

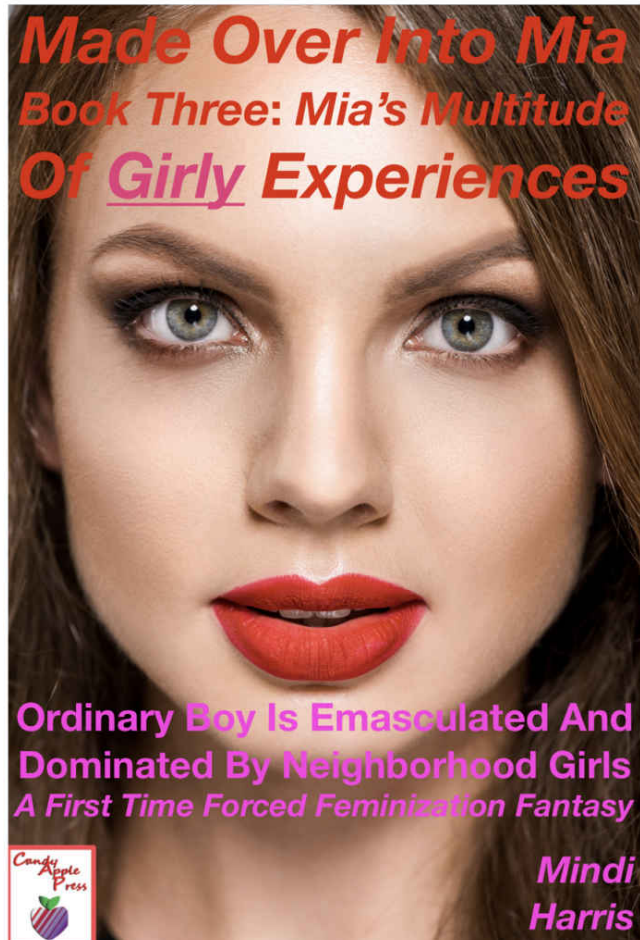
Made Over Into Mia
Book Three: Mia's Multitude
Of Girly Experiences

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



Mindi
Harris

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By Mindi Harris © 2023 All Rights Reserved



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Sneak Preview

Unknown to the rest of her crew, Monique had become sexually aroused by the prospect of totally transforming an ordinary boy into a girly girl. She fantasized about it, imagining herself dominating and feminizing the defiant new kid as she pleased herself. She did this almost every night in her room, and each time she grew more and more ecstatic about imposing her will on her prey.

She pictured the reluctant dress up doll with a body shaved hairless and silky smooth just like a girl. She fantasized about making Mia wear sexy feminine clothes including panties and a bra, with her face made up just like a girl. Day by day, these fevered dreams became more and more compelling for Monique.

These images had dominated her thoughts for weeks. Now she'd finally made it happen! Not content with a one-time dress up session, Monique and the other mean girls decided to take away all of their new dress up doll's male clothes and much of his other belongings.

The giggling girls had replaced the former Marc's possessions with dainty, girly girl outfits and other items a pretty girl needed. They'd even replaced the beloved skate board with a pair of cute white roller skates. The total conversion of Marc into Mia was complete before the clock struck noon, and punctuated the end of any hint of masculinity in the poor kid's life.

Monique said, "Look Mia! We painted your room pink, and put up some totes adorbs girly decorations for you. Look at all the boy band posters, princess prints, and so on. We even set up a white vanity with a three-way mirror so you can doll yourself up with all the makeup we got for you, and do your hair all pretty!"

Monique had been the most intent on transforming the helpless Marc into Mia, but Trisha had been the most upbeat about this extreme emasculation and feminization project.

The perky girl smiled and said, “I’m still not loving your hair, Mia. How about I take you to my big sister Melody’s salon? We can do your hair much better there with my sis and her *Chic Chica* staff all helping. I’ll make an appointment for you and I’ll take you there tomorrow!” And so she did.

Later that day, at about five in the afternoon, Trisha knocked on the Smith family’s front door. She was wearing a casual yet feminine summer outfit—a cotton pastel pink sundress that hugged her figure in all the right places. She was always stylish and trendy, traits she’d picked up from her older sister.

Trisha wore a dress with a subtle floral pattern that added to its charm. She had paired it with a pair of white strappy sandals that showed off her perfectly pedicured toes. Her makeup was minimal, with just a touch of pink lip gloss and a light dusting of bronzer on her cheeks. Her hair was styled in loose waves that fell over her shoulders, framing her face.

She had accessorized her outfit with a delicate gold chain necklace and matching earrings that added a touch of elegance to her overall look. She was carrying an oversized pink shopping bag. When her unwilling dress up doll answered the door, the cute, perky girl said, “Hey, Mia! How are you doing?”

Her voice unsteady and choked with angry frustration, the newly-feminized Mia said sarcastically, “I’m doing just great, thanks for asking.” Then she asked, with grim foreboding, “What brings you here?”

Trisha laughed at Mia’s reaction and said, “Don’t you remember? I’m taking to to see my sister at her salon today? We have to do something to tame that unruly mop of hair you’ve been sporting.”

Fearfully, Mia asked, “What did you have in mind, exactly?”

Trisha said, “Umm, I already told you! You need a cute hair style, so we’re going to my sister Melody’s beauty spa together? While we’re

there, I think it would be fun to get you some beauty treatments. Mani-pedi, you know? That sort of thing. You'll just love it."

Hearing her worst suspicions confirmed, Mia said, "Uh, I'm not sure that's really my thing—"

Trisha waved away Mia's objections and cut her off saying, "Oh, come on! It'll be a chance for you to relax and get pampered as you adjust to being your new self. Plus, I promise you'll look amazing afterward, just like an totally glamorous fashionista princess!"

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of!" the former boy once known as Marc said, "I don't know, Trisha. I've never really been into that sort of thing. You know I'm not really a girl, right?"

Trisha giggled at Mia saying, "That's because you've never tried it before. Trust me, you'll love it and you'll look so adorable. Yes, I'm aware that you've been hiding your femininity as a gross tom boy, but that's all changing now. Who knows, you might even discover you like your new feminine self?"

The reluctant new girl shuddered in dread as she considered the next-level extreme feminizing treatments that could be inflicted upon her at Melody's beauty salon. There, they'd have access to all kinds of professional beauty equipment. They could do almost anything to feminize her even further! Makeup, hair treatments, and who knew what else?

Remembering how humiliating it felt to have Monique, Trisha, and the other Teen Queens feminize her, Mia shook her head, "No." Her breathing became ragged as she relived the embarrassment of her total emasculation at their hands. She closed her eyes tightly, and wished this ordeal had never happened, or at least would end there and then.

Trisha wasn't going to be denied, however. She said, "You know I'd hate to see what would happen to you if Monique found out that you're being a bad girl?"

Mia rolled her eyes and asked, “What could she do to me that’d be worse than this?” as she waved her hand over her feminized body.

Trisha shook her head and looked uncharacteristically somber. She said in a low tone, “Honestly? You really do not want to know!”

Mia moaned at this as she imagined the fate worse than feminization that an angry Monique could inflict upon her. Terrified of the meanest mean girl’s fury, she capitulated saying, “Alright, fine. Let’s give it a shot. Please don’t let them do anything too crazy and nothing permanent!”

“Ha ha ha!” Trisha laughed, then she added, “No promises! I’m going to tell Melody and her glam squad to do everything and anything to bring out the real you!” in a sing-song tone that made a frigid chill run down Mia’s back.

“Fine,” Mia said, seething but seeing that she’d have no choice in the matter.

Trisha said, “Yay! I’m so excited! Okay, first things first, we need to get you feminized.” She imperiously pushed Mia and dragged her into her freshly feminized bedroom.

Mia said, “Wait, what? Feminized first? What do you mean? I thought that’s what was going to happen to me at the salon and—”

Trisha rolled her eyes and replied, “Don’t worry, it’s not going to be anything too drastic. I just think it would be less embarrassing for you to go to the spa wearing some makeup and feminine clothing. You don’t want to walk in looking all tom boyish! Besides, you don’t have any male clothing left anyway!”

Mia said, “I don’t know about this, Trisha. You already saw how I look as a girl when you Teen Queens used me as your dress up doll at the sleep over! You know that I’d feel totally embarrassed going out in public as a girl—”

Trisha said, “Nonsense! You’re a girl now, and that mean you’re going to be going out as a girl and only as a girl for now on. I told you Mia! You’re one of the Teen Queens now! That means your days as a tom boy are over forever! You’ll look fabulous, trust me. Now let’s get started, strip!”

Sneak Preview

Forward By The Author

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

Copyright Notice

Content Warning And Disclaimers

Chapter One: Marc's Feminization Continues

Chapter Two: Mia Dreads Going To The Chic Chica

Chapter Three: Planning Mia's Professional Makeover

Chapter Four: Mia's Professional Makeover Begins

Chapter Five: Monique Takes Mia Shopping

Afterward By The Author

Forward By The Author

This is the third book in a whole new series in which 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 12,000+ word book (with 10,000+ words of actual story) has everything you're looking for!

Marc Smith has been thoroughly emasculated by mean girl Monique and her clique of girls called the Teen Queens. They've totally turned him into a pretty young girl they renamed Mia! They're planning to take him to a beauty salon and a trendy girls' boutique to further his feminization! Is Mia 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, 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

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

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

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

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Content Warning And Disclaimers

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

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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: Marc's Feminization Continues

Marc's world had been turned upside down. He'd run afoul of the local queen bee who was named Monique Henderson. The imperious, dominant mean girl had decided to emasculate Marc, fully feminize him, and then keep him as a girl. She'd mobilized her clique called the Teen Queens to help her do all of that, and they were all too willing to join in.

The statuesque Abbi had helped Monique grab Marc and together, the girls had carried him into Monique's home and then into her bedroom. There, they met up with Carlie and Trisha and the four of them had made him a most unwilling participant at their girly girls' sleep over.

They'd tied him up and, once he was utterly helpless, they treated him like a dress up doll. The four young girls force-feminized their prey. They shaved him, dressed him up, and made him up as a cute girl. Then, they renamed her "Mia."

As the days passed, they'd forced Mia to become one of the girls. They made Mia dress like a girl, and even act like a girl. They declared that he was now officially a she, and would be treated as a girl by everyone from then on.

The newly-minted and very reluctant girl was sure that this crazy, incredible pronouncement wouldn't be enforced. She told herself, "No way! It just isn't possible for four teenaged girls to force me, an ordinary cisgender boy, to become a girl!" Mia was wrong about that. She was sadly, very wrong indeed.

Incredibly, the Teen Queens had managed to make their edict stand. The boy once named Marc Smith was no more. Instead, in his place, there was a new girl named Mia Smith. And Mia Smith turned out to be a most feminine, demure, and very pretty girl at that.

After they'd transformed Marc into Mia, Monique and her henchwomen had descended on the Smith household to transform Mia's room into one more suitable for a sweet feminine young girl. Working at an

astonishingly fervent pace, they'd thrown out or donated all of the former boy's masculine clothing, possessions, and furnishings.

Then, the giggling TQs exuberantly repainted, redecorated, and completely remade Mia's bedroom into a girly girl's paradise. They did so right before Mia's panic-stricken eyes. Enjoying every moment of her enforced emasculation, they four popular girls kept teasing the tormented, feminized former boy the whole time as they stripped away and discarded each remaining scrap of Mia's masculinity.

Monique said, "Look at all of your pretty and sexy new clothes, Mia! We got you flirty mini skirts, pretty dresses, teasing tops, girlishly soft sweater sets, even sexy bikini swim suits—all in the latest styles! You should wear this pink string bikini to our pool party sleepover next weekend!"

Mia began shaking with humiliation as the vibrantly vivacious Trisha nodded, her pretty hair pulsing with emotionally charged energy. She said, "Great ideas, Moni! And Mia, just look at all of your new sexy girly underwear, your new bras, panties, and pantyhose! Wearing such pretty panties and bras always makes me feel so sassy! I bet you can't wait to wear them, Princess!"

Carlie said, "And look at all the darling baby dolls, chemises, and other sexy nighties we got for you, Mia! You'll be the belle of ball at all of our all-girl sleepovers in them!"

Trisha said, "OMG yeah! Don't forget how feminine your room is now, Mia! Look at your new four poster bed! So comfy for a princess like you, Sleeping Beauty. We gave you some cute fuzzy pillows, squish mellow stuffed animals, and we even found a comfy pink cat girl chair for you to relax in!"

Carlie said, "I just love the pretty pink lace curtains and the matching comforter! They really pull the room together, they're such a nice finishing touch!"

Abbi said, “Wow, this is room is just amazing now! It’s the perfect girly girl refuge for you Mia! Don’t you just love it?”

Standing up somehow despite the overwhelming urge to curl up into the fetal position, the former boy now totally feminized into a teenaged girl absolutely didn’t love it. In fact, she literally couldn’t stand it anymore.

She staggered across her newly transformed room until she could clamber onto her newly feminized bed. This was a living nightmare for the new girl now renamed Mia who these sassy, sexy girls had turned into their living dress up doll.

Sitting slumped atop the girly comforter, Mia moaned dejectedly. It was clear she was about to cry as she looked around at her once-boyish room that was now a showcase of girliness. She asked the Teen Queens, “Why are you doing this to me? I never wanted to be a girl! I never did anything to you!”

Carlie shrugged at that and said, “You’ve just started your new life as a girl, Mia! Give it a few days and you’ll be loving it!”

The former Marc, now stuck in an unwanted life as a girly girl called Mia, sadly shook her head. Then, she held her head in her shaking hands in helpless dismay. The Teen Queens had made an example of Mia, and they had barely even begun to transform her into the girly girl they’d decided she should be.

Monique was absolutely thrilled by all of this. She’d become obsessed with having her revenge on the hapless new kid almost from the first time they’d met. She’d sworn revenge on the new kid who’d been named Marc, even though the former boy hadn’t really done anything to provoke her.

Unknown to the rest of her crew, Monique had become sexually aroused by the prospect of totally transforming an ordinary boy into a girly girl. She fantasized about it, imagining herself dominating and feminizing the defiant new kid as she pleased herself. She did this

almost every night in her room, and each time she grew more and more ecstatic about imposing her will on her prey.

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These images had dominated her thoughts for weeks. Now she'd finally made it happen! Not content with a one-time dress up session, Monique and the other mean girls decided to take away all of their new dress up doll's male clothes and much of his other belongings.

The giggling girls had replaced the former Marc's possessions with dainty, girly girl outfits and other items a pretty girl needed. They'd even replaced the beloved skate board with a pair of cute white roller skates. The total conversion of Marc into Mia was complete before the clock struck noon, and punctuated the end of any hint of masculinity in the poor kid's life.

Monique said, "Look Mia! We painted your room pink, and put up some totes adorbs girly decorations for you. Look at all the boy band posters, princess prints, and so on. We even set up a white vanity with a three-way mirror so you can doll yourself up with all the makeup we got for you, and do your hair all pretty!"

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Chapter Two: Mia Dreads Going To The *Chic Chica*

Later that day, at about five in the afternoon, Trisha knocked on the Smith family's front door. She was wearing a casual yet feminine summer outfit—a cotton pastel pink sundress that hugged her figure in all the right places. She was always stylish and trendy, traits she'd picked up from her older sister.

Trisha wore a dress with a subtle floral pattern that added to its charm. She had paired it with a pair of white strappy sandals that showed off her perfectly pedicured toes. Her makeup was minimal, with just a touch of pink lip gloss and a light dusting of bronzer on her cheeks. Her hair was styled in loose waves that fell over her shoulders, framing her face.

She had accessorized her outfit with a delicate gold chain necklace and matching earrings that added a touch of elegance to her overall look. She was carrying an oversized pink shopping bag. When her unwilling dress up doll answered the door, the cute, perky girl said, “Hey, Mia! How are you doing?”

Her voice unsteady and choked with angry frustration, the newly-feminized Mia said sarcastically, “I’m doing just great, thanks for asking.” Then she asked, with grim foreboding, “What brings you here?”

Trisha laughed at Mia’s reaction and said, “Don’t you remember? I’m taking to to see my sister at her salon today? We have to do something to tame that unruly mop of hair you’ve been sporting.”

Fearfully, Mia asked, “What did you have in mind, exactly?”

Trisha said, “Umm, I already told you! You need a cute hair style, so we’re going to my sister Melody’s beauty spa together? While we’re there, I think it would be fun to get you some beauty treatments. Mani-pedi, you know? That sort of thing. You’ll just love it.”

Hearing her worst suspicions confirmed, Mia said, “Uh, I’m not sure that’s really my thing—”

Trisha waved away Mia's objections and cut her off saying, "Oh, come on! It'll be a chance for you to relax and get pampered as you adjust to being your new self. Plus, I promise you'll look amazing afterward, just like an totally glamorous fashionista princess!"

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of!" the former boy once known as Marc said, "I don't know, Trisha. I've never really been into that sort of thing. You know I'm not really a girl, right?"

Trisha giggled at Mia saying, "That's because you've never tried it before. Trust me, you'll love it and you'll look so adorable. Yes, I'm aware that you've been hiding your femininity as a gross tom boy, but that's all changing now. Who knows, you might even discover you like your new feminine self?"

The reluctant new girl shuddered in dread as she considered the next-level extreme feminizing treatments that could be inflicted upon her at Melody's beauty salon. There, they'd have access to all kinds of professional beauty equipment. They could do almost anything to feminize her even further! Makeup, hair treatments, and who knew what else?

Remembering how humiliating it felt to have Monique, Trisha, and the other Teen Queens feminize her, Mia shook her head, "No." Her breathing became ragged as she relived the embarrassment of her total emasculation at their hands. She closed her eyes tightly, and wished this ordeal had never happened, or at least would end there and then.

Trisha wasn't going to be denied, however. She said, "You know I'd hate to see what would happen to you if Monique found out that you're being a bad girl?"

Mia rolled her eyes and asked, "What could she do to me that'd be worse than this?" as she waved her hand over her feminized body.

Trisha shook her head and looked uncharacteristically somber. She said in a low tone, "Honestly? You really do not want to know!"

Mia moaned at this as she imagined the fate worse than feminization that an angry Monique could inflict upon her. Terrified of the meanest mean girl's fury, she capitulated saying, "Alright, fine. Let's give it a shot. Please don't let them do anything too crazy and nothing permanent!"

"Ha ha ha!" Trisha laughed, then she added, "No promises! I'm going to tell Melody and her glam squad to do everything and anything to bring out the real you!" in a sing-song tone that made a frigid chill run down Mia's back.

"Fine," Mia said, seething but seeing that she'd have no choice in the matter.

Trisha said, "Yay! I'm so excited! Okay, first things first, we need to get you feminized." She imperiously pushed Mia and dragged her into her freshly feminized bedroom.

Mia said, "Wait, what? Feminized first? What do you mean? I thought that's what was going to happen to me at the salon and—"

Trisha rolled her eyes and replied, "Don't worry, it's not going to be anything too drastic. I just think it would be less embarrassing for you to go to the spa wearing some makeup and feminine clothing. You don't want to walk in looking all tom boyish! Besides, you don't have any male clothing left anyway!"

Mia said, "I don't know about this, Trisha. You already saw how I look as a girl when you Teen Queens used me as your dress up doll at the sleep over! You know that I'd feel totally embarrassed going out in public as a girl—"

Trisha said, "Nonsense! You're a girl now, and that mean you're going to be going out as a girl and only as a girl for now on. I told you Mia! You're one of the Teen Queens now! That means your days as a tom boy are over forever! You'll look fabulous, trust me. Now let's get started, strip!"

As she slowly undressed, Mia sadly realized that everything Trisha had said was coming true. Even though she was trying desperately to deny that this was her new life, she couldn't deny that she'd been force feminized and dispossessed of any masculine clothing or other things she'd owned.

Even though every bone in her body had been intent on rejecting her emasculation, once more her resolve was overcome by one of the Teen Queens. She'd been resolved to resist and reverse her feminization, even as she was still in denial about what had happened to her.

Still, as she stripped, Mia found herself once more under the control of a pretty young girl, and this time by Trisha who was the least aggressive, least dominant of them all. Mia stood naked and trembling submissively before the cute, smiling, beautiful teen.

She felt ashamed by her surrender and she wracked her brain wondering, "How have I sunk so low as to be bossed around by a little bimbo like Trisha? Maybe Monique should be able to push me around, but not Trisha?"

These thoughts tormented the feminized former male, even as Mia looked into Trisha's eyes but then looked away, intimidated. She could feel the sweet, bubbly, flirty, and feminine girl's eyes examining her silky smooth hairless body.

Mia blushed deeply, helplessly enduring immeasurable embarrassment. She shook with barely containable chagrin at this treatment. Smiling and giggling Trisha forced Mia to accept this degradation in silence as she effortlessly dominated her new dress up doll.

"I just love how feminine your body is, Mia! Now, put these on!" Trisha ordered, handing the reluctant feminized former boy a pink bra and panties set.

As Mia looked at the sexy lycra and cotton items more closely, she saw that these were a pair of pink cheeky panties with white lace trim around the leg holes and waist band, adorned by a pink bow in front. Also, a very sexy bra that matched the pretty panties perfectly.

After Mia sadly complied with her commands, Trisha reached into the shopping bag she'd carried and pulled out her playthings outfit for the day. This was a three-tiered pink and white skirt and a cute white crop top with a pink floral pattern. Both in cotton and lycra, somewhat stretchy but extreme tight.

Once the helpless Mia had managed to fit herself into those incredibly clingy, and incredibly girly clothes, Trisha dropped a pair of pink strappy sandals onto the floor in front of Mia and nodded at her. Without complaint, but with some hesitation, Mia slipped the sandals onto her prettily manicured feet.

Now clad in the form-fitting ensemble, with her sparkling pink toe nails on full display, Mia was reluctant to look at herself. Trisha was insistent, however, saying, "Wow! You're looking good, girl! Monique always said you'd make a tote hot babe, but wow! Check yourself out! And that's not just a request, that's an order!" Clearly the least assertive of the Teen Queens was enjoying her new found power over Mia, and loved to boss her around.

Mia regarded herself in a full-length mirror, as Trisha looked on smiling. The changes were remarkable. Instead of the ordinary boy she'd become accustomed to seeing, there reflected in the glass stood a most extraordinarily cute and feminine teenaged girl. Mia felt herself getting dizzy, swept away by the vertigo of seeing her transformed self looking like a cutesy coquettish young lady.

Trisha put her arm around Mia's trembling shoulders and said, "Look at yourself in that mirror closely, girl! You have to know that's what you are right? A girl? There's no way any guy could ever look as feminine as you do."

Mia moaned in distress, wanting to deny this, but unable to contradict Trisha when the evidence was reflected in the mirror. Still Trisha continued saying, “You were born to be a girl, you know that right? You were always meant to be a girl and, thanks to Monique and the rest of us, you’re a girl. You’re a girl now and you’ll always be a girl forever more!”

Trisha smiled and left the astounded Mia to ruminate about her feminized fate. As she walked around the former boy’s girly girl bed room, she smiled at all of the fundamental changes she and her friends had forced upon their unwilling new toy. She was thrilled to have played an important part in all of this.

Trisha’s dress swayed gently with each step, making her look effortlessly chic and stylish. This although it was evident to any close observer that she had put considerable effort into her appearance. Her outfit was the perfect combination of comfort and style, while exuding exquisite femininity. Now Mia was also dressed as a total girly girl, equally stylishly feminine.

Once Mia was suitably outfitted as a Teen Queen, Trisha smiled at her and said, “You look totes adorbs, Mia, but now it’s time to take you to the next level at the *Chic Chica* salon!”

“No way!” the horrified former Marc gasped, “there’s absolutely no way can I go outside dressed like this!”

“We’ve been over this, Mia! You’re a girl and you have no choice but going outside as a girl! Here! Slip this on,” Trisha giggled, ignoring Mia’s moaning responses and deftly sliding the strap of a cute little pink and white purse over the feminized kid’s shoulder, “your appointments are coming up like fast, so we gotta go now!”

Mia’s mind was spinning as Trisha grabbed her hand and pulled her along. She tried to resist, but once again she felt herself being dominated and controlled by this cute little teenaged girl. Time seemed to stand still for Mia as Trisha took her helpless dress up doll out of the door, into her Jemma, and drove her to her sister Melody’s beauty salon.

Chapter Three: Planning Mia's Professional Makeover

“There you are!” Melody smiled as the two cute young girls entered the *Chic Chica*, “so this is Mia, the new girl you told me about, Trisha? Wow! You’ve done a simply amazingly great job on her so far. She’s every bit as cute as you told me she was! If I didn’t already know, I’d never guess she wasn’t assigned female at birth, she is just so feminine!”

Trisha beamed as her older sister praised the Teen Queens efforts at fully feminizing a defiant boy. She’d already been excited about their success at emasculating him, but there were still some aspects of Mia’s look that needed work, especially her hair. She was eager to watch Melody and her team at work, eliminating any last lingering sign of the former boy’s masculinity.

Meanwhile, Mia gaped with mortification and then sulked at hearing that even a professional esthetician considered her a cute, convincingly feminine girl. She hated looking like a cute girl. The stunted and repressed male instincts still struggling to reassert themselves were burning inside her. The emasculated former guy was desperate to escape from the Teen Queens’ clutches, and regain his lost status as an ordinary boy.

Melody turned to closely examine Mia, who was trembling with humiliation under her discerning gaze. She explained, “We’ve just closed our spa, and our regular operations are over for the day, so we can all focus all of our attention on you! Trisha says you’re ready to blossom, to shed your cocoon and become the girly girl you always wanted to be! We’re all going to really go wild on you, Mia!”

Mia, already abashed and astonished by her recent ambush emasculation and stunning whirlwind transformation into a girly girl, was breathless. She listened to Melody in disbelief wracked with abject humiliation at the suggestion that after their treatments she’d be even more feminine.

These embarrassing sensations increased when Melody summoned the rest of her staff to intently study the former guy. All of the beautiful young women were thrilled at this opportunity to transform a once-boyish kid into a totally feminine girly girl, and they voiced their enthusiasm in every way possible.

For them, Mia presented a most intriguing project, even though they didn't realize that she actually was a most reluctantly womanly work in progress. They each introduced themselves, and as they did, it became most apparent they all were under the mistaken impression that Mia was an enthusiastic participant in her feminization. No one had told them that she was really the helpless victim of the Teen Queens' devious designs!

Trisha confirmed this by whispering into her reluctant plaything's ear, "You'd better be a good girl Mia, a very good girl, or else Monique will make you wish you were!"

Mia gulped and nodded sadly, obediently, as the first beautician stepped up to her and said, "Hi Mia! My name is Amira and I'm one of the beauticians who'll be working on you today. I have a degree in cosmetology and I've been doing hair and makeup for years! I love all things feminine and girly, I'm especially fond of glitter and shimmery eyelids!"

Amira was wearing a flowing lavender dress with matching nail polish. Her long brunette hair was perfectly curled and accessorized with a dainty floral headband. She seemed excited by the prospect of helping Mia achieve feminine perfection, and clearly had no clue that this was all happening against the captive kid's will.

The second stylish girl said, "Hey, I'm Roshni! I specialize in skincare treatments, facials, and lash extensions. I'll be doing your facial, adding some drama to your lashes, and helping the other girls out with some of the treatments they'll be giving you today. I'm the creative type so I love experimenting with different looks. I usually dress in colorful, bohemian clothes!"

Her outfit confirmed that clothing preference. She was wearing an elegant pink Boho-style maxi dress with long sleeves. It featured a multi-colored floral print and a deep v-neck that presented her ample cleavage alluringly. Her dark curly hair was tied up in a high ponytail, giving it a free-flowing waterfall effect. She smiled at Mia and held her hand reassuringly, which helped calm the entrapped emasculated former boy.

“Hi, my name is Laila!” the next girl said, “I’m a teacher at a local beauty school and I’m thrilled to be part of this project! I’m a big fan of natural makeup and I often incorporate bright, bold colors into makeovers. I’ll be ‘painting’ your face today, and I know just how to bring out all of your best facial features!”

Laila wore a metallic silver silky camisole top and skin-tight white capri-length skinny jeans. She’d accessorized with hip vintage jewelry—a sterling silver pendant necklace with matching bangles and earrings. Her long, flowing straightened black hair had bright pink highlights, and was coiffed in a sexy half-up half-down look. With her long, silver nails the expert esthetician had an over all argent gleam about her that was both somewhat subtle and strikingly stylish.

Laila had an upbeat but serious manner as she scrutinized the somewhat terrified feminized former boy with intensive interest. She surveyed Mia as if the young new girl were an art project, a challenge she was about to use as a canvass to demonstrate her prowess as an elite esthetician.

The fourth girl said, “Hi Mia! I’m Lila, and I’m the salon’s resident nail tech slash manicurist. I love all things nails and spend most of my free time perfecting my nail art designs. I’m looking forward to giving you a super cute mani-pedi with a full set of acrylics on your fingers!”

She was wearing a tight denim mini skirt and a white cotton crop top. Her long, caramel-colored blonde hair was tied into thick French braids. She had a soft, calm demeanor, and she smiled warmly as she said, “I always encourage my clients to try something different and adventurous! Maybe we’ll do some eye-catching nail art on you today?”

As Mia sat in a salon chair, trying her best not to hyperventilate, the team of beauty techs started their makeup application and hairstyling. While she didn't know what a lot of the terms meant, she felt increasingly concerned that some if not all of the treatments would be difficult or impossible to reverse. Also, she was resigned to the understanding that every single one of them would make her look exceedingly feminine, and that no male person would ever consider undergoing any of them!

Melody said, "It's so nice to work on you here today, Mia. as I'm sure you know, my name is Melody. I'm Trisha's big sister and the spa owner. You look nervous, but don't worry! We'll take great care of you."

Trisha nodded and said, "Yes, Mia. You can relax. We're all just so excited to help you look and feel your best."

Melody clapped her hands, she was so eager to get started that she could barely contain herself. "What all do we have in mind for you today, Mia?" she asked, smiling ear to ear.

Trisha smiled back at her sister and said, "As you know, Mia is a new girl so she doesn't have a signature look yet. That's part of why we're here today! Luckily I know exactly what look we're going for, a totally fresh and feminine image. For her hair, I have some ideas, but I'd love to hear your suggestions. Over all, like I said? We're going for something totally girly, fresh, and flirty!"

Lila said, "I'm going to be doing your hair, Mia, and I have some trendy suggestions. Looks like you already have some decent length and nice thick hair for us to work with. We can do extensions, highlights and lowlights, and I'm thinking a dramatic just past your shoulders asymmetrical bob would look so young and fashion forward, as well as very flattering for your face shape. Maybe we could lighten your hair a few shades too?"

Nodding and smiling, Trisha said, "That all sounds super cute for her! Let's go with all of that, and can you lighten her hair all the way to a golden honey blonde with champaign highlights? Maybe even give

her some bold bubble gum pink accents? That's basically her signature color."

Lila thought about these suggestions for a moment, and then agreed with evident excitement, "Yes! I can totally see that working with bob style! It'd really call attention to her pretty eyes and help bring out her feminine cheekbones!"

Roshni nodded and said, "I'd love to see some dramatic pink accents in her hair!" Turning to the stunned, appalled Mia she said, "I'm going to do your nails today while they're all working on your hair. What color would you like for your manicure and pedicure?"

Not letting Mia answer, Trisha said, "Mia is converting herself from a tom boy into a total girly girl. She wants bubble gum pink nails with sparkles! Yes, I'd definitely like her nails in a bold, bright, sparkly pink! Let's go with some pink gems embedded in her manicure for added glam."

Mia bit her tongue, wanting to object to every word of that, but terrified by the prospect of Monique's punishment if she dared to disobey Trisha. Seeing no objection from Mia, Roshni nodded, smiling and began to assemble the tools, gems, and bottles of polish and clear coat that she'd need to give Mia a mani-pedi exactly the way Trisha had specified.

Laila said, "I'm going to do your makeup, Mia. What look would you like to go for today?"

Like clockwork, Trisha intercepted that question as well and said, "I love what Amira said about 'glitter and shimmery eyelids' and yes, we're definite about giving Mia a young flirty makeup look. We'd like to go for a young but somewhat sexy every day natural face she can learn to do herself every morning for school."

Melody nodded, and smiled proudly at her younger sister and protégée. "I have taught you well, *Padawan*," she said with a lilting giggle.

“OMG you’re like such a Star Wars nerd!” Trisha giggled back, inwardly thrilled by her sister’s praise, confirming that her choices for Mia would dramatically increase the poor fashion victim’s allure and style.

Melody struck a pose like Princess Leia aiming a blaster, with a stern look of concentration on her face. She held that for a minute before bursting out in infectiously raucous laughter. Soon Trisha and all the girls except for Mia were also laughing loudly.

Amira, still laughing, shook her head at the sisters’ repartee. Then, after calming herself she said, “I’m going to style you today, Mia. Once these other sorceresses here weave their makeover magic on you, I’ll help you select your outfit for your big coming out. What kind of things would you like to wear?”

Again Trisha jumped in before Mia could respond, this time she said, “I’ve got her outfit right here!” Moving with dramatic theatricality, she pulled out an incredibly feminine set of clothing. Then she said, “I picked out a flirty, bouncy cotton pink and white pleated skater miniskirt. I think this will be one of her faves because Mia is such a skater girl!”

Mia looked stricken by Amira’s and Trisha’s words that put into stark relief the extent of her emasculation. She gulped at the idea of having a “big coming out” as girl. The prospect terrified her. Adding to that fear was a sense of resigned helplessness as the impact of her emasculation shook her to her foundation.

Yes, back when she was still a boy she definitely did love to skate, but she’d skated on a board like a man. Now that she’d been turned into a girly girl, she tried to cope with her feminized fate.

It wasn’t easy for her to accept that she’d been doomed to a girl’s life. That included skating in girly white roller-skates tied up with laces into a flouncy, feminine bow, but that was her new reality. Her presence in a trendy beauty salon confirmed that.

As if reading Mia's mind, Trisha continued gushing, "I'm pairing her cute skirt with a matching pink and white cotton top and a cropped white jean jacket. This will look perfect on her! She can pair it with these knee socks and white go-go boots for now, until she puts on her sexy roller skates later on today!"

Chapter Four: Mia's Professional Makeover Begins

One by one, the skilled glam-squad members set to work on maximizing Mia's feminine beauty. Lila washed out Mia's mid-length locks, then painted them with various viscous concoctions, wrapped sections in foil, and placed a plastic hair bonnet over her head to let the potions perform their magic.

Even as Lila was doing her thing, Roshni began ministering to the reluctant teen princess's face, fingers and toes. She said, "We'll start with a facial to make your skin look radiant."

Mia said, "Okay, I'm up for that." Although she looked scared and confused, she was reluctant to object after Trisha stared into her eyes and mouthed, "Be a good girl, or else!"

While Roshni gave her the facial, she relaxed and enjoyed the pampering. She said, "That was actually really nice. My skin feels so soft now."

Trisha smiled and said, "I told you so! I always knew deep down you were a girly girl, not a tom boy!"

That gave Mia a sinking feeling. From the first, all of the Teen Queens knew who and what Mia was, or what she used to be. Still, with every passing day, they seemed to be forgetting she'd ever been a boy at all. Trisha especially treated Mia like any other girl, and she even saw Mia as just the same as any other girl.

A bit confused about that exchange but professionally focused and dedicated to the task at hand, Roshni said, "I'm glad you enjoyed it, Mia. Now let's move on to your pedicure and manicure."

Melody smiled and said, "You heard the woman, Mia! Ready for your mani-pedi?"

Answering for Mia, Trisha said, "Yes she is, let's do it!"

Smiling, Roshni said, “Ok, let's start with your hands, Mia. Put them in this warm soapy water so your cuticles can soften up.”

Skittishly, as if the small tray before her might bite, Mia slowly, cautiously did as the beautiful nail tech instructed and said, “Okay, done.”

Roshni said, “Great! Now, with the help of a cuticle stick and some clippers, I’m gently pushing back your cuticles and removing any excess skin.”

Mia pulled her hands back and said, “Ouch! That tickles!”

Roshni giggled, “It's all part of the process! Now, like I was saying, I’ll use these cuticle nippers to trim any excess skin. Then, I’ll use an orange stick to push your cuticles down.”

As if in a trance, Mia muttered, “Okay.”

Roshni nodded and told the suddenly placid new girl, “It's time to shape your nails. I'm going to use a nail file to buff and smooth the edges.”

Again as if mesmerized, Mia simply said, “Ok.”

Roshni said, “Then I'm going to apply a base coat to protect your nails from being stained.” When Mia nodded blankly, Roshni said, “After the base coat is dry, I'm going to apply two coats of the bright sparkling bubble gum pink nail polish.”

Trish said, “That sounds fun, Roshni! I’m just loving this!”

Nodding, the raven-haired beauty said, “Thank you, Trisha!” Then, turning to Mia she said, “Now it's time to move to your pretty feet! Place them in this tub. We’ll have you soak in the warm, soapy water for a few minutes.”

With no fight left in her, Mia said, “Alright,” sounding almost robotic with lack of any discernible emotion. In reality, the former boy was absolutely mortified at being further feminized with all of these treatments.

Roshni said, “Pull out and dry your feet so I can trim and buff your toe nails, Mia! Then I’ll push back the cuticles on your toes using the same technique as I used before on your finger nails.”

Mia said, “Got it,” but again her tone made her sound far away as if lost in thought. She felt like a living Bratz Doll, surrounded by Trisha and the four beautiful beauticians, all of them intent on making her look as lovely and feminine as any teenaged girl could.

Roshni said, “Now, once again I’m applying a base coat and then I’ll add two coats of the bubblegum pink nail polish.”

Trisha, bouncing up and down excitedly said, “Great! I can't wait to see what it looks like!”

Roshni said, “And the last step is to finish it off with a top coat on each toe nail for a smooth glossy finish.” She painted away with all her expertise until she announced, “All done!”

Mia reluctantly looked at her fingers and toes in disbelief. The strikingly bold sparkling pink polish there made her hands and her feet look ever so dainty and beguilingly feminine.

As if enchanted, as if she were looking at the feet of some mythical nymph, Mia said, “I have to admit, those hands and feet do look pretty good now”

Trisha said, “Of course they do! You’re a natural beauty, Mia.”

As if slapped hard across the face, Mia sucked in air and blinked in astonished confusion as it hit her, “Those are my hands, my feet,” she murmured. She felt light headed. She felt the world spin around her.

Meanwhile, during the mani-pedi, Laila carefully blended foundation to match Mia's skin tone, and selected eye shadows, eye and lip liners, lip gloss, and blush colors to bring out every spark of femininity. She also sprinkled generous amounts of silver and gold glitter into the shadows, and left some aside to further augment Mia's sensuous scintillating sparkle.

As soon as Roshni stepped aside to let the polish dry, Laila pounced. She delicately cleaned up Mia's brows. They'd already been plucked into girlish arches, but Laila took them even further into fine feminine lines. Far from any look any man or boy would ever have.

Then, Roshni used a pierced gun to pop three glittering pink studs and a medium sized hoop into each of Mia's ears, and placed another hoop through her left brow. She finished her off with a most feminine pink dangling belly button piercing. She held off on the tongue piercing, "At least for now," she smiled.

Breathing heavily, Mia cried and whined about this, but the girls all assured her that a few moments of pain were well worth the price to achieve transcendent beauty. It wasn't as if she had any choice any way, so she endured this too as gracefully as she could.

Next, Melody removed Mia's plastic hair bonnet and brought her over to the sink to rinse out all of the hair processes she'd used. At first, it was difficult to see the changes while her hair was still soaked, but that only heightened the suspense as Lila removed the curlers, and then began to blow dry Mia's thick, wet hair.

Once it was dry, the striking changes were obvious. Mia's hair had been lightened to a most feminine shade of blonde. Even more dramatic, Lila had affixed extensions of the same flaxen tone, and painted in permanent bold pink streaks.

She expertly trimmed and reshaped the thick, lengthened tresses into a flirty girlish asymmetrical bob, often called "The Rachel" style after Jennifer Anniston's character on the sit-com *Friends*. She'd also used collagen enhancing lotion and perm solution to create cascading

bouncing, beguiling waves that gave Mia an exquisitely girlish hairdo that left no question that she was nothing other than a trendy, ultra feminine young girl.

Finally came the culminating stages of the forced feminizing makeover. Using soft, fluffy brushes of various sizes and a pallet of matte and shimmering colors, the artistic Laila painted all over Mia's face. Her eyelids were adorned with mauve, slate gray, and sparkling silver until her eyes popped.

When Laila said, "Voila!" the assembled girls all gasped and cheered.

The skilled esthetician had gone above and beyond. She'd remade her young subject's face into a perfect vision of a porcelain doll's. She'd contoured Mia's already dainty features with creams and pigments, and brought out her striking cheekbones by illuminating them with iridescent incarnadine tones.

When Laila was done, she'd made Mia look like a virginal, blushing bride. At least in her face. No bride would wear a pink and white pleated skater miniskirt and sexy little crop top for her wedding day.

Her now femininely styled, much lighter toned honey blonde hair framed her face perfectly. The pink accents set off her cute little skater girl outfit in a highly intoxicating mix of innocence and seductiveness. The pink hair bow provided the cherry on top of this coquettish girl's deliciousness.

Mia said, "Wow, I can't believe how different I look! I feel like a completely different person."

Trisha said, "See, I told you! Next time we'll have to give you some more advanced beauty treatments."

Mia's head spun, unable to imagine any treatments more advanced than those she'd already undergone. The potential terror that might

represent spurred the now absolutely stunning feminized former boy to take a risk and try to reason with Trisha. She paused to think about the best opening, but finally just spoke from the heart, hoping to make a persuasive connection.

“You know, Trisha, some of this hasn’t been that bad?”she began, “but you know I’m not into this? I’m not a girl named Mia, I’m really a boy named Marc—”

Trisha said, “Marc? Who’s Marc?”

“Me!” the reluctant plaything moaned, “I’m Marc—”

Trisha said, “No, you’re Mia! That’s your name, silly! I think it suits you better now that you’ve been feminized.”

Mia said, “I don’t know about that, Trisha. Maybe this has all been a lot of fun for you and your friends, but I am not going to embrace a whole new identity as part of your games.”

Trisha said, “That’s okay, Mia. You don’t have any choice in the matter. Give it a few more weeks. If you’re not comfortable with it now, you will be by then. This is the best thing for you, Doll.”

They bantered back and forth, as Mia kept trying to convince Trisha that she was really a boy, and that it was wrong to try to force a guy to live as a girl. All the while, Trisha kept giggling and smirking, as if what Mia was saying about really being a boy named Marc was the craziest thing she’d ever heard.

This made Mia feel dizzy, as the cute girl kept gaslighting her, she even began to doubt her own sanity. This combined with the overwhelming sensations of feeling herself transformed by the professionals at *Chic Chica*, and then seeing herself as one of the most beautiful, feminine girls she’d ever seen in her life in an unnerving, out of body experience. Overcome by these swirling, disorienting emotions, she began seeing spots and the room started to spin. Then, she fainted.

Mia couldn't remember much of anything that happened after that. Obviously, somehow she'd gotten home safely, but that was hours later. When she tried to recall any specific details, she got a headache. Everything was a blur to her.

She gave up even trying to remember, and tried to sleep off her tribulations. Even then, she had a fitful night, tossing and turning, knowing that she'd been forced to agree to a shopping trip with Monique.

Chapter Five: Monique Takes Mia Shopping

Mia felt like crying, but stood stoically there in the girly store Monique had brought her to shop in. This was a trendy boutique called “The Princesses’ Palace.” She looked around furtively, hoping no one would notice anything different or unusual about her, even as she felt all the more humiliated by her ability to pass among throngs of other teen aged girls without attracting any untoward attention.

A stunningly beautiful girl, Monique was overjoyed at Mia’s distress. She was the leader of a clique of dominant girls known as “The Teen Queens,” (or “TQs” for short) made up of herself and three other beautiful girls.

Each of them had her own signature style, but like the Plastics from the movie “Mean Girls” they had unwritten rules that they all were required to follow. For one thing, they all always wore only the latest, most girlish fashions. They’d flounce around wearing cute dresses, skirts with tight-fitting tops, or designer skinny jeans.

They were experts at accessorizing, and almost always wore shoes with high heels and cute jewelry that set off the rest of their outfits to perfection. Their hair always looked perfect as well, with out even a single strand out of place. They all always wore girlishly done makeup, so much so that they were renowned for their generally perfectly made up faces. They favored bright lip glosses, usually various shades of pink.

To enhance their allure, they always accented their lovely, enchanting eyes with subtle shadow along with thickly-applied liner and mascara. Their grooming was always impeccable, with “on fleek” eyebrows, carefully shaped into highly-feminine thin arches, giving them a cute wide-eyed look.

Monique was wearing a daytime glam girl makeup look, featuring a feminine bubble gum pink shade of gloss at that very moment, and so was Mia. That’s because Monique had appeared at Mia’s door earlier that morning, forced her into the cute little outfit, and did the poor, reluctant

girl's hair and makeup. She was intent on making Mia into another Teen Queen, just like the rest of the girls!

That might not be so remarkable, except for one thing: Mia had a secret. She wasn't the coquettish teen girl that she appeared to be. True, her hair and makeup were done to perfection, just like any other typical teenaged girl's.

True, she wore a delightfully flirty feminine outfit, a soft cotton sundress with a pink floral pattern on a white background with dainty spaghetti straps and a figure-hugging empire waist. Its scalloped hem danced playfully around Mia's knees, making it look airy and light.

True, Mia also wore cute high heeled white sandals with thin leather straps that tied up her well-toned calves. True, as she surveyed her surroundings and fidgeted with her delicate silver necklace nervously, her silky smoothly shaven legs, arms, and underarms were flirtatiously on display.

The former boy once known as Marc, now transformed totally into the feminine girl named Mia wondered to herself, "How did this happen to me?" Even though she knew all too well.

Monique literally squirmed with excitement. She'd long understood that nothing could be more humiliating for a boy than to be totally emasculated and feminized into a pretty girl. Knowing that had made her increasingly intrigued and then obsessed with dominating and demeaning a helpless boy.

When she met Marc she'd taken him for a girl, and almost immediately realized that this was her golden opportunity to make her fantasies of feminizing a boy and making him live as a girl come true.

Monique reveled in her absolute power over the helpless kid. She barely contained her euphoria over engineering the next stage of Mia's inexorable transformation into an actual living doll.

Grinning sadistically, she said, “Mia, you're going to look amazing in that yellow floral off-the-shoulder sundress with strappy sandals. And that ruffled white eyelet skirt with a blush tank top and flip flops? So cute!”

Shaking with humiliation as Monique forced her to model these and other ensembles, Mia protested, “You can't make me wear this to school!” Seeing her tormentress's dominant, merciless grin, Mia begged for mercy, “Please! I'll be your dress up doll in private, but please! You can't do this to me? Seriously, you can't expect me to go to school dressed as a girl!”

Monique laughed, “I'll use you as my dress up doll in private *and* I'll make you go to school dressed as a very feminine and adorable girly girl every single day. After all, you *are* a girl, Mia!”

Then the dominant, erotically aroused mean queen laughed even harder at seeing the helpless, defeated, and totally humiliated look on Mia's face. Stricken, with eyes stretched almost impossibly wide, Mia crumbled to the floor.

There, she looked up into Monique's excited, glassy eyes and begged, “Please! I'll do anything you ask, just please—”

Sneering, giggling, almost swooning with pleasure and overstimulation at seeing her play thing begging, Monique savored this moment. She paused for effect before smiling sweetly and saying, “Yes, Mia. Of course you will do anything I ask. You have no choice, after all.”

She paused again, drinking in the pathetic, lost look in Mia's eyes before adding with emphasis, “I know you'll do anything I ask. Just like you should've done back some weeks ago, that first time we met, when I asked you to do just a few simple favors for me! I told you then I could a lot for a new girl like you, and now I will!”

The former boy once called Marc—now unwillingly compelled to answer to her new name Mia—inwardly fumed at Monique constantly

talking about him as if he were a girl. “How had all of this happened to me?” the unhappy helpless plaything asked inwardly. He wondered how the beautiful bully had ever gotten him to go along with so much feminization already.

Looking in the mirror in the dressing room, Mia only saw a pretty young girl, without even the slightest hint of masculinity. She was desperate to find some way to escape from Monique’s clutches.

For the time being, she knew that she’d have to obey her bossy controlling captor. Unfortunately for Mia, Monique had nothing but a relentless desire to feminize her trembling prey.

“Luckily for you, I don’t hold grudges, Mia!” she said, apparently without any irony, “I’m willing to let bygones be bygones and help you be the popular pretty princess you were born to be!”

The chagrined, chastised creature Monique saw cravenly capitulating before her in no way resembled the insouciant boyish Marc who’d stubbornly and continually dared to defy her. She reflected about how the new kid had brashly refused to obey her, Monique had become more and more intent on feminizing the former him who was now a cute little her.

After essentially stalking her prey for weeks, Monique had finally cornered her poor unwitting plaything when he was still a boy named Marc. Then, working with the other Teen Queens, she’d force-feminized him into a pretty girl and renamed him Mia. All of this totally against his will.

Now, the top TQ was making the feminized former boy shop for back to school clothes. Girls’ clothes. Extremely feminine and trendy girls’ clothes, to be exact. And Mia hated every minute of it. In reality, Mia was a boy named Marc. Although absolutely no one in the busy store would have ever guessed that by looking at her.

Monique wrapped a controlling arm around Mia’s shoulders and propelled him into the boutique. Looking around, Mia noticed that it was

one of the most feminine domains she'd ever seen. Decorated in light pastel colors, with glittering chandeliers and rose-tinted mirrors, the place literally screamed "girly girl."

The theme of the place was clear. The music playing was a mix of popular pop songs, mainly from movie soundtracks favored by teen and tween girls. Posters of various princesses adorned the walls. Most of them featured quotes from movies and others had chic, modern designs.

Everywhere Mia looked she saw stacks of cute clothes hanging from the walls and folded up filled countless shelves and tables. The clothing, shoes, jewelry, and other accessories for sale there were all very fashion-forward and up-to-date. There were dresses, skirts, shorts, and tops.

These offerings ranged from younger styles with sparkles and ruffles to more modern looks with sophisticated silhouettes. The choices ran the full spectrum from pale pastels to wild, bold colors. There were also a plethora of accessories, like sparkly headbands, glittery purses, and colorful jewelry.

The employees were all stylish, pretty young women who were dressed to impress and eager to help customers find the perfect outfit. Mia didn't want their assistance, however, she had no choice.

Even though Monique was totally in charge, she enjoyed forcing Mia to interact with the perky, insistent sales staff, knowing that her feminized plaything felt humiliated every time one of them called her "Miss." Delighted with the situation, Monique kept forcing her captive dress up doll to model one sexy, feminine outfit after another.

She'd say things like, "Hey Mia! Try on this neon green mini skirt with this white eyelet top and those wedge sandals. Adorable!" And, "You're going to rock these blue denim short shorts with that baby blue babydoll lace up crop top and these espadrilles will look so extra!"

Mia was utterly mortified by all of this, and dreaded what her dominant tormentor would pick out for her to model next. She didn't

have long to wait to find out.

Monique brought her the most humiliating item yet saying, “I can’t wait to see you model this pink polka dot romper along with a pair metallic strappy sandals! That’s gonna look so great on your petite girlish body, bestie!”

Mia, mortified, gasped. She desperately begged, “Monique, please don't make me wear this—”

Smirking and giggling Monique flung her hair back and said, “Oh come on Mia, don't be a spoilsport. I’m sure everyone will simply love you in it! How about we make a bet?”

“What kind of bet?” Mia asked, hesitantly.

“Simple!” Monique said, “You put this romper on, and we’ll ask the sales girls here what they think. If they agree with you that you shouldn’t have to wear it to school, then you don’t even have to buy this adorable little outfit. But if they agree with me, then you will wear it on your first day at your new school!”

Mia whined, “No, please don't make me do this. I can't do it.”

Smiling, Monique said with mock encouragement, “Come on girl, don't be so shy. Let’s show everyone what you've got!”

Gasping at her bully’s callous disregard for her feelings, Mia moaned, “No, please Monique! I can't. I just can’t!”

Shaking her head, Monique resolutely proclaimed, “Yes you can, and yes you will! You don’t really have a choice here, Mia. Haven’t you figured that out yet? You’re absolutely going to put on this cute little pink romper and show everyone what a gorgeous girl you are!”

Mia reluctantly obeyed, and saw to her dismay that the little outfit looked every bit as humiliatingly feminine on her as she’d feared. As Mia stood in the girlish clothes store, wearing the cute little outfit that

Monique had picked out for her, she was terrified that she'd be exposed as who and what she really was.

The strong-willed mean girl didn't care about any of that. To settle their little bet, Monique summoned three sales girls to join them. They were named Laura, Madison, and Katrina, and Monique knew all of them well from school. While the trio weren't exactly Teen Queens, they were so friendly with the clique that they might as well have been TQs themselves.

Laura was the oldest and most experienced of the three. She was also the most traditionally fashionable of the group and, like the rest of them, she always dressed in the latest trends. That day, she wore a linen white pleated mini skirt, a cotton black crop top, and fishnet stockings paired with high-heeled black faux leather ankle boots and a thin cloth belt.

Her shiny black hair was styled in a sophisticated chignon, and she wore gold jewelry, along with neutral-toned makeup. She had dramatic mascara on her lashes, and had lined her eyes with thick black accents, as was the current style favored by the girls in their area.

As the eldest of three siblings, she had an air of self-confidence, an upbeat spirit, and a scintillating smile that were infectious. Even though she was an unusually observant person, she didn't have even the slightest suspicion that Mia wasn't really a girl. Monique's masterful makeup skills made certain of that.

Madison was the youngest, and the most vibrant one of the sales girls. The youngest of four sisters, she had an edgy sense of style that made it difficult not to take notice of her. She was used to overcoming a crowd to get attention, and by that point it came as second nature to the bubbly young teen.

Her outfit consisted of a black leather mini skirt, a black net top that she wore over a cotton white tank top, and leather jacket over that. To complete her outfit, she sported a pair of metallic silver stilettos. Her

blonde hair was cut into a pixie cut. Madison had a spunky attitude, and she was always on trend.

Katrina was the most outgoing and outspoken of the trio. She was the one that brought life to the store. Her retro-inspired outfit included a floral shirt dress, navy blue ballerina flats, and a camel blazer paired with a matching flower headband. Her makeup was always impeccable and her own unique style made her stand out. She had an outgoing, bubbly personality and was always a pleasure to be around.

Monique said, “Ready Mia? Let’s see who’s right about how darling you’ll look in this skimpy little outfit!”

Laura said, “Ok Mia, let’s get you into the adorable hot pink polka dot romper you picked out. It’s going to look so cute on you!”

Agreeing enthusiastically, Madison said, “I have the perfect strappy sandals that are going to really make you stand out!”

Always the upbeat sales girl, Katrina remarked, “Hey, we all think you’d look great in any outfit. Your friend Monique has a great fashion sense, Mia!”

Blushing, the long-suffering former boy sadly said, “Umm, thanks...I guess....”

“Stop stalling!” Monique insisted, “Put on the romper, Mia! Let’s see what everyone thinks about you in it!”

Crestfallen, Mia helplessly complied. She mumbled to herself, “I can’t believe this is happening....”

As she squeezed into it, Mia realized that the little garment was designed to look like a pair of skin-tight short shorts, combined with an enticing halter top that tied in a big floppy bow behind her neck. Moments later, the humiliated and highly unwilling young boy turned reluctant fashion model trembled with embarrassment.

First, Monique made her stand before the three-way mirror to see herself decked out in the sexy little cotton candy pink romper. The white polka dots on the top made it look almost little girlish in its fantastically feminine style.

Exacerbating her prey's emasculation, Monique then forced Mia to model the skimpy little outfit in front of everyone else in the store. The sales girls unanimously agreed with Monique that it was simply delicious on her poor, suffering feminized play-thing. That sealed Mia's fate.

Monique's completely humiliated, totally feminized toy closed her eyes tightly in frustration, knowing that within just a few weeks, she'd be wearing this very item in front of everyone at her new school.

They'd all see her as one of those silly frilly girly girls, an absolute bimbo. That would be the first and probably the lasting impression she'd make on them. All of her resistance gone, her spirit broken by the prospect of meeting most of her new classmates while wearing the utterly feminine outfit she was modeling, Mia lowered her head in shame and quickly consented to Monique's every demand.

In fact, the sales girls all loved the way Mia looked in every outfit. They gave no hint that they had any idea Mia was in reality a young boy, not the feminine girl she appeared to be. When Monique said, "Try on this floral halter maxi dress next, Mia," Katrina chimed in saying, "Wear it with this woven floppy hat! That will be perfect!"

Then, when Monique suggested, "Next, try on this mint green jumpsuit," Laura said, "I think you should wear that with metallic statement earrings! That would look so striking!"

At that point, all of the girls really got into styling poor Mia. Monique was having the time of her life, knowing that whatever was left of Marc's masculinity was getting crushed out of existence with each new emasculating experience.

Giggling, Monique said, "Wait 'til you see what you look like in this gray cotton crop top and rainbow colored maxi skirt with these

matching neon flip flops? Wow!” Mia sighed helplessly. She was beaten now, and just submissively went along with anything her dominating neighbor told her to do.

Madison sidled up to the former male and said, “You'll look amazing in this white short-sleeved eyelet dress with tan sandals! And I can't wait to see you in this lavender tank dress with pink slip-on sneakers. It's gonna look awesome!”

Mia was all too afraid that Madison was right!

~ End of Book Three ~

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

Afterward By The Author

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