



Made Over Into Mia

Book One: Marc's Makeover Begins

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

*Mindi
Harris*

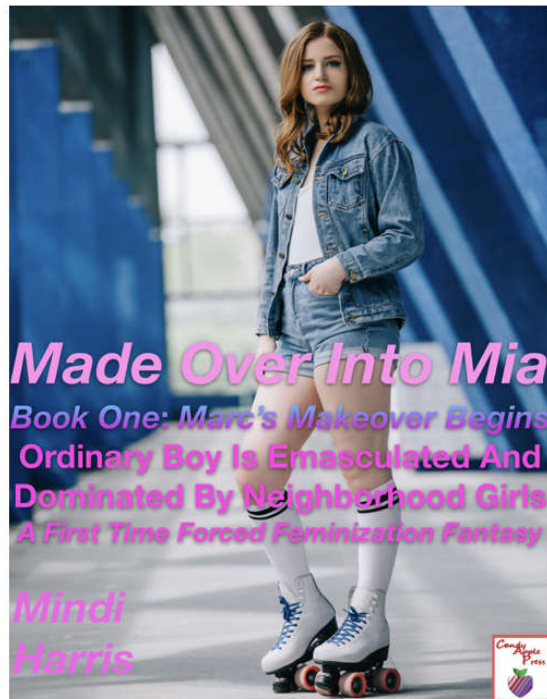


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Dominated By Neighborhood Girls
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Sneak Preview

Abbi, who had arrived late and had just joined them, overheard their conversation and asked, “Feminize Marc? What do you mean?” Apparently she hadn’t been paying attention to Monique when she’d mentioned the idea before.

Monique said, “You know that pretty little boy named Marc? We want to turn him into a girl for the sleepover Friday. It’ll be so much fun!”

Abbi smiled and nodded. “Oh yeah! You were talking about that before! That does sound like fun. Count me in!” she said. Abbi was almost as confident and outgoing as Monique, and she absolutely loved the idea of force-feminizing Marc.

Carlie cheered, “Great! We’ll have to start planning right away.”

Monique agreed, “Yeah, we need to figure out what clothes we can use!”

Carlie, getting even more excited added, “Yes, and what makeup to put on him.”

Trish said, “I have some fun ideas too. I think we should give him a complete makeover and maybe even turn him into a Teen Queen just like us!”

Monique was overjoyed at her friends’ enthusiasm. She said, “Yes! That’s perfect. We’ll make him into our own little dress up doll to ‘yassify’ into the girliest girly girl ever! I’m think the Bratz Doll look would be awesome!”

The four giggling girls continued planning their sleepover, mainly focusing on their plans to feminize Marc. They couldn’t wait to see the end result, and were excited to show him off as their very own Teen Queen dress up doll.

Carlie, Abbi, and Trisha were thrilled with the idea for it's own sake. Monique had other, darker motivations. She fully understood that Marc would feel humiliated and she reveled in the prospect. Just thinking about parading him in front of his friends in a cute girly outfit made her tingle.

The domineering debutante fantasized about feminizing her victim nearly every night, touching herself and bringing herself to multiple climaxes. By doing that, she'd inadvertently conditioned herself to associate feminizing and humiliating Marc with sexual arousal, and after weeks of this she found her panties getting wet whenever she thought about Marc in a cute little outfit with makeup on his face.

Monique had nearly everything any girl could want. Her wealthy and loving family made sure of that. She had a cute little Jemma, a vast wardrobe of designer clothes, an extensive makeup collection, and anything else she desired. Something was missing, something she didn't have that left her feeling empty, but she wasn't sure what that was. Not consciously at least.

As a beautiful, stylish girl, Monique was asked out on dates almost constantly. She'd gone out with a lot of boys, and engaged in heavy petting and sometimes a bit more on many occasions. Still, she never got serious with any of them. She never had what she'd consider a boy friend, and she always broke off whatever relationships she did have after just a week or two.

While all of the boys she dated doted on her, none of them could give her what she really wanted, even though she wasn't even sure what that missing element might be. At that moment, Monique wasn't thinking about that, however. She was obsessed with feminizing Marc, and she couldn't wait to spring her trap on the hapless, helpless boy.

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Forward By The Author

This is a brand new book in a whole new series! In it, a group of stylish and dominant girls force feminize a poor, helpless boy and turn him into their dress up doll. Whether you wish you were the one being force feminized into a perky little girl, or if you enjoy reading about a gang of girls force feminizing a guy, this nearly 9,900 word book (with 8,400+ words of actual story) has everything you're looking for!

Marc Smith was the new kid in town, and after he managed to upset Monique, the resident mean girl, his days as a guy were numbered. Monique and her clique of girls called the Teen Queens set their sights on him, and before he knew it, they'd captured him and turned him into a pretty young girl they renamed Mia!

What will happen next? Can Marc escape from this emasculated fate? Or is he doomed to remain a girl for the foreseeable future? Find out in this tale of kinky, taboo themes like forced feminization, naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, small penis 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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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 Folly

Marc Smith and his family had just moved into a typical suburban neighborhood a few weeks earlier. This was at the start of the Summer, and just after Marc's 18th birthday. A petite boy, about five foot five inches tall and weighing one hundred ten pounds, he was easy-going, kind, and caring.

Knowing that entering school as a new kid could be difficult, his parents wanted to give their son every possible opportunity to make new friends in their new town before he'd start his senior year at a new school. Marc appreciated their thoughtfulness, even though he'd never had any difficulty making friends.

On the first day at his new home, Marc had met Margot Fletcher. She lived across the street and like Marc was an only child. Marc had taken a break from unpacking and was sitting on his front porch when he noticed Margot cleaning and adjusting her skate board. An avid skater himself, he waved to her and she waved him over.

As he crossed the cul-de-sac, Marc brushed his long black hair out of his dark brown eyes. He noted that his pale skin could benefit from some sunlight, but not too much. He had a tendency to get sunburned.

He saw that Margot was an unusually tall and lanky but apparently athletic girl. She was about five foot, eight inches in height and weighed around one hundred and ten pounds. She was wearing a ratty old hoodie, a rock band t-shirt, and well-worn blue jeans with sneakers, basically the same thing Marc was wearing.

"Hey!" Marc said, "I see you skate too?"

"Yeah," she replied, "I'm no champion but I can do a few tricks!"

"Same," Marc nodded, "we should set up a jump sometime? It doesn't look like there's much traffic here, so it'd be cool?"

"Yeah, for sure," she agreed, smiling, "sounds like fun!"

The two teenagers hit it off immediately, and quickly found out that besides skating, they liked a lot of the same music, sports, and video games. They became fast friends.

A true tomboy, Margot generally preferred the company of boys to girls. Over the next few days, she introduced her new friend to the other guys who lived on their cul-de-sac. Marc was happy to have found a group of friends so quickly.

One day, Marc and the other neighborhood boys were just about to start skating around their quiet neighborhood when they saw Margot. She was wearing her usual plain t-shirt, jeans, and her scruffy old hoodie with sneakers.

On any given day, she'd usually be skating with the boys, but not that eventful day. She was sitting alone crying. Margot's shoulder-length light brown hair was almost covering her bright blue eyes which were filled with tears. Her sobs sounded so pathetic that Marc just couldn't continue skating. Not with his BFF so distraught.

So he took a break, skated over to his friend, and asked her, "What's the matter, Margs? Why are you so upset?"

Margot wiped a tear or more like several tears from her blood-shot eyes, wiped her nose on her sleeve, and said, "They're having an all-girls sleepover! And they specifically didn't invite me!"

"Who did that?" Marc asked.

"The Queens!" she said, sniffing.

Of course the boys all knew exactly who she meant, Marc most of all. Even as a new kid, he knew that a clique of high school girls who called themselves the Teen Queens, or the Queens for short, ran their neighborhood if not their entire school.

The Queens always looked glamorous. They tended to be charming, at many times they were demanding, and they always got their way. Led by the lovely but incredibly arrogant and self-entitled Monique Henderson, these girls used their influence to manipulate and dominate everyone around them.

Marc thought of them as the “Mean Queens” because of how they treated him and anyone else who got in their way. The leader of the TQs was Monique, a petite and very pretty girl. Marc feared and loathed her the most of all, by far.

She had long, wavy golden-brown hair and emerald green eyes. She stood at five foot four inches, but her outsized personality made her seem much more imposing than her modest stature would suggest. A superior athlete and an ardent feminist, she loved beating the boys at sports. Beyond that, she was a natural if sometimes overly aggressive leader.

Another Teen Queen, Trisha Martin was a petite girl with long, honey blonde hair. She stood at five feet and two inches, weighed about one hundred pounds, and had a shapely, athletic figure. Perhaps the girliest of the TQs, she was bubbly to the point of being giddy.

Trisha was a born fashionista. She followed fashion trends closely and was especially interested in makeup of any kind. She loved to help out as an intern at her older sister Melody’s beauty salon the *Chic Chica*. Her favorite saying was, “Time for makeovers!”

Carlie Peterson had a wicked sense of humor, and when Trisha and Monique first approached her about feminizing Marc, she collapsed in a massive giggle fit. “I can see it now,” she said, her bright blue eyes flashing with delight, “he’d make an absolutely adorable girl!”

She’d noticed Marc as well, largely because he was almost exactly the same size and build as she was. “I’d love to dress him up in my clothes!” she said excitedly, “I’m totes sure they’ll all fit him perfectly! TBH? I’d love to see him in my junior prom outfit and some of my cute sun dresses, maybe my bikinis too!”

The fourth Teen Queen was a tall and athletic girl with short, auburn hair and hazel eyes named Abbi Brice. She stood at a statuesque five feet, eight inches tall. She weighed a well-muscled one hundred and thirty five pounds. An outstanding athlete, she could outwrestle all but the strongest boys.

The “muscle” for Monique, whenever necessary, Abbi starred on the school’s volley ball team when she wasn’t cheerleading, and was recruited by several colleges to play on their teams. As an aspiring model, she loved competing in beauty pageants, and was also an accomplished dancer.

These girls, the core four members of the Teen Queens, had set a date for their next sleepover. Monique was intent on making it a special one. She planned to do that by tricking Marc into attending, and transforming him into a pretty girl.

She wasn’t sure how that would happen, at first. She knew he’d never attend an all-girls party willingly, so she’d have to come up with a sneaky plan. After scheming about this for several days, she confided in the other three eager girls. After all four girls were on the same page, they were ready to spring their diabolical, demeaning, and feminizing trap on the poor unsuspecting boy!

Chapter Two: Monique Sets Her Sights On Marc

Almost from the very first time they'd met, Monique had decided that she wanted to force feminize Marc. By that she meant completely dressing him up as a girl from head to toe—including makeup, a cute feminine hair style, cute clothes, smooth body, and everything else—and then showing him off to his friends. This would be her crowning achievement!

She began paying attention to Marc when he first moved into the neighborhood. At their very first meeting, things immediately got off on a bad note. As an only child, Marc was a bit spoiled. Also, as a newcomer he had no idea who Monique was.

When they first met, Monique immediately noticed Marc's delicate features, his ready smile, and longish silky hair. She'd assumed he was a girl, one attractive enough to join her Teen Queens clique, and she wanted to get their friendship off to a good start. Albeit on her own terms.

So she asked him to do some of her chores for her. "Hey New Girl!" she said smiling, "want to give me a hand here?"

Stunned at being called "New Girl," Marc grunted, "Huh?"

True, he had long, wavy black hair that he usually kept tucked behind his ears, but he didn't think he looked like a girl! He usually wore comfortable and clean clothes, like the worn out blue jeans, t-shirt, and lightweight hoodie he'd had on at that moment. He was also wearing a pair of white sneakers with a few grass stains.

Nothing about his clothing would indicate that he was a girl. Same for his general appearance, except for maybe his slightly girlish facial features. He had a button nose, full lips, and his large expressive eyes adorned by long, full lashes.

Also, his chest had some extra, almost feminine curves, but he was very self conscious about that. As he matured, Marc had developed some

girlish swelling on his chest. An embarrassing condition that Jennifer Caldwell, his doctor at his old town, told him was called “gynecomastia.” He usually wore bulky, loose t-shirts, sweat shirts, and the like to hide this humiliating condition.

Unlike Marc, Monique looked unmistakably girlish. Her makeup was minimal and natural, with just a hint of shimmery pink eyeshadow and shiny peach lip gloss. Just enough to bring out her innate feminine beauty. Her golden brown, almost blonde hair was wavy and tied up into a high ponytail, with some strands delicately framing her face.

She was wearing a soft cotton sundress with a pink floral pattern on a white background. It had thin spaghetti straps with a figure-hugging empire waist. Its scalloped hem danced playfully around her knees, making it look airy and light.

The fashionable *femme fatale* also wore cute high heeled white sandals with thin leather straps that tied up her well-toned calves. Her hair was up in a high flirty pony tail that danced about as she giggled, “I need you to, like, help me out here! You can start by cleaning my family’s swimming pool and watering our garden!”

Both insulted and bemused, Marc flatly refused saying, “I’m sorry, but I won’t do any of that. You’re not the boss of me.”

That much was true, at least it was for the moment. However, even though Marc didn’t have even the slightest inkling about any of this then, that would soon change. Monique Henderson was a force of nature. As always, she was intent on getting her way or—if frustrated in her efforts to achieve that—getting her revenge on anyone who stood in her way.

Monique was wearing a dainty gold chain around her neck, and matching gold bangles on her left wrist. Her earrings were huge oversized gold hoops that swung back and forth pendulously as she shook her head in shock at the new kid’s disobedience. She wasn’t used to even the slightest defiance, and she found this change a bit amusing.

Her hands on her hips, the neighborhood hottie fumed saying, “I can’t believe what I’m hearing! Don’t you know who I am? I’m Monique Henderson! I’ve lived here my whole life, and I’m used to getting some cooperation from people.”

Shaking his head in response, Marc calmly explained, “Well, I’m new here. While I don’t mind helping out people in need, I don’t think it’s fair that you expect me to do all of this work for you for no reason at all. Just because you tell me to. You’re not some kind of queen!”

“That’s where you’re wrong, little lady,” Monique said, gaping at him in disbelief, “I’m the number one Teen Queen around here!” Her giggles and smiles were long gone by that point. She felt affronted, and that made her angry.

“You seriously don't know who I am?" Monique asked pointedly.

Marc furrowed his eyebrows. “Should I?” he smirked defiantly. He obviously had no idea who she was, and he felt affronted by her superior behavior and returned her scornfulness in kind. He was just about to begin finding out about the high cost of his folly.

“I’m the daughter of the most powerful family in this town! My Dad is the Mayor of this town, and my Mom is the senior partner of the top law firm in the county! Ever hear of The Henderson Law Firm?”

When Marc looked at her blankly, she continued, every bit as imperiously as before. “I shouldn’t even have to ask you to do these things for me,” Monique snapped, “Listen, I could do a lot for a new girl like you! You look athletic, maybe I could get you onto cheerleading? You should be happy to do me a favor or two!”

Marc stared at her skeptically saying in a lilting voice mimicking the arrogant girl’s, “What? ‘A new girl like me?’ and ‘You shouldn’t even have to ask?’ and ‘Get me onto cheerleading?’” he laughed, then he continued in his regular voice, “Wow! Someone sure is full of herself!”

“Yeah you sure are full of yourself, Missy!” Monique growled, still believing Marc was a girl, “you actually think you’re too good for cheerleading?”

Just for a moment, he pictured himself as a cheerleader and laughed, “Me? Bouncing around in a cute little skirt, waving pompoms, and shouting mindless things? That’ll be the day! Anyway, I’m still not doing your chores for you.” He shrugged and made to walk away.

Monique gasped at that insult against her beloved sport. She was so frustrated that she was unable to even speak. Monique became almost obsessed with bending Marc to her will. Soon, her frustration grew until she didn’t just want to make Marc do what she told him to do, however.

One day, Monique found her target hanging out with the neighborhood crew. She looked the new boy up and down intently. She understood by then that that’s what he really was. At first, she’d taken him for a girl, and she was embarrassed when she realized her mistake. That only made her even more upset.

She tried to humiliate him in front of his friends by saying, “Mia, you were asking me about cheerleader tryouts the other day?”

Marc chuckled at that, shaking his head in disbelief at her extra behavior. He grinned and said, “I’m sorry, but like I said I’m new in this town, so maybe I’m not up with all of your local customs. Where I’m from, they only have girl cheerleaders. No boy would be caught dead doing that.”

Suddenly Monique realized she was talking to a boy, not a girl, and this made her feel embarrassed. She hated to feel embarrassed, and she vowed to make Marc feel the same way, even though he’d done nothing much to intentionally offend her. From that point on, she teased the poor boy incessantly, acting like he was a girl and calling him “Mia.”

She smirked at Marc and said, “Of course we only have girls cheer here too, Mia, so that’s why I’m telling you about try outs! Duh!”

The kids all liked Marc, but they feared Monique. As the assembled kids laughed, Marc fumed. Shaking with embarrassment he replied, “Dude...I'm a guy, and I happen to love these jeans.”

Monique smirked and said, “Good for you, Miss Thang, but I don't think anyone asked you for your opinion. Don't forget who the real boss is here, *Mia*! Just agree with me that you need to find better clothes. Maybe some skinny jeans or a sexy little miniskirt would suit you better, girlfriend.”

Marc's face flushed bright red at this latest insult to his masculinity. The pretty cheerleader giggled as she saw that her words had had their intended effect. She loved how she'd made her target blush so prettily, but she hated how her actions made him increasingly defiant towards her.

For his part, Marc began by arguing back. When he realized that only riled up Monique even more, he tried just ignoring her. It was no use. Both of those strategies only made her more angry. It didn't seem like he could win with her, no matter what he did. He tried to defuse the situation by smiling and saying, “I don't have the legs for a miniskirt, Monique.”

Monique shook her head in frustration. “Oh, come on, *Mia*,” she said in a patronizing tone. “You know I'm right. You don't have to get all worked up about it.” She gave him an exaggerated eye-roll and then let out a loud, theatrical sigh. “Let's go shopping at the mall. I'll help you pick out some cute little outfits that'd be so much more appropriate for a pretty girl like you!”

That made Marc blush, exactly as Monique intended. He closed his eyes tightly, to regain control of his temper before he said something he'd regret and breathed slowly and steadily in and out, in and out, until he'd steadied himself as much as he could. His face a mask of barely suppressed emotions, Marc gritted his teeth and said, “Oh come on, Monique—” in an even tone that belied his frustration.

Ignoring him, Monique vowed, “Mark my words, *Mia*, you *will* go shopping with me, and I *will* pick out your new pretty outfits for school.”

She smirked and added, “it’s coming up in just a few weeks! Aren’t you excited to meet all of your new classmates, Mia? I’ll make sure that you make a lasting impression on everyone!”

Hearing that, Marc rolled his eyes right back at her. Every bone in his body throbbed with anger, and he wanted to lash out at her. Still, by this point he’d learned that Monique was a force to be reckoned with, so he decided to back down.

Eager to avoid provoking her further and risking even more embarrassment, he tried to placate his bossy, bitchy neighbor by saying, “I’m sorry Monique, but can’t we please just drop this now?”

Sensing weakness, the perky, bossy cheerleader shrugged, smiled prettily and said, “Sure thing! Just keep your calendar open for clothes shopping next week!” Not content with that she asked, “So, Mia, what’s your favorite song to sing? An Ariana Grande song? Something by Taylor Swift? Or are you more of a dancer?”

Increasingly embarrassed, Marc said, “Why does it matter to you either way, Monique? I’m not even sure why you’re asking.”

The spoiled rotten princess replied, “I’m just curious. I want to get to know you better, girl.”

Marc said, “I’d rather we didn’t. I think it’s better if we just keep our distance.”

Unfortunately for him, Monique didn’t listen to other people very well. She was used to getting her way, and not at all used to being denied. With her powerful influence over the other Teen Queens, it was easy for her to excite them about the prospect of turning the petite boy into their life-sized Barbie Doll.

The TQs were already planning another sleepover, and Monique had decided that this would afford them a perfect opportunity for them to feminize Marc. When they invited their fellow Teen Queen Abigail Taylor, usually known as “Abbi” or “Abbi the Amazon,” they told her

about their plans to turn Marc into a girl. She too was excited by the prospect.

Monique first approached Trisha with her scheme because of all the Queens, she was the most adept with hair and makeup. She'd also expressed her desires to the other two TQs, and they were both supportive. Now, she could wait no longer. She met with her fellow Teen Queens that very afternoon to plot and plan.

The four were gathered together in Monique's bedroom. Her room was definitely feminine with pale pink walls and a white wooden four-poster bed with light pink and white sheets. There was a large vanity dresser in the corner of the room, with a blanket of cosmetic products spread across the top.

The windows were decorated with sheer white curtains and there were several white and gold throw pillows scattered across the bed and floor. The room was lit with a soft pink glow from the fairy lights and string lamps that hung from the ceiling.

The core four Teen Queens were all there. Sitting on the bed, her legs folded up underneath her lithe body, Carlie said, "I can't wait for our next sleepover! We're going to have so much fun!"

Monique added, "I know, right? But do you know what would make it even better? If we finally feminize Marc." By this point, her friends had heard her suggest this more than once, and they were excited to help with this plan.

Chapter Three: The Teen Queens' Schemes

“Yes! We can dress him up, do his makeup, and make him look like a girl!” Trisha giggled, picturing them gathered around a helpless boy, applying makeup, doing his hair, and making him wear cute, girly outfits.

Abbi, who had arrived late and had just joined them, overheard their conversation and asked, “Feminize Marc? What do you mean?” Apparently she hadn’t been paying attention to Monique when she’d mentioned the idea before.

Monique said, “You know that pretty little boy named Marc? We want to turn him into a girl for the sleepover Friday. It’ll be so much fun!”

Abbi smiled and nodded. “Oh yeah! You were talking about that before! That does sound like fun. Count me in!” she said. Abbi was almost as confident and outgoing as Monique, and she absolutely loved the idea of force-feminizing Marc.

Carlie cheered, “Great! We’ll have to start planning right away.”

Monique agreed, “Yeah, we need to figure out what clothes we can use!”

Carlie, getting even more excited added, “Yes, and what makeup to put on him.”

Trish said, “I have some fun ideas too. I think we should give him a complete makeover and maybe even turn him into a Teen Queen just like us!”

Monique was overjoyed at her friends’ enthusiasm. She said, “Yes! That’s perfect. We’ll make him into our own little dress up doll to ‘yassify’ into the girliest girly girl ever! I’m think the Bratz Doll look would be awesome!”

The four giggling girls continued planning their sleepover, mainly focusing on their plans to feminize Marc. They couldn't wait to see the end result, and were excited to show him off as their very own Teen Queen dress up doll.

Carlie, Abbi, and Trisha were thrilled with the idea for it's own sake. Monique had other, darker motivations. She fully understood that Marc would feel humiliated and she reveled in the prospect. Just thinking about parading him in front of his friends in a cute girly outfit made her tingle.

The domineering debutante fantasized about feminizing her victim nearly every night, touching herself and bringing herself to multiple climaxes. By doing that, she'd inadvertently conditioned herself to associate feminizing and humiliating Marc with sexual arousal, and after weeks of this she found her panties getting wet whenever she thought about Marc in a cute little outfit with makeup on his face.

Monique had nearly everything any girl could want. Her wealthy and loving family made sure of that. She had a cute little Jemma, a vast wardrobe of designer clothes, an extensive makeup collection, and anything else she desired. Something was missing, something she didn't have that left her feeling empty, but she wasn't sure what that was. Not consciously at least.

As a beautiful, stylish girl, Monique was asked out on dates almost constantly. She'd gone out with a lot of boys, and engaged in heavy petting and sometimes a bit more on many occasions. Still, she never got serious with any of them. She never had what she'd consider a boy friend, and she always broke off whatever relationships she did have after just a week or two.

While all of the boys she dated doted on her, none of them could give her what she really wanted, even though she wasn't even sure what that missing element might be. At that moment, Monique wasn't thinking about that, however. She was obsessed with feminizing Marc, and she couldn't wait to spring her trap on the hapless, helpless boy.

This was her plan as she described it to her fellow Teen Queens: “I’ll invite Marc to our sleepover, and make a point of not inviting Margot. Those two are really close, and the tomboy will definitely talk to her pretty boy bestie about it. When he gets close enough, Abbi and I can grab him. We’ll carry him here if we have to....”

The Teen Queens all nodded. Abbi especially appreciated her part in the scheme. She loved showing her superiority over boys, and the idea of carrying a struggling but helpless boy into his feminized fate made her giggle.

The four feminine conspirators set off to set their plan in motion. It only took them a few minutes to find Margot and cruelly un-invite her. The TQs had always rejected Margot, and she generally shrugged it off.

She was usually very confident and even bossy herself, but this time she she felt very hurt and rejected by their rudely shunning treatment of her. As she matured, she was starting to embrace her feminine side, bit by bit, and she sought acceptance from the other girls.

The Teen Queens laughed at Margot as she ran off crying. As they’d expected she was looking to confide in Marc, desperate for his sympathetic ear. Margot took a seat near their prime skating spot and waited. There she sat, crying, and soon she’d encountered Marc and the other neighborhood boys.

Marc asked Margot, “Did they give you any reasons for excluding you from their sleepover?”

“Yes! They said I wasn’t girly enough!” she said, “they called me a boy!” and then she started crying again.

This struck a nerve with Marc. He’d been repeatedly teased by Monique for supposedly looking like a girl. He didn’t like Monique or the other Queens for always backing her up. Besides her demeaning treatment of him, he resented Monique’s bossy ways toward everyone else.

He didn't like how she treated him and he didn't like how the Teen Queens were treating Margot. She was probably his closest friend, and he hated seeing her crying. He knew she didn't do anything to deserve any of their abuse.

Marc was much too ashamed and embarrassed to admit it even to Margot, but he'd been invited to the Teen Queen's girly sleepover. That was bad enough. He'd found it even more humiliating when he found out that they'd asked him to attend when Margot, an actual girl, hadn't been invited!

He felt his face flush with embarrassment as the full implications of that latest and perhaps most obnoxious insult to his masculinity hit home, and that made him angry. "That's so wrong!" he told Margot, "it's mean too!"

Mean didn't even begin to describe Monique's schemes, but Marc had no inkling of the full scope of his impending doom. The beautiful bully had no problem imagining Marc all dressed up and made up as a pretty girl. She'd been taunting him about that for several days.

Monique never told anyone, but each time she pictured herself feminizing Marc, she felt a tantalizing tingle starting between her legs, spreading like lightning, and sparking breathtaking sexual excitement throughout her body. Every day, she thought about it, and every day she grew more and more intent on making him over into a girl.

Marc had no idea about these elaborate, emasculating plans to humiliate him. He'd dismissed Monique's taunts as just mean-spirited teasing. He shuddered every time she made one of her demeaning remarks, but he coped as best he could.

Usually that meant simply brushing off Monique's insulting comments, and trying not to even show that they bothered him. This, even though they bothered him quite a lot.

Marc tried to console himself by reassuring himself that she could never carry out any of these humiliating schemes. He never dreamed that

she'd ever dare to force him to dress as a girl, even if she somehow could. Still, the very thought of it was so unsettling that he couldn't wrap his mind around it.

Jim said, "I know! We can go spy on those girls! We can find out what they do at their stupid sleepovers!"

"Chubby" Mortimer was quick to agree, and no one else there spoke up against Jim's idea.

If he knew what was about to happen, Marc definitely would have argued against Jim's idea, or at the very least refused to go along with it. Unfortunately for him, at the time, it seemed like a fun way of getting back at the Teen Queens. He'd had his fill of Monique and her friends teasing him. He looked forward to making them regret it, at least in some small way if he could.

By that time, it was early evening. The street lights were all coming on, and the crickets were warming up for their nightly nocturnal chorus. The boys hadn't thought out their plans, so eager were they to get underway.

They let Margot lead them to Monique's home, although they all knew the way well, having grown up on the same block. As the lone girls and the boys following her got closer, they could hear the noises of the girly sleepover going on inside.

These included loud giggling, shrieking girlish voices, and even more giggling, all with the girly pop music of Doja Cat, Ariana Grande, and Dua Lipa providing a bouncy, exuberant sound track.

The boys and Margot could hear the giddy laughter and perky, feminine melodies ever clearer as they crept ever closer. Soon, they smelled something sweet either baking or fresh out of the oven. The young would-be spies felt their stomachs rumbling at the delicious scent wafting from an opened window.

“Dang what’s that? Fresh baked cookies?” Jim Swenson asked, his mouth watering.

“I guess so?” Marc said, his own mouth starting to water as well. “I wish I was inside!” he thought before catching himself, “wait, no! No way! In there with all those girls? Why I would I want that? What’s my problem!”

He’d soon learn the grimmest possible meaning of the old adage, “Be careful what you wish for, because you just might get it.”

While Marc scolded himself for his unwanted thoughts, Jim recklessly climbed up on top of a metal garbage can so he could snoop through the opened window. He saw into the Henderson’s kitchen, and hungrily eyed a large plate of chocolate chip cookies cooling just inside. He made sure no one was watching, and quickly decided that it wouldn’t hurt to grab a few of them.

He leaned as far as he could through the window, stretching his long, lean body toward the enticing treats. Before he could reach them, he lost his balance. The garbage can slipped out from beneath him and slammed against the outside wall hard. That made a loud clashing sound, immediately followed by another noisy crash as Jim fell onto the can.

The music inside stopped suddenly, and the now-exposed espionage teens could hear girlish voices shouting, “What was that?” and “Someone must be spying on us!” and “Let’s see who it is!”

“Run!” Jim shouted, rolling back to his feet and taking off through the backyards of the neighborhood. He didn’t pause to look back. As he’d expected, the rest of the gang followed closely behind him. All of them except for Marc, that is. He’d tripped over the trash can and somehow got his leg caught inside of it.

Before he could extricate himself from the garbage can, Marc felt strong feminine, athletic arms grab him! It was bossy Monique and Abbi the Amazon. He struggled to escape, but it was no use. Abbi alone was bigger and stronger than he was, and Monique was at least his equal.

Monique was wearing a bright pink tank top and white shorts with a sparkly pink headband in her long, wavy golden-brown hair. Abbi was wearing a black and white striped shirt and a short black denim skirt. Her silky, auburn hair was cut in a cute pixie style. Both girls wore flirty girly makeup including golden-hued eye shadow, rosy pink blush, and bubblegum-colored lip gloss.

When Monique and Abbi dragged Marc inside, he could see the rest of the Teen Queens were all having a great time. They were painting other's nails, giving each other facials, and styling each other's hair.

"Look what we found!" Monique laughed as they pulled Marc into the bedroom, "a life-sized Barbie Doll!"

Hearing that, Marc's blood froze in his veins. Whenever he'd had the audacity to stand up to Monique, something few kids ever did, she'd warn him that some day she'd have her way with him.

"Just keep it up, *Mia!*" she'd say, "one of these days I'll get my hands on you and dress you up all pretty!" She'd made it clear what that meant too—the worst nightmare imaginable for a young guy. Now, he was being dragged into the lioness's den!

All four girls had on light makeup, including mascara and lip gloss, and they were all wearing cute little girlish outfits. When they saw Marc, they all shouted their greetings.

"Mia, so glad you changed your mind and decided to join us!" Monique smirked.

"Yes Mia! We're about to do makeovers!" Carlie said, "You're just in time!"

Abbi giggled at that, adding, "Mia was so eager to join in, she tripped all over herself in all of her excitement!"

Trisha just grinned as she looked Marc up and down, nodded to herself.

Chapter Four: Into The Lioness' Den

Trisha said, “Hey Marc, I mean *Mia*, so I’ve been thinking. You have such a pretty face, have you ever considered feminizing your appearance?”

Marc said, “Uh, no not really. I’m happy with the way I look.”

Trisha said, “But imagine how stunning you would be as a girl. I bet you would turn heads everywhere you go.”

Marc said, “I don’t really want to be a girl though.”

Trisha said, “Come on, it’ll be fun. Let’s just try it out. I have some makeup and clothes we can use.”

Marc said, “I don’t know about this...”

Trisha said, “Just trust me. It’s not like it’s gonna be permanent or anything. Just for one night, we can see how you look as a girl.”

“I have some hair and makeup ideas I’ve been looking forward to try on you!” said Trisha. Always the girliest of the Queens, she was wearing a floral dress with her straight, black hair pulled back into a ponytail.

Carlie had on a yellow sundress and her honey blonde hair was down and parted to the side. She said, “Hey Mia! I’ve noticed that you’re about the same size as me, and I brought over some clothes you can borrow!”

At this, Marc began struggling furiously, desperate to break free from Abbi’s iron grasp. He almost got his right arm free, but Monique began tickling him making him lose all concentration. As Trisha joined in with the tickle torture, Abbi let Marc go—only to push him to the floor. She knelt on his arms, immobilizing him.

While Monique and Trisha continued tickling the helpless boy, the other Queens unceremoniously began stripping him! First they pulled his shirt off over the top of his head.

He yelled, “Hey! Stop!” and wriggled underneath Abbi as Monique and Trisha continued trickling him. The other girls were not slowing at all. If anything, they kept going even faster, quickly removing his sneakers, socks, and jeans. He was soon stripped all the way down to his boxers.

They kept tickling him, even as he cried, “Stop! Stop I can’t breathe! Stop! I’m gonna pee!”

“If you do, I’ve got some panties you can have!” Monique said laughing, holding up a pair of pink bikini panties for all of them to see. It was a very effeminate pair, with shiny polished pink cotton and white lacy detailing along the waist and leg holes.

Seeing that, Marc used a burst of strength to break free momentarily. Abbi put him in a headlock and motioned for Monique to help her. Monique dropped the panties onto her bed, and threw a towel onto her rolling desk chair.

Then, working together, Monique and Abbi lifted the struggling boy up and then pushed Marc down onto the desk chair. Unfortunately for him, the Queens were all Girl Scouts and had learned to tie ropes at summer camp. The two strong, beautiful, and athletic girls demonstrated their knot-tying skills.

They began by by looping a pair of pantyhose around his ankles and tying them to the legs of the chair. Then, they tied his wrists to the arms of the chair. He was now totally helpless, exposed wearing nothing but his boxers in front of the giggling girls.

“Do you really think we can make him pee by tickling him?” Trisha asked.

“Don’t you mean make *her* pee by tickling *her*?” Monique asked, “and yes I really think we can!” With that she began tickling her prey again with increasing energy, smirking as he fought in vain to break himself free.

“This isn’t funny girls!” he said, his voice sounding like a girlish whine even to his own ears.

“I have to argue with you on that, Mia,” said Monique, “It’s actually hilarious! You see, once we make you pee yourself, we’ll have to throw out those ugly boyish undies and give you these to wear instead!” she once again held up the incredibly girly pink panties with white lace trim.

“You have got to be joking!” Marc said, struggling to kick his legs out. The pantyhose held firm, and he merely rocked the chair slightly for all of his frantic efforts.

“No, not joking at all, Mia!” Monique laughed, “you’ve been running around all over the place looking like one of the scruffy old boys, but your tomboy phase is ending today! For now on you’re going to be one of us girls!”

“W-W-W-Wait w-w-w-w-what?” Marc sputtered, hoping he heard her wrong, “I’m not a tomboy! I’m a boy!” he protested.

“We’ll soon see about that!” Trisha laughed, preparing her makeup, along with her hair styling and mani-pedi tools. With a feeling like a bowling ball in his tummy, Marc realized she planned to use them on him.

Trisha used a big, soft brush to tickle Marc as Abbi poked him and stroked him under his arms. He writhed as he begged and pleaded with them. He noticed a few of the girls at a time were videoing his ordeal, and that made him even more humiliated.

He was terrified that the girls might show off the evidence of his feminization, or worse yet, post it online! Aware that these girls could

blackmail him with this, he said nothing, hoping against hope that they'd never stoop so low.

“Stop! Please! Show some mercy!” he whined, but they just laughed at him. He did his best to hold it back, but eventually the girls wore down his resistance until he could hold on no longer.

Letting go, he soaked his underwear and he felt so embarrassed that he thought he would die right then and there. His humiliation only increased as the girls cut away his dampened boxers and threw them into the garbage.

Of course Trisha and Carlie caught every moment of his debasement on their phones, and made sure Marc knew it. “Look, Mia!” Carlie said, “we saved this for posterity!”

Now he was totally naked and tied to a chair while the girls were all fully clothed, standing in a semi-circle around him and pointing at him. They mocked his manhood mercilessly.

“Look at her tiny little clit!” Monique said, “I always knew you were a girl just pretending to be a boy, Mia, that's why we invited you to our all girl sleep-over!”

That stung Marc, but he somehow managed to keep from crying in shame, even when the other girls agreed with their leader.

“You were right!” Carlie agreed, “she's nothing but a cute little girl! All of my clothes will fit her perfectly, even my bikinis bottoms!”

Wrinkling her nose, Monique pulled away the damp towel from under the humiliated and naked boy. She dabbed away at Marc's wetness as if he were a little baby.

“Lucky I'm an experienced babysitter,” she said, adding, “if you can't control yourself we can dress you in a nice diaper, Mia!”

All of the Teen Queens shrieked with laughter at that idea, but their hostess was just getting started humiliating their unwilling guest.

“I’ve got an idea!” Monique said, producing her lady’s electric razor, “those long, shapely legs will look way better without that gross hair!” She began shaving Marc’s legs with a huge smile on her face.

“Don’t forget her underarms!” Abbi said, smiling as Monique finished with Marc’s legs and began removing the rest of his body hair. “She shouldn’t have a single hair below her eyebrows!”

As for Marc’s eyebrows, Trisha attacked them with a pair of tweezers, plucking away again and again and again.

“Ouch! Hey that hurts!” he cried, making all of the girls laugh.

“That’s the price we girls pay for beauty, Mia!” Monique giggled.

Trisha grinned as she continued against his protests, creating a thin, feminine arch over each of the tortured boy’s eyes. It took her several minutes of intensive, painful, and skillful shaping, but when she was finished, the damage was done.

This damage went far beyond the hapless, helpless, and somewhat pretty boy’s stinging brow line. It also totally demolished whatever there was of his masculine appearance itself. Trisha knew exactly what she was doing, and that was making Marc look unmistakably feminine.

Her older sister Melody had told Trisha that eyebrows were a seemingly subtle but in reality a very powerful gender signal. She said, “While a few metrosexual men might trim their brows neatly, only the most feminine of women take the added step of carefully sculpting them into delicate, dainty arches.”

Melody had told her little sister, “That opens up a girl’s entire face, giving her eyes a stylish and alluring look that only a woman would have.” Trisha had taken that advice to heart. In fact, she’d learned almost everything she knew from her sister.

When she held up a hand mirror to reveal Marc's flamboyantly stylish eyebrows, he was appalled! He couldn't believe the profound results of the girl's expert efforts. They went far beyond anything he could have ever imagined.

With his new girly eyebrows, his face looked incredibly feminine! He blushed deeply red, then his face turned a paler shade of white. He felt overwhelmed and bowled over by waves of shame and embarrassment.

"Look what you did to my eyebrows, Trisha!" he cried, "no one could possibly mistake such girly eyebrows for a boy's!"

"I know!" Trisha giggled, "aren't they just too cute?"

Carlie marveled at the huge change they'd already imposed upon their helpless doll. "Wow!" she said, "Mia looks gorgeous! You're an absolute magician, Trisha! Could you do mine like that?"

Monique nodded, "Me too?" she asked, adding, "I mean it's great that Mia's eyebrows are as girly as the rest of her will soon be, but we can't have her looking cuter and more feminine than the rest of us!"

"I'm not supposed to have girlish eyebrows! I'm not supposed to be cute or feminine!" Marc whined pathetically.

"Why not?" asked Abbi, smirking.

"Because I'm a boy, not a girl!" Marc said, astonished by the very question.

"You're a boy? I'm not sure about that. But even if so? You won't be!" Trisha giggled, seeing the terror in his face, "We're just getting started, Mia!"

Monique echoed that saying, "Ha! You a boy? Not for long!" Marc put up little to no resistance as Monique shaved his underarms. Then, she

removed all of the hair from his arms for good measure. When she was done, his body was as silky and as smooth as any girl's.

The helpless captive burned with emasculated embarrassment as the girls gathered around him, pointing and laughing. Monique announced to the other girls, "I think Mia is ready for her panties!"

They all giggled at that. Abbi untied Marc as Monique warned him, "Don't you dare try to make a run for it, Princess!"

Marc made a frustrated gurgling sound and a confused expression as he glared angrily into his tormentor's eyes. "It's not like I could go anywhere, naked like this!" he snapped. He wasn't naked for long, however.

"Oh! You say you want to borrow some clothes?" Monique asked mockingly, "why didn't you just say so?"

Chapter Five: Marc's First Bra And Panties

Monique brandished a pair of her sexy, girly panties in Marc's blushing face and, grinning ear to ear, nodded to her fellow cheerleaders. "Hold her girls!" she said.

Abbi grabbed Marc and put him into a headlock, holding him securely in place. Next, Trisha and Carlie forced him to lift first his left leg, and then his right leg so Monique could slip the stunningly girly panties over his feet and onto his newly smoothly hairless legs.

Grinning, she pulled the silky, sexy, pink panties up and into place over his tiny manhood, hiding it completely inside the feminizing confines of the skimpy undies. She snapped the elastic band into place with ceremonious finality, and Marc shivered in abject humiliation as he realized that he was now wearing an item of girl's clothes for the first time in his life.

"Isn't that simply adorable?" Trisha sighed, "Even I don't have a pair of panties close to that feminine!"

"Yes, but that's just because you're not nearly as girly and feminine as Mia is, are you Trisha?" said Monique.

Looking at the stylish and incredibly sexy Trisha, Marc shook his head. "How could anyone possibly say I'm more feminine than her? She's a total girly girl! That's the most emasculating thing I've ever heard!" he thought to himself, his stomach clenching with humiliated distress.

Marc felt that things couldn't possibly get worse, but somehow they did! Now that all of these girls were focused on his shamefully feminine-looking chest. Monique felt like all her dreams had come true when she noticed, "Look, she even has boobs!"

It was true! While his doctor had assured him that this condition wasn't dangerous or uncommon, and said it usually went away naturally on its own, this was beyond embarrassing for Marc. Never more so than

at that moment as Abbi approached him and cupped his fleshy mounds in her soft, insistent hands.

“My gawd! She really does have cute titties!” she said, as she rolled his sensitive nipples between her thumbs and forefingers making him moan and sigh with pleasure, his eyes rolling back in response to this unwanted intimate attention. “Look! She even reacts just like a girl when you tease her pretty little titties!”

“Well that’s because she is a girl!” Carlie said.

Monique nodded and added, “I’ve been telling you that all along!” The other girls giggled at that. “So if she’s a girl, then she needs a bra, doesn’t she?” Monique asked, and started pawing through her lingerie drawer.

Soon, she found the matching article from the set. She held aloft a padded pushup bra with the same shiny pink polished cotton and lace detailing as the panties he wore. In every way, the sexy, girlish bra was a perfect complement to the ultra feminine panties Marc was already wearing.

Monique laughed as she nodded to Abbi who smiled and forced Marc to put his arms through the bra straps. Then, when Monique clasped the hooks closed behind his back, Marc felt like he was locked in an embarrassing, emasculating embrace.

He felt the tight embrace of the bra straps, and followed their eyes to his chest which now sported two perky little boobs. This, thanks to the padding inside the brassiere and the way the it pulled his small mounds up and toward the middle of his chest, giving him unmistakably alluringly feminine cleavage.

“Look!” Abbi said as if reading his mind, “She actually does have cute little boobs!”

“Not so little!” Carlie giggled, delightedly, “she’s got a nice rack!” Hearing that, Marc felt tidal waves of hot humiliation roll over him,

threatening to drown him in embarrassed emasculation, and making him gasp with astonished shame.

“How can this be happening?” he wondered, “I’m a boy! I’m not supposed to have a rack?” he asked himself disconsolately.

He wanted to run away, but with all of this overwhelming humiliation, he felt too dizzy to stand. So he slumped back into the rolling chair. The girls took that opportunity to tie his ankles to the legs of the chair again.

“Boys don’t wear panties and they certainly don’t wear bras!” his mind screamed. He felt sure he was going to melt into a liquid pool of humiliation as he sat there on display in front of four gorgeous girls his age, wearing only the girlish silky pink bra and panties set.

Monique smirked and said, “Now isn’t she just so cute posing there like a princess in her sexy undies?”

The assembled girls all clapped their hands as they looked Marc up and down. He wanted to evaporate, to turn into smoke and blow away. Anything to escape his feminized fate. There was nothing he could do to escape, however.

Marc had no choice but to endure these taunts and teasing until the Teen Queens tired of tormenting him and let him go free. That wouldn’t happen for some time. He was totally helpless as he sat there, smoothly shaven, and dressed in girlish underwear.

He’d been emasculated and exposed as a feminized little sissy before these girls with their mocking smiles. Abbi looked at Marc closely, a huge smile on her face.

She ran her fingers along his smoothly shaven body and said, “I never noticed how cute Mia’s figure was.”

“I know, right?” Carlie said giggling, “I’m kinda jealous!”

Marc was feeling frustrated beyond all endurance. He struggled valiantly to regain his equilibrium despite the relentless assaults against his flagging masculinity. He was about to yell at these girls, to demand that they let him go, but before he could, the next phase of his feminization began.

End Book One, Continued in Book Two:
Marc's Total Transformation Into Mia

Afterward By The Author

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