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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 012

Martha's Midnight Guest

Mathew slept in his new girly pajamas. Meagan and Marissa slept naked. Scarlett slept in a pair of Victoria's Secret "PINK" cotton sleep top and pant. Martha wore a simple pair of sexless cotton panties to bed. She was the last to get into bed. It felt just a bit strange to be in the large king sized bed alone, but she knew her decision to move her husband to the first floor servant's quarters was the correct one. She noticed the alarm light was lit on the dated clock-radio, pulled the covers up to her neck, rolled on her side, and closed her eyes.

Nathaniel Northridge parked his car in the Martin's driveway. He exited the vehicle making sure to close the door as silently as he could before he made his way to the front door. He used his master key to gain entrance to the house. He quietly closed the door and relocked it. He removed his shoes and in his stocking feet made his way up the stairs to the master bedroom. As he walked down the second floor landing, he noticed that three of the five bedroom doors were closed tight. One was ajar by a few millimeters while the master bedroom door was half open.

Nathaniel decided to go directly into the master bedroom. He stepped into the room, quietly closed the door, and silently removed his clothing. His eyes adjusted to the dark room and could see the form of a body lying on the right side as he looked at the bed nodding to himself that per heterosexual couples, the female always slept on the side of the bed closest to the en suite bathroom. He made his way to the left side, lifted the duvet, and slipped onto the bed. He rolled onto his left side, put his hand on Martha's face, and waited.

It took a conservative second-and-a-half for Martha to awaken. She opened her eyes, saw a form next to her, and began to scream. It was cut short by Mr. Northridge's hand. He pressed it against her mouth with just enough force to make her realize that nothing untoward was going to occur.

"Relax and take a deep breath," he whispered.

Martha could not comprehend how he got into the house, but once she heard his voice and saw the outline of his face, she relaxed. She did as he said and took a deep breath. When she released it, she said somewhat still frightened, "How did you get in?"

"I have a master key that opens every lock on the island," he said. As he began to gently caress her face, he said, "I wanted to sleep with you tonight. Actually, I want to sleep with you every night."

"What about your wife?"

"She is no longer a concern of mine."

"You just threw her out?"

"Basically, that is what I did. My children know. The moment I laid eyes on you, I knew I had to have you. Not just fornicate with you. I knew I wanted to caress and hold you as I showed my love for you. Kiss you all over. Make you moan, cry, and scream in ecstasy. When I took you this morning, I did it out of a strong need to feel your sex around my cock. The velvety feel of the interior of your pussy coupled with the tightness confirmed my intuition about you. When you responded, I knew I was right. The final confirmation came when you accepted my cock in your mouth in front of your soon to be sissy son."

Martha inched closer to her boss. She moved her lips to his and felt his right hand go behind her head as he pulled her close to complete the kiss. They both opened their mouths. Nathaniel held her head as he pushed his tongue into her mouth. They held the kiss as their lips pressed together and their tongues danced between within and between their oral cavities. Martha hand started to descend to his crotch and surprisingly Nathaniel stopped her. He pulled her hand up to their faces, kissed, and sucked her long slender fingers. His right hand slipped down from her head to her left shoulder. Gently he pressed her onto her back.

"My time to make oral love to you. My time to taste you," he whispered.

Martha did not fight him as her desire to feel his mouth on her sex was going to be brought to fruition. She relaxed and opened her legs to accommodate his strapping body. His hands went behind her knees. He gently pushed her legs further open. He placed a soft kiss on the inside of each knee. Nathaniel looked up at Martha, smiled, his eyes twinkling like stars in the night sky, and licked up the inside of her right leg to the nexus of her body. As he drew closer, the sexual aroma emanating from her pussy was more like the essence of a luxury perfume. He kissed the space between her labia and thigh on both sides. Then his tongue ran the length of the crease between her thigh and her labia major. The whole time his tongue was in contact with her skin, Martha could not believe how soft his touch was and how much she wanted him to unceremoniously slide up her body and slam his cock into her.

Nathaniel stopped licking, lifted his head, and looked up at Martha's face. He could not see it as her head was flat against the pillow with her hair splayed around it. The fact that he had momentarily stopped his oral love making did not cause Martha to cry out or question why his tongue was no longer gently swiping against her skin. Her skin tasted like honey and the softness of her epidermis of her sex made his cock twitch and jump. If he hadn't wanted to make slow love to her, he would have moved up her body, forced her legs open to their maximum, and without a care, pushed his rampantly hard huge cock into her body. But, Martha was something special to him. Her intelligence. Her physical beauty. Her sex. Nathaniel sighed and resumed his oral lovemaking.

Using fingers on both hands, he opened her vagina. The labia major separated to reveal two smaller labia that surrounded the opening to her body. He pressed his tongue into her. His lips pressed against the form of her sex. He began to tongue fuck her. Martha raised her hips as a reaction to feeling his tongue enter her body. Nathaniel removed his tongue, moved it up the space between her labia, and when it touched the hood of her clitoris he felt her jump from its sensitivity.

"Oh my," sighed Martha. "Oh my!!!"

The fact that she relaxed when began to tongue fuck her added to his desire to slide up her body and push his cock into her. Instead, he returned to her love button. His tongue uncovered her clitoris. His lips surrounded the center of her sexuality. Then like the master he was, Nathaniel used light suction and swipes of his tongue to send waves of pleasure coursing throughout her body.

Martha's mind was centered on her pleasure. Her boss was making oral love to her sex like no other man had ever done. She moved her hips upwards pressing her crotch against Nathaniel's face. When he did not protest, her hands sought out his head, took hold of it, and pressed it as she her hips pushed against his face. In return for

being tongue fucked, Martha took a bit of control of their oral copulation and to her amazement Nathaniel accepted her control.

"FUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK!!!" cried Martha with enough awareness as to not be loud enough to wake her children and her sissy husband.

Nathaniel did not reduce the caressing of her clitoris. He did not use his fingers. Nathaniel did not push any of his digits into her cunt or asshole. His sole purpose was to give her an orgasm hopefully like no other in her life. The consummate lover that he was, Nathaniel brought Martha to the edge of her orgasm, stopped caressing her clitoris, and just rested his lips upon her vagina. Inside he knew he was being somewhat of a bastard, but he wanted her to experience being edged by a master of oral stimulation. The sound and tone of her voice as her body experienced the physical rise to orgasm and then the groan as she was not allowed to crescendo were music to Nathaniel's ears. He knew he had her when her hand released her hold on his head.

"Please. . ." Martha was experiencing something she had never before knew could and would be as stimulating as being edged. She knew men did it when they masturbated or were masturbated by someone else, but to experience it first hand at the behest of a man who wanted to possess her completely was more than she could take. "Please. . ." she moaned, "Please take me over the top."

Nathaniel raised his head releasing his mouth from her sex, "Beg me, Martha. Tell me what you will and want to do for me. And, I will take you over the top and more."

For the first time since she felt his mouth on her sex, Martha raised her head, looked down at her boss, and said, "Anything for you Nathaniel. Anything. I don't care how humiliating, how demeaning, or how whorish. I will do as ask, command, or force me to. Please, take me over the top."

"You will move in with me. You will become mine. Body, mind, and soul. You will love me for who and what I am, but the center of your universe will be my cock."

"Yes. And if you want, just fuck me now. Take me. Slam that cock into me. Make me scream. Make me wake up my family. Let them know that the man of my life is between my legs and inside me. Jesus, just slide up and fuck me."

Not wanting to deny the woman who would submit to some very serious sexual deviance in the near future, Nathaniel Northridge moved up her tight slim body and without any warning slipped the entire length of his cock into her body.

Martha's breath was taken from her as she felt the length of her lover's cock slide into her body. She broke his hold on her knees and wrapped her legs around his hips. Her hands went to his head. She held him by his temples as she said, "Don't kiss me. Just stare into my eyes as you fuck me. After what you have just put me through, I want to see the lust in your eyes and on your face as your cock, my master, makes me into the sex bitch your being needs to survive. Fuck me Nathaniel. Fuck me as if I don't mean a thing to you. Take me. Show me what I am to become. Please, just fuck me."

Astounded and completely taken by surprise, Nathaniel Northridge was flummoxed and just about ready to pull his cock from her body.

Martha felt him pause. She pressed her feet against the small of his back as she raised her hips to keep the new love of her life inside her body. Insistence filled her voice, "Just fuck me with my Master. Use it to teach me what I am to him. He is inside me. I want to please him, yet I want him to make me feel like I am nothing but a hole for him. Nathaniel, I am here and I will never leave. My body belongs to my Master. It is his to do with as he pleases."

"Jesus Martha!!! Are you sure?"

"Don't ask. Just do what he wants."

Nathaniel Northridge did not proceed to fuck her silly. He pulled his cock from her cunt and before she could realize what was about to happen, Martha cried out in shock and pain. Her Master was forcing his way into her rectum. Nathaniel saw the shock and awe take over her face and her eyes. He felt her body tense as she tried to initially stop him from taking her anal cherry. By her reaction, he knew and now he wanted her more than before.

"First time?" he asked as he forced his slightly lubricated cock into her unlubricated asshole."

Breathless and in pain, "Y-y-yes. . ."

"Good!!! Because this is going to be the first of many times my cock forces itself into you bowel. When I am balls deep into your ass, I will know that it will be tight and as smooth as a baby's bottom. I will be tighter than the hole your children came into this world through. Your cunt is tight, but. . ."

"PLEASE!!! T-T-TAKE IT OUT!!! YOU'RE KILLING ME!!!"

Without a care in the world, Nathaniel Northridge broke her hold on his head, pushed her hands above her head, and with just his size and weight forced the entire length of his cock into her bowel. He did not care that he was hurting her. She had expressly told him she was more than willing to do and perform as he demanded. His body reacted to his undeniably cruel taking of her ass. He knew if he was not completely careful he would tear her anus and that could result in having to take her to the hospital. It wouldn't be the first time something like that happened. But, as much as he wanted to be cruel, he did acknowledge to himself and to her how much he wanted her. More importantly, he did not want to push her away, but his cock wanted to be embedded into her rectum and that was where it was headed.

As the head of his cock passed through the initial sphincter of her rectum, Martha began to cry. The pain was worse than pushing her three children out of her body. The bowel was not supposed to accept anything in the opposite direction of its intended use. In all her life, she never once allowed any man to try much less accomplish the taking of her anally. Now, she was held down by the man she wanted to please, but was fighting the feeling and pain of being basically anally raped. Nathaniel was not heeding her pleas. She did not want him to take her forcibly. She wanted to give it to him as an act of love, not as an act of rape. Then she felt it. Her anus was stretched around the shaft of his cock. The head had passed through her anal sphincter and was sliding deeper into her lower bowel.

"NO-O-O," she cried. "NO-O-O!!!"

Nathaniel removed his right hand from her wrists. He placed it around her neck. He did not squeeze, but he did make it known that he was serious when he said, "I am going fuck your ass. I am going to fuck your ass so hard you will not sit for a week. Everyone will know that it was your Master, my cock that took your anal cherry." He paused as his cock continued to slide into her rectum. He saw the pain on her face. He saw the glimmer of hatred begin to show in her eyes. His anger rose to a point and it broke him. Nathaniel Northridge spit in Martha's face. Not once, but several times as he continued to force his cock up her ass.

"TAKE IT BITCH!!!" he growled. 'TAKE THAT FUCKIN' COCK UP YOUR WHORE'S ASS. UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOTHING TO ME. YOU ARE WHAT COMES OUT OF YOUR ASS. YOU ARE A PIECE OF SHIT!!!'

It was like a tsunami hit her. Her bladder released. Her fear of what her boss could be grew as his hard cock forced its way into her lower bowel. The pain was not subsiding as she had expected. Friends of hers who experienced anal sex came away in two distinct camps. Those who hated the act, hated it from the moment the intruder pressed against their anus to the moment it exited. Their hatred of the act was forever branded on their brain. Those who loved it, came to love it after experiencing the minute or two of initial pain that became less as the act was performed and turned into a pleasurable feeling. Their love was borne of the having something filling them from behind. Martha's mind began to fight the intrusion by trying to expel the object being forced into her lower bowel through her anus. When she heard Nathan grunt, she knew it was a mistake to tighten her asshole in response to the intrusion.

It seems like hours, but it was only at the most four to five minutes when she felt his pubic bone press against her buttocks. His cock was balls deep and he was not being nice about taking her ass as his. She could feel her anus stretched around his thickness. His body was pressing his cock into her relentlessly. She wanted, no needed, to feel him move backwards so his cock began to exit and with the lessening of the pain and fullness, she could try to keep him outside her rectum. Her mind fought and she snarled, "You bastard!!! I wasn't ready!!! I wanted to give it to you, but not this way!!!"

Nathan laughed at her. He spit in her face just as he thought '*for shits and giggles.*' He did not break eye contact as he saw her fighting within herself. Martha's face was covered in sweat and her eyes were not focused. They had become vacant. Northridge knew it had finally happened. Martha Martin was broken. Her psyche was pushed aside when his cock violently entered her rectum. The fight did not last as long as he had desired. His orgasm would have been huge and he would have expended a large amount of his seed into her lower bowel. Nathan knew from experience that she would lay, legs akimbo, knees over his shoulders, and unresponsive to his thrusting into and out of her ass.

"BITCH!!!" he growled.

"Just get it over with Nathan," whined Martha. "I've lost my desire to have sex with you. In fact, bring your wife back home to your house. I'll just stay here and suffer having you fuck me and my family. I thought I knew why I came here. Now, I really understand. Finish. Shoot your load in my ass. And then, please get the fuck out of the house. I'm not the person I thought I was and I know you are not the person I thought you were. So, finish."

Nathan watched as Martha broke their eye contact by looking towards the wall on her left. He felt her body relax but not respond in any way to his cock being up her ass. She fit the mold perfectly. A woman who was a sexual being and a hot-to-trot animal, except for when it came to her backdoor. He closed his eyes and thought of his youngest son. His tight sixteen year old son that previously that night came out to him as a sissy. His cock twitched as he began to fantasize that his cock was not in Martha but his son.

His hips moved in small circular motions as his crotch pressed against Martha's buttocks. He groaned thinking how sweet his son's ass would feel wrapped around his cock. He audibly sighed when he thought that his son would be his to use whenever he needed a young tight sissy pussy around his manhood. Nathan pulled backwards and stopped just as the head of his cock was about to exit Martha's asshole. She turned her head to see his face above hers, eyes closed, and his tongue circumnavigating his lips. The relief was momentary. Nathaniel opened his eyes, looked up, and off into the fantasy of fucking his sissy son. He did not press, but rammed his cock back into Martha's asshole.

The pain was immediate. Martha tried and failed at keeping her mouth shut. She wanted to suffer in silence, but the length of his cock and the width of his shaft was brutalizing her asshole and lower bowel. When he bottom out for only the second time, she cried out, "STOP!!! TAKE IT OUT!!! YOU BASTARD!!!"

Her voice broke his reverie. His came back to the reality that he was fucking Martha and not his son. Then he felt the wetness and knew she had pissed herself. Nathaniel did not accept that she had involuntarily pissed herself. It added to his anger. It was like something snapped inside him. With her legs over his shoulders, he pressed his body down which lifted her hips and opened her anus to him. He grabbed her chin, rolled her head so her face was below his, and he said as he began to mercilessly fuck her ass, "YOU FUCKIN' PISSED!!! I OWN YOU AND NOW YOU ARE GOING TO FEEL WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE A REAL MAN FUCK YOU!!!"

He saw the vacant look in her eyes. He knew she was not aware of what was happening to her. He fucked her ass. He pounded every inch into and out of her rectum. She did not react when he pulled his entire cock out of her body, looked at her wide open anus, and with a sick laugh of conquest, thrust the full length of his cock back into her body. Nathaniel Northridge fucked Martha Martin's ass for thirty-five minutes non-stop. The last five minutes were shear hell for Martha. The last thrust nearly broke her anal sphincter even though it had been stretched more than wide enough to accept the cock that was pounding into and out of it.

Nathaniel Northridge pressed his cock into Martha and ejaculated eight strong ropes of Northridge cum into her bowel. He was surprised to see her open her eyes and mouth in surprise as he filled her bowel with his seed.

When he was done filling her with his cum, he growled, "LOOK AT ME BITCH!!!" When she didn't, he forced her head to a position where she was looking straight up at him. With her glaring up at him, he smiled, and calmly said, "Here is the coup de' grace."

Martha Martin closed her eyes as she felt Nathaniel Northridge empty his bladder into her rectum. What she could not stop was the tears that cascaded down her face at the one humiliation she would have hoped he would never do to her. Taking her ass was one thing, but having to accept his piss was another. She knew she had lost whatever gains she had made by fucking him and sucking him earlier that day. Her ass would have been his if he had allowed her to prepare. Yes her lower bowel was clean, but she was not given the opportunity to lubricate her rectum. The pain of his entrance would forever be branded on her brain. She felt him empty his bladder and just counted the seconds into minutes until he was finished. When he was through, she was astounded that he was still hard and still embedded in her ass. She did not say a word. Martha just lay and waited.

Nathaniel came somewhat to his senses when he felt the last drips of his urine exit the tip of his cock. He kept her legs on his shoulders as moved to support his upper body by locking his elbows and keeping his arms straight. He thought how sweet it was to have taken her without any lubrication and to have gone ballistic on her as he raped her ass. He became bothered when Martha did not turn her head to look up at him. "Martha, are you ok?"

Her head turned. She stared into his eyes. He saw the cold look on her face and in her eyes.

"Ok? You're fuckin' asking me if I'm ok. You prick!!! I would have gladly given you my ass if we had discussed the loss of my anal cherry. But you, fuckin' rape my ass. . ."

"I did not rape your ass!!! I took what was given to me and what is rightfully mine. Remember, I own you. I own your husband. I own your son. And, I own your daughters."

"Not in my world. Take your fuckin' cock out of my ass and get out of the house. I am not going to say it again Nathaniel. Leave!!!"

"And if I don't?"

"Then don't. I will lay here like a dead fish. You can do with me what you please, but I'd be very careful when it comes to putting your cock into my mouth. If you remember your biology, the strongest part of the human body is the jaw. I will have absolutely no problem taking your cock into my mouth. Why? The answer is simple. I will bite off as much as I can and to make it worse, I will swallow what I have bitten off. Your choice Nathaniel."

Nathaniel withdrew his cock from Martha's ass. He did not attempt to stop her from rolling off of the bed and going into the bathroom. His cock was still quite hard and he absentmindedly began to stroke it as he lay on his back in the middle of Martha's bed. He did not think what he had done to Martha was wrong, because he was taught that it was his right and duty to take whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted as the scion of Little Atlantic Island. Her ass was his now and he would take it again. And again. And again.

Martha returned to her bed and what she saw disgusted her. Nathaniel Northridge was obnoxiously playing with his cock unconcerned with anything that had just occurred. Her stomach turned. She was fully cognizant of the repercussions that would start the minute she verbalized her hatred for the man. Martha saw that he was in another world as his right hand stroked his massive cock. She wondered what he was thinking about and what possessed him to remain in her bed masturbating. She thought about her telling her husband that she wanted to come to Little Atlantic Island because of the opportunity. Now, she wanted to take her family and steal away never to return. The timing of her departure would have to be planned to the nth degree. Although she did not have an idea of how she would implement it, she knew she had to play her boss' game until such time as she could make her escape.

Realizing she now hated Nathaniel Northridge with a passion, Martha sat on the bed, turned her body, and lay down next to the man that was no longer at the top of her hit parade. She rolled to her side and without saying a word, took his hand off of his cock and replaced it with hers. She continued to masturbate him with her hand as she moved her mouth close to his ear and whispered, "I'm sorry to have been such a bitch. I wanted to give you my anal

virginity as a sign of my love for you. I accept that I am nothing when it comes to you and our relationship. I know that if my husband was a man's man, I would not be in a submissive relationship with you. My education and my ability to perform for your companies aside, I understand that my family is on the beta side of the ledger. Ask, tell, or command me and I will do as you wish."

Nathaniel turned his head, stared into her eyes, and saw she was being truthful he said, "It is ok Martha. I'm not sorry for what I did, but I am sorry that I didn't see that you wanted to give me your anal virginity in a more loving way. Well dear cunt, your holes are mine. From this moment forward, you will suck and fuck anyone and everyone I tell you to. You will not move into my house. You will live here with your sissy husband and you will provide for the sexual satisfaction of any and all alpha males and females. The only caveat is that I will be the first to feel the insides of your son and daughters. Do I make myself clear?"

Martha hid her disdain and made sure her face showed nothing to admiration and love for the man that she came to hate with all her heart in a short thirty-five minutes. Martha smiled, licked her lips, and said, "Yes. Perfectly clear."

"Good. Now roll onto your side facing away from me. Pull your knees up to your chest. Take your Master and place him at the opening to your rectum. When you are ready, beg me to fuck your ass again."

Martha clinched her teeth as her nose began to twitch. She did not say a word or make an issue of what he wanted. She released his cock, rolled onto her opposite side, pulled her knees up, and without having to turn her head grabbed his cock. She placed it at the entrance to her loser bowel and said "Please fuck my ass. I want to feel my Master inside my shit hole again. Please. . ."

"Good girl," said Nathaniel as he grabbed her hips and pushed his cock into her battered asshole. When he was balls deep, he slipped his right hand between her legs and began to caress her clitoris. He did not reduce the length of his penetration. He kept his cock inside Martha's ass as he gently masturbated her. The results of his masturbatory action was as he had planned.

Martha began to react to being diddled. Her clitoris sent waves of pleasure to her brain. Her body reacted to Nathaniel's stimulation. She tried to keep from moving her ass on his cock. She failed miserably as the sensations of his fingers on her clit, his cock up her ass, and her desire to orgasm overtook her emotionally and physically.

"Fuck," she whispered as her asshole began to slide up and down the monster that was embedded in her ass. His finger moved over and around her clitoris. Martha could not stop fucking herself on his cock. The more she became sexually excited, the more she fucked herself on his cock. "God," she whispered, "it feels so good. I'm going to. . ."

Nathaniel knew he had her. He stopped diddling her clit, and unceremoniously pulled his cock from her ass. He slowly counted to ten and was surprised that he only made it to four when Martha begged him to reinsert his cock into her ass.

"Say it again Martha."

"Please put it back in. Please. . ."

Nathaniel did as she asked but this time he did not return his finger to her clit. He forcibly rolled her onto her stomach. He pushed his hands underneath her hips and began to fuck her ass again. Both of them could hear the bed springs squeaking as they reacted to the hard movement of Nathaniel as he fucked her mercilessly as second time.

Once his hands did not move to her clit, Martha knew she had fallen into his trap a second time. Instead of fighting his assault on her rectum, Martha relaxed her body. She tried with all of her might to not squeeze her anal muscles so he would not feel that she was attempting to give him pleasure. Instead, she closed her eyes, pulled her legs together, and lay on her bed like a dead fish.

Nathaniel tried to elicit a modicum of response from Martha. It finally hit him that she had turned off to him both physically and mentally. He stopped fucking her ass. He removed his cock from her rectum and rolled onto his back. He did not touch his cock. He looked for a moment at his manhood and wished it to recede back into a flaccid state. The room was eerily quiet. Martha's breathing did not change when he pulled his cock from her body. Yes, he was absolutely in love with the feel of her body around his cock whether it be her cunt or her ass. She was a beautiful woman and he may have just ruined everything that he intended for them.

Nathaniel rolled onto his left side. He put his right hand on Martha's shoulder. He gently rubbed before he said, "I'm so sorry Martha. I did not want it to get out of hand. I came here to make love to you. I don't know what happened. When you offered yourself to me unconditionally, I snapped." He stopped speaking when she did not turn her head to face him. He knew she was more than mad at him. "Please Martha. Please turn and look at me. I am so sorry. Please."

The last 'please' made her turn her head. She looked directly into his eyes and said, "Nothing short of you announcing to the world of Little Atlantic Island your departure from the island, never to return, and giving me and my spawn control over all the land, economy, and people will ever get me to give you what I would have without a thought ever again. You have taken what you wanted. I would have given it to you with all my heart. But, now, all I want is to leave this island and never to return. Nothing short of you presenting me your cock and balls in a bottle of formaldehyde would make me want to work for and be with you."

"I will give you what you want, Martha. I will make it up to you. I will announce that this family has an alpha female at its head. You will walk around this island and people will bow and curtsy to you. You will be the ultimate decider of who you have sex with. I will step back because I want you by my side. I don't know what I can do to make you understand that I went off the deep end as if you were some useless bitch."

"But, I am not a useless bitch. I have more education than you. Truthfully, I could run all of your companies and make them more profitable than you ever could. Your knowledge of and expertise in the business world pales in comparison to mine. What you have is a humongous cock and two exceptionally large testicles. You don't have a brain in your head, Nathaniel. You think with your cock and I believe it was your cock that made you go ballistic on my ass. There is something more that you're not owning up to and to be truthful, I really don't give a damn."

The words that emanated from her skewered him as if he was nothing more than a piece of meat to be cooked on a charcoal grill. No person had ever spoken to him with such vitriol and more amazingly with such a calmness that it frightened him. His mother spoke of his father's mother as a woman who would speak just a few words and the world would come to a screeching halt. Family members always tread as if they were on thin ice with her, because if she spoke just a few disparaging words, their lives as they knew it were ended. Nathaniel's body tensed when he heard Martha tell him he was not an intelligent man. His family was known for their business prowess and he continued the line of businessmen who ran profitable companies even in the worst economic times.

"Martha," he whispered, "please forgive me. I have never in my life asked a person, much less a woman, for forgiveness. I am so sorry."

"Fuck you Nathaniel Northridge. Fuck you, your heritage, and the whole of Little Atlantic Island. Face whatever made you take your anger out on me. I don't want an apology. I am not giving you forgiveness. What I want from you is the truth and until I receive the truth, you can rape me, but rest assured one day I will take my revenge upon you. From my mouth to God's ears, I promise that I will make you suffer for what you have wrought upon my body. Now, rise from my bed and leave me alone. If you stay, then keep away from me. You touch me and I will not respond. You try to make love to me and I will not respond. You rape me and I will not respond. What I will do is to keep a ledger of your abuses. When I get my revenge, I will take out on you ten times worse than what you have done to me. Do not take what I say as a threat. Take it as the reality of your future."

"I hurt you. I hurt you because . . ." Nathaniel paused because he did not want the words to pass through his lips. He knew he would have to make an example of his son, but that would take place in the confines of his home. He would make it known at the high school that his youngest son was not a Northridge man, but a cock sucking sissy bitch. For some reason, he knew he could stand in front of a group of educators and students make a mockery of his son's manliness. But, to lie next to the woman he wanted in his bed as his wife and lover and to admit to her that a

spawn of his was a sissy faggot unnerved him. His blood line was tainted. No ancestral male was homosexual. They were all studs. Yes, they abused sissy boys and some homosexual men, but they did not sleep with them on a daily, lifelong basis.

Before he could continue, Martha pushed his hand from her back, rolled to her right side, and said, "I can see you're afraid to tell me. What could be so fuckin' horrible that you'd rape the woman you supposedly love above and beyond anything else in this world. Nathaniel, you purposely inflicted hurt on me. I am lying here in pain. I am not going to forget what you have done. Own up or get the fuck out."

Nathaniel just blurted it out, "My son Jonathan Jules came out to me today. He admitted that he is happier when he dresses and lives like a sissy. I am trying to come to grips with his homosexuality. No Northridge man has ever admitted to being a homosexual. My son did more than that. He admitted that he preferred to live as a female."

"Shit," said Martha. "So, when I told you I'd do anything for you, you decided to rape my ass because that is what you wanted to do to your son. You fuckin' asshole."

"NO-O-O-!!!" cried Nathaniel. "That wasn't it. . ."

"BULLSHIT," spewed Martha. "You got your opening. When I said take me you decided to take my ass like you were punishing your son for being a cock sucking faggot!!!"

Nathaniel's right arm rose. His hand was balled into a fist. Martha saw it happening in slow motion. She knew he was going to hit her and not care that he could kill her with one punch. Her eyes closed. If he was going to hurt her, then she did not want to witness it. For some reason, scenes in movies where the killer tells the victim to close their eyes meant something to her. She had a snowballs chance in hell to force Nathaniel off of her. If anything was going to stop him, it had to be of his own doing. Eyes closed and silently praying, Martha thought of her family. Her husband who fathered her children and hid his desire to suck cock from her. Her children. The loves of her life would be motherless. What would happen to them was something she did not want to think about.

Martha took a deep breath. Opened her eyes and saw that Nathaniel had his hand raised. He appeared to be lost in thought. Martha knew she had one chance to free herself and to stop him from hitting her. She wiggled and kicked to no avail. Nathaniel felt her movement. He did not ease the pressure of his body on hers. Their eyes met. 'Now,' thought Martha.

"Go ahead Nathaniel," cried Martha. "Hit me. Take out your aggression on me. Hurt me. Hurt me so bad you have to send me off the island for medical care." Martha stared into his eyes. She did see a small reaction to her words.

Nathaniel opened his hand and relaxed his arm. He let it fall to his side as he moved away from Martha. He rolled onto his stomach and began to cry like a baby. His body was wracked with emotional pain. He suddenly stopped, rolled onto his back, sat up against the headboard, and used his hands to wipe the tears from his face. Nathaniel Northridge looked down and Martha Martin and said, "Tell me what you want and I will give it to you."

"I want to leave Little Atlantic Island. I want you to provide for my family by cutting an irrevocable bank check in the amount of one hundred million dollars. You will pay all taxes on the money. You will also provide cash in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. You will provide immediate transportation to Long Island. And, most of all, you will never make contact with me or my family in the future. That is what I want."

Northridge stared into her eyes and saw how serious she was. He licked his lips before he asked, "Martha, what do I need to do to get you to forgive me and not leave Little Atlantic Island? Would you at least think about it until the morning? I have never begged anyone in my life as I am begging you now. Please, I need you."

Martha did not move nor did she immediately respond to his plea. She thought for a moment and said, "You want me to stay?"

"Oh my God, yes!!!" he responded.

"I don't want to stay, but I will if you do one thing for me."

"Anything."

"Think before you answer Nathaniel. Are you sure you want to respond with 'anything'?"

"Yes, Martha. Anything."

"I want your cock and balls. I want them forever to be mine."

"But they're yours now,"

"No Nathaniel. They're still attached to your body. I want to see them every day in a large jar. You nullify yourself for me and I will stay. The only sex you'll have is putting your tongue up my just fucked cunt. You will be my toilet. I will piss and shit on you. I will smile from ear-to-ear when I see the smooth gap between your legs. I will enjoy watching you sit to pee. That is the least I demand of you to stay and that it is only the beginning."

"You're not serious. I'd never do that."

Martha chuckled, "Then get your ass out of my bed and leave the house. Make any and all calls you need to have my cash and certified bank check. Tomorrow I will pack up my family. You will come here and hand me the check and the attaché case filled with the cash. Then my family will be driven to your private dock and your yacht will take us to Southampton."

"You know that I will not give you what you want. You do not have the power to make me comply with your wishes."

Martha knew she had but one chance and she took it. While staring in his eyes, she moved quick enough to wrap her right hand around one of his testicles. She smiled and squeezed before Nathaniel could react.

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" cried Nathaniel.

"All you men are alike," growled Martha. "You think you have the power, but you don't. I have one of your family jewels in my hand. I am squeezing it just enough to make your eyes water from the controlled amount of pain I am inflicting. Just enough to get you to listen to me. If you don't, I will pop it. You will cry out and lose consciousness. I will take your second nut and pop that one also. You have but one choice Nathaniel. Do what I say or become a eunuch."

Tears of pain welled in his eyes. He felt nothing but fear for the first time in his life. Nathaniel Northridge had put himself in a predicament that he could not extricate himself from. His sexual life began to pass in front of his tear filled eyes. The money was not the issue. If Martha and her family left the island, he knew there would be a mass exodus of people. People who had quietly expressed more than a desire to leave his fiefdom. His mind was reacting to the pain by becoming cloudy. Martha Martin had proved to be more than he could handle. The simple act of taking one of his balls into her hand and squeezing it just hard enough to bring him to tears showed that she was shrewder than he ever thought or expected.

His mind reeling from the constant pain, Nathan asked, "What if I gave you carte blanche to do as you please on the island and not live with me?" He groaned in pain and actually begged, "Please release my ball. Please Martha!!! You've made your point."

Martha did not fully release his ball. She relaxed her grip enough so he would have a sense of relief. "I don't believe you. Whatever I agree to will be negated the very moment you rise from this bed and exit the house. The only

way I will stay is if you emasculate yourself. Otherwise, you'll have to pause before you try anything with or against me."

Still reeling from the pain although it had lessened, Nathaniel countered, "You don't have the wherewithal to take anything from me. So, release my ball and we'll just call it a tie."

Martha sneered at the asshole that was in her bed next to her. She transferred her anger from her face to her right hand. The soft tissue of his testicle could not take the pressure. Martha felt it begin to break when she stopped the pressure. Nathaniel Northridge's muscles were taut and his lungs could not force enough air through his vocal chords to make a sound much less scream. She saw the abject fear on his face. His inability to physically get away from her was telling. The pain from his testicle was so debilitating he was close to putty in her hands.

"I hope you understand that I grew up on a farm," said Martha. "I have years of experience neutering animals. The first animal I neutered was a steer. The second was a Doberman Pincher. You have to understand Nathaniel, that you will lose consciousness once I crush the testicle in my hand. Then I will have free reign on your other testicle. You want me to stop, then wake up who you have to and get me my money and transportation. If you want to tempt fate, tell me to go fuck myself and you will awaken with an empty scrotum."

"Please," begged Nathaniel. "Please just release my ball and I will make the calls."

"I will not release your ball," said Martha. She moved her body while holding his testicle and with her feet grabbed her cellular phone from the night table. With some amazing moves, Martha had the cell phone in her left hand. She entered her passcode, offered the phone to Nathaniel, as she said, "Make the call or calls. Wake up who you have to. Or, do something stupid and by the time your help arrives, you will be a eunuch. And, who is going to bow to a man who has no physical power. I literally have you by the balls Nathaniel."

Still fighting, Nathaniel said, "Ok. So I make the calls. What are you going to do? Lay here until your money arrives holding my testicle? Are you that focused that you can maintain your hold without giving me an opening?"

The pressure was short and to the point. The excruciating pain rose from this crotch to his brain just as his eyes began to see stars flicking in his field of vision. Nathan tried to roll away, but the movement only increased the stretch of his scrotum which added to his pain. His mind was clouding. His body wanted relief from the pain. The only solution was to give Martha what she wanted because he realized that she had the wherewithal to maintain her hold on his testicle. Her silence did not grate on his nerves. It made him realize that he had misread her from the moment he had laid eyes on her. Her silence cut through him like a hot knife through butter.

"G-g-give m-m-me the ph-ph-phone," whined Nathan. "I'll make the calls."

"Fuck you," whispered Martha. "Give me the first number. I will make the calls. I will tell the person at the other end your requests. They question me and I will squeeze just enough for them to hear you scream out in pain and order them to perform as if it were coming directly from you."

"999-555-1286," said Nathan. "That is Neal's number. He is my private banker. Tell him to open the bank and the cash vault. Tell him to put together the amount you want in cash. Then tell him to print the certified check in the amount of one-hundred million dollars. Lastly, tell him to bring it here."

Martha looked at Nathaniel with a look of amazement and derision on her face. She squeezed his testicle. His scream pierced the night. It was what she wanted. She held the testicle in a tight grip as the man under her control began to moan as the pain decreased but not enough to bring relief. It did not take long for the door to the master bedroom to fly open. As if it were planned, her sissy husband, her soon-to-be sissy son, and her twin daughters entered the room. None of them said a word when they saw who was on the bed and what was happening to him. Nathaniel Northridge tried to escape Martha's grip and was rewarded with a bolt of pain that was controlled by just the right amount of pressure on his testicle.

"Russell," said Martha using his masculine first name, "take my cell phone. Children, stand quietly against the wall. One sound out of any of you and all of you will rue not listening to me."

Russell took her cell phone from her. Matthew, Marissa, and Megan stepped backwards and to their left. The two naked girls and their sissy dressed brother pressed their backs against the wall.

"Turn on the light Russell," commanded Martha.

It was readily apparent to her husband that she did not address him by his sissy name. He did not respond, but turned and flicked the light switch to the 'ON' position. Everyone's eyes reacted to the explosion of light. It took a few seconds for everyone to acclimate to the change from complete darkness to bright light. It was then the four saw why Mr. Northridge scream pierced the silence of the night and awoken them.

"Take the phone and dial this number," commanded Martha. Russell took the phone from his wife. "Dial 999-555-1286. When it begins to ring hand it to me."

Russell began to punch in the numbers. Nathaniel Northridge knew the call should not be completed. He yelled, "STOP!!! DO NOT COMPLETE THE CALL!!!"

Russell froze just before he was going to enter the last number and press the green call button. He looked at Martha and waited for her instructions.

The pain was immediate. Sweat broke out on Nathaniel's face. He tried to stifle a cry of pain only to feel Martha's hand apply more pressure to his very sore testicle. The scream was blood curdling. The children reacted by putting their hands to their ears. Russell just did not react as he should have. His cock began to harden as he witnessed the torture of the man who took his wife and ruined his life. Inside he relished the pain his wife was inflicting on Mr. Northridge. Nathaniel's body tensed and then relaxed a modicum when Martha reduced the pressure.

"The number, Nathaniel," growled Martha. "Tell me about that number or I will nullify you myself."

Their eyes met. Nathaniel saw the simple truth of her statement in her eyes. He could not stop the inevitable. His bladder released and he wet himself and the bed. Martha did not react adversely to his pissing himself. She actually smiled at his humiliation. Nathaniel began to moan and cry. Tears of shame and humiliation cascaded down his cheeks. For the first time in his life, Nathaniel Northridge was afraid for his life in the sense that he had the possibility of losing his masculinity. Martha saw him shiver with fear. She knew she had him.

"Tell me Nathaniel," said Martha. "Tell me and I just may let you return to your life albeit without me and my family. You will provide the funds I have stipulated and transportation off of the island."

Again, Nathaniel shivered. He took a deep breath and said, "That number goes directly to the police department. When that phone rings, the men and women would know where it call originated from and all hell would rain down on this house. You, your cock sucking husband, and your children would be killed. No questions. No negotiations. Entry and immediate termination."

"What stopped you?"

"I know that the time it would take the Special Weapons and Training Team to get here would be not be short enough for you to nullify me. I do not want to lose my masculinity. I am still hoping we can come to some sort of agreement. I still would like you to stay. I will guarantee you status and I will protect your family."

"There is a snowball's chance in hell that I would remain on this island," stated Martha. "What I am going to do is make it easier on both of us." She turned to Russell and said, "Go into the garage. On the work bench, you'll find a container filled with different lengths of plastic cable ties. In the toolbox, is a snip. Bring them here. Hurry."

"What the fuck. . ." was all Nathaniel got out of his mouth before he felt the testicle begin to crumble.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP, growled Martha. 'SHUT YOUR FUCKIN' MOUTH AND MAYBE I WILL GO EASY ON YOUR ASS."

Nathaniel Northridge thought for a moment before he nodded his acceptance. The idea of trying to free himself from her grasp percolated in his brain, but every time he thought his could pull it off, the remembrance of the pain shooting from his testicle was enough to cease with trying to extricate himself from his dilemma. With his eyes closed, he whined, "I will do as you ask, Martha. A certified check, the cash, and transportation off the island. Just release your hold."

"No," said Martha. "I'm not that stupid Nathaniel. I am going to assure that you will comply."

Russell, dressed in his Victoria's Secret 'PINK' sleepwear returned with a large plastic box filled with different lengths of plastic cable ties. He saw Martha pat the bed and placed the box next to her. He was about to step back when she said, "Open the box. Take out the longest cable tie. Then I am going to pull his testicle down and stretch his scrotum. You are going to wrap the tie around, insert the end into the locking device, and pull it tight. And, I mean tight Russell. I should see him cringe in pain. Do not be a sissy or afraid. He moves to stop you and I will crush his ball."

Mr. Northridge's eyelids opened wide. The orbs protected by them bulged from his head. His breathing became labored. His brow broke out in a sweat. He tried to enunciate words, but nothing but groans and moans of fear poured forth from the frightened man's mouth. His hands moved to protect his family jewels and the result was immediate. The pain shot from his testicle. He gritted his teeth and moaned in pain.

Martha pulled harder on his scrotum. Russell saw her nod. He quickly wrapped the plastic cable tie around his scrotum, put the end into the locking device, and stopped when he heard Martha tell him to put the tie as close to his body as humanly possible. To facilitate the tie being as close to Mr. Northridge's body as possible, Russell quickly tightened the cable tie to a point where he could still slip it up the stretched skin of Mr. Northridge's scrotum. It took just a moment longer for him to press the cable tie upwards and when he felt it stop because it had no further to go, he pulled the tie as tight as he could. The loop closed around the stretched skin and the diameter had to be less than an eighth of an inch. He did not have to be told to snip the length of plastic cable that hung from the closure device.

Nathaniel screamed again. He wanted to kick and flail his legs, but his fear of what Martha would do kept him from trying to free himself from her clutches.

"Put two more on his scrotum," ordered Martha. "Then I'll stretch his cock and you'll do the same."

Russell did as his wife ordered. When he was done three cable ties surrounded Mr. Northridge's scrotum and three surrounded the base of his cock. It was immediately apparent that they were doing their intended job. Mr. Northridge's scrotum and cock were beginning to turn a dark blue on their way to turning black. The skin, tendon, and testicles were beginning to die. Martha released her hold on a very sore testicle. She let Nathaniel's bag rest on the palm of her hand. Nathaniel looked at her and saw the evil on her face and hatred in her eyes.

Before he could ask, Martha said, "You have about three hours before permanent damage occurs to your genitals. You'll need to go to the Emergency Room to have the ties removed. You'll be in pain and I guess you not be able to have sexual relations or masturbate for several weeks or maybe a few months. The quicker you get me financially secure and off the island, the quicker you can save your masculinity."

"Jesus Martha," cried Nathaniel. "You want me to move heaven and earth, but. . ."

Martha reacted just as he thought she would. This time both is testicles were squeezed to the point of bursting. His legs flopped around on the bed. He cried out in pain. His bladder released, but nothing came out from the tip of his cock. Nathaniel Northridge was losing not only the battle but his life.

"OK!!! OK!!" he cried. "I'LL GIVE YOU WANT YOU WANT."

"The phone number or numbers," demanded Martha.

"My phone is in my jacket," said Nathaniel. "Find Jon Madison's number and call him. Let me speak to him. You don't have to worry. I'm beyond trying to keep you on the island."