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## The Small Atlantic Island

### Chapter 002

#### The Family Returns Home

Martha Martin held her skirt in her right hand and her panties in her left. She wrapped each arm around one of her daughters and guided them as they walked back to their home. She whispered softly that the girls should not be embarrassed by their nakedness. Matthew fell behind his mother and followed. Russell took up the rear.

The first family they passed did as Mr. Northridge said. The looked at them, smiled knowingly, and returned to their own world. The second family they came upon was known to both Martha and Russell because the husband, Mr. Adam Frankel was the supervisor of the warehouse where Russell was employed. He stood with his wife Patricia and their two sons, Adam Jr. and Owen. The three males grabbed their crotches and pumped their hips as their tongues pressed against the inside of their mouths. Martha moved a bit faster but it was not fast enough as her daughters heard Patricia Frankel coo, "Can't wait to suck some sweet girly pussy."

The walk home did not get any easier. They passed at least five more families that made the obnoxious cocksucker sign with their mouths. The remaining families they passed were respectful because each of them had been publically humiliated by their boss sometime soon after arriving as residents of the Small Atlantic Island.

Once they were inside their four bedroom, two-and-a-half bath, center hall colonial home, the Martin family felt somewhat secure. Neither Martha nor Russell knew if their home was bugged with microphones and video cameras. Once inside behind closed and locked doors, did the family finally relax only to become a bit agitated when they saw multiple envelopes stacked neatly on the small secretary that stood next to the front entrance to their house.

Mrs. Martin told the children to sit at the breakfast table while she retrieved the stack of envelopes. She did not tell them to go to their rooms and change their clothing. Mr. Martin knew better than to go to the downstairs powder room to wipe her boss' cum from his face. His fear of being watched made him sit and talk with his family about what just happened and what they were to expect in the days and months ahead.

Martha sat at the end opposite her husband. The cool air of the house felt nice as it passed over her hairless vagina. She thought it best that she start the conversation and explanation of their new lives, but she was stopped when she read the names on each of the envelopes. There was one each for the members of the family and one business envelope addressed to the Russell and her. She opened the business envelope, pulled out the tri-folded letter and proceeded to read:

*Dear Martha and Russell,*

*I know you are scared that someone gained entrance to your home while you were at the ball fields. You must remember that I do own everything on Small Atlantic Island. I promise you that I or any of my surrogates will never enter your home unannounced while you are living on the island.*

*Please take the time to do as I requested and discuss with your children what happened this afternoon. I know Russell is sitting opposite you scared and embarrassed. This will pass as he becomes accustomed to living as a submissive sissy cocksucker.*

*In each of the envelopes labelled for your daughters is a book that will help them pass through the onset of their sexuality. It is written to ease their experience with men and women. Do not hide anything from them, because if you do, it will make it extremely difficult for them to accept their present and future roles as sexual play toys for the chosen families of Small Atlantic Island.*

*The envelope for your son will explain his training. One book will give him the details of his feminization. The second book lists private Small Atlantic Island intranet sites where he can learn to become sexually excited by real men's cocks and other sissy boys. The first admonition I will state to you via this letter is to make him feel comfortable with his feminization. Read the book with him and praise him for accepting his love of being girly and bowing to a superior man's need for his soon to be christened boy pussy. The second is to maintain his anal virginity. And lastly, make sure he understands that he will be submissive to women and girls including his sister's and you.*

*The envelope for Russell contains nothing more than a note from me praising him for accepting his new sissy cuckold role in your family.*

*Your envelope; yes, I assumed that you would be the family member to read this letter; contains an Agreement that each of you will sign. It accepts your status as my indentured servants and your status as sexual slaves to the wants and desires of the Northridge family, my successors, and the appointed superior families of Small Atlantic Island.*

*As I always do the morning of the day after I have performed a family's first public humiliation, I will expect you to hand me the signed Agreement as your faggot husband's Master coats his insides forever altering his ass to a pussy.*

*The life you live on Small Atlantic Island will be filled with activities that will allow the Martin family to never have to worry about financial and health concerns for their entire life.*

*Nathaniel Northridge*

"I am going to give each of you an envelope," stated Martha after she calmed her nerves after reading the letter from Mr. Northridge. "We will open them and discuss what it means to each of you, but suffice it to say, you will accept what your mother and father have decided by moving to Small Atlantic Island. For you Russell, the envelope contains just short note from Mr. Northridge and your Master praising you for accepting your new role."

Martha handed the envelope labelled for each child to them and said, "Just leave them unopened in front of you. When I am ready, we will open them one at a time and discuss the contents. Russell, I'll hold yours here because there is a document we need to sign. I will assume that if we do not sign it, we will be summarily removed from the island with just the clothing on our backs."

"Now," Martha said quietly, "Matthew, Marissa, and Martha, I know what you witnessed came as a complete surprise. Your father and I heard that there may be some sexual shenanigans between residents of Little Atlantic Island, but we were just as surprised as you were at where the first incident took place. It is important that you speak freely to us and among yourselves. Your father and I will not hide the truth or mince words. We will always speak the truth to each of you alone and when we're together. Please feel free to speak your mind."

Matthew jumped and spat, "Mom, did you know dad was a fuckin' cocksucker?"

Martha looked at her husband when she answered, "I know this is going to come as a surprise to your dad, but I did know that he had sucked cock prior to our getting married. I know that he tried to stifle his desire to fellate a man, but failed on a few occasions. What I did not know until today was his desire to be feminized."

Astounded, Russell said, "You knew and did not say anything to me? How did you know?"

Martha smiled, "I smelled it on your breath, Russell. It does not dissipate very quickly."

His response to her admitting she knew of his bisexuality was silence. He wanted to put his face down into his arms, but the fact that his face was covered in cold cum was enough to stop him. Russell sat back in his chair, stared at his wife, and slowly began to cry.

"Well, I'm not going to become some sissy cocksucker," stated Matthew. "I'm not going to wear panties and act like some faggot sissy bitch."

His mother turned in her chair to face him and countered, "You do that and you'll end up being forcibly trained. Mr. Northridge will do what he needs to break you. I would not put it past him to chain you in a room and feed you only when he see fit. Your meals will consist of cum and more cum. He will fuck your mouth and ass ceaselessly. You'll have no choice but to accept your sissiness."

"MARTHA," groaned Russell, "how could you say that to him. When did you get as knowledgeable as to what Mr. Northridge will do to our son?"

"I'm not stupid, Russ," said Martha. "I had an idea of what we were getting ourselves and our children into when I took the job. Mrs. Oswald has been kind enough to whisper things to me so I would not be surprised."

"Mrs. Oswald," said Russell, "from the hair salon?"

"Yes," said Martha. "She is a submissive. Her husband was for a time, Mr. Northridge's favorite sissy. Two of her three boys are sissies and accepted their fates without a fight. The oldest fought it. He was taken from their house to a special sissy training school housed in one of the buildings on the other side of the island. When he returned home he did not have his genitals. His cock and balls were surgically removed. His teeth were taken from his mouth so he could remove his dentures when he fellated cock."

"Where is he now?" interrupted Matthew.

"He lives at home," replied Martha. "It took another few weeks for him to acclimate his mind to not having genitals and teeth. According to Mrs. Oswald he cried incessantly for eight days. Mr. Northridge would bring men and women to the house for the sole purpose of fucking him. He took him to the places where the 'men' of Little Atlantic Island met and force him put on shows. He was always dressed as a girl and when a man wanted his boy pussy he was obligated to bend over. He finally broke and Mr. Northridge allowed him to remain with family instead of becoming a working sissy boy on one of his freighters that ply the seas worldwide."

"How does he pee?" asked Marissa.

"Like you do," replied Martha. "He sits. The doctor who performed the surgery rerouted his urethra; that is what you pee through, so he has to sit to pee." Martha turned her attention back to her son and said, "Fight the inevitable and you will end up like him or worse."

"I'll run away," declared Matthew.

"That is nonsense," said Martha. "The only way off the island is by the ferry. Oh, you can try to swim, but I know for a fact that no one has made it back to Long Island. Every man and woman who tried, failed. Their bodies have never been found. Do you want to take that chance? Is it worth losing your life?"

"I don't want to suck cock!!!" cried Matthew. "Two boys from the opposing team showed me their panties when I left you in the ladies restroom. They told me that I need to accept my fate. I hate this place!!!"

"We will discuss your transformation again later," said his mother. She looked at her daughters and said, "Meagan, Marissa, open your envelopes and take out the contents. Please do not say anything. Just place the magazine down on the table in front of you."

The girls did as their mother asked. Each envelope held two magazines. The first was the current catalog from the lingerie store located in the shopping district of Small Atlantic Island. The second was a manual or guide that explained a woman's role when sexually satisfying both males and females. The cover was an explicit photo of two naked seven year old girls. One was on her knees sucking a man's cock while the other was on her back legs spread being penetrated by a very large cock. Both Meagan and Marissa were intrigued by both magazines.

Meagan asked, "Will we be like the girls on the cover mommy?"

Mrs. Martin closed her eyes, licked her lips, and said, "Yes sweetheart. Instead of growing into your sexuality, Mr. Northridge will personally train you. We will read the books together. This coming Saturday we will go to the store and purchase some sexually provocative clothing for you. We will begin to read the second book together. I will explain and if we are directed to, I will help you learn about your body, a man's body, and an older woman's body."

"What will we learn?" asked Marissa.

"I know this will sound stupid," said her mother, "but, I will answer that specific question when we begin to read the book."

Matthew being older and a lot more brazen said, "I'll tell you. You're going to learn to fuck and suck like two world class whores. Mr. Northridge is going to take his humongous cock. . ."

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Russell. "Your mother said she will discuss what they will read about later. You sit there and keep quiet until asked a specific question."

"Matthew," said his mother, "open your envelope. We need to deal with your feminization now. We cannot wait. In fact, tomorrow after school I will take you to the store and buy you your first packages of panties. To comply with Mr. Northridge's demands that you no longer live and act like a boy."

Marissa and Megan looked at each other, laughed, and said together, "Matthew's a sissy!!! Matthew's a sissy!!!"

Mrs. Martin's response was quick and decisive. She slapped each girl on the back of their head. When their crying died down she said, "Apologize to Matthew immediately. If one does and the other doesn't, I will personally spank each of you so hard you will not be able to sit for a month."

Each girl said, "Sorry Matthew."

"Good," said Mrs. Martin. "Now, Matthew, open the book that is titled '*Becoming a Sissy – How to Accept your Feminization*'.

The young boy saw that it was the book on top. He looked to his father for guidance, but was heartbroken when he nodded and said, "Do as your mother says, Matthew."

He opened the book to find a single piece of paper with a handwritten note to him. He picked it up and read it. His eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped as he read the note that was penned personally by Mr. Northridge's wife. When he was finished reading, he dropped the note onto the table and cried, "Mr. and Mrs. Northridge are going to train me themselves. They want me to move into their house this weekend. Mom, please!!!"

"Show me the note," demanded his mother. Martha took the note, read it, and could not see any way to delay the inevitable. Matthew Martin was going to be feminized a lot sooner and a lot quicker than she expected. Her only thoughts as to why Mr. Northridge had decided on a fast track had to be his desire to copulate with Megan and Marissa. He needed to be assured that both males in the house were totally subservient to him and their cock Master. Martha Martin placed the handwritten note on the table and made a decision concerning her son.

"Matthew," she said in a soothing voice, "please stand and remove all of your clothing except for your panties."

"No," answered the ten year old. "I will not!!!"

"There was a time your father would have you over his knees paddling your ass for answering me in that tone of voice," said his mother. "But, things are different now. I am the head of this family and I will do more to you than spank you. So, stand and remove everything except your sister's panties."

Matthew Martin could tell by his mother's face she was not kidding or in a mood to take his sass. He also felt something he had never experience before when his mother disciplined him. He leaned over and removed his sneakers and socks. He stood to remove his baseball jersey and immediately knew what had happened. The cotton panties he wore were tented. His preteen cock was erect and he was totally embarrassed. He dropped his baseball jersey and covered the front of the panties with his hands. He looked at his sister's and saw them smirk and hold back their laughter at his predicament.

Mrs. Martin was taken aback for a just a bit more than a split second. Perhaps she had missed her son's hidden submissive nature. It was plainly obvious by his sissy clit erection that he was turned on by her discipline. Martha knew to strike while the iron was hot. "Uncover your sissy erection," she demanded.

Matthew Martin had never heard his mother talk to him like she just had. His eyes flew open and before he could answer, she yelled, "Move your hands or I will move them for you!!!"

Crushed but not yet broken, Matthew Martin pulled his hands to his side. His small erection pushed against the cotton fabric of his sister's panties. To his chagrin, he grew harder and as his sissy clit expanded he broke out in tears. He put his hands to his face and cried the tears of humiliation and embarrassment. Meagan and Marissa could not stifle their joy at seeing the older brother brought to tears by their mother. Russell Martin looked at his son's erection, licked his lips, and thought about how sweet it would be to suck the boy's juices from his preteen testicles.

"Like what you see Russell?" asked his wife who he knew had now assumed the mantel of head of the Martin family.

With his face still covered in Mr. Northridge's splooge, Russell Martin responded, "I'm sorry Martha. I shouldn't have exposed my . . ."

"Exposed your desire to suck your son's cock?" chided his wife.

"Please Martha," cried Russell, "I'm sorry for everything. I never thought we would become sexual servants and slaves when we moved here. I'll admit that I had my head up my ass. . ."

"No you didn't," said Martha. "What you had was the thoughts of all the hard man cock you would have in your mouth and up your ass. You did not think about me, the girls, or your son. Your faggot desires is what enabled me to get offered the job that was my crown jewel. You would not listen to reason when I told you that I knew what would happen when we arrived here. So, instead of your son tasting the sperm that made him, I think you should suck him. I know he has had a few wet dreams in the past few weeks. Or, he's jerking off and like you, producing a sissy's amount of cum."

Frightened and thinking about what would happen if Mr. Northridge found that he had sucked his future sissy's clit, Russell said, "I can't and you know I can't. If Mr. Northridge finds out I have sucked his boy cock before he fucks his ass to a boy pussy, he'll castrate me. I won't risk losing my now useless balls. I may have accepted my fate when I arrived here, but they are still just children."

The correctness of his statement hit home with Martha. She knew the consequence would be dire if Mr. Northridge found out that her husband had fellated his soon to be sissy son before he was taken. But, there was not admonition against her son masturbating in private or in public. The question for her was simple, embarrass and humiliate him now or give him a break and let him learn from this incident.

"Matthew," said Martha, "remain undressed except for the panties and sit back down. You have shown me enough to know that you will accept your feminization. Now, sit and act like a good little girl."

Martha, Russell, Marissa, and Meagan saw the change. Matthew looked down and saw his sissy clit soften. There was a small wet spot where the head of his clit rested when it was erect. He hadn't ejaculated and he was thankful that he hadn't. He sniffled, rubbed his eyes to wipe away the not at yet cascading tears, sat, and simply said, "Yes mother."

"Good," said Martha. "Tomorrow after school we will go shopping and then we will begin your change after dinner."

Matthew looked up, "What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing bad," said his mother. "We're going to look at pictures and videos of sissy boys posing as girls. We will also see pictures and watch videos of sissy boys servicing real man and dominant women. While we are doing that together, I will be gently massaging and caressing the opening to your future boy pussy. What I expect from you is simple. You will learn to desire a man's cock and become sexually excited by looking at it. If all goes well, you will learn to ejaculate your sissy milk by simply having your sissy hole caressed as you think about caressing with your hands, mouth, and sissy pussy are real cock."

Showing a bit of his as yet contained male bravado, Matthew asked, "To what end?"

Martha smiled at her son and said, "To the end that when Mr. Northridge takes you anally he will feel you spew your sissy milk from your erect sissy clit simply from having your new found Master inserted up your ass. As a sissy, you will learn that your sexual pleasure is derived from having a real man's cock inside you. You will also have anal orgasms when a dominant woman takes you anally with a strap-on cock. Your cock and balls are not what you expected them to be as you matured. A man fucks a woman because that is the natural order of things. A man bends a sissy over to relieve his desire to cum through oral or anal masturbation of his man cock. That is going to be and will be your lot in life."

Saddened by what he just heard, Matthew Martin laid his head on the table and broke out in tears.

Marissa ignored her brother and asked, "Mommy, will Meagan and I have to take Mr. Northridge up our backsides? He said he was going to earlier if you hadn't returned."

Martha Martin reached for and caressed her daughter's face. She smiled and said. "You will do for Mr. Northridge anything he asks. As a female you have three orifices or holes for him to use and you will not deny him access. I will help both of you as you learn to love a man's cock and his sperm. So, the short answer is yes. Mr. Northridge will put his cock and your new Master into your rectums and fuck you until he fills you with his cum."

Martha looked at the time and knew it was getting close to the time they ate dinner. "Anyone hungry?" she asked. When no one answered, she made another strategic decision. "Matthew, go with your sisters to their room and pick out pajamas for you to sleep in tonight. Also, pick out a pair of panties and knee socks you will wear to school under your pants. Meagan and Marissa, I want you to come downstairs naked. Until further notice you will be naked when at home. Russell, go upstairs and go through my lingerie. Find something for tomorrow and while you're looking find a baby doll you can sleep in tonight. When you've done as I said, come downstairs and we'll have a nice quiet family dinner."

The four Martin's stood and walked as if they were in a trance from the breakfast room upstairs to their rooms to do as Mrs. Martin said. Martha reached between her legs and felt her wetness. Taking control of the family was sexually stimulating. She began to masturbate not at all caring about being caught by her husband and her children.

Martha closed her eyes and brought from her memory the visage of Mr. Northridge's male appendage. The mind's eye picture of the length, the width, the size of the head, and the huge testicles helped send waves of sexual pleasure from her clitoris to her brain. She was sexually charged thinking about how her body would feel as the huge penis entered her fuck hole. The thought of her thin lean body accepting his manhood made her sigh audibly. Her index and middle fingers of her right hand moved faster as her body reacted to the physical and mental stimulation. She pushed her feet out stretching out her legs. Her knees opened and she put three fingers of her left hand into her vagina. Finger fucking herself was something she had not done for ages. Either she had her husband's meager size or when truly frustrated she used the vibrator she bought without his knowledge.

As her orgasm rose to a crescendo, she cried, "FUCK ME!!! FUCK ME NATHAN LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN FUCKED BEFORE. GIVE IT TO ME!!!"

Having lost all track of time as she masturbated, when she came down from her orgasm and opened her eyes, she saw Russell, Matthew, Meagan, and Marissa standing with their mouths open shocked at what they had just witnessed. Her nakedness did not affect her nor was she embarrassed. She regained her composure and said, "What!!! Like none of you masturbate!!! And you Russell, you should know why I did it!!! You sucked his cock four times now." Without defending what she had just completed, Martha stood, and said, "Let's get dinner together."

Marissa and Meagan were trying to hide their nakedness behind their hands. Matthew's stress level was through the roof as he stood in front of his younger sisters wearing a pair of their pajamas. Russell was the only one of the three outwardly comfortable wearing a baby-doll and heels. The four Martin's were both accepting and fighting their future as sexual slaves for the Northridge family. They followed Martha into the kitchen.

"No time like the present," said Martha, "for you sissy bois to begin your sissy chores. Find something for dinner."

Russell nodded and went about looking for something quick to make for dinner. Matthew stood frozen in the middle of the kitchen. His father turned to him and said, "Just get plates, knives, forks, spoons, and glasses. Set the table."

"What???" said Matthew. His mind was centered on his sister's nudity, his father dressed in a woman's nightgown, and him standing in one of his sister's pink pajamas with white ruffles around the collar and cuffs.

Martha stood. She was the only one dressed in street clothing. She stepped to her son and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "Matthew, sweetheart, stop for a second and realize that we're all in this together. Help your father and I promise everything will be fine."

He looked up at his mother. The fear in his eyes was obvious. His need to urinate was held in check by his desire not to piss himself in front of his sisters. "Sure everything will be ok, because you are the only one willingly giving yourself to him." Matthew grabbed his penis and said, "I need to use the bathroom," he said.

"Yes I am the only one giving myself to him willingly. And, because I have attained a level of corporate responsibility that none of you will ever attain, I have willingly offered my body to my employer. I cannot wait to feel his manhood enter my body." Martha looked at her husband and her daughters then back to her son and said, "You need to learn control. "You can use the bathroom after the table is set."

Matthew did not answer. He knew were everything was kept. Matthew had the table set in under seven minutes. He looked at his mother who nodded and he ran to the bathroom. He made it just in time. Because girl's pajama bottoms did not have an opening he pulled them down and just before he released his stream he heard his mother yell.

"Sissy boys sit to pee," she screamed. "Don't you dare stand!!!"

Matthew groaned, turned, and sat. He release his bladder and sighed as he felt the reduced pressure as his bladder emptied.

The family sat together again to eat dinner. I was a simple affair. Elbow macaroni and two jars of tomato meat sauce. Martha drank a glass of red wine. Marissa, Meagan, Russell, and Mathew drank ice water. Russell and Matthew made up the plates and placed them before Martha, Marissa, and Meagan. Just as they were about to prepare plates for themselves, Martha intoned, "Small portions. We don't want you putting on any weight."

Russell groaned before he made up two extremely small portions for Matthew and himself. He sat and picked at his food. He was waiting for the next shoe to drop. He'd sucked his wife's boss' cock in front of his children. Now, his daughters were sitting at the dinner table completely naked and his son was wearing a pair of girl's pajamas. To add insult to injury he was dressed in a skimpy baby doll and high heels.

"Quit picking at your food Russell," said Martha. "If it doesn't meet your expectations, then maybe you should add a little sissy milk to the mix."

He shot back, "Are we now a low class family of sexual deviants? Since the day you proposed we move east to this island I have seen a marked change in your attitude. Look at your daughters. They're sitting at the table naked scared out of their minds. Your son is fairing no better."

Unconcerned with his attitude, Martha replied, "They'll learn and understand their place in the grand scheme of things. My position in Mr. Northridge's company will provide me with the opportunity of a lifetime. My MBA, a JD, and PhD in Information Systems has given me the job of a lifetime. I am the Corporate CIO of Northridge Industries. I have total control over seven IT Departments, budgetary responsibility, and final say in hiring and firing. I am on the Executive Committee and the Board of Directors. I willing give and do what I need to remain at the top of his corporate organizational chart."

"You willingly give your daughters to him," spat Russell.

"If it helps me maintain my position in the company, then so be it," stated Martha. "Our life has changed for the better. I know you have a MBA and a CPA, but I won't have to put up with your lies about working late. To put it bluntly, I won't have to smell the peppermint mouth wash anymore. I will witness your cock sucking and taking it up your faggot ass. Because you are what you are and I am who I am, it is imperative that Matthew learn that he too will be a sissy. The only men that will visit this household will be Mr. Northridge and his sons or alpha males as designated by Mr. Northridge."

"If I knew what I know now, I would have nipped this move in the bud," said Russell.

"Sure," said Martha sarcastically, "like you have the strength to stop the cuckold sissy train. You need to look at yourself in the mirror and come to the realization that you're a cocksucker, a faggot, and not a man in any sense of the word."

Marissa asked, "Mom, what is a cuckold sissy?"

"A cuckold is a man with an unfaithful wife," replied Martha. "But in the sense of the relationship between father and mother, he is a cuckold that is submissive to me and Mr. Northridge. In time you will understand all about the cuckold lifestyle. For now, your only job is your education and learning about becoming a dominant woman."

"Yes mother," replied Marissa. "But why do Meagan and I have to be naked at home?"

"To learn to love your bodies," replied Martha. "To show your father and brother what they will never have between their legs and will never again feel around their sissy clits. What you possess between your legs is the center of an alpha male's universe. Your vagina is the reason he lives. You will learn that you possess the power to make a man do anything to get into your body. You need to show your father and brother that you are strong willed girls. Being naked helps to show that you are not afraid of your nakedness or your power over them."

The five Martins eat in silence for the rest of the meal. When their plates were empty of food, Martha ordered Russell and Matthew to clean the table and wash the dishes. She told Marissa and Meagan to sit, watch, and learn what being a superior woman was all about. When the dishes were cleaned and put away, Martha sent the children to their rooms. Russell remained standing by the kitchen sink.

"Sit," commanded Martha.

Russell sat not at the opposite end of the table, but next to his wife on her right. He did not say a word. His hands were flat on the table top and he could see that in time his nails would be long and painted red. He looked at her and he knew she could see the sadness in his eyes.

"Russell, I never expected that you would have to fellate Mr. Northridge at the ball fields. I was expecting him to bring you to his office to complete your obligation to him for offering me my job and moving us to his island at no cost. I suspected you were a cocksucker, but I never once thought you harbored feminine desires. When I came for my interview, I was presented with evidence of your desire to be a sissy."

"What evidence?" asked a surprised Russell.

"Cell phone pictures of you," said Martha. Pictures of you dressed and on your knees sucking cock at a glory hole in the adult book store outside of Des Moines. The pictures were taken on three different occasions. The cock you were sucking was the cock you sucked today at the ball fields."

Incredulous at what he had just heard, Russell said, "You're not serious!!!"

Martha stood, went to the hall, and retrieved her attaché case. She placed it on the table, dialed the unlock codes, and pulled out a manila folder. She tossed it on the table and said, "Open it. See for yourself."

With shaking hands, Russell pulled the manila folder in front of him, and opened it. His intake of breath was proof enough that he had just seen and confirmed it was him on his knees sucking a rather nicely sized cock. To add insult to injury, his meager cock was erect as he performed fellatio on the unknown male. He closed the folder, looked at his wife, and said, "I, I..."

"I'm not mad at you Russell," said a calm voiced Martha. "I've known for quite a while that you were not a man. I was surprised that you had it in you to produce our three children. My life changed when I found out that I could not conceive anymore. And, the first time you came home with cock on your breath it confirmed what I did not want to believe. I had hoped you weren't a cocksucker. I had hoped it was something you got off to reading erotic

stories on the Internet. But, I was wrong and I made my decision. I needed something more. And, as I sit here, I know I have found it."

"But the children?"

"They will survive. I know psychiatrists and psychologists say that sex at a young age is not good for a growing child. They see it as child abuse. Here, it is taught and not forced upon the children."

Leaning forward, red in the face, Russell growled at the top of his voice, "WHO ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING!!! DON'T YOU DARE TRY TO BLOW SMOKE UP MY ASS, BITCH!!! YOU SAID IN FRONT OF YOUR SON THAT IF HE DOES NOT ACCEPT HIS FEMINIZATION HE WILL BE EMASCULATED AGAINST HIS WILL. YOU EVEN THREATENED ME WITH A HEDIOUS OPERATION TO END MY SEXUALITY."

Martha counted to ten to try and relax. When her anger was still at the boiling point, she struck out at her husband. In their twelve years of marriage she had never physically assaulted her husband, but tonight was going to break that timeline. With as much force as she could muster, Martha slapped Russell across the face. She stood, put her hands on the table, leaned into his face, and growled, "THAT IS THE LAST TIME YOU DISRESPECT ME. YOU ARE A COCKSUCKER. YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN THE SHIT UNDER MY SHOES. YOU HAVE BUT ONE CHOICE RUSSELL MARTIN. LIVE AS MY SISSY OR GO DOWN THE BASEMENT, TIE A ROPE AROUND ONE OF THE SUPPORT CROSSBEAMS AND COMMIT SUICIDE."

Russell did not move. He put his head into his arms and cried like a baby. Martha stood, put her hand on his head and said, "I am going upstairs to see the children. When I return you will either be dead in the basement or kneeling with your forehead on the floor waiting for my return."

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Martha entered Matthew's room first. The boy was sitting on the floor with his back against his bed. He was still wearing his sister's pajamas, but his face was streaked with dried tears from crying his eyes out over his impending feminization.

"Stand," said Martha.

He looked up at his mother and begrudgingly stood. When he was steady on his two feet, he simply asked, "What?"

The room was still a boy's room. Martha knew that within the next few days to weeks it would be transformed into a pink wonderland of sissydom. Her smile was genuine as she gazed upon her son wearing a pretty pair of girl's pajamas. The books she had given him were tossed in a corner. Martha pursed her lips and decided it was a good time to make him understand the error of his ways.

"Go get the books. Stand next to me," she said.

Matthew did not utter a word or try to convince his mother that he would not comply. He went to the corner and picked up the two books. He straightened them out and carried them to his mother. He handed them to her and stood where she pointed.

"Marissa!!! Meagan!!!" cried Martha. "Come to your brother's room."

Marissa and Meagan, still nude, entered their brother's room.

"Close the door," order Martha. "Then come to me and sit on either side of me."

The girls did as their mother asked.

"Matthew," said Martha, "remove your pajamas."

Shocked at what his mother just ordered him to do, he hesitated for a moment long enough for his mother to slap his across his face. He did not hesitate to remove the top and the bottoms of the pink pajamas. He stood naked in front of his mother and his sisters.

Martha reached for her son's cock and when it was resting on the palm of her hand said, "Girls, look at his penis. A boy his age should have one twice the size in length and in width. Matthew does not have a penis that will grow into a man's cock. It is small and useless. The only thing it is good for is peeing." She moved her hand and picked up the first book. She opened it to a page of a boy dressed in frilly sissy clothing in front of his mother who was smiling from ear-to-ear. She handed the open book to Marissa. The second book she opened to a page that showed a thirty something man standing as to show off his huge erection. She handed the open book to Meagan.

"Turn the books so the pictures are facing Matthew," she ordered.

The girls complied.

"Matthew," ordered Martha, "I want you to look at the pictures and play with your penis until you spill your sissy milk. It was my intention to help you along slowly, but when I saw what you did with the books, I changed my mind. Now, I suggest you start playing with your little sissy clit or suffer the consequences."

His eyes flew open and his mother's threat. He could see that she was not fooling around. His right hand went to his penis. He wrapped his index finger and thumb around the shaft and began to move it up and down. His cock grew hard as he pleasured himself. Matthew tried not to look at his mother or his sisters. He kept his eyes on the wall behind where they sat.

Her hand movement surprised Matthew. For a second time that day, Martha slapped her son across the face. "Listen and learn Mattie," said Martha. "When a dominant woman or girl tells you do to something you do it. Your Master will not be so kind when he punishes you. I commanded you to masturbate while looking at the pictures in the books your sisters are holding. This is as much for them as it is for you."

Matthew groaned. He did not respond to his mother. He began to masturbate while staring at the man whose hips were jutted forward to show off his humongous cock. His eyes moved to the sissy, but immediately returned to the picture of the man's cock. He stroked per his mother's command. He did not stop, but he did momentarily look into his mother's eyes.

"It is ok Mattie," said Martha. "Tell me which picture you like?"

Tears began to roll down his face. He was embarrassed beyond his years. His legs began to shake and grow weak. His hand, actually two fingers of his hand, moved ever faster over his small sissy clit. He tried to avoid his mother's question, but just as his sissy clit exploded he groaned, "The man's cock... ."

Martha, Marissa, and Megan saw three small pulses as Matthew spewed his sissy milk all over the floor. There were actually only three very small puddles of cum. It was thin and watery. Martha knew by its texture that Matthew had just begun to produce sperm. She would have to take it upon herself to go to the apothecary and purchase the necessary hormones to stop her son from continuing through puberty.

"Meagan," said Martha, "since you are the oldest. I want you to take your fingers and scoop up your sissy brother's useless cum. I want you to feed it to him. As you do, tell him to eat his first helping of sissy milk."

Meagan looked at her mother and for her hesitation was slapped across the face.

"You are not special young lady," said her mother. "You hesitate and you too will be punished."

Rubbing her face Meagan said in a quiet voice, "Yes mother." She moved from the bed to the floor and with a scowl on her face, used her index and middle finger to scoop up as much of the cum on the floor as she could. She rose from her knees and stood next to her brother. She offered her fingers to him and when he did not open his mouth she paused and looked to her mother.

Martha did not want to have to use the ultimate form of pain on her son, but she did. She leaned forward, grabbed his grape sized testicles with her right hand, and applied pressure. The pain was acute and immediately visible on Mattie's face. He cried out. "NOW!!!" commanded Martha.

Meagan knew and put her fingers into her brother's mouth. Martha released her hold. Meagan per her mother's instructions said, "Eat your sissy milk sissy boy."

Matthew began to cry as he tasted his cum for the first time. He feared what would happen if he didn't comply. He sucked his sister's fingers long enough to remove the cum that coated them. Marissa knew and pulled her fingers from his mouth. He looked to him mother and saw her pointing to the floor. He did not need any prodding. Matthew fell to his knees, leaned forward, and licked the remaining cum from the floor. When he was done he moved his shoulders up, but did not stand.

"Marissa," said her mother, "open your legs. Show your sissy brother your pussy."

She opened her legs.

"See her pussy Mattie," said his mother. "See that beautiful slit between her legs? Just remember that from this moment forward, that pussy and all pussies own you. Men's cocks will be your Master, but women's pussies will be what you desire because when you are done with your sissy training, you will be begging to have one between your legs."

Martha stood, took the books from her daughters, and placed them on Mattie's bed. "Girls leave the room."

Marissa and Maegan did as they were told. Neither of them said a word as they exited their brother's room.

"From this point forward Mattie, you will ask permission of me to come here and help you learn to be a sissy. I want you to arrive at Mr. Northridge's house on Friday with an expectation of having his cock in your mouth and up your ass. I want to hear him tell me that you no longer have an asshole but have a duly consecrated sissy pussy. Put your pajamas on and get into bed," she said. "You will read both books. You will put bookmarks in place so you can show me what you want to look at as I massage and caress your anus. I will accept and congratulate you if you ejaculate your sissy milk simply from being caressed by my fingers. Do you understand me boi?"

Sniffling, "Yes mother."

"Good," she said as she rose and left the room.

Matthew Martin fell onto his bed, naked, and cried himself to sleep.

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Martha was not surprised to see her husband on his side curled up into a fetal position on the hardwood floor of the kitchen. '*Not man enough to willingly face his maker*,' she thought. Inside she knew she went too far with the children, but her desire to see Mr. Northridge's cock slipping unimpeded into her body made her take a proactive role.

She knew her husband was basically correct when it came to training the children. Those who fought the process would definitely end up not living a very long life. She wanted her girls to become the wife of strong virile men that would provide for them monetarily, create a family, and live long as dominants within the world of Little Atlantic Island.

Her foot slid under her husband's forehead. She pushed up his head and said, "Kiss my feet."

Russell did not fight. He did not say anything to his wife. He pressed his lips against the arch of her foot. He did not break the kiss until Martha moved her foot.

"Stand and sit at the table," she commanded.

Russell did as she said. He returned to the seat he was in prior to her leaving for the children's rooms.

"What did you hear?"

"I heard my son crying and you yelling at him."

"How did you feel about it?"

"I cried inside for him. He is just a boy. Matthew does not have the age, emotion, or sexuality to decide if he wants to be a sissy."

"That is not my problem. I forced him to masturbate in front of his sisters. I picked two pictures from the books he will read to learn about becoming a sissy and loving real men's cocks. Marissa and Meagan held them and watched as he jerked his pathetic little boy penis. After he shot his meager watery load, he admitted to them that the picture of a young man thrusting his large hard cock forward turned him on. He was then forced to eat his sissy milk from Marissa's fingers and lick the floor clean. Then I had Meagan show him her pussy and humiliated him by telling him that his useless sissy penis will never feel the inside of a woman's body."

Russell could not contain his anger and his sadness. Tears welled up in his eyes and cascaded down his cheeks as he said, "What do you want from me? I know you hate me. I accept that, but your own flesh and blood. They were conceived by us. They passed into this world through your body. You're doing this just to maintain your position as the top dog in the IT Department? My God Martha, what have you done?"

"What I did tonight with Mattie was wrong, but I got caught up in my control," she said. Martha did not look Russell in the eye when she said, "We were not virgins when we met. We were not virgins when we married. I tried to accept your lack of size. I accepted that you would go down on me before and/or after you ejaculated in me. But, before you, I have had men with bigger cocks. I missed the feeling of being full and well fucked. Toys just do not have the same warmth and feeling like a real cock."

"If you hadn't found this position," asked Russell, "would you have cuckolded me in Des Moines?"

"I was thinking about it," replied Martha. "But, Des Moines is a small city. Once word got out that you were my cuckold, your life would not have been the same. I don't think the neighbors would have accepted my imposition of a female dominated relationship. Your co-workers and friends would have made your life a living hell."

"And it won't be one here on Little Atlantic Island?"

"No. The people that live here do so because they accept the lifestyle of the island. Mr. Northridge vets everyone that comes to work for any of his companies. Even the police, fire personnel, highway department, and parks department are vetted. They accept their alpha or beta roles as designated by Mr. Northridge. I have the power, but Mr. Northridge also knows that if he says *blow me*, I will. If he demands my ass in the middle of a meeting, I will lift my skirt and bend over."

"But that's you. What about me?" asked Russell.

"You will find a place in this small society. You probably will be hired as an entry level accounts receivable or accounts payable clerk. If there is no positions available based upon your education, I suppose a position in one of the retail establishments will be offered to you. If you prove capable, Mr. Northridge may even give you key-holder status."

"Key-holder status?"

"The key-holder is the person that opens and or closes the retail establishment. It is considered a very responsible position because the key-holder is responsible for counting and depositing all monies, as well as all inventory control. If that does not come to fruition, then there are two other possibilities. Working as a laborer in one of the warehouses which will not be easy for you. Or, working in one of the sissy brothels. Prostitution is an accepted way of earning a living on Small Atlantic Island. You will have the best of care and will be paid a fairly established fee for your services."

"I'm not a fuckin' prostitute. I'd rather die than be forced to service men for their sexual pleasure."

Martha smiled at her husband. She knew he had no strength of character to take his own life. If Mr. Northridge decides to put him into a brothel, Russell will go willingly. She'd be surprised if he took his own life. Nodding knowingly, Martha said, "I will try to convince Mr. Northridge that you're better suited to help him with his financials. I will tell you that you need to perform beyond his wildest expectations when he fucks you tomorrow. You have to show him that you are more than willing to accede to his wishes no matter how disgusting or disturbing it is to you sense of morality and decency. Remember, tomorrow morning you will be the center of attraction in his office. Executives have been invited to watch your humiliation as he fucks you up your sissy ass and makes it a pussy. You control the means to your own ends tomorrow."

Russell muttered under his breath, "Fuck!!!"

Frowning, Martha asked, "What?"

More to himself than to his wife, "This is embarrassing." He stood up to show his wife that his cock was erect. The small helmet head was pointing upwards and exposed over the top of the lace that surrounded the waist of the panties he was wearing.

"So, the thought of taking Mr. Northridge's cock up your ass is making you respond sexually to what we are discussing?"

Chagrined and embarrassed, he responded, "Apparently." He sat down shaken that his cock had given him away.

"I would gladly allow you to masturbate into the only receptacle that will for the rest of your life receive your sissy milk, but I think it would be best if you refrained from jerking off. I would be nice to see you spill your sissy milk as Mr. Northridge fucks your ass into a pussy. I've heard that sissies are looked upon with honor if they have an anal orgasm while being indoctrinated into their new life. The most impressive thing you can accomplish tomorrow is to spill your sissy milk at the same time Mr. Northridge fills your rectum with his cum. Think you can handle not jerking off tonight?"

"What are you saying to me? I am reading something sinister between the lines here Martha."

"If Mr. Northridge decides you are not worthy, he will make you wear a chastity device. I do not know which type, but I've heard that he prefers ones that have a tube that is inserted into your urethra. The best way to show your ability to be a well-rounded sissy cocksucker would be to have a massive orgasm as he fucks you. We both know you will not ejaculate a huge amount of sissy milk, but by doing so as he is fucking you will help him decide your future. It has been whispered that if he takes a liking to you as a particularly sexy sissy, he will. . ."

"He will what?" cried Russell.

Martha sighed and said, "He will take you to his bed, fuck you like a woman, and he will suck your sissy clit so he can drink your sissy milk."

"Jesus Martha!!! Where and when did you learn all of the sexual peccadilloes of your employer?"

The smile went from ear-to-ear. "I have been studying Russell. I have received e-mails that contained PDF instruction manuals and true life stories of life of the residents of Small Atlantic Island. I know close to everything I need to know to take control of the family and become a proud cuckoldress and lover to my employer. I have sucked his cock only once when he interviewed me, but as yet, I have not fucked him. You will be standing or kneeling by the bed when he takes me. In fact, it will be your job to make him hard and place him at the entrance to my body. He will enter me when you ask him to fuck me and confirm that you are accepting of your lowly cuckold role when you kiss his ass and suck his manly balls."

Just to see her reaction, "And if I don't?"

Martha smiled, but it was as frightening to him as seeing a person with a gun pointed at his head. "Then I suggest you do what I know you don't have the balls to do. Go downstairs now and end your life. I assure you that your non-compliance that late in the initiation of your life as a lowly cock sucking sissy cuckold will result in a fucking by every alpha male non-stop until you beg forgiveness or plead for one of them to fuck you with a six-sided knife to end your life."

"Would you like me to leave? I mean, die so you never have to deal with me ever again?"

"Funny you should ask that Russell. You're not going to believe what I am about to tell you. I love you Russell. I have always loved you even when I was shown proof beyond a reasonable doubt that you are a cross dressing cocksucker. I want to see you raise my girls to become dominant women. I want to see you help Matthew to become a sissy that men and some women want to service them. I want to come home to find the house immaculate, the laundry done, the shopping completed, and you on your knees waiting for me to verbally humiliate you. I want to hear from my employer what a wonderful cuckold you are and that he continues to lust after your faggot ass."

"That is a strange way to show me you love me Martha."

"Realize that you are now in a female dominated relationship. Your cock and balls are not the end all and be all of my existence. I will have real men between my legs. You will earn the right to watch them fuck me. And, if agreed to by my lovers, they will allow you to clean their alpha cocks. The one thing you will have to do is to convince them that you are worthy to milk their cocks so they'll masturbate in your sissy pussy so you may attain an orgasm. Like I said earlier, you do well by yourself tomorrow and you will not be required to wear a chastity device. My cunt belongs to Mr. Northridge. Your pussy can be owned by him or relegated to whore's shit pile in a brothel. Is that direct enough for you Russell?"

"Yes."

"I'm tired and I want to go to bed," said Martha. "You will sleep in the guest bedroom tonight. Tomorrow afternoon, if your pussy is not too sore, we will go to the furniture store and buy some pretty furniture for the maid's suite just off the kitchen. You will move there as soon as the furniture is delivered."

"You're kidding. . ." was all Russell said.

"No I am not. As of this moment in time and when it is confirmed tomorrow, you will be nothing more than a cuckold sissy serving your Mistress and her daughters. You will never admonish or discipline the girls ever again. As they learn their roles in this family and their roles in their future, you will accept their humiliation and degradation of you as a man who is nothing more than a sissy cocksucker. Matthew will face the same subjugation as he grows into being a completely useless man."

"Jesus Martha!!!"

"Get used to it Russell. I'm headed to bed and I suggest you do the same. We have a long day ahead of us tomorrow."

Martha rose from her seat, glowered at her sissy husband, and without saying a pleasant word, departed the breakfast area of the kitchen for her bedroom. Russell Martin's hand slipped between his legs and before he realized what was happening ejaculated into his panties. He rose from his seat, put his sissy milk covered hand into his mouth, and made his way to the guest room for the night.