Poolside Pest

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Chapter 1

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Aaron tried his best to look nonchalant as he walked alongside the pool in his black and green swimming trunks. As long as he did not rouse suspicion, this would be the perfect plan. He knew it. He twitched his head to move his shaggy blond mane out of his face before picking just the right spot. He smirked as he saw the girls standing in the pool, giggling and chatting about some girl thing that he could not care less about. A cannonball right here would be perfect! What was the point of being in the pool if you were just going to stand around and laugh obnoxiously the whole time?

“Cannonball!” He yelled as he launched himself into the air, splashing down close enough to them to drench them, but far enough away to have deniability. He blasted back up to the top with a triumphant crow.

“Get him, girls!” The leader of the group said. Aaron, still a bit disoriented from his cannonball, had little defense against the girls as they grabbed him and pulled him forcefully from the pool and along the walkway toward the changing rooms.

“Where are you taking me? Hey! I can't go in there!” It was too late. The girls had pulled the sopping wet boy into the girls’ changing room.

“Calm down.” The leader said. “We're just going to give you a little makeover.”

“A makeover?”

“You think we haven't noticed how often you “accidentally” splash us?” A brunette said.

“Strip him, girls.” The leader ordered. Thinking quickly, Aaron grabbed his waistband to prevent them from tugging down his swimming trunks. “Fight all you want.” The leader said with a smirk, as if she was pleased by his resistance. “Just makes it that much more fun when we get our way. And believe me, we'll get it.”

“C'mon, funny joke. Let me go.”

“Nope. You splashed us like a little boy, but I think” the leader smirked. “With hair like that, you'll make an even better little girl.” Aaron stared at her. “C'mon, girls. Our little princess is waiting. Let's get her out of those icky boy clothes.”

“You can't do this!” Aaron protested, but it solved nothing. The girls forced him down onto a polished wooden bench and removed his swim trunks in an instant. To his horror, they held him down and the boy was unable to do anything but watch as they tugged a replacement garment up his slender, hairless legs. It looked like a combination between underwear and a skirt, with layers of frilly something or another in a very feminine shade of purple.

“Look at you, so docile already.” The leader cooed. “I expected to have to threaten to throw you out of here naked, but you're already behaving much more like a little girl

should. Do her top.”

“Please don't” Aaron whispered, humiliated by the tulle skirt bottoms around his waist as the girls forced his arms up so they could pull a top over him, Ariel's smiling face on it and a matching frill lining the bottom.

“Hair.” The leader instructed, even as her cronies forced Aaron's hair into two bunches that quickly became pigtails, held in place by matching purple hair bands with big bows on them. He felt embarrassed tears welling up in his eyes.

“Please, I'm sorry” he whimpered.

“Nice to hear an apology. Too bad it took so long.” The girl said with a wicked grin. “Do you accept her apology, girls?”

“Nope.” The redhead said at once. “Sounded kinda half-hearted, like she didn't really mean it.”

“Stop calling me she.” Aaron's voice was thin and had none of the fire it normally did. He knew he was trapped and did not want to make the girls madder than they already were.

“How about you apologize again, sweetie? Girls, go ahead and paint her nails while she's apologizing.” The leader said. “Go on, little girl.”

“And make it count.” The redhead added.

“How about you give her a script then, Ashlynn?” The leader replied. Aaron stared down at the girls holding every one of his limbs as they painted all ten of his nails with sparkly pink nail polish, hardly even knowing just where to look.

“Say, ‘I'm really sorry for splashing and promise to be a good little girl from now on'.”

“What?” A hint of his old defiant spirit finally came back to Aaron, just in his hour of need.

“Apologize just like Ashlynn said and we'll undo everything, give you your trunks back. If you don't, you can walk home like this.”

“We'll even steal your towel.” Ashlynn added. Aaron sighed. What choice did he have?

“Fine. I'm really sorry for splashing and I promise to be a good little girl from now on. Happy?” The girls giggled as they pulled him up on his feet.

“Hey, where are we going? No, you can't take me outside like this!” They ignored him, dragging him out into the midday sunlight.

“Gotta show our good little girl off!” Ashlynn teased as they headed over to the lounge chairs.

“Here's the deal. You're going to lie here in the sun for the next forty-five minutes. That way, we know you've learned your lesson and you'll be a good little girl, true to your word. After that, we'll give you your stuff back and we'll act like none of this ever happened.” The leader said. “But you need to lounge here for the whole time. We'll be watching from the pool.” Aaron took his position, blushing as he realized just how exposed he was. The girls smirked as Ashlynn handed him a pair of sparkly pink sunglasses, which he dutifully put

on.

“Let's get out of his sunlight.” Ashlynn said loudly enough for the whole pool area to hear. They returned to the pool, but Aaron knew that things would only be worse for him if he moved even one muscle. He would never splash again, he resolved, hearing the snickers as a steady stream of people walked by.