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FETIVION

A CITY FOR SISSIES

penelope pansy

Fetivion: A City For Sissies

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by

Penelope Pansy

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Beginnings...

After two days and nights travelling through the arid desert with my two guards, or chaperones more like, the walled city of Fetivion came into view. It had been a pleasant enough journey in a luxury four-by-four with two overnight stops at village inns that offered very comfortable, clean rooms and beds with good food and wine. Technically, I was under guard but in reality, the company was good, and conversation flowed while we shared the driving equally between us. Jessica and Richard, my two guards had told me much about the beauty of Fetivion and the people who inhabit it, about two million people in total but I was still totally unprepared for what I saw.

The car left us outside the walled city as no motorised vehicles were allowed in. We walked through the wide gates just as any tourist would enter a famous city, to be greeted by a huge wide market place packed with hundreds of pristine clean stalls offering all sorts of items, stunning fresh looking fruit and vegetables encompassing varieties and colours that I never knew existed, meats, poultry, fish, drinks of all sorts including coffees, teas, fine quality female and male clothes, clothing material, hats, leather wear, shoes, painting, art each stall finer and more elegant than the next. It was the most amazing colourful, and chic market I had ever seen. After we eventually made our way through the marketplace, we walked through large residential treelined thoroughfares with all sorts of well-kept stone houses, some huge mansions with immaculate gardens, others small simple but still elegant affairs. Green parks and playgrounds were at every street corner.

We moved from a residential district into a more commercial area, once again large wide elegant boulevards, with magnificent stone buildings decorated with columns and statues, a mixture of

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offices and haute couture shops, colourful people in their elegant clothing milling about doing their daily business, busy street coffee and tea houses packed with people. Beautiful and all as the pristine magnificent city was, it was, however, the people that simply took my breath away.

Each and every one of the women, of all shapes, races and sizes were impeccably dressed in stunning coordinated colourful bright clothing from blues, reds, pinks, yellows, greens, purples, a mixture of long dresses, short dresses, below-the-knee skirts, above the knee skirts, long and short sleeve blouses, fine cut tailored trousers and shorts, magnificent work suits, gorgeous shoes. Most outfits were made of silk, satin, cotton or linen. Unbelievably, however, it was not only the women, the men were equally well groomed in multi-coloured stunning shirts, trousers, shorts and shoes, the colours matching the same wide kaleidoscope of shades as the Ladies. Add in the children, the boys and girls all equally as well dressed as their parents. It was splendid and uplifting.

There was more to the people than that, substantially more, for mingling freely amongst the crowds were sissies, more sissies than you care to imagine all going about their day-to-day life. Some were dressed in way over-the-top flamboyant sissy outfits with huge petticoats, frills, ribbons, bows and bonnets, others more serenely dressed, but they most definitely were sissies and pinks, reds and yellows appeared to be the favourite colours of the sissies. Sissy maids were in every shop and at every market stall busy buying household necessities. Sissies sat at the bars, cafes and restaurants not only talking amongst themselves but often with other Ladies and men as companions. Sissies appeared to be an accepted part of society.

It became even more amazing for also milling freely around the crowds were adult teenagers, school bags on their backs, in the exact same school uniform as real teenagers, mixed groups of both laughing and chatting on the way home from school with what looked to be an equal mix of adult teenager girls, boys and sissies. Then there were pre-teen adult children freely mixing with biological

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children in junior school, the playgrounds, cycling or holding their guardians' hands as they crossed the street or walked in the park. On closer examination, all the playgrounds were built with both large and small equipment so sitting side by side in the playgrounds were small swings, slides and bouncers all matched with larger equivalents. Then there were even younger adult children, boys, girls and sissies freely playing, not a care in the world with some of them clearly in nappies, especially the boys, but that just could be because short pants tend to accentuate nappies whereas the girl dresses can hide bulky baby clothing. Most cafes seem to have both regular and adult-sized highchairs outside, some of which were being used. I spotted an adult baby lying on the green grass in the park having his/her nappy changed as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Finally, while not that many, there were clearly some younger adult babies being pushed in strollers, most of these seemed to be sissy babies but there was a fair sprinkling of what looked like natural females and males too with many of the strollers being pushed by maids or perhaps nannies with the most of the regressed babies looking to be somewhere between 18 to 24 months although I saw one or two that may be a bit younger and one baby boy that was dressed in a simple blue babygro who looked to be regressed to about nine months. Fetivion was the most remarkable city I had ever seen. Everything my guards had told me and then some more besides.

Finally, we walked up the steps onto the white marble floor of an enormous building. There were hundreds of people milling around the huge stylish hallway - ladies, men, sisses, maids, teenagers, regressed teenagers, children, regressed children, toddlers and babies as well as their regressed equivalents. We walked up a double staircase, turned left into a large wide corridor and on down to the very last door marked "Miss Radion - Head of Integration". Jessica knocked and we waited for the signal to enter.

On command, we entered a large square-shaped carpeted room with one full-length floor-to-ceiling window overlooking a series of large gardens surrounded by impressive stone outbuildings. Two walls were taken up primarily with books while the final wall

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had a couple of large ornate dressers. There was one large clean work desk on which sat two screens and a keyboard with a few bits of paper, then there was a meeting table with chairs for six and at the other end of the room a three seater sofa, two soft comfortable chairs as well as a coffee table. An elegant slim red-headed lady, dressed in a stunning tailored fitting royal blue linen trouser suit rose from a chair at the desk, came around to the front, greeted Jessica and Richard with warm handshakes before greeting me with a beautiful smile and firm friendly handshake, introducing herself as Miss Susan Radion, Head of integration. She bid my two guards goodbye, and offered me a seat on the sofa, enquiring if I wanted tea or coffee. As we sipped coffee and nibbled on biscuits we chatted about my past, my family, my career and what I knew of Fetivion with Miss Radion occasionally checking notes she had on a handheld electronic device. It was all very warm and friendly, putting any anxiety I had a ease. With coffee over, and information gathered she invited me on a tour of the facility which she called a “university on integration”.

The first building we entered directly across a lovely grass courtyard was a maid training school. Miss Radion explained, “The standard of living is very high in Fetivion with a large percentage of households having maids, many have one maid only but quite a few have multiple maids. First and foremost, as you can see, ‘Maid’ is a gender-neutral term referring to females, males as well as sissies with some households preferring their male maids to wear traditional maid’s dresses but others are happy for male maids to wear trouser uniforms. Being a maid in Fetivion is a good career choice and well-paid meaning that about 70% of the maids here at maid university are free people with only 30% indentured. Both groups mix freely and wear the same style of uniforms, the main distinguishing features being that Freeborn go home every evening whereas indentures are quartered on the top floor of this building and all Indentures wear a small discreet ankle bracelet. If you look closely, you will also notice that some of the sissy maids are freeborn having voluntarily come to Fetivion from afar to openly live their lives as sissies while seeking honourable paid employment as a sissy maid.

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The first year is a general training year for maids who will work as the sole maid in a household where the trainees will learn a multitude of skills concerning cooking, fabrics, dress making, laundry, cleaning, basic repair and maintenance, budgeting and planning, flower arranging, gardening and deportment, all the life skills a good maid requires to succeed in their life. After one year, most free maids, even the free sissies will seek employment in a good house while the indentured will be placed with a household that I believe to appropriate to their personality and skills.

Miss Radion gave me a tour of all the training rooms, it was extraordinary with about a hundred trainee maids, females, males and sissies in equal numbers all wearing a multitude of colourful uniforms. One room had about 10 maids baking, another had 10 maids changing an electric plug, yet another had the maids cutting lovely pale blue cotton fabric from a roll with waiting sewing machines lined up and ready to go, and yet another looked to be a tediously boring class with spreadsheets and numbers. Another class room had maids learning all about laundry including cleaning fluids, washing liquids, detergents, fabric softeners, ironing. A sixth room had the colourful maids doing flower arranging and learning about basic gardening, and moving on there was a room where the emphasis was on training to be a Lady's maid and indeed in Fetivion also a Man's maid. In fact, Miss Radion explained that there were one or two higher echelon sissies, so being a personal maid to one of those was considered a wonderful job for a sissy maid, though an indentured sissy never got one of those jobs. The personal maids were being trained in grooming, bathing, selecting clothes, being a shopping companion, learning how to read and recite books and just keeping abreast of world affairs so that they could be good conversational companions to their mistress or master. Finally, there was a room with about 15 maids learning about deportment, curtsies, standing still, waiting, how to carry a tray, indeed multiple trays at a time, how to set a table, turn down a bed, all the general skills any good efficient well-trained maid requires. As we walked into another section of the building Miss Radion continued...

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“Larger households require more specialised maids, so if a maid, be they freeborn, indentured, male, female or sissy show talent in their year in general maid school they can choose to specialise in a specific area, even the indentured maids are allowed choose a speciality provided I deem them to show potential, so here we have maid cooking school, training maids who will work exclusively in the kitchens of large households preparing often exquisite meals for the family and their guest or parties. Some maids move on to open their own restaurant but that is not an option for indentured maids. Then we have a two-year dressmaking course, a one-year maid companion course which is very popular, and a one-year gardening course.

“What do you think, Kevin? I think you will fit in very well even though you will be an indentured maid. Do you see any maid career choices here? Before you answer, let’s see the rest of the university.”

As we were leaving the building, I noticed two nervous-looking maids standing outside an office, noses to the wall. I quickly looked at their ankles, both were free, one a tall, thin male dressed in a red maid's dress with white pinny and mop cap, the other looked to be a natural female dressed in a sky-blue uniform with white pinny and mop cap.

“Hmm, looks like those two young maids are in trouble. We have strict rules at maid school so punishments for breach of those rules are not uncommon and apply to both free and indentured maids though Indentured maids get double the punishment. Punishments can be line writing, repetitive monotonous tasks, intense physical exercise, extended public nose-to-the-wall time up to corporal punishment from bare-bottom spankings to canings. Most households operate a punishment regime but in truth do not use corporal punishment that often, and even indentured maids adapt to and come to enjoy their life style.”

We walked across another magnificent garden courtyard into another impressive sandstone building. Through glass-panelled walls, I could see co-educational school classrooms with teenagers, both natural and regressed all mixed in as one, all dressed in skirted uniforms, even the natural boys. Curious, I looked at the pupil's

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ankles and sure enough spotted the discreet bands indicating the indentured but equally I noted some apparently regressed pupils without the bands. Miss Radion explained that like free sissies some free adult schoolgirls and boys come to live in Fetivion looking for permanent parents.

“All pupils learn and attend the exact same classes, the usual subject’s history, geography, languages, mathematics as well as various branches of the sciences. They all do precisely the same exams, continuous assessment and homework. It goes without saying that the natural pupils grow up, leave school and move on with their lives while the regressed pupils stay put doing the exact same lesson classes year and year so, for example, Barbara over there, who is not even indentured, has been in this class for 10 years while Max, who is indentured has been in this class for 15 years. Therefore, the standard expected of them is very high and grows each year. Max is expected to achieve 100% in every exam or he is punished while Barbara as a free woman has a passing mark of 90%. Just like maid school, all pupils can be punished up to and including corporal punishment.

“While as a City State, we have no interest in what happens behind the closed doors of private households it is safe to assume that while the indentured regressed teenagers lead a normal teenage life most of the time, and all the time in the public world, in some cases their life inside the family home might be somewhat different so they would be expected to be proficient in offering their guardians and guardians friends sexual services and while corporal punishment in school is infrequent, corporal punishment at home is a regular part of daily life for regressed teenagers and it would be fair to say that the corporal punishment is probably also a regular occurrence for those that voluntarily chose regression to a teenager as a lifestyle.”

We passed on into another stunning treelined courtyard with a huge playground on which played pre-teen children, both natural and regressed and inside the classrooms, I could see some younger children doing much easier lessons than their teenage equivalents.