

## A Loving Community

The community we grew up in is not like most places. Gated and walled and protected from the sins of the outside world, protected from temptation and the evil ways of modern society. Here, in this sanctuary, we are safe and righteous. We are faithful.

Our parents were brought into the fold years before me and my twin sister were born. Their souls saved by the teachings and guidance of the Prophet. In that, we were lucky. Born into the community, never having known the outside world. We'd heard the stories; drugs and crime and profanity. The way people on the outside had shunned the Prophet and his teachings, how they'd abandoned the Creator in favour of the Dark One.

Daisy and I both agreed, we never wanted to step foot outside the community ever. This was home. Safe and nice and lovely.

There were rules, of course. Lots and lots of rules. Like what a girl should and shouldn't wear, how to behave in the company of men, rules about who to obey and when, curfews. Even rules commanding us to tell the community leaders should we see someone else breaking any of the rules – even our parents. Our loyalty, as the very first and most important rule dictated, was to the Prophet. If our parents turned apostate, we were to choose the Prophet over them and shun them forever.

Not that our parents would ever betray the Prophet like that.

They were faithful. The *most* faithful. They prayed every morning and every night, ever dinner and supper – always asking for the same thing. Let the Prophet be safe and healthy, that he might continue to guide us always.

The Prophet was, after all, the embodiment of the Creator.

His chosen vessel.

There was no-one wiser in all the world, no-one more holy and righteous and worthy. He was our leader and master, the head of the community and our eternal guide.

It was the Prophet who led Sunday group prayers.

Everyone in the community would gather in the massive prayer hall, huddle together and wait for the Prophet to arrive – he lived in a secluded part of the community away from almost everyone else, as not to be distracted by mundane life.

When he arrived, his eleven wives following behind him, everyone would fall onto their knees and await his wisdom. Even his wives, all beautiful and dazzling, would drop down onto their knees to listen to the Prophet's words.

Music would begin to play, soft and calm and serene. And the Prophet would speak, loud and clear so that everyone would be able to hear him easily. His voice would be soothing, kind. Like a bedtime story, it would leave us – everyone gathered – in a dream-like daze. And, afterwards, no-one would ever seem to quite remember exactly what the Prophet said. Though everyone would agree that they felt great, that the Prophet's words had touched their souls.

That was the Prophet's gift. One of many. He could speak directly to a person's soul, help them to understand things that they'd never have thought of otherwise.

An amazing man. One above all other men.

That was why he alone had multiple wives. Why he alone could select any woman he wished to bed or wed. More than once, he'd come to our family home to do just that – bed our mother. During those times, our father would smile, take me and my twin sister outside to play. And, afterwards, he'd spend a lot of time praying to the Creator – though what he was praying for exactly I had no idea.

On our eighteenth birthday, my identical twin sister and I received the best possible gift we could ever have imagined.

Tonight, our mother told us with a loving smile, the Prophet would be paying a visit to our house. That he would congratulate my sister and I on becoming adults by 'making

us women'. If we did well tonight, if we pleased the Prophet, he might even take us as his twelfth and thirteenth brides.

Most of the day was spent preparing us, me and Daisy.

Our mother got us the finest dresses she could find, handed us adult underwear to wear. She did our hair and make-up, gave us little tidbits of advice.

And, soon enough, we were sat in our small house waiting.

Dad took Mom out somewhere; he looked pained and sad, but forced a smile on his face all the same. Mom was positively radiating joy. When they left, a deafening quiet fell over the pair of us.

I looked over at Daisy, saw an almost perfect replica of myself staring right back. She might as well have been a mirror.

Flowing blonde hair and mossy green eyes, pale white skin and rosy red cheeks. Blessed by the Creator with high cheek-bones and pretty smiles. We were wearing matching flowery dresses, both of which were strained in the chest area. Over the last year, our breasts had exploded in size. Going from a modest but lovely B-Cup to overwhelmingly huge Double D's.

Mom said it was our bodies and the Creator preparing us for motherhood.

In Daisy's eyes, I saw my own silent excitement and nervousness reflected back at me. Neither of us had ever done anything with a boy before, not even held hands. Contact between boys and girls was strictly forbidden until marriage.

What if we did something wrong when the Prophet took us to bed?

"It'll be fine," I smiled over at Daisy. "The Prophet knows we won't have any experience. He's probably used to it..."

A good portion of the girls in the community were visited by the Prophet on their eighteenth birthday. He bedded most of them, though only ever married the very prettiest. Daisy and I were pretty. People told us so all the time. We'd even received multiple marriage offers from men in the community. If the Prophet didn't pick us, we'd have no trouble finding husbands.

But he would pick us. He had to.

Tonight, we'd make him happy. And tomorrow he'd make us both his wives. And me and Daisy would never ever be separated.

"What if..." Daisy began to say, eyes beginning to water. Ever the crybaby, my twin sister. "What if he doesn't like us, Lily?"

"He *will*. Just you want and see."

No matter what, I'd make sure he enjoyed tonight. My sister needed me to be there for her. She was so frail and timid, she needed me to look out for and protect her. And the only way I'd be able to do that is if we both had the same husband.

There was only one way for that to happen.

"It'll be okay," I said with a smile. "I promise."

Daisy and I sat next to each other on the edge of our parents bed.

We hadn't been sure before hand. Would the Prophet want to have one of us and then the other, or would he take us both at the same time? The latter turned out to be true. As soon as he arrived in the home, he looked the both of us over and smiled. Told us to come in here and wait.

And wait we did. For exactly four minutes and thirty-seven seconds. I was watching the clock the entire time.

The door to our parents' bedroom opened, and the Prophet stepped inside with a wide grin on his face. He was naked.

I blushed at the sight of him, felt Daisy tense beside me as she covered her face with her hands – closed her eyes so she wouldn't be able to see the Prophet's rigid member.

It was the first penis I'd ever seen.

Long and thick, pointing outwards and upwards. It looked strong, like a well-trained muscle, and terrifying. I was supposed to fit that thing inside me? It seemed impossible, unreal. How could something that big *ever* hope to fit inside my lady parts?

Masturbation was strictly against the rules – with special punishments reserved for girls who defiled themselves in such a way. Yet, even so, I'd once tried it. Tried to fit a single finger inside myself just to see what it felt like. I hadn't been able to. My lady parts had been too tight for my finger to squeeze into.

And I was somehow supposed to take *that*?

I felt a bead of sweat trickle down my back.

"Twins," the Prophet said, voice sending shivers down my spine. "Can't say I've ever fucked twins before."

My sister gasped, and my own mouth dropped open in shock.

The Prophet *cussed*.

He didn't seem to notice or care about our shock, however, as he continued speaking unperturbed.

"Lots of fun I could have with *twins*. In fact.... Yes, lets do that. You two," those two words were spoken more loudly and clearly. Before, he'd been speaking to himself. Now he was addressing us directly. "Neither of you have ever kiss anyone, is that correct?"

Both me and Daisy quickly nodded our heads.

"Good. Good..." He seemed to consider us for a moment, smile widening as his eyes came to rest on my sister's chest. "In that case, it's time you learned. Before I kiss either of you, you'll both need a little practice. Turn your faces to each other and practice kissing for me."

My eyes widened in surprise. The Prophet wanted me to kiss Daisy? Beside me, she'd already turned her head to face me. I did the same, saw my sisters round, terrified eyes.

Whatever it takes, I had to make the Prophet want us as wives. If he wanted me to kiss my sister, so be it. Whatever it takes.

I leaned forwards, planted my lips on Daisy's in a gentle peck.

"No," the Prophet said, "not like that. A lover's kiss. You know what 'making out' is, don't you? Do that. Start kissing each other and don't stop until I command it."

Heart racing, I leaned forward and pressed my lips to Daisy's again.

I'd seen our parents have long, intimate kisses. Lovers kisses. I did my best to imitate them, lifting a hand to hold onto my sister's cheek, caressing it gently. Our lips moved against each other slowly, sensually.

"Tongues," the Prophet said. "Use your tongues. Your bodies know what to do, stop acting shy and let your instincts take over. That's a command from the Creator himself."

When I felt Daisy's tongue enter my mouth, I wasn't quite sure what to do. I let my instincts guide me, as the Prophet had commanded. My arms moved, pulling my sister closer to me as my tongue wrestled hers and our lips danced.

By the time the Prophet clapped his hands, ordered us apart and told us he was satisfied with our practice, both Daisy and I were breathless.

Red-faced, I turned to look at our spiritual guide and potential future husband, wondering what he'd have us do next.

My cunny still ached and throbbed the next day as me and Daisy followed the Prophet to our new home.

I tried my best to hide the discomfort, which was fairly easy given the joy I felt inside me. He'd chosen us! We would be his wives from now until death. Me and Daisy would be together forever!

Memories of the previous night flashed through my mind – my mouth between

Daisy's legs, preparing her for womanhood. My hand on the Prophet's monstrous meat, guiding it towards my sister's opening. Cleaning it up afterwards with my mouth while Daisy prepared me in much the same way as I'd prepared her.

It'd been a long night. A draining, exhausting experience. But we'd made it and, better still, we'd impressed the Prophet enough for him to take us both as his brides!

As the Prophet let us into his mansion home, we glanced around and saw all eleven of his other wives lined up on either side. Each wearing a pretty dress, each with make-up done beautifully on already stunningly beautiful faces. All shared an identical, pleasant smile. They didn't look at me or Daisy or even the Prophet as we entered, instead they stared and smiled at nothing in particular. Their eyes were forward, bodies unmoving. For a moment, I thought they must be life-like statues of some kind.

"We have two new wives," the Prophet said, raising his hands into the air. "Prepare a single bedroom for them to share, set out identical dresses and lingerie for them. And make sure the table is set for fourteen instead of twelve from now on."

He clapped his hands together once.

Immediately, several of the wives began to move. They didn't look at the Prophet or me or my sister, nor did they acknowledge the command he'd given them. They simply moved to comply, gliding across the spotless floor with those ever-present, statue-like smiles on their faces.

Daisy huddled closer to me, squeezed my arm. I could feel her trembling.

And, for the first time, I wondered if maybe I'd made a mistake in wanting to impress the Prophet so much he'd take my sister and I as his brides.

The man turned to look at us, his new brides.

He was smiling, a wide, toothy grin.

"Welcome home, darlings."