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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 013

Departure from Little Atlantic Island

It took an hour of the three Nathaniel had to save his cock and balls for the cash money and certified bank check to arrive at the house. Martha took her time counting the stacks of one hundred dollar bills double checking that they were not counterfeit and the amount was correct. The check for one hundred million dollars was made out to her and she forced Nathaniel to prove to her that the money was in the account the check was drawn against. When she was completely satisfied, she allowed Nathaniel to call both his driver and the captain of his yacht. The driver arrived in seven minutes. When the vehicle pulled up to the dock, the yacht was ready for departure.

Just before Martha boarded the yacht, she turned to Nathaniel, and said, "If the check bounces, I will ruin you. If you are stupid enough to have me and my family murdered, I will ruin you. I want to advise you that I have installed several worms, bots, and hidden executable programs in all of your computers whether they be corporate or familial. No one on your staff knows anything about them. It would take them your lifetime to figure out where they are hidden much less figure out how to disable them. If I do not make contact with someone who knows how to start the programs, the person will commence you downfall. Per my request, I had better see you standing on the dock as the yacht departs for Southampton. Once I am out of your sight you may rush to the Emergency Room and hope you have made it in time to save the only thing you have going for you. My last words to you are; '*Fuck you and I hope you die.*'"

Martha did not wait for an answer. She turned, walked up the gangplank, and told the Captain to get the show on the road.

Nathaniel Northridge controlled his anger over hearing Martha had planted computer code that would ruin his businesses. He knew she probably put code in place that would also erase any and all evidence of the ancestral history of the Northridge family. With clinched fists, he watched his five-hundred million dollar yacht make headway to open sea and Southampton. One phone call and he would end the Martin family's lives. He froze knowing that if the call was made, he would be ruined.

It took another fifteen minutes before the running lights on his yacht were no longer visible on the horizon. His cock and balls ached. They were losing their feeling as the lack of blood began the process of dying. He turned to his driver and growled, "The Emergency Room."

The driver did not stop until he pulled up to the automatic doors of the Little Atlantic Island Hospital's Emergency Room. The trauma crew was standing with a gurney to take him directly into the hospital's state-of-the-art operating room. Mr. Northridge exited the vehicle, allowed the team to put him on the gurney, and before he passed over the threshold he was out cold from a shot.

Martha sat in the main stateroom with her husband, son, and twin daughters. She told the stewards that they did not need, want, or desire anything in terms of food or drink. She expressed a desire to be left alone for the fifty-five minutes it would take to navigate to Mr. Northridge's slip at the Southampton Yacht Club. Once they were alone, she made a cellular call to a limo service. She arranged to be picked up and driven directly into New York City.

Once the arrangements were made, Martha relaxed just a bit. Her nervousness showed itself when she checked her watch every few minutes. The most important thing for her was getting the check deposited into their bank account and forcing the bank to clear the check immediately. The amount of money being deposited should facilitate getting the monies available to them in a matter of minutes rather than days. She leaned back in her chair, rubbed her eyes, and sat bolt upright not out of fear, but out of relief.

"Ok," she said, "we're free of that insanity and we're very wealthy to the extreme. But, I will not allow things to change radically."

Russell, Matthew, Marissa, and Meagan all had looks of shock on their faces. Their mouths hung open. None of them could respond to what they just heard.

Martha saw the looks on their faces and decided to be open and forthright with her family.

"Russell, you will continue to be my sissy cuckold. I know you have this innate desire to be a cock sucker. I will not deny you what you hid from me for years. Now you can dress and suck and the cock you want in the open. But, understand that I will not tolerate you doing anything without my permission. I own you; lock, stock, and barrel."

Martha turned to her son, "Matthew, I will give you an opportunity to show me that you are a man. When we are settled and everything is going smoothly, I am going to let you show me how much of a man you are. If you fail, I will personally turn you into a cock sucking sissy faggot."

Matthew did not respond to his mother. He sat quietly shaking in his shoes.

Then Martha turned to her daughters, "Marissa and Meagan. Again, when we are settled, I am going to live out a dream and a fantasy. I have learned that I am attracted to young prepubescent girls. Girls like you. I am going to teach you all about making love to a woman. I am going to make love to you without taking your virginity. Then on your eighth birthday, the man who is sharing my bed will deflower you both. Each of you will be between my legs with your backs against my stomach. I will watch as he presses his cock into your body. I will whisper how much I love both of you. Then thirty days after your deflowering, you will begin to learn to control and dominate men who are inferior. Your father is inferior. Your brother, Matthew may be inferior. Real men will be attracted to you and you will show them, one-by-one, what it means to be a sexual woman with no inhibitions."

Marissa and Meagan exchanged glances, but did not say anything. Like their brother, they were scared shitless. They had seen something that they never knew existed. Their mother was a complete bitch who took back

control of her life from one very sick man. But, they also saw her take control of her family and that in and of itself scared them.

Martha smiled at them all. She felt the wetness between her legs. Martha Martin was finally in control of her life notwithstanding the cash and the certified funds that would give her the opportunity to do whatever she wanted for the rest of her natural life.

Nathaniel Northridge came out from under the general anesthesia the anesthesiologist used to sedate him for his surgery. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust and his brain to connect back to his reality. The light coming through the security curtains told him it the next day. He could feel the bandages between his legs. He could not feel his genitals. Nathaniel Northridge became frantic. Had that bitch caused enough damage to ruin his ability to have sex? He tried to remove the bandages. They would not come away from his skin so he could feel between his legs.

The doctor saw that he was awake.

"Mr. Northridge," said the surgeon. "Please relax or you are going to cause damage to the surgical area."

Nathaniel's eyes flew open and he spat, "How long was I out? Tell me what you did or I will make your life miserable."

"Sir, please do not shoot the messenger. I did what I had to. And, you've been sedated for two days."

"TWO FUCKIN' DAYS!!!" he screamed until he felt the pain. Nathaniel tried to relax and said, "Tell me the truth or I shall..."

"Mr. Northridge. The use of the plastic cable ties was an insidious way to cause you unrepairable damage. I could not slip a pair of medical scissors between your skin and the cable. I had but one choice to save you from dying from a gangrene infection. I . . ."

"You fucking removed my genitals," screamed Nathaniel. "You fuckin' nullified me!!!"

The doctor stood stone still and did not respond.

"TELL ME WHAT YOU DID!!!"

"I did what I needed to protect you," said the doctor. "The truth is simple, Mr. Northridge. I was forced to remove and reattach your penis. If everything heals properly, you will have no issues with getting an erection. I removed one testicle and removed one-half of the other. With proper doses of testosterone you should live a normal life filled with all the sex you desire."

Frightened at what he heard, Nathaniel asked, "Reattached? How much did I lose?"

The surgeon thought a moment before he replied, "The ten or so inches were reduced to just about three. The damage to your penis was excessive. I'm sorry, but there was nothing else I could do short of removing everything."

"Get out!!! Get out of my sight!!!” cried Nathaniel. He watched the doctor leave his private suite. When the pneumatic door slid closed he burst out in uncontrollable sobbing. The woman he wanted to be beside him through thick and thin ended his life as he knew it. The one-hundred million one-hundred thousand dollars was nothing to

sneeze at, but it represented only a drop in the bucket when it came to the Northridge cash assets. He rolled to his side and contemplated his future. Martha Martin would not feel his wrath, because he was afraid of giving her reason to crash his computer systems. His life was over as he knew it.

Nathaniel Northridge reached for his phone, dialed, and said to the individual who answered, "Do it."