

*An AB Discovery After Dark Book*

# TRAINING SCHOOL FOR SISSY BABIES

*Learning How To be A Proper  
Sissy Baby For Mummy... and more*

*Penelope  
Pansy*

# Training School For Sissy Babies

By  
Penelope Pansy  
with  
Colin Milton

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## *New School*

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**P**enelope was struggling in her life. She felt she was a girl and yet, she had a penis and balls. She didn't just want to be female, she wanted to be pretty and delicate and desirable -everything that a sissy was. All of the struggles brought her to the Training School that had been recommended to her. And now, she was here. Or 'he'. That pronoun was still open to question.

\*\*\*

As the door to the reformatory opened, he stepped into pleasant surroundings. It was far less austere than he had expected, a large open hallway, relatively sparsely furnished with the highlight being a stunning warm deep red carpet.

There was no need for introductions as the Lady of the house, Miss Taylor, had been expecting him. He was immediately shown to his bedroom, ordered to put on his school clothes and report to the classroom in 10 minutes. There was no surprise for him in his school uniform.

Exactly as he had anticipated, laid out on the bed were a skirt, plain white schoolgirl full-cut cotton panties, bra, knee socks,

blouse, tie, and blazer. It was a long story as to how he ended up in this exclusive reformatory school for the opposite sex but now that he was here, he decided to make the most of it. Three years of hard work and he would graduate as an almost perfectly balanced, poised, polite and well-educated Lady. He would be the pride of the school, except he better stop calling himself 'he' as from now on 'he' would be 'she'.

Penelope was the name that had been chosen for him. It was not what he would have wished for, certainly it was a feminine name, but perhaps too feminine. He had preferred 'Tasmin' or 'Sorcha' but he had long since given away his right to choose and so Penelope it was.

Hastily, he removed his manly clothes, folded them neatly, left them at the end of the bed to be disposed of and for the first time ever took the pair of female panties in his hand and placed his feet into them before pulling them, up over his thighs, into place. While they felt somewhat strange, they were not too different to his normal boy underpants but Penelope was somewhat disappointed by the nature of the plain, white and full-cut cotton panties, she was hoping for something more colourful, perhaps more feminine, sexy and girly but she had no doubt but that would come. Oh, how she would treat herself to lovely luscious lingerie when she was qualified, beautiful silk and satin panties, bras and camisoles in soft pastel colours, decorated in gorgeous delicate lace and trims all complemented by fine denier tights and stockings with perhaps a suspender and maybe even a garter. That, however, was for another day, another time. For now, she would have to make do with these dull, plain, boring cotton briefs.

Likewise, the bra was a plain white cotton, training bra with no cup, purely for young girls who had a desire to be grown-up but as yet had no requirement for such adult clothing. Again he found himself dreaming of beautiful cupped fancy matching bra and panty



sets, he thought back to the days he loved to wander around the lingerie section of large department stores wishing he could pluck up the courage to visit the more intimate, smaller specialist lingerie shops. He pondered his preferred cup size, deciding that he would ask to be a 'C' cup, notwithstanding that deep down inside himself he knew the choice would not be his, it would be made for him by another, more powerful, far more beautiful person; a woman, some woman he had more than likely never had met as yet but one he will come to love, serve and obey in his soon to be female form.

Clumsily, he managed to get the plain bra on and yet despite the fact that he felt silly in the dull cotton girl's underwear, his little member below was excited, unbecomingly it poked out of the panties. It was not a huge bulge, most definitely he was not big, decidedly small in fact, but the excitement was there, that lovely, thrilling, most pleasant feeling of arousal. He looked forward to many more such feelings throughout his new life. Conscious, however, of time passing by, Penelope quickly buttoned up her blouse once again being disappointed as her bra did not show through the blouse. How she loved gazing at Ladies' bras through their blouses and fantasised about the cups that often overflowed with delicate treasure. She pulled up her skirt, put on the knee socks, shoes and blazer before finally placing a blonde, shoulder-length wig over her short brown hair, quickly brushed her new hair and hurried to the classroom.

Penelope arrived at the classroom three minutes after the appointed time, 13 minutes past noon to be precise. Miss Taylor was impatiently waiting. While somewhat small in stature, she had a presence about her, an air of authority, of being in control, of knowing what she wanted. Her long dark black hair was tied back, she wore a long brown, ankle-length, flowing skirt, with small pleating, a practical beige blouse, unfortunately not see through.

She was an attractive woman, perhaps in the later stage of youth, a striking face, beautiful red lips and a scent of perfume - White Linen, Penelope surmised as she remembered countless visits to perfumeries, under the pretext of buying perfume for a non-existent girlfriend. At present, however, she was far from happy. Lateness and tardiness were not to be tolerated at this school. Young Ladies must always be on time.

“Miss Penelope, if you are to be a young lady you must act and behave like one at all times. I will not tolerate lateness. Indeed, as time goes by you will discover that there are many things I will not tolerate in a young lady, things that earn punishment, that earn pain, for it is only by such methods of corporal punishment that many lessons are learnt. Traditionally, I always believe that the first punishment should be the most severe, it should serve as a lesson for the young lady, a lesson she will never forget. Other teachers have the opposing view and believe leniency should be first. Unfortunately for you, I do not believe in such poppycock, it is a nonsense. As this is in fact your very first moment in this school and this is your very first infraction, I propose to deal with you according to my methods, in a very severe manner that you will remember for a long, long time.

“You will firstly hold out your hand to receive the strap, three on the right hand, three on the left, three more on the right and three more to the left. Now sit down and write out one hundred times in your best, neatest writing:

*“I, Miss Penelope, deserve to be strapped for being late”*

“As you write you can contemplate the normal punishment for lateness, six strokes of the strap on your bottom the moment you are finished your lines but furthermore, you may think about another three sets of six on top of that as an introductory punishment. That is right, Miss Penelope, you heard me. An extra

three sets of six, on your pantied bottom, a total of 24 strokes of the strap for being late, to compliment your by now warm sore hands. Now, start writing.”

Penelope peered at the blank pages of the copybook, counted out one hundred lines and started to write her lines in her best writing. Alas for Penelope, her scripted hand was poor, very poor, six long years at college scribbling down notes as fast as she could, had destroyed her writing. She wrote in small, barely legible, print with a heavy hand, childish writing, very childish writing in fact. Miss Taylor despaired at the appalling writing. Her work would be cut out with this candidate.

Already Miss Taylor was considering an alternative education path for Penelope, Penelope’s looks and features might lend itself to another use, an altogether different path than Penelope envisaged.

Penelope finished the lines as best she could. They were certainly neat in her eyes but were most definitely not neat in the eyes of Miss Taylor, no more than infantile scribbles in fact and she let Penelope know it.

Once asked, Penelope meekly and obediently rose from the desk, fetched a brown leather strap from the teacher’s desk before handing it to Miss Taylor. Again on command, while standing close to her desk, she unbuttoned her skirt, stepped out of it and stood in front of Miss Taylor.

“My, my Miss Penelope, we are not very ladylike in our cotton panties, are we? Does young Miss Penelope really think it is ladylike to have a bulge in her plain, white cotton panties? Is it normal to get excited at wearing panties or perhaps it is the strap that excites you? Do you seek arousal from the strap, Penelope? Is that it? Cotton school girl panties and a strap mean pleasure for Penelope? My, my, what a surprise! You had better put that away,

young Lady. This is a school for Ladies, to teach you beautiful things, like poetry, literature and history. This is absolutely not a school for sluts and sex. If that is what you want you are in the wrong place. Your panty will be flat against your body at all times, you will keep what's within your panty flaccid, small and meaningless, just as it should be until we have time to permanently attend to that abomination that is between your legs. As a reminder, I shall add a further three sets of six, but this time on the bare bum, to your punishment. A total of seven sets of six with the strap, truly a good way to start life at this school, a punishment that shall, I suspect, live long in your memory. Bend over the desk please and prepare yourself, a punishment for being late and for being immodest."

Penelope took her beating poorly. This was not supposed to happen. By now, she imagined, she should be in lovely silken lingerie under a beautiful outfit learning the art of delicately sipping tea, not bent over a desk receiving a thrashing from a beautiful but cruel authoritarian teacher. Her bottom was on fire and she cried out in pain, begging Miss Taylor to stop, but on it went, four sets over the cotton panties until even that feeble protection was pulled down around her knees for the strap to stroke her bottom a further eighteen times. Tears flowed freely by the time it stopped, she breathed heavily in an effort to regain her composure and her dignity but something deep within her told her that her dignity had already left her and may never return.

Whilst very pleased with her work and secretly perhaps a bit damp between her own legs, Miss Taylor was compassionate. She helped Penelope pull up her panties, noting that, whatever about her own secret intimate feelings below, all signs of Penelope's arousal were gone. She handed Penelope her skirt, helped her into it, sat her down in the chair and commenced class.

In Miss Taylor's eyes the curriculum, while demanding, was of great interest to intelligent young ladies. She had put a huge amount of care and attention into the course and would show no sympathy to those who did not learn. She pointed to a desk full of books.

First up was English literature, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma* and *Sense and Sensibility* by Jane Austen, *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Bronte, *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Bronte, *Agnes Grey* by Anne Bronte, *Mrs Dalloway* by Virginia Wolfe and *Possession* by AS Byatt.

Penelope audibly groaned at the syllabus only to earn a cross rebuke from the teacher. Classical English writers must be learnt and studied in detail. Penelope was ordered to turn to page 33 of "*Mrs Dalloway*" and read the next four pages out loud, in perfect diction, mind you, paying great attention to the grammar, style and tone.

Poor Penelope struggled even with such a simple task, having to be constantly corrected and repeat a sentence or paragraph, her concentration being even further eroded when she saw an increasingly frustrated Miss Taylor fetch the strap and indeed Miss Taylor did deem the strap to be necessary, six more stokes on a pantied bottom were delivered before Penelope finished the reading to a level that Miss Taylor considered only to be a modicum of correctness.

"Now Penelope, from the extract you have read, how does the reader get a clue as to the way the novel deals with such issues as the repression of women?"

An aghast Penelope stared blankly at the pages. She had been concentrating so hard on the reading she had taken in the content at a very superficial level but nothing to enable her to answer a question like that. She stuttered and stammered before dully saying she did not know.

“Well, let us try something simpler. Perhaps you can give me some detail on the style of writing and why the book is considered to be a classic?”

By now, Penelope was in a tizzy. While she regarded herself as reasonably literate and well-educated, Miss Taylor clearly demanded a standard way beyond her ability. The, by now, totally exasperated teacher had had enough; she grabbed Penelope up from the chair, pushed her over the desk, pulled up her skirt, down her panties and started leathering a petrified Penelope’s bottom with far more gusto than Penelope felt was justified. Penelope lost count, but by the time it was over she guessed somewhere of the order of 15 angry strokes had landed on her by now fiercely sore beetroot red bottom.

“Step out of your panties and skirt and get over to the corner! Face in, hands on head and wait until I prepare for the next lesson.”

An outwardly angry Miss Taylor was inwardly in heaven. Here was an ideal candidate for a plan that she had been forming for years, a more or less hairless body, a pert bottom, a soft complexion, a tiny, almost non-existent manhood. The perfect candidate! This realisation together with the strapping she had just given Penelope had her already moist sex longing for relief. She toyed with the idea of giving Penelope a thousand lines while could excuse herself to her bedroom. Yet she was strong, a woman of fortitude and now was not the time for that, Penelope could have no clue as to what was happening. She would keep her own internal joy and excitement at the gradual humiliation and beatings of Penelope hidden for a good while more. She would enjoy the conquest.

Refocusing her attention on Penelope’s lessons she prepared for a poetry class, knowing that Penelope would but fail again. She

had devised a lovely curriculum 'Parting' by Emily Dickinson, 'The Child' by Sara Coleridge, "Remembrance" by Emily Bronte, "Bride Song" by Christina Rossetti but she would start with Elizabeth Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese".

Yes, a good choice, ideal for a true young lady but far too technical and difficult for Penelope whom she knew would fail at the first hurdle.

Ten minutes later, a fully redressed Penelope sat down on her sore pantied bottom in front of a totally composed teacher. Poetry, she thought to herself in dismay, a genre of literature she struggled with even more than classical novels. Miss Taylor presented the curriculum to Penelope, saying that she presumed Penelope would have a very high standard of poetry to compensate for her very poor understanding of classical literature.

Picking the hand strap up, Miss Taylor instructed Penelope to start with a recital of Elizabeth Browning's "Sonnet from the Portuguese number 33".

Penelope took up the book, briefly read ahead and in her best dulcet tones started to recite out loud in a clear confident voice.

"Yes, call, me by my pet-name! Let me hear the name I used to run at when a child..."

It would be unfair to say the reader did badly as she did modestly well. After all, Penelope was reasonably well educated, but needless to say, errors there were, errors that required the strict Miss Taylor to tend to the poor reader's hands with the strap.

It took several starts and stops before Penelope eventually finished the fourteen lines to her Mistress's satisfaction. Three times she had to extend each hand out, graciously admit the errors of her ways before bracing herself for initially one stroke of the

strap on each hand, followed by two on each tender palm for the next offence and finally three on the upturned hands for her further grievous insults to the memory of Ms Browning's Sonnet.

Miss Taylor was truly enjoying the torment of Penelope with increasingly devious and wicked plans for the young lady forming in her mind. She wondered how far she could push Penelope before rebellion set in. Surely at some stage, Penelope would protest? If not, this was truly a case of the strong leading the meek. It was up to her to bring Penelope to her rightful place in this earth, a place at the temple of woman's desire, beck and calling, a place where Penelope truly belonged.

As the student read, she caught a glance of the questions Miss Taylor was busily writing on the blackboard.

- How many lines in a sonnet?
- How many syllables are in each line?
- What is an iambic pentameter?
- Compare and contrast the Elizabeth Browning sonnet to a Shakespeare sonnet.

As Miss Taylor wrote, she, in turn, cast an eye on the larger brown strap. She felt an ever-growing need to once again tend to that pert tight bottom of Penelope. She felt a desire to pull down the plain cotton panties, see the tender naked orbs of flesh bent over the desk for another lesson in literature and hear the delightful squeals of pain as she applied the strap to the bottom. She would not have to wait long she felt, perhaps only as far as question two, more than likely question three but most definitely, question four.



Her intuition was correct, to her mild disappointment. Penelope correctly answered ten to the second question but was absolutely totally unable to answer the third, a perfect excuse to add a further shade of red to the bottom.

As there were forty-four sonnets in the Portuguese collection she toyed with the idea of forty-four strokes but settled on twelve as she was anxious not to force a protest just yet. She must set the lair with bait and be a patient, draw the unsuspecting, into the honey trap to catch it and hold on to it forevermore.

With her appetite for leathering Penelope's bottom partially sated, Miss Taylor generously decided to give Penelope a break from the delights of English literature for which the wanton young Lady clearly had no interest and opted for the light relief of the Great Women of Persia for Persia has a heritage rich in strong powerful women and was of particular interest to her. In fact, few others come close to great Persian women such as Chista, Mandana, Amitis, Atusa, Artemis and most peculiarly and of special interest to her, Sissy Cambis for in 331 BC Sissy Cambis was Queen of all Persia, a remarkable Achaemenid woman who fought, resisted and did not surrender to Alexander the Macedonian Tyrant who it is believed also had a crush on her.

Of even more interest was that the name 'Sissy' means 'Fortunate' and indeed it would be very fortunate, extremely fortunate indeed, for her that Penelope had come to school this very day. It became apparent however after only twenty minutes of class that Penelope did not share her teacher's interest in the great Persian women of yore.

## *Demotion*

---

Penelope, sitting down, looked up at Miss Taylor who once more was standing over her wielding the strap in her hand. Her bottom could not tolerate another beating, she was lost, had no idea what to do. Tenderly, however, Miss Taylor spoke.

“Penelope it is clear you have enrolled in a class of too high a standard for your, as yet, undeveloped intellect. You have disappointed me so much. I had high hopes for you but it is obvious to all that we should place you in a class of lower standard, more in keeping with your abilities. Stand up and follow me.”

Penelope, totally relieved, followed this alluring powerful woman into another room, uncertain as to why she obeyed the commands without question.

“Penelope, you will restart your education here at the reformatory in junior school, as a young girl just starting out on reading and writing, tasks even you should find simple enough. Remove your senior girl clothes please and fold them neatly. Yes, Penelope, even the bra and panties. Little six-year-olds wear printed panties and most certainly do not wear bras.”

As Penelope undressed, the elegant, alluring teacher searched about in a drawer looking for Penelope's new wardrobe. She quickly found what she was looking for, a pair of pink little girl knickers, with a floral printed pattern, a matching little girl vest as well as a pair of red woollen tights. A meek, and by now naked, Penelope still transfixed by the beauty of her teacher, made no attempt at protest when Miss Taylor dressed the former young lady into her new 'little girl' under clothing. First, the panties making sure that all the tiny, teeny, little bits were well tucked inside the pink cotton printed fabric, then the cotton, practical vest, followed by red tights which felt strange but comfortable and warm against her legs. Next up was a bright yellow dress with a high neckline, long sleeves and pleated skirt, finished off with a great big red ribbon tied in a bow at the back of the waist.

Penelope felt truly childish and silly as Miss Taylor zipped up the back of the dress and admired the new child. Even then there was more to come as Penelope was politely asked to sit on the bed such that her blonde hair could be put up into two lovely pig-tails adorned with more red ribbon. In the eyes of Miss Taylor, Penelope looked absolutely delightful and far more appropriately dressed than in the dull grey school uniform. This was far more suitable.

"Penelope, you are now a little girl all set for your first days at school. You will excitedly skip ahead of me, like the child that you are, back to the classroom so you can commence an education more appropriate to your abilities."

Once sitting down in the classroom, Miss Taylor presented her nervous student with a nursery rhyme book.

"In this class, you will learn the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic. As you are now a young child I will punish you, not with the long strap used for older students but with this paddle. If you are naughty, misbehave or fail at your lessons you will quite

simply go over my knee for a paddling, which ought to be quite humiliating for you, a reminder of your status. Now go to page six of the nursery rhyme book, place your tongue to the back of your upper teeth, leave it there and read out the first line of the rhyme concentrating on the words and the lisp."

Hesitantly Penelope obeyed and was herself astonished at the lisping sound she made.

"Marysth hadst a littlesth lambsht,"

"Repeat it again, Penelope. I want much more emphasis on the lisp almost as if spittle is coming out and I also want you to move your voice up several octaves, a beautiful high pitch."

"Marysstss hadsstss a littlesstss lambsstsshtss."

The teacher made Penelope repeat the line over and over again until satisfied before moving to the second line. Painstakingly, Teacher and child student went through the entire rhyme line by line with continuous practice and praise from Miss Taylor before eventually after about one hour of hard work and aching tonsils Penelope could recite the whole nursery rhyme to her teacher's satisfaction. Strangely, Penelope was pleased with herself, and took great delight in the praise from Miss Taylor and was genuinely chuffed when the teacher gave her a sweetie for being such a good girl at her nursery rhymes.

Miss Taylor then gave Penelope a copybook with pink and blue lines which Penelope immediately recognised as a copy used to help children to write plus, of course, a pencil.

In beautifully scripted print Miss Taylor wrote the word 'Penelope' upon the blackboard before asking the child to copy it directly into the copybook. Alas for Penelope, as Miss Taylor knew from the earlier punishment lines, her writing was nowhere near as elegant so much so that the 'Penelope' she wrote in the copybook