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## The Small Atlantic Island

### Chapter 008

#### Nathaniel and Abigail

The Northridge estate was situated on the southernmost portion of the island. It faced the Atlantic and had an unencumbered view of the sea. On clear days, one could stand on the third floor deck and see passenger and freighters ply their way North or South. Access to the property was through a gate that was controlled by the security guards. If there were no guards on duty, then the gates were controlled from inside the Northridge house. The only individual that had access to the property without having to be announced was Mr. Northridge. Guards knew to let him pass without making the necessary call to the house.

Today, the guard knew Mr. Northridge was arriving earlier than usual when the electrified gate began to swing open several minutes before he saw Mr. Northridge's car. He nodded as Mr. Northridge drove his black on black McLaren 12C Spider up to and through the gate with a simple wave of his hand. Nathaniel drove down the lane and parked the McLaren in front of the house. He would always park it in the garage spot designated for the 12C. Anyone who knew his obsessive-compulsive personality would immediately put two-and-two together. Mr. Northridge had no intention of staying home after he completed whatever he came home to do.

Nathaniel opened the front door and screamed, "Abigail!!!"

The servants that were on their way to the front of the house stopped dead in their tracks. The lead butler nodded and pointed to the servant area which was located on the side of the house nearest the twelve bay garage. Reginald Marks made his way to the front of the house where he found his employer standing under the massive chandelier that hung from the third story ceiling. The main atrium had a center stair case that wound both left and right to the second floor. The opening through the third floor was designed simply to accommodate the custom manufactured diamond encrusted chandelier.

"Mr. Northridge," said Reginald, "welcome home. Mrs. Northridge retired to her room when she came home. She left word not to be disturbed."

Nathaniel nodded and smiled to his most faithful manservant and head of his household. "Thank you Reginald." He learned early on that Reginald did not like being called Reggie and respected the man's wishes. "I will take myself upstairs. Please do not announce my arrival." He paused, thought about the deep throaty sound of the McLaren's exhaust, and said, "The 12C announced my arrival."

"Sir are you leaving the car in front of the house or would you like me to park it for you?" asked Reginald.

As he started towards the staircase, Nathaniel said, "That will not be necessary Reginald. I will be leaving as soon as I am finished talking to Mrs. Northridge."

"Yes Mr. Northridge," replied Reginald. *'I think there is going to be a battle,'* he thought. *'I will notify the staff especially the maids that work the upper floors.'* Reginald Marks watched for a moment before he turned militarily to his left and marched, not walked, to the main room of the servants quarters.

Four minutes later, Nathaniel Northridge arrived on the third floor and stood in front of his wife's private abode. He did not fight with her when she asked to transform the room into a private area for just her fifteen years ago. Nathaniel tried the door handle and found it to be locked. A first for his wife. *'Knock or scream her name,'* he thought. He knew she heard him drive up and he also knew she heard him scream her name. The lesser of two evils was his decision.

He knocked on the door and said in an even voice, "Abigail. Please open the door."

Nathaniel put his ear to the door to try and hear what she was doing inside. The thick solid oak door did not provide the best way to listen in the room, but if one was not trying to be quiet, the listener on the other side could hear movement and more inside the room. There was silence.

"Abigail, please open the door," he said a second time.

Again, silence.

Nathaniel nodded. He looked at the door handle and saw the small hole that would allow a thin screwdriver access to the pin that engaged the locking mechanism. *'I'm not going all the way downstairs,'* he thought. *'I'll just kick the door down. Tomorrow the maintenance crew will replace the door, the woodwork, and stain it to match the rest of the house.'*

"Abigail, last time; please open the door."

Again, silence.

Nathaniel Northridge stepped back, lifted his foot to assure he aimed it at the right spot to break the lock, and with one swift hard kick broke the door down. He pushed through the door and into his wife's private abode. The door crashed against the wall and the picture that hung next to it. He stood stock still when he saw Abigail sitting next to her desk nude, legs spread, masturbating.

"What the fuck???" asked Nathaniel.

Abigail smiled and cooed, "You used to love to watch me masturbate. There was nothing I wouldn't do for you Nathaniel. Fuck my mouth. Fuck my ass. Fuck my cunt." She removed her hand from between her legs, stood, and said, "Today I saw something that I never thought I would never see. I had an idea, but I did not want to believe it. You are in love with her. Sure she is younger by a several years, but I'm not ashamed of my body. I really need to know what she has that I cannot or have never given you."

"Abigail. . ."

She shouted, "DON'T FUCKIN' ABIGAIL ME NATHANIEL. I'VE WATCHED YOU FUCK MEN UP THEIR FAGGOT ASSES. I'VE WATCHED YOU FUCK WOMEN SIMPLY TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE THEIR MASTER. WHAT DOES SHE HAVE THAT I DON'T???"

"Abigail. . ."

"YOU FUCKIN' MEGA BILLIONAIRE PERVERT!!! I KNOW WHAT SHE HAS THAT I DON'T. YOU CANNOT FATHOM THAT I AM SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THE FOREST FOR THE TREES. FUCK YOU!!!"

"Ok smartass; what does she have that you don't?"

Calmly Abigail stated, "She has a college degree, a Juris Doctorate, and a PhD in Information Technology. But, more importantly, she has a ten year old son and seven year old twin girls. Virgin mouths, asses, and pussy for you to fuck."

"You are as much of a pedophile as I am, Abigail. You cannot throw that in my face. You had the temerity to announce in front of the invited executives that you wanted first crack at Maegan and Marissa Martin."

"SEE,' she screamed, "YOU KNOW THEIR NAMES AND ALL YOU DID WAS HAVE THEIR FAGGOT FAHTER SUCK YOUR COCK AT THE BALL FIELDS YESTERDAY. DON'T YOU DARE TELL ME DIFFERENT!!! YOU ARE UP TO SOMETHING AND I KNOW WHAT IT IS!!!"

Nathaniel smiled, crinkled his eyes to piss off Abigail even more, and said, "If you're so fuckin' smart, tell me what I am up to."

Flustered because she was grabbing at straws, Abigail said, "You're going to divorce me the way Northridge men divorce their wives. Martha Martin is going to move into our bed. I am going to sleep with the servants or if you're kind at the end of the bed I used to share with you. I know it as I know I am standing here nude in front of you."

Nathaniel raised his eyebrows, pursed his lips, and then said as he lied, "What in God's name gives you that idea?"

Abigail stiffened her back, squared her shoulders, and countered, "Three reasons. First, I found the pictures you have of her on your personal computer. She is dressed, but the poses leaves enough to the imagination. Second, I know when you fuck me you're thinking of her. I've had you in my body and I know when you're just going through the motions or making love. Ever since you met her, you've been going through the motions. And thirdly, you have masturbated in bed with me next to you and when you spewed your Northridge cum all over your stomach and chest you fuckin' moaned her name."

Abigail stared at her husband and saw no reaction. She had hoped he would have struck out at her or take her into his arms to tell her she was wrong as he pushed his cock into her body. Two minutes ticked by and still no reaction from Nathaniel.

The laugh was derisive and to the point. "What do you want from me?"

"I want the fuckin' truth Nathaniel. You owe that much to me!!!"

"Ok Abigail. I will tell you the truth. When I saw your jealousy this morning, I knew something was up with you. Why you didn't come to me, I cannot fathom. To digress for just a moment, if you did, we could have worked it out. I know we could have. But, you decided to keep it to yourself and stew in your own pot of jealousy."

Abigail interjected, "You asshole!!! You self-centered fuck!!! If I came to you about what I was feeling, you would have made me feel lower than low. You'd humiliate me and make me feel like I was the one doing something wrong."

"Abigail, Abigail, Abigail," said Nathaniel. "Your jealousy has been growing every time I assert my authority over the people who willingly decide to come, live, and work on Little Atlantic Island. I found you in a family that had no chance in hell passing through my rigorous vetting. But, here you stand, naked, accusing me of preparing to divorce you or worse. Tell me that you did what you did this morning because you wanted to get back at me. Open the honesty door and tell me what you feel."

"FUCK YOU!!!" cried Abigail.

"Wrong response, bitch."

Nathaniel closed the gap between them and before Abigail could react, he had his right hand around her thin neck. He pushed her backwards to the part of the wall behind the desk that did not have windows. Abigail put her hands on Nathaniel's wrist and tried to pry his hand off of her neck. Nathaniel laughed. He squeezed harder and saw his wife begin to lose consciousness. Abigail's hands fell from his wrist as her body began to suffer from a lack of oxygen. That was when he released his hold on her neck. Abigail crumbled to the floor.

Nathaniel pulled his cock from his pants and pissed on his wife's face in a gross attempt to revive her. He didn't care about the mess. The servants would never say one word about anything that happened on or in the Northridge Estate. Nathaniel was unconcerned about any form of criminal or civil proceedings because the police and attorney general all worked for him. What added to his confidence was their fealty to him because he fucked their wives, children, or them. Others were bound to him because they ascended to the heights of alpha male or dominant female control of the submissive residents.

The warm urine had the effect Nathaniel wanted. Abigail revived and tried to move away from his stream. He followed her and she knew he would not stop peeing on her until his bladder was empty. She also knew her life as the wife of Nathaniel Northridge had come to an end. The urine ran down her face, down her breasts, down her abdomen, and pooled between her legs.

So he could savor his final humiliation of her, she looked up, smiled, and said, 'Piss on me Nathaniel. Mark me as an unwanted woman. I asked for the truth. You lied to me until this moment. Just be kind enough to let me live my life in peace somewhere on the island. I will open my home and body to you when you want. Just, please, let me live out my years in peace.'

Nathaniel finished urinating on his wife. He stepped forward not caring that his shoes were now in a puddle of urine. He stared at Abigail. Shook his cock and she knew what he wanted.

Abigail Northridge went to her knees in the puddle of urine, opened her mouth, and began to suck the cock that used to love her body. She felt it grow hard in her mouth as she had thousands of times before. She knew exactly what Nathaniel loved when being sucked off. Her left hand went to the base of his cock. She held it and then lowered it to his huge testicles. Using her left hand she alternately caressed his balls and the base of his cock. Abigail's right hand sought out his anus. She touched it and he reacted. Her hand went to her mouth. She removed her mouth from the rampant erection and sucked her fingers into her mouth. When she knew they were well lubricated, she returned to felling Nathaniel, and without warning pushed two fingers into his ass.

Nathaniel groaned as he felt his wife push her fingers into his ass and with a practiced movement, press against his prostate. His hips moved forward. His cock twitched and jumped. He felt her fingers move in syncopation with his rising sexual pleasure. Then it happened. Her massaging of his prostate shortened the time to his ejaculation. He grabbed her by her ears and pulled her face into his crotch. He had slammed his cock down her throat and ejaculated directly into her stomach. When his legs stopped shaking he felt her remove her fingers from his ass. He pushed her back against the wall and stepped back and out of the pool of cooling urine.

Abigail looked up at him and said, "Would she allow you to piss on her? Would she allow you to fuck her mouth so deep you cum directly into her stomach? Would she sit in front of you covered in your piss, hating what you did to her, and still love you unconditionally? Would she Nathaniel?"

The man was floored by her questions. His intent was to make her so fuckin' mad she would have gladly accepted a small house on the other side of the island and a small pittance of an allowance to keep her from having to sell her body in one of the brothels on the island. Nathaniel stared at Abigail. After verbally and physically humiliating her, she sat, stoic, and calm accepting that he just treated her like a twenty dollar whore. Her verbalizing of questions that only Martha could answer when an event such as just happened really happened to her made him think about her commitment to him and her love for who and what he is.

"Get up. Get washed and dressed. Tonight at dinner you will tell children that you are no longer their mother. They will rise up and make a scene. I will make it perfectly clear that if they want to leave this house with you they have my blessing. You should know that if any of them leave with you, the allowance I will give to you will not support more than you. To have enough income one or all of them will have to prostitute themselves. Word will spread and I will make sure that they are paid less than the going rate for a street whore in New York City. You will also prepare to leave my house tomorrow morning with just the clothing on your back. The rest of your wardrobe will be burned. Do you accept my terms?"

"And if I don't?" asked Abigail to be a pain-in-the ass to Nathaniel.

"Don't and I will break your neck where you sit. I will tell the children that I caught you in flagrante delicto fucking a nigger in our bed. For proof, I will fill your rotten cunt with nigger semen."

Frightened, Abigail asked, 'You wouldn't be such a bastard?"

"Try me. I just pissed on you and the made you suck my cock. Lying about why you have a broken neck will be nothing for me to pull off considering I am a known bastard and a prick."

"I will do as you ask and I will make sure the children stay here. Just give me some things. A quiet place to live in peace. Enough money to live on without having to prostitute myself in one of your brothels. And, the ability to see my children. They are still the result of you making love to me. I carried them inside me for nine beautiful months. I willingly subjected myself to natural childbirth. I did everything to maintain my body for you. Please, Nathaniel, please don't take them from me. Give me what I ask for and I shall go quietly."

Out of the blue, "Which one of my sons are you fucking?"

The look on her face was priceless. It told the story of her infidelity and incestuous relationship with one of her sons. Abigail Northridge's mouth dropped open, her body fell to the floor, she curled into a fetal position, and she began to cry as she asked, "How? How long have you known?"

"You dumb fuckin' cunt," said Nathaniel. "I didn't know a thing. I thought I'd fuck with you and it seems that I have struck on something you and one of my sons have been hiding from me."

"Yes, because I have been trying to help him see that female pussy is better than sissy pussy, Nathaniel. Your younger son is hovering close to becoming a full-fledged cocksucker. I have been trying to help him by offering him unfettered access to my pussy. It is incestuous, but I believe in what I was and still are doing for him."

"You're fuckin' with me now," said Nathaniel. "I guess tonight at the dinner table besides telling your children you're not their mother anymore; you will out Johnathan. Then I will know if you are telling me the truth or just fucking a younger boy for the thrill of it."

"I have no reason to lie to you Nathaniel. I'm done lying and scheming. I have given you everything you have ever asked for and of me. I accept that by pissing on me you have told me to take a hike. I have told you everything you need to know. The people who live and work on this island adore you. They'll give their lives to protect you, because you protect them. I wanted to spend my life serving you as your wife, lover, and whore. You just tricked me and for that I'm sorry, not for me or you, but for Johnathan. I do not know how you will react if he does admit to being homosexual. What I do know is that I will do everything in my power to protect him even if it means giving my life to take yours to save him. Of this I am certain."

"Well, fuck me," said Nathaniel. "I never once thought you had the strength of conscience to give your life for another. I will add that I never thought you'd try to murder me. I don't think you'd succeed, but admitting that you would try to protect Johnathan is precious. I need time alone to think about what you just admitted to me."

"Here's where I know about you Nathaniel," said Abigail. "You're not going anywhere to be alone. You're headed straight to Martha. You'll sweet talk her and give her lies to hang her hat on. You may even commit not do

something for she abhors so you will gain her confidence beyond what you already have. Then you will make out with her. Maybe go down on her and make sweet oral love to her pussy. Then you will slide up her thin lithe body, kiss her small pert breasts, her neck, and her mouth. Then before she can react, you will push your hard cock into her body. You will fuck her. Not make passionate love to her because your mind will be pondering the possibility that your son in a fag. She will want you in a way that you will not give her tonight. You will be a total prick as you fuck her. If she is as smart as you say, she will understand that you are inside her just to have a pussy surround your cock. You will break whatever romantic notions and ideals she has for you. When you finish inside of her you will end whatever possibility you had of making her love you. I guarantee she will not love you the way I do. Yes Nathaniel, I love you even though you pissed all over me."

"I'm leaving and I will return at six for dinner. Make sure you keep your fuckin' mouth shut. I do not want to walk into a hornet's nest, because if I do, I will make the rest of your life a living hell."

Nathaniel Northridge turned and walked out of the room he allowed his ex-wife to turn into her private abode.

Abigail Northridge did not move. She covered her face and broke out into uncontrollable tears. Life as she knew ended the moment the love of her life broke into her private abode. The final act to sever their relationship came when he stood over her and urinated on her. Never had he involved her in sexual water sports and now she understood why. By pissing on her, he declared her a persona non grata and not worthy of his gratitude and love. Fifteen minutes after Nathaniel left her abode, Abigail Northridge stood and made her way to the master bedroom to clean up and dress for dinner.