

Miranda Birch

Transformed



Sissy In Servitude

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Part Three of The Petticoating of Petunia Pinkpanties

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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In [Knickered](#), Ms Palmer subjected her errant employee to knicker discipline, sissy uniforming and chastity. In [Uniformed](#), the punishment of our hapless ‘hero’ continued with his first full day of service as a uniformed housemaid. Now in this, the final episode of *The Petticoating of Petunia Pinkpanties*, the miscreant finds himself transformed — into a sissy maid in full uniform under the strict authority of Ms Palmer and her mature Housekeeper! And his position is a permanent one!

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And so the weekend continued. Sunday was another long day of toil. On the other hand, it was one day closer to release. Petunia Pinkpanties just got on with things. Thankfully, Ms Palmer took Sunday easy, and there was not as much pressure on him as Saturday. Not that he was idle: far from it! Serve breakfast in bed, clean the entire house from top to bottom *again*, serve lunch, gardening, serve dinner, wait hand and foot on Mistress for the evening — he certainly had enough to do!

It was weird, but he was already almost getting used to it. She had long been his boss at work. He had tried to stay out of her way, finding her rather intimidating. But he was always aware of her exacting authority. And now here he was working for her still — but in a rather different fashion. And in a bloody maid's uniform! God, how would he ever look her in the eye again when they were back in the office? Never mind: he could cross that bridge when he came to it...

REVELATION

The next day, Monday, was a bank holiday. As the day progressed, Petunia Pinkpanties waited for some word from Ms Palmer, some sign that his ordeal was over. Because it would be over soon, wouldn't it? She had said a short sharp shock over the weekend, hadn't she? Which meant back to work on Tuesday, as though nothing had happened...

Instead, he was summoned to the living room before dinner. Ms Palmer was sitting watching the TV news.

"There is something on television I want you to see, Pinkpanties," she said haughtily.

Petunia Pinkpanties stood obediently beside her chair, where she had pointed, and watched the screen.

"It has been on all the bulletins today. It should be coming up again just — ah! Here it is!"

She seemed unaccountably happy — and almost friendly towards him.

Petunia Pinkpanties stood and watched and listened and... oh my God! The news was about him! There was even a picture!

"... police expect to speak to Ms Cathy Palmer, his former boss, on her return to work on Tuesday after the long weekend..."

"But... but..."

Cathy tutted and looked at Petunia Pinkpanties in mock sympathy.

"Oh dear! It looks like your secret is out! What a shame!"

She laughed heartlessly.

"You are in a right old predicament! Fortunately, I am here to help."

Petunia Pinkpanties stared at her dumbfounded.

"I do not think you will be going anywhere just yet, hmmm? I mean, unless you *want* to end up in Wormword Scrubs in your pretty frock?" She smirked, then continued in a simpering tone: "I am *sure* you would make lots of new friends there, dressed up to the nines they way you are, eh? I am sure they would be very *special* friends. I can see them now — enjoying your virgin bottom!"

Petunia Pinkpanties began to tremble. In a shaking voice, he began to plead:

"Oh please, please, Ms Palmer, you can't, please?"

Cathy shrugged.

David Smith tried for one last time to assert himself, to resist being transformed into Petunia Pinkpanties.

"Look, Ms Palmer," he said in as firm a voice as he could muster, "this has gone far enough! I did wrong, which I admit, and I have been punished by you for it. But enough is enough. We can go to the police and explain everything..."

Cathy Palmer waved him into silence and picked up her phone.

"Have it your way! I shall call the police then. Explain how you broke in here dressed in some weird fetish outfit and tried to strangle me. I suspect you will end up committed to Broadmoor indefinitely..."

She was punching digits as she spoke.

“No!” Petunia Pinkpanties's voice was a strangled scream.

“Hmm?” Cathy paused. “Don't like the sound of Broadmoor? Prefer Wormwood Scrubs, is that it?”

“N-no, no... Oh please, please, Ms — Mistress, you... I...”

His voice trailed off, though his mind was racing. It was her word against his, and who would believe someone who had already been caught with his hand in the till? Bloody hell! They would throw the book at him.

“You accept that I have the right to punish as I please?” Cathy Palmer broke in. “Is that what you are trying to explain to me?”

“Y-yes,” bleated Petunia Pinkpanties in a trembling voice. He could see no other way out.

“In that case, I believe we can come to an understanding. I have some papers for you to sign.”

She gestured to a bunch of documents on the coffee table. Petunia Pinkpanties picked up the first sheet and began to read.

“Don't *read* them, Pinkpanties, just *sign* them,” Ms Palmer insisted.

Petunia Pinkpanties opened his mouth to object to this, but Ms Palmer cut him off.

“I don't think you are in a much of a position to argue, are you Petunia?”

Silence.

“I *said*, are you Petunia?”

“I... I... n-no... no, Mistress,” the hapless fellow replied — and bobbed a curtsy! Cathy positively glowed with sadistic glee.

And Petunia Pinkpanties then signed every document put in front of him. A confession to massive fraud (far beyond what had actually taken place); an admission to attempting to rape Ms Palmer; a statement that he had been a life-long submissive cross-dresser; and a contract for an unspecified period as a domestic servant there in that house.

“Good!” continued Cathy breezily when all was done. “You may return to your chores.”

She nodded curtly in token of dismissal.

What could Petunia Pinkpanties do? Except what he did do. Bob a curtsy, and scurry off to the kitchen.

NO ESCAPE

After serving Mistress at dinner, Ms Palmer retired for a lie-down while Petunia Pinkpanties got on with clearing up. When he was done with that, he realised that Ms Palmer had still not come down. He had heard nothing from her, no blast of a whistle, nothing. An idea formed in his head. This was his chance! Sod those contracts — he was going to escape! He had mates, they would surely help him... and after all, it had not been that serious a crime, what he had done... hardly a crime at all... he could get a lawyer...

Cautiously, he left the kitchen and crept through the hall to the front door. He tried it, not really believing that it would be unlocked. But it was! Slowly, slowly, he pulled the door inwards, expecting at every moment a loud creak that would betray him. But the door moved smoothly inward in silence, inch by inch. At last, he had it open just enough to squeeze through. So: out into the portico and hence on to the front drive. But what now? No proper clothes, no money — nothing even to say who he was — not, as a fugitive from justice, that he particularly wanted anyone to know who he was. What now?

He would think of something. Petunia Pinkpanties crept as quietly as he could down one side of the drive, trying to use the hedge that lined it as shelter. Then, he heard the gate at the foot of the drive rattle. Someone was coming! He stood frozen. He heard the crunch of shoes on gravel: they were coming up the drive. And then lights came on, all along the drive, lighting up the way to the house, obviously controlled by a motion sensor near the gate.

In the sudden brightness, Petunia Pinkpanties stood stock-still, staring at a stout middle-aged woman, who in turn stared at him. It was she who recovered her composure first.

“Well I never! Bit cold for cross-dressing in that skimpy frock without a coat, young man!”

She didn't seem at all frightened; not even very surprised.

Petunia Pinkpanties found his voice.

“Please, you've got to help me! The woman's mad!”

“What? Eh? Who? Who's mad? Slow down, young fellow! I think I need some explanations first! For a start, what on earth are you doing wandering about here got up like that? Some sort of kinky game is it? This is private property you know! I've a good mind to call the police!”

“Oh, no, don't .. No...”

Petunia Pinkpanties's thoughts were racing.

“But what on earth is going on?”

The woman's querulous voice brought him halfway back down to earth. But he was still too excited to be fully coherent.

“This mad women, who lives here... she kept me prisoner ... took all my clothes... made me dress like this...” he babbled

The woman looked aghast. But she stopped her objecting, and now seemed prepared to listen. So Petunia Pinkpanties tried to continue his story more calmly. As he recounted his summary of the events, albeit being slightly economical with the truth, he thought he was gaining her sympathy.

“Right,” the mature matron said said with firm determination when Petunia Pinkpanties was through, “I'll take care of this!”

With that, she took him by the arm and began to march him towards the front door. Petunia Pinkpanties took fright.

“There's nothing to worry about!” she soothed him, and shot him a friendly maternal smile. “I'm here now! We'll get

this all sorted out, don't you worry!"

So, though his heart was still beating hard, Petunia Pinkpanties allowed her to lead him to the door. It was still unlocked. They went in. The woman kept Petunia Pinkpanties close at her side. Her grip was surprisingly strong and firm.

"Don't worry!" she whispered, and gave Petunia Pinkpanties an encouraging smile.

He felt renewed courage at that. With this nice lady's help, he would soon be free of that dreadful harpy Ms Palmer!

At that very moment, said 'harpy' appeared at the top of the stairs. Petunia Pinkpanties gasped — and at the same moment, his arm was twisted violently behind his back, and up. He shouted out in pain and dropped to his knees.

"Everything alright there, Mrs Ruddock?" enquired Ms Palmer, seemingly quite undisturbed by the intrusion.

"Oh, nothing to worry about Ma'am. I just found your new male maid wandering about in the dark. I brought him back in before he got himself into even more trouble!"

"Ah, good."

Ms Palmer descended the stairs swiftly. Her riding crop was in her hand. Petunia Pinkpanties was still on his knees.

He twisted and writhed as the crop rose and descended trying to avoid the slashes and to get free of the mad old woman who had hold of his arm. But that 'mad old woman' proved to be quite strong enough to hold him in that grip. It hurt so much! So he soon ceased to resist, and knelt there allows Ms Palmer to whip his bare thighs until she was satisfied.

"Be so good as to bring him into the lounge, Mrs Ruddock. I do believe it's time you and I had a little chat with him."

She stalked off into the lounge, and Mrs Ruddock forced a bent-over, sobbing Petunia Pinkpanties to walk in front of her.

Ms Palmer took a seat. Mrs Ruddock stood before her, with Petunia Pinkpanties in her vice-like grip.

"I know you've had a long trip, Mrs Ruddock, but could I trouble you to stay with me to keep an eye on him?"

"No trouble at all, Ma'am."

"Oh thank you Mrs Ruddock."

Her attention turned to Petunia Pinkpanties, and her voice and gaze alike hardened.

"Stand up straight and pay attention when I am addressing you, you sly slut!" she barked.

That familiar tone of command bit into Petunia Pinkpanties's soul. Here he was again. Mrs Ruddock loosened her grip just enough to allow him to stand up straight..

"This lady is Mrs Ruddock, my housekeeper. She has been on holiday, and has just got back. I am now putting you in her charge. I am sure she will be well able to handle you. But if you give her any trouble, you will answer to me for it!"

She glared at Petunia Pinkpanties, who stood there in a daze, the fresh welts from that terrible riding whip throbbing painfully. It was all too much for him.

"I think we had better put this lazy tart under lock and key, Mrs Ruddock," Cathy continued, "and then you and I must have a little chat before you go and take a well-earned bath!"

Together, they frog-marched the hapless Petunia Pinkpanties through the kitchen out the back door and down to the

old familiar shed.

“Strip!”

Petunia Pinkpanties hurriedly disrobed. Something he had fervently wished to do — but not like this!

Stark naked, he was bundled into the shed. The door was locked. In the pitch dark, he sat down and wept bitterly. He was at his wit's end. He was broken.

Back in the house, Ms Palmer had the promised little chat with her housekeeper.

“Petunia Pinkpanties will be with us for some time, Mrs Ruddock. He is...er...paying off a debt, and so he'll be staying rather longer than my... my usual guests.”

Mrs Ruddock nodded understandingly. She knew all about Ms Palmer's ‘usual guests’, and thoroughly approved of how her employer handled them.

“I am putting him in your charge, as I said,” Ms Palmer continued. “Think of him as your assistant. He can do all the scrubbing, all the menial stuff, that sort of thing. Keep him hard at it. That should free you up to do just the cooking — God knows, he isn't much cop at it.”

“Understood, Ma'am.”

“I'd like you to take this. I think it may help.”

She picked up a piece of leather which lay on the coffee table. It was a thick leather strap, one end of which was divided into two thongs, the other forming a handle. She hefted it in her hand, admiring its weight and suppleness.

“This, Mrs Ruddock, is called a Lochgelly tawse. It's the best that money can buy. Use it on him as you see fit. Remember: spare the leather, spoil the sissy maid!”

She passed it over to Mrs Ruddock, who took the tawse and in her turn hefted the sturdy leather strap in her hand. A wicked grin crept over her face.

“Seems just the thing to encourage lazy young trollops like your Petunia, Ma'am!”

“I am glad we understand one another, Mrs Ruddock!”

The next morning, a new phase of Petunia Pinkpanties's life began. He was woken at six by Mrs Ruddock. “Wakey-wakey!” she bellowed, standing in the open door. He got up and stumbled out into the grey light of dawn. He was freezing! Mrs Ruddock was standing just outside the door, waiting for him. She was wearing a skirt and blouse, over it a warm cardigan; and woollen stockings. There was a wide belt round her waist, and hanging from the belt were two large bunches of keys, and the Lochgelly tawse. She saw him eyeing it as he stood there naked and shivering. She patted it and said coolly:

“You'll be feeling my little friend here if I have any cause to be displeased with you. You felt my strength last night. Believe you me, you don't want to feel it again, wielding this! Do we understand one another?”

“Y-yes, Mistress...”

She slapped his face.

“Silly slut! You will address me as Madam. There's only one Mistress in this house — my employer, and your owner!”

Petunia's eyes were a picture of misery as he heard this blunt reference of his predicament.

“Y-yes, Madam...” he stuttered out.

“Good! Now come on, we'd best make a start. You have a long day ahead of you!”

With that he was led into the house where, under Mrs Ruddock's gimlet gaze, he was made to dress in the maid's uniform again.

That day was spent doing an unbelievable amount of chores under Mrs Ruddock's very close supervision. Petunia thought he had been worked hard that long, long weekend under Ms Palmer's direct control, but of course the lady of the house cared nothing for routine maintenance — she paid someone to take care of that for her. Mrs Ruddock, on the other hand, knew just what had to be done, and now she had someone to do it for her... well, let's just say her standards took a dramatic upward turn.

Finally, Mrs Ruddock decided to call it a day. She lead Petunia outside, to the shed. Before locking him up for the night, she said:

“Now girl, you won't find me as easy-going as Ms Palmer. I am sure you took every advantage you could with her. But it won't be like that with me!”

“Yes, Mistress.” said Petunia miserably.

“Now, in there and get some sleep. You're going to need your rest.”

She gave him a shove, he stumbled into the cold dark shed, and she locked the door behind him.

SISSIFIED SKIVVY

It was Friday night, and Cathy was finally home again. She had spent most of the week in her usual hotel in town; she was so busy it did not seem worth while trekking out to the country every evening. And she was sure Mrs Ruddock would keep her new domestic servant well in hand. So it proved.

“Pinkpanties!”

Mrs Ruddock's roar echoed through the house. Cathy laughed to herself. Her house-keeper certainly did not mess about where the staff were concerned!

Then Cathy heard the clack-clack of high heels on a parquet floor. That would be Petunia Pinkpanties, responding to the summons just as fast as he was able.

Of the ensuing exchange, only Mrs Ruddock's bellowing voice could be heard.

“You call this floor scrubbed?”

“Lazy trollop! I'll teach you!”

“Down you go! Knickers down, bottom up!”

Cathy smiled to herself. She could just picture the scene. The trembling sissified male, crouched on all fours, pink panties about his ankles, his hindquarters thrust up as high as he could get them, quivering with dread, awaiting the impact of that heavy leather strap... the thieving swine's fraud had turned out all for the best after all!

And then came the first resounding smack of leather on flesh, so loud that it seemed to resound throughout the house.

THWACK!

And the first howl of anguish wrenched from her wretched sissy slave's painted mouth!

“Arrrooo!”

Although rather tired from a long week's work, Cathy would not have missed this for the world. She sauntered along into the kitchen.

“Good evening Ma'am,” she greeted her employer. “Just giving some hands-on encouragement to this lazy slut!”

She gestured at the sissified young former-male on his hands and knees, who, bottom warmed by the tawse, was now scrubbing away with some old rag at the tiles as though his life depended on it, a bucket of water beside him.

“Come on, Pinkpanties! Put some elbow grease into it!” Cathy chimed in.

So now Petunia Pinkpanties scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed at an already pristine surface with what was left of his business suit.

“I shall take dinner at seven, Mrs Ruddock.”

Ms Palmer's lazy drawl sounded above his head.

“Very good Ma'am.”

“Right you! Up!” Mrs Ruddock barked at Petunia Pinkpanties. “And get the dinning room ready for the Mistress's dinner!”

As usual, after waiting at table, Petunia was kept standing at attention in the kitchen, the door open, waiting for his Mistress's imperious summons from whatever room she happened to occupy. The whistle could be heard throughout the house. Sometimes, she didn't use him at all; other times, she had him running to her every five minutes — to light a cigarette, pick up a dropped magazine, pour a drink. Only when the Mistress retired would he be dispatched to the tender mercies of Mrs Ruddock.

This evening, he was called only once. He stood to attention before Ms Palmer's chair, and she looked him up and down.

"I don't need to tell you how fortunate you are, do I Petunia?"

"No, Mistress."

Ms Palmer nodded with smug satisfaction.

"That's what I thought. You have a lot to be grateful for: a roof over your head, as much left-overs as you can eat — even a smart uniform!"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Very well, Petunia, that will be all. You may report to Mrs Ruddock."

She dismissed him curtly with a wave of her hand.

"Yes, Mistress" said Petunia in a low, controlled voice, then scurried off to find his task-mistress. His life, he thought, had become a sick, twisted fantasy, but he could find no way out.

And so the days became weeks, the weeks became months. New uniforms were presented to the hapless male maid which made the first one look positively frumpy. Fresh indignities were heaped upon him. The strict discipline continued to be unrelenting, the chores never-ending.

BREAKFAST IN BED

One Saturday morning, Cathy Palmer sat up in bed, and yawned. She looked at her clock — just ten. At that moment a light knock sounded at the door. “Enter,” she called lazily. the door opened, and in came Petunia with her breakfast.

She watched 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 Petunia'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.

Cathy 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, Petunia!” 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 Petunia was, as always, in full uniform.

This morning, this consisted of an ultra-short frock, pink with white polka-dots, 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. The neckline of the frock descended to just below the nipples, which stuck pertly out above the froth of white lace. They had been ‘enhanced’ with plenty of pink rouge, making them even more pink and prominent, and from each hung a silver ring. Under the frock, Petunia 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; and ending below at the hips, where the garment was padded to give a nice womanly curve to the maid's hips. His plucked eyebrows had been replaced by two bold, turquoise streaks; his lips were an extravagant cupid's-bow executed in pink lipstick. As always, Petunia's make-up was colour-coordinated with the colours of his frock. His brown eyes, shaded by long false eyelashes and outlined vividly with mascara, stared straight ahead, their expression the usual mix of resignation and despair.

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

“Yes, Mistress,” Petunia 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.

Cathy watched his bottom wiggling in the tight pink frock, and noticed with approval how careful he was to keep it from riding up. Although his name was now Petunia Pinkpanties, Mrs Ruddock often made him go knickerless. Cathy thoroughly approved; she was delighted at how enthusiastically Mrs Ruddock had ‘taken an interest in Petunia's welfare’, as she herself styled it. The male maid had to be very careful. It was just possible to keep ‘decent’, as Mrs Ruddock delighted in calling it, but it took constant care and attention. But if he did not take that constant care, pay that constant attention, Mrs Ruddock's loud voice was sure to be heard ringing out in mocking reprimand: ‘tits, bits and bum, Petunia!’ In the early days, when this outrageous costume was brand-new, those words had echoed through the house several times a day. And if Petunia Pinkpanties did not at once take the requisite steps to restore modesty, he would feel that heavy leather strap hard across his bare bottom...

Alone again in her warm, comfortable bed, Cathy was satisfied that the work week was over at last, and that she now had a nice long weekend to spend being pampered by her own personal sissy maid.

Downstairs, Petunia Pinkpanties 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.

The weekends were the worst. At least during the week, he had only one, strict demanding woman to please. That was bad enough. But at the weekends, he had two. And they seemed to compete in making his life hell!

UNIFORM INSPECTION

After dinner, Cathy Palmer was sitting in the front room half-watching a TV program which she had a sudden inspiration. She picked up the bell that lay on the coffee table and rang for Petunia. Each room had a bell, each bell had a slightly different pitch. It had been up to Petunia Panties to keep a sharp ear cocked for that ring, and to learn which pitch went with which room.

Soon, Petunia Pinkpanties minced in and curtsyed to her.

“What are you doing, Pinkpanties?” Cathy asked casually, not turning her gaze from the TV in which she had taken a sudden interest.

“Ironing, Mistress.”

“Uniform inspection in five minutes, girl,” she said, and nodded in dismissal.

“Yes, Mistress,” said Petunia without a trace of resentment, curtsyed once more, and minced off out again.

Cathy had recently decided that whenever she felt like doing a ‘uniform spot-check’, she would summon Petunia and tell him to come back in a few minutes for it. That meant he would have to stop whatever he was doing, come to wherever she was, receive that piece of information, go back to where he was, get on with what he was doing, keeping an eye on the clock until it was time to go back again and do what could easily have been done when he had first been summoned! What an easy way to have him running back and forth just a little bit more!

In just under seven minutes, Petunia was back. He curtsyed and stood waiting. Cathy kept him there for a good long minute, then glanced at her watch.

“I said five minutes, Petunia, not six and a half.”

For the first time, she looked at him.

“Oh! I’m so — I mean, yes, Mistress.”

Petunia Pinkpanties had been forbidden to apologise, on the grounds that he ought not to be getting things wrong in the first place. Sometimes he forgot, but usually managed to catch himself in time.

Cathy regarded with mocking curiosity the figure before her.

“Let’s have a look at this uniform then,” she sighed as though it were such a terrible chore. “Oh but those eyebrows!” she exclaimed. “Were they plucked this morning?”

She looked hard at the trembling male maid.

“Y-yes, Mistress,” he stammered nervously. “Well they don’t look properly plucked to me. Make sure you pluck them *properly* tomorrow morning!”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Hmmm, rouge is just about OK, but the lippy...” she shook her head, “... you have not done very well at all: nothing like that luscious, exaggerated cupid’s bow look I want. You need concentrate on getting that right in future, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Come closer then, let’s have a look under the frock.”

Petunia Pinkpanties minced a few steps closer and gathered his skirts high about his waist.

“no knickers again!” she remarked with a laugh. “What a slut you are, Pinkpanties! Mmm, fully shaven down there, I see; that’s something.”

Then she tugged at the thick, narrow tube of polished alloy in which Petunia’s flaccid penis was locked, and asked playfully, “I hope you haven’t been trying to get out of this, Petunia?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Hmmm...”

She cupped his balls in one hand and gave a none-to-gentle squeeze.

“Yes, these do feel full to the brim. So if you have been trying, you can’t have been very successful!”

She laughed, then released his full and aching balls, and let his skimpy frock fall back to cover what it could.

“Right, that’s the end of uniform inspection.”

Petunia Pinkpanties bobbed a respectful curtsy and minced away. But as he reached the door, he heard that dread voice again:

“Pinkpanties!”

Cathy Palmer’s voice was stern. Teetering unsteadily on the still unfamiliar high heels, Petunia Pinkpanties turned and carefully retraced his steps. He had just delivered an after-dinner drink, and had been about to report back to Mrs Ruddock, who was sure to have some menial chores for him to do. Standing before his Mistress as she sat in her favourite armchair regarding him with a severe expression, he executed the best curtsy he could and asked with trepidation:

“Yes, Mistress?”

Cathy Palmer looked hard at him for a moment. Then she said:

“We have discussed the importance of correctness in attire, haven’t we, Pinkpanties?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“And that discussion included explicit mention of the importance of *straight* stocking-seams, did it not?”

“I...um...oh... yes, Mistress...”

Petunia’s face fell. How on earth was he supposed to know if his stocking seams were straight or not?

“So, when you are seen prancing about in all your frilly finery with *crooked* stocking-seams, it must mean that you willfully disobeying my wishes in this matter — must it not?”

“I...I... oh but... oh no Mistress?”

He knew he had made a terrible mistake as soon as the words were out of his mouth. Cathy Palmer glared at him.

“Oh?” she queried in a louder voice, arching her eyebrows.

“I...I...oh... I mean, yes Mistress...” Petunia stammered, his face reddening.

“Oh! So now suddenly we do understand!” Cathy Palmer exclaimed loudly. “Which is to say that, having been given *explicit* instructions to ensure correctness in attire, which included *explicit* mention of the importance of straight stocking-seams, you *chose* to ignore these instructions.”

She paused.

“Hmmm?”

“I... oh... I...”

Petunia did not know what to say. And, as usual when nervous, his hands began to fiddle with the hem of his frilly frock.

“Stop that fidgeting!” said his Mistress sharply.

Petunia at once stopped his hands moving. They remained still just where they were, pinching the hem of his frock, ready to curtsy.

“That's better! So, we have established that you have been disobedient.”

Cathy Palmer nodded to herself.

“Haven't we?”

“Mmmmm... yes, Mistress,” whimpered Petunia in a very small voice.

Cathy Palmer nodded again, very smugly.

“And the penalty for disobedience is...?”

She left the sentence unfinished and stared quizzically at Petunia, who had no choice but to stammer out the answer he knew all too well:

“The penalty for disobedience is... is the cane, Mistress.”

“That's right!” exclaimed Cathy Palmer triumphantly, in the tone of one praising a backward child who had finally grasped something too simple to need explanation.

Then, in a tone of exasperation, she said:

“So, Petunia Pinkpanties, you had better fetch the cane then, hadn't you?”

“Yes Mistress,” said Petunia woefully.

He curtsied very carefully indeed, and was about to mince away when Cathy added:

“I hope that was not resentment I heard in your voice, Pinkpanties,” said Cathy Palmer with a warning note in her voice.

“Oh no, no, no Mistress”, bleated Petunia in sudden terror.

Cathy Palmer looked dubious.

“Hmm... because we did agreed that your tone of voice should be what I described as ‘pathetic gratitude’, didn't we?”

“Oh yes Mistress, yes we did, thank you so much Mistress!” gushed Petunia in a really quite creditable imitation of ‘pathetic gratitude’.

Cathy nodded.

“Carry on!”

Another curtsy, and Petunia Pinkpanties minced away up the stairs, down the upstairs to the door at the very end.

This had been painted pink and had the words “Petunia Pinkpanties” painted on it in white italics. He open the door and entered the very small room. It was painted pink. It had no window. Originally it had been no room at all, but a storage cupboard.

The room was dominated by a large wardrobe. This contained all of Petunia's many, many uniforms. Aside from that, a chest of drawers, a dressing table, a narrow camp-bed with a well-worn, well-washed sheet and blanket — and there, all along the wall opposite the wardrobe, in grim array, the ‘instruments of correction’ as Cathy Palmer liked to call them, hanging from hooks in the wall. Petunia knew by heart exactly where each was kept, so now he went at once to the hook marked ‘Regular Punishment Cane’ and took the dread rod in his hands. He had no time to linger, and in any case he knew each and every one of those fearsome implements all too well: The Pansy Paddle. The Willy Whip. The Bum Warmer. The Light Punishment Cane. The Serious Punishment Cane. They all looked custom-made for inflicting pain. Pain on him!

Literally trembling with anticipation, which made him teeter even more than usual on his ultra-high heels, Petunia Pinkpanties made his slow mincing way all the way back to where his strict owner sat waiting.

She stood up as her male maid entered the room.

“Knickers down...” she began. And then giggled. “Oh, I forgot, you're not wearing any, are you?” She laughed. “Anyway — skirt up, and bend for Miss Cane!”

Trembling, the sissified once-male obeyed. And waited. Cathy swished the cane to and from, enjoying the sound it made. Then she raised the cane high, and brought it down hard. She always caned hard as she could. Why not?

SWISH — THWACK!

Petunia Pinkpanties gave vent to a loud, high-pitched whine as the rod cut into his flesh. He didn't move hardly at all, just an involuntary flinch. Excessive movement during a caning earned one double the strokes. He had learned that lesson the hard way. A red welt appeared on the white skin, high up on the rump, spanning both buttocks.

SWISH — THWACK!

Another whine, louder this time. Another red welt appeared on the white flesh, just below the last.

SWISH — THWACK!

A howl came from the right down in Petunia Pinkpanties throat. He fought desperately to stay in position despite the agony. And another red welt appeared on the white flesh, just below the last.

SWISH — THWACK!

A loud, guttural, animal-like sound from the sissy's throat. And yet another red welt appeared on the white flesh, just below the last.

SWISH — THWACK!

The painted mouth opened wide to release another groan. Still another red welt appeared on the white flesh, just below the last. Tears sprung into the sissy's eyes despite his best efforts. Oh no! If he made his make-up run he would find himself in trouble for that as well!

SWISH — THWACK!

The mouth was wide open this time, and the howl penetrating. Another red welt appeared on the white flesh, just below the last.

Ms Palmer gave a loud sigh, and flexed the cane in her hands.

“Get up, girl!”

A tearful Petunia Pinkpanties straightened up and smoothed out his frock and tried to stop crying.

“Well, Pinkpanties, what do we say?”

“Th-thank you for correcting me, Mistress.”

“And what have we learned?”

“The importance of straight stocking seams, Mistress.”

“Correct! Good. Well now, take the cane back, and then get on with your chores.”

“Yes, Mistress,” came the answer, with a stifled sob. Petunia Pinkpanties curtsied, took the cane, curtsied again, and minced out of the room.

SISSY FOR LIFE

Very late that evening, Petunia Pinkpanties was finally released from his chores. In his bleak little room, he cleaned off his make-up, stripped off his garishly feminine attire, and put on his pink baby-doll nightie.

In the moments before sleep, he thought regretfully about his predicament. Generally, Petunia Pinkpanties no longer thought much about his old life. He hardly had a moment in which to do so, and in any case thinking such thoughts only caused her distress. Which led to carelessness. Which led to punishment at the relentless hands of Mrs Ruddock. Or Ms Palmer. It was hard to tell which was worse...

And so there we must leave Petunia, serving out his time in punishment for his crime, held in petticoated servitude by two very strict and very demanding women. As far as the police and the courts are concerned, Petunia Pinkpanties's case has long been filed away, just another villain who managed to escape justice. But in fact there was not, is not and will not be any escape for Petunia Pinkpanties! He will be a sissy maid for life!

THE END

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