

The Second Coming: An Audit of The Apostles

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Introduction: The Silence of the Return

The end of the age did not smell of sulfur. It did not sound like the cracking of the tectonic plates or the shrieking of trumpets tearing through the ionosphere. There was no sky rolling back like a scroll, no rain of blood, no four horsemen galloping across the troposphere leaving trails of pestilence and war in their wake. The popular

cinema of the Apocalypse, with its CGI firestorms and mass disappearances, had prepared humanity for a spectacle of noise and terror. Humanity was ready to scream; it was not ready to be quiet.

The Second Coming arrived on a Tuesday, carried on a breeze that smelled faintly of rain on hot asphalt and the simple, clean scent of ozone.

It began not with a shout, but with a presence. In the frantic, neon-drenched arteries of Tokyo, the gridlocked highways of Los Angeles, and the dusty, sun-baked markets of Lagos, a sudden, heavy stillness descended. It was a silence that was not merely the absence of noise, but the presence of peace—a thick, blanketed quiet that dampened the roar of engines and the chatter of the internet. It was a frequency that vibrated in the marrow of every living soul, a subsonic hum that whispered: *He is here.*

Lord Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth, the Alpha and the Omega, returned to Earth wearing linen that looked like it had been woven by hand, rough and textured, the color of unbleached wheat. He wore sandals that slapped softly against the pavement of the modern world. He did not manifest in the clouds to judge the wicked with a sword of fire. He did not rapture the righteous into the stratosphere, leaving piles of clothing on bus seats. Instead, He manifested in the elevators, the boardrooms, and the private studies of the most powerful centers of the faith.

His mission was terrifyingly mundane. He had come to audit the books.

He sought not to condemn the sinner in the gutter, but to gently reclaim the institutions founded in His name. He moved with the terrifying calmness of a landlord returning to a property that had been renovated without his permission. His goal was to dissolve the

elaborate, global, and vastly wealthy human infrastructure of Christianity. He came to strip away the marble, the gold leaf, the satellite networks, the political action committees, and the tax-exempt hedge funds. He came to lead the faithful once again with direct, divine guidance, free from the crushing weight of tithing, complex administration, and political influence.

Across continents and denominations, from the incense-heavy air of the Vatican to the sterile, air-conditioned chill of megachurch empires, Jesus made a simple, powerful demand: *Step down*.

This was not a war of swords, but a war of attachments. It was a collision between the Divine Simplicity of the Son of Man and the overwhelming, complex machinery of the Church Industrial Complex. This novella chronicles twenty such encounters—a satirical yet deeply sorrowful journey into the heart of modern faith. It is a story of heavy velvet curtains, the hum of private jets, the scent of old money, and the undeniable, paralyzing fear of men who realized that, despite their prayers, they were utterly unskilled for a life outside the ministry.

Chapter 1: The Keys of St. Peter

The Pontiff Franciscus

The Apostolic Palace did not smell like a home; it smelled like history. It was an aroma composed of three distinct notes: the dry, dusty scent of ancient parchment crumbling in the archives, the sharp, chemical tang of the cleaning fluids used to polish the endless marble floors, and the lingering, sweet smoke of frankincense that had soaked into the tapestries over five hundred years.

The silence in the Pope's private study was aggressive. It was a room designed to intimidate emperors. The ceilings soared twenty feet high, painted with cherubim that seemed to look down with judgment rather than mercy. Heavy velvet drapes, the color of dried blood, blocked out the harsh Roman sun, allowing only a diffused, golden light to illuminate the space.

Pontiff Franciscus sat behind a desk carved from a single slab of black oak, a piece of furniture so massive it looked less like a desk and more like a barricade. He was a man known to the world for his humility, for wearing orthopedic shoes and refusing the red cape, yet here, in the heart of the apparatus, he looked small and incredibly tired. His white cassock, usually bright in the camera flashes of St. Peter's Square, looked gray in the dim light.

He was reading a financial report on the Vatican Bank's relief efforts in the Sudan. The paper rustled loudly in the quiet room. The numbers were staggering—millions of euros moving through a labyrinth of accounts to buy rice, medicine, and tents.

Then, the air pressure in the room dropped. The dust motes dancing in the shafts of light froze.

Jesus stood before the desk. He had not entered through the double doors, which were guarded by Swiss Halberdiers in their colorful, Renaissance pantaloons. He was simply *there*.

The contrast was violent. The room was a symphony of gold, velvet, and Renaissance genius. Jesus was a note of rustic silence. His robe was coarse, his hair windblown, his hands calloused—not the manicured hands of a prelate, but the working hands of a tekton, a builder. He held a simple, rough earthenware jug, the clay sun-baked and unglazed, vibrating with a heat that seemed to come from the Judean desert.

"I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who has returned as promised in the Scriptures," He said. His voice was not the booming baritone of a cathedral organ. It was the sound of a normal man speaking in a quiet room, yet it carried a resonance that rattled the windowpanes. "Before we speak of my purpose, I offer a simple sign to prove my identity, a memory from a wedding in Cana."

Franciscus did not move. His heart hammered against his ribs like a trapped bird. On the corner of his desk sat his most sacred chalice, an heirloom encrusted with sapphires and rubies, representing the blood of martyrs. It was filled with tepid tap water he sipped to take his blood pressure medication.

Jesus tilted the rough clay jug. He did not touch the chalice. He simply poured the air above it.

Franciscus watched, his breath caught in a throat that felt suddenly filled with sand. The water in the gold vessel began to shudder. It did not change color instantly. Instead, a swirl of violet ink seemed to bloom from the center of the liquid, spiraling outward. The clear water thickened, gaining viscosity, adhering to the gold rim with a new weight. The color deepened from translucent pink to a profound, opaque ruby red—the color of a bruised heart.

And then, the scent hit him.

It was not the smell of the cheap, sugary sacramental wine kept in the sacristy. It was an explosion of sensory data. It smelled of crushed blackberries, of oak barrels aged in cool cellars, of vanilla and damp earth. It was the scent of a vintage so rare it could ransom a king. The aroma filled the vast, sterile study, masking the smell of old paper and floor wax.