

Miranda Birch

*Frosted
and
Locked*

Pushed into Petticoats

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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For the young man in this story, getting back together with an old girlfriend he still loves turns out to be possible. But only on her terms. This younger man is positively bewitched by this big, beautiful, older woman, and agrees to do whatever she asks. But he soon finds out that she does not want only a submissive lover, but also a sissy servant! A uniformed sissy maid! Once put into frocks, he finds he cannot turn back from the journey towards total sissy servitude. Before long, locked in chastity, fully-uniformed in skimpy frock, frilly apron, and wig, eyebrows plucked and lips painted, he is waiting hand and foot on Madame and her lady friends at a party held especially to show him off!

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HAIR AND NAILS AND EVERYTHING

REVOLT

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TRYING AGAIN

"I don't know, we have had a lovely weekend, but I just think it will be back to the same old same old..."

Peter had been waiting for her to say something like this. They had had a very up and down relationship, split up, then met again a while later, discussed things, and had just finished a 'trial weekend' in a nice hotel on the English south coast. Now, they were having the dreaded 'what now?' talk.

He was head over heels in love with her, still, even after all that had passed between them. He dreaded losing her forever, just when he thought they had started connecting again. He didn't know what to say. He thought it better to say nothing. She noticed how it affected him. She reached out and took his hand. They sat together for a while, neither saying anything. Then she asked:

"I mean, well, I think there is one thing that would help. I think we *could* live together and be happy, if..."

Peter's heart leapt in his breast. She couldn't be seriously suggested they live together — could she? After all, she had just said...

"Oh, yes, yes, you know I love you so much, I'll what I can to keep you, to make it work!"

He was clearly over-joyed. She had known he was in love with her, but still had not expected such enthusiasm. Good. That would make things easier.

"There was this boyfriend I had, some time after you and I split up. He wanted to be, well, submissive with me. I wasn't keen at first, I hate all that whips and chains stuff, but after a while I did find that it... or, well, certain aspects of it... appealed to me. He said I was a 'velvet domme'. But I don't know about that."

Peter looked taken aback. He didn't really know what to say. Virginia continued.

"Is that something you would consider? Having me take charge? I think it would be the one thing that would let us live — well, happy ever after, I suppose..."

She let the sentence trail off. She had once said to Peter, a long time ago, "you want happy every after with someone, and it isn't going to be me!" It had devastated him at the time, and she had felt sorry for saying it. Now she felt she could use it.

Peter, just as she had hoped, jumped straight in with both feet.

"You know I would do anything to be with you again. To look at you, hear you talk, just be with you..."

She leaned forward and whispered, "and to worship my big beautiful body...?"

"Oh yes, Virginia, yes, that too, especially that! You are so totally gorgeous you know!"

She basked in the compliment. She could never hear enough of them.

"Anything to be with me again, eh?"

"Oh yes Virginia yes!"

"That includes being... 'submissive' with me?"

"Well, sure..."

He looked doubtful, his voice tailed off; but she smiled encouragingly and pressed his hand, so he went on.

"I will try my best, honest. I do love you so much!"

She decided to take the plunge. It had to be all, or nothing.

"Would you 'dress' for me, do you think?" she asked, as casually as she could, as though it were no big deal. Her heart had started beating more rapidly.

"Well, how do you mean? Don't you like the way I'm dressed?"

"No, I don't mean that."

She smiled enigmatically, trying to conceal her nervousness.

"What then?"

"Well, when I say dress, I mean... well, in women's clothes — a maid's uniform, to be exact..."

His jaw literally dropped. He stared at her.

"Yes, the idea is you would live with me and be my love — and my servant as well, my lady's maid in fact."

This was so totally unexpected, so completely out of the blue, that he still could not frame a coherent response.

"Just think!" she went on in her low, sultry voice. "Being my lady's maid would mean dressing me, undressing me, bathing me... and after all, you would still be my lover too! You would have more access to this body you say is so beautiful than ever..."

She watched his reactions closely.

"Yes, well, it's..."

"Why don't you think about it? Hmmm?"

She thought a second. Best leave him something positive.

"I have really got to get back now. Let's make a date for next weekend on the island, yes?"

"Yes, great!"

Phone me on Friday and I'll pick you up from the ferry."

She made to stand up, and Peter was up and round like a shot to take care of her chair, fetch her wrap... so thoughtful and considerate in some ways, so careless and even rude in others. Still, maybe she *could* make it work. They kissed goodbye a little *too* passionately for their situation — passers-by looked at them curiously — and then she made for home.

Sitting at home that evening, Virginia thought constantly of how to handle it the right way. Just get him 'frocked up and locked up' for a start, she thought. That was key. The rest could wait. The rest: oh, yes! The rest! The shaven legs, the plucked eyebrows, the make-up, the chores (oh, *lots* of those!), the body worship training (he was already pretty good with hands and lips and tongue, but there was room for improvement)... they would all come in due course. Oh yes, there was lots to come for the poor dear. If only he knew, she thought with a smile. Yes, if he knew, he would be off in a flash — like the others. But this one was not going to know — until it was too late... She spoke to herself out loud: "frocked and locked... frocked and locked..." Oh yes! It would be heavenly!

They had agreed to go straight to her house on Friday, rather than going out. It was implicit that they would be too busy in bed to have much time for going out.

"Let's start slowly, see how we can on, shall we?"

"Sure!"

Peter was on his best behaviour, and making a special effort to agree with everything she said.

“So...” Virginia paused, her eyes twinkling; “...why don't you try being my slave-boy for the weekend, hmm?”

“Well, yes, sure, why not?”

“Good! First order for my slave-boy: strip off!”

Grinning, Peter began to remove his clothes. This was more like it!

“And you can call me Mistress Virginia, slave Peter.”

“Yes, Mistress Virginia.”

“Let's get you upstairs then, and see what that slavish tongue of yours can do for me!”

They did not leave the house for the whole weekend. Peter remained naked, and at Virginia's beck and call. But since being at Virginia's 'beck and call' mainly meant having sex on tap — she had always liked her sex, but this weekend she was insatiable! — what was there to complain about?

A delighted Peter kissed her goodbye on Monday morning, pleased with himself, pleased with her, pleased with everything. It was going just the way he had hoped!

BABY STEPS

It was Virginia who suggested that he move in. It came quite out of the blue. They had been getting on well over the weekends, albeit in the rather unusual relationship of 'Mistress' and 'slave'. That was fine by him. Being her 'slave' mostly involved, just as she had said, helping her dress and undress, bathing her, massaging her, and giving her lots of sex. And they still went out like a normal couple from time to time, for dinner and such. But they had also agreed to take it easy. Now, it seemed, Virginia was suddenly much more eager to move ahead.

"You do love, me don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Virginia, you know I do. I love you so much!"

"I love you too, darling. And I think we are ready for this. You really have changed a lot you know, and that is so encouraging — and reassuring."

So it was agreed.

Peter's moving-in didn't take long, and for the first week everything continued pretty much as before. Virginia gave him time to settle down, did not insist on 'Mistress and slave' all the time, and in general made him feel as comfortable and secure as she could.

Then she made her next move.

"I have been thinking," Virginia said one evening as they sat at the table together after dinner.

"Oh?"

Peter waited expectantly.

"You remember you promised me something, back when we agreed to try again? Do you remember?"

"Ummm... being submissive?"

"Mmmm... and something else. You also promised to *dress*..."

Peter remembered now. He had thought she had forgotten. He had rather hoped she had forgotten. Now she was waiting for an answer.

"Oh, yes, that..."

"You do remember then," she said in a jocularly chiding manner. "And are you going to keep your promise?"

"Yes... yes, I suppose..."

"Good! Get out of those clothes then, and we can try on your uniform."

In fact, there was no need to try it on. She had already measured him early one morning while he was still asleep, and then had the uniforms adjusted to be at least a rough fit. She had added a headscarf, just to give it an nudge away from 'nurse' towards 'skivvy'.

Peter, though taken aback, saw no harm in it. So he did as he was told. Once Peter was naked, she led him upstairs to her spare bedroom. There, on the bed, lay the uniform: just a dress and a headscarf.

"Come on then!" exclaimed Virginia girlishly, being careful to be light-hearted and playful about the whole thing, "let me dress you up, my great big dolly!"

He docilely allowed her to help him on with the dress. She then tied the headscarf properly.

“You will have to learn to do this for yourself as soon as possible. It will not do for the lady of the house to be helping her maid with things like this, will it now?”

“Oh, er, no... no, Mistress?”

Virginia frowned.

“No, I don't think ‘Mistress’ is appropriate any longer. How would a uniformed maid-servant address her superior? It would be ”Ma'am“, wouldn't it? Yes. Ma'am it is then.”

Silence. She looked at him.

“Well?”

“Oh, er... yes.. yes, Ma'am.”

“Good. Don't forget in future please. Now, I have some chores for you.”

Peter was surprised. He had thought ‘dressing up’ was a prelude to sex, and he didn't mind trying stuff. But — chores? But the chores weren't much, and soon he was called to the bedroom, where the dress and scarf came off and he could resume duties more amenable to his nature. It did not seem that this ‘dressing’ lark would be such a bit deal.

To his surprise, he was expected to be uniformed the next morning. He had been bringing her breakfast in bed for a while now, since they both woke early. This morning, though, he had no sooner set the tray down than, somewhat crossly, she sent him into the spare bedroom to change.

“But I thought...” he began.

“Oh, Peter! We agreed, didn't we? Please don't make a fuss. I have a big day at work today and now you will get me all upset.”

She pouted, and looked about to cry.

“OK, OK”.

Peter went into the spare room, got the dress and scarf on, then came back, and tried hard to be reconciliatory, to cheer her up. But there was hardly any need. As soon as she saw him in uniform, she was all smiles again.

“Oh, thank you so much, darling!”

She turned to her breakfast. After a moment, she looked up.

“Better get started on chores right away then, hmm?”

She was dismissing him!

“Yes, OK...”

And went downstairs and did just that.

“Peter? Peter? Where are you?”

Virginia's voice rang through the house.

Peter was upstairs. When he heard her car pull up, earlier than usually, he had been sitting read in the front room. He had rushed upstairs to get into uniform. But she was through the door before he was done. And now she was calling for him. Oh well, bluff it out.

He rushed down stairs.

“Sorry, Ma'am.”

Virginia looked at him.

“You had changed out of your maid's uniform, hadn't you? Hmmm? Hadn't you?”

When it came to it, he couldn't bluff it out. He had learned early on that Virginia could be very persistent. Probably best just to get it out in the open and sorted out. No way he was going to wear women's clothes *all the time* anyway!

“Well, you know, I wanted to go out...”

“Did you get my permission?”

“Of course I didn't, I...”

She cut him off.

“OK, look, let's not make a big song and dance about it. But in future, if you want to take your uniform off for any reason, just ask me first, OK? It's not like I am unreachable. You have my e-mail, my mobile number, my phone number at work...”

She was being patient, trying to manoeuvre him into doing what she wanted rather than insisting.

He looked dubious, but she pressed on.

“We agreed though, didn't we? We *agreed* we would try it this way.”

She kissed him. Silence.

“Go on, agree to it for me.”

She kissed him again. Silence.

She played her trump card.

“Come on, let's go to bed and make up.”

In bed, everything was different. She was lavished with care and attention and got everything she wanted. As for the other thing... that could wait a little while.

In the morning, she pushed forward again, just a little.

“Wakey, wakey!”

“Mmmm... Hmmm.. wha”

“Time for my maid to get up! You need to be in your uniform and serving me breakfast in bed double quick, or I am afraid we are going to quarrel!”

As much to shut her up as anything, he got grumpily out of bed, went to the spare bedroom, hastily pulled the uniform over his head and knotted the scarf any old how.

Virginia's breakfast was just a cup of tea and some toast, quick and easy. He brought it up to her on a tray and, his mood lightening, bobbed a mock curtsy as he brought it into the room.

“Your breakfast in bed, Ma'am!” he said sarcastically.

“Very good!”

Virginia smiled at him, ignoring the sarcasm. Best to make it all seem utterly usual, nothing out of the ordinary.

“We will have to do something about that scarf though — you look like something the cat dragged in.”

She moved hastily on from that, not wanting to spoil his good mood.

“Anyway, I'll be off as soon as I have breakfasted and washed. Would you be a dear and make a start on cleaning up after last night's dinner?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said, grinning, and Virginia grinned back.

It could not last, of course. The last thing on Peter's mind was being in the house all day playing house-maid. He didn't mind dressing up for her now and again, he didn't even mind getting up early and bringing breakfast in bed, and he certainly didn't mind his ‘body slave’ duties, which had continued unabated from their ‘Mistress and slave’ days, but he drew the line at ‘daily duties’, ‘dusting schedules’ and the like.

Virginia had anticipated this. It was only natural that he would resist. So that night, he found himself sleeping in the spare bedroom — Virginia had to bite her tongue to avoid calling it “the maid's room”.

The next evening, she decided to tackle the problem head on.

“I want you to wear this on your penis.”

They were standing in Virginia's spare bedroom, which she was slowly converting into her maid's walk-in wardrobe (unknownst to her maid!). Virginia was holding the chastity device she had bought after a bit of browsing on the Internet, a CB-3000.

“What is it?”

“Oh, it's part of the uniform, that's all. Don't want your frock sticking up half the time, do we?” she said lightly, attempting to sound as casual as she could. It was true that Peter did tend to become erect from time to time. Not because of the frock, but because of her. Dressing her, undressing her, bathing her — all done in uniform. With the inevitable result.

“Oh, but that's ridiculous! I can't let you put that thing on me!”

She tried another tack.

“Look, it has been very brave of you to dress up for me, and I really do appreciate it. But, we are still having our ins and outs, aren't we? In fact it is getting like ‘the bad old days’ again, isn't it?”

Peter had to admit that was true. They had quarrelled about the uniform, about the amount of chores, about this, about that. They *were* rapidly reverting to the ‘bad old days’, that was a fact.

“But...” he started.

Virginia cut him off.

“I think a large part of the problem is that you are still so aggressive!”

She held up her hand for silence as he started to deny it.

“Let me finish please. I know you try, but trying obviously isn't helping. Now, *this*” — she held up the CB3000 — “is a solution for the problem, but it does require a degree of trust which you are perhaps not prepared to concede me...”

“I just don't see how this will...”

Again she interrupted.

“Perhaps you don't, but I do. Studies have shown that a male kept in chastity becomes much less aggressive. And our problem is your aggression, so...”

“But I don't understand... how...?”

“There are devices which can be purchased. This is one of them. The idea is simple. This is put on, locked, and the woman then keeps the key in a safe place.”

“But what about sex then?”

“Oh of course we would still have sex darling!” she reassured him. “Lots of couples use them these days, you know. They really do work. And besides, I think we agreed that trying for a female-led relationship was our only hope, didn't we?”

Peter had to admit that was so.

“Yes, well, this is one of the things I want. Let's just try it, hmmm? Then we can see how it goes, can't we?”

Virginia could be very persuasive when she wanted. And what Peter wanted most of all was to share her bed again. She had earlier made it clear that *that* would not happen until things changed for the better. So he agreed. What harm could it do? Virginia locked it on, put the key on a chain around her neck, and was suddenly girlish and enthusiastic again, the old happy Virginia instead of the preoccupied stressed-out Virginia who had returned after their tiff.

“Come on, I want you to make love to me wearing it!”

She had propped the large mirror up some distance from the bed, so that now she could watch as her naked chaste slave-boy worshipped her body. The waves of pleasure swept over her, full-body orgasm after full-body orgasm. At last she simply could not take any more. Utterly frazzled, she pushed him away, pulled the duvet over herself and prepared for a nice long sleep.

“Be a darling and clear up in the kitchen for me, would you? Try not to wake me when you come to bed.”

Peter was somewhat nonplussed. He had naturally expected the chastity device to come off at some point. But it had not. And now Virginia was already snoring. With a mental shrug, he made his way downstairs.

The chastity did help, Virginia had been right about that. Peter became very anxious to earn release. Because it quickly became apparent that it had to be earned. He no longer complained about the uniform, he no longer complained about being made to do “woman's work”, he tried hard not to complain at all. He tried to put a brave face on everything, in fact. And that was hard, for Virginia was always finding new little things for him to do, finding fault with his uniform, finding fault with this, finding fault with that. And oh, that uniform! He had to change uniform every day now, and wash and iron the spare one ready for the next day. He was rarely out of it now, except for in bed. The amount of chores was increased and increased and increased, until he would not have had any *time* to be out of uniform, even if he had asked.

Virginia also kept him very busy in bed. She liked an early night, often soon after dinner. Hours of attentive love-making would follow. And sometimes she even unlocked the chastity device.

Peter stood straight, trying not to fidget. He felt very uncomfortable and unsure of himself. He was wearing his usual uniform, an old nurse's uniform in regulation blue, and a matching headscarf. Virginia had assured him that this was the most practical garb for domestic duties. And it was not so bad, really. He much preferred being nude in bed with her, even if she did not always remove the chastity device these days (“oh, must we darling? I am still a bit sore to be honest.” — there was always a plausible excuse), but still and all, he had to take the rough with the smooth, didn't he? And it did mean he got to be with her.

Virginia sat at the kitchen table, drinking a cup of tea. She was deliberately keeping him waiting. She had started doing that. Finally, she condescended to notice him.

“Oh, are you still there? I was miles away!”

She picked up a sheet of A4 paper from the table.

“This is a little list of rules I typed up and printed out, just to make things easier for you. I want you to pin it up on the wall of your —” she cut herself short — “the spare bedroom.” It was a bit too soon to call it what it was: the maid's dressing room — *his* dressing room! “It will keep you from forgetting anything.”

He took the paper and began to read.

“No don't read them here darling, you can do that later.”

She finished her tea, stood up.

“Escort me to the door, and then you can get on with things!”

Later, after she had left for work, Peter had read the list before pinning it up. List! Hah! It was more like an essay. It was long and detailed, almost obsessively detailed. The maid will this, the maid will that, that maid will *never* the other... on and on and on. And always ‘the maid’.

He had shrugged it off, though. The more sex he had with her — and even if he wasn't always released from chastity, the sex was *still* great! — the more obsessed with her body he became. So he would just have to do what she wanted, even if it was hard at times. He so wanted them to stay together.

TIGHTENING THE SCREW

Virginia had worried about one thing. Would turning him into a sissy some of the time make him less sexually interested in her the rest of the time? But in fact, the more rigid and extensive the rules of sissy dress and sissy etiquette were, and the more firmly she enforced them, the more ardent grew his attentions in bed. It had perhaps the intention of persuading her to ease up; but it had the opposite effect. After all, Virginia reasoned, why fix something if it isn't broken? If the firmer I am about all that, the better he makes love, well — why not just keep ‘pushing the envelope’? And so she did.

The next step was surely to get some *proper* uniforms. Those old nurse dresses were far too ordinary. There was a dress-maker in the village that she used occasionally. She was very expensive, but very good; and she happened to have heard, quite by chance, that she had a side-line in making maid's uniforms — maid's uniforms for men! She rang up, and arranged an appointment. They met, discussed Virginia's needs, a dress was designed and made, and a spare run up for good measure, and Virginia picked them up. Now to get him into one!

That morning began as usual, with Peter rising early to get into uniform so as to serve breakfast in bed and then assist Madame with her toilette. But this morning, look though he would, he could find nothing to put on. Not a nurse's uniform or headscarf in sight. It wasn't like there was much space for them to have got lost in. It was a long, narrow room. There was not much room for anything else save what the room already contained: a small single bed; a large wardrobe, far bigger than it needed to be considering that, until this morning, it had contained no more than a few nurse's uniforms, ordinary head-scarves, and pair of outsize lady's sandals; a very small dressing-table; and a full-length mirror opposite the doorway. There was no window.

“What's taking you so long?” Virginia's voice came from the bedroom.

“I... I can't find my uniform,” he called back.

Virginia appeared at the door of the dressing room, still in bra and panties.

“Oh, yes, I had to throw out those tatty old things. But don't worry, I bought you some lovely new ones!”

So saying, she casually tossed two items of clothing on to the narrow bed. Peter stared in disbelief. A dress — a *pink* dress — and a white apron. They both looked awfully small for a six-foot man of athletic build to wear.

“Let's get you into it then!” said Virginia somewhat impatiently. “Come on I'll help — just this once.”

It did not take long to get the skimpy dress on. Peter looked most woebegone. It did not seem at all the sort of thing to do — well, *anything* in.

“Come now,” she urged, gently but firmly. “Look in the mirror.”

They both looked into the mirror. What did they see?

On the one side, all was simple enough: an attractive mature BBW, scantily-clad in pretty blue lingerie that struggled to contain her womanly curves. Beside her stood a tall younger man. So far so good. But what on earth was *he* wearing? The light pink frock trimmed with white lace just barely covered his genitals, the arms of the dress barely covered his shoulders, and the front was so low-cut that his nipples were only covered by the narrow edging of white lace. His white, hairless limbs and chest made a vivid contrast with the garish pink of the dress.

“What do you see?” She continued at once, not giving him time to answer, “I see two things. I see a man I love very much. I also see a submissive, obedient maid-servant in full uniform. I want *both* those things. And I *will* have them!”

“But Virginia, it's ridiculous, I look like nothing on earth!”

Virginia tried hard to contain her mirth. After all, that was exactly the point of it! Better not tell him that *just* yet,

though!

“Oh fiddlesticks! It's actually very sexy. I love the way it *just barely* covers your tits, bits and bum!”

This was a phrase Helen, her dress-maker, had used, and Virginia had taken to it at once. In the not-so-distant future, she decided, when Peter had nothing at all to wear save for a whole wardrobe of such skimpy, frilly extravagances, she would make a point of reprimanding him for showing off his ‘tits, bits and bum’. That *would* be a giggle! She could already seem him after being so scolded, trying to get the front low enough to cover his hairless ‘plums’ (he would be fully depilated by then), only to have the back ride up to expose his sexy little bum; and then, trying to cover *that* while keeping the front down as well would only serve to expose his nipples (which might well be decorated with pretty little rings by then, she thought — or no, perhaps simply rouged, to make a nice contrast with the white lace?). He would not have much of a décolletage, of course, and she certainly had no intention of feeding him hormones or anything, she most definitely did *not* want a ‘lady-boy’; but the sixteen-inch corset which he would also be wearing by then as an integral part of his uniform (another brilliant idea of Helen's) would give him just a hint of cleavage, making it that little bit more difficult to keep his nipples covered up.

She had difficulty in keeping these thoughts to herself. But she managed to go on with the pretence, for now. There would be time enough for mockery and teasing when he was more firmly enmeshed in her web.

“I mean, the skimpier it is, the more it shows that you are a man under it. It is not supposed to make you look silly, darling, of course it isn't.”

This was not strictly true. In fact, it was not true at all. Virginia and Helen, her dress-maker, had giggled over a glass or two of wine as they discussed Virginia's plans, and then Helen had quite deliberately set out to design something as outrageously, over-the-top, exaggeratedly feminine as she possibly could! Peter *would* look like a man in it, to be sure; but a ridiculously sissified man. And so he did!

Helen and Virginia had spent almost a whole day working out exactly what it was that Virginia wanted.

“Yes this is more promising, but I want the frock to come only down to here,” Virginia had said, sketching a quick line across yet another of Helen's sketch drawings, “and also it should be very low-cut,” (another swift stroke of pencil) “so that his nipples are just not *quite* exposed. That's the idea, you see: his genitals and bottom and nipples should be *just barely* covered.”

Helen had nodded in understanding. “Essentially, you want him in continual anxiety about keeping tits, bits and bum covered. Oh, you are wicked! As though wearing an outrageously girly frock like this won't be humiliation enough!”

“Oooh, lovely, yes: ‘tits, bits, and bum’, what a marvellous way of putting it: that's it exactly!” Virginia had enthused. “And yes, he must be as humiliated as possible by his uniform, there must be no way of pretending that it is anything other than what it is: an exercise in excessively-exaggerated pseudo-femininity, something *only* a sissified male would wear — or rather would be *forced* to wear!”

Helen had laughed, and taken a sip of wine. She and Virginia understood each other so well.

“And from now on, he will *never* wear anything else!” she declared.

“You read my mind! I'll take two, then he can wear one while the other's in the wash.”

“Splendid. This Thursday good for you?”

“So soon?”

Helen had smiled.

“I can see it is a very special order, so I will rush it through!”

And then they had finished the bottle together.

Back in the here and now, Virginia kissed his cheek, all maternal solicitude and concern of a sudden, now that she had got what she wanted.

“Thanks so much for dressing for me, my love.”

Then all of a sudden she had her phone in her hand.

“But what are you doing?”

“I am just taking a few quick pics so that Helen can see how the dress hangs,” explained Virginia truthfully. “Would you prefer to get in the car and drive over to her shop? There won't be too many people there at this time of day, and I am sure they will all be understanding.”

Peter went pale. He was in out of his depth, he realised that now. But he didn't seem able to swim.

“I... no, please, I...”

“Turn please, let's see how it fits at the back,” continued Virginia breezily as though there had been no hiccough. Peter turned and she took another couple of photos.

Then she picked up something something else from the bed.

“Now, this dress was very expensive, so I want you to wear this apron over it for protection.”

The apron was even shorter than the dress, but was otherwise unremarkable, being a simple design in white lace. Resignedly, Peter let Virginia put it over his head and tie a bow at the back.

“I shall expect my maid to tie her own apron in future,” said Virginia firmly. “It is hardly appropriate for the Mistress of the house to be helping her maid get dressed! And if you can handle a headscarf, you can handle an apron!”

Then she stood back and examined him with approval.

“Just so we are clear. This is your everyday working uniform now. This is what you wear *every day*,” she emphasised.

“Yes,” he said rather forlornly.

“Yes what?” Virginia riposted sharply.

“Eh? Oh, er... Yes, Ma'am.”

“That's better. Now off you go!”

A VISITOR

It was soon time for Virginia to turn the screw again. For Peter to be seen ‘dressed’ by someone other than her. She ambushed him with it one Saturday morning. He tried to protest. But Virginia pressed ahead, simply dismissing his objections.

“Oh, don't be silly darling, Helen made those beautiful uniforms —” she caught herself as she was about to say ‘you own’, and continued instead “— that I allow you to wear”.

After all, she owned Peter now, or as good as, *de facto* if not *de jure*; so did it not follow that she owned the frocks she dollied him up in? Even if it was his money which had paid for them?

“She knows all about you and me, and she has seen umpteen photos of you in full uniform. So don't make a fuss. She is just coming round to make some final adjustments. It will just be her and me, don't get so het up about such a little thing. Now run along, and I will ring when we are ready!”

She looked at him quizzically as he hesitated.

What could he do? He knew he ought to put his foot down at some point, and this seemed a good one; but he was worn out these days, he just hadn't the energy. From breakfast in bed through the day's ever-mounting chores to prolonged body worship at night, it seemed he had not a moment's rest. Oh, it wouldn't be so bad, would it? So some woman would see him in a frock, just the once. Because she made the bloody things. Whatever. Defeated, Peter bobbed a curtsy and turned to leave.

“Oh yes, I nearly forgot!” She called him back. “In future, you will answer to Polly, and only to Polly. Do you like your new name, *Polly*? Is it *girlie* enough for you?” she jeered.

“Yes, Ma'am,” he murmured, pushed right to the limit. But not beyond, she noted in triumph — not beyond!

“Alright, off you go!”

And off he meekly went.

The door bell rang a few hours later. Virginia had thought about making him answer the door, but she did not think he was quite ready for that yet. Even at this stage, one must not go too far too soon. Meeting Helen, fully-uniformed and with his new sissy name into the bargain, was enough for one day. Easy does it, that was the trick; one twist of the screw at a time.

Virginia opened the door, she and Helen hugged and kissed, then settled down in the front room. Virginia rang for Peter — no, she rang for *Polly*!

Polly appeared, obviously a bundle of nerves, but nevertheless managed some sort of curtsy. His hands were shaking.

“Polly, I would like you to met Helen. She is the nice lady who made those two *lovely* uniforms for you. Helen, this is Polly, my sissy-maid.”

“Oh, my!” exclaimed Helen. It always gave her a warm glow to see one of her creations being worn. And this was by far the most magnificently extravagant garment she had ever created.

Being in turn so very proud of *her* creation, Polly the sissy-maid, Virginia lost no time in showing him off to the woman who had helped her so much in making him.

“Stop fidgeting with your skirt. Hands away. That's it. Now, do a twirl so we can see how the dress lies.”

Most reluctantly, he twirled about. Of course the skirt rose, giving Helen an eyeful of ‘bits and bum’. She giggled, and Polly's hands moved instinctively down to adjust his dress. Virginia nipped that right in the bud.

“Yes, and again. And *hands away*, please!”

Another twirl. Again the skirt lifted.

“And again!”

“Now walk up and down.”

“Good. Hands *well* away please!”

“Curtsey!”

“And again!”

“Now let's see it from the back. Turn!”

“And curtsey!”

“And another twirl.”

And so it went on, and on, and on. Until he was finally, mercifully, released to make them coffee. After serving the coffee, he was told to stand and wait ‘over there’, out of the way but well within earshot. Virginia wanted him to hear what she and Helen had to say. She kept an eye on him the whole time, chiding him for fidgeting, urging him to stand straight.

Peter — or Polly — had hoped against hope that this was some sort of thing for special occasions, even though he had been wearing it for several weeks now. What he now heard quashed that irrational hope fully.

“Well, I think it is a success, isn't it?” exclaimed Helen proudly.

“Yes, yes, yes, I am delighted with it!” gushed Virginia. “This is absolutely the look I want. And you know, we discussed show uniforms, but... well, this is so excessive that there is hardly any need, is there? I mean, where is there to go?”

“Oh, I agree,” answered Helen proudly.

“From now on, my Polly will wear nothing *but* show outfits!” Virginia said gaily.

They both looked over at him and laughed, then continued with their chat, while he just stood there, ignored by them once more.

“So the question then is, how many should I run up?” Helen continued.

Virginia had given this matter some careful thought.

“Each frock should be worn only once before being carefully hand-washed, so I think it best we have seven, one for each day, to be worn in rotation. That way they won't wear out so fast.”

“What about colours then?”

“I like the pink most.”

“Five more pink then?”

“Yes...”

Virginia stopped and considered. She had not *quite* made up her mind about this.

“Then again, that yellow fabric you showed me had a lot to be said for it,” she mused. “And then there was the

blue... ”

Virginia was silent again for a few moments, thinking. Oh, to hell with it! It's only money, she thought. And his money, to boot!

“Why not seven of each? That way I can mix and match with colours as I please.”

Helen gave a low gasp of surprise. This was her biggest order in yonks! Ever, in fact!

“So”, Helen summarised, writing rapidly as she did so, “that's another five in pale pink, and seven light powder blue, seven pale yellow, and seven delicate lilac. That's a total of twenty-six new frocks.”

“Fine!”

“Good, so if you'd like to sign the order, I can get to work!”

“Stop that fidgeting!” Virginia called over to Polly in a mocking tone of voice, before turning back to Helen and saying, “Yes of course, Helen, sorry about that.”

She took the pen Helen offered and signed. After chatting some more, Helen had to go. Virginia showed her to the door. Back in the front room, Virginia regained her seat and sat in silence, contemplating her subjugated sissy. What she had just committed to would cost a pretty penny, in fact it would cost every last penny in Peter's savings account, to which she had long had access (she had made that sound very reasonable at the time). He would find out sooner or later, she supposed; but by then it would be far too late. It was probably too late now.

She decided a little teasing would be the cap on a wonderful afternoon.

“Come here, girl!”

Polly came and curtsied.

“And *stop fidgeting!*”

Polly tried to stay still.

Virginia looked up at him, smirking.

“Did you hear what we were talking about, Polly? Hmmm?”

“Y-yes... yes, Ma'am,” answered Polly in a very quiet, trembling voice. He seemed on the brink of tears.

“Well then?”

Polly stood silent, not knowing what to say, confusion evident on his face.

Really, Polly!“ exclaimed Virginia, ”where are your manners? Aren't you going to thank me for ordering you all those lovely new frocks?”

”I... I...”

”Well?”

Polly gave up. There was no point in struggling. He was just too deep in the web.

”T-thank... thank you for my new frocks, Ma'am.”

”You're welcome, Polly!”

She considered him in silence for a moment, then announced:

"You know, I don't think you have quite got the hang of curtseying in this new uniform yet. I think we should have a bit of practice. After all, this is what you will be wearing *all the time* from now on, so we want everything about it to be *just right*, don't we?"

'*All the time*'. The words rang in his head.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Very well. Curtsey!"

"And again!"

"No, keep your arms straight to begin with, then bend them as you bend at the waist."

"Keep your back straight."

"Head up, but eyes down."

"No, no, still not right."

And on and on and on... Eventually, Virginia decided to relent — for now.

"Oh, dear, still lots of work to be done on your curtseying, I can see — among a lot of other things, come to that! Never mind. I will try to find some time for curtsey practice with you *every day* from now on."

Virginia waited.

"Oh! yes... thank you, Ma'am."

"Good! Now you have spent the entire afternoon idling about in your finery, no doubt admiring yourself in the mirror every chance you got, so you have lots of chores to catch up on. So: back to work! Go on, chop chop!"

Virginia clapped her hands.

Polly curtseyed meekly, and was gone.

HAIR AND NAILS AND EVERYTHING

While waiting for the rest of Polly's pretty frocks to arrive, Virginia decided that it was time for another little step forward on the road she had long mapped out for him.

As usual, the decision was sprung upon him out of the blue, when Virginia was fully prepared. He was called back upstairs into the dressing room one morning just before Virginia left for work.

"You look *silly* with boy's hair in your uniform. So I want you to wear a wig."

Peter forgot himself so far as to protest.

"Oh, don't be silly! You will wear it, and that's that!"

As usual in such a situation, she simply barged ahead, just as though his opinions simply didn't matter. Because after all, they didn't.

"You already have short hair, so it should fit no problem."

She produced quite a modest little wig, nothing extravagant, just a black pageboy (there were lots and lots of others, just sitting waiting in the wardrobe — for now!), and put it on his head. She stepped back.

"Hmmm... bob a curtsey!"

He did so automatically, though he had wanted to keep protesting.

"Oh, yes, and a little twirl."

Again, it had become a habit to obey such orders.

"Oh, delicious! It really suits you! Come on then, escort me downstairs, I will be late!"

The very next morning, she took another move forward. She examined him critically as he laid her breakfast tray down beside her.

"That wig is not sitting right. I think your hair needs trimming. Get out of that uniform and come into the bathroom with me."

She rolled out of bed. She was wearing a scanty nighty of blue silk — almost as scanty as Polly's uniform.

Meekly he stripped off and followed her. She put him sitting on a stool, started up the razor, and gave his hair a quick trim. But of course she did not stop there.

"Whoops!"

She had 'accidentally' ran the razor over his eyebrows.

"Oh, dear! I shall have to fix those one of these days. But let me just do the rest of you now, while I've got you here!"

She took his shoulders and raised him to his feet, then rapidly, without waiting for any response, she ran the furiously-buzzing razor all over his body: arms, legs, under-arms, crotch, everywhere. Shaving his arms and legs was hardly necessary, since he was so fair, but it would make his skin seem that little bit whiter, and so would point up the contrast with the colourful frock.

Half-asleep, and once more taken by surprise, he hardly realised what she was doing til she had done.

"There, all done! I will hang the razor up there, see? A new daily duty for you will be to shave yourself all over like I just did for you. First thing in the morning is best, I think. It won't take long if you do it every day."

"Now off you go! she said gaily, smacking his bare bottom lightly, "and get into your uniform!"

The very next morning, she took the final step. The one that would finally complete the uniform. Again, she ambushed him early, while he was still half-asleep, and hustled him into the dressing room straight after his shower.

"Oh, those eyebrows look a fright! I had better fix them," she said, pushing his shoulders and seating him before the dressing-table. That item of furniture, which had long stood empty and bare, superfluous, waiting, was now chock-full of all sorts of things.

"Now sit quietly *without fidgeting* please Polly, and just look in the mirror. Good! Now, let's fix those eyebrows. Just a little pluck first to get rid of any new hairs."

And she quickly plucked out what little was left.

"And now we pencil on some new ones. Much nicer ones!"

The plucked eyebrows were replaced with bold lines done in eyebrow pencil.

While doing all this, she rested one hand on his upper thigh. She had grown very 'touchy feely' with Polly of late. Partly because it was too much to resist, all that bare skin exposed by the skimpy uniform; but also because she knew he would find it reassuring, and that was important. The more she put him through, the more he had to have something to cling to — her!

"Now just a *touch* of mascara."

She fairly plastered it on.

"And a little eye-shadow."

She worked away on his face, smiling all the while, keeping up her cheerful chatter, and touching and stroking and fondling.

"Now the cheeks."

Delicate pink rouge was liberally applied.

"And some lippy of course!"

A brighter pink for this, turning his lips into a big curvy pink bow.

"Now for your nails. I picked a lovely delicate shade of lilac, to complement the pink of your frock."

She got started on the finger nails, working rapidly — they didn't have to be perfect.

"Yes darling, toenails too."

She tugged on one leg, and he brought it up. She marvelled at his docility. She knew if she had tried this only a few months ago, there would have been outright refusal. Oh they had come so far since then!

"We ought to get this done professionally really, but this will do for now", Virginia breathed as she carefully painted a toenail lilac.

"Now stand up and let me look at you!"

"Curtsey!"

“Twirl!”

“Oh, yes, that make-up job complements the rest of your uniform perfectly!” Virginia enthused. “Just to be clear,” she continued in a firmer tone of voice, “it is an *integral* part of your uniform now. That means you will not be fully-uniformed without it. And we have a rule about being fully-uniformed at all times, don't we?”

Polly swallowed hard. It had been hard to imagine what could be worse than the frilly frocks. Then had come the wig. And now this!

“I said, don't we?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“At first it will take you quite a while to get ready in the mornings, but that's alright, I will just set your timer to wake you a bit earlier. With practice, you will soon become quite the expert at ‘putting on your face’!”

Virginia stood back and regarded him, beaming.

“Oh darling I am so happy with you!” Virginia enthused, and kissed his rouged cheek lightly. “Now your uniform is finally complete!”

Now that the uniform was complete, uniform inspection became ‘a thing’. Of course Virginia ran her eye over him quickly before leaving for work, but ‘uniform inspection’ was a more thorough affair, conducted in the dressing room. The first one was typical.

“Now that your uniform is complete, I will be inspecting it a lot more thoroughly. I have been rather slack in that department, but no more!”

And she got started.

“Straighten your wig, please Polly! No, darling, the other way. That's it. Much better. You really will have to be more careful with that.”

“Oh, that lippy! We agreed that your lips should be a nice pretty big bow, didn't we? Sit down and I will fix it. But you really will have to learn to do this yourself.”

She swiftly made his lips into a exaggeratedly-curvy pink bow.

“Lovely! Stand up!”

“Now, what else? Hmm, yes, pull your frock down just a little. Yes, that's better. You must try to be stop your frock riding up. Remember now, we can't have any ‘tits, bits and bum’ on display, can we, Polly?”

Virginia had begun to use that delicious phrase at every available opportunity. It was such a tastefully cruel way to keep him reminding of his scantily-clad pseudo-femininity.

“No, Ma'am,” Polly replied quietly.

“Good! I am glad we are agreed on that!” she said brightly.

“Also from now on, you are expected to check your appearance in any room with a mirror while going about your chores, and if anything about your uniform is amiss, it must be corrected at once. When you bob your curtsy to me at the front door of an evening to welcome me home, you should just look just as pristine as you did when I left in the morning!”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Since the start of their new life, Virginia had piled so much on top of him, systematically, piece by piece, that now he altered that he accepted this latest imposition almost without feeling it as such.

“That's all for now, then. Run along!” And she clapped her hands briskly twice. Another new habit. Polly bobbed a curtsey, and scurried off.

REVOLT

But now Peter, or Polly, had come to a point at which he felt he could take no more. He could not continue to let her get away with just anything. The wig, the the shaving, the make-up — it was all just too much. There had to be some balance restored. It took a while for him to get up enough courage, but one evening he confronted her.

“Virginia, we have to talk,” he began, without curtseying, without asking permission to speak.

“Oh, it's Virginia now is it?”

Virginia was not surprised. She had been expecting this. It had been bound to happen sometime. And she had observed him screwing up his courage over the last few days; it had been written all over him. So now she was quite calm.

“Yes. Look, I need to talk to you about all this, Virginia.”

Virginia shrugged.

“So talk... Peter.”

“I know I promised... things. And I have done them. But it is all too much. You went too far. I still love you, and I want it — us — to work, but... but there has to be more balance!”

“Mmmm”, Virginia interjected. “Just a moment. Let me tell you how I see things. You have two roles in my life. One is as an attentive and may I say very skilled lover, the best I have ever had in fact!”

She smiled warmly at him and licked her lips. It never hurt to give a compliment; they cost nothing; besides, it was true.

“The other is as a submissive and obedient sissy-maid. Neither of those is negotiable. Now...”

But Peter was stung by this to attempt some sort of opposition, even if it meant interrupting.

“But... I'm not a sissy, I'm not!”

“No Peter, you certainly are not,” retorted Virginia. She had not meant to get to this point so fast, but seeing as he had brought it up, he could have it right now.

“You are *not* a sissy,” she reiterated.

Then she paused, and he waited, puzzled. That had taken him off-guard.

“So...” he eventually managed to begin.

“Please don't interrupt, darling, I wasn't quite finished.”

She held up a hand. And he was silenced. Though she certainly had been finished!

“Thank you. Now, as I was saying, you are certainly not a sissy. I would not want you if you were. But it is also why why I will *not* allow you in future to wear anything but the most way-out, sissiest, girliest costumes!”

She started laughing.

“Oh, I am sorry darling, but I can't help but laugh at the spectacle you make in that get-up, all ‘tits, bits and bum’!”

She dissolved again in helpless laughter until her eyes watered.

This was too much for him.

“But, please Virginia, please, I really don't like wearing this stuff! I feel so utterly degraded and humiliated in it! Can't you see that?”

“Well, of course you do! You are *supposed* to!”

His eyes widened. That thought had obviously never occurred to him.

Virginia sighed.

“I didn't tell you this, because you would have kicked up such a fuss. But now you've kicked up a fuss anyway, so you might as well know.”

She shrugged. And besides, she thought, I am so going to enjoy telling you!

“Oh, darling!”

She smiled at him, not without warmth, but with more than a hint of smugness.

“You have *no idea* how much effort Helen and I put into creating your ‘look’. Scanty, skimpy frocks in such girly colours; aprons frothy with frilly lace; dearie me! I mean you can never have imagined that a *real* maid wears this stuff? And it was never intended that you would even remotely resemble a girl in them. Helen and I put a lot of thought and work into ensuring that they would turn you into a ridiculously exaggerated caricature of femininity! And *of course* the whole point of *forcing* you into this ridiculous garb is so that you will feel utterly shamed and humiliated! And you do, don't you?”

He stared at her, speechless.

“Oh, you silly, silly boy! Imagine getting yourself into such a predicament! With nothing at all to wear except frilly frocks and aprons!”

She was taunting him openly now, secure in the knowledge of her power over him. She dissolved into laughter again. She dried her eyes, and tried to compose herself.

“Anyway, *these* are the clothes I have chosen for you, so *these* are the clothes you will wear. Look. Let's not make this harder than it has to be. You *must* grasp, Polly, that such things as pride and dignity are simply no longer appropriate for you. Humility, submission, obedience, these are the traits we will work together — me *and* you — to develop in you. I want your *full* co-operation as we proceed along the path I have mapped out for you. And what better way to set out than by having you shamed and humiliated in such ridiculous outfits?”

Polly, or Peter, tried one last time to appeal to the kinder side of her nature.

“Oh, but please, I love you, but I don't want to live like this any more.”

“Well I am afraid you *have* to, so that's that. You have nowhere to live except here, and it isn't like you have any money, so...”

She deliberately let the sentence tail off unfinished. Now, I know *just* what he is going to say next, she thought. And she did!

“No, I don't *have* to,” he said weakly, trying to convince himself. “And I am not penniless. I have savings.”

His secret weapon, his last resort.

“Oh, yes, your savings,” she said airily. “Well, I suppose you had to know sometime.”

“What? What do you mean?”

His tone of voice betrayed alarm.

“Look darling,” she said condescendingly, “maid’s frocks don’t grow on trees, you know. Especially *gorgeous*, specially-designed, hand-made creations like yours! I am afraid your savings are long gone! Or I suppose one could say, you are wearing them!”

He was speechless. She couldn’t...? But somehow he knew it was true. He could hold back his tears no longer. And somewhere deep within him, he thought *that* might just move her as nothing else had.

But Virginia just laughed.

“There is no use crying over split milk. The money is spent, and that’s that. It isn’t like you got nothing for it. Most sissies would give their right leg to have such gorgeous outfits as you have!”

She laughed again, and rubbed it in some more.

“Look sweetie, face facts. You are penniless, jobless, and haven’t a stitch to wear save for twenty-eight maid’s frocks! Admittedly they are *absolutely* gorgeous creations made especially for you, but still... and *technically* they belong to me, I’ve got the invoice...”

She laughed lightly, and gave a smug little shrug. She moved on in a brisker tone:

“It is not going to change, *any* of it, so I suggest you make the best of it.”

His eyes filled again. He was fast losing control.

“Now, Polly, no more tears please,” she said warningly, “they don’t work on me.”

She waited until he looked more composed; then, while he struggled to find more words to try and keep his end up, she moved in for the final thrust.

“There will be plenty of time for tears *later!*” she exclaimed “When I parade you in all your frilly sissy finery for a selected group of my friends, for instance!”

She noted with satisfaction his look of mingled disbelief and horror.

“Oh, yes,” she went on, “that day *is* coming, and there is nothing you can do about it. *Then* I will *want* to see your cheeks burn *crimson* with shame and humiliation, and I will *want* to see you fighting to hold back your tears! And then it will be OK to cry, if you like!”

Then her voice hardened, and became colder than it had been for a long time.

“Now, we have wasted enough time on this! For your insolence, you will remain as Polly round the clock for the rest of the week! You will sleep in your dressing room! And I want you seen and not heard, so keep that mouth shut!”

She almost shouted the words. She was not really angry, but she every instinct told her that if she came down hard enough now, or as hard as she could anyway, there would be no rebellion again.

Polly’s mouth opened, quivered. Would he speak, or cry? Virginia gave him no chance to do either.

“And now, Polly, you are dismissed! Get out of my sight!”

The rest of the week was hell for Polly. Without Virginia’s affection — however bossy she might be sometimes, she had been basically kind and loving to him up to now — and without any loving physical contact with her — he wasn’t even allowed to dress, undress or bath her — he went to pieces. He became absolutely desperate to regain her favour. He strived to please in every way, even though she kept her words to a minimum, and he was given no occasion to speak at all.

At last Monday came round. She finally spoke to him again after she had finished breakfast, having kept him standing there waiting. When she spoke, her voice was low, soft, gentle, very much the old Virginia that he loved so

much.

“Now, Polly, sweetheart, what are we going to do with you? Hmmm? It was a shame you had to be punished, but it was also necessary. However, I think you have been punished enough now. From now on it is back to normal. Now help me out of bed, and after my shower as a special treat you can rub some of my best body lotion in, *all over*. Won't that be nice?”

Polly was almost in tears.

“Yes, thank you Ma'am.”

He offered her an arm to help her out of bed. She smiled a loving smile at him, and kissed him.

“Take off my nighty then.”

She raised her arms and Polly did so. The garment was considerably less revealing than his own uniform.

After a quick shower, intimately attended by her maid, Virginia sprawled on her bed and enjoyed ten long minutes of having the expensive lotion rubbed well in on every single inch of her body. Polly was most attentive, and massaged with just the right amount of force.

The pleasure of lotioning was all-too-soon over. Virginia felt she just had to break one of her rules, just this once. Polly was not for sex, that was only for Peter; but just this once... She told hold of Polly's head and guided it downwards with unmistakeable intent. Her orgasm came swiftly, and was *very* intense. She could have lain there for hours luxuriating, but duty beckoned.

“Oh, you sweet little sissy plaything! Everything will be alright, you'll see! Now get me up and dressed, I'll be late for work!”

And everything was back to ‘normal’.

It was an ordinary weekday morning. As usual, Polly had accompanied the lady of the house to the door, walking respectfully a few paces behind. She liked to quickly inspect his uniform and give him an affectionate peck on the cheek, indeed sometimes a nice long drawn-out kiss, before leaving for campus. This morning, just before she opened the door, Virginia turned and regarded him a moment.

“I want you to do something for me, Polly.”

“Yes, Ma'am?”

“I want you to bob your very, very best curtsey, and say ‘thank you, Virginia’. Not Ma'am, Virginia.”

Polly made a special effort with the curtsey, and at the dip said, “thank you, Virginia.”

Virginia beamed.

“Oh, thank you darling, that was lovely!”

She kissed him on the cheek, then took him by the arms and looked into his eyes.

“In future, I want you to do that every morning. Yes?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Virginia smiled radiantly. She pecked his cheek again, opened the door, and was gone.

In her car on the way to campus, she thought over her latest accomplishment. Every morning, he would *thank her*. *Thank her* for being locked permanently in chastity (she had never actually *told* him that was the case, but surely the penny had dropped by now?). *Thank her* for that outrageous frilly frock, and the apron, and the wig and lips and

the nails and... Every morning, for the rest of his life!

THE PARTY: MORNING

“Good morning, Ma'am,” Polly said quietly, trying to keep his voice level and his features composed as he executed the best curtsy he could manage while still bearing the breakfast tray.

Virginia yawned before replying, looking at him, considering whether the curtsy was acceptable. Not really, she concluded; but no point in making a fuss about it now. She could add an hour or two of curtsy practice in front of the mirror in his room to his daily routine until he was up to scratch, starting today. Heaven knew how he would fit it into his packed schedule. But that was his problem, wasn't it? And it would be twisting the screw yet another notch, wouldn't it? Not a good idea to let him get complacent. But that was for later. The uniform seemed to be all in order, at least.

Yawning again, she sat up and said brightly, “Good morning. Up already?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

She knew full well he had been up since half-five, as every morning. No Sunday morning lie-in for him!

“Oh, a nice cup of tea. Lovely!”

She picked up the mug from the tray which he had placed on the bedside table. He stood waiting, as he knew he must. Nothing without an order!

“Looking forward to the party this evening?”

She smiled archly at him. She knew full well he was dreading it. But of course he was not allowed to say so. That would be tantamount to quarrelling!

“Yes, Ma'am,” he managed, with just a trace of a quiver in his voice.

She gave him another condescending all-knowing smile, then a lazy wave of the hand.

“Don't let me keep you, then. You've got a lot to do getting ready. I'll be down later.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

He bobbed another awkward curtsy, turned, and left.

THE PARTY: EVENING

With the guests due to arrive at any minute, Virginia sat in the kitchen lecturing Polly about how she expected him to behave. He stood before her, arrayed in all his finery. She had made sure he made an extra-special effort with getting ready, putting on a clean frock and apron, freshening his make-up, etc., so that now he really did look quite ultra sissy. He was nervously biting his lip and fretting at the corners of his apron.

Finished, she stood up and pecked him on the cheek, a little show of genuine affection to fortify him for the long evening of humiliation that lay ahead. "And remember," she whispered into his ear, "tits, bits and bum covered at all times! I don't want the girls to mistake you for a common prostitute!"

Shamed, he attempted to pull down the skirt just a little more in front while still keeping at least some of his chest covered. Just then, the doorbell rang. Virginia slapped his bottom playfully.

"Oh, that must be the first one! Off you go!"

That short walk from kitchen to front door was one of the longest he had ever taken. With a shuddering, nervous intake of breath, he paused before the door — and opened it.

"Hello M..." began the well-built, middle-aged blonde standing on the front doorstep, done up to the nines — and stopped dead. And stared. Had she got the wrong house? Her mouth opened to seek clarification.

That was Polly's cue. He executed a deep if rather clumsy curtsy. "Good evening, Ma'am," he said, as politely as he could manage, "I am Polly, Mistress Virginia's sissy-maid. Would you like to come this way?" And he lead the way into the front room. The lady was too astonished to say a word. Virginia greeted her friend, Jane, enthusiastically and with a theatrical glance at Polly stage-whispered,

"Explain everything later!"

And they sat and had a natter while waiting for the other girls to arrive. Which they duly did, in ones and twos, each being escorted by Polly into the front room.

Once the company were assembled, Virginia treated the presence of Polly as just one of those things.

"Polly will be serving us this evening, girls. Anything you want, he will fetch. Don't let me see anyone helping themselves," she warned with mock severity, "that's what sissy servants are for!"

There were a few, scattered, disbelieving snorts.

"Now, drinks please Polly!"

Polly bobbed a curtsy, uttered a "Yes, Ma'am" and fetched the ready tray of glasses filled with champagne. He served each lady, remembering to bob a sort of curtsy even though he had his hands full, then replaced the tray on the drinks trolley and stood before it, just as he had been instructed to do earlier.

There, he fidgeted nervously, adjusting his dress this way and that, desperately trying to keep covered up enough to maintain some last shred of dignity. Virginia, glancing over while in conversation with her friend Jane, noticed this with delight. Her constant harping on the need to keep 'tits, bits and bum' covered had resulted in him becoming quite obsessive over it. It made him look even more ridiculous — such a fussy little sissy!

Most of the girls were soon taking Polly for granted. They had not seen each other for ages some of them, so they had lots to talk about, and the presence of a sissified male maid-servant in their midst served only as one additional amusement. But Virginia could see that Jane was really fascinated. She liked that: it meant she would have a willing audience while she explained in full. Which she loved doing. Helen had been a willing audience, right from the start, and lately had become a witness to Polly's ongoing humiliations; and now perhaps Jane would be too? So after having a bit of a mingle, and another few glasses of champers, she took the first opportunity to button-hole her and

lead her to sit down a bit away from the others.

“You must be wondering what is going on,” she began. “It is simple really. I have taken a man who, despite some good points, was just too aggressive and egoistic and so was forever upsetting me, and turned him into an totally obedient domestic servant and a completely submissive oral pleasure-giver.”

“Yeah, so....” Jane pondered. “The sissy thing — he isn't into that at all?”

Virginia shook her head decisively. “If he were, I wouldn't be interested in him. I like him as a man, even prefer him as a man, but as a man he was too much of a handful. This way I get the best of both worlds. And he is still very much a man when I want him to be.”

Jane nodded. It made a kind of sense.

Virginia happened then to glance over at the result of her labours, and exclaimed:

“Oh do look Jane! What a tableau — my sissy-maid trying to stay decent while bending over to serve Laura another drink! He isn't succeeding, is he?! Oh, bless him! I do love seeing him struggling desperately in vain to keep his tits, bits and bum covered! But there it is. Modesty and dignity are things of the past for my poor Polly!”

Virginia laughed with smug self-satisfaction. Jane looked and had to laugh too. Polly flushed red hearing his owner and her friend mocking him. The room was not large and he had caught the gist of the exchange even over the noise made by a dozen middle-aged women most already on their second drink. He tried to remain un-flustered. This only encouraged Virginia, the champagne having gone quickly to her head.

“I think his tits'll pop out any second! Oh, look, yes, there they go!”

And indeed at least one rouged nipple could be seen above the lace-trimmed low-cut neck of the pink frock, still her favourite colour combination for her maid's uniforms: chosen for the nice contrast of pink against white, hairless skin; of white lace against exaggeratedly-pink nipples.

Virginia cackled with glee.

“Look out, Laura, I think that tart's trying to seduce you! Hands off, he's mine!” she called over laughingly, as her sissified plaything desperately tried to preserve some few shreds of dignity by keeping his ‘tits, bits and bum’ all covered, a task rendered almost impossible by the ridiculously short and skimpy outfit his owner had chosen for him to wear. But then, every single one of his uniforms was just as short and skimpy now.

Virginia's resonant voice rang out across the room: “*Do* try to keep your tits, bits and bum covered up, darling! You are a maid, not a whore!”

The effect on the females was enlivening; on the sissified male, devastating. He looked as though ready for the earth to swallow him up. But what could he do? To the accompaniment of mocking laughter, groping hands and bottom-pinching fingers, he continued to wait on ‘the girls’ hand and foot as well as providing an amusing diversion for them when from time to time the conversation lagged.

“It was a bit of a struggle and it took a while,” Virginia continued to Jane, who was listening avidly, utterly fascinated, “but Polly is now just how I want him. He is fully-uniformed at all times except when serving me in bed, when he is naked; and he is kept completely chaste, full stop. And I mean completely. Even after I stopped allowing penetrative sex, I still allowed him to masturbate now and again, just for my amusement as much as anything; but now I have stopped that and he simply stays locked 24/7.”

She took a sip of champagne, enjoying the look of astonishment on Jane's face, then continued.

“When I say uniformed, I do not mean just a maid's frock, though of course he has a whole wardrobe full of those, all very short, very skimpy, and very lacey. My dress maker, Helen — sadly she couldn't make it this evening — has really pushed some boundaries there, and I am sure that when poor Polly dolls himself up every morning, which takes a full half-hour, he must pine for the days when ‘getting into uniform’ meant throwing on a headscarf and a

plain old nurse's uniform! Fully-uniformed nowadays means, as you can see, rather more than just a frock!”

Virginia had been smiling as she spoke, but now she simply had to stop and laugh out loud.

“I must show you those old photos later! Oh, dear!”

One of Virginia's more wicked ideas, in which she took a guilty pleasure, had been documenting each step of Peter's transformation into Polly with lots of photos. First normal, mostly in a nice suit, and a few tasteful nudes; then in nurse's uniform and headscarf; then clad only in peep-hole bra and crotch-less knickers, an idea she had abandoned; then the first pictures of the prototype standard uniform; and finally the standard uniform with *all* the trimmings: wig, make-up, etc. It really was fun to sit down with Polly and look through the album every now and again. Well, fun for her. She supposed it was rather cruel to rub his nose in it; but, whatever...

She giggled girlishly and uncontrollably again; then, recovering some of her composure, went on.

“Still, you've got to start somewhere haven't you? Anyway... actually, why don't I take you through the whole ensemble in detail?”

She didn't wait for Jane's reply.

“Polly!” she sang out. The sissified male looked up. She made a beckoning hand gesture, holding her arm out straight, palm facing up, flat and level, then bringing the fingers back twice rapidly in quick succession. She had seen the gesture on a TV programme, and adopted it as her own. She looked for all the world like some 19th-Century grand dame summoning the lowest of the scullery maids. He scurried over.

“Stand up nice and straight, please Polly, and make sure you are in the light so my friend can see you properly.”

He did so.

Virginia began to tick items off on her fingers, obviously relishing the opportunity to explain it all to someone new, someone who hadn't heard it all before. As Virginia spoke, Jane looked with great interest at each itemised feature in turn.

“So, the basis of the uniform is of course the frock. This one, like many others, is a nice bright light pink, trimmed with lots of white lace. Other colours include light yellow, powder blue, delicate lilac — all nice and soft and and light and girly. But light pink is my favourite! It gives the whole ensemble that look of exaggerated, overdone femininity which is just *exactly* what I am after. After all, he ought *not* to look like a girl at all, but very much a male ‘forced into frocks’, so to speak. I think you will agree I have achieved exactly that effect!”

Virginia giggled rather tipsily, and took another sip of champagne.

“Also helping with this effect is *extreme* skimpiness — you can see how this one is *just barely* enough to cover ‘tits, bits and bum’ as my dress-maker so eloquently put it. And every single frock he has is just as short and skimpy as this one. In fact, they are all one main design, with minor variations. It is partly my preference: I like to see as much bare flesh as possible. Also the exaggerated skimpiness does help to remove any last traces of modesty or dignity, which are quite inappropriate traits in a humble, feminised sissy-servant. And those sturdy limbs do make quite a piquant contrast with the adorably girly outfit, don't they?”

Jane had to agree. That frock, oh-so-short and oh-so-low-cut, revealed about as much pale, hairless skin as it was possible to do while still concealing — though only just! — what had Virginia called them? Oh, yes, ‘tits, bits and bum’. That was witty! And certainly it would be quite, quite impossible to even think about being dignified or modest in such a get-up!

“I see no need for any underwear,” Virginia continued, “but I do *insist* that he keep himself decently covered: which means *great* care in walking, to avoid the skirt rising and showing too much. I want to see a humble hard-working maid, not some cheap tart! When actually doing chores there's no helping it of course, and his shapely bum and locked-away cock are fully-exposed more often than not. So it goes, can't be helped; and if I am honest I like nothing more than sneaking a look, naughty hypocrite that I am!”

“Now under the frock there is as I said no underwear as such, but I do insist on a nice tight corset. He used to be quite baffled as to why I wouldn't wear an eighteen-hour girdle when we were going out, to lift and separate and so forth. Said I would look much better in a dress that way. He meant well, I think, but really! Such a thoughtless, hurtful thing to say! I think perhaps he understands a little better, now that *he* spends up to eighteen hours a day *every day* in a sixteen-inch corset! And then I do like a nice waspie waist on my maid. Not that he is fat, but still... It makes some chores more difficult of course, but where there's a will there's a way!”

“Over the frock comes a frilly apron of white lace, also ultra-short of course, which must be kept spotless and changed the moment it isn't — I cannot abide the sight of *dirty* white lace. This necessitates several apron-changes a day, and also a lot of extra washing. He has as many aprons as frocks by now, I should think.”

“A suitable wig is worn to match the frock. He has all sorts of colours.”

“Speaking of hair, I keep him completely shaven from top to tail, and pluck his eyebrows for him once a week. He pencils nice girly ones on in the morning, of course.”

“False eyelashes, just a little bit on the long side to give that 'shy and bashful' effect; and just a touch of eye-shadow and mascara.”

“Tasteful rouge and lippy, co-ordinated with his frock colour de jour — so usually some shade of nice girly pink.”

“Rouged nipples too, because we want them looking suitably sexy and girly if — which heaven forfend! — they happen to pop out of his frock, don't we?”

“And last but not least carefully manicured and painted fingernails and toenails — notice the open-toed flats to show the latter off. He is required to freshen them daily. He will be good enough to do mine soon! They can't be let grow long, unfortunately, as that would interfere with work.”

Jane looked quizzically at Virginia on hearing that, for Polly's fingernails were really quite exceptionally long. Virginia caught the glance. “Falsies,” she explained with a smug grin, “just for the party. A little treat for him!” She sniggered. “Oh, and of speaking of the flats, they should of course be *outrageously* high heels, but then he would really *tower* over me, which would give rather the opposite effect to what I am after!”

Finally, she paused for breath. Jane was overwhelmed. Virginia smiled. Her spiel often had that effect on people. Then she dismissed her maid with “go and take care of my guests, please, darling.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

The sissified male, still trying hard to not let his utter humiliation and shame show too much on his face, bobbed a curtsy and returned to the company, where he was at once greeted by cat-calls from an increasingly tipsy group of middle-aged women.

Virginia took another sip of champagne, and continued.

“The rule is he must be *fully* uniformed at all times. The *only* exception to that rule is when summoned to my bed — then he must strip naked. Another ‘must’, you see.” Virginia smiled. “There are a lot of ‘musts’ and ‘must nots’ in Polly's life now. I can't pretend that's not the way I like it!” She smiled again. “When in uniform...”

“AKA pretty much always!” Jane interjected with a giggle.

Virginia was a little put out at the interruption, but smiled before continuing,

“Yes, when in uniform he must comply with what I call ‘maid etiquette’. For example, he must curtsy on entering and leaving my presence, also when I enter a room he is in. He must also ask permission to speak. The list goes on and on, believe me! I always seem to be finding things to add to it. Every so often, I pin up the latest version on the wall in his dressing room, so he can never say he didn't know about a particular rule. These rules do not however apply when out of uniform, as then I want a man not a sissy-maid. *Then* his attention is as a rule fully occupied with — well, other things.” Virginia, her inhibitions loosened by drink, ran her hands suggestively over her voluptuous

body.

Jane sniggered, and Virginia smiled contentedly.

“In summary, with partial sissification I feel I get the best of both worlds. A submissive, obedient dogsbody running about at my beck and call in everyday life, who can nevertheless serve as a virile lover to worship my body in bed.”

“Oh dear me! Ali appears to be letting her hands do a bit of wandering!” Virginia ejaculated suddenly as her eyes caught something going on at the other side of the room. Jane looked over. Ali, a fat fifty-year-old, had Peter seated on her lap and had both lands up his skirt. Virginia laughed.

“Dear me, the girls are rather taking advantage, aren't they? Still, they have had a few drinks. And it's all in good fun!” and with that she airily dismissed the plight of her humiliated male maid from her mind.

“Now, what was I saying?”

“Well, actually there was something I have been dying to ask,” interposed Jane, and continued: “you were talking earlier about this ‘total chastity’ business. That must affect your sex life, eh?”

How could it not? mused Jane. But Virginia's answer surprised her.

“Well in fact, total chastity has had the paradoxical effect of making him all the *more* ardent and passionate in bed. I suppose it might be that he thinks if he gives me enough physical pleasure, he just *might* earn a surely fervently-wished-for reward: being permitted an erection; who knows? Perhaps even to come?”

“And will he?”

“Oh, no no no!” said Virginia decisively.

“And don't you miss it, even a bit?”

“No, not at all,” replied Virginia breezily and with every show of conviction. “My sex life is so good now! Don't get me wrong, it was good before I put him into frocks. But now, I mean, it is just the best sex ever!”

“Wow!” said Jane, sounding impressed.

“But when you two are not in bed, what goes on? I mean, I get he does the housework dressed up, but that doesn't take that long nowadays, surely?”

Virginia nodded.

“Yes, most people think that. And it's not that big a house, either, is it? But obviously it would never do to have him simply idling away his time while I was on campus. ‘The devil makes work...’ and so on. The solution was simply to get rid of all those mod-cons that have lightened the housewife's burden these last decades. After all, *I* have a full-time uniformed maidservant! What do I need with labour-saving devices? And I save a lot on electricity and water charges into the bargain.”

“So no washing machine, for instance?” Jane ventured. Virginia nodded vigorously.

“No washing machine, no clothes dryer, no dish washer, no nothing — save a long day and plenty of elbow grease! Now that he has become skilled enough to take only half an hour getting uniformed up in the morning — it used to take him nearly an hour — he may lie in bed until five. That gives him plenty of time to serve breakfast in bed at six, attend me in the shower, dress me, and see me off to campus before he starts the day proper. In the evening he waits on me at table and then afterwards washes up and then gets on with chores until it is time for bed. He almost always shares my bed. If I am cross or just not in the mood, he might be sent to sleep in his dressing room, but that is not very often.”

“Dressing room?”

“Yes, I converted the smallest bedroom into a walk-in wardrobe for him, and his make-up and stuff is in there too. What with his uniforms and wigs and what not, believe you me he *needs* all that space! I took the full-size bed out, but there is a little camp bed in there, so it can still be pressed into service as a maid's bedroom when needs must.”

A loud smack sounded then just then, rather startling them both. Virginia looked across the room, to see that now Peter was bent over Ali's knees, dress drawn well up, getting a vigorous bare-bottom spanking. She made a moue of disapproval, but made no effort to intervene.

“I suppose you give him spankings and canings and what-not, to keep him on the straight and narrow?” Jane prompted, watching. She had heard about such things on the news, ‘Ms Whiplash’ getting up to all sorts of capers. But again she was surprised by what Virginia said in reply.

“Oh, no, no, never! I hate the idea of causing pain. No sadist, me. I see not harm in letting the girls have their fun, just so long as it doesn't get out of hand. Peter's big and strong and can take a hand spanking. It's probably hurting Ali more than it is him!”

Jane laughed. “Well, let's hope so!” She was no sadist herself, though it seemed to her that Virginia's claim not to be was a bit disingenuous. There were more sorts of pain than the physical... then another thought occurred to her and put such musings from her mind.

“How does it actually work, though, the chastity? You said locked up?”

Virginia nodded, then dipped a hand into her cleavage, and held up the small key which Jane had already noticed hanging there on a silver chain. She had thought it just some gimmick thing, but now the penny dropped. Virginia smiled.

“Yes, this is the very key. When I said locked, I meant locked.”

Jane just nodded. There was so much to take in. Virginia kept amazing her!

“There are all sorts of devices on the market these days,” Virginia went on, “but most of them are like toys, you know? So I had one custom-made. Cost a pretty penny, but worth every bit of it. And of course Polly paid for it anyway...”

Jane nodded. “I was going to say it must cost a bit, hand-made dresses and that. Just as well he has a few bob, then.”

“Oh, it cost thousands,” she confirmed. “Hand-made dresses certainly do *not* come cheap.”

And Virginia then revealed one more surprise.

“As it happens, my dress-maker and I ran through Polly's life-savings in less than a year,” she said with deliberate casualness, and then tittered at the look of utter shock on Jane's face. “Every last penny,” she added for emphasis, and giggled. “Oh, the look on your face!”

“It's funny really,” she added reflectively, “the skimpier the frocks got, the more expensive they were...”

Jane had to laugh at that, though she thought it rather cruel to use a man's own assets to turn him into a ridiculous caricature of a female domestic drudge! Virginia saw the look in Jane's eyes, and shrugged. Jane felt she had to press the point, and asked, “but, seriously, you know, what if you too split up? What if he has to leave?”

“Polly is not going anywhere,” she responded flatly. “Ever.” To such a definitive answer Jane had nothing to say.

Virginia called over to Ali, “OK Ali, you had better stop before your hand drops off!”

Ali stopped spanking Polly's bottom, which was now a bright rosy red, and pushed the feminised wretch to his feet. Virginia then called him over once more.

“Lift your skirt to your waist and hold it there,” she ordered peremptorily.

Polly gaped at her momentarily — and then obeyed. His pubis was shaven bare, as were his balls, and a padlocked iron tube tightly encased his penis. The old CB-3000 was long gone. This one was a custom-made affair, as Virginia had mentioned. She now went on to explain in more detail.

“A friend of a friend of Helen's knows someone who makes them to order,” Virginia explained. “Really, it is amazing who Helen knows! Anyway, the device is as you see sturdy and secure — titanium I believe the material is. It was far more expensive than the standard models you can buy, but those things are just toys — this is the real deal. And I have the only key. The only time it is unlocked is for a couple of minutes once a week for a quick scrub. Then it goes straight back on.”

“Gosh!” Jane stared at the imprisoned penis as though mesmerised.

“Go on if you want to,” encouraged Virginia.

Jane reached out and rather gingerly took hold of the metal tube. She hefted it in her hand.

“Oh, it's quite heavy,” she remarked ingenuously.

“Yes,” agreed Virginia dispassionately. “I like to think that the weight helps to remind him constantly of the fact that he is locked in chastity — and perhaps of *who* locked him up!” She positively preened herself at that.

Dear me! thought Jane. What must be going through his head right now? No indignity has been spared him tonight! And to think he *lives* this, 24/7! Full of curiosity, Jane attempted to look close into his eyes. But his gaze seemed to avoid hers. Virginia saw, and explained.

“You'll have to get closer than that, he is very short-sighted. Spectacles didn't really fit the ‘look’ I wanted, so they had to go...”

Emboldened by the champagne she had drunk, Jane stood up, and moved right next to him. She looked into his eyes. She thought she saw humiliation, and despair, mixed somewhat incongruously with an anxious desire to please...

“Wow!” she said, sitting back down. “You have really gone to town on him!”

“Yes,” agreed Virginia smugly, “yes I have! But we had better return him to his duties. Off you go, Polly!” she said, with a dismissive wave.

A curtsy, a low-voiced “Yes, Ma'am”, and off he scurried.

The evening wore on. Virginia had had quite a lot to drink by now, which brought out the tease in her. As Polly passed by with yet another drink for someone, she called imperiously, “Come here, Polly.”

Polly came.

“What did I tell you about tits, bits and bum, Polly?” she asked him, not crossly — she was never cross any more — but very firmly and in a voice loud enough to be heard by everyone.

“I... that I should keep them covered, Ma'am,” he said, and swallowed hard.

“And so why are you sashaying around with *everything* on display?”

She was enjoying herself hugely. The whole room had quietened down, to listen.

“Please Ma'am... the dress is so short... it's hard to keep up ...”

“Oh stuff and nonsense!” Virginia interrupted him peremptorily. “We women have been managing this kind of thing for centuries. Just *take care*, that's all, and stop being such a slovenly slut!”

“Yes, Ma'am. I am trying Ma'am.”

“Well *try harder*, Polly!”

Virginia tried to sound stern, but she could not stop from smirking.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Off you go, then.”

And Polly's curtsy on dismissal was greeted with a scattered round of mocking applause!

Virginia watched him like a hawk after that. Again and again, her sultry voice rang out across the room as clear as a bell: “tits, bits and bum, Polly!” Whereupon her wretched sissified plaything would struggle desperately to so adjust his skimpy uniform as to cover all at once. It *was* just possible — provided he didn't move much. But calls for his attention came from all corners at once — a fresh drink, another slice of cake, “do be a darling Polly and pick that up, I can't quite reach” — and as he hurried to do this or that lady guest's bidding, the sonorous voice would once more ring out: “tits, bits and bum, Polly!”. The girls found this utterly hilarious, as Virginia had intended they should. The effect on Polly can be imagined. His nerves were quickly worn to a frazzle.

HAPPY EVER AFTER

At last, the girls were gone. Between them all, they had driven Polly to tears several times before the party broke up. Virginia had not intended to go quite so far, but the champagne had gone to her head — was still up there, matter of fact — and under the influence she had not been able to resist leading the girls on in taking the taunting and teasing ever further.

Virginia now felt sorry for her poor sissified darling, really she did; but at the same time it was such a thrill, to see him so obviously *completely* under her thumb. And it was all in good fun; so never mind!

She would give him the breast now. He liked that very much, she knew. And it was least she could to make it up a bit to him. It would be especially comforting for him just now. And then he could get on with clearing up, of course. No sense in spoiling him. She called him over, sat him down beside her, put her arms around him and pecked his cheek.

“Oh darling, I am *such* a naughty tease, aren't I?”

She stroked his cheek.

“Oh, I am sorry, you are all cross now aren't you? Hmmm? Never mind, I know what *you* want. Why don't you unbutton the front of my dress?”

With trembling hands and averted eyes, still utterly humiliated but desperately needing any form of comfort, he undid each button and pulled the dress gently open.

“Reach behind and unhook,” she breathed then.

He unhooked the brassiere, which loosened. Without being told to, he eased it off. Virginia lifted her right breast and offered it to him wordlessly. He took her already-erect nipple greedily into his mouth, closed his eyes, and began to suck.

Virginia sprawled drunkenly in an armchair, still topless, just polishing off the last of the champagne. Polly bustled about, trying to get some of the cleaning done now. He could not go to bed until sent, anyway.

“The cleaning-up can wait until tomorrow, darling,” Virginia slurred then, finished her glass, stood up, and lurched unsteadily towards him. She grabbed his bum and kissed him hungrily. The kiss was long and passionate. Lustfully she kneaded both buttocks with her hands while their tongues explored each other's mouths. She broke off the kiss, looked deep into his eyes and whispered, “So now my sissified plaything has been paraded in all his frilly finery in front of my friends...” Still looking in his eyes as she spoke, she relished the mixture of feelings she saw there: resignation, a touch of despair and a strong anxiety to please her. It was a look very familiar to her; but she never tired of seeing it. She pressed her lips to his again. Her right hand released his buttock, was raised, and stroked his cheek gently while she whispered, “one more turn of the screw, hmmm?” She giggled tipsily, kissed again, then added, “Ever deeper into abject sissy servitude!”

But when she broke off the embrace, she spoke no more of sissy servitude. Instead she said simply, “I need my lover now, my *all male* lover! So, why doesn't Peter get that silly frock off, get that gunk off his face, carry me upstairs and make passionate love to me?”

Naked, Peter quickly removed his make-up in his dressing room. For these next few hours, he was allowed to be a man again. A man who no longer experienced orgasm for himself, but still... it was better than nothing. A lot better than nothing. Virginia had done some research into the life-style, and had shown him some horrific accounts, which she assured him were true, of totally subjugated sissies reduced to a life of utter servitude, shown no kindness or affection, beaten, humiliated... She was so much nicer to him than that. It was something to be grateful for.

He joined the patiently waiting Virginia in the bedroom. He undressed her gently, kissing her body as he did so. With a smile of blissful contentment, she threw herself down on the bed.

In the bedroom Virginia preferred Peter to take the lead, in a manner of speaking at least. So now she just lay there and let him make love to her.

He started by kneeling at the foot of the bed and attentively kissing her feet all over, then stroking them while transferring his mouth to each toe in turn, kissing them and sucking them and delicately licking between them. It was a delicious sensation when done right, and Virginia had trained Peter to do it to perfection.

He moved up her body then, kissing up each leg before spending some quality time on the inside of each thigh.

He moved on to her big belly. It was lovely to have it worshipped so attentively. She was so conscious of its being big, but this removed all the worries about it, for a time.

Her nipples were already erect, but she kept her own hands away. It would make it all the more wonderful when his mouth descended on them. As it soon did. She kept him at the breast for a long time, as usual, before gently urging him to her neck.

Then he kissed his way quickly back down, she spread her legs wide, and he gave her pussy a passionate French kiss, just the way she liked, before starting more urgent tongue work that would quickly bring her to her first orgasm of the night. How many she had depended entirely on how sleepy she was. Tonight, the unaccustomed alcohol had paradoxically made her wide awake...

Peter's hands and mouth and tongue were kept very busy that night. They made love mostly in silence, save for Virginia's low sighs and moans, Peter's muttered declarations of love for his 'Goddess' (she was Ma'am to Polly, Goddess to Peter). At last, she was sated, and she just simply had to sleep.

Before composing herself for slumber, she had a thought. Since she had a day off tomorrow, there was no reason for Peter to rise at his usual hour of half-five to transform into 'Polly' and help her get ready for work. She whispered, "As a special treat darling, because you were so good this evening, and because we were all a bit mean to you, I will let you lie in with me tomorrow." It was a rare privilege. "If you should happen to wake before me, and it's not *too* early, I want you to wake me up by kissing my pussy ever so gently. Just a nice long French kiss. Hmmm?"

"Yes, Goddess," he whispered back. She smiled happily and settled down to sleep.

As she often did, she fell asleep in his arms. Her final thought before she drifted off to easy dreams was that, had she never had the happy idea of forcing him into frillies, that would have split up sooner or later; whereas now, he was hers forever...

THE END

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