning.

I’d never had any guy touch me that way before, and my shame forced a bright red blush onto my cheeks. I had never felt more feminine in my life. The girls seemed to pick up on this, winking and smirking at me with knowing looks on their amused faces.

I began to confront my feelings, “Why was I starting to see myself as a girl? Was there something wrong with me?” I didn’t want to admit it, but feeling so desirable to a guy wasn’t an entirely unpleasant experience. My tiny cock stirred in the cock cage hidden inside my tight little bikini bottom just thinking about it.

When Steve invited me and our whole little squad to a beach barbecue, I smiled weakly and nodded yes, thinking I would just leave with the girls long before the party started. I was that eager to escape his possessive touch.

He pointed and explained they would be gathering at the cove just around a bend on the beach, and said he was looking forward to seeing me there. I wasn’t paying much attention until he shocked me by copping a feel of my bikini-clad butt. I jerked at this intimate groping. No guy had ever done that to me before.

Even more shockingly, I actually almost got hard! Well as hard as I could entrapped as I was in the tiny cock cage. That made me question myself again, “How could this be so exciting?” I didn’t know the answer to that vexing question, but I knew that I had to hide my excitement as quickly as I could!

I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around myself before Steve could see my unfeminine little bulge. As tiny as the bikini bottom was, even the little chastity cage was visible if you knew to look for it. To my chagrin, the girls spotted my subtle cover-up move and teased me mercilessly.

“I can tell Ariana here is very *stimulated* by your invitation,” said Nicolette as the other girls burst out laughing.

Ella snickered, “We’ll definitely be there, unless something *comes up* that makes it too *hard* for us to get there!”

Serena looked somewhat embarrassed for me. She was acting like I really was a girl, as if I were an actual young woman who was risking humiliation in front of her crush.

Unfortunately for me, Olivia wasn’t that sympathetic. She said, “Guess that wasn’t such a *prickly* decision for you Ari?” then she guffawed so loudly she actually snorted.

Steve looked at us quizzically, clearly confused by the girls’ silly behavior, but then he shrugged saying, “Ummm... O.K.? So, well, I’ll see you girls this evening!”

Having secured our commitment to join them at their beach blowout, the guys high-fived each other and laughed as they began sauntering away. Then Steve paused for a moment. He looked back at me and winked before dashing off to rejoin his buds who were already moving steadily toward the cove along the waterline.

The second the guys were out of earshot, Nicolette and Ella burst out laughing until tears rolled down their eyes. Rena rolled her eyes in exasperation as Liv snorted again.

“OH MY GAWD!” shrieked El, “you should have seen your face when he grabbed your ass, Ariana!”

“Right?” added Nikki, “Steve really got a *rise* out of you, Ari! I mean your eyes were so wide I thought you were going to....” but she burst out laughing so hard she couldn’t even complete her snarky joke at my expense. Her grin grew so wide, it threatened to split her face open.

By that point, Serena and Olivia were actually shaking, they were laughing so hard. I tried to tell them to back off. I wanted to insist that all this was incredibly humiliating and not funny at all, but all I could do was sputter in frustration and shame. I could still feel the after-effects of Steve’s strong fingers on my soft, round butt. If I were totally honest, I had to admit it wasn’t all that terrible.

The girls were absolutely overjoyed that I’d attracted what they called my “first date with a totally hot guy.” I tried to convince them that I wasn’t going anywhere near this barbecue, but they were having none of it.

“This is so romantic, Ariana,” said Ella, “someday you’ll tell your children how you met their father on the beach.” My face turned ghostly pale at that.

Nicolette didn’t miss a beat, adding, “What are you going to wear for your second date with Stevie? Something sexy but not too slutty. You don’t want him to know how easy you are, Ari!” she laughed.

Liv might have been the worst. She said, “I’ll take you shopping for ‘date night’ panties and a ‘seduction bra’ to wear on your third date. That way, you’ll feel extra alluring and have spotless lingerie for the enchanted evening when you first have sex with your new boyfriend.”

I felt myself actually getting nauseous at the very idea, even though I knew that it would never happen. Something about their lurid imagery was scrambling my emotions. I reassured myself, “I wasn’t attracted to guys ever in my life, and I wasn’t going to start dating one now!” I told the girls exactly that, perhaps a bit too loudly, but in no uncertain terms, “I am not having sex with Steve!”

Liv smirked, “Fine! Making love. You romantic girly girls are just so delicate!”

“I’m not making love with him either!” I snapped.

“Oh I’m not so sure about that, princess,” said Serena, “I bet you never thought you’d be on the beach in a sexy little bikini either!”

There was no look of mockery on her face, only a sort of sisterly concern. Like she was trying to warn me that I was on dangerous ground looking like a sexy little beach babe, on display for all to see.

Her expression was serious and even showing real concern as she told me, “You’re still very new to this femininity thing, so be very careful when it comes to attracting men. It’s wrong, but sometimes once they’re turned on sexually it’s almost impossible to turn them off again.”

That shut me up, but I resolved that this was the last time I’d ever wear or do anything even remotely feminine. As exciting as some of this was, I felt that it was all wrong for me. “What would happen to me if anyone else discovered me pretending to be a girl like this?” I wondered. I could only imagine what would become of my reputation.

I knew I had to stop all of this and stop it quickly. Still, the girls continued to tease me, reminding me to bring protection on my upcoming date, warning me about safe sex, and so on. Embarrassed, I rolled over and moped.

I was saved by the bell when Serena’s phone began chiming just before 2 p.m. She scrambled to her feet and reached down to take my hand.

“What’s going on?” I blinked up at her.

“It’s time for the beach volleyball tournament,” she explained, “we’re competing.”

“Oh O.K. That should be fun to watch,” I said, “who’s your partner?” I asked, looking forward to watching Rena jumping up to hit the volleyball and bouncing around in her sexy swimsuit.

“You are, Ariana,” she said, with a smirk.

“Very funny!” I said, but the other girls were all nodding and smiling at me. Mortified, I said, “Oh no! This is not happening!”

“This is so happening,” said Serena, “the only question is this: Are you going to come along willingly, or do we have to force you?”

Before I could answer, Olivia raised the stakes, “Of course if we have to force you, we’ll make you play topless.”

At first, I almost forgot how I looked, but Ella helpfully reminded me saying, “Wow! The guys would love seeing your sexy boobs bouncing freely, Ariana!”

Ella agreed, “I think that’s so brave of you to flash the crowd, Ari. You’ll be the most popular girl on the whole beach—by far!”

I looked at my fake cleavage in the yellow bikini top and shook my head mouthing, “no.”

“No?” asked Serena, “then you had better get moving now! Our first match starts in less than an hour and I still have to teach you the proper form!”

“Yeah, and don’t forget to show Ariana the right way to squat down when she’s digging deep, going after those low balls,” Ella said, giving me a knowing wink. I was absolutely mortified and glared at her, but she just laughed and said, “You love it Ari girl, you know you love it!”

It was tough work learning to play beach volleyball. I’m not the most athletic guy, but Serena is a top athlete and an excellent coach as well. She firmly gripped me by the hips and positioned me in various stances. This way to receive a serve. That way to set the ball. This way to ready myself to jump, that way to strike or to block the ball.

Rena showed me how to be ready to move or dive in any direction. How to make a return or crouch to dig out a low ball, how to set a ball, how to block, and even how to time a jump to spike. To keep from tiring me out, she had us take a break from physical training. She took that time to teach me the different hand signals we’d use to set up our defense.

Finally, the time of our first game was coming closer, so she taught me how to serve the ball with a scissor kick and a smooth, powerful arm motion. I didn’t feel even close to ready, but Rena brushed off my suggestions that she pair up with someone else.

“Why not Nicolette or Olivia? They’re both taller and stronger than me—or even El who is just a bit smaller?” Rena laughed when I was stunned to find out she’d signed us up for mixed doubles.

Most of the other teams paired a big muscled guy and a long, lanky girl. While Rena was likely one of the most powerful girls, I was by far the smallest and weakest of the guys. And in my neon yellow bikini, I sure didn’t look like any kind of a guy at all.

Our first opponents looked at us with confused but befuddled expressions as we shook hands before the match. Their confusion only increased when Rena won the rally for serve with a vicious spike. She wasn’t a first-team high school All American for nothing.

She confounded them even more by letting them serve first. The girl on the opposing team was a pretty blonde about my size named Melody. She had a playful sparkle in her blue eyes that matched the sapphire blue bikini she wore.

The guy was a bodybuilder type named Gary who had a shaved head and an angry look in his dark brown eyes. He wiped his hands on his camo colored board shorts as he waited for Rena to throw him the ball. Once he had it, we took up our ready positions.

Gary mumbled something about us disrespecting him as he spun the ball in his hands, preparing to serve. His first offering sizzled over the net like a laser beam, but went long. Scared, I dove out of the way, dodging the blazing-fast projectile for dear life. I was breathing heavily,

aware that I'd be in the hospital or maybe even the morgue if that serve had hit me.

Rena winked at me. She was successfully psyching out Gary. It was our point, and it was our turn to serve. I self-consciously pulled on my bikini bottoms as I turned to watch Serena and waited for her serve from my position at the net.

Rena smiled wickedly and smashed the ball for an ace. She laced her next serve right off of Gary's bald head. She hit her next offering with crazy backspin, and it rolled up Gary's arms, handcuffing him.

Clearly frustrated, the muscle-bound guy was angrily barking orders at his partner. I felt embarrassed for Melody as he berated her. Then again, feeling my fake boobs jiggling in my little bikini top I felt even more embarrassed for myself.

Rena heard Gary's carelessly announced instructions, and flashed me a hand signal. As she served, I ran backward and she rushed the net. As she'd expected, Gary took too much off his return and she easily spiked the ball between our opponents.

While Gary was extremely strong, he just wasn't very mobile. Serena seemed to catch him leaning the wrong way on every rally. We won the match easily—barely losing a single point.

We made short work of our next match as well, nearly shutting out our second-round opponents. Again the guy, a football jock named Carson, was powerful but too slow. The girl was a gymnast named Katie. She was quick but even shorter than me as she learned when I blocked her first few returns at the net. Serena was pleasantly surprised, and I felt my pride swelling.

We won our first four matches, but the fifth pitted us against a strong and agile guy named Trevor and a tall, athletic girl named Alicia. They were last year's champions and they definitely played like it.

When the ball was flying back and forth, I could overlook how I was dressed, but between points I'd hear salacious comments directed at my bikini-clad body. They made me feel humiliated, objectified, and demeaned. Still, I was actually having fun.

At times I even forgot that I was bouncing around looking like a sexy beach bunny. The crowd apparently took me for the pretty girl I looked like, and that both embarrassed and oddly excited me. "I should hate passing for a girl," I thought to myself, "why am I feeling...like this?"

When the audience catcalled and whistled at us, I tried to convince myself that all the lewd remarks and toxic masculine antics were directed at Serena. Then someone started a chant about the hot little blonde with the ponytail, and I knew they meant me. I blushed deeply hearing all the shouts from various guys saying what they wanted to do to me—and what they wanted me to do to them.

Serena called time out and told me to ignore them. I did my best, but when I went into a

deep crouch to dig out a low ball, the crowd went wild. More than one guy was loudly commenting that the sexy little blonde “sure looked good down on her knees.” Others called out, “Give up volley ball, blondie! I have some balls you can play with!”

My face went crimson as I listened to that and even more sexually explicit banter. We actually did O.K. considering that my concentration was shot from that point on. Besides, I was quickly tiring out in the hot sun. I was in good shape but hardly a varsity volleyball star like Serena. In fact, I had never even played beach volleyball before.

We took Trevor and Alicia to the third game before bowing out. Serena wasn't happy, competitive athlete that she was. She glared at me every time I missed a shot, and I was worried that she'd punish me for us losing.

After she fumed at me for some time, she decided what I had to do to make it up to her. She dragged me to a tattoo booth set up right on the boardwalk called “Ink-redible.” She spoke with the bald-headed, full-bearded tattoo artist while pointing at me and a picture in his guide book saying, “She wants this cute little rose on her right ankle.”

The guy was named Zeke. He weighed well over 250 pounds, stood at least 65” tall, and wore a leather vest, ratty jeans, and mirrored sunglasses. He nodded and leered at me hungrily. I shook my head no, but Serena threatened, “It's either that rose or a full-on lower back tramp stamp!”

With wide eyes, I accepted the much less emasculating choice before she could change her mind. About an hour later, I was adorned with a very feminine, very permanent reminder of this humiliating weekend.

The needle pricks hurt me more than a little bit, but what was left of my male ego was devastated as I looked at the tiny, delicate image of a rose that now marked my ankle in a neon-bright pink. As an added humiliation, Zeke inscribed “Beach Babe” in a fancy feminine script just below the rose, in a bright shade that perfectly matched the blossom.

Speaking of humiliating, the girls decided that I owed them a lot of money to pay for my new tattoo plus all of the clothes and beauty treatments. “We're not made of money, Ariana,” they said. Since I'd been fired from my pizza delivery job, I suggested returning my Gina's Pizza uniforms for the deposits.

The girls all agreed that would pay for some of what I supposedly owed them, and laughed when they remembered what my ex-boss Kate had demanded. Ella teased me about it, quoting her as saying, “You'd better be wearing your Sexy Sporty Girl uniform if you want to get your deposit back!”

“Hey, that's a great idea,” Serena agreed.

“Yeah,” Olivia added, “and Ari can work a double shift at Sexy Sporty to raise the rest of the money she owes us!”

“Fine, let's get it over with,” I grumbled.

“Hey! Watch that attitude, princess!” warned Serena.

“Anyway, you’re committed to meeting up with Stevie your best boo surfer dude at the barbecue tonight, you dizzy little flirt!” Ella reminded me.

As my face burned with embarrassment at these humiliating plans being made for me, I noticed that once again I seemingly had no say in decisions that would affect my life. I begged. I groaned. I whined. I even threatened, but the girls were adamant. I was going to this barbecue as a beach bunny, and that was that.

By this point I was tired and getting hungry. We’d basically skipped lunch, and all of our snacks were long gone. Just moments before, I was hoping we’d be heading home. That wasn’t to be. I was disappointed and dreading even more humiliation, but after the girls insisted that we check out the barbecue, I was resigned to my feminized fate.

We could already smell the food cooking. The aromas were enticing and my stomach was grumbling. The girls were enthusiastic, and even I admitted it was worth looking into. My appetite may have been overwhelming my thinking, but I put up no further resistance as we started walking toward the cove.

Night Three: Beach Bunnies' Barbecue

As we continued our short walk along the beach, all of the girls kept teasing me about my supposed new boyfriend “Surfin’ Steve.”

“So how big do you think his dick is, Ari?” asked Nicolette with a giggle in her voice as Steve bounded across the sand toward us.

“You came!” he said.

“Yes, well she is easy,” muttered Olivia while the other girls laughed.

I was humiliated by Nikki’s question, and even more so by Liv’s comment. I felt my masculinity evaporate like drops of water on the scorching sand when the girls caught me looking at Steve’s crotch after he released me from the huge bear hug he’d wrapped me in. They all caught my eye and winked or smirked—or both—as I felt myself blush for the millionth time that day.

From the feeling of something hard poking into me and the furtive glance I allowed myself, he was very clearly happy to see me. Realizing I’d made him hard only multiplied my sense of emasculation. I couldn’t help scolding myself, “You shouldn’t be getting guys turned on, you should be getting turned on by girls!”

While the beach barbecue wasn’t entirely a sausage fest, the guys clearly outnumbered the girls by at least three to one. As a guy forcibly feminized into one of the girls, I found the hungry looks from most of the men there more humiliating than off-putting. Still, none of the girls in our crew had steady boyfriends, and they obviously enjoyed the very favorable boy-to-girl ratio.

I tried to grab a few nibbles from the grill, but Olivia popped up to remind me, “You have to watch your girlish figure or you won’t fit into your cheer uniform.”

I just rolled my eyes. This girl just didn’t know when to drop a joke. I wanted to tell her that all of her teasing about me becoming a cheerleader was getting worn out, but I never got the chance. Before I could tell her off, someone set up a big Bluetooth speaker and started blasting dance music.

The guys who brought girlfriends started dancing to the tunes and everyone seemed to be having a great time. I was extremely self-conscious seeing dozens of guys staring at my tanned legs and my realistic-looking fake boobs bouncing inside my bikini top.

El demanded that I act out Ariana Giganté’s dance moves when the song *Side By Side* came on. I didn’t even bother glaring at her. “I guess I’m getting used to her teasing,” I was thinking, never imagining she could possibly be serious.

She surprised me by grabbing my hand and dragging me into the open area where people were dancing. She shouted over the music, “Do the dance, Ariana! I know you know all of the

choreography!”

She was right, I was very familiar with the sexy gyrations that went with the video from the song, as she’d taught them to me just a few nights before. I shook my head, “no,” but she nodded “yes.” Olivia grabbed my other hand and—over my strong, embarrassed objections—the two beautiful girls made me dance with them.

I quickly realized that I’d attract way more attention to myself by resisting, so I reluctantly gave in. They smiled wickedly as we all started dancing. After a few minutes, I decided it was much easier to just let go, go with the flow, and groove to the pounding beat.

The three of us were hip swaying, ponytail flipping, and twerking just like Ariana does in her videos. Soon Serena and Nicolette joined in, and we started drawing an audience.

When the song *Big Bang* came on, I tried to slip away, but Nicolette and Olivia grabbed my wrists and held me in place. “Oh no,” I shuddered as the full implications hit me, “this is gonna be bad.”

Ella shouted in my ear confirming my fears, “I’m gonna be Nicki Damâge for this one. Rena is already dancing like Jessie Jayne, and you definitely know who you’re going to be for this song, Ariana.”

I looked over and saw Serena lip-synching and strutting around in a perfect copy of Jessie Jayne’s moves at the Video Music Awards from back in the day. When she shouted, “Ariana, go!” I felt everyone’s eyes on me.

What choice did I have? I mouthed the words of the song and went into Ariana’s slinky moves as well as I could. That meant a lot of winking, smiling, and swinging my hair around. Plus popping and locking, bouncing and bopping—all while waving my hand over my head and flirting. And shimmying. So much shimmying.

I felt humiliated beyond belief when I acted out the part when Ariana sings, “Any girl can be a good girl, you need a bad girl to blow your…” I raised my eyebrow and did a high kick. When I blew a kiss at the crowd, the guys went wild.

I was so startled by their whooping and highly sexualized comments that I almost fell coming out of a tight pirouette in the sand. It was a head rush to know I had the power to drive guys that wild, even though I really didn’t want to do that.

“At least I’m in flip flops not five-inch heels like Ariana wears,” I thought as I regained my balance and began to prance back and forth across the beach with Serena. Liv surprised me by rapping along to the music, not missing a single rhyme. I knew she was experienced at chanting and leading cheers, but I’d never heard her rap like that. She was obviously way more talented than I’d ever imagined.

Of course I knew how much guys loved watching hot girls, especially when they're dancing in bikinis and making sexy moves. Until that second, I had no idea that they considered girls dancing together fair game.

A pack of at least a dozen horny guys swarmed us, trying to get us to dance with them instead of each other. I wasn't having any of that, so in the confusion I turned to dash away. But I tripped and fell directly into Steven's arms.

"I-I'm so embarrassed!" I cried.

"Why are the prettiest girls always saying that?" smiled Steven as he gently pulled me to my feet and began moving me in time to the pounding rhythm of the music. Even though it was a fast song, he held me close as we danced.

Well, he danced. I was just trying to get myself free from his strong grasp, with great difficulty. I felt like the helpless cartoon cat who keeps trying to push the overly-amorous skunk away. Nicolette saw my difficulties fending off my unwanted partner. She came to my rescue by grabbing me by the arm and pulling me away.

When Steven complained, she said "Don't be so greedy, Romeo, you have to share Ariana with her squad. Anyway, we have plans for her later tonight."

The high energy seductive dancing we'd done amped up the party, heating everyone up even as the sun was setting. When the song ended, Ella and Serena bowed to the roars of applause of the assembled guys and many of the girls.

The guys who had dates with them felt slaps and elbows in the ribs, and those who didn't mocked their bros with snide remarks and "whipped" sound effects—provoking a lot of angry protests and derisive laughter.

This commotion provided us with enough of a distraction to make our escape. I was beyond grateful for that, even though I realized that I should have been worrying about the girls' plans for me!

As soon as we got back to Nikki's house, we all showered in our bikinis. I started looking for the clothes I'd arrived in just a few days before, but I couldn't find them anywhere. My fears increased as I heard a lilting, sexy, feminine voice from behind me.

"What are you looking for, Ariana?" Nicolette asked, seeing me poking around in her bedroom.

"Ahhh, just my clothes, my car keys, and...shouldn't you go back to calling me Mike now?" I replied, "I mean this weekend was...different...but I've got to get back to...."

"Back to what? Back to being a guy?" Ella giggled, "you've got triple pierced ears and a

cute belly button ring. Also an adorable blonde girly haircut with pink highlights, and a sexy little rose ankle tattoo. How are you going to go back to being a guy now, Ariana?"

Before I could answer, Serena swept my legs out from under me and grabbed me to keep me from hitting the floor as I fell. Rena and the other three girls tied me to the same chair they'd used to immobilize me on Friday evening. That was only a few days ago, but it seemed like a whole different lifetime had passed.

Within seconds, the girls became a tornado of arms and legs, holding and deploying tweezers and brushes. In the blink of an eye, they'd plucked my eyebrows into thin, feminine arches, and applied sexy makeup transforming my face into a mask of teenaged glamour.

"What should we do to Ariana next?" Nicolette chirped, "Make her wrestle against each one of us?"

"I know!" said Olivia, "let's have her doing cheers again?"

"Nooooo," whined Ella, "We haven't seen her try ballet?"

"I want to make her lip-sync and dance to more sexy, girly songs!" suggested Serena.

"We can do all of it," laughed Ella, "and we may as well do it all live-streamed!"

The girls pointed their phones and even my own phone right at me, and made me perform as they ordered. One by one, they dressed me in various outfits and costumes. They instructed me how to move, and had me dancing to all different very feminine tunes. Finally, they took turns wrestling me into submission.

They live-streamed every humiliating moment. I had to go along, and they even made me pretend that I was enjoying it all. I really had no choice. I couldn't leave dressed in a bikini without my wallet or keys.

Finally, they put me back in the babydoll nightie and this time they even bottle-fed me. This last degradation was the most humiliating of all.

Ella stayed behind with me when the other three girls headed downstairs. For some reason, the way she stroked my face and cuddled me was very erotic. She was staring at me with a voracious look on her face.

She was so intense that when she cooed, "Oh cute little baby Ari, you're so adorable I could eat you up!" her hungry expression made me feel like she'd literally do it. And to be honest? Even though it scared me, I kind of liked it.

Ella held me and cooed to me until I drifted off to sleep. I awoke in her arms the next morning.

This would not be my last time spent as a girl, I was sure of that. I should've felt liberated, ecstatic, or at least relieved that I was finally going to regain my battered and bruised masculinity. I was surprised to discover that I had mixed feelings about my forced feminization. My weekend as Ariana wasn't all that terrible when I thought about it.

Ella brought me out of my daydream by saying, "Now that we've taken you through all of the stages of a girl's life, Ariana, I'm sure you agree—being a beautiful girl is so much better than being a nerdy guy?"

Ella's words were not so much a question as a final judgment. With a jolt, I realized that she was right. Even though the girls had pushed me way beyond my limits, and even often humiliated me during this intense summer-long feminization, I had to admit she was right! I enjoyed it!

When the other girls rejoined us in Ella's bedroom, I had an announcement to make. I told them that I fully embraced my imposed femininity, accepted my total emasculation, and really enjoyed all of their attention. And I loved the clothes, makeup, and hairstyling!

The four girls bounced around happily shrieking their approval. Almost immediately, I was bouncing and shrieking along with them. Ella and Kelsey both called "dibs" on me, and agreed they'd share me as their special girlfriend with "something extra."

I felt sexy and desirable for the first time in my life. Ella's and Kelsey's overwhelming lust for me was just the most obvious example of that. I had made a sort of transition into young womanhood, and I wasn't sure if I could ever transition back into a socially-challenged dweeb—even if I wanted to.

Epilogue: Happily Ever After

I dated both Ella and Kelsey for the rest of the Summer, and if I said I never wore a sexy ballet tutu or my Sexy Sporty girl's school-style uniform, I'd be lying. They loved to baby me, and before long I started feeling like I wanted to be their little baby forever. But everyone has to grow up sometime.

With August almost over, it was time for our senior year of high school to begin. Summer was almost over. School was about to start. Our senior year! Finally, the last go-around before we all went off to college and began the next phase of our lives.

We were having a kind of reunion, me and the four beautiful girls who'd taken a nerdy, lonely, sad guy and made me into a pretty hot young woman—if I say so myself. Once again, all of us were sitting around in Ella's bedroom, just sharing one last Summer night together.

We were wearing comfy sleepwear and mint-infused facial masks, just five girls at a slumber party. After all I'd been through, I felt comfortable and relaxed. I fit in perfectly with the rest of the beautiful teenaged girls there.

Over the Summer, our school district had decided to implement a new school uniform policy. Along with my new name and reassigned gender status, I received several sets of uniforms; the feminine versions of course.

A few weeks before school started, the girls gathered at my house for moral support as I came out to my parents. I'd anticipated some shock, maybe even anger. Instead, my mother embraced me as her new daughter and my father remarked that he wasn't really surprised at all. Everything was falling into place, almost too easily.

“O.K. Ariana, Here's your school class schedule, and here are your medical clearance and athletics participation forms,” Olivia explained as she passed me some papers in a white folder.

I looked at the top page and noted the heading: “Parental Approval For Cheerleading” it read. I nodded as a natural smile widened across my face. My dad had signed the waivers and permissions without hesitation. My folks said they'd always known I had a very strong “feminine side” and were surprisingly supportive of my transition.

Even after that at times tearful but generally empowering family discussion and hours of “girl practice,” my anxiety levels were off the charts as I prepared myself for my first day of school as Ariana.

The night before, I had set my alarm for over an hour earlier than I used to, so I would have enough time to shower, shave, moisturize, fix my hair, do my makeup, and work through at least a few panic attacks.

I carefully checked to make sure I didn't have a visible hair on my body below my finely-

arched eyebrows. I lathered lavender-scented body wash all over my smooth skin, and conditioned my hair. I sighed as the relaxing stream caressed my body, wishing I could luxuriate longer beneath the soothing warm water just a bit longer. Sadly that wasn't to be. I knew I had to hurry to get ready on time. Today would be a big day!

I squeezed the dampness out of my long, flowing honey blonde tresses, and quickly dressed in pale pink bikini-style panties and a matching bra. I buttoned up my clean white blouse, slipped into my plaid schoolgirl skirt backwards as I buttoned it in back, and zipped it up before spinning it around in place. I finished dressing in navy blue knee socks and patent leather shoes.

I used my pink blow-dryer to finishing styling my still slightly-damp hair, giving it a bit of a curl plus more volume and body. I carefully brushed it into a casual but flirty ponytail style and slipped on a cute red, green, black, and yellow tartan scrunchie that perfectly matched my school uniform skirt.

I made a mental note to switch out of that adorable hair accessory and replace it with a big floppy bow that matched my blue and gold cheerleading uniform before the welcome back pep rally that afternoon. I double-checked to make sure my cheer uniform was in my cheerleading bag, along with my poms, sports bra, spankies and other cheer essentials.

All of us cheerleaders would get to show off all of the new cheers that we'd learned over the last few weeks. I was still scared about making such a spectacle of myself in the tiny skirt and tight top. I wondered, "what will people think of me?" So yes, I was scared but at the same time, part of me couldn't wait.

I applied some pink lip-gloss, a light coating of mascara, some eye shadow, a bit of lip and eye eyeliner, and a hint of blush. I knew that this pushed but didn't break the limits of what was acceptable makeup for girls under the new school dress code. I desperately wanted to fit in, and not make more of all this than I had to.

In the mirror, I saw a pretty teenaged girl, not too precious-looking, but clearly somewhat concerned with her appearance. I seemed fresh-faced and maybe just a bit vivacious as I smirked at my reflection, confident that I presented as a typically feminine high school student in my schoolgirl uniform, patent leather shoes, subtle makeup, and trendy jewelry.

I air-kissed coquettishly at my reflection in the mirror, and flashed a smile at the cute school girl I had become. Who would have guessed that so much change could come from a simple pizza delivery?

This Concludes Emasculated by Ella

I hope you enjoyed this story. I don't have plans to continue it, but I am open to reconsidering if you and my other loyal readers would like to read more about Ariana's new life as a cheerleader and a schoolgirl with her 4 friends.

Your feedback means so much! 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 me some love and I promise to keep publishing new stories for you!