

Bright Tomorrows

We gathered from all over the country. Hopefuls and believers.

Outsiders didn't understand. Called us 'hippies' and other such nonsense. Refused to see the beautiful truth.

We were soul-searchers.

Pursuing comfort and joy wherever it could be found. Protecting each other, nature itself, from the greed and avarice of mankind. We were students, learners. Ears listening to the wise words of Sage Shalan, our spiritual master.

Fred Douglas. That's what Sage Shalan's name had been before. His *capitalist* name. Fred was the name given to him by others, and Shalan was the name he'd chosen for himself – his *true* name.

He'd encouraged us, his disciples, to do the same. Shed our old names and old lives, start anew at his compound.

Once, I'd been Sally Denver.

Now I was Summer, soul-searcher and free spirit. No longer bound by the broken society outside the walls and fences of Sage Shalan's compound.

Here, at Bright Tomorrows, I could be free.

We all could.

When I'd asked one of our mentors why there were, save for the great Sage himself, only women at Bright Tomorrows, she'd blessed me with insight. Females were more open to the truth than their animalistic, greedy counterparts. Only a rare, special few men were able to see the truth. Sage Shalan was one such rare, special man. Our guide, our leader.

Our days at the compound were simple, yet fulfilling.

No worries about money or bills, the Sage took care of all that. He provided beds for us to sleep in, roofs to sleep under. Everything was taken care of. All me and my new sisters had to do was go to the daily sermons, listen to the wise Sage's words, tend the small farm.

Every day, Sage Shalan revealed new truths to us.

Clothes, for example. A pointless vanity. A tool used to control us, manipulate us into seeing nature – our own naked bodies – as somehow *wrong* and *unsightly*. Wearing clothes of any kind was to submit yourself to the whims and constant judgement of society.

After the Sage had given that sermon, everyone at the compound had immediately stripped – burned every article of clothing that could be found.

And just like that, we were even more free than before – happier.

Another sermon preached the value of sensual dancing. Sexuality, after all, was as natural as breathing. What better way to express that sexuality than through hip-swaying dance? A great way for us sisters to interact with each other, keep fit and healthy.

Every day, a new sermon. Each one accompanied with soothing music and psychedelic lighting.

The best, most spiritual and amazing part of the day.

Quickly, I grew in the community's ranks. First, I was nothing more than a starry-eyed initiate. Then I was a group leader. And, before long, I'd risen to become a mentor.

Outer looks reflected inner beauty, Sage Shalan taught. The more beautiful a person's exterior, the more pure their interior. It was why his inner circle were filled with so many beautiful girls. Why it was easier for prettier women to climb the ranks.

It wasn't that the uglier girls were bad people. Just that deep down, on a subconscious level, they had unknown problems which prevented them from blossoming.

Before long, I earned a private audience with the Sage himself.

To be summoned by Sage Shalan by name was a great honour. Proof that I was

doing well in the Bright Tomorrows community.

I walked excitedly up to the door of the Sage's home, rang the doorbell and waited. After a few moments passed, the door opened. And there he stood, the Sage. Tall, with messy dark hair and a bushy beard. Naked from head to toes, his large phallus standing upright.

Arousal was natural. A compliment. The Sage's own words.

I took the compliment with a smile.

"You summoned me, Sage Shalan?" I asked.

The man looked me up and down, taking in the sight of my sweat-coated body. It was a sunny day, and I'd spent most of it in the fields tending to crops. My hands were dirty, specks of mud dotted here and there over my face and body. My breasts – large by nature – were particularly dirty from the amount of time I spend on hands and knees.

The sage didn't seem to mind. His cock twitched as he gazed at me, a smile spreading his lips.

"Yes," he said, staring into my face. "I've had my eyes on you for a while now, Summer. Come in, please. There's much for us to discuss."

Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.

A clock, ticking every second. Over and over. A constant, calming melody.

Most technology was forbidden at Bright Tomorrows. Nothing battery-powered, no engines or generators that required fuel. Everything was done by hand, the natural, *right* way. Only the Sage was allowed technology. For the sake of spreading his message, to help convey his words and meanings.

"In order to ensure the community continues to grow and thrive, and to make sure it survives into the future after all of us have returned to the earth, a new generation must be ushered into existence. A generation of men and women born into paradise, never knowing the wasteful, corrupt ways of the outside."

Children. I'd never thought about it before. But it made sense. If the community of Bright Tomorrows was going to last, we'd need to start having children. But...

"But there aren't any men," I found myself saying. "No fathers."

The Sage smiled.

"A great burden, to be sure. But one I am willing to bear for the sake of us all. I will father the next generation. What we need, what the community needs, are willing mothers."

So noble and selfless. Willing to give up his time and seed for the sake of others. Truly, Sage Shalan was the best of us.

"To put it simply," Shalan continued. "I, and the community at large, are in need of dedicated breeders. Females that will devote their lives to being bred and raising the offspring. Two dozen or so should do the trick. And only the higher-ranking members of our community will do – only the morally pure are fit to bear this vital burden."

A wave of emotions flooded me; everything from joy to dread, happiness to uncertainty.

"Am," I said, voice quivering slightly. "Am I to be one of the breeders, Sage?"

Shalan smiled.

"Yes," he told me. "You are. Of all my disciples, I can think of none better to honour with this responsibility."

Clothes. Why was I wearing clothes?

And why *these* clothes, of all things?

Last time I'd worn anything like this was on Halloween, many years ago. A child's costume scaled up for a grown woman's body, sexualised and eroticised.

Two small, fake wings. White and fluffy. A white, frilly mini-skirt and matching bra. A

hairband with an angel's halo attached to it.

Why did Sage Shalan want me to wear this?

I sat on his king-sized bed, waiting nervously.

Of the dozen women he'd already selected, I was the only one he hadn't bedded yet. Each day, he took three. One for the morning, one to accompany him during the day, and one to spend the night with. Three, he preached, was a sacred number. Three women a day was the only true way to do it, he said. That's why we needed as many breeders as he did. Three times three times three.

Tomorrow morning, he'd announce the rest of the selected breeders by name to the entire community.

Tonight, though, he'd be bedding me. Breeding me.

And so I sat silently, waiting for my spiritual master to arrive.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, the door creaked open and in he strode, a wide smirk on his face.

His eyes ran over my body, taking in the sight of me.

"My angel," Shalan smiled. "So pure and innocent."

"Sage Shalan," I said, bowing my head to him.

"Tell me Summer," the Sage said, his voice firm. Usually it was soft, loving. Now it felt so *commanding*. "Have you ever sucked a man's cock before?"

I blushed, stuttered in my response.

"Y-yes, Sage."

"And did you enjoy it?"

Did I? It felt like so long ago. A memory from a different life. It'd been just a year or two in the past, back before I'd first heard the Sage's teachings and joined His community.

It'd been my boyfriend. And it had only been the once.

He'd wanted me to do it for so long, pestered me so much about putting his dick in my mouth. Finally, on his birthday, I relented and gave him what he wanted.

It'd felt so awkward and weird in my mouth. Like attempting to eat a cooked sausage in the same way you'd savour a lollipop. Licking and kissing something that wasn't meant for either. It didn't feel sexy or kinky, just strange and somehow humiliating.

It tasted like skin. Not good or bad, just plain and uninteresting.

After a few minutes of it, I stopped and just rode my boyfriend at the time instead. Then, a short while later, I broke up with him.

"Not really," I answered honestly. "No."

"That's unfortunate," the Sage said, still smiling widely. "It would've been much better if you were into it, too."

"I'm sorry," I said, blushing brighter.

Disappointing Sage Shalan struck me deeply, like a physical blow. I felt sick, queasy.

This was the wisest man in the world, the ideal that every human should strive to become. And here I was, disappointing him with my lack of interest in his desires.

"No, no," Shalan said, smile growing even wider. "It's not you who should be apologising, but me. I'm sorry, Summer. Having you do things that you don't like to do gives me no joy - but that's the way it must be, I'm afraid. It is, after all, a breeder's duty to satisfy her man's needs until he is done using her."

My mouth dropped open.

Ignoring my shock, Sage Shalan placed a firm hand on my head, guided my face to his crotch.

"I have a great many kinks," Shalan told me. "As you'll soon find out. And, as a breeder, it's your job to participate in those kinks. You must do anything and everything you can do to ensure my ejaculation. Do you understand, Summer?"

I opened my mouth to answer but, before any words could escape my lips, a foreign

object penetrated them instead. The Sage's cock spread my lips open, filled my mouth.

The hand on my head pulled my face closer, even as Sage Shalan pushed himself deeper into my mouth.

"That's it, my slutty angel. Suck your master's cock."

"What are you?" The Master asked me.

"A cow," I gasped, body jerking with each thrust. "A human cow. Your cow."

I was on hands and knees in the Master's private barn. Him behind me, cock filling my insides as he fucked away. With every thrust, the bell dangling from my collar chimed - a brass cowbell. My huge tits swayed, spraying milk freely into the two buckets beneath me.

The master let out a cruel laugh.

"That's right," he said, voice harsh. "That's all you are. One of my dumb little cows."

My back ached, screamed with each of Master's thrusts. My belly bulged out beneath me, huge with the baby growing inside me. Still weeks away from the due day, though. Lots of time for me and my breeder sisters to produce milk for the community yet.

"Moo for me, cow," Shalan half-laughed, half-barked.

I did as I was instructed, allowing my mind to empty as the Master had taught me to so many months ago.

We all have spirit animals, he'd preached. Each and every one of us. Some were lions – wise and brave. Others were horses – strong and loyal workers. Others still were cattle – meant to be bred and used. We can't choose what our spirit animal is, he told us. But living in line with it, using our spirit animal as a guide, was the one true path to happiness.

My spirit animal was a cow. Master Shalan had imparted that knowledge on me during one of our private talks together.

To be happy and whole, all I needed to do was accept my spirit animal.

As he fucked me from behind, slapping my ass and pulling my hair, a serene calm washed over me. Joy sprouting from nowhere.

At Bright Tomorrows, under our benevolent Master, we all had a role. A place we belonged. In his wisdom, the Master had shown me mine himself.

This was it.

This was my place, where I belonged.