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A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black jacket and a blue skirt, is standing in a room. She is adjusting a pink, quilted bonnet on a doll that is sitting in a wooden crib. The doll is wearing a pink dress with white lace trim. The woman is smiling and looking at the doll. The background shows a doorway and a patterned rug.

**REGRESSION
OF A
SISSY MAID**

PENELOPE PANSY

Regression of a Sissy Maid by Penelope Pansy

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The following story contains adult content and is intended only for adult readers over the age of eighteen. All characters in this story are over eighteen.

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Publisher: AB Discovery

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www.abdiscovery.com.au

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Chapter One – A Just Punishment



Dressed in a traditional black knee-length maid’s uniform with mop cap, white collar, white ruffled pinny apron, seamed tights with white one-inch heeled shoes, Fifi Belle stood to demur attention in front of her strict Mistress, Miss Taylor, a severe Mistress in fact with no tolerance for slack performance. Head bowed, she looked at her perfectly manicured fingernails with bright red nail vanish, a match for the red lipstick she wore on her well-made-up face. She was still conscious of the A cup bra Mistress had recently insisted she wear, a simple unglamorous white cotton bra but that would be changing all too soon. Mistress now demanded that she take oestrogen tablets every day while she was booked into a Harley Street clinic in exactly six weeks’ time for a breast operation. She was to become her Mistress’s ladyboy maid. The A cup bra would soon be gone, to be replaced - not by a trim subtle B or C cup that would suit her body frame but by enormous “E” cups that would totally dominate her body and looks. Mistress Taylor wanted it that way, and Fifi Belle had no choice. Mistress Taylor thrived not only on very strict corporal punishment but also on the extreme humiliation and degradation of the male species. It was nine months ago that Fifi Belle had been caught in Mistress

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Taylor's snare, a lifelong snare from which there would be no escape.

Fifi Belle fidgeted as she waited for her admonishment. She knew she was in very serious trouble, perhaps trouble like she had never been in before. The punishment would be severe. It was only a matter of how severe. As Mistress silently circled around her, nothing to be heard except the click of her heels on the wooden floor, Fifi Belle's nervous anxiety overwhelmed her. The humiliation was intense, so much so that her caged sissy clit released a large hot stream of pee. Fortunately, her nappies soaked it all up, for yes, for the last four months she had been swaddled 24/7 in three thick terry nappies with two plastic panties that she was allowed to change out of once a day just before bedtime. It was an unbelievable humiliation, a shameful degrading humiliation. Mistress Taylor loved it, adored it, safe in the knowledge that the maid's working day was not interrupted by toilet breaks.

A red-faced and ashamed Fifi Belle felt the hot wetness envelop her nappies, and even after all these months she could not get used to the embarrassment. Mistress Taylor saw the crimson-red face and knew full well that her maid was wetting her nappies. Fifi Belle was feeling truly sorry for herself, and miserably she thought of her lifelong destiny of 24/7 nappies, being a ladyboy sissy maid with huge E cups, total eternal servitude with no respite to a severe Mistress where spankings and strappings were just part and parcel of day to day life with a strict vegan diet of salads, fruits, nuts, grains and beans. As Mistress continued to circle her, as trepidation about her impending punishment took hold, as self-pity blossomed, Fifi Belle looked over to the corner of the room. Her self-pity evaporated, she became thankful for her plight, thankful that her nappies were hidden by her knee-length maid's uniforms, thankful that she was allowed to sit on the toilet every evening so

that she did not have to soil her nappies, thankful for her vegan food, thankful for walking, for the work, for being allowed to talk, for her sissy clit, even for her spankings and strappings for there in a large adult sized playpen was the most pitiful, pathetic, abject creature ever to behold human kind: Sissy Baby Pansy.

Over a period of two years, Mistress Taylor had transformed this once proud financial advisor into a state of permanent degradation, abject humiliation and total disgrace. Suddenly, Fifi Belle was appreciative and grateful to Mistress Taylor for her plight, and she would take her punishment as best she could and be beholden to Mistress Taylor for it. Fifi Belle looked at sissy baby Pansy again, swaddled 24/7 in 12 layers of terry nappies that had not been changed for four days, limited to two nappy changes a week. She was dressed in a ridiculous baby pink ultra-short bouffant dress with an enormous matching bonnet, she suckled on a huge soother and was drooling down the side of her mouth into a pink bib as she gurgled and babbled trying to find something of interest in two soft pink baby rattles. Her toys were for nine-month-olds only. Sissy baby Pansy was forbidden to speak, forbidden to walk, she mainly shuffled on her bottom with occasional crawling. She was down in her crib by 8 p.m. every evening until 10.00 a.m. She was put down again for a nap from noon to 2 p.m. each day and had yet another nap from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. If Mistress Taylor was strict and severe with Fifi Belle, she was absolutely ruthless, unrelenting and uncompromising with sissy baby Pansy. She was always harsh and stern with the sissy baby almost to the point of cruelty. The slightest misdemeanour earned a hand strapping of which there were usually up to six a day, but it was the thick yellow nursery strap that put the fear of god into Fifi Belle. About two feet long, just shy of a one centimetre thick, from the handle flowed two strands of thick yellow leather, it was a fearsome implement that was used unsparingly on sissy baby

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Pansy. Mistress Taylor well and truly made sissy baby Pansy suffer at the twice-weekly nappy changes.

Twice a week Fifi Belle took off the baby's twelve layers of filthy, stinking, soiled nappies before thoroughly cleaning sissy baby's bottom. She then bent the pitiful creature over her spanking box, strapped her hands and feet into place, and waited for instructions from Mistress Taylor as to which of the dirty nappies was to be tightly pinned to the pathetic sissy baby's face. Once that was done, she fetched the thick nursery strap, curtsied, gave it to Mistress Taylor and stood face to the corner wall, listening to Pansy's torment. In the nine months of Fifi Belle's servitude to Mistress Taylor, Pansy had never received less than 36 strokes of the yellow strap, twelve sets of six was the norm while eighteen sets of six were not irregular and once or twice it had been as many as twenty sets of six. Neither were they polite gentle strokes. Mistress Taylor took great joy in absolutely pummeling Pansy's bottom with not an ounce of sympathy for the pathetic, wretched, lamentable creature. Once a week the beating with the yellow strap was followed by a caning, usually six full-on stokes with a thin wispy cane that left six enormous red welts on the baby's purple and bruised bottom but twelve cane stokes was not uncommon at all and if anything was becoming more regular.

Pansy's torment never ended with the corporal element alone, there was always more punishment to follow. Sometimes Mistress Taylor ordered Fifi Belle to leave her corner and go to the kitchen to peel and prepare a ginger root. Fifi Belle learnt very quickly how to prepare and shape the ginger into a perfect plug for Pansy's bottom. Anything less than perfection and it ended up in Fifi Belle's own bottom! Poor Pansy would be left bent over, still strapped to her box and figged, a raging torrent of pain to both the inside and outside of her bottom. Sometimes Fifi Belle had to get

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Mistress's strap-on, the most enormous strap-on Fifi Belle had ever seen, pink, 18 inches long, three inches wide. She would help Mistress step into it, make sure it was strapped on tight to Mistress before returning to her position face to the corner as Mistress unmercifully pounded the enormous phallus deep inside sissy baby Pansy's bottom hole. Without exception there was always another form of torment for Pansy, be it the strap-on, figging, nettles in her nappies, or a huge enema. Shame and humiliation were her life.

As Mistress sat down, a serious look on her face, the announcement of her punishment getting ever closer, Fifi Belle once again looked over to the play pen, once again she thought and was thankful for how lucky she was. Pansy's twice weekly punishments were not even the worst part of her life, not by half, no Mistress Taylor had inflicted far more horrendous, hideous, horrid, appalling punishments on Pansy. Certainly, since Fifi Belle had arrived and probably since way before that Pansy had been fed absolutely nothing but fourteen bottles of infant formula for nine-month-olds a day topped up by six bottles of golden, Mistress Taylor's own self-produced golden champagne, wee wee, pee or piss as Mistress tended to call it these days. Six bottles of nutritious hormone-packed piss each and every day for Pansy, six 500 ml bottles, three litres of womanly piss per day with seven litres of infant baby formula. Fifi Belle shivered in disgust at the thought. Her life was bliss, was heavenly compared to Pansy's. Fifi Belle looked up at the shelf over Pansy's crib. She did not want to be forced to become a ladyboy sissy maid, she did not want breasts, and she hated the way her sissy clit had been caged seven months ago from which she had never, not even once, been released but at least she had a sissy clit, at least there was some prospect of release, some hope of orgasm for there on the shelf in a jam jar was Pansy's penis, scrotum and balls sitting beside another jam jar filled with all her teeth. There was no going back for Pansy. She was a

totally double incontinent sissy baby forever more, with no hope of a creamy or a squirty, her wees uncontrollably flowing from her bottom hole with nothing but smooth skin to the front of her nappy area. Truly pathetic, truly pitiful a constant real-life reminder to Fifi Belle to be totally submissive and obedient to her Mistress, to Mistress Taylor. The consequences of disobedience were life-changing and horrendous.

Fifi Belle listened intently as Mistress Taylor scolded her, her offence had been grievous, there was little doubt about that, in a moment of weakness and feeling sympathy for Pansy she had fed Pansy pureed apple, the first solid food Pansy had tasted in at least nine months, indeed the first taste of anything other than wee wee and infant formula for Pansy in at least nine months. Mistress was cross, she was more than cross, she was incensed with Fifi Belle, how dare she take Pansy's matters into her own hands. Her punishment would be severe. Fifi Belle knew she had done wrong, she admitted that she let her tender side take hold of her, and she admitted she needed to be punished for the sympathy she had shown Pansy. Pansy was beyond sympathy, she was contemptible, undeserving of ever getting sympathy from anyone.

Mistress Taylor ordered Fifi Belle to remove Pansy's four-day-old nappies and prepare her for punishment. Pansy had taken the apple when she knew it was wrong, she knew her diet was strictly piss and infant formula, she should have refused to eat the puree and now she would suffer. Both Pansy and Fifi Belle would suffer. Fifi Belle cleaned Pansy, and she strapped her over the punishment box, at Mistress's request Fifi Belle pinned the innermost layer of nappy, absolutely stinking, full with poo poo, to baby's face. Then it was her turn, instead of taking her customary place face to the corner, Mistress ordered her to take off her black seamed tights, to remove her two layers of plastic panties, to

remove the three, wet, sodden terry nappies. She bent over the punishment box beside Pansy. Mistress pinned one of her sodden wee wee-filled nappies to her face, she strapped Fifi Belle in place over the box. She stood back to admire the two bottoms on full display, one a well-punished derriere covered with deep black and purple bruises, pock marked with lots of nappy rash spots crossed with caning welts with the six from four days ago still clear and fresh. The second bottom, a far clearer white with the remnants of a paddling Fifi Belle had received three days before.

Mistress felt that familiar feeling in her panties as she contemplated the punishment. She adored thrashing Pansy with the yellow nursery strap. She thrived on it and now she had two bottoms to punish at the one time. Her sex was glistening with moisture even at the very thought of it and she actually decided to change her knickers, to be practical about it. She left the two sissies waiting, went to her bedroom, and took off the red silk lace panties she was wearing replacing them with a practical pair of unglamorous white cotton knickers that would be easily washed. She was ready. The dual punishment could begin in earnest.

She could hear the muffled cry of Fifi Belle into her face nappy as for the very first time Fifi Belle felt the full force of the thick yellow nursery strap on her bottom. No leniency was shown, none was deserved. With six fierce strokes, Fifi Belle was crying, bawling her eyes out. Then it was six for Pansy. Pansy was now crying too, crying and sobbing into her stinky poo poo-filled face nappy. Pain through the auspices of the yellow strap was part of her life and yet she never got used to it. Every strapping was awful, was intense as if she had never received a beating before. Six more for Fifi Belle, six for Pansy, six for Fifi Belle, six for Pansy. Mistress Taylor's vaginal juices flowed into her cotton knickers. She was loving this, delighted she had changed panties. Ten sets of six each,

she was satisfied that Fifi Belle had learnt a harsh painful lesson. She continued on Pansy's bottom alone. She would never show Pansy mercy. Ten more sets of six came and went. As Mistress Taylor put away the nursery strap and swished the cane in the air Pansy was limp on the punishment box.

It was Fifi Belle who felt the first stroke of the cane. It was her very first caning, she screamed in pain and agony. Five more followed, six huge red welts spread across her bottom. Her face nappy absorbed all her tears, and subconsciously she bit into the sodden wee wee-filled nappy, she did not care she needed to bite down on something to ease the pain. Pansy felt her first lash of the cane, she felt the welt form, except it was over a welt from last week, so it was true anguish at the pain. The stokes kept on coming, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, no respite, no rest, one in quick succession after the other until at last 24 stokes later, it was done. Her bottom bled for the first time. Three welts had exposed skin where some of the nappy rash pocks had burst. Mistress fagged them both, left them tied to the bench for an hour and retired to her room for 60 minutes of pleasure.

On her return, the doubly incontinent Pansy had proven that she was doubly incontinent as a mess lay on the floor beneath her. Fifi Belle was untied, her face nappy removed, made to curtsy 30 times to thank Mistress Taylor for the punishment before being ordered to put on three fresh terry nappies, and plastics, redo her make up, get presentable before tidying up the mess that Pansy had made and get Pansy into 12 fresh sets of terry nappies. Fifi Belle set to work. Her days of showing sympathy to Pansy were well and truly over. Never again would she endure that sort of punishment. She cleaned the floor, had Pansy getup on the changing table and prepared baby for her nappies. Unlike herself, who was allowed to use cream and powder when changing her nappies, Pansy got

nothing, the first three payers of terries were placed under the wretched wreck of a bottom. It was destroyed, and every single bit of the bottom was bruised. It must have been agony. Pansy was still writhing in pain, and tears still flowed but it was not Fifi Belle's concern, she had her own worries. She went to the naughty cupboard where Pansy was often locked, she almost gagged at the rotten odour as she opened the door, and she took out a large circular Tupperware container. Contained therein was four days of poo poo's from Mistress Taylor. Every time her Mistress had a bowel movement one of Fifi Belle's jobs was to go to the toilet, put the contents of the toilet bowl into the Tupperware container so they could be stored for Pansy's nappy, thoroughly cleaning the toilet bowl afterwards of course. Cupboard time for Pansy was a distinctly unpleasant smelly affair. Fifi Belle lifted Pansy's legs into the air and emptied the entire disgusting contents of the container into the waiting nappy before squishing Pansy's bottom firmly down onto the cold mess that lay on the nappy. Fifi Belle then expertly pinned the first layer of the revolting nappy with the four days of Mistress's poo poo into place. Using a rubber-gloved hand she then rubbed the mess all over Pansy's nappy area, front and back, and pinned the second terry nappy in place before calling Mistress Taylor who always administered a poo poo nappy beating with a large thick wooden paddle.

Twenty-four times Mistress Taylor pounded Pansy's filthy bottom with the paddle, enjoying seeing sissy baby squirm at her shameful beating. Once done she left Fifi Belle with the task of swaddling Pansy baby in the remaining ten terry nappies, three sets of plastic panties, and one enormous pair of rubber pants that covered the lot and protected everything. When sissy baby was dressed in her onesie, a baby pink baby grow and properly bonneted, Fifi Belle cuddled Pansy in close to feed her, a supper of a bottle of Mistresses piss with two bottles of infant formula, and not

an apple in sight. Sissy baby was ready for her crib, and Fifi Belle called Mistress Taylor.

In truth, Mistress was pleased with the way Fifi Belle had trussed up sissy baby Pansy. All told in fact she had been very pleased with the way Fifi Belle had taken to her dual role of sissy maid and sissy Nanny, that is, up until this evening's abomination for which Fifi Belle would dearly pay. With Fifi Belle standing to attention and Pansy already locked in her crib, Mistress felt it was appropriate to announce the supplementary punishments. For the second time that evening, Fifi Belle found herself standing demurely to attention as her Mistress circled her. Strangely the three shameful layers of terry nappies felt quite comfortable around her extraordinarily sore throbbing bottom. They were still lovely, soft, fluffy and most importantly, dry. She made a point of always using lots of fabric conditioner and softener as well as a non-bio detergent when hand washing her nappies. It did make them a bit thick when she first swaddled herself in them, but they were certainly comfortable, especially on a very sore tender bottom and she was always wise enough to absolutely flood her old saturated nappies before she removed them such that she could get as long as possible in her clean fresh "underwear". She was actually quite proud of the way she got her nappies pristine white, fluffy and soft in sharp contrast to the nappies she washed for sissy baby Pansy.

Fifi Belle had originally devoted huge effort to get Pansy's nappies clean in the same way as her own but the practical reality of Pansy's world was that after four days swaddled in 12 layers, all but the outer two or three layers were absolutely disgusting beyond belief, far in excess of realms of pristine cleaning especially as Mistress now only gave her 60 minutes a week to hand wash Pansy's 24 filthy, soiled, grubby, nappies. The weekly display on the

washing line outside in the garden told the story, 21 fluffy pure white soft nappies on one line, 24 dirty white, marked, some thread bare, scratchy nappies some of them absolutely enormous, on the other line.

Fifi Belle's heart, soul and body sank as Mistress Taylor announced her supplementary punishment. Her eyes swelled up in tears, genuine sadness, distress and embarrassment at her plight was the overwhelming feeling. She considered protesting, pleading for leniency, begging for forgiveness, and imploring Mistress Taylor for clemency and compassion. She knew it would be superfluous, and only make matters worse. Mistress had decided, and she never went back or changed her mind especially when it came to napped sissies - be they maids or babies and after all, her life as a napped sissy maid was still far superior to that pathetic creature, Pansy, trussed up in the crib. Mistress saw the tears swell up, and the gentle sobbing and weeping of Fifi Belle was so touching, that it almost melted her heart, almost! Fifi Belle must learn that a prim prissy sissy baby Pansy dolly is truly pathetic, to be laughed at and ridiculed by everyone, even napped sissy maids. Pansy is undeserving of sympathy, undeserving of kindness, undeserving of respite. Lifelong humiliation, eternal shame, and perpetual mortification are her lot.

Mistress Taylor had decided, and the punishment was announced, for the next ten years, Fifi Belle would lose her nighttime toilet privilege. Mistress will review it in ten years' time but in the meantime, Fifi Belle will use her nappies to the fullest extent possible. She will soil herself. Not only would she be required to curtsy in front of Mistress to seek permission to soil herself, and soil in front of Mistress, she would receive six strokes of the wooden paddle on her freshly soiled napped bottom after which she would curtsy again to thank Mistress for allowing her

the privilege of soiling her nappies. Furthermore, she will not be allowed to change her nappy until at least twelve hours after the soiling. A truly shameful degrading punishment for showing sissy baby Pansy some sympathy.

Poor Fifi Belle cringed in shame, her tears freely flowed, her face was scarlet, and she wanted the ground to open up and swallow her whole. Mistress continued. There was more. At the planned dinner party for the following Saturday evening the secret that Mistress and Fifi Belle had shared for the past six months would become public, the sissy maid will wear her shortest, flounciest, frilliest pink uniform, the one that fully displayed her nappies. Her shame would become public knowledge. Public ignominy, public disgrace, embarrassment and humiliation awaited Fifi Belle. Finally, when Fifi Belle was to have her breast operation Mistress will order the doctors to carry out a little procedure to make Fifi Belle permanently wee wee incontinent, she will no longer have control of her bladder, and she will irretrievably piss her nappies. She would be 24/7 lifelong wee wee incontinent, a total dependency on nappies for her wee wee, unable to regulate her pee to give her as long as possible in clean fresh sweet-scented fabric conditioned pristine white terry nappies. She will wet her nappies profusely and frequently, warm, wet, moist dampness will replace fluffy soft fabrics. Poor Fifi Belle! She looked over at Pansy. Well she would cope. It could be worse!

Mistress turned her attention to Pansy. She spoke with a tone of derision that she reserved especially for Pansy, contempt echoed across each word and sentence. Gone was the soft firmness she used for Fifi Belle. Pansy was her ex-financial advisor who had lost her a fortune and no amount of ridicule, mockery or scorn was too much for pitiful pathetic Pansy, her prim prissy sissy baby. If Pansy really wanted solid food in her diet, then she would get solid

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food in her diet, gone were the days of Pansy living off nothing but Mistress Taylor's wee wee and infant formula. Oh yes indeed, Pansy would forever regret the day she took an unauthorised mouthful of pureed apple. She would crave to return to the times she fed off nothing but bottles of Mama's piss and infant formula. She would retain very fond memories of those days, those happy halcyon days since past, for starting tomorrow Mama Taylor will train her pathetic wimp of a sissy baby to feed from her Mama's bottom. There would be plenty of solid food coming from in there, a daily, solid, bountiful, feed of nutritious, delicious, hormone-filled freshly produced brown caviar all for sissy baby Pansy to gorge on. Tomorrow Pansy will start her life as a full-service toilet to her beautiful Mama Mistress.

A horrified Fifi Belle wet herself, ten years of soiling her nappies and being made life-long wee wee incontinent was suddenly a very mild punishment. She instinctively curtsied to thank Mistress Taylor for being so lenient with her punishment.

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