

Miranda Birch

A photograph of a woman with dark hair, seen from behind, walking down a staircase. She is wearing a short, frilly dress with a pink and white floral pattern and black high-heeled shoes with laces. The staircase has a blue carpet and white wooden railings. The background shows a hallway with yellow walls and a framed picture.

Auntie's Pet

Sissy in Servitude

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Sissy in Servitude

A Frilly Femdom Fantasy by [Miranda Birch](#)

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Pansy lives with his Auntie. Pansy's Auntie is a mature full-figured lady, what they call a BBW nowadays. He was supposed to be staying with her while he went to college, but that didn't work out. The college bit, I mean; he still stays with Auntie. Life has not panned out quite the way this nineteen-year-old youth had imagined when younger — he didn't imagine he would ever answer to 'Pansy', for a start! Auntie now has full control over the lad, and has successfully transformed him into a submissive, obedient, uniformed sissy-maid. He is at her beck and call round the clock. And it does not look as though that will change any time soon. Poor Pansy!

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A CURIOUS SIGHT

The large country house stood in its own grounds, about half a mile outside town. To reach it, one went up a long driveway before reaching a magnificent front door. What might lie behind that door? Let's take a peak, shall we?

And lo and behold, what do we see?

A very curiously-attired figure was on its hands and knees half-way down the long, wide main hallway, polishing the parquet floor. It was wearing what appeared to be a uniform of sorts. Although come to think, bright pink was an unusual colour for a domestic's uniform. But this was clearly some sort of domestic surely, engaged in such a task?

Bent over as the figure was, the very short skirt of the uniform had ridden up, revealing — not, as one might have expected, a knicker-clad bottom, but a *bare* one; and a bare bum well-reddened and well-striped by what must surely be vigorous and regular applications of strap and cane! And what was this, hanging down below that poor punished botty, between the thin hairless legs, but a pair of hairless balls looking just like a pair of plums, and between them — well, it must be a penis — but a penis wearing a tight steel jacket? With a padlock hanging from it? Well, whatever on Earth...?!

At that moment, a voice rang out clearly from one end of the hallway, coming from upstairs.

“Pansy, come here please.”

The figure raised its head. Well, that was one thing explained. That's who this was. This was Pansy! Pansy the sissy maid, one presumes! Well I never!

It was his Auntie's voice. It sounded like a polite request. She never raised her voice, she never became shrill or harsh, she was always calm and quiet and polite. In fact, as ever, she was giving him an order. An order that *had* to be obeyed. That particular piece of knowledge had been instilled into Pansy the hard way. It had been beaten into him, over and over, with riding crop and tawse and cane and hair-brush and... So now Pansy did not hesitate for a moment.

But on his way to Auntie's luxuriously-appointed bathroom, his heart sank to his feet. He had run a bath for her a while ago, so he could guess what she wanted now. Oh no! She wants me to assist her in her bath again, thought poor Pansy. It was one of his standard duties, but it was one of the hardest to get used to. Ironically, this was because it was one of the few times that the cruel chastity device which tightly imprisoned his cock, effectively preventing any form of physical arousal, was removed.

As he walked carefully on the six-inch high heels that were a mandatory part of his uniform, and which had as usual been picked out this morning to match his frock, the skirt of the frock just barely covered his bottom behind and just barely covered his privates in front, and then only if he made sure to walk delicately so that his skirt did not ride up. Thus the skirt of the uniform exposed most of his hairless thin white legs, just as the very short sleeves of the uniform exposed all of his hairless thin white arms.

The front of the uniform was low-cut, *just* covering a pair of rouged nipples. Pansy did not have much 'up top', but Auntie did not mind that. After all, he was a sissy, not a girly, wasn't he? Yes, he was! Her darling little sissy sweetheart! And the tight corset did help to give him the barest hint of a décolletage in any case. The corset was worn round the clock, and he was laced into a fresh one by his Auntie once a week. Together with a very restrictive diet, this did wonders for his waistline. He was down to twenty-two inches now. Auntie was hoping for sixteen, eventually.

Pansy had lots of uniforms. In fact, that was pretty much all Pansy had, now. Lots and lots of uniforms, in a wide variety of colours and styles. This uniform was a merely a normal, everyday, working uniform. He had costumes which were far more elaborate and fussy and frilly and... well, utterly feminine! But really outrageously over-the-top feminine: nothing a real woman would actually wear! Those were normally worn on special occasions. When Auntie had friends round, for instance. Yes, she did like to show off her darling little sissy! Whether the darling little sissy liked being shown off, well, that was another matter. But she had jolly well better show herself off, and that to Auntie's full satisfaction, unless she wanted her poor sore red little botty made even redder and sorer than it usually already was!

Over the short, bright pink, uniform frock, he wore a short white apron. This was a very frilly affair, tied in a neat bow at the back (Pansy had had to practice hard at that, but he did it with ease by now), and was spotlessly clean. Pansy had even more aprons than he had uniforms. Which was fortunate, because aprons had to be changed when they became soiled. And they became soiled so very, very easily! This added appreciably to Pansy's workload in the washing department. But then he had all day every day, didn't he? So Auntie didn't feel it was too much to ask.

And then of course working aprons aside, there was Pansy's special party apron. He did not much care for any of his aprons, but the party apron was his least favourite. It was so very frilly, for a start. It positively frothed with delicate frilly lace. And that lace had to be kept in tip-top condition! No creases! On top of that, Auntie had 'suggested' he might like to embroider it. And so he had, with words Auntie had 'suggested'. Across the front were embroidered, in threads of delicate pink, the words 'Pansy, Auntie's Pet' and also 'Pansy (hearts) Auntie'. Oooh, how sweet!

His hair was long and tied up in two practical pig-tails with pretty pink bows. It was naturally light brown, but at the moment it was a quite vivid blonde. Auntie had been a hair-dresser in her youth, and still liked to experiment with hair colours, so she had Pansy sitting down for a dye-job every month or so.

Pansy's make-up could not *exactly* be called excessive, but it was perhaps just a little over-done, just a *little* too much. but that was the way Auntie liked it, and she had been patient (well, ish) in showing Pansy how to get it *just* right. The carefully penciled-on eyebrows made Pansy looked perpetually mildly surprised. Auntie kindly plucked Pansy's natural eyebrows once a week for him. She felt these new ones looked so much nicer that it was well worth the little effort, not to mention the tears. The false eyelashes were perhaps just a little too long, but only a little. The colours of the powdered cheeks and painted lips were carefully chosen to match today's uniform. Auntie had helpfully pinned a lovely big colour chart on the wall of Pansy's little bedroom to help him with this.

It took Pansy a while to get ready in the mornings, but with long practice it now took only half an hour. That was a blessing, since it meant he could lie in bed until half-five. Auntie liked him to be on his hands and knees by six sharp, scrubbing away at the already-immaculate tiles of the kitchen floor. A symbolic gesture, if you will, but also of practical value. Auntie was a great believer in keeping 'empty-headed, blonde bimbo sissies' busy, to avoid any unpleasantness such as attempted masturbation. Auntie herself usually took breakfast in bed, usually some time between ten and eleven, brought to her by Pansy of course. She would ring when she wanted it, since her voice would not carry that far. Pansy knew by now to have most of it ready well in time, since it did not do to keep Auntie waiting.

MADAME'S BATH

Pansy entered the bathroom, curtsied, and said,

"Yes, Auntie?"

"I need your assistance with my bath, Pansy dear."

Oh! It was just as he had feared. There she was, at ease in her bath, big breasts emerging from the water like little pink whales. She was quite unconcerned to be seen naked by Pansy. His Auntie was a large, mature lady, of the type known as blowsy blonde (although nowadays the blonde came out of a bottle), but still not unattractive withal, though her age made her rather 'broad across the beam'. She had always been top-heavy, too. Most men like that, don't they? Pansy certainly did! And for all his frilly frocks, he was still a man — of sorts.

The trouble was, Pansy's restrainer would be off. Pansy was — well, not normal, he was *far* from normal by now, after six months under the tender mercies of his Auntie! — but he still had the let us say typical reactions one would expect of a healthy nineteen-year-old youth in the presence of a naked lady. It was just that which his Auntie delighted in. She liked having his 'little soldier' standing up stiff and hard in homage to her. Not that he was allowed to play with his little soldier, oh no. That was *never* allowed. Auntie on the other hand certainly did toy with it from time to time. Well, quite often in fact. Oh, incessantly to be honest! It was such fun to get her little sissy sweetie-pie all hot and bothered! And as long as the teased erection did not spurt out a horrid nasty mess, where was the harm in it? She was an expert in bringing Pansy right to the edge and yet ensuring that he did *not* spurt.

"Come closer, dear!"

Auntie's insistent tone brought poor Pansy back to the present. He moved right up to the side of the bath, and sure enough Auntie reached out with the key which she always wore about her neck on a chain, unlocked the chastity device, and slipped it off. She placed it carefully on one of the bath-side trays.

"There!" she exclaimed. "That's better, isn't it?"

"Yes, Auntie, thank you Auntie," Pansy dutifully responded.

Auntie smiled condescendingly at him, and sank back down into the water. Her hand came out of the water and took hold of Pansy's cock. It had come back to stroke: slowly, firmly, expertly. Pansy's long-denied member was not long in stiffening. Suddenly, the hand was withdrawn abruptly.

"Help me up, dearie."

Pansy stretched out his two arms and acted as a support for his voluptuous Auntie as she stood up.

"Soap me."

Pansy took hold of the soap and began to rub it on his Auntie's left thigh, working up a good lather. Carefully, he moved all round the thigh, then moved down the leg, then over to the other leg and up the other thigh. His cock was rock hard now. He soaped her large backside, and then — oooh, in between her legs. He bit his lip and trembled with mounting excitement.

"Gently, darling, gently, there's a good sissy," she chided him, but not severely.

Having soaped her mound, he moved to her belly, then her breasts, then her back, lathering gently in a circular motion, over and over. Finally, arms, neck — and he was done.

"HMMMMM, so nice," Auntie purred. "A bit more rubbing please, Pansy."

Just using his hands this time, Pansy worked over the ample flesh of the big, mature lady once more. She had him pay particular attention to her round, somewhat sagging belly. She sighed. She almost felt like interrupting her bath for some more intimate attention — but that would never do. Besides, there was always time for *that* later.

"Enough. Help me down."

And she lowered herself slowly and heavily back into the water, assisted by her sissified help-mate. Then she had another nice long soak. Pansy stood by, silently, waiting to serve.

Again her hand snaked out of the water, again it took hold of him firmly, and again it began to stroke. Auntie closed her eyes and smiled. Pansy's cock quivered. Auntie tapped her fingernails on the head, and released the rigid

member once more. It would stay stiff and hard for a while now, stiff and hard for her, just for her...

Pansy had worn the chastity device since before he had become Auntie's sissified domestic drudge and — well, we are coming to 'what else'. Suffice to say for now that domestic service is not the only service that Pansy renders to his loving Auntie...

He had worn the chastity device ever since Auntie had caught him masturbating during the summer holidays. Not only had he been caught masturbating, which was bad enough; but then Auntie had seen on his laptop computer exactly what he was masturbating to. He had not been quick enough, he had closed the lid, but that only made it hibernate, and when it came out of hibernation, there it all still was.

Auntie had scolded him, spanked him, and then announced her intention of 'taking care of this little problem for good.' Which turned out to mean fitting a chastity device. She had, surprisingly, had one in the house. Pansy had often since wondered about that.

After the summer holidays, Auntie had decided — or, to phrase it in the terms Auntie herself would have used, 'they had decided' — that in view of his bad grades, Pansy had no future in college, so he should stay home for a 'gap year' of sorts, while he decided what he *really* wanted to do.

It quickly became apparently that his gap year was going to be spent learning to take care of *all* of Auntie's domestic chores to her very exacting standards.

At last, Auntie had had enough of a soak.

"Help me out, sweetie," her dulcet tones commanded Pansy. He helped her, and draping her in fluffy towels began to dry her carefully. His penis was still hard, sticking stiffly out in front, poking comically from under his frock. Auntie didn't mention it. But once she was dried, powdered, and perfumed, she said the words Pansy had been dreading:

"Let's get you under the cold tap, sweetie."

Pansy stood miserably next to the bathtub. Auntie grabbed the shower attachment and directed it at his crotch. He shuddered at the shock of cold water. His penis shrank, his testicles too.

"I hope that isn't a pout I see on your pretty face, Pansy?" Auntie said warningly.

Hurriedly, Pansy composed his features as best he could.

"Oh no, Auntie!"

"Good!"

Briskly Auntie dried his 'boy bits' as she called them, and then the narrow iron tube was slipped on.

"There we are!"

'Click' when the padlock.

"Locked up again all snug and safe! Can't have you distracted from your chores can we?"

"No, Auntie."

"Off you go then!" said Auntie in a cheery voice.

Pansy curtsied, and off he went.

PUNISHED PANSY

“Pansy!”

The clear voice rang out from — somewhere. Pansy hastily put down the duster and scurried into the hall.

“Parlour please, Pansy!”

The voice came again. A little louder, but far from a shout. Pansy knew he had to hurry. If Auntie had to raise her voice too much, because he couldn't find her quick enough — that was a punishable offence. So many things were.

He moved as fast as he could, which was not very fast on those heels and in that tight, skimpy skirt. Hours of practice had made him able to walk without falling over, but he still could not move at more than a rather slow walk. And then of course he had to make sure his skirt stayed in a modest position. All in all, it made moving from A to B quite a chore. Anyway, as fast as he could, Pansy swayed down the hall and into the parlour.

Auntie was standing beside the large white cabinet that lined almost the whole of one wall. She had a pair of white gloves on her hands.

Oh no, oh no, thought Pansy with a sudden shock of despairing realisation, don't let it be that, don't let it be that. She can't have!

But she had!

Pansy came to a halt and curtsied as demurely and submissively as he could.

Auntie held up one white-gloved hand. On the tip of one finger there was a smudge of dust.

“Now dearie, what did Auntie say about being extra-careful in your dusting?”

Pansy gulped.

“You said it was very important, Auntie.”

“Yes, that's what we agreed, isn't it?”

“Yes, Auntie.”

“So what is this? Hmmm?”

“I... I must have missed a bit, Auntie. I don't know how, really, I tried, I went over and over...”

Auntie interrupted her sissy's babbling with a wave of her hand.

“Well, you silly scatterbrained sissy, you didn't try hard enough, did you?” she said patiently.

“I... I... no, Auntie.”

Pansy gave up, and hung his head. He knew exactly what was coming. And he knew there was nothing he could do to avert it.

Auntie did not surprise him.

“I think you had better fetch the tawse, hadn't you?”

“Yes Auntie,” said Pansy, trying to keep his voice level and his features composed. He did not want to end up being told he was ‘sulky’ on top of this. That was also a punishable offence. Such a *lot* of things were punishable offences!

So, without another word and certainly without any ‘sulky looks’, he curtsied carefully, turned with even greater

care (got to keep that skirt down!), and minced away to the scullery, where the tawse was kept hanging on a hook on the wall.

The scullery was next to the kitchen. Auntie never came in here, but Pansy was frequently here. Here hung the tawse. The dreaded tawse. Beside it were other instruments of correction, equally if not more dreaded: cane, riding crop, paddle. Auntie kept them in the scullery precisely *because* Pansy spent a lot of time there. It could not but help in keeping the silly sissy on his toes, seeing them hanging there, and knowing one or other would be off its hook and coming down hard on his poor little bottie should he fail to live up to his long-suffering Auntie's expectations!

And so now Pansy took the long, heavy leather strap off its hook, and carried the horrid thing back to the parlour. Auntie was seated in her favourite armchair, waiting for him. He curtsied before her, of course, and placed the cruel tawse in the hand which she held out for it.

"Thank you, Pansy!" she said brightly.

Then without having to be told, for he knew exactly what to do, he lifted his skirt high about his waist, and draped himself over Auntie's waiting lap.

Auntie tucked up the dress to make sure it would not get in the way, and then breezily announced,

"A dozen should do, I think. Does that sound fair to you, Pansy?"

"Yes, Auntie," said Pansy in a very subdued (but not sulky!) tone.

"Good! I am glad we agree!" continued Auntie brightly. She hefted the tawse in her right hand, then with an expertise born of long and regular practice, swung it back over her shoulder and brought it forward and down, square across the already red — and soon to be redder! — slightly trembling bottom cheeks of the hapless sissified youth lying across her heavy thighs.

SPLAT!

"Oooowwww!"

Pansy tried to make the tears come as fast as possible. He did not have to try very hard. The tawse really, really hurt. And he had got six of the best from the cane yesterday, so the tawse was landing on still quite fresh welts. The caning had been punishment for spilling wine on one of Auntie's best tablecloths (but then, they were *all* her 'best' tablecloths, just like everything — at least, when Pansy did something wrong with something, it seemed always that that something was 'the best'.) It had only been a little bit and Pansy had paused only to utter a high-pitched "Excuse me, Auntie!" before he reached for the salt and shook a little over it. That would draw out the wine and prevent it staining permanently. It was the most he could do. And it had probably spared him a round dozen from the cane, so there was that.

SPLAT!

"Oooowwww!"

His eyes were watering already. Thanks heavens for that! Sometimes the tears just would not come. And Auntie always *always ALWAYS* punished until the tears did flow. No matter how long it took.

SPLAT!

"Oooowwww!" (sob, sob)

SPLAT!

"Oooowwww! Boo-hoo, hoo-hoo..."

He was crying properly now, with great heaving sobs.

SPLAT!

“Oooowwww! Mwuh-hoh-hoh-ho...”

SPLAT!

“Oooowwww! Urgggh...mmmmmmfffff...mfff...”

That was the last — was it? Oh, yes, surely it had been six! Sobbing bitterly, he waited. Surely it had been six. He felt Auntie's cool hand on his burning buttocks. Patting, stroking, squeezing, fondling. It added to the pain, but he dare do no more than flinch. If he tried to pull away he might get the six over again. Or even another six, and then six again!

“Oh, dear!” He heard Auntie's voice raised in mock sympathy. “Poor little Pansy's bot-bot feels very hot and looks very sore! What a shame Pansy can't learn to be more sympathetic to his Auntie's needs in the area of household management, hmmm? A little dusting is not too much to ask, surely?”

One final pat, and finally he heard:

“Up you get then, dearie.”

He rose stiffly, buttocks on fire, and rearranged his uniform. Then he curtsied and, sniffing his sobs, managed to get out the required phrase.

“Thank you for helping me to be a better sissy-maid, Auntie.”

“You are welcome, my dear. Now, off you trot and put that nasty tawse back. And then I want you straight back here. No dawdling now!”

Pansy bobbed yet another neat little curtsey, and teetered off to do as he was told.

MOLLIFIED MADAME

“Now, darling, I know what my adorable little sissy-boy wants. Yes I do!”

Actually, it was what Auntie wanted. As ever. But it was not the worst of Pansy's many duties. Obediently, he settled himself in Auntie's broad lap and waited while Auntie unbuttoned her blouse.

“Be a darling and help me with my bra, there's a good sissy.”

Pansy reached behind and unclipped the fastening of the black lace brassiere. The lace was very delicate but the garment itself was pretty sturdy — it had to be, to support the weight of Auntie's 44DDs. Auntie had all her brassieres custom-made in a shop in London.

He carefully drew the bra down, exposing both of Auntie's big white breasts. The nipples were already erect. Pansy moved his head to the right breast and took the nipple in this mouth. Auntie gasped and cupped his head in one podgy, be-ringed hand.

Pansy sucked at each breast in turn; first one, then other, than back to the first, and so on; for as long as Auntie liked. Which was quite a long time. She eventually grew so excited that she had to tell Pansy to stop.

“Oh, sweetie! You have made Auntie all hot and bothered! I am positively glowing! I think you had better kiss me a little lower down now, don't you?”

As I do believe I have said before, Auntie's polite requests were really firm orders. And so now. Pansy meekly sank to his knees between his Auntie's ample thighs, which parted to receive him. Her skirt had ridden up, revealing a plump pair of pale thighs clad in very expensive, black, seamed stockings. Pansy pressed his painted lips to the inside of the right thigh, evoking a low gasp of delight from Auntie.

“Ooooooh! Exquisite!” she breathed quietly, and gave a low moan.

The gusset of Auntie's knickers was quite wet.

After allowing Pansy to give her thighs some tender loving adoration, she raised herself up, supporting herself on the arms of the 18th Century antique chair, and Pansy slipped his fingers inside the waistband of her support knickers, also of delicate black lace matching her brassiere, also custom-made, and eased then slowly down. Auntie kicked them off one leg; they hung around the other ankle. Auntie didn't care; she was overcome with the sensation of the long loving kiss which her sweet young sissified plaything had just planted on her pussy lips.

She had spent a lot of time and effort in teaching, and Pansy had shed a lot of tears in learning, but by now Pansy had long been a very proficient pussy kisser. He knew just what Auntie liked. Before long his tongue was flicking back and forth, and Auntie was moving in response, rolling her hips, shaking her head to and fro. Her breathing became heavier.

As usual, Pansy's poor little imprisoned penis tried to do its duty, and as usual its tightly-screwed metal gaol effectively prevented it. It hurt. But Pansy knew better than to be selfish and make a fuss. This was Auntie's 'special time', and he had to make sure she enjoyed it. He was here for her pleasure, not his own.

Auntie did feel just a tad guilty about how aroused correcting her dear little sissy servant made her feel. Still, there was no real harm in it.

Pansy's knees ached, his imprisoned cock throbbed, his newly-punished bottom throbbed. But he continued to use his tongue skillfully, the way he had been taught.

Finally Auntie reached the top. She arched her back, grabbed his head in a vice-like grip, and veritably howled as her body spasmed.

She pushed his head away then and sprawled on the chair, eyes closed, breathing heavily.

Pansy knelt between her lax, outspread thighs waiting.

When she had recovered from her orgasms, Auntie sat up straight. She smiled at Pansy and patted his cheek.

“Now, off you go and fix your make-up, you randy little tart!”

And Auntie gave Pansy's bottom a playful little smack as he rose from his knees.

“Yes, Auntie,” said Pansy with a curtsy, and scurried off just as fast as his high-heeled, carefully-pedicured feet could carry him.

AN EVENING OUT

Auntie was done up to the nines. She really was a most attractive lady, due allowance made for her age and size. Pansy had helped her dress and now stood before her, waiting submissively in silence for further instructions.

“Make sure you are in bed before midnight, Pansy dear. Six o'clock tomorrow will be here before you know it.”

Pansy knew that only too well. By six, he would already be on his hands and knees, scrubbing away at the already-immaculate tiles of the kitchen floor...

He curtsied to his big, strict, glamorous owner.

“Yes, Auntie.”

He wished *he* could go out sometimes. But there wasn't any time. There was hardly enough time for all his chores, let alone anything else. And then, he could hardly go out in one of uniforms — he barely dared to go out into the back garden in one of those, even though the nearest house was a good hundred yards away. But he had nothing else

to wear...

She patted his cheek, waved, and was gone. And sure enough Pansy went straight off to his chores. He had a lot to get done before bedtime. He only hoped that Auntie did not, as she sometimes did, feel like a bit of 'fun and games' when she came in. If she did, he would be lucky to get any sleep at all.

He sighed and got started on his ironing.

THE END

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