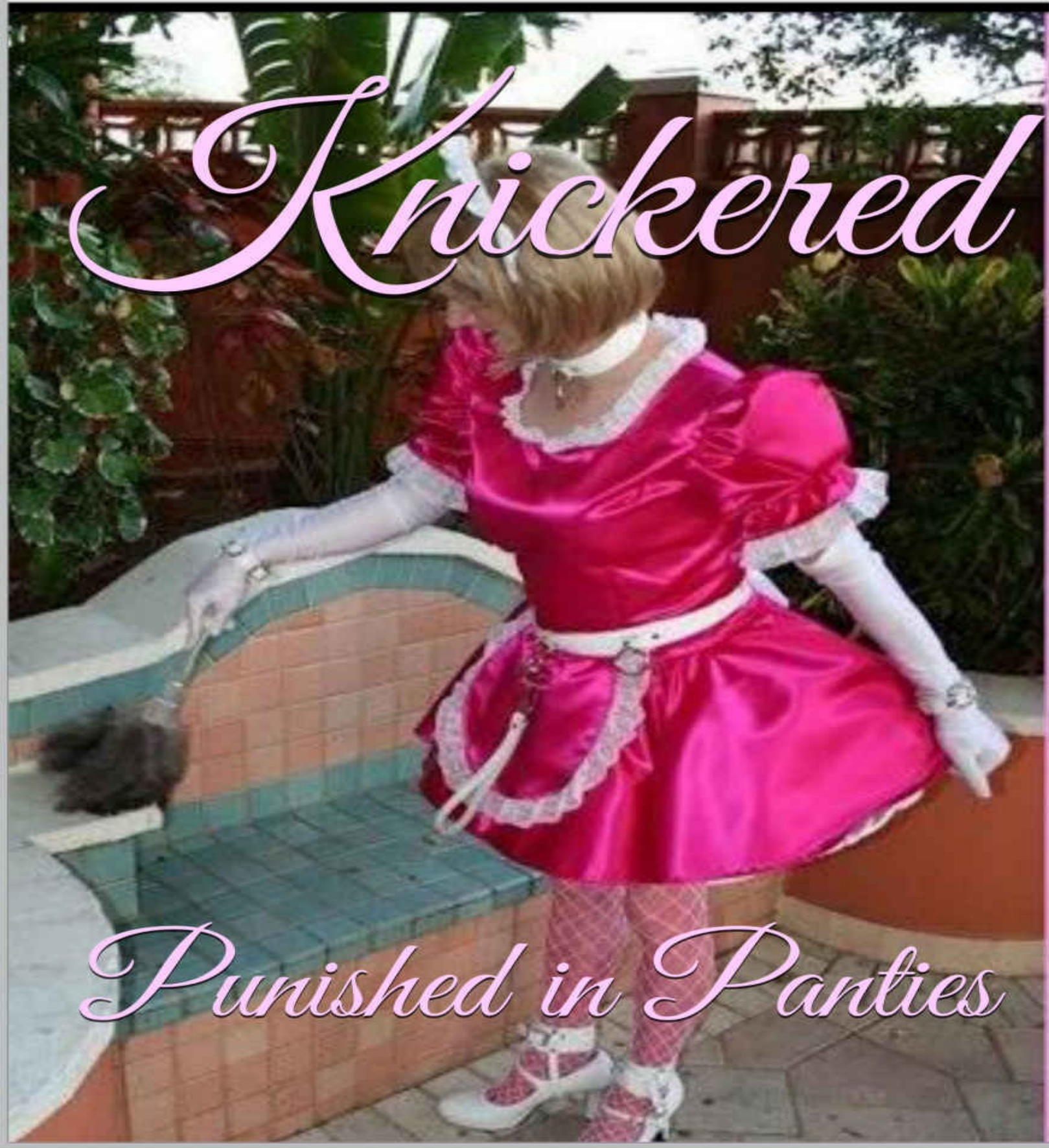


Miranda Birch

Knickered

Punished in Panties



Knickered

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Part One of The Petticoating of Petunia Pinkpanties

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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A salesman caught defrauding the firm by his young, attractive female boss is relieved when she offers to deal with his crime herself rather than calling in the police. But if he thinks he is getting off lightly, he is very much mistaken. Soon, wearing only a pair of her knickers, he is feeling the first lashes from the whip of this dominant beauty! And in the morning, he is presented with — a maid's uniform! HIS uniform! His transformation into ‘Petunia Pinkpanties’ has begun!

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CONFRONTED

[**ENSLAVED**](#)

[**SISSIFIED**](#)

CONFRONTED

David Smith was working late again. He was about ready to pack it in for the day when a sudden message flashed up on his screen from Ms Palmer, his boss. She wanted to see him right away. Oh blast! He hurried over to her office.

She was sat behind her desk, stone-faced. She did not ask him to sit down.

“You have been stealing from this company, Smith,” she said flatly.

“What?” blurted David, taken completely off-guard.

“You heard me,” Cathy Palmer retorted. “It’s all in there, printed off nice and ready for the police.”

She gestured at a folder on her desk.

“Printed?... Police?... But I...”

“Too late for buts. What you did was stealing, pure and simple. And now you are going to pay.”

David almost burst out crying as she picked up the phone. From being right on top of his game, with plenty of cash in his pocket, a company car, a decent flat, and a promising future with a growing company, he was suddenly faced with losing it all. There would be nothing for him but unemployment, disgrace, penury — and prison. Prison!

“Please, Ms Palmer,” he pleaded. “Haven’t I been a good employee for three years? I know I made some bloody good deals. You said so yourself more than once. O.K., what I did wasn’t exactly ethical, but lots of the sales force do it. It’s more like a... an informal benefit...”

“Mine don’t!” she interrupted. “And call it what you will, it remains stealing. Stealing that went on over years. We aren’t talking about one ill-advised acceptance of a bribe; this was a regular occurrence. I have the figures here. No, I’m afraid I have no option but to fire you for gross misconduct, and to inform the police. No doubt they will want to take matters further.”

“For Heaven’s sake give me a chance! This is my career we are talking about, my whole career — I’m only twenty-eight — you’ll ruin my life!”

“You should have thought of that before you started cheating,” she said flatly.

“Please! Please, can’t you — can’t you give me a break. I mean, have you never done anything a bit dodgy in your business life?”

“Never! How dare you suggest such a thing! We don’t all share your lack of morality, to say nothing of your poor judgement. And do not call it ‘dodgy’ — it was stealing, plain and simple. Don’t insult my intelligence with your beating about the bush. I suppose next you’re going to start on about your poor missus and the kids at home.”

David swallowed hard. He saw a chance to appeal for sympathy, and took it.

“I... I haven't got either, Ms Palmer.”

“Ahhh... have you not?”

There had been a glint in her stony blue eyes then.

“So...” she paused for a moment, considering. “So you are all alone in the world, are you?”

Dave's heart leapt at that expression. Had he succeeding in arousing some sympathy?

“Well, yes, yes, I suppose you could say that. That is, my parents live up North... I don't seem them much...” he stammered.

He stopped then, unsure of what to add that might possibly move her to leniency. She said nothing.

In the silence, he regarded his employer — former employer? She was a young woman in her late twenties, blonde and well-built without being fat, very pretty, and with a great pair of legs which she liked to show off. She had joined the firm no so long after him, and been slotted right into one of the top jobs. And to be fair, she had proved her merit. In a few short years she had increased turnover remarkably. She was no blonde bimbo, that was for sure. She had already garnered a lot of respect in the company — indeed right across the industry. Quite a powerful woman, in fact, was Ms Cathy Palmer. Not the sort of woman to get into trouble with!

Her next move had taken him completely by surprise. She replaced the telephone handset, finally, and said:

“Well then. There is perhaps an alternative.”

David's eyes lit up, and he almost sighed with relief. It had worked! She had taken pity on him!

Maintaining her stern outward demeanour, she continued:

“I could punish you myself. Give you a short sharp shock. Only if you agree, of course.”

David was confused. Punish me herself? What could that mean? But still, she was offering something. But what, exactly?

“A short, sharp...?”

“Yes. I deal with you, or the police deal with you. Choose. Now.”

But of course he didn't really have a choice.

“Yes.”

“Yes, Mistress!” Cathy countered sharply.

David was taken aback, but recollected quickly that he was in on position to raise objections.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said weakly.

“That's better. Now get stripped off and stand over there,” she pointed imperiously.

“Strip...?”

David was incredulous.

“I have not got all day!” Cathy said loudly, almost shouting.

David still didn't move. So she picked up her phone again, and arched an eyebrow at him.

At that, David began quickly to unbutton his shirt. Cathy put down the phone once more, and watched, tapping her foot impatiently.

When he was down to his boxers, David stopped.

“Everything!” came the peremptory order. Shame-faced, David pulled his boxer shorts off. He was now stark naked. He stood there hands cupped in front of his genitals, face scarlet with embarrassment.

And then Cathy Palmer did something totally unexpected, even for that evening already full of shocks and surprises. She stood, reached under her tight skirt, wriggled out of her knickers, and threw them at him.

“Put those on!”

David stared at her open-mouthed.

“Put them on!” she reiterated.

Gingerly, David picked up the knickers. They were pink and flimsy. Under the baleful gaze of Ms Palmer, David stepped awkwardly into them, pulled them up his legs. They were too small for him, but the material was stretchy.

“Stand over there!”

David shuffled over to the wall she had pointed at.

“Face the wall!”

David faced the wall.

“I have got some work to do still. You will wait there. And get your nose to the wall!”

He pressed his nose to the white-painted wall.

And stood. And stood. And stood.

David lost track of time. He just stood there, his eyes unfocused, his mind wandering, still unable to take it all in. Here he was, standing almost naked — naked apart from a pair of her scanty pink knickers! — in the office of his female boss, nose pressed to the wall, waiting to be punished. Waiting to be given a ‘short sharp shock’. It was absurd! Yet, here he was...

“You!”

The call was sudden, peremptory. David started, recollected where he was, what he had agreed to.

“Y-yes, Mistress,” he stammered out, turning his head.

Cathy Palmer was standing by her desk.

“Get over here!”

David walked over, feeling a right bloody fool in those tight pink knickers.

“You, my boy — or is a girl?” she paused and laughed. “Anyway, whatever you are, you are coming home with me for the weekend for a taste of domestic discipline.”

“Mistress, I...” David stammered, very unsure of himself.

“No ifs or buts,” Ms Palmer rudely interrupted.

She pointed to a door.

“Through there. Come on, chop-chop, quick march! We haven't got all bloody day!”

In a daze, David stumbled through the door. Ms Palmer followed.

“Straight ahead!” came the next peremptory order.

He reached the end of the corridor, Cathy Palmer close behind. There was a lift door there. She punched a button, the door opened, and with a shove from behind David was in the lift. Cathy Palmer entered behind, glared at him, and slapped his face hard.

“On your knees! Don't dare stand in the presence of your superior!”

David dropped to his knees.

They descended, the lift door opened to reveal the executives-only underground car-park. David had never been here, of course.

Cathy strode out first, a stern “come!” reaching David from over her shoulder. He followed her meekly to where she now stood, at the rear of a sleek and shiny BMW. She released the central locking, opened the boot, and gestured.

“Get in there!”

“In...?”

David stood like a fool, not grasping what was required of him. Cathy slapped his face again, hard, back and forth.

“Get in there! Are you deaf?”

Numbly, David clambered awkwardly into the small space. The boot was slammed shut, and he lay in those cramped confines in total darkness. Impossible to get comfortable, even without those throbbing red welts across his rump. The engine roared into life, the car began to move... but to where?

In the front seat of the BMW, Cathy Palmer hummed along contentedly to the radio. She had found it hard to get men to go along with her all the way, they always chickened out. And now, finally, finally, she had one in no position to back off, one with a police investigation hanging over his head — a police investigation that would very likely be followed by trial and custodial sentence. Yes, she had this one *exactly* where she wanted him! She smirked. Oh, she just simply could not *wait* to get started on him!

She had seen the look on his face when she told him to put her knickers on. He had not been too keen on that at all. On the other hand, he had put them on. Hmm, her favourite, reluctance married with weakness! It was such a drawback of the men one met through contact sites, that they generally *wanted* to be feminised. Whereas this one clearly did not. Tough!

Lying bent in an uncomfortable position in the pitch-black of the car's boot, naked save for those tight, flimsy panties, David Smith was already beginning to regret agreeing to be punished in private by his attractive young lady boss.

‘Domestic discipline’, she had called it. Well... He had half-hoped it might be some hanky-panky she was after. After all, he was a good-looking bloke, and not that much older than her. She was young to have got such a post! Nepotism most likely. She was the niece of one of the directors, apparently.

But that was probably not on the cards. The looks she had given him during their ‘discussion’ had made that pretty clear. ‘Domestic discipline’? Well, what was the worst she could do? Give him a spanking? Get him to do a bit of housework? No worries! And after all, what choice did he have? This way, he got to keep his job. And that was no small thing in this economy. No, it would be alright, it *would* be alright. He repeated it to himself over and over like a mantra, trying to quiet the butterflies in his stomach...

ENSLAVED

The BMW swung through the gate which had opened automatically and drove slowly up the long drive towards the large house set back from the road in its own grounds.

David heard the car door open. Then the boot swung open too.

“Get out... get out, you pathetic knickered nicker!”

Ms Palmer had a riding crop in her hand now, and was lashing it across David's bare back.

“Owww... ahhh... I c-can't... I'm too stiff... ahhhh...”

“Can't?” Cathy's voice was scornful. “I'll remove that word from your vocabulary, you little pansy! Out, I say, out!”

The crop lashed down several times in quick succession. Whimpering, David forced himself up over the edge of the boot and crashed down on to the gravel drive. He was panting with fear, still whimpering, feeling utterly unmanly. Cathy's high-heeled shoes gleamed under the BMW's rear lights.

“I don't want to hear the word 'can't' again from you this weekend. Up! On your feet and into the house!”

Hampered by his hands cuffed behind his back, David awkwardly rose to his feet. He still couldn't quite believe this was all happening to him. Had Cathy Palmer gone mad? How could a woman behave so? How could she treat another human being — a colleague — so? It was all crazy.

“Agggghhhh!”

Ms Palmer's pointed toe had caught him sharply in the cleft of his rump. Oh, it hurt! He almost collapsed to the gravel again.

“I *said*, into the house,” came that relentless voice.

David, his heart pounding, staggered on towards the curving steps which fronted the darkened mansion. What had he let himself in for? He had agreed to accept Ms Palmer's punishment rather than let the law take its course. It had seemed to him it would be bound to be easier. But his doubts about the “soft option” were growing by the minute. It just seemed to get worse and worse.

Once in the house, she un-cuffed his hands. Then, still in the hall, she herself took a seat, and pointed silently at a spot on the floor before her. He moved to it, and stood there, wondering with mounting apprehension what on Earth was likely to happen next.

Now he stood almost completely naked before her, clad only in the humiliating pink knickers.

There was disdainful amusement in her eyes as they roamed over him, a contemptuous sneer on her face.

“Stop slouching! Stand to attention while I'm speaking to you!”

David straightened up and put his arms straight by his sides. Her cold, blue eyes continued to wander over him, callous and indifferent.

David realised that he was afraid of this woman. And, he thought with a sinking feeling, it definitely wasn't a bit of “how's your father” that interested her! Her eyes alone made that *very* clear.

“I'll have you know, Smith,” she said, “that I don't like men.”

He could feel the goose-pimples rise on his skin. What was she going to do to him? He felt so damned vulnerable, standing there starkers in front of her. What should he say? Anything?

“S-sorry...” he muttered.

“Oh, no need to be sorry,” she said nonchalantly; “I *enjoy* not liking men.”

She smiled — but only with her wide, red-lipped mouth; her eyes were cold, and fixed on his like those of a snake.

“As a matter of fact, I eat men for breakfast. Especially little sissies like you...”

She let her voice trail off, with all the implications hanging in the air.

David had a sudden sense of dread. This woman was something else entirely. He'd heard of this sadistic stuff, dominas and chains and whips and so on. But surely it was just for the sad old dirty mac brigade, leafing through porno mags in grotty shops in Soho; and for kinky MPs who paid loads of cash to have their backsides whipped by leather-clad call-girls: 'Mistress Whiplash' and all that. It didn't go on in ordinary life, did it? With respectable businesswomen like this? David began to feel the fear of uncertainty, of really not knowing what would happen next. Was he in the hands of a mad woman?

“Wh-what are you going to d-do to me?” he stammered.

Ms Palmer's wide mouth broke into a smile.

“Do?” She laughed heartlessly. “Nothing. It is you who are going to do the doing.”

“I... I don't understand...”

Ms Palmer sat suddenly erect, a freezing look on her features.

“Then listen while I *make* you understand! You are now my prisoner. You will be staying here for the whole weekend. You are going to obey every order I give you. If you do not, you will suffer for it. Putting it shortly, you are my slave!”

David felt shocked and numb. “S-slave?” he queried in disbelief.

Her lip curled.

“You know the meaning of the word, I suppose?”

“Yes... yes... of course I do...”

“Well then you'll know that a slave is a person who is owned. Who is used. Who obeys his owner. Who is punished if he does not. That is you from this moment on, Smith. It is the price you are paying for your crimes. Understood?”

“Y-yes... I suppose so...”

David's throat was dry; he felt a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach; he was scared out of his skin. This formidable woman meant what she said. No doubt about it.

“From now on you will address me as ‘Mistress’,” she said, standing back. “Got that?”

David nodded.

“Yes...” he said unhappily.

At once Ms Palmer darted forward and her riding crop slashed cruelly across his right thigh. He panted and groaned with the pain and shock of it, and anger surged through him. The bitch!

“I *said*, from now on.”

“Owwwww! That hurt...”

David half-sobbed, rubbing his thigh petulantly. Then he saw the glint in Ms Palmer's eyes and the whip raised again.

“Mistress!” he cried out.

“Get on your knees. Apologise for your lack of respect.”

David sank to his knees, filled with self-pity. How could a young woman treat a man like this?

“I... I'm sorry, Mistress” he found himself saying.

“I should hope so, too.”

Ms Palmer stretched and yawned.

“Now, listen to me. Tomorrow, you're going to be put to work. But, as I'm tired, I can't be bothered with you now. I'll just lock you up for the night.”

David blinked. He was coming to realise that this woman's punishment might be far worse than

that of the law. Still, there was not much he could do about that now. Attack her, perhaps? Run off with her car?

As if reading his thoughts, Cathy Palmer spoke.

“Don't even think about trying anything on. That you're a liar and a cheat has been established. Don't add stupid to the list. I have told a good friend of mine in the Met what I have planned for you.” She smirked unpleasantly. “Well, more or less.”

David flinched inwardly at the look on her face.

“If I don't phone in regularly,” she continued, “she'll have some of the local boys round here with a tip that a psychotic rapist has carried out a home invasion. It'll be your word against mine. Want to add assault and attempted rape to the fraud charges? No? Thought not.”

David shuddered. He was sure she was not bluffing.

“R-right, OK...”

“You dimwit!”

Ms Palmer lashed the crop twice across his flanks. The pain was agonising and, with a yell, he clasped the freshly-raised weals.

“You've forgotten already?”

Forgotten? What did she mean? Ah yes.

“Mistress”, he said.

Ms Palmer nodded.

“If you forget again, I'll give you half a dozen like that,” she said. “*Every* time you forget,” she added with quiet menace.

She means it, she really does! David said to himself. All this was quite unbelievable. But it was actually happening. Fear began to seep up inside him.

“In fact, I am going to give you half a dozen now,” she said calmly.

He gaped at her.

“Turn round, bend over. To make it easy for you, you can hold on to the back of the chair.”

Numbly, David did just as he was told.

“Now pull your knickers down.”

David froze.

“You heard me. Do it!”

Miserably, David pulled the scanty garment to mid-thigh. It was bad enough being made to wear them; but somehow, being made to pull them down was even worse.

“I want you to count each stroke, and thank me for it.”

Was the woman mad?

THWACK!

David had never been beaten before. The pain was intense, like nothing he could have imagined.

“Argh! One. Th-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Ooow-eeeh! Two! T-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

THWACK!

At the third stroke, he jerked up desperately, hands flailing behind him to try and protect his bare bottom.

“Oh, please, that's enough, it's too much!”

“Silence! Get back in position! If you break position again, I shall start all over again!”

With a wretched choking sigh, he bent back down. Desperately he gripped the chair.

“Now, you're getting that one again,” she announced. “And do hold on to the back of the chair, it will help,” she added, in a matronly tone dripping with condescension.

THWACK!

“Ooowwww! Three!”

“Thank you, Mistress! Yes Mistress!”

THWACK!

“Argggghhh! Four! T-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

“This, David, will help you to follow the rules, won't it?”

THWACK!

“I said, won't it?”

“Aiieeeee! F-five! Thank you, Mistress. Yes, Mistress, it will Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Aggggcchhh! Six! Th-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

It was over. He remained where he was, sobbing, more with humiliation than pain.

“Oh, stop snivelling. And stand up.”

He straightened up, hands gingerly on his stinging, throbbing rump.

“Pull your knickers up!”

David pulled the tight panties back up. He did not like the fact that she kept referring to them as *his* knickers.

A sudden grin flashed across Cathy Palmer's face.

“Before we put you to beddie-byes, I think a few... ah... mementoes,” she said impishly.

She had her phone out, and before David knew what was what, she had taken a photo.

“Oh!” he said in shocked surprise.

Her other hand still held the riding crop, and she raised it in warning. David held his peace.

She took another. And another.

“Pose for me!”

“Eh?”

The crop caught him on the bare thigh.

“Oh! Mistress! Mistress! But...”

He struck an awkward pose, his fearful eyes on that whip.

“Pose properly for me!” she insisted. “Get your arms high, and put your hands behind your head! come on! And look coquettish...”

Poor David did his best.

Her commands came thick and fast.

“Go on, flirt with the camera!”

“Half-turn, give us a flash of that pert little bum!”

“Pout!”

“That's it!”

She was stalking about him now just like a pro, taking picture after picture.

David felt utterly humiliated. Being made to pose in women's underwear! This woman was stark staring mad! But, if he just went along with her...

Finally, she was done.

“Follow me,” she ordered crisply, fur coat swirling as she turned.

David followed. What else could he do? Ms Palmer led him right through the house, through a door at the back and led him out into the grounds. He shivered. It was a very clear night, with a full moon and a hint of frost. Where was she taking him? She strode purposefully down a dirt track in the overgrown garden, simply assuming that he would follow. He did. Then, looming up in the moonlight, he saw a spooky-looking timber-built building — a large shed.

“That's where you're spending the night, slave,” said Ms Palmer, pointing with her crop.

“You... don't mean it! I... I'll freeze to death...”

And of course, he had forgotten again.

“I did warn you, slave,” replied Ms Palmer, with a little laugh. “I think another half a dozen.”

“No! I'm sorry... Mistress... Mistress.”

How stupid of him to forget. Yet it was so easy to do. He wasn't used to this absurd situation. Shivering with cold and dread, he heard Ms Palmer laugh again. The next moment, red-hot pain blazed across his buttocks. He howled. Never had he imagined a simple crop could hurt so much.

“Over you go. You don't have to count this time.”

Hopelessly, he bent. And waited.

“Pull your knickers down, you dozy slut!” came that cruel voice.

Oh, no! Helplessly, he pulled them down again. Pulled *his* knickers down again. He felt the sheer material slide down his thighs. And offered his naked buttocks to that cruel rod. Again, again so soon, it came swishing down.

THWACK!

Again!

THWACK!

David clenched his fists, his fingers biting into the earth. He could feel his face contort with pain.

Then again!

THWACK!

“Stop! Stop it! Ooowwww!”

He couldn't help it, he had to beg. So soon, right on top of the first six! It was too much!

THWACK!

The fourth stroke bit. Agony! Agony!

“Perhaps this will teach you to remember in future, slave!” came Ms Palmer's voice. She sounded positively happy.

“I... I'm sorry... Mistress... no more... no more!” David pleaded.

But two more came in quick succession.

THWACK! THWACK!

Ms Palmer stopped after those last two whip-lashing cuts. There he was, literally sobbing as he bent, humiliated, shivering in the cold.

“What a pathetic, snivelling little sissy you are,” sneered Ms Palmer. “Just a touch of the crop and I do believe you're crying. Are you a man or what?”

Just a touch! Is that what she called those six blazing wires of pain? All the same, he gritted his teeth, and got some kind of grip on himself. You couldn't break down in front of a woman. He managed to staunch the tears.

“Kneel up, sissy slave.”

David knelt up before her, trying to ignore the humiliating epithet that had now been added to ‘slave’. ‘Sissy’? He was no sissy. That bloody thing hurt! And it had not been his idea to wear her blasted knickers!

“Kiss it, sissy slave.”

He saw the flexible rod swaying before his face. Feeling the utter humiliation of it, he kissed it. He knew, almost blindingly, at that moment, that this woman really did have him in her power. He shivered again not just outwardly but now deep inside. What on earth had he let himself in for?

“And now thank me for correcting you, sissy slave,” her gloating voice said then.

“Th-thank you, thank you... for correcting me, Mistress,” David heard himself saying, scarcely

able to believe it.

Then, still on his knees, eyes cast down in shame and misery, he heard a key turning, then the creaking of a door swinging open.

“Get in there, you puny little pansy,” barked Ms Palmer.

David stumbled up, bending forward, wincing with pain. He looked forward. The door to the shed stood ajar.

“Go on, get *in*!” came the repeated order and, this time, Ms Palmer emphasised the order by kicking David hard in the cleft of his buttocks. It was like a knife going into him, robbing him of breath. As he fell to the earth floor, groaning, the door slammed behind him and was locked.

David, filled with pain of two differing kinds, the throbbing of his welted rump and now the sharp pain in the cleft, moaned despairingly. He couldn't stand this! He couldn't! He would have to get out of there. But after much scrabbling hopelessly about in the dark, he had to admit that it was impossible to do any such thing. The shed was more like a little one-room house, very sturdily built. He wasn't getting out of here unless someone unlocked the door. And that someone would be Ms Palmer — no-one else even knew he was here, he suddenly realised.

In the course of barking his shins on a variety of objects as he stumbled around in the dark, he came across something that appeared to be a low bench covered with sacking. Now, with another groan, he slumped down upon it. The cold overwhelmed him; his teeth chattered. He managed to pull some of the sacking loose and drape it over him. Gradually he warmed up enough to stop his teeth chattering.

Overwhelmed with self-pity, David cursed the day he had got the job at to Palmer & Parker... and first set eyes on Cathy Palmer. How could all these ghastly things be happening to him? Ordered to strip naked, humiliated by being made to wear women's underwear, whipped for the slightest thing, punched, kicked — and now locked practically naked in a shed for the night!

Gently, he ran his fingers over his tender rump. He could feel through the thin material of her Ms Palmer's knickers the ridged weals which the crop had raised on his buttocks. My God, how they hurt! He would do a great deal to avoid getting a hiding from that crop again, he knew that for sure. He *must* remember to call her ‘Mistress’ for a start, demeaning as it was. And to obey every order without question, demeaning as that was. The more so as he had no idea *what* orders would be coming. But what did humiliation matter compared with such pain?

After what seemed like hours, David finally fell asleep. He slept only fitfully, frequently woken by the cold. And every time he awoke, his imagination ran riot trying to anticipate what lay in store for him in the weekend which lay ahead. Weekend? She'd said it could be longer. Oh God! It was like a nightmare.

But it wasn't. It was real. And it was far from over.

Back in the house, Cathy Palmer was by no means ready for bed. She poured herself a drink and,

paging idly through the photographs she had taken of her new pantied pansy, she began to plan her weekend. Tomorrow she would get him properly dressed and started on his chores. Her housekeeper was on holiday, so there was quite a lot to do. She had not planned it that way, of course, but it was a nice coincidence. And of course there would be lots of teasing and training too. Just as well she had not brought any work home, as she often did — he weekend would be full enough with this new ‘project’!

SISSIFIED

David woke up cold and stiff. Cold, stiff, and in some pain. The weals which Cathy Palmer had raised the previous evening still smarted painfully. Gingerly, he fingered the welts across his buttocks through the thin material of the knickers. Ow! They stung. She had laid that bloody crop on hard enough. All because he had forgotten to call her 'Mistress'. Well, he would not forget to do *that* again in a hurry. Mistress, Mistress, Mistress!

He rubbed his eyes. It was just so hard to believe. Just the day before, he had been an employee of Palmer & Parker, working under Ms Cathy Palmer. And now, in order to hold onto that job, he had become her 'slave', as she put it. And here he was, a captive in a wooden shed on the grounds of her country home, clad only in a pair of her frilly knickers!

He had to admit he'd been in the wrong. Rightly, he should have been formally charged. As it was, she'd given him this alternative — of becoming her personal prisoner. For a 'short sharp shock'. Hell! It had been that alright. And it was not over. It had been the soft option — or so he had thought. Now, after a terrible evening and a terrible night, he was beginning to have second thoughts. Perhaps letting the law take its course had been the wiser choice.

He levered himself stiffly off the bench on which he had spent the night, covered with some old sacking he had come across. He was shivering. This was worse than any police cell!

What time was it, anyway? David could see daylight through cracks in the planks of the shed, but that did not mean much. It could be dawn, it could be mid-morning. It seemed unlikely it could be afternoon; he could not have slept that long in his uncomfortable condition. He would just have to wait until his 'Mistress', as she styled herself, collected him.

David realised that he was hungry. Nothing to eat since when? Lunch yesterday. Naked, cold, and hungry. Wormwood Scrubs would be more comfortable. Yes, for a weekend; but two or three years of it? She had said just the weekend, hadn't she? Hadn't she?

His ears pricked as he thought he heard noise outside. crunching leaves; footsteps. The noise came closer. Then, a key turned in the lock of the hut's door, and the door was flung open. Light streamed in and there in the light stood Cathy Palmer. No! Not 'Cathy Palmer', he told himself. Mistress! Mistress! Get it right!

"On your knees, sissy slave!" her voice boomed in the confined space.

David at once sank down onto his knees. Now, stay cool, and play it just the way she wants, he thought.

"I trust you had a pleasant night, sissy slave?"

Eh? How could he have had... Careful, though.

"Er,... y-yes, Mistress..." David ventured. Just make it through the weekend, old chap!

Ms Palmer laughed. Not a pleasant laugh.

"I'll bet you did," she sneered. "Right, you've lounged about long enough. There's work to be done. Follow me."

She strode off, and he made to walk after her. She turned her head and shouted:

"No, no, Smith! On your hands and knees, as befits a sissy slave."

Miserably, he crawled after her. It was by no means warm, the goose-bumps rose on his skin. It was alright for her, in her bloody fur coat.

In the house, she was brisk and businesslike. First she led him upstairs.

"Get those knickers off."

David peeled the tight panties off and stepped out of them. It was embarrassing to be nude before this attractive young woman, but it was better than standing before her clad in a pair of knickers.

"Toss them in the laundry basket. You can wash them later."

She pointed to a large wickerwork basket that stood to the side of a door.

He did as he was told. Wash them later? he thought. Oh, for heaven's sake...

She then led him through a room and into a small bathroom. There was a shower, sink, a cabinet, not much else.

She gestured to the shower stall.

"In."

David stepped in. She leaned in after him and put the water on full blast.

"Owwwww!"

It was freezing cold.

Ms Palmer stood, arms akimbo, laughing cruelly as he jiggled about under the freezing cold jet of water.

"Go on, give yourself a good scrub! That'll get you warmed up!"

David grabbed a washcloth and scrubbed.

"Wash your penis thoroughly, including behind the foreskin. Do a good job or I'll do it for you."

Gingerly, David began dabbing at his privates with the flannel.

“Give it a good scrub, I said! Or I will do it — with a toothbrush!” Ms Palmer ordered him.

David scrubbed more vigorously.

“Alright, enough.”

David stepped out and Ms Palmer tossed a towel at him. He dried himself quickly, shivering at first, but warming up.

“Now, let's get you frocked and locked, and then you can start on your chores.”

David stared at her.

“Sorry Mistress, I don't understand.”

“Frocked and locked, Petunia, frocked and locked. Locked in chastity, and put into a maid's frock.”

He stared at her. What had she called him? She laughed, seeing the expression on his face.

“Oh, did I not tell you? ‘David’ is no name for a *sissy slave*, is it now? So I thought up a nice new name for you: ‘Petunia Pinkpanties’. Do you like it? It seems appropriate. After all, you are wearing pink panties!”

“But I'm not.. I mean I can't.. M-mistress, I mean, I don't...!”

“Oh stop your babbling you scatter-brained sissy. It does not matter what you want or do not want. I am the Mistress of this house, and what I say goes!”

David was silent. It was just too much for him, cold, hungry, and still half-asleep as he was.

Ms Palmer snorted.

“At least I have got you out of my knickers, that's a start. I have something more appropriate for someone in your position.”

He hadn't wanted to wear the bloody things! He was on the point of protesting. But he held his peace and traipsed docilely after her back into the outer room.

He had a chance to get a proper look at it then. It was pretty small too, and bare. No window, for some reason. A big wardrobe took up a lot of space, a chest of drawers, a dressing table... and an old-fashioned camp bed, with a sheet and a blanket. Pretty bloody spartan, if you asked him — obviously not *her* bedroom...

Ms Palmer meanwhile had opened a cabinet, taken out a box, and opened it. Now she ordered David:

“Stand up on that chair.”

He did so, thus bringing his crotch high enough for Cathy to reach without bending. Cathy moved close. He felt the touch of cold metal. There was the sound of a screw being slowly tightening, and he felt the metal colder and tighter around his flaccid member. He made an involuntary sound.

“It's a good fit!” Cathy said smugly, patting his bottom a couple of times.

There was a click. His penis felt suddenly heavier.

“Step down. Take a look in the mirror. Do you know what that is you're wearing?”

“Well, I guess, it's a... some sort of chastity device?”

“That's right, Petunia. Clever girl! A chastity device. A very up-market and very secure chastity device. I've got the key here on my chain, you see? There is no getting out of it without that key. This is not a toy.”

She paused a moment, to let him digest that information.

“But Mistress, it's... it's very tight,” he complained.

“You'll get used to that,” Ms Palmer replied dismissively. “You need to understand, Pinkpanties, you are here to work, not masturbate! Now, come along, we haven't got all day, let's get you uniformed!”

She rummaged about in a chest of drawers, and produced — a bra! She tossed it at him.

“Get that on you!”

Shamefaced, David struggled with the unfamiliar garment.

“Fasten it at the front, then turn it round and pull it up!” his Mistress instructed him.

David did so. He found that it fit him quite well. The cups were padded just a bit — he now had a bosom!

“Now these!”

A matching pair of knickers was thrown at him. He caught them, put them on. Like the bra, they were a delicate shade of pink, trimmed with white lace.

“Look in the mirror!” said Ms Palmer lightly. She was smiling.

David looked.

There he stood, a bloke in bra and panties. Pink bra; pink panties. The chastity device made an unsightly bulge. He felt utterly ridiculous.

“Your frock will hide that,” said Ms Palmer, pointing to the bulge. And with that she produced

said frock and held it out to him.

“Here we are, your uniform!”

It was a very old-fashioned maid's uniform, black with white lace trim. With a deep sigh, he got the dress over his head and pulled it down. The uniform was a tight fit, especially about the shoulders. But the length! It did not even reach mid-thigh, and barely covered his pantied genitals and pantied bum. David felt very exposed, and instinctively pulled at the hem, as though that would make it lower.

“Oh stop fussing at your frock, you vain sissy you!” Ms Palmer said mockingly. “Now, an apron to stop your pretty frock from getting dirty!”

David got the apron over the — his! — dress, and briskly Ms Palmer tied the apron in the small of his back in a big bow.

“You shall have to learn how to tie this yourself, I am not your bloody lady's maid!” she said with a laugh.

“And now, to cap it all — a pretty cap to cover that too-short hair!”

A white lace cap was produced and David put it on his head. He felt utterly ridiculous. As no doubt he looked.

As though reading his mind, Ms Palmer took him by the shoulders and turned him to face the mirror again.

“There we are! Petunia Pinkpanties — sissy maid!”

David looked at his reflection. He looked like — he looked like a man in a frock, is what he looked like. But what a get-up! He looked like something off the telly, that old thing his parents used to watch, what was it called... ‘Upstairs, Downstairs’, that was it. He was dressed just like one of the young birds off of that... ‘in service’, they were...

Ms Palmer's brisk voice snapped him out of his reverie.

“So, you have two frocks,” she explained, “one on you and one in here” — she gestured to the wardrobe — “I want you in a fresh uniform every day. So every day you will have to wash, dry and iron next day's frock and cap and apron. You will wash them all by hand, of course. It is good washing and ironing practice for you, two very important skills for the modern sissy maid!”

She laughed.

“Now, you are going to have to curtsy when you report to me, and say ‘Yes, Mistress’. Do you think you can manage that?”

“Well Mistress, yes, I suppose...”

“No time like the present,” replied Cathy coldly. The ever-present whip flicked menacingly.

“Oh! I...”

David fumbled through a kind-of sort-of curtsy, and said, “Yes, Mistress.”

“And again.”

David did the same thing again.

“Oh that was rubbish! Try harder!”

Her hectoring voice urged him on and on and on.

“No, no, no! Incline your head, look submissively downwards; bend forward, *and* bend at the knees; hold the edges of your dress between thumb and forefinger; *don't* look up.”

“Right, that's a bit better.”

“Now, in that position it's ‘Yes, Mistress’, then straight up *without* making eye contact, and off you go to do whatever it is you were told to do.”

At last she seemed satisfied.

“You *will* make an effort to look like a maid, since you are dressed like one! Is that clear? Or does Miss Whippy here have to explain it to you?”

She swished that damned ever-present riding crop too and fro. Anxious to avoid a repetition of last night's two beatings, David bleated a pathetic ‘Yes, Mistress’ and hung his head.

“Do you like your new name, Petunia?”

David stared at her. She flicked the riding crop to and fro menacingly. David swallowed. Oh, how could he?

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Say it then. Tell me your name.”

“My... my name is.. is Petunia Pinkpanties, Mistress,” David stammered — and bobbed a curtsy for good measure!

“Yes, it is! So get used to it!”

Cathy laughed.

“Now, I am going back to bed, it is far too early for the Mistress of the house to be up. You have been given your first task.”

David looked blank.

“The basket of washing in the hall, you ditzzy dolly! Do it in your sink, then take it to the garden and hang it out to dry. I will ring when I want you.”

She nodded curtly — and waited.

“Oh, I...” stammered poor David, bobbed a passable curtsey, and remembered just in time his 'Yes, Mistress'.

And with that said Mistress was gone.

David — or should we say, ‘Petunia Pinkpanties’? — stood there in a state of shock. It was beyond anything he would ever have imagined. Here he was, held captive by a very dominant and demanding woman. Here he was, fully uniformed and about to start hand-washing his Mistress's undies!

TO BE CONTINUED

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