

Miranda Birch

*Hot
Wife &
Sissified
Cuckold*

*Her Husband Is Her
Maid!*

Hot Wife & Sissified Cuckold

Her Husband Is Her Maid!

By [Miranda Birch](#)

Copyright ©2019 Miranda Birch. All Rights Reserved.

An older man is infatuated with a beautiful young woman. He is over the moon when she agrees to marry him. Little does he know what she has in store for him! Her dominant nature is unleashed. Before long, he is reduced to the status of a humble sissified domestic drudge waiting hand and foot on his young Mistress — and her boyfriend!

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

My name is Jane and I am twenty-six. I live in a huge house in the country, not far from a nice little village. I have a nice sporty car at my disposal. I am waited on by domestic staff. I have plenty of spending money. And I do not do a hand's turn of work, either about the house or in some grotty job. No, I am a well-to-do lady of leisure. Not bad for a girlie in her twenties, eh?

But let me begin at the beginning. The thing is, my husband is — or was, rather — very well off, wealthy in fact. The house and everything else were his once, you see. I was intended as a trophy wife. He was quite infatuated with me. Silly old fool. Dear, oh dear! The trouble I had convincing him that I was not marrying him for his money! Honestly, I should have got an Oscar! I mean, why on earth else would I have married him?! I am afraid I did rather take it out on him during his maid training — naughty old me, I can be a bit of a bitch when I have a mind to. Still, that's all water under the bridge now...

Oh, but I see I have got ahead of myself. I said 'maid training', because, you see, that is what my once-wealthy older husband is now — my maid. My male maid. My sissified male maid. *He* is my domestic staff. Ours is a well-balanced marriage. I do exactly as I please, my husband/maid does exactly as he is told — immediately and without question. Some may call me a real bitch but our lifestyle suits us both.

I had wormed out of him before we married that he liked to be spanked, also to be tied up. Well that was like a red-rag to a bull with me. I gave him a few little hand-spankings, put handcuffs on him, that sort of thing. Silly, really, but he enjoyed it. He used to go on about wanting to be dominated. Well, now he is well and truly dominated! I wonder whether his full-time reality is quite what he expected? Who cares!

The decisive step was when I decided to thrash the living daylights out of him, after he had defied me. I cannot even remember what it was that he refused to do. Anyway, having already purchased the requisite implements with my lovely new credit card, I summoned him to the bedroom and told him what was what. Before I *showed* him what was what!

"Shall I show you what I intend to punish you with?" I asked him.

Hubby just mumbled. I put my hand down on the bedside table and withdrew the cane I had bought and placed there ready and waiting.

"There!" I announced, flourishing it. "This for you — whenever you're naughty!"

Hubby did not quite know whether I was serious or not. Perhaps he thought it just another one of our kinky sex games? But I am afraid that our relationship had already passed the 'game' stage — and it was time for Hubby to find that out! Anyway, I noticed that Hubby was still in erection, his gaze on my bare breasts. So clearly he was finding something agreeable in the whole scene!

"I want you face down on the bed, Hubby," I said. I tossed a pillow on the eiderdown.

"Lie on that!"

Hubby was already so used to obeying that now he just did as he was told. her orders without thinking. Perhaps he thought I was just trying to scare him. Just one more way of asserting her authority.

He lay down on the pillow which raised his buttocks up.

He first realised that I was serious when I raised his left arm and corded his wrist to the brass bedrail.

"Wh-what are... are you doing?" he gasped.

"Securing you," replied I shortly. She next corded his right wrist. "And gagging you," I added. "Open wide..."

Automatically Hubby obeyed again and found a rolled up ball of a pair of my knickers thrust into his mouth. His head was filled with the sexy scent of her. His masochism was aroused and he felt a positive thrill at his helpless submission. He tried to speak but the sounds were muffled.

“Don't want your yelling disturbing the neighbours,” said I. I gazed happily on Hubby's naked rump. Not much to look at, but it was the thought of what I was going to do to it that made me happy. I had never caned a man before.

By now, Hubby was becoming genuinely alarmed and tugged on his bonds. He almost panicked when he couldn't break free. He tried to eject the knickers. No good.

“I'm going to give you twelve strokes,” he heard me say from above. I got the impression that my words both frightened and excited him. “Every time you spit out my knickers, I'll give you an extra two strokes,” I added on the spur of the moment.

Hubby tensed. I think it was only then that he realised that I was really was going to do it! And that there was nothing he could do about it!

I swung the cane high, and then down it swished.

Thwack!

The sound was loud in the room. It seemed to me that Hubby was surprised by the amount of pain he experienced. I was obviously not playing games! Too right! I was out to hurt! He tried to protest but only muffled sounds came through his knicker-gag.

Thwack!

Another full-blooded stroke. Oh, now that really must have hurt! He twisted his head back, to see me with the cane raised high and my eyes flashing with excitement. I was enjoying herself. I was deliberately laying it on hard, to show Hubby that this was serious punishment. Also to find out how much he could take — useful for future reference!

Thwack!

Hubby bucked violently and tugged wildly at his bonds. But there was no way he could escape, I had made sure of that. He was just going to have to take it. He groaned into the sodden knickers.

“How do you like it, Hubby?” I said exultantly.

Hubby bit on the knickers and tried to stop the snorting noises he was making. Craning his head back again, he could see that I had removed my negligee and was now quite naked. Suddenly it was all very sexy. His erection, such as it was, was certainly still much in evidence despite the pain.

I continued to rain down the strokes as hard as ever. In a kind of daze, Hubby absorbed them. Perhaps he thought he was showing me how much of a man he was — as though a man would let a slip of a girl like me do that to him! All the same, he couldn't stop his bottom bouncing wildly as stroke followed stroke.

Suddenly the soggy knicker gag flew from his mouth. I was in no mood to listen to his babbling, and so I quickly pushed the knickers back.

“Two extra!” I announced.

But Hubby had already lost count. He was being beaten by his lovely wife... and he deserved to be. He adored her. She could do anything she liked with him. Couldn't she? Of course! Of course I could! And I would!

Hubby was sobbing, both excited and distressed by his enforced submission. Then, suddenly, it was all over. Or so he thought.

“Two extras still to come,” I repeated. I think he had forgotten!

And then I gave them to him. Just as hard as I could.

Thwack! Thwack!

He moaned loudly through the knickers, and there were tears in his eyes.

I untied his bonds. Then ran my hand over his big inflamed bottom.

“My, my, that feels hot,” I said casually.

Finally I removed my knickers from his mouth. Ruined of course. Never mind, he could buy me plenty of new pairs.

“You took those quite well, Hubby,” I informed him coldly.

Th-thank you... thank you, Milady,” he stammered out.

Yes, I had him using that respectful form of address already. I was the lady of the house, was I not?

”Are you thanking me for punishing you?”

”Yes, Milady...” replied Hubby.

He had never been more submissive. His erection was as hard and solid as ever, if not more so. Well! If I had expected pain would reduce him, it certainly had not! Not that I was bothered one way or the other. I had plans for that little cockette that did *not* involve entering me! But poor Hubby would learn that in due course.

”Say it then...”

”Thank you for punishing me, Milady,” said Hubby humbly.

Why shouldn't he thank me, I thought? I could do what I liked with him.

”However, I see you are still lusting.”

”I'm sorry, Milady... I just can't help it. I... I'm a man and you're so very lovely. It... it's natural.”

”Don't lecture me, Hubby!”

”Sorry, Milady... so sorry.”

I was amazed at the extent of Hubby's submission. Could he have actually enjoyed being beaten? I knew some men did. Anyway, I had taken the first step... and there would be many more to come!

And that was it really. I had him from that moment on. He had submitted completely to me. Now that I had him properly under my thumb, I started twisting the screw.

First off, I introduced him to the chastity device. He was reluctant, but I explained firmly that if he wanted to have any hope of sex with me **at all**, he had bloody better wear it! I would take it off if he behaved, I said. That convinced the silly fool. I have worn the key around my neck from that day. And I kind-of sort-of kept my word, in that the restrainer comes off once a week for a good quick scrub — and then it goes straight back on again!

Next, I introduced a restrictive diet. I aimed to cut his weight in half and get his waist at *least* as narrow as mine I suppose he is perpetually hungry, but so what? The hunger will add to his anxiety levels, which I think should be kept good and high. I mean to say, a sissy slave should really *fear* its owner, shouldn't it?

Then I introduced him to his uniform. He did not like that. Not a cross-dresser you see. Well, you are now, I told him! If you don't like it, leave! By then I had already persuaded him to have the house put in my name “for tax reasons”, so his options were limited.

I was still allowing him occasional access to my body at this stage, to keep him wanting and needy. Not actually sex, of course, I already had a boyfriend for that, but a bit of toe-sucking, arse-licking, that kind of thing. ”To show your

respect," as I told him. And the silly ninny went along with it! Oh, how I laughed!

Now, the name. I had it changed by deed poll. To anticipate your question, yes, that was quite legal — it's not obscene, is it? And it does *exactly* describe his role in life. People used to be named after what they did, didn't they? Like Carter if you made carts, or Cooper if you made barrels. Well, my Maisie is a maid, so — Maisie Maid!

Now the day of the renaming was certainly a day to remember! I took him down to the council offices in full uniform. I insisted on that. He did not want to, but he wanted the thrashing of his life even less, so in the end he minced prettily out to the car in his high heels and got in.

The girl at the deed-poll office did giggle so, and poor hubby's face was quite crimson with shame. Ha-ha-ha! I made him curtsy to her on entered, and then again after the simple procedure had been completed. And that was that. My wimp of a husband now answers to the name of Maisie Maid, and no other name — because that is his name now!

I kept my maiden name, of course. People often do that when they marry these days, don't they?

I have now developed Maisie Maid's servitude to such an extent that he now waits hand and foot on my boyfriend Dave as well as me. Oh, yes, of course I have a boyfriend. You hardly expect me to sleep with a sissified servant twice my age, do you?

Dave is twenty-eight, and a really gorgeous stud. He also happens to be a real alpha male. When we started seeing each other, I told him all about Maisie. He was surprised of course. He could not figure out how a man could let himself be treated the way I treat Maisie. But he took it in his stride after he got over his surprise. Nowadays he treats Maisie with utter contempt. This comes naturally to him, as it happens, since among his more redeeming qualities, he is also arrogant, supercilious, and a right bully! He freely admits to tormenting the younger boys at his public school. He seems proud of it. So naturally he is delighted to be able to carry this on with Maisie! Having a submissive and obedient skivvy to obey his slightest whim is right up his street and he takes great delight in humiliating and tormenting Maisie,

On weekends when Dave is staying it often amuses us to see who will be the first to reduce Maisie to tears. Needless to say Maisie's life is such that he is in a state of such frustration and humiliation that he is close to tears anyway But it is always delicious to hear the heaving sobs begin and see the tears of pain and shame flood down his silly face!

As well as the constant ridicule and degradation, Maisie can also expect to receive a good dose of the cane across his bare arse, on the insides of his thighs, or across his hands, which invariably reduces him to a blubbing wreck, especially if we are in the mood to lay the strokes on good and hard. Even the mere threat of six laid on hard from Dave leaves Maisie quite frantic in his efforts to find ways to demonstrate his servility and obedience towards his Mistress and his Master.

Let me tell you about the last weekend Dave stayed over. It was pretty typical. On the Friday evening Maisie helped me to get dressed for my lover. After my bath I ordered Maisie to help me on with a lacy suspender belt, silk stockings and garter belt. I should add that if I feel even the slightest brush of Maisie's grubby paws against me he automatically gets three strokes of the cane across the offending hand. This, of course, makes his task even harder what with his fingers numb and bloated from my cane! Anyway, this time he managed to avoid mauling me.

Next came a tight, knee length skirt (no knickers!) which showed off every contour of my bare backside, and also the outline of my suspenders.. Then he had to button up my satin blouse. Again there was no touching allowed. It amused me to watch his hands trembling as he struggled with the buttons.. As soon as he had done them up I casually undid them all and ordered him to button up my blouse all over again. Sweat was pouring down Maisie's face as he fearfully concentrated on avoiding even the slightest contact of his hands to my tits through the lovely satin blouse.

Dave likes to see me dressed in satin so Maisie had an expensive time buying me new blouses and dresses in silk and satin.

Finally, came a pair of my gleaming patent leather stilettos. To make sure these had been licked clean to my

satisfaction I ordered Maisie to kneel and spread his legs wide apart. I placed the toe of my shoe directly under his shaven balls and pitiful restrained cock. I expected to see them reflected in the gleaming leather. I decided that the shine wasn't quite to my liking so I gave the usual command:

”Knickers down, arse up!“.

Maisie knew exactly what to do. Down came the knickers, down he went on hands and knees, the skirt of his uniform came up to reveal a pale bare bum, which he then thrust up high, just as high as he could. I stalked over to the dressing table, picked up the cane which I always keep handy there, then swaggered back and proceeded to lay a full dozen strokes of the cane hard across his upturned rump. They had the little worm sobbing and squirming and very anxious to get his tongue over my shoes to escape further punishment. I kept him at it until they were shining.

And then the door-bell rang. Dave! Maisie scurried off to answer the door, and I followed. That was a sight I would not miss for the world. Maisie opened the door, and Dave entered. Maisie stood back, curtsied, then fell on his belly and greeted his Master by crawling towards him on his belly with his hands behind his back, then respectfully kissing the toe of each shoe. This little ceremony was my idea, intended to demonstrate to Maisie exactly who his boss is. Dave took to it as to the manor born.

Maisie then spent the evening waiting on us. He was as usual dressed in a French maid's uniform complete with frothy petticoats, a frilly apron and a neat little cap. His duties consisted of serving the meal, pouring the wine, serving coffee, lighting our cigarettes and being at our beck and call at all times.

As Maisie hadn't eaten at all during the day we decided that we would amuse our-selves by graciously allowing him eat our cold leftovers. Dave ordered him to bend over the table with his hands behind his back while I placed the plate directly under his nose. Dave grasped his hair and forced his silly face into the mess, keeping his head there until Maisie had swallowed the leftovers and licked the plate spotlessly clean. Not very appetising for Maisie but tremendous fun for us seeing the stupid sissy's mouth caked with cold left-overs!

After the meal Dave changed from his suit to a satin bath robe and we settled down to watch a romantic movie with me sitting in his lap with my hand under the satin of Dave's robe caressing his erect cock. We decided to keep Maisie on ash- tray duty which meant he was ordered to kneel before us and keep his mouth wide open for Dave and I to tap our ash into. Any sign of his mouth closing was rewarded with a good hearty slap across the face. I noticed Maisie became more and more excited watching my gentle fingers stroking Dave's powerful erection just inches from his face.

The climax of Maisie's humiliation for the evening came when he was summoned to the bathroom. There my hunky young lover ordered him to kneel on the tiled floor before him. He obeyed at once, trembling. This had not been the first time Dave had played this little game with him, so poor Maisie knew what was coming — as did I!

Dave slowly undid his satin robe and laid his large cock over Maisie's face.

”Open wide!“ Dave commanded. The look of horror on Maisie's face was something to behold. I think he thought he was going to have to suck Dave off. But Dave has no inclinations in that direction. No, what Dave did was to take a nice long piss right into Maisie's open mouth. The pathetic sissy spluttered and gurgled, but did not dare to close his mouth. Most of the piss went straight in Maisie's mouth but some landed on the floor and over his uniform. We left Maisie at that point, with orders to lick all of his Master's piss off the bathroom floor. The uniform would also need to be hand-washed, dried and pressed before Maisie knocked on my bedroom door to present himself before us again in the morning. And when he did finally get everything done, wooden floor-boards and a cold night was all Maisie had to look forward to, I, on the other hand, had satin sheets to snuggle up in, and a gorgeous hunk to fuck me senseless and keep me warm all night.

And the weekend was only just beginning!

The next day, breakfast in bed was served to both of us by a very humble and cowed sissy maid mid-morning. neither of us could be bothered tormenting the silly sissy, and as soon as we had breakfasted, washed and dressed, Dave took me off to a regatta, so that we did not see much of Maisie during the day — doubtless to his considerable relief!

That night, Dave and I were going out to the theatre and then to dinner. This was a chance to try out a really stunning new dress! It was a black satin sheath type evening dress, ankle length, and very tight. It really was absolutely gorgeous; the whole dress shimmers and ripples as the vibrant satin moves. The split in it goes to the top of my thighs and I make sure Dave can see my creamy, milky thighs above the lacy top of my stockings and my saucy red garter belt. I don't wear a bra, mainly because Dave likes me like that, but also so that my nipples can rub against the soft sensual satin material. Black patent stilettos topped off the outfit.

Dave had got ready before me and he looked fantastic in a brilliant white silk shirt, bow tie and dinner jacket. The smell of his aftershave still lingered in the bathroom and just the thought of him and his cock made my pussy drip. Usually my maid got helps me dress but Dave had got bored waiting for me to get ready so he decided to have a little fun with the skivvy to fill in time.

Maisie is forty-nine, almost twice Dave's twenty-eight, but his grovelling servility to him has to be seen to be believed! When I had finished getting ready and gone downstairs I got to see a practical demonstration of this. Let me share with you.

Dave had obviously made Maisie strip off completely, and now a stark naked Maisie was standing rigidly at attention with legs wide apart, hands clasping his elbows behind his back, chin jutting upwards to the ceiling and up on tip-toes. This is a posture of Dave's invention, he calls it "Punishment Position Number Two". "Punishment Position Number 1 is the 'knickers down arse up' one which I have already told you about — my idea, that one! And still my favourite! There are others too, if I can get round to them.

Maisie was not *quite* naked, actually, because as ever his little willy was crammed into a nice tight chastity device, a pretty pink one with a nice pretty pink bow tied about it. I had made it clear to Maisie that the ribbon was part of his uniform, and was pleased to see it tied neatly in place. Woe betide him if it had not been!

Anyway, Punishment Position Number Two is designed to be particularly uncomfortable. At any time, Maisie may receive the order to adopt this, or any other, posture. He then has three seconds to be in position. At the snap of our fingers And may Heaven help him if he isn't! Three seconds to get into it, and it can be anything up to several hours before he's given permission to get out of it! In this one, if his heels touch the floor, then he's given twenty strokes of the cane and ordered back into position for double the time. The strain on his leg muscles is tremendous and usually he can barely walk if we have had him in this position for more than an hour. Still, he knows better than to move even so much as an inch!

On this occasion, Judging by the way his legs were trembling I guessed Maisie must have been in position for about half an hour. What a contrast he made with his young master! Dave sat relaxed and cool in his chair, exquisitely dressed, one leg crossed over the other, sipping a scotch and lazily surveying the sweating, straining sissy slave.

Anyway, As I entered, Dave grinned, stood up, picked up a whippy cane, approached Maisie and casually started to grind his designer Italian shoe on Maisie's bare toes. Showing off as ever!

"Ahhh..... uughhh....Ahhhh!" gasped Maisie at the unexpected pain. Sweat started to pop from his face.

"What's the matter? Was that sore, piggy?" asked Dave, making no effort to remove his shoe and jabbing the point of the cane under Maisie's chin, forcing his head even further back until he was staring directly up at the ceiling.

"Ye-yes... S....Si..... Sir..".

Maisie was taking great gulps of air by this time. It was clear that he was close to panic He well knew that Dave could be maliciously cruel at any time, but particularly when he was bored. And as I always liked to take my time getting ready, loving the idea of having my over wait for me, well... the Devil makes work for idle hands to do!

Dave lit a cigarette and blew a stream of smoke straight into Maisie's face, making him cough and splutter. Again Dave ground his shoe, bringing another hiss of pain from his slave.

"I expect you'd like me to give you permission to move?"

"Oh yer..yessss Sir, very much so Sir, please Sir, pleaseeee Master!"

“Beg me then, nice and humbly”, Dave ordered.

He removed the cane from under Maisie's chin and inserted the pointed tip straight into Maisie's right nostril. He used his forefinger and thumb to twirl the cane further upwards. This forced Maisie's head right back. Maisie's eyes bulged with distress and fear.

“NNggghhh! Please Master, please let me move Sir! I'll do anything Sir, I'll do anything! Pleaseeee Sir, let me move! ”

“Like me to give your hands a caning instead, you pathetic little pansy?”

Dave smiled into the older man's face. Then, pushing the base of the cane with the tip of his forefinger, he forced the cane even further up my dear hubby's nostril, so forcing his head even further back.

“Yer....Yess s-s-s-sir, if you would be so kind, yes Sir, please Sir, I would Sir, *anything*, sir!”

God! Maisie must be have been feeling the strain if he preferred a caning from Dave! And what a sight he looked! Here was my lawfully wedded husband in that ridiculous position, naked, sweating like a pig, the cane tip bulging up the inside of his nose, begging a young man almost half his age to cane him!

Dave regarded Maisie with utmost derision and contempt.

He took a deep drag from his cigarette. Holding his face only three inches from Maisie's he slowly blew the smoke into his pathetic features.

“Hear that Jane? Your sissy of a husband says it would be kind of me to thrash his hands!”

I stood next to Dave and gently caressed his firm bum, and started to lick his ear. Meanwhile Maisie's eyes pleaded for relief and his body was shaking with the strain. I turned my head and smiled at Maisie. God it turned me on seeing him in torment like this!

“Well Maisie?” I demanded. “Don't you think you should thank Dave for offering to cane you?”

“Yes indeed M-Milady! Thank you M-M-Master, it will be an honour and a p- privilege for a sissy and p...p...piggy like me to be caned by you S...Si...Sir!

I giggled, and went back to licking Dave's ear. I knew this was turning Dave on, and I knew he would cane Maisie harder when he was horny. This was going to be fun to watch!

Dave smirked and blew yet another stream of smoke into Maisie's face.

”Tongue!“, ordered Dave.

Immediately Maisie opened his mouth wide and stuck out his tongue as far as it would go. Dave stubbed out his cigarette on the soft wet flesh, covered it with ash, and then flicked his butt into Maisie's open mouth.

”Right, punishment time!“ he announced then, a wide sadistic grin spread across his handsome face. ”Hold out your paws piggy, you're getting three across each trotter!“

As Maisie held out both hands, I circled him and taunted him by letting the cool satin of my dress brush against his legs. I let him smell my perfume and feel my warm scented breath as I spoke softly into his ear,

”You're going to count and thank your Master after each and every stroke piggy, and if you lose count or your heels touch the floor, he'll start again from the beginning. Is that clear enough for you, piggy?“

Yer....Yesss M-M-Milady, and th...th...thank you Milady”, replied a trembling Maisie. Still holding his head backwards and heels off the floor, he held out both hands, palms up.

Thwack!

Dave brought the whippy cane down from above his head and the sound of it echoed round the room. It left a bright red weal straight across Maisie's palm. Maisie let out a high-pitched scream and staggered a few paces, desperately trying to keep his balance.

"One, thank you Master," Maisie managed to gasp. Again his trembling hands were held out.

Dave built up the tension by tapping the cane across the very tips of Maisie's fingers taking his aim. Maisie knew exactly where Dave was going to lay the next cut and started pleading and mewling. He ought to have known better!

"Please sir, please have mercy, please, pleee — aaaaaggghhhhhh!"

Dave's stroke had landed just where he intended, right across the tips of the fingers. Dave smiled at me in satisfaction as Maisie literally danced around on his toes. His gyrations were now frantic.

"T-t-two, th-th-thank you M-M-Master!"

"Keep those trotters and toes up!" I warned.

By this time Maisie was in quite a state. His face was covered in sweat, tears ran down his cheeks and his hands and legs were shaking uncontrollably. I think the only thing that kept him in position was the fact that he only had one more stroke to go on that hand.

Thwack!

The cane swept down hard across exactly the same spot! Maisie's reaction was incredible, he doubled over from the waist then shot bolt upright, all within the space of a second! Then he let out a high pitched scream that sounded almost like a girls! But, incredibly, he was still on his toes and offering his paw for the cane!

"Th... Th... Three, Thank you S..S...Sir!", Maisie could hardly get the words out through his blubbery tears.

I winked at Dave and said "My, my, such a fuss over a little tap to the hand! Surely that can't have hurt, can it Maisie?"

"Yer..Y..yesss M..M...M-Milady, yes it did Milady, oh pleaseeee M-M-Milady, no more Milady, please it hurts!"

My eyebrows raised in a mock expression of disbelief.

"And I say it didn't. Would you be calling me a liar Maisie?",

"No, no, no, Milady! Not at all Milady! Noooo Milady!"

Maisie was terrified of showing me the slightest sign of defiance. He would not willingly dare to do such a thing. Then, of course, he realised the trap he had fallen into and his face held a look of utter despair.

I smiled like the cat that got the cream and danced my fingertips up Dave's thigh, playfully squeezing his erect cock. I turned to Maisie and said silkily,

"Good! Then if that didn't hurt you'd better ask your Master to give them to you again, and harder!"

Dave stood smirking and holding the cane in both hands, flexing and bending its length almost double into an arc. I nuzzled Dave's neck and stroked his bum, letting him know I was hot! My nipples were erect through the satin material and I pressed my big tits against Dave's manly chest. I could feel his erect manhood jutting and twitching beneath the thin material of his trousers.

I looked over at Maisie, making sure he was taking in our passionate embrace. His face was a picture of misery. And now he had to beg to be caned hard again! Delicious. Maisie *had* to beg, he had no choice and he knew it. Dave would think nothing of tying him down and thrashing him to unconsciousness if he did not.

"S..S...Sir, P..P...Please S...S...Sir," my wretched sissy maid stuttered, "c-can you p-please give me the strokes

again S- Sir, but p-please make them h-h-harder Sir.”

He was very close to tears.

Dave grinned.

“My pleasure piggy, trotters out again!”

The hands went out, the cane went back and came swishing cane. God, Dave was strong!

By the time Dave had finished with him both his hands had swollen to twice their normal size and blisters covered the tips of his fingers.

Maisie had begged and pleaded before each stroke, but Dave was relentless. The final total was fifteen strokes. The extra six laid on because I judged his heels to have touched the floor during his gyrations. They hadn't really, but I was enjoying myself so much I just wanted to see him get six more!

But now I wanted to fuck! I slithered out my dress and left it in a pool of satin on the floor and lowered my pussy lips around Dave's rigid cock as he sat in a chair. Swiftly I wrapped my legs around him and started to fuck while pushing my tongue deep in his mouth.

Maisie was ignored as we fucked and fucked. But of course being ignored did *not* mean that that Maisie dare relax, not even for a split second. I was too far gone to care, but I *knew* that if I had checked, I would have seen Maisie standing rigidly at attention, waiting to serve. That is a rule. The thought of my pathetic, sissified, cuckolded husband watching as my hunky lover takes when hubby can never ever have really adds that extra-special something to it! It is not just the spectacle of me being shagged senseless that bothers Maisie, but that this little time-out is time taken away from chore time, and that does make the poor dear fret because it is hard enough to get everything done as it is, without having to spend an hour watching the pair of us hard at it! But Maisie knows that lack of time is never an excuse, and failure to complete ever chore to my complete satisfaction *will* result in severe punishment!

Eventually we climaxed and I sat curled up on Dave's lap fully sated and cradled in his arms as he ran his fingers over my sheer stockings.

There was still an hour to go before the theatre. Time for a little fun of my own! What could I do for fun? Let me think, Mmmmmm, oh yes, I know! Lazily I looked Maisie up and down, then snapped my fingers.

“Punishment Position Number Two!”

Within three seconds Maisie was back in position, a look of horror on his face! And there he stayed for the full hour. He must have been close to collapse, but he managed it somehow. I suppose the thought of the severe caning he would receive if he did not hold his position was a most effective encouragement!

I do not know how long he managed to hold the position after we left for the theatre. He had not been told to get out of it, mind. But as it happened, I forgot to check when we got back. Dave hardly gave me time to think, since no sooner were we through the door than he swept me off my feet carried me upstairs for a good rogering!

We slept very late Sunday, perhaps needless to say, and we were out most of the day. Sadly Dave had to leave quite early Sunday evening. Well, sadly for me: I suppose it must have been a great relief for Maisie!

So there we are. That is pretty much a typical weekend for Maisie Maid when Dave is round.

Of course, as well as waiting hand and foot on me and Dave, Maisie has a full range of household duties. The usual stuff, you know: scrubbing floors, cleaning windows, laundry, gardening. It is quite a lot for a staff of one, but where there's a will — *my* will! — there's a way! And I find the cane a marvellous ‘life coach’ in instilling the right work ethic into Maisie!

In truth, I suppose Maisie's eighteen-hour days have a good side for him. His days are so filled with toil that he rarely has a moment to reflect on just what has happened to him — what I, his beautiful young wife, have done to

him. And that is probably for the best! Because it ain't changing anytime soon!

THE END

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

This book's code is: fNAqauRft2

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

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

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