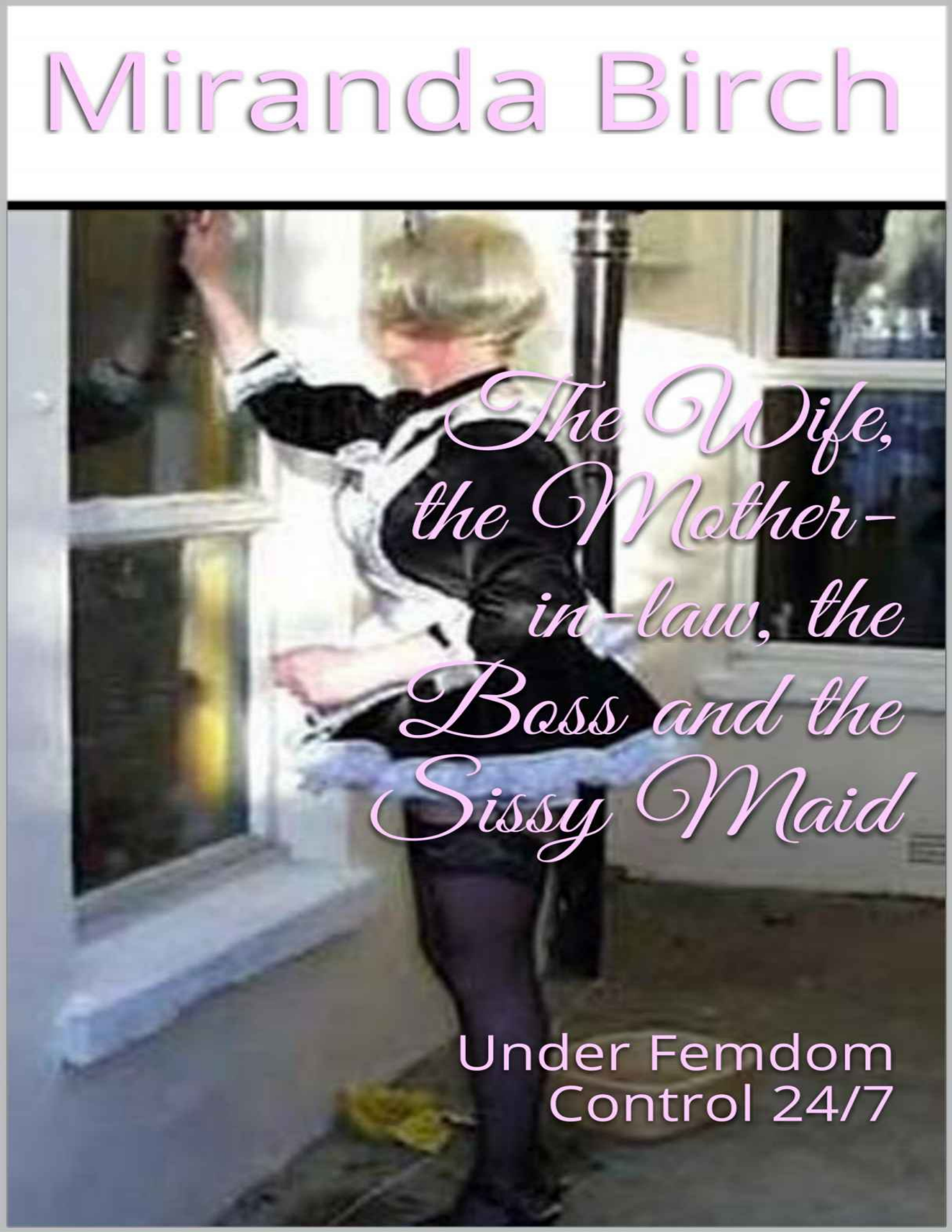


# Miranda Birch

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white maid uniform with a white apron, is cleaning a window. She is standing on a small step or ledge, reaching up with her right hand to the window frame. The background shows a window with multiple panes and some indoor plants.

*The Wife,  
the Mother-  
in-law, the  
Boss and the  
Sissy Maid*

Under Femdom  
Control 24/7

# **The Wife, the Mother-in-law, the Boss and the Sissy Maid**

## **Under Femdom Control 24/7**

**By [Miranda Birch](#)**

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Malcolm Baxter takes on more than he can handle when he marries a spoiled younger woman. Soon he is in financial trouble, but his steps to fix this just land him further in trouble. His irregularities at work are discovered by his female boss, who teams up with his wife and his mother-in-law to bring him fully under control. Before he knows what has hit him, he is a downtrodden drudge at work, a fully-uniformed domestic servant at home — and a provider of 'intimate services' to his mother-in-law!

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## **SUNDAY EVENING IN SERVITUDE**

### **TRAPPED AND SISSIFIED**

### **INTIMATE DOMESTIC SERVICE**

### **THE DAILY GRIND**

### **THE DREADED MOTHER-IN-LAW**

### **YES MOTHER-IN-LAW DEAREST**

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## **SUNDAY EVENING IN SERVITUDE**

It was Sunday evening. With resignation, Malcolm Baxter picked up the single sheet of A4 paper which had been left by his wife on the kitchen table. It was always there waiting for him on Sunday evening.

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### Instructions For The Coming Week

You will attend the office on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday as usual. I have agreed with Ms Ratner that you will have Wednesday off work. You will spend that day here, working on the re-decoration of the guest room.

Special underwear for the week while at work:

Monday — pink knickers.

Tuesday — navy blue bloomers.

Wednesday — none. NB: you will be stripped down to your restrainer for the re-decorating work.

Thursday — lacy black French knickers.

Friday — white directaires, the ones that Mummy gave you.

Mummy will be my guest for dinner on Tuesday evening. You will recall that, on her last visit, she had good reason to cane you. I trust you will not give her cause so to do again. Should you do so, I shall instruct her to really give it to you! You have been warned!

Comments on past week:

General demeanour: Fair.

Appearance: Just passable; BUT! crooked stocking seams!

Cooking: Adequate.

Ironing: *Not* of sufficiently high standard.

Cleaning: Just passable.

General Housework: Sloppy. Not enough care being taken.

Any and all defects mentioned above *will be remedied*.

Veronica

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Malcolm sighed as he put the neatly written instructions back down on the table. Her mother had complained about the guest room, so now he had to get to work re-decorating it. So that was another new job, practically a third job in addition to his existing two: one working for under Ms Ratner at Ratner & Wilson, the other — as housemaid to his wife!

Another arduous and humiliating week lay ahead of him, that was for sure; but this one was not *quite* finished yet... He smoothed the small white apron he wore, looked over his shoulder to make sure the seams of his black nylon stockings were straight, glanced in the mirror and straightened the maid's cap, then ran a comb through the black wig he wore. Was his make-up satisfactory? Yes, it seemed so.

It was time to pay his last visit of the day to his wife. And it was essential that his maid's uniform, indeed his whole appearance, be *\*just so\** — or he would suffer for it. 'Wife' — if she could still be called such. Legally she was, of course; but *de facto* she was more his Mistress: a woman with complete authority over him. Virtually a bloody slave-driver, Malcolm thought bitterly. He picked up the punishment book and teetered on his high heels towards the kitchen door. He had got better at walking in heels, but they still gave him a bit of trouble. Hopefully Veronica would not remark on it. Perhaps, he thought apprehensively as he made his way to the sitting room, this might not be the last visit. He might be required later... for what were commonly called conjugal rights. Of a sort, at least; they were really now just another part of service. Intimate services: most *frustrating* intimate services. But best not to think about that. He must concentrate on keeping his poise and acting out his part of a lady's maid. Her mother would be here tomorrow, and she would, he knew from bitter past experience, use the slightest little complaint about his performance from her daughter to take the cane to his bare backside.

He knocked and waited, heart beating a little faster, as it always did in such moments.

"Enter!"

The voice was clear and deep and commanding.

Malcolm entered and curtsied. There was his Mistress (as he now always thought of her) seated, with feet up on a pouffe, flicking through a magazine. The TV screen was on, with the sound turned down.

“Turn that thing off.”

The order was peremptory, as ever.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

The remote control was right there on the sofa beside her. It was almost more effort for her to tell him to do it than to do it herself! But that was the way things were now. Veronica delighted in having him do practically everything for her. Malcolm picked up the device, pushed a button; the screen blinked off.

“I... I've brought the Punishment Book, Ma'am,” he said hesitantly.

“Have you finished all your chores?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Hoping to go to bed, I suppose?”

Veronica spoke as if that hope were something rather unusual, even unnatural. However, when one considers that Malcolm had been hard at it since six o'clock that morning, one would have considered a wish to go to bed perfectly reasonable! But not in *this* household!

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said, a shade weakly.

“We'll see about that.”

A white, well-manicured hand came out. Malcolm placed the hard-backed, black Punishment Book in it.

“Cigarette.”

Malcolm dived for the packet of cigarettes which lay on the coffee table, offered it, and was ready with the lighter. Veronica sucked in and puffed a stream of smoke into Malcolm's face. He spluttered, turning his head. he hated cigarette smoke. Even in the smallest affairs, his Mistress was always humiliating him.

Veronica flipped through the pages, found the latest entries, ran her finger down the page.

“You seem to have had an easy week, sissy.”

Malcolm was rarely addressed by name. The women in his life — his wife, his mother in law, his boss — all used various forms of denigrating alternatives to.

“Just a strapping for some sloppy housework and a caning for that careless ironing,” Veronica

continued.

Malcolm said nothing. What could he say? Most men, he reflected, would not have considered an eighteen-stroke strapping and a twelve-stroke caning as being in any way part of an 'easy week'. However, he was not most men. He was Malcolm Baxter, caught inextricably in a web his wife, his mother-in-law and his boss had woven around him.

"You'd better smarten your ideas up fast, especially as Mummy's coming. I want this house immaculate. And I want something special prepared for Tuesday evening's meal. You will give me a proposed menu by Tuesday morning."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Veronica snapped the book shut and looked up. She had that faintly simpering look on her features and Malcolm knew what was coming. No rest for some time yet, he realised.

"Go and get my bath ready, girl. Then I shall want you up in my bedroom," she said curtly. "Oh, and you can get out of that get-up," she added.

"Very good, Ma'am."

"Now get out."

Malcolm curtsied again and left. He walked up the stairs to the small, bare back room he occupied. How long, he wondered, what he going to be able to endure this existence?

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## **TRAPPED AND SISSIFIED**

That Malcolm was going to have to endure it for however long it lasted was seemingly inevitable. Unless he wished to spend a very long time in prison.

It all went back to shortly after they were married. It soon became apparent that Malcolm's demanding young wife did not intend to do a hand's turn about the house herself. Malcolm found himself paying for a cleaning lady, then a full time maid. Then there was the car for Veronica, and new clothes for Veronica, and handbags for Veronica, and shoes for Veronica... the spending never seemed to stop. His overdraft became ever larger, his credit cards were maxed out. Talking to Veronica did no good. It just got him exposure to a fearsome, stormy temper tantrum, and no sex for a week or two.

At his wit's end, he did something he had since come to bitterly regret. He had... well, it wasn't exactly stealing. He preferred to think of it, even now, as merely taking advantage of certain... peculiarities in the ordering process. But when Ms Ratner, the owner of the firm, found out, she was in no doubt about what it was.

She had called him in to her office, confronted him with the irrefutable evidence, and told him she was calling the police. Just like that. Malcolm had almost wept as she picked up the phone. Here he was, not long married to a beautiful young woman who had turned out also to be a very

demanding and expensive one, a woman who could spend every penny he could earn — and now he was suddenly faced with unemployment, disgrace, penury — and prison. Especially prison.

“Please, Ms Ratner,” he had pleaded. “Haven't I been a good employee of the company over the years? I know I made some jolly good deals. You said so yourself more than once. O.K., what I did was maybe not strictly 100% legit, but lots of buyers do it. You could hardly call it stealing — it's more like a a perq really...”

“Mine don't!” she had interrupted. “And it wasn't 'a perq' as you call it. It was stealing. Stealing that went on over some considerable time. We aren't talking about one ill-advised, soon-regretted lapse. This was a regular occurrence. I have the figures here. No, I'm afraid I have no option but to fire you for gross misconduct, *and* to inform the police. No doubt they will want to take matters further.”

“For Heaven's sake give me a chance! I am a newly-wed..., I...er... I might soon have kids to support, I...”

“You should have thought of that before you started cheating,” she had said flatly.

“But you'll ruin my life!”

Ms Ratner just shrugged. Malcolm pressed on in desperation.

“Oh, please! Please show me some compassion. Have you never ever done anything a bit dodgy in your business life?”

“Never! How dare you suggest such a thing! And it wasn't ‘a bit dodgy’ — you *broke the law*. We don't all share your lack of morality, to say nothing of your poor judgement. Don't insult my intelligence with such stuff.”

Malcolm was at a loss. He stammered the beginnings of another plea, then halted, unsure of what more to say that might possibly move her to leniency. He looked at his employer — very soon to be former employer, if she did what she said. She was a woman of early middle years, blonde and well-built without being exactly fat. Still quite a looker, in fact, with a good pair of legs on her which she liked to show off. She had inherited the Ratner part of Ratner & Wilson when her father had died, and in a few short years, she had increased turnover remarkably. She was no blonde bimbo, that was for sure. She had a lot of respect in the company and indeed in the industry. Ms Ratner was in fact quite a powerful woman. Not the sort of woman to get into trouble with. But here he was...

Her next move had taken him completely by surprise. She put the phone down, and said:

“There is however an alternative.”

Malcolm caught his breath. A way out?

Maintaining her stern outward demeanour, she had continued:

“I *could* punish you myself. Only if you agree, of course.”

Malcolm had been confused.

“Yourself...?”

“Yes. I deal with you, or the police deal with you. Choose. Now.”

But of course he didn't really have a choice.

“Yes,” he said, trembling. “Thank — thank you for this chance, Ms Ratner,” he gushed, trying to get on her good side.

She snorted.

“Give me your wife's phone number.”

“My wife's...”

He didn't understand. And he had hoped to keep this between the two of them. But...

“Yes, your wife's phone number,” she reiterated as though speaking to a dimwit.

Then she stared at him.

“Now would be a good time, Baxter!”

He gave her the number. And was dismissed.

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Then the weeks of waiting. Veronica seemed — changed. But it was hard to say how. And she said nothing. And then, out of the blue one Sunday, she had announced that Ms Ratner would be coming that afternoon ‘for a little chat’. Her mother was already there. She had not changed — he had never been good enough for her ‘darling’ — although she seemed even more dismissive that day.

Veronica answered the door to Ms Ratner, Malcolm heard from the kitchen where she had told him — *told* him — to wait! His heart in his mouth, Malcolm had to wait until he was called into the living room — summoned into the living room. His *own* living room! In his own house!

And then the summons had come. The summons to that that dreadful confrontation between him all alone on one side, and the combined force of Ms Ratner, Veronica and Veronica's mother on the other. A confrontation which had changed his life.

He entered the living room and there the three of them were, sitting together on the sofa. That bitch Ratner and his wife, well that was to be expected, forewarned in forearmed and all that; but what the hell had that ‘bloody old dragon’ to do with it? But he was given no time to think about things.



“Let's start as we mean to go on, shall we? Strip off, Baxter!”

Malcolm just stared at her.

“You need to do as Ms Ratner says, dear,” said Veronica.

“Or would prefer prison, Baxter?”

That was her bloody mother, of course. ‘Baxter’! How dare she talk to him like that! He was fuming inside, but... He had to try to reason with the three harpies.

“Look, this is...”

Ms Ratner shrugged, opened her handbag, took out her phone. She didn't even look at him as she began to dial.

“Oh! Look! I...”

Ms Ratner paused, looked up, raised a quizzical eyebrow.

And Malcolm pulled his jumper over his head, tossed it on a vacant armchair, then began to unbutton his chinos.

Mrs Hammond, his mother-in-law, gave a snort of contempt.

Then he was naked, and stood there, covering himself with his hands.

Ms Ratner looked him up and down, then continued in her hectoring way.

“Both your wife and your mother-in-law have been fully informed of the situation, Baxter, and they fully approve of what I have suggested as a way of dealing with it. But first you have some paperwork to do.”

She gestured to an open folder on the coffee table in front of them. Feeling utterly humiliated and totally out of his element, Malcolm just did as he was told. He picked up the paperwork and began to read it.

“Don't read it, just sign it.”

Ms Ratner stood, took the folder from him, and spread the several sheets across the table.

“Here.”

She thrust a pen at him.

Malcolm signed.

“And here. And here.”

“But this...” — he had got the gist quickly enough as his eyes scanned the document.

“Never mind what it says, you were *told* not to read it! Now come on!”

And so he did. Ms Ratner nodded curtly.

“Just to sum up: your wife gets the house, your wife gets your salary. You get — this!”

And she produced the uniform. The first of many, as it turned out.

“What?”

Malcolm was uncomprehending. It was — well, a bunch of women's clothes. What...?

“This is your uniform, Baxter. In future, — well, perhaps you'd like to handle this Veronica?”

Veronica grinned. She seemed to be enjoying herself.

“It has been decided,” she began grandly, “that you are to work as my domestic servant, seeing as you cannot afford adequate staff. And it was felt appropriate that you should be correctly uniformed for your new role.”

“You're going to be my daughter's sissy maid!” Mrs Hammond interrupted, with a very self-satisfied expression on her face.

“Put it on right now,” continued Ms Ratner, “or I will phone the police and we can all wait for them to arrive. Would you really prefer that, Baxter?”

Shaking, he picked up the voluminous bloomers and awkwardly pulled them up. Then he got the dress over his head. Then he picked up the little lace cap, and put that on.

The three woman laughed uproariously as he stood there, red-faced and shaking with a mixture of shame and rage. The dress was short and tight, black silk generously trimmed with white lace. The cap perched incongruously on top of his head.

“You are now your wife's domestic servant, Baxter. Her male maid, in fact. Full time. She has however graciously allowed you to continue with your, errr, ‘career’...”

For some reason, Ms Ratner found this piece of information amusing. She smirked.

“There will be changes there too, of course. In the office you will be directly subordinate to me in future.”

And that was that. He was put to work straight away. And from that day on, things had gone from bad to worse. Several more uniforms, more elaborate than the first. Additions to the basic uniform, including high heels, stockings, even make-up. Curtsey practice. Uniform inspection at home. Knicker inspection at work. And never, for one single solitary second, was he free from the most rigorous and exacting female control.

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And now here he was.

When Ms Ratner had offered Malcolm the alternative of letting her deal with the matter in her own way, it had seemed an easy way out. And then, on that awful Sunday, the day everything changed, Malcolm had been too surprised to react to it properly. He had just complied. And now? Now Malcolm was not at all sure whether he ought not to have played it the other way: to have called Ms Ratner's bluff. But in his heart of hearts he knew it was no bluff. She *would* have called the police, and then where would he be? Inside, that's where. Even wearing a maid's uniform and doing a maid's work was better than sharing a smelly cell with some brutes for years and years. Ms Ratner had assured him that he would get five to ten, especially when they took the attempted rape against her into consideration. A made-up charge. But she had witnesses. Oh yes, that bitch and that bitch of a mother-in-law had stitched him up good and proper alright! And Veronica, too, he supposed. That was the bitterest pill of all. That his lovely young wife, who had looked so docile and demure on their wedding day, had taken to this new lifestyle like a duck to water!

Yet, having got so far in, it seemed the only thing to do was to press on to the end. To the ultimate goal of — what? Somehow, somewhen, to break free of all this.

Occasionally, just occasionally, Malcolm would have the terrifying thought that he might be trapped in this web for ever. He would shut out the thought. It was too awful to contemplate for long. Surely no woman could be so evil as to extract a lifetime of servitude from a man!

But then, Veronica was no ordinary woman. Always self-willed, rather bossy and dominating, she had turned out to be a thorough-going sadist into the bargain. Originally, Malcolm had liked her self assertiveness, her command of situations and people, her aggression even. For Malcolm was a weak man; one who liked to avoid taking decisions and accepting responsibility. Marrying Veronica had lifted those burdens from his shoulders. Little did he realise how soon they were going to be replaced by other, and far heavier, burdens!

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## INTIMATE DOMESTIC SERVICE

Back in the present, Malcolm got the bath running, added bath salts, tested the temperature, made sure fresh towels were ready on the rack, then scurried off to his bedroom, where he miserably removed his absurd maid's costume. The wig, then his make-up, then that bloody black and white maid's uniform, short and skimpy with a frilly white apron. It had been chosen deliberately to make him look ridiculous, he knew that. He had got used to wearing it in time, just as he had got used to walking on the two-inch high heels which went with it. But the humiliation of being so attired he had not got used to. He was sure he never would.

Malcolm took a quick shower in the tiny spartan bathroom attached to his equally spartan if slightly bigger bedroom, then hurried to kneel in attendance outside the main bathroom — Veronica's bathroom, he thought bitterly, like the rest of the bloody house; paid for him by him, now owned by his wife. Sometimes she required him to dance attendance on her during her bath, sometimes she did not. It was her decision.

The hall was rather chilly and Malcolm shivered as he knelt there naked. He could hear her splashing about merrily inside, in the warm, spacious bathroom.

“Boy!”

She always called him that when he was out of uniform. He stood and entered the bathroom.

“Dry me!”

She was standing, just out of the bath, dripping wet, displaying her nubile young body to him. He dried her carefully with the big white fluffy towel. She seemed to flaunt her body at him. She was of course well aware of how physically attractive he still found her. He got his face slapped a couple of times: once for ‘roughness’, another for ‘coping a feel’. That was par for the course these days. It did not worry him too much, as it happened. Veronica never hit very hard. Her mother, on the other hand... her mother, and that bloody cane!

Dried, she sauntered off to the bedroom. Malcolm trotted after her, conscious of their nakedness. He watched her luscious bottom jiggling and wiggling. His gorgeous young wife, whose body he had dreamed of enjoying whenever he wanted! And now here he was, serving as a nude houseboy, cock securely locked away (and locked away it would stay, he knew that now). And after that, when he had pleased her fully, entirely slaked her lust, back to the other role he played in the house: a uniformed house-maid.

Though approaching forty, Malcolm was slim and fit. A full-time job at work, another full-time job as a house-maid, and a very restrictive diet were a great help in that connection! Veronica, however, although a good ten years younger, was getting rather too plump. She had always been buxom, she was now approaching blowsiness. But she did not seem to care.

Veronica fetched the key from where it hung between her pert breasts and unlocked Malcolm's restrainer. He was filled with a mix of emotions. Happiness that he might be allowed relief (*might* be! he cautioned himself, though); humiliation at the fact that he, still a virile, youngish man, married to this beautiful younger woman, was allowed sexual release so rarely and in such a humiliating way.

Then Malcolm picked up the blindfold which lay on the bed and put it on. This was the regular ritual. He was not to look upon his Mistress's ‘divine’ body; he merely had to service it as demanded.

“Get to work on my breasts first,” ordered Veronica. “No mauling, just your mouth, very gently. Then you will go down to me. I shall want at least two orgasms, if not three.”

Sightless, Malcolm manoeuvred himself to the bedside, then knelt and began to kiss his wife's superb breasts. Soon he was sucking the large nipples. Above him, he heard Veronica beginning to sigh contentedly. Angry with himself, but unable to do anything about it, Malcolm felt himself first thickening, then stiffening. It angered him, first, because though he no longer had any true desire for Veronica, natural male lust could never be denied. It angered him, secondly, because he knew, when he was in that state, Veronica would only mock and deride him. Mock, deride — and deprive.

The nipples became very firm; the sighs longer and louder.

“Get down there, you randy sod,” came the order at last. “And don't you *dare* touch yourself!”

So she had seen. Doubtless it amused her to see him so roused, yet so frustrated. Malcolm changed his position to the end of the bed and slid between two soft thighs. The thighs clamped his head firmly as his lips and tongue found their target. He went to work with the required expertise and avidity.

Something like forty minutes later, Veronica had achieved her heart's desire. Groaning, her soft, plump body bouncing and juddering on the bed, she had come to her third and most powerful orgasm. Malcolm had found it exceedingly hard. He was breathless and sore; his tongue and neck ached abominably. It was always this way when he had to service his Mistress. She always got what she wanted in the end, no matter how long it took. Lying there, he felt a sudden burst of blind rage at her sexual greed; her insensate selfishness. All was for her, nothing for him. the mark of the mental sadist.

Malcolm's tongue no longer moved, but he remained there, face against her pubic mound. It was even possible he would have to start serving again, after she had had a break. That had happened before, more than once. But not too often, fortunately. Still, he had to await the order. Once, in early days, he had removed himself at that stage and Veronica had given him a really cruel hiding, using the riding switch she now kept in her bedroom (a present from Mummy, of course). So now Malcolm did not move until he was told to.

Time passed slowly. He could hear the faint ticking of the big old-fashioned clock which stood on the bedside table: a wedding present. Had she gone to sleep? She'd done that before and he had no choice but to kneel there for hours. Certainly she was breathing steadily. Malcolm cursed his luck. Would he ever get to sleep? He had been on the go since early morning, and now he was all-in.

“Get up.”

The voice was soft and contented and sleepy, yet still firm. Malcolm felt a wave of relief as he stood up. Now, at least, it was nearly over.

“Take off the blindfold.”

He did so, seeing Veronica easing herself between the sheets like some big cat.

“Come here!” she ordered, but not sharply. Her multiple orgasms had put her in a good mood.

“You may toss yourself off, you filthy little wanker.”

Ah, so that was how it was to be. A relief, of course, but a further humiliation. perhaps the greatest humiliation.

Malcolm was not permitted any relief of that nature unless under the eyes of his Mistress. That had been made quite clear to him, from the outset. “If I catch you at it,” Veronica had said, “I'll

make you wish you'd never been born. A sound thrashing every day of the week. Just think about that!" Malcolm had thought about it, and tried to resist temptation, and failed. And been duly thrashed when she caught him. And then he had been locked into that nasty little device which he wore to this day.

He took hold of his organ, which was now half flaccid, and began to manipulate it.

He could see Veronica looking at him through half-closed, sneering eyes. She accompanied his actions with a kind of running commentary. One of sheer derision.

"Wanker! Oh you filthy wanker! Look at you!"

One would never have imagined, reflected Malcolm, that he had been ordered to do this.

"Mmmmm... getting big, isn't it?"

Malcolm was not expected to make any reply to these jibes.

"Oh yes! You're beginning to enjoy that, aren't you, pig?"

"That's it, faster... yes... toss, toss, toss!"

"Oh my God... do you realise how disgusting you look?"

As if it were my fault, Malcolm groaned inwardly. He felt the shame, but he felt the lust too. That was inevitable. And mounting.

"Uggh, I don't think I can stand it... What a creep!"

Yet she was still gazing steadily on him with cruel contempt. Malcolm felt himself rock-hard. It wouldn't be long now. Best to get it over with anyway. he pumped even more furiously.

He heard her tittering; he hated her; he could have murdered her. No, he couldn't do that. There was a message at her Bank (in case she died) about what was in the safe. Oh Lord, what am I doing, thinking about that... at this moment... oooh... at this moment.

"Disgusting ape!"

Malcolm heard himself groaning, found himself sagging at the knees as the wave of released lust broke over him. He was half sobbing as he spurted high. Hating himself, hating her, hating the whole world. Limp, he rested on his knees, head bowed. Defeated again. Made mock of. Utterly dehumanised. He felt faintly sick.

"Clear up that mess. Then get out."

The voice was drowsy now.

Feeling stabs of self-pity, Malcolm cleaned up. And along with self-pity came something like hate. Yet it was a hate which could not be assuaged. The bedside light went off. He stumbled

blindly out of the room. Back to his hard bed in his bare little room.

Another day, another week, was over.

---

## THE DAILY GRIND

The alarm clock woke Malcolm at 6.30 A.M. He groaned as he sat up. Another day had begun. he got out of bed at once. Veronica had once caught him stealing an extra five minutes in bed, and she had given him five strokes of the strap for every extra minute he had stolen. So, naturally, Malcolm was quick to obey the alarm's summons. he went straight into the adjoining bathroom where he took a cold shower. Since it was wintertime, and there was no heating, that showered seemed even colder. he shivered as he stood under the jets for three minutes. That was the length of time Veronica had ordered — and Malcolm obeyed, though she would hardly know if he did not. He surprised himself, how often he obeyed her 'in absentia'. But then, when she had first taken control of him, she had had a nasty habit of catching him out whenever he had disobeyed her. The resulting punishments had convinced him of the folly of trying to subvert her orders.

Dried and back in the bedroom, Malcolm hastily donned his maid's uniform, then consulted his instruction sheet. Ah yes: pink knickers. He took them from a drawer and laid them out for later. It was bloody ridiculous, having to get 'fully uniformed' for the couple of hours in the morning, then change into his work gear before leaving the house. It meant he had to get up even earlier. But Veronica — well, Veronica and her bloody mother — insisted. So that was that.

Malcolm went down to the kitchen. There he made himself his usual breakfast: a cup of tea and a piece of dry toast. A breakfast menu laid down by Veronica, of course. Then he checked that everything was shipshape in the kitchen. After that, into the sitting room, there to tidy up after the previous evening. It was important to be most meticulous over such chores. Veronica seemed to have an eagle eye for the most minor fault. As a result, Malcolm made a habit of going over everything twice. Tedious to a degree, but a wise precaution. All seeming perfect, he returned to the kitchen. It was now approaching 7.15 A.M. He waited. He had to. He had to wait there until 7.45 A.M., in case his Mistress wanted tea in bed. If she did, she would ring a bell by her bedside and that would sound in the kitchen.

That Monday morning no ring came. Rather thankfully, Malcolm mounted the stairs again. Veronica was inclined to be grumpy in the mornings and that was a dangerous thing. Often he had left for his office with a rather warm backside.

He put the knickers on. They were very tight-fitting, which made them uncomfortable. They were meant to be, naturally. Though no one else would see them, he would be conscious of them all day long. They were a constant reminder of his Mistress's hold over him.

Then he put on a plain shirt and a sober suit and went down to the hall. Then, at precisely 8 A.M. Malcolm left the house. He would be in the office by 8:30 A.M. Precisely. The rigidity of this regime was a perpetual nagging pressure on him. But he dare not try to escape from it. Somehow, Veronica would find out if he did, he was sure.

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It had surprised him that Ms Ratner hadn't simply let him go. In fact, she had even increased his salary although his actual job had gone to someone else. The money would in fact have been generous even for his old position. For his new work, it was very good indeed. The hours were good into the bargain, in quite late, out quite early. Unfortunately, this had been arranged solely to free up more time for his domestic chores. Even more unfortunately, the 'good money' was paid directly into his wife's bank account. Every single penny of it.

He was now Ms Ratner's 'boy Friday', as she liked to say oh-so-jocularly. The official title was actually 'personal assistant'. This grand title disguised what were really lowly tasks better suited to a temp: a bit of routine paperwork, dull as ditch-water; and a lot of fetching and carrying, making coffee, etc. In fact, he was pretty much a dogsbody for Ms Ratner's *real* P.A., a stunning young blonde called Annabelle who thought it was jolly amusing to have a man practically twice her age making coffee and doing photo-copying for her.

Malcolm worked steadily on dull paper work through the morning, through lunch (he was allowed no lunch-break), and on into the afternoon. Another dull afternoon slipped away. Thankfully, Ms Ratner was in conference most of the day, and Annabelle was in one of her better moods, so there was not too much taunting.

However, Ms Ratner still found time for knicker inspection. She always did. He stood, trousers down, so that Ms Ratner could see that he was wearing the feminine undies his wife had instructed him to wear. Annabelle giggled. How much did she know? Malcolm wasn't sure. But she found the sight of him in his 'frillies', as she called them, highly amusing, that much was sure.

Malcolm left at precisely 5.30 P.M. and arrived home at precisely 6 P.M. No time for a quick one at the local pub. Not that he would have dared anyway; even if he had had money in his pocket, which he didn't. Veronica would have smelt his breath and Malcolm was strictly forbidden any alcohol. There was never any left-up in the tedium of his existence. No little creature comforts.

The house was dark and silent. Perhaps Veronica was out. It made no difference. Malcolm went immediately up to his room. There he took off all his clothes, including the hated little briefs. Hated symbol of his servitude. However, he immediately had to don another symbol. His maid's uniform. First, a pair of frilly white French knickers. These were followed by a padded bra, a suspender belt and black seamed stockings, a short-length black maid's dress trimmed with white lace, a white apron and cap. That cap going on top of a dark wig. Then he seated himself before the dressing table mirror and carefully made himself up. Astonishing how feminine one can become, he often thought. He put on his high heels and walked to and fro to get accustomed to them. His hips swivelled automatically. Veronica insisted on this. 'I'm not having you strutting about like you own the place,' she had said at the outset. So Malcolm walked as much like a woman as possible. A humble, submissive, obedient woman. All the time. That was another constant humiliation.

Carefully down the stairs he went, and straight into the kitchen. If Veronica was in the sitting room, she had another bell to summon him. Meanwhile, there was bound to be things to get done



as soon as possible. Sure enough, there were dirty crocks and cutlery around. Malcolm washed everything up immediately. Then he began to prepare the dinner. Veronica had given him half a dozen or so menus to work on and Malcolm had to shop and cook accordingly. Malcolm prepared soup to start, followed by steak with assorted vegetables, and ice-cream to finish. Not too difficult, but that was just as well: he was not allowed the luxury of mistakes. Shopping was done at weekends, by him, and it was fortunate that he was quite a good cook. It was something that he had once enjoyed, as a kind of relaxation. But he no longer enjoyed it now that it was obligatory... and he could be punished if his Mistress did not consider his efforts satisfactory.

The bell rang, startling Malcolm out of his reverie. He hurried out to find Veronica in the hall. He curtsied quickly and hurried to take off her coat. He hung it up as she marched into the sitting room, then teetered after her.

"Pour me a drink," came the order. "A large Scotch, with ice."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Malcolm would have given a lot to be able to down that neat spirit he poured generously into cut glass. But that was one of the many things he was strictly forbidden. His hands began to shake slightly as he suddenly remembered he had failed to fill the ice bucket. How stupid! How careless! But maybe... He put down the glass carefully and tried to sneak from the room to replenish it.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

Oh no! Her voice was oh-so-sweet. That tone she used when she *knew* he had messed something up!

"To... to get some ice, Ma'am.."

"Why isn't it already here, you silly trollop?"

Suddenly the voice was hard, merciless.

There was nothing else for it but the truth.

"I... I overlooked it, Ma'am."

"Indeed!"

Utter amazement that such a thing could happen! Malcolm waited. He knew what was coming. Sure enough:

"Fetch the strap, you empty-headed bimbo!"

The taunt stung, even after hearing it so many times. He minced on his high heels over to the side-board, opened the door, retrieved the thick black leather strap, then minced over to his wife. He knelt and offered it on upturned palms. Veronica took it from him casually. Her finger

pointed to the floor.

“Snout into the carpet, you slatternly slut!”

Malcolm knelt and buried his nose into the pile. It was all so familiar.

“Skirt up and knickers down, you dim-witted tart!”

Malcolm obeyed. A moment's pause then the swathe of fire blazed across his rump. he grunted, keeping nose to carpet. Pain, however familiar, was never easy to bear.

Again!

“Sloppy bitch!”

Again!

“Bird-brained bimbo!”

Again!

Malcolm gasped and twisted. She had laid it on in the same place.

“Don't you dare move!”

Again!

“Lazy slut!”

Teeth grinding, nose pressing hard. Oh how many?

Again!

“Stupid cow!”

And then... waiting. Malcolm's buttocks clenched in anticipation, but no further stroke came. He was thankful that it was only six. But his bottom glowed adequately, for all that.

“Knickers up, girl, and get out!”

Malcolm tugged up his white lace French knickers, stood and curtsied. Then he took the strap from where his young wife had carelessly tossed it, and brought it back to its home in the side-board. Then he curtsied again, and left the room.

Veronica slumped contentedly in her chair and took a pull at an un-iced Scotch. She didn't much care whether she had ice or not. But how enjoyable it was to have a slave!

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Veronica had finished her evening meal and Malcolm was serving coffee. A dish of cold

porridge awaited him in the kitchen. Nourishing enough but dull, so dull.

“Will there be anything else, Ma'am?”

Oh so subservient!

“No. But just make sure everything is ready for Mummy's visit tomorrow, or you *will* regret it!”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Veronica nodded in silence, a sign of dismissal. And Malcolm scurried off. First he tottered in to the kitchen, forced down his tasteless meal, and then got on to his menial tasks. There were still quite a lot of chores to get through, and then the preparation for tomorrow into the bargain. It was gone twelve when at last he felt he could get to bed. Please God, he said to himself, let her not want me in her bedroom tonight. I feel exhausted already.

He made it safely to his bare little closet-room, where he stripped and fell asleep almost immediately. another long, long day of professional and domestic drudgery was over...

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## **THE DREADED MOTHER-IN-LAW**

Tuesday morning was the same as Monday morning. And Wednesday morning would be the same, too. The day at work was uneventful, for which small mercy Malcolm gave heartfelt thanks. It would have been just too much to have been put through the mill in the office and then have to go home and face ‘the old dragon’, as Malcolm had used to think of her. He hardly dared even let the phrase enter his thoughts now. Now, it was ‘Yes, Mother-in-law Dearest’, ‘No, Mother-in-law Dearest’, ‘Three bags full, Mother-in-law Dearest’.

He hurried home, for he had a lot to do in the kitchen.

The front-door bell went as he was putting the potatoes on. As usual, Malcolm answered the door. He always did. It had been very hard at first, since it had taken him a while before he could ‘pass’, and it had been clear to postmen, delivery men etc. that what stood before them was a sissy maid. But really, being seen ‘dressed’ was the least of his worries these days....

He scurried into the hallway, wiping his hands on his apron. He opened the door, and there she was. “Good evening, Mother-in-law Dearest,” Malcolm said, as respectfully as he could, and curtsied carefully. The mature woman in twin-set and pearls regarded him with her usual look of utter disdain, thrust her coat at him and stalked past without a word. Malcolm hung the coat, and scurried into the dining room to double-check that everything was ready. With her mother here, Veronica would be even more of a martinet than usual. From the dining room, he headed straight back to the kitchen. There was a lot still to be done. And mistakes would not be tolerated.

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Having cooked the dinner, Malcolm served it, and then danced attendance on the two ladies.

And then it happened. It was as though a naughty imp had whispered something in Mrs Hammond's ear. She smiled to herself, and glanced at Veronica, who was tucking in with a will. A deft movement of her foot, and Malcolm was lurching forward. He managed to stay on his feet and maintain a hold on the wine bottle, but unfortunately some wine sloshed out onto the pristine white tablecloth (hand washed by Malcolm two days ago in preparation for Mrs Hammond's visit).

Veronica looked up.

“You clumsy slut!”

Then up she sprang, and slapped the hapless sissy's face hard.

SLAP! SLAP!

“Wine all over my best tablecloth!”

SLAP! SLAP!

“Fetch the cane!” she barked angrily.

The unfortunate sissy scuttled off at once. In no time at all, he was back, with a long, thin, cruel-looking instrument of correction. Veronica seized it and swished it to and fro. It made a menacing sound.

“Nose down, arse up!”

The wretched Malcolm assumed the position, lifting his voluminous frilly skirts and pulling down his knickers — those directoire knickers, Mrs Hammond noticed with wry amusement, her little present — without being told. His bare nates clenched involuntarily with the anticipation of the cruel punishment to come.

“Would you like to do the honours, Mummy?”

Mrs Hammond had of course been hoping for this. She made a show of reluctance.

“Me? I... well...”

“Go on,” Veronica urged, “you do it so much better than me Mummy. I think I am too soft on him.”

“Oh, give it here then darling.”

Mrs Hammond took the thin bamboo rod from Veronica's offering hand and hefted it in her hand, the swished it through the air. Then she swung the cane back, held it poised to strike for a moment, then brought it forward and down with all the vigour she could muster. It connected with a loud THWACK, and evoked a pathetic yelp from Malcolm.

Five more times the cane whip-lashed down; five more angry red welts were raised on Malcolm's

trembling pale flesh; five more howls of agony wrenched from him.

“Naughty!”

THWACK!

“Lazy!”

THWACK!

“Slut!”

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Veronica was pleased to see her dear friend really getting into it. She had been right in her feelings about her — she was born to be a Mistress to sissies!

Veronica grabbed the cane then and caught the bending feminised male unawares — he had only been expecting six. He screamed just like a girl, as much with the surprise as the pain.

“And one from me for good measure!” Veronica exclaimed triumphantly.

The sobbing sissy-husband pulled his knickers back up, curtsied, and scurried off with the cane.

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## **YES MOTHER-IN-LAW DEAREST**

After dinner, liquors were served in the lounge, and they watched some TV. that is, Veronica and her mother did. Maid Malcolm was kept quite busy however, fetching this, fetching that. When he was not doing something, he stood in his usual posture of meek servitude, silently waiting to be of use, until he was dismissed to clear up in the kitchen. Soon after that , Veronica realised that the wine with dinner and drinks after had completely gone to her head, and she felt very sleepy. She yawned.

“Sleepy already?” asked her mother.

“I’ll say!”

She yawned again.

“Time for bed then, darling.”

“Yeah, s’ppose. You off too?”

She yawned again.

“No, I think I’ll sit up for a bit.”

Veronica said nothing, and suppressed a grin. She rang the bell, and Malcolm scurried in from the kitchen.

“You had better stay up in case Mummy needs anything,” she said languidly.

She knew what went on between her mother and Malcolm, and Mummy knew she knew. Where was the harm? She was sure it helped keep Malcolm in his place. And that was well worth a bit of sharing.

With that, she yawned yet again and stretched.

“Well, I am going to get my head down,” she announced. She pecked her mother on the cheek and gave her a hug.

As soon as they were alone, Mrs Hammond's expression changed to one of explicit lasciviousness.

She looked over at her daughter's husband: the sissy maid who she, Veronica and Ms Ratner, his boss, had forcibly feminised and reduced to the status of a domestic drudge. He stood silent in an attitude of servile attentiveness.

“Come here, sissy,” she drawled.

He minced over, and she stuck her hand up the brief scanty skirt of Malcolm's uniform and squeezed his bum.

“Get my clothes off,” she ordered.

Oh God! thought Malcolm. Here she goes. Did Veronica know? If she did, she clearly didn't care. He rather thought she *did* know.

“Yes, Mother-in-law Dearest,” he said with a curtsy.

And then a trembling Malcolm undressed his mother-in-law, quickly but with great care. Mrs Hammond flaunted her naked body before the sissy, then sat down, legs apart.

“Skirt up, knickers down!”

The sissy complied at once, and stood there shame-faced with what was left of his masculinity on display, safely locked up with his wife in secure possession of the only key.

“Does your Mistress allow you out of that thing?”

Mrs Hammond knew the answer very well, but she loved to hear him say it.

“Sometimes, Mother-in-law Dearest... as... as a special treat.”

“Oh?”

Mrs Hammond arched an eyebrow and smirked.

“And when was your last ‘special treat’?”

“Y-yesterday, Mother-in-law Dearest.”

Mrs Hammond tutted.

“She spoils you, that girl. If you were mine, you would be locked away for months on end.”

Malcolm was silent.

“You had better hope she doesn't get tired of you, eh?” Mrs Hammond taunted. “She might hand you over to me!”

Malcolm was silent.

Mrs Hammond snorted.

“Anyway, I have got no use for that silly little thing. Let's see what you can do with your tongue.”

Mrs Hammond stretched out supine on the large leather sofa.

“Lick my arse, sissy,” she drawled languorously. She at once felt warm breath on her behind, then a face pressing between the cheeks, and a tongue beginning to work in the cleft. Mmmmm... She enjoyed exploiting Sissy Malcolm in all sorts of ways, but this was her favourite. She knew her daughter didn't mind. In fact, both Veronica and Malcolm's female boss had encouraged her to use Malcolm fully — so she did!

She kept Malcolm licking her arse for a while, quite enjoying it. Both the physical sensation and the idea of ordered such service — and having the order so humbly obeyed, by a sissy whom she had given a good thrashing only a few hours ago! When she had had enough, she ordered him off. He knelt at the foot of the sofa, waiting.

Flushed with wine and excited by the ministrations of his tongue, Mrs Hammond regarded the sissy lasciviously. Then she put settled back on the pillows, spread her thighs, and pointed between her legs without a word. She put her hands behind her head and closed her eyes as Malcolm knelt before her and pressed his face to her pubic mound. Mmmmm, a well-trained sissy-boy!

“Oh God yes! Oh yeah yeah... Oooooohhhhhh! Oh... sissy! You're are a good little pussy-lapper, aren't you? Oh... if... if you keep this up I... oooh! ... I might have a word with Ver — with your owner — and... oooooh... ask her to *sell* you to me! Would you like that, you... mmmmmmm... you pathetic little sissy?”

She laughed.

“If my daughter ever gets tired of you, I shall... mmmmm.... I may well get my hands on you

anyway!”

And then Mrs Hammond let the waves of orgasm silence her as they flooded through her body.

Released, she kicked the sissy away and just lay in a pleasant daze for a while. She felt herself drifting off to sleep. She stirred herself, yawned, and stood up.

“You had better finish clearing up down here,” Mrs Hammond drawled. “If I need anything in the night, I’ll be sure to ring!”

“Yes, Mother-in-law Dearest,” the used and degraded sissy-in-law replied with a humble curtsy, his eyes lowered.

Still nude, Mrs Hammond sauntered regally out.

Maid Malcolm curtsied to Mrs Hammond's departing back, waited until the door closed, then with all haste set about clearing up. He heard her heavy tread as she went slowly upstairs. He could only hope he would not be rung for, by her or her daughter. He still had so much to do!

As luck would have it, there was no ring of a bell from either bedroom. Finally finished clearing up, he trod wearily upstairs himself. He washed his face clean of Mrs Hammond's secretions (he had wanted to do so earlier, but he dare not risk being caught attending to his personal needs with chores unfinished!) before undressing and getting what rest he could. Another early start tomorrow. And the day after. And the day after that. And the day after the day after that... on and on and on, with no end in sight.

THE END

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