

## The Sissy Scouts 4 - The Sissy-Scout Induction Ceremony! (MM, M+M, Sissy)

Summary of previous chapter - Lewis and his friends attended the Sissy-Scouts Regional Recruitment Meeting!

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!

-----

All of the new Sissy-Recruits filed into the room, looking around and feeling nervous. They didn't know what to expect. Uniformed Sissy-Scouts ushered them in and prompting the last few stragglers through the door. It closed with an ominous 'Boom!'

“Welcome to the Sissy-Scout induction ceremony, ladies!” a Senior-Sissy-Scout said loudly. “My name is Ginger. My team and I are here to transform each of you from a weak, submissive beta-boi, into a proud, submissive Sissy-Scout! Before we begin, I want to congratulate each of you for making the brave decision to join the noble and dedicated Sissy-Scouts! Trust me, you will not regret it.

“We will now begin the Sacred-Sissy-Scout induction ceremony. We ask all of you to keep an open mind and do what you are told. Only by following our orders, without hesitation and without questioning our intent, will you become what you so desire; a sexy, voluptuous Sissy-Scout, with the training and skills to service your fellow men!

“Now, what you will be asked to do in this room will not harm you in any way. However, what you learn in this room will stay with you for the rest of your lives, and so will the friendships you will make.

“I need everyone to get in an orderly line at the front of the first table! Once you are there, grab a pen and paper; fill in your contact information, and then sign your Sissy-Pledge document. Make sure you enter your legal name, address and phone numbers so we can contact you. Also, your address will determine the Slut-Squad you will be assigned to!”

The recruits quickly filled in the required information, jostling for position and waiting for the next pink pen and application form to become available.

“All right, ladies, no pushing!” Ginger said. “When you are finished, move to the next table and get a paper bag! Make room for the rest of the Sissies, please!”

At the next table, they were handed a plain, brown-paper grocery-sack and told to write their name on it with a marker.

“All right, ladies, first instruction. Strip! Everything must be taken off, except your underwear. Let’s go! And, if you are ashamed because you are wearing girly, pink panties; that’s OK, I am too!”

The uniformed Sissy-Scouts began to prompt them to take off their clothes. Stephanie walked by and said to them, “Come on, strip! What would you do if an Alpha was here?” Lewis shrugged his shoulders and dropped his pants.

“Put your clothes in the bag, you can pick them up later!” Ginger shouted. Soon everyone was standing in their underwear.

“OK, now drop your underwear and place them on your heads. Now, let’s move it!”

“Naked, wearing underwear on our heads,” Lewis exclaimed, “In front of everyone?”

“This is the first step to become a proud, dedicated Sissy-Scout, ladies,” Ginger said loudly, “If you can’t get naked in front of your fellow Sissy-Scouts, how are you going to do it in front of a virile, demanding Alpha-Male? Come on ladies, strip! We’ve seen dicklets smaller than yours before. My clit is probably smaller than most of yours in the room!

“Yes, this is embarrassing and humiliating! But a Sissy-Scout will often be asked to do embarrassing and humiliating things! It’s all part of the job, ladies!

“Don’t be ashamed if you’re fat or skinny or ugly! The Sissy-Scouts are here to help you be the best Sissy you can be. No judgments! We are all in this together! As long as you have a warm mouth and a hungry ass-hole, you will be just fine.”

Tammie walked by the group and encouraged Lewis and his friends, and those standing around near him. “When you are a true Sissy-Scout, you will often be humiliated by the very men you have pledged to help. You have to learn to be proud of your tiny shriveled clitty, and learn that humiliation is often just another form of flattery!”

With encouragement, everyone finally removed their clothes and put their underwear on their heads. The hall was filled with naked, embarrassed, effeminate-beta-bois. They stood around, looking at each other, smiling at their silliness and stealing glances at each other’s tiny cocks, pale asses and examining the wide variety of effeminate male bodies. Lewis noticed that many already had boners, but some were not wearing anything!

“OK, who is going ‘commando’ today? Anyone without underwear today? Raise your hand!” Ginger ordered.

The Sissy-Scouts were prepared, and quickly handed out extra pairs of boxers or briefs to those who were naked. A few of the ones that received the borrowed skivvies noticed a faint odor and sniffed them, only to find the underwear was *not* fresh.

Lewis looked around the room and saw a dozen or more men were wearing panties on their heads, pink being the pre-dominant color.

Lewis looked at his friends and giggled. “Wow, Greg, your cock is really small!” Greg’s small, uncircumcised dicklet was barley sticking out, maybe an inch, if that. His cock was more foreskin than cock.

Greg laughed. “I told you it was useless! But you have nothing to brag about, Lewis! Besides it is cold in here!” The friends stared sheepishly at each other’s cocks and balls. Stan and Fred sprouted boners. Lewis felt himself stiffening. They glanced at each other, and looked at the other Sissies around the room

“Now, now, don’t we look pretty, ladies? Turn around now show off your pretty bodies to each other. No hiding your junk! Be proud, wave your dicklets, shake your clits and wiggle those asses!”

Some of the braver, flamboyant guys began to prance and dance. Before long everyone was shaking what their mothers gave them.

“OK, time for introductions ladies! Find a fellow Sissy and introduce yourself. No shaking hands! That is what men do! From this point on, you are no longer men! You are Sissies! Since you are no longer men, you no longer have cocks and balls; you only have ‘enlarged clitorises’ and ‘external ovaries!’

“Approach a naked Sissy, state your name, reach out and gently place a finger under his clit or ovaries and jiggle them gently! Use as few or as many fingers as you need to get the job done. As you shake it, you will say to him, ‘Nice clitoris!’, or ‘Love your baby-marbles’, something along those lines. Remember! You are a Sissy, *you do not have cocks and balls*, you only have ‘dicklets’, ‘cockettes’, ‘Sissy-Sacks’, ‘clitorises’, ‘Sissy-Juice-Makers’, ‘oversized clits’, ‘seedless-grapes’, ‘a shriveled peanut’, ‘Sissy-Bumps’ etcetera. Or, if your clit is *really* oversized, you may call it a ‘Sissy-Stick’. Remember! No stroking each other ladies! Now, get busy! Make friends, complement each other and introduce yourselves!”

The roving Sissy-Scouts encouraged the Sissies to get busy and make friends. “Go ahead, introduce yourselves, shake clits and complement each other!”

Lewis immediately walked over to Richard, since he had already touched his ‘clitty’ many times before. He said, “My name is Lewis,” while shaking Richard’s overly-large dicklet, “Nice Sissy-Stick!”

Richard smiled, “Hi, I’m Richard, nice clit!” Lewis felt his friend’s hand touching him. His ‘clitty’ got harder.

Lewis's group of friends introduced themselves to each other. It felt strange to touch his friends' penises, but somehow intimate and very pleasant too.

"Go and meet some other Sissies, ladies," Stephanie told them, seeing them standing grouped together. The friends reluctantly separated and began to introduce themselves to strangers. After touching only two cocks in his life - his own and Richard's - Lewis introduced himself valiantly and touched twenty or more. Some recruits barley touched him but some seemed to really enjoy it.

"Clean-up!" a Sissy-Scout suddenly yelled. An aroused future Sissy had spurted their goo after a too-aggressive introduction.

"I said 'No stroking' ladies!" Ginger yelled.

"Another clean up over here!" someone else shouted.

"OK, enough! Enough introductions! STOP!" Ginger yelled. "This is not a Sissy-Circle-Jerk, bitches!" she added loudly.

The Sissies stopped shaking each other's clitties and stood around sheepishly.

"Anyone else squirt their Sissy-Juice? Anyone..., anyone...? Raise your hands, please! Yes that's right, keep them up! If a Sissy squirted on your hand while you were introducing yourself, please lick it up and don't be selfish! Over there," she pointed, "and over there, there, there, and there! Yes, keep your hands up, no reason to be ashamed, it has happened to better Sissies than yourselves." Then she said, "Scouts, go clean them up!"

A uniformed Sissy-Scout attended to every Sissy that had an 'accident', licking their dicklets clean and stating, "A Sissy-Scout never wastes cum!" A few Sissy-Recruits were looking at their cum-covered hands and had to be encouraged to clean themselves up. Other Sissy-Scouts offered to help, and after every Sissy that needed cleaning was taken care of, the Head-Sissy-Scout spoke again. "OK, ladies, let's move on.

"Now, we know you are no longer men. And, that means you can no longer use a man's name when performing official Sissy-Scout business! If you are in uniform, at a Sissy-Scout function, or providing relief and comfort to any man, you will use your Sissy-Name! Once you grow a set of tits, you will definitely want a girl's name! Now, take a moment and think of a name. Maybe the name you call yourself when your are stroking your tiny clit and imagining you were being bred by an Alpha-Male, or maybe you can take the name of that girl you had a crush on in high-school that wouldn't even look at you, or give you the time of day - or your dog's name, or maybe your mother's name (you sick fucks)! I'll wait for thirty seconds..."

Time passed. The Sissies thought and thought. Lewis had decided right away. 'Wendy' he said to himself, he always liked the name 'Wendy.'

“..., Time’s up! Don’t worry if you couldn’t think of a Sissy-Name. It doesn’t have to be official until you sign your membership card later today and get your photo-ID. Keep working on it! Try different names during this exercise and see how they roll off your tongue. Nothing too complicated or an Alpha-Male will never learn to pronounce it, and you’ll want them to remember your name!

“OK, ladies, we have determined that you are no longer men, you no longer have a cock, and you no longer have a man’s name. However, you do have something that every virile male wants and needs - a pussy! *Yes, you have a pussy!* You are the proud owners of a tight little ‘boi-pussy’, a ‘Sissy-Cunt’, a ‘fuck-hole’ or a ‘cock-cavity’, that needs to be filled and drilled, am I right? Come on, Sissies, help me out here!

“All right, so, for our final introductions, walk up to a fellow sissy, introduce yourself by saying, “Hi, my name is - and tell them your new Sissy-Name - and then ask them politely if they want to see your ‘boi-pussy’, or ‘Sissy-Cunt, or whatever. When they say ‘yes’, you must turn around, bend over, spread your ass cheeks wide, and show them your pussy!”

A few of the Sissies were shocked, but with help from the roving Sissy-Scouts, they quickly understood the reasoning. They had to be able to brazenly present their boi-pussies to any man in need of relief.

“Now, ladies, be proud of your pussies! You must learn to show them off to real men. Make your pussies desirable and available to everyone! Remember why we are here!

“And, when presented with a nice, warm, pussy, the proper response is to poke it with your finger and compliment it, by saying, ‘Nice cunt’, or something along those lines. No one in this room should be grossed out by touching another Sissy’s cunt! You are not being asked to fist them or finger their pussies! Only to compliment and touch, for now. And, if you were out in the real world, you would quickly find a hard cock shoved up your pussy-hole instead of a polite poke by a friendly Sissy-Finger!

“Now, here is the final instruction – when a Sissy presents their pussy to an Alpha, they might be complimented or insulted, so we are going to do both! So, Sissies, when presented with a Sissy-Pussy, you will complement, and then insult them! Like, ‘nice pussy, faggot!’ or ‘nice fuck-hole, cock-sucker’ And Sissies, the reply to a compliment or an insult, unless your mouth is full of cock, is to say, ‘thank you, sir!’

“Got it? I know you Sissies only use your brain cells for cock, so I’ll repeat it one more time! Introduce yourselves, use your Sissy-Name, ask if they want to see your cunt, bend over, spread your cheeks and your partner will ‘poke it’, respond with a complement and then an insult! Then, you thank them.

“Final introductions, let’s go! We have things to do ladies, get moving!”

Lewis looked at the Sissy next to him, and decided to get it over with. “Hi, I’m Wendy; do you want to see my boi-pussy?”

“Yes!”

Lewis bent over and spread his cheeks, waiting nervously. He could feel cool air on his ‘pussy’. Then it came, the gentle touch, prodding and a final ‘poke’. He waited for his partner to speak. Nothing..., the finger stayed on his little rosebud. It pushed and tugged gently.

Lewis turned his head around while keeping his pussy presented, “Compliment, then insult!” he hissed.

“Oh, yeah, sorry!” The intruding finger retreated. “Nice boi-cunt, it’s real tight! Ah..., errr..., faggot!”

Lewis turned around, “Thank you, sir!”

“Now, you do me!” his new friend said. “Hi, I’m Lucy! Do you want to play with my ass-hole? I mean my pussy?”

“Yes.” Lewis dutifully replied.

Lucy bent over and spread her cheeks. Lewis stared at his obviously well-used boi-cunt. He could plainly see his dangling testicles and Sissy-Clit. He reached out and touched it dead center. He realized he could push his finger all the way in, with very little effort. This girl had a very experienced pussy. “Nice cunt, you fucking anal-whore.” Lewis replied, anticipating the insults Lucy would soon be receiving.

“Ooohh!” Lucy groaned in pleasure, both for being touched and for being insulted. Lewis quickly pulled away his finger and Lucy turned to thank him. “Thank you, sir! That was fun! Let’s do it again, but *deeper* this time!” Lucy begged, still presenting her pussy.

“Uh, I think we should introduce ourselves to others, Lucy. See you around.” Lewis introduced himself to quite a few others and touched over a dozen ‘boi-cunts’. An hour ago he couldn’t imagine himself being naked in front of other people, let alone having complete strangers touching his most intimate parts, and then touching them back. Now, it almost felt normal to have someone touch his ‘dicklet’, ‘boi-pussy’, or his ‘dinky-dangling-dingle-berries’.

“Ok, ladies, well done. Now, it is time to graduate! Quit sniffing your fingers and take off your silly underwear hats. Deposit them in the large garbage cans at the next table. If you are already wearing a nice pair of girly-panties, you can keep them if you want, but from this moment on, you will never wear men’s underwear again, unless you wear them on your head!” Lewis and many others laughed. “If you need to, wipe your shitty, little Sissy-Fingers on them before throwing them away!”

The Sissies threw away their underwear after wiping their fingers clean. Lewis now understood why the borrowed underwear had a stale, familiar odor.

“Now, line up for your official Sissy-Scout-Panties! I said ‘LINE-UP’ ladies, not rush the table.”

Lewis/Wendy attempted to get in line, jostling for position. The Sissies were anxious to get their panties and there were a lot of close contact being made. Lewis felt a poke against his ass and turned to find ‘Lucy’ rubbing against him with his hard, little clit.

“Hi Lucy,” Wendy said politely, taking a step away from the very eager Sissy-Scout-Wanna-Be.

“Hi Wendy!” Lucy replied happily, giving Wendy another poke in the rear. Wendy turned and saw pre-cum dripping from Lucy’s hard, little clit. Wendy’s ass felt wet. He stepped away again, doing his best to keep a little distance between himself and Lucy.

Wendy finally arrived at the table. A dozen or more Sissy-Scouts were efficiently measuring the recruits, taking down their names, measurements and handing out pair, after glorious pair of Official-Sissy-Scout pink panties.

An efficient Sissy-Scout quickly measured him, giving him orders such as ‘arms up!’, ‘arms down!’ and ‘chest out!’

“Panty, six! Hat, small!” she yelled. Scouts were grabbing panties and berets off of the shelves and tossing them to the recruits.

“Try them on, quickly!” He was handed a pair of silk panties and a pink beret. The panties were marked with the Sissy-Scout logo in the front, and the words ‘Sissy’ and ‘Scout,’ in fancy script, were adorned on each ass-cheek, with the ‘-’ in the center of the ass-crack.

Lewis put on the panties. They fit perfectly. They were so soft and silky! He felt so pretty! Lewis looked at his beret. Across the top was the word ‘SEAMAN’, in block letters. He wondered what that meant. He tried on the hat, it fit well enough. He nodded. The Scout looked at him, approvingly.

“Next!”

Snapping out of his musings, he quickly walked to the next table before ‘Juicy-Lucy’ could stain the back of his new panties. Lewis adjusted and tucked his dicklet into his panties and tilted his beret. He was so proud of himself. He was an official Sissy-Scout!

After all the new Sissy-Scouts had received their panties and berets they were made to stand shoulder to shoulder facing the front of the small hall.

“Congratulations to our newest Sissy-Scouts, Seaman-Class. You are now official Sissy-Scouts, but, before we can allow you to service any of the virile men you have promised to help, you

must be trained. That is why you are only given the rank of SEAMAN. It is to remind you that while you are still in training, your ultimate goal is to See-Men, Suck-Men and Fuck-Men - to get 'Semen'! However, until you are properly trained, you are limited, as of now, and while in uniform, to only servicing your fellow Sissy-Scouts!"

The recruits responded loudly, "Awwwww!" They were so excited and motivated from the indoctrination session to go out into the world to satisfy all of the horny Alphas-Males!

"Recruits! Order, order! Listen, we cannot allow our good reputation to be tarnished by inexperience Sissies, no matter how enthusiastic they may be!

"Once you have proven yourself able to properly extract 'Semen', under the tutelage of your Sissy-Supervisor, you will be quickly promoted to the rank of 'Able-Seaman' and be allowed to assist your Sailor-Class-Sissy-Scouts in extracting a lot of semen! Your dedication is your only limit!

"After your training is complete, you will have earned the title of Sissy-Scout, Sailor-Class! And if you work hard enough, you can even become a Supervisor, Recruiter or Head-Master (or Master-of-Head), for your entire District or Region! So, stand tall Sissies! But remember that every successful Sissy-Scout at the top began her journey at the bottom, by servicing others on her knees!"

Applause filled the room.

"Slut-Squad-Supervisor Tammie! Front and center! You have been assigned Slut-Squad 67! Now, Seaman-Sissies, when I call your name, yell, "Here, Sissy!" and receive your official Sissy-Scout-Handbook and meet your new Slut-Squad-Supervisor!"

The Head-Master read off over a dozen names of the Seaman-Sissy-Scouts who each yelled 'Here, Sissy!' and walked proudly to the front and received their handbook. They each received a kiss, hug and a grope from both the Master-of-Head and their new Slut-Squad-Supervisor.

Lewis was sad to see Stan and Fred walk to the front. He knew they lived on the other side of town, so he was not surprised. 'I hope Richard is in my Slut-Squad,' he thought. He knew where Richard lived, but wasn't sure how the Sissy-Slut-Squads were delineated.

"Slut-Squat-Supervisor Trixie! Front and center! You have been assigned Slut-Squad 68!" Trixie walked to the front cussing. "Fuck-me-raw! I wanted Slut-Squad 69!"

The Head-Master ignored her outburst and read the names of the Seaman-Scouts assigned to her Slut-Squad. His D&D friend Billy was going to be part of Slut-Squad 68. Lewis was happy that neither Richard nor Greg's name was called.

"Slut-Squat-Supervisor Stephanie! Front and center! You have been assigned the coveted Slut-Squad 69! And, this was just made official; you have recruited the most Alphas *and* Sissies for



our new Sissy-Scout-District-12 and will be representing your illustrious District at this year's Sissy-Pull-N-Ooze-A!" There was loud applause. Lewis and Richard clapped so hard their hands hurt.

"Seaman-Sissies of Slut-Squad 69, when I call your name, yell, "Here, Sissy!" and receive your official Sissy-Scout-Handbook and meet your illustrious Slut-Squad-Supervisor!"

Wendy screamed out "Here Sissy!" and practically ran to the front when they called him. He was so happy to be joining Stephanie's Slut-Squad and knew he was lucky to be assigned to one of the most dedicated and knowledgeable Sissy-Scouts-Supervisors in the entire Region!

"Oh, Stephanie, I'm so happy that I'll be learning how to please Alphas from the very best!"

Stephanie gave Lewis a long, wet kiss and groped his panty-covered ass before sliding a finger along his dicklet and cupping his dingle-berries. "I'm happy too, Wendy. We are going to have so much fun together!" she said, giving him another gentle squeeze for emphasis.

Richard and Greg's name were also called. They grinned at each other goofily, ecstatic to find out they were going to be Sissies together.

However, Wendy was a little apprehensive when 'Juicy-Lucy' also joined his Squad. She tried to kiss and grope all of her new Slut-Squad-Sissies.

"You sure are eager, Jonathan.., I mean Lucy!" Stephanie said, wiping her mouth after his big, sloppy kiss and clumsy groping.

"OK, line up with your Slut-Squad and we will recite the pledge. Open your hand-books to the first page and be ready to reply in unison; but first, for our Sailor-Class-Sissy-Scouts, how do our empty, cum-filled brains remember the Sissy-Scout pledge?"

"Triple I-A, Triple N, Triple Double-U!" The experienced Scouts replied in unison, almost singing.

"I-A?" she asked.

"Is always!" they replied.

"Triple 'N'?" she queried.

"Never!" they shouted.

"Double-U?" she questioned.

"Will!" they screamed.

“Sissies, recite the pledge. Remember, it is your solemn oath to your sisterhood and your sacred vow to all men in distress! Seaman-Class-Sissies, open your books to page one and join us, as we recite the Sissy-Scout-Pledge!

1. A Sissy-Scout is always supportive, slutty and submissive.
2. A Sissy-Scout is always pretty, perfect, promiscuous and prepared.
3. A Sissy-Scout is always thinking, dreaming, craving and worshiping cocks.
4. A Sissy-Scout never says “No”.
5. A Sissy-Scout never wastes cum.
6. A Sissy-Scout never discriminates against any race, religion, creed or cock-size.
7. A Sissy-Scout will receive pleasure from giving pleasure, but always places a real man’s pleasures above her own.
8. A Sissy-Scout will pleasure any man, anytime, anywhere and in anyway necessary, without complaint, for as long as it takes!
9. A Sissy-Scout will always strive to be the best sissy they can be, and become a shining example to cock-worshiping Sissies everywhere!

Without prompting, the experience Sissy-Scouts (Sailor-Class) finished their pledge by chanting, “Suck Sissies Suck! Fuck Sissies Fuck! Suck, Suck, Suck!” (They made hand and mouth motions of sucking cock, with the obligatory tongue-in-cheek, for emphasis), “Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!” They bent over and twerked their asses), “YAY, CUM!” (They all made jacking off motions to their faces, with open mouths, pretending they were being sprayed by spurting cocks).

“Thank you Sissies; you make me proud to be a *member* of such a fine organization that is so good at pleasing male *members!*” The Sissies groaned collectively.

“But, what does our Sissy-Pledge really mean?” she continued, reciting her prepared speech. “We recited it to ourselves every morning and every evening. We start every meeting with it. But do you really understand it? And, if you are a Seaman-Class-Sissy, you will require a deeper understanding of its nuances.

“Simply, it represents our sacred oath and vows - the meaning to our Sissy-Scout-Existence. Let’s look closer at all nine inches, sorry, I misspoke, I mean all nine vows.”

The Sissies chuckled, thoroughly understanding how she could have made such a simple, innocent mistake.

“Rule number one – ‘A Sissy-Scout is always supportive, slutty and submissive.’ It means that us Sissies are there for a man’s mental as well as physical needs. Support him by listening, showing him kindness and pretending to understand him. Sometimes, all it takes is a simple hug, a sensual caress, and a kind comment, like, “You poor baby!” Men don’t want an assertive woman – they want a submissive slut! So *always* be slutty and let him know you are willing and able to take care of his sexual needs. Don’t make him wonder if there is a *chance* you might suck

his dick! Get on your knees and suck it! Real men deserve nothing less. Submissive is obvious. Know your place! He is an Alpha-Male and you are a weak, submissive, beta-boi. The two most used words for a submissive Sissy-Scout is ‘Yes, sir!’

“Rule number two – ‘A Sissy-Scout is always pretty, promiscuous and prepared.’ This means you should always be ‘pretty’ and look your best. How else can you attract more cock? Be ‘promiscuous’ by always making yourself available to any man, and most important of all, be ‘prepared’, by always keeping your Sissy-Sack stocked with whatever you may need, such as lube, condoms, toys, sexy clothes, pharmaceuticals, etc..., and clean yourselves, both inside and out, bathe with scented oils, shave your legs, do your exercises..., you never know what the day may bring!

“Well, I’m being told we that we are running late and falling behind schedule. The real-men are getting anxious and we need every available Scout to help! So, this is your call to Battle-Stations, Sissies, Sailor-Class! To the new recruits, I will let your Sissy-Scout-Supervisors explain the rest of your vows, but remember the most important ones – ‘A Sissy-Scout *never* says ‘No!’ and a Sissy-Scout *never* wastes cum!”

Applause erupted from all of the Sissy-Scouts, both new and seasoned.

“Seaman-Class-Sissies! I give you your final test!”

A curtain to the left of the hall was opened, and a row of glory- holes was displayed. A dozen uniformed Sissy-Scouts were on their knees, servicing the many virile males that were promised blowjobs for attending the event.

“Sissy-Squad 67, booth 13! Squad 68, booth 14! Squad 69, 15!” The glory holes on those booths were efficiently opened by the Slut-Squad-Supervisors. Penises were urgently pushed thru the cushioned, round holes, directed by a Scout on the other side. Each Slut-Squad-Supervisor dropped to her knee-pads and began servicing the horny men on the other side. Helpful Sissy-Scouts made each Seaman-Scout line up behind her own Sissy-Supervisor.

Lewis’ Supervisor, Stephanie quickly had her virile-male-cock rock-hard, sucking and slurping his throbbing shaft. The horny male on the other side of the thin wall had been watching Sissy-Scout-Porn while impatiently waiting for his turn at the glory-hole. He was ready to blow! Stephanie motioned for one of her Seaman-Sissy-Scouts, waving her arm and calling her over, all the while sucking diligently.

“Go!” the Roving-Sissy-Scout ordered, “kneel before his cock, get in real close to your Slut-Squad-Supervisor and see how it is done!”

Richard was first in line and quickly assumed the position, watching Stephanie work. Stephanie sucked and slurped the throbbing male-member then pulled off her lips and said to Richard, “Open your mouth! Get closer!” She jacked and stroked the hard cock until it erupted, spewing

warm, salty sperm all over Richards' face! "Keep your mouth open, Seaman!" she ordered, as the cock continued to spurt its precious load into his mouth and onto his face. Richard was soon covered in warm cum. Stephanie jerked it gently, sucked it a final time lovingly and allowed it to retreat thru the hole. "Welcome to the Sissy-Scouts, Richard," she said, "Don't wipe your face or lick it up, that's a direct order from you Sissy-Supervisor! Next!" she yelled.

Richard was helped up by a Sissy-Scout, Sailor-Class and taken to another station where his picture was taken, his face still covered with fresh dripping cum. "Smile for your Sissy-Scout-Official-Membership-Card, Seaman!" FLASH! Richard signed his membership card with his new, official Sissy-Scout name, 'Tiffany'. He smiled when he finished, and was led away to a row of special, pink glory-hole stations for his own, promised blowjob.

Lewis watched his fellow Seaman being sprayed with cum, but he felt bad, since Stephanie was doing all of the work.

"Can I help you relieve some of these men, Steph? I mean, Slut-Squad-Supervisor- Stephanie?" Lewis asked."It looks like you guys could use really use some help!"

Stephanie continued to stroke the cock in front of her and delayed her answer until the cock in the wall was hard and throbbing. "Seaman-Scout, Lewis, normally we don't allow newly-joined Sissies to suck a real man's cock until they are properly trained. But, I'm here-by giving you a field promotion to 'Able-Seaman!' based upon your past and proven ability to elicit seaman from potential Alpha-Male Richard, and, the fact that you have already earned your 'Sucking-with-a-Sister badge.' Congratulations! Now, get on your knees and suck his balls, Sissy-Scout! That should make things go a little faster! Now, next Seaman-Scout, get in here!"

Lewis dropped to his knees, wearing his pink panties and pink beret with the word 'Seaman' stitched onto his hat. He set his handbook down and leaned in. He licked and sucked and slurped every set of balls that were presented to him thru the Sissy-Scout-Glory-Hole, making room for his Sisters-in-Sperm whenever required. He helped his Sissy-Supervisor coax out every load of warm cum that he could. His Supervisor-Stephanie graciously directed some of each hot load onto his opened mouth and face, sharing the rewards with his fellow Seaman-Class-Sissies. When it was finally his turn for his membership card, his face and beret was covered in thick, white cum. He proudly smiled for his pictures and felt giddy with joy as he signed his membership card, 'Wendy'.

"OK, Sissy-Scout Wendy, come on, let's get you a blow-job! Your little-clitty is leaking 'come-fuck-me-juice' all over your panties!" Lewis, aka Wendy, stood in line with the rest of his Seaman-Class-Scouts. The pink stations were farther away and quite different than the others. A pink curtain blocked the view until they were pulled open and a panty-clad Seaman-Scout was led way. A manicured finger then came thru the hole, signaling the next Sissy. "Next!" A Sissy-Scout would yell. Each Seaman-Scout took their turn, placing their tiny dicklets into the pink glory-hole stations. Pink, panty covered cockettes were presented into the holes, the curtain

drawn, and in a matter of moments, they sprayed their sissy juice onto a fellow Scout's hungry mouth.

Soon, it was Wendy's turn.

"Next!"

"Your name was Lewis, right?" A Sissy-Scout asked him.

"Yes, it was. I'm Wendy now, though." Wendy said.

"That's a nice name," she said. "I have orders to make you wait a while, Seaman-Wendy."

Wendy didn't understand why he was being singled out, but obeyed, waiting patiently.

A dozen Sissies came and left the pink glory-holes. The sperm on his face felt cold as it continued to drip and slowly dry. Finally the Scout-Attendant at the booths waved to the two of them and held up a single finger.

Another curtained opened. "Seaman-Wendy, go to booth number one, please."

Wendy walked quickly, almost running to the first booth. A finger motioned him to the glory-hole. He pulled out his leaking cockette and the curtain closed behind him. A sexy mouth wearing bright-red lipstick appeared at the hole. He pushed his clit closer..., the mouth spoke. "Hi, Lewis, I mean Wendy, it's me, Tammie!"

"Tammie?" Lewis said, bending over and getting his mouth close to cum splattered hole. "What are you doing here?"

"Don't you remember? I said I owed you a blow-job the other day. Now, you can find out if I'm as good as Stephanie!"

"Oh!" said Lewis

"Quick, give me your Sissy-Clit!" she said. "And, sorry I made you wait, Wendy. I had to get my girls pretty for their pictures first!"

Wendy pressed his dicklet up to the hole. "Oh, that is OK, Tammie, I..., uuuuuhhhh....," Wendy had started to explain to Tammie that he didn't mind waiting, when she sucked his clitty deep into her hot mouth. His little baby-dick grew firm as she sucked. He knew he wouldn't last long. He had been aroused ever since he walked into the door. He had seen his fellow Seaman-Scouts naked, touched their clits and pussies, sucked balls and got to see and feel a dozen or more virile, throbbing cocks shooting their thick, hot cum onto his face.

Tammie continued to work on his Sissy-Dick. As he considered the second blow job he had ever received in his life, he noticed the similarities between Stephanie's and Tammie's techniques.

Stephanie used her throat more while Tammie used more tongue. He felt her tongue pushing into his piss-hole and then wrapping it around his flared head. He was about to shoot. “Mmmmm! I’m coming,” he said.

Tammie sucked him into her mouth and licked and slurped. “Uhhh!” Wendy grunted and blasted Sissy-Juice forcefully into Tammie’s mouth. His knees grew weak and he blasted again and again, until he was spent.

He pulled his cockette away and bent over once again, speaking into the glory-hole. “Thank you, Tammie. I loved your tongue! I think you and Steph are tied for giving the best blow-job!”

“Thanks, Wendy!” Tammie said, “But we are not finished yet! Give me your clitty again!” she ordered.

Lewis pushed his crotch into the glory-hole again. Tammie’s tongue and sucking mouth soon cleaned up any stray, oozing cum. Then, he felt an ice-cold rag wiping him clean. He even felt ice crystals on it! His Sissy-Parts quickly shriveled quickly as invisible hands cleaned his cock and ball, or clits an external ovaries, as he now thought of them.

“Small!” He heard Tammie say. Suddenly, the cold was replaced by something hard and just as cold. Whatever it was encircled his shrunken, little ‘twig and berries.’

“Click!”

Wendy pulled away and found her Sissy-Bumps were encased by a pretty, pink chastity cage! Her little marbles were wrapped by a ring, and her clit was inside of a small, dick-shaped tube with a piss-slit opening at the top. A small brass lock kept it secured.

“We are still not done, Wendy,” Tammie said. “Grab those bars and present your pussy up tight to the hole! If you don’t do what I tell you, you will be paddled hard like a naughty, little girl!”

Feeling very apprehensive, Wendy pushed her ass and boi-pussy to the hole. Seeing the handles on both sides of the walls, she grabbed onto them. She felt her ass cheeks being spread apart and then a cold, slippery finger began to invade her pussy. She pushed back against the invader as it wiggled and slipped into his Sissy-Hole. It finally retreated.

“Extra-Small.” He heard Tammie say.

He started to pull away. “Keep your pussy presented Seaman-Scout, and push up against the hole again!”

Wendy put her pussy back up to the glory-hole and pushed just like she was told. She again felt her cheeks being pulled apart. She felt another slippery poke against her boi-cunt, then, “Owww!” she cried. Something had been quickly shoved right up into her ass-pussy! Her sphincter gripped it firmly and held it in place.

“That is your Sissy-Pussy-Plug, Scout. Keep it inside you as long as you can. Trust me; it is for your own good. Now, pull up your panties and go!”

“Next!”

Wendy wiggled her ass as she walked, feeling the invading plug firmly lodged into her cunt. Now she recalled the many Seaman-Scouts who walked the exact same way, picking at their ass-crack as they were leaving the pink glory holes.

Wendy soon found his group of Sissy-Scouts in the nearly empty auditorium. He joined his assigned Slut-Squad after noticing Richards’s tall profile in the distance.

“OK, Wendy is here now, we can get started,” Supervisor-Stephanie said. “Listen up, Seaman-Sissy-Scouts!” Her squad gathered around their Slut-Squad-Supervisor.

“First of all, I want to congratulate you on becoming Official-Sissy-Scouts! I am very proud of all of you, and so happy to have all of you in my Squad. My goal is to make Sissy-Scout-Slut-Squad #69 the best damn bunch of Sissy-Sluts in the Region!” A few of the Seaman clapped.

“You all still have your Sissy-Scout-Handbooks, right?” she asked. Everyone nodded.

“Mine has cum on it!” Lucy cried. Lewis looked at his own completely slime-covered handbook.

“Most of them do, Lucy,” her Supervisor said. “And, if they don’t now, they will soon. My address and phone number are listed inside the front cover. Your first Slut-Squad-Session is Monday at 6:00PM, come early if you want to. We will meet every night for the next few weeks until I turn you bunch of sissy-boys into full blown, cock-sucking Sissy-Scouts! My mission is to get you trained and productive as soon as possible - no excuses!

“Lesson one - read your Sissy-Handbook! Read it every spare moment – it contains everything you need to know to become the best Sissy-Scout you can be! I expect you to be familiar with it and be ready to ask me any questions you might have. Your first homework assignment is to memorize the Sissy-Scout-Pledge before the next Slut-Squad-Session!

“Lesson two - your Sissy-Clitty-Cage is there to keep you from playing with your little clitties until you are trained! You can’t concentrate on your lessons if you are always rubbing your little Sissy-Bumps trying to dibble out your pathetic Sissy-Juice! When you can recite the entire Sissy-Pledge from memory, the cage will come off during our meetings, and you will be able to properly ‘play’ with your Sissy-Slut-Squad-Seamen. Now, no Sissy-Gasms until our meeting nights; or I’ll paddle your faggot asses! Everyone, got that?”

Most of her Scouts made sounds or grunts of agreement. “Sissies!” Stephanie scolded. “The correct response is ‘Yes, Sissy-Supervisor!’ Let’s try it again. No Sissy-Gasms or you will be punished! Got it?”

“Yes, Sissy-Supervisor!” they all shouted.

“Lesson three - your Sissy-Pussy-Plugs are to remain inside of you whenever possible! Most of you will need to be stretched-out before you can truly provide the relief our Alphas need; well, comfortably anyway!

“You will be meeting your Alpha-Sponsors sooner than I’d like – we are still working out the dates - so we need to make sure your tight, little pussies are good and loose and ready for Alpha-Cock! Except you, of course, Lucy.”

Lucy blushed. She was already wearing an ‘extra-large’ Sissy-Pussy-Plug.

“Here is a present for each of you.” Stephanie opened a huge bag and began handing out large, pink purses. Each had a name tag hanging from it. She quickly passed them out to her Slut-Squad, calling each of their names one by one.

“This is your Official-Sissy-Scout-Sissy-Sack; inside is a make-up kit, a starter dildo, a collapsible anal douche, a bottle of lube and some larger Pussy-Plugs.

“Besides memorizing the pledge, your homework is to read the Sissy-Hand-Job, I mean Sissy-Hand-*Book* through the second chapter! You will be held accountable for the rules in the prologue on Sissy-Scout-Protocol, and Chapter One covers ‘Sissy-Scout-Appearance’ on make-up, and how to act slutty and stuff. Definitely focus on Chapter Two – ‘Cock-Sucking’ - and even Chapter Three – ‘Ass-Fucking’, if you are really motivated - but we will cover those three chapter extensively in our first couple of meetings; they are probably the most important pages of the Sissy-Scout-Hand-Book.

“And, start practicing with your dildos diligently! That cock should be your best friend - never leave home without it! If you are not shoving food in your mouth, that dildo ought to be shoved in it at well! Same goes with your ass! And, by the way, quit shoving food in your mouth-holes! You are all on a strict diet starting now! You have to look sexy, thin and weak for your Alphas!

“Finally, I expect everyone to be wearing their biggest Sissy-Pussy-Plug within the week - or sooner! No excuses!

“Ok Everyone move in close together and join arms.” Sissy-Supervisor Stephanie ordered, “Tighter!” she instructed. Then, she whispered to the group, locked arm and arm together, bent over at the waist with their heads close together. “Look at each other’s cum covered faces.” They did. They were close enough to smell the ammonia-like scent of stale, drying cum.

“Each of us is your Slut-Squad-Sister. We will grow together, train together, suck and fuck together. The Sissies you are looking at right now will become your best friends for the rest of your lives. Friends hug and Sissy-Sisters kiss. Now, I want to say hello to each of your Sisters,



tell them your Sissy-Name, and kiss each of your Slut-Sisters on the lips and give them a friendly grope.”

The all stood around nervously, so, Wendy decided to go first. He turned to Richard and said, “Hi, I’m Wendy.”

“Hi, I’m Tiffany.”

Wendy smiled and kissed Tiffany hesitantly. She tasted like cum. The two friends caressed each other’s Sissy-Bumps.

After Wendy broke the ice, the rest of the Scouts quickly did the same.

“Hi, I’m Lucy!” Lucy said to Wendy. After hearing her name, Lucy kissed Wendy ferociously with opened mouth and tongue. Wendy kissed back, politely, and then had to push her away, trying to be gentle. ‘Lucy has a lot of enthusiasm,’ he thought.

They quickly finished. Wendy learned that Greg’s Sissy-Name was ‘Tina’. He did his best to remember everyone’s name. Most of the faces he recognized from the earlier sessions. ‘Tracy’, he recalled had a clitty smaller than Tina’s, but she did have a very pretty, pink boi-pussy.

“OK, time for our final introductions. We Sissies have to watch out for each other. And, we have to look our best to get more cock. So, sometimes a Sissy-Scout will not notice a stray pearl of cum on her face. A helpful Sissy-Sister will point that out for her. So, come up to each of your Slut-Sisters and say, ‘Hi, (say their name), you have some cum on your face, let me get it for you,’ and then lick some cum off of her face. If the cum has already dried, you may have to lick a little harder, but, it is the least we can do for our Sisters!”

“I got dibs on Wendy!” Lucy shouted. She knew that Wendy’s face was absolutely covered in cum.

“Lucy, Lucy, Lucy,” Stephanie said, like a mother disappointed with her selfish child, “We all have to share. Make sure you leave some for the rest of us, OK? And, this is important, leave the cum stains on your Sissy-Berets; un-touched and un-sucked! I’ll explain later. Now, get busy, Sisters!”

They quickly began, and, as promised, Lucy made sure she was directly in front of Wendy. “Hi, Wendy, you have some cum on your face, let me get it for you!” Lucy began licking Wendy’s face enthusiastically. Again, Wendy had to push her away, watching Lucy’s tongue wiggling ferociously as she disengaged from her admirer.

“Stephanie said to save some for the rest of the girls, Lucy!” Wendy admonished.

Wendy again said hello to his fellow Sissy-Scouts, licked up some cum and had his face cleaned. He only needed help with a few of his fellow Sissy names.

Finally, he came up to Stephanie and said, “Hi, Stephanie, you have some cum on your face, let me get it for you.” He gently licked Stephanie’s lips. “Thank you for everything, Stephanie.”

“You are welcome, Wendy.” Stephanie said, cupping his Sissy-Bits and grabbing his ass.

“OK, ladies, before I let you go out into the world as our newest, and proudest, Sissy-Scouts; I have to remind you to pay for membership dues and your Official-Sissy-Scout-Uniforms – they should be ready for you by then, at our next meeting. If you have any concerns about the cost, call me and we will make special arrangements! No excuses for not showing up for your Sissy-Scout-Slut-Session!

“And, no more haircuts! Cancel any appointments you may have. We have specialist to take care of your hair, whether long or short, but, most Alphas like nice long hair they can grab on to!

“Oh! And, you can wash out your panties – I expect you to buy a lot more - but not your Sissy-Scout-Berets! Like I alluded to before, the cum stains on your beret are the marks of success and symbolize a badge of honor for a Seaman-Class-Sissy-Scout. The smell and platters are to be left there to remind you of your ultimate goal; “See-men, Suck-men and Fuck-men to get..., what?” she asked loudly.

“SEMEN!” they all cried.

“OK, final lesson - does anyone know the Secret-Sissy-Scout-Sign and the Sissy-Salute?” she asked her Slut.

“No, Sissy-Supervisor,” one Sissy said.

“It looks like a two fingered salute, Sissy-Supervisor. I saw a few of you doing it,” Wendy interjected.

“Yeah, it looks like a peace-sign, right?” Tiffany said, then added, “Sissy-Supervisor.”

“That is was most people think, but, before I show you, everyone must take a solemn vow never to share this secret with anyone. And I mean *anyone – even Alphas!* Does everyone agree?”

After a short pause, most of them yelled, “Yes, Sissy-Supervisor!” They were excited to learn the Sissy-Scout-Secret-Sign. It felt so naughty to keep a secret from an Alpha-Male!

“OK,” Stephanie said, “Repeat after me;

“I, ‘*State your Sissy-Name,*’ do solemnly swear,” The sissies all repeated her words, with few having to restate their names after stupidly saying ‘*State your Sissy-Name,*’ they were so nervous!

“To zip my lips and cross my Tits!” Stephanie made motions of zipping up her lip and made an ‘X’ with her index finger between her large, beautiful breasts. Her Slut repeated her words and motions.

“And if I should ever gossip and slip, (ssssshhhh!)” Stephanie put a single finger against her lip, made the ‘shush’ sound and lowered her voice.

“The secret of the finger-tips,” Then she held up another finger like a ‘V’ or peace sign, and slowly and subtly extended her thumb between her spread fingers, making the Sacred-Secret-Sissy-Scout-Sign!

Her voice then grew low and ominous;

“Then beat my ass with sticks and whips,” She smacked her ass, hard. The sissies repeated her actions (some liked it very much).

“And bind my clit with ropes and zips,” She made circling and tying motions and around her boi-clitty, pretending to wince in pain.

“And pound my pussy until it rips!” She made a fist and struck her ass repeatedly,

“And never again to wiggle my hips,” She shook her ass.

“Or entice and Alpha with my tiny tips,” She wiggled her tits after pinching her hard little nipples.

“And never have a fat shaft to grip,” She pretended to grip and stroke a fat shaft and then opened her hand, to show it was empty.

“Or enjoy another between my lips” She clamped her mouth shut and shook her head silently, signaling ‘No.’

“To this I solemnly swear, so help me cock.”

“So help me cock,” all the sissies repeated softly and solemnly.

Stephane held up her two fingers again, like a peace sign, and put her thumb through the base.

“Do what I do.” Her Scouts imitated her. “Does anyone know what this represents?” she asked looking around, displaying her two fingers upright, like a peace-sign, spread with her thumb poking between her fingers.

“No.”

“A bunny?”

“A piece of ass, instead of a peace sign?”

“Legs up in the air?”

“You are getting close...,” she said. “Ok, now everyone turn your hand upside down. Now what does it look like? She turned her hand over and held it out for everyone to see. It looked exactly like a pair of legs - and the thumb, extending thru the base – represented a huge, hard cock!

“It looks like a pair of legs and a cock!” Wendy exclaimed, then added, “Sissy-Supervisor-Stephanie.”

“Exactly!” Stephanie said proudly. “Salute by putting out your right arm straight out from your shoulders. Bend your arm at the elbow and put the sign above your right eyebrow at an angle. Then, snap your arm downward, briefly showing the special secret of the Sissy-Sign.”

She lowered her voice again. “This Sissy-Secret is only known to Official-Sissy-Scouts, and I’m happy to share it with you, but, there is one more secret...”

“You can use the Sissy-Scout-Sign to privately tell your Sisters about a man’s cock size!”

Stephanie pretended to look at her fingernails and subtly made the Sissy-Sign for everyone to see. Then, she pushed her thumb through her fingers deeply. “Big cock...,” she instructed and then retreated her thumb until only the tip was showing, “Little cock...,”

There were a few giggles.

“Remember, it’s all about the cock, Sisters! Go get dressed, but keep the grocery bag with your name on it to carry your Sissy-Stuff!

“I *strongly* advise you,” she glanced at Lucy, “No, change that. I *order* you to put your Sissy-Beret and Sissy-Sack in the bag before you leave here! I don’t want any Alpha-Males to mistake you for Seasoned-Sissy-Scouts; you are not ready yet! You cannot wear any part of your uniform in public unless accompanied by a Sissy-Supervisor - until graduation, except your panties of course. Under punishment of a severe paddling. Got it?”

“Yes!” a couple Sissies shouted.

“Yep!” another said.

“Yes, Sissy-Supervisor Stephanie!” Wendy yelled. The rest of the girls, realizing their mistake, yelled out the proper response too.

“And, no Sissy-Gasms!” she added, “Save yourselves for the meeting, or else! See you on Monday, Sissy-Sluts!” Stephanie turned and walked away, her cute ass wiggling.

The newest Sissy-Scouts began to get dressed, and once again pretending to be men.

“Wow,” Richard said, “I can’t believe we are Official-Sissy-Scouts, Lewis.” He pulled his jeans up over his pink panties. The lump made by the chastity cage was prominent.

“Me neither! I can’t wait to get home and start practicing!” Lewis said. He looked down and noticed that his Clitty-Cage barley caused a dent in his jeans. The Sissy-Pussy-Plug felt comfortable now. He clenched his pussy tightly. ‘I think I’m ready to try the next size already!’ he thought.

“Hey, let’s call Fred, Stan and Billy,” Greg said, “It’s still early; maybe we can practice for a while and still have time to play D&D!” Greg said.

“Great idea!” said Richard. “We can practice putting on make-up and sucking cock!”

“Too bad we have these Sissy-Clitty-Cages on, or we could practice on some real cocks!” said Greg.

“You mean, practice on our ‘dicklets’ don’t you,” Lewis corrected him.

“Yeah,” Greg said, “I meant we could practice on our ‘shriveled-up-salted-peanuts.’” He grinned.

“Our limp-little-lady-bits,” Richard added.

“My favorite is ‘Sissy-Stick,’” said Lewis.

“I like ‘seedless-grapes,’” Greg said.

“I like *your* ‘tiny-seedless-grapes,’” Richard said to his friend. “Your ‘twig-and-berries’ look yummy, too!”

Greg laughed. Richard grinned.

“Oh, boy! I can’t wait until we get out of our Sissy-Clitty-Cages, ladies,” Lewis said, giving a Sissy-Scout-Salute. “We are going to have fun!”

© Copyright Undeniable Urges, 2015 - 2021. Unauthorized use and/or duplication of this material without express and written permission from the author is strictly prohibited. Excerpts and links may be used, provided that full and clear credit is given to Undeniable Urges, with appropriate and specific direction to the original content.