

Made Over Into Mia ***Book Four: Stuck As A Girl***

***Ordinary Boy Is Emasculated And
Dominated By Neighborhood Girls
Marc Goes To School As A Girl And More!
A First Time Forced Feminization Fantasy***

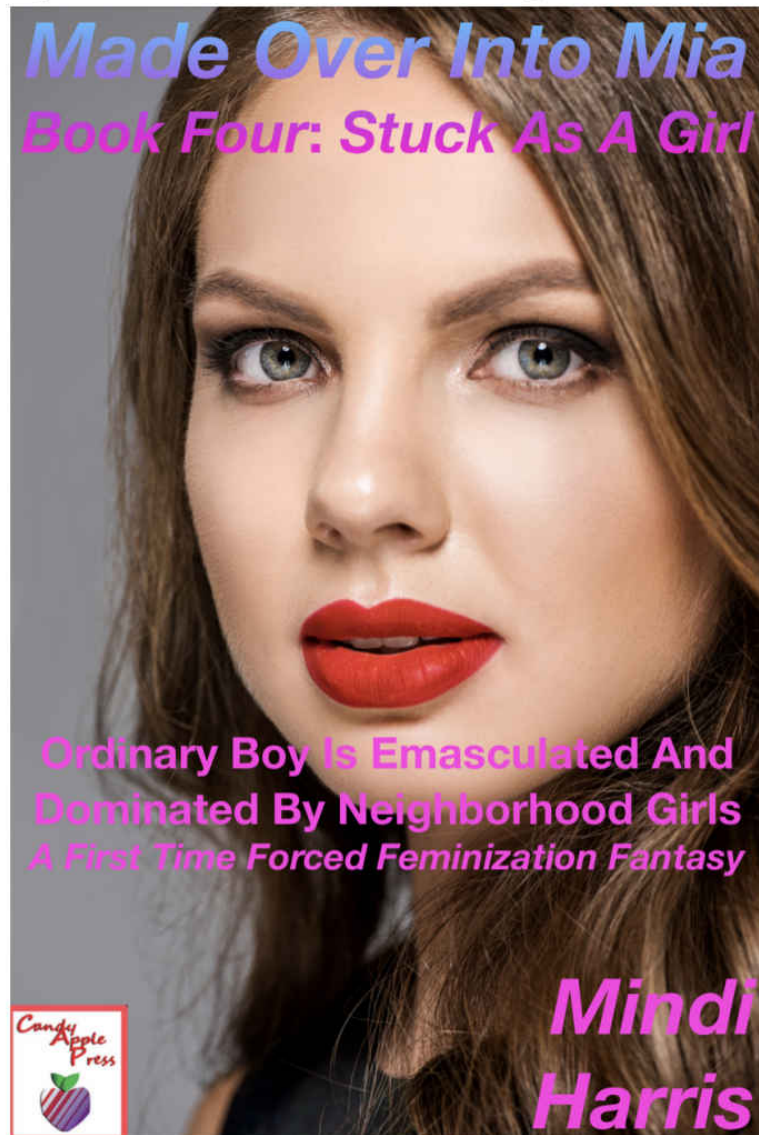
***Mindi
Harris***



Made Over Into Mia

Book Four: Stuck As A Girl

Ordinary Boy Is Emasculated And
Dominated By Neighborhood Girls
A First Time Forced Feminization Fantasy
By Mindi Harris © 2023 All Rights Reserved



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Sneak Preview

Mia's first day at her new school was every bit as soul-crushing as she had feared. Having lost the bet, she was resigned to wearing the flirty, girly little romper to meet her new teachers and classmates for the first time, knowing full well what that would mean for her foreseeable future.

She set her alarm for six a.m., to ensure she had the time to prepare herself to make her debut. When the chime went off, she groaned hopelessly. She felt existential dread, and was barely able to force herself out of bed. Still, she knew she had no real choice.

Yawning, she removed her girly sleepwear. This was a soft, cozy cotton pink two-piece set consisting of a pale pink button-down camisole top with thin spaghetti straps and matching light pink short-shorts both decorated with cute little white valentines hearts and a white drawstring waistband.

She wrapped a fluffy pink towel around her so it covered her budding boobs, grabbed her feminine toiletries, and made her way into the hallway bathroom to shower and shave for school. First, she used her stylish lady's razor and flowery-scented shaving cream to give her legs, arms, and underarms a silky smooth, hairless feminine look.

She stood up under the hot spray of water, rinsing out the vanilla and lavender scented shampoo and conditioner that nourished her shoulder-length hair and made it look glossy. After showering, she applied a light, fragrant moisturizer to her skin. Once she was done with her shower and shave, she used a round brush and blowdryer to style her hair.

A few days earlier, Trisha had taken Mia to her sister's local salon where the hairstylist had clipped her tresses into an adorable asymmetrical bob cut with a flirty fringe of girlish bangs. That fateful morning, the unhappily unmistakably feminized former boy struck a careful balance between tight girlish curls for volume and smooth, sleek lines for a modern look.

Once her sweet, sexy locks were dry, she added a spritz of hair spray to hold her style in place throughout the day. Next, she returned to her fabulously feminine-looking bedroom, sat in front of her vanity, and put on her makeup.

First, she primed her skin with a lightweight primer to create a smooth and even surface. She then applied foundation to her face with a damp makeup sponge, blending it carefully to give her skin an even tone.

Next, Mia added concealer to cover any blemishes or uneven spots. Then, she used a fluffy brush to sweep on a light blush to add a healthy flush to her cheeks. She used an angled brush to apply highlighter in the same shade along her forehead, chin, and cheekbones.

Sighing, she then filled in her brows with a brow pencil to give them a defined and most feminine shape. She applied a neutral-toned eyeshadow to her lids and used a smaller brush to blur the edges and create a diffused, sultry look.

The reluctant girly girl smudged black eyeliner along her upper and lower lashes. Finally, she added a few coats of volumizing mascara to her lashes and added a bright pink lip stain. As a final touch, she brushed a layer of clear lip gloss to her lips. The next part was even more difficult for Mia.

She had to get dressed in the sexy, girly romper as Monique had determined when she made her toy agree to the embarrassing bet at the “Princesses’ Palace” a few weeks earlier. Mia felt excruciatingly emasculated as she put on all the clothes that Monique had chosen for her. She started by putting on her pink satin and lace bikini panties and a matching pink satin and lace bra.

She then put on her tight pink polka dotted ruffled romper and a pair of white knee-high socks. To complete the look, she tied a hot pink bow into her hair, and slipped her dainty feet into a pair of sparkly pink ballet flats. She added some silver hoop earrings and a thin silver necklace to complete her girly look.

Mia had been forced to learn every step of this ultra feminine routine at the weekly sleepovers with the Teen Queens as well as at special one-on-one tutorials had Monique had insisted upon. She'd hoped that Monique would be satisfied with her efforts, but just to make sure, she gave herself one last look in the mirror.

As she regarded her reflection, Mia was surprised to see a totally flirty and feminine, stylish version of herself looking back. She didn't see even the tiniest trace of the boy she used to be.

She grabbed an apple for breakfast as the girls were making her watch her weight to maintain her girlish figure. Then, she scooped up her pink and purple backpack, sighed, and stepped out of her front door, as ready for her first day of school as she'd ever be.

"Hey slut! Get in!" Monique yelled from inside her custom pink jeep convertible.

Mia waved at her neighbor and smiled weakly, holding her breath and hoping she'd done an acceptable job feminizing herself. She felt acutely exposed in the tight, tiny romper with her entire back uncovered in the halter top.

"Come over here, Mia!" Monique ordered, "turn your back to me!" The bossy girl then untied the knot at her pawn's neck and retied it into much girlier, floppier bow. "There! That's the look we want for your first day as a perfect little pretty in pink princess!"

Mia's mind roiled with mixed emotions. Relief that she'd managed to meet her bully's exacting expectations, but despair that she had been pronounced a "perfect little pretty in pink princess."

That was among the most embarrassingly emasculating things anyone could say to a guy, and Monique knew it. Her smile was as bright as a super nova as she closely regarded her creation: she too saw no sign that Mia had ever been anything other than a feminine girly girl.

As Monique drove them toward school, the tiny scrap of young manhood that hadn't yet been entirely extinguished writhed in utterly emasculated agony. "How did I ever let this happen to me?" it wailed in hopeless humiliated horror.

The trepidation Mia felt increased exponentially as they approached the huge red brick building. She wasn't sure which would be worse: Being accepted as a girl, or being exposed as a former boy in a sexy, feminine little outfit?

As it turned out, Mia had nothing to worry about. Her exhaustive training at the hands of the Teen Queens made walking with girlish gait, speaking in a soft soprano voice, and every other aspect of her behavior exactly mirrored that of any other teen-aged girl's. That, along with her naturally delicate facial features and winsome body ensured that no one questioned her femininity.

As the two Teen Queens parked and walked toward the school building, their fellow Queens met them. Trisha complimented Mia's makeup and hair, while Abbi and Carlie nodded in agreement.

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Monique said, "Hey girls, we should totally do a shopping trip this weekend. Mia needs some more cute outfits. What do you think, Mia?"

Mia looked stunned, but when Monique smacked her on the butt and said, "I asked 'what do you think,' girl, and I expect an answer!"

Mia looked around helplessly, hoping that none of the other students had witnessed her demeaning treatment at Monique's hands. She took a deep breath to calm herself as best she could, and then responded half-heartedly, "Umm, yeah? That sounds like fun! I can always use some new clothes."

Abbi chimed in excitedly, “Yeah, and we could have a sleepover at my house afterwards!”

Carlie said, “Count me in! I could definitely go for some pampering after the stress of going back to school.”

Monique smiled and nodded, “Yeah me too, even though the first day of school hasn’t even started yet! Though it’s about to, aren’t you excited, Mia!” she added, looking at her phone then smiling at the feminized play t hing.

Mia just rolled her eyes as Monique giggled.

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Afterward By The Author

Forward By The Author

This is the fourth book in a whole new series! Marc Smith started out as an ordinary guy in book one. Then, a group of stylish and dominant girls force feminized him and turned him into their dress up doll. Their leader Monique has been particularly inspired in her transformation of him into a cute girl named Mia.

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 8,200 words of actual story) has everything you're looking for!

In the past three books, mean girl Monique and her clique of girls called the Teen Queens have had their way with Marc. Now thoroughly emasculated, he's been trained to obey all of them. Working together, they've totally turned him into a very pretty young girl. Trisha took Mia to her sister's beauty salon where she got several very feminine beauty treatments. Monique took her to a trendy girls' boutique to help round out her feminine wardrobe. Now, bigger humiliations await as Mia is forced to attend her new school as a girl!

Can Mia ever escape her feminized fate, or is she doomed to remain a girl? Find out in this tale of kinky, taboo themes like forced feminization, naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, humiliation, mockery, detailed and embarrassing emasculating makeovers, BDSM, power exchange, and lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a 'yassified' young girl, and more!

xoxo

Mindi

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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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None of the characters, entities, names, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintended and coincidental. This story is fantasy and for personal entertainment only. ***Do not try this at home!***

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: Mia Is Kept As A Girly Girl

The top Teen Queen, Monique Henderson, was a spoiled, self-entitled siren who'd dominated everyone around her, in her neighborhood, if not the entire school. Everyone knew better than to mess with her and the Teen Queens, the clique of bossy, beautiful girls led by Monique. Everyone that is, except for the new kid, Marc Smith, who'd just moved into town.

In his folly, Marc had run afoul of Monique, and he'd suffered a terrible fate for that. The first day they'd met, Marc pissed off Monique, and he paid a terrible price for his affront: his masculinity. After the TQs had done their dreadful deeds to Marc, no one would even think of challenging or even questioning the four mean girls. From then on, none of the guys in town would dare to defy these girls.

It all began innocently enough. Monique had seen what she thought was a new girl moving in to the house next door, and quickly decided that she'd take the apparent tom boy under her wing. Of course that meant she'd bring the newbie into her circle, and exercise her control as well as mentoring the youngster.

Marc felt both insulted and amused by the bold, domineering Teen Queen calling him "new girl" and, ignorant of her status as the leader of the mean girls' clique, he laughingly refused to do her a few favors, as she put it. That was more than enough of a provocation to set the two teens at odds.

Their first brief and somewhat innocent interaction immediately blew up into a full blown feud. That altercation soon went much further than Marc could've ever imagined, and much more dramatically life-changing than anyone could have possibly predicted.

When Monique learned that Marc wasn't a new girl as she'd thought, but was in fact a guy, she felt profound embarrassment. She absolutely hated to be proven wrong, and so she set herself to doing whatever it took to prove herself right. Even if that meant forcing Marc to

endure extreme emasculation and a most appalling transformation into a girl called Mia!

Under Monique's merciless machinations, the former boy had been force feminized into a cute, coquettish girl named Mia. The poor emasculated youngster was totally humiliated as Monique relentlessly determined to impose cruel revenge upon the reluctant would-be feminine look alike.

The beautiful young woman was all too enthusiastic about converting Marc into a girl, whether or not he wanted to take his place as a feminine girl. This, even though he'd never done anything to provoke the bossy, dominant bossiness imposed by Monique. She overruled his efforts to live his life as an ordinary guy after moving into a new neighborhood with his parents.

At first, this was just a matter of imposing her will on a helpless boy, but it soon became an erotic fantasy for the imperious young woman. The more Monique thought about ensnaring Marc and subjecting him to the forced feminization she'd planned for him, the more obsessed she became with turning Marc into a girly girl.

Her heart beat faster as she imagined the helpless boy turned into a dress up doll. Day by day, Monique's customary bossiness had evolved far beyond a tiff into an ever darker, ever more erotic sadistic dominant fantasy. Night after night, she touched herself picturing herself feminizing Marc. She closed her eyes and pleased herself picturing his skin shaven silky smooth.

She drove herself to mind-blowing climaxes by imagining herself and her friends forcing a sexy bra and panties set onto Marc's svelte body. She hyperventilated as she planned to dress up the petite boy in a cute miniskirt and flirty crop top—and countless other feminine outfits.

She longed to make up his face with eye shadow, eyeliner, mascara, blush, and lip gloss, all to bring out his delicate features. Nearly every night, alone in the dark, Monique sighed, moaned, and even shouted in

ecstasy. She gasped as she brought herself to multiple shuddering as orgasms.

Monique titillated herself as she plotted her prey's total emasculation. The gorgeous dominant girl's anticipation boiled over into toe-curling overwhelming sensual crescendos as she kept looking forward to making all of this really happen. Yes, she was driven to delight from imagining herself feminizing Marc, but fantasies weren't nearly enough.

And so, Monique plotted Marc's downfall, involving her closest friends, the Teen Queens in her schemes. Working together under their leader's Machiavellian guidance, the four beautiful girls lured Marc into their clutches. Then, they spent an entire sleep over feminizing him in every possible way.

They'd tied Marc up and shaved his entire body below his eyebrows, brows that they'd plucked into high, feminine arches. They'd given him a manicure and pedicure, and put makeup on his face, fully feminizing his already delicate features until he looked just like any other girl.

Once he looked the part, the four beauties forced him to model girly clothes including a cheerleader uniform, a school girl uniform, and even a prom dress! Not content with a one-time makeover, the girls decided this feminization would be a permanent change.

They declared to one and all that he was now a she. No longer Marc, from that point on she was to be called Mia. The former boy blinked his eyes in disbelief when they'd explained their plans.

"No way!" the astonished kid shouted, "you can't possibly expect to keep me as a girl!"

"Yeah, we do expect that," Monique gleefully replied, "it's already decided, Mia. You were meant to be a girl, and we've made all the arrangements to keep you as a girl!"

Trisha chimed in, “Yeah, Mia, Moni took care of everything. She told her parents that you always wanted to be a girl, but your parents weren’t supportive. So her parents told your parents that unless they wanted to lose their jobs, they were going to go along with your transition. Of course they agreed!”

This unbelievable revelation shocked the former boy now known as Mia. She’d experienced a humiliating emasculating makeover, and she’d thought that that was the worst thing she could endure. Hearing that these maniacal mean girls had engineered a complete lifestyle change was too much to process.

Her legs buckled and she sunk to floor in dismay, folding her smooth hairless legs underneath his flirty miniskirt as she descended into a crumpled heap. Mia’s breathing became ragged as she watched the four Teen Queens relentlessly move ahead with their plans.

They methodically dismantled her former life as a boy, replacing everything that made up his boy’s life with everything a girly girl would want or need. This meant that the typically boyish bedroom which was appropriate for a guy would undergo a complete redecoration into a room suitable for a cute girl. The TQs took on that task with eager energy.

Mia stood by helplessly as the mean girls took away her boy’s jeans, t-shirts and all the rest of other male clothes. Once her closet, drawers, and shelves were all laid bare to make room for her new wardrobe, Mia watched the next stage of her forced lifestyle change in dismay.

They replaced all of her old, masculine clothes with the flirty feminine skirts, sexy dresses, cute tops, and all the rest of the girly girl clothes they’d chosen for her to wear as Mia, a pretty young girl. Instead of the boyish, well-worn hoodies Marc used to wear, Mia would be clad in cute sweater sets in pastel pink, lavender, and mauve.

Instead of male swim trunks, she’d have to wear and sun bathe in sexy little bikinis. Gone were all of her boxers and sweat socks. In their

place were pretty panties, no-show socks or socks with lacy trim. She'd even have to wear pantyhose over her smoothly shaven legs.

Her male PJs had all been taken away. She'd be forced to sleep every night in silky nighties, baby doll sets, and frilly feminine chemises instead. In addition to that, she'd be doing so in a totally girlish room, with stuffed animals scattered around her, boy band posters on her walls, a cute pink heart-shaped throw rug on the floor, and with a pink comforter, and princess sheets on her four poster bed. All of this fit for a princess, not the boy she'd only recently been.

The TQ's had transformed Mia, her bedroom, and wardrobe so that they were all totally feminized every bit as much as Mia herself had been. They'd found all of this remarkably easy, even as they'd remade the reluctant, defiant typical boy into a typical girly girl! After all of that, the TQs still weren't satisfied.

Later that day, Trisha took Mia to her sister Melody's salon called the *Chic Chica*. There, a highly skilled team took the feminized former boy from "girl next door" pretty to "blushing bride on her big day" beautiful. The four beauticians who worked on Mia were all young and attractive, with stylish clothes and perfect hair.

They were all very excited to work on someone they'd been told was a willing and eager trans girl. They expertly transformed her into the most stunningly stylish young woman she could be. Their extensive, effective emasculation rocked Mia to her very core.

Desperate for deliverance from her forced feminization, she appealed to Trisha to help her return to her masculine life as Marc. This was to no avail, as the flirty feminine girly girl was more convinced than ever that the exquisite and beautiful young thing was always truly meant to be the gorgeous girl she appeared to be. The suffering former guy tossed and turned in anticipation of her next girly experience, seeing no way out of her feminized fate.

The next day, true to her word, Monique forced Mia to go shopping with her at the local mall. There, the bossy young girl forced the

feminized boy to try on countless girly “back to school” outfits, and even made Mia buy enough clothes for the first few weeks in school.

The demoralized former typical boy was shell shocked. Mia wondered once more how the Teen Queens had managed to force feminize her, and then impose their will on her parents as well, ensuring that she’d be compelled to live her life as a girly girl! The changes were as drastic as they were inconceivable, and yet it all happened to the once-boy who’d lost his masculinity.

This was all because of the monomaniacal Monique. The mean girl moaned with pleasure as she thought back to the time, just a few weeks previously, when she’d first conceived of her schemes to emasculate and humiliate the new kid. She shivered with arousal at the thought, and from there, she’d become unnaturally, increasingly obsessed with feminizing the hapless boy.

Incredibly, she was very open about her kinky plans for her prey. She had looked Marc directly in his defiant eyes, grinned at him sadistically, and intoned almost like a magical incantation.

“One of these days, *Mia*, we’re going to give you a makeover,” she said, “we’ll dress you up in cute little outfits, put makeup on you, do your hair and nails, and everything else to reveal your true nature. We’ll make you look soooo pretty as a girl. What do you think about that, Girl?”

Of course Monique knew that Marc had grown tired of her bullying. She loved teasing him and egging him on until he lost his temper. She wouldn’t stop taunting him until he did, and so he challenged her again. At that time, he was unaware that this was the last time he’d do so as a male human being.

The frustrated boy snapped, “Who do you think you are? Stop talking about me and treating me like a girl! And stop calling me Mia!”

Monique snapped right back, “Why should I stop, *Mia*? You’re whining like a girl! You had better start doing what I say or you’ll regret

it!”

Unimpressed, Marc said, “I’m not going to do what you say. You’re not the boss of me!”

Monique said, “Oh yeah? You’d better do what I say, *Mia*, or else things will get really ugly. Or maybe I should say you’ll get really pretty. Either way? You don’t have any choice. You will obey me, or else!”

Marc snarled, “No way! I’m never going to let you make me look like a girl! You’ll never embarrass me like that! I’ll never let you do anything like that to me!” But as Monique had warned, the choice wasn’t going to be his to make.

She just laughed imperiously in response. She’d already thought up an ingenuously devilish plan to do all that she’d threatened to do to the defiant boy, and more. She was much smarter than he was, she had many more friends than he did, and she was sure that Marc would fall for her scheme. And so he had.

Monique was only just beginning to acknowledge to herself that she’d been ever more electrified by the erotic euphoria she’d experienced just from planning Marc’s emasculation and exposure as a girl. Anticipation was arousing enough, but actually making it happen sent overwhelming waves and jolts of sexual stimulation throughout her body, making her panties wet and her nipples harden.

The first time feminization only whetted her appetite. Then, each and every time Monique emasculated the former boy left her wanting to humiliate her plaything even more and even more extensively. She’d decided that she wanted nothing less than to keep the once-insolent, insubordinate boy as her own little dress up doll. And so she had.

Of course she gladly shared her unwilling plaything with her closest friends. The Teen Queens delighted in dressing up and making up *Mia*. Once they had the poor boy helplessly ensnared in their clutches, the four girls were absolutely relentless. They set themselves to erasing any sign of Marc’s masculinity and replacing it all with *Mia*’s femininity.

Chapter Two: Mia's First Day As A School Girl

Mia's first day at her new school was every bit as soul-crushing as she had feared. Having lost the bet, she was resigned to wearing the flirty, girly little romper to meet her new teachers and classmates for the first time, knowing full well what that would mean for her foreseeable future.

She set her alarm for six a.m., to ensure she had the time to prepare herself to make her debut. When the chime went off, she groaned hopelessly. She felt existential dread, and was barely able to force herself out of bed. Still, she knew she had no real choice.

Yawning, she removed her girly sleepwear. This was a soft, cozy cotton pink two-piece set consisting of a pale pink button-down camisole top with thin spaghetti straps and matching light pink short-shorts both decorated with cute little white valentines hearts and a white drawstring waistband.

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She grabbed an apple for breakfast as the girls were making her watch her weight to maintain her girlish figure. Then, she scooped up her pink and purple backpack, sighed, and stepped out of her front door, as ready for her first day of school as she'd ever be.

"Hey slut! Get in!" Monique yelled from inside her custom pink jeep convertible.

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As it turned out, Mia had nothing to worry about. Her exhaustive training at the hands of the Teen Queens made walking with girlish gait, speaking in a soft soprano voice, and every other aspect of her behavior exactly mirrored that of any other teen-aged girl's. That, along with her naturally delicate facial features and winsome body ensured that no one questioned her femininity.

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As the two Teen Queens parked and walked toward the school building, their fellow Queens met them. Trisha complimented Mia's makeup and hair, while Abbi and Carlie nodded in agreement.

Monique said, "Hey girls, we should totally do a shopping trip this weekend. Mia needs some more cute outfits. What do you think, Mia?"

Mia looked stunned, but when Monique smacked her on the butt and said, "I asked 'what do you think,' girl, and I expect an answer!"

Mia looked around helplessly, hoping that none of the other students had witnessed her demeaning treatment at Monique's hands. She took a deep breath to calm herself as best she could, and then responded half-heartedly, "Umm, yeah? That sounds like fun! I can always use some new clothes."

Abbi chimed in excitedly, “Yeah, and we could have a sleepover at my house afterwards!”

Carlie said, “Count me in! I could definitely go for some pampering after the stress of going back to school.”

Monique smiled and nodded, “Yeah me too, even though the first day of school hasn’t even started yet! Though it’s about to, aren’t you excited, Mia!” she added, looking at her phone then smiling at the feminized play t hing.

Mia just rolled her eyes as Monique giggled.

Abbi said, “This is going to be so great. We’ll make sure to get all our homework done early, and then we can relax and have fun this weekend. What do you say, Mia?”

After two weeks of ever escalating embarrassing emasculation, she knew better than to resist. “Umm, yeah, definitely! Count me in too!” she said with forced enthusiasm.

Monique knew that her play toy’s eagerness was 100% false, but it was more than enough to see her make any effort to seem like she was avid to participate in her feminization.

She wasn’t even sure that the former boy would actually appear at her new school dressed as a total bimbo, but here she was in her adorable little pink and white romper, fully made up, with her hair in the girliest style possible.

“Come on bimbo,” Monique laughed, “time to go to school!”

Mia felt utterly demoralized, having to meet all of her new classmates and teachers dressed as a totally feminine girly girl. She was beyond self conscious as the boys all smiled at her, and a few even asked her out on a date.

When one girl named Jessica asked Mia if she had a tampon, the poor play thing felt like fainting. She just shook her head and whispered, "Sorry, no I don't," blushing furiously. Her whole day passed like that, with no one who didn't already know her true identity accepting her as the pretty young girl she appeared to be.

Chapter Three: Mia Becomes A Cheerleader

Always looking for new, more embarrassing ways to emasculate their play thing, the Teen Queens decided to make Mia join cheerleading. This was far beyond the feminized former boy's worst nightmares.

Under Monique's parents' command, Mia's parents signed their unwitting child up for the all-girls activity. Entirely against her, will, and thanks to her skills at gymnastics, they forced Mia to become one of the featured tumblers on the all girls cheerleading squad.

From that point forward, she had to practice endlessly as a flyer—one of the smaller, lighter acrobatic girls the other cheerleaders tossed up into the air and caught after she performed impressive flips. She'd also been forced to dance and chant, wearing makeup and the same skimpy little cheer uniform as the rest of the cheer girls.

The morning of the her first pep rally, Monique and Trisha appeared at the Smith family's front door at the crack of dawn. Without waiting for permission, they forced their way into Mia's femininely redecorated room, roused her, and began her transformation into a sassy, sexy cheer girl.

All day at school, the emasculated Mia felt like she was going to die from utter embarrassment. She'd endured wolf whistles and come ons from nearly every boy in school. As she walked through the halls, she felt her tiny skirt dancing around her thighs. As she sat in her classes, she felt it riding up her smoothly shaven shapely thighs.

All the while, Mia felt her padded, push-up bra, a constant reminder of her new, feminized status. She knew that the constricting cups and silicone inserts presented her budding boobs most alluringly beneath her tight little cheer crop top. As a former boy herself, she knew that these padded, augmented feminine assets were like catnip to every hetero guy in sight, and she blushed every time she caught one of her classmates starting hungrily at her bouncing breasts.

At the pep rally later that afternoon, she looked out at the loudly yelling crowd of her classmates and teachers. They were all staring intently, watching her and her cheer teammates perform. Forced to be one of the cheer girls, Mia had to gyrate and shimmy, prance and preen. Every moment of this was torment to the force feminized youth.

Except for the very few who knew better, Mia appeared to one and all as a pretty, feminine cheer girl. Not a single person, teacher, student, or administrator saw her as anything else. Worse, Mia knew that they'd never see her as anything else but a pretty feminine girl. She was stuck as a girl, no matter what she did after this display of glamorous girlishness.

The Teen Queens, especially Monique, reveled in their complete triumph. They'd exposed Mia in all of her feminine glory to everyone at their school, and no one would ever see her as a boy named Marc ever again. No, Marc was gone forever. She was Mia now, and she knew that she'd never live this down.

Even Mia understood that she couldn't just show up one day as a boy and claim she wasn't really a girl after all. Not when the Teen Queens had closely monitored her actions and choices of clothing, and ensured they were all the most feminine in the entire school.

Not after all of her her unknowing teachers and classmates—even her friends from the block—had seen her attend school in one incredibly girlish outfit after another. First in a pink romper with white polka dots. The next day a miniskirt and crop top. After that, a flirty sun dress. Each day in kitten heels, go-go boots, ballet flats, or pink sneakers.

Every day, she could be seen at cheer practice in short shorts and a sports bra. If there could be any conceivable doubt that Mia was anything but a most feminine girl, those were long gone after the entire school watched her cheering with the pom squad in her adorable little cheerleading uniform.

As the days and weeks passed, everyone had seen her looking, dressing, and even acting like a total bimbo. After presenting as a girly

girl for an entire month, there was no turning back for Mia. She'd sadly accepted that her life as Marc was over, at least for the time being, and nearly no one would even recognize that she'd ever been anything but the sweet, stylish, ditzy girl she appeared to be.

Of course Margot saw what was going on. The first friend Marc had made back when he'd still been Marc, Mia's friendly neighbor was well aware of her friend's forced feminization. Still, the extensive emasculation and feminization that created Mia's utter girly girl appearance stunned Margot.

A tom boy who hadn't been known to socialize with the other neighborhood girls, Margot understood something horrible was happened to her friend. Of course she'd heard the rumors about the Teen Queens capturing Marc and making him dress up as a girl, but she had no idea the extent of the emasculation they'd forced on him.

She gaped in disbelief as she stared at Mia, looking for any sign of the boy named Marc she until recently had been. She knew first hand how mean the TQs could be, but she could never have imagined how far the scheming girls would take their cruel plans. So seeing the former boy so thoroughly transformed was a real shock. She couldn't believe that the pretty, petite girly girl standing before her was really her friend.

"OMG! Look what they've done to you, Marc!" she cried upon seeing her friend all glammed up as a bimbo in the pink polka dot romper, "no wonder you haven't been skating with us lately!"

"Shhh, Margot! Don't call me by that name, please. They make me go by 'Mia' now," she sadly said, her sexily made-up eyes cast downward and fixed on her high-heeled silver sandals.

"Sorry, Mar— I mean, Mia! Wow! Just wow! Look at you! OMG, you look absolutely stunning! No offense," she sighed wistfully, looking in vain for any hint of masculinity in the divinely dainty creature standing before her.

“None taken,” Mia mumbled, blushing from her pink-polished toes to her saucily-styled strawberry blonde hair with bold pink accents. She absent-mindedly primped her curls as she reluctantly turned her face back toward Margot and looked in her eyes.

“This is crazy! I mean, isn’t there anything you can do to get out of this? To go back to being a boy?” Margot asked, her eyes wide with surprise and horror at the stunningly entrancing emasculated former boy.

“Believe me, I’ve tried!” Mia moaned, “Whenever I ask my parents to enroll me in another school, they say my only other choice is St. Mary’s school for girls. They even seriously considered making me accept the full scholarship Monique’s parents arranged for the school to offer me!”

“Oh no!” Margot gasped, “St.Mary’s! You can’t go there! It’s— it’s only for girls. They all have to wear school girl uniforms every day!”

“I know!” Mia sighed, “but my parents keep holding that over my head if I ever complain about what Monique and her friends did to me!” The prospect of going to an all girls’ school absolutely horrified the helpless young thing. She whined, “My mom says I’d look ‘adorable’ in my cute little school girl uniform every time I complain about my new life as a girl!”

“That’s horrible!” Margot said, hugging her friend, “your own parents are siding with those bitches?”

Mia felt too choked up to speak, so she just sadly nodded. Margot shook her head and reached out and wrapped her arms around her suffering friend, doing her best to offer some comfort. The emasculated former boy started sobbing softly as the taller girl cooed, “There there!” and rubbed her back.

There was no way out of this mess for Mia, at least for the time being. The Teen Queens continued to rule the neighborhood, and they looked forward to their girly girl sleepovers every weekend. All of them except for Mia.

Of course Mia was no longer considered a boy by anyone. She had been totally transformed into a girl, and as such she was forced to join in with all of their girlish activities. This included cheerleading of course, as well as yoga, shopping and getting makeovers with the other girls, and—most humiliating for the former boy—going on dates with boys. First up was their twice-weekly yoga lessons.

Monique said, “Hey guys! Are you all ready to go to yoga?”

Smiling, Carlie said, “Yeah, I can’t wait to start getting in shape!”

Shaking her head Abbi said, “You look tight as ever girl! Besides, you’re so much better at stretching than all of us!”

Trisha agreed, “That’s true! She’s totally a yoga master.”

Carlie giggled, “Let’s go girls! I can’t wait to show off our moves on the mats. I heard there are some really cute boys at this particular class—”

Mia groaned, “Ugh, that’s the last thing I need—more chances to embarrass myself in front of boys!”

Monique laughed, “Come on, Mia. You know you’d love making out with some cute boys if you just gave it a chance.”

Disgusted by the prospect, but too intimidated to protest, Mia sadly said, “Maybe....”

She hoped that she’d never have to find out, but merely a month into her forced feminization, she’d seen herself so thoroughly transformed by Monique’s schemes that she couldn’t dare count out anything.

That night the girls arrived at Abbi’s for their sleepover. All of them were excited. All of them except Mia, that is. Still, she knew better

than to betray her real feelings when Monique asked, “Hey Mia, are you ready for our sleepover tonight?”

Instead of shouting out in frustration at her captors, she forced a smile onto her face and said, “Of course! I’m always just so excited to hang out with y’all.”

Carlie giggled at that. “Look at you saying, ‘y’all!’ Mia! Maybe you’d like us to dress you up as a saucy southern belle for Halloween, girl?”

Monique burst out laughing so hard she was gasping for air. When she finally regained the ability to speak, she said, “OMG! I’d love to see that! The huge hoop skirts! The frilly frothy petticoats! An adorable little sun hat and a parasol! So adorable! I am serious! I would love to see that!”

Carlie said, “I know, me too!” as Mia blanched at the prospect and the rest of the girls all giggled. They still loved to tease their living dress up doll, even after all the times they’d forced her to model cute girly outfits for them, everything from cute little ballet outfits and bikini swimsuits to bridesmaids dresses and Princess costumes.

Abbi and Carlie listed other things they could make Mia do, now that she’d learned to act like such a total girl. “I have a pageant coming up in a few month, and I think Mia should participate,” said Abbi.

“That’d be amazing!” said Carlie, “I have a young cosmeticians competition next week, I can use Mia as my makeup doll for that!”

“Speaking of competitions, let’s put Mia on our cheer competition squad!” Monique giggled, “She’s the perfect little flyer!”

“You’d think I’d be used to it by now,” Mia moaned to herself. Stunned into silence, Mia moped sadly. “Somehow these girls always know just how to tweak me!” That was an understatement.

Using both creatively mocking words and an endless array of incredibly sexy and girly outfits they'd make her wear, the TQs kept Mia blushingly subservient, humiliated, and compliant. She hated every emasculating tasks they'd dream up for her to do, but she'd been battered and dominated into submissiveness. Still, they kept increasing her humiliation day after day and week after week.

"I just can't wait to get our nails done and try out some make up tutorials!" Carlie said, as always enthusiastic to engage in girly activities.

Abbi agreed, "Yeah, and let's not forget all of the dating simulation games we're gonna play! I'm sure they will be really fun!"

Dejectedly Mia mumbled, "Right, I guess so! I'm still not used to dating boys though."

Monique laughed, "That's the point! We're going to get you used to dating boys. You're a cheerleader now, and we have a reputation to uphold! That means you're gonna need to go to homecoming with a studly guy."

Seeing the stunned look of horror on Mia's face, Trisha tried to comfort her saying, "Don't worry, we're here to give you all the tips you need! Plus, it'll be a great bonding experience for us to all go to the dance in a limo wearing our awesome new dresses. Girls night out!"

Monique sauntered up to Mia, wrapped her arm around her play thing's shoulders and whispered into her ear, "Homecoming is a great chance for you to lose your virginity, girl! You've got a reputation as an ice queen and we're going to fix that. By the time I'm done with you, you're going to be the school slut!"

Mia looked at her tormentor with barely disguised terror. After her recent increasing humiliations at her bully's hands, she knew better than to even try to beg for mercy. Monique had no mercy to give. All Mia could do was hope that the bossy Teen Queen would change her mind on her own.

Chapter Four: Another Girly Sleepover

The next day, the girls were remarking about their upcoming sleep-over.

Monique said, "I can't believe what we did last night! We had so much fun!"

Smiling, Carlie said, "You can say that again! We shopped, we went to the beauty salon, and then stayed up late talking and painting our nails."

Abbi was bouncing with excitement, so happy that her first time hosting a sleepover went so well. She smiled, "Yeah, and I can't wait to see what we get up to next weekend."

Mia tried her best to fit in, saying, "Me either, but can we do something a bit less girly? I'm not used to all this girly stuff yet!"

Monique smirked and said, "Of course! We can do other activities, like braiding each other's hair, trying on each other's clothes...."

Mia moaned and said sarcastically, "That sounds great!"

Abbi giggled at that and said, "Now why are you so sulky Mia? All that sounds like fun! I'm in!"

Carlie echoed, "Me too! It will be like a mini vacation from all the 'girly stuff'!"

Monique laughed and gave her verdict, "Then that's settled! It's a date, then!"

Later that wee, the four Teen Queens were planning their next sleep over. They were looking forward to once again playing with Mia as if she were a life-sized Barbie Doll.

As usual, Monique was particularly excited by the prospect. “Since Mia fancies herself an expert skater, maybe we can put her in some adorable skater dresses?”

“Oh yeah!” Carlie agreed, “Mia can even borrow my white roller skates too! So cute!” A bubbly, outgoing girl with long, wavy strawberry blonde hair, Carlie was ecstatic about feminizing a guy who could fit in her clothes.

Like Marc, she stood at five feet, five inches in height, and she also weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds. She was a senior, like the rest of her squad. An experienced cheerleader, she also enjoyed competing in beauty pageants and had won her share of crowns. She loved to play field hockey, and she danced—tap, modern, and ballet—to stay active when she wasn’t cheerleading.

Carlie absolutely loved dressing up the hapless Mia in her stylish, feminine clothes. From her girly girl outfits to her field hockey kilt, and from her pageant dresses to her competition bikinis, the perky girl had forced Mia to wear them all. As she modeled these super cute girly outfits, the helpless former boy felt whatever scrap of masculinity remaining dissolving into an increasingly feminized reality.

Carlie wasn’t the only girl who was enthusiastic about helping Monique keep Mia as a girly girl. The Amazon named Abbi was just as dedicated to this as the other Teen Queens.

Most humiliatingly for Mia, Abbi had an extensive wardrobe of tween girl clothes she’d worn when she was the same size as the force feminized kid, but which she’d outgrown three or four years before. She’d brought many such outfits to their next sleepover.

A tall, athletic girl, Abbi was delighted when she realized that she had been almost the exact same size as Mia about three or four years before. The other Teen Queens exploded with enthusiasm she told them so.

“I’ve got boxes of adorable clothes that I’ve outgrown! My old ballerina and gymnastics outfits, you know, unitards, leotards, bodysuits, tights, even tutus!”

Monique, hearing this, gasped in delight. Abbi wasn’t done yet, however.

She said, “I also have some school girl uniforms that’d fit him. Cute little plaid, pleated tartan skirts, crisp white cotton blouses, matching hair and neck bows, knee socks, all that sort of thing.”

Monique and the other Teen Queens giggled imagining themselves forcing the kid who used to be Marc to model all of these ultra girlish clothes as Abbi went on, “I bet my some of my old girl scout uniforms will fit him too!”

“OMG! That’s perfect!” Monique said, “she can model all of these skirts and skorts and we can take photos of her wearing your old Girl Scout sashes, badges, pins, caps, hairbands, and berets! It’d be fun to dress her in all of that!”

“You know what would really be fun?” Trisha asked, “let’s make her go door to door selling cookies! My little sister could use the help to get enough sales to pay for summer camp!”

The four girls collapsed into giggle fits picturing the poor helpless former boy wearing those cute pre-teen outfits while they did his nails, hair, and makeup. When Monique suggested that they watch from a safe distance and video their toy humiliating herself, they burst into peels of uncontrollable laughter.

“OMG! I can’t wait to make Mia go from house to house throughout her neighborhood selling cookies as if she were a little tween princess in my old clothes,” Abbi said between howls of laughter.

The other girls joined in screeching with laughter at the prospect of age-regressing their feminized play thing in public, and videoing it to

post on all of her social media account. When the girls had finally regained some control over themselves, Monique smiled wickedly.

She asked, “Hey Abs, do you think you may have some other, more intimate hand-me-downs for Mia? I’m thinking training bras, nighties, and other frilly, flirty. feminine finery?”

“Of course!” Abbi said! She eagerly offered to bring all of these items to Monique’s later that day, in preparation for Mia’s next makeover and girly girl dress up doll session.

“That won’t be necessary if we have the sleepover at your place, Abbi,” Monique said.

The other Teen Queens agreed, and tried to suppress their giggles as their leader texted Mia, summoning her to Abbi’s house for the sleepover which was about to begin. One which Mia would never forget.

About twenty minutes later, Mia reluctantly but obediently appeared at Abbi’s door. She’d read between the lines and picked up on the glee Monique’s texts conveyed. While that had filled her with a sense of doom, nothing could have prepared her for what awaited her.

Monique said, “Hey Mia, glad you could join us for our sleepover tonight”

Abbi giggled and pulled out the first outfit they wanted to dress their doll up in, a cute little Girl Scout uniform.

Mia said, “No way! I am not going to wear that!”

Trisha said, “Yeah, you are, and you’ll look so adorable in it!”

Carlie giggled and said, “We should give Mia a complete makeover first! Hair, nails, makeup, the works!”

Monique said, “That's a great idea! We can all pitch in and make Mia feel like a tween queen.”

The girls grabbed Mia and, armed with all the necessary supplies for their makeover mission, rapidly dressed her and made her up as a very young looking Girl Scout, wearing Abbi's old Girl Scout top, skirt, knee socks, and sash with an adorable matching beret.

Mia groaned as they forced her to stand up before a full length mirror. Her tormentors did everything they could to make their dress up doll look like a sweet little girl. She'd considered trying to fight back, but each time she'd tried that, it went very badly for her.

Trisha expertly applied pink lipgloss to her dress up doll's lips, and she'd even drawn little girlish freckles on her face. She didn't use any more makeup on her, explaining, "That is just for older girls, not tweens like you, Mia." They put her hair in cutesy little pigtails, tied up with little pink bows, emphasizing her little girlish look to an amazing degree.

All of this was demeaning beyond belief. It was bad enough that the Teen Queens had fully feminized the former boy. Now, they'd age regressed Mia to a middle school girl. Then, they'd handed her a clip board, loaded dozens of boxes of cookies in a little wagon.

In disbelief, Mia blushed deep red when the TQs forced their helpless plaything to sell the Girl Scout cookies, just like a tween princess. She had to walk to every house in the neighborhood, knock on every door, and give her girlish sales pitch. That went better than expected.

Mia couldn't believe that they bossy beauties had forced her to parade around in public like this. To her relief as well as to her dismay, none of her neighbors suspected that she was anything but the cute little girl she appeared to be. Hours later, Mia had sold almost all of the cookies.

When Monique made Mia knock on her own front door to sell cookies to her own parents, she was humiliated more than she'd ever been before. Her "Daddy" shook his head seeing his former son so utterly emasculated. He never imagined his over eighteen year old child

could be made to look like a cute little tween girl. Still, he bought several boxes of cookies anyway.

When night fell, that ordeal was finally over, but not until hours and hours of the girls videoing their prey had passed. And the next ordeal was about to begin.

Mia said, “Hey guys, I sold the cookies, now can I go home?”

“No way! We're excited to take your forced feminization to the next level!” Monique laughed, “we planned give you another complete makeover tonight!”

Abbi said, I still have a lot of clothes for you to model. Ballet and gymnastics outfits, school girl outfits, lot's of cute girly clothes, all for you, Mia! How does that sound?”

Mia said, “Oh my gosh, you have go to be joking!”

Trisha ignored their toy's protests and said, “Great! Let's start with your hair. Who wants to take the lead?”

Carlie said, “I'll do it! I brought my curling iron and some hairspray. Sit down and let me work my magic!”

Mia threw her hands up helplessly, but obeyed. As Carlie worked on Mia's hair, the other girls helped Abbi pick out some new clothes and accessories to wear

Abbi said, “I found this really cute ballet outfit for you, Mia!” as she held up a pale pink leotard, some white tights, pink ballet slippers, and a pink hair ribbon that she handed to Carlie who'd expertly tied up Mia's hair into an adorable bun.

Trisha said, “And I think these earrings would be the perfect finishing touch.”

Monique said, “Now, let's move on to makeup. Some mascara, eye makeup, and lip gloss. Let's give you a smoky eye and a bold lip!”

After the girls finished Mia's hair and makeup, they moved on to painting her nails.

Carlie said, “I have a few different colors of polish to choose from. What do you think we should go with, Moni?”

The top Teen Queen said, “Ooh, I love that sparkly pink polish!”

As the night went on, the girls chatted and giggled while they finished up the final touches of Mia's makeover. Then, they forced her into the tight-fitting ballerina clothing.

Monique said, “Okay, Mia, are you ready to see your new look?”

Sarcastically, Mia said, “Yes, I can't wait.”

The girls spun Mia around to face the mirror, and Mia's eyes widened in amazement. She moaned, “Oh my gawd, I can't believe it!”

Abbi said, “You look beautiful as a ballerina, Mia,” as she fluffed up the delicate tutu the former boy had been forced to wear. “Next up, my school girl uniform! You'll look sooooo cute in the pleated tartan skirts, cotton white blouses, and so on.”

Trisha said, “We have so much fun giving you girly makeovers, Mia. We never get tired of playing with our dress up dolly!”

Sulking, humiliated Mia said, “I cannot believe you did this to me!”

The rest of the girls exploded with laughter at that, and then the gleefully forced Mia to join them in the night of girl talk. They were all overjoyed to have taken Mia's makeover even further than they ever had before.

~ End of Book Four ~

Continued in ***Made Over Into Mia Book Five:
How Can Marc Escape His Feminized Fate?***

Afterward By The Author

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