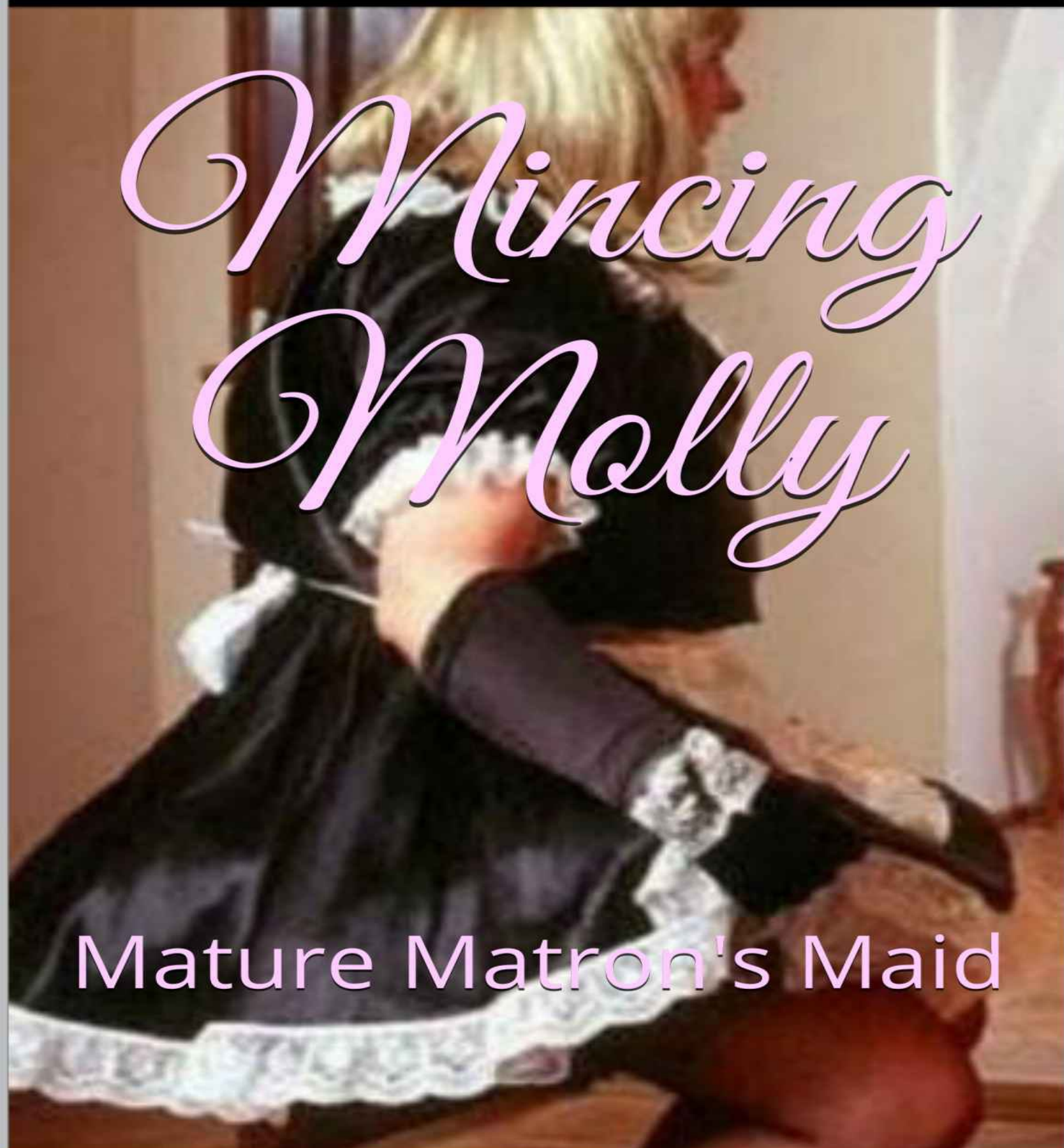


Miranda Birch

*Mincing
Molly*

Mature Matron's Maid



Mincing Molly

Mature Matron's Maid

Book I of The Stepford Maids

By [Miranda Birch](#)

Copyright ©2017 Miranda Birch. All Rights Reserved.

A young man got more than he bargained for when began dating a mature BBW he met through a dating website. For this matron specialises in the transformation of men into maids — and it just so happened she had a vacancy! Six months later... Well! Read on and see for yourself what happened!

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

INVITATION

BREAKFAST IN BED

PREP

TEA FOR TWO

DEMONSTRATION

QUICKIE

A NORMAL EVENING

BEDTIME

INVITATION

Lavinia had agreed to meet her friend Miriam for coffee. As she had expected, Miriam needed a shoulder to cry on about the latest difficulties in her love-life. Yet another toy-boy had moved on to pastures greener (or younger, anyway). As they sat outside a coffee shop in the town not far from where Miriam lived, enjoying the spring sunshine, Miriam, in the midst of her latest tale of woe, suddenly looked at her friend intensely and exclaimed:

“Honestly, Lavinia, I don't know how *you* do it!”

Lavinia looked thoughtful.

“Hmmm...” was all she said at first. She looked at Miriam in a curious way for a few moments, then seemed to come to some sort of decision.

“You've, ah, you've never actually met my ‘darling boy’, have you?”

“No, no I haven't.”

“Would you like to?”

Miriam was rather surprised. Lavinia had always struck her as a very private lady who liked her private life to stay... well, private. Although she herself poured out all her troubles to her, she rarely heard anything of the like back. And she had never met what she assumed from casual, if somewhat cryptic, remarks of mutual friends to be Lavinia's toy-boy lover.

“Ummm, yes, actually, I would.”

“Tomorrow suit?”

“Oh! Well, yes...”

Miriam could, as they say, have been knocked down with a feather!

“Good! Shall we say tea at three?”

“Yes! Yes, I'll look forward to it!”

“So shall I, so shall I!” said Lavinia, with what appeared to Miriam strange enthusiasm for such a mundane matter as having a friend round for tea with her and her boyfriend.

BREAKFAST IN BED

Lavinia Bottomley sat up in bed and yawned. She looked at her clock — just ten. At that very moment a light knock sounded at the door. “Enter,” she called lazily. The door opened, and in came Molly with her breakfast.

She watched him (yes, reader, Molly is a ‘he’) like a cat as he minced over to her bedside, moving very carefully so as to ensure that his frock did not ride up, and wobbling slightly on the narrow two-inch heels of his shoes. To her gratification, she distinctly heard Molly's girdle creak as he bent stiffly over to place her breakfast tray on the bedside table. He straightened again, curtsied, took a few dainty steps back, and stood at attention in the ‘waiting to serve’ posture 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. He was waiting to be dismissed. Lavinia 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 apron hem, she called out “stop fidgeting, Molly!” and the movement of the fingers stopped. Finishing her tea, she finally turned to look at him.

Molly was, as always, in full uniform. This morning, full uniform consisted of an ultra-short frock, pink with white polka-dots and trimmed with exquisite turquoise 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, and the neckline descended to just above the nipples. 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, Molly's make-up was colour-coordinated with the colours of his frock. His hazel eyes stared straight ahead, their expression the usual mix of resignation and despair.

Lavinia smiled to herself. Should I tell him now, or surprise him? she pondered. Oh, I think I shall tell him now. Give him something to look forward to! She smiled a wicked smile, licked her lips, and said:

“Molly, dear?”

“Yes, Ma'am?”

“You will be pleased to know that I have invited a friend of mine over for tea this afternoon. You will be waiting on us, of course. I just thought I would let you know now. It gives you something to look forward to, doesn't it?”

Molly's face betrayed his true feelings before he managed to compose them (“sulky looks get the cane!” was a phrase he had heard all too often before he learned to do this), but all he said was,

“Yes, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am.”

Lavinia smiled smugly, then nodded and said simply:

“Dismissed.”

Molly bobbed a neat little curtesy, took the breakfast tray, and minced away. Lavinia watched his pert little bottom moving under the thin, tight material of his uniform and smiled to herself. This was the life!

Naïve and inexperienced with women, Molly — Pete Fleming, as he then was — had been easy prey for Miss Lavinia Bottomley! It had only been months ago, but it seemed like years since he had lived any other way.

PREP

Sometime about mid-morning (Molly didn't wear a watch — what on Earth would he need a watch for? It wasn't like he was ever *off* duty!), the bell rang in the scullery where Molly was very carefully hand-washing some of Madame's scanties. It was the living room bell. He dried his hands quickly, and walked somewhat unsteadily on his tight high-heeled shoes through the house to where Madame was waiting for him.

After his curtesy she looked at him for a while without speaking, her head on one side.

“You don't really like what I have done to you, do you Molly?”

She said at last. The young man hesitated. Lavinia smirked.

“You may answer freely,” she said in her most patronising tone.

“I... no, Ma'am,” he said quietly.

“Good!” Lavinia exclaimed brightly. “I can't *stand* sissies! I hate wimps who *want* to be ‘frocked and locked’! But that's not the case, with you, is it Molly?” she went on remorselessly.

“No, Ma'am.”

Lavinia beamed with delight.

“Good! Now, mince over there and fetch my strap from the sideboard. And make sure you wiggle that pretty bottom of yours!”

Molly hesitated, and seemed about to speak. Was he going to plead to be spared a ‘preparatory strapping’ *just this once*?

Lavinia nipped that firmly in the bed.

“Now, Molly, don't make a fuss! You know I like a nice red bottom to show my friends! Better the strap than the cane, don't you think?”

So Molly dutifully minced over to the sideboard, trying to undulate his hips like a woman. The uniform was very tight, and under it the girdle was even tighter. He came back and presented the strap to Madame in the usual way: on his knees, proffering the dreaded long heavy strip of leather on both upturned palms.

“Thank you, Molly!” said Lavinia brightly, taking the strap and hefting it in her hand.

“Now darling, skirt up and... oh silly me, no knickers to pull down, are there! So, just skirt up and get yourself nicely bent over for me!”

As usual, it was bit of a struggle for Molly to get over into what Lavinia considered to be a sufficiently bent posture, given his very tight girdle, but he managed. He then gathered his dress up at the back, making sure that his un-knickered bum was fully exposed. And then he waited.

Lavinia swung the strap and it connected with her male maid's bare bottom with a loud THWACK!

Molly the maid gave a little whimper, but was otherwise silent. He didn't move hardly at all, save for the involuntary flinch as the hard leather splatted across his flesh. A large red patch appeared on the pale white skin.

THWACK!

“Mmmmmmm...”

Another whimper, perhaps just a bit louder this time. The red patch grew redder and bigger.

THWACK!

“Mhhhhhhmmmmmm!”

Louder, redder.

THWACK!

“Uhhhhhhmmmm!”

And louder, and redder.

THWACK!

“OOooooooohhh!”

Molly began to fidget desperately with his fingers at the hem of the dress, something he always did at times of stress. His bum cheeks were really rosy now.

THWACK!

“Eeeeeee-ooooooooohhh!”

At last it was over. Molly had managed not to cry.

Lavinia had given him just six, but good and hard, so by the end she had a nice red bottom in front of her.

“There now! Nice and red! Off you go then!”

Molly straightened, put his uniform to rights, curtsied, took the strap from his owner's outstretched hand, went over and put the strap back into the sideboard ready for next time, curtsied again (just to be on the safe side), and hurried off to his endless chores.

TEA FOR TWO

Molly spent an uncomfortable morning, and not solely on account of his stinging bottom. He was used to *that*, and besides a ‘preparatory strapping’ was not so bad, just hard enough to get his bum ‘nice and red’. Despite all the chores he had to do, his thoughts were continually upon that afternoon and what it would bring. Another of those dreaded days had come. Madame had a guest. Madame had decided the time was right to share their ‘lifestyle’ with another one of her friends. It had happened before, and it would happen again, but Molly just could not get used to it.

Lavinia had realised that Miriam, never having met Molly before today, would of course not be as filled-in on her lifestyle as the most of her friends, to whom Molly's presence at their little gatherings was no longer a surprise, although still a great source of merriment. She had had most of them round for coffee singly at one time or another, with the express intention of showing Molly off. So she determined to put on quite a little show for her friend.

The door-bell rang promptly just before three. Most unusually, Lavinia answered the door herself. She rarely had callers, and the postman was well-used to Molly by now. In any case, she knew who it was.

“Miriam! I have been looking forward to seeing you again!” she said effusively, and bustled her quickly through the house. It was another fine day, and she had planned for them to take their tea

in the garden.

Once they had settled themselves at the garden table, Lavinia lost no time. She pressed the button on the outdoors handset, and waited. Miriam, consumed with curiosity, opened her mouth to speak, but Lavinia anticipated her.

“All in good time, Miriam. Just wait and see, hmmm?”

Miriam gave a somewhat confused smile, and did just that. The back door opened shortly, and up the path came... well, it was a girl... but no, no it wasn't... it was a young man! In a maid's uniform! But what a frock! It hardly covered him at all!

This amazing apparition reached the table, whereupon it executed an elaborate curtsy and stood silently in posture of attention.

Miriam simply stared.

“Miriam, this is Molly,” said Lavinia. “Molly, this is Miss Carruthers.”

And Molly curtsied to her!

“What...?” Miriam managed to get out.

“I discovered the secret to man trouble,” Lavinia began to explain. “And here it is, in front of you. Get them frocked and locked!”

“Give us some space, Molly dear,” said Lavinia, pointing. Molly minced over to the spot and stood there.

Sure enough, the onrush of questions from Miriam began. ...

“It's... it's is a bit short isn't it?” said Miriam. “The uniform, I mean.”

“Yes,” agreed Lavinia. “It is very short. But that is on purpose, All his frocks are that short. You see, I do like to see him fussing over his frock every other minute! And the only way he has any hope of staying ‘decent’ as I call it, is to adopt a very careful, mincing gait, which I just love to watch. Arms straight by his sides, feet placed carefully one in front of the other, and absolutely no hurrying! He *must* keep ‘tits, bits and bum’ covered at all times!”

Miriam giggled at the lewd phrase.

“The most important thing was getting him ‘frocked up and locked up’,” Lavinia said. “He treated it all as a bit of a joke at first, of course. That was all for the better. I just took my time, and tightened the screw bit by bit until I had what you now see over there: a sissified domestic drudge, utterly submissive and obedient!”

Miriam looked over at where said “Molly” was standing, staring short-sightedly into the middle distance,

The wig; the painted-on eyebrows; the false eyelashes; the rouged cheeks; the rosebud lips; the oh-so-narrow waist (“restrictive diet and a good stout girdle” — Lavinia’s words flashed in Miriam’s mind); and that frock! Shocking pink in colour, trimmed with absolute *masses* of white lace, oh-so-short and oh-so-low-cut, revealing so much pale, hairless skin, and with just the barest hint of rouged nipples peeping up from behind an edging of lace. Over it, a spotless white apron, equally short.

“Locked?” she queried.

“Yes, locked in chastity,” replied Lavinia. “A special device on his penis, you know?”

“Oh, but... yes, but... well, I’ll bet that restrainer thing comes off now and again... you know, for ... !” said Miriam, trying to enter into the spirit of things but feeling very unsure of herself.

“Oh no!” said Lavinia emphatically, looking slightly shocked. “That stays on. I keep Molly *totally chaste*,” she added with even more emphasis.

“Oh!” Miriam blurted out, “poor Molly!”

“Chastity is essential for maintaining the sissy maid at the proper degree of submission,” Lavinia continued firmly.

“So how long have you and he been — well, like this?”

“How long has Molly belonged to me?” Lavinia corrected pointedly. “Ooooh, let’s see now...” she mused. “Over here please, Molly!” she called out suddenly then.

Molly at once came over from where he had been standing, executed another curtsy, and asked quietly, “Yes, Ma’am?”

“How long have you been my property, Molly?” Lavinia asked him bluntly.

“I... I am ... I mean, I have ... I have been your property for six months now, Ma’am,” he stammered, clearly finding it hard to get the words out. Under the rouge his face was flushed; and he bit his lip and hung his head when finished.

“Head *up*, please, Molly!” Lavinia said at once, somewhat sharply.

Molly lifted his head and also straightened up, turning his already straight posture into almost a caricature of “standing to attention.” He stared straight ahead into the middle distance once more. Miriam noticed he held the edges of his apron between his index finger and thumb, ready to curtsy.

“We have discussed your posture, haven’t we, Molly?” Lavinia continued relentlessly.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“And we agreed that you would stand to attention in my presence, didn’t we?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“And that includes having your head up, looking straight ahead?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Good. Please don't make me have to remind you again.”

“No, Ma'am. I am sorry, Ma'am.”

Lavinia nodded curtly, then turned smiling to her guest.

“Molly still finds some aspects of our new life together a little difficult, but we are working hard on improvement! Aren't we, Molly?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” was his low-voiced reply.

She beamed. It was simply marvellous to have her total control of him now demonstrated so convincingly. She pointed again, and again Molly after a curtsy withdrew ‘out of the way’.

“The hair is...”

“Oh, that's a wig of course. I keep him fully depilated.”

“Even the eyebrows,” Miriam remarked without thinking.

“Yes!” said Lavinia, pleased that she had noticed (although how could she not?). “I pluck them once a week. He paints his face every morning, of course.”

“But how did you do all this?”

“Hmmm?”

“I mean, you know, you have him do all this...”

“Well, carrot and stick, you know?”

Miriam didn't know. She looked puzzled. Lavinia explained.

“Think of the carrot as access to my body, and the stick as... well, the stick, I suppose!” she concluded with a laugh.

“The stick?”

“Yes, Miriam, the stick! As in, the cane, the tawse, that sort of thing — like they used to have in school, yes?”

Miriam looked dubious.

“You said you weren't into all that whips and chains stuff.”

“Oh, I am not. Strictly domestic discipline, administered only when needed,” Lavinia rejoined firmly.

“Molly!” she called, and over her came and stood after curtsieng.

“Turn round please Molly,” Lavinia said then.

Molly turned, anticipating the dreadful humiliation that was coming.

“Frock up please Molly!” her voice rang out.

He hitched up the frock. He heard the sudden hiss of indrawn breath as Miriam gazed upon his bottom, still very read.

“When Molly is naughty, he gets his bottom warmed with the strap,” said Lavinia in a playful tone of voice.

Lavinia then dismissed Molly to his chores. A very subdued Molly gave a curtsy and minced off. He was half-way to the back door when:

“OH MOL-LEE?” Lavinia sang out.

Molly turned round, and was about to answer with a polite “Yes, Ma'am” when he was cut off by the oh-so-familiar reminder:

“‘Tits, bits and bum’, Molly!”

Lavinia wagged her finger playfully.

The wretched sissy-maid at once began to fuss at his frock with one hand, while holding the tray in the other, mincing towards the back door all the while. It was quite a sight.

“Oh Lavinia!”

Miriam scolded; but she was laughing too.

“Oh, I know, I know, I am such a terrible bitchy tease, aren't I? Oh, but I just can't resist!”

She laughed out loud. The two friends watched, sipping tea, as Lavinia's male maid successfully minced all the way to the back door with the tea tray while just about ‘remaining decent’. He disappeared through the door.

Miriam noted that the poor lamb had learned to walk in heels.

“I would *love* to have him in higher heels!” Lavinia exclaimed, guessing what she was thinking. “But he would just tower over me, wouldn't he? So I decided to be more practical.”

"I'll give him five minutes, then ring again," continued Lavinia. "Best to keep him on his toes, I don't want him to develop the habit of skiving," she added, quite seriously.

And so she did. And out Molly came, mincing oh-so-carefully over.

"Yes, Ma'am?" and a curtsy.

"What are you doing?"

"Ironing tomorrow's uniform, Ma'am."

"Oh good!" said Lavinia, beaming a bright smile at him. "Well, get back to it then," she continued in a friendly but dismissive tone.

"Yes, Ma'am"; a curtsy; and off he minced once more.

"Oh you are just too wicked, Lavinia!" mock-scolled Miriam, trying to suppress her laughter until the poor thing was out of earshot. No such compunction held Lavinia back. She laughed aloud at her friend's reaction.

"Oh, well, I will have my fun! Anyway, it's the first time you've seen him, isn't it, so we can't have him skulking indoors all afternoon."

"So, er, um.. things are going well, then?" Miriam ventured, more for the sake of having *something* to say than anything else.

"Oh, swimmingly!" exclaimed Lavinia. "My Molly works very hard at pleasing me in every way, and I am very happy with him."

"But... but..." Miriam was thoroughly at sea. "Surely he can't want all this?"

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Lavinia, "you are not going to tell me that he would be mincing about in that *ridiculous* frock and all its fabulous frilly accoutrements if he *really* didn't want to?" She raised her eyebrows. "Although," she went on, more thoughtfully, "I have made it a *bit* tricky for him to just up and leave."

"Oh?"

"Well, for example, he doesn't really have anything to wear *except* his uniforms, to be honest. So there's that."

"What happens when you want to go out together?"

"Oh, the odd night out with the girls does for me, I am very much a domestic creature now, happiest at home with just me and my cats and my maid."

"I like how the maid comes last in the list!"

"Oh, no, Molly is very dear to my heart, bless him!" Lavinia smiled, her eyes shining. Truth to

tell, the very thought of Molly made her heart melt. She reflected how wonderful it all was; how much her life had changed for the better since she had introduced her strict domestic regime. She had no thought of changing it now, of going back to the old ways. Oh, no, never.

“Penny for them?”

“Oh, sorry, was miles away for a minute. Or rather, I wasn't, I was right here. Just thinking how good this is, and how I will keep it just as it is.”

“But doesn't he ever try, you know, to... well, stop at least some of it?”

“Oh, he still kicks up a little fuss from time to time. But really, what would he do without me?”

“So, what do you think?” she asked Miriam then in a more serious tone of voice.

“Well, I...” Miriam stammered.

“Fancy trying this with your next boy-toy?”

“Oh, I don't... it... I mean...”

“But of course Miriam you must do as you wish. But believe you me, no woman I know who has got her man ‘frocked and locked’ has *ever* regretted it!”

By now they had long finished their tea. Suddenly Lavinia stood up.

“Come on then, let's go into the scullery and see what we can see, shall we?”

With a girlish laugh that made her seem momentarily decades younger, Lavinia led the way into the house.

DEMONSTRATION

The scullery was attached to the kitchen, and was a sizeable room in itself. It was full of the various accoutrements of a maid's life: an ironing board; a huge old-fashioned wash-tub; even an old scrubbing-board.

Lavinia rang for Molly.

“It is a simple system a little man from the village installed for me. There is a bell in each room, you see, and each bell has a different tone. I just press on the handset, the chime rings in each room, and Molly knows by the tone where I want him. Ingenious, isn't it?”

Miriam had to admit that it was.

Just then Molly arrived, curtsied, and stood waiting.

“And what were you up to, my little man-maid?”

“Scrubbing the bathroom floor, Ma'am.”

“Good.”

Lavinia smirked at Miriam's expression. It was clear no man had ever scrubbed *her* floors!

“Take your frock off, please Molly,” she said casually then.

Molly's eyes opened wide with pleading, and it looked as though he might be about to disobey. But his conditioning had been thorough, not to mention his dread of the cane. With downcast eyes, he raised the frock and with some wriggling got it over his head.

Molly now wore absolutely nothing but a pink girdle. This garment was obviously very tight. Although sturdy, it was a rather skimpy affair, covering the midriff from just above the breastbone, where it was heavily under-boned so as to push the flesh of his chest, and so his nipples, up and out; down to the very top of the hips, leaving ‘tits, bits and bum’ were quite exposed, just as Lavinia had said. The ‘tits’ had been enhanced with pink lipstick, and from each hung a silver ring.

“What pretty little titties Molly has, don't you think Miriam?”

But Miriam was speechless. She was staring at his pubis, which was fully shaven, a narrow iron tube fully encased his penis, a heavy padlock dangling from its base.

“Is that the...?” she began.

“That's Molly's chastity device, yes. I did want one in pink really, but the lady who makes them says that the iron ones are *far* more secure.”

Miriam nodded automatically.

“Come now, Molly, don't be shy!” urged Lavinia. “Hands behind your head, legs wide, and *push* those titties out!”

Molly exhibited himself accordingly.

“Do a twirl, dearie. That's right. Let Miriam see *everything!*”

And Molly did a neat little twirl for them.

“I think what we will do now, is have a little demonstration of the stick from the ‘carrot and stick’ I told you of earlier. But take the weight off your feet, do! Molly, fetch a chair for Miss Carruthers, there's a dear!”

There was of course no chair in the scullery. No need. What on earth would a male maid be doing sitting down? Molly scurried off and returned with a chair, upon which Miriam planted her ample posterior.

“Now, Molly, I want you to count each stroke, and I also want a nice polite ‘thank you’ after each one. Do you understand that, Molly?”

“Y-yes, Ma'am.”

Molly had known this would be coming. Without being told, he turned and bent and got his frock up high. Lavinia smiled at Miriam's open-mouthed stare.

“One does have to speak very clearly and simply when dealing with the lower orders,” she explained. “Molly here is such an empty-headed flibbertigibbet that one can never be *quite* sure that what one says hasn't simply gone in one ear and out the other!”

She walked over to the rack on the wall, and ran her fingertips over the array. She hummed and hawed, and selected a thin Malacca cane. She swished it too and fro, then walked back and top up her stance behind the trembling, bent-over figure of Molly.

She tapped his bright-red bum with the rod. He flinched slightly.

“Keep nice and still for me please, Molly dear!” Lavinia admonished.

Then, with a supercilious glance at Miriam, who was silently staring at this tableau, she brought the cane round behind her, then forward and with an expert flick of the rest delivered it full-on right across the bare bottom.

“I'll just give him six,” Lavinia announced off-handedly.

Miriam looked at the slim flexible rod. Six from that? Rather him than me! And then another thought struck her: what would he get if he actually had done something wrong?

Lavinia raised the cane high, and brought it down — not too hard, but hard enough to evoke a little squeal and an involuntary flinch from her sissified victim.

SWISH-THWACK!

A kind of whinnying squeal came from the hapless male maid.

“One. Thank you, Ma'am.”

SWISH-THWACK!

A thin red line appeared on the white skin, high up on the rump, spanning both buttocks.

“Two. Thank you, Ma'am.”

Miriam watched in fascination.

SWISH-THWACK!

Another grunt, rather louder this time. Another red line appeared on the white flesh, just below

the last.

“Three. Thank you, Ma'am.”

SWISH-THWACK!

“Mmmmmmmmm!”

An almost vocal noise came from the feminised male's throat. His jaws clenched. And another red line appeared on the white flesh, just below the last.

“Four. Thank you, Ma'am.”

SWISH-THWACK!

“Urrrrrggghhhhh!”

Another guttural sound from the throat. And yet another red line appeared on that red bottom, just below the last.

“Five. Thank you, Ma'am.”

SWISH-THWACK!

“OOoooooohhh!”

One last red line appeared on the sore-looking flesh, just below the previous one.

“Six. Thank you, Ma'am.”

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

“There! That is how you discipline unruly toy boys — *and* unruly male maids!”

Miriam nodded.

“Now you see, Miriam my dear, that is one very good reason why my little Molly-maid is so very polite and respectful!”

Miriam was still speechless.

“Well...” she finally managed to get out.

“You just think about it.”

And on the drive home, Miriam *did* think about it. In fact she thought about nothing else. The sight of that pert little bottom, already reddened, having that set of red stripes laid across it so expertly had put thoughts into her head that had never been there before. And they would not go

away!

QUICKIE

Molly had a lot of catching-up to do after so much time in the afternoon spent entertaining Madame and her guest. He had just got started on the latest batch of ironing when the bell for the living room rang. He hurried as fast as he could. It did not do to keep Madame waiting, and the very last thing in the world he wanted right then was a real punishment caning on top of a 'playful' spanking and a 'demonstration' caning. He entered the living room and curtsied.

Lavinia looked with some show of sympathy at her male maid who stood attentively waiting on her will.

"Oh, darling! I hope I didn't hurt your poor little botty too hard!" Lavinia said with rather exaggerated mock-sympathy. "But Miriam does need to be shown how to handle a boy. She has *such* trouble with them! Not like you and I, hmmm? You never give me trouble any more, do you sweetie?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Ooooooh, darling!"

She pulled the young man close, kissed him, then held him at arm's length and stroked his cheek.

"I need a certain someone to put his head under my skirt and pull my knickers down and do nice things for me. Hmmm?"

Molly knew what to do. As Lavinia settled herself in her favourite armchair, he knelt before his strict, mature owner and insinuated his head between her ready-parted thighs. In the darkness of her skirt, he kissed her plump thighs above her stocking tops the way he had been taught. When she had enjoyed enough of that, she lifted herself slightly. that was the signal for Molly to pull Madame's knickers down, and press his face to her hairy pubic mound and do those things with his tongue that he had been taught.

Lavinia came quickly and noisily. Showing Molly off to friends always had the same effect.

"Ooooooh gosh!" she exclaimed, pushing the submissive feminised male away. She sprawled in the armchair, waiting to stop tingling.

"Off you go..." she managed to pant.

With a quiet "Yes, Ma'am," and a respectful curtsy, her little male maid scurried off to wash his face.

A NORMAL EVENING

After serving Madame's dinner, and getting his own down quickly in the kitchen afterwards before washing up, Molly returned to his ironing.

Ironing. There was always ironing.

Lavinia had worried that there simply wasn't enough for Molly to do. 'The devil makes work for idle hands' and all that. And she did not want him sitting around thinking bad thoughts, fiddling with his chastity device trying to get it off, perhaps even entertaining thoughts of leaving. No! Best to keep him busy.

So she had had leaflets printed off advertising an ironing service, reasonable rates, collection and delivery. A little man with a van in the village had been happy to hire out his services for the collection and delivery for a very reasonable fee. So now every afternoon he drove up, deposited his load, and collected the ready ironing. Lavinia offered a 24-hour turn-around as standard.

So should Molly have nothing else to do, there was always ironing. Always. In fact now and again it was necessary to have him skimp a bit on his regular chores, just to keep the customers happy. Lavinia had learned to live with this, just so long as he took care of anything neglected the very next day. As he did, of course.

The money so earned Lavinia did not keep for herself. Oh no! Every penny save for the van charges went into a special fund. Molly's frock fund, she called it. When sufficient monies had accumulated in the 'frock fund', Lavinia drove Molly into the village for another visit to her (and his!) dress-maker, Miss Palmer. This was about the only time that Molly left the house nowadays. But for some reason he did not seem awfully keen on these little trips! To be sure, it had been difficult for the poor dear that first time when he was told to strip off to be measured for his very first uniform. There he had stood, the poor darling, as naked as the day he was born — well, apart from the padlocked chastity device, she had already got him into that then — while two mature matrons chatted over a cup of tea before getting down to the business of measuring him and then having a long palaver about what exactly this very special first uniform should look like! Since then, Molly had made several trips to Miss Palmer's, and a lovely new uniform was always the outcome. Each costume was more elaborate than the last. Lavinia had told Helen to give her imagination full reign; and, my! had she ever!

Every evening, Lavinia liked to take time out to have a 'little chat' with Molly about any inadequacies she had noticed in his work or behaviour that day. She *always* managed to find something. It was a way of ensuring that her subjugated sissy never grew complacent, but remained striving to do his utmost. So this evening a little before nine, the bell was rung to summon Molly to the living room.

"Now, Molly," began Lavinia in a mildly chiding tone, "you did quite well when you were introduced to Miss Carruthers this afternoon... however, I got a flash of bum cheek as you returned to your work. That wasn't acceptable, was it?"

"No, Ma'am."

"You know how I feel about 'tits, bits and bum', don't you Molly?"

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“And what are you supposed to do about them?” she pursued remorselessly. Oh, she loved this!

“I... I'm supposed to keep them covered up, Ma'am.”

“Yes. You are. Now, I know you try, Molly, and I am pleased with that. But clearly you have to try harder. Don't you?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“That will be all, Molly.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

And Molly bobbed a curtsy and minced off back to his ironing, close to tears. Poor Molly! Imagine it, reader! Imagine being *forced* to wear a frock — a *pink* frock, trimmed with white lace — so short that it is almost impossible to keep ‘tits, bits and bum’ covered up. And then imagine being scolded every time you let anything show! *Every* time! You wouldn't like it much, would you? Molly doesn't like it much either. But Molly *has* to do it.

At long, long last, when Molly was just about all-in after hours at the ironing board, he heard the bedroom bell. He scurried upstairs and into the bedroom where Madame was waiting for him.

“Come on Molly dear, let's pick tomorrow's frock!”

Lavinia always said it in an excited way, as though this were a **real treat** for Molly. Once in the bedroom, it was always the same routine.

“Go on then Molly, pick a frock!” Lavinia would say enthusiastically. Then Molly would pick one out, hold it up in front of him, and after due consideration Lavinia would accept or reject it. She was well capable of keeping this going for ten minutes or so, until she finally decided that one was ‘just right’. Once ‘they’ had chosen, he had to lay the chosen frock out with an apron, matching wig and matching shoes, ready for tomorrow.

The only good thing about this ritual as far as Molly was concerned was that it was always performed before bed. Which meant that another long, long day of sissy servitude was finally almost over.

BEDTIME

After undressing Madame very carefully, putting her clothes in the washing basket (Madame never ever wore anything more than once before putting it in the wash now), and helping her on with her comfy flannelette nightgown, Molly quickly stripped off and got *his* nighty on. Molly's nighties were all flimsy affairs, and this one was no exception. A little wisp of silk that certainly did little to cover ‘tits, bits and bum’.

Lavinia climbed into bed, and opened her arms for Molly. After putting Molly to the breast for a while, she pushed his head away. This was the signal for Molly to wriggle down in the bed and get his head up under Lavinia's voluminous nightgown, where between her parted thighs was her 'special place' where she liked to be kissed. One orgasm was usually enough before they snuggled up for the night, and so it was tonight.

They always slept together. It was a bit of a nuisance being woken by her male maid when the vibrating alarm which he wore strapped to his right wrist when in bed roused him at six, but since Lavinia never rose herself before mid-morning, she had plenty of time for a second sleep.

And as she drifted off to sleep this night, she thought with utter contentment of what she had accomplished. A man in her life — but the sort of man she wanted. No nonsense with forever watching football on the TV or coming home drunk and loud or any of that. Just a sweet, submissive, obedient little plaything for ever and always. Happy ever after, just like in the books! Oh, yes, she would definitely be helping Miriam with the next man in her life...

THE END

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

This book's code is: kwoxS97Lyd

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!

I am on Twitter as [MissMBirch](#).

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.