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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 009

Martha and Matthew

The automatic door opener on the garage door whined and it raised the double wide door. Although the Martin's only brought one vehicle with them from Des Moines, Iowa, Martha picked a house with a two car garage. She unlocked the BMW X5 SUV. Matthew sat in the front passenger seat. Martha got in, started the vehicle, and backed it out of the garage. Once she cleared the garage's entrance, she reached up, and pressed the remote to close the door. Once she was on the street and headed in the right direction, she spoke to her son.

"I see you made the right decision and wore your training heels. It will make it much easier to purchase the correct length of pants for you," said Martha.

Matthew turned his head to face his mother, who was looking straight ahead as she drove, and said, "Like I have a choice. I will satisfy your need for control, but inside my mind I do not have to like it or accept it."

"Fine," said Martha. "You will suffer the consequences for not being truthful to yourself."

Matthew did not respond. He watched the houses pass as his mother drove to the shopping area of Little Atlantic Island. He shivered when the image of the young boy sucking the older boy's cock came into his consciousness. The idea of swallowing the cum of another boy turned his stomach. He put his hands over his crotch to hide his growing penis. '*Why am I getting hard? I don't like having to become a sissy,*' he thought.

Ten minutes after they departed the house, Martha Martin pulled into the enclosed shopping center that contained all of the retail stores a small town would need to survive. Residents were allowed to purchase items via the Internet, but they had to be delivered to the central warehouse for inspection before being released to the purchaser. Martha and Matthew entered the enclosed shopping center and stopped at the Directory. Amazingly, there were two listing for 'Sissy Clothing' and based upon the names she read decided that *The Sissy Boutique* was where she was headed.

The store was located on the second level directly in front of the right side escalators. Martha took Matthew's hand and they walked and rode to the store. She stopped just in front to look at and admire the clothing that was displayed in the windows. She wanted to point at a dress, but decided against it. In time, Matthew would

understand the more he accepts his feminization the less humiliation he will have to accept. Martha opened one of the two doors and allowed Matthew to enter the store before her.

A matronly woman approached. She was older than fifty-five but younger than sixty-two by Martha's first impression. She had short blue-gray hair, deep blue eyes, and narrow face, and a body that was in great shape for a woman her age. She was wearing a simple blue pleated skirt with a hemline that stopped just above her knees, a white blouse with a scalloped collar, a grey and blue striped crew neck sweater, and a pair of simple black leather heels. On her legs were tan opaque stockings.

"Good afternoon," said the employee. She offered her hand to Martha and said, "Welcome to *The Sissy Boutique*. My name is Mabel. How may I assist you today?"

Martha took the woman's hand gave a quick shake and replied, "I am here to purchase some underwear, stockings, socks, lingerie, and clothing for my son Matthew."

Mabel turned to Matthew and simply said, "Hello."

Matthew prodded by his mother responded with a quiet, "Hello Mabel."

The mature lady smiled and said, "Young boy, when you address me you say Ma'am or Mrs. Wintergreen. You never use my first name. So, young boy, what is your full name?"

"Matthew Martin," he replied.

The matron turned her gaze to Martha and said questioningly, "Martin?"

Getting a bit peeved, Martha responded, "Yes. Martin."

"Oh my," said the now flummoxed woman. "Please accept my apologies. Please correct me if I am mistaken, but Mr. Northridge hired you to be his Corporate CIO?"

Still showing her rising anger, Martha relied, "Yes. I am the Northridge Corporate CIO."

Mabel closed her eyes, opened them, and gazed down and then up twice before she said, "Please. . ."

Martha had had enough, "I'm not a very happy customer Mabel. You have been gazing at me with lust in your eyes. I suggest you explain yourself to me before I take your insubordination to your employer."

She looked away before she answered, "Mrs. Martin, I was born and raised on Small Atlantic Island. I am one of the women trained in the feminization of boys and teens. I did not know who you are. I am allowed to use corporal punishment on any boy or teen that does not respect a dominant woman. I know that you are one to two or maybe several notches higher on the organizational chart. I apologize for not learning who you are before you entered the store."

Martha relaxed and said, "I understand."

"If I may," said Mabel. "You boy will be trained as he goes through his education on the island. Children born here have it a bit easier than children who arrive with their parents because either of them has accepted employment with Mr. Northridge. When your son addressed me by my first name, I had all rights and privileges to slap him across his face. But, I am not allowed to use corporal punishment on boys that are the spawn of corporate executives. You boy will receive punishment in school without your consent. By having the boy educated on the island, you accept the fact that the boy will learn to accept his feminization or suffer at the hands of the teachers."

"I know and understand that, but in this store, you lay on hand on my boy. . ."

Mabel held up her hand and said, "Listen to me Mrs. Martin. It is imperative that you stop speaking of Matthew as a male. Do not use male pronouns as it will only deter the boy from accepting his feminization. I have to ask the boy some questions and I need honest answers. If he was any other boy, I would slap him across his face. That is what I am trained to do. In your case, I have to defer to you as the boy's mother to administer corporal punishment; unless you agree to allow me to be the person who punishes the boy if the boy is not truthful."

"I hear you call the 'the boy,'" said Martha. "Why?"

Mabel looked at Matthew and said, "Show me your wrists."

Matthew hesitated.

"See his hesitation," said Mabel. "That is grounds for administering corporal punishment. The boy has to learn to react immediately to a dominant woman's command. So Matthew will not get confused, I am trained, as are all of the feminization teachers, to call the individual boy until he had completed all aspects of his training or if, Mr. Northridge takes him. So, Matthew is not a male and is in training to become a sissy. Therefore, everyone will use 'the boy' until such time as he is declared a full-fledged sissy."

"I see. At this point, I accept the idea that Matthew should not be addressed as if," Mabel paused. "Damn, I am so used to using male pronouns. I accept that Matthew should be address using feminine pronouns. What I will not allow is you to inflict corporal punishment on the boy. Also, I demand you address me as Mrs. Martin. Until I give you written permission, I never want to hear my first name pass through your lips."

"Fair and understood, Mrs. Martin. May I question the boy?"

"Yes."

"Matthew, how old are you?" asked Mabel.

"I am 10," he responded.

Martha saw the look on Mabel's face and without needing to be prodded, she slapped Matthew across his face. She looked at Mabel and said, "Ask the boy again."

"Matthew, how old are you?"

"I am 10 ma'am," he responded.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" asked Mabel.

"I have two younger identical twin sisters, ma'am."

"How old are they?"

"Seven ma'am."

"Good girl Matthew. You're a quick learner," said Mabel.

It did not get by Martha that the matronly woman used a feminine pronoun with her boy.

"I see you are wearing your training heels. What are you wearing under your boy's clothing?"

Matthew looked down at the floor. It was not what was expected. Martha saw the look on Mabel's face and proceeded to take her son by the nape of his neck to the nearest chair where she put him over her knees and spanked

him until he began to scream and cry. When she thought the boy had enough punishment, she pushed him off her lap onto the floor of the store and growled, "Take your shirt and pants off now boy!!!"

Matthew's spanking in public at the hand of his own mother solidified the training message that he must react to a command immediately or suffer the consequences. Ashamed but smart enough now to do as he was told, Matthew stood and removed his shirt and pants.

"Nice pink panties boy," crowed Mabel. "Who do they belong to?"

No hesitation when Matthew answered, "They belong to my sister Marissa, ma'am."

"Same with the stockings?" asked Mabel.

"Yes ma'am."

"Enough for now boy. Mrs. Martin, would you like me to pick some things out for the boy? I can see he easily fits into his sister's panties. We could go a size larger, but I would wait to see how much he grows."

"I'm not worried about undergarments," said Martha. "What we need is some girl's slacks, jeans, skirts, dresses, blouses, and sweaters. Undergarments are the least of my problems."

"Follow me boy," said Mabel.

She walked over to the corner of the store where girl's dresses hung. She pulled a simple sun dress in yellow with white flowers printed on it from the rack. She checked the size, put it back, and found a smaller size. She removed it from the hanger, handed it to Matthew, and said, "Put it on boy."

Matthew wanted to scream but knew better. He took the dress looked at it for a moment, turned to his mother and said, "How do you put this on?"

Mabel answered, "You simply put it over your head and let it fall around your body."

Matthew did as he was told. The sun dress, a size four, fit him perfectly. The shoulder straps held the top part of the dress in place perfectly as if he had a pair of breasts. The hem fell just to the middle of his thighs.

"Put your training shoes on," said his mother.

Matthew walked to the chair where he was publically spanked, stepped into his training heels, and with a bit more ability to walk made his way back to where his mother and the store clerk stood. He stopped and turned to show them how the sun dress fit.

Mabel said, "Very pretty. I imagine your mother is going to let your hair grow long and have it shaped at the sissy hairdresser. I am seeing the budding of one beautiful sissy. Don't you agree Mrs. Martin?"

Martha knew what Mabel was doing and she readily agreed that the boy looked very pretty in the dress. She turned to the woman and said, "Please pick out simple clothing for the boy to start dressing in. Damn, the boy is going to Mr. Northridge's estate this weekend. I am at a total loss as to what the boy will need in terms of clothing. I believe you have the expertise to help me prepare him from a clothing standpoint."

"Actually, Mrs. Martin," said Mabel, "he needs only a few items. He will need several pairs of sexy panties, thigh highs, a bustier, and at least one as sexy as possible little black dress. You will excuse me for being blunt, but the boy will spend most of the time there naked except for sexy thigh high lace top stockings and knowing Mr. Northridge the highest heels the boy can comfortably wear."

"Thank you for your expertise," said Martha. "I am going to take a walk. Please put together a wardrobe for the boy." Martha turned to her boy and said, "Matthew, do not make trouble for Mrs. Wintergreen. She reports to me that she had to stop because you were being troublesome, the spanking you received moments ago will look like love taps. Do you understand me boy?"

"Yes mother," said Matthew in a little boy's voice. "I will be good. I promise."

"The boy is all yours Mabel," said Martha as she turned to walk out of the store to clear her head and prepare for the war that was going to take place between her and her soon to be sissy.

She was a few steps from the front door when she saw Mr. Northridge approaching. She stopped dead in her tracks. People in the shopping center greeted him and continued on their way. Mr. Northridge was headed in the store's direction. He opened the door, entered, and was surprised to find her so quickly.

"Martha," was all he said.

"Mr. Northridge, I did not expect to see you again today. What a pleasant surprise."

Again just, "Martha," as he stepped close to her, put his arms around her shoulder, and pulled her into an embrace. He looked into her eyes, smiled a smile that could only be interpreted as loving, and placed his lips on hers. He squeezed her, not hard enough to cause pain, but just enough to let her know he wanted her. His cock grew in his pants but he wasn't completely erect.

He broke the kiss and while holding her in his embrace said, "If I asked you to take my cock out of my pants, stroke it until it is erect, and then sink to your knees and suck me off, would you?"

"If that is what you want, Mr. Northridge," said Martha. "Then all you have to do is ask. But, I am sensing something else here. It was my understanding that, that . . ."

Nathaniel Northridge release his arm embrace and put the index finger of his right hand to Martha's lips. His smile and twinkling eyes were infectious. Martha relaxed and kept her hands on his arms. They held their gaze as patrons of the store entered and left without standing to gawk at the two. People looking into the store saw Mr. Northridge and did nothing but nod their heads.

"Who are you here with?" he asked.

"My son..." Martha stopped, "I have to get used to stop using male pronouns and terms for Mathew. Sorry, Mr. Northridge, I'm here with my boy."

"Where is the boy?"

"In the rear with Mabel getting clothing and undergarments."

"Show me."

Mr. Northridge knew where he was headed but allowed Martha to guide him to the area of the store where girl's dresses were inventoried.

"Mr. Northridge," said Mabel. "Welcome. What a pleasant surprise. It is so nice to see you again, sir."

"Thank you Mabel," said Nathaniel. "Where is the boy?"

"He is in the dressing room, sir. Trying on a mini-skirt and halter top," said the matronly lady.

This time Nathaniel took Martha by the bicep and guided her to the entrance to the dressing rooms. He did not call out for the boy. He went to the first door, opened it, saw the room was empty, and went to the next. Behind the third door, he found Matthew. His eyes widened when he saw the slender boy standing looking in the mirror at himself. He was wearing a pink cotton halter top that came down just below his breasts. On his hips was a black denim mini-skirt that just covered the tops of the lace thigh highs he was wearing. On his feet were a pair of four inch black leather platform fuck me heels.

Matthew looked up and saw Mr. Northridge and his mother standing behind him. He blushed.

Martha saw the boy blush and felt, no loved, that the boy just did. He reacted to them as any sissy would. Shy, yet proud of how he looked. Martha felt Mr. Northridge gently guide her into the dressing room. He followed and closed the door. The two adults and the boy had more than enough room to stand and/or sit comfortably in the dressing room.

"I asked you something when I first entered the store," said Nathaniel. "I ask you again, except this time the boy will watch."

"Again, I reply," said Martha, "if that is what you want me to do, I will. But, I see this as some sort of test for me to pass." She looked at Matthew, closed the space between herself and Mr. Northridge, and whispered, "If you want me to be your whore just tell me. If you are opening your heart to me, then just let me know. Don't play with me, Mr. Northridge. I am here to help your companies as your Corporate CIO. I know that when I took the job and moved here, there would be certain expectations on your part that I would have to satisfy."

"When I took you this morning, I did so, because I wanted you more than I wanted your sissy husband and," he paused, looked deep into Martha's eyes, and said, "more than I want my wife Abigail. Martha, the second I saw you from afar, I knew. When the distance closed between us, my heart stopped, and I will admit that my cock just jumped in my pants. I am here because I need you. I want you. I'm falling madly in love with you."

Matthew stood quiet as a church mouse. His own sissy clit dribbling because he was surprised at how he looked and how sexy he felt. He watched his mother and her boss. He did not hear everything, but he did hear three words that tore at him. Those words, '*love with you*'.

For the first time in her life, Martha Martin felt something she had never felt before. It was more than love. She loved her sissy husband Scarlett, but this was completely different. Her right hand went to her employer's face, then is slipped down his arm to his waist, and the around to the front of his pants. Martha did not say a word. She maintained eye contact with Mr. Northridge. Using both hands, she opened his belt, the waistband closure to his trousers, lowered the zipper, and with a gentle push let his pants fall around his ankles.

She took his tumescent cock into her hands. She gently began to stroke and caress it as she kept her eyes on Mr. Northridge's. Martha did not look at the boy. She moved backwards to the bench and sat. Mr. Northridge followed using small steps because his pants were around his ankles. He saw Martha lick her lips, open her mouth, and take the head of his engorged cock into her mouth. Holding the base of his cock with both of her hands, Martha Martin began to fuck his cock with her mouth. When just the head was behind her teeth, she swirled her tongue around the head and every so often would stick the tip into the slit to fuck his cock with her tongue.

"Please Martha," said Mr. Northridge. "You don't have to suck. . ."

Martha removed her mouth and cooed, "I want to. I don't know if Abigail would have done this in front of her sons, but I have a sissy to train. I'm not opposed to," she paused, nodded in appreciation of what she was about to say, and said, "making love to your cock. It is part of you and if I fall in love with you, I fall in love with all of you."

Nathaniel Northridge groaned as he felt his cock slide back into Martha's mouth and down her throat. He did not want to introduce her to his love of having a finger or two in his ass when he received a blow job yet, but he knew she would gladly help him get off by doing that to him. He did not put his hands on her head. He let Martha control the sucking of his cock. He groaned again when he felt her nose against his bare pubic bone. Martha had proven two

times before that she was an expert cocksucker, but this time and hopefully every time, she would engage her desire to surpass her previous sucking of his cock.

Matthew stepped back against the mirror, surprised, and sexually stimulated. His boy clit grew inside his panties and behind the denim mini-skirt. I was confused. Was he getting stimulated because his mother was sucking off her boss the way the fourth grader sucked off the sixth grader on the bus? Or, was he getting sexually stimulated because he wanted to have his mouth around such a beautiful man cock? Matthew unconsciously groaned.

Nathaniel heard the boy, raised his arm, and pulled him close to him. Matthew looked up at Mr. Northridge and saw something he was surprised to see. His eyes were gentle and loving. He licked his lips and focused on the boy dressed as a girl standing next to him. Matthew thought that Mr. Northridge had totally forgotten that his mother was sucking his cock. The boy did not move, but he did break eye contact to return his gaze to the activity going on in front of him.

"Do you have a sissy name yet boy?" asked Mr. Northridge.

Without looking up, he replied, "My mother calls me Mattie."

"Do you like the name, Mattie?" asked Mr. Northridge.

"It's ok," said the boy. He continued to watch his mother suck Mr. Northridge's cock for a moment, frowned, looked up at the tall man, and said, "Please excuse me, but why is my name so important when my mother has your cock in her mouth?"

Mr. Northridge smiled, rubbed the top of the boy's head, and said, "Because, if you like what you're watching, and by the small tent in your mini-skirt, I think you are; then you're more than welcome to help your mother."

Matthew's jaw dropped. "I'm sorry Mr. Northridge, but I'm not a cocksucker."

"You will be soon boy," said Mr. Northridge. "Aren't you coming to my house this weekend?"

Knowing the truth of what was going to happen to him, Matthew said, "Yes."

"Then I suggest you sit by your mother and learn."

Martha had heard their exchange, stopped fellating Mr. Northridge, and said, "If I could interject, I think it would be better if the boy just watched. Let him experience you when you're alone. In time, the boy will be less fearful of his femininity and enjoy the feeling of a hot, hard cock in his sissy mouth. This way he won't ruin a beautiful top and mini-skirt before the boy had time to really enjoy wear them."

"For you my love," said Nathaniel. He looked down at the boy and said, "Watch and learn as your mother sucks me off boy. This weekend you will be doing it willingly or you will suffer the consequences."

Martha paused for a split second when she heard the words 'suffer the consequences'. She closed her eyes and thought about the only thing that mattered – making oral love to Mr. Northridge's cock. A cock that would be inside her body whenever he wanted. Her mouth worked the head and shaft. Her tongue worked the piss slit and the thick bulge of the urethra on the bottom. As she fellated him, her mouth began to get coated with his precum. It was smooth and delicious. She greedily swallowed as it filled her mouth. She worked his cock as if she were a professional adult movie star or a highly paid prostitute.

Matthew wanted to touch his cock. He thought better of it.

Nathaniel Northridge felt his testicles rise. His cock grew harder. The head of his cock expanded in preparation to allow the exit of several streams of his semen. He groaned, "Oh my fuckin' God!!!" He did so because just as the first rope of semen passed through and out of his cock, Martha pushed her head down so his cock became

embedded in her throat. What amazed him was her ability to keep her head pressed against his pubic bone, breathe through her nose, and allow him to feed her his cum directly into her stomach.

When his orgasm finished, Martha pulled her head back and her mouth off of her boss' cock. She held the monster cock, licked it, and then gently let it fall between his legs. She reached down and pulled up his pants. With deft hands, she tucked in his shirt, zipped the zipper, closed the button, and closed the belt that surrounded his narrow waist. Then she stood, put her body as close to his as possible, and said in a velvety voice, "Did you enjoy having my mouth and throat to ease the pressure in your balls?"

Nathaniel forgot about Matthew. He wrapped his arms around his CIO and kissed her passionately. He opened his mouth and Martha did the same. Their tongues danced between the caverns of their oral cavities. Matthew fell backwards into the mirror and caught himself before he fell to the floor. Neither Mr. Northridge nor his mother took notice of him. He wanted to experience an orgasm, but he dare not touch his cock. Matthew shivered and without completely understanding why, he ejaculated into his sister's panties.

Nathaniel broke the kiss. He stared into Martha's eyes as only lovers could. He pressed his hand to her face and said, "I am going to have dinner at home. I will either come to bring you back to the estate or I will stay with you tonight. My sensibilities tell me we need to exit the dressing area."

"I am yours," said Martha. "Just let me know your desires."

Mr. Northridge and then Martha exited the dressing room. Like two long lost lovers, they kissed one more time before Mr. Northridge left the store. Martha stood, stared off into space, and wondered if her boss was really going to make her his wife.

"Excuse me Mrs. Martin," said Mabel.

Martha shook her head to return to reality, turned to face Mrs. Wintergreen, and said, "Yes."

"May I finish with the boy?"

"Of course," said Martha, "but I think you're going to need a wet towel and some dry panties for the boy. I think the boy messed the boy's sister's panties. I'm going to stroll around and window shop. How much time do you need to finish with the boy?"

"I have to ask," said Mabel, "how much should I spend of your money? That will determine how much time I will need to properly outfit the boy based upon finances."

"I want the boy to be the prettiest and sexist ten year old you've ever dressed," said Martha. "Please find the best make up for the boy. Money is not an object."

Mabel nodded and said, "Then please give me at least an hour before you return Mrs. Martin." What she did not verbalize was her abhorrence for having to wait while Mr. Northridge used her in one of the dressing rooms.