

*Emasculated
by Ella*

Book Two

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



Emasculated By Ella Book Two

An Original Forced Feminization Fantasy

***This book is part two of an exciting
Three-book series, already completed
With a “Happily Ever After” Ending***

Featuring

Day Two: Five Mall Princesses

Night Two: The New Sexy Sporty Girl

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Sneak Preview

I opened my eyes and I found myself still tied spread eagle to the four bedposts, I still couldn't move much. The more I struggled the more I felt hopeless and increasingly hungry. I'm not sure how long I agonized there, awake, alone, and immobile. I had no idea what time it was when I first regained awareness, but I figured it was around 6 a.m. when the dawn's early light leaked around the drawn shades in Nicolette's ultra-girly bedroom.

I was powerless to do anything but wait in the slowly brightening morning. Eventually, I heard loud laughter and the sounds of eight pretty, feminine feet climbing the stairs. The door flew open and Ella sang, "rise and shine baby girl!" as she untied the ribbon so I could spit out the pacifier.

Nicolette gently corrected her saying, "Ariana is a big girl now...unless she soiled her diaper?" Nikki started giggling madly at her little joke, but I didn't think it was very funny. Not at all. I felt horrified that they'd casually discuss me in such humiliating terms. All the more so because of how incredibly beautiful and sexy these girls were.

Somehow, Ella's eyes went even wider. "OH EM GEE! If she has dirty diapers can we keep Ariana as a baby girl? Can we? Oh please say yes? I want to bottle feed her and dress her up as a widdle baby girly! Oh, I hope she had an accident!"

My eyes went wide at that humiliating comment. I shot an angry look of utter shock at Ella. I couldn't believe she'd say anything like that, much less seem to enjoy the prospect of my forced feminization and age regression into baby girlhood.

"How could she even think about that happening, or even want that to happen to me?" I wondered. I knew she had a wicked sense of humor, but there were limits!

I was outraged and disgusted by all of this! I was embarrassed to realize that this teasing was actually turning me on. What was wrong with me? There was nothing sexually exciting about being called a baby girl! Was there?

Thankfully I hadn't had "an accident," but even the suggestion that I might have—and that I'd be treated like a baby girl as a consequence—made me tremble with unspeakable humiliation and shameful arousal. But I couldn't let the girls know that this excited me. I'd die of embarrassment!

"Of course I didn't!" I snapped as I glared at Ella. She just laughed and blew me a kiss. I was so mad at her oh so casual attitude about this and her enthusiasm for infantilizing me. Even more so when she felt my diaper to check. She actually seemed disappointed that I was clean there.

"Oh well," she said with obvious disappointment, "maybe next time I'll get to play

Auntie Ella for widdle baby Ari?” I tried to stare her down, but El raised an eyebrow at me appraisingly and flashed a knowing smile. I gasped and looked away, furiously blushing, as she gave me a suggestive wink.

I glared at Ella but she just clasped her arms together and moved them back and forth as if she were rocking a baby with a blissful look on her beautiful face. I caught her meaning all too well. Still, she made herself clear by coming close, invading my personal space, and whispering into my ear in a raspy voice charged with arousal.

“I can’t even begin to tell you how much I’m gonna love turning you into a little baby girl, Ariana!” she murmured, “I’ll dress you up and we’ll play with dollies. I’ll bottle feed you, burp you, and change your diapers. I’ll keep you as my widdle baby forever!”

This embarrassed and angered me. I wanted to snap at her, but I felt totally helpless. Then she bit my ear making me yelp! Nicolette was watching the exchange and giggled, “SOMEone can’t wait to get her shopping on!” She clearly wasn’t taking Ella’s comments about turning me into a baby girl seriously.

El, Liv, and Reena laughed loudly, but Ella just stared at me with a predatory glint in her eyes. I felt vulnerable, frightened by her fierce expression. Me turned into a baby girl? This was totally unthinkable, or at least it would have been before all of this. El was smaller than me, and with her bubbly personality she was never even close to threatening. The exact opposite really as she was always cheerful and often silly. Still, at that moment, she actually intimidated me.

I couldn’t get the image of her babying me out of my mind, and the smirk on her face signaled that neither could she. I struggled to control my breathing when El put her soft lips to my ear and mouthed, “Soon, little baby girl. Very soon!” Then she giggled when I shuddered involuntarily in response.

“Hey, are we doing this or what?” Olivia asked, breaking me out of my nightmarish daydream. I wondered what the “this” she was referring to was, but before I could ask Nicolette answered.

“Yasssss! I called and made us all appointments. We have a few hours to kill first, but times a wasting. We have three showers in the house. Let’s all pair up and jump in!”

I’d assumed that as the only guy I’d be showering solo, but I was very pleasantly surprised when Nikki grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into her bathroom. She quickly stripped off my flouncy baby doll nightie leaving me as naked as the day I was born. I’d hoped that she’d soon join me in that natural state.

She pulled off her sweat pants and t-shirt, raising my expectations. I was slightly disappointed to see she was wearing a ruby red one-piece swimsuit. Even so, her beautiful body was so sexy in the tight clinging suit, I couldn’t stay feeling down for long.

El took charge immediately, pushing me under the just barely warm spray of water and lathering my hair with deluxe salon-exclusive keratin smoothing shampoo, rinsed it, then applied the curling conditioner from the same brand and left it to soften and shape my hair.

I had never used female hair products before this latest adventure, and I was concerned

about what they would do to my long hair. Considering that the girls had dyed it a sexy blonde, I guessed I had bigger things to worry about. Like how would I get my original hair color back?

I asked Nicolette about that, and she teased me saying, “Haven’t you heard? Blondes have more fun!” Then she seriously explained that it wasn’t a good idea to do two home coloring jobs without waiting a few months.

“A few months? Months?” I gasped. She giggled and explained that it would take a salon visit to change my hair back to brunette. There was no reason to doubt her so I agreed to go along with them to their spa day. She smirked and said, “Aww, that’s cute! You think you have a choice!” as she ruffled her fingers through my wet hair, rinsing out the conditioner.

She was clearly enjoying this, as she showed by saying, “Nice butt!” and slapping me there to emphasize her point. She added, “When was the last time a beautiful girl bathed you, cutie?” in a mocking tone.

I began wondering—had she planned out every little detail of my entrapment and feminization? I didn’t have much time to consider that possibility. She interrupted my thoughts when she said, “Now I want you to dry me off and rub body lotion on my legs.”

The moment she turned off the water, I obeyed. First, I let her place a large rose-pink towel around my body. I blushed as she carefully positioned it to hang off of my feminine-looking chest, covering my body just like any girl would wear a towel. Then, I stood still and let her wrap another towel around my head.

Following her commands, I took a fresh big fluffy pink towel and patted all over her body gently but firmly. Once she was dry, I poured big dollops of lavender scented lotion into my hands, and motioned for her to sit on the side of the bathtub.

I dropped to my knees before her, and began smoothing the silky creamy liquid all over her long, tanned legs. I started with her strong, shapely thighs, with one hand on each. “I could get used to this pampering, Ariana,” said Nicolette, a contented, relaxed expression lighting her face.

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After I made sure to coat every inch of her upper legs, I moved downward to Nicolette’s knees and beyond. I had to keep getting more lotion as I coated her beautiful calves and finally worked all the way to her dainty feet. I took her left foot in both of my hands and massaged it, using plenty of sweet-scented lotion. I gave her right foot the same sensuous treatment.

She sighed and repeated, “Yes, a girl could really get used to this. In fact....” but she didn’t get to finish. Olivia barged into the bedroom, saw what was happening in the bathroom, and said, “Do me next!”

Before I could say a word, we’d moved into El’s bedroom and I was stroking lotion into

Olivia's beautiful legs. Soon after that, I began massaging her cute feet from heel to toe. She was smiling dreamily and said, "Oh, you're so good at this, Ariana. You're going to be very popular at our cheer team sleepovers and of course cheer camp!"

I was starting to resent all her references to me as a cheerleader, so I spoke up. "I know you think it's funny to tease me about joining your cheer squad, but we both know it's all girls?" I began, trying to hide my frustration.

"Who's teasing?" Olivia stated flatly, with a certain look in her eyes. "Your audition last night was perfect. I showed the video to the squad and everyone agrees. You'd be a great addition to our team."

— *end of preview* —

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Sneak Preview

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Introduction from the Author

Welcome to the second book of this all-new series! Please read the first book 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!

Disclaimers

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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.

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 12,000-plus word book will introduce 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 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), kinky, LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) erotica, including a conflicted / reluctant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, female domination, and forced chastity, as well as taboo, kinky fetish scenes of restraint, 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.

Day Two: Five Mall Princesses

I seethed and struggled in vain to get free from my bondage in Nicolette's bed. I was absolutely helpless, unable to even spit out the humiliating pacifier held tightly between my lips by a satin ribbon tied around the back of my head. I couldn't believe they'd forced me to model a series of very girly costumes. Then, they humiliated me even more by treating me like a baby girl!

The girls were probably still chatting and doing their slumber party stuff when I finally fell asleep in a mixture of boredom and frustration. I slept fitfully and woke up furious. How could Nicolette—my old friend Nicolette, who I'd loved and lusted after forever—possibly treat me this way?

I opened my eyes and I found myself still tied spread eagle to the four bedposts, I still couldn't move much. The more I struggled the more I felt hopeless and increasingly hungry. I'm not sure how long I agonized there, awake, alone, and immobile. I had no idea what time it was when I first regained awareness, but I figured it was around 6 a.m. when the dawn's early light leaked around the drawn shades in Nicolette's ultra-girly bedroom.

I was powerless to do anything but wait in the slowly brightening morning. Eventually, I heard loud laughter and the sounds of eight pretty, feminine feet climbing the stairs. The door flew open and Ella sang, "rise and shine baby girl!" as she untied the ribbon so I could spit out the pacifier.

Nicolette gently corrected her saying, "Ariana is a big girl now...unless she soiled her diaper?" Nikki started giggling madly at her little joke, but I didn't think it was very funny. Not at all. I felt horrified that they'd casually discuss me in such humiliating terms. All the more so because of how incredibly beautiful and sexy these girls were.

Somehow, Ella's eyes went even wider. "OH EM GEE! If she has dirty diapers can we keep Ariana as a baby girl? Can we? Oh please say yes? I want to bottle feed her and dress her up as a widdle baby girly! Oh, I hope she had an accident!"

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I was outraged and disgusted by all of this! I was embarrassed to realize that this teasing was actually turning me on. What was wrong with me? There was nothing sexually exciting about being called a baby girl! Was there?

Thankfully I hadn't had "an accident," but even the suggestion that I might have—and that I'd be treated like a baby girl as a consequence—made me tremble with unspeakable humiliation and shameful arousal. But I couldn't let the girls know that this excited me. I'd die of embarrassment!

"Of course I didn't!" I snapped as I glared at Ella. She just laughed and blew me a kiss. I was so mad at her oh so casual attitude about this and her enthusiasm for infantilizing me. Even more so when she felt my diaper to check. She actually seemed disappointed that I was clean there.

"Oh well," she said with obvious disappointment, "maybe next time I'll get to play Auntie Ella for widdle baby Ari?" I tried to stare her down, but El raised an eyebrow at me appraisingly and flashed a knowing smile. I gasped and looked away, furiously blushing, as she gave me a suggestive wink.

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"Hey, are we doing this or what?" Olivia asked, breaking me out of my nightmarish daydream. I wondered what the "this" she was referring to was, but before I could ask Nicolette answered.

"Yasssss! I called and made us all appointments. We have a few hours to kill first, but times a wasting. We have three showers in the house. Let's all pair up and jump in!"

I'd assumed that as the only guy I'd be showering solo, but I was very pleasantly surprised when Nikki grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into her bathroom. She quickly

stripped off my flouncy baby doll nightie leaving me as naked as the day I was born. I'd hoped that she'd soon join me in that natural state.

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El took charge immediately, pushing me under the just barely warm spray of water and lathering my hair with deluxe salon-exclusive keratin smoothing shampoo, rinsed it, then applied the curling conditioner from the same brand and left it to soften and shape my hair.

I had never used female hair products before this latest adventure, and I was concerned about what they would do to my long hair. Considering that the girls had dyed it a sexy blonde, I guessed I had bigger things to worry about. Like how would I get my original hair color back?

I asked Nicolette about that, and she teased me saying, "Haven't you heard? Blondes have more fun!" Then she seriously explained that it wasn't a good idea to do two home coloring jobs without waiting a few months.

"A few months? Months?" I gasped. She giggled and explained that it would take a salon visit to change my hair back to brunette. There was no reason to doubt her so I agreed to go along with them to their spa day. She smirked and said, "Aww, that's cute! You think you have a choice!" as she ruffled her fingers through my wet hair, rinsing out the conditioner.

She was clearly enjoying this, as she showed by saying, "Nice butt!" and slapping me there to emphasize her point. She added, "When was the last time a beautiful girl bathed you, cutie?" in a mocking tone.

I began wondering—had she planned out every little detail of my entrapment and feminization? I didn't have much time to consider that possibility. She interrupted my thoughts when she said, "Now I want you to dry me off and rub body lotion on my legs."

The moment she turned off the water, I obeyed. First, I let her place a large rose-pink towel around my body. I blushed as she carefully positioned it to hang off of my feminine-looking chest, covering my body just like any girl would wear a towel. Then, I stood still and let her wrap another towel around my head.

Following her commands, I took a fresh big fluffy pink towel and patted all over her body gently but firmly. Once she was dry, I poured big dollops of lavender scented lotion into my hands, and motioned for her to sit on the side of the bathtub.

I dropped to my knees before her, and began smoothing the silky creamy liquid all over her long, tanned legs. I started with her strong, shapely thighs, with one hand on each. "I could get used to this pampering, Ariana," said Nicolette, a contented, relaxed expression lighting her face.

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After I made sure to coat every inch of her upper legs, I moved downward to Nicolette's knees and beyond. I had to keep getting more lotion as I coated her beautiful calves and finally worked all the way to her dainty feet. I took her left foot in both of my hands and massaged it, using plenty of sweet-scented lotion. I gave her right foot the same sensuous treatment.

She sighed and repeated, "Yes, a girl could really get used to this. In fact...." but she didn't get to finish. Olivia barged into the bedroom, saw what was happening in the bathroom, and said, "Do me next!"

Before I could say a word, we'd moved into El's bedroom and I was stroking lotion into Olivia's beautiful legs. Soon after that, I began massaging her cute feet from heel to toe. She was smiling dreamily and said, "Oh, you're so good at this, Ariana. You're going to be very popular at our cheer team sleepovers and of course cheer camp!"

I was starting to resent all her references to me as a cheerleader, so I spoke up. "I know you think it's funny to tease me about joining your cheer squad, but we both know it's all girls?" I began, trying to hide my frustration.

"Who's teasing?" Olivia stated flatly, with a certain look in her eyes. "Your audition last night was perfect. I showed the video to the squad and everyone agrees. You'd be a great addition to our team."

"Come on, Liv, don't joke like that. You wouldn't dare show that video to all of those cheerleaders, and you know you can't put me on your cheer team," I pleaded. "I mean, your uniforms are little blue and gold miniskirts with tight crop tops. So you'd need to get me my own uniform. Otherwise, what would I even wear for it?"

"Of course you'll get your own uniforms. The exact same styles as the rest of us girls," said Olivia. She seemed almost blasé about all of this, acting as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world for her to turn a guy into a female cheerleader. "Hey, don't stop! You just keep on massaging me, cutie!"

In shock at her teasing—at least I was hoping it was just teasing—I'd stopped rubbing her feet in astonished embarrassment. I hadn't even noticed that I'd stopped. My mouth was wide open wondering why she was relentlessly mocking me about being a cheer girl. Then, I shuddered, wondering what if she wasn't joking. She couldn't possibly be serious, could she? She sure seemed serious.

I weighed the pros and cons of asking Nicolette to make Liv stop, but I figured that would only make me seem even wimpier. So I kept my mouth shut and kept massaging Liv's beautiful feet. Ella and Serena came in and sat on El's bed watching me working away. Of course, they insisted on getting leg and foot massages too, and I had no choice but to comply.

To be honest, I enjoyed the experience of bringing pleasure to these four sexy girls. The feeling of my fingertips squeezing their tanned, toned flesh made me dizzy. In no small part because I was still naked under the robe Nikki gave me while the girls were all fully dressed by this point.

Nicolette looked stunning in a pair of tight, white short shorts and a baby blue tank top. Ella was adorable in a mint green romper. Serena wore a navy blue sundress that showed off her body in all of its fashion model beauty.

Olivia was in a white tank top and once I finished massaging her legs and feet, she squeezed her hot body into acid-wash ripped skinny jeans. In minutes I was wearing cutoff jean shorts and a pink crop top that showed off my fake but all too realistic-looking cleavage.

While I was massaging the other girls, Ella put up my hair in a French braid. She made me shiver by whispering, “I should be putting your hair in baby girly pigtails with cute little ribbons.” Serena giggled hearing that, and kept doing my face in a daytime “girl next door look.”

Nicolette explained to me, “We’re all wearing open-toed shoes or flip flops because we’ll all be getting mani-pedis—including you.”

I wasn’t thrilled with that idea, but I’d accepted that I had to go to the spa if I didn’t want to keep my girlishly blonde hair color. And I sure didn’t. Reluctantly I agreed to go with them, “But only if they recolor my hair so I can go to work and everything!”

“Fine, whatever you say, Ariana,” Nicolette looked at me with an inscrutable expression.

“OK, hair coloring for Ariana. I’ll add that to the list you gave me, El. In a second I’ll text the spa to explain exactly what we want,” said Olivia. She’d worked as a part-time esthetician there and she knew most of the staff very well.

Finally, things were looking a bit better for me. This whole experience had been horribly humiliating, but at least I was spending time with four of the most gorgeous and fun girls on the planet. I sighed with relief knowing it was all coming to an end. Soon, I’d be back in my boys’ clothes with my hair back to brunette—I mean brown—and back to living my normal male life.

Sure, I might get teased about my silky smooth legs for a while—until the hair grew back. That would be embarrassing, but I could laugh that off once I was back to my usual masculine self. I guess in the back of my mind, I still had hopes of winning Cindy back. I knew I’d never be able to do that with such girly looking hair!

As if on cue, my cell rang. The previous night during the little fashion show they’d made me do the girls had grabbed my cell phone and put it into a pink case with cute bunny ears. I was hoping it was Cindy calling to apologize, but it was Kate, my manager at Mama Gina’s.

Kate was a slightly chunky but still very attractive redhead in her early twenties. Once she found out I was single, she’d flirted with me, but I wasn’t over the breakup with Cindy and put an end to that, I guess I could’ve been nicer?

Kate kind of took me by surprise when she cornered me behind the front counter, and cooed, “We should get together sometime soon?”

At first, I thought she was joking and started to laugh, until I saw the hurt expression on her face. I mumbled something about, “Just had a bad breakup,” as I pushed past her. I’d hoped she wasn’t too upset, and neither of us ever mentioned it again.

Anyway, when her picture came up on my phone, I was a bit disappointed and ready to get yelled at for flaking the previous day. I reached out for my phone, and was surprised at what happened next.

Nicolette pulled my phone out of my grasp and answered it. I kept grabbing for my phone without any luck—my efforts getting frantic as she said, “What? Oh no. Ariana—I mean Mike is quitting that crappy job. She, um.... He got a better job as a hostess at Sexy Sporty.”

I’d been to that sports bar a lot, mainly to gawk at all the hot waitresses and hostesses. That included Ella who worked as a hostess there on weekends, after school, and during the summer.

I could hear Kate’s laughter on the other end of the call as Nicolette put my phone on speaker. My eyes went wide as Kate yelled loudly enough for everyone in the pizza place to hear, “Hey listen to this! Guess who’s gonna be a Sexy Sporty hostess?”

She was actually telling all my now ex-coworkers about Nicolette’s humiliating joke. My face went ashen at this.

Nicolette handed me the phone and I said, “Hi, it’s me, Mike....”

“Don’t you mean ‘Hi, it’s me Ariana,’ Miss thang?” Kate laughed. I rolled my eyes with exasperation as she went on, “Since you’re gonna be working in a cute little school girl outfit for now on, please bring back our Gina’s Pizza uniforms. And you’d better be wearing your Sexy Sporty Girl uniform if you want to get your deposit back!”

I gagged, trying not to picture myself wearing the short, skimpy, school girl style uniform—the hot little outfit the Sexy Sporty sports bar made their girls wear while serving food and drinks mainly to rude, sex-crazed men.

Before I had time to say “Oh hell no!” to working as a flirty little hostess, Nicolette had taken charge again. She grabbed my phone and told Kate, “Don’t worry, she will!”

El couldn’t stop teasing me saying, “You’ll look so adorable in a Sexy Sporty Girl uniform!”

I’m pretty sure Kate heard that too because the laughter grew even louder from her end of the call, and it sounded like more than one woman laughing.

Nicolette grinned at me wickedly. She told Kate I’d see her soon, ended the call, and dropped my phone into a pretty beige handbag. I stood there gaping stupidly when she handed the bag to me. She stared at me, an eyebrow raised, until I shrugged, took the bag, and slipped the strap over my shoulder.

I’d figured that with everything else feminine about my look, the girlish bag wouldn’t be that big a deal, but I was wrong. That simple motion struck at my quickly evaporating masculinity like a kick to the crotch.

Somehow this latest emblem of femininity made me feel like my balls were about to fall off. Between that, my cock locked away in chastity, and the bouncing of my fake boobs, my male ego was disappearing in a tidal wave of emasculation. I'd just lost another piece of myself, and the day was barely started.

I think the girls could see it in my eyes because they all made cutesy kissy faces while they all nibbled on half bagels, but my appetite was gone. Nicolette noticed I wasn't eating. She smiled and nodded, saying, "Good! You're watching your girlish figure, Ariana!"

The four foxy females burst out in hilarity at that. When their laughter died down Nikki said, "OK girls, our appointments are coming up soon. Time to get to the mall!"

As we grabbed our handbags, Ella grinned at me and said, "I bet you'll look adorable as a school girl, Ariana. Maybe we can send you to an all girls school for your senior year?"

"Oh no way," said Olivia, "I need Ariana on my cheer team. She's staying at our school. If you want to see her in a plaid mini and a pretty white blouse, go watch her during her next shift at Sexy Sporty."

"Wait! What? This is isn't fair! Don't I get a vote on this?" I demanded.

"No!" all four girls said in unison, and started laughing again.

I was still shaking my head in demoralized defeat as we filed outside. When the front door closed behind us, it hit me, I was out in public, dressed and made up as a girl. It was on an upscale suburban cul-de-sac, but it was outside nonetheless.

Even more alarming, we were heading to the local mall! I hesitated as the four girls started walking toward El's little white Jeep. Always alert, Serena took me firmly by the arm and asked, "Are you going to come along willingly like a good girl, or do I have to carry you like a baby?"

El lit up at that, suggesting, "Oh! We can put Little Baby Ari in a car seat!"

I shook my head at Ella who shrieked with giggles and started to massage my shoulders and neck. Despite my embarrassment, her fingers felt so insistent and made me relax despite myself.

Nicolette said, "Hey Ari Girl, aren't you all excited about your big girly spa day?"

Serena took my head in her hands and forced me to nod yes, making me feel very helpless and submissive. I looked at her with pleading eyes, but she was determined.

Seeing no alternative, I shrugged and let her guide me toward Nicolette's Jeep following along behind the rest of the girls. Nikki got into the driver's seat, and Reena called shotgun. That left me sitting in the back seat between Liv and El.

I was paralyzed with anxiety. We were on our way to the mall, where almost all of the

girls and most of the guys at our school hung out all weekend. I prayed that no one would recognize me.

This wasn't an unreasonable hope, I reassured myself. With my curly girly blonde hair, sexy makeup, and the prominent points pushing out my sexy pink top, I barely recognized myself.

Nicolette's little Jeep had a pretty tight backseat. As I sat squished between two incredibly sexy girls, our smooth legs started rubbing against each other. When both Ella and Olivia began massaging my smooth thighs, I couldn't keep from getting excited.

Then Olivia leaned into me and started whispering, her breath warm in my ear. "I can't wait for you to join cheerleading, Ari cutie. We have a bikini car wash coming up next week to help raise money for our new uniforms. I bet all the boys will want you to soap up their hot rods, Ariana," she giggled.

I felt myself blush to my bones in humiliation at this suggestion—me in a skimpy bikini, getting wet as guys paid me their decidedly sexual attention—but she was just getting started.

"You already look delicious. After our spa day you'll be like a sexy little strawberry tart, good enough to eat," Liv said, rubbing my legs seductively, "we'll be roomies at all of our cheer competitions. I'll have you all to myself all night long. I'm going to tie you down and...."

But she never got to finish explaining her erotic plans for me as Nicolette pulled into a parking space a few hundred feet away from the main mall entrance. As Nikki looked on smirking, El and Liv tried to push and pull poor terrified me out of the Jeep.

"Come ON, Ariana!" Nicolette coaxed, "you're acting weird and people are starting to notice!"

"I can't help it!" I said, "I'm gonna get made fun of and beaten up! If I go in there my life will be over!"

"OMG Seriously!" said Ella, "we did an amazing makeover on you. No one will recognize you. You're all good unless you draw attention to yourself this way."

"Let me at him," said Serena as she reached into the Jeep. Before I could squirm away she scooped me up and held me in her arms standing next to the other girls. "I can just carry you like this, but everyone will stare at you. Or you can be a good girl and I can let you walk in on your own. Which is it?"

"OK, OK, please just put me down, Serena," I begged, "I promise to be good."

"You promise to be a good *what*?" Reena demanded.

"I promise to be a good...girl," I cringed as all four girls burst into loud laughter.

"Finally she admits it!" Ella chirped happily.

"Good girl!" said Serena, placing me on my feet. She kept her arm across my shoulders

so she could control me and keep me walking back out through the mall entrance. Not that I could get too far dressed as I was.

We passed through the entrance area and as we got closer to the first stores, I noticed a lot of guys and girls checking us out. My nerves were running out of control on overload. I didn't know why all the people were staring at me. "Had they seen me acting weird out in the parking lot? Were they reading me as a guy?" I wondered worriedly, hoping "maybe it's something else?"

When I whispered these fears to the girls, they all laughed. "No way!" said Nicolette rolling her eyes, "we get this exact same attention wherever we go. We are kinda hot, if you hadn't noticed!"

Of course I'd noticed. These girls were all gorgeous. Their cute little outfits showed off their tan, athletic bodies in ways that made girls jealous and made guys drool. As we moved through the big double glass doors into the busy shopping center, I saw conclusive evidence of that.

I forced myself to meet the faces all around us, and I was shocked at what I saw. Everyone was checking us out. They were actually checking me out. Not one person recognized me as Mike Harris, and no one even saw me as a guy.

When I caught their eyes, the guys either looked away shyly or looked right at me and grinned. Some even winked at me suggestively. Many of them kept staring at me like a piece of meat. Some of the girls seemed pissed at all of us for looking so alluring. They were jealous of our sexy crew, including me! I felt light-headed as I realized that I fit in with this beautiful and popular clique of hot babes.

I knew that being outed as a feminine sissy in public would be horrible. I knew that word about me being a total sissy would spread like wild fire all over town, making my senior year absolute Hell.

Still, having the crowd think of me as a hot chick strutting through the mall crushed my male ego—or what little was left of it. I kept telling myself, "This is almost over, all I need is to get my hair dyed back to my natural color, then remove these boobs and the chastity device, and I can go back to manhood."

It wasn't as easy to convince myself of this with Nicolette and the girls laughing and teasing me. They were relentless, constantly pointing out guys and asking me if I thought they were cute or hunky. When I slowed my walk and considered making a break for the exit, Serena and Nicolette each grabbed me and entwined their arms around mine. Despite my fears and my instinct to run away, they made sure I wasn't going anywhere.

Well, not anywhere except wherever these super sexy girls wanted me to go. At that moment, they wanted me to go into the Beautiful New You Spa and Salon. I took a deep breath and—knowing that I needed their hairstylist's expert help to regain my masculinity starting with restoring my natural hair color—I let the girls lead me inside.

I'd never seen a more feminine place, much less entered one. The salon seemed bigger on

the inside than on the outside, somehow. Everywhere I looked women in pink smocks were performing beauty treatments on other women and girls at all different types of workstations. I saw the huge room was broken up into different areas and could smell a unique mixture of essential oils and salon hair products.

The walls were covered with mirrors and fancy wall hangings. Small meditation fountains gurgled soothingly, their gentle sounds merging with the perky girl pop music. I also heard giggling, chatting, and all other kinds of feminine communication, but there was not a single guy in sight.

My eyes circled the room as I stood by in a sort of daze until Nicolette took my elbow and chirped, "Ariana are you ready for your first-ever spa day?"

I came out of my trance enough to observe Olivia discussing something with a 20 something beautiful blonde with pink highlights. She wore a name tag that read, "Mandie" on her pink smock. I thought I overheard the words, "triple ear piercing," "highlights," "just like yours," "extensions," and "yes both kinds" along with a lot of giggling.

Liv slapped my ass and said, "Be a good girl for Mandie, Ariana! Or else!"

Nicolette hugged me tightly and said, "Mandie will take good care of you while the real girls get mani-pedis and massages!" Smiling radiantly, she whispered into my ear, "Please just go along with everything! We'll make it up to you!"

With oddly mixed feelings, I realized that my feminine ordeal was nearing its end. That made me feel more masculine than I'd felt for several hours, so I grabbed El's sexy butt and squeezed it. She squealed and giggled in response.

Mandie took my hands in hers, giving me a clear view of her long nails with their neon tangerine manicure. She wore a tight black miniskirt under her smock, showing off her long, lithe legs that were emphasized by the 4-inch taupe strappy sandals she wore.

She led me to a shampoo station, guided me into the flexible chair, and lowered my head beneath the spray faucet that she used to splash warm water onto my hair.

Mandie spoke in a musical, high pitched voice that implied a kind of airheadedness, but gave me no opportunity for dissent as she explained, "Olivia is like one of my best friends. We were on cheerleading together for years. She's told me that you're joining the squad, and gave me very specific instructions for your hair and makeover."

The sexy blonde slipped a pink smock over my head and tied the ribbon closure in back. I saw the four girls all also wearing their own pink smocks as each was led away by their own esthetician to another part of the salon.

Mandie guided me toward the shampoo sinks. She was in a great mood, and hummed along to the music, "Side By Side" by Ariana Giganté as she led me to the back of the spa.

She giggled to herself before saying, "I hear that you make such a cute Ariana Giganté clone that that's your new name! I'd love to see you perform this song in a pop princess outfit, Ariana!"

I could feel myself blushing from the top of my head to my toes, but I said nothing. I told myself, “After all, I had promised to be a good...girl. And anyway, no need to make a fuss at this point with the whole emasculating episode quickly nearing its humiliating conclusion.” Instead of complaining, I smiled weakly at Mandie who gave me a huge conspiratorial wink.

Mandie lathered up my hair with a fancy salon shampoo that smelled of gardenias, rinsed it out, then applied a luxurious conditioner with the same strong floral scent. As she sprayed my hair with lukewarm water and gave me a gentle scalp massage, she explained, “You’re all mine for the day, Ariana. We’ll have so much fun while the other girls are getting mani-pedis, facials, waxing, mud baths, and massages.”

That sounded like it’d keep the girls busy for a very long time, and I wondered what they and Mandie had planned for me. I knew it shouldn’t take nearly that long to dye my hair brown, but before I could object, Mandie squeezed my lips closed and gave them a soft peck. That felt very nice, although it made me squirm in a submissive response.

Unaware of my real concerns Mandie said, “Don’t be jealous, Ari, I’ll be giving you as many of the same yummy treatments as we have time for, so let’s get jumping. Quick like a bunny!”

When I opened my mouth to refute this mistaken idea that I wanted her to give me “yummy treatments,” Mandie slipped a mold filled with gooey junk over my teeth. My complaints came out muffled as “mmph mmm mmphammph!”

Mandie grinned, “Yes, it’s the latest teeth whitener. It’ll give you a sparkling smile that will attract all the boys’ attention!” She slapped my ass and then forcefully pushed me back into an elaborate salon chair, somehow managing to squeeze my butt as she guided me into place.

I tried to move my hands to my face to pull out the plastic mold, but my pink smock was entangled with the arms of the salon chair or else somehow attached to the chair. Before I could get myself free, Mandie wasted no time completely immobilizing me.

With a huge smile, she slid a tray into position across the arms of the chair and locked it into place. With my mouth muzzled and stuck in a high-tech beauty chair, I knew I wasn’t going anywhere any time soon and couldn’t say anything to object. Not that I didn’t try!

Looking down at the tray, I saw dozens of containers, various metal tools, and what looked like hundreds of fingernails spread across its smooth black surface. I also saw several pairs of sparkling earrings that looked like diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones.

Mandie made sure I was helpless, then she methodically punched three holes in each of my ears! Each time the piercing gun clicked, I felt a brief sting, but the real damage was to my male ego. I couldn’t see my reflection, but I had no doubt that I was sporting triple piercings.

She stepped onto a bar or lever under the chair, making me slide back and downward, leaving me in a reclined position. She giggled and put some cucumber slices over my eyes, essentially blindfolding me.

Her delicate fingers were tugging on locks of my hair, and clipping wafts almost touching my scalp. That took several minutes, after which my hair felt heavier as it tickled my back well below my shoulders.

Then she began winding what felt like small bits of foil all throughout my newly lengthened hair. I wanted to ask what she was doing, but the whitener made speaking impossible.

Soon, I felt gentle brushing all over my face as Mandie or one of her coworkers was giving me a facial. Meanwhile, soft hands were massaging my palms and fingers, then attaching and polishing what I surmised were fake nails over my own fingernails.

I felt my toenails receiving the deluxe treatment as well, including shaping, trimming, buffing, and polishing. I sighed, thinking that while this was all taking me further into feminization, it wouldn't be too difficult to undo. Soon I'd be as masculine as ever.

I must have dozed off for a bit because it seemed almost no time had passed when I heard the excited voices of Nicolette, Serena, Ella, and Olivia approaching. Mandie and her coworkers were apparently just about done with my "yummy treatments," as my face was no longer covered with the facial mask.

The four girls were gushing about their own beauty treatments, but they were even more excited about mine. "That's not good," I thought as they giggled and teased me about breaking boys' hearts on the beach.

Still, I was unable to speak and unable to move with the whitener muzzling me and the tray locking me into place. At least someone removed the cucumber slices so I could see.

Nicolette showed off her crème colored fingernails and baby blue toenails. The colors looked great on her, especially with her dark tan, and went well with her cute little outfit. El got luminous pearly white fingernails and lilac toenails that made her hands and feet look even more beautiful than usual.

Serena flashed her scarlet fingernails and showed off her matching toenails. Liv fluttered her pink fingernails and wiggled her toenails in the same shade. All four girls had chosen great colors. With a jolt, I noticed my own long hot pink fingernails and bright red toenails. Mandie told me, "Those are advanced acrylics, Ariana, they'll last you weeks!"

"Wait what? Weeks?" I thought, stunned by this news. But the biggest shocks were yet to come. There I was leaned back in the salon chair expecting to see my natural brown hair color. I took a deep breath and relaxed as Mandie spun the chair so I could face the mirror.

Looking at my reflection, I was shocked to see that my hair was much, much longer, and an even more natural-looking blonde. Even worse, I had ultra-feminine, pink highlights and bouncy girly waves. I felt like screaming or crying, but I felt all my energy evaporate when I realized I still couldn't speak.

When Mandie finally removed the teeth whitener mold, I tried my best not to hyperventilate. "Hey! I thought I was going back to looking like a guy," I complained, "now I look more girlish than ever!" Ella laughed hearing that, while Nicolette shrugged.

I couldn't help noticing that my teeth were bright white, and the flawless porcelain-smooth skin on my face gave off a very feminine glow. My eyelashes looked much fuller and longer, while my eyebrows were arched and much thinner. Mandie fluffed out my thick, bouncy hair and stood back, giggling as I gasped at my reflection.

I sat as if mesmerized as Mandie brushed, powdered, and painted my face with foundation, concealer, and bronzer. She dabbed around my eyes with liner, mascara, pencil, and liner. Finally, she outlined and filled in my lips using an iridescent pink rose shade and sprayed all over with fixing sealant. My overall look was unmistakably girlish, glamorous, and very, very sexy.

Olivia was staring at me intensely and nodding her head. When Serena whispered something in her ear, she smiled and said, "I know, right? She's perfect!" My heart froze in my chest at that.

All the fight in me was gone as I obeyed Nicolette's instructions to pay Mandie including a generous tip using a good portion of my savings for my car. She had me thank her for "making me all the girl I can be," then Nikki even had me courtesy and promise to come back soon for maintenance and touch up treatments.

Mandie took my hand and led me to the receptionist where she had me schedule an appointment in two week's time. I left the Beautiful New You Spa and Salon looking and feeling like a beautiful new me. I just hoped I'd be back to the old me long before my next appointment there.

If I thought guys were checking me out before, that was nothing compared to the reactions I got as the group of us wandered around the mall window shopping and gossiping. Well, the four real girls were doing that.

I was mainly blushing at all the guys catcalling me, whistling at me, and asking me for my phone number. Every time I caught my reflection in a mirror or other shiny surface, I sadly realized I couldn't blame my many not so secret admirers.

Nicolette whispered into my ear, "Hey, Ari, see that cute guy over there? He liiiiiiiikes you!" Or, "check out those dudes checking us out. We should totally go on a double date with them!" Her gigantic smile and sparkling eyes proved that she was enjoying showing me off, but I knew it was all playful. She's never let anyone hurt me.

Still, I actually felt relieved when our clique headed into Forever 21. I was happy to get away from the intense male gazes that had followed my every move like heat-seeking missiles. I didn't even mind that the girls included me in their impromptu fashion show.

Nicolette was shopping with a purpose, saying she needed a warmer wardrobe for her upcoming college days and nights back east. She was so excited to be moving ahead with her life, but I knew I'd miss her terribly. The rest of us were stuck in town at least another year as we finished up high school. That didn't stop Ash, Liv, and El from grabbing armfuls of clothes to try on as well.

The girls had selected outfits for me to try on as well, starting with a boucle knit mini skirt in a tartan plaid pattern and a Kelly green mock turtleneck top. They stood me up before the

changing room mirror and laughed out loud at my expression. I looked like a sexy schoolgirl. Nothing about me said, “male.”

El slipped into a soft woven miniskirt with a Burberry plaid pattern that she paired with a white t-shirt that said “Sassy” in bright red letters. Its form-fitting style gave her a very sexy silhouette. Sassy indeed. Nicolette loved that outfit, but moaned that she needed heavier clothing to ward off the eastern chill.

For her first look, Nikki selected a sexy-sweet mid-length sweater knit dress in navy blue with a white Peter Pan collar and short puff sleeves. She mentioned that she could pair it with a pair of heavy tights and knee-high boots on cold days. Her figure was stunning beyond belief in the form-fitting dress. All of us urged her to buy it on sale for \$22.90.

Olivia smiled at me wickedly, pushing 3 pieces of clothing into my hands. It was a sporty workout set with leggings, a warm-up jacket, and a sports bra. “Here Ari,” she explained, “you’re gonna need a lot of these outfits for cheer practice!”

To make my embarrassing situation even more humiliating, a beautiful auburn-haired sales girl suddenly appeared asking me, “Wow so you’re a cheerleader? I’m on an All-Star team. If you can tumble I’d love to have you try out. You sure have the look we’re going for! Please say yes?”

Before I could stop gaping long enough to reply, El stepped up and answered for me. “Oh, Ariana here is an amazing tumbler. Ah-MAY-zing with a double zing! Of course she’ll try out, won’t you, Ari?”

I mumbled some garbled gibberish as my face burned with shame. I knew how girly I looked, but that was beside the point. How in the world could this sales girl Katie ever imagine that I’d prance around and do flips and tumbling runs wearing a tiny, tight, skimpy All-Star cheer uniform? The very thought of it made me dizzy with utter humiliation.

Olivia moved in and took my arm possessively as she said, “Sorry, we need Ariana here for our high school squad. Maybe next year?” Katie was visibly disappointed. I was both relieved and slightly scared hearing Liv’s plans for me for the third or fourth time.

“She has to understand that there’s absolutely no way I can cheer as a girl, for our school, or for an All-Star gym. That simply isn’t possible, no matter how feminine I look at the moment,” I assured myself.

We all tried on several other outfits. Serena wowed all of us in a hunter green knit mini dress that had a self-tie lace-up back design and form-fitting 3/4 sleeves. Her legs looked beautiful in a swingy skirt, and the tight fit showed off her athletic figure. The color set off her eyes perfectly, really making them pop. We all insisted she spring for the dress at its low \$12.90 price tag.

When I came out of the little cubical in the warm-up outfit Olivia had picked out for me, I saw she was dressed in the exact same ensemble. We looked a lot like the cheer squad teammates she wanted us to be in our athletic stretch-knit 7/8 leggings in an all-over silver-grey camo print, with sheer mesh panels and stitched detailing. She kept running her hands over my matching sports bra.

El appeared in her second outfit, a denim blue strapless chambray romper with a self-tie sweetheart neck and an open midriff cutout in a wide, floaty shorty style. It made her look like a birthday present with a big bow to unwrap. She was more adorable than ever as she twirled in place, graceful as a ballerina, to give us a good look. We demanded she buy it, even at \$35.

For my third outfit, the girls made me model a navy and pink garden floral print-woven skort romper with a deep V-neckline, a tulip skirt layer, and a faux-wrap design. They fussed with the self-tie adjustable cami straps until it showed off my glued on boobs. They forced me to buy it for \$17.90 and made me wear it out of the store. I was now the proud owner of three very feminine outfits!

From there, we stopped into Victoria's Secret where the girls asked a very pretty salesgirl named Marnie to fit me for a bra. I was indeed a 34-C as Nicolette predicted. Soon, I'd purchased ten pairs of panties—boy shorts, bikinis, and thongs—as well as three bras, two nighties, scented lotions, and bath oils, and a roll-on fragrance. Also, some shorts, t-shirts, crop tops, and leggings from the PINK collection. Even with the many sales and discounts, this was becoming a very expensive day.

The time we spent in Sephora nearly cleaned out my bank account. Who knew that makeup was so expensive? Esthetician Olivia methodically selected all my new items: foundation, blush, contour, creams, mascara, eyeliners, lip and shadow pallets, and other miscellaneous potions, paints, and powders she said I'd need to “maintain my sex kitten image.”

Night Two: The New Sexy Sporty Girl

It was already evening by the time we finally emerged from the mall, loaded down with arms full of shopping bags. With all of our stuff, there wasn't much room for us in Nicolette's Jeep, but we squeezed in the best we could.

It ended up with me sitting on Serena's lap, her arms wrapped tightly around my waist, and with me holding as many of my new purchases as I could. We unloaded the car and the girls almost immediately ushered me back into the Jeep.

Before I could muster the courage to ask where we were going, Nicolette pulled into the Sexy Sporty parking lot. When I refused to get out, Serena grabbed two of my fingers and started bending them just enough to make me move exactly where she wanted me to go. That was in through the front doors, past several cute girls dressed in sexy plaid skirts, and right up to the manager's office.

Knocking loudly, Ella shouted, "It's me El, and I brought that girl I told you about!"

A gruff voice shouted back, "It's about time! And she better look as hot as you said...." his grumbling faded as he stared at me with wide, hungry eyes. "WOW! You were not joking about her, were you?" he grinned wickedly. The manager—who introduced himself as Mack—was about six foot four, stocky, and about 30 years old with unruly black hair and an unkempt beard. He looked like a pirate on shore leave.

I looked at what was obviously a skimpy school girl style uniform and felt lightheaded. When the girls were telling Kate that I had quit Mama Gina's and was getting a job as a Sexy Sporty Girl, I'd assumed they were just teasing me.

My mind was spinning. I wondered at the lengths they'd go to just to embarrass me with a silly prank. When the manager—who introduced himself as Mack—put an application on the table in front of me, I began to have some doubts about that.

All my doubts faded when he explained, "You'll be working on a trial basis. Your actual money comes from tips that you split with the other girls and staff. Your salary is a joke, but the tips are great. On a good night, you can clear \$500. It ain't totally Kosher, but we'll have you log in using Ella's ID and Social for the first week or so."

Ella whispered in my ear, "We get a \$50 bonus for every new girl who we recruit. Fill out that application so I can get my money, Ariana!"

I sighed and filled out the simple two-sided form. I was hoping that would be that, but Mack had other ideas. He reached into a closet and pulled out a small plastic-wrapped package which he handed to me. He gestured to a door with the silhouette of a sexy girl thrusting out her hip on it and said, "You can change in there Ariana."

He turned away and asked the other girls if any of them wanted to apply as well. I

listened as if in a distant fog, holding what was obviously a Sexy Sporty Girl uniform.

“Hey! What are you still doing here? Unless you want me to watch you change?”

Mortified, I dashed through the door and was half undressed before I stopped to think. I must have been lost in thought because Mack pounded on the door and said, “What’s keeping you, girl? You need me to come in there and help you get dressed?”

“N-n-no! I’m almost done!” I answered, and hurried to get myself into the humiliating uniform. When I was fully dressed and looked at myself in the mirror I nearly fainted. It was even worse than I’d imagined. I looked like a sexy teenaged girl glammed up by my perfect makeup, and my long honey blonde hair had playful pink highlights.

The plaid skirt was short, barely covering my crotch. The top was a matching plaid bikini top with a tiny open white short-sleeved shirt attached. The top tied in a big flirty bow between my fake breasts, showing off ample cleavage. The silky socks were sheer and white, stretching almost to my knees. The shoes were a childish Mary Jane style with a t-strap across my toes and a 3-inch block heel.

When I stepped out of the tiny dressing room, the four girls clapped and whistled at me. Mack actually picked me up and put me in his lap. He bounced me on his knee for a few minutes and said, “That’s good, you didn’t scream or try to slap me. Our Sexy Sporty girls have to be fun and up for a bit of wild times. You’re hired. Your shift starts in fifteen minutes.”

I gasped and started to say, “No way!” but Ella interrupted me saying, “This is so great Ariana! Just what you’ve always wanted!” My mouth opened and closed but no words would come out.

Nicolette was fighting back laughter, but managed to get just enough control over herself to say, “Have a great shift, Ari Girl! One of us will pick you up after closing which is....” she looked to Mack at that point.

“It’ll be 2:30 a.m. by the time these lazy girls clean up this place and settle up their tips,” he said.

“See you around 2:30, Ariana,” giggled Nicolette, “remember we have a big day at the beach tomorrow!”

And with that the four girls filed out of the cluttered office, leaving me to work as a sexy hostess at a rowdy sports bar wearing a tiny, skimpy outfit.

What were the chances that among my first customers would be my ex-girlfriend Cynthia on a date with my ex-best friend Pete? I noticed them as soon as they pushed through the front doors and approached my hostess station.

Cindy was looking casually beautiful in a navy blue sundress with white sandals. Their two inch heels lifted her height to match mine, eyeball to eyeball. Pete wore his typical blue jeans and a dirty white t-shirt that said “Booty Inspector” in big red letters. “Why was I ever friends with this jerk,” I wondered, “what does Cindy see in him?”

Speaking of my ex, I could pick up on an angry vibe from her immediately. Maybe she was jealous of the attention Pete was paying to the scantily clad Sexy Sporty girls? I mean the uniform I was wearing left nearly nothing to the imagination. The tight little top pushed up and showed off my fake boobs provocatively as I greeted them. Pete and Cindy both noticed. He smiled. She glared.

“Will you be dining at a booth or a table, or sitting at the bar?” I asked Pete in my most flirtatious Ariana voice, praying that he wouldn’t recognize me. He was asking for trouble taking Cindy to a sports bar known for its Sexy Sporty girls. I wouldn’t have dreamed of even asking her to come to a place like this.

He was leering at my boobs as he said, “Better give us a booth, over by the window, babe.”

Cindy stopped and regarded me coldly. This made me very nervous, but I forced a vacant smile onto my exquisitely made up face. She stared in seeming disbelief at my glued-on titties that were nearly bursting out of my plaid bikini bra top.

Her gaze then shifted downward and locked onto my tight little plaid pleated skirt, and then continued down my long, hairless legs that were accented in sheer white knee-high stockings. She snorted derisively at my childish-looking school girl style Mary Jane shoes.

Pete was grinning widely as I showed the couple to their booth about half way into the restaurant part of the establishment. I gave both of them menus and then turned and walked away to prepare myself to greet the next party.

I was about ten feet on my way when I felt a hand grab my arm and spin me around. It was Cindy and she looked very shocked and even more angry. “Oh my Lord! Michael, it really is you!”

“N-n-no! I’m Ariana,” I pathetically protested.

“The Hell you are,” she snapped. “What are you doing? Spying on me? Stalking me?”

“No! It’s not what it looks like! I can explain! What happened was Ella and her friends....”

“Just save it, Sissy! And to think I was actually considering getting back together with you. If it gets out that I dated a sissy, my reputation will be ruined. Everyone will think I’m a lesbian—not that there’s anything wrong with that! But still? What an idiot I am!”

I was crushed to hear all of that, and even more devastated when she smiled cruelly and said, “You know this really is perfect for you, girly. Look at you, ‘Ariana,’ you make an absolutely perfect little Sexy Sporty slut!”

With that, she spun on her heel and went back to rejoin Pete at their table. There she gave him a huge, lingering kiss and smirked at me. While that upset me greatly, she made things much worse by whispering in Pete’s ear.

My best friend turned worst enemy shook his head and laughed. I could hear him shout as he said, “No way!”

I held out some hope of escaping with my reputation intact. It’d be my word against hers—an angry ex who was obviously just making up stories about me as a feminized hostess to make me look bad. I could still show my face in this town....

But then Pete stared right at me and shook his head again. My stomach churned as I watched his eyes growing wider and his smile expanding monstrously. My hopes shrunk as his grin grew until his jaws stretched and his laugh echoed throughout the place. I knew then I was doomed.

After I seated a party of six frat boys near the big screen showing a preseason football game, Cindy came up to me again, with a look of grim determination on her face. “I’ve thought about this and Pete and I decided that we have as much to lose as you do here. If his ex-best friend is outed as a sissy, he looks like ... well he looks bad.”

I tried to argue, “But I’m not....”

Cindy snapped, “Shut up *Ariana* and listen to me! I actually dated you! My reputation will be trash if people find out you’re a total fairy. They may even blame me!”

I was so crushed. Earlier she’d said she was thinking of coming back to me. Now, she was ashamed she’d ever dated me in the first place. “How could this get any worse?” I wondered. I found out immediately as Cindy continued.

“Pete came up with a great idea. So this is how it’s gonna be, *Ariana*. You are housesitting for your cousin Michael and his family. He changed his mind and went to join his family at the Cape. That means Michael won’t show his face around here until the school year begins.”

My horror increased as my beautiful ex-girlfriend explained my fate in detail: “You will be out and about, dressed in short shorts and crop tops, sun dresses, miniskirts and halters—the whole gamut of girly clothes. You will keep working here as a Sexy Sporty Girl. All summer long!”

Almost all of my hope for returning to my real gender any time soon was gone, but I had one last gasp, “What if I just refuse to go along with this? You can’t make me....”

Cindy’s laugh rudely interrupted my last stand for my masculinity. “Look *girlfriend*. If we see or even hear about you not looking and acting like a total girly girl, we will post the pictures and videos we took of you flirting and posing in your sexy uniform all over social media! You will be a laughingstock!”

I slowly shook my head in halfhearted defiance, but Cindy slapped down my last shred of resolve by saying, “You mentioned Ella and her friends helped you with your girly makeover? They sure did a great job. I almost didn’t recognize you. I bet they have even more pictures and videos of you?”

The defeated expression on my face told her everything she needed to know.

“I knew it!” she smiled in triumph, “in fact....”

I felt the blood drain from my face and felt faint as she called Ella’s cell and put the phone on speaker. “Is this Ella?” asked Cindy, unnecessarily.

“Yes, El here!” she chirped.

Ella giggled then laughed out loud as Cindy said, “Hey El, I’m here at Sexy Sporty with Ariana, and she’s agreed to stay as a girly girl, 24/7 for the rest of the summer. If you ask me, her tomboy days are over forever. She’s fully embracing her femininity!”

When Ella stopped laughing long enough to catch her breath, she agreed, “It’s about time! Such a beautiful, feminine girl should have embraced her true gender a long time ago! I can’t wait to take Ari shopping for her new sexy wardrobe!”

Cindy looked me in the eye and asked, “So it’s settled?” When I didn’t respond, she loudly insisted, “Ariana?!?” I nodded sadly, hopelessly, helplessly yes.

“O.K. El, Ari is nodding yes....”

Ella’s joyous laughter was loud enough to attract confused looks from around the dining room. As people looked at me—guys leering and women sneering—I shrunk to the size of a lady bug in utter humiliation.

When Cindy and Pete were leaving, my ex took out her lipgloss and used it to “freshen up my lips” as my former best friend laughed loudly at my submissive acceptance of my new role.

He slapped me on the ass and said, “Stay sexy, *Ariana!*” as he wrapped his ape-like arm around Cindy’s shoulders possessively.

She turned toward me, blew me a kiss, and said, “See you around, *Ari Girl!*” in a breathy, bimboish voice. I wanted to crawl into a hole and pull it in after me. I’d never felt so demeaned in my life.

I passed the rest of the night in a daze—seating parties, smiling at the women and flirting with the men—but my heart and head weren’t in it. I felt the jaws of forced femininity closing in on me, with no way to escape my girlish fate.

After I worked hard during the rest of my first shift as a sexy hostess in a foggy haze of nearly unbearable and unimaginable humiliation, Ella picked me up in her jeep and took me back to her place.

The four girls made me recount every emasculating detail of my Sexy Sporty shift—including my encounter with Cindy and Pete. Finally, I was dressed and put to bed as if I were a

little girl.

I couldn't believe all this had happened to me in just two days! I'd gone from a somewhat nerdy guy to a Sexy Sporty girl. I had little time to wonder what the next day might have in store. Sleep came upon me quickly, as I was emotionally and physically exhausted.

Continued in Emasculated by Ella Book Three

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!