

## Almighty Redux

Bruce stepped out of the elevator, strode into the all-white room with a grin on his face. All around him, he felt the warm glow of power, the sweet song of divinity.

There was a man waiting for him, a familiar face in a glowing white suit. Smiling face and kind eyes.

"Hello Bruce," God said, inclining his head. "Thank you for coming."

Bruce shrugged, kept his smile in place.

Wasn't like he had a choice. When capital-G God invites you over, you can hardly say 'no'. The literal creator of the universe and controller of everything, the being who'd once loaned Bruce just a fragment of his power. There was no way he'd have been able to decline this invitation – even if he'd wanted to.

"Lovely day," God said, turning his back on Bruce, staring out over the expanse of white.

"You'd know," Bruce said, walking over and standing beside God.

How many people in the world, in all of human history, could claim to have this kind of relationship with the big guy upstairs? How many had ever been this close to-

"Just a few," God said, answering Bruce's question before the man could even finish *thinking* it. "A tiny handful."

After that, God remained silent. Staring out at nothingness.

"So..." Bruce said, growing bored of waiting. "You wanted to see me?"

"I see you always," God smirked. "I see *everyone*. I asked you here, Bruce, to *speak* with you."

God turned, looked his friend in the eye.

"I'm retiring," the immortal being said simply. "It's been fun, ruling over this universe. But there are so many other things I'd like to be doing. So, I'm retiring and leaving this all behind. Humanity, Earth, the universe. Everything."

The air shimmered, God's face glowing softly.

"The world can't be without a God, Bruce," he went on. "There must always be someone there to hear humanity's prayers, their hopes and dreams. Even if he can't answer them all, there must always be someone listening. This world *needs* a God. Without me, you'd all be so lost and alone..."

The image of God began to fade. His smile wavering.

"And," he said, voice soft, "who better to be God than a man who's experienced Godhood once already?"

Bruce felt it then. The power. An all-encompassing, overwhelming influence. The same strength he'd held once before, only vastly more potent than back then.

"What you do with it," God said as he began to vanish completely, "is up to you. Use it well, or don't. That's your choice to make. Just remember..."

And then he was gone.

The white-walled room dimmed, turned grey and dark.

And Bruce was left standing alone, the power of creation in his fingertips once again. Divinity coursing through his veins.

Give a man power, and you see who that man truly is.

It is the ultimate test. The great trial. How a man uses power determines who he is, what he stands for, how strongly he believes in right and wrong, freedom and justice.

When Bruce raised his hand, closed his eyes, and snapped his fingers, he failed the test.

But there was no-one to punish him for his failure.

He *was* the punisher now.

There was no-one to stop him, to judge him.

His will was law. His desire, reality itself.

When he snapped his fingers, the sound was heard across the world. A thunder-crack that shook humanity to its very core.

Every woman in the world dropped to her knees.

Every man straightened his back.

A new order. A new way of life. Happiness for all.

When Bruce opened his eyes, he was standing on the side-walk of a street a few blocks from his home. All around, women were awakening to their new reality. Their minds forever altered by their new God's will.

They existed to please men. That was it. Their sole purpose for existing.

It was their source of joy and contentment. It was their destiny.

One woman, Bruce saw, had dropped down onto her hands and knees, awaiting orders from a random stranger – a man – to fulfil. Another, a beautiful blonde, was already undressing for her male counterpart. Another still was climbing into a stranger's car, a wide smile on her face.

As he walked home, Bruce admired his handiwork.

The secret to world peace, prosperity and happiness, he'd come to believe, was in satisfaction and pleasure. As long as every man and woman in the world had those two things – pleasure and satisfaction – all conflict and sorrow could be washed away.

Women would bring joy to men and, in doing so, feel that same joy themselves. All around the world, in every corner of the globe, this was the planet's new reality.

When he reached his home, opened the door, he found his girlfriend waiting for him.

Grace. Pretty and lovely.

She wore a wide smile, eyes filled with dedication and obedience. Her body, far from perfect through it was, was kneeling on the floor – awaiting Bruce's return.

He looked her up and down, began picturing the alterations he wanted to make. The improvements.

A larger bust, definitely. Bright blonde hair, too. And, while he was at it, why not make her younger? A fresh-faced, eighteen year-old. Maybe tweak her mind a little more, also. Take away her intelligence and give her a nice, bimbo dumbness. Lots of smiles and giggles; never questioning 'why', only obeying.

Yes. Yes, that would do nicely.

Bruce raised his hand, concentrated of the changes he wanted to make. And, smiling, he snapped his fingers.

Grace's chest expanded before his very eyes. Ballooning outwards beautifully. The modest breasts she'd had a moment before grew to cartoonishly huge proportions, massive watermelon funbags for Bruce to play with an enjoy. Her hair lightened, turned the bright, bleach-blonde he'd envisioned. Her face lost the tired wrinkles and bags, the wear of time. In the blink of an eye, she'd gone from a pretty, if unremarkable, middle-aged woman, to being one of the hottest, bustiest babes alive.

Without needed to say a word, Bruce unzipped his jeans.

His lover knew *exactly* what to do next.

The world was a new place. A great, happy place.

Bruce woke every morning to his girlfriend's lips around his dick. Before he even got out of bed, he had his first orgasm. And, after cooking him breakfast, Grace got to work on giving him his second climax of the day.

Being God gave Bruce certain perks in the bedroom.

A perfect cock, unlimited stamina, the ability to cum as many times as he wanted. He could, at a whim, tighten his girlfriend's cunt to impossible levels. Or, if he so desired, he could have her ride his cock for hours on end.

Her tits were perfect. Huge melons that were the ultimate combination of perky and

bouncy, soft and cushiony.

And, it didn't stop there.

Any woman in the world he wanted, he could have.

Models, celebrities, public figures, anyone at all. He had only to will it, and the world bent itself to his whims.

But none compared to Grace. His ultimate creation.

Young and beautiful and sexy beyond imagining.

He fucked her every day. Multiple times a day. Sometimes multiple days on end. He left prayers unheard and unanswered, did none of the tasks he was expected to as God. Instead, he dedicated all his time to satisfaction. His girlfriend existed solely to pleasure him. Every moment that she wasn't doing exactly that was a moment wasted.

He grasped her by the hand, threw her down onto their bed and climbed on top of her.

She giggled, gasped, moaned.

She cried out his name, begged him to fuck her.

"Oh Bruce," Grace called out, riding his perfect cock. "Oh God!"

He took her from behind, made her bark like a dog.

He took her up against a wall, enjoying her cunt and ass one after the other. He whispered into her ear, telling her the truth that all women around the world instinctively knew – that she was inferior to men, that she existed for no other purpose than to pleasure them. It was Bruce's will. It was God's will.

He pumped a full bucket's worth of cum inside her, making sure that none of it impregnated her. Enjoyed the sight of it spilling out of her as he dragged his cock out and pulled away.

A beautiful sight – his girlfriend slumped on the ground, white flowing out from between her legs, her tits pressed to the floor, a look of pure ecstasy on her pretty face. An image so blessed that Bruce waved his hand, had it magically painted on church and temple walls all across the world.

He grinned down at his creation, and thought it good.

Bruce walked through the streets of his utopia. Behind him, a collar around her neck attached to the leash he held, was Grace. Naked and beautiful and amazing.

All around, there were similar sights. Naked women following men, or women in maid outfits or the like. All subservient, all happy with their lives of obedience and satisfaction. Not a single person didn't have a smile on their face.

Some were fucking, right there on the street in full view of everyone. Others were a little more discreet in their passions.

Bruce could see it all. Knew the thoughts and desires of every living thing on the planet. He tweaked a few, made sad people happy and angry people calm. He filled the whole world with sexual desires, made women more attractive and men more virile.

It was paradise.

To think, the world could have always been this way, if the old God had understood his creations as well as Bruce did. In the end, it wasn't free-will than mankind desired. No, in truth, all humanity ever craved was relief and pleasure. Plain and simple.

And those two things, Bruce gave them in abundance.

He turned to his girlfriend, tugged on her leash and pulled her to the floor. She looked up at him, eyes wide and loving. And, smiling, he began pulling down his trousers.

No one cared as he penetrated Grace there on the side-walk.

Not a single person thought to stop or question him.

Why would they?

A woman taking full care of a man's needs? Such a thing was as natural and normal as breathing.

Grace cried out in pleasure, loud and free.

Her perfect tits bounced beneath her.

"Oh God!" Grace moaned, bouncing back on Bruce's cock with desperate hunger.  
"Oh God, fuck me!"

And fuck her he did.

Hard and deep, never relenting.

Her body was sculpted perfection, the hottest in the world. Fit for God and God alone. He fucked it, groped it, held it and pounded it. He squeezed soft breasts, kneading them. He kissed the back of her neck, slapped her round ass.

And all the while, she called out his name.

"God!" Grace cried in pleasure. "Fuck me, God!"

Before he came, he pulled out of Grace, had her kneel in front of him and pleasure him with her mouth. Sucking on his cock with those perfect, full, cock-sucker lips. She choked his cock down, fucked it with her face and throat, all the while looking up into his eyes with loving dedication.

When it was time for him to cum, he had the woman pull away from him, stroke it while pointing his cock to her face.

An eruption of pleasure.

A spray of white, spurt after heavy spurt.

Satisfaction washed over Bruce. Pure, blissful joy. And, for the next minute or two, he did nothing but enjoy in the sweet afterglow of orgasm as he painted Grace white with his cum.

When he was done, saw the scene in front of him, he almost came again on the spot.

A beautiful woman coated in cum.

A slut baptised by her God's seed.

Again, he waved his hand, made sure the scene before him was painted all across the world in temples dedicated to him. The God of this new, wonderful world.