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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 011

Dinner at the Martins

The first thing Martha did when she came home with Matthew and several large bags and boxes of clothing for the boy, was to make him go upstairs clean out his bureau and his closet. Then in a moment of pique at the boy, she called her daughters into the boy's room. She told the girls, who per her instructions were naked, to sit on the bed. Martha then made the boy try on every outfit that was purchased and model them for the boy's sisters. Matthew did as his mother told him, but when he put on the last two outfits, he could not stop his boy penis from getting hard.

"Ewww!!!" cried Megan, "Matthew has a boner!!!"

Martha laughed, pointed to the boy's erection, and said to both girls, "That just goes to show that the boy is happy to be wearing girl's clothing."

Marissa picked up on how her mother was talking about her brother. "Mom, how come you call him *the boy*?"

"That is because Matthew is learning to become a sissy," answered Martha. "I learned today while we were shopping until Matthew is no longer 'cherry' it is proper to not use male pronouns when speaking about or to the boy. It takes some getting used to."

Matthew's boy penis was tenting his panties. He was very frustrated. He looked to his mother for help.

"What?" asked Martha.

"Would you allow me to. . ." he paused, looked at his sister's, and said, "FUCK!!! I need to play with my penis. I want to play with my penis. FUCK!!! I watched you suck Mr. Northridge's cock. I stood with his arm around my shoulders and watched. I wanted to jerk off so bad."

"Because you weren't sucking his cock?" asked Marissa while she and her sister laughed.

Matthew just stood staring at his mother.

"Answer her Mattie," commanded the boy's mother.

He turned his gaze to his sister's pussy and said, "Not really. I wished it was my cock that was in my mother's. . ."

Martha interrupted the boy's thoughts by slapping the boy across the face. Matthew tumbled to the floor. He broke out in tears. His boy penis was still hard as a rock. Martha witnessed the first drops of precum stain the front of the cotton panties. She knew. She knew the boy was a bit of a masochist.

"Stand up bitch!!!" growled Martha.

Matthew continued to lay on the floor. He did not move.

Martha leaned over, grabbed his right ear, and twisted. She did not watch his face as she inflicted pain not as punishment, but as a sexual stimulant. The boy dribbled more precum into the panties. She released his ear, grabbed a handful of hair, and pulled him to his feet. She pulled the boy's panties down to the boy's knees, moved behind the boy, and began to roughly finger the soon to be a sissy's asshole.

"N-O-O-O!!!!" cried the boy. He complained vociferously about his mother trying to push two fingers into his rectum, but he did not move. He did not try to pull his body away from hers. Finally both fingers were inside his rectum. His complaining stopped. His boy cock remained erect and very hard. Matthew felt the pain dissipate. Then he felt something and he knew his mother was going to finger fuck his ass until he ejaculated.

"Please take them out," he begged. "Please!!! I promise to be good."

"How about starting by telling your sister's the truth."

"Ok," the boy cried. "When I was standing next to Mr. Northridge, I wanted to suck his cock. I wanted him to cum in my mouth. I wanted to swallow his cum."

"Then why didn't you just sat that," said Martha as her fingers began to slide over the boy's immature prostate gland.

"No, please," cried Matthew. "Please!!! No-o-o, oh my!!!"

Martha was in control and she knew it. "Watch girls. Watch as your sissy brother admits that he is a sissy as his useless sissy milk dribbles from his boy clit."

Matthew stood on weakening legs as his mother stimulated his prostate. He did not feel sexually stimulated. What had turned him on while he was modeling his new wardrobe no longer had the same effect on him. His sister's hairless pussies were not making him want to play with his penis. He was totally centered on his mother's fingers. His mind and body were nowhere near feeling the same as when he was about to cum when he jerked off in bed. He could not control his body.

Then it happened. His penis softened. He moaned as his cock released four small dribbles of sissy milk. He was in pain. Matthew was not sexually stimulated or satisfied when his boy clit released the sissy milk from his body. It pained him when his mother kept her fingers up his ass. It made him moan and whimper when he felt the tips of his mother's fingers begin to massage the spot that made his penis soften before he dribbled.

"Please mother," moaned Matthew. "It hurts!!!"

"Fuckin' pussy boy!!!" replied the boy's mother. "Have one little anal induced milking and you stand there crying in pain. What a little sissy boy you are!!!"

"Mommy please!!!" cried Matthew. "Please stop!!! You're hurting me!!!"

Martha did not stop. Marissa and Meagan were surprised and starting to wonder why their mother was being so mean to their brother. Megan looked at her sister and whispered, "Why is mommy so mean to him?"

Marissa did not answer because she did not know why, but later would talk to her sister about everything they've been seeing and doing.

Martha did not stop nor did she reduce the pressure on the boy's prostate. She watched with a stoic face, but inside she was relishing his humiliation and pain. She could feel his body beginning to react to her milking his prostate. His anus began to squeeze her fingers but the boy did not react in a sexually stimulated manner. Her nod confirmed the obvious.

His cock grew, softened, and for the second time in a matter of minutes, two very minute dribbles of sissy milk exited his soft boy clitty. Matthew could not support his frame. He turned his head to look at his mother and collapsed onto the floor. The only thing he thought about was the reduction of pain emanating from his rectum.

Martha was still in an evil mood. "Listen bitch, starting tomorrow afternoon when you get home from school, you will prepare your rectum for milking. In the sissy manual are the instructions for giving yourself an enema." Martha turned to her girls and said, "You will help him. If I find out that you haven't, I will personally take you over my knees and spank the living shit out of you."

Marissa stood, glared at her mother, and said, "I don't know why you are so mean to him. Ever since we moved here, you've been mean to everyone. I don't know what we did, but we watched a boy of seven have to play with his penis in front of the class. He was afraid. The teacher hit him. Did you hear me??? She hit him!!!"

It was like a light switch was turned on when Martha stood and approached her daughters on the bed. Her face was soft. Her eyes were twinkling and her lips were curled up into a smile. One hand went to each of the girls faces. She licked her lips before she spoke.

"I know both of you are afraid, but I am here to guide you through your sexual education. You will, of course, learn everything you need to become educated girls. But, your sexuality is something that is very important. So important, that you will learn to serve and then you will learn to become like me."

"Why?" asked Marissa, as Meagan nodded in agreement.

"I don't know if you'll understand," said their mother, "but the boy in your class was punished, because the boy could not accomplish what the teacher wanted. The boy is learning to be a sissy. Boys that will taught to be men, will not have to humiliate themselves in front of the class by playing with their penises. Why? That is simple. Their penises are large, thick, and women will chase them to have them push their hard-ons into their bodies. In time you'll understand. I promise you. And, as your brother is going to accept and learn, so will you two."

"Matthew, I want you to stand, take off what you are wearing, and put on the new pink and light blue pajamas I bought for you. Then you will finish putting away the rest of your clothing. After dinner, we will pack up and throw away all of your boy's clothing. Then I will read with you."

Understanding he had no choices any more, Matthew replied. "Yes mother."

"May we stay and help him?" asked Meagan.

"No, both of you have to come downstairs and help prepare dinner," said Martha.

Sixty-six minutes later, the Martin family was seated and starting to eat their dinner. For the Martin family they were eating quite late, but Martha had made sure her sissy to be had the beginnings of a proper sissy wardrobe. Scarlett prepared a roasted chicken, peas and a large salad. Matthew, Meagan, and Marissa each had a glass of ice water with a slice of lemon for them to drink. Scarlett and Martha each had a glass of white wine.

Scarlett asked his wife, "I see you took Matthew shopping to start his sissy wardrobe. How did he do?"

"First, do not use male pronouns when talking about the boy," said Martha. "The boy has to learn that as far as the boy's life goes, the boy will never be thought of as a male. Therefore, until such time as the boy is deflowered, always refer to Matthew as *'the boy'*. Second, since you have been taken by Mr. Northridge, I suggest that we address you using female pronouns. Otherwise, the boy had a wonderful experience going to the shopping center with me."

Knowing he was about to be punished, but not caring in the least, Matthew spoke, "Yeah, a wonderful time. I got to stand next to Mr. Northridge while my mother sucked his cock. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed watching a cock slide into my mother's mouth. The mouth she kisses me with."

"You blew Mr. Northridge?" asked Scarlett.

Unconcerned that the children were sitting at the table, Martha said, "Yes. He showed up at the sissy store unexpectedly. He asked about Matthew and I told him the boy was in a changing room trying on dresses. He wanted to see. Before you knew it, I was asked to suck him off because he was thinking about how sweet Matthew was going to be this week. . ."

"Liar!!!" screamed Matthew. "He was there because of you. I heard him tell you that he was in love with you. You're a liar!!!"

Anger beyond all belief, Martha said in a voice that sent shivers through Matthew's body, "Listen boy, you talk to me like that again, I will take you over my knee and spank you so hard the cheeks of your boy pussy will not recover for weeks. Stand up and go to your room."

The boy knew better than respond to his mother's threat. The boy stood and made his way to his room. The entire walk was made with his eyes on the floor.

Martha looked at Scarlett and said, "I told you what I did. How many times have you sucked a cock and the man you were fellating told you he loved the way you were sucking his love muscle. Well, that is what Mr. Northridge did when I blew him. The one thing I just did that you never did, I acknowledged that I sucked his cock. How many times did you go to the adult bookstore, change into your sissy attire, and suck cock? Please Scarlett, I smelled it on your breath. Any questions?"

Scarlett shook his head in the negative. He actually was suppressing an erection. To calm her down, Scarlett said, "I only wish I was there. It would have been extremely exciting to see you on your knees sucking his cock."

Martha made a face, shook her head from side-to-side, and said, "Let's finish dinner in silence. Girls, when we're done you help your sissy father clean up."

"Yes mother," said the girls in unison.

Twenty minutes later Meagan and Marissa cleared the table except their mother's wine glass and the bottle. After another seventeen minutes the dishes, glasses, and silverware were in the dishwasher. The table was wiped down. The girls came to the mother, each kissed her on the cheek, and Meagan asked, "Will you kiss us goodnight, mother?"

"Yes, now go," said Martha. She looked at Scarlett and said, "Tomorrow you need to make a list of what needs to be done to prepare the maid's quarters for you. I have no intention of allowing you to permanently sleep in the guest bedroom. I'm going to the family room to watch a movie."

"May I join you?" asked Scarlett.

"I don't think so. I just want to be alone," said Martha. She filled her wine glass, stood, and walked to the family room. She heard a kitchen chair scrape the floor and knew her sissy was heartbroken.