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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 006

Martha and Russell

The limousine pulled up to the driveway of their home shortly before 1 PM. Martha knew the children would not be home before 3:30 PM. The drive from the corporate offices did not take any longer than the drive to the offices. Russell did not say a word. Martha noticed that he was uncomfortable, but did not make an issue of it. All she wanted to do was to take a hot shower and maybe soak in a hot bubble bath.

They entered the house through the garage and went directly into the kitchen as they had always done. Martha and Russell, for the first time since they left together earlier that morning, knew their lives had changed. Martha watched Russell try to get comfortable even when he was standing. She could tell he was desirous of a conversation covering this morning's activities.

Martha stepped behind her husband, wrapped her arms around his waist, and said, "Talk to me Scarlett. I'm here for you sweetheart."

Russell removed her hands from his waist. He turned to face his wife. His heart palpitated when he saw the glow and the softness of her cosmetic covered skin. "I am curious about your relationship with Mr. Northridge. What did he say to you?" asked Russell.

"When?"

"At the end, just before we left. He whispered something to you. What?"

"Scarlett. . ."

'FUCK YOU MARTHA!!! YOU DO NOT HAVE TO CALL ME BY MY SISSY NAME AT HOME!!!'

She did not get mad nor did she strike out at her husband. "Listen Russell, from moment Mr. Northridge ejaculated into your rectum you became Scarlett Russella. You can fight it if you want, but your driver's license, passport, and all your work related documentation is going to be changed. You're a sissy now. Not a man and not a woman. You're a sissy. Get used to it and get used to being addressed as Scarlett."

"I wish I were dead," moaned Russell.

"I told you last night to go downstairs and hang yourself. You didn't. In fact, you accepted your sissy status when you used your ass to masturbate your Master so it could be turned into a pussy. I don't know what you want, but I would like to go upstairs and take a long hot shower. So, one more time Scarlett, what do you want?"

"I want to know what Mr. Northridge whispered in your ear as he held you in an embrace before we left. I know he kissed you as if you were his girlfriend or maybe his future wife. So???"

Martha sat at the breakfast table. She was trying to figure out a way to tell Scarlett the truth without hurting her to the core. She looked at her husband and said, "Please sit."

Frustrated and hateful that she would ask him to sit on a hard chair, Russell said, "I can't. I'm too sore. It is quite painful to sit. So, I'll just stand as it reduces the pain to a tolerable level."

Not happy but accepting, Martha said, "Mr. Northridge told me he was smitten with me. His exact words. He told me the second he laid eyes on me he wanted me. Wanted me sexually and to become his corporate CIO."

"Hmmm, so he has fallen in love with you?"

"I don't know if you could consider or define it as love. His intention was to have me watch him take your masculinity from you. To hear you accept your position as a sissy and a cocksucker. Abigail changed all that."

Russell frowned and simply asked, "How?"

"I was not supposed to be kneeling in front of her prepared to suck her pussy as her husband took your anal cherry. I was supposed to be where I was when he did take your cherry without the invited audience. In all their years of marriage, Abigail never, not once, ever had a wife or husband service her during a humiliation by her husband. She always watched. She never took part in any way. Today she broke that streak."

"That pissed off Mr. Northridge?"

"Very much. You saw what he did to her. It is also apparent that he has fallen for me. That is why he fucked me first this morning. He had no intention of taking me until you were feminized sexually and accepting of your femininity. Mr. Northridge saw me and his cock said to his brain, '*I want her*'. He could not control his desire for me. His needed to feel my pussy surrounding his massive and beautiful cock. Mr. Northridge was an emotional wreck because he wanted to take me and make passionate love to me. He didn't want use me as a masturbatory cum dump. He wanted to kiss me, hold me, and make gentle love to me."

"He told you all that after he French kissed you and you responded?"

"Not in all those words, but when he pulled me into the embrace I could feel his hardness pressing against my stomach. I knew what he said was true."

"When are you filing for divorce?"

"I'm not. I told him that I did not want to get in between any issues that arose this morning with his wife Abigail. I reiterated my commitment to open my orifices, my body, to him whenever he needed or desired me. But, I would not be the wrench that wrecked his marriage."

"How did he respond?"

"He basically told me that if he wanted to throw her out of his life, she had nothing to say about it. As he stated, '*I am the Lord and Master of this Domain*'. In my gut, I think he is infatuated with me and when he has me sexually a few times, he will seek others to satisfy his need to orgasm multiple times a day. If I am wrong, then I

expect him to move me into his house. This way he protects me from his sons, his daughter, and all of the other alpha males and females living on Little Atlantic Island. I become untouchable.”

“Yeah, you become untouchable and your children and I become fodder for every sexual pervert that lives on this island. You live in the lap of luxury and we live wondering when the next asshole is going to come through the front door asking to have sex with one or all of us. And, what is even more revolting, is we cannot say ‘no’.”

“Scarlett, I don’t know what you want from me. I was just surprised as you were at the events that transpired this morning. I suggest we let things fall where they may and basically let our lives take their own course. I think we’ll have some ability to control the outcome, but if the worst happens, we’ll be prepared for it.”

Shaking and not quite knowing why, Russell asked, “What will you do if he comes here tonight and says he is going to sleep here with you?”

“You know as well as I do, that he has that prerogative. If nothing happened this morning with Abigail, then you would be standing here with the same pain in your ass knowing that you had nothing to say if he came over to fuck me tonight. You would be asked to help us as any sissy cuckold would or you would be relegated to your room to listen and suffer as a bigger and better man fucked your wife.”

“Yes!!! Fuck you, not make passionate love to you.” Frustrated, Russell threw up his hands and said, “He didn’t fuck you this morning. He did not rut with you as wild animals do. He made love to you disguised as a simple fuck to get his rocks off. Martha, I’m no dope. I could see it as the thrust his manhood into your body. He was extremely horny and in seventh heaven when he bottomed out in your fuck hole.”

“Ok!!! Ok!!! Enough!!!” cried Martha. I knew it from the moment he told me to stand in front of the window in the lounge section of his office. I figured he wanted the world to see us fucking, but his touch and his whispers told me different. I hate to say this Scarlett, but his masculinity and savoir faire grabbed my heart and took it from you. I’m so sorry, but if he wants to marry me, I will divorce you. I’m so, so sorry.”

“Not as sorry as I’m going to be. Guess I’ll go upstairs to the hall bathroom and take a long hot bath. There is no reason to for me to try and keep you from him. Just like you, I felt his cock inside my body. Difference is I shit through my pussy and you piss just above yours.” Russell shrugged his shoulders, stepped towards the door to the hall that lead to the stairs to the second floor, turned and simply said, ‘Fuck you Martha.”