

# My New God

Patreon Advance Preview - Do not redistribute

## PART 1

When I was a kid, people would tell me that there is one God, who lived in heaven, and that if I had faith, good things will happen in my life. For a long time, I believed that without a doubt.

As I grew up past my teenage years, however, things started happening that made my faith waver. I mean, not to be bitter or anything, but I've had my fair share of shit in my life. I'm gay, first and foremost, which brought a lot of problems on its own. I was also the nerdy math kid back at school. I didn't have any friends, and was even bullied at school. Nevertheless, I kept my faith, believing that good things will come to those who wait. Cliche stuff, but whatever.

The best thing that ever happened to my life was my boyfriend. For a while, his existence in my life made me think that God finally rewarded me for my faith. I mean, he was perfect, from his handsome face, to his hot body, to how he'd yell my name in bed, "Marcus, Marcus..!"

Sigh... but then I found out 2 months ago that he was cheating on me with some dude called Adrian. So that's all over now.

What an asshole.

Nowadays, when I get home from my boring job I'm just greeted with loneliness. Not to be dramatic, but like, when you live with your BF for 3 years, you kinda forget how lonely living alone can be. Not to mention, jerking off doesn't really cut it anymore, not when you're used to being sucked off and edged for hours by that handsome face...

...

What was I talking about?

Oh yeah.

So there's a new manager at my workplace. His name is Hector, and god damn is he a sight for sore eyes. He's tall, maybe 6'4", and though it's hard to see under his office clothes, I can tell he's *built*, and *hung* too. His wide shoulders and thick arms always look snug against the fitted fabric of his dress shirt. His pecs really fills out the front of his shirt, it's a wonder the buttons

Patreon advance preview - Do not redistribute

haven't come off yet. And his crotch, always bulging just within the limits of being appropriate, but always noticeable.

He's a very competent boss, too. It feels like everything's more organized with him around. People are rarely late with sending their reports anymore, and when he holds meetings, I don't feel like falling asleep anymore. Heck, he even replaced the 10-year-old coffee machine at our office, finally.

The best part? He's super friendly and helpful. He'd check on me at my cubicle, ask me if I need help with anything. Heh, not gonna lie, I never skip my chance to ogle at him whenever he does this. He doesn't seem to notice, either.

Now, this may be a little messed up, but I kinda believe that Hector is an angel in human form, sent by God himself. Maybe he sent him to ease my pain after my old shitty ex left me for that asshole Adrian.

The only thing that could make this better is if Hector was gay, and also a top, and also into me.

So God, if you're out there. I'm just asking you this one thing, and if you grant this prayer, I'd be *set. for. life.*

---

## PART 2

It was a Friday, near the end of the work shift. Back when I still had a BF, I'd be itching to leave already, but nowadays I much prefer staying as late as I can, only to ogle at good ol' Boss and maybe fantasize a little bit.

He has a little routine, you see. Everyday around 5pm when everyone's about to leave, he'd get out of his office to check on people. Everyone's usually packed and ready to go at this point, if there's anyone who's still working, he'd walk up to them, being all like "everything okay? Need help with anything?"

What a guy, right?

So I started developing this 'habit' where, every other day or so, I would just *happen* to work on something new right before 5pm, so he'd come up to my cubicle and hang out for a while. I'd make up stories like "oh I forgot to compile this report today" or "oh I'm missing this one invoice" stuff like that.

So far it seems to have worked every time, and I'd have an extra 5 or 10 minutes to ogle at him. Genius, right?

Well, today was different.

It was already 5pm, and he hadn't come out of his office. I peeked out of my cubicle, saw that almost everyone else was already leaving, but Boss was nowhere to be seen. We had a meeting this afternoon, and I didn't see him leave, so I was certain that Boss was still at the office.

So I waited.

5 minutes.

10 minutes.

I'm alone in the office at this point. Someone even turned off the lights.

Did something happen with the Boss?

I stepped out of my cubicle, and started walking towards Boss' office. There was light coming out through the window, and I could see the blinds were open. As I tiptoed closer I could hear him saying something.

"Ah... ffuck..."

Is... is he moaning?

I wiped a nervous bead of sweat off my brow and took a deep breath. Then, quietly, I approached the window and peered inside.

I couldn't believe what I saw.

I knew he was a hunk, and I could tell he had a big dick before, but seeing it all laid open before my eyes, it was different. His dick was bigger, longer, and thicker than anything I've ever seen

before, and his balls were maybe the size of my fist, each. His muscles were huge, it almost seems bigger than what I've been seeing, so big that they were straining the sleeves of his shirt.

"Fuck... mmf..."

Before I knew it, I was already fully hard. I've fantasized about what he'd look like naked before, but the real thing was even better. I took a quick side glance back at the cubicles. It's all dark, there's no one else here.

If I started touching myself, nobody would notice, right?

Slowly and carefully, I reached down to my aching hard-on, rubbing it through my work pants as I continued ogling at my Boss. God, he's so hot. He could probably lift me no problem with those manly arms of his. That chest, too, imagine how it would feel in my hands. And that dick, I bit my lip just imagining how it feels inside me. Imagine how he'd have to tease and stretch my ass before I'm loose enough to take it in fully...

I couldn't hold it anymore. I'm gonna jerk it. It's dark out here so he's probably none the wiser. I clumsily reach for my zipper, and as I was about to pull it open--

He stopped.

And I couldn't move my arms.

It felt like something was holding it in place.

As I looked towards it, I noticed a faint, barely-visible golden thread was wrapped around my wrist and forearm. The rest of the strand stretched out into the darkness of the office.

The Boss turned around in his chair, smiling at me, and I could have sworn I saw 3 yellow eyes on the right side of his face, disappearing as quickly as they came into view. With a flick of his wrist, the door to his office opened.

Okay, hold on. This whole time I thought he was an angel, but now;

Is he, like, some sort of demon?!

I started panicking a little bit at this point.

“Don’t be scared, Marcus.” He said, with a voice as gentle and friendly as ever. “Why don’t you come in. I’m not going to hurt you.”

I was terrified, and yet I started walking towards the door. It’s as if something was tugging ever so gently at my body, just enough to encourage it to move. One step, two steps. If I wasn’t aware of the fucky demon magic stuff that was happening, I would have thought I was walking by my own free will.

Soon enough, I was in his office, and with another flick of his wrist, the door closed.

“So, Marcus. I understand you’ve been having a hard time at home lately.” He said, standing up and beginning to walk towards me.

“I... don’t know what you’re talking about.” I lied through my teeth.

“Don’t think I haven’t noticed you staring at me, staying past 5 to hang out with me.”

I gulped. He knew, this whole time?

“Don’t worry, I appreciate that you like me.” He said while his hands began to trail to the front of his shirt, unbuttoning it. “But surely you’re not satisfied with just staring, right?”

“I... uh...”

Of course I wasn’t satisfied. I wanted him to *raw me*, goddamnit. But then again, what if he’s some sort of demon...

“Let me make you a deal.” He stripped off his shirt as he stopped right in front of me. My eyes trailed from his pecs, to his abs, and down to his dick, flopping out of his unzipped pants. Holy god it was massive, even now when it’s only half-hard.

“Look at me in the eyes when I’m talking.” His commanding voice brought my eyes back to his. It was the first time I heard him speak in that tone, and my dick twitched in response. Fuck, I don’t know what kind of magic demon this person is, but I’m so fucking *turned on* right now.

“You see Marcus, I’m worried about your well-being.” His voice shifted back to that warm, friendly tone. “You’re a valuable member of this team but I can see that your personal troubles have been interfering with your work. And so...”

I gulped in fear.

“I’d like to offer you a paid vacation.”

---

## PART 3

“Wait what?” The change of tone wiped out all the worry and fear from my mind, and suddenly I realised I can move normally again.

He continued. “Yup. Starting tonight. You’ll get a week off with me where you won’t need to--”

“Whoa hold up.” I interrupted. “*With you?* What do you mean by that?”

Hector smiled, and for a second it looked less like the usual friendly smile, and more like a dominant, knowing smile...

“You see, Marcus,” he said, “I’m a benevolent god.”

“W-what? Did you just call yourself-”

“A god? Yes.” He said. “Surely no human is able to do this?”

As he says that, he makes a gesture with his hand, and I could see those same golden threads from earlier, extending out from his hand. Suddenly my hands began to move against my will, dexterously moving to undo the buttons on my shirt.

“What are y-”

He placed his thumb on my lips, and I shut up immediately. His fingers are surprisingly rough and manly, especially from a person working in an office.

Is... is he a ‘person’?

I looked up to his face, and saw that his eyes were now glowing golden. Once again he smiled that dominant smile, and suddenly, one by one, six more eyes opened around his original pair, almost reminiscent of a spider.

“Do you believe me now?”

I was almost fully frozen in fear and awe, but something told me that not responding to this person-- no, this *god*, would be a grave offense.

I nodded, hesitantly.

He took his thumb off of my lips and I suddenly had control over my arms again.

I breathed a sigh of relief, and yet a part of me was disappointed, wishing he'd keep on restraining and controlling me...

God, I'm so fucked up.

...

'God'?

What does that mean anymore?

“I'm giving you a choice.” his voice brought me to attention as he walked around me. “You're free to say no, and if you do, you'll simply forget any of this ever happened, and everything will go back to normal.”

I stayed frozen in place, staring as he circled around.

“You'll go back to your simple life, spending your days ogling at me, fantasizing about me, wishing you could touch me, wondering how it feels to be fucked by me...”

He stopped behind me, and leaned in close to speak softly in my ear.

“But that's not enough for you, is it?”

Before I could even register the shivers in my spine, he made a tugging gesture with one hand, and immediately the whole network of golden threads, criss-crossing like a massive spider web, became visible to my eyes. The webs encompassed his whole office, and extended out into the rest of the office floor.

With another tug of his fingers, my body moved against my will, tugged by those same threads, and turned me around to see the full glory of his appearance once more. His muscles, glistening with a slight sheen of sweat, framed by the glowing spiderwebs behind him; his dick, now flaccid, and yet still bigger than my forearms; and his face, one of the most handsome I've ever laid eyes upon, with those intimidating yet awe-inspiring golden eyes.

He opened his mouth once more, with the gentle yet authoritative voice, befitting of a god,

"So what'll it be?"

---

## PART 4

All my life I believed that there was only one God, and he lives in heaven, rewarding all those who have faith in him.

Now I am confronted with the idea that, not only there isn't just *one God*, but one such god is standing in front of me, almost fully naked, and offering to have a *sex vacation* with me for one full week.

...

I mean, don't judge me, but, how could I have refused?

"I.. I'll take it." I spoke up after a long moment of hesitation. "I'll take the deal."

Hector smiled. I could see the satisfaction in all eight of his golden glowing eyes.

"Good." He said, before flicking a finger and practically throwing my body against him. My head slammed into his huge pecs, and my dick immediately twitched and throbbed, right against his own thick member.

Something something