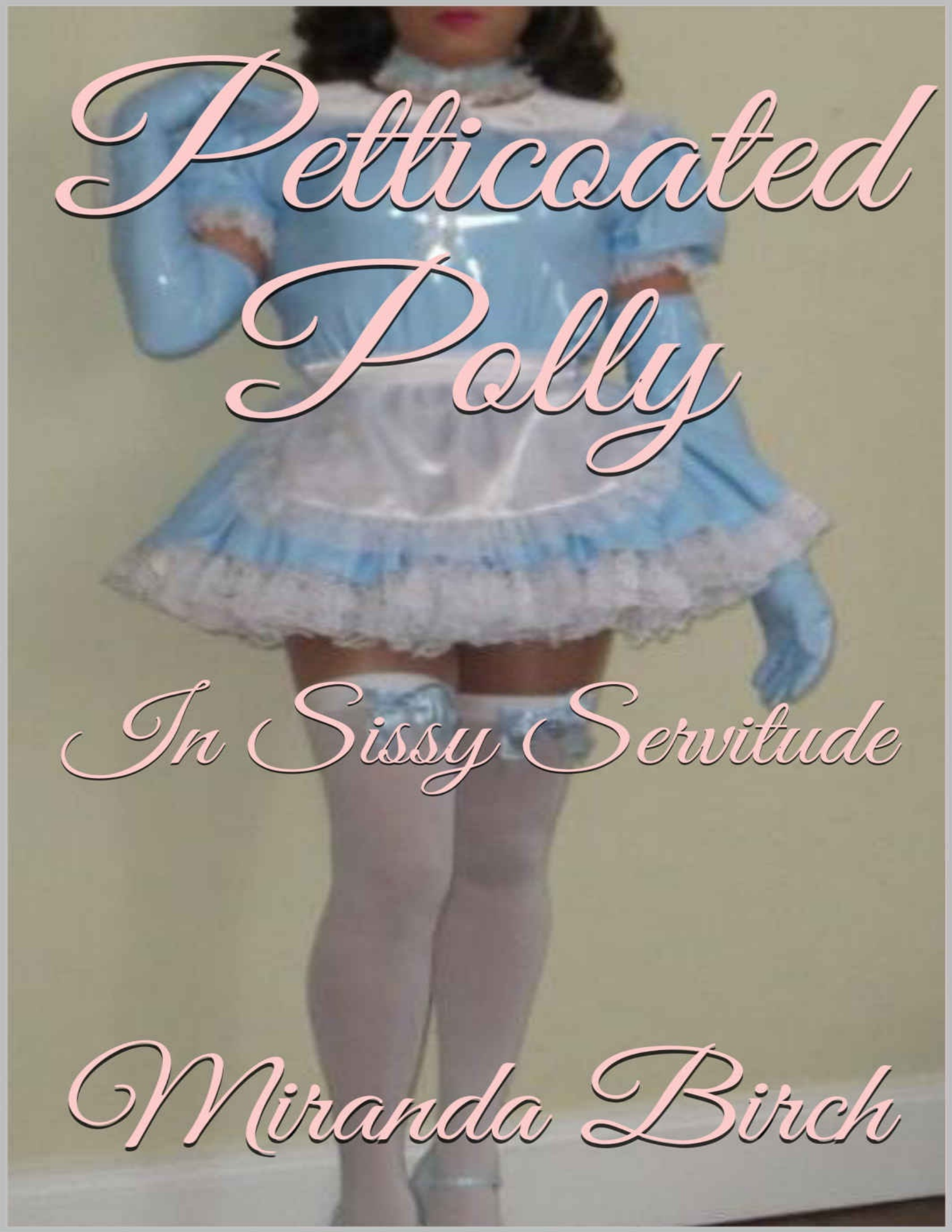


A person is shown from the waist down, wearing a light blue long-sleeved top with a white lace collar and a matching short skirt with a wide white lace hem. They are also wearing blue gloves and white thigh-high stockings with blue lace garters. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Pelticoated Polly

In Sissy Servitude

Miranda Birch

Petticoated Polly

In Sissy Servitude

By [Miranda Birch](#)

Copyright ©2019 Miranda Birch. All Rights Reserved.

An ‘old flame’ makes a chance reappearance in a man's life. He is eager to start where they left off. She is dubious. But they can get back together, she finally concedes — on certain conditions. A female-led relationship ensues, with Patrick transformed into Polly, a chaste, fully-uniformed housemaid! Carol's style of femdom is that of a “velvet domme” — but it is still very much female domination, and she is very much in charge!

[Sign up for the Miranda Birch Newsletter now and get a FREE BOOK!](#)

PAMPER WEEKEND

[REKINDLING AN OLD FLAME](#)

[CONDITIONS](#)

[GETTING STARTED](#)

[DIFFICULTIES](#)

[PROGRESS](#)

[THE NEW UNIFORM](#)

[FURTHER DOWN THE SPIRAL](#)

[A NICE LITTLE CHAT](#)

[A PERMANENT PREDICAMENT](#)

PAMPER WEEKEND

Carol Saunders sat up in bed and yawned. She looked at her bedside clock — just ten. At that moment a light knock sounded at the door. “Enter,” she called lazily. the door opened, and in came Polly with her breakfast, right on time.

She watched him (yes, reader, ‘him’) lazily, eyes sill half-closed, as he minced over to her bedside, moving very carefully so as to ensure that his frock did not ride up. To her gratification, she distinctly heard Polly's girdle creak as he bent stiffly over to place her breakfast tray on the bedside table. He straightened again, curtsied, took a few steps back, and stood at attention in the way she had taught him — head up, back straight, arms by his sides, the hem of his apron pinched at either side between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and held out to the side *exactly* six inches, feet together — waiting to be dismissed.

Carol ignored him as she drank her tea and ate her toast. But she watched him from the corner of her eye. When she saw his fingers nervously rubbing the edges of his hems, she called out “stop fidgeting, Polly!” and the movement of the fingers stopped.

Finishing her tea, she turned to look at him. She liked to check his uniform at random times throughout the day. For Polly was, as always, in full uniform. This morning, it being the weekend, he was in his special ‘display’ uniform. All his uniforms where frilly and skimpy and girly, but this one — well, let's describe it, shall we? It consisted of an ultra-short frock coloured a delicate shade of powder blue, and lavishly trimmed with white lace. The skirt reached not *quite* to mid-thigh, with three built-in layers of frilly lace petticoats beneath making it stand out at an angle. A pretty little white apron was tied about his pinched-in waist. Polly's arms were covered with satin elbow gloves of the same delicate blue as his frock. Under the frock, Polly wore nothing but a very tight girdle, starting just above his breastbone, where it was heavily under-boned so as to push the flesh of his chest, and so his nipples, up and out, giving him a sweet little bust; and ending below at the hips. His plucked eyebrows had been replaced by two bold streaks of the mascara pencil; his lips were an extravagant cupid's-bow executed in pale pink lipstick. White stockings were on his slender legs, with a pretty blue garter high up on his left thigh.

Carol *loved* the display uniform. She liked to think of it as her own design, though her dressmaker June had helped her with the technical details. It was not really practical for everyday wear, especially not with the risk of being seen outside such as when hanging the washing. So during the week Polly wore a slightly less revealing uniform — though goodness knows, skimpy and frilly enough! — but Carol insisted that Polly always wear the display uniform on the weekends. She loved the easy access it provided to his body. She liked to wander up as he stood at the sink washing her scanties, and casually grope under the skirt, fondling a bum cheek, stroking a thigh, or cupping a pair of very full and heavy, though now hairless, balls... or she would bring her hands round and stroke his nipples through the thin fabric of his frock. She had to be careful not do this too often, since it inevitably resulted in her needing relief from Polly's servile tongue. It was not unusual for Carol to enjoy half a dozen ‘quickies’ in the course of a single Saturday or Sunday; that in addition to the long, slow, leisurely love-making she enjoyed before going to sleep. For a quickie, she simply pulled her knickers down, not even bothering to wait for Polly to

do it for her, sprawled into an arm-chair or sofa, had Polly kneel before her, draped her big, shapely legs across his shoulders, and closed her eyes and surrendered herself to pure pleasure as he put his tongue busily to work. Oh, yes! Pamper weekends were heavenly!

“Clear those things away,” she said, yawning. “I am soo sleepy still, I think I shall stay in bed this morning. Wake me at eleven.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” Polly responded in a low, controlled voice. He had to be very careful not to show the slightest sign of sulkiness or discontent. He came forward, collected the breakfast tray, and minced carefully towards the door. Carol watched his bottom wiggling in the tight blue frock, and noticed with approval how careful he was to keep it from riding up. He had to be careful. It was just possible to keep ‘decent’, as Carol delighted in calling it, but it took constant care and attention. If he did not take that constant care, pay that constant attention, his owner's voice was sure to ring out in mocking reprimand: ‘tits, bits and bum, Polly!’ In the early days, when this outrageous costume was brand-new, those words had rang well-nigh constantly in his ears.

Alone again in her warm, comfortable bed, Carol was well satisfied that the work-week was over at last, and that she now had a nice long weekend to spend being pampered by Polly. She thought a pedicure and manicure were definitely in order, and a few nice all-body massages with scented oils. How lovely! Nowadays, *every* weekend was a pamper weekend!

Downstairs, Polly bustled about, trying to get as much done as possible before the Mistress of the house called him up to dress her. Because once she was up, he would — if past experience of the weekend was any guide — be dancing attendance on her willy-nilly, and it would be difficult indeed to fit everything else in.

At eleven o'clock precisely, Polly returned to Madame's bedroom to rouse her. She was already awake. “Quick shower first I think,” she remarked, still drowzy. Regally naked, she rose from the bed and walked regally naked to the bathroom. After a quick wash, she called Polly to dry her. Polly did so; then Polly dressed her.

She decided to have her manicure and pedicure done straight away, and then wait until the afternoon for her massage.

Through dint of much practice, Polly had become quite the beautician. He had to do his own as well, of course, though for her male maid Carol favoured a low-key, practical approach: nothing fancy, just varnish on fingernails and toenails to match his frock and lipstick. So now he carefully filed Madame's fingernails, then applied varnish; then did the same with her toenails. Carol reclined at her ease, watching him with utter contentment. The beauty treatment finished, she languidly dismissed her male maid to more of his never-ending chores, and picked up a book.

After some desultory reading in her latest e-book, Carol yawned and stretched and decided that she felt just right for a massage with scented oils, and then perhaps a short late afternoon nap before dinner. She rang for Polly, who appeared in a trice as if by magic, curtsied, and with a polite “Yes, Ma'am” placed himself at her disposal.

“My massage now,” she told him.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

And soon Carol was stretched out naked on her massage table, her big body gleaming with scented oil all over, writhing in ecstasy under her male maid's rubbing, stroking, kneading hands. They were not too hard, not too soft; they were just the way she liked.

Later, dinner was served by Polly in the dining room. While Madame dined, Polly stood attentively, waiting to serve. Carol considered herself a caring, even a loving, Mistress; but allowing Polly to dine with her she considered out of the question. He was after all a servant. No, Polly would take his meal in the kitchen, after clearing up after her.

After dinner, Madame reclined with a glass of wine in the living room to watch her favourite TV programme. And, as usual as the week-end, it was early to bed — accompanied by Polly.

That night, having spent over an hour pleasing his big strict owner with his mouth, and having been, as was now usual, denied any relief himself, he was allowed the privilege of spending the night in her bed. A treat he could by no means take for granted these days. Often he was dismissed when Madame preferred the bed to herself, and retired to the narrow cot crammed into the tiny spare room that now doubled as his dressing room and his bedroom. Exhausted after his long, long day, he would undress, clean his make-up off, put on his nightie, and would soon be fast asleep, recuperating to get ready for another long day of domestic drudgery.

Once upon a time, Polly had been Carol's boyfriend, Patrick: ten years her junior, skilled at pleasing her in bed but less than adequate in other areas. They had split up, got back together, split up again, tried again, split up again. And then one fateful day...

REKINDLING AN OLD FLAME

It all began quite by accident. Meeting again had been quite by accident, for that matter. But meet again they had.

She agreed to sit down and have a coffee and they chatted of this and that. It was almost like old times. The afternoon stretched out. Patrick would not leave until he absolutely had to. But Carol didn't bring the meeting to an end either. Inevitably, the talk drifted to relationships, and then to 'them'. Carol pointed out firmly that that was all past and gone.

"Yes, I know. But... you know you told me earlier about how you had moved on? Got into female-led relationships and... and that..."

"Mmmm?" Carol looked quizzical.

"Oh I wish we had tried that!" Patrick blurted out.

Carol looked non-committal.

"Can I ask you something?" he went on.

Carol nodded, made a non-committal "Mmmmm".

"Well," Patrick summoned up his courage , "I... would you be prepared to try that with me?"

"Oh, Patrick!" said Carol giving him one of her looks. "I thought this wasn't about getting back together?"

"Oh it really wasn't, it wasn't, really! It's just..."

"Mmmmmmm?"

"Well, you know, one thought led to another, and it is natural to think, you know, what if..."

"Don't you think it's a bit late in the day?"

"Yes, you're right I suppose. I'm sorry I brought it up. I've spoiled everything now. It would have been nice to have sat with you here, just to hear your voice, look at you..."

Carol said nothing. Patrick had nothing more to say. They sat together for a while. Then Carol reached out and took Patrick's hand.

"I make no commitment at all at this stage. But just listen, OK?"

He nodded.

"If — and right now I am not even considering it — but *if, if* I were, then you need to know that

a proper female-led relationship is just what it says on the box: *female-led*. The woman takes the lead in *everything*.”

She stopped, awaiting his response. It was immediately forthcoming.

“I know you put up with a lot from me in the past. I just want to say — well, if... you know... I would forget what I want, and think only about what you want.”

She nodded.

“As you can probably guess Patrick, since you I have got a bit more experience in the ways of ... well, I had a few kind-of sort-of submissive partners is what I am trying to say, if you get my drift. But none of them ever made me an offer like that. It was just play-acting for them.”

“It would not be play-acting for me. I would do anything*!” he said passionately.

“You would do anything, would you?” said Carol, her voice sceptical.

“Carol, maybe you don't believe but, yes, I would do anything to be with you.”

“Anything?”

“Yes, anything.”

“What about chastity?”

“Well, I ... what?”

“You said anything. Suppose I wanted to keep you in chastity?” Carol reiterated.

“I... yes, I would do it.”

“Hmmm... ”

Carol looked doubtful.

“Oh Carol really I would, just tell me to do it and I'll do it?”

“Hold your horses! No-one is telling anyone to do anything. We are just having a chat, that's all. OK?”

She took his hand and pressed it. He nodded again, too full to speak.

“What about ... hmm... have you ever ‘dressed’?”

“What?”

“‘Dressed’, you know — as a lady.”

“Well, er, no...”

“Never worn a maid's uniform?”

He laughed.

“Well no, of course not!”

“What if I asked you to?”

“Well, that...”

“Mmmmm?” she pressed inquiringly.

“Well, if you asked me too... well, yes, why not?”

Patrick swallowed hard.

“I... I'd do it to be with you.” he elaborated.

“So.... What about being in chastity *and* in a maid's uniform?” Carol followed on, with an ironic smile.

Patrick looked down and took a deep breath before replying. He was shaking.

“Yes.. yes, I would do that too.”

That gave Carol pause.

“Sounds like there's a lot you'd do — or say you'd do. Have you ever been in chastity? No you haven't have you?”

Patrick shook his head.

“You've never gone without it for long, I'll bet. How often do you masturbate?”

“What?” “You heard. Come on, tell me!”

“Well, you know...”

“No, I don't know, that's why I asked you.”

“Well, probably most days...”

He was bright red.

“Oh, are you embarrassed? Sorry!”

She paused, not looking at all sorry as she looked at him, her eyes glinting; then continued.

“Did you masturbate to my photos, you know, way back when?”

He looked up at her, then away; he didn't answer.

“Of course you did!” Carol continued. “Did you think I didn't know?”

“Yes, well... I suppose... it's obvious really, isn't it?”

“Yes it is. Don't be bashful. I am flattered.”

She glanced at her smartphone on the table.

“Oh, look, I've got to go. Patrick it was lovely seeing you again, really it was. We had some good times, we had some bad times. But you really should let it go.”

It was said kindly, and her eyes were gentle.

“Can I.. can I see you? I'd hate for this to be the last time. I know you didn't want pressure, I'm not pressing, but it would be nice. Just coffee or something...”

He was prepared for a flat refusal. It looked like that was what was coming. But it didn't. She gave him a curious, unreadable look.

“I'll call you.”

And then she stood up, kissed him quickly, and was off without a backward glance. He sat — she had declined his offer to walk her to her car — and watched her out of sight. His heart was still pounding with excitement.

Patrick's phone rang. With fast-beating heart he saw it was Carol.

“Patrick? Carol. I have a proposal for you.”

“Yes, that's great, we...”

“No, just listen please. Oh, and by the way, you speak when you're asked to in future, OK? Otherwise you keep quiet, listen and obey. Did you understand that?”

“Umm... yes...”

“Good, you did. So, my proposal is this. Full-on female-led relationship for two weeks, at my place. *If* that goes OK, then ... we'll see.”

Carol waited to see if he would talk without permission. He managed not to.

“What do you think? Yes or no?”

“Well, it's, ah...”

“Yes or no, please.”

“I... um... Yes. Yes.”

“Good. Be at my place at five on Friday. I hope you have the courage to come Patrick, I really do.”

(click)

CONDITIONS

He got to the house in good time. Carol was waiting for him. She looked please to see him as she led him inside and they sat down together. She was warm and friendly but her the look on her face was... different, somehow.

“Last chance to back out, Patrick?”

She said it playfully, and he answered in the same tone. She smiled, but grew more serious.

“Listen though, no seriously, you will be in my house as a full-time domestic. You won't have much free time... well, you won't really even have time off, period. It will be ‘24/7’, as they say. So, you are sure about this? It's a big commitment.”

“But... it is the only way, isn't it? I mean of even having a chance, for us?”

“Oh yes. The only way.”

“Then yes, I am sure.”

“Good!” she said brightly.

“Now, there are some conditions,” she continued. “It is important that you understand, Patrick, that none of these conditions is negotiable. We must agree on that before we start.”

“I... yes, I agree.”

“Good!” she said brightly.

“The first condition is chastity.”

“I don't mean all the time,” she hastened to reassure him, “of course we shall still have sex. But the rest of the time, you will be locked up. This is the only way we can make things work. Studies have shown that a male denied sexual release whenever he wants becomes far more attentive to the lady in his life.”

“Well, you have already admitted to masturbating, so we both know you do. But not any more you don't — well, unless I want you to...”

She let that thought tail off. No point in getting him scared. The vivid picture of him which had formed in her mind's eye — kneeling naked before her, stroking away, edging himself, waiting for permission to come — she dismissed and with some difficulty brought her attention back to the present.

“The second condition is wearing a uniform. A maid's uniform.”

She looked at him searchingly.

He nodded his head. He had known this was, coming after all, after their talk over coffee.

“Good! The third condition is, well, that you accept any other conditions that I chose to ask of you.”

Again he nodded.

“Good! Let's get started!”

GETTING STARTED

They went upstairs and into the bathroom.

“Take your clothes off.”

Patrick disrobed, and then made as though to take them off to hang them up.

“Oh, just leave them there,” she said briskly.

He dropped them awkwardly in a pile.

“Wash your penis thoroughly, including behind the foreskin. Do a good job or I'll do it for you,” she told him. “And believe you me, you do *not* want an ex-staff nurse scrubbing your willy!” she added in a jocular tone.

“Use cold water, please,” she corrected as she saw him adjust the temperature.

The cold water was very cold indeed; his penis shrivelled.

“Good, now dry it off.”

She opened a cabinet, took out a box, and opened it.

“Stand up on that stool.”

He did so, thus bringing his crotch high enough for Carol to reach without bending. Carol moved close. He felt the touch of cold metal. He looked down, but Carol's head was in the way. 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.

“There, there, nothing to worry about,” Carol said reassuringly, patting his bottom a couple of times, her hand lingering, fondling. Then 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?”

He looked. A heavy padlock depended from the base of a steel tube which was held his penis in its cold grip. It was not uncomfortable as such, but it was impossible not to be aware of its being there. He could feel it weighing his penis down.

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

“That's right, Patrick. Clever boy!” she said teasingly. “A chastity device. A very up-market and very secure chastity device. I've got the key here on my chain, you see?” She held up a thin chain which she was wearing about her neck. He saw the key. She let it drop back between her big breasts. “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.

“Now, come along, let's get into uniform!”

She gave his bottom a brisk smack and walked confidently out. A somewhat dumbfounded Patrick followed her into the bedroom.

The things were already laid out on the bed.

She held up a garment in pale pink, and handed it to him.

“Now, in order for you to be the right shape for your uniform, you will wear a girdle. Put this on, please.”

She showed how it went on as he fumbled with it. It was very tight, and he wriggled, trying to loosen it up a bit.

The panty-girdle squeezed and molded his torso from just below his chest to just above his crotch.

“It's very tight,” he complained.

“Yes, the girdle *is* rather tight, but it is an integral part of your uniform. And you'll get used to it.”

“Now here we are, your uniform frock. A bit plain I'm afraid, but that can't be helped. It should more or less fit you.”

It was a regulation navy-blue nurse's uniform. He got the dress over his head and pulled it down. This uniform too was a tight fit, especially about the shoulders, although the girdle did help a bit to mold his figure to the shape of the dress. But the length! It did not even reach mid-thigh, and barely covered his genitals and bottom. Patrick felt very exposed, and instinctively pulled at the hem, as though that would make it lower.

Carol noticed, and felt a thrill of delight. He *did* feel exposed in it! Oh goodie!

“I took the hem up a bit,” she said out loud, reassuringly. “Probably a bit too much, but never mind, it looks fine.”

Not giving him time to consider how very far from fine the skimpy frock looked, she moved on to the next item.

“Now, a head-scarf to cover that oh-so-short hair.”

A head-scarf was duly produced. Patrick put it on his head. Carol tutted impatiently, took hold of it, put it on the right way and tied a neat knot to hold it in place. It covered up his hair completely.

“Now, shoes.”

The shoes looked practical enough, except they had a narrow two-inch heel. They pinched his feet.

“Walk up and down.”

She smiled at his clumsy attempts to move in the heels.

“You really *have* never ‘dressed’ before, have you?” Carol said laughingly.

“No, of course not! Why would you think I had?”

“Oh, no reason,” said Carol, laughing the question off. “Anyway, you look very sweet. You have no reason to be embarrassed. It's just here with me. isn't it?”

“Come, look in the mirror.”

Patrick's heart sank as he looked at himself.

Carol, seeing this, moved briskly along, giving him no time to reflect.

“Now, you have two of everything — two panty-girdles, frocks, two head-scarves, two pairs of shoes. I want you in a fresh uniform every day. So every day you will have to wash, dry and iron yesterday's girdle, frock and scarf so that they are ready for next day. Wash them by hand, please. It will be good washing and ironing practice for you — two very important skills in your new life!”

She smiled condescendingly.

“Now, a new name to match your new look... yes, in future you will answer to Polly when in in uniform. OK?”

“Hello! Polly! I asked you a question...” Carol prompted in a song-song voice when Patrick said nothing.

“I... well... yes... yes, Ma'am.”

“Good!” Again her voice dripped with condescension.

“Oh, yes, nearly forgot to tell you. You are going to have to curtsy when you report to me and every time I give you an instruction. That's as well as saying ‘Yes, Ma'am', of course. Do you think you can do that for me?”

“Well, yes, I suppose..., er, Ma'am.”

“No time like the present,” replied Carol, and looked quizzically at him, waiting.

“Oh! I...”

Patrick fumbled through a kind-of sort-of curtsy, and said, “Yes, Ma'am.”

“Come downstairs.”

Carol turned on her heel and Patrick walked awkwardly after her, the heels giving him a swinging, mincing gait. She set him to sweeping the kitchen floor, then scrubbing it, the old-fashioned way, with a bucket and cloth, on hands and knees. She watched and made sure he did every inch. Then, she took him upstairs to bed, where his hands and mouth eagerly explored her ample flesh — just like in the old days.

And so it all began.

DIFFICULTIES

Patrick had thought 'a bit of housework' would not be such a big deal. But it soon transpired that Patrick's days were very full indeed. Carol found no end of things for him to do around the house.

Inevitably, with Carol out of the house most of the day at work, Patrick's attention to little things began to slip. He soon got fed up of wearing that blessed uniform the whole time, so no sooner had he curtsied to Carol in the hallway and seen her off to work, then he rushed upstairs and got out of it. He found the CB-6000 easy to get around, too.

So before long he was doing the bare minimum, just enough to make it look convincing. For the rest, he was back to his bad old ways.

Carol found out, of course, as she was bound to. One evening, he was summoned for a dressing-down, one of those interminable lectures which Carol liked to use and which Patrick so hated.

"We agreed about the uniform, didn't we? We decided it would help with your aggression, didn't we?"

"Yes..."

"But you have not always been wearing it when you should, have you?"

Patrick bridled. What business was that of hers? He wore it when she was around, didn't he?

"What makes you say that?" he responded defensively.

"Look," she said, trying her best to be patient with him, "you know how I hate quarrelling. So let's not do that. Just tell me. Have you been taking your uniform off while I am not here?"

She nodded somberly.

"I thought as much."

She sighed.

"Well, that won't do, will it? The agreement was you would wear the uniform until I said otherwise. That doesn't mean taking it off the second I turn my back!"

Patrick looked sulky.

"Yes, I know, but..."

"There are no 'buts', Polly," she interrupted briskly. "I thought we agreed that you would wear the uniform I chose for you? "

“Well, yes, we did, but..”

“Ah-ah-ah!” she interrupted again, with a trace of crossness this time. “There is no ‘but’! We agreed, and that's that. Anyway, you *will* be in uniform from now on, because all those other clothes have been confiscated.”

She held up her hand for silence. She hardly needed to: Patrick was too shocked to speak, and his open mouth was merely evidence of this.

“You will get them back when I am good and ready. And in particular, when I know I can trust you only to wear them when I give permission. Until then, you will wear what I have given you to wear, and nothing else.”

In fact, they had already been given to the charity shop in town. The nice lady at the counter had been delighted with them. And somewhat surprised at the amount. She had made up some cock-and-bull story on the spur of the moment, about an older brother or some-such, she hardly knew what she was saying. It was quite a drastic step, but she felt she had to go through with it.

“Now, I am glad we had this little talk, and I am glad we could get our difficulties sorted out,” she said complacently. And dismissed her uniformed domestic servant.

PROGRESS

So now Patrick found himself in maid's uniform and in chastity, both for real, and both 24/7 — just as Carol had warned him they would be, scant weeks ago. It was difficult to adjust too — but the next bombshell was to come all too soon.

“We have a number of things to talk about.”

“I think we have made some good progress in establishing a female-led relationship, but there are still areas I feel need some work.”

“Firstly, I don't think I want you using my name willy-nilly. In fact, when in uniform you should address me as Ma'am. It is more appropriate to your position as a uniformed maid-servant.”

She looked at him as if waiting for something.

“So... let's try that, shall we?” she said patiently.

“I... er....yes... yes, Ma'am.”

She smiled warmly. “Good! You see, that wasn't so difficult, was it?”

She looked at him quizzically. He then realised it was not a rhetorical question.

“Oh! Er, no Ma'am.”

“Secondly,” she went on, ticking off the points on her fingers as she itemised them, “there is the matter of curtsying. You do it now and again, but really that is not enough. So, from now on: when you enter my presence, you should curtsy; when you leave my presence, you should curtsy; and when you acknowledge a request, you should curtsy. Do you think you can do that?”

Carol always referred to her orders as requests. She always asked, never told; and always said please. But they were orders, for all that. Orders that had to be obeyed.

“I... well... yes, I suppose so... er, Ma'am.”

She looked at him expectantly.

“Well?” she said, “no time like the present, is there?”

Patrick stared open-mouthed for a second, then recollected himself and executed a little bob that could loosely be interpreted as a curtsy.

Carol smiled tolerantly.

“Oh dear me!” she said, and gave a little laugh. “You will have to do better than that!” Another

laugh. "We shall have to add curtsy practice to your list of chores, won't we?"

Silence.

"I said, we shall have to add curtsy practice to your list of chores, won't we?" she reiterated, slowly and distinctly, and looked at him.

"I... yes, Ma'am," he replied faintly.

Sure enough, a half-hour of 'curtsy practice' was added to the duty roster which Carol had pinned up on the cork board in the kitchen. To be done whenever he could find the time. Which was not easy. Sometimes Carol summoned him for half an hour in front of the mirror with her looking on, offering lots of advice, and copious commentary. Other times he had to take care of it himself. But it had to be done every day. And to be honest, his curtsies had soon improved beyond recognition, as had his general deportment.

Carol continued step by step, adding this, adding that. One instance will stand for many.

One day Carol paused in the utility room and watched Polly busily filling the washing machine.

"Oh, by the way, Polly, I am selling that old thing. The man is coming tomorrow to pick it up. I want everything hand-washed in future."

"I.. yes.. OK."

"What am I, the cat's mother?"

She was quite cross, he saw. Then he remembered.

"Oh! No, er... no, Ma'am, sorry Ma'am."

Carol nodded.

"Don't forget it in future, please."

"I won't Ma'am."

Patrick sighed, but Carol let it go.

"You might as well get used to hand-washing, now, hmmm? You still have a few hours before bed."

He started to answer back, but something about the look on her face told him it would be futile. Resignedly he took the items already in the machine out, put them back in the basket, and set about filling the sink...

THE NEW UNIFORM

When beginning to lead Patrick down the garden path she had mapped out for him (did he but know!), Carol 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. Patrick had perhaps the intention of persuading her to ease up, by showing his love and devotion to her; but it had the opposite effect. After all, Carol 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 town that she used occasionally. She was very expensive, but very good; and she happened to have heard, quite by chance, that she had a sideline in making maid's uniforms — maid's uniforms for men! She rang up, and arranged an appointment.

Carol and Jane sat together in the latter's shop, discussing Carol's requirements.

“What have you got him in at the moment, then?”

“Oh, just an old nurse's uniform of mine, taken in a bit of course — well, a lot!” Carol amended with a laugh. June joined in; they were both big girls.

“And how is he taking that?”

“Oh, quite well,” said Carol breezily. “Of course, it's just that old frock and a head-scarf — for now.”

“Ah!” June said significantly, catching the significance of the ‘for now’.

Carol smiled.

“Yes, time to turn the screw a little more, think,” she elaborated. “Get him into something really *frilly!*”

June nodded.

They then spent almost the whole day working out exactly what it was that Carol wanted. Sketch after sketch was made and discarded while they searched for something just right. At last, they hit upon it.

“Yes this is more promising. I love those frills and flounces. But I want the frock to come only down to here,” Carol had said, sketching a quick line across yet another of June'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.”

“No undies?”

Carol shook her head.

“None at all. Well, a panty-girdle to mould his figure, but that will be specially cut to leave ‘tits, bits and bum’ *fully* exposed.”

June giggled.

“‘Tits, bits and bum’, she repeated. Oh, I love it!”

Carol laughed proudly.

June 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!”

Carol nodded vigorously in her turn.

“That's it **exactly!*” she enthused. “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 *made* to wear! I mean, the skimpier it is, the more it shows that he there is a man under all those frills.”

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

“And from now on, he will *never* wear anything else!” she declared in a flash of insight.

“You read my mind!” Carol cackled. Then, brisk and businesslike: “I'll take two to start, then he can wear one while the other's in the wash.”

“Splendid. This Thursday good for you?”

“So soon?”

June had smiled.

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

And then they finished the bottle together.

That Thursday, Carol made a trip to town to pick up the new uniforms. Sat at home, she opened up the parcels, and marvelled at what she saw. As agreed, June had quite deliberately set out to

design something as outrageously, over-the-top, exaggeratedly feminine as she possibly could! Patrick *would* look like a man in it, to be sure; but a ridiculously sissified man. Carol gloated over it.

Seated at her desk, she summoned her male maid to her. Nervously, he curtsayed and intoned, “Yes, Ma'am?”

Carol pretended to busy herself with something on the computer. Being kept waiting was something Polly would have to get used to. At last she turned to him.

“Now Polly, it is time for you to take another step forward in your new life,” Carol said seriously.

Patrick's heart sank. Oh God! What had she planned for him now?

“Get out of that old dress, please.”

After a moment's hesitation, he struggled out of the tight, short frock.

“Now throw it in the bin. You will not need it again. Oh, and the headscarf too.”

Numbly, Patrick complied. He then began to fumble at the girdle, relieved that he would soon be rid of it. Oh, and maybe, just maybe, this cross-dressing lark was going to end! But that hope was soon dashed.

“No, the girdle can stay on.”

With undisguised glee, Carol then took the uniform from the parcel lying open on her desk.

“This is your new uniform. I had it made for you.”

She held it up for him to see. The look on his face made her day.

“Put it on, please, Polly.”

He hesitated.

“Put it on *now*,” she said, more firmly but still perfectly calm and relaxed.

Patrick struggled into it. It was an even tighter fit than the old one, and ... and it was scarcely there at all! It barely covered him. he instinctively pulled the hem down, but that left his nipples exposed. He fussed at the frock, trying to get it to cover more of him somehow, for all the world like a flustered female.

Carol grinned. Just as she had anticipated!

“Now, the wig.”

The wig was blonde, and long. It was tied in two pig-tails with pink bows to match the frock.

“Same shoes for now, I think. Stilettos would be nice,” she sighed, “but I don't want you towering over me, you are tall enough as it is!”

Then she took his elbow.

“Come and have a look!”

She lead him to the full-length mirror in the hall. Patrick was aghast at what he saw. It was even worse than he had expected. Seeing the dress, and feeling how it fit — or rather, didn't fit — was as nothing to actually seeing it on him.

“But Ma'am, I... I cannot wear this!”

“Oh, Polly!” Carol exclaimed with hurt in her eyes. “I am so disappointed! I thought we had been through all this!”

Then she gave a exasperated sigh. “Come on!” she said imperiously, and walked back to her desk, where she sat and regarded her sissified man-maid as he stood before her in his ridiculous new uniform.

“So what's all this then?”

“Look, Ma'am, it's ... it's too much. We have gone too far.”

In reply, Carol just laughed, not even bothering to pretend to take his objection seriously. Patrick was stung by this to attempt some sort of opposition.

“But... look this... I'm not a sissy, I'm not!”

“No Polly, you certainly are not,” retorted Carol. “You are *not* a sissy.”

She paused, and he waited, puzzled. *That* had taken him off-guard!

“So...”

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

She held up a hand.

“Thank you. Now, as I was saying, you are certainly not a sissy...” She tailed off, as though daring him to ‘interrupt’. He remained silent, and she continued, “...which is why I will *not* allow you in future to wear anything but the most way-out, sissiest, girliest costumes! What you have on now is only the beginning! There will be many, many other frocks like it, and way beyond it, and they will be what you will wear in future. And nothing else!”

She laughed again.

“But that doesn't... I mean, I thought...”

“Yes, I think I know what you thought. But just so we are clear, I will repeat what I said at the very beginning. Do you remember? *This* is one of the conditions of the life I have chosen for us. It is not up for debate.”

“But...”

Carol decided to rub it in — all the way in.

“You must grasp, Polly, that such things as pride and dignity are simply no longer appropriate for you. Humility, submission, obedience, these are the trait we will work together to develop in you. And what better way than by having you shamed and humiliated in such ridiculous outfits?”

She stopped to laugh again.

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

She dissolved in helpless laughter until her eyes watered.

“But, please Carol, please, I really don't like wearing this stuff!”

In his urgency he had forgotten the correct form of address. Carol decided to overlook it, preferring to rub his nose even further into his sissified subjection.

“You are not *supposed* to like your uniforms, darling!” she said with unbearable smugness, as though talking to a backward child. “Helen and I put a lot of thought into to ensuring that you would not! That they would turn you into a ridiculously exaggerated caricature of femininity! 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? I didn't tell you this at the beginning, because you would have kicked up such a fuss. but now...” she shrugged.

She was taunting him openly now, secure in the knowledge of her power over him.

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

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.”

His eyes filled. He was fast losing control,

“Now, Polly, no tears please,” she said warningly. She waited until he looked more composed; then moved in for the kill.

“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!”

“Oh, yes,” she added, noting with satisfaction his look of disbelief, “that day *is* coming, and

there is nothing you can do about it.”

“When I parade you in front of selected friends —” she paused to relish the look of shock on his face, “— oh, yes, that day will come! — I want to see your cheeks burn *crimson* with shame and humiliation, I want to see you fighting to hold back your tears! In fact, I rather hope you do cry, it will add spice to it!” she laughed gaily. “Oh, darling, I am afraid there will be tears of shame and humiliation aplenty in your future.”

“Perhaps I should invite Emma from next door round right now, hmm?” she taunted.

Polly hung his head and said nothing. He could find no way out.

“You will now curtsy.”

He did so.

“You will now thank me for your lovely new frock.”

He did so.

“Dismissed.”

And he curtsied again and scurried off. There were, after all, so many, many chores to do...

FURTHER DOWN THE SPIRAL

Carol sat at her desk. Patrick — or rather, let's face it, Polly! — stood before her.

“You will need to stand properly when in my presence, Polly!” said Carol, not raising her voice but speaking calmly and firmly.

“Back straight — good; arms down by your sides — yes; take the hem of your frock between your thumb and forefinger — that's right — and lift it three inches out from your thighs — that's nearer two — yes, well, it'll do for now.”

She opened a desk drawer, reached in, and a thick ring-bond binder crammed with A4 pages thumped heavily onto her desk.

“This is your maid's etiquette rule-book,” said Carol. “I want you to spend some time learning them. Yes, I know it's quite big, but every single rule in there must be followed, without exception, so it is important! Every free moment you have over the next few days should be spent studying it. When I feel you have had enough time to memorise it all, I will take it away.”

“But...”

“No ‘buts’, Polly,” Carol interrupted. “You wanted a female-led relationship, remember? Well, that is what you have. A female-led relationship, led by me. And now I am telling you — not asking you — to familiarise yourself with all these rules.”

Polly had no answer to give. He *had* asked her for a female-led relationship. But not for this!

Carol pressed on.

“Now, I want a nice pretty curtsy, and a nice polite ‘thank you’ for helping you with your etiquette — and then you can spend this evening studying your lovely new book!”

She ended on a insincere, gushing note.

Polly curtsied. And Polly thanked her. Then he took the binder and pulled up a chair.

“No, no sitting,” Carol said chidingly. “Go and stand before the mirror, and read it there. If you get tired standing, you have my permission to kneel. Now, I am going to watch ‘Strictly Come Dancing’. I shall ring in I need you.”

And without waiting for an answer, she sashayed off.

And so Polly's new life continued to took shape. And Carol continued to press, and press. Again, one instance will stand for many. One evening, Polly was summoned to Yet Another Lecture, and the following exchange took place:

“Now, Polly, as you know you are very lucky to have this position here with me...”

She paused briefly.

“...Aren't you?” she continued, her gimlet eyes boring in to him.

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said softly.

She nodded with a condescending smile.

“Good. In future, I will expect to be thanked at least once a day for all I have done for you.”

Polly bobbed a quick curtsy to cover his confusion.

“I... ah... I mean, yes, yes Ma'am,” he stammered.

“You might say, for example, ‘thank you for turning me into a humble and obedient sissy maid, Ma’am’.”

She waited.

“Well then, try it.”

“Thank you for turning me into a humble and obedient sissy maid, Ma'am'.”

“You're welcome, Polly!” she laughed gaily. “Of course, you won't be able to use that one. You will have to think of something original.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“*Every day*, Polly.”

Her smile was mocking.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Thanked spontaneously, and sincerely.” she added.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Yes, Ma'am, yes, Ma'am, three bags full Ma'am,” she repeated mockingly. “Very well, Polly Parrot, back to your chores.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Polly bobbed a most respectful curtsy and scurried away.

A NICE LITTLE CHAT

It was a Saturday afternoon, a few weeks later. A few weeks of frequent screw-turning later, of pushing Polly's boundaries, of passing Polly's limits. And Carol had kept the promise on the day she had presented Polly with his new uniform. She had invited a friend round. And now poor Polly was indeed to be paraded in front of her in all his frilly finery. Carol chose June, the dressmaker, with whom she had become quite friendly over the course of their design sessions. After the display uniform, she knew June had become most curious about what was going on. Well, now she could see for herself!

She had been telling June about their difficulties in the old days.

"But I don't have much trouble with him these days, not now that he's frocked and locked!" she commented brightly.

"Frocked and..."

June knew about the frocks of course, she had designed and made them after all; but 'locked'?

"Frocked and locked!" Carol reiterated, and explained: "I have a chastity device locked on his penis —" she held up the key which rested on a chain between her heavy breasts "— and he has nothing to wear except frocks.

Carol grinned, and rang a bell. And scant seconds later — he had been told to wait to be rung for — in minced Polly.

"Gosh!", tittered June, "it really doesn't cover much, does it?"

"Well you should know, you made it!" laughed Carol.

"This is the lady who designed all of your lovely uniforms, Polly!" she gushed at Polly.

None of Polly's many frocks were very substantial, but this one pushed the limits. It was scarcely there at all, more like a skimpy nightie than a proper dress. Carol had gone well overboard in making up his face, and there were ribbons and bows everywhere — in his hair, on his wrists, on his thighs, round his ankles — which rather drew attention to the skimpiness of the blue frock than concealed it. His feet were crammed into a pair of white shoes with a two-inch heel. His lips were painted in a shocking pink cupid's bow, and his cheeks bore bold circles of the same colour. His plucked eyebrows had been covered over with elaborate curlicules in purple. His blonde wig — Carol would dearly have liked to have him grow his own hair long, but it simply didn't — was in pigtails.

"Yes," laughed Carol, all 'tits, bits and bum' isn't he? Such a saucy show-off!"

Then she asked:

"Something to drink, June?"

“Oh, just a G&T, I think.”

“Fix June a drink, Polly. I'll have one too.”

“So he's... well... completely feminised?” June continued with her enquiries.

“Not quite,” Carol qualified. “I want a man in bed, so he strips completely off for that, gets the gunk off his face and so on. But yes, with that one exception, Polly is always fully uniformed!” “And when I saw fully uniformed, I mean done up just like this,” Carol reiterated with emphasis. “This I do not have him doll up specially for this evening, this is his normal ‘look’. You see there now in all his finery? That exactly how he looks every day.”

She paused to let that sink in. They looked over at Polly, fussing about at the drinks tray, fixing them both G&Ts.

“Originally I just had him in an old nurse's uniform and a head-scarf — I think I told you. The uniform was one of my old ones so it was a bit short but otherwise it fitted him well enough after a few adjustments. that was as far as I had intended to go, but” a dreamy look came over her face, “something made me decide to go further, really push the envelope, you know? And oh am I glad I did!”

She smiled with profound self-satisfaction, and looked over at her sissy-maid, who was bending to replace a bottle on the shelf under the drinks table — with the inevitable result that the dress rode up at the back, partly exposing a pale bare bum and a pair of hairless ‘plums’. Carol chuckled, then called over “‘Tits, bits and bum’, Polly!” in a loud, sing-song voice. As soon as the sissy maid had finished pouring he made hurried efforts to put his frock right. With care, he could — just — get his chastised shaven genitals, his bare bottom, and his ringed nipples covered all at the same time. But as soon as he made more than the most slow and careful of movements, inevitably at least one popped into view. He teetered carefully over, laden drinks tray balanced before him.

They laughed together as Polly served their drinks, his face crimson.

“Anyway, cheers!”

They raised their glasses to each other, then both watched the sissy maid walk carefully back to the drinks trolley, carrying the drinks tray in one hand, the other fussing about continually readjusting the frilly pale blue frock.

“Would you like to see what he looks like, underneath?” Carol enquired, an impish grin on her plump face.

“Underneath?”

“Yes, you know, *without* all the frilly finery.”

Without waiting for an answer, Carol summoned her sissy maid by her favourite method, something she had seen on TV. 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 looked for all the world like some 19th-Century grand dame summoning the lowest of the scullery maids. Polly minced over at once. When he reached them, he curtsied and stood waiting for an order.

“Strip off, Polly,” Carol said flatly.

“Oh no, don't...” interjected June, seeing the look of utter dismay on Polly's face.

“Oh that's alright,” Carol said dismissively. “Modesty and dignity are things of the past for my Polly!”

She looked hard at the trembling sissified wretch, who reached to the hem of his dress and raised it. Off came the dress, revealing a very tight pink girdle.

“Yes, girdle too, Polly.”

The male maid struggled out of this with some difficulty, and stood naked before them.

She pointed to a spot before them. Polly stood at attention there, everything on display: the rouged nipples, through each a little silver ring (another little change Carol had insisted on during one of her lectures some while back); The chastised penis, with a pretty pale blue ribbon tied in a bow around the exposed head which jutted forth from its narrow steel prison (a nice little touch Carol had decided upon specially for June's visit); the hairless body (fully shaven from head to toe now as a matter of course).

June of course wanted to know about the chastity device.

“I find men so much more controllable when they are denied sexual release,” Carol explained, “so I keep Polly in total chastity. 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.”

“So... well... gosh... I don't think I could go without — I mean, not completely...”

“Oh no, *I* don't go without! On the contrary, we have a marvellous sex life. Polly makes love to me for hours, morning noon and night. It is just that instead of his penis he uses his hands, and his lips, and his tongue — especially his tongue!”

She turned to Polly.

“Put your uniform back on, Polly.”

Polly struggled back into the tight panty-girdle, the tight dress, the Carol beckoned him over. She put a hand up his skirt and squeezed a bum-cheek.

“Thank you for being a good little man-maid for me this afternoon, Polly!” she said warmly.

“Now, you have chores to do I expect?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

She nodded curtly, suddenly full of matronly authority — showing off in front of June, in fact.

“You may return to them.”

“Yes, Ma'am, Thank you Ma'am.”

And, with a low and humble curtsy, out he minced.

A PERMANENT PREDICAMENT

After June had gone, Carol decided it was time for another little chat. There was no scolding this time, just teasing.

“Oh dear me, Polly,” exclaimed Carol, totally unmoved by the evident misery on her male maid's face. The tears shining in *her* eyes were those of laughter. “Oh dear me,” she repeated; “you *have* got yourself into a predicament, haven't you?” It was a rhetorical question, so she did not chide Polly for not answering. She licked her lips. And then enjoyed rubbed it in some more. “A permanent predicament,” she said more quietly. He was sobbing now. She felt a rush of pity for him. She liked reducing him to this. To a sobbing sissified wretch who could be comforted in her favourite way.

She undid the buttons on the front of her dress, and extracted one heavy breast from her low-cut, lacey bra.

“come here, Polly,” she said, gesturing to the place on the sofa beside her. Polly sank helplessly down, and allowed his head to be guided to the breast. Greedily his mouth sought his owner's already-erect nipple, and greedily he began to suck. Carol gave a deep sigh of contentment.

Oh God yes!, she thought. Comforting a sobbing sissy by suckling him — life doesn't get any better than this! She stroked Polly's hair softly, full of quasi-maternal tenderness. As it always did, suckling Polly was getting her very excited, just as showing him off to June had excited her. Soon Polly's skilled tongue would be put to work between her heavy thighs...

And so was created the Polly we met at the beginning of this book! Lucky Carol, that's for sure! And Polly? Well... can really say? After all, if he really didn't like it, he could just leave — couldn't he?

THE END

[Sign up for the Miranda Birch Newsletter now and get a FREE BOOK!](#)

This book's code is: ghbfGDnFsK

Thank you for buying and reading this story by me, [Miranda Birch](#). If you liked it, please consider writing a review. If you found fault, please let me know. I welcome constructive criticism. To leave a comment, or simply to find out more about my work, go to my homepage: <https://mirandabirch.wordpress.com/>.

There is also a mailing list, <https://mirandabirch.wordpress.com/mailling-list/>, which will keep you informed of new publications, special offers, and what have you. **FREE BOOK** when you sign up!

Finally, if you enjoyed this story, you might like to try some of my others: my Amazon Author page <http://www.amazon.com/Miranda-Birch/e/B01E0YCDUG> lists them all.