**Marigold's Cult Future**

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**Marigold's Cult Future Ch. 01**

I was born into the Glory of the Light. We all were. We are a strict religious sect with absolutely no contact with the outside world. At least I had no contact. As a female, I know my place. The men honor The Book. The women honor the men. The children obey.  
  
My name is Marigold. I was born into a family that sat outside The Counsel. We were not special or powerful in any way. You might think this is a bad thing, but those outside The Counsel can lead relatively normal lives. You marry who your father chooses for you and raise children. You help where needed and don't make any waves. That's what my parents have been doing with my older brother, my twin sister and me for the last twenty years. We were happy.  
  
That was until The Sorting. Once a girl reaches the age of eighteen, her future worth is assessed by the doctors and The Counsel. This includes getting a throughout physical to determine likely reproductive abilities, an interview with The Counsel and an appraisal of appearance and skills. Most girls will just be released to their homes to get married, but a small group will be chosen for a different fate.  
  
I tried to be as average as possible during my interview. I had high hopes of marrying my brother Brave's best friend Milo. He turned the required twenty a couple of months before my eighteenth birthday. My parents were loving and supportive so I knew that this could happen... all I had to do was not get chosen.  
  
On the day of The Sorting, my sister Dahlia and I held hands as we walked toward the great church. We knew this could be the last day that we were together if one of us was chosen. Even if we both were, it would be unusual for us to stay together.  
  
The ceremony itself is relatively short. All eligible girls are brought up on stage in their best clothes and lined up in a single file line. This year, there were thirty of us. It was a relatively high number so the odds of being chosen were even lower. Once we were lined up, names would be called. If your name is called, you step forward. Those called were Chosen and the rest were released to their families.  
  
I kept holding Dahlia's hand as we took our places on the stage. I knew being chosen could lead to a life of luxury and contentment -- but I felt that getting to grow old with Milo would do that all the same... with none of the risk. I bent my head down when I heard the speaker of The Counsel's voice.  
  
"Glory of the Light" he started.  
  
"Of the Light," the entire church murmured in reply.  
  
"Today is the most important day in these young ladies' lives. They will learn their path. As a reminder, if you are chosen today -- you will spend the next two weeks being assessed before learning of your final placement. To be chosen is a great honor. It means that your value is recognized and appreciated within The Glory of the Light and you will forever be taken care of." He explained, "Now, without further ado. There were five girls chosen this year."  
  
Five felt like a lot of girls. Quickly doing the math in my head, I had an almost 17% chance of being Chosen. I tried to calm myself by remembering that that meant I had an 83% chance of not being Chosen but my grip on Dahlia's hand intensified.  
  
"Starla, Imogene, Cadence, Marigold, and Amethyst... please step forward." He finished.  
  
I froze. The worst possible thing has just happened, and I didn't know how to compute. Dahlia, my much more obedient sister, pushed me forwards with a small whisper of congratulations. The crowd politely applauded, and I searched the group for Milo.  
  
I saw him in the back with the other twenty-year-old single men. He looked upset but refused to make eye contact with me. I knew at the end of the two weeks; he would be betrothed to another girl and I would be receiving my life sentence -- away from him. I couldn't help the tears from falling from my eyes. As the group dispersed, I grabbed Dahlia and hugged her tightly.  
  
"I wish we could switch," I whispered into her ear, "I know you really wanted this."  
  
"You've always been the pretty one... and the smart one. I'm not surprised you were Chosen. I'm happy for you," Dahlia responded. She sounded disappointed but she was ever the obedient child so she would accept her place eagerly. She broke the hug and joined my parents in the audience. Over the next two weeks, while I learned about my new life -- my parents would be making marriage matches for their two remaining children. I no longer belonged to them; I was above them in the hierarchy. I belonged to The Counsel.  
  
Cadence, Starla and I had been fast friends since we were young. I was excited to have some allies during this new experience. They were both thrilled that they have been elevated from their common status. The other two -- Imogene and Amethyst were already born to Counsel parents -- so their placement here was expected. I sensed they had a better idea what was going on than we did.  
  
We were immediately whisked away to a small boarding house.  
  
"You will remain on the first floor at all times. It is not your place to use the stairs." Our teacher, Miss Respect informed us. We all knew her story -- she was married to a high-ranking Counsel member who unfortunately died within their first year of marriage due to an unexplained illness. He had arranged for her to lead this post before his death, so she was always taken care of. She was given the name Miss Respect so we would remember to respect her. I don't even know what her name used to be; I doubt anyone does.  
  
"What's up the stairs?" Starla asked.  
  
"That's NONE of your business!" Miss Respect snapped back and wacked Starla with a ruler. "There is no need for you to ask questions. I will provide you with all the information you need to be successful." Starla let out a small whimper as she nodded. Miss Respect continued,  
  
"Your room is right through that door. Please discard the clothing you are wearing and replace it with what is available for you on the bed. Report to the room with the star on it in five minutes. Anyone who is late, will be punished."  
  
We hustled through the door and looked at the bunk beds in front of us. All the dresses laid out looked relatively the same size so there wasn't much discussion on who goes where. I grabbed the sheath dress off a top bunk and looked at it. It was very plain, just a floor length piece of fabric that would hang loosely on my figure. Since I didn't have a lot of control in my life, caring about my appearance was on of the few things I could control. I started working out the ties on my current dress. While this morning it felt like the most beautiful dress in the world, I was now regretting choosing it as I was the only girl who had to work to change. It would take me at least three minutes to get out of it. Then I had to replace it and find the star room in the last two minutes. I hoped I wasn't too far behind the other girls.  
  
Finally, I pulled my dress over my head. I still had on my bra and panties. I wasn't sure whether I should leave them on or not. I looked around to see what the other girls were doing but only Amethyst remained, and she was pulling on a pair of slippers at the door.  
  
"Amethyst! Did you leave on your undergarments or...?" I called out. She gave me a small mischievous smile before darting out of the room without a word. I wasn't sure what to do -- but I was sure that I didn't have time to waste trying to decide. I threw the dress on over my bra and panties and rushed to pull on slippers.  
  
Once outside the room, I ran the hallways looking for a door with a star on it. I knew I couldn't speak unless spoken to so I couldn't ask for help. Right as I turned a corner, I bumped straight into someone and fell back.  
  
"Look out there!" the stranger said, smiling kindly, "sweetheart, are you okay?"  
  
I nodded shyly. I have never spoken directly to a member of The Counsel and I was already very close to being late.  
  
"You look like you're trying to get to the star room... I'm not supposed to help you, but I wish you luck on finding it." He nodded his head to his left a few times. I looked just past him and saw the star on the door in the distance.  
  
"Thank you!" I said breathlessly as I sprinted toward the door. I made it right after the five minutes ended. I wasn't sure what the punishment would be for being late -- but I knew I was getting it. I silently cursed Amethyst for not helping me.  
  
"Thank you for joining us, Marigold." Miss Respect started. I fell in line next to the other four girls in the front of the room. Looking out I realized that all the seats of the room were occupied by the twenty-year-old men, including Milo and Brave and a few other men that I did not know.  
  
"These gentlemen are here to help us with your first lessons: following directions and timeliness." Miss Respect eyed me as she said it, "Now, gentlemen, these ladies were told to remove the clothing from their old lives and replace it with these simple gowns. I am going to do a quick check to make sure they are not hiding any contraband clothing. My heart sank as Miss Respect patted down Amethyst. I could see that she was checking if we were wearing any bra or panties and that Amethyst wasn't. She smiled smugly as Miss Respect moved on to Cadence.  
  
"What do we have here?" Miss Respect asked dismissively as she pulled over Cadence's collar to show her bra strap, "I distinctly remember telling you to leave your old clothes behind. I meant all of them. Please step forward." Cadence hung her head as she realized she had failed the first test. Miss Respect moved down the line. Starla and I both also failed the test and were asked to step forward. Amethyst and Imogene were spared -- I was starting to think they had an instruction manual we were not provided.  
  
"Cadence, Starla, and Marigold... please remove your dresses and show us the garments you so desperately wanted to save that you would disobey me." We started to protest -- we have never even shown the boys our knees -- let alone so much naked flesh.  
  
"DO NOT CONTINUE TO DISOBEY ME OR I WILL HAVE THESE GENTLEMEN REMOVE THE DRESSES FOR YOU." Miss Respect commanded. My face blushed a deep red as I pulled the dress over my head. I discreetly looked over at Cadence and Starla. I could see they were as embarrassed as I was as they tried to cover as much skin as possible with their arms. I never realized that Starla had freckles on pretty much her entire body. If not for today, I probably would have never known that. Only her husband would have. I avoided looking out at the boys. It was like I could feel Milo's eyes on me. He was supposed to see me like this -- but he was supposed to be the only one.  
  
"Arms at your sides, ladies... and look at your audience," Miss Respect spat at us. We begrudgingly moved our arms down. I sought out Milo's eyes, but he was looking down. I think he was as embarrassed as I was. When I couldn't look at him any longer, I looked to his left and saw Brave. He was entranced by... me? I could see him looking down at my breasts and I desperately wanted to cover them up with my hands.  
  
"Now ladies, remember to keep your hands at your sides no matter what," I realized that Miss Respect was now right behind me as she said it. I glanced over at the other girls and saw that Amethyst and Imogene were now behind Cadence and Starla, respectively.  
  
"Ladies, now." Miss Respect called out as she unclasped my bra in one swoop. Before I knew what was happening -- my bra was on the floor in front of me. I managed to keep my composure and not move, but Cadence wasn't so disciplined. She let out an embarrassed cry as she covered her breasts. I couldn't even react before I felt the cold air hit my private parts. Miss Respect had pulled my panties down to my ankles.  
  
Cadence was openly sobbing now as she tried desperately to cover her modesty. Starla and I stood as still as possible. I refused to show weakness in front of these boys.  
  
"Starla, you've done well. Please put your dress back on and join Imogene and Amethyst. Cadence and Marigold will receive their punishments now." Miss Respect stated.  
  
I started to object, but then kept my mouth shut. I knew this was in response to being late. Miss Respect brought Cadence and me over to a large table in the front of the room. She had us face the table, so our backsides were visible to the boys.  
  
"Bend over the table and grab the other end with both hands," Miss Respect started. Cadence was still sobbing quietly next to me. We both bent over, keeping out legs squeezed shut. My hand grazed hers slightly and stayed in contact -- I hoped she would find some comfort in my presence.  
  
"Spread your legs -- more than shoulder width apart." Miss Respect continued. It felt vulgar. I knew there was no longer anything hidden to these boys. They could see our most private parts at a close distance.  
  
"Now, gentleman. You can choose your tool and then each provide one spank. Line up here." Miss Respect pointed directly to my left. I don't know why this new development surprised me. In the Glory of the Light -- only men delivered punishments. I don't know why I thought this would be any different. My face immediately blushed again at the thought of being punished by Brave.  
  
"Miss Respect?" I heard Brave call out, "My father always uses a bare hand to punish -- I would like to do the same. Will that be a problem?"  
  
"Of course not, Brave. You can use whatever you deem appropriate." She responded. My own brother was going to touch my bare ass. I didn't know what to think... but I didn't have a choice, or time to think about it because the first blow hit my left cheek. I gasped in pain but remembered my manners from growing up in the community.  
  
"Thank you, sir, for reminding me of my place." I stated through gritted teeth. I could hear Cadence say the same to my right.  
  
Blow after blow came down on my sensitive behind. Every time I would state the words. I felt switches, whips, paddles and belts. Finally, there was one that barely hurt at all. I glanced to my side and saw it was Milo. I gave him a weak smile as I recited the words.  
  
Immediately afterwards I felt a hand caress my buttocks while another rested on my lower back.  
  
"See, my father liked to prepare the recipient for punishment by giving them a short massage before striking. It intensified the sensation -- and the lesson." I could hear Brave talking, but it couldn't be him -- my father did none of those things! Brave gripped my left cheek, so his fingertips were deep into my crack. I could feel one rub against my backdoor. I groaned against him as he squeezed and pushed his finger just-so against my butthole. His pinky finger wandered over to my slit and he rubbed it just slightly -- not enough that anyone else would notice.  
  
It was then that I realized the wetness. All this spanking had turned me on! I come from a chaste community so I had never even hugged a boy romantically, but I understood impure thoughts and what they could do to your body. Brave also could feel the heat and moistness radiating from my body. He let out a small chuckle as he released my ass and pulled his hand back. Instead of targeting my ass cheek -- his spank came down hard on my pussy. It felt ON FIRE. I bucked my head up but his hand on my lower back stopped me from moving any further.  
  
"Do you have something to say to me?" he asked condescendingly.  
  
"Thank you, sir, for reminding me of my place."  
  
"Any time, dear sister."  
  
The rest of the spanking continued but I barely felt them, I was already broken. If this was the first hour of being Chosen -- what did the rest of my life bring?