

## Sinners

They're everywhere. Sinners. The tainted.

Sluts and adulterers. Whores and *feminists*. Degrading the line between Man and Woman. Warping the God-given roles of our genders for their own sick, twisted pleasures. Morphing words and language to suit their disgusting causes.

Men are supposed to be dominant. Reigning supreme.

Women are meant to be submissive. Servants of their better halves.

That's what God intended.

Adam was the master of Eden. Eve was simply a vessel to carry his sons. Fertile soil in which he was to plant his seed. A carer to look after Adam's offspring, nursing them until they grew old enough to learn how to be men - *real* men.

How far we've fallen.

Career women with their emasculated, stay-at-home husbands. Broken sluts who disavowed men altogether, spreading their legs only for other women. Abominations. Creatures of sin. Corruptions and fiends. And they were *praised* for it. *Celebrated* for their 'bravery' and 'modernness'. As if being a part of the 'modern' age were anything to be proud of.

No, this wasn't a bountiful, glorious age.

It was the age of *Satan*.

Corrupt and wrong.

So many fools, bowing and bending to evil without ever being aware of it. Surrendering themselves to darkness and hellfire for momentary, sinful joys. So many sinners. So many tainted.

God teaches us to fight the evil. To win souls. To proselytise.

Yet, how was a man such as myself – holier than any other living soul, a true soldier of God – supposed to influence the hearts and minds of those so corrupted? How was I supposed to battle the darkness that'd taken hold of humanity?

A soldier uses any weapon at their disposal.

A warrior wins the war at any cost.

And I knew the cost, the price I'd have to pay to set the world right. I knew how to save the souls of millions.

But it would cost me my own.

A deal with Lucifer himself, evil incarnate. The root of all misery and corruption in the world. An eternity-binding pack. A trade. My soul upon death in exchange for the power to alter the minds of the weak and faithless.

It was a deal the Lord of Lies would accept. I knew it. My soul – the most pure soul of any living being since the Lord's Son walked the Earth – would be a boon to the Devil.

But the cost. Was I truly willing to pay it?

Was I really willing to sacrifice myself to save so many misguided, corrupt souls? Were the whores and sluts and cuckolds and beta males worth *my* sacrifice?

No. No, they weren't.

And that was why I *had* to do it. Why I *had* to fix this broken world. So that men could be men again. So that women would remember their place.

No-one else was going to do it. None others were as holy and devout as I. It was down to me.

The summoning went as well as could be expected.

Lucifer, wearing the face of a human man, listened to my deal and – as expected – was eager to make it so. An amused smile on his lips, he pressed his hand to my chest and imbued me with the power to change the world. I felt it – a warm rush. And, just like that, I was *powerful*. More powerful than any Saint.

The Devil bade me farewell, warning me that my soul was – and had always been – his. Another expectation met. The King of Lies trying to manipulate me.

I wouldn't be fooled.

I'd use this power to do God's work. And, in doing God's work, I'd be forgiven for ever making the deal in the first place. Heaven was where I was destined for, now and always.

These new powers I possessed, however. I needed to test them.

I could feel them in me, had an instinctual awareness of how to use them – what they did. I knew I could fix the world, one sinner at a time. And I had the perfect whore in mind to use them on. But not right away. Not first.

First, I needed to become more acquainted with my powers.

I took a stroll through the city streets, looked at the faces of the men and women I passed by.

It was easy to spot a sinner from how they presented themselves. Dyed hair, trashy clothes, piercings, ugly make-up. If a woman wore pants, she was a sinner. If a woman showed cleavage, she was a sinner. If a woman wore any kind of work uniform or business attire, she was a sinner.

To each of these sinners I passed, I reached out with my powers and touched their thoughts – fixed their warped minds.

The women glanced down at themselves in shame – seeing their appearances as if for the first time. Where were their conservative dresses, their humble clothes? Why were they wearing *work* clothes? After all, the only job a woman should ever have was looking after her man's home and raising his children.

With barely a glance, I fixed every woman I looked upon.

Slutty, skimpy whores tried to cover up their immodesty with their hands – trying to hide the cleavage they'd been flaunting just moments before.

And the men. I fixed *them* too.

Removed their sissy attitudes, took away all the brainwashing they'd been given about 'respecting' women. The only woman who deserves respect is the woman who respects herself and her man. And any woman *without* a man to claim her was absolutely *not* worthy of respect. Women existed only to serve and satisfy the superior gender. If they weren't doing that, they were denying God's plan for them.

In my wake, men and women realised the *truth*. My truth. God's truth.

They learned their places. Forgot all that nonsense modern media had corrupted them with. They became followers of the *true* way. God's way.

And, slowly but surely, I made my way to *her* home.

The woman who needed saving the most.

Her name was Sandra, and she was lost.

A beautiful woman with shoulder-length, red hair. Dyed an unnatural colour, the colour of temptation and seduction. Her face was beautiful as an angel's; with deep, brown eyes and soft, flawless skin. Truly, her beauty was unmatched.

Her body was ideal. Sleek and lean where it mattered, full and round where curvaceousness was to be desired. Large, watermelon breasts – perfect for nursing children. And wide, swaying hips that were made for child-birthing. Her body was that of a woman who was *meant* to bear children – and many of them. A body designed by God to satisfy whatever man claimed her.

She was, when the short, dyed hair and her whorish attire were ignored, the picturesque female. The perfect mate for a man such as I.

Truly, she'd been blessed by God with her looks.

A shame she shunned that blessing with her sins.

Sandra was, in her own words, 'asexual'. An abomination that had no interest in sex or intercourse or childbearing.

I'd spoken to her only a few times in passing – she was a neighbour of mine – and, during those times, I'd done as I always do when confronted with a damned soul. I'd feigned indifference to her sinful ways. I'd acted like her corruption didn't offend me, didn't make me sick to my core.

A specimen like her, a perfect female body – attractive and untainted by another man – was rare in this sin-cursed world. More than anyone else, I wanted to save Sandra from her sinful ways – show her God's light.

If any female were worthy of me and my embrace, it was her.

As soon as I arrived home from my escapade in the city, countless men and women saved along the way, I walked to my neighbour's front door and tapped on the wooden surface.

The wait was agonising.

When I heard footsteps inside the building, drawing closer, I began to tremble in excitement.

The door opened, and there she stood.

An angel dressed like a seductress.

Beautiful face, perfect body. Red hair barely falling past her shoulders, with matching red lips. She wore denim overalls, a stained t-shirt on underneath. Work boots on her feet. Chest swelling outwards and straining the straps of her sinful choice in clothing.

Overalls? On a woman? Preposterous.

Usually, this would be the point where I'd force myself to smile, pretend that a woman dressing like a man was normal and fine. That it wasn't an affront to nature and all things holy. I'd act like a good neighbour, smile and chat and say neighbourly things.

Now, though, I allowed myself to grimace.

"Look at you," I said aloud, eyes running over the insult in front of me. Overalls. Did this slut have no shame? "Look at how twisted and broken you are, slut. Pretending to be a man. What is *wrong* with you?"

Sandra's eyes widened in shock.

I'd never spoken to her like this before. As far as she knew, I was the kindly, quiet neighbour. It was about time she learned the truth.

God's truth.

I reached out with my mind, imposed my will – God's will – upon her.

And, right before my eyes, she *changed*.

Physically, nothing happened. She was still wearing manly clothes, still had that silly red hair and those huge mammaries. Everything was the same except her face. Her expression.

Shock morphed into confusion into haziness.

Then Sandra looked down at herself, blushed brightly.

I took a step forward, grasped hold of one of the overall's straps and dragged Sandra into her house by it. She gasped in pain, let out a little yelp, but didn't resist.

"Slut," I growled, pushing her against a wall. I kicked the front door closed behind me, eyes never leaving the beautiful woman's face. "What are you *wearing*?"

"I..." The woman gasped, looking down at herself in shame. "I don't..."

"Men's clothes," I snapped at her. "You're wearing a man's clothing. Are you a *man*, Sandra?"

She shook her head quickly, eyes wide.

"Then take them off," I commanded. "They don't belong on you."

If I'd tried this before, there was no chance a 'strong, independent woman' would have obeyed me. Sandra would likely have caused a fuss, started screaming or

something. But things were different now. Things were *right*.

Sandra knew her place.

And she obeyed.

The clothes – so ugly on her feminine frame – dropped away to reveal the perfection beneath. Curves in all the right places, skin smooth and silken. Her tits were huge – a pair of seductive jugs that I couldn't *not* stare at.

"The bra and panties too," I told her, not moving my eyes from her chest. Why should I? "Now, slut!"

A moment later, there she stood in all her naked glory.

My bride.

I had powers. Holy powers. Given by an angel – a fallen one, sure. But an angel all the same. I had divinity coursing through my veins. If any man were fit to perform a wedding, it was I. God's chosen. The saviour of mankind.

"Do you, Sandra..." What was her last name? I thought for a moment, shrugged. It didn't matter. "Take me to be your lawful husband?"

"I..." Her mouth bobbed open and shut wordlessly.

"Say 'I do'," I commanded.

"I do," Sandra repeated instantly.

My wife lay beside me, panting heavily.

We were on her bed – technically, I supposed, it was *my* bed now – both sweaty and hot after hours of lovemaking. Sandra, I was happy to say, had found her first experience with a man *more* than satisfying. A taste of the life she'd now inherited.

A woman, in her proper place, doing a woman's job.

As it should be.

I reached over, grasped my wife's body firmly.

She got the hint, climbed back atop me. Sandra straddled my waist, a soft sigh sounding as she lowered herself onto me. Beads of sweat trickled down her body, her tits swaying hypnotically in front of me.

What wonderful, motherly tits she had. Perfect for nursing the children I was going to put inside her. Already, I'd filled her insides plenty with cum. She might already be on the path of motherhood.

A wide smile spread my lips at the prospect.

Raising a son. Now wouldn't that be grand?

And, in the new world I'd forge, any son of mine could have anything and everything he wanted. He'd simply have to *take* it.