



A STORY BY LADY ALEXA

**A SISSY
CUCKOLD
HUSBAND
THE PREQUEL**

A beautiful college student turns her boyfriend into a pansy princess

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The Prequel

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boyfriend into a pansy princess**

Lady Alexa

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This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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.

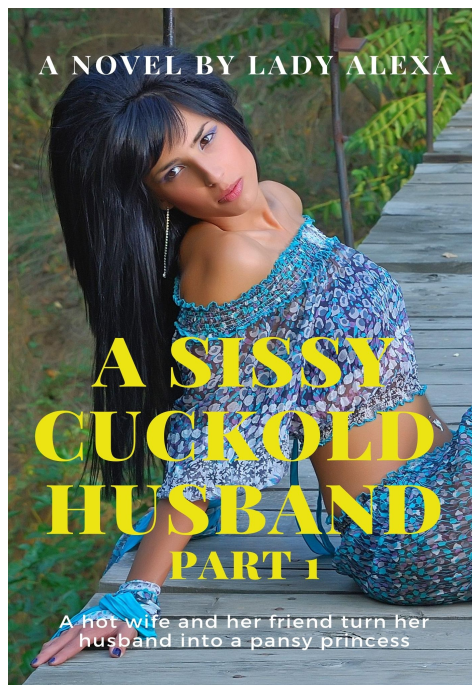
Strictly for adults aged 18 and over or the age of maturity in your country.

Introduction

In [**A Sissy Cuckold Husband Part 1**](#), we meet Karlene Adair the dominatrix, and Paul Paige, the man she turns into a sissy cuckold.

The novel refers to a time, ten years previously, when they had last known each other. They had met in their final year at university. It refers to Paul being the first male Karlene had feminised and when she found out that he had a tiny penis. She had named him Pansy.

In this prequel, we go back to those university days to see how Karlene first feminised and cuckolded Paul Paige. Pansy.



Prequel Chapter 1

Karlene Adair liked her men small, slim and feminine.

The usual tall, square-jawed sports types bothered her from time to time. Karlene rejected them with a dismissive disdain. She attracted a lot of attention. She was 5ft 10 with a twenty-two inch waist and a withering stare. She accentuated her 36DD bust with low-cut tops, her luscious long dark-brown hair fell loose down her back.

The desks were in a semi-circle facing a smart screen that covered most of the wall. The windows were open and a fresh September breeze flowed in. The lecturer paced across the front of the classroom. Karlene's eyes fixed on a thread of white cotton hanging from the back pocket of his crumpled trousers. She would never allow that in her men.

This was her first lecture of her final year in her Business Studies degree. She was on track for a first-class pass as top of her year. She was focused on her business plan after graduation: Professional Services. That was an interesting euphemism for what she had in mind, a euphemism that was necessary for now.

Her attention floated away from charts on margins and accruals to the small quiet student opposite. Paul Paige was taking copious notes. He was the other student in the class on track for a first-class pass and he was second to her in grades. He had transferred over from another stream for this final year. He also had a single-minded focus on his business plan. His plan was more traditional.

The lecturer wound up his lesson. Chairs scraped back on the wooden flooring and the students made their way to the corridor. Paul Paige was completing his notes. He was perfect, around 5ft 6, thin arms and legs and his long dark hair lay lank over his shoulders. His hair was dark, greasy. That wouldn't take much to correct. A wash, some styling,

eyebrows thinned, light make-up. His face as covered in wispy whiskers, a thin dark moustache. A shave would be the fist task. Facial whiskers, horrible. Yes, he was perfect raw material.

Karlene stood behind him and leant to speak into his ear. "I want you."

She stood back up. He stopped writing. He looked round and up at her. "I beg your pardon?"

"I've chosen you to be my boyfriend, give me your phone number."

Paul's mouth opened, nothing came out. She saw the surprise in his face. that the most attractive student in the university had spoken to him, little quiet Paul Paige.

"Hurry up Paul, I don't have all day. I need to study." She held out her phone. "Type it in here and I'll arrange our date."

He took the phone, his eyes glued on her face. They dropped to her breasts. Her bust pushed out from a tight low white top, spilling out inches from his desperate eyes. He typed in his number. She took back her phone, her fingers slim, her nails long and red. She looked a moment at the screen and tucked the phone in her shoulder bag.

"You'll come to my apartment for drinks. Wait for my call when I will give you instructions." She spun away and left the classroom. He watched after her long after she had disappeared out of his sight.

Prequel Chapter 2

Paul's eyes darted around her living area and settled on her breasts then down to her long bare legs. They sat together on the sofa at her studio apartment. Nerves were good, she had him on the back foot where she wanted him.

Her nipples pressed hard against her tight fitted blouse, she wore no bra. She had left her top unbuttoned to the top of her stomach. Her almost exposed 36DD mounds of firm breast were like two over-inflated footballs. Karlene crossed her legs, her small pencil skirt that hugged her thighs like a taut elastic band rode up. A hint of small white panties flashed. Paul's eyes bulged.

She liked that he had tried to dress well for her. His had dark-blue trousers and a crisp light-blue shirt with button-down collars. A shame it was an unimaginative male style. Points for trying. She wanted him in something more appropriate. A pretty little girls dress? Yes he would be her experiment, her alpha trial for her future 'professional services' business.

He had washed his long college-style hair. It wasn't greasy that evening but was flat and lifeless.

Karlene had never put her previous boyfriends in female clothes, but she had long wanted to. Her dreams of delicate males in pretty feminine dresses had excited her since she was young. At twenty-two and a year away from starting her 'professional services' business, it was time to start studying her future work: Male feminisation. Goose bumps rose on her neck. The thought of turning males into little girls made her hot and wet.

Karlene shot an innocent look at Paul. He had wispy whiskers, they needed to go. She told him to wait. She returned with a pink electric razor. "I don't like the fuzz on your face

Paul-y. I'm going to take it off. I want you clean shaved from now. I'm not going to kiss you with all that around your face."

Paul's mouth opened. "Kiss? You? Oh yes."

She shaved his face and leant back to admire her work. Much better. She leant back in and kissed him lightly on his lips. She withdrew and his lips remained puckered, his eyes closed as if still savouring the moment.

She pushed his hair around. "Your hair needs a proper wash and style. Let's go to the bathroom and sort it out."

"Sorry Karlene, but why? I washed it before I came here."

Karlene pursed her lips. "Yes I can see and you didn't make a good job of it. I can't have a boyfriend with such plain boring hair, can I."

"I'm your boyfriend?"

"You will be once I've sorted your hair out."

He stood. "OK, let's wash it." His voice carried a reluctance.

They went to the bathroom and Karlene told him to remove his shirt. He was surprised. "So as not to make it wet, silly," she told him.

She took the shower head from the holder and put his head under the stream of warm water. She scrubbed it with her shampoo and conditioner that gave extra body. She led him topless back to the living room. She blow dried his hair. He sat passively under her directions, she saw he was enjoying the attention. She told him she wanted her boyfriend tidy. She took a rounded brush and worked on the ends of his hair. His eyes were closed, he didn't see what she was doing. She curled the ends up and sprayed hairspray on them.

She brushed his hair forward over his eyes. She got a pair of scissors and snipped the hair to his eyelashes. All the time she told him to keep his eyes closed and to be quiet.

She finished blow drying and snipping and told him to open his eyes. She held a mirror in front of his face. He jumped up and squealed. "What have you done?"

"Sit down Paul-y." She placed a hand on his shoulder. "I thought you wanted to look nice for me?" Her face was an image of innocence. "I can't go to bed with you with untidy hair, can I?"

He looked up at her. "It's a girl's style, Karlene."

She looked over his hair, she ran her fingers through it. "Maybe."

"Karlene, I like you. You're incredibly sexy and beautiful."

"Yes I know."

He lost his train of thought for a moment. "But I can't go around with a female hairstyle."

She took his hand. "Let's go to bed."

His protests faded away as she led him to her bedroom.

Prequel Chapter 3

“What the hell is this?”

Karlene held his erect penis between two fingers. She sat up. Paul pushed himself up on his elbows looking upset. They faced each other on Karlene’s single bed in her cramped bedroom.

“I know you’re feminine, but this is ridiculous.” She flicked at his erect penis. “More a clitty than a dick. What is it, four inches?” She put a finger along it. “Yes no more than four. Tiny.”

Paul’s eyes watered.

“And now you’re crying. My, what a pansy you are. Pansy Paul.” She thought about it. “Yes, I’m going to call you Pansy.”

This was going better than she had expected. She knew Paul was not masculine, but his tiny dick was a bonus.

“Please Karlene, why are you being so nasty to me?”

“Lay back Pansy, let’s see how you perform with your little clitty.”

She saw him caught between allowing her to ridicule him and making love to her; the most attractive student in the university. She made the choice for him, sitting astride his little erection. She moved up and down on top of him. Her perfect round bottom touched against his legs then she pushed up and then down on his little erection.

Paul sunk his head into the pillow and closed his eyes, all thoughts of humiliation floating away. Suddenly he squeezed up his face and groaned. He jerked twice and laid back. He let out a long sigh of satisfaction came from pursed lips.

“Was that it, Pansy?”

Karlene stopped moving, she rolled off him and looked down at his limp penis.

“Pathetic,” she said, disdain dripping from her voice. “Pathetic. I couldn’t feel a thing. Then you cum within a minute? What a Prissy Pansy you are. Not a man. You’re a sissy girl with a little miss clitty.” She flicked at it. “I can hardly see it, all limp in your tiny pussy balls.” She put a finger between his balls. “Oh that’s nice, they look like a vagina when I do that.” She sniggered.

She picked up her phone and snapped three shots of his tiny limp dick on the top of his balls.

He opened his eyes, satisfaction rolled away from his face replaced by horror. A single tear dripped down a cheek. He went to speak, she interrupted.

“I know what I need to do with you, Pansy.”

She slid off the bed and opened her small single wardrobe. She had prepared for this. She pulled a small red and white striped skirt. It had wide box pleats. She took a matching vest from a drawer and two wide pink ribbons. She closed the wardrobe. She laid the items on the bed. The vest read, *Barbie Girl* on the front.

Paul wiped a tear away. “What is this?”

“What do you think it is, Pansy? It’s your cheerleader outfit and two ribbons for your side pony tails.”

“Are you mad Karlene.”

“No, but you.” She pointed a single slim finger at him. “Are a girly pansy and you are going to put this on.”

He sat up. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

She pushed the phone screen in his face. “Fine, don’t put your pretty clothes on. I’ll press send and post it on the university social media pages right now.”

Her finger hovered and lowered, little by little. “What’s it to be, Pansy?”

He snatched at the clothes.

“Good girl.”

Prequel Chapter 4

He edged his nine-inch erection deeper into Karlene's damp vagina. The young man's thigh muscles rippled. She was on all fours on the bed in front of him and she groaned in intense satisfaction.

Clark Hurst, the university's all-round sports star held her hips with two wide hands. Clark was the college football captain, the singles rowing champion and 5,000 metres running champion. He had been selected for the national Olympics team. He withdrew his erection and slapped into her again from behind. His naked muscled body glistened with sweat, they had been at it for over twenty minutes.

Karlene twisted her head to one side. "This is what you will never be able to do. Watch and dream, Pansy."

Paul Paige stood in the corner, his hands at his sides, his head down. His hair was tied in two side pony tails by two enormous pink bows, his hair combed to his eyebrows. A red and white box-pleated mini skirt hung against his smooth shaved legs. Barbie was written in bold white letters against a red and white striped vest. Not a hair remained on his body below his neck. Small white ankle socks were outlined with a pink frill, his feet in pink girl's training shoes.

Clark laughed a deep throaty sound and continued pumping. They moved faster and faster, panting, moaning, grunting. Then, simultaneous squeals as they came together and flopped on the bed.

They lay together for several minutes. Karlene sat up.

"Princess?"

"Yes Mistress Karlene." Paul looked to the floor.

“Be a good sissy girl and bring us both a cold drink. We’re thirsty after such a session.
Run along, there’s a good girl.”

Paul scuttled away, the sound of their laughter ringing around the small apartment.

THE END