

The Sissy Scouts 3

Story Summary - Lewis and Richard Attend the Sissy-Scout Recruitment Meeting!

Summary of previous chapter - Lewis and Richard learn more about the Sissy-Scouts.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone unprotected sex in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

“This is the place, Richard,” Lewis said. “Are you ready?”

“I’m ready, how about you?” Richard replied. He had noticed Lewis was acting a bit nervous since he had picked him up that morning.

“I’m a little apprehensive,” Lewis admitted. “I can’t wait until I’m an official Sissy-Scout, but I don’t know what to expect.”

“Well, that’s why we are here, to learn more about it,” Richard said. “And, don’t worry, you will be great. You can already suck cock better than most of the guys that’ll be showing up today.”

Lewis grinned at his friend. “Thanks for saying that. And, thanks for letting me practice on you all week. I feel a lot better knowing that I can pleasure an Alpha-Cock and make him cum with my mouth.”

“Hey, what are friends for?” Richard said. “Like I told you, anytime you need to practice, let me know.”

“And, anytime your Alpha-Balls need to be emptied, you let *me* know.”

Richard tried to open the glass door leading to the convention center, but it was locked. Peering into the building, he saw a Sissy-Scout walking past. He banged on the door loudly. The cute Sissy-Scout turned towards the sound, noticed them, and walked to the door. She was short, blonde and had big titties. ‘Do all Sissy-Scouts have big breasts?’ Lewis wondered.

She opened the door. “You guys are a little early. We are still setting up. But, if you recruits are in distress and need you complimentary blow-jobs early, I can help you, of course.”

“Ah, no thank you. Sissy-Scout-Stephanie said we could come early and she would show us around?” Lewis told her. “And, I’m a recruit, but he is an Alpha.”

“Oh, I’m sorry! Come in, come in!” She held the door opened and let the two of them step inside. “Stephanie? Cute blonde with big tits? She was helping with the local recruitment drive?”

“Yes, that’s her,” Lewis said.

“That would describe you, too,” Richard said.

“Well, I live way out of town so I couldn’t help recruit, but thank you for the compliment.” She turned and said, “Follow me, I think she was setting up the Alpha-Pin display. Follow me.”

The two followed the jiggling, seductive ass of the Sissy-Scout into the main conference hall.

“Wow, this place is huge!” Lewis said.

“It’s the best we could do. The main hall is being setup for the auto-show. We were only able to get the smaller hall. It will be crowded, but we should be OK. Oh, there’s Stephanie.” She pointed to a table twenty feet away. Lewis tried to look, but Sissy-Scouts in uniforms were walking in front of him, blocking his view as they tried to set up chairs, food, drinks and hang banners. Then he recognized Stephanie’s ass thru the crowd as she was bending over a table.

“Yeah, that’s her!” he said.

“Great! My name is Julie, by the way, come find me if you need anything else, or just decide you want your blow-jobs early!”

“Thanks Julie, we will,” said Richard. They quickly weaved their way to the table, drawing a few startled looks from the uniformed Sissy-Scouts. They were the only ones not in uniform.

“Hi Stephanie, we’re here!” Lewis said, excitedly. Stephanie turned, squealed and ran up to give Lewis a hug and a kiss. To Richard, she bowed her head slightly and said, “Hello Richard.”

“Hi, Stephanie, nice to see you again,” Richard said politely.

“What are you doing, Stephanie?” Lewis asked, “Julie said something about Alpha-Pins? Can I see?”

“Oh, yes! You will like this, you too Richard! These are our Alpha-Pins. I’m just finishing setting them up and about to lock the case. It is hard to believe, but Alpha’s will actually steal our pins, just to try to fool us Sissies and get more sex. It must be an Alpha-Male thing,” she said, shrugging her shoulders as if she could never comprehend the Alpha-Male mind.

“Look at that one, Richard, there is the kind of pin you will get at the ceremony later on.” She pointed to a small bronze pin. “Top row, third from the left.”

The pins were arranged neatly by color, vertically, and different versions of the pins went across each row.

The pins were not large, round, with a raised leaf pattern around the edges, and in the center was a large capital letter ‘A.’

“How can you tell them apart?” asked Lewis, mesmerized by all the different colors and insignias.

“Oh, it’s easy! The ‘A’ represent an Alpha-Male with a certified Alpha-Cock, of course. You can tell the length of the Alpha-Cock by the color, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Platinum (See, the platinum is shinier than the silver one and has gold leaves) and finally, Diamond gets a real, tiny diamond inside the triangle of the letter ‘A’. A thick Alpha-Elite-Cock is indicated by an asterisk inside the legs ‘A’ (two asterisks for a Double-Elite, and three for a Triple). The amount of ejaculate is indicated by the Plus, Double Plus and Triple Plus – they have one, two or three plus signs under the ‘A.’”

“So, are diamonds the biggest, then?” asked Lewis.

“Oh, no, Lewis. Diamonds are just the ‘best’. We only go up to ‘Platinum’ for cock size. Bronze is 7 to 8 inches, Silver is 8 to 9, Gold is 9 to 10, and Platinum is anything over 10 inches. Diamond is invitation only. Alphas are nominated and voted by us Sissy-Scouts only. It’s quite an honor, actually.”

“I thought the bigger the cock, the better?” Lewis said.

“Well, huge cocks are great, Lewis, but, if you’ve never had a fifteen-inch Alpha-Cock up your ass, pounding the living shit out of your tight little Sissy-Hole; maybe by a *slightly* sadistic Alpha-Male who likes to hear his sluts moan when he fucks them? Trust me, bigger is not always better.

“Now, the invitation only Diamond-Sponsors are special. The other sponsor levels are represented by metals – hard, strong and resilient, like a hard, throbbing cock. But diamonds are different. They are the Alpha ‘jewels’; maybe not the most precious commodity by weight, but the most desirable. Did you ever hear the old adage; ‘it is not the size of the boat, but the motion of the ocean?’ Well, a Diamond-Sponsor could be a Bronze with a barely seven-inch cock who fucks you so good you remember it for a week. Or a Gold-Sponsor who treats you like a lady, makes you act like a slut, and then kisses you in gratitude.”

“What about that single one at the bottom? The black one with the double ‘A’ stamped on it?” Lewis looked at the small black pin. The letter ‘A’ had been double stamped, one just off center of the other.

“Oh, that is the Double-A-Alpha-Pin. When I said Platinum is anything over ten inches that is not *quite* true. The Double-A represents the real monster cocks. It could be a cock that is thicker than a beer can, or maybe longer than my arm. Real women can pass a baby thru their vaginas but can still struggle with a huge 15 inch monster. Those Alpha-Men come to the Sissy-Scouts to avoid disappointment. Only certain Qualified-Double-A-Sissies can handle Double-A-Alpha-

Cock, Of course, we can jack and lick any size cock, but our Double-A's tell us how much they love fucking our Sissy-Pussies, since it is so rare they can find a hole to accommodate them."

"You sure are smart, Stephanie," Lewis said. He really admired Stephanie and appreciated her kindness and passion for her work.

"I'm only smart when it comes to cocks, Lewis," she replied, "But thank you! As a Sissy-Scout-Recruiter, I have to memorize a lot of stuff. But yeah, I do know a lot about cock, it is pretty much all I think about."

Lewis realized that he had been thinking a lot about cock lately too.

"Do you want to see some merit badges, Lewis?" Stephanie asked.

"Yeah!" he replied.

"Are you OK with that, Richard?" Stephanie asked. "I'm working right now, but if you want, I can find you a Sissy-Scout to empty your Alpha-Balls into."

"No, I'm fine. I want to hang out with you guys for a while."

"OK, Sir, whatever you wish." Stephanie said, but thought, 'Most Alphas would have been bored by now and would need their cocks sucked or fucked,' she thought. 'He sure is a good friend to Lewis, to want to hang out with him.'

Stephanie locked the Alpha-Pin case and walked across the wide aisle to the badge display.

"Wow, look at them all!" Lewis said, viewing all the badges in the display. The case was completely full of Sissy-Scout-Merit-Badges.

"Each one has the description under it. Go ahead, look as long as you want, but, we are going to have to get the recruitment program started real soon."

"Wow, look at all of the blow-job badges!" Lewis exclaimed. He stared at the round badge with an image of a mouth wrapped around a cock with stripes above it. "What are the stripes for, Stephanie?"

"Well, after you earn your initial 'Blow-Job' badge, for example, you add colored stripes for every BJ you give. Blue stripes represent 25 Blow-jobs. Reds are one hundred, Golds are five hundred, Purples are one thousand and Whites are for 5000. We call the purple ones the 'One-Gallon-Club'. It means you have swallowed over a gallon of cum (taking into account minor spillage, pussy retention and face painting residue, of course). An average Sissy-Scout should be able to earn her purple stripe in under a year. A pure white, cum colored bar means you have sucked so many cocks it is not worth counting anymore."

Lewis turned to look at Stephanie's sash and quickly discovered she was sporting a solid-white bar under her blow-job badge. Most of her badges had white bars and multiple stripes too.

"Lewis look, here is the 'Suck-with-a-Sister' badge I told you about." Lewis looked at the badge represented by a cock with two red lips licking either side of it.

"Oh, does the same color code represent the number of hand-jobs and ass-fucks, Stephanie?" Richard asked. He was intrigued by the wide array of badges.

"Yeah, the Ass-Fuck badge is represented by the starfish symbol, and the Hand-Job badge is obvious (a finger-nailed hand wrapped around a shaft). We do the same color coding with the Face-Painting badge and most of the others."

"Oh! A Gang-Bang badge! I want that one! And there is a Glory-Hole badge, and a, what? Oooh, a black double-A badge, I know what that means!"

"Yeah, usually, the Double-A-Sissies also have the 'Fisting' badge as well." Stephanie added.

"What are the Double, Triple and Quadruple badges for," Lewis asked, "Right next to the Gang-Bang badge?" There was not a lot of detail on those badges. They were just simple vertical lines on plain background. The Gang-Bang badge was four vertical lines with another line striking thru them. "Oh wait, I think I know!"

"Yes, it means you serviced two, three or four men at the same time. They are hard to get because every sex-act has to be witnessed, and later signed-off by another Sissy-Scout. And, usually, if another Sissy-Scout is with you, they are helping out. Any more than four is qualification for the Gang-Bang badge. Trixie submitted for her blue gang-bang stripe this week, after we finished recruiting at the construction site. She had two gang-bangs on the same day - she is such a slut!

"There is the Alpha-Recruiter, and the Sissy-Recruiter badges (I'm Gold on both of those). And there are the various Trainer-Badges, and the Butt-Licker badge. Oh, there are my favorite ones, the Sissy-Pull-N-Ooze-A Champion badges. You find out about those later today."

He looked at all of the badges on Stephanie's sash and realized he had a lot of work to do.

"There sure are a lot of badges, Stephanie. I hope I can fill up my sash quickly, so the Alphas know I'm ready and qualified to serve them!"

"You will do fine, Lewis," Stephanie said. "You should earn some at our first meeting. The girls are not to orgasm all week, so you might be able to earn the Minute-Man badge, if you can make a Sissy-Scout squirt in under a minute, and of course, you will definitely get your first Cock-Sucking badge."

"Sucking Sissies count? " asked Lewis.

“As long as they have a cock or a cock-et, silly,” Stephanie replied.

“Hey, guys, we still have a few minutes, do you want to see some of our training materials?” Stephanie asked.

“Yes!” Richard and Lewis said simultaneously. They looked at each other and smiled.

“Come with me!” Stephanie skipped over to a huge table displaying Sissy-Scout training manuals and DVD’s. Behind the table were rows of bookcases filled with copies of the displayed wares. “See Lewis; don’t worry about pleasing Alpha-Men. These contain everything you need to know. Each Sissy-Slut-Squad owns a full collection, and you can borrow them anytime. Plus, we try to cover a new topic at every Sissy-Scout meeting! I hope you are ready for a lot of homework!”

“Wow!” Lewis exclaimed. He grabbed the Blow-Jobs-101 book and began leafing thru it. There were a lot of pictures and charts, with all of the important things to remember listed as bullet-points in the margins. “Can I buy some today?” he asked, noticing the nearby cash register and credit-card reader.

“Of course! You can buy them on-line too! I recommend the Deluxe DVD/Blue-Ray/Digital sets. They have the beginner and advanced courses included, plus a summarized hand-book you can carry with you! Here are some of the materials available to you.” Stephanie handed Lewis a list of available courses in a binder. Richard sheepishly accepted one too. “Trixie, Tammie and I are in a few of the videos, if you are interested.”

“Yeah, sure!” Lewis said.

Lewis and Richard looked at the thick, laminated training material brochure. The cover read;
Sissy-Scouts Training - Be the Best Sissy-Scout you can be!

(On the index page was a heading to indicate the Complexity Level of the Training :)

Note – Course chapters difficulty levels are marked with one of three symbols;

Beg-inner (open mouth symbol with tongue sticking out)

Enter-Me-diant (bent over panty covered ass with a ball-bulge)

Ex-spurt! (spurting cock)

Lewis and Richard read some of the chapter titles:

Make-Up – How to look your Slutty-Best!

Body hair – Shaving, Exfoliates and Lasers.

Hair, Heels, Panties and Dresses - Oh My!

Understanding the Alpha-Male – It’s About Sex, Stupid!

The Noble Art of Cock-Sucking.

Never Neglect the Balls – Tips and Techniques.

Ride-em Cowgirl – Why Should He do all the Work?

Training your Sissy-Ass-Pussy – How to Keep it Tight and Talented.

How Best to Approach Men to get their Cum.
Toys, Toys, Toys!
Your Sissy-Guide to Hormones and Happiness.
Recognizing a Man in Distress – Beyond the Bulge.
Tongue Tickling the Starfish – How to Eat Ass.
Get your Kink on! Role-Play? Water-Sports? Bondage? YES!
Learning to Love Humiliation.
Face-Painting – A Hundred Ways to Beg for it.
Staying in Tip-Top Sissy-Shape – Exercising for Endurance (covers Blow-Jobs, cock-riding, hand-jobs and more!)
Faking Orgasms for his Pleasure.
The Office Sissy.
Busted in Public? (Cops and their Nightsticks).
The Complete Guide to Titty-Fucking.
Cocks, Cocks and More Cocks!
The Discriminating Cum-Connoisseur.
How Not to Say No, Ever!

“There is so much to learn,” Lewis said, feeling overwhelmed.

“Nah, not really Lewis,” Stephanie said. “It is all about being the best Sissy you can be, but it simply comes down to pleasing men, providing them comfort, and then draining their balls. You already know how to do that, Lewis, right Richard?”

“Yeah, Lewis, don’t worry, you are a great cock-sucker. If you practice the rest of the stuff like you practice blow-jobs, you will be the best Sissy ever. I’ll help you practice anytime.”

“Thanks, Richard,” Lewis said. “Just for that, I’m going to buy a training session set today to practice on. I’ll let you pick it out! Which one do you want?”

Just then an air-horn went off, “Oh, the doors are about to open, I have to get to my station! Just hang around for a while and have some food and drink. You guys will have to watch a short movie and then you will be separated by Alphas and Sissies. The Sissies will have their induction ceremony while the Alpha’s are signed-up and we certify any late-comers. Then, after all of that - the best part - the blow-jobs!” she squealed.”I hope we have a good crowd!” She ran back to her Alpha-Pin display ready to answer any questions from potential Sissy-Scouts and Alpha-Males.

Richard and Lewis hung around for a while, having drinks and nibbling on the provided snacks. The room filled up quickly. The two walked around, looking at the other displays, signs and banners. They found Tammie at the Sissy-Scout Historical table. She hugged them both and answered a few polite questions on Sissy-Scout history.

They walked around some more and then Lewis said, “Hey, isn’t that Greg and Stan? From our Dungeons and Dragons gaming group at the Alpha-Pin display?” Lewis was sure it was them! They walked back to Stephanie’s table where she was explaining the various Alpha-Pins to the group.

“Hey, Greg, Stanley!” Lewis said. “What are you doing here?” Then he looked closer at the other people at the table. “Fred? Billy too? Our whole D&D team! How did you guys find out about this?”

“I told them Lewis,” Richard said. “Bill called me to find out why we cancelled today. They decided to come here instead of playing short-handed. We are here to support you, buddy!”

“Aw, you guys!” Lewis said. The men shook his hand, hugged him and told him what a great Sissy-Scout he would be.

Billy spoke up and said, “Richard told us how much you have been practicing, Lewis. We want you to know that you can practice on us too.”

“Thanks guys, maybe later, after this is over. Next Saturday for sure. Maybe every Saturday? Hey, Stephanie, if you are free, can you come and watch, so I can earn my Gang-Bang badge?”

“Sure, Lewis,” Stephanie said.

“Oh, this is ‘THE’ Stephanie?” Fred asked. “Richard made sure we gave them your name at the door.”

“Oh, how nice!” She replied. “Thank you, Richard!”

Just then, a booming male voice came up behind them and said. “Hello Stephanie!”

She turned, “Dirk! You made it!”

“Well, with such salesmanship from you, how could I not?” He took her hand, kissed it and smiled. Stephanie blushed a deep pink color. “Oh, and these are my friends,” Dirk said. He introduced a group of tall, masculine Alpha-Males to Stephanie. “They want to be Alpha-Sponsors too.”

“Yay!” she squealed, bouncing up and down until a breast popped out of her blouse! She eventually tucked it in, feigning embarrassment.

“Uh, Steph?” Lewis said timidly, he didn’t know if he was allowed to interrupt an Alpha or not, but he decided that he should get his smaller and weaker group of friends out of their way. “I’m going to show the guys around, we will catch up with you later.”

“OK, Lewis!” she said, “I’ll see you later.” Stephanie sent Lewis and his friends away, and focused on the Alphas.

“So, does everyone know about the seven-inch minimal requirement for being a sponsor?” Stephanie said, looking at the men’s crotches, trying to get a quick estimate. She didn’t think it would be problem, but the rules had to be followed. “You can still get a blow-job for coming today, anyway” she added.

“Oh, I told them all about that, Stephanie, but you should know that my ex-wife was a ‘size-queen’, and these men are her ex-lovers. After I found out she was cheating on me, I went thru her things and found her little-black-book. She kept details about all of her men in it – names, phone numbers, cock sizes, everything!

“I called each of them and let them know what a lying whore she was. Some of the guys even testified at my divorce hearing! We have been friends ever since. At our weekly poker game last-night, I told them all about you and the Sissy-Scouts. We made sure to give them your name at the door, too.” He winked at her. “Good luck with your contest.”

“Oh! Thank you Dirk.” She came around the table and hugged him and his friends too. Some of them squeezed her breasts and rubbed her ass. She groped their crotches to reciprocate, feeling their large lumps of soft cock and big heavy balls. “You know, Dirk, I love ‘poke-her’ parties too! You should invite me sometime!”

“Oh, I will...” Dirk replied, groping her ass.

‘Oh, how I love Alphas!’ she said to herself as the men walked away.

As she watched their firm asses flex, an announcement came over the loud speakers, in a very feminine voice. “Attention please, we need everyone to take a seat to watch a short informational video. After that, we will have our Alpha-Male registration, Sissy-Scout-Indoctrinations, and blow-jobs for everyone attending today!”

Men continued to walk slowly around, finishing their drinks and food. “Please everyone, take a seat. The sooner we get started, the sooner we can start giving blow-jobs!” That got them moving. Everyone soon found a seat and then a very pretty Sissy-Scout bounced onto the stage, stepping in front of the large video screens. Images of Sissy-Scouts smiling and having fun flashed behind her on the multiple screens. Then, an image of her face, name, and title were displayed behind her.

“Hi everyone, I’m Millie, Regional-Head-Master of the Sissy-Scouts!” Applause erupted from the Sissy-Scouts. “I want to thank all of you for coming to our Regional-Recruitment-Drive, and I promise, very shortly, a pretty little Sissy-Scout will be personally thanking each and every one of you for ‘cumming’ in her pretty little Sissy-Mouth!”

The men hooted, hollered and clapped enthusiastically. Many whistled loudly. After the ruckus died down, she continued.

“The Sissy-Scouts started from a humble beginning, in a small Slut-Shack in San-Francisco, and has now grown into one of the largest, non-profit, charitable organizations in the world!” (The screens showed the original Sissy-Scout building and their shining, new phallus-shaped headquarters) “And while I’m not asking you to make a monetary donation today, well, only just a small, wet deposit into your favorite Sissy-Scout...” The audience giggled and tittered. “Many men do give vast sums of money to our cause because they believe in it just as strongly as we do! Our goal is a simple one, ‘Providing pleasure to virile males, wherever and whenever it is needed.’

“Do you remember the many times you desired a beautiful girl, only to realize you couldn’t have her? How times have you lusted after women in the street, or on TV, or maybe in your school, or office?” (The screens were filled with those very images, seductive, skimpily clad women in various dress, then stamped with the universal red circle/slash for ‘no’.)

“Their perky breasts, round asses and slutty make-up are designed to inflame your desires and make your hormones run rampant! With society’s misguided constraints to attract a mate and impregnate a bitch, you, the viral males in the audience, are left with your cocks stiff, straining and swollen with need. And time after time, your beautiful, but neglected balls are filled to the brim with potent, warm semen; aroused and so ready to impregnate a female, as nature intended!

“Yet, you are all too often left frustrated, confused and all alone. The Sissy-Scouts believe that all men deserve, no..., The Sissy-Scouts *know*, that all men *require* the inalienable, fundamental right to have a have a warm, wet and willing hole to shoot their sperm into, *as nature intended!*”

The audience stood, cheered and clapped. After a full minute of cheering, Millie was able to continue.

“That gentlemen, is what the Sissy-Scouts are all about. Now, please enjoy our brief video presentation.”

The lights dimmed and a single trumpet began to blow softly. The video started with a glorious sunrise and two Sissy-Scouts, off in the distance, standing on a hill. The camera moved in closer, slowly. The trumpet blew slightly louder. An announcer’s voice began to speak.

“There is an unspoken epidemic affecting millions of men in our country. It affects the young, old, rich, poor, tall or short, and men of all races and ethnicity. This insidious affliction silently stalks most every virile man in our society, yet most are unaware, and suffer needlessly. Your local news doesn’t talk about it. No one discusses it. No one cares..., except the Sissy-Scouts!”

The trumpet blared and the camera zoomed into the faces of the two gorgeous, determined, large breasted Sissy-Scouts. The sun shone upon their faces and a stiff breeze blew their hair.

“Due to our current social morals, based upon misguided and repressive Puritan norms, our men are needlessly suffering, both day and night after lonely night! Nature created man and provided

him with a penis; endowed with a single purpose, a special need, and all consuming fixation – to discharge their potent speed whenever and wherever they can!

“How many sexually frustrated men, not knowing the cause of their anger, take it out on society?” Video clips began to show men rioting, men in fist fights, men being handcuffed, men groping, slapping and tearing off clothes of screaming woman.

“How many of these senseless acts of violence could have been avoided? How many lives could have been saved? If only a wet and willing mouth had been there to relieve the stress, the anxiety and provide the much needed sexual relief? I think you know the answer...,”

“How many cocks must go un-sucked and un-fucked each and every day, the cause of so much pain and needless suffering?” The video showed pictures of hard, throbbing cocks. The Sissies and potential Sissies in the audience collectively groaned ‘Ahhhh!’

“How many neglected men are forced into darkened rooms to relieve themselves, going against the plan nature intended, because the primal urge to procreate is just too strong, and, because no one is there to help?” The video showed images of men jerking off and shooting their spunk. The Sissies in the audience collectively caught their breaths.

“And how many gallons of precious, potent sperm is wasted and discarded on a daily basis? Causing our men to feel guilt and shame for having needlessly wasted their precious fluids?” The video showed images of cum drenched cocks, stomach and hands. The Sissies said ‘Mmmmm!’ Then, those same images were shown again with men wiping up their cum with tissues and throwing them in the wastepaper basket, or wiping it up with t-shirts and throwing them into the laundry basket. The final image showed a huge load of cum wiped up with toilet paper and flushed down the toilet, going around and around until it was gone. The Sissies said, ‘Awww!’ Some shouted ‘No!’ and some sniffed and cried.

The image changed back to the two Sissy-Scouts on the hill. The camera zoomed in close on one. A tear formed and rolled down her cheek.

“You can help stop this senseless tragedy...” The music played, the Sissy-Scouts marched, joined by row after row of sexy Sissy-Scouts. The camera focused on their cute faces, bouncing breasts and wiggling asses.

“If you are a virile male, know that there are dedicated volunteers, who have taken a sacred oath to relieve you, and they are well trained and ready to serve. You can rest assured that there will always be a warm, wet hole available to you, and *all* men in distress.” The images showed cute Sissy-Scouts winking at the camera and showing off their breasts and asses. They started to strip off their clothes.

“Look for our Sissy-Scouts on the street. All you have to do is just tell them you are in need of relief. And, even when not in uniform, our Sissy-Scouts are still there to help, and can easily be

identified by the Sissy-Scout symbol on a necklace, earring or lapel pin.” The camera showed images of the Sissy-Scout symbol, a stylized image of hand holding up two fingers, like a peace sign, with the thumb in between them.

The video played glowing testimonials from grateful men. “The Sissy-Scouts are the best!” one man said. “I used to be horny and frustrated all day long! Now, I just find a Sissy-Scout and get relief anytime!” Two Scouts with fresh cum on their faces smiled and yelled, “Sissy-Scouts-Suck-Best!”

“If you are Alpha-Male, with a Certified-Alpha-Cock (Seven-inch minimum length required), we desperately need you to become an Alpha-Sponsor and volunteer your time and penis to train our newest Sissy-Scouts. Only you can provide them the large cocks and warm sustenance they so desperately crave. By allowing them to pleasure you, our Sissy-Scouts will experience a deep peace and sense of purpose. All we ask it that you give them plenty of opportunities to do what they love best, serving you.” The videos showed panty wearing Sissy-Scouts sucking and fucking huge cocks enthusiastically, their moaning and begging could be heard as a motivating undertone in the soundtrack.

”Remember, all Alpha-Sponsors, no matter what their category, receive a very desirable lapel pin, identifying you as one of the few and select; *A Certified-Alpha-Male!*” The Sissies cheered. The video began to show Alpha-Pins on good looking men, with cute Sissies at elegant restaurants, on the street, or in the office noticing their Alpha-Pins, melting on the insides, winking and licking their lips.

“You also get unlimited access to our ‘Find-a-Sissy’ mobile app, 24 hour telephone hotline, an invitation to our annual Sissy-Pull-N-Ooze-A festival, and priority suck-and-fucks for life!” The video screen showed men looking at their phones and finding Sissy-Scouts, calling the hot-line number with rows of Sissies answering the phone, and it showed Alphas and Sissies having fun doing various festival activities at the festival, like the ‘Greased-Sissy’ and the ‘Ass-Eating-Contest’. The scene ended with huge cocks spurting onto open mouthed Sissies, their eyes closed and their faces in ecstasy. “Image the joy and the jealousy from your friends when you invite your own personal Sissy-Scout-Trainee to your next poker-game or football party!”

Another testimonial played. A good looking Alpha-Male sitting on a red, leather chair said, “Even though I have money and a huge cock, I could never get all the sexual release that an Alpha like me requires. And, I got tired of all the hassles of dating, being polite and listening to a woman’s non-stop yapping about her feelings, or how she’s bored and wants to go out all the times. But now, as a Sissy-Scout-Alpha-Male-Sponsor, I train my Sissy-Bitch to do exactly what I want, when I want, and I get to have all the nasty, dirty sex that I need. “Hey, Sissy, stop sucking my cock a minute and go get me another drink!” A sexy Sissy-Scout dressed in a maid’s uniform got up from her knees in front of him, curtsied and said, “Right away, sir!” and went to fetch his drink. “And, when my Sissy-Scout graduates, I know I will be proud of her, and proud

of myself too, for I have trained and released another perfect, cock-pleasing Sissy into my community.”

“If you are a Sissy-Fem-Boi, submissive girl-wanna-be, closet-homosexual, cross-dresser, flaming-faggot, or, if you just want to help end the suffering, we need you most of all!

“You do not need any special skills, good looks or natural ability. You already have the tools you need to succeed; a willing mouth and a warm hole. All you need is the desire to help your fellow man! The Sissy-Scouts will be there to give you moral and financial support. We will train you to be the best!

“You know, deep in your heart, that you will never be an Alpha-Male or be able to please a woman. But, there is still hope! We can transform you from an effeminate beta-boi into a sexy, smoking hot sex machine! A proud, dedicated Sissy-Scout!” Images of Sissy-Scouts putting on their uniforms, adjusting their beret and panties and receiving instructions while jerking and sucking realistic dildos filled the screens.

“Join the Sissy-Scouts today! Make friends! Be pretty! Be desirable! And most of all, help your fellow man!” Another testimonial played. It showed Sissies hugging and kissing each other, jumping up and down and laughing. The camera focused on one of the girls, being hugged by Scouts on either side of her. “I used to be just like many of you,” she said, looking at the camera, “I was a frustrated beta-boi, always horny, with no real friends, and absolutely no sex-life. But, after I became a Sissy-Scout, I have lot of cute Sissy-Friends, and lots, and lots, and lots of sex! My girlfriends and I have so much in common, too!” She thought a moment and added, “Well, mostly cock...,” she thought another moment and said, “Oh! And dressing up and putting on make-up...,” she looked at her friends, and they all said loudly, “too get more cock!” She and her friends laughed. The camera showed them enthusiastically entering a room full of men, shaking their boobs and asses. A lager breasted Sissy-Scout opened up her blouse, and the other two dropped to their knees in front of two standing men. The final images showed a dozen virile men resting contentedly, smiling, with their eyes closed. The screen focused and zoomed in on a smiling Sissy-Scout, proud of her accomplishments. A shining drop of sperm rested on her lip. She licked her lip and it was gone. She winked at the camera. The screen faded to black.

Millie walked back on stage as the lights were turned up. “Hopefully you have learned about us, what we can do for you, and what you can do to help support us with this noble cause.

Communities with active and vibrant Sissy-Scout memberships have reported crimes, such as rape, robbery and violent felonies, down by more than 50%! And, if you watched the Super Bowl last year, you may have noticed our Sissy-Scouts and Glory-Hole trailers were out in force, in both Cleveland and Detroit that night. After the game, there was not a single report of violence, looting or overturned police cars.

“The Sissy-Scouts have been fighting for the freedom of speech, the freedom *to be* sucked and fucked, and the freedom *to* suck and fuck any cock, *anytime and anywhere!* And, the Sissy-Scouts will continue to fight for *you, the Sissies, the Alphas and all men in need!*”

The audience stood and cheered!

“So finally,” she said, to the slowly dying applause, as she was forced to speak louder, “Whether you are an effeminate-beta-boi, Alpha-Male or a just a regular guy needing his cock sucked..., you can help!

“If you still feel hesitant and can’t decide whether to join up as a Sissy or an Alpha today, remember, you can still feed our Sissy-Scouts whenever possible. Or, you can generously donate monetarily, so we can buy much needed items such as condoms, lube, training materials, hormone therapy and plastic surgery.

“Other programs are available too! So on your way out, please ask about our part-time Sissy-For-A-Day programs or volunteer anonymously for our traveling Sissy-Scout-Glory-Hole trailers!

“Thank you for your time.” The audience clapped and cheered, then finally sat down again.

“Now, will our newest, proud, dedicated and fabulous Sissy-Scouts please exit to the right? Pre-Certified Alpha-Sponsors and Potential-Alpha-Sponsors still needing certification (and gentlemen, please remember the seven inch minimum requirement!), exit to the left, please!

“Everyone else, please form two orderly lines to receive your blow-job. A Sissy-Scout will be handing out numbers on either side of the stage. No pushing or fighting gentlemen! The numbers are completely random, pushing your way to the front will not help you to get your balls emptied any sooner!

“After you get your number, please find a seat and enjoy some Sissy-Scout porn while you wait to hear your number called. When you hear your number, go to the right, where a Sissy-Scout will direct you to your private glory-hole stall for your blow-job!”

Millie stayed on stage and did her best to maintain order in the hall. She repeated the instructions over and over, until everyone understood the process.

Lewis and his friends stood up and stretched. More than one had a hard lump in their pants.

“Well, guys. Thanks for coming. I have to go join up now. Richard, good luck being an Alpha! Billy, Stan, Greg, Fred, thanks. You better go get your numbers. I’ll see you next Saturday...” Lewis wondered how he would handle all five of their cocks next week, one at a time, or all at once.

“Lewis,” Billy said. “I’m going to join with you. After watching and listening, I’m convinced that I want to help. I’m such a weak little geek-nerd, with a little cock, I’ve never had a

girlfriend. I might as well become a cute, little Sissy-Cocksucker. At least I'll start having sex with something else besides my hand."

"Me too," said Greg. "My dick is so small; it is no good for pleasing a woman. I figure I can at least learn how to please Alpha-Men. It must be fate or something, because my cock is so small."

"Yeah, I know what you guys mean," said Stan. "Fred and I talked about it during the presentation. We both know we are just beta-bois. We..., well, we have been sucking each other off since we were kids! We are joining up to!" Fred nodded in agreement.

"Lewis," Richard said, touching his friend's shoulder and looking him in the eye, "I'm joining the Sissy-Scouts as well."

"I know, you will make a great Alpha, Richard." Lewis said proudly, choking up a little with the outpouring of love from his best friends.

"No, I'm not going to be an Alpha-Sponsor; I'm going to become a Sissy-Scout, just like you!"

"But., but..." Lewis stuttered. He was confused. Richard had an Alpha-Cock!

It was then Stephanie and Tammie found them still standing in the hall. "Come on Lewis, let's go! We have to get you signed up!" To his friends she said, "Guys, go get a number for your blow-jobs!" The two Scouts were anxious to get everyone processed efficiently.

"Stephanie!" Lewis exclaimed, "All of my friends are going to join the Sissy-Scouts, even Richard!"

"I knew it!" Stephanie said. She said turning to Richard, who was blushing furiously. "You will be a great Sissy-Scout, Richard!"

"But, he has an Alpha-Cock, Stephanie!" Lewis said. "I don't understand!"

"Lewis, don't you remember hearing that 'a Sissy-Scout never discriminates against any race, religion, creed or cock-size?'" she admonished. "That goes both ways, for Alphas *and* Sissies!"

"Lewis knows that he is not a real Alpha-Male. He is just a Sissy with an extra large clit! Just like there are a lot of virile Alpha-Males standing in line over there to get their smaller-sized Alpha-Balls emptied. A big clit doesn't make you an Alpha and a smaller cock doesn't necessarily turn you into a Cock-Sucking-Sissy-Slut!" she said, "But it sure helps!"

"Here, get in close and I'll let you in on a dirty little Sissy-Scout-Secret; the seven-inch cock length requirement we have is just a selfish, arbitrary number we set, so us Sissies can separate the 'men from the boys' or, the 'big-fat-cocks from the thin-little-dicklets! That way us Sissy-Scouts get to suck and fuck a lot of huge cocks with big balls, and big cum-loads!"

“Once you experience a true Alpha-Male with his big, fat, Alpha-Cock, you will know what I’m talking about. And, our Alphas even display their cock credentials on their Alpha-Pins for us! It’s like we have a smorgasbord of fat, Alpha- Cock-Flesh to choose from. It’s a perfect set-up!

“Now, you have to learn how to pleasure those cocks, empty those balls and earn those hot cum-loads!” Stephanie said, “So, let’s go Sissies!”

Lewis was very excited, very horny and very happy that his friends were joining him on his Sissy-Scout journey, but was feeling very apprehensive and nervous as he walked behind Stephanie and Tammie, pausing to admire their asses.

‘Cocks even bigger than Richard’s in his mouth and ass-hole. Was he really about to become as Pretty-Slutty-Sissy-Scout like Stephanie and Tammie?’

Stephanie and Tammie marched the future Sissies into a smaller hall, through some temporary doors on the right of the stage.

The Sissy-Scout induction ceremony was about to begin!

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