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## The Small Atlantic Island

### Chapter 003

#### Matthew, Marissa, and Meagan Attend School

The morning activity at the Miller house was decidedly different the morning after the children were instructed by their mother concerning their future lives on Little Atlantic Island. Matthew stood in front of his mother naked as the day he was born. His embarrassment was total and he tried and failed to keep his penis covered with his hands. With his mother standing over him and watching intently, he pulled on a pair of Marissa's panties and a pair of pink with white bows knee high socks. When he turned around to show his mother how he looked, he was able to finish dressing in his boy's clothing. The final straw was having to wear a wrist band that was red and imprinted with the word 'UNAVAILABLE' in black lettering.

Marissa and Meagan were surprised when their mother came into each of their rooms with small gift boxes. When each of them opened their box, they were surprised to find three pairs of very sexy red panties, red thigh high stockings, and a narrow red choker that had embroidered on it, 'UNAVAILABLE' in black lettering.

Both girls asked the same questions, "Why red and unavailable?"

Martha's answer was simple, "Unavailable tells the alpha males and females that you are the property of Mr. Northridge. Red because it means stop. No one other than Mr. Northridge and me may touch you."

Breakfast was a rather quiet affair. Russell was still in his baby doll as he made breakfast. Per his wife's instructions after he had fed the children and got them on their way to school, he would retire to the bathroom, check his body for hair, take a sweet smelling bubble bath, oil his skin, and prepare his ass to become a pussy. Previous cleanings told him he would need to administer a minimum of four enemas to completely clean out his lower bowel. He shivered at the thought of Mr. Northridge presenting a shit covered cock for him to clean with his mouth. It also would put him in a lower position on the sissy totem pole because he had not performed the perfect rectum cleansing.

Once the children were fed and ready, he threw on some clothing so he could walk them to the bus stop. Since they were in elementary school, they were the first to be picked up as they started school the earliest. Russell could see Mathew's unhappiness. Marissa and Meagan were walking on air. They knew that sometime soon they would become women, but what they didn't know was how much it would hurt when Mr. Northridge unceremoniously shoved his huge cock into their prepubescent vaginas.

"Matthew," said Russell as he walked the short distance to the bus stop with his arm around his son's shoulders, "you're a great kid. You have so much potential. Just try to accept what life has dealt you. I am trying with all my heart to make mommy see that you are not like me. . ."

Matthew looked up at his father and spat, "Yeah, I'm not a cocksucker, but, I will become one because you do not have the strength to put mommy in her place. If I hadn't seen you dressed, sucking cock, and then being covered in cum, I would never have known it was you. But, here I am wearing a pair of Marissa's panties and knee high socks with bows underneath my school clothing. Why don't you just go away?"

"You know that is never going to happen," said Russell. "You will learn or you will suffer the consequences. I am so sorry, but. . ."

"You're a wimp and I'm going to be forced to become one too!!!"

"Your mother told me that you liked the picture of the cock she showed you. That you enjoyed looking at it when you masturbated. Is that not so?"

Shaking his head, Matthew said, "You're a fuckin' idiot. I'm not afraid to say that to you or used dirty words. I said what I said to placate the bitch. If I could, I'd run away. I don't want to be here."

"Guess you'll make up your own mind, but if you decided to fight the inevitable, do not come crying to me because I will not give you the comfort you seek."

Just as they arrived at the bus stop, Matthew said, "Fuck you dad!!!"

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The bus driver saw the chokers on Marissa and Meagan. He pointed to the seat directly behind him. The girls wanted to go to the back of the bus and was told in no uncertain terms to sit where he said or consequences would follow. When Matthew entered the bus, he stopped the boy and pointed to his pants. Matthew looked at him with a quizzical look on his face.

"Open them," said the bus driver."

"No way," said Matthew.

The slap was hard enough to turn Matthew's face and bring tears to his eyes. "Next time you talk back to me, I will strip you to your underwear, make you stand next to me, and greet all the children that get on the bus by saying, *'Hi, I'm Matthew and I'm a sissy!!!'*. Now open your pants."

With shaking hands, Matthew opened his pants. His sister's pink panties were plainly obvious to the bus driver.

"Unavailable sissies sit on the right in the back of the bus," said the bus driver. "Watch and learn."

"Learn what?" asked Matthew.

"Learn that, as soon as Mr. Northridge takes your ass as his," said the bus driver, "sissies marked as *'Available'* sit on the left side and when told to suck the cocks of alpha boys when they are in need before school starts. You'll learn."

Five minutes after he sat down when the bus stopped at the next stop, two sissies walked to the back of the bus and sat on the left side. As the bus pulled away, one of the older boys from Matthew's stop, rose from his seat, and walked to the back of the bus. He pointed to the younger sissy boy sitting next to the window. The two boys exchanged places. Matthew's mouth dropped open when the sissy opened the older boy's pants and began to suck his cock. Nothing was said by either. The bus driver checked the large horizontal mirror above his head, nodded, and returned his gaze to the roadway. The other children just kept their eyes in front of them. The act of fellatio was completed when the older boy growled, "Swallow my load you fuckin' sissy faggot."

The younger sissy gobbled down the cum that was spewed into his mouth. Per life on the island, when he was done, he opened his mouth, and showed the older boy that he had indeed swallowed his cum load. That was when the boy smiled and returned to his seat.

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Little Atlantic Island Elementary School was the third building of the three that made up the public school campus on the island. Technically, the schools were private, but everyone on the island considered them public because they were free and no child of a resident was turned away. The elementary school taught kindergarten to fifth grade, the middle school taught sixth through eighth, and the high school taught ninth through the twelfth grade. Except for the high school all educators in the elementary and middle schools were women. The classes were co-educational, but subtly divided by designated alpha and beta children.

Matthew's fifth grade class had slightly more girls than boys. Of the girls, there were more dominant girls than submissive girls. The boys were close to evenly divided. With the addition of Matthew, the sissy boys were one more than the designated alpha boys.

Mrs. Wilder stopped Matthew just as he entered the classroom. She allowed the rest of her children to go to their seats. She surveyed her class and when they saw the stern look on her face to a children quieted down and focused their attention on her.

"Matthew Martin," said Mrs. Wilder, "you are to answer my questions truthfully. If you do not, I will send you to the principal's office where you will have to explain to him why you should not be punished. You will also do as I command. Understood?"

"Yes Mrs. Wilder," said Matthew. He knew her name from the assignment sheet his mother had received from the school.

"Move to the front of the class and stand in front of my desk."

Matthew scared and unsure of what she was going to make him do, did as she commanded.

"When you were at the ball field yesterday, did your father meet Mr. Northridge?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet Mr. Northridge?"

"Yes."

"Who else was there?"

"My mother and my twin sisters," replied Matthew.

"Matthew, take off your shirt, pants, and shoes."

His eyes flew open and he was about to say something, when for the second time that morning his face was unceremoniously slapped. He took one step back, regained his balance and composure, and with tears beginning to roll down his cheeks removed his shirt, pants, and shoes. He did not look at his classmates nor did he look at Mrs. Wilder. He stared at the floor.

"Whose panties are you wearing?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

"My sister's."

"Which sister? Don't you have twin sisters?"

Matthew wanted to just beg his way out of his humiliation, but knew if he tried to ask for some relief from his embarrassment, he would either be physically punished or sent to the principal's office. There was no way he was going to get out of the situation he was in. If he tried to fight, he would only be punished and it could be severe.

"I am wearing my younger sister's panties and knee high socks," he replied in a soft voice.

Mrs. Wilder raised her voice, "LOUDER!!!"

Matthew tried but failed to see an end to the beginning of his life as a sissy. He straightened his back, looked at Mrs. Wilder, and said in a strong voice, "I am wearing my younger sister's panties and knee high socks."

"What is on your left wrist?"

Matthew looked at the bracelet and said, "I believe it tells everyone that I am not available as a sexual partner until Mr. Northridge trains me."

The dominant girls and alpha boys erupted in applause. The submissive girls and sissy boys did not react to Matthew's answer.

"Quiet down class," said Mrs. Wilder. "Matthew Martin, until such time as you are trained and are wearing girl's clothing all the time, when you enter this classroom you will remove your boy's clothing. In the corner are cubbies and that is where your boy's clothing will be stored. Also, in the corner are several pairs of training heels. Go and try one a pair at a time until you find one that fits. That pair will be reserved for you and you will wear them all day every day. If you cannot accomplish that simple task, then Stacey Norris will administer fifteen strokes of the cane to your bare bottom."

Stacey Norris smiled from ear-to-ear. To be chosen to administer corporal punishment to a yet untrained sissy was an accomplishment. She knew that her hard work had begun to pay dividends.

Matthew Martin went to the corner and placed his boy's clothing into an already labelled cubby. It had his name with a red line through it which signaled that it is not his sissy name. He tried on several pairs of two inch heels. On the third try, he found a pair that fit comfortably. He tried to walk back to the center of the classroom and had to stop several times to regain his balance. He could see the alpha boys and dominant girls laughing at him. He looked to Mrs. Wilder and with his eyes begged for help.

"Stand tall and push your backside out. You need to balance your body over the shoes. Start slowly and you will gain confidence as you walk with your sissy pussy pushed back," said Mrs. Wilder.

Matthew nodded his head. He wanted to scream that he did not have a pussy, but knew in time he would. He took small steps and as he moved to the center of the room gained some confidence walking in his first pair of heels.

"Take your seat. It has your last name only as you do not have a sissy name yet," said Mrs. Wilder.

Matthew walked to the back of the classroom and took his assigned seat. His whole being was sliding down the hole of depression. In Iowa he was a star pitcher and had the eyes of several hot girls on his body. Here, he was a pitcher, but his ability to throw a baseball was meaningless. The only thing that mattered was how soon he would be trained by Mr. Northridge so the alpha males could use him for their sexual pleasure. Inside, his mind and body cringed with the pain and humiliation of becoming a sissy.

Down the hall and around the corner, Marissa and Meagan entered their second grade class. Mrs. Johnson stopped the girls. She allowed the remainder of the children to enter the class room. As every class was set up in the elementary school, dominant and alpha children were seated in the front and submissive and sissies were seated in the rear. Mrs. Johnson knew the girls had not yet been to see Mr. Northridge. Therefore, she had no idea as to whether or not they would be defined as dominant or submissive. Until such time, she would keep them between both designations and to accomplish that she would have them display at the beginning of class their panties, thigh highs, and training heels.

The Small Atlantic Island school system exceeded both Federal and state criteria for educational standards. The island also had a small university that was accredited to confer bachelors, masters, and PhDs in several disciplines. The only degrees not attainable on Small Atlantic Island were medical and legal. The only out of the mainstream education administered by the school system dealt with a child's sexuality. Once the Northridge family determined the family's status on the island, the children began their intensive sexual training after their weekend living at the Northridge compound.

From this day forward, Matthew, as he would be known as until Mr. Northridge gave him his sissy name, would be sexually educated to accept his homosexuality and sissy lifestyle. Marissa and Meagan, unless otherwise noted, would be trained to be dominant like their mother. Their education would be twofold. First they would learn to serve as a submissive until such time they are designated to start the second phase of their sexual training. The second part entails them learning to be dominant from having lived as a sexual submissive. One out of ten girls did not complete the training to become a dominant. Those girls, like their male sissy counterparts, were sent to one of the island's brothels to serve the residents.