

Made Over Into Mia

Book Two: Marc's Total Transformation Into Mia

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

*Mindi
Harris*



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Ordinary Boy Is Emasculated And
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A First Time Forced Feminization Fantasy
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Sneak Preview

“Time to fully feminize you, Mia!” Monique said, “your days as a butch tomboy type of girl are over!”

Marc, sitting there in just a pink satin bra and panty set and seeing no escape route, reluctantly lowered his head in shame. He was tied up helplessly, getting teased and mocked by four gorgeous girls known as the Teen Queens.

One of them, Trisha, was about to put makeup on his face. Making the situation even more unbearable, they had even shaven off all of Marc’s arm, under arm, leg, and public hair. Who even knew what they’d do to him next?

While these beautiful, smart, and vivacious but ruthless girls were all members of their school’s cheerleading team, they took their clique’s name from the Teen Queens competition cheerleading squad. This was a select team of cheerleaders that belonged to an exclusive gym also called Teen Queens or TQ.

While some gyms were co-ed, Teen Queens was strictly all girls. The TQ gym sent several cheer teams to compete at state, regional, and—if they had good enough performances in any given year—even national and international cheerleading competitions.

They’d travel by bus to local and regional events, or by plane to the larger competitions further away. Competitions were always an exciting time for all of the girls involved. At the local events, the girls would perform intricate routines and try to move on to the more competitive regional show downs. They’d stay over night at a hotel and enjoy exiting adventures.

Besides cheerleading, Monique’s mean girls loved to go shopping, do yoga, and other typically girly activities. They especially enjoyed having sleepovers! They’d gather at one of their homes and have fun doing a lot other than sleeping. Things like doing each other’s hair, nails,

and makeup, trying on each other's clothes, shopping on line, listening to music, watching movies, and talking about boys.

Mainly, these high status girls flirted to get what they wanted. That usually worked. Whenever their charm failed to deliver what they demanded, however, they'd resort to other means. Monique especially enjoyed punishing anyone who dared to defy them. She'd been known to resort to almost anything to get back at whoever dared to offend her. Even worse, she was easily offended.

The Teen Queens were high-spirited, restless, and frequently hyper girls. They were always looking for their next adventure. Unfortunately for Marc, their leader Monique had had her eye on him for some time. Not as a potential boyfriend. Oh no. She had much more unusual, elaborate, and embarrassing plans for him. She was intent on turning him into a beautiful girl against his will.

Looking back, he should have seen this coming. Marc dared to treat Monique as if she were just another person, not as the royal princess that she considered herself to be. The entitled beauty considered this to be an intolerable insult.

Monique had called him "new girl" when they'd first met. She'd tauntingly continued treating him like a girl, even after she'd learned that he was really a boy. She'd been calling him "Mia" for several days, if not weeks, and she delighted in humiliating him.

It embarrassed Marc to his very core that Monique had honestly taken him for a girl. The manipulative mean girl had immediately understood this, and she never stopped reminding him of that. In fact, she acted as if he really was a girl!

He absolutely hated everything about all of that. Of course he did. No red blooded regular boy could stand being called by a pretty girl's name, much less treated like a girl. As the days passed into weeks, her incessant taunting only increased, both in frequency and detail.

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Forward By The Author

This is the second 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 10,300 word book (with nearly 8,800 words of actual story) has everything you're looking for!

Marc Smith has been captured by mean girl Monique and her clique of girls called the Teen Queens. They've already begun turning 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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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 First Makeover

“Time to fully feminize you, Mia!” Monique said, “your days as a butch tomboy type of girl are over!”

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He absolutely hated everything about all of that. Of course he did. No red blooded regular boy could stand being called by a pretty girl's name, much less treated like a girl. As the days passed into weeks, her incessant taunting only increased, both in frequency and detail.

Marc was a relative newcomer to the neighborhood. A typical, if undersized boy, he quickly made friends with the kids he'd met. They all loved adventure and testing their physical and mental limits.

They'd joke around and have a good time, especially while engaging in outdoor activities. Whenever it rained, they'd gather in one basement or other and play video games. On any day with decent weather, they'd explore the nearby woods, climb trees, and most of all skate.

Nearly every day they'd set up a jump constructed out of cinder blocks and planks of wood and try to impress each other with their ability to perform tricks. They all knew how to perform the basic tricks like the Ollie—a trick in which the skater snapped their board's tail up and into the air.

They could also all perform the Nollie—basically the same trick but using their front foot to snap down on the front of the board to pop the nose of their boards up in the air. From there, they'd try to do jumps, spins, and other moves. They taught each other new tricks and watched videos to learn even more.

Almost all of them skinned their knees and elbows trying to develop their skating skills. A few times one or the other of them would wipe out and get a real bump or bruise. Marc was the lone exception. His natural gymnastics skills helped him avoid any of the serious scrapes and injuries that his friends seemingly accumulated on an almost daily basis.

As the warmest season neared its end, Marc and his new found friends were making the most of the rest of their vacation. They knew that before they'd have to go back to school in a matter of weeks. Marc, unlike his companions, was actually eager to begin his senior year at his new school.

When Monique began teasing Marc, openly discussing her plans to dress him up as a girl, he had dismissed them out of hand. He saw it as just more meanness from his tormentress, and resolved never to let her do anything like that to him. Now, as she and her friends were actually

force-feminizing him, he sadly realized that he'd vastly underestimated both her ruthlessness and her power.

Monique had become increasingly obsessed with feminizing and humiliating Marc. She'd thought about it constantly, to the point that it turned her on sexually. When she pleased herself, she pictured Marc force-feminized into Mia, wearing the most girlish clothes and makeup, with his hair and nails done to perfection.

These images excited her erotically like nothing else ever had. She'd imprinted these fantasies onto her sexuality, and nothing could prevent her from making them into reality. After she easily persuaded her three closest friends to help her, she set her simple plan into motion.

She lured Marc close to her home where the girls were having a sleep over and, working with Abbi, she'd grabbed Marc and brought him inside to her bedroom. There, they'd effortlessly stripped Marc, and Monique meticulously shaved off all of his body hair.

Then, they'd gleefully forced him to wear Monique's sexy undies. They continued to busily and eagerly transform their captive into a girl. Not just a girl, but a stylishly feminine teenaged princess. Just like them.

Stunned, appalled, and humiliated beyond belief, Marc said, "I don't like this. Can we please stop?"

He struggled to break free, but it was no use. He was tied up much too securely to escape. So he begged his captors to let him go, even as the girls started applying his makeup and polishing his nails. He stared into Monique's face, his puppy dog eyes begging for mercy.

Monique wasn't going to be denied, however. She stared Marc down until he looked away, then—having established her dominance—she pushed ahead with her customarily demanding, entitled attitude. She imperiously, excitedly said, "Stop? What do you mean? We're just getting started, Mia!"

Laughing, she held up a pretty pink and white sun dress dress and a pair of girl's sandals, making sure Marc could see them clearly. "I think that this would make a perfect outfit for you to wear when we go clothes shopping!"

Marc's eyes widened as he saw the dress and sandals. That was another threat she'd made frequently, to take him shopping at the mall for back to school clothes. He grimaced and shook his head saying, "I don't need any new clothes, Monique."

"Oh, come on," Monique said as she draped the dress across her arm. "All girls love shopping. It'll be fun! You'll entice all the boys in this dress!"

Trisha agreed with her friend saying, "Oh wow, that's such a cute outfit! It'll look amazing on you! It's so pretty, and don't forget the accessories! I'd suggest you wear a necklace and earrings in silver. That will look great with that dress and sandals."

Marc looked at the outfit Monique was holding up closely. He'd never seen more feminine clothes. The pink and white sun dress had delicate spaghetti straps and a freely flowing, pleated skirt that would cascade down to dance around his knees. The very idea of wearing such a dress made him flinch.

He noticed that the girlish dress was cotton-candy pink, and adorned with a delicate white floral print, and intricate frilly lace lined its neckline. The white leather sandals had a two-inch kitten heel with straps were decorated with delicate pink flowers to stylishly contrast with and complement the pattern on the dress.

Monique met his eyes and smirked when she saw him flush with embarrassment at the prospect of wearing them, in public no less! "This can't be happening!" Marc lamented silently to himself.

Carlie added, "You'll be a whole different person when we get done with you. From now on, everyone will call you 'Mia' instead of 'Marc,' an ugly boy's name totally wrong for such a pretty girl as you!"

Carlie was an aspiring cosmetologist who had already developed highly advanced skills doing hair and makeup. Her artistry kept her in high demand from the rest of her clique whenever they wanted some help to look their best for a big dance or special date. She had a bubbly and outgoing personality and loved spending time with her friends and meeting new people.

Carlie, like Monique and Trisha, loved the idea of transforming any boy into a girl. She'd done it to all of her male cousins whenever she could, but as they grew older they refused to go along. If she'd had a little brother, no one would ever know it because she'd have kept the unfortunate hypothetical sibling in skirts and lip gloss 24/7.

She felt confident that Marc would make a very pretty girl, just as Monique had predicted. The two of them discussed their plans with their friend, cheerleading teammate, and fellow Teen Queen Carlie Peterson. They knew she'd be a huge help with this, and as they expected she was all for it.

With growing frustration and humiliation, Marc said, "I don't want to be called 'Mia.' That's not my name. My name is 'Marc' and you know it!"

Abbi said, "But 'Mia' suits you so much better. Trust me, everyone is going to love the new you, the real you. The girly girl you!"

Marc felt trapped as the Teen Queens continued to feminize him against his will. He felt ashamed and embarrassed, but the girls didn't seem to notice, and if they did notice, they didn't care.

"Makeover time!" Trisha sang, as she rolled him and the chair he was tied onto over to Monique's vanity and began to spread moisturizer all over the stunned boy's face. "This will help prep your skin for the foundation and powder base!" she explained, "I'll describe everything I do, so you can do it yourself next time!"

“Yeah right, like that’ll ever happen,” Marc mumbled, still in disbelief as he sat before some of the most beautiful girls he’d ever met, wearing just a bra and panties.

“What’s that, *Mia*?” Monique asked sharply.

“Umm nothing,” he sadly said, looking at his smoothly shaved legs.

“That’s what I thought!” Monique said, “now thank Trisha for your first makeup lesson!”

“Thank you Trisha,” Marc said, reluctantly.

“Now apologize for bitching at her!” Monique nodded.

“I’m sorry, Trisha,” he complied.

Monique wasn’t satisfied, however. “Sorry for what?” she demanded.

“I’m sorry for bitching at you, Trisha,” he said sadly.

“Aww it’s OK, doll,” Trisha smiled, “is it your time of the month?”

“Here you go, Mia!” Monique grinned, dropping a maxi pad and a tampon onto Marc’s lap. At that, all of the girls laughed and Marc shuddered in shame and mortification.

“How dare they even joke about that?” he wondered, staring at the offending feminine hygiene products they’d placed in his lap, mocking him. But he quickly looked away, unable to accept the way his smoothly shaved body looked with the sexy, shiny pink panties covering his nearly-flat privates.

The girls then paired off and resumed doing each other’s nails. All except for Trisha who continued Marc’s makeover and Monique who began doing the poor feminized boy’s nails.

Monique started the pedicure by putting Marc's feet into a tub of warm, soapy water, and making him soak his fingernails in a smaller bowl she'd placed next to her vanity. He sighed with relief, thinking that at least no one was videoing this latest emasculating humiliation, that is until he saw that Monique's webcam was pointed right at him.

"I guess it's catching every last detail of this horrible experience!" he moaned, trying his best not to burst into tears as he considered the implications of this, "Were they recording it? Live-casting it?" he wondered, a sinking sensation weighing down upon him.

He was afraid to ask the girls which it was, and he was even more afraid to find out the answer. No matter what the answer to that specific question, he was all too sure that his life would never be the same. He met Monique's dominant and exuberant eyes for a moment, but then he looked away.

Chapter Two: Marc's First Mani-Pedi

Monique said, "Now for your manicure and pedicure, Mia! I've been soaking your feet in this tub of warm water mixed with some essential oils. Now that they're softened, I'm pushing your cuticles back. Then, I'll use a foot file to remove any dead skin and calluses."

Marc felt like he was going to hyperventilate as the beautiful girl said, "Then I will use a pumice stone to remove any remaining dry skin and use a cuticle remover to get rid of your excess cuticles. When I'm done, your feet will look so dainty and feminine!"

He gaped at her, his eyes begging her to let him go, but she just smiled and went on, "After that, I will apply a mask to your feet and then rinse your feet off. I will buff and massage your feet before applying your polish."

Seeing the helpless, panicked look on his face, Monique laughed, "Lastly, I will apply a top coat to seal in the color and massage lotion into your feet to keep them soft and hydrated."

She said, "Alright Mia, let's get started with your manicure. First I'm going to take your nails and trim them down to the desired length, then shape your nails with a file. After your nails are shaped, I will use cuticle remover to get rid of any excess cuticle."

Marc groaned at that, but Monique kept telling him her plans, saying, "Next, I'll apply a base coat to protect your nails from the polish ___"

"Polish??" he gasped, "you wouldn't dare?"

"Yes, polish, Mia! Specifically this pretty pink nail polish!" she said, holding up a tiny glass bottle filled with sparkly pink liquid before his disbelieving eyes, "as you can see, it's an absolutely perfect match for your pretty pink bra and panties!"

“Anyway, as I was saying,” Monique continued, “I’ll apply two coats of this pretty pink polish to your fingers nails, and cover them with a protective clear top coat. Lastly, I will clean up around your fingers with remover and then massage lotion into your hands.”

“Please, Monique!” Marc whined, “you’ve had your fun! Just let me go!”

Monique laughed at the helpless boy and said, “Are you kidding? We’ve only just begun!” she hummed to herself happily as she gave him his first manicure, meticulously following each and every one of the detailed steps she’d described.

It took several minutes for Monique and Trisha to complete their efforts, and a while longer for the nail polish to dry. While the girls were waiting for that, they flipped through Monique’s closet and pulled out a few dresses and skirts, along with some very feminine blouses.

Once she’d finished applying the hand lotion and after she’d cleaned up his fingers, she told him, “Hold your nails like this to dry!” She fanned out her own hands to demonstrate.

“Good girl!” she said, watching her hapless prey obey her commands, “now it’s time for your lip color!”

Marc repeated his pleas for mercy, begging, “Look! Haven’t you done enough? Please let me go! Please!”

Monique laughed again, saying, “No way, girly girl! I promised the rest of the Teen Queens the best sleep over ever, and you’re the guest of honor!”

Trisha said, “Okay, now let’s take some more pictures of your transformation from butch to babe!”

“You’re going to be one of the most beautiful girls in school,” Carlie said.

Marc said, “No! I don’t want to be a pretty girl! I don’t want you to take pictures. I just want to go home.”

Trisha said, “No way, Mia! We have to capture this moment. You’re going to love seeing all of these pictures when you look back on them.”

Marc felt helpless as the four beautiful girls took pictures of him dressed as Mia. He couldn’t believe that he let himself be trapped and forced into this, and he couldn’t wait to get home and change back into his own clothes.

As if that weren’t already humiliating enough, Trisha was ready to increase his torment. “Okay, Mia, pay attention so you can do your own makeup next time” she said, repeating the incredible instructions. Marc couldn’t imagine ever wearing makeup, much less ever putting it on himself! He shook his head in disbelief.

If Trisha understood how absurd her words sounded to Marc, she gave no hint of that as she smiled and told him, “This is a liquid foundation in ‘porcelain doll,’ it’s a perfect match for your light complexion.”

Her soft, nimble fingers gently but insistently spread the makeup all over his face. It would have felt nice, that is, if it wasn’t washing away his masculinity, covering it up beneath a coating of feminine face paint, he thought.

“This is a fine setting powder, also in ‘porcelain doll’ to help your makeup hold” said Trisha, as she brushed his face again and again with a big fluffy brush she kept dipping into a jar filled with nearly weightless powder. “This will give us a perfect canvass to work from!” she said.

While she brushed away at his face, Marc sat frozen in place. He was still unable to comprehend his situation, even as the tight embrace of his bra was a constant reminder of his feminization. Even his face felt increasingly strange to him, as Trisha added another layer of makeup. It felt like he was wearing a mask—a very girlish mask at that.

“To keep from looking all washed out, we girls use blusher to highlight our faces,” Trisha said, spreading a pale pink across his cheek bones, and a more reddish pink to further define them.

“Some girls use contour, but with your cute button nose and softly rounded jawline, you don’t need it,” she smiled, “you’re already naturally feminine.”

“Yeah, just as I always told you girls,” Monique said, looking up from her work buffing and shaping Marc’s nails into cute ovals, “Mia’s always been a girl, and a very feminine one at that.”

“Your eyes are to die for!” Trisha cooed, “especially those long, lush lashes! I’ll just give you some color and liner for added drama!” She pulled a compact eye pallet from her makeup bag, and held it up to the miserable boy’s face.

“I’ll go with pinks and some silver shadow, and black liner and mascara,” she said, “watch how I do your shadow, with soft, short strokes. I just take a tiny bit at a time onto these applicators, and smooth the darker pink shadow onto your eyelids. This makes them really pop when you blink your eyes. Does that make sense?” she asked.

He nodded, thinking that it wasn’t too much different from painting with water colors.

She nodded back and kept going, describing each step as she went along, “I’m using the silvery eye shadow blended with the lighter pink shade above your eyes from the very tops of your lids all the way up to just underneath your brows to make them look bigger.”

Brandishing a tiny metal device that looked a bit like a pair of scissors, Trisha said, “Open your eyes wide again, I’m going to curl your lashes.” Marc shuddered, but complied the best he could, trying not to blink as the strange little contraption invaded his personal space.

Trisha expertly pinched the eyelash curler on the boy's long lashes, giving them a decided bend that made them look so girlish that she could hardly believe it. She then reached for a small, thin, pink and green plastic tube, and twisted it open revealing a tiny brush.

"This is mascara," she said, dipping the brush into the tube repeatedly until it was thickly coated with a dark liquid that was really more of a gel than anything else, "it helps us girls bring out our gorgeous lashes!"

She demonstrated this by spreading the black goop on his lashes once, twice, three times. This made them feel unnaturally heavy, and they sort of stuck together whenever he closed his eyes.

"Finally, I'm lining your eyes along your water lines, and extending that past the corners to give you a subtle cat eye look," Trisha explained as she worked her makeup magic to transform Marc's face into that of a beautiful teenaged girl's.

"I'll do her lips," Monique said, slowly slithering into Marc's lap like the Serpent in the Garden of Eden, every bit as seductively enticing and cruel. Marc stiffened in response, but he was too overwhelmed to even formulate a response.

Seeing no resistance, Monique moved ahead purposefully with the next stage of her prey's feminization. She said, "You know, lipstick and lip gloss have always been my most favorite secret weapons when it comes to feeling beautiful and girly. I mean, when you have the perfect shade, the perfect glossy shine... it's like boom, suddenly you feel unstoppable like you can take on the world."

Marc, wriggling beneath the tormentress, gasped as she resettled her ample rear on his panty-clad lap, felt his head spinning. He'd never had any girl treat him this way, and he was finding it impossible to process the cacophony of conflicting emotions and physical sensations he was feeling.

“Did you know that there's a science to finding the perfect color for your skin tone?” she cooed, “It's like finding out what color of dress complements you best.”

Yes, he'd had an absolutely awful time trying to deal with Monique, but there was no denying that she was an utterly sexy and beautiful girl. When it came to teasing and manipulating boys, the Teen queen was all too experienced, and she used her enticing, enchanting skills to toy with the stunned, feminized boy.

Monique said, “Hey, Mia, do you want me to test out some lip colors on you? I love experimenting with different shades and finishes of lipstick and lip gloss. It's so much fun trying to pick the perfect color for any occasion. Are you excited about me trying to match a lip color to the cute girly clothes you're going to wear? I just know that it'll come out looking so beautiful on you?”

Both stimulated by Monique's sexy body perched on his lap and repulsed by the looming, mortifying prospect of wearing lip color to match “cute girly clothes” he'd be wearing, Marc found it almost impossible to breathe, let alone speak. He gurgled out an incomprehensible reply.

The three other Teen Queens watched wide eyed as their leader continued to manipulate and control the inexperienced Marc, wrapping him around her finger as she said, “Abbi, please hand me my bag of lipsticks and liners and then we can start experimenting on Mia here.”

Abbi eagerly grabbed the large cosmetics bag off of Monique's vanity and handed it over to the forcefully dominant girl. Monique shifted intentionally on Marc's lap as she leaned forward to take it from her friend. She reached inside and said, “Oooh, I love this bright pink. I think this one would look great against your skin!”

Marc again gurgled as he squirmed beneath the siren's plump butt. He was powerless to resist or even protest as Monique smiled and said seductively, “Let me just uncap the lid,” admiring the color, she spread some bubble gum pink gloss on the helpless boy's lips.

Then she gasped with exaggerated drama, “Oh no! I think I got a bit of it on my hand.” At this, she held her wrist out to Marc. She nodded as he licked the color away like an obedient little puppy, and she added, “Oh well, let's just get it right this time and apply it to your lips.”

Monique could feel her new toy's tiny cockette getting hard. As she provocatively, unnervingly, intoxicatingly wriggled her rear end to make the silky panties rub against Marc's little clitty, his brain jolted in stunned surprise.

He was effectively emotionally stymied, his innocent mind left swinging like a pendulum between the extremes of near-orgasmic overdrive and almost catatonic embarrassment as he tried in vain to process these new erotic and humiliating impulses.

Monique took advantage of his dismay and confusion to continue her barrage against his flagging masculinity, armed with her lip gloss wands. She said, “Lip colors are a great way to communicate and announce yourself to everyone! They tell the world a young woman is alive and a girly girl, not one to take life too seriously! I see you as that kind of girl, Mia!”

Marc gaped uncomprehendingly, and only showed he had any awareness when he complied with Monique's demand to “pucker up.” Now beaming with triumph, the manipulative vixen kept pushing away at the last lingering scraps of resistance, saying, “I love mixing different colors and textures. Have you seen the lip liner and lipstick duo by Plum Gloss? Its velvety smooth on the lips.”

The other Teen Queens smirked and giggled as their leader continued tantalizing their helplessly mesmerized prey. She said, “Ooooo...glittery glosses and liquid lipsticks. Ahhhh.... Shiny and shimmery or stain the lips or a striking matte. I love popping on the lip balm first with extra hydration before I layer on the lipstick. I'm doing the same with your pouty, feminine lips, Mia.”

Marc's eyes rolled back in his head as Monique carefully, sensuously shifted her butt back and forth to once more stroke his tiny little clit, confined in the pink sexy panties. Seeing the ongoing overstimulating effect this had, she continued to taunt him, even as she began applying the lip balm, and then followed up with long lasting lip stain to further feminize her plaything.

“You know Mia? Lip color can be a girl's best friend! It has the ability to transform your entire look. I love how muted nudes enhance my natural lip color, but I think a bold bright shade of pink will better express your coquettish fashion sense.”

Marc looked like he was about to protest this description of himself, but Monique merely rubbed her butt against his crotch, and watched as his eyes glazed over once again, leaving him helpless against her seductive stratagems.

“Come on Mia let's finish your girly makeover!” she giggled, “I'll get out my favorite bright pink lip stain, apply it to your kissably pillowy lips, and we can let your lips speak volumes about what a flirty, silly, bimbofied girly girl you are!”

Marc felt like he was in a dark dream or more like a living nightmare. Whichever it was, his mind faded into a strange phase of disbelief. “This can't be happening! I can't be turned into a girl, much less a flirty, silly, bimbofied girly girl!” he tried to tell himself, but he'd accidentally spoken those words aloud.

Monique smirked at this. “Wow! I always knew you were a pretty girl, Mia, but I had no idea!” She held up the hand mirror to Marc's face and demanded, “Look! Look at how beautiful and feminine you are, Mia! You were born to be a flirty, silly, bimbofied girly girl”

He glanced at his reflection and almost choked! He saw one of the most stunningly gorgeous girls he'd ever seen in his life. These girls were all adept at makeup, and they'd outdone themselves transforming their toy.

“That can’t be me!” Marc muttered, “it can’t be!”

“Oh but it is,” Monique laughed. The leader of the Teen Queens still wasn’t satisfied, however. She’d planned Marc’s complete feminization into Mia, and she was all too eager to strip away even more of whatever was left of his quickly evaporating masculinity.

Carlie unzipped a garment bag, exposing a cheerleader uniform, a school girl uniform, and a prom dress. “Look what I brought for you, Mia! You’ll look totes adorbs in these!” She said as she flourished each outfit one by one in front of Marc’s exasperated eyes. He shook his head trying to wish himself away from this nightmare.

His eyes were widening more and more with panic as the girls all laughed at his stunned expression. “You can’t make me wear those clothes! They’re way too feminine for a boy to wear! You wouldn’t dare!” he cried defiantly, desperately, and incredulously.

“Just watch us!” Monique said firmly, “grab her, girls!”

The rest of the Teen Queens giggled as they took Marc by his arms and stood him up. Carlie said, “I am so happy to find a cute girl like you to share my clothes with!”

“Please! Please no!” Marc whispered, humiliated even by the prospect of sharing clothes with the beautiful, feminine Carlie.

He shivered, not only because he felt chilly wearing just the bra and panties set, but also because—in spite of himself—he was picturing himself wearing those outfits.

He found it more and more difficult to breathe as he looked up at Carlie and understood that she was almost exactly the same size and weight as he was. With a sinking feeling, he realized that her clothes would almost definitely fit him. Worse, that she was a total girly girl, and that meant that her clothes were among the most feminine he’d ever seen.

He tried to pull his eyes away but he couldn't stop himself from looking at each of the girlish outfits that Carlie had hung carefully from the canopy over Monique's bed. The already humiliated boy couldn't wrap his mind around the prospect of wearing any of those clothes, he was unable to process that, but with infinite foreboding, he saw no way of escaping such an emasculating fate!

Chapter Three: Dressed As A School Girl And Cheerleader

First, he stared at the cute little school girl uniform. It was comprised of a pleated skirt in plaid green, yellow, and red against a navy blue background. It was made of a light wool material.

“I see you’re admiring my school uniform?” Carlie smiled, “I used to hate to wear it when I went to St. M’s, but I think you’d fit right in there with all the rest of the school girls?”

Marc shook his head, “no!” breathless with shock, but unable to stop staring at the offending little outfit and unable to stop Carlie from describing her plans to make him wear it.

“You’re going to look so cute in the adorable little skirt, once we dress you in the white button-down cotton blouse with a peter pan collar, and the navy blue cardigan sweater! You see the school crest that says ‘St. Mary’s School for Girls’? That’s where you belong, Mia. A school for girls like you!”

As Carlie was describing each item in turn, Monique and Abbi were forcefully dressing their captive into the school uniform piece by piece. As he stood before them, trembling with utter humiliation, they finished dressing him as a precious little school girl.

Monique grinned as she buttoned up his blouse. It was cut to fit a young girl’s torso, and clung tightly to the feminized boy’s bouncy breasts. All the more once she tucked it into the flouncing plaid, pleated school girl skirt.

Abbi added to his distress by tying a plaid school tie that matched the skirt into a cute little bow around his neck. She laughed gleefully as she rolled navy blue tights up his smooth, feminine, hairless legs. Carlie had also provided patent black Mary Jane shoes, and Monique made Mia step into them.

The girls all cheered seeing their prey totally transformed into an adorable little school girl. They all immediately took pictures with their

phones, and posted them to their social media accounts.

“Look how nicely the cute little skirt rides on her hips!” Monique pointed out exuberantly, and the rest of the Teen Queens laughed and nodded in agreement. They weren’t wrong. Anyone looking at Marc standing there, posing in his cute little school girl uniform, would be shocked to learn that he wasn’t born a girl.

“Time for a selfie!” Carlie giggled, as she wrapped an arm around Marc’s shoulders. She held him close, and snapped away with her phone. “I’m going to send this to the St. M’s administration with an online application. Maybe they’ll give you a full scholarship and you can enroll there for your senior year! Wouldn’t that be just wonderful, Mia?”

“No it wouldn’t!” Marc thought to himself, but by this point he was too chagrined to challenge the girls. Rather than argue for his fleeting manhood, he just wanted to jump out of the window and run away as quickly as his now-dainty little legs could carry him.

Still, he couldn’t stand the idea of running the half mile through the neighborhood to his own house dressed as a silly frilly little school girl. So he remained frozen in place, shrugging at his predicament.

“What would I even tell my parents?” he wondered as he sought in vain for some sort of escape, an exit strategy that would let him break free from this feminization. Before he could even begin to think of an explanation that might satisfy his family, the girls were ready to change him into his next embarrassing, emasculating outfit.

He was forced to contemplate his ongoing, increasingly embarrassing emasculation at the hands of the Teen Queens when Carlie chirped, “Time to show your team spirit, Mia!”

Trisha and Abbi stripped off his prissy sissy school uniform leaving him standing, trembling in just his bra and panties. Ordinarily, he’d have been happy to rip the St. Mary’s School for Girls uniform off of his body and burn it.

But the prospect of wearing the next outfit was so mortifying, he was frozen like a statue, or a manikin. He dreaded what he knew was about to happen. His mind spun frantically, seeking some way to escape.

“You have spirit, yes you do!” Trisha sang as she reached out and took up her cheerleader uniform piece by piece. First, she stretched the midriff-baring top over Marc’s head and tugged it down over his torso.

It was skin tight, in a bright red and white that featured their school’s mustang logo with white and red lettering that read “Central High Cheer” in a fancy cursive script. It fit Marc perfectly, and the girls made a big deal about that.

“Look! That top was tailor made for Mia! Her boobs look so cute in that top!” Monique said, giggling gleefully as Marc’s face burned with embarrassed shame. He noticed that the top and skirt were both made of a lightweight, stretchy spandex and polyester blend.

“If the skirt fits her, we should definitely put her on cheerleading with us!” Trisha added, as if that absurd notion made all the sense in the world. “Step into these, doll!” she ordered.

Marc carefully slipped his legs into the bright red tight spandex shorts the girls wore underneath their tiny skirts to hide their panties when they were cheerleading. Next came said cheerleading skirt with its alternating red and white pleats. The humiliated boy groaned seeing that it only fell to his mid-thigh, exposing almost all of his silky smooth legs.

Trisha pumped up his makeup to a more flamboyant theatrical look as befitting his new cheerleading attire. She started by applying a light foundation to Mia's skin, giving her an even complexion. She then used a contour palette to define Mia's cheekbones and jawline. Next, Trisha applied a light pink blush to the apples of Mia's cheeks for a natural flush.

The highly skilled young makeup artist then used a shimmery bronze eyeshadow with a black liquid eyeliner and a few coats of

mascara. She used fiery red blush and, as well as even more mascara, eyeliner, and shadow to make Mia's eyes pop.

She then applied a scarlet wet look lip gloss for a truly exciting look. Lastly, Trisha applied a light dusting of translucent powder to Mia's face to set the makeup and reduce shine. When Trisha was finished, Mia looked absolutely radiant and ready for cheerleading, with her makeup enhancing her natural beauty.

Once Trisha was done dabbing at Mia's face with various potions and powders, her eyes burned with increased and unconsciously sexy feminine intensity. In minutes, the skilled fledgling aesthetician had replaced the coquettish school girl look with a much more mature, sexually charged visage. She styled Mia's hair into a high, flirty pony tail with a gigantic red and white bow.

Carlie had also brought the matching cropped nylon jacket that said "Varsity Cheerleading" on the back, but she didn't let him wear it. Not yet. First, the girls decided that he had to learn some basic cheers and perform them for their consideration.

Monique said, "Okay, Mia, now that you look like a perfect little cheer girl, are you ready to learn our cheer routine?"

Marc, a stricken look in his eyes, said, "Please Monique? Don't make me do this?"

Her arms folded, Monique simple said, "Oh we're going to make you do this, Mia!"

Trisha said, "Stop moping, girl! Just pay attention okay?"

"Alright," Marc whispered, "let's get this over with?"

Trisha laughed, "You'll have to start showing more enthusiasm than that, Girl!"

Carlie said, “Yeah Mia, where’s your school spirit? Now that you look the part, let's see what you've got! Show us a cheer!”

Trisha said, “Yeah, show us what you can do, Mia!”

As the cheerleading captain, Monique took over at this point saying, “You’ll get this one, it's simple. On the count of three we all say ‘Go, Fight, Win!’ Clap and take a step forward with each word, then take a step back with an upward fist pump in between each word. Then at the end, we drop to one knee and put our arms up over our heads in a V for victory! Think you can you do that?”

Marc closed his eyes and pictured the relatively simple steps and nodded. He indeed wanted this humiliating ordeal to be over as soon as possible.

Monique said, “Ready? Okay! One, two, three...Go, Fight, Win!”

As the girls watched intently, Marc shouted, “Go, Fight, Win!” He clapped as he yelled, and pumped his fist high over his head in between each word. He felt the huge floppy bow bouncing around in his hair, making him feel like such a girl.

His foot work was crisp, lissome, and even somewhat dainty as he stepped ahead then back in perfect rhythm. At the end of the cheer, he dropped to his knee with his arms held high above his head as he finished the simple, short cheer.

Monique said, “That was really good Mia! Really good! Let's do it again so you can get the hang of it. One, two, three... ‘Go, Fight, Win!’”

Once again, Mia said, “Go, Fight, Win!” doing the choreography along with the chant. This time, she was even better than the first time, showing a rare talent for cheerleading.

The girls clapped their hands and bounced up and down excitedly.

“That was amazing, Mia!” Abbi said, “are you ready to learn the whole routine?”

Without waiting for the answer, the girls gathered around the helpless captive boy that they’d totally transformed into their unwilling plaything. They proceeded to teach Mia one cheer after another, forcing her to do the steps, arm motions, and chants over and over and over until her head was spinning.

As soon as Mia learned one set of cheers, they moved on to teach her another, and then another. One by one, she mastered each of them. Finally, they joined her going through the entire routine. Once, twice, three times until she performed each step and motion with perfect poise and grace.

“Alright, I think I've got it,” she said, but then she gulped in dismay, realizing what that meant!

Monique said, “Perfect, now you can join us at the next game and cheer with us!”

Abbi said, “I can already tell she's going to be a great addition to the cheer team!”

Carlie said, “I know right! I brought this matching cropped nylon jacket, with ‘Varsity Cheerleading’ on the back. It just screams Team Spirit! Mia, you earned it!” She draped the girlish warmup over his shoulders.

“And cut!” Monique said, “post it to our cheerleaders’ Clik-Clok account!”

“Wait what?” Mia yelped.

“We’re excited that we found a new cheerleader for our squad—namely you!” We’re announcing that to the world, Mia!” Monique giggled.

Mia felt dizzy! She knew that just about every student at their school followed the cheerleaders' accounts, and within hours if not minutes, they'd all be watching the video the girls had just posted. The video of him prancing around and chanting dressed and acting just like a cheer girl!

As bad as all that was, perhaps worst of all these experiences was coming up next, said "they were about to make Mia model the prom dress. It was a gown fit for a fairy tale princess in baby pink satin, with tulle underskirts, and lace details. It was in an exquisitely feminine mermaid style with an empire waist.

Abbi and Carlie carefully removed Mia's cheerleading uniform, making sure that none of her makeup would stain it.

"Take very good care of your new cheerleading uniform, Mia! It has to be ready for you to cheerlead in this Friday," Monique said, "everyone will be so happy to see you!"

Mia felt like she was being sentenced to death hearing that. The idea of cheering in front of her whole school in a skimpy skirt all made up like a girl was far beyond mortifying! It was the worst, most emasculating thing she could have imagined.

Chapter Four: Marc Is Dressed Up As A Prom Princess

Exacerbating this sense of impending doom, the girls were approaching with the princess prom dress! As she looked up, Mia could see that the bodice of the dress was embroidered with sparkling sequins, and as the girls stood her up and slipped the dress over her head, she noticed that it had sweetheart neckline and was delicately beaded with pearl and crystal embellishments.

The skirt fell gracefully to the floor in soft, romantic layers that sparkled in the light. The back laced up, giving it a corset-like fit, and the thin spaghetti straps were adorned with delicate bows. The overall effect on Mia was breathtakingly beautiful.

Trisha then stepped up to redo their suffering living Barbie Doll's makeup. She started by applying a light foundation to even out Mia's skin tone. "This will make sure your skin looks flawless," Trisha said.

She then added a soft pink blush to Mia's cheeks to give them a natural flush. "This will give your face a beautiful glow," Trisha said. Next, she added eyeshadow in a soft pink shade and lined Mia's eyes with black eyeliner. "This will make your eyes really stand out," Trisha commented. Finally, she added a light pink lip gloss to complete the look.

"Time to show off that beautiful smile," Trisha said as the rest of the Teen Queens oohed and ahed at Mia's stunningly feminine face. Then, the girls made Mia step into delicate silver slippers with a three inch heel, and made her practice walking around the room in them until she was as graceful as a swan. The girls were live-casting each and every more Mia made to their social media.

They made Mia model one outfit after another. Next was Abbi's old Girl Scout uniform, complete with a sash adorned with patches, badges, and pins for several different girlish accomplishments like female health, as well as Daisy, Brownie, Junior, and Cadette global actions and leadership.

Mia forced herself to “smile for the camera” as Monique ordered her to do. She wasn’t happy about it, but she looked positively stunning in a yellow cotton sun dress with a pattern of bright red chrysanthemums, and a cute little romper in polished pink cotton that made Mia’s body look absolutely girlishly adorable.

With each new outfit, Trisha tried yet another very stylish makeup combination on her. First, she added a bit of blush to Mia’s cheeks to give her a rosy glow. "I love how this shade looks on you," Trisha said.

She then added a touch of mascara to Mia’s eyelashes, and a light dusting of eyeshadow to her eyes. “This will make your eyes look amazing,” she said. Finally, she completed the look by brushing Mia's hair into an updo and adding a few decorative clips. “You look so sophisticated, girlfriend!” she said with a smile.

Monique said, “Hey Mia, you look fabulous! You should thank Trisha for giving all of these lovely looks!”

Reluctantly, fearing the consequences of disobedience, Mia said, “Thanks Trisha.”

“I’m just putting the finishing touches on Mia's makeup,” Trisha said as she touched up her femininely arched eyebrows with a kohl pencil.

Abbi was amazed by all of Mia’s gorgeous looks. She said, “Wow, Trisha, you’re like really talented! You should be a professional makeup artist.”

Carlie agreed saying, “You should totally do it, Trisha. It would be so much fun!”

Trisha smiled, “Aww you guys are too nice! Thanks for the encouragement, girls!”

The girls also thanked Monique and Carlie for sharing their adorable outfits with Mia, and the whole time, they praised Mia for her

dainty elegance and feminine grace. As they made her wear too many different outfits to keep track of.

Mia was shocked and tried to fight back, but the girls were too strong. They took delight in dressing their captive like a living and life-sized Barbie Doll. They laughed and took videos and pictures of Mia in the dresses and makeup.

Somewhere deeply hidden underneath the outward facade of the beautiful feminine girl he'd become, Marc was deeply humiliated. His masculinity had been stamped out like a tiny spark, but he knew he had to stay strong. He didn't want to give the Teen Queens the satisfaction of seeing him cry.

For their part, the Queens took turns painting Mia's nails, curling her hair, and dressing her up in a dresses, crop tops, high heels, and miniskirts. With each new outfit, Mia felt more and more like a girl and less and less like the boy he used to be.

His friends watched from outside, horrified. Monique said to Marc, "Welcome to the Teen Queens, Mia! Now that you look exactly like one of us girls, you will become one of us girls, forever!"

"You can't do this to me!" Marc said.

Monique just laughed at that and said, "We can't? But we are! You're not a boy and you never were one. You're a girl, Mia my dear. You've always been a girl. Soon everyone will know it!"

Marc shuddered at that. He moaned, "Please! You can't let anyone know about any of this! My reputation will be ruined!"

"Your reputation will be better than ever, once everyone knows you're one of us. By tonight, you'll be one of the Teen Queens, Mia! Aren't you excited?" He wasn't excited at all. More like mortified by the entire experience!

Marc asked, “Why are you doing this to me? What have I ever done to you?”

Monique said, “what do you mean? We’re doing you a huge favor, Mia! You’ve been hiding your feminine beauty for far too long! When we grabbed you today, you were a boring caterpillar. We’re just bringing you out of your cocoon! By the time we’re done with you, you’re going to be a beautiful butterfly.”

Monique and Abbi grabbed Mia and dragged her outside to show her off to the rest of the neighborhood kids. Seeing the feminized boy, the boys all gasped in horror, and their eyes widened in surprise. Margot let out a loud “Oh my gosh!” Meanwhile Abbi, Monique and Trisha just smiled at them and waved.

True to their word, the Teen Queens forced Mia to become one of them. She was forced to join them cheerleading all made up as a girl and dressed in her cute little uniform, even the tiny skirt and tight little crop top that showed off her girlish curves. Her classmates were stunned seeing Mia dancing and prancing, chanting and cheering just like the rest of the girlish cheerleaders.

The Teen Queens were overjoyed. Monique more than any of them. She’d led her crew to totally transform a boy into a girly girl, and he’d been unable to resist any of it. The girls took away all of Marc’s former male clothes, and replaced them with dainty, girly hand me downs.

Mia whined pathetically as she looked into her closet at all of her new skirts, pretty dresses, flirty tops, sweater sets, even bikini swim suits as well as sexy girly underwear and sleepwear, bras, panties, pantyhose, baby dolls, nighties—the works! They even redid his bedroom as a girl’s refuge, tormenting the former boy as they did so.

Monique said, “Look at all of these clothes, Mia! We got you mini skirts, pretty dresses, flirty tops, sweater sets, even bikinis! You should wear this pink string bikini to our pool party sleepover this weekend!”

Trisha nodded and said, “Great ideas, El! And Mia! Just look at all your new sexy girly underwear, sleepwear, bras, panties, and pantyhose!”

Carlie said, “And look at all the darling baby dolls and nighties we got her!”

Monique said, "Let's not forget about her room! Look Mia! We painted it pink and put up some girly decorations for you. There's a white vanity with a mirror and a nice soft fluffy pink rug!”

Trisha said, “OMG yeah! We even found some cute fuzzy pillows and a comfy chair for Mia to relax in!

Carlie said, “I just love the pretty pink lace curtains! They're such a nice finishing touch!”

Abbi said, “This is the perfect girly refuge for you Mia! Wow, this is amazing! Don't you love it?”

Marc, now renamed Mia and totally feminized into a teenaged girl, absolutely didn't love it. In fact, this was a living nightmare for the former boy these sassy, sexy girls had turned into their living dress up doll.

Carlie suggested, “I'm still not loving your hair, Mia. How about I take you to my sister Melody's salon? We can do your hair much better there with my big sis helping. And so she did later that same day.

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. Turning an unwilling boy into a pretty girl made sure that no boy would dare to come near their house again unless they'd been commanded to do so. Everyone in the neighborhood knew not to mess with the Teen Queens.

End Book Two Continued In
Made Over Into Mia Book Three:

Mia's Multitude Of Girly Experiences

Afterward By The Author

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