

Goddess Madison

Faye Valentine

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Every member staring at the young Prime Minister in shocked disbelief, it was US President Kayden Cantrell, who broke the silence. “What do you mean that you’re a god? Or, um, Goddess as it were,” he clarified, not wanting to anger the obviously powerful woman who had just appeared with several aliens out of thin air.

“I mean just that, President Cantrell,” UK Prime Minister Madison Porter replied. “I may only appear in my early twenties, but I’m as old as time itself. I was there when the universe began and when it faded into silent death. I was there to see the first stars, planets, and moons forming. I was there a hundred trillion years in the future when the last atoms broke down leaving only me to watch over all of nothingness. I’ve created worlds and seeded them with life just so that my lab-created lover could have a people of her own. I pierce the veil between universes as easily as you walk between rooms of a house. I do not age and I do not die. I can withstand the heat of the hottest stars and the freezing temperatures of the deepest space. I do not need to eat, drink, or breathe, and toxins and diseases hold no sway over my body. I can speak, read, and write every language and I know and understand the collective knowledge across thousands of universes. If that doesn’t make me a Goddess then I don’t know what does.”

“If that’s true then you can...”

“I can do no such thing, Madam President,” Madison said, cutting off the leader of Brazil. “I cannot and will not interfere with the natural course of things and that includes bringing back the dead, including my own loved ones.” The assembly broadcast over every medium including the Global Communications Network across the world, she continued. “I may be a Goddess by every definition of the word, but I do not need your prayers and any such nonsense will go unanswered. I will not prevent war or natural disasters. I will not cure diseases or end worldwide hunger. Yes, I know exactly how that makes me look and sound, but if I were to do all of that and more then what purpose do you have in living? I’ve seen humanity at its greatest and its lowest. I’ve seen us come together as one people and spread out to the stars. And I’ve seen us tear each other down over conflicting ideologies until only a radiated rock hurling through space was all that remained. Could I fix your every problem and make the world a better place? Yes, yes I could. But only at the cost of robbing you of your free will and that’s not something I’m willing to do so you’re just going to have to figure things out for yourselves. To that end, now that the Alien Rights Act has been passed and many of you now have children with our alien friends I’ll be resigning my position and moving off-world to spend time with my wives and children effective immediately.”

“If you were a real god you’d be helping people, not abandoning them!” Canadian Prime Minister Daxton Merritt shot back.

“You’re a religious man, right? You believe in the Christian God? Tell me, Prime Minister, what have they ever done for you or anyone else on this planet? How many prayers have been answered? How many dead have been brought back to life?” Eyes going to Valeria Guardino – the quiet, freckle-faced leader of Italy, she continued. “President Guardino, I know this is a very sensitive subject but may I ask you to remove your prosthetic legs?” Madison asked with genuine care and compassion.

“M-Ma’am?”

“Please.”

“Y-Yes Ma’am.” Having lost her legs in the line of duty the thirty-six-year-old had never once accepted pity for her lot in life. Head always held high, she made the best of it, spending

every day helping those in need without ever once asking for anything in return. Taking a seat, she went through the process of removing her prosthetic legs as the rest of the assembly's eyes darted between her and the UK's now former Prime Minister.

"Tell me, Prime Minister Daxton Merritt, how many people have prayed for their limbs to be regrown only to be let down by the supposed god they had spent a lifetime serving?"

"OH MY GOD!" President Guardino exclaimed as she watched in wide-eyed shock as her legs rapidly and thankfully painlessly grew back. "They... are you... this is... THANK YOU!" she cried years of joy.

"No, madam President, for everything you've done for the poor and downtrodden without ever once wanting or asking for anything in return, thank you. Allowing you to walk again on your own two feet is the least I can do for one who has spend their entire life selflessly trying to better the lives of others. Please don't let my gift go to waste."

"I'll never squander what you've given me this day, Ma'am, and I swear I'll do everything in my power to help even more people in need than ever before."

"I just did what no other deity in the history of humanity has done, Prime Minister Merritt. By your very own definition that makes me the only real one in existance. Well, in this universe anyway. But to regrow the legs of one woman is unfair to all those who have lost limbs through no fault of their own so I offer this as my parting gift to humanity." Closing her eyes sand bowing her head, Madison whispered a few words that even the microphone attached to the lapel of her suit jacket could not pick up. "As will soon be discovered, I've regrown every missing and amputated limb across the planet. All I ask in return is that you follow in President Valeria Guardino's footsteps and spend your lives helping the less fortunate instead of your own petty self-interests. Do that and this earth, this version of humanity will be one of greatness. You'll spread out to the stars and colonize other planets. You'll continue living and growing and learning and evolving for billions of years to come."

"Speaking of going to the stars, six months ago you were promising to help us build ships to do just that. You also promised the trade of technology and medicine across universes and now you're saying you're not going to help us at all," Queen Sabine Adamsen of Denmark called out. "What happened in that time to change your mind?"

"Simply put? Those very same political and ideological differences that still threaten to doom this world to cinders," Madison answered. "I have not forbid the sharing of knowledge, only cautioned that is be given sparingly and only to those that can be trusted not to abuse it."

"You are you to decide what is and isn't shared with the rest of the world?"

"I'm the one that introduced this earth to alien life. I'm the one that spearheaded the pursuit of peace between our peoples and equal treatment under the law across universes. I'm the one that made it possible for you to have your three Omerthian husbands and four Ankathean wives without being arrested on charges of polygamy and for your bi-species children to receive the best possible education and the same rights as their human counterparts. Of course I couldn't have done it without the help and understanding of everyone in this room and across the planet, but none of this would have been possible if I hadn't kicked it all off. That's who I am, Your Majesty. Now, I have wives and children of my own to take care of so I bid you all a very fond farewell." And with that, the former Prime Minister vanished from the assembly chambers and appeared on the front porch of her home overlooking red, blue, yellow, and orange flowers in a vast sea of deep purple grass occupying a small corner of a small planet in a pocket dimension she had created so that she and her family could live their lives in peace while still affording the

adults the ability to translocate themselves to Earth and Ankathea in this universe and Omerthia in another and back again at their leisure.

“Mistress, you’re home,” a red-scaled dragoness said from just inside the front door. “Would you care for something to eat or drink?”

“A glass of wine would be lovely,” Madison said, turning to face one of her beautiful alien wives. “Make it red.”

“As you command, Mistress.”

“And Passyrra, pour one for yourself as well.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” Stepping inside to do as her wife and Mistress commanded, Passyrra nearly bumped into their purple-scaled wife, Zeldrai. “Sorry.”

“No harm done. What’s the rush?”

“Mistress is home and wants a glass of wine!”

“Oh! Well, you better be off then,” Zeldrai said, using her long tail to give her wife a playful swat on the ass. Stepping out onto the front porch, she breathed in the warm afternoon air and slowly exhaled. “Hello, Mistress. Would you like company, or do you wish to be alone?”

“Your company is always welcome, my love.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I just passed Passyrra on the way out. She said you asked for wine. Is everything okay?”

“Honestly, I’m not sure anymore,” Madison sighed. “A lot has changed in the last six months and I fear if things are left unchecked humanity on Earth sixty-nine is doomed to fail. I’ve done everything in my power to steer them onto the right path, but I sense frustration and anger at my unwillingness to fix all their problems for them. Don’t get me wrong, I want to do it, but I know from experience just how disastrous of an effect that can have and I refuse to repeat my past failures.”

“I don’t understand, Mistress. I know I haven’t always been with you, but I can’t recall a time you’ve ever failed.”

“It was many, many millions of years ago. After setting life in motion on Ankathea I decided to do the same on another world. But instead of letting them evolve naturally, I interfered at every turn. I gave them everything they wanted and more without stopping to question the need, or assess the damage such actions might cause in the long term. A thousand generations of having everything handed to them lead to stagnation on a global scale but when I returned a mere three generations later indifference led to war and war led to invention which gave way to weapons of mass destruction that had annihilated the entire population and rendered the planet inhospitable to life. I vowed then and there that I would never again interfere with the natural order of thing.”

“We heard your speech at the assembly, Mistress. You regrew limbs across the world. Isn’t that interfering with the natural order of things?”

“And as good as it made me feel doing it, I also fear my kindness will have dire circumstances.”

“Can’t you just pop into the future and see?”

“And then what? Come back and take away millions of arms and legs? Or go back further to a point I never did it in the first place? I might be a Goddess by every definition of the word, but that doesn’t give me the right to impose my beliefs on others. No, what I did is done. All I can do now is hope they use my gift for good.”

“If they’re even a fraction of the human you are, Mistress, they’ll do right by you.”

“I hope so.”

“May I ask why you did it, Mistress?”

“As much as I’d like to say I did it to reward a woman that had spent her life giving and never asking for anything in return, the truth is I did it to prove a point. I did it to prove I’m far more a god than any worshipped by humanity. It was an incredibly petty and selfish thing for me to do even if the outcome was positive.”

Stepping outside with a glass of red wine in each hand, Passyrra held one out towards Madison. “Your wine as requested, Mistress.”

“Thank you, my love. Tell me, what do you think of the gift I gave humanity?”

“At the assembly today, Mistress?”

“Yes.”

“I think what you did was beyond compassionate and shows just what sort of woman you are at heart, but I also think you were too hasty in your actions by not taking the time to consider the consequences. Don’t get me wrong, I doubt there’s a single person on the planet that isn’t grateful for what you’ve done, but what are the repercussions? I mean, sure, you’ve given people back their arms and legs and fingers and toes. But…”

“I did more than that,” Madison interrupted. “I not only regrew missing limbs, but organs as well. I also regrew and fixed spinal injuries allowing those once bound to wheelchairs to walk again.”

“What you did was an act of kindness on an unimaginable scale, Mistress,” Passyrra continued. “But at what cost? We’ve had regenerative medicine on Ankathea for generations, so I speak out of experience when I say it isn’t always for the best.”

“And that’s exactly what scares me.”

“Due to a history of greed and violence, humans may not be as advanced as Ankatheans, but both of our worlds have laws for a reason,” Zeldrai said. “You gave them a gift, Mistress, but more importantly, you gave them a reason for bettering themselves. And unless you want to rob them of their free will you cannot hold yourself accountable for their actions. They’ll either better themselves as a species, or destroy themselves in the process. Either way, there’s nothing more you can do for them without controlling every aspect of their lives.”

“As always I appreciate your council,” Madison sighed. “Both of you. Where is Nirrathia?”

“She took her kids to visit family on Ankathea, Mistress,” Passyrra answered. “She planned on returning in a few weeks, but I can give her a call if you need her here sooner.”

“No, Family is more important than me.”

“You are family, Mistress, and there’s no one more important to us in this or any other universe than you,” Zeldrai replied as she took her wife’s hand in her own.

“We know you don’t want to be worshipped, but you’re quite literally our Goddess,” Passyrra added. “You said it yourself; you created a world for us. You set our evolution in motion. You gave our people life. But more importantly, you never once lorded it over us or asked for anything in return. Over nine-billion Ankatheans owe you their lives – more than a hundred billion if you count all that have ever lived. I’d say you’re quite literally our creation myth, but since we know how we were created there isn’t much myth to it. Anyway, my point is, you’re so much more important than any of us could ever put into words, Mistress. Now, what can Zeldrai and I do to cheer you up?”

“You already have, my love,” Madison replied, giving her wife the warmest smile she could muster. “For the first time in my very, very, very long life I just want to relax and spend time with you and the children and leave the universe to take care of itself.”

“With all due respect, Mistress, you might be able to lie to yourself, but I see the truth in your eyes,” Zeldrai said. “I see your pain and feel the conflict boiling up inside like a volcano building to cataclysmic eruption. You’re afraid, Mistress, but of what?”

“I’m old, my love,” Madison said as she stares out at the vast swath of flower dotted purple grass lazily swaying in the light afternoon breeze. “As I’ve said before, I bore witness to the birth and death of this universe. But I didn’t just skip to the end.”

“I don’t understand, Mistress,” Passyrra cut in.

“I lived through it, my love. I was there when the first stars shone their light through the darkness. I was there when dust and rock formed into planets. I saw solar systems forming and galaxies dying. I saw the beginning of life on worlds scattered all across the cosmos and heard the dying breath as the last of them gave their bodies back to the universe that bore them.”

“You said you were alone, Mistress. What about us? What about our children? I thought they shared your immortality?”

“They are immortal in that they will never die from old age, but they can still be killed,” Madison said with a heavy heart. The same goes for the two of you and Nirrathia. You will all live incredibly long lives, but in the end I alone will survive the death of time itself.”

“You said it before, Mistress, you can make others like yourself. If not us, then at least you can turn your children into Goddesses,” Zeldrai said, her words pleading.

“They will spend millions of year watching everything die and crumble to dust around them as it is. To burden them with such loss for all of time is far too cruel a fate. It’s funny, I always thought anyone claiming they didn’t want to live forever were crazy, but having done it I now understand their reasoning. I’ve done everything there is to do. I’m a master at every profession. I’ve read the collective works of more than ten-thousand species spanning billions of lightyears. I’ve saved beings from extinction while dooming others to annihilation. I tried my hand at being a kind, compassionate, and understanding Goddess. I was judge, jury, and executioner to entire galaxies for no other reason than because was bored at the time. At my loneliest I made another like myself – someone I thrust with every fiber of my being, and they let that power go to their heads. They became a cruel, petty, and vengeful god that tormented for fun and condemned billions to a life of forced slavery. In the end I had no other choice but to make them mortal so that he could face the justice he deserved. I vowed then and there that I would never make that mistake again.”

“So because one person betrays your trust you condemn yourself to a life of loneliness and heartache, Mistress?”

“That person was my son!” Madison seethed.

“I... I’m sorry, Mistress. I had no idea.”

“None of us can ever truly understand what you’ve gone through, Mistress. The average human lifespan is two-hundred years. Ankatheans can live for about a thousand years. Omerthians in this universe average more than five-thousand years. You said your children will live for millions of years. But you will outlive time itself. What I don’t understand is why. Why spend all that time alone? Why not travel to other universes?”

“Because they’re all on the same path of slow death and not even the so-called gods and goddesses I’ve already met survive to the end.”

“You’ve created this pocket dimension for us to live in, Mistress, can you not make a universe where time will never run out? Where the stars and planets and people never cease to exist?” Passyrra asked. “Can you not do that to this universe? Halt it’s demise before it goes too far?”

“Not without breaking it. The laws of physics governing every universe are set at the point of creation and to change even one variable by the tiniest fraction of a percent will only hasten its demise. As for creating a universe of my own, yes, I could do that, but at what cost? If I’ve learned one thing in my impossibly long life it’s that life needs death to live. If time ceased to exist, if people never died then why rush to do anything at all? Why bother doing today what you can put off for a millennia or fifty? Mortality leads to innovation and invention. The mere thought that one might lose their life at any moment leads to some of the greatest works of art seen across the universe. Immortality leads to stagnation which gives way to apathy. I can’t think of a worse universe to live in than that.”

“I’ve never heard you sounding so... tired, Mistress. Are you okay?” Zeldrai asked.

“I am tired, my love. I’m trillions of years old. I’ve seen and done everything there is to see and do and that’s my only regret.”

“Mistress?”

“There’s nothing left for me to experience,” Madison sighed.

“You’re a Goddess, Mistress. Can’t you take it all back? Undo the next hundred trillion years so that you can experience it again?”

“I can never forget, my love. Believe me, I’ve tried.”

“There are an infinite number of universes out there, Mistress. In a hundred trillion years how many have you visited?”

“More than ten-thousand.”

“And you’ve explored every nook and cranny in each of them? Learned all there is to learn? Experience all there is to experience?”

“I have.”

“And were there things you learned and experienced in one that you did not learn and experience in the rest, Mistress?”

“Of course.”

“Then doesn’t it stand to reason that there are an infinite number of things to learn and experience, an infinite number of species to meet in the rest of the multiverse, Mistress? You may have experienced everything a in few thousand universes, but that’s just a drop in a very large bucket.”

“Can I ask a serious question, Mistress?” Passyrra asked.

“You know you may ask me anything, my love.”

“Thank you Mistress. You said you can never forget. Is that because it’s actually impossible for you to forget, or because you don’t *want* to forget?”

“I... I honestly don’t know. And for someone that knows everything, that scares the hell out of me.”

“I can only imagine, Mistress, but if you’re so bored with life that the look in your eyes says you really wish you could end it, then perhaps you should at least try to forget the next hundred trillion years so we can experience as much of it together as possible.”

“I’m going to need time to even attempt to erase that much of my memory so take the kids and visit your families on Ankathea,” Madison commanded. “I’ll let you know how things turn out if and when it’s done.”

“As you command, Mistress,” Passyrra and Zeldrai replied in unison.