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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 010

Dinner at the Northridge Estate

Nathaniel Northridge returned home and, as he had done earlier that afternoon, parked the McLaren on the driveway in front of the estate house. He entered his house and knew that the staff was busy preparing dinner. He smiled to himself as he made his way to the main dining room. He was proud that he found Martha and solidified in his heart that was definitely, one hundred percent, in love with her. Now the hard part faced him. Telling his children that their mother will no longer be residing in the Estate House.

As he made his way to the side of the house where dinner would be served in the main dining hall, Mr. Northridge was intercepted by his butler Reginald Marks. "Mr. Northridge, sir," said Reginald, "may I have a moment of your time before you sit for dinner?"

"What is it Reggie?" asked Nathaniel, purposely using then variation of Reginald's first name that he hated.

Flustered, but keeping everything under control, Reginald said before he asked, "We have been together a long time Mr. Northridge. I have never interfered with anything concerning your personal life. But, today Mrs. Northridge verbally and physically abused her personal maid and the maids who clean and maintain the household. If something has occurred between you and Mrs. Northridge, please settle it or we are going to have a major problem on our hands. Is there anything you want or need me to do?"

"Dinner is going to be very problematic this evening," said Nathaniel. "I appreciate what you have just told me and your confidence will not be broken. I want you to talk to the maids and tell them that I will take time to speak with each of them individually. Have the dinner servants put the tonight's dinner on the buffet and exit the dining room. I want all of the staff to remain in the staff quarters. Reginald, I want you to make sure this happens."

Reginald frowned, maintained his English stiff upper lip, and asked, "Is there going to be fireworks at dinner?"

Nathaniel smiled and nonchalantly said, "Not fireworks, Reginald. A nuclear holocaust. Where are my wife and children?"

"They are in the family dining room waiting your arrival, sir."

"Good, keep them occupied. I have to run upstairs for a moment. I will make my way to the family dining room and then you can bring the meal in," said Nathaniel as he began to move towards the staircase to the second floor.

The main dining room for the nightly family dinners was not the largest dining room in the estate house, but it was kept as formal as the largest. The table was smaller to engender a more informal and intimate feel for the family. The sitting arrangements were as they always were throughout the history of the Northridge family. Nathaniel sat at the head, Abigail sat opposite him at the other end, the oldest heir sat to his right, the next in line sat to his left, and his daughter sat next to her mother. The table was set with dinner plates, salad plates, the appropriate knives, forks, and spoons. Water glasses and wine glasses were set in front of each of the Northridge family members. Nathaniel had no issues with his underage children drinking wine with dinner and only dinner.

Abigail waited by her seat for the arrival of her husband. Joshua, Johnathan, and Jamie waited by the buffet not knowing that dinner would be placed there instead of being served to each of them individually. They noticed their mom was constantly looking at her watch. Joshua knew something was up, but did not verbalize his concern.

Nathaniel entered the family dining room followed by Reginald and the serving staff. The evening's repast was placed on the buffet per Mr. Northridge's orders. Reginald checked and then double-checked the food before he nodded to his employer and departed the family dining room. Abigail and the children noticed that the doors to the room where all shut. Again, Joshua figured something was up. Both Johnathan and Jamie were totally clueless.

"Tonight we eat buffet style," said Nathaniel, "so go get some food, wine, soda, or water, and sit at your assigned seats."

Nathaniel waited until all of his family had taken their food from the buffet and went to their seats. He decided on a small filet mignon, garlic mashed potatoes, a small portion of salad, and a glass of French red wine. When he sat, he did not say a word. He just began to eat. His silence began to wear on his wife and children.

"Something wrong daddy?" asked Jamie.

"Not one of my children or my wife greet me when I walked into the room. That tells me Jamie, since you asked the question, that something is wrong with you four. All of you need to remember that this is my island and my estate. You sit at this table because my sperm mated with an egg from the woman that sits opposite me."

"Excuse me," said Joshua, "that woman??? Don't you mean your wife?"

Nathaniel cut a piece of steak and noticed that it was cooked perfectly. The outside charred and warm and pink on the inside. He looked around the table, put the piece in his mouth, chewed it completely, and swallowed. As he was cutting a second piece, he said, "Abigail, did you do as I asked this afternoon?"

All the children looked at their mother, but Joshua turned back to his dad and said, "You came home this afternoon? You didn't stay at your office or visit other companies? That is not like you. And, you did not answer my question."

"Abigail," said Nathaniel.

Abigail put down her glass of wine. She stared at Nathaniel and said, "You're not serious. You really did mean what you said to me this afternoon?"

Nathaniel stood, walked around the table to where Abigail sat, opened the zipper to his trousers, pulled out his cock, and said, "Would you like me to piss on you in front of my children?"

"ENOUGH!!!" cried out Abigail. "Go sit down!!! I will tell them."

Nathaniel put his cock away and returned to his seat. He smiled to himself when he saw the looks of shock and awe on his children's faces. When Abigail did not say a word for two minutes, Nathaniel said, "If you don't, I will."

The wine glass in Abigail's hand almost broke from the pressure of her fingers. She looked at her children and said, "This afternoon, upstairs in my private abode, your father informed me that he is divorcing me."

"WHAT!!!" cried all three children.

"Your father has fallen for another woman," said Abigail. "I had a feeling that he was no longer interested in me as a wife, partner, and lover." She saw the look of horror on her children's faces. She continued, "Please understand that it is his prerogative to divorce me. He is the Lord of the Manor. If he doesn't desire my love, then he has all rights and privileges to move me out of his life."

"How can he just declare you are no longer his wife?" asked Joshua. "Don't you have to go to court? Have a settlement and division of assets?"

"In the real world," said his mother, "that is how it happens. But, here on Little Atlantic Island all your father had to do was urinate on me. He did that this afternoon."

"Ewww!" groaned Jamie, "that's gross!!!"

"This has to be a fuckin' game," stated Joshua. "You're our parents. This has to be some sort of test. I just know it!!!"

The silent one of the three children was Johnathan. He sat taking in what was going on around him without batting an eyelash or adding his voice to the cacophony of questions, groans, and denials. He cut another piece of filet mignon, savored the taste as he chewed it, swallowed, and said, "Before we continue this one-sided discussion, why don't each of you tell me about your day."

Joshua, always the brazen of the two boys, said, "Why should we do that when you had our mother inform us that to initiate a divorce you urinated on her? This is totally absurd!!!"

"No Joshua, what is happening here is not absurd," said Nathaniel. He reached into his pocket, took out what appeared to be women's lingerie, and tossed the across the table to his son Johnathan.

Johnathan sat mouth agape stunned at what was laying in front of him on the table. He knew he had been busted by his father from information given to him by his mother.

"Are those yours Johnathan?" asked Nathaniel in a quiet even voice.

Shaken but outwardly calm, Johnathan replied, "No. I've never seen them before."

He watched his father pick up the last small portion of his steak, turn his fork in front of his face, before he put the morsel into his mouth, and chew it. A sip, not a gulp, but a sip of the French red wine was next. He picked up his napkin, wiped his lips, and said, "Really. Then why did I find them buried in the bottom drawer of your bureau underneath your athletic clothing? Can you answer that for me?"

"I, I, I. . ." stammered Johnathan.

"Remember son, you lie and you suffer the consequences," said his father. "I am not opposed to doing to my children what I would do to any resident that openly lies to me."

Johnathan looked to his mother for support. Abigail knew it was time to spill the beans. Once she let the incest cat out of the bag, her two other children would know why their father pissed on her. Historically, sex between siblings and parents were frowned upon in the Northridge family. Abigail stood up and stepped to where Johnathan sat

between his older brother and younger sister. Her dress fell about two inches below her crotch. The tops of her thigh highs were plainly visible as were the two front clasps from her garter belt that held them up. He put her hand on her son's shoulder, smiled at him, and then gently pulled his head to her body.

"Johnathan and I have been intimate," she said and waited for the explosion of verbal anger. When nothing was said, she continued, "My son is going to prove to you all the level of intimacy we've had. If it were something we wanted, I would have said enjoyed, but I didn't."

She looked at her husband, stared hard at him, before she spoke again.

"Johnathan, stand and lower your trousers," Abigail ordered.

"Mo-o-o-m-m-m," he whined. "Please!!! Don't embarrass me!!!"

That he whined about being embarrassed in front of his father as well as his older brother. Both Northridge males had no idea of what his mother could say that would embarrass him to the core.

"If you don't do as I say," said Abigail, "your father will find out the hard way and I don't think you want that. The lingerie hidden in your bureau is evidence that something is not one-hundred percent with you. Now, stand and lower your trousers."

Shaking, the sixteen year old did as his mother commanded. He stood and lowered his trousers. To everyone's surprise he was not wearing panties or stockings. He was commando as all Northridge men are when dressed. That included casual to formal evening wear. His teenage cock hung straight down between his nicely shaped legs and just behind the base was a pair of medium sized testicles.

Abigail turned her attention to Nathaniel. "This is going to only happen if the circumstances are right. I want you to stand and come to this end of the table. It is important that you watch and learn."

Johnathan knew what his mother was about to demonstrate. He was scared shitless and embarrassed. He followed her to her end of the table. He stopped and stood where she positioned him. Everyone watched as she removed the place setting from her end. When she returned, she pulled up her dress, and sat where her dinner plate rested just moments ago.

"Move the chair Johnathan," she ordered.

Johnathan move the chair and when he returned to the end of the table he was directly in front of his mother. Her feet were on the edge of the table. The vaginal orifice he passed through to beg his life was plainly visible. He looked at it and then to his mother. Everyone could see his hands and legs shaking. For a young teenager, he was acting in a total reversal of Northridge masculinity. His cock was rising as he gazed upon his mother's exposed vagina. He closed his eyes, put his hands to his face, and whined, "Please mother!!! Have a bit of decency!!! Please!!!"

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" cried Nathaniel. "WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE!!!"

Abigail was in no mood, "Do me a favor, will you. Just shut the fuck up and watch. You've already made it plainly clear to me that there is another cunt you want in your bed. I accept that and you know what I asked of you. So Nathaniel, shut the fuck up!!!

She turned to her son, "Johnathan, make your cock hard. And when you're ready put it in me. Fuck me. It is alright."

The sixteen year old did as his mother asked. He began to stroke his tumescent cock and made it rise to full hardness, length, and width. He closed his eyes and begged, "Please mother. I'm begging you!!!"

"FUCK ME JOHNATHAN!!! FUCK ME NOW!!!"

The youngest son of Nathaniel Northridge stepped between his mother's legs. He moved his cock so it was in position to enter his mother's vagina. He again closed his eyes. He knew what was going to happen and he was never going to live it down. His cock head touched the outer labia of his mother's hairless vagina and the end came before the sex even started. He moaned and four small dribbles of semen exited the head of his cock. He dropped his hand from his softening cock. Johnathan Northridge began to cry like a little baby.

"Fuck me," said Joshua.

Nathaniel and Jamie were silent.

"You know what to do, so do it," ordered Abigail.

Per his mother's orders, Johnathan went to his knees and licked the small amount of his semen that rested on his mother's thigh. He did not ejaculate on or in her pussy. It took but a moment for him to clean up his mess. When he was finished, he stood and did not move.

"See Nathaniel," said Abigail. "See what your son cannot do. I don't know how he got through his sexual education to this point in his life, but I'd wager that his cock has never been inside a woman or a girl's body. I purchased the feminine lingerie to see if he could maintain an erection while attempting coitus. He failed. My next idea was to test his homosexuality."

"Get off the table, cover your genitals, and sit," ordered Nathaniel. "Johnathan, come to my end of the table. Bring the sissy clothing with you."

Johnathan did per his father's instructions. His trousers were still on the floor next to his chair. His shirt and socks were the only clothing on his body. He held the panties and thigh highs in his right hand as he stood fearful and scared in front of his father.

"Take off everything," said Nathaniel.

Shaking his head from side-to-side as he removed his shirt and pants only added to his consternation. He handed his the clothing to his brother who graciously took them and put them on his chair. He was completely nude. He was a bit embarrassed to be in his birthday suit in front of his twelve year old sister. Johnathan stood and waited for the next shoe to drop.

"Put on the panties," ordered his father.

"Please father," said Johnathan. "Please don't make me. I'm trying to come to terms with my problem."

"And what problem is that?"

"I am a premature ejaculator, father. I attempt to have sex with a girl and I just can't control myself. I have tried and tried, but nothing seems to work."

"Put on the panties," ordered Nathaniel. "When they're on put on the thigh highs. You've watched enough women to know how and what to do."

Johnathan picked up the black lace panties. He found the front easily because there was a small red bow on the waistband. He slipped the panties up his legs. His mother was not surprised, but his father was floored, when Johnathan moved his penis so it would lay to the left as he positioned the panties on his hips. He then rolled the first black thigh high and rolled it up his right leg. He did the same with his left. At the top of the lace was a large red bow. Standing flat-footed his legs looked nice covered in the nylon of the thigh highs. He did not move a muscle when he was finished.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," said Nathaniel. "Jesus fuckin' Christ, all you really need is to remove the hair on your legs, you underarms, and the trimmed pubic hair and you could easily be a girl. Your hair is just over your ears, but let it grow in, learn to apply the correct makeup, and WHAM!!!"

"What do you think Joshua?" asked Nathaniel.

"I'm surprised and a bit mortified," said Joshua. "I mean he does look quite sexy dressed as he is."

Nathaniel stood, put his arm around Johnathan's shoulders, and asked, "Have you masturbated wearing women's lingerie?"

Nathaniel felt the surge of stress flow through his son's shoulders. It was his confirmation that he probably already had, but he wanted a verbal answer. Johnathan looked to his mother for guidance. She readily offered her help.

"Nathaniel, with me watching and guiding him, he has masturbated wearing women's lingerie. I was trying to get to the point, where I could introduce dildo play."

"Dildo play?" asked Jamie.

"Yes, dildo play," responded her mother. "If Johnathan could maintain an erection while he sucked on a cock shaped dildo, then it could be assumed that he preferred male genitals to female genitals."

Nathaniel turned his son to face him and pushed him down to his knees. "Like you mother told you when you dribbled your cum on her thigh, you know what to do. Don't you?"

Johnathan's eyes welled with tears. His face was passive, but everyone could see how stressed out he was. His hands shook violently as he tried to open his father's trousers. He stopped, put a hand on each thigh, and said, "I'm a fag. I love to suck cock. I have been taken anally. I enjoy the feeling of a long hard man's cock inside me. I do what all homosexual men do. I used my rectum and asshole as a pussy. I love to use my tight anal sphincter to masturbate their cocks."

"Do you cum?" asked Joshua before his father could.

Johnathan sighed, "Yes. I have had the most amazing orgasms when I am being used by a real man. I don't even have to touch my cock. If the cock I am masturbating with my anal sphincter is pressing on my prostate, I cum without ever having to touch my cock. I can actually cum multiple times when I am getting fucked."

"Do you cum when you suck cock?" asked his father.

"I have," replied Johnathan, "but I must masturbate as I suck. If I don't, I won't attain an orgasm. Sometimes I don't really care if I do. The feeling of a man's cock exploding in my mouth and the taste of his cum is more than enough for me to have something to fantasize about when I jerk off in my bed."

Jamie showed her curiosity, "Do you have someone you would call your boyfriend?"

The blush that covered his face was because he was asked a question that he knew he would have to answer truthfully. It also would solidify to his family that he was indeed a homosexual.

"Well???" asked Nathaniel.

The sixteen year old looked down as he said, "Mr. Wilcox."

"The fuckin' girls' softball coach at the high school? You're fuckin' suckin' his cock?" growled Nathaniel.

He looked up from his knees into his father's eyes and said in a strong voice, "Since I was in the seventh grade. He took my cherry the day after my eighth birthday."

"Anyone else know?" asked Joshua complete amazed that his brother hid it so well.

"Just Andrew," said Johnathan.

"Your best friend?" asked Joshua.

"He realized when we were younger than I was different. It was when I stayed over for his fifth birthday party," he paused as he rubbed the palms of his hands on his thighs being careful not to ruin the pretty red bows on the stockings. "I slept in his room. When he knew his parents and brothers were asleep, he pulled the covers off of his body and showed me his erection. The smile on his face told me he knew, but, I hadn't done anything with a boy or a man. I don't know how, but he knew. Andrew wiggled is cock and invited me into his bed. He didn't fuck me until after Mr. Wilcox did. But, he was the first and I am fond of him because he never said a word to anyone. He knows about Mr. Wilcox. He never made fun of me or did he force me to do things to him."

"Did he . . ." started Jamie. Her curiosity truly peaked because she'd seen sissy boys, but to have a faggot for a brother made her juices flow.

"No," interjected Johnathan knowing where his sister was headed with her question. "He's never once reciprocated. It is a completely one way relationship. I do him. Period."

"I think we're done with dinner," said Nathaniel. "Johnathan, I want you to go upstairs with your sister. Not your mother. Not your brother. I want you to ask her nicely to help you remove every single hair from your body below your neck. When you are completely smooth like all sissy boys should be, you will allow her to dress you. She will be your mentor and teacher. Jamie will teach you everything you need to know to be a girl. Well, not everything, because you already know how to suck cock and take it up your faggot ass."

"Please father," said Johnathan still kneeling in front of him, "I can't help being what I am. It is just the way my genes got organized. I don't know. What I do know is I love you. I don't want you to hate me because I am a sissy faggot. I'm not hiding it anymore. It is out in the open."

"Do you want to leave the estate and move in with your mother?" asked his father.

"If that is what you want, sir. I will accede to any and all of your wishes or demands," said Johnathan. "I only ask that you do not force me to have sex with you or my brother."

"I'm not going to ask you to do that Johnathan," said Nathaniel. "What I am going to do is introduce you to a sissy that I believe should replace Wilcox as you lover. Understand, Wilcox will be banished from this island. I am going to have a heart-to-heart with him about his lack of candor concerning your homosexuality. What I want from you right now is to come to me before I leave and show me how you are going act and dress from this moment forward."

To test his father, Johnathan said, "Would you like me to blow you now? In front of everyone?"

Johnathan never thought his father would react as he did. He knew he was strong, but Samson like was an understatement. I was as if he was in a slow motion movie. He saw himself flying through the air. It was as if he was outside his own body. The feel of the buffet, with the sterling silver serving ware on top, making contact with his body did not immediately send waves of pain outward from the points of contact. When he bounced from the buffet to the hardwood floor of the family dining room did he feel the first wave of extreme pain course though his body. Johnathan did not cry out nor did he break out into uncontrollable tears. He tightened his resolve and remained still on the floor.

"Abigail," growled Nathaniel, "take you faggot son and your daughter upstairs. Get them started and return here. Do not dally or delay, because if I have to come upstairs, you and your faggot son will be sailing out of the

windows and I know you will not bounce. Everyone will hear the thud, then the eerie groan, and the final gurgling as your life seeps from your broken bodies."

Abigail, Jamie, and Johnathan departed the family dining room with all due haste.

Joshua stood not really wanting to sit, picked up his glass of wine, and said, "What are you going to do with him, dad?"

"He's my son. He's a faggot. I will have to research through the family history to see if he is the first. If he is, I will set precedence. If he isn't, then it should be detailed in the family history. History will teach me what to do. He really had me hoodwinked."

"Me too dad. Me too," said Joshua. "There are going to be quite a few girls that are going to be heartbroken. What I am curious about is the girls he could not complete coitus with. How did he or the teachers keep them quiet?"

"Interesting point, Joshua," said Nathaniel. "Since you're a freshmen in college, would you like to investigate and bring to me the results? I will try to keep an open mind, but right now, I'm leaning towards collusion to keep it on the down low."

Smiling, Joshua added, "I would like the opportunity. Also, if it wouldn't be out of line, could I help you decide and mete out the punishment?"

"You're still three years away from gaining the beginning of that authority, but, all things being equal, I have the power," said Nathaniel. "Yes you may be part of the decision making process if any forms of punishment need to be meted out."

"One last question since we're being so open and honest here. Who is the woman?"

Nathaniel closed the gap between Joshua and himself. He put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Your mother had an idea. Today she knows. Do not make it worse that it has to be. As far as I'm concerned, the three of you can depart with your mother. I won't hold it against any of you. But, you won't rise through the ranks of the family and my corporations. You are the next in line. With the stroke of a pen or the swipe of a sword, you can be eliminated. Please tell me you understand."

Joshua downed the remainder of his wine. Since the food and drink on the buffet were now scattered all over the floor, he had nothing to fill his wine glass with. He put it on the dining room table, approached his father, embraced him, and said, "I am your son. I am your heir. Command me and I will obey. My choice is to stay with you. I want to complete my college education and begin to learn the family business. I will go for advanced degrees, but I need to spread my wings."

Nathaniel kissed his son on the cheek. He looked into his eyes and saw it. He felt his cock grow in his pants. He did not step back as he said, "You want me don't you?"

"I do, but I'm not a fag like my brother," whispered Joshua. "Fucking sissies up their asses is fun. Having them drain your balls with their mouths is an experience that is always new and exciting. But, there is something to say about giving yourself to the man who made you, raised you, and loves you. I'm not in the least gay. I love you and if you can accept that I would gladly give myself to you as an act of ultimate love, then whenever you want me, I'm here for you."

Nathaniel broke the embrace. He looked lovingly at his eldest son and said, "You never cease to surprise me, Joshua. I'm not partial to an incestuous relationship with my son. I take what you offered to heart, but I cannot and will not accept or take from you something that is not mine. I love you. I would give my life for you."

"As I would for you," said Joshua. "So, who is she?"

"She is one hell of a woman. Sexy. Smart. Svelte. And, one hell of a lay," said Nathaniel. He thought about not telling his son. He saw the look of expectation on his face and decided to let him know what he would find out later than night. "Martha Martin."

"Jesus dad. Are you telling me, you fucked her this morning after you threw everyone out of your office?"

"Before I seeded her sissy. Joshua, the minute I laid eyes on her I was smitten. What I believed about her is the truth. She is so fuckin' smart it is scary. That is why I hired her. But, after she gave birth to a son and twin girls, her fuckin' body is so fuckin' tight it is scary. I took her and she willingly opened her body to me. Her vagina as so tight and the velvet feel of the interior took me to places I've never dreamed could or would exist simply by having my cock caressed by the inside of a vagina."

"Dad, but mom," said Joshua. "Couldn't you have kept Martha on the side? It isn't like you've never done that before. I've watched mother pine away nights for you as I grew up. When I got old enough and smarter, I knew you weren't out conducting business. You were out fucking the cunt of the moment. I hope to have that much pussy available to me. Dad, she married you and gave you everything there is to give. Can't you rescind the divorce? At least, talk to someone. Maybe even Martha. Maybe she'll agree to be your side piece for a while or forever."

"Sorry Joshua. I've made my decision. I've only gone back on one and I regretted the day I did. Thankfully, I resolved it and I have never ever rescinded another decision."

"Are you taking care of mother?"

"Yes. She will have a small house on the other side of the island. She will have protection and solitude. I am giving her an allowance that will allow her to live, but not in the lap of luxury as she is used to. She will survive."

"And Johnathan?"

"That is a problem. If he goes to live with her, then he'll be celibate. The only sexual release he will have will be when he masturbates. Abigail knows better than to have an incestuous relationship with him. If he stays here, then I will allow him to finish his education. Then he can leave the island or he can come to work for me."

"What will he do? You cannot have a sissy, even if he is your son, in a position of power."

Nathaniel licked his lips, smiled, and said, "Not a position of power, but he can provide sexual pleasure for certain clients that would take notice that they are being sexed by the spawn of a Northridge."

"Dad, that's sick."

"Truthfully Joshua, I don't know what I am going to do with him, but I do know that he will live the rest of his life as a sissy."