

MIRANDA BIRCH

PRISSY
POLLY
PANSY

Mother-in-law's Sissified
Plaything

Prissy Polly Pansy

Mother-in-law's Sissified Plaything

Book II of Mistress Nina's Petticoated Playthings

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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A lazy, good-for-nothing husband tries his long-suffering wife's patience too far. When she finds his stash of forced feminisation magazines, he finds himself forced into tight girdles and frilly frocks, and put to work about the house. Tightly-girdled and fully-uniformed, soon he is working for his wife AND her mother as a full-time, unpaid domestic servant. But before long it gets get even worse — he becomes his mother-in-law's sissified plaything!

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EXPOSED

Tom Roberts had just walked through the door of the suburban semi-detached house he shared with his wife of thirteen years and gone into the living room which led off the hall.

“‘Mother-in-law’s sissified plaything’?!”

His wife’s voice rang out, clearly enunciating each syllable in a voice that dripped disgust — and anger.

“I... what?...umm...”

His face coloured, betraying him. Then he saw the magazines and pamphlets scattered about the floor. Oh, for Pete’s sake... His heart began to thump wildly.

His wife, Miranda Roberts, who was sitting in her armchair, dropped the one whose title she had just read, and picked up another.

“‘Made to be a Maid’?!”

Tom said nothing. There was nothing to say.

Miranda dropped that one too, and glared at him.

“What is this *shit* doing in my house?”

“Oh... it’s just... me and a couple of mates bought them for a lark... you know... a few pints... a laugh, like...”

It sounded pathetic even to him, as soon as he heard the words coming from his mouth; but it was the best he could do. He had never been much of a liar when confronted. He preferred to avoid, conceal, evade rather than outright deny and dissimulate.

“Couple of mates my arse! These are *yours*! These are your *wank mags*, aren’t they?”

The phrase ‘wank mags’ was spat out with particular venom.

Silence.

“*Aren’t they?*”

Her voice grew louder and sharper; her eyes bored into him.

“Umm... s'ppose...,” he said quietly, and shrugged.

“What sort of fucking man wanks to this... this weird... stuff?”

She waved another magazine in the air, pronounced with distaste its title, “Forced into Frocks”; then threw it disgustedly to the floor.

Tom hung his head and bit his lip.

“No wonder I don't get any sex any more!”

She tutted.

“Are you a queer or something!”

“No! God, no! I just...”

“Just what?”

“Look... I know... how it... but... it isn't as bad as it looks... I...”

“Oh don't be bloody ridiculous!” She snapped. “It is every bit as bad as it looks! The question is, what are we going to do about it?”

“Oh, I'll chuck 'em out, I'll...”

“Ah-ah-ah! Not so fast!” she interrupted swiftly, wagging a well-manicured finger at him. “I know damn well you'll be off to your nasty little shop to stock up again before the month is out.”

Tom held his tongue. He had no answer to that.

Miranda nodded to herself.

“Just as I thought! Get out of my sight! We will deal with this later.”

“Oh babe, come on...”

“What? I am not your ‘babe’! Fucking pathetic wanker! Get out of my sight! Now!”

Tom got out of her sight.

UNIFORMED

In the following days, Tom thought he was in the clear. Miranda had not mentioned her find again, and he had been careful to be on his best behaviour. Soon it would all blow over. Probably her time of the month or something. Women!

But one evening, about a week after the confrontation in the living room, his wife's clear, well-spoken voice summoned him to the spare room upstairs.

He walked in all cocky and breezy.

“Yes my sweet?”

And then he stopped dead.

Arrayed on the single bed in the spare room was — a classic French maid's uniform! Cap, frock, stockings, undies — the works! The uniform was all frilly white lace and shining black satin. The underwear was elaborate, to say the least. In addition to bra and knickers, there was a rather complex foundation garment, and a pair of stockings.

“I suppose you already know what all this gear is?” sneered Miranda.

Tom stopped and stared, unable to get his thoughts out. Miranda carried on regardless.

“Since you are going to start working as my maid-servant, I felt it appropriate that you be appropriately kitted out.”

“Your what?”

Tom couldn't believe his ears.

“My maid-servant,” she repeated. “My uniformed maid-servant.”

“Uniformed...?”

“Yes! Uniformed. You didn't think all this rubbish was for me, did you?”

But of course Tom had thought that all that ‘rubbish’ was for Miranda to wear. Of course! That was the first thought that had come into Tom's head. A bit of dressing up, spice up their jaded sex life — well, reactivate their non-existent sex life, to be honest.

And now she was saying it was all for him?

“But I can't...”

“My house, my rules! You don't like it, leave!”

Where was he going to go? Oh, to hell with it. If she wanted to humiliate him like this for a few hours, he could bully through it. Fuck her, the silly cow!

“Right, then, get stripped off!”

Tom shrugged and got out of his clothes.

“These are your undergarments,” said Miranda, pointing to the girdles. “One for wearing, one for in the wash. I will expect you to be always fully-girdled when in uniform.”

And, my dear, she added in thought, you will *always* be in uniform!

“But... I can't...”

“You can, and you will! Now, get into your uniform!”

It took some fumbling and fiddling, but finally he was dressed to Miranda's satisfaction. It became clear even to Tom that the uniform was ridiculously impractical. And the girdle was too tight for someone who was supposed to be doing physical work. He tried to point this out. But his wife was dismissive.

“I suppose it does make some chores rather difficult, but that's alright, you've got plenty of time!”

Having dealt with that objection, she steamed on full ahead.

“I will expect you dressed — that is, *fully* uniformed, from girdle to cap, because yes I will fucking check! — by six in the morning, at which time I will expect you to be scrubbing the kitchen floor.”

“Six!”

“You're not working, are you? No. Bloody living off of me! Well, no more! You pull your weight around here. I am *not* working all day in the office and then coming home to skivvy for you all evening! *You* can do some bloody skivvy for a change!”

Having bombarded him with this, she took the initiative in getting him started at once.

“Come on! You can make a start on the kitchen floor, its bloody filthy.”

She grabbed his arm and pulled him none-too-gently out of the room and to the head of the stairs. She had him walk down ahead of her. They went into the kitchen.

Tom stood there nonplussed, looking at the floor as though he had never seen it before.

“Isn't there a mop thing or... like a broom...”

Tom had never bothered much with the house work, but he knew vaguely about mops. But Miranda shook her head decisively.

“You'll find a bucket and rags in the broom cupboard.”

Miranda stared him down until he went and got a bucket and rag. He stood there with them helplessly.

“But how...?”

“On your hands and knees, how else?”

“Come on you lazy fucking tart!”

She slapped his face. Shocked, he got down awkwardly on hands and knees and dipped the rag in the water.

“Right, you little scrubber, I'll be back in half an hour, that should be enough time to get floor and surfaces bright and shining!”

Miranda stalked off. Tom sighed — and scrubbed.

DISCUSSED

Miranda confided in her best friend. It turned out that she had a friend whose ex-husband used to ‘dress’ (as they called it, apparently), and *she* knew a lady who knew a lady called Nina — indeed, ‘Mistress Nina’ — who was an expert in all this stuff. So Miranda ended up with Mistress Nina's phone number, and a name to give in lieu of introduction.

“Hi, ah... Ms ?”

“Yes?”

The voice at the other end of the phone was cautious.

“I... a mutual friend, Julia Cummings?”

Silence.

“She said... ah.. she said I might be able to use your advice... with my husband...”

“Ah?”

“Yes... I... um, that is...”

“Go on, dear.”

And it all came out in a gush.

“Oh, I found his stash of disgusting magazines, all about being a maid and dressing up and serving his mother-in-law and all sorts of stuff and I got so angry and I got some stuff from a charity shop and online and made him wear them and set him to doing housework but I don't know because Christ what sort of man wants that and why should I do what he wants and...”

Miranda ran out of breath, broke off, and started to cry.

“There, there, dear,”

The voice on the phone was now warm, comforting.

“I think you and I had better meet for coffee...”

They made a date for the very next day.

“So he wants to be a maid, does he?”

Miranda tutted crossly.

“Oh, I don't know, I don't think so, probably just wanking to them. That's what he said, anyway.”

Nina looked thoughtful.

“I just don't know,” Miranda continued. “I mean, I put him in some clothes and made him do a bit of housework, but...”

Miranda toyed with her coffee-cup nervously.

“Not working out?”

“Oh, he gets dressed up and does a bit of work, but I am sure he changes again once I am off to work and lounges about just like he used to.”

“There is an alternative,” said Nina thoughtfully.

“What?” asked Miranda.

“Well, as I said already on the phone, you could turn fantasy into reality — you could dominate him for real.”

Miranda shook her head firmly.

“No,” she announced, “I don't want to play his silly games, dressing up like some tart and waving a whip about!”

“Oh, sorry!” she added, remembered Nina's ‘profession.’

Nina smiled indulgently.

“Oh, I don't mean all that sort of stuff, my dear. What you would do or not do would be entirely up to you. I simply mean, make him your maid for real. Then you make the rules, and he has to obey. You made a start the other day, and that's something.”

Miranda started to say something, then stopped. She thought for a bit.

“You know, I do like being in charge, always have. Big bossy old bird, that's me!”

She laughed, then bit her lip, looked pensive, and continued:

“I certainly think someone has to lead in this relationship...”

“You were certainly in the lead the other day!”

Miranda flushed.

“Yes, but... that's not really me...” She trailed off.

“Normally, of course, the man takes the lead.”

As if! “Miranda snorted. She was getting upset. Nina took her hand, and waited for her to calm down a bit.

”So... why don't *you* try taking charge?”

Miranda nodded. ”I see what you mean, it has to be one of us... We can't go on as we are.”

”The thing to do,” Nina explained, ”is to take it slowly.”

Miranda still looked doubtful, but listened.

"If you toss a frog into a pan of boiling water, it will jump right out. But, if you put the same frog into a pan of cool water, it will swim happily about. Now, put that pan on a gas ring, and turn on the heat. The water will heat up slowly, while the frog swims about, until — one cooked frog!"

Miranda laughed.

"Oh, poor frog!"

"The same with Tom," Nina continued. "You take it nice and easy to start, nice and easy... and then one day, homeless, penniless, and without even a stitch of clothing to his name, he realises what you have done — but by then, it will be too late!"

Miranda was stunned. But also strangely excited.

"Wow, that's... harsh... but fair, as it happens. Yes! Why not? He wants it — he's got it!"

Nina chuckled.

"That's the spirit!"

Then, she continued more soberly:

"Look, at the end of the day, you've got to decide what's right for you. Only you can do that. Based on what you've told me about your husband, I would say that he's ripe for it. And from what you've told me about the marriage, I would say that if you *don't* take action, it is only a matter of time before you two split up. And then you have all the mess and fuss of divorce..."

Miranda nodded solemnly.

"Well, there it is. And now, think of this: as a maid, his **whole existence** will be focused on making you feel special — in any way you want. *Any way!*"

Miranda smiled.

"Sounds good to me!"

"Start off slowly, by all means, but if you take my advice, you will sooner or later need to turn him into your full-time, no-limits maid. It's essential; or sooner or later, he'll be off. And you don't want that, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Miranda firmly. "I am not having him getting half of everything, after the way he has treated me!"

She considered, looking thoughtful. She sighed.

"I will have to give it a go, won't I? I just hope I don't mess everything up..."

Nina smiled reassuringly.

"You'll be fine, I promise. Just give me a ring as soon as you feel uncomfortable about anything, OK?"

"Yeah, OK..."

"Now, it is vital to be firm, forceful, and make rapid progress. Don't stop, don't give him time to think! You already have him in frillies, and even restrictive undergarments, yes? That is a *great* start! Congratulations! Now, the next step is domestic discipline. Get a cane!"

Miranda gasped.

"Oh yes, spare the rod and spoil the sissy!"

Nina was in her element now. She continued rapidly, piling on point after point.

"Then chastity, to stop him wasting his energy wanking when he should be skivvying — there are devices you can get, I will give you the name of a good supplier; then a name-change; then displaying him to a chosen friend or friends — a group is best, of course, if you can manage it."

"Wow!" exclaimed Miranda. It was a lot to take it. "That's... that's a lot to take in..."

Nina finished her coffee and laid the cup down on the saucer.

"Well, my dear, get started as soon as possible, and the best of luck!"

"I'll give you a ring and let you know how I get on."

"Do that!"

With a kiss on the cheek, Nina was gone.

On the drive home, Miranda's mind was in turmoil. Was it right, what she was planning to do? And would it even work?

CHASTISED

Now that Tom was 'helping with the housework' while dressed as a maid, the next step was to take control of his sexuality. Miranda thought that would be the easiest 'next step'. So she measured him, bought a chastity device — and then tackled the most difficult part: getting him into it. It proved easier than expected.

Ambushing him one morning while he was on hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor, she went on the attack.

"Hard at work, eh?"

"Well, yeah..."

"Oh, yes! Nice show for me before I leave for work. But I know full well the minute I am out that door, you are going to be wanking," she said flatly.

"But I..."

"But me no buts!" she interrupted crossly. "I know you do. I know what the magazines were for, I am not stupid. It's just cheating, plain and simple. In fact, it's worse than cheating, it's not *even* with anyone else."

"I..."

"Never mind you, for a change!" Miranda was relentless. "Now get your knickers down and let me try this for size."

Tom started to rise.

"No, as you are. Just kneel up straight."

Miranda squatted down and as Tom hitched up his uniform skirt she quickly tugged his knickers down.

The device slipped on with no muss or fuss.

Click!

"There we are, that wasn't hard, was it?"

Not the only thing that won't be hard in future! she thought to herself as she slipped the key into her handbag.

"And now must dash! Remember, today is washday! I left a pile out in the bedroom!"

And without giving him time to retort or protest, Miranda was off to work.

Left alone, Tom knelt where he was, trying to take in what had just happened. Then he sighed and got on with scrubbing the floor.

He would have to have a talk with her about all this, he decided...

CANED

"Frock up, panties down, girl!"

Some girl! The great strapping man, a look of utter misery on his painted face, obediently bent, lifted the hem of his frock to his waist and bunched it there, then lowered his frilly pink panties.

Miranda Roberts brought the cane down hard across her sissified husband's bare bottom.

THWACK!

"You wanted this, you got it!"

"Oh, oh,... please, please Miranda.. stop, stop! It hurts, and... and it is so humiliating!"

THWACK!

"You are humiliated?"

THWACK!

"How do you think I felt, when I found those *disgusting* magazines? I have never been so humiliated in my life!"

THWACK!

"But you are going to learn all about humiliation, sissy!"

THWACK!

"Oh yes, you'll learn sissy, you'll learn!"

THWACK!

"Now get your knickers up and go and do the washing."

The wretched sissified male straightened up, his face red and showing his utter misery, and pulled up the frilly pink knickers. Wincing with the pain from his welted rump, he walked awkwardly to the door.

His wife's voice rang out:

"Come back here!"

He turned and looked at her blankly. Then returned to stand before her.

She slapped his face, hard.

"What do you do when your Mistress dismisses you?"

"Oh.. I-I'm supposed to curtsy."

She slapped his face again.

"Who am I, the cat's mother?"

"Oww! I'm sorry! — Ma'am. I'm supposed to curtsy, Ma'am."

"Well?"

He bobbed a little.

"What was *that* supposed to be?"

"A curtsy, Ma'am?"

"Pathetic! Right! You can have a little break from your chores, and go and do two hours of curtsy practice instead! And *then* you can get on with the washing! And yes, I will check on the camera!"

The wretched man bobbed another apology for a curtsy, remembered his "Yes, Ma'am", and scurried off.

Tom Roberts had never wanted this to happen. He wanted very much to somehow make it all stop. But he could not.

Bloody 'curtsy practice'. It was his wife's latest idea. He hated curtsy practice. But he had to do it.

In the converted guest bedroom, now the "maid's room", He looked at himself in the mirror. Clad in this ridiculous uniform. Six more like it hung in the wardrobe. He no longer had any other clothes. Miranda had given them to a charity shop. He had made quite a song and dance about that, but it had not got him anywhere. After six months out of work, he had no money of his own, and certainly nowhere else to live. And now, if he wanted to leave, he would have to walk the streets in an outfit that would make a common prostitute look under-dressed.

He had to make a stand at some point. He knew that. And he would: he would...

In the meantime, he bobbed himself a curtsy in the mirror, trying to synchronise arms and body, and not look so much like 'a great big fairy elephant'...

RENAMED

According to Mistress Nina, having dressed him and disciplined him, the next stage was to rename him. Something sissy; something *feminine* — but something *ridiculously over-the-top feminine*. Miranda went through the magazines, picked a very sissy name and, not content with that, got a name-badge printed up. After all, domestic staff in hotels and such often wore such badges, didn't they? And Tom wanted to be a 'maid', didn't he? Well then! Miranda Roberts had decided to go to town on her wretched husband.

Of course Tom made a fuss when he heard about his new name. But Miranda was well-prepared for that. The cane was lying ready. Her uniformed sissy maid was already well under her thumb, so that he made only token resistance when ordered to get skirts up and knickers down for a caning.

Mrs Roberts swung the cane and brought it down with full force across the bare rump.

THWACK!

"Oooooooooowwww!"

Tom didn't like pain. he didn't like it all. He broke almost at once.

THWACK!

"Arrggghhh!"

"What is your name?"

"My name..." (sob) "...my name is..." (sob) "...Prissy Polly Pansy..."

THWACK!

"Arrggghhh!"

"Who am I, the cat's mother?"

"Ma'am! Ma'am! No, I..." (sob) "...my name..." (sob) "...Prissy Polly Pansy, *Ma'am*..." (sob).

Mrs Roberts smirked.

"Very good!"

She swung the cane again.

THWACK!

"Owwwww...!"

"And now, Little miss Prissy Polly Pansy, what is your status here?"

"My...I.. I am your house maid, Ma'am."

"That's right, you are! Make sure you remember your place in future. Now, Prissy Polly Pansy, you have chores to do! Of you go!"

The sobbing sissified wretched stood, got his knickers up and his skirts down, and hobbled off in tears to his drudgery.

It was after this that Tom, or rather Pansy, made one more attempt to reason with his wife, or rather Mistress.

Making sure to execute a perfect curtsy and respectfully asking permission to speak, he asked her if they could not stop all this. He had learned his lesson and would be a good husband in future.

Miranda Roberts looked at him as if he had suggested a trip to the moon.

"Stop? No! No, we can't stop. "And don't think for one moment you are getting a divorce."

She wagged her finger at him.

"This is your life now," she added curtly. She let that sink in, and when he tried to reply, interrupted:

"Off you go back into the kitchen and get on with your chores. You have knickers to wash, I think?"

Poor Pansy curtsied and minced away.

DISPLAYED

And now came the time to share her secret. Miranda rang a few friends, and Mistress Nina of course, and had them come round for afternoon drinks.

The girls were all assembled in the living room. "Right!" Miranda announced, standing up and clapping her hands for attention. "We are all here, so it's time for the show!"

Having got everyone's attention, Miranda rang her bell. It pealed loudly.

"What's this, then?" asked Julie, who like most of them was not in on the secret. "Are you re-enacted 'Upstairs Downstairs'?"

Miranda and Nina grinned at each other.

"Kindof-sortof. You'll see."

After a few moments, they did see. There was a knock on the living room door, Miranda called grandly "Enter!", the door opened, and — in walked a rare sight to behold! Jaws dropped, mouths opened.

"Right, girls! I'd like you to meet my new house maid!"

In minced the person who was once her husband Tom, who was now her maid 'Prissy Polly Pansy'. Said maid advanced into the centre of the room, executed a deep, elaborate curtsy, then stood, hands folded neatly before his apron, waiting to serve.

“Oh my God!” blurted Jane, breaking the silence. “It’s Tom!”

“No, Jane, this isn’t Tom,” cautioned Miranda, trying to be serious but failing to disguise her mirth. “The poor dear will get very upset if you think she’s a bloke!”

That broke the ice. They all laughed uproariously.

“What’s this?” asked Jane, noticing the name-tag. “‘Prissy Polly Pansy’,” she read out in a loud voice, and then burst out laughing.

“Prissy Polly Pansy, yes,” confirmed Miranda.

“Good name for a sissy maid,” said Nina approvingly.

“Nice dress, sweetie, did you make it yourself?” teased Julie.

Pansy stared into space, utter humiliation written over his face.

“Answer the nice lady!” taunted his wife.

“N-no, no... Ma’am,” stuttered Pansy.

The company laughed in unison again. At a signal from Miranda, Pansy then served a round of drinks.

As they sipped their white wine, the girls discussed “Pansy’s kinky fantasies”, as Miranda insisted on calling what she had done to him.

As the chatting and taunting continued, a tear ran slowly down Pansy’s left cheek. Nina noticed it and nudged Miranda.

“Stop your snivelling, you great big sissy, and refill Jackie’s drink!” Pansy’s owner (for such she now was) barked at him.

At once he minced over to Jackie and refilled her glass. Jackie thrust her hand up his skirt and gave him bum a squeeze.

As the drink flowed, so the girls became more forwards. After Jackie, other hands were up his skirts, groping, exploring. He could do nothing but submit to the various indignities. Once everyone was tipsy, the inevitable moment came when he had to hitch up his skirt to show off his pretty knickers. And then of course someone — it happened to be Jane — got inquisitive about what was under the knickers. Pansy was most reluctant to show them all, but pressure from his wife, and the memory of the caning that surely awaited him if he was disobedient, convinced him to pull his knickers down and show them all his pitiful imprisoned cock.

“More a cockette than a cock, really,” mused Jane.

“Oooh, look at the state of that bum!” said Jackie.

“Spare the rod and spoil the sissy!” pronounced Miranda firmly, earning an approving smile from Mistress Nina.

And then she had an idea.

“Fetch the cane, Prissy Polly Pansy!”

His face fell. But... but... he had done *everything* he was told! He had submitted to all this dreadful humiliation. He couldn’t be caned! He couldn’t be! But he dare not disobey. He scurried off, and soon was back with the dreaded rod, which he handed to his wife, not forgetting a curtesy. Each curtesy had caused much merriment among the girls, and this one was no exception.

“Now, girls!” called Miranda. “Form a more or less orderly line, please! One girl, one stroke!”

Pansy couldn’t believe his ears. He felt his wife tug his knickers briskly down, then he felt his wife pushing his shoulders. And he bent.

And then the first stroke fell. It was not so hard. It was not the pain, it was — these were his wife's friends, he had met most of them. And now here he was, all dolled-up in a maid's uniform, bending, knickers down, being *caned* by every one of them!

LOANED

By now, Miranda, having followed Mistress Nina's 'frog technique', had got Pansy working an 18-hour day, seven days a week — and of course *always* in full uniform. He hadn't a moment spare to think. Just drudge, drudge, drudge.

The next stage came as a bombshell. He was bundled into the car one day and driven over to his Mother-in-law's!

Miranda had outlined things over the phone, not quite sure how her mother would react. In fact Mrs Grant, a divorcée in her sixties, was delighted once she got over the shock. She had never liked Tom.

Pansy had wished the earth would swallow him up as he was led into his Mother-in-law's sitting room.

"Mummy, this is Prissy Polly Pansy!"

"Enchanted, I'm sure!" sneered Mrs Grant.

What a get-up! she thought. Imagine a man being reduced to that! No proper man would let it happen. Pathetic little sissy deserves everything Miranda has done to him! And she found Pansy rather an improvement on Tom, that was for sure. Slightly less useless, for a start!

And so, after confiding with her mother, Miranda now drove over once a week on Saturday morning with Pansy so that her sissy maid could spend the day working for her mother.

Miranda, meanwhile, got on with her life. Although middle-aged and curvy, still was still attractive, and it wasn't long before she found someone who could satisfy her needs.

And so things went, until Miranda decided that she wanted her boyfriend to move in. Clearly that was a problem with Pansy around. She hit on the solution. It was obvious. He could move in with her Mother! Well, he had wanked to that stupid booklet hadn't he — 'Mother-in-law's Sissified Plaything'? So, now he *would* be! A dream come true! She smiled to herself grimly. Or a nightmare. Well — whatever!

The next day, Pansy in tow, she visited her mother to broach the subject.

As Mrs Grant listened to her daughter, an outline of a possible future started to sketch itself in her mind. So the great useless lummoX wanted to be a sissy maid, did he? Well, she was going to making him the best bloody sissy maid in all of England, if not the world, if she had to take all the skin off his arse with the cane to do it! And so Mrs Grant, a big mature lady in twin-set and pearls who looked like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, became behind closed doors a ruthless tyrant who took great pleasure in using and abusing a son-in-law she had never liked!

Then, the decision made, Pansy was summoned. On arrival, he had been sent straight into the kitchen to make a start on the washing-up. He reappeared now, plastic apron over his uniform to protect it from the sudsy water.

"I have explained to Mummy about our difficult domestic situation," announced Miranda as though speaking to a slow-witted child, "and she's had a good read of your pathetic wank mags, and she thinks she can give you what you so obviously need. A stable domestic environment, with plenty of discipline, and lots of dressing up in the frillies you so love!"

it looked as though Pansy was going to break one of Miranda's rules — one of her many, many rules — the rule about servants being seen and not heard — so Miranda Roberts held up her hand brusquely for silence.

"No arguments, please! You have nowhere else to go, and you should be grateful to Mummy for looking after you. You wouldn't last long on the street in that get-up, would you?" Miranda sneered.

And that was true enough.

MOTHER-IN-LAW'S SISSIFIED PLAYTHING

Miranda rang the bell again. Oh bother! She *must* be in — where would she have gone? Losing patience, she fumbled in her handbag for the spare key to Mummy's place that she kept for emergencies. She unlocked the door and entered the hall. Still no-one.

“Mummy! Mummy!”

No reply. Oh, where could she have got to? And where was Pansy?

She checked downstairs. Not a sign. She went upstairs, and heard noises. She stopped outside the door to guest bedroom, which she was surprised to see was painted a bright pink, and bore the legend 'Prissy Polly Pansy'.

Whatever...?

She pushed open the door — and stopped dead. There was a gym horse in the middle of the room, over which Prissy had been securely strapped. He was in full uniform, but the skirts of his dress had been thrown up, and his knickers were round his ankles — and he was being given a good seeing-to by none other than — Miranda's mother! She was stripped completely off, and was wearing a double-ended strap-on dildo. A faint sheen of sweat gleamed on her.

Miranda gave a broad grin.

“Well, well, what have we here? Prissy Polly Pansy getting *fucked* by his own mother-in-law! Heavens!”

Her mother turned her head to greet her.

“Oh hello darling, I heard you downstairs but I am afraid I just couldn't bring myself to... ooohhh!”

With that, Mrs Grant thrust vigorously again, and, shuddering with pleasure, returned her attentions to her sissy plaything.

After a few moments watching her sissy husband getting a good seeing-to from her mother, Miranda looked around the room. Aside from the gym horse, there was little there. A narrow camp bed along one wall, with a immaculately made she noted A little collection of ‘instruments of correction’ hung from a panel on the wall, a couple of canes, a riding crop, and other things that Miranda could not put a name to. A rack was next to it, holding an array of variously-coloured uniforms, including one in bright shocking pink. There was also a small chest of drawers which when opened by a curious Miranda proved to be full of old-fashioned bloomers and girdles and stocks and even some frilly knickers. Miranda grinned broadly. Mummy had been busy!

Miranda strolled around to face her husband, and stood arms akimbo looking contemptuously down at the sissified wretch. Then she lent forward, took Tom's chin in her hand, and forced him to look her in the eyes.

“I want to see your face while Mummy gives it to you good and hard,” she announced. “Keep looking in my eyes, sissy!”

Pansy, already distressed by the vigorous seeing-to he was being subjected to by his wife's mother, burst into tears — but he struggled to maintain eye contact. Mother-in-law had already given him a caning this morning, and he did *not* want another one. And he knew he would get one if he disobeyed her daughter, his wife.

Tears streamed down his face as his Mother-in-law continued thrusting vigorously. Miranda saw the distress and pleading in his eyes, and smiled. Serves you right, you pathetic sissy wanker! she thought.

“Oh, Mum! You should see this! The randy little tart's loving every minute! Give it to her good and hard, go on!”

She reached forward and twisted Pansy's left nipple cruelly.

When Mother-in-law had finished using Pansy, she slapped his welted arse hard and said callously, “back to work, you randy tart!” The sobbing sissy straightened up, hastily put his uniform in order, and remembered to

bob a humble curtsy each lady in turn before scurrying off to his menial tasks.

Mother and daughter then sat down for coffee in the living room, served by Pansy of course. As Pansy, having served the coffee, turned to go, his wife stopped him. Then, turning to her mother, she asked:

“I hope he — I mean, she — is working hard for you, Mummy?”

“Oh, you know, she's not bad. It'll take a while to get her up to my standards, but I'm sure we'll get there!”

“And keeping you satisfied in... ah... other areas?”

“No need to be so coy after what you caught me up to this afternoon!”

They laughed together. Then Mrs Grant continued,

“As you have already seen, she offers her pretty little bum to me whenever I am in the mood, and then of course she gives me plenty of oral attention too.”

She went on to describe Pansy's other duties. Pansy stood in silence, hearing it all. And Miranda listened with smug satisfaction, smiling and nodding as Mrs Grant went on and on about what she had done with Pansy, and what she made Pansy do. She had gone about as far as it was possible to go in his transformation from a lazy beer-swilling slob into a humble, hard-working, male maid. In truth Mrs Grant rather gilded over the full extent of his servitude, omitting for instance the daily arse-licking ‘to show respect’, the ‘daily dozen’ from the cane to keep him properly humble.... She had gone to town on poor Pansy, good and proper!

When she was finished, Miranda looked at her husband with open contempt.

“You love it, don't you, you tart!”

He could not speak.

“Mummy's done a marvellous job with you, hasn't she, Pansy?” Miranda continued relentlessly. “Hmmm?”

“Y-yes, yes, ... Ma'am...” Prissy mumbled.

“Speak up girl!” barked Mrs Grant sharply.

“Yes, Ma'am,” the wretched Sissy repeated, more loudly.

“Well? Aren't you going to thank her then?”

Prissy looked dumbfounded. Mrs Grant sneered, then grinned at her daughter, who had begun to drum her finger-nails on the side-table while staring threateningly at Prissy.

“I... I...” Prissy stammered out, then stopped. Then, in dread fear of his former wife, he bobbed a neat curtsy to his strict mother-in-law, who sat smirking waiting to hear what he had to say, and managed to get out a whole sentence:

“Thank you so much for all you have done for me, Mother-in-law.”

The two women laughed at loud.

“You're welcome, I'm sure, Pansy!” retorted Mrs Grant. “And now Miranda and I want to have a nice chat. So of you go, back to your chores.”

“Yes, Mother-in-law,” said Pansy with a shaking voice, bobbed a curtsy, and minced out.

Sometime after his wife left, while he was dusting the top of the kitchen shelves, Mother-in-law's bell rang. Pansy at once clambered down off the step-ladder and hurried into her presence.

Mrs Grant was sitting at the dining room table.

"I have something for you to sign, Prissy Polly Pansy. To make our little arrangement all nice and legal, like."

She indicated the several page document lying on the coffee table. Pansy picked it up and started to read.

"There's no need to *read* it, girl, just *sign* it!" Mrs Grant at once said crossly. "Come on!" She thrust the pen in Pansy's right hand. Seeing him still hesitating, she pressed. "Now you know what happens to naughty girls who do not do as they are told," she said in a cold voice; then, encouragingly, "it's just a little thing to say that you and I are having fully consensual no-strings adult fun. Where's the harm in that?"

Pansy gave up, and signed. What harm could it do? He had still thought of no way out of this preposterous situation. It seemed futile for a tightly-girdled, fully-uniformed sissy-maid to balk at signing some bit of legalese to cover the woman who now exploited him so completely. If only he could get away, then it could simply be forgotten...

"Thank you!" exclaimed Mother-in-law brightly, and patted his cheek. "Now you just run along back to your chores, there's a good little sissy."

Pansy automatically rose, curtsied, and made to leave.

"Oh, what is it you are doing anyway?" Mother-in-law asked casually.

"I... I am hand washing your lingerie, Ma'am," said Pansy.

Mrs Grant grinned.

"Good! Well, off you go! Chop-chop!"

And the wretched sissy scurried off to his menial labour.

But Pansy didn't 'get away'. His days soon stretched on and on, eighteen hours of non-stop domestic service, seven days a week.

For a while, Prissy Polly Pansy continued as Mother-in-law's full-time maid, with visits twice a week to his wife's house to keep it spick and span. Then, one day, his wife paid her mother another one of her visits. Usually, after serving coffee and cake, Pansy was dismissed to his unending chores, returning to the room only when rung for and needless to say taking no part in the conversation of his betters. However, on this day, Pansy was summoned into their presence for a quite other reason.

He curtsied and stood nervously, fidgeting, his hands playing with the edges of the very short, shocking pink uniform which his mother-in-law had had made for him.

"Stop fidgeting, girl!" Miranda said. Pansy's hands stopped moving at once. He was in mortal dread of both these she-devils.

"Now," Miranda went on, "I understand you have signed a contract with Mummy, is that correct?"

"Y-yes... yes, Ma'am."

"In which you confess to wanting to be her sissy slave for life?"

"I...I... yes, Ma'am, but..."

"No buts! You did, didn't you?"

"Y-yes... I did, Ma'am."

"Well, there you are then!" she said brightly. "Obviously it would be most improper for me to be married to my own mother's sissy slave, so here are the divorce papers for you to sign."

Perhaps Tom Roberts would have balked at this. But Prissy Polly Pansy, already conditioned to a life of humble obedience, simply signed what he was told to sign.

"Of course I am keeping the house," his soon to be ex-wife breezily informed him. "Your new home is here, with Mummy."

She gave him a dazzling smile, but her eyes was cold. Her mother chuckled.

"So I am so glad you and Mummy are getting along so well! What a change from the past!

"Oh! Almost forgot! Mummy, you ought to take this, just in case... you ever know..."

She removed the chain from around her neck, on which had long hung the key to Pansy's chastity device, and handed it to her mother.

"And now I must dash, Mummy, Rob's taking me out for a pub lunch... bye-bye! And do enjoy your new kinky life-style, Prissy Polly Pansy!"

And with that Miranda Grant rose, hugged and kissed her mother, and left.

Mother-in-law secured the chain around her neck, and made sure that the key to Pansy's chastity restrainer was prominently displayed between her ample cleavage. She stared at Pansy in triumph.

"You belong to me now, Pansy!"

She licked her lips, savouring the desperation of the wretched feminised creature who stood before her.

"I think we should celebrate — fetch me a glass of wine!"

Pansy curtsied, minced off, and came back with a glass of chilled Chardonnay, Mrs Grant's favourite. She took the glass and drank deep. When she had finished, she ordered another. Soon, she was just a little bit tipsy. She eyed her sissy maid lasciviously.

"Can't be bothered going all the way up those stairs up to your playroom! I think I'll do you here. Run and fetch the strap-on, there's a good little sissy maid!"

"Oh God! Please Mother-in-law, don't!" Pansy pleaded desperately.

"Do as you are told, girl! Or do you want the cane across your kinky arse *first*, before I give you a bit of the other?"

"Oh no! No, no, please... I'll get it, Mother-in-law... I'll get it..." sobbed Pansy, then bobbed a curtsy and scurried from the room.

Soon he was back with the thing he hated most in the world, even more than Mother-in-law's cane: the big black strap-on dildo.

Mother-in-law was already striped down to her underwear. One hand was stroking the nipple of her right breast through the thin lace of her bra; the other was down the front of her black lace panties. She licked her lips lasciviously as she saw her male maid curtsy, dildo in hand.

"Get yer knickers down, you saucy tart! You know you love it!"

She snatched the strap-on from his limp hand. Biting his lip, Pansy hitched up his skirt and petticoats, and pulled down his baggy white directoire knickers. They pooled about his ankles. Now exposed were his tiny trapped cockette, looking most incongruous with the pink ribbon around it, and his shaven legs, which shook in their nylon stockings.

"Now get yourself bent over that sofa!"

Prissy Polly Pansy did exactly as he was told. He knew that behind him, his mother-in-law, stripped down to her expensive lace lingerie (hand-washed by him), was now strapping on the dildo. Then the sissy caught sight of himself in the mirror over the fireplace. The mass of blonde curls, the heavy make-up, the fluttering false eye-lashes... he could barely recognise himself. His tears were already making his make-up start to run down over his face. And then his mouth opened wide in pain as the cruel dildo invaded him...

...and there, dear readers, we must leave 'Prissy Polly Pansy' to get on with his new life as a chaste, uniformed sissy-maid under the strict control of his mother-in-law. All those secret part-time fantasies — of being tarterd up in a maid's uniform; of wearing restrictive, old-fashioned undergarments; of being given a girlie name; of toiling of domestic chores from before dawn to after dusk — all those and more are *full-time reality* now. Isn't he *lucky*?!

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