

© Copyright, Emanon\_Pen™, 2008-2014. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author. Websites claiming to be in compliance with 17 U.S.C. § 512 and the Digital Millennium Copyright Act ("DCMA") but not adhering to the statue law will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

## The Small Atlantic Island

### Chapter 004

Russell

Martha and Russell Martin were picked up by one of Mr. Northridge's automobiles. The driver was the owner's primary chauffeur. He smiled politely when Martha and Russell exited the house and entered the rear passenger compartment of the stretch Cadillac limousine. The drive to the main corporate office took just under ten minutes. Russell held Martha's hand the entire ride, but nothing was said by either of them.

When the children were out of the house, Russell asked permission to use the master bedroom bath to prepare for meeting Mr. Northridge. Martha agreed. He did not need bring a robe or clothing. His nudity would not pose any problems as his wife expected him to be unclothed when at home. Under the granite countertop of the vanity he found Nair for Men, a razor, new blades, and several cans of women's shaving cream. He checked his body in the full length mirrors in Martha's walk-in closet. The three mirror configuration gave him the ability to see his back as well as his buttocks. Buttocks that would after this morning be called his pussy lips. There were a few spots that needed touching up, but he decided to use the Nair for Men on his legs and arms. His genitals and the area around his anus would be shaved.

Twenty-five minutes after he entered the master bathroom, Russell exited. His skin tingled from the women's body and skin lotion he applied. He was pleasantly surprised at the smell and the softness of his skin. He checked his chest and if otherwise decided, he hoped that he would not have to take low dose estrogen hormones, although the idea of having breast pleased him. It pleased him so much, his cock twitched and began to grow. Russell stopped his ego sissy building admiration of his tall thin body so he would not ejaculate without any physical stimulation of his penis.

Martha was not in the room and he knew she demanded that she be the final arbiter of his hairlessness and smoothness. "Martha," he called, "I'm ready for your inspection."

Martha returned to what would forever be known as her bedroom after this morning not dressed, but not naked. She stepped up to Russell and moved him into a better light. She started with his face and moved down the front of his body. His genitals were lifted and inspected. She then moved down the front of his legs. She nodded approvingly and said, "Turn around and bend over. Open your sissy pussy for my inspection."

Russell did as she said. He turned, bent over, and used his thin fingers to open the cheeks of his ass.

Martha ran her fingers through the cleft and cooed as she felt no hair. The space Mr. Northridge's cock would slide through later that morning was a soft and velvety as the interior of a woman's vagina. Martha said, "Stand and face me."

Russell again followed her orders.

"How many enemas?"

"I took extra care Martha. I gave myself five full enemas. I am totally clean. If Mr. Northridge exits my ass, sorry, my pussy with any fecal matter on my Master, I will be surprised."

"Good girl," said Martha. She saw her husband blush for the first time. Then she said, "You know the moment Mr. Northridge coats your rectum with his seed you will never be known as Russell. I do not know what he is going to name you, but all of your life's documents will be changed to reflect your new name. And, finally, you will never utter my name. From the moment you feel his cock explode inside you, I will be known as Mistress."

"Yes Mistress," he said showing his wife that he understood and accepted his diminished position in their marriage.

"You also know in time both Marissa and Meagan will have the same rights as I do over you and Matthew."

"Yes Mistress."

"Where are the clothes you picked out for today's deflowering?"

"They are in my room Mistress."

"Well, let's go get you dressed."

When Martha saw the clothing her soon to be consecrated sissy bitch she knew she would have to dress him. "I'm sorry Russell, but the clothing you have chosen will not please Mr. Northridge nor does it please me. Wait here, I knew I would need to prepare clothing for you."

Six minutes later Martha returned with three boxes and a shoe box. She placed them on the bed and opened the smaller one. She took out a pair of white lace panties, a matching bra, and sheer white lace top thigh high stockings.

Russell's jaw dropped when he saw the lingerie. "White? White, like I am marrying him?"

Martha smiled, her eyes twinkled, and she licked her lips just before she put the lingerie on the bed. She then opened the larger box and pulled out her wedding dress.

"You're not going to ask me to wear your wedding dress," stated Russell not even thinking what he said was a question.

"Of course I am," chortled Martha. "Today you are going to give up your masculinity for the rest of your life. It is one-hundred percent appropriate that you lose it in the dress I wore when we were married. Thankfully, it is not a traditional wedding dress. You will look absolutely smashing in it and Mr. Northridge will see it as your total commitment to being his sissy bitch."

Not really trusting his wife, Russell asked, "Is it really your wedding dress?"

"Yes. With a few minor changes." She put it on the bed, picked up the panties and held them out to her shocked husband. "Take these and put them on."

Russell did as his wife asked. Fifteen minutes later he was dressed. She took him into the master bedroom so she could show him how he looked. When Russell stood in front of the mirrors in her walk-in closet, he damn near fainted. Her dress fit him perfectly. So perfect, that one could only think it was made for him and not Martha.

"See how it shows your beautiful legs, hips, and fake breasts," said Martha. "All we need to finish the look is the shoulder length auburn hair wig I have for your head. Of course, makeup and because you look so charming, I will do up your face for you."

Russell Martin was emotionally torn. He knew he was bisexual since he was young, but never really pursued his hidden sexuality until he was in college. As a youngster, he did fool around trying on friend's sister's stolen panties, but he did not start dressing until he attended college. He serviced his first cock on a bet from a friend when he was dressed enfemme. He was immediately taken with the texture of cock that was sliding in and out of his mouth. To his amazement, the act that sealed the deal for him was the forceful ejaculation and taste of his friend's cum. Now he stood in front of his wife wearing a slightly modified wedding dress that was exactly like the one she wore when they were married. Russell wanted to be a man, but knew inside his emotional state was that of a feminized sissy cuckold and today he was going to be taken by a man anally for the first time in his life.

"Martha," he said in a quiet little boy's voice, "I'm so afraid. I don't really want to become his sissy bitch. I know you have known for quite a while that I have been . . ." He paused, looked at his visage in the mirrors, sighed, and continued, "I look so fuckin' beautiful, but I'm so afraid of being penetrated by Mr. Northridge's humongous cock. Is there any way you can convince him to allow us to adjust me to . . ."

Martha stopped him by touching his face. "All girls have trepidation the first time they have intercourse. I believe the number of girls that do it without fear is minuscule. I am completely in tune with your fears. I know Mr. Northridge will not be gentle with you. It will hurt. I may hurt so terribly that you'll piss yourself. All I can say to you is that over time you will become used to the initial penetration and love the feeling of his cock inside your body. If it will make you feel any better, I will cry inside for you. That is how much I love you Russell."

Thankfully his face was not already made up because the tears of shame and fear he was trying to contain rolled down his cheeks. He looked at Martha and could not move. Her telling him that she would cry inside as he was used anally for the first time broke his heart. Hearing her tell him that she loved him only added insult to his emotional state. He just stood still not knowing what to say or do.

Martha smiled, a smile of knowledge based upon her first time with a boy when she was but a teenager, and took Russell's hand. She guided him to her make-up table. She pulled the chair back and without being told watched Russell sit. Martha combed his hair back and put a wig cap on his head that would hold the auburn wig in place. She turned on the make-up light, smiled lovingly, and began the process of making up her husband's face.

First she applied facial moisturizer and lip balm. Next she applied small amounts of foundation around his eyes, over his eyelids, and around his nose. She blended the foundation and then used a large soft brush to apply a powder to take the shine away from the foundation. His eyes were next. To them she applied powder and blended it on his eyelids and below to accept the eye color she had anticipated using. Curling of his eyelashes and the application of mascara came next. His eyebrows were thin so she did not have to do anything with them. Blush was added to give his cheeks some color. In the mirror they looked rosy which is the look she wanted to attain. The last step was to apply lipstick to Russell's lips. She specifically chose a bright red color. She crinkled her eyes as she applied the lipstick because it made his lips look like the lips of a twenty dollar whore. The application of the shoulder length auburn wig to his head finished the makeup process.

Martha looked at her husband's face and whistled. "My fuckin' God," she said, "but you look so fuckin' hot. Really Russell, you should have been born a female. Go look at yourself in the mirrors."

Russell returned to the mirrors in her walk-in closet. He knew to put on the five inch white satin heels. When he saw his body dressed in a white wedding dress, he swooned. He turned his hips to admire his ass. His hands pressed the front of the dress and his hips. As any woman would, he moved his legs to accentuate either the left or right side and hip of his body. His legs looked exquisite in the sheer satin stockings. The length of the dress changed slightly due the height of the heels he was wearing. The hem line of the white satin and lace wedding dress just

covered his backside and crotch. He smiled and thought, *'If I were a well hung man, my cock would hang past the bottom of this dress.'*

"What time do we have to be at Mr. Northridge's office? And, are we going to the corporate headquarters?" asked Russell.

Martha looked at her watch, "We have to be there shortly. I will get dressed and meet you downstairs. Yes, we are going to the corporate offices."

Russell nodded knowingly as he exited the master bedroom for the downstairs.

Twenty minutes later, Martha walked into the kitchen where Russell waited. He looked up from the newspaper and sat stunned in his seat. Martha was dressed exactly as he was down to the shoes and the auburn shoulder length wig.

"Time to go girlfriend," said Martha.

Russell stood, hesitated, and meekly followed Martha out to the waiting limousine.