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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 005

Mr. Northridge

The main corporate office building was situated next to the leeward side of the island. From the front it was a building that defied explanation. The building was shaped so any individual entering would see the letter 'L'. On the right or most vertical side of the building was five stories high. To the right the extended portion of the letter was one story high. From the parking lot, an individual could see that the roof of the one story section also acted as an outdoor patio. During the winter months, it was secured and part of it was covered to allow use of the gas grills and fireplaces. The entire building was constructed in red brick except for the side that was Mr. Northridge's office suite.

The office suite side was double the width of the six story part. It ran the entire length of the building from front to rear. Entrance to the suite was gained by entering the atrium of the main building, making a right, and entering a pneumatic glass sliding door. Just outside the door was the desk of Mr. Northridge's security detail and his personal administrative assistant.

The limousine pulled up to the main entrance and the driver opened the door on the passenger side to allow Martha and Russell to exit the vehicle. They walked to the main entrance and the door automatically opened. Since Martha's office was in this building she knew the door would open automatically. She also knew to turn to her right and make her way to the entrance to Mr. Northridge's office suite. The security guards at the entrance to the six story part of the executive building nodded and did not stop Martha's movement to the entrance to their employer's office.

Valerie Thostenson smiled and said, "Please wait and I will announce your arrival."

Martha had seen Mr. Northridge's administrative assistant several times, but she never truly looked at the young woman. She was tall, big boned, long legged, and had a set of breasts that probably needed a custom made bra to hold them. Martha did not respond verbally. She nodded her head as she heard Valerie announce their arrival.

The double sized pneumatic door slid open. Valerie smiled and waved Martha and Russell into Mr. Northridge's inner sanctum. Just as they crossed the threshold, the pneumatic door slid shut. Both Martha and Russell heard the clank of the automatic locks securing the door.

Martha looked around the office and saw people she knew and a few she did not. Just as she was about to step further into the office, Mr. Northridge stood from behind his desk, and said, "My, my, don't you two just look darling. Please, tell me all about it."

"I decided to something different and special for you on this special day, Mr. Northridge," said Martha. Russell stood quietly by her side trying not to look around the office or at the other people in attendance. "Russell is wearing a modified copy of the dress I wore at our wedding. I am wearing my wedding dress, but I have altered the length to be like the one Russell is wearing. Beneath the dresses, we are wearing the same lingerie. I made up his face for him knowing how I would make up mine. We are both wearing shoulder length auburn colored natural hair wigs. On our feet are the same shoes – white satin six inch heels."

"I knew you were a very intelligent lady Mrs. Martin," said Mr. Northridge, "but you have outdone yourself. I am truly excited and will readily admit that no one has ever done what you have today."

Martha blushed, "Thank you Mr. Northridge."

Mr. Northridge pointed to a large area in front of his ornate antique desk. "Please come over here."

Both Martha and Russell began to move when Mr. Northridge said, "Not you Russell. You stay where you are for now."

Martha moved to the spot where Mr. Northridge wanted her to stand. To her left was an area that could only be considered a lounge. Large leather couches, love seats, and chairs surrounded several coffee tables. Interspaced were matching leather ottomans. Near the windows were bar height table tops with two or four chairs surrounding them. The hardwood floor was covered with an extremely large area rug. As she gazed around the huge room, Martha could see that all of the wall were comprised of floor to ceiling glass. She realized anyone walking around that side of the building could see directly into Mr. Northridge's office. There were not shades or curtains on the windows.

"Martha," said Mr. Northridge, "I would like to introduce four very special people to you."

Martha did not say a word.

"First, the love of my life; my wife Abigail Alyssa Northridge."

Mrs. Northridge stepped next to her husband. She was 5'10" in her stocking feet. Thin and amazingly svelte for a woman that had three children. Her 38 year old face had not seemed to age. She looked more like 18 than she did 38. She did not hide her sexuality behind matronly clothing. She stood in front of Martha, and the rest of the guests, wearing a strapless little black dress. It was plain, short in length, but very obvious that it was not a cheap imitation of a top-of-the-line designer. On her ears and around her neck were diamonds that had to have a value of more than one million dollars. On each of her fingers, including her thumbs, where simple gold bands. She nodded to Martha and then to her husband.

"Second, my first born, Joshua James Northridge age 18."

Joshua moved from the lounge area to stand next to his mother. He was just an inch shorter than his father. His clothing accentuated his tight, but not overly muscular body. Like his father, the size of his genitals was plainly visible. He nodded to Martha, but did not smile."

"Third, my second born, Johnathan Jules Northridge age 16.

Johnathan moved from his seat in the lounge area to stand next to his older brother. He was the same height as Joshua and had the same Northridge genetic masterpiece hidden behind his jeans. He smiled at Martha, licked his lips, and nodded to his father."

"Fourth, my third born, Jamie Jennifer Northridge age 12."

The preteen youth came from behind one of the executives standing in the lounge area. She was dressed in a pair of hip hugger jeans, a small halter top, and a pair of four inch platform heels. She stopped in front of her father, kissed him on each cheek, and went to stand by her brother Johnathan. Jamie looked at Martha, smiled, and without any shame pointed to her crotch and licked her lips. She smiled, crinkled her eyes, and nodded.

Mr. Northridge stepped forward, swung his right arm from his side, and pointed to his family. He looked hard into Martha's eyes and said, "My wife and every one of my spawn will have you. They will first have to ask my permission, but after a period of time as yet undetermined, they will have unfettered access to you. As a Corporate Board Member and Executive Council member, your body belongs to the Northridge family."

Martha smiled at each and every one standing in front of her. She intentionally licked her lips before she spoke. "To the members of the Northridge family, I pledge my body to you. I have taken the position and Chief Information Officer to correct errors and omissions of the previous CIOs. I understand completely and accept my authority as an executive of the Northridge Companies, but more importantly, I have signed my contract with the knowledge that I will also provide whatever sexual pleasure any and all of you request. It will be my honor to bring pleasure to each and every one of you."

Abigail Northridge spoke, "Martha Martin, I stand here looking at you and wondering what it would be like to have your face between my legs sucking my superior pussy. But, to be totally honest, I'm not interested in you. Maybe someday in the near future, I will, but I state emphatically, as the wife of Nathaniel Norman Northridge, that your daughters, Marissa and Meagan, will attend to my needs before they move forward with their sexual education."

Stunned, but not showing her anger at what she just heard, Martha stated, "As you wish Mrs. Northridge. I am here at the pleasure of the Northridge family. Please inform me when you want either or both of them to attend to you and I shall bring them to you personally."

Abigail stepped forward, raised her tight pencil skirt, and said, "Kneel and kiss your Mistress."

Martha, not really into pussy, moved her dress to allow her body to sink to her knees, leaned forward, and kissed Abigail Northridge's bare pussy.

"Stand and recognize me as your superior," commanded Abigail.

Shaken because she did not see herself having to bow to Abigail Northridge, Martha Martin looked directly into her boss' wife's eyes and said, "I, Martha Martin, acknowledge your superiority over me. I will unhesitatingly serve you as my Mistress."

Abigail stepped back and nodded to her husband. He expected something from his wife, but her claiming the Martin daughters for her own before he had a chance to take their virginity meant that he would have to have a discussion with his wife. *'I will let her suck their pussy once or twice,'* he thought, *'but it will be my cock and not some synthetic dildo that breaks the Martin girl's cherries. She may be my wife, but I own her. And in a moment's notice she can be relegated to a brothel on the island.'*

"Thank you Abigail," said Mr. Northridge with a very slight edge to his voice. "Please return to the lounge section of my office." Once they were standing with the others, Mr. Northridge said, "Russell Martin, please step forward."

Russell did as he was asked. He stopped next to his wife and tried to take her hand, but she refused to take his hand into hers.

"Martha," said Norman Northridge, "do you wish to take part in your husband's deflowering? Or, would you rather watch and know that when he ejaculates his sissy milk onto the Document of Sissy Indenture, he will no longer be a man."

"If it pleases you," said Martha, "I would prefer to help you by suckling your perfect balls as you masturbate using my sissy husband's ass. I want to kneel between your strong legs, watch your testicles rise, and your urethra pulse as you fill Russell with the first, of what I hope will be many, ropes of alpha male cum. It would also please me if you would allow me to hold your magnificent manhood to present to my no longer cherry sissy to clean for, again what I hope will be, the first of many times."

Nathaniel Northridge looked at his wife and saw a begrudgingly positive response to Martha's request. Martha Martin dressed her husband like no other wife when presenting him for his initiation into a life of sissy sex, but her desire to help, in a way no other wife expressed, solidified his reason for bringing her into his company as a top tier executive.

"Russell Martin," said Mr. Northridge, "please turn and tell the gathered executives a little about yourself."

Russell closed his eyes, turned to his right, and said, "I am Russell Martin. I am married to Martha Martin. We have three children. Matthew, 10. Marissa and Megan, identical twins, 7. I have a MBA and CPA. I have followed my wife to Small Atlantic Island so she may have an opportunity to spread her wings and prove to Mr. Northridge that she is the best-of-the-best when it comes to Information Technology. I am here, dressed as I am, to accept my role in our newly conformed family. I serve at the wish of my wife and Mistress. Prior to coming to Small Atlantic Island, I tried and it is plainly obvious that I have failed at keeping my sissy desires in the closet. Yesterday evening to my surprise, Mr. Northridge came to my daughter's softball game. There in front of my family, forced by Mr. Northridge to dress as a sissy whore, I sucked Mr. Northridge's cock. Per Mr. Northridge's instructions, I allowed my wife to hold his manhood and my new Master, as he spewed his cum all over my face. I walked home behind my wife with my son at my side and saw the reaction of many of the residents of the island. I need not elucidate on the actions of the alpha families as I believe you all know what obscene motions they made. I am here today, dressed in a copy of my wife's wedding dress, to lose my anal virginity and my masculinity. I openly admit to accepting my status as a cuckold sissy, cocksucker, wimp, faggot, and most of all, a vessel for alpha males to use either or both of my orifices to relieve their need to experience an orgasm."

Without any prompting from Mr. Northridge, the gathered guests broke out into applause. Russell saw genuine smiles on their faces. He also witnessed each male grab his crotch and point to it when the applause stopped. The few women that were there simply mouthed, 'faggot' to his face.

"Thank you everyone, but time is getting on and I know we all have work to return to, so, Russell, please ask your wife for permission to have your Master use you."

"Mistress Martha," said Russell in a small feminine voice, "do I have your permission to lose my masculinity by giving my ass to my new Master?"

Martha decided to play a game. "I can't hear you Russell. What did you ask me?"

His face grew flush and then red with shame and anger, but he took a deep breath and forced himself to relax. With a loud voice near a scream, Russell cried out, "Mistress Martha, do I have your permission to lose my masculinity by giving my ass to my new Master?"

"Now why in God's name would I have to give you permission to have your ass fucked like the sissy you want to be?" said Martha rhetorically. She turned to Mr. Northridge and said, "He is all yours sir. I want to work here. I want to make your IT Departments the best in the world. I want to serve you. I will give my children to you. Please, fuck him so he can sign his Document of Sissy Indenture."

Nathaniel Northridge moved and guided Russell to the lounge area. He eyed two areas that would provide a place for him to butt fuck Nathaniel Martin for the first time. He decided to use one of the bar height tables near the windows. He also decided to keep the windows clear rather than making them opaque. As they stopped in front of the high top table, Nathaniel whispered, "Russell I really wish you will enjoy my cock, because I really love your ass. Show me how good you can be and I promise to take care of you."

"May I ask how?"

"By giving you all the cock you can take," said Mr. Northridge. "I'm not in love with you. All I want is a tight sissy pussy to masturbate my cock. You're a fuckin' faggot. You're going to lick my balls as I fuck your Mistress. The ultimate humiliation is not making you watch me fuck your daughters, but to make you prepare your son's ass with your tongue. Now, tell me what you are again?"

"I'm your bitch," said Russell. "My ass will become your pussy today."

"Do you do this willingly?"

"If I say no, you'll hurt me. My wife wants this and I love my wife to death. So, bend me over, pull down my panties, and insert your alpha male cock into my ass. I promise you, you won't be disappointed."

Loud enough for everyone to hear, "YOU FUCKIN' ASSHOLE. I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE YOUR ASS HERE. THE CONTRACT IS ON MY DESK AND THAT IS WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO SIGN IT WITH YOUR SISSY MILK. THEN I AM GOING TO HAVE YOUR WIFE BRING YOU HERE BY THIS TABLE AND OFFER YOUR NEWLY CONSECRATED PUSSY TO MY EXECUTIVES."

Mr. Northridge grabbed Russell by his arm and guided him back to his desk. He pointed to the computer generated document that lay on his desk. Russell positioned his body by the side of the desk. His back was to the lounge. Mr. Northridge pushed Russell on his back until he bent at the waist. When Russell was bent over, he turned to the invited personnel and said, "Gather round. Watch as I butt fuck this faggot until he cries and begs me to coat his new pussy with my seed."

The executives moved closer while the members of the Northridge family remained seated in the lounge section of the office. Mrs. Northridge took Martha by the arm and said, "You said you wanted to help your husband, but I want you to help me. I need someone to suck my pussy. And, that is what I want you to do while my husband fucks the shit out of the faggot you're married to. Join me, except I'll be sitting and you'll be kneeling between my legs."

"But. . ." was all Martha got out of her mouth before Mrs. Northridge slapped her across the face. The sound of her hand making contact with Martha's face was loud enough to turn everyone's head including her husband.

When Nathaniel saw Martha kneeling in front of his wife, he knew Abigail wanted no part of seeing him fuck Martha's husband. He screamed, "RELEASE HER NOW YOU FUCKIN' CUNT OR I WILL WRAP YOUR LABIA AROUND YOUR EARS!!!"

Abigail Northridge pushed Martha back, stood, and yelled back, "FUCK YOU NATHANIEL NORTHRIDGE!!! YOU DON'T FUCKIN' OWN ME!!! I DON'T NEED TO WATCH YOUR FUCK ANOTHER MAN'S ASS. I WANT HIS WIFE TO SUCK MY PUSSY SO I MAY ENJOY MYSELF AS YOU FUCK HER HUSBAND!!!"

Thankfully for Nathaniel his pants were not down around his knees or ankles. He forgot about Russell. He strode over to his wife, grabbed her by the throat, and growled, "WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE??? I MADE YOU BITCH!!! YOU LIVE IN THE LAP OF LUXURY BECAUSE OF ME. YOU'RE PARENTS ARE DIRT BAGS!!!"

Before she could answer, Nathaniel Northridge slapped his wife across the face. He used his free hand to grab her by the waist and with the hand around her neck, he lifted her horizontal and pressed her above his head. Abigail Northridge was so frightened by her husband's reaction to her forcing Martha to kneel and pleasure her while he fucked her husband, she did not fight his anger. With a single movement, Nathaniel tossed his wife across the lounge section of the room. She landed on the floor with a thud and did not move. His children sat frozen on the couch where he picked his wife up from.

He turned to his oldest son and growled, "Take that bitch home and don't let her out of your sight. The limo is outside." He pointed to his other children and growled with an insane lilt to his voice, "You also. Get the fuck out. I will deal with you when I get home."

Frustrated by his wife's asinine jealousy, Nathaniel turned to the rest of his executives and said, "Get the fuck out. Go to work. Make me some money."

The eleven executives knew better than to stand-up to an angry Mr. Northridge. They did not answer. To a person, they looked down at the floor as they exited through the opening pneumatic doors. Once outside his office, they relaxed and one of Mr. Northridge's closest advisors and president of the largest company said aloud to no one in particular, "That was a first. Physically manhandling his wife in front of employees and his children. Martha Martin is going to be someone to watch out for."

Once the pneumatic door closed, Nathaniel Northridge, with a smile on his face, stepped over to Martha and gently took her by her right biceps. He guided her to a space between two bar height tables. With the ease of a gentle lover, he pushed her back against the windows, slipped his right hand under her dress, pulled down her panties, and cupped her vagina.

Martha knew what was coming and wiggled her legs to get the panties to slide further down her legs so she could kick them off. She looked for Russell and found him standing next to Mr. Northridge's antique desk. Their eyes met, he nodded knowingly, and she quickly raised her right hand and wiggled a finger for him to come to her. To her surprise he remained standing by the antique desk.

Nathaniel felt between Martha's legs. The heat and wetness of her pussy told him she was ready, willing, and able to take him into her body. He did not caress her pussy. He did not say any words of endearment to her. He opened his belt, drew down the zipper, and let his pants fall to the floor. His cock sprung out from his body. Nathaniel Northridge never wore underwear. If you asked him why, he would say, '*why encumber access to my cock*'.

He took both hands and raised Martha's wedding dress as far up as he could. He pushed his leg between hers to open them. He leaned in and placed his mouth near her ear and whispered, "Why fuck your sissy husband, when I can have you. Take my cock and put it in you. Show me you want to be fucked by a real man."

Martha Martin sighed, reached for his cock, and slid the huge head between her labia. She knew it would not enter her without her raising her legs. She pressed her back against the floor-to-ceiling window and raised her legs so they were surrounding Mr. Northridge's waist.

He took the cue. He unceremoniously pushed his cock into Martha's cunt. She groaned more in pain than in pleasure. She felt her vaginal orifice stretch around the head and literally snap closed around the shaft after the head penetrated her. Mr. Northridge took control of their mating. He pulled his head back, looked into her eyes, and used his cock to make his statement of ownership of her body. He fucked her relentlessly. Each inward stroke went into Martha's cunt the full length of his manhood. He would pull out so just the head was in her hole. After fucking her hole hard for at least five minutes, he pushed his cock into her and paused.

"I am so happy that I am fucking you," whispered Nathaniel.

"And, I am happier that you are fucking me," moaned Martha. "My cunt is yours. You'll never have to ask a second time when you want something from me." She moved her hands to his cheeks, pressed them against his skin, and said, "Fuck me like you want to fuck my daughters."

"Jesus," groaned Nathaniel. "I am in love with them. Tall and thin with long straight hair. When I saw their hairless pussies at the ball fields I knew I had to at least smell them. I so want to fuck them. All of their holes. Just as I am going to fuck you."

He pulled his cock back and rammed it home. Martha groaned in pain as the largest cock she had ever had inside her pressed home to its full length. Nathaniel was impressed with the softness of Martha's thighs and the

velvety feeling of the interior of her cunt. As he fucked her, he thought, *'How sweet and tight she is considering she pushed three babies out of her hole. When I saw her I knew she had to be a great fuck. Up against the windows and throwing her hips at me as if she was lying on her back.'*

As her vagina grew used to the length and width of her lover's cock, Martha began to respond as she hoped she would. Her pussy flooded with her sexual juices. Her sexually stimulated mind and body began to respond to being fucked by a real man. Time was standing still for her, as Mr. Northridge used her hole not to make love but to masturbate his need to empty his balls into her warm cum receptacle. Then she felt it. Her cunt began to spasm around his thrusting member.

"I'm cumming!!! she cried. "I'm cumming!!! Fuck me!!! Give me your cock!!!"

"Take it you fuckin' bitch!!! growled Nathaniel as his cock slammed into and out of his Chief Information Officer's fuck hole. "I can feel you!!! Milk my cock with your velvety smooth vagina!!! Tell me you want me more than anything on the face of the earth!!!"

Martha did not believe what she had just heard come out of Mr. Northridge's mouth. Men say the weirdest things when they are embedded in the body of a woman, but to ask her to tell him she wanted him more than anything else surprised her. She shook her head in disbelief as she said, "Make me yours. Take me home and fuck me in your bed. I will leave my family for you!!!"

"Yes!!! groaned Nathaniel.

Martha's cunt started a new orgasmic spasm. She was so hot and sexually stimulated by telling her boss she would leave her husband and children for him. All she knew was how she felt at that very moment.

"Fuck me!!! she cried. "Spew your cum in my fuck hole. That is why I am here!!! Fuck me!!!"

Nathaniel Northridge felt his balls rise. He saw the look on Martha's face as the shaft of his cock hardened and the head expanded. They both knew what was going to happen in a matter of seconds. Then she felt it. His cock pulsed against the walls of her vagina. He pressed his manhood in as far as it could go each time he ejaculated.

"God, what a fuck!!! he cried as he pressed and pushed eight strong ropes of Northridge cum into her warm living receptacle for Mr. Northridge's scum.

Martha held on to him as he came down from his orgasm. She closed her eyes and whispered, "I could fall in love with you, if I haven't already."

It did not take long for Mr. Northridge to recover. He heard what she said and it registered. He fucked her instead of her husband. He had gotten pissed off at his wife for the first time ever in front of his employees because of her open jealousy of Martha. Abigail Northridge would have to crawl to him and explain her behavior. If she didn't, he had absolutely no compunction about tossing her out of the house. In his world, all that was needed was one small error for him to terminate a relationship.

"Faggot," cried Mr. Northridge, "come here."

Russell Martin silently walked over to where his wife still had her legs wrapped around Mr. Northridge's waist while his cock remained hard and inside her body. He came to their side and said, "How may I be of service to you Mr. Northridge?"

"Did you cum watching me fuck your wife?"

"No sir. I did not touch myself."

"Did you cry inside?"

"A little," lied Russell. He was emotionally broken because he heard his wife tell her boss that she would break their bond of matrimony to be with him.

"I am going to carry your wife to the couch where I will fuck her for a second time," said Mr. Northridge. "What would you like to do?"

Russell gazed down at the floor and said, 'I will do whatever you wish Mr. Northridge."

"I want you to take your Master out of your whore wife's cunt," said Mr. Northridge. "I want to see you kneel and suck my cum from her ravaged fuck hole. I know from experience she is very sore and feels her cunt was abused. When you're done, you will go to my desk and assume the position to sign your Document of Sissy Indenture. I haven't forgotten what you need to do for me today."

Russell went to his knees. He unhooked his wife's legs from around Mr. Northridge's waist. He did not want any of his cum to drip onto the floor, so he timed the removal Mr. Northridge's still erect cock from Martha's cunt with the movement of his mouth to her hole. Thankfully, Mr. Northridge stepped back and allowed Russell to easily move between Martha's legs. As soon as his mouth surrounded her bruised and batter cunt, a steady stream of his cum ran from her hole. Russell swallowed and he was shocked that he remembered the sweet taste of the product of Mr. Northridge's balls.

Martha was not going to allow him to just clean up the mess between her legs. She pressed his head into her crotch and fucked his face. She was so sexually charged that it did not take long for her to achieve her fourth or fifth, she lost count, orgasm. Martha did not cry out as she felt her body shake and her vagina flood with fluids. When she was done she pushed Russell backwards on to his rump.

Nathaniel Northridge laughed at Russell. He strode over to his desk and said, "Your turn Russell. I'm not going to use any lubrication. I'm going to push my cock into your ass and masturbate until I spew my second load into your bowel. You will time your anal orgasm with mine. When you spew your useless seed onto the indenture paperwork, you will begin your live as my sissy bitch. Now assume the position."

Russell wanted to cry out and beg Mr. Northridge to at least allow him to suck the instrument of his deflowering to lubricate it just a bit before it was unceremoniously shoved up his ass. He looked to his wife for support, but only saw her after sex glow and total disregard for what was about to happen to him. Russell went to the designated end of the desk. Raised the hem of his wedding dress, bent over, and steeled his body for the invasion of Mr. Northridge's cock.

Martha did not move until Mr. Northridge looked at her and growled, "Get over here you fuckin' lousy fuckin' lay. Get over here, watch, and listen to your faggot scream out in pain as I take his masculinity from him."

Mr. Northridge pointed to the spot he wanted Martha to kneel. Her mind reeled with confusion. A few minutes ago, as his cock slammed into and out of her body, he professed his need for her. Now, post orgasm, he was the bastard she knew him to be. Rather than debate the issue in her head, she knew she had to abide by his demands or face the consequences. Martha stood and then knelt next to the desk where she could watch her husband spew his useless seed onto his Document of Sissy Indenture.

Russell felt the head of Mr. Northridge's cock slide between the unlubricated cheeks of his ass. He shivered for a second before his body tensed in anticipation of being taken forcibly. When it did not happen he forced his muscles to relax. He felt Mr. Northridge lean over and press his body onto his back.

"I love your wife," whispered Mr. Northridge into Russell's ear. He said it low enough so Martha could not hear it. "I want you to know that I will be fucking her whenever I need to feel a hot cunt around my cock. Tell me what you want from me."

Russell turned his head to the right. He felt Mr. Northridge move back just enough so he could look into his eyes and said, "Please do not take her from me. Please!!! Take my masculinity, but please do not take her from me. Fuck me. Masturbate in me. Whatever you want, need. . ."

Mr. Northridge had heard enough. He looked into Russell's eyes, smiled, and unceremoniously pushed the entire length of his cock through Russell's virgin sphincter and into his bowel. He was not gentle. He did not consider Russell's feelings. Mr. Northridge bottomed out in the warmth and tightness of Russell's soon to be sissy pussy.

The pain was incredible. It rose from the outer edges of his anus, through his bowel, and into his brain. Russell Martin could not keep from screaming at the top of his lungs. Tears flowed down his cheeks as if a cock had pushed its way deep into this throat. His cock rose for a nanosecond before it shrank back to a flaccid state. He could not voice his pain and horror of being taken without any foreplay or lubrication. He felt something warm and wet around his asshole and his first thought was Mr. Northridge's size had ripped his anus. He cried out again in extreme pain.

Mr. Northridge did not give one shit. He felt his strength move to his cock. He looked down at Russell's asshole, pulled three quarters of his cock out, spit, and slammed it back balls deep into his ass. He raised his body and began to bugger the masculinity out of the husband of the woman who would kneel and beg to be used by his cock. As he expected, Russell's virgin ass was tighter than his wife's pussy. Nathaniel Northridge hoped that Russell's pain would ease, pleasure would take over, and he would fuck himself on the cock that was going to own him for the rest of his sissy life.

"That's it bitch. Cry like a baby. Take your Master and prove to him that your ass deserves to become his pussy. Relax sweet pea and let him open your sissy passage. Show me how much you love me," said Mr. Northridge.

"Please take it out!!!" cried Russell. "Please!!! I have a log up my ass!!! Take it out!!!"

Mr. Northridge maintained his partial removal of his cock from Russell's ass. Each time he pushed in he could see Russell's body reacting less and less with pain and more with the mounting pleasure. Martha noticed her husband's sissy clit beginning to respond to the pressure on Russell's prostate gland. Time would change the feelings flowing from Russell's asshole. As the pain subsided and pleasure took its place, Russell's ass would become his pussy. A pussy that would willingly take any cock and masturbate it to a rousing orgasmic explosion of cum.

Martha decided to go against her decision to remain aloof from her husband's deflowering. From her position looking up at his sissy clit, she said, "Russell think sweet thoughts. Think how sweet it is going to be when you bend over for Mr. Northridge and his beautiful cock easily slides into your sissy pussy. Relax your anus. Relax your sphincter. Relax your body. Relax your mind. This is what you've always wanted. Revel in the feeling of becoming a sissy. Get hard to show your love being fucked up your ass like a faggot. Do it for the woman you love."

"Martha, please," cried Russell, "it hurts so much. I cannot take it anymore. Please!!!"

She looked up at her boss and pleaded with her eyes. He frowned and she said, "Please Mr. Northridge, let me stand so I can soothe him. Let me say positive things to him. Let me give him a reason to satisfy your carnal need for his rectum. And, if you're agreeable, let me play and caress his sissy clit. He needs to feel pleasure. You are too big for his first time. I know you have it within your heart to relent just enough to let him show you how much he wants to serve you."

Gruffly, Mr. Northridge agreed, "Stand and help the faggot. I will not hold it against him, because if the morning went as planned you would have been whispering sweet nothings into his ear."

Martha rose. She kissed her husband's cheek as her right hand sought out his meager sissy clit. She wrapped her fingers around the soft appendage and began to caress it, as she whispered, "Russell, relax, and think about how sweet it is going to be living the life you have always desired. A real man is inside you now. His cock is transforming your ass into a pussy that will masturbate his and any other cock that uses you to a satisfying orgasm."

She felt his cock twitch. She smiled and placed a chaste kiss on his cheek and ear. She ran her tongue around the periphery of his ear. Both Nathaniel and Megan felt Russell shiver with sexual delight from the stimulation. Nathaniel pulled most of his cock from Russell's ass before he forced it back in balls deep. Nathaniel repeated the motion except this time he kept his cock inside Russell's rectum.

"Russell sweetheart," cooed Martha, "tighten your pussy around the shaft of your Master. Try to pull him in with your anal muscles. Give him the pleasure you want to feel. Do it sweetie!!!"

Russell's pain subsided enough for him to do as his Mistress requested. He pulled his anus in and felt the muscles of his rectum tighten around Mr. Northridge's cock. Instead of pain, Russell felt pleasure; pleasure deep within his bowel. He released his muscle contraction, took a deep breath, and repeated the muscle tightening.

"Oh my fuckin' God," cried Nathan. "I can feel the faggot tightening his pussy around his Master. Oh, he is going to be one great sissy fuck."

Martha kissed his ear and whispered, "Get control and when he thrusting into you, push backwards. Just like a woman does when she raised her hips for her lover. Push your hips backwards allowing your Master easier access to your charms."

Russell moaned for the first time when Mr. Northridge pulled his cock almost completely out of his ass. When he felt his Master reopening his anal pussy canal, Russell moved body so his asshole slid backwards towards Mr. Northridge's body.

Nathaniel knew from Russell's movement that he had passed the pain stage and was not in the pleasure stage of being fucked like a little sissy bitch. He leaned forward and said, "Ready to get fucked hard bitch?"

Russell closed his eyes. He did not respond verbally. He squeezed his pussy canal around the large invader and moved his anus up and down the shaft of his Master.

Nathaniel Norman Northridge moaned as he felt his new sissy lover take control of their sexual connection. He turned to Martha, smiled, and said to her sissy, "Jerk me off with your ass. I want you to make it a pussy. Enable your hidden desire to be a woman. Take my cock like the man you aren't and the faggot sissy bitch you are!!!"

Russell did not hesitate. He began to move his asshole up and down the length of Mr. Northridge's cock which was solidifying its position as his sexual Master. A few times he moved too far and Mr. Northridge's cock slipped from his ass. Russell reached back, found the hard appendage, and put it at the entrance to his pussy. Moaning audibly, he pushed his ass back onto the hard cock and moaned. As he used his ass to masturbate his Master, he began to moan, "Just a sissy!!! Just a faggot!!! What a cock!!! I will fuck it anytime, anywhere. I feel empty when it is not in me."

"Tell me what you want?" asked Mr. Northridge.

"I want you to fuck me!!! cried Russell. "Fuck me every day!!! Fuck me!!! Sir, please tell me you love my ass!!!"

Martha interjected, "My, my!!! Russell has a hard sissy clit. Tell me you're ready to spill your sissy milk to seal your fate as Mr. Northridge's bitch."

"NO!!!" cried Russell. "I want to spill it when my Master coats my rectum and makes it his pussy!!!"

Nathaniel Northridge knew he had taken over Russell Martin's mind and body forever. He took him by the hips and retook control of their coitus. He fucked the moaning sissy bitch hard. He pressed and held his cock in the sissy bitch's ass. One time during their mating his hand slipped around Russell's hip and encircled Russell's hard sissy clit. Mr. Northridge gave it a short caress before he returned his hand to Russell's hip.

Martha could not contain herself. She opened her legs and without asking or caring began to caress her clitoris. She could not believe how turned on she was watching her husband take a cock up his ass for the first time.

The man and his sissy copulated for another ten minutes before Mr. Northridge announced loudly, "Take my superior seed up your ass faggot. I am going to make your ass into a pussy, you into my bitch, and change your name to Scarlett Russella Martin!!!"

Mr. Northridge pushed the full length of his cock into Russell. Russell moaned and when he felt the first pulse and rope of Mr. Northridge's cum squirt into his just consecrated pussy, ejaculated his sissy milk onto the Document of Sissy Indenture. Martha watched Mr. Northridge's cock pulse eight times. Russell could not keep up and had to settle for five strong pulses of his sissy clit.

Upon completing his orgasm, Mr. Northridge pulled his cock from Russell's newly consecrated pussy and said, "Turn around bitch and clean your Master."

Without hesitation, Russell moved from the desk to his knees. He felt his new pussy begin to dribble the cum that Mr. Northridge had seeded within him. He was not concerned. The cum felt warm as it dribbled down and across his now useless balls. He looked up at Mr. Northridge, took his flaccid cock into his hand, opened his mouth, and greedily began lick and suck it clean. For the first time in his life, Russell tasted his ass juices on the cock that had just fucked him.

Martha touched his head and said, "What a good sissy gurl you are Scarlett Russella. Clean your Master."

"Yes Mistress," stated Russell. He returned his mouth to his Master and made a concerted effort to clean all the fuck juices from the cock that was now beginning to harden. With an effort, he knew he could deep throat the cock that would go down in his sissy history as being the first to take his ass. He would worship it any and every time it was presented to him.

Nathaniel felt his cock begin to harden anew. He decided that two successive orgasms was enough for the morning. He touched Scarlett's head and said, "Scarlett, time to let your Master rest."

Russell, hearing him addressed by his sissy name, stopped his cleaning that he hoped would result in a complete act of fellatio. He nodded his acknowledgement, but remained on his knees. He looked up at Mr. Northridge and asked, "Why Scarlett Russella?"

Nathaniel gently touched his face and answered his question. "Russell, which is French, translates to 'little red one'. So, I decided on Scarlett as your first name and a feminine change to Russella as your second name. And not knowing your wife would put you into an auburn wig, the name came to me as I saw you standing looking so ravishing sissy beautiful."

"Please excuse me," said Scarlett, "will you be legally changing my name?"

"But of course, Scarlett," said Mr. Northridge. "On this island your gender will be changed to sissy. You are neither male nor female. I have people in Albany that will accept the change of your gender and allow us to issue a revised New York State Birth Certificate for you."

Scarlett licked his lips, smiled, and said, "As you wish Mr. Northridge."

"Stand bitch," commanded Mr. Northridge. "Go to the right side of the entrance of my office. The pneumatic door will not open." He turned to Martha, put his arms around her shoulders, pulled her into and embrace, and planted a very serious French kiss on her lips. They maintained their oral connection for a good three minutes before Mr. Northridge slid his hands down her back, cupped the mounds of her perfect ass, and pulled his head back to break the kiss.

"I don't understand," said Martha.

"Understand this," said her employer. "From this moment forward, you are mine. Your sissy husband performed beyond my expectations. His Document of Sissy Indenture will be placed in a document frame and his cum stains will forever tell the employees of my companies his status on Little Atlantic Island. I plan to place it in the area that is known to hold the individual document of the sissy that is only for me. It is a place of honor and a notice of my protection. As for you Martha. I want you. I want you enough to take you home with me tonight and force my wife to watch as I make soft tender love to you."

"But, I'm just three holes for you to use, Mr. Northridge," said Martha. "I still don't understand."

"Abigail went over the line this morning. I've never seen her so jealous of another woman. Her gambit to make you suck her pussy as I fucked your husband into a sissy was never part of any previous rite of humiliation cuckolding. I intended to talk to her about it," said Mr. Northridge.

"Please," whined Martha, "please do not put me in the middle. I will, without question or hesitation, take care of your sexual needs. I've never been fucked the way you fucked me. Abigail is your wife. I am an employee and," she paused, looked up and into his eyes, and said, "I'm your whore. I know it and I accept it. Please do not put me between your wife and you."

Nathaniel kept her body close to his. He did not want to release her from his hold. He knew in his heart-of-hearts that she had taken his heart. From the moment he laid eyes on her, he knew he wanted her to be more than an employee whore. Nathaniel even went so far as to think of her as he made love to his wife. His passion was not heartfelt as his cock slammed into the cunt that pushed his three loving children into the world. *'Maybe, just maybe, Abigail felt the difference when he made love to her,' he thought.*

He broke the embrace, kissed her on her forehead and the tip of her nose, and said, "I am smitten with you Martha Martin. I am the Lord and Master of this Domain. If I deem it proper, I will bring you into my bed. Abigail will accept her demotion or I will move her to the worst brothel on the island. I don't want you to go to work and that is an order. You are to go home and take care of yourself first and then Scarlett. I know today was a breaking point for her."

"Yes sir," said Martha. "But one question, sir."

"Ask," he replied.

"I have to take my son to the store," she paused, held his gaze, thought for a moment, and then said, "I need to purchase girl's underwear, lingerie, and clothing for him. He's ten years old, sir. He is fighting his feminization, but I know that he is nowhere near the kind of male you designate as an alpha." She saw the look on his face and she knew she was beginning to tread on thin ice. "Will you take him without concern for his virginity? You did just slam your cock into Scarlett without any consideration or concern for what could have happened to his rectum."

"Only once have I taken a child like I took your husband," said Nathaniel very matter-of-factly. "The boy was older than Matthew and he deserved the treatment he received. Yes, I remember your son's name. If your son learns to be compliant and accept his feminization, I promise you that I will be more than gentle when I fuck him for the first and each subsequent time." He turned his head, looked directly at Scarlett, and said to Martha while maintaining his gaze in Scarlett's direction, "I do not fuck sissies in the sense of making love to them. I masturbate in sissies." He returned his gaze to Martha, "My advice; teach him to enjoy the feeling of a finger caressing his asshole. You'll know his mind has changed when his penis becomes hard at the first touch of your finger. I will be gentle. I promise. Take your sissy and do as I have asked."

Nathaniel Northridge felt this cock twitch as he watched Martha Martin walk away from him and towards the pneumatic door to his office. He returned to his desk, turned on his computer, and went to Windows Explorer. He clicked on a hidden drive, keyed in the password, and when it opened, he found today's date. From there he drilled down to another password protected directory. When that directory opened, he clicked on a time stamped video file. The file opened in the Windows Media Player. He found the full screen icon, clicked it, and sat back in his custom made executive leather chair.

Unconsciously he licked his lips as he watched the video of him fucking Martha Martin for the first time. His cock began to grow and he knew he would need to relieve the building pressure. He pressed the intercom button on his phone and called his administrative assistant into his office.

When the pneumatic door closed, he smiled, and said, "Valerie, I need your help."

With a twinkle in her eyes, Valerie walked behind Mr. Northridge's desk, knelt down, and took his rampantly hard cock into her mouth. She never denied Mr. Northridge access to her body, but she knew he loved the way she sucked cock. Her mouth slid up and down her boss' cock. She felt his hand on the back of her head and without hesitation pressed her head down and took the entire length of his manhood into her throat. She allowed him to face fuck her.

"That's a good girl," said Nathaniel. "Suck me as I watch how if fucked the living shit out of Martha. Suck me Valerie. Suck it good!!!"

Sixteen minutes later, Valerie swallowed Mr. Northridge's third orgasm of the morning. She knew he was done when he took his hand from the back of her head. Valerie stood, smiled, and said, "Will there be anything else Mr. Northridge?"

"No Valerie. You may return to work."

Nathaniel Northridge leaned back in his chair and watched the entire video a second time. It solidified his emotional attachment to Martha Martin. He punched the '*do not disturb*' button on his phone, closed his eyes, and fell into a sexually induced sleep more akin to a coma.