

A person is standing in a kitchen, wearing a white lace maid dress with a black collar and cuffs. They are holding a small object in their hands. In the background, there is a washing machine, a sink, and a window with blinds. A bottle is on the floor next to the person.

Miranda Birch

*The
Sissy
Trap*

A Maid is Made

The Sissy Trap

A Maid is Made

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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A young man takes every chance he can get to look at his attractive neighbour's pretty lingerie. But his neighbour discovers his fascination with her scanties, and decides to use it to trap him into sissy servitude! Before long, he will not be ogling this dominant woman's pretty pink panties, he will be hand-washing them — while wearing satin and silk himself! And that will be just one of his many, many duties as her fully-uniformed, full-time, sissy maid-servant!

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SISSY NOTICED

A warm breeze was blowing as Charlotte carried her laundry basket into the garden. It was a beautiful Spring day, with scattered white clouds scudding across a bright blue sky. Her big back garden was perfect for hanging her freshly washed clothes out to dry. She had plenty of room, the more so as she lived on her own. Her house was in a nice area outside town: a quiet suburb.

Hanging the washing was a routine chore, but one she quite enjoyed doing. Lately, though, something had been... well, a bit 'off'. She had been having the strangest feelings while pegging the items of her laundry to the line. Or to be precise, some sorts of laundry. For instance, lingerie brought the feeling; but skirts and blouses didn't. And so it was today. While she was hanging up some of her frillies — delicate lace knickers, skimpy panties, lacy petticoats — Charlotte had the same feeling again: the distinct feeling that she was being watched.

The first time it had happened, she had thought nothing of it, that she was just being silly. But as the feeling recurred, she had taken to stopping and looking around. But no-one was ever there. Well of course not! But today, once more unable to resist the impulse she glanced over her right shoulder — and this time she did see something! There! Just a glimpse — a glimpse of somebody's head quickly dodging down under the top of the hedge separating her property from the house next door!

She gasped and turned her head back quickly. Just act normal, she told herself. Trembling slightly, she finished hanging up her delicates and made her way back into the house.

Climbing up the stairs, she stood behind the net curtains at the window overlooking the garden. From here, she had a perfect view into the neighbouring garden. She looked out, and pondered. A man had recently moved in there, come to think of it. From what she could tell, it seemed that he lived alone. She hadn't really had the chance to properly meet him yet, but had simply seen him a few times in passing. Well! It must have been him. Who else could it have been? Burglars? In the middle of the day? Hardly!

So she stood there on watch behind the lace curtains, waiting to see if she could catch another glimpse of him. Just as she was about to give up and carry on with her day, she heard the distant sound of a door opening. And there — look! A young man walked nervously out into next door's garden, looking around as he took each step. She figured he was in his mid to late twenties, tall and slender, and handsome in a delicate sort of way. He slowly made his way back over to the fence, looking over his shoulders as he was being watched from above.

Once he made it to the fence, he shakily stood on his toes to peek over. Charlotte could see that he was looking right at her lingerie as it hung there swaying gently in the breeze. But why on Earth would a chap do such a thing?

She stood there at the window, watching him as he watched her scanties. My, it was if he was enthralled. He could not take his eyes off them. And then, all of a sudden a thought ran unbidden through her mind. If he liked them so much — why not have him *wear* them? Ooohh, yes, he was just the right build too. What if she could get him to wear a pair of her panties, or even one of her satin petticoats? Mmmm... she could just picture him all dolled up for her. That would be wonderful!

She started getting very excited just thinking about it. While watching her prey looking at her delicates, she put a hand under her skirt and pushed her satin panties aside. She was thinking of this helpless young man helplessly trapped in panties and petticoats while doing her laundry. Then she was envisaging him in a very pretty maid's uniform — Maybe a nice pretty *pink* one? She looked at the poor lad and continued to picture him in that full attire, locked and ready to serve her; curtsying, on his hands and knees scrubbing her kitchen floor, standing before her for 'uniform inspection'... her fingers moved quicker and quicker, faster and faster, and then oh! she burst into one of the best orgasms she had ever had.

She slumped into a chair and tried to recover herself. Her mind continued to race. In the near future, he would not be peeping through the fence. He would be over here and he would be *doing* her laundry not looking at it! And then, instead of watching it drying, he would be bustling about at other chores. And he would be doing so in in *full uniform*! An old-fashioned uniform, like in those historical soap operas on the telly. Apron, bonnet, stockings — the works! And the frock of course! She urgently needed this to become a reality. And it would, it would: all she needed

to do was to come up with a plan and to put that plan in motion.

SISSY LURED

A week had gone by since her naughty session in front of the window and Charlotte was still thinking about turning her new neighbour into her obedient petticoated plaything. She couldn't get the idea out of her mind. She had been mulling over the possibilities of ensnaring him in her silken web, and had hit on a promising approach.

Now she was standing at her victim's front door with a freshly baked cake. After a few short knocks, she stood patiently waiting for him to open the door. A few minutes passed and she began to wonder if he was even home. Just as she was about to turn around and head back towards her own front door, she heard the door being unlocked. Once the door swung open, Charlotte could see a fairly attractive, but clearly very shy young man standing in front of her. He had a timid smile on his face, but he managed to mumble out a meek "hello".

"Hello!" Charlotte exclaimed, and gave him a warm smile. "My name is Charlotte. I believe you are my new neighbour!" she said while presenting the cake.

"Oh, er... yeah, hi, I... er... my name is Steve," her prey replied while extending his arms to take the present she was offering.

"Thank you" he almost whispered, holding the cake-tray awkwardly in his hands. Charlotte noticed the clumsy way he took it and held it, and could not help thinking that in no time at all he would be *trained* to carry a tray *properly*!

She stood there, eyeing him up and down to get an idea of his sizes. He did not notice, being one of those shy young men who find it difficult to maintain eye contact.

The silence was awkward, but she let it be so. After all, she wasn't the one feeling awkward! She wasn't the one blushing slightly, as though she had something to hide!

Once she was satisfied with her mental notes on his sizing, she ended the awkward first encounter by quickly saying, "Oh, I am sorry, but I do have to go, but let's have coffee sometime soon! I really must welcome you into the neighbourhood. It's nice here, you'll like it I am sure!"

As she said that, she turned around and walked towards her own front door. She was unsure if Steve even said something in return, although that didn't really matter to her.

Now that she had seen him up close, the idea of turning him into her petticoated plaything was firmly fixed in her mind. He was just *perfect* for the role! She wouldn't let him get out of this, her idea of turning him into her petticoated slave turned her on too much to let it go. But if she wanted this to work, she had to do some online shopping to get everything she would need...

Several days later, a delivery van brought several large parcels to Charlotte's doorstep. As she brought them inside and opened them, she began to get excited to finally get her hands on the items she thought she would need to transform her new neighbour. She brought the items to her bedroom and laid them out on the bed.

First, the clothes. She had picked a complete outfit. There was a pair of extra frilly pink satin panties, a full satin petticoat made of several layers, a pink bra and, to top it off, a full satin bright pink maid's uniform. In a separate small white satin bag were at least 5 small padlocks. Just looking at it all spread out on the bed made her wet again. Well, that would have to wait! With trembling hands, she unwrapped the rest.

There was a chastity restrainer coloured a nice pretty pink. This was to stop her maid from being naughty and playing with his boy-bits instead of toiling away for her. We couldn't have that now, could we? It came complete with padlock, and a dainty little key that would look just perfect on a chain about her neck, nestling between her ample cleavage — where her maid would be sure to see it!

And, for when her maid was naughty in other ways, there was a cruel-looking whalebone riding crop. Charlotte had the feeling that her little man-maid would be feeling this across his bare bottom rather soon...

The thought of what she would soon be able to do to her hapless chosen one excited her so much, that she stripped off and jumped right into the middle of the pile of satin garments on her bed. She spread her legs and her fingers delved deep. She was picturing Steve standing in front of her in his new outfit, ready to serve her. As she rubbed her way to ecstasy, she was glad she was lying down because her orgasm was even bigger than the first one in front of the window...

It was a sunny Friday afternoon when Charlotte knocked on Steve's door again. It had been over a week since she had brought him the cake and welcomed him to the neighbourhood. Now it was time to get her cake tray back — and start the transformation process! Begin turning this shy, diffident young man into her humble and obedient sissy-maid, scurrying about at her beck and call! The thoughts and images were racing through her mind. But Charlotte calmed herself with difficulty as she stood outside the door waiting for her shy neighbour to appear. She did not want to frighten him away!

The door opened.

“Hi Steve,” she gushed in her most charming manner. “I hope you enjoyed the cake? Do you think I might have my tray back?”

Poor young Steve, all unawares of what she had in store for him, mumbled a “yes” and stammered a “thanks” and blurted out a “oh yes, just a minute”, before disappearing back inside. He returned with the tray. Washed, Charlotte noticed with pleasure as he handed it to her. She smiled at him, while thinking that soon he would not dare to do such a thing. The next time he had a tray in his hands before her, he would curtsy and proffer the tray in a suitably servile manner! She would make quite, quite sure of that!

She smiled warmly again, looking into Steve's eyes. His gaze flickered away. She pressed on.

“I hope I'm not being too forward, but I'm swamped with work. Would you mind helping me out tomorrow?”

Steve's timid smile turned into a puzzled one. The poor chap just stood there confused, unsure of what she meant exactly.

Charlotte's enquiring gaze prompted him to break the rather awkward silence and speak some more.

“Well, yeah, I guess I could help. What is it exactly that you need help with?” he replied, still uncertain of what he was getting himself into.

“Great! Oh, you are the best! Make sure to be at my place tomorrow morning at nine, then, yes?”

And with that, that Charlotte gave a quick wave, turned on her heel and stalked away on her high heels. She knew his eyes would be glued to her perfect legs in their seamed fishnet stockings and their six-inch stiletto heels. Poor fellow probably thought ladies went around dressed up like that all day long! She knew she did not need to wait for a reply. She knew he would be there. Oh yes, she had this one well and truly snared!

SISSY TRANSFORMED

It was Saturday morning, just a few minutes before nine o' clock. Charlotte was in a right old tizzy as she bustled back and forth, checking over and over if she had everything just right for her young guest.

Her train of thought was abruptly interrupted by the sound of the doorbell. She walked over to the front door and used the peep-hole to see if her sweet, innocent victim had arrived. Oh and sure enough, there he was: A tall, slightly-built lanky figure standing just behind the door, looking jolly nervous and unsure of himself. She was certain he was wondering what was in store for him today and the fact that he had no idea what he was in for got Charlotte even more excited.

Charlotte opened the door and after the usual friendly greetings and small talk, she invited Steve in. Once Steve looked a bit more relaxed, she pounced.

"Now, Steve," she said in a bossy, staff nurse manner, "we have something to discuss, don't we, hmmm?"

Steve looked at her. He was obviously at a loss. Her face remained impassive as she continued, trying to hide her excitement.

"You seem a decent guy. But appearances can be deceptive, and perhaps they are in this case... hmmm?"

Again she paused, to let that first little hint sink in. Steve began to look uncomfortable. He opened his mouth to speak, but Charlotte cut him off.

"I have noticed you have been looking at me," she paused, and wagged a finger at him, "and also at my lingerie. Don't try to deny it, I have seen you. And I have photographed you doing it, too. For all I know, you have been peeping through my windows watching me dress — and undress!"

Again Steve tried to interrupt; again, Charlotte brusquely spoke over him.

"I have been living here for years and I wish to be able to keep living here in comfort. I don't like it when you spy on me, you know..."

She made eye contact with the poor boy who tried to look away. His face was bright red now. He was clearly getting more nervous and uncomfortable as each second went by.

"I...uhhh... what do you mean?" He whimpered, finally getting a word in edgewise.

It was all or nothing now. Charlotte let rip.

"Don't even try denying it, as I say I have it all on camera! Luckily for you, I'm not going to go to the police and I won't tell all the neighbours about your little spying habit... however, you know it is stalking, don't you? A very serious offence! The days when naughty little perverts like you could harass their female neighbours with impunity have long gone, my lad!"

Charlotte fairly threw herself into the performance. She almost believed it all herself! She would hardly have got an Oscar for her performance, but it was more than enough to break Steve's resistance.

"Please don't! I promise it will not happen again," Steve replied meekly.

He sank down into his seat and his cheeks burned even brighter red.

"I... I'll try to make it up to you..."

Charlotte was thinking he might almost start crying soon, but she knew she had to keep going if she wanted him to submit to her.

“You are damn right it will not happen again, though I'll have to make sure it won't. So today — *all* day — you will do as I tell you, understood?”

She trained her sternest, most matron-like look on him. It would have made stronger man than poor little Steve quail.

“Yes,” Steve replied, confused.

What could she possibly have in mind for him? He didn't want her to tell the neighbours about his naughty habit or, even worse, go to the police. He hadn't meant to cause any trouble and he couldn't possibly move away, he had just got the house after all.

Charlotte stared hard at him. Was he ready? Would he crumble? Time to find out!

“You will address me as ‘Mistress’ in future,” she informed him peremptorily. “Do you understand?”

Steve seemed positively afraid now.

“Yes...” he squeaked out.

“Yes, what?” She replied, as a cruel smile started forming on her lips.

“Yes, Mistress,” was his reply.

“Good boy! Now, let's get you upstairs and ready for a day of chores.”

Charlotte held out her hand to help him up. She then pushed him gently towards the stairs. Once upstairs, she halted outside the bathroom. Charlotte brusquely told Steve to strip and get into the shower. But he was reluctant to undress in front of an almost complete stranger.

“Silly shy boy! You think your little willy is the first I have ever seen?” she said coquettishly. “Oh, go on, get in there!”

She gave him a shove, and pushed the door to after him, but left it ajar.

“Out here spick and span in five minutes, please!” she called.

Minutes later, Steve was fresh out of the shower, a white towel modestly about his middle, and Charlotte led him into her bedroom. She did not want to shock him completely so she had hidden some of the new items. She would start off slowly to get him used to his new role.

“Now listen to me Steven,” Charlotte began sternly, “since you have been spying on me and my underwear, I'm going to teach you a lesson you are unlikely to forget. Then we will be quits, won't we?”

She stared at him sternly. Without waiting for a reply, she picked up the pair of frilly pink panties and held them out for him to step into.

“Come on, let's pop these on!”

“But... what...?”

Steve was staring open-mouthed at the fussy frills of the pink knickers.

“Well? I thought you had agreed to make amends? Hmm? Do a little housework? Well, if you are going to do the housework, you are going to dress the part too! Now do not make me lose my temper. Just slip these on under your towel, there's a good boy...”

She wheedled a little, to make him feel juvenile. It worked! Shamefacedly, he took the pink panties, lifted one leg, stepped into them, then pulled them up under the towel.

With a triumphant smirk, Charlotte tugged the towel away, and there he stood, her little Steviekins, bare down to his birthday suit save for a gorgeous pair of frilly pink panties! Not the sort of thing she would chose for herself — but just perfect for a sissy maid!

She took her time eating up this helpless male with her eyes as he stood in the middle of her bedroom clad only in a pair of pink satin panties — *his* new pink satin panties! He was now even more timid than ever, barely making a sound as he stared down at the floor, embarrassed and ashamed of himself, and his cheeks were pinker than the panties he was now wearing. And yet... he was excited too. His erect penis made a little tent in his pretty pink panties that visibly increased in size even as she looked.

She resisted the temptation to taunt and tease him — there would be *plenty* of time for that later! Looking at her helpless prey made her even wetter — but she could wait to deal with that too. Her little man-maid Steviekins could take care of that for her, but only once he was fully dressed. So she chivied him along rapidly, keeping him off-balance.

She picked up the garter belt next. This was pink too, and had six stocking suspenders dangling from it. Quickly she slipped this wrong his waist and fastened it.

“Alright, the stockings are next. Sit on the edge of the bed for this, please,” she told Steve. She said ‘please’, but it was not a request, it was an order! And Steve meekly did as he was told.

Charlotte rolled the stockings up his long legs and attached them to the garter belt.

“You look way too cute not to document this.”

Charlotte said as she pulled out her camera from a drawer.

“No! You can't!” Steve almost yelled as he tried to cover up his new underwear. This was the loudest she'd ever heard him.

“Come now! A few more photos can't hurt, can they? Don't worry they are just for me.”

And she snapped away regardless of his pleas. While he squirmed, trying to hide his frilly pink panties, garter belt and stockings, she said “You had better behave or I'll post these on my facebook, you naughty girly-boy!” with a stern look on her face.

The next item in the silken trap was was a soft pink satin petticoat with multiple layers of satin. Charlotte picked up the garment and lowered it so that Steve could step into it, as she had done with the panties. She could sense his hesitation, but after a few seconds Steve lifted one leg and stepped into it. It seemed the threat had worked. Then his other leg was also in the opening and Charlotte lifted the garment up until it was around his waist. She made him turn around as she grabbed one of the little padlocks from her pocket. She fumbled with the waistband until she found the two little loops that could be pulled together with the help of the padlock. Steve was unaware of what she was doing until, all of a sudden, he heard a loud *click*.

“What was that?” He said as his voice trembled, full of panic.

“Nothing to worry about. Let's focus on getting you dressed,” Charlotte replied calmly.

The next item was a pretty lace bra, already filled with breast forms. Nothing too extravagant there, just enough to fill out his uniform and give it the proper shape. She put it up against Steve's chest who shivered as the cold material touched his nipples. The sensation started to arouse him. Charlotte hooked the bra in the back and made him turn around. He now had perky little B cup breasts! They looked quite good on his slender frame.

Now that all the under-garments were on, it was time for his heels. She had had to guess about the size; but then, many women found high heels quite uncomfortable — why should Steviekins be any different?! If they squashed his feet a bit — well, he would get used to it.

“Sit on the edge of the bed,” Charlotte told her maid-to-be.

She deftly slipped the two-inch heels onto his feet and helped him stand up. She would have loved higher heels, but she did not want him towering over her. But perhaps in time, she might get him into six inches, or even seven... with difficulty, she stopped day-dreaming about Steviekins teetering about in absurdly-high stilettos, and returned her attention to the present.

As he stood there, wobbling, he managed to find his voice again.

"I can't walk in these!" he protested.

"You'll get used to them." Charlotte replied dismissively, smiling a devious smile. You had better, my dear, she thought — because very soon you will never be wearing anything else on your feet!

He was now ready for the *pièce du résistance*. She opened her closet door. There hung the pink satin dress she had ordered for him. She picked it up and un-zipped the back zipper. She raised the whole sea of satin and told Steve to hold his arms out. The big silken trap was raised over his head. Charlotte guided his hands into the sleeves and lowered the layers of softness over him. The dress came down barely to mid-thigh, revealing a generous expanse of shaven white flesh.

"Turn around for me, sissy," she told the nervous, shaking figure.

He was too bemused by the whole procedure to notice the ominous form which she used to address him. He slowly turned around, and Charlotte started zipping up the dress. It was a very snug fit, but she managed to get the zipper all the way up to his neck. The top of the zipper had a small opening. She grabbed another padlock from her pocket and pulled the two loops on the collar near the zipper together and snapped the lock shut. A shiver went down Steve's spine. He raised his arms and reached for his neck where he felt the newly locked cold metal padlock hanging. He looked increasingly anxious and Charlotte could see the sense of panic rising in his eyes.

Pleased with herself, Charlotte began smiling as she looked at the final result. Standing before her was an absolutely helpless male, locked into a skimpy, frilly, pink maid's uniform. With his hand still clutching the padlock, Steve had realised his fate and an intense look of defeat, embarrassment, and shame struck his face. This total control over her victim aroused Charlotte even further. Her devious plan was complete.

While staring at her new satin maid and revelling in her victory, Charlotte got so hot that she couldn't wait any longer. She grabbed a pair of handcuffs from the top drawer of her night stand. She quickly moved behind Steve and cuffed his wrists together behind his back.

"Get on your knees, sissy servant!"

As she said it, she pushed down on his shoulders, having to reach up a little as Steve veritably towered over her even in those relatively low heels. Steve slowly and carefully lowered himself to the floor until he was kneeling in front of her, surrounded by a sea of pink softness. Charlotte raised her skirt and stepped towards her obedient maid. She put the hem of the skirt over his head. Steve was now trapped under her skirt, between her dripping wet legs. Charlotte grabbed her maid's head with both hands and forced it into her wet pussy.

"Have you ever done this for a lady before, girlie-boy?"

"N-no..." came the muffled reply.

"Well, it is time you started. Now press those lips against *my* lips, and get that tongue to work. I am going to turn you into a wanton, pussy-eating sissy slut!"

Her obedient maid started frantically licking at her wet pussy. He was unskilled. Never mind. There would be plenty of time for instruction in that area of domestic service. He would be getting lots of practice. And Charlotte was so excited that it did not take much skill to get her going.

"Oh, yes, worship my pussy, you randy little slut! Make me come!"

Oh yes, now she would finally release all the tension that had been building in her since the first encounter with

Steve in the garden. Charlotte's hands were cupped behind his head now, pressed his mouth deeper and deeper into her mound., and within minutes she burst into an incredibly intense orgasms, wave after wave washing over her...

Shaking uncontrollably, Charlotte managed to reach the edge of the bed and sit down. Her maid was still trapped under her skirt, licking softly at her dripping juices.

After a few minutes, she began recovering from a quite amazing orgasm.... She pushed Steve's head from under her skirt and helped him stand up. She undid the handcuffs and made him follow her into the laundry room. She pushed a laundry basket in his hands which was filled with petticoats and panties that she had been wearing, some evidently soiled with her wetness.

"Hand wash these items for me," she told him as she walked out of the room and back downstairs towards the kitchen. She needed a glass of wine to review the triumphs of the day so far.

Charlotte caught her breath and thought about the day's events while she sat on the couch with a good glass of red wine. She could hear the water running in the laundry room and she smiled at how easy it had all been. After about twenty minutes of relaxation and delight with herself, Charlotte went to check up on her maid. He was just finishing hand washing the last of her delicate items.

"Follow me, time to hang it all up to dry," Charlotte said with a huge smile on her face.

She lead Steve back down into the kitchen. He was carrying the laundry basket with the wet petticoats and panties he had just washed.

"Alright, hang it all up for me," Charlotte said and pointed out to the garden.

Steve looked at her outstretched hand as it gestured to a door that led outside. His mind began to race and he started to panic again.

"No! I can't go out like this..." Steve blurted out anxiously.

Charlotte instantly became furious. How did he dare to speak to her like that? The next few moments rushed by so quickly that Steve wasn't even sure what was happening. With one smooth action, Charlotte opened the door, grabbed Steve's arm, and pulled her new maid into the garden. Steve was having trouble keeping up with her on his high heels. He was very afraid somebody would see him. Charlotte pulled him to the clothing line, grabbed the laundry basket and put it on the floor.

"Grab your ankles!" she yelled at him.

"Grab my what?" Steve asked, puzzled and afraid, looking around to check if anyone was watching. He wasn't sure if he should argue with her. Her yelling might attract unwanted attention.

Before he could make up his mind what to do, Charlotte pushed him forward until he was bent over as far as he could go. She lifted up the dress and all the under-layers of the petticoat until his pink panties were exposed. She then started smacking his bottom as hard as she could as a punishment. She knew that she had to make a statement now if she was to make him fully submit to her. She continued smacking his now red bottom while Steve winced and pleaded with her to stop, almost sobbing as each blow landed.

After a good thirty strokes, Charlotte suddenly stopped spanking him. She reached over and pulled the layers of silky fabric back over to cover up Steve's panties, and now glowing, butt with the petticoat and dress.

"Now be a good maid and hang up the laundry!" she commanded.

"Yes, Mistress" her pretty young male maid replied, obedient and docile again. Spanking him had worked!

Charlotte walked back inside and closed the door. She grabbed her set of keys and locked the door shut. She made her way upstairs and walked towards the same window from which she had first spied upon her prey. Had it really been only three weeks ago? Now next door's garden was empty, not a peeper in sight. And in her garden? In her

garden, the washing was being hung. But not by *her*. No! her panties and petticoats were being hung up out on the line to dry by young man in frilly frock and petticoats. That same maid had first hand-washed each and every garment. And that maid was wearing the frilliest and most humiliating pink outfit imaginable, really a caricature of femininity. impossible to imagine any modern young girl consenting to wear such a get-up. But *she* had got *her* maid to wear it — she had *forced* him to wear it! And he would never wear anything else again — ever!

The thought of having her own full time obedient maid excited her more than anything. Steve — or rather, Steviekins — would now forever be in her control!

“Oh Steviekins!” she thought to herself, barely managed to keep from blurting it all out loud, “I can just see you say in about six months from now! Serving your superiors, scurrying back and forth at our beck and call! So very very meek and humble and diffident! So very anxious to please, so very scared of our displeasure!”

SISSY TRAINED

Soon Charlotte had enforced a rigorous routine which Steve, still very afraid of being exposed and shamed and even prosecuted, complied with. As as he got home from work on Friday, he showered, changed into his uniform, and presented himself at Charlotte's door. And in Charlotte's house he stayed until early Monday morning, when he had just time to scurry back to his own house, get changed, and get off to work.

From the time he went through Charlotte's door, he was put through his paces with scarcely a pause.

Charlotte had a whole routine worked out. First, there was some curtsey practice. Steviekins was quite, quite hopeless, so awkward and clumsy; but he would learn!

Then, all floors had to be scrubbed, and all surfaces had to be dusted and polished. There would be a white glove test, too, and any surface failing that test would be gone over until Mistress was satisfied.

Then there was laundry. Everything in the basket was hand-washed and hung out to dry. While the washing dried, there were cooking lessons. Then, when the washing was dry, it was time to iron it.

And then, after a long day of chores, it was time for sissy Steviekins to give his Mistress more intimate service. His oral skills improved rapidly, especially as mistress left her riding crop in full view on the bedside table, as a warning about what would come if they did not!

SISSY TRAPPED

After a few weekends of rigorous training, Charlotte decided to take the final step. It was time to turn Steviekins into her full-time sissy maid!

But now that Charlotte had decided to spring the trap and make Steviekins her full-time sissy maid for good, she thought it best to get some nice show-off uniforms for him to wear. She made a few discrete enquiries in town and eventually found a nice lady who understood what was required.

She and Jane sat down and had a very fun afternoon designed some very girlie and sissy uniforms for Steviekins.

As soon as she heard from Jane that the new outfits were ready, Charlotte wasted no time. She picked up the two new frocks on her way home, and as soon as she was through the door she found Steviekins and brought him up to the dressing room. She decided to try the 'display uniform' first — if he would wear *that*, he would wear anything!

Steviekins stood meekly before her, in full uniform of course, while she lectured him about this and that. Then she dropped her bombshell.

"I really think you need to spend more time at this, you are not making the progress I expected. A month or two off work should do I think?"

Steviekins stared at her. He opened his mouth.

She gave him no chance.

"What's the matter? You told me you had some holiday, didn't you? Well then. Of course, if you would prefer me to show those photos I took of you to all and sundry, well... and the police would have been informed about your stalking... and how you forced yourself on me these last few week-ends... how ashamed I felt... how I finally plucked up the courage to seek help from the authorities..."

Steviekins was in panic now. His fingers fretted at the hem of his frock. He nodded dumbly.

"Good! I am glad we agree!"

"Now, as a special treat for being such a good little sissy, I have a lovely present for you, Steviekins!"

"Yes, Mistress?" Steviekins said with a hint of caution. He had learned that just because his Mistress was bright and cheerful did not necessarily bode any good for him; indeed, rather the reverse.

"Yes! Take off your uniform."

Steviekins gladly rid himself of the tight, short French maid's uniform. He stood there in just his undies.

"Oh, undies off too please, everything is being replaced."

Replaced? He shrugged and struggled out of bra and panties, stood there stark naked save for his chastity device, and looked at the bag Charlotte held. Charlotte smirked.

"Here, your new girdle first."

Steviekins struggled with difficulty into the restrictive garment as quickly as he could. It was very tight, and very low-cut, and had no shoulder straps. Two layers of under-wiring pressed into his chest below his nipples, pushing them up and out.

Charlotte thrust another garment into his hands.

"Come on darling, I can't wait to see you in this!"

Steviekins could see at once that the frock was many things, but 'proper' and 'sensible' were not among them. He pulled it over his head and wriggled into it with difficulty. It was even tighter than the other uniform had been, and even with the help of his girdle, it was a struggle. But he managed to get it on. But, oh God! He could see at once that it was far, far too small! It rode half-way up his bum, his nipples were showing, and at the front his flaccid tightly-confined penis peeked from under the hem.

"Let me help you with that," Charlotte interrupted briskly. She rearranged the dress just so. Now it just about fit, and all Steviekins' 'boy bits' were *just* about covered.

She took his shoulders and turned him to face the mirror.

The dress had appeared bad enough before, but his reflection looked — it was just simply unbelievable! Like the former uniform, this new one was pink satin trimmed with white lace; but the length! His bum and genitals were just barely covered; and he could feel the white lace of the neckline tickling his nipples.

Charlotte savoured the look of disbelieving horror on his face.

"Do you like your pretty frock, Steviekins?" she asked teasingly.

Steviekins hesitated to answer, but Charlotte read his expression clearly enough.

"You don't? Oh, that is a shame! It is a shame you don't like it. Such a pretty frock! Up to now I have just been *calling* you Steviekins, but in this outfit you really *are* Steviekins!"

Charlotte fussed over him as she spoke, continuing to adjust the sit of the dress. She looked in his eyes then, saw what was there, and held him close.

"This is very hard for you, isn't it, Steviekins?" Charlotte said sympathetically.

He nodded his head miserably, too full to speak.

"I know it is darling, I know it is", she soothed, stroking his cheek. "But Mistress knows best."

She kissed him, and stroked his cheek some more.

"Later we can give Steviekins some breast," she whispered, guiding one of his hands to her heavy bosom. "Steviekins likes that, doesn't he?"

He nodded.

"That's for later, though. Now back to the matter in hand."

She moved away from him and sat down.

"Now, Steviekins, because this uniform doesn't have an apron, you must be very, very careful not to get it dirty. Hmm?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said, biting his lip.

"Try not to bite your lip, Steviekins, it messes up your lipstick, hmmm?" she said, smiling.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Fix your lippy, then!"

A curtsy, a "Yes, Mistress," and down he sat at the dressing table. He wiped off the old lipstick, and replaced it with a clumsy cupid's bow, too small and thin by half. Charlotte watched him critically, but decided not to bring it up. There would be plenty of time for that later.

He stood up again. She looked at the lipstick.

"It'll do.

"Now, you will find this uniform takes a bit of getting used to. I can see it is riding up. But there is way around that. Here, let me show you."

And, standing, she adjusted Steviekins' posture with firm hands.

"Good, that's better."

"Now, try to bend."

Steviekins bent, finding it hard enough in the tight corset, and of course his dress rode up and down showed off far, far too much.

"Oh, no, not like that, you sissy scatterbrain!"

Again Charlotte took a hold of him, showing him how to move.

"There, you see! Knees together, bend at the knees, and you just about manage, don't you Steviekins?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"It's just a matter of taking care, isn't it Steviekins?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good! I am glad we agree! Let's see you practice walking a bit, then."

And so Steviekins paraded up and down for his Mistress in all his frilly finery.

'Just a matter of taking care.' That was true. By mincing along quite slowly, arms kept down by the sides, feet placed carefully in front on one another, it was possible to walk in his new uniform without exposing himself.

Bending over could be managed too, just about, by keeping legs together, then bending the knees and lowering the body, all the while keeping the back straight. Of course, this took a bit longer, and looked rather affected.

But still, posture had to be thought about constantly, every move got just right, if he was not to hear his Mistress's mocking voice ringing in his ears: "'tits, bits and bum', Steviekins!"

And this was exactly what Charlotte had planned. Being a male maid should be a constant struggle to reach very high standards that, every so often, moved just a little bit higher.

Steviekins got on with his routine chores then. What else could he do?

Later, as he gathered the washing from the line into the basket and carried it into the house, he suddenly heard a loud voice calling: "'Tits, bits and bum', Steviekins!" What? He turned, and saw his Mistress at the dining table, her hand lifting the page of a magazine. She was looking at him. "'Tits, bits and bum', Steviekins!" she repeated in a sing-song voice. He looked down and saw that his dress had ridden up in front, revealing the tip of his chastised penis. Holding the basket in one hand, he tugged at the hem with the other, trying to get covered up.

"Really, Steviekins!" Charlotte chided laughingly. "this is a respectable house, not a bordello! I can't have sissies going around flashing! Cover yourself up, you slut!" She laughed at his fumbling attempts to get the dress to cover all essentials at once. Finally he got it right.

"Bravo!" she called mockingly. Flushing scarlet, he walked slowly and carefully towards the stairs, carrying the basketful of washing. Charlotte followed him with her eyes, noticing with delight the careful mincing tread he was

adopting in order to stop his dress from riding up or flying out.

SISSY SHOWN OFF

One Saturday, Charlotte was watching from the window as Steviekins hung the washing. She had him in the display uniform, which meant he had to take extra care; but after all, he had the whole weekend to get his chores done, didn't he? Suddenly, she noticed that Steviekins was observed by someone other than herself. Why, it was Mrs Saunders from the other side. She was not peeping like Steviekins hand used to do; she was staring openly through a gap in the hedge. Charlotte hurried out. She greeted her warmly.

"Mrs Saunders, I haven't seen you in yonks! Do come over! The door's open!"

She could feel the tension radiating from poor Steviekins, who however continued to hang the washing. A minute or so later, Mrs Saunders came bustling into the garden.

Charlotte decided to spare Steviekins a direct confrontation. Not just yet...

"You can do that later,' she said shortly to him. "Go inside."

"Yes, Mistress," the trembling, red-faced sissy replied, bobbed a neat curtsey, and scurried off.

"Who on *earth* is that?" asked Mrs Saunders as soon as Steviekins had gone inside.

"Oh, that's Steviekins. He's my male maid."

"Your male maid?"

"Yes, just like a female maid; except, well, male."

Charlotte smiled.

"Well I never! But why on earth does he dress himself up like that for?"

"Oh, he doesn't. I do. Well, he's old enough to dress himself, obviously, but I decide *what* he wears."

Charlotte paused and smiled at the look on Mrs Saunders face.

"I had his uniform specially made for him, actually," she went on. "Do you like it?"

"Well..." Mrs Saunders floundered for words. "It's... it's bit short, I must say."

"Hmmm, but then I think he's got a fine pair of legs, so why not show them off? And it's not so short that it is positively indecent — not if he's careful, anyway. That's what we were doing out here, actually. practising being careful."

"I see..."

"As you probably saw, and most likely heard, we have a way to go yet. But we'll get there!"

"Yes, well... I did hear... but what was that you were saying?"

"I was saying, 'tits, bits and bum, Steviekins!'" Charlotte raised her voice and sang out the words, just as she had been doing most of the afternoon. "It was to remind him *what* he has to keep covered up. His frock is a little skimpy, that's true, but it is made to measure and is perfectly sufficient to keep him decent — if only he would show a little care."

"So," nodded Mrs Saunders, "you're showing him how."

"That's right. We have come a long way. Would you believe when he started off in my — ah — care, he didn't know

how to scrub a floor properly?”

Mrs Saunders tutted. “Men!”

“But he does now, let me tell you. He knows lots of things he didn't know then.”

Mrs Saunders whistled.

“If I weren't divorced, I'd have you round to deal with my old man. Useless sod!”

Charlotte grinned. Then a light-bulb went off in her head. She decided, on the spur of the moment, that it was time that Steviekins was shown off to a few close friends. And Jane the dress-maker of course. And... well, why not Mrs Saunders too?

“Would you like a closer look then?”

Mrs Saunders looked intrigued, but said nothing.

“Tell you what. I am having the first meeting of the ‘Steviekins Sissy Society’” (she made up the name on the spur of the moment) “on, er, well, would next Friday suit?”

Mrs Saunders stared at her a moment, then broke out into a broad smile.

“That sounds wonderful! I shall look forward to taking a closer look, and having you tell me all about it!”

“Oh, I will!”

And next Friday duly came round. Once all her guests were gathered, Charlotte addressed them.

“Now girls! Settle down please. I should like to welcome you all to the very first evening of what I am calling the Steviekins Sissy Society. You all know about my male maid Steviekins, yes? Helen has even seen him, just the once.”

Charlotte smiled at Mrs Helen Saunders, who laughed and nodded.

“Now this is a very special evening for us all I'm sure but for Jane in particular, because Steviekins will be modelling his new uniform for us, which Jane here designed and made herself.”

Charlotte paused and inclined her head at Jane. There was a round of scattered applause, and Jane beamed.

“Very kind girls, very kind...”

“In future, Jane here will be making *all* of Steviekins's frocks and accessories. I am proud of what I have accomplished with Steviekins, but there is still a ways to go. But I am sure I will get there with Jane's help!”

There was more applause for Jane.

“Now without further ado,” Charlotte continued, “I think we should introduce the star of this evening.”

Charlotte picked up a delicate hand bell and gave it a ring. They all waited. And then — in came Steviekins! He was in his display uniform of course. The one Jane had made for him after Charlotte's directions.

He curtsied to the company, to the accompaniment of hoots and cat-calls. Then, at a nod from his Mistress, he began to prance up and down, putting himself on display.

“Steviekins this evening is wearing an exclusive creation from Carter's Dress Designs,” announced Charlotte, playing the fashion show compere to the hilt. “The name of this outfit is ‘fussy frills’. The reason for the name will become apparent in due course.”

“Steviekins will of course be waiting on us all hand and foot for the entire evening,” she continued, as Steviekins continued to parade up and down.

Then she clapped her hands briskly.

“Now, drinks please Steviekins!”

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

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

The party soon warmed up, and Steviekins was kept very busy serving the ladies.

“There is absolutely no reason for Steviekins to show more than he ought as long as he takes a modicum of care,” Charlotte remarked to Mrs Saunders as the two of them watched the sissy maid mincing back and forth fetching and carrying. “However, since the uniform is new and he is perhaps not fully used to it there may perhaps be lapses, shall we say. So, if you do hear me call ‘tits, bits and bum, Steviekins!’, it is just me reminding my scattered-brained sissy to take that modicum of care!”

And indeed throughout the evening, Charlotte's clear voice did ring out more than once with that phrase, “Tits, bits and bum, Steviekins!”, causing Steviekins to flush bright red and fumble desperately at his too-short frock.

Finally, the evening drew to a close. Charlotte rose to speak, tapping a spoon on the side of her champagne glass for silence.

“Much as we all do enjoy teasing and taunting poor Steviekins, I must say that he is rather more useful to the superior sex than some useless oaf who sits in front of the TV all weekend swilling beer and watching sport. And I do hope that this little society can be some help in persuading some ladies to take the plunge and transform their useless oafs into useful, hard-working, obedient, chaste, feminised male maid — just like Steviekins!”

There was a round of applause. And so the party broke up.

It was a trembling and tearful sissy that carefully undressed his Mistress that night, before changing into his dainty pink baby-doll nightie and joining his Mistress in bed, where he spent most of the night with his head plunged deep between her thighs...

SISSY FOR EVER

The next day, Charlotte looked with self-satisfied smug amusement at Steviekins as he stood before her, attired in one of his working uniforms. This one was not quite as revealing as his display uniform which had been such a hit at the recent meeting of Steviekins's Sissy Society. But it was certainly scanty enough.

His figure was even more slight and girlish now than before, with the help of the girdle and weeks on a restrictive diet, and this outfit certainly showed it off to best advantage. He wore a black, short-sleeved, satin dress, so short that it barely covered 'bits and bum' below, though quite modest up front (at least compared to the display uniform!). A pretty little white lace maid's cap was perched on his short pageboy haircut. His hair in turn framed a pale, carefully made-up face. A black choker collar trimmed with white lace encircled his neck. A white frilly apron, even shorter than the dress. Long white lace finger-less gloves of white lace reaching to the elbows. His legs were clad in sheer white seamed stockings, with pretty garters at the top. Just a hint of slim pale white thigh showed between stocking-tops and the hem of his frock. On his feet were silver lamé shoes with a six-inch heel (Yes! She had managed to get him into *proper* high heels!). His posture oozed submission: hands clasped together in front (carefully-manicured fingers with nails a delicate shade of pink), head submissively lowered, but eyes gazing up, waiting for the merest gesture of command, and ears perked for a murmured order.

It had been such a good idea to put him in seamed stockings instead of keeping him bare-legged, Charlotte reflected. Now he had to worry about avoiding laddering and keeping the seams absolutely straight, and could be scolded if he neglected for the smallest ladder or the tiniest kink in the seams. Teasing about 'tits, bits and bum' had been such jolly fun! And now she could keep an eye on stocking seams and laddering. Charlotte's scoldings were jolly, even cheerful — but they were always serious for all that. Very serious. Serious enough to earn a sound thrashing from her riding crop!

With a bright and cheerful smile, she clapped her hands and said, "very well, Sissy Steviekins! Your uniform is satisfactory today. You may get on with your chores!"

With a humble, "Yes, Mistress" and a deep curtsy, sissy Steviekins teetered off on his high heels to get back to his chores.

Sitting there alone, Charlotte continued to reflect. Oh yes, it had turned out to be such fun, having a submissive sissy-maid at her beck and call! She was sure she could keep turning the screw, just a little bit at a time, thinking up new ways to shame and humiliate her pathetic petticoated plaything. There was no way back for him now — he was her sissy for ever!

THE END

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