

# SISSY SCHOOL SPIRIT



So, you know, I want to try this new Flash brand of cosmetics, but they are soooo pricey.

Uh oh, looks like your 'shadow' wants to talk to you.

Tell me about it. But they have all these fun colors.

Hi, Jennifer. I was wondering if maybe you'd kind of like to let me walk you home again today.



Hello, MATHEW. I guess that'd be okay.

Actually, it's PATRICK. Remember?

Whatever.

But we have to stop at the drug-store.

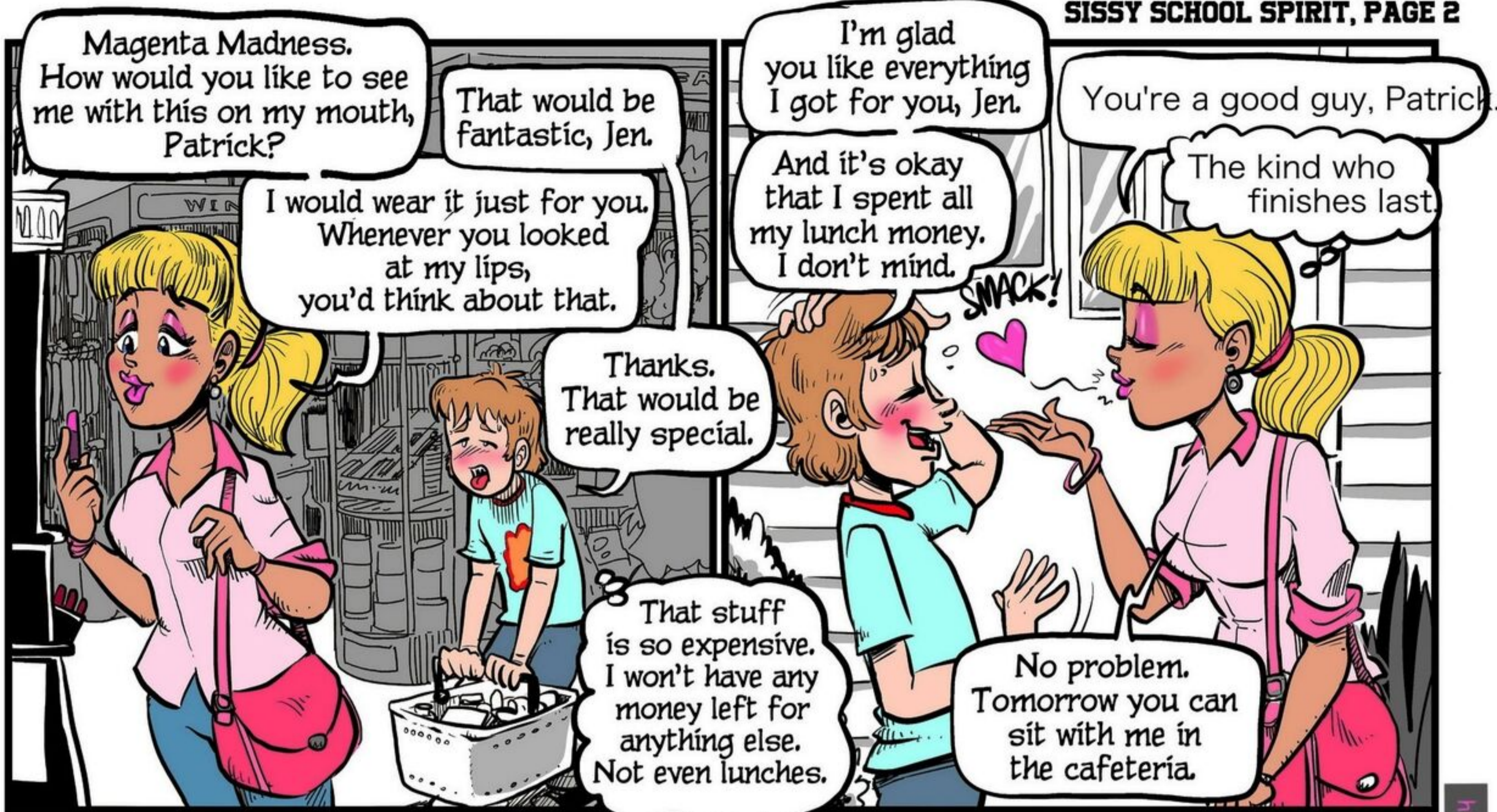
I think she really likes me. Maybe she'll be my girlfriend.

Why do you let that dweeb follow you around?

Here he comes. Little Wimp Boy.

I don't know. He's so stupid that it's funny. Seems to think I'm attracted to him. Ha!

Little Mister Deep Pockets.



Magenta Madness. How would you like to see me with this on my mouth, Patrick?

That would be fantastic, Jen.

I'm glad you like everything I got for you, Jen.

You're a good guy, Patrick.

I would wear it just for you. Whenever you looked at my lips, you'd think about that.

And it's okay that I spent all my lunch money. I don't mind.

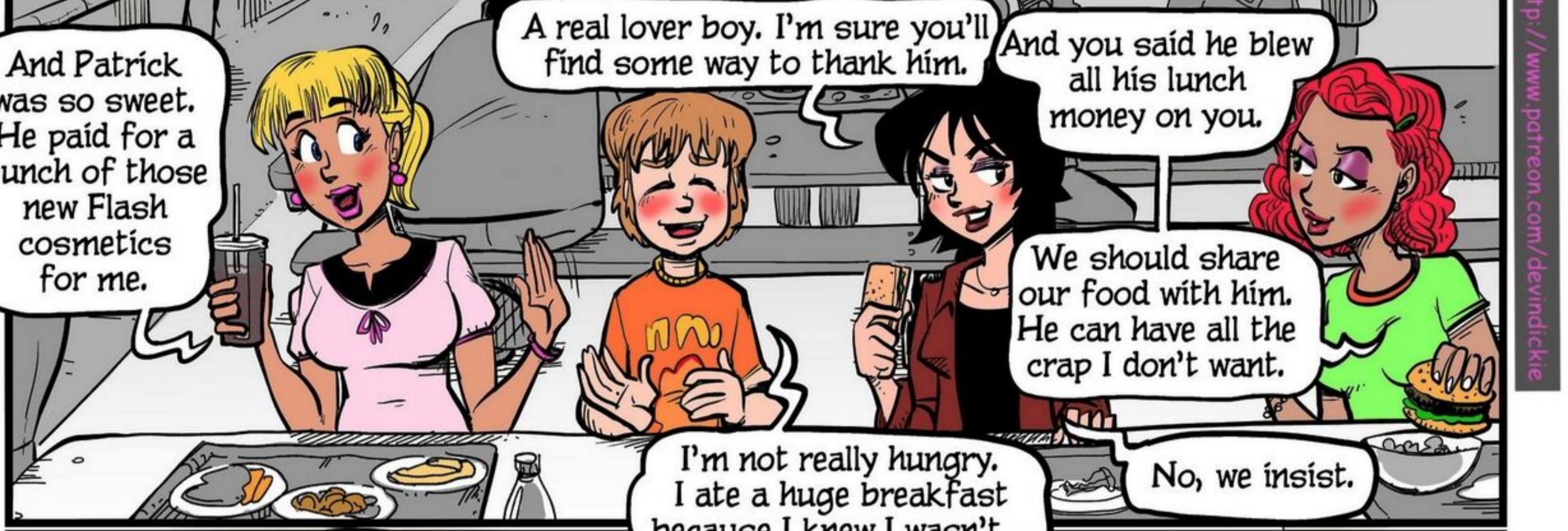
The kind who finishes last.

Thanks. That would be really special.

SMACK!

That stuff is so expensive. I won't have any money left for anything else. Not even lunches.

No problem. Tomorrow you can sit with me in the cafeteria.



And Patrick was so sweet. He paid for a bunch of those new Flash cosmetics for me.

A real lover boy. I'm sure you'll find some way to thank him.

And you said he blew all his lunch money on you.

We should share our food with him. He can have all the crap I don't want.

I'm not really hungry. I ate a huge breakfast because I knew I wasn't...

No, we insist.



I can't believe Ginny is going to miss our first cheerleader practice today.

It'd be terrific if we could get somebody to fill in for her.

Um, I don't think I'm allowed in there.

Nonsense. When you're with us you're just one of the girls.

I'm sure Patrick would be happy to do it. In fact, he's the perfect size for her uniform. Short and petite.

I don't think I'd be comfortable if I...

Then it's settled. "Patty" will meet us at the gym entrance after the last class.

We'll take good care of you.

Yeah, we'll take REAL good care of you.

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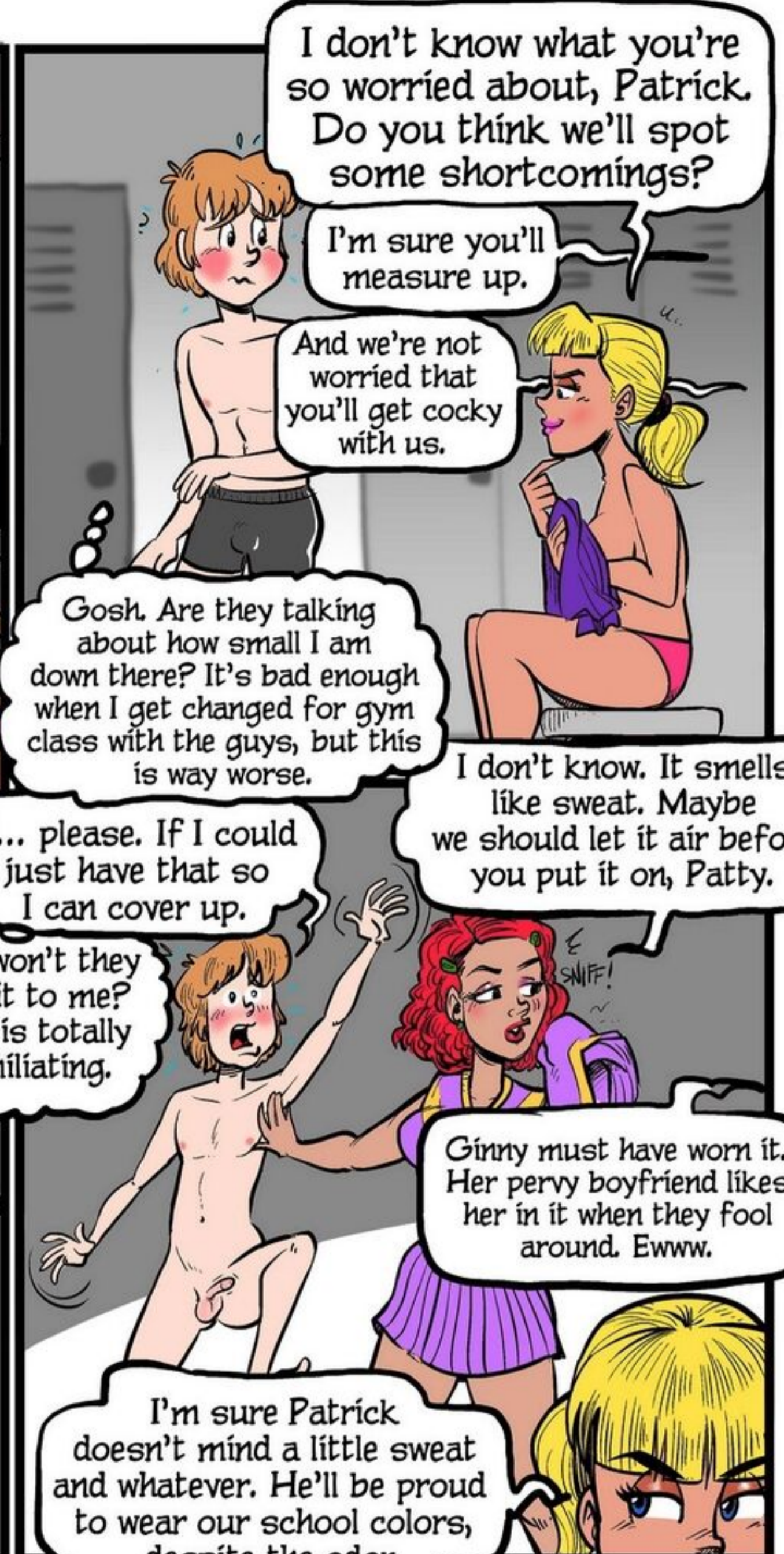
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I can't undress. All those girls will see me... bare.

Don't be silly, 'PATTY'. Most guys would jump at the chance to get naked in a room full of girls while they change.

You were right, Jen. Ginny's uniform will be a perfect fit for our little "PATRICK-BOY".



I don't know what you're so worried about, Patrick. Do you think we'll spot some shortcomings?

I'm sure you'll measure up.

And we're not worried that you'll get cocky with us.

Gosh. Are they talking about how small I am down there? It's bad enough when I get changed for gym class with the guys, but this is way worse.

P... please. If I could just have that so I can cover up.

Why won't they give it to me? This is totally humiliating.

I don't know. It smells like sweat. Maybe we should let it air before you put it on, Patty.

Soon to be Patty-Gurl. Heh, heh.

This is awful. I should refuse but I don't want to upset Jennifer. After all, she might be my steady girlfriend soon.

Ginny must have worn it. Her pervy boyfriend likes her in it when they fool around. Ewww.

I'm sure Patrick doesn't mind a little sweat and whatever. He'll be proud to wear our school colors, despite the odor.



Patrick can't help hearing the girls as they whisper comments and giggle.

Just let me fix your hair, "Patty", to go with what you'll be wearing. It won't be too extreme, so nobody will mistake you for a girl.

Look at that tiny thing.

Barely there.

Heh, heh.

Like a dick, but much smaller.

Tee hee.

No one could EVER think Patrick here, isn't a guy.



I don't think this is necessary. Couldn't I just fill in Ginny's spot in my own clothes?

Listen, Patty, I'm getting tired of your whiney attitude. If you can't join in and help out without a lot of bitching, maybe I mistook you for somebody who cares about my feelings.

No, no. I'm sorry. I just...

Alright. Apology accepted. But don't try to give me guilt. I've been nice up until now, but you shouldn't try my patience.

Whatever I say seems to be wrong. And now she's irritated. I'll wait a while longer and THEN I'll stand up to her... I think.

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**SISSY SCHOOL SPIRIT, PAGE 4**



Let's go, girl. First you have to limber up. Bend down and touch your toes. Or at least try to.

I'll -- ugh -- try. But the other girls... I mean the girls... aren't doing this.

Are you questioning me?

No. Sorry. I spoke without thinking.

That's right. You did. So from now on just do what I tell you.



Keep moving, "Patty"!!! You have to be able to keep up. I want you limber enough to do at least a few basic cheers.

Yes, Ma'am. I'll -- ouch -- do my best.

Why do I have to do all this if I'm only filling in for Ginny for today? Why is Jennifer being so mean to me? I just want to be close to her.



Okay, Patty-Cakes. Let's see you shake what you've got. I expect to see plenty of hip action. And a big smile at all times.

Yes, Jen. I'll do it. (pant, pant) Just give me a chance.

Looks like we've got company, Jen.



Hey, girl. Heard you raising your voice a little and wanted to make sure everything's okay.

Hello, Darius. My sissy cheerleader is having trouble following instructions. He needs something to motivate him.

Not right now. Maybe later, if he doesn't behave like a good girl.

I can motivate his ass. How about if I take him outside and slap him around some?

You just call me and I'll smack him inside out.

Maybe I'll call you even if I don't need him smacked.

What is she saying? If I could just get my pants back...



Patty... or should I call you PANSY?!.. Get down on the floor. Nose to the tiles. That'll help you stretch your back muscles.

Yeah, PANSY-CAKES. You look real natural down there. Better hope some horny guy don't see you.

Or maybe that's just what the wuss wants.

Whatever. Right now I'm all about you. We should get together. Tonight would be good.

Real good, Darius. Meanwhile, I'm going to give our new cheerleader a hard workout.

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The next day.

But why did I have to put this on again? Everybody can see me.

I told you, dummy. The game against Clanton is two days away. This is the perfect thing to build school spirit.

The skirt is so tiny. Everybody can see underneath when I bend or stoop or anything.

So, you don't want your baby-sized dick shown off? Let me take a few pictures of it and I'll keep them for an insurance plan...

You mean dressed like this? With Darius and the other players? That might not work out well.

It'll be interesting to see what develops. Now play with your little wee wee for the camera, Patty!. I want some really nasty shots, in case you force me to send them to some people who know you.

and Patrick, in case you try to give me backtalk or get out of wearing that lovely uniform for the rest of today and all of tomorrow.

And then we'll take you with us to the game. I'm sure the players could use a few good laughs on the Pep Rally Bus.

What? No. You wouldn't. Would you?

NO! Not that. Please.

What can I do to make her respect me? To win her back?

Get real, "Patricia". This is entertaining for me. Just watching you squirm is getting me all hot. That should make Darius happy. It certainly did last night.

Boo hoo. Be glad I let you wear something under it. Or would you rather everyone could get a look at your pee wee, puny, pink prick?

So we'll bring my sissy cheerleader on the bus with the team?

You saw DARIUS last night? And you...?

We screwed like a couple of wild animals.

Sounds good. Maybe the brothers can school her some. Teach her to be a proper bitch.

Are you kidding? He's hung like a stallion.

Not like a sissy, the way you are.

But I thought you... liked me.

You? Yeah, right.

I can't wait. After you let him out of his locker, I'll make the dinky-dick parade around some more so everybody can see what a pussy he is.

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Game Day.

Move that tight butt, girl. Bet you looking forward to riding with all us real men.

Um, uh. Yes, Sir.

Name's Joker. What's yours?

They've been calling me... Patti-cakes.

Why is he touching me like that? I hope that's all he's going to do.

Sissy like you got to be loving a nice fat black dick like this. Right?

Not... I mean... I don't...

So put your hand on it. Stroke it slow and watch it grow.

I'd better play along, just for a minute or so.

Look what you went and did, white girl. You got me all stiff. What you going to do about that, Patti?

Mr. Joker, I don't know what you want me to...

What you think I want, dummy? Open that queer whiteboy mouth and get busy sucking.

With my mouth?

No, with your nose. Of course, your little white mouth, fool.

Mmuu. Guh. Gluh.

You play all shy, girl, but I think you going to drain me like a cheap slut do. Right?

This can't be happening. And other players are watching. And cheerleaders. Noooo!

Take more of my big black cock. Use that tongue. Make me bust a nut.

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Sounds like our Patti-gurl is getting his first mouthful of cock.

Sure is. Joker taking good care of that girl. Teach him how to do it right.

That's it, you pussy-mouth ho-face.

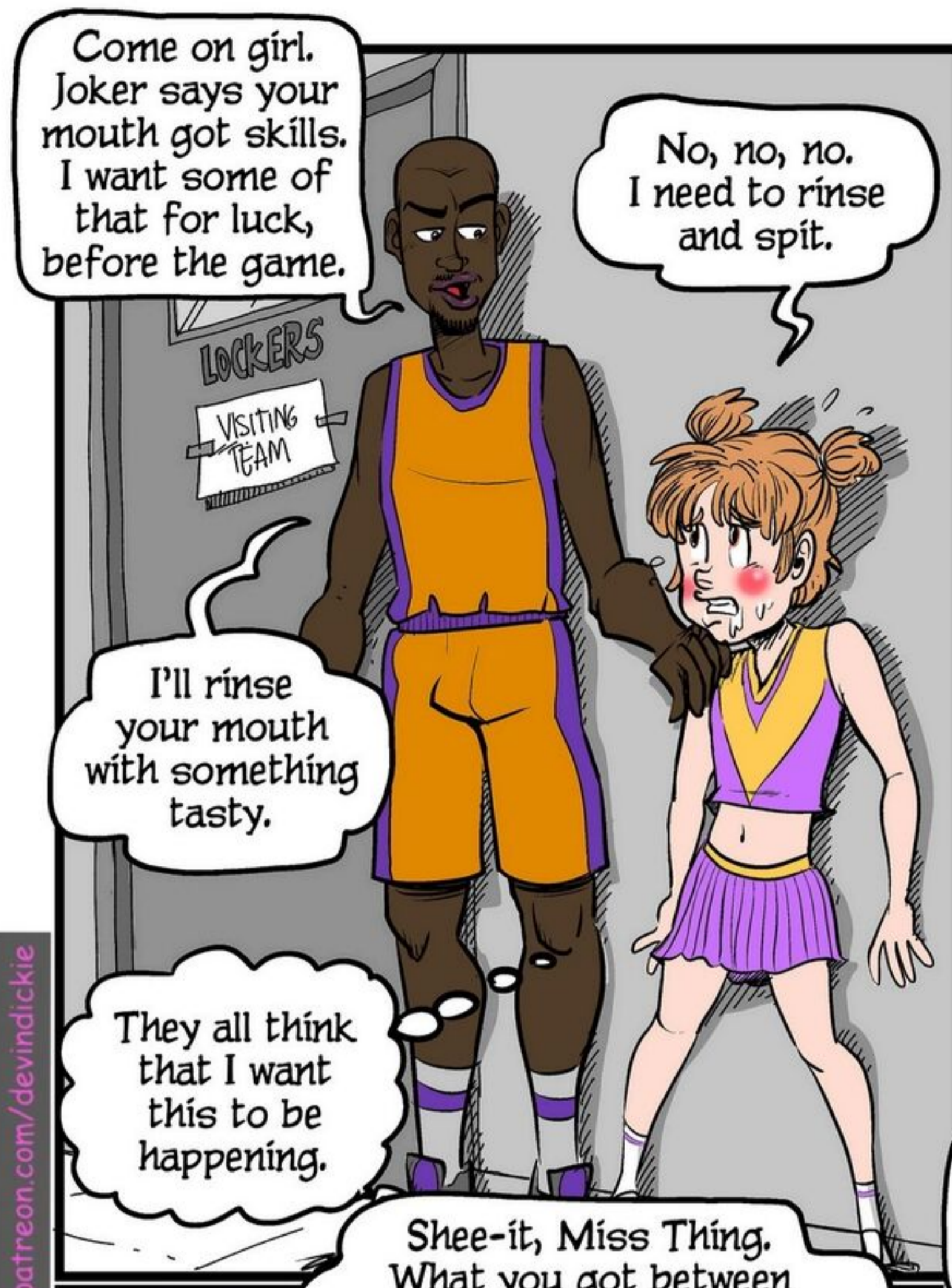
I'm gonna... **JEEZ...**

blow my...

**F\*CK...**  
load!

Glub.

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Come on girl. Joker says your mouth got skills. I want some of that for luck, before the game.

No, no, no. I need to rinse and spit.

I'll rinse your mouth with something tasty.

They all think that I want this to be happening.

Shee-it, Miss Thing. What you got between your legs ain't no man-dick. More like what a girl have down there. Just a clit-dick.

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Yo, Stash buddy. You going to share that girly-boy?

Now lick that scuzz off your lips and listen up. You going down on your knees and doing something real nice for me. So we can be friends. So I won't have to smack you around and leave bruises and stuff.

Y... Yes, Mr. Stash, Sir. P... please don't hit me.

I don't want to hit you, cause you so frail looking and delicate and all. You just like some confused white girl that needs a strong man to help her along. Now get out of them clothes.



You grab hold my Johnson and feel the difference.

I feel it. Yours is... ginormous. May I please let go now?

You can let go. And then get on your knees and show me what that mouth can do.



Mff. Guh. (suck. slurp. lick.)

This is it! Going to spray your tonsils, bitch boy. Going to... **WHOA!**

Almost game time.

**SISSY SCHOOL SPIRIT, PAGE 8**



OMG, everybody can tell I'm a guy. And some of them are taking pictures.

Lift those legs, sissy. Shake that white little butt. Make pretty faces for all the guys.

At least our team is winning. Maybe that'll take attention away from me.

During a break, Patrick is given a tray of orange slices to offer to the opposing team.

Would you like an orange slice, Sir? For energy?

Yeah? And what am I going to do with any extra energy I still got after the game?

You got any suggestions, pinky?

I have to go home with my team.

We see about that when the time comes.



The visiting team wins and they return to the locker room... with Patrick.

Look at the way she twitches around when I diddle her nipples through her uniform.

Your bottom so soft and white, like a marshmallow, girl.

Must really like me doing that.

Look at how my dark dong be stretching them sissy lips. And how she pretending she don't want to be doing it.

Yo, where's my man Darius?

Please, leave me alone.

The game's over.

We have to leave now.

No hurry, bitch.

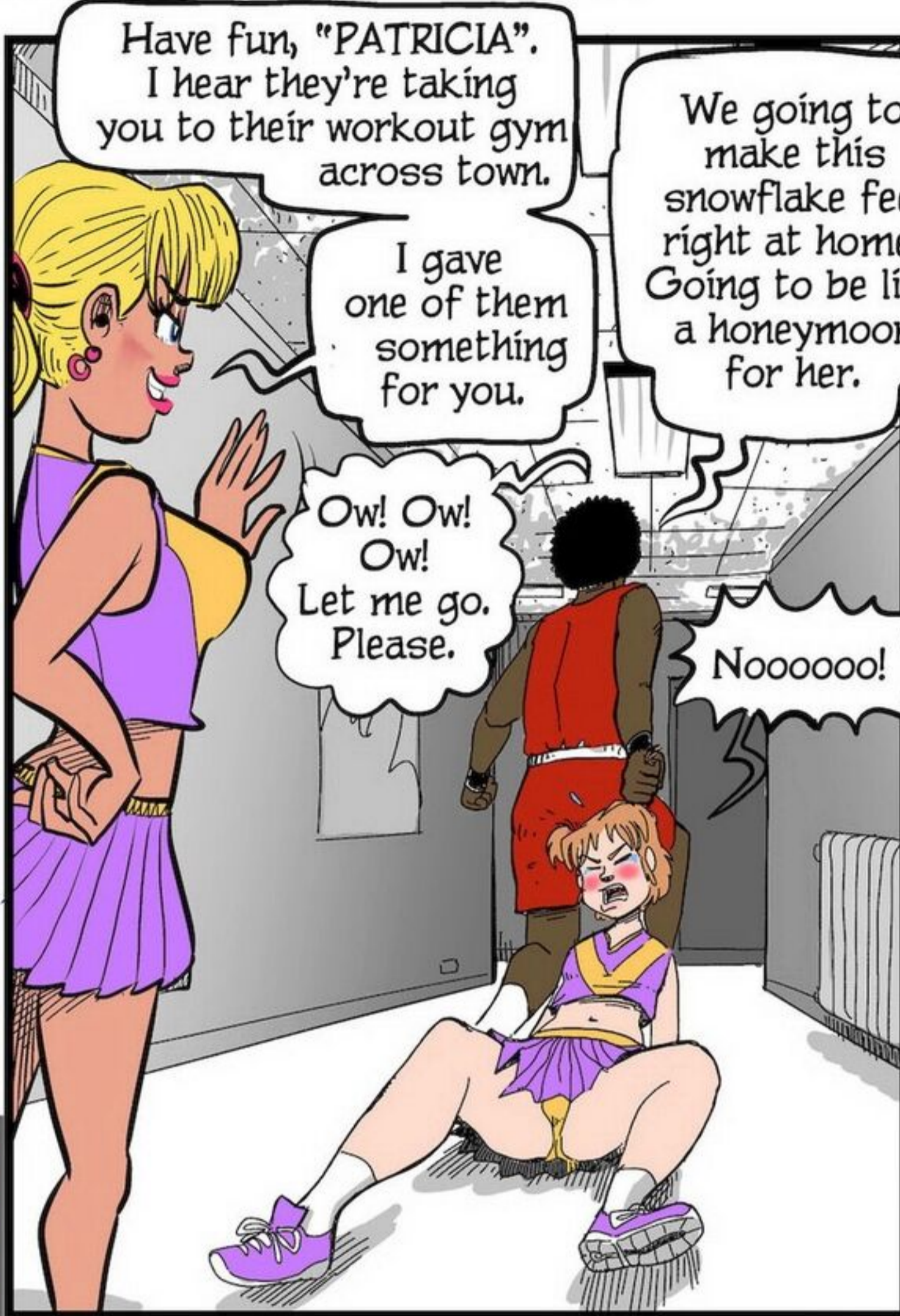
What? Give me to them? Leave me here? No, no, no, no.

Sure, brother. Take the sissy. Do whatever you want with that cum dump.

I want to ask him if we get this sissy to play with. Sort of like a consolation prize cause we lost.



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Have fun, "PATRICIA". I hear they're taking you to their workout gym across town.

I gave one of them something for you.

We going to make this snowflake feel right at home. Going to be like a honeymoon for her.

Ow! Ow! Ow! Let me go. Please.

Noooooo!



Feels like I'm holding a girl. Got them firm nipples and hardly nothing between the legs. Smooth all over and not even no hair on her body.

P... please, don't make me put your penis in my mouth.

No? You want it somewhere else, sissy? Sounds good to me.

I didn't mean...



That blonde must've wanted you to look pretty for us. Look what she left for you.



M... Magenta Madness? This is the lipstick I bought for Jennifer. She said it was special and that she would...

Just shut up, sissy, and put plenty of that on your mouth. I figured how two guys can use you at once.



So damn tight. Nothing like popping a white sissy-boy's cherry.

I'm in up to my friggin' balls and she ain't even gagging. This one's a natural born cocksucker.

Urk

Gack

Mff, mff, mmmmmh.

He'll split me apart back there. He's being so rough. And I can barely breath. Noooo.

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Let's get him in here. I know just what this sissy needs.

You can do what you want to him, but not until I get a sample of that pretty ass.

Guys... please... I'm not gay. I don't like...

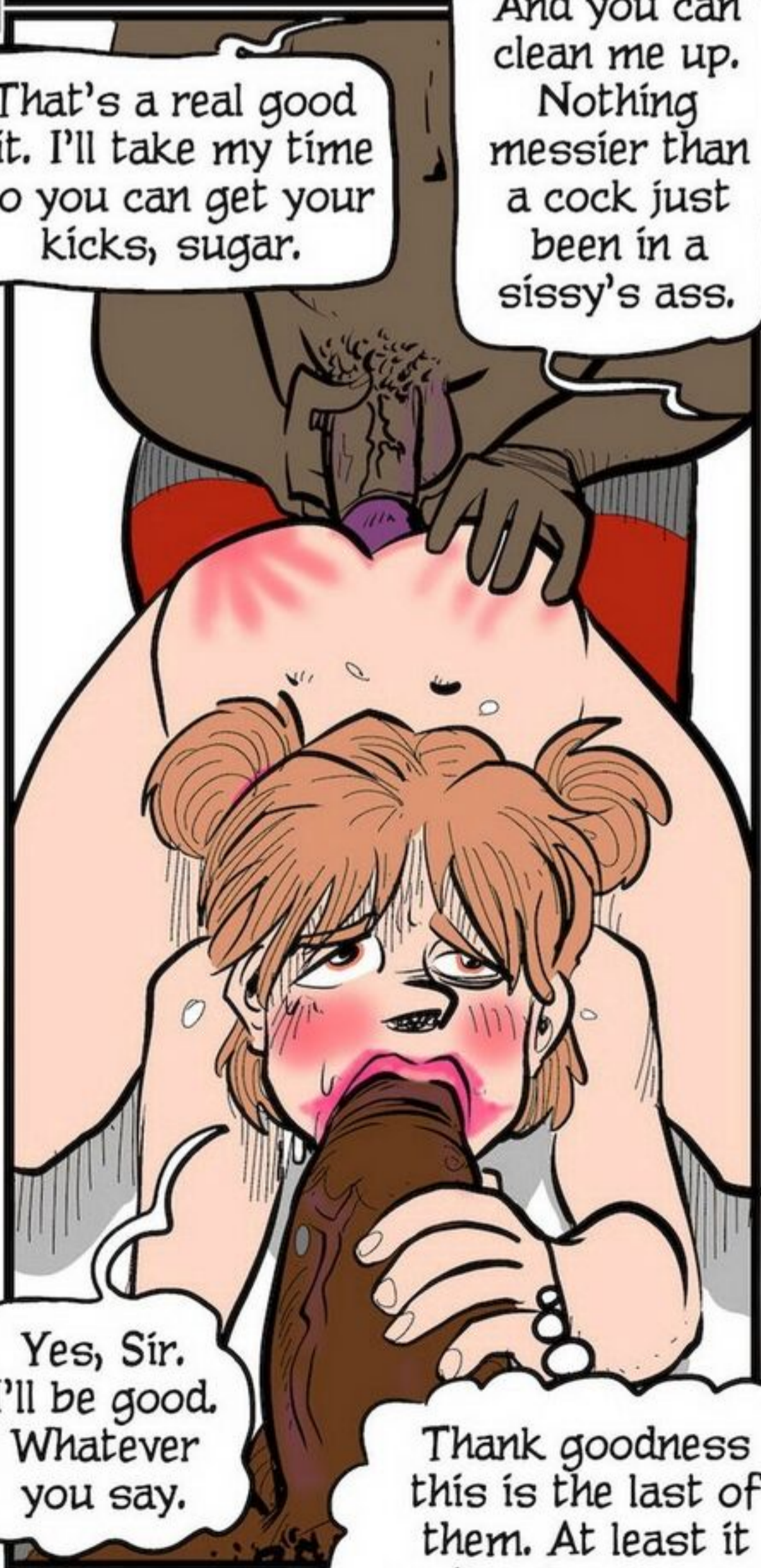
We'll tell you what you like, queer-boy. For instance, you want to lick my sweaty feet.



That's what I'm talking about. This ass so smooth and pink. Her hole is squeezing my pole. I am going to shoot so hard.

Suck my toes, pansy. Maybe if you do a good job I'll go easy on your ass when it's my turn back there.

Owww. OMG. Pleeese.



That's a real good fit. I'll take my time so you can get your kicks, sugar.

And you can clean me up. Nothing messier than a cock just been in a sissy's ass.



Let's wash all that jizz off your cute face, girl.

And from between those sexy ass cheeks.

And then she can get dressed again, before the rest of us give her some more golden shower.



The weather's nice, so I'm sure you won't mind walking home. It's only like ten miles.

Every weekend? B... but, you'll turn me into a complete sissy sex slave.

Good news, sissy. That blond girl and her stud, Darius, signed you up for our Urban Sensitization Program. You going to be here at our school every weekend and we gone to make sure you get extra sensitized, all over. Haw, haw, haw!

Damn straight we will. It'll be like one big party, Friday night to Sunday afternoon, over and over and over.

Thank goodness this is the last of them. At least it can't get any worse.

Yes, Sir. I'll be good. Whatever you say.