

# **A SISSY CUCKOLD HUSBAND PART 2**

## **THE EXTRA CHAPTER**

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**This novel contains explicit scenes of a sexual nature including forced male to female gender transformation, female domination, humiliation, CFNM, spanking and reluctant feminisation. All characters in this story are aged 18 and over.**

**Strictly for adults aged 18 and over or the age of maturity in your country.**

Paul Paige wore a pleated school miniskirt in red tartan plaid, a fitted white blouse and small pink ankle socks with a frill around the top. His long brown hair was tied into two side ponytails with large pink ribbons. The other three students in the classroom were dressed in identical uniforms.

He stood at the front with his hands over his skirt and his head down. A low watery sun filtered through high clouds and the wide windows. A tall elegant woman was getting into a long silver car a few feet from the window. He guessed she was a

wife who had just dropped her sissy husband off at school for the day. A sixth sense made her look up and they fixed eyes for a long moment. The lady looked down at his skirt then up. Her mouth twisted in a smirk and she got in and closed the car door.

He felt uncomfortable in front of his fellow sissy students, more so with the two female tutors who were standing at the side of the room with arms crossed.

The school principal, Dr Fiona Boleyn-Hunter BA, MA, PhD, stood next to him,, She held a short cane with a curved handle and tapped it in the palm of one hand. “I’d like you to welcome Pansy Paige to the school,” she said, looking down on him through black rectangular glasses.

Pansy struggled to keep his eyes off Dr Fiona’s never-ending legs. Despite being the school principal, she wore a minuscule black pencil skirt that seemed to have been sprayed on. She wore black stockings and high heels with stilettos made of shining chrome metal.

“Pansy has been sent here by her charming wife to learn how to become a submissive little sissy girl. Naturally.” Dr Fiona tapped the cane in her hand as she spoke. “Pansy has a tiny clitty and girly balls.”

Pansy choked and looked up. A stifled snigger sounded from one of the other students. He saw her put a large wide hand with pink painted nails over her mouth. Her long fair hair hung down straightened to her shoulders. One of the tutors raised a finger at the student and the student swallowed, a large Adam’s apple moving up then down again.

Dr Fiona raised the front of Pansy’s skirt with her cane and held it up. All eyes zeroed in on the front of Pansy’s navy-blue school panties. A slight bump in an otherwise flat crotch area.

“Pull down your panties, Pansy,” Dr Fiona said.

Pansy’s eyes widened in shock. “Excuse me, Madam?”

Her cane swished through the air and caught him across one smooth bare thigh. Pansy squealed from the stinging shock. A red weal raised

“You heard me, sissy.” Dr Fiona’s voice was deep and firm.

Her cane returned to the front of his skirt and raised it once more. He scanned the classroom. The sissy again struggled to keep a straight face. The other students were a small pretty sissy with an angular face and a tall gangly sissy who watched with pity. The two tutors were of equal height, one was slim and boyish looking with short blond hair. The other dark and curved with large breasts and long wavy brown hair.

Dr Fiona cleared her throat. He tucked his thumbs into the waistband of his panties, breathed in and pulled them down. They fell to his ankles.

Another stifled snigger and an “*oh*” from the boyish tutor. Pansy looked down with shame. His little penis hung loose and soft in front of two golf-ball-like testicles.

“This was Pansy’s wife’s problem and part of the reason she’s here.” Dr Fiona stared at Pansy’s genitals, a sneer on her lips. “Would anyone care to guess how long her little clitty is?”

The tall sissy shot a hand up.

“Yes, Cindy,” Dr Fiona said.

“Two inches?”

“Very good.” Dr Fiona leaned over and nodded.

Pansy shuddered at what was happening. It was bad enough to be standing in a little girl’s school uniform; having her penis exhibited and discussed was a whole new level.

“And how long would you guess it to be when hard?”

The last thing Pansy could imagine was being erect and excited at this moment in this situation.

Dr Fiona pointed at Sindy, the sniggering sissy with her free hand. Her cane maintained Pansy's skirt raised. "Sindy, come here."

Poppy stared at her a moment and stood up slowly, his chair scraping on the floor. He shuffled to Dr Fiona and stood with his head down. Pansy would never have guessed that Sindy was a sissy, in other circumstances he would have given him a second look. And a third. Sindy's legs were long, slim and feminine. He had small breasts as Pansy could see the mounds from his unbuttoned blouse. His face was small and pretty with well-applied makeup.

"You seem to think this is so funny, you can rub her clitty to see how it looks when hard."

His head shot up to her. "Pardon?"

Her can swished over his thighs and he jumped with a squeal like a piglet. Her cane returned to Pansy's skirt front.

This can't be happening, thought Pansy. It was. Sindy knelt and Pansy jumped as two cold fingers took his small penis.

"Rub it then, sissy." Dr Fiona's voice was curt.

A public masturbation? This was awful. Pansy hadn't cum for several days and Gemma, his wife, had teased him mercilessly, bringing him to the point then stopping. At night, she locked him in a cock cage. He tried to think of the positive, this was a chance for release and how he needed that right now.

Pansy closed his eyes and tried to think about his wife, a former supermodel. Tall blond, sexy and beautiful. He imagined they were her fingers on his penis. It grew, He heard another snigger and a long 'ohhhh' from a female voice. Sindy seemed to know what he was doing as waves of pleasure now fell through Pansy. His eyes screwed tight, the vision of Gemma's long slender fingers on his foreskin ran through his mind: rubbing, pulling, gentle and sensuous.

He felt a warmth in his balls, a twang in his stomach. His juices were reaching boiling point, he was on the cusp, the edge of an explosion. Days of build-up were about to shatter and erupt. Any instant.

Sindy's hands pulled away. Pansy's eyes flung open. "What?"

His little erection stood out straight and firm.

"About four inches," one of the tutors said.

Dr Fiona nodded. "Yes indeed, tiny tiny tiny."

"What?" Pansy said again.

Fiona took the cane from his skirt and poked it on his chest. "You, Pansy Girl, are not permitted to cum. Ever." Dr Fiona's voice rumbled.

"What?" Pansy couldn't comprehend, he was bursting, desperate. A whiff of breeze would be all it took.

"Pull your panties up and take your seat, Pansy, time for lessons." Dr Fiona walked to the classroom door.

"But, Madam, I'm desperate."

Dr Fiona ignored him. She stopped at the door. "Anne."

The tall blond lady stepped forward. "Yes Principal."

"Have one of the sissy students rub Pansy every morning first thing and every afternoon at the end of class. Bring her to the brink and stop. It's an important element of her psychological rebuilding. Keeps her on edge and compliant."

"Yes of course, Principal."

Dr Fiona left the room.

Pansy sat, his penis still hard and tingling, a small damp patch on the front of his panties. He slumped in his seat. Anne began the lesson, explaining that the first lesson was on how to speak like a little girl. Her words faded into the background.

Ejaculation was the only thought on Pansy's mind. And that was not going to happen any time soon.