

Miranda Birch

Uniformed

From Male to Maid



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Part Two of The Petticoating of Petunia Pinkpanties

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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In [Knickered](#), part one of *The Petticoating of Petunia Pinkpanies*, Ms Palmer subjected her errant employee to knicker discipline, sissy uniforming and chastity. Now the transformation of our hapless hero into a sissy maid named 'Petunia Pinkpanties' continues with his first full day of service as a uniformed house-maid. The humiliation continues, with brow-beating lectures and frequent whippings when he fails to meet the high standards his exacting new Mistress expects!

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Ms Palmer's words still rang in his ears:

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

With a sigh, he lifted the wickerwork lid of the basket and looked inside. There was not much, just bras and knickers — including, of course, the pair he had been made to wear yesterday. Was it only yesterday? Then, being forced into a pair of woman's knickers had seemed the ultimate indignity. And now here he was in full maid's uniform, cap and all! And with a maid's name to boot — Petunia Pinkpanties!

With another deep sigh, Petunia Pinkpanties filled the sink with warm water, put some soap flakes in, and loaded the sink with the washing. And then he was rather at a loss. Just let 'em soak for a bit, then hang 'em out to dry, he decided. Or, well, move them about a bit. That's what a washing machine basically does, isn't it? he thought to himself. So he agitated the garments in the water, feeling rather daft. Then he took out each one, wrung it as dry as he could, then put it in the basket. When he had finished, he took the basket out into the garden and hung the items out to dry. There! That wasn't so bad, actually. He could do this for a weekend, no worries. And if she wanted him to dress up into the bargain, well, it was better than prison uniform, eh? His heart lightened, he walked with a light step back into the house.

Oh dear! if he only knew!

No sooner was he indoors than a bell rang. He had been told to expect a ring. Hastily drying his hands, he hurried to the bedroom. With trepidation, he knocked on the door.

"Come!" came the imperious cry from beyond the door.

Petunia Pinkpanties entered and was both startled and excited to see Ms Palmer sitting up in bed reading a newspaper. For she was quite, quite naked! Petunia Pinkpanties, absurdly in his situation, had eyes only for her breasts. How big and firm they were. Perhaps there was some way out of this after all. A sexual way? One never quite knew with women. Even kinky women. Oh yes, they were super tits! And why show them off unless...?

"You took your time, maid!"

Ms Palmer's cold blue eyes flashed dangerously.

"I... I'm sorry, Mistress. I'm not used to... to this sort of thing."

"Then the sooner you get used to it the better. For your sake," snapped Ms Palmer. "Now, I want my breakfast."

"Er, um, what does Mistress want for breakfast", Petunia Pinkpanties stammered.

"Scrambled eggs, toast; rashers; coffee; orange juice," Ms Palmer rapped out. "Don't be too long about it."

Petunia Pinkpanties remembered just in time to bob a curtsy before heading back downstairs to the kitchen. The breakfast sounded simple enough, although he was not quite sure how one scrambled an egg.

Some twenty minutes later, Petunia Pinkpanties was carrying a laden tray up the stairs to Madame's bedroom. He was not not too confident with the results of his culinary efforts in the kitchen, but it was the best he could do. In the meantime, being ravenous himself, he had breakfasted hurriedly on a few slices of bread, the rest of a rather stale loaf which he was pretty sure wouldn't be missed.

Ms Palmer, still topless, regarded the tray with a look of distaste.

"Egg over-cooked, bacon under-cooked. Take it away, imbecile. Leave the orange juice and coffee. You can hardly have made a mess of those."

"I beg pardon, Mistress. I t-tried," Petunia Pinkpanties stammered.

He had resolved to try his best to get in her good books, if he could. Surely she would soften if she could see he was trying hard? It looked like sex was definitely off the menu, though.

“Like most men,” said Cathy, “you are utterly useless. But, believe me, you are going to improve. I am going to *make* you improve!”

Petunia Pinkpanties felt a shiver of dread go through him. She really meant it. But how could he improve? If you didn't know anything about something in the first place, how could you improve in the short period of a long weekend? But in this ghastly new kind of world, he would just *have* to. Because if he didn't, she would thrash him. Simple as that.

“Yes...yes... Mistress,” replied Petunia Pinkpanties as meekly as he could manage.

Cathy sipped her orange juice.

“Have you eaten anything, maid?” she asked.

Petunia Pinkpanties hesitated; and thought it wiser to tell the truth.

“Yes...yes, Mistress... I had some bread, that's all, bread and butter..”

“Bread? And butter?”

Her eyebrows went up.

“Light-fingered is as light-fingered does, eh? Let me tell you now what you should already know. In this house, you eat what you are given, when you are given it, and that is all you eat. Got it?”

“I... I beg pardon, Mistress...”

“As well you might!” exclaimed Cathy severely. “Now, go into my bathroom and clean it thoroughly. You will cleaning materials in the cupboard in the corridor. Get yourself a bucket and rag, and fill the bucket with *cold* water. Then you will scrub everything in that bathroom until it is shining. In an hour's time — I can't see how it could take you longer than that — run me a bath. Oh, and let me make one thing absolutely clear, so clear that even a light-fingered idiot like yourself understands: if that bathroom is not cleaned to my satisfaction by that time, you *will* suffer for it!”

Ms Palmer raised the crop which lay on her night table. Petunia Pinkpanties's flinched. Bloody Hell, she even slept with the thing!

“Get out, and get on with it!”

Cathy sipped again at her orange juice and returned her attention to the newspaper she held.

Bemused and bewildered, Petunia Pinkpanties went into the corridor, found the cupboard, got a bucket and rag, and went into the bathroom. It was big, but, this being a country house, by no means as up-to-date as one you would have found in a modern flat. It was untidy and dirty, too. Looked as though it hadn't been touched by a cleaning hand in a month.

And he was to get it shining, was he? With cold water and a rag! Petunia Pinkpanties didn't know much about cleaning bathrooms, but he was pretty clear there was all sorts of fancy stuff you could use. Toilet Duck, that was the ad on the telly, wasn't it? But none of that for him. Sighing, he got on his hands and knees, dipped the rag in the bucket, and got to work.

He could never have imagined work could be so arduous. The worst of it was, all the effort was pointless. With proper cleaning materials he could have done the job in a tenth of the time and a fraction of the effort. And to think of Cathy bloody Palmer, just lying there at her ease... Thinking of Ms Palmer in bed took his thoughts those big ripe breasts he had seen earlier. But he had to stop his thoughts from heading in that direction. With another self-pitying

sigh, he went on with what he had been ordered to do.

At last, Petunia Pinkpanties thought he had got the floor as clean as it was going to get. He got off his aching knees, and made a start on the bath. That was tough. The dirt seemed engraved on it.

Then his blood froze as Ms Palmer swept in, riding crop in hand.

“You can run my bath now, maid,” she rapped out.

Petunia Pinkpanties rose stiffly to obey, while Cathy cursorily inspected his efforts.

“You have a lot to learn, maid” she said sharply. “How to make an effort, for a start! That is what I want — what I *demand* from you. This place is nowhere near clean.”

“But M-Mistress, it.. it's just not possible...” began Petunia Pinkpanties hesitantly.

“Don't argue with me!” she cut him off. “Just obey! If you had put your back in to it, not to mention a bit of elbow grease, you would be finished and the room would be clean. But it seems you must learn the hard way...”

“Oh Mistress... I tried... I really tried...”

“Silence!”

“Get down on your hands and knees!”

“Pull your knickers down!”

“Right down!”

“Now get that dress bunched up around your waist!”

“And stick that bum higher, I don't want to have to bend over...”

Miserably, Petunia Pinkpanties knelt there on hands and knees, bum thrust up, waiting. He knew what was coming.

“Get it up, I said!”

The crop swished menacingly.

With a sob of helplessness, Petunia Pinkpanties thrust his bottom up as high as he could... and screamed like a girl as the crop lashed down across his rump.

Once!

Twice!

Thrice!

And a fourth!

He took all four, but then he simply couldn't stand it any more. He shuffled over on hands and knees and clasped desperately at her legs, begging and crying out, pleaded for mercy, indeed more like a maid than a man now.

But she had him under her thumb. Further orders were rapped out.

“Lick that floor!”

He looked up at her in dumb puzzlement. And got another cut for his pains, this one across his back.

“Lick! If you won't use a rag, you'll tongue it clean!”

Another cut.

“Ahh...mercy... Mistress... I can't do any better...”

“You can! And will!”

Another agonising slice of the crop.

“Now get that tongue to work, floor, then bath. Get on with it, maid.”

“Yes... ahhh.... yes... Mistress... but please... please... no more... crop! I'll lick... yes, I'll lick...”

Petunia Pinkpanties did indeed lick. As though his life depended on it. Smiling in smug triumph, Cathy looked down at him. This was how she liked to have a man.

A whimpering wreck, snivelling to do her bidding. Done up in old-fashioned house-maid's clothing as well, as icing on the cake. Yes! A cringing, grovelling male maid. The sheer joy of it filled her. And to think, this weekend had only just begun!

She gave her latest victim another vicious cut across his rump and ordered him to run her bath. He meekly did so.

“This, maid,” she said as the water ran, holding up a whistle which she had on a cord round her neck, “is a whistle.”

She blew it.

“When you hear that sound, you come running. It is up to you to find out where it is coming from.”

Petunia Pinkpanties nodded dumbly. She slapped his face.

“Y-yes, Mistress!” he blurted out at once.

Ms Palmer smiled coldly. Her training was taking hold; slowly, but taking hold!

“I will take my bath now. you will stand in the corridor until you are summoned.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Run along then, you dozy tart!”

“Yes Mistress.”

She watched him scurry out. First a nice bath, and then there were plenty of other tasks she had in mind for Petunia Pinkpanties. He was going to rue the day he had stolen from the company!

Petunia Pinkpanties stood miserably in the corridor, wondering how life could possibly get any worse.

Then the whistle blew.

Ms Palmer, shrouded in towels, stalked out of the bathroom just as he reached the door.

“Get it tidied up in there”, she ordered curtly, jerking her head at the open door of the bathroom.

“Yes Mistress,” Petunia Pinkpanties said meekly. He'd only just cleaned the bloody place!

After a few minutes of folding towels, wiping up spilled talcum powder, and such, Petunia Pinkpanties heard a blast on the whistle. He hurried out of the bathroom. Downstairs, was it? It blew again. Yes. He ran down the stairs, then... he stood in the corridor, waiting for another blast on the whistle.

"In here, maid," came Cathy's domineering voice.

He saw her through the open door of the kitchen. Petunia Pinkpanties hurried over, through the kitchen and into a stone-floored, old-fashioned scullery.

His fear of this woman was growing by leaps and bounds. Originally he had fondly tried to believe that she was largely bluffing, even that she fancied him in some peculiar way. Now he knew that she meant everything she said about him being her maid.

"Earlier, maid, you stole some food. You are now going to be punished for that."

"Oh no... oooo! Please... I was h-hungry... I didn't think..."

"Don't answer back!"

Ms Palmer rapped out and lashed the crop across Petunia Pinkpanties's bare thigh. He cried out, clasping at the new ridge of pain.

"Servants don't think! They simply obey! Now, for stealing *again*, I am going to give you six strokes from your little friend Miss Whippy here."

"Oh... no... please... I've had enough!"

And Petunia Pinkpanties found himself grovelling on the cold floor, clasping at Cathy's boots.

"Please — I really can't stand it!"

"You can stand it. As a matter of fact, you can stand a lot more, if necessary," replied Cathy Palmer coldly. "Now get your nose to those flag-stones, and your backside high in the air."

"Mercy!"

Petunia Pinkpanties had never imagined that he would have to beg a woman for mercy. Then his hair was seized and his head yanked painfully up. Cathy's features, almost savage in their viciousness were close to his.

"I have had just about enough of this," she said through grated teeth. "You will obey, and when you do not obey, you will be punished as hard and as often as I see fit." She twisted his hair again, then released her grip. "Now! Nose down, arse up!"

Petunia Pinkpanties felt hopeless despair. She meant it! And he had to do it! Groaning, almost sobbing, he presented his throbbing buttocks for this relentless disciplinarian's attentions.

Each cut was a new and separate agony, the more so as they frequently crossed the still-painful marks left by those he had been given earlier. Each had him yelping and begging, as he scabbled about on the stony floor. Always he had to get his hindquarters up again. In the end, he was in tears. He saw Ms Palmer looking at him derisively.

"What a weakling you are," she sneered. "A real sissy!"

Weakling! Had she any remote idea how painful that crop was?

"Now, sissy maid," she continued, "on the floor you will see two bowls."

She indicated with the tip of the crop. He looked, and saw on the floor two bowls, one containing water, the other some mushy-looking substance.

"They are for you. You will eat and drink from them, and only from them. You will always eat all the food in the bowl, but as little or as much water as you like. I hope I am making myself quite clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," Petunia Pinkpanties nodded miserably.

“The food in the bowl, on this occasion, is cold porridge. I want that bowl spotless. Come on, I haven't got all day!”

The crop tapped Petunia Pinkpanties's bottom and he almost jumped out of his skin. Feeling sick to his stomach, he crawled to the food bowl and began to eat its cold, gooey contents. It wasn't easy and his face got covered in the stuff. He wasn't even that hungry, after the bread. But the frequent tap-tap of Cathy's crop drove him on. He took a while to get it all down. Then he licked and licked at the bowl until it was indeed spotless. Or virtually so. He was indeed learning the meaning of obedience! Miserably, he went to the other bowl and slurped up some water.

“Up!” came the command. He stood, staggering and wincing. Oh the pain!

Cathy burst out laughing. “My, my! What sight you are!”

She took him by the ear and dragged him towards an old-fashioned sink. She pushed his head under a tap. She turned the tap, and ice-cold water jetted fiercely into his face, making him choke and splutter. The utter indignity of it all made him rage inside. Yet he dare not complain, nor do anything about it. He didn't want to feel that crop again for quite some time. If ever!

She took him by the ear again, and lead him out into the hall. She stood him before the hall mirror.

“Just take a look at yourself.”

Petunia Pinkpanties looked at the wretched figure in the mirror. Next to it, holding it by the ear, was an elegant young lady, her voluptuous body not particularly well concealed by her half-open house-coat. What a state he had got himself in to!

“Look at yourself!” she said again, and laughed cruelly.

“Now you can go and get yourself tidied up. I want my maid spick and span at all times. And then tidy up my bedroom,” continued his tormentress. “And you had better make a good job of it. Off you go, chop chop!”

And Petunia Pinkpanties — Petunia Pinkpanties the sissy maid — with a humble “Yes, Mistress”, dutifully scurried up the stairs. But he was only half-way up when the whistle blew! He hurried back down.

“Yes Mistress?”

“You will prepare lunch when you're finished up there. And for your sake, you had better make a better job of it than you did breakfast. I will leave a note of what I want in the kitchen.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Petunia Pinkpanties went wretchedly back up the stairs. How could she expect him to cook well? He had so little experience. But so unrelenting was this woman, he knew the only way was to learn fast.

Petunia Pinkpanties found Ms Palmer's bedroom in a terrible state. Clothes and underclothes tossed everywhere. Lipstick daubs and powder all over her dressing table. It occurred to him that this shambles was certainly deliberate, but there was nothing he could do about it. And there was certainly no one he could complain to!

As he hurried about the room, picked up the various intimate items, folding them carefully and putting them away, the angry red weals which Ms Palmer's crop had already raised that day throbbed intensely. His mind was in a turmoil. He still couldn't fully grasp it was all happening to him. A few days before, he had been a responsible young executive; now he was a maid! Ms Palmer treated him as though he literally belonged to her. He was utterly in her power. She could get him sent to gaol for years if he wished. There was no alternative but to obey. So there he was, a naked maid, struggling about his owner's bedroom, striving to get it in order, in fear of the whip, in dread of more pain.

The powder scattered on the floor proved a problem. In the end, a damp cloth took care of it. Better than having to lick it all up, as she had made him do in the bathroom! Another problem was the daubs of lipstick on the white dressing table. No matter how much he rubbed and rubbed, he couldn't seem to remove them entirely. Full of

frustration and resentment, as well as fear, he toiled on, arms and back aching.

Finally, he got things as neat and tidy as he felt he could. He looked around carefully, trying to find fault — because he knew his Mistress would! He could see nothing wrong. He could only hope and pray Ms Palmer wouldn't either. Such was the mental condition this powerful — and power-mad — woman had reduced him to in less than twenty-four hours!

Down the stairs he went. He wasn't finished yet, not by a long chalk. Now there was her lunch to prepare. Fury welled up in him at the thought of Ms Palmer taking her ease, while he was slaving away — literally slaving! But he could not allow himself to think like that. Through his own greed and folly, he'd got himself into this mess — so he'd got to go through with it. How long could a weekend last? It seemed to be taking forever. But it would come to an end. On Monday. By definition. Until then... Petunia Pinkpanties gritted his teeth and went into the kitchen.

On the table was a piece of paper. "Menu for Lunch" it read.

"Vegetable soup. Steak with fried potatoes. Vanilla ice cream. Coffee. To be served at one in the small dining room."

Petunia Pinkpanties's heart sank. How, in God's name, was he supposed to prepare all that? It was madness to expect him to.

He glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already midday! Panic seized him. Ms Palmer did not accept excuses; she had both said it and demonstrated it. What was he to do? He would have given anything at that moment for a really stiff drink to calm his jittery nerves. No chance of that. If she gave half a dozen for a bit of dry bread, what would he get for pilfering the drinks cabinet?

Petunia Pinkpanties looked around the kitchen, seeking some kind of inspiration. Today, he thought, there were such things as convenience foods, ready-prepared meals, were there not? And anyone could do a steak. Sure enough, he found a steak in the fridge, a tin of soup in a cupboard, and the freezer produced the ice cream. Right. Now just read the instructions, and Bob's your uncle. In theory.

He set to work. But he was interrupted almost at once by a shrill blast on Ms Palmer's damned whistle! Hurrying towards the source of the sound, he found her in the living room. She was sprawled on a sofa, still clad only in her underwear, her half-fastened housecoat loose on her, showing quite a lot. But she seemed just as unconcerned about the length of leg she was showing as she had done about baring her breasts to him in bed that morning. Petunia Pinkpanties had earlier hoped that this was some sort of come-on. Now, it was humiliating to realise, maids were quite unconsidered in such areas. He might as well have been a dog. She didn't even look at him but went on reading a newspaper. Suddenly remembering, Petunia Pinkpanties fell to his knees.

"Get me a drink, maid".

"Yes, Mistress." He waited, still on his knees.

"I'll have a dry Martini, lots of ice. The drinks cabinet is in that far alcove."

Petunia Pinkpanties got off his knees. He was on safer ground with drinks than with food. He shook up his usual measures, poured into an ornate crystal glass, and carried the drink across on a small silver tray — an inspiration of which he was rather proud. He thought it best, after his curtsy, to go to his knees as he served it. He remained kneeling for several minutes, impatient to get back to the kitchen. At last Ms Palmer stretched out a languid arm. She still hadn't looked at him.

She sipped the drink. Then she put the glass back on the tray.

"Put down the tray." she said in a calm, level voice.

Petunia Pinkpanties put down the tray — and at once got a stinging back-hander across his face.

"That's too strong," said Ms Palmer, still in the same even tone.

Petunia Pinkpanties fought to keep his rage in check. The bitch... oh, the bitch!

“You’ll remember next time, I expect. Get me another.”

Cathy resumed reading.

Petunia Pinkpanties got back on his feet with the tray and returned to the alcove. How dearly he would have loved to strangle that woman! Yet he dare not raise a finger. This time he mixed the Martini with half the amount of gin he used before.

Then, nervously, he returned with the tray, once more curtsied, once more knelt. Again he was kept waiting, simply holding out the tray. Like an object, he thought, not like a human being. The tray trembled slightly in his hands. Finally, out came that white arm again. The Mistress — his Mistress! — sipped. His heart sank. Every minute that passed was giving him less time to prepare lunch.

“Put down the tray...”

Petunia Pinkpanties's heart sank; he almost ducked. He knew what was coming. Sure enough, he got a second teeth-rattling slap across the face.

“Now it's too weak, you cretin!” she scolded. “Can you do nothing right? Go and get me another!”

Petunia Pinkpanties couldn't believe it. How was he expected to know how she liked her Martini? Rage burned through him; but he clenched his teeth, rose once more he rose to his feet, once more went back to the alcove.

This time he mixed with the measure half-way between the first and the second. That must be right. He felt out of control of the situation. It didn't seem to matter what he did, he couldn't win. What he had become, he realised, was a kind of plaything. Something for her sadistic amusement.

Yes, he would have very much like to have put his hands round that white throat... and see terror dissolve those arrogant features.

Daydreams.

Back he went, curtsied, then knelt humbly for the third time, tray outstretched. The glass was taken. He waited in dull despair. The glass was replaced.

“Get out,” ordered Cathy.

Petunia Pinkpanties found a side-table on which to leave the tray and thankfully departed for the kitchen. There, he worked steadily on lunch. Thank God for the clear instructions on tins and convenience foods. He got a large oval tray prepared with everything he reckoned Ms Palmer could want. The soup was warming, the chicken in the oven, the ice-cream came out of the freezer, the coffee percolator was burbling gently.

In the middle of all this, that nerve-wracking whistle had blown again. His Mistress wanted another Martini. This time, Martin had learnt his lesson. He got it right first time. He was thankful... yet how maddening it was to have to learn in such a fashion!

“Lunch will be ready at one thirty, Mistress,” he ventured.

“I should hope so,” Ms Palmer snapped. “I’ll summon you when I’m ready.”

“Yes Mistress”. Petunia Pinkpanties bowed humbly and crept silently away.

Lunch went well! That is to say, Petunia Pinkpanties was not punished once. If you had told him a few days ago that he would derive a sense of satisfaction from preparing and serving a meal to his female boss without having his face slapped or his bum welted, he would have considered his interlocutor to be stark, staring mad. Truth be told, it would have been difficult, even for an amateur like Petunia Pinkpanties, to go wrong. All he had to do was open the

tins and packets, heat the stuff up, and get it on plates. Still, he was in a state of the highest tension as he served his Mistress. He stood discreetly behind and to one side of her chair. From time to time, at the snap of her fingers he would move forward and remove the bottle of white wine from an ice-bucket, pouring carefully into a cut-glass goblet.

“Coffee,” ordered Cathy finally.

Petunia Pinkpanties brought it and filled a small white cup. Cathy tasted; Petunia Pinkpanties tensed.

“This coffee's been over-brewed. Don't let it occur again.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Clear the lunch things away. Then get the kitchen cleaned. As you did this morning with the bathroom. Or rather, *not* as you did this morning with the bathroom — unless you want the skin taken off your backside! Rag and bucket, and get it shining.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She rose peremptorily from her chair, thrusting Petunia Pinkpanties aside.

“I told you to do washing this morning. Is that it hanging outside?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Ms Palmer strode to the door and went out into the garden. In moments she was back, a furious look on her face. Without a word she grabbed Petunia Pinkpanties by the ear and dragged him out into the garden.

“You call these washed?”

“Er... yes,” the hapless male maid stammered.

“Nonsense! Washed means soaped then *rinsed*, you cloth-head!”

With a few vigorous movements she scattered the garments to and fro over the grass.

“Pick them up and do them again!”

Her hand crashed across her captive sissy's face, once, twice. Petunia stood in shock.

“I would thrash the arse of you, but I fancy an afternoon nap and don't want to get myself excited. I am going to take a short rest. Report to my bedroom at three. By which time that washing had better be done properly!”

And off she swept, Petunia Pinkpanties curtsying to her rapidly retreating back. And then he bent and began to pick up the discarded items of lingerie. And carried the armful into the house — to do them all again...

At last the washing for finished and hung, for the second time. Dolefully, Petunia Pinkpanties went back to his kitchen chores. He was hungry. But he did not dare to touch the merest morsel of food. Out in the scullery stood his feeding bowl. He wondered, miserably, what would be in it that evening. Not steak, that was for sure!

Bloody hell! It was still only Saturday! There was Sunday to get through yet. This was worse than prison! But then, he considered, after Sunday would come Monday; Monday, the end of the weekend, and blessed release. He wondered if he still had a job. Perhaps Ms Palmer would relent, let him continue?

Poor Petunia Pinkpanties! If he had only known... but what would that have changed?

At three o'clock on the dot, Petunia Pinkpanties was outside Ms Palmer's bedroom door. He knocked. Silence. Dare he knock again? Would that make her angry? On the other hand, if he were late... that could be punishable. Petunia

Pinkpanties knocked again.

“Come...” said that lazy, imperious voice he was beginning to know so well.

Petunia Pinkpanties entered — and was shocked to see Ms Palmer lying stark naked on her bed. Her arrogant gaze met his.

“What are you staring at?”

“Oh! n-nothing, Mistress”.

He felt himself blushing. Her eyes narrowed. Petunia Pinkpanties forced himself to look as humble and submissive as he possibly could. Remember that whip! But surely, he thought, now she must. I mean... why else...? He felt himself stiffening. Oh, God, no. He bit his lip as the tight restraint cut into his cock.

Ms Palmer noticed the look on his face and guessed its cause. But she merely sneered, and did not, to Petunia Pinkpanties's great relief, reach for her whip. Lazily she pulled a sheet half over herself. It still left her breasts bare.

“You see the wicker basket in the corner?”

Petunia Pinkpanties snapped out of his reverie.

“What? Eh?... I... oh, er, yes, Mistress.”

“It contains more laundry that needs doing. You have done the laundry you were given earlier, I take it?”

“Oh yes Mistress!” said petunia Pinkpanties eagerly.

“Then you know the drill by now, yes? Wash each item separately by hand in the sink, rinse, then hang them out to dry in the garden. I think even a scatter-brained sissy like you should be able to handle that!”

Once again, Petunia Pinkpanties's thoughts of “personal services” were dissipated in the harsh light of reality. It seemed he really was here just to slave away for her. ‘Scatter-brained sissy’. That was clearly how she thought of him too. Not as a man at all.

With a meek “Yes, Mistress”, he took hold of the basket and struggled out the door and down the stairs. The thing wasn't heavy, but its size make it awkward.

Now, how the bloody hell was he supposed to get them clean by hand? They had machines to do that, didn't they? Petunia Pinkpanties got a service wash once a week at the launderette. He didn't know the first thing about washing clothes.

He filled the sink with tepid water, and a brief search of the cupboard under the sink revealed soap powder. He added some to the water. Then he lifted the lid of the basket. It was full of delicate lingerie in various colours, also a few blouses. He picked a pair of knickers, black lace, skimpy, and plunged them into the water.

He heard a shrill whistle. Oh blast! Not already! Leaving the knickers in the sink, he dashed upstairs.

Ms Palmer had put a housecoat on, and was sitting up on the bed. Petunia Pinkpanties remembered his “Yes, Mistress” and his curtsy. It was becoming a habit now.

“Bring me that magazine.”

She gestured lazily over at the dressing table. Petunia Pinkpanties stared astonished. It was only a few feet away, and just for that he had to... getting a grip on himself, he murmured a “Yes Mistress”, just to be on the safe side, and passed her the magazine.

“Back to work,” without looking at him.

A final, “Yes, Mistress”, another curtsy, and off he went, back downstairs to his chores.

At the sink, he raised the first soaking pair of knickers half-out of the water and and dipped them back in. He did this a few times. Was this how you did it? He had no idea. He placed the pair of scanties on the draining board, reached for the next pair. A blast on the whistle. Oh, what...?

In answer to his humble “Yes, Mistress”, she casually asked, “You have made a start on the washing I ordered you to do, I hope?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied, surprised.

“Very well. Carry on.”

His face reddened, but he controlled himself.

“Yes, Mistress.”

And off he scurried back to his menial chores. Like a servant in a bloody costume drama! he thought to himself.

And so the afternoon wore on. Despite the frequent interruptions, he finally had everything in what he supposed was a fairly clean condition. He loaded them back in the basket and lugged it out into the back garden to hang them out to dry.

That done, he reported to Ms Palmer. He thought he had better, though he hadn't been told specifically to.

By then it was gone four, and Ms Palmer was back up, and in the living room. He knocked, and once more that lazy, imperious voice summoned him.

“Well?”

She looked up with some impatience from the magazine she was leafing through.

“Er... excuse me, Ms...Mistress... I.. er.. I have finished the laundry...”

“So soon?” She arched an eyebrow.

Petunia Pinkpanties thought it best merely to say, “Yes”.

“Hmmm, we'll have to see what sort of job you have made of it. A better one than this morning, I hope. Because if it's another poor one, you will have earned yourself another thrashing!”

She checked her wristwatch, thought for a moment, then smiled to herself.

“Go and get a fork, an ordinary table fork, from the kitchen.”

“Yes, Mistress,” and Petunia Pinkpanties did as he was told, wondering what on earth it could be for. Still, his not to reason why...

Returning, the stood there dumbly, afraid to interrupt — Mistress was leafing through the magazine again. After a few minutes, she glanced up.

“Tut! Get out into the back garden. There are flower-beds stretching all along one side. Get them weeded — with that fork.”

“Er...”

Petunia Pinkpanties was sure he must have misunderstood. Weed — garden — kitchen fork... eh?

“Are you still here?”

“But, Mistress...”

Ms Palmer reached for something at her side, then looked down angrily.

“Oh blast! Well, since you are still here when you shouldn't be, get your lazy upstairs on the double and fetch me my riding crop from where I left it!”

“In the bedroom, dolt!” she almost shouted, seeing his look of stupefaction.

“Yes Mistress,” he said with sinking heart. She could only want the whip for one reason...

...and so it proved. Back before her, he was ordered onto hands and knees — “snout to the ground, arse in the air and knickers round your ankles!” as his Mistress somewhat crudely put it — and received no less than twelve cruel strokes, each one cutting across his upstretched rump like fire.

Petunia Pinkpanties howled and bucked, but somehow managed to take them all without twisting away. He had already learned the hard way that that would only earn him double the number of strokes..

When she was finished, Ms Palmer tossed the crop onto the sofa, and said casually, “and now, I believe you have some gardening to do.”

“Y-yes, M-mistress,” said Petunia Pinkpanties, with a choked half-sob. He pulled his knickers up, straightened his dress, bobbed a curtsy, and scurried from the room.

Once in the garden, he located the first of the flower-beds, knelt down, and — well, which were weeds, which flowers? Petunia Pinkpanties knew nothing about gardening. He dug the fork in under one scrawny-looking plant, and rooted about until it came out of the soil. And then again. The unaccustomed toil soon became back-breaking, but he dare not cease. He was aware that Ms Palmer had checked on him from the back kitchen window at least twice, and he could never be sure whether she wasn't watching unobserved from some unseen vantage point even now. Nothing for it to but to kneel and weed, kneel and weed...

At six sharp an imperious whistle blast at last brought him some relief. Stiffly he rose up from his kneeling posture, bring relief at last to his aching knees. But the change in posture brought new pain from the throbbing welts which the crop had raised across his rump only a few hours ago. Despite the pain, he was glad to hear the whistle, for the sun was low and it was getting a bit chilly. The flimsy maid's uniform did little to keep him warm.

He hurried into the house. Mistress, as he now almost instinctively thought of her, was still in the living room, watching television now. She frowned when she saw him.

“What do you mean, traipsing dirt into the house like that?” she demanded. “I'll show you...” and she reached for the quirt on the sofa by her side.

She did not bother to order him into position, but just cut at his bare legs while he squealed and wriggled.

“Now go and wash those dirty feet! No! Do not go traipsing through the house! Go outside, use the tap in the garden.”

Petunia Pinkpanties duly rinsed his feet in cold water from the garden tap, then dried them on a tea-towel he had had the sense to grab on his hurried tip-toe dash through the kitchen.

Back in the house, she presented him with the missing part of his uniform — the shoes. But what shoes! They were pink lace-up booties, with a six inch heel!

“Put those on.”

He struggled into them, and teetered unsteadily.

“They... they are too small, Mistress,” Petunia Pinkpanties ventured to remark.

“Yes, they are a bit tight, but I haven't got anything else. You will get used to them.”

She shrugged.

“Now you can start on dinner. The menu is on the counter.”

She turned back to the TV. Petunia Pinkpanties was not quite sure if that meant he had been dismissed. He decided to chance it.

“Very good, Mistress,” he said as humbly as he could manage, then left for the kitchen. She did not respond.

After a quick wash and rub-down, he started on Mistress's dinner.

Dinner was served in the dining room. He managed to get through it without getting a whipping.

After dinner, there were the things to clear away, then dish-washing and drying and putting away. Ms Palmer had a dish-washer, but she forbade Petunia Pinkpanties to use it, saying gaily “I have a manual dishwasher now!” She seemed to find this most amusing.

After the washing-up, Petunia Pinkpanties was summoned to wait on his Mistress for the evening. This mostly consisted of standing demurely by one wall, eyes submissively lowered, waiting to be summoned to pick up this or that, or fix a drink. It was mind-numbingly boring. But he got through the evening without being punished. That was something.

Eventually, Ms Palmer gave a wide yawn and stretched and announced it was time for bed. She rose and ordered Petunia Pinkpanties to accompany her upstairs. Meekly, he minced up the stairs after her, still struggling not to fall in those high heels.

In the bedroom, he got another shock.

“Undress me,” Ms Palmer ordered casually, as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

Petunia Pinkpanties hesitated. he knew by now that Ms Palmer was not interested in him sexually. Was this a trick? He feared his hesitation would earn him a slapped face. He stared desperately ahead of him, averting his gaze as he had learned. However, Ms Palmer was patient with him for a change.

“As well as a house maid,” she explained, “you are a lady's maid. *My* lady's maid. And as such you will of course be assisting me in the boudoir. Now get on with it!”

In the last sentence, her voice had taken on the usual note of impatient warning. Hurriedly, Petunia Pinkpanties shook himself out of his daze. He unbuttoned Mistress's blouse, then helped her out of it. Then the skirt. And then, oh heavens! the underwear had to come off. He could feel the chastity device biting into his penis. He tried to avoid looking at Ms Palmer's shapely body, clad only in skimpy bra and panties. He unhooked the bra and took it off and laid it carefully on a chair with the other clothes, then knelt and slid the panties down. Through it all Ms Palmer stood nonchalantly for all the world as though she did this every day.

“Put the clothes in the laundry basket, and then get yourself to bed. You have a long day tomorrow!”

Petunia Pinkpanties curtsied to his naked Mistress, then scurried out, glad to be away from that gorgeous but inaccessible body.

Cathy Palmer smiled to herself. She did enjoy flaunting herself in front of sissified chastised victims like poor little Pinkpanties. If he only knew what he had got himself into! She chuckled lightly, then slid between the sheets and composed herself for sleep. Tomorrow would be a long day for her too!

TO BE CONTINUED

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