

# ***Made Over Into Mia***

***Book Five: How Can Marc  
Escape His Feminized Fate?***



***Ordinary Boy Is Emasculated And  
Dominated By Neighborhood Girls  
A First Time Forced Feminization Fantasy***



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Harris***

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## Sneak Preview

Mia looked at herself in her full length mirror and sighed. Reflected there she saw a somewhat typical if exceptionally pretty young teenaged girl wearing a cute little outfit—a light blue sundress that had white flower patterns on it. She'd paired that with a white cropped denim jacket and some strappy white sandals with a low heel.

Her makeup was minimal. Just some toned down blush, light mascara, and a bright sparkling pink gloss. Her hair was styled casually, let down in beachy waves. She accessorized this girly girl look with gold hoop earrings in her pierced ears and a delicate necklace with a little crescent moon charm.

None of this would raise an eyebrow except for one important detail: Until she'd been targeted by a local mean girl named Monique Henderson, Mia had been a boy named Marc! Back when she was a carefree typical boy Marc, she had drawn the ire of the teen tyrant by daring to defy her.

As she regarded herself in the mirror, with dismay, Mia regarded the ultimate outcome of her incautious folly. She'd challenged the local princess, and ended up turned into a princess herself as a direct consequence. One might say the results "weren't pretty," but they actually were. Mia had to reluctantly admit, even to her own sorrow, that she made quite a pretty young teenaged girl indeed.

Monique reveled in the knowledge that boys were so easy to humiliate. All she had to do was call their masculinity into question, and they'd melt into a pool of humiliated tears. Nothing made her happier than defeating and demeaning boys. She loved beating them in basketball or arm wrestling, and then calling them by a girl's name, and so on. When he defied her, she had set her sights on Marc.

She gave Marc a few chances to serve her as her loyal subject, but each time he refused. Before long, she grew tired of his disobedience and his scoffing at her. She was used to people complying with her whims, and her desire for revenge against the kid she called "the new girl"

increased day by day. Her thirst for vengeance got even more fervent when she discovered her “new girl” was really a new boy!

Monique knew that it was incredibly embarrassing for a boy to be called by a girl’s name, and she loved making Marc blush by calling him Mia. But that wasn’t enough retribution for her. Not even close. Her annoyance at him soon became anger and her anger escalated into fury, burning ever hotter until one day she couldn’t take it anymore. She wanted to see how far she could go with humiliating Marc. She wanted to push the poor helpless new boy far beyond mere words.

As the beautiful bully envisioned emasculating her prey, she became more and more excited. Not just thrilled by the prospect either. She felt herself becoming lightheaded, enticed, even erotically aroused by the image of force feminizing the pretty boy into a sexy girl. She obsessed about it, and every time she ran through her plans in her head, she felt her entire body twitch in anticipation.

As an experienced manipulative bully, Monique understood what she needed to do in order to maintain her complete control over everyone around her. She knew that she had to ruthlessly punish anyone who dared to openly defy her. Letting anyone get away with disrespecting her would lead to others also disrespecting her, challenging her, and refusing to obey her. She resolved not to let that happen.

She’d managed to sustain her domination over her would be peers through a mixture of favors and punishment, carrots and sticks. Marc was ignoring both. His defiance represented a real threat to her dominance, and she couldn’t afford to let that continue. More than that, she needed to make an example of him to ensure her authoritarian rule persisted.

Insubordination from anyone would undermine her authority, unless she made an example of them. So she made up her mind to make an example of Marc, now Mia. The former boy was now a toy. A thoroughly emasculated, feminized, and helpless play thing.

Mia's life was now a living nightmare. She was stuck as a living dress up doll, used for Monique's amusement, and with no escape in sight. Utter humiliation. That was what happened to anyone who challenged Monique. A lesson Mia sadly had learned.

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## **Forward By The Author**

This is the fifth book in a whole new series! Marc Smith started out as an ordinary guy in book one. Then, the Teen Queens, four dominant, beautiful young mean girls dragged him into a sleep over and transformed him into a cute, feminine girl they named Mia. Monique, the top mean girl found herself sexually aroused by turning Marc into a pretty girl.

Monique and her clique thoroughly emasculated Marc into Mia. She's been trained to obey them, even as they turned her into a very pretty young girl, forced her to attend her new school as a girl, and then made her join both her schools' cheerleading team and an even more flirtatiously feminine competition cheer team!

Whether you wish you were the one being force feminized into a perky little girl, or if you enjoy reading about four feminine girls emasculating a guy and turning him into one of them, this 10,000+ word book (with more than 8,800 words of actual story) has everything you're looking for!

This kinky tale features taboo themes like forced feminization, naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, humiliation, small penis mockery, pegging, detailed emasculating makeovers, spanking, BDSM, power exchange, and lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a 'yassified' young girl!

*xoxo*

*Mindi*

### **This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards**

All characters are of the legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted, implied, and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations or actions between or involving blood relations, minors, etc.

There are no depictions, references to, or implications of any illegal, unethical, immoral, criminal, violent, non-consensual, abusive or other improper or wrongful activity, contact, nor conduct; nor is any objectionable behavior promoted, advocated for, nor implied.

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## Content Warning And Disclaimers

**Warning, Reader Discretion Advised!** This is a forced feminization fantasy. It involves kinky, taboo themes like naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, small penis humiliation, mockery, detailed and embarrassing emasculating makeovers, BDSM, power exchange, lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a ‘yassified’ young girl, and more! ***Do not read this book if any of these or similar themes offend you!***

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**Beware!** This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

**Warning!** This story contains kinky themes such as male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. *If these topics offend you, stop reading.*

## Chapter One: Marc's Makeover Into Mia Continues

Mia looked at herself in her full length mirror and sighed. Reflected there she saw a somewhat typical if exceptionally pretty young teenaged girl wearing a cute little outfit—a light blue sundress that had white flower patterns on it. She'd paired that with a white cropped denim jacket and some strappy white sandals with a low heel.

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Several weeks earlier, the first week he'd moved into town, Marc Smith met a new friend his age named Margot Fletcher. Soon afterward, she had introduced him to a some other neighborhood boys their age, and they all accepted the new kid as a new friend.

First among these welcoming young men was Jim Swenson, a tall and athletic boy with dirty blond hair and sparkling blue eyes. He stood about six foot three inches tall and weighed a muscular one hundred and sixty five pounds. He was bright, good natured, and loved laughing. He'd often quote funny lines and act out silly scenes from movies and shows to entertain his friends.

Next came Jerome Watson who, like Jim, was a star on the school's basketball team. Jerry as he was usually called, was six foot tall, and weighed one hundred and fifty five pounds of rippling muscle. A senior, he was slated to play for a top division one basketball program.

He had the darkest brown eyes and long black curly hair that he wore in dreads. They bounced around his head like a nest of snakes. A studious, straight A student, he was not overly serious. He always made time for athletics and other physical activities, and liked to joke around whenever he could.

Also in the group was a brown haired, brown eyed boy named Bobby Hendrix. He was about five foot nine and weighed just over one hundred and fifty pounds. He was outgoing and sociable, and he loved making new friends and meeting new people. He had a great sense of humor and was always making people laugh.

Lastly, and usually bringing up the rear, was "Chubby" Mortimer. He was about five foot seven and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. His real name was Charles, but he usually went by "Chubby,"

unflattering as that might have seemed. He was extraordinarily good natured, and didn't take offense at his nickname.

He was one of the funniest kids around, always making jokes at his own expense. He kept his sandy brown hair cut short, and his brown eyes were always active, taking in everything around him. He wasn't nearly as athletic as the other boys in the group, but he managed to have a good time, doing his best, and joking around.

Marc really liked hanging around with this pack of kids. The four boys and Margot—who was considered an honorary boy—were all sports fans, just like him. They all spent a lot of time skating and playing sports together. Besides that, they spent some time playing video games, listening to music, and generally just hanging out if the weather was rainy.

Unfortunately for Marc, his ability to get along with other kids didn't translate to his first meeting with Monique Henderson, the resident mean teen girl. Starting off as a simple misunderstanding, their interactions quickly became fraught with conflict, almost all of it coming from her bossiness and over all arrogance.

At first, Mia had mistakenly thought Marc was a girl, and before long she decided to rectify her mistake. Not by admitting she was wrong, however. She hated to ever admit she was wrong. Instead, she decided to somehow make herself right by turning the petite, good natured boy into a girl!

Soon, Monique started getting sexually aroused as she thought about Marc's feminization. Her fantasies increased in frequency and ferocity, until she could think of almost nothing else. She'd easily convinced her clique called the Teen Queens to help her, and the four of them had ambushed Marc and much against his will made him over as a cute girl.

The Teen Queens—Monique, Trisha, Abbi, and Carlie—forced Mia to undergo a total lifestyle change. They'd taken away all of her male clothes, shoes, and so on, and replaced them with dresses, skirts,

tops—even panties, bras, and girls’ sleepwear and swimwear! All of her hoodies were replaced with stylish twin sets, her coats with a pink puffer jacket and sweet looking peacoat in periwinkle.

Not content with that, they’d completely redecorated Mia’s bedroom from a typical boy’s room into a lavishly girlish domain. They repainted the walls in a rich shade of pink, and put up boy band and princess posters on the walls. Finally, they subjected the feminized former boy to rigorous “girl lessons” to teach her how to move, talk, act, and even think like a girl.

Under their thumb, Mia was forced to act like she loved being a girl, using terms like “that is so sweet” and “OMG” and “totes adorbs.” All this with a ditzy smile on her face. While Monique absolutely loved emasculating the poor kid, she knew that her plaything hated every part of her feminization.

Still, the feigned eagerness was more than enough to make key decision makers believe Mia was avid to participate in her feminization. This was important to Monique’s diabolical plans to keep Mia as a girl, because the teachers and school administration were all watching the case quite closely.

Regulations specified that these adults were obligated to confirm that Mia was really transgendered, as Monique’s schemes had led them to believe. If the emasculated kid had protested vigorously against it, there’s no way they would have let Mia attend school as a girl.

The feminized teen didn’t know that, however. She’d been too afraid to defy Monique and the Teen Queens, and later her own parents, to even raise much fuss about it anyway. By that point, it was much too late.

## Chapter Two: Marc's Friends Meet Mia

Now that the former boy had been transformed into a most feminine girl, she was absolutely dreading seeing her gang as she was currently dressed. Or more accurately, she dreaded them seeing her. She couldn't put it off forever, however, and one day she'd been forced to come face to face with her old gang.

Chubby was the first to see the former Marc. He didn't recognize Mia, though. He approached the feminine creature saying, "Hi! My name is Charles, but everyone calls me—"

"Everyone calls you 'Chubby,' yes I know," Mia said in a voice barely above a whisper. She could barely speak, so great was her humiliation at coming face to face with her friend. She noticed "Chubby" was wearing his usual blue jeans, t shirt, and high top sneakers.

"How do you know my name? I've never seen you before...oh my gawd, Marc? Is that really you?" the flabbergasted "Chubby" shouted at the top of his lungs. He was as kind hearted as anyone, but he often let his excitement get the better of him. He was stunned to recognize his friend totally remade into the girlish vision who stood before him.

Mia looked down at her cute kitten heels, face blushing brightest red as she stood before her buddy wearing a cute feminine all too typical teen girl outfit. This was a pastel pink crop top with frills on the sleeves and a high waisted white mini skirt with a subtle silver floral pattern.

She toyed nervously with the bangs of her new asymmetrical bob hairstyle. It was among the girliest hairstyles imaginable, complete with ultra feminine pink accents, golden highlights, and matching honey blonde extensions. She blinked her made up eyes, sighed, then looked up, risking a shy glance at her friend.

By this time, Bobby Hendrix had joined the two of them. He was also wearing blue jeans, a t shirt, with well worn low top sneakers. "What's going on, 'Chubs'?" he asked, concerned after hearing his friend yelling.

Then he added with heightened interest, “Hey, who’s the new girl?” when he saw the pretty feminine Mia standing there awkwardly but coquettishly in front of the Smith’s home.

“Chubby” said, “You wouldn’t believe it if I told you, Bob!” shaking his head, and speaking in a tone that signaled his own incredulous disbelief.

“Won’t believe what?” asked Jim Swenson as he jogged across the *cul de sac* and approached the other three kids. Jim was wearing cargo shorts, sandals, and a muscle shirt with a backwards ball cap.

“Do you want to tell them, or should I?” asked “Chubby,” a sad, stricken look on his face. His expression was tempered with something else as he regarded Mia’s alluring appearance, however, something akin to desire.

Mia would rather not have anyone explain her newly feminized identity to her other friends, but she knew someone had to explain who she was. Also, she didn’t want to force her friend “Chubby” to do it. So she said quietly but firmly, “I’ll tell them,” almost too faintly for the four boys to hear.

She cleared her voice once, twice, and three times, trying to get up the nerve to tell the gang that she used to be their guy friend. Meanwhile, Margot had noticed this was going on, and she’d rushed out to join her neighborhood friends.

She dashed from her side door and stood beside Mia, giving her a tight hug and then draping her arm around the smaller girl’s shoulders protectively. The sweet mannered tom boy wanted to offer her emotional support, and whispered in Mia’s ear, “I’ll explain everything to them, if you want me to?”

Mia shook her head, knowing this was something she had to do. “Time to man up!” she told herself, then she giggled at the incongruity of manning up while wearing a frilly pastel pink crop top and an above the

knee length floral pattern and white skirt! That gave Mia the lift she needed to face up to this daunting task.

The feminized former boy took a deep breath, then she said in a clear but wavering tone, “It’s me, Marc Smith. I mean, you used to know me as Marc Smith, but now I’m Mia.”

Margot and “Chubby” had already known this, and they nodded supportively, but the rest of the gang was stunned beyond belief. Their mouths hung open like huge, gaping tunnels. Still, they were much too considerate to laugh at Mia or otherwise make their friend feel worse about this horrendous fate.

Also, in spite of themselves, they found her incredibly attractive. An awkward silence ensued as their gaze drank in their friend’s alluring presentation. She made quite the attractive young teen princess with her sexy petite and feminine body, her girlish hair style, her flirty outfit, and her expertly done makeup that brought out her beautiful eyes.

Jerome sauntered up and was about to say something when Margot took him by the arm and gave him a meaningful look. The tall athletic guy shrugged in reply, then nodded and looked from face to face with a questioning look. His eyes settled on Mia, and the feminized former guy recognized a look of lust in his friend’s eyes.

Mia pursed her full, kissable lips, dramatized by her bubble gum pink lip gloss and then broke the silence saying, “Remember when we went to spy on the Teen Queens and I got left behind? Well, the girls captured me and feminized me into this.”

She gestured at herself as she struck an unconsciously seductive pose. Then, she looked down at her cute little heels again, once more blushing brighter and redder than a ripened strawberry.

That seemed to break the spell, as Margot and the four boys all shook their heads in sympathy, then they began talking all at once asking questions of their feminized friend. Margot went first, asking, “Mar— I mean, Mia? I hate to say it, but you’re way more feminine than me, and

I'm a girl! I mean we talked about it before, but how? How did this happen to you?"

Mia gulped, blushed, and replied, "Monique and the rest of them gave me 'girl lessons.' They made me practice sitting, standing, walking, and talking like a girl. They forced me to walk around in heels, taught me to sweep my skirts underneath me when I sat, and all of that girly stuff. It took hours and hours and hours but...." Mia shrugged and trailed off.

"Dude!" said "Chubby" shaking his head, "I mean if I didn't know you, I never would've guessed? No offense, but you look and act just like a girl? Ummm, how can I say this? Did you want to be a girl?"

Margo slapped "Chubby's" arm and growled at him, "How can you ask him—I mean her—that!"

"No no! It's OK," Mia said sadly, "I can understand why someone might wonder about that. But 'Chubby?' The answer is 'no,' no I never wanted to be a girl. I never even considered it! I desperately want to get out of this, but I don't know how!"

"Wow! That sucks, dude!" Bobby said, "if you have to be a girl, at least you make a really pretty one, though?"

Mia blushed deeply at that. She never wanted to be a girl much less a "really pretty one." Still, she couldn't deny that she made a very lovely young girl, one that she'd love to date under other circumstances. "Umm thank you, I guess?"

Margot blinked at her friend and said, "This is horrible! It's so unfair!" Then she repeated what she'd asked before, "Why won't your parents help you? Why won't they talk to Monique's parents and get them to make her stop doing this?"

Mia moped and answered, "I told you, Margot. Both of my parents work for Monique's family's company. Monique somehow got her parents make my parents agree to keep me as a girl!"

“Well, Bobby’s right,” Margot shrugged, “you’re a really pretty girl!” and the boys all nodded enthusiastically. The hungry glint in their eyes confirmed that they all considered her a most attractive and datable girl.

Mia sighed, feeling overwhelmed by the realization that her guy friends saw her as a very alluring, feminine girl. Of course she’d experienced life as a pretty, stylish, and feminine young teen over the previous weeks. Still, nothing could have prepared her for the tidal waves of disorienting emotions as she looked into the eyes of the kids she’d skated with and saw their burning desire targeting her.

Jim wordlessly reached out and took Mia’s prettily manicured hand and gently drew her off to the side where they could speak without the others overhearing. He smiled at the pretty princess and pulled her hand to his lips. He kissed her dainty fingers and looked deeply into her eyes to gauge her reaction.

Mia gasped, her eyes wide, then she blinked her long lashes and pouted her luscious lips. She said, “Jim....”

Jim smiled down at her and said, “Yes, Mia? I’m sorry, but I couldn’t help myself. I have to tell you, I’ve never seen a more beautiful girl. Forgive me?”

“I, I, um, I—” Mia sighed, “yes, I forgive you, but I—”

Jim bent down and took Mia’s soft, smooth cheeks in his strong hands, bent her back cautiously, and planted a voracious kiss on her puffy pink lips. He held their faces firmly together, and let his tongue eagerly explore the inside of the petite princess’s mouth.

This moment seemed to last forever, and when Jim let go Mia staggered. She felt intoxicated by the experience. “OMG!” she muttered, “I was afraid of how you’d react to seeing me as a girl, but I never imagined you doing that or myself kissing a boy for that matter!”

“Did you like it?” Jim asked, “it seems like you did?”

Still hyperventilating, still barely able to stand, Mia nodded “Yes,” and she smiled up at her tall, dark, and handsome friend. Jim smiled down at Mia, and wrapped her delicate little body in his big strong embrace.

The rest of the gang had witnessed this, and to them it definitely looked like a boy and a girl kissing, a 100% hetero situation. Mia had no idea what this meant for her. “Am I bi? Am I gay for kissing a boy?” she asked herself, “or am I such a girl now that it makes me straight to kiss a boy?”

She had a lot to think about, but at least she knew that her closest friends had accepted her as a girl. They would have her back, and that meant a lot to the former boy, now an increasingly feminine young girl.

Mia relaxed knowing that whatever she’d have to face in the days and weeks to come, she wouldn’t have to face them alone. That was very good, because she was about to face ever more feminizing, emasculating, embarrassing experiences, starting a few days later that very week!

### **Chapter Three: Mia's First Day Of School**

It was the first day of school, and Monique and Abbi were ready to impress their classmates. Monique and Abbi met up outside the Henderson's home, both dressed to impress on the first day of school. They hugged each other in greeting, made small talk, and were getting ready to pick up Mia to drive to school together.

"Hey, girl, you look amazing! I love your outfit," exclaimed Abbi.

"Thanks, Abbi! I was hoping to make a good first impression on the first day back," replied Monique smiling widely, "you look awesome too!"

"You definitely succeeded. Your dress is gorgeous, and those heels are killer. Where did you get them?" asked Abbi.

"I found them at a vintage store downtown. They were a total steal!" said Monique with a grin.

"Well, you look like a million bucks. And your hair and makeup are flawless too," said Abbi.

"Thanks! I had to wake up extra early to get everything just right. How about you, Abbi? You look totes amazeballs as well," said Monique.

"Thanks! I wanted to look grown up and stylish. My blazer and trousers are from a local boutique, and I paired them with these killer boots I got on sale," explained Abbi.

"I love those boots! And your statement necklace? It's so totally distinctive!" said Monique.

"Thanks, it's a family heirloom. I thought it added a nice touch to my outfit," said Abbi, fingering the gold chain that held the striking star sapphire. "Well, we're definitely dressed to impress."

“That’s true! Now that you mention it, I wonder what Mia’s wearing?” Monique asked as she texted their hopefully helpless dress up doll to tell her to meet them in front of her house.

She and the other Teen Queens had made incredible progress turning the former boy into a girly girl, but still Monique wasn’t sure of her ability to compel Mia’s compliance at this critically important point.

She’d hoped that the intensive feminization regimen they’d forced Mia to undergo for most of the Summer would have its desired impact. They’d done everything they could think of to ensure that their plaything wouldn’t rebel against their orders. She stared at the Smith family’s front door in anticipation. This was a moment of truth.

While Mia had been remarkably submissive for the Summer, she’d defied Monique back when she was still a boy named Marc. Today would be the new kid’s first day at a new school. This would set the stage for the rest of the school year. If Marc managed to reassert his masculinity, all of Monique’s plans would crash and burn. Everything she’d planned was at stake.

When the two were shopping for Mia’s back to school outfits, Monique had manipulated Mia into a humiliating wager. She’d been coerced into agreeing that if the sales girls couldn’t tell she wasn’t assigned female at birth, Mia would have to wear the ultra feminine outfit that the top teen Queen had chosen for her.

When Monique saw what Mia was wearing, she laughed with joy and relief at her latest, greatest victory. The dominated dress up doll was standing outside her front door wearing the adorable little pink and white romper Monique had selected for her. More than that, she was fully made up, with her hair in the girliest style possible—and she’d done herself up as a stylish teen girl.

Monique felt waves of elation coursing through her entire body. Her emotional triumph peaked the very second that she saw the helpless kid she’d force feminized. Looking at her handiwork, she burst out in

happy laughter. Mia was all dressed up as a gorgeous girly girl for her first day of school.

“Come on air head,” Monique laughed, leaning out of her car window, “time to go to school!” She laughed again, louder and harder as she saw the humiliated look on Mia’s face. Abbi joined in, laughing so hard that tears ran down her face as Mia let herself into the back seat of Monique’s ride.

Abbi looked Mia up and down. She smirked and said, “Wow, Mia, you're looking like a total babe today. Are you trying to impress someone?”

Mia rolled her eyes and sighed, “No, Abbi, I just wanted to go along with what Monique told me to dress in for the first day of school.”

“Well, it's working. Your outfit is on point. I'm loving those boots and that romper is so adorbs!” Abbi said.

“Thanks,” Mia said, almost moaning with humiliation, “I got them when I was shopping with Monique. She made...I mean she suggested I get it.”

Monique reveled in this, and twisted the knife saying, “It looks like you did your makeup a little differently today, Mia?” She giggled, twirling a strand of hair around her finger.

“OMG yes! It looks great! You're glowing, girl!” Abbi said to Mia, still smirking.

Mia blushed deeply. “Come on? Stop it, you two? You're making me self conscious!” she said.

Abbi laughed and said, “Aww you poor thing, you look amazing, Mia, all the boys will love you!”

Monique said, “Honestly? I wasn’t even sure you would actually appear at your new school dressed as girl, much less all done up as a

total bimbo. Still, here you are, Mia, all ready to take your next step as a total girly girl!”

After the short drive, the top TQ, Abbi, and their new favorite life sized living dress up doll had arrived at school. Yes, Mia was about to appear at her new school for her first day, dressed from head to toe as a cute little girl. Life would never be the same again for the emasculated new student.

As Monique parked, Abbi said, “Are you looking forward to meeting all of your new classmates and teachers as a pretty little girl, Mia?”

Mia gasped, looking and acting as if Abbi’s taunts landed like a punch to the gut. She shook her head sadly, and a single tear rolled down her cheek. She knew how she looked, and she knew that from the moment she walked inside the school building like this, her fate would be sealed. Everyone would know her as a girl.

Mia stood frozen in place as the enormity of the situation paralyzed her. Monique nodded to Abbi and the two girls grabbed the reluctant dress up doll. They half dragged half carried their prey toward a rendezvous with femininity, repeating the act of physical domination over their smaller companion that first began Marc’s makeover into Mia.

Mia tried to struggle to stay in place. Her heels scrambled as she pushed backward ineffectually against the parking lot pavement. Giggling at her helplessness, the stronger girls forced Mia forward toward the main entrance of the school. She panted with fear and exertion, try to prevent the finality of her school life in total femininity, but to no avail as the trio made steady inexorable progress toward the red brick building.

As the three beautiful teenaged girls passed their classmates, everyone began staring. Monique and Abbi were well known popular girls, and the various athletes and other in crowd kids warmly welcomed them. Mia was a fresh face, and she looked like a scrumptious strawberry

short cake brought to life in her sexy, stylish little pink and white outfit. That drew a lot of interest from everyone who saw her.

“Hey Monique, who’s your friend?” asked Drew Matthews, the star quarter back. He stood six foot three, and weighed about one hundred ninety of pure athletic muscle. His sky blue eyes targeted Mia’s delicious form with intense interest.

“Oh this is Mia, she’s new!” said Monique.

“She’s cute a babe!” Drew smiled, “is she going out for cheerleading?”

“She’s already on the squad,” Abbi nodded, “you’ll be seeing her at the welcome back pep rally this afternoon!”

“I can’t wait! Hey Roland, did you hear that?” the QB shouted to the giant walking across the parking lot about twenty feet away.

“No what?” asked the six foot eight, two hundred fifty pound offensive line man as he jogged toward his teammate and the three gorgeous girls.

“This is Mia, she’s a new cheerleader,” said Drew.

“Wow! She’s a cute little thing!” said Roland, laughing loudly as he scooped Mia up into his arms as if she were a tiny bunny.

Mia didn’t want to be held like a toy in the arms of a gentle giant! She wanted the earth to open up and swallow her. She hadn’t even set foot inside the school and she was already being introduced to football players as a girl and a member of the cheerleading squad.

This commotion brought a crowd of students, curious as to what was going on. Scores of boys and girls and even some teachers got their first look at Mia, seeing her wriggling helplessly in Roland’s arms, struggling in vain to get free.

“OK Mr. Watkins, put the new girl down!” said the principal, shaking his head at the star athlete’s silly antics.

“Yes, Sir, Mr. Sanderson,” Roland laughed, gently putting Mia back onto her cute little heels.

This first impression cemented Mia’s identity as a tiny, girlish little doll for everyone who saw this, and everyone they told about it. She knew with out any doubt that she was never going to get another chance to make a first impression as anything else but a cute little girl, much less as a guy.

“That’s it,” she moaned inwardly, “I’m stuck as a girl for as long as I go to this school.” Her experiences confirmed that realization was chillingly accurate. The rest of the school day was an excruciatingly emasculating ordeal for Mia.

All of her teachers made her stand up and introduce herself as “Mia Smith, the new girl.” No one batted an eye at that. Not once did anyone question that she was anything other than a pretty teenaged girl. Everyone saw her as the pretty young girl she appeared to be.

Even if there had been any doubt of Mia’s identity as a female student, none could have possibly remained after she ran cheering onto the gym floor for the pep rally. The entire school witnessed her waving her pom pons alongside her fellow cheerleaders, Monique, Abbi, Carlie, Trisha and the rest of the squad. Just like the other cheer girls, she was wearing her tiny skirt and tight crop top, her hair held in a high ponytail with a big feminine hair bow.

After her first few weeks of school as Mia, the new girl realized she’d become inescapably entrapped in this new feminine identity. She realized that most of her classmates had never even seen her as a boy. They’d only ever known her as the new girl, and as one of the cute and very girlish cheerleaders.

By turning an unwilling boy into a pretty girl, the vivacious, beautiful, and dominant Teen Queen girls had terrified all of the former

boy's friends who knew what had happened. They couldn't even imagine doing anything to help her regain her lost masculine identity as Marc.

Seeing Mia mincing around in her cute skirts, dresses and heels made all of them wary of offering the least offense to the Teen Queens. This spectacle made sure that no boy from the neighborhood would ever come near any of their houses again—not unless they'd been told to do so.

They all lived in terror of the Teen Queens, especially after seeing what they'd done to transform and humiliate the helpless youngster. They were so intimidated, they were too afraid to even admit they'd ever known a guy named Marc Smith.

They all called her Mia whenever anyone else could hear, and before long even all the other times too. This presented a serious problem for Mia as she sought in vain some way to reassert her masculine identity and to escape from her imposed femininity.

As she danced around shaking her pom poms and her butt, cheerleading in her cute little cheer uniform Mia forced a smile onto her prettily made up face, but she felt like crying. “How can I ever live this down?” the former boy lamented, “how can I ever go back to being a boy now?”

Mia could think of no answer and, unfortunately for her, her situation was about to get worse. Much, much worse! She'd already been seen by everyone as a cheerleader for her school, but she was about to take her cheer career to the next level: a cheerleading competition. That meant doing a much more athletic and much sexier routine while wearing a much skimpier, much more feminine uniform.

## Chapter Four: Mia The Competition Cheerleader

After they cheered at a football game, the Teen Queens gathered around Mia. Monique said excitedly, “Hey Mia, We have a big surprise for you! We’re going to participate at a cheerleading competition in a few weeks!”

Mia looked surprised and asked, “Cheerleading competition? What’s that?”

Trisha smiled and replied, “Our squad doesn’t just cheer for our sports teams, we also go to events where we compete against other squads. We represent a local cheerleading gym, and go to local, regional, and—whenever we’re good enough—national and international competitions.”

Mia shook her head in disbelief. “Isn’t it bad enough that you girls made me join cheerleading and make me cheer in front of the whole school in this skimpy uniform?” she whined, gesturing at the tiny skirt and skin tight top she wore.

Monique seemed delirious as she regarded the feminized former boy in the adorable school cheerleader’s uniform and laughed. “You think that uniform’s skimpy?” she smirked. She gleefully held up a few tiny scraps of cloth and said, “We wear a special competition uniform, and this one is yours!”

Mia gasped and mouthed, “Oh no way!” when she saw the incredibly sexy competition cheer uniform. It was a tiny crop top in a sizzling shade of hot pink with “Teen Queens” written in shining silver sequins, and a matching minuscule pair of short shorts in the same pink with silver trim.

Carlie noticed Mia’s reaction and grinned. “I know, right? Isn’t it amazing?” she asked.

Mia reached out to touch the uniform and ran her hand over the sleek, silky fabric. “This is even more feminine than I imagined. The

color is so girlish, and the sequins are just too eye catching with all of that sparkle,” she moaned.

“I know, right? And the skin tight fit is so flattering. We're going to look like total stars on the competition mat,” Monique said.

Abbi nodded in agreement. “I can't wait to wear this and perform our routine in front of the judges. It'll give our squad that extra edge we need to win,” she said.

“Definitely, and don't forget about the matching bubble gum pink hair bow and pom poms! We're going to look so perfectly coordinated and put together,” added Trisha.

Monique grinned, “Who could forget about those? This is going to be our best competition look yet,” she said, feeling excited and confident about the new uniforms. She turned to Mia and said insistently, “Come on, Mia, try on your uni!”

Mia stared at her, shocked and shaking her head in disbelief. She snapped, “What?! No way, I can't wear that!”

Monique smiled and said playfully, “Oh, come on. It's the perfect outfit for you. You'll look so cute!”

Abbi shook her head and said, “Look Mia, you know you're going to be wearing this adorable cheer uniform. The only question is will you do it willingly or do we have to force you into it? Spoiler alert: if you make us force you, you're going to get a spanking too!”

All this was too much for Mia. She'd suffered through two girly sleep overs and countless girly make overs. She'd endured clothes shopping as a girl, including trying on several girly outfits. She'd gone to school as a girl for weeks, and even had to cheerlead at pep rallies and football games in a cute little outfit.

Trying on a sexy little competition cheerleading uniform was more than Mia could accept. She stubbornly refused, stamping her foot for

emphasis. Undaunted, the Teen Queens took that as a challenge. They'd almost gotten bored by Mia's lack of resistance, and this defiance fired them up!

Monique and Abbi nodded at each other. They picked Mia up by her arms and legs, and dragged her into the girls' locker room. Trisha and Carlie trailed behind the other girls, all of them laughing at their helpless plaything's impotent resistance. Once inside, they stripped Mia to her bra and panties.

Monique sat on one of the benches, and beckoned to Abbi who placed Mia over her friend's lap. There she and the other two girls held the force feminized former boy in place. Breathing heavily with impassioned arousal, the dominant femme fatale brought her hand down on Mia's exposed ass over and over as the submissive sissy struggled to escape.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Mia screeched, "Stop! That hurts! Please stop!"

Abbi said, "I warned you! You could've just tried on your uniform, but you decided to be a brat and disobey us!"

Monique giggled at this, and kept on spanking the emasculated toy who was wriggling in vain, held firmly and helplessly in just her bra and panties as Trisha videoed the entire thing on her phone. If anything, her pace increased.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

"I'm so sorry!" Mia cried, her voice ragged with sobs and her face wet with tears, "I won't do it again! Just please stop?"

"Do you promise to be a good girl for us for now on?" demanded Monique, feeling herself growing light headed with erotic excitement as she dominated Mia.

“Yes! I promise! I promise!” cried the helpless young girl, her legs kicking involuntarily as her butt burned red in sharp agony.

“I want to hear you say it!” Monique giggled, feeling her sexual stimulation rising toward a crescendo.

“I— I—” Mia stuttered, refusing to debase herself by accepting her status as a “good girl.”

“OK then?” Monique stated like a criminal sentence, then began spanking her prey even harder.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

“OK! OK!” Mia cried pathetically, “I promise I’ll— I’ll— I’ll be a good girl for you!”

“That’s better!” Monique grunted, as she closed her eyes and squirmed in a delighted climax, shuddering as waves of rapturous iridescence washed over her.

Within moments, Mia was dressed in her new competition cheerleading uniform. The four girls held her up before a mirror to see her reflection in the indescribably tight lycra spandex outfit that looked painted onto her cute little body. Mia almost fainted when she saw herself.

She looked ever bit the adorable little competition cheer girl. The four mean girls took Mia’s school cheer uniform and left her to make her way home in the new even more feminine and flirty uniform. Before gathering herself to try to get to her place, she looked at herself one more time and shook her head in despair.

Her image tormented her. The tiny crop top she wore was barely more than a bra, and showed off her tight little tummy most alluringly. Her silky hairless legs, arms, underarms, and so on made her look like any other cute little cheerleader.

With her miniature manhood tucked tightly into a thong and held as if by a vise by the tiny skin clinging short shorts, there was nothing to betray her birth gender. By the time Mia made her way back to her parents' home, they were seated for dinner.

Mia's father looked at his former son from head to toe and shook his head sadly. "You went outside of the house like that?" he growled, "I know you have no choice but to be a girl, but no daughter of mine is going to be a slut!"

Two weeks later, Mia was once again in the clutches of the Teen Queens. It was the day of their first cheerleading competition, and time for her to get ready to cheer. Monique "generously" offered to help transform Mia into a competition cheerleader again.

Mia said nervously, "I can't believe I'm doing this...."

Monique answered in an encouraging tone, "Don't worry! You look amazing, Mia! Let's go show off your new look! It's time for your competition cheerleading debut as Mia!"

Mia said, "I don't know about this, Monique. I feel like I'm going to be sick! I don't think I'm going to make a very good competition cheerleader."

Monique said, "Nonsense! We've got you all dressed and made up, your hair looks amazing! I know you know all of the moves! You're a natural! Now we just need to fix you up with extravagant makeup!"

Mia sat there in her flamboyant cheerleading outfit. She was feeling totally helpless and embarrassed, as well as more emasculated than ever before. It was chilling for her to know that she was about to perform incredibly girlish dance moves and tumbling passes dressed as a total girly girl.

Monique felt more excited than ever as she gleefully applied Mia's makeup, styled Mia's hair, and teased her while they were both dressed in identically girly skimpy cheerleading uniforms.

Monique looked in Mia's eyes, grinned, and told her, "Your usual look is Barbie Doll cute, but for a cheer competition you have to look more exaggeratedly yassified. More like a Bratz doll!"

She could barely keep her hands steady enough to apply the gaudy, sparkly eye shadow, liner, fake lashes, and mascara. Still, she managed to do so, however, and added ample blush and shining pink lipstick and gloss. By the time she'd finished with her, as Monique had promised, Mia looked just like one of the outrageously girly girl Bratz dolls!

Mia gasped and said, "Wow, I can't believe this is me!"

Monique said, "You look amazing, Mia! Now, let's head to the school for the bus ride to the competition! I can't wait show off your new look to the rest of the cheer girls and the coaches."

After the short drive to the school, Mia and Monique met up with Trisha, Abbi, and Carlie then turned to meet up with the other cheerleaders from the school as well as the rest of team from other nearby schools.

All of the girls and coaches examined Mia closely. Some of them nodded in greeting, having seen her before, but never looking quite so glamorous. The others were interested in who the newbie was. They all wanted to meet and get to know their new cheer sister.

Katie, a wavy haired blonde with bright blue eyes said, "Hey, Mia, you look like a total hottie!"

Tori, a petite brown eyed girl with long silky brunette hair said, "Yeah, and where did you get that fabulous hair?"

Mandi, a green eyed redhead giggled and said, "I heard a rumor that some guy is here who thinks he's fooling us all by dressing up like a girl."

Mia, blushing, said, “Come on, guys, give me a break. I’m just here because Monique—”

“Thought you’d be a great addition to the team!” Monique said cutting in before Mia could finish her statement.

Ella, the blonde, green eyed co captain said, “Well, you certainly look like you’d be helpful to our competition squad, Mia! We all saw how good you are at tumbling during our football games and pep rallies.”

With Ella’s and the Teen Queens approval, the competition cheerleading team accepted Mia as one of their own. Some enthusiastically, others only reluctantly. The girls all boarded the bus for the two hour ride to the competition venue, the state university campus.

On the way, they found out who their roommates would be. Mia was assigned to share a room with Monique, Abbi, Trisha, and Ella. When the bus arrived at the State U sports complex, the girls walked together to the on campus hotel. There, they checked into their rooms and got ready for the first round.

They’d traveled in uniform with full competition makeup and hair to save time which they put to use by going through their stretches and other preparations. Before they knew it, they were hitting the mat at the cheerleading competition.

The Teen Queen squad had won this competition ten years in a row, and were among the favorites to win again. They ran through their routine flawlessly and then bounced around like happy bunnies celebrating their near perfect scores from the judges. All but Mia who felt like she was trapped in a living nightmare.

By that point, it was Seven O’clock in the evening. The coaches gathered up the girls and brought them to dinner at an Asian buffet spot, warning them, “Don’t eat too much girls! You want to make sure you still fit in your uniforms for tomorrow’s final round!”

Most of them were too excited to eat too much, except for Mia who was too nervous. She'd been forced to frolic in front of a large audience including several other cheerleading teams dressed as a cute little cheer girl. She was terrified that one of them would figure out she wasn't really a girl, and would point that out to everyone, leading people to laugh at her and maybe even getting her arrested?

"That would be so humiliating!" she thought to herself, looking at the local TV news cameras covering the cheerleading competition. "Even after all of the emasculating things I've been through, getting exposed and possibly getting put on the news? I'd die of embarrassment!" she moaned out loud.

"What's that, Mia?" asked Coach Connors, looking quizzically at the cute little cheer girl.

"Umm, nothing coach," Mia said, "just saying that if I mess up a stunt I'd die of embarrassment!"

"OK," she smiled, "better get to bed. Tomorrow's an early start!"

Mia nodded and dashed off to her hotel room. The rest of the girls were already in bed, and they smirked as they watched Mia slip into a sexy, lacy baby doll nightie in scarlet red. Monique had picked it out especially for her.

Ella whispered to the rest of the girls, "I can't believe it, but you're right! I saw her thingy! She really used to be a boy!"

"Yeah," Abbi giggled, "but it's really more of a clit!"

All of the girls joined in giggling as Mia's face burned red with humiliation. It only got worse for her as everywhere she looked, a bed was already occupied by one of the girls.

"Here Mia!" Monique said, patting the bed she was laying in and lifting the covers invitingly, "we're going to share!"

Seeing no other alternative, Mia shrugged and climbed into bed beside the dominant girl. Monique tossed the sheet and blanket over Mia, and enwrapped her with her arms as all of the lights went out in the hotel room.

Moments later, Mia felt Monique's fingers pulling down the waistband of her little nightie bottoms until they were around her knees. Then, she felt a slippery wetness at her rear opening and her eyes went wide. Her eyes went even wider as she felt a hard rubbery object probing her, and aggressively thrusting into her tight, virgin opening.

“What the—” Mia began, but she was silenced by Monique's hands over her mouth.

“Shhhh!” Monique warned, even as she guided her strap on dildo deeper into Mia's rear end. With a jolt, she realized she was being penetrated! “

“Monique is pegging me!” she screamed in her head, but she realized that if she screamed the coaches would demand to see what was going on and they'd discover her secret! Moaning as she felt herself being used, Mia knew that she had no choice but to endure her impaling.

Meanwhile, Monique cooed and keened as she brought herself to several mind blowing orgasms. The beautiful forceful young girl's toes curled with excitement as she used the helpless Mia's body as a play thing for her sexual gratification. After taking her toy anally for what seemed like hours, Monique and Mia passed out.

It seemed like only moments had passed when Ella said, “Rise and shine girls! Time for our makeovers!”

At the second round of the cheerleading competition, Mia's secret had spread to ten other cheerleaders. They all came up to her, looked her over with awestruck disbelief, and then playfully teased her about her femininity.

The first cheerleader, a blonde girl named Lyssa grinned and said, , “Well, well, well, who do we have here? Is this little Mia, all dressed up and ready to cheer?”

The second was Jessica, a red head who was one of the bases who’d stunted with Mia. She laughed and said, “I never knew a guy could have it in him to be so pretty!”

The next cheerleader, another flyer like Mia who had dark hair rolled her eyes and said, “Honestly, I don’t believe you ever were a guy. You’re way too feminine and graceful!”

One of the back spots, a tall lanky girl named Lucinda looked on at Mia admiringly and said, “But you have to admit, Mia looks pretty damn good in the cheer uniform.”

Mia was reeling at all of this. It was bad enough that her secret was out. Did all of these stunningly beautiful, sexy young girls have to rub her nose in her enforced femininity? She was somewhat relieved that there wasn’t any hostility towards her at least.

A raven haired beauty named Janeè whispered to her friend Lisa, one of the best cheerleaders on the squad, “I heard that Mia used to be a guy. Is that true?”

Shrugging, Lisa brushed a lock of blonde hair from her sapphire eyes and said, “Who cares? As long as Mia can cheer, that's all that matters, and that girl is one of the top tumblers I’ve ever seen!”

Janeè smiling in agreement said, “I have to be honest, I'm impressed with your transformation, Mia. You not only look like you were born a girl, you were born to be a cheerleader!”

Mia blushed bright red as all of the girls gathered around her, smiling and studying her for any sign of masculinity. They all shook their heads and giggled, seeing nothing that might be out of place on any other cute teenaged girl. She gaped in surprise, blushing, and said “Come on guys! It’s embarrassing enough being dressed up as one of you?”

“Yeah, I never would have guessed that you weren’t one of us, Mia” giggled another flyer named Katrina, “you fit right in!”

Her base, a strong muscular brunette named Penelope laughed loudly and then added jokingly, “Maybe we should start a new trend and have all the guys dress up like Mia. They could use a little femininity in their lives!”

Katrina joined in giggling and shrieked, “Can you imagine? A whole squad of boys dressed up as pretty little cheer girls, all made up and prancing around wearing adorable matching outfits!”

After the excitement of seeing a former boy cheering as a pretty little girl, it was almost anticlimactic when the Teen Queen squad finished in first place after the second and final round. They bounced around excitedly, taking home a trophy and an automatic bid to the regional competition.

On the bus ride home, all of the girls went out of their way to assure Mia they considered her 100% female. They meant it as a compliment, but for the former boy it was just another round of humiliation, sealing her feminized fate. The next round would be even more emasculating.

~ End of Book Five ~

Continued in *Made Over Into Mia Book Six:*  
*Marc’s Schooling As A Total Girly Girl*

## Afterward By The Author

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