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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 007

Matthew, Marissa, and Meagan

At 3:33PM, the garage door opened and the Martin children entered their new house. Per their mother's training, they placed their backpacks on their assigned chairs at the breakfast/dinner table. Then they were supposed to go to their rooms and change out of their school clothing, but since yesterday's and last night's activities they remained standing in the kitchen not knowing what their mother truly wanted.

Martha heard her children enter the house. She made her way into the kitchen. The three were surprised to see her home. They expected her to be at work and their father, if they could call him that anymore, home to take care of them and get them to their late afternoon sports activities. When she entered the kitchen, Martha stood for a moment and refrained from kneeling and asking them to hug and kiss her.

"Ladies," intoned Martha, "times have changed. I instructed you last night that you were to remove your clothing and be naked one hundred percent of the time you are within the walls of this house. Nothing changed since last night."

Meagan, the oldest of the twins, said, "You want us to be naked? Mom, at school today we were forced to remove everything but our panties, stockings, and to put on training heels. At least allow us to have some modesty. I was so embarrassing to be undressed in front of everyone." Meagan rolled her eyes and begged, "Please!!!"

"You have exactly one fuckin' second to begin to remove your clothing, or I will rip them from your bodies," growled a very angry Martha. "Understand, that if you are going to rise to the expected level of feminine domination that you have to learn to serve. The first person you serve is me and I will let the school know that."

Marissa whined as she said, "The school is where we are trained. Mrs. Wilder said that to us. She said that what happens at home has no bearing on our education. Please mom, who do we listen to?"

Martha smirked. Then she said, "You listen to your mother. I will take care of Mrs. Wilder tomorrow even if I have to accompany you to school in the morning." Martha stopped speaking, looked at her daughters, and when they did not begin to undress, yelled, "GET YOUR FUCKIN' CLOTHING OFF NOW OR I WILL PUT YOU OVER MY KNEES AND YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SIT FOR A WEEK!!!"

Shaken to their cores, Megan and Marissa removed and neatly folded their clothing. In less than three minutes they were nude. Martha could see their fear. She knew she had to maintain control. Their bodies shook and it didn't take a rocket scientist to ascertain that both girls needed to urinate out of their fear.

"Both of you, to the bathroom and leave the door open," commanded Martha.

"Open???" questioned Meagan.

Martha closed the space between her daughters and without as much as minimum warning slapped both of them across their face. She knew the more she used a minimum amount of corporal punishment, the more the girls would come to understand and accept their new relationship with their mother.

"From this moment forward," stated Martha, "you use the bathroom facilities with the door wide open. You pee with the door wide open. You take a shit with the door wide open. You shower or bathe with the door wide open. You fuckin' take the chance to masturbate on the toilet, you do it with the door wide fuckin' open. Have I made myself clear to both of you?"

Together they responded, "Yes mother. May we go now?"

"Not upstairs. Use the downstairs powder room," ordered their mother.

Martha turned to Matthew and saw he had already removed his school clothing. She smiled at him and said sweetly, "Matthew, get dressed. We're headed to the shopping streets to buy you some new clothing. Remember, this Friday I am taking you to spend the weekend with Mr. Northridge."

"Mom, please," whined Matthew, "I don't want to be a sissy. This morning in the bus I had to show the driver my panties. I have to sit in a specific area of the bus. I watched a third grader suck a fifth grader's cock as the bus travelled to school. I'd rather die than become a sissy. Please mom!!!"

"Get dressed Matthew," said Martha. "Don't ever let me hear you whine and beg about what you are destined to become."

"But I'm not a sissy!!!" cried Matthew.

Still pleasant and calm, Martha said, "Drop you panties."

Matthew's eyes flew open. He saw the look on his mother's face and her cold hard stare. With shaking hands he lowered the pink panties he wore.

"I want you to look down at that small appendage you call a man's cock," ordered Martha.

Matthew stared at his mother. He saw the 'tell' that she was going to get physical and did as she commanded. He pulled down the pink panties revealing his ten year old penis and testicles. He looked down at his genitals.

"Look at how small your penis is Matthew. There are boys your age with three times the length and twice the width of your genitals. You are like your father. Do you see and understand?" asked Martha.

With a growing level of bravado and anger, Matthew said, "But my father fucked you and produced my sisters and me. He had enough to make you pregnant, so why don't you just let me grow up and see how large I become. I have no desire to become a sissy. I'm ten and I want to be a man. I want to put my cock into a girl and fuck her."

"Ok big shot," retorted his mother, "I'll make you a deal. You have sex with me. You fuck me and if you can make me orgasm from having that meager cock inside my body, I will seek to have your designation changed. But, if

you prematurely ejaculate before you even enter my body, I will send you immediately to the hospital. I will contact Mr. Northridge and get his agreement to have the doctors remove your cock and your balls. You will be a sexless drone that provides oral and anal orifices for real men to masturbate in."

Martha continued to stare into her son's eyes. She saw a flicker of doubt and fear. He did not move nor did he provide her with a response.

"If you have the ability to push your ten year old penis into my body and attempt to complete coitus, fucking me if you don't understand the meaning of the word, and fail. I will crush your nuts. You will be on the floor crying and writhing in pain until the EMT's arrive to take you to the hospital. I will not have to defend my actions to Mr. Northridge. I will consult with the doctors. I will have them remove your balls and your prostate gland. You will go through puberty. You will be able to attain an erection. But, you will have absolutely no way to relieve your need to feel your useless cock pulse and push semen from your body. You will be frustrated because you will not have a sexual outlet except to suck and fuck real men's cocks."

"I hate you!!!" cried Matthew.

Meagan and Marissa returned from the powder room to see their brother standing in the kitchen with Marissa's panties around his thighs. Both girls stifled their laughter when they saw their mother turn her head, glare at them, and return to looking at their scared sibling. Without asking, they moved away and stood with their backs to the counter in front of the kitchen sink.

"Make a decision Matthew," demanded his mother. "Come with me to the stores or come with me upstairs and attempt to prove your virility."

Matthew frowned. "Virility?" he questioned.

"You dumb boy," said his mother adding additional verbal humiliation to bag of tricks, "virility is defined as being masculine with the power of procreation."

Again she paused and waited for a response. When none came she heaped on more verbal humiliation, "Truthfully, the stuff that dribbled out of your penis last night could not impregnate an ant. If anything, you should fall to your knees and beg me to suck your father's sissy clit so you can taste the useless semen that created you. You're just a sissy faggot that has not realized his true calling and potential."

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Russell. 'STOP WITH THIS BULLSHIT!!! HE IS JUST A BOY!!!'

"Scarlett," said Martha, "why don't you go to your room and stay there. You have nothing to say or do when it comes to raising," she paused and yelled, "MY CHILDREN!!! GO AWAY!!!"

Russell cowered by his wife's anger did as she commanded. He lowered his head and backed out of the kitchen.

Ten seconds later, Martha heard his footsteps going up the stairs to his temporary bedroom. She turned her attention back to her son. He was still standing with his sister's panties around his thin girly thighs. Martha licked her lips thinking how sweet Matthew would look all dolled up in expectation of being made into a sissy by her boss.

Out of the blue, Meagan asked, "Why did you call daddy Scarlett?"

Martha liked the reduction of tension created by Meagan's question. She smiled at her girls and waved for them to come to her side. Meagan went to her right and Marissa to her left. Martha put her arms around the girl's shoulders. She looked at each of them as they looked up to her, before she returned her gaze to her son, and said, "This morning your father accepted his new position and roll within this family and within the family of families that live and work on Little Atlantic Island. Mr. Northridge did not fuck your father. He pushed his massive cock into his rectum and taught him to use his asshole to masturbate him to an orgasm. When he ejaculated into your father's rectum he

gave him his sissy name. He will no longer be known or addressed as Russell. His new name, and it will be changed legally, is Scarlett Russella Martin. For this moment on, all of you will address him as Scarlett."

The girls nodded not really understand completely what had happened to their father, but they accepted that they should call him Scarlett.

Marissa asked, "Can we still call him daddy?"

Martha chuckled and said, "For a while, but in time you will address him by his sissy name or other derogatory terms that you will be allowed to use as you learn to become dominant women. Now, take your clothing and backpacks and go to your rooms. Do your homework and wait for my return. Do not visit with Scarlett."

Meagan and Marissa did as their mother asked.

"Now Matthew," said Martha, "shall we go upstairs so you can prove to me that you are a man or shall I watch you get dressed so we can go to the store and buy you the start of your sissy wardrobe?"

He heard what his mother asked, but asked his own question, "Did Mr. Northridge really put his cock into daddy this morning?"

"I'll let you get away with calling him daddy this once," said Martha. "This morning after some issues were resolved, Mr. Northridge put his magnificent cock into Russell's ass and when was done Scarlett had spilled her sissy milk on a document that made him indentured to Mr. Northridge. So yes, Mr. Northridge masturbated in Scarlett's new pussy this morning."

"One more question. Would you really have my cock and balls removed or crush them if I don't. . ." Matthew paused not knowing how to express the act of having sex with his mother.

Martha saw the look of confusion on his face and said, "Yes Matthew, I will crush your pea sized balls if you cannot induce an orgasm in me when you put your small boy penis into my vagina and try to have sex with me."

Quietly to himself, Matthew said, *'Have no cock and balls. Have a cock, but no balls and no way to relieve my sexual needs. Or, become a sissy; know that I will still have my cock and balls and most importantly, be able to enjoy the feeling of an orgasm.'* He closed his eyes, thought a moment, and said to his mother as he pulled up his sister's panties, "I will go with you to the store. All I ask is you be kind to me and try not to humiliate me unnecessarily."

"Good girl," said Martha. "Good girl."