

Saints and Sinners

Chapter 12

Jack waved his hand in front of Sally's face.

No reaction.

The woman was butt-naked in her apartment's living room, sitting on her sofa in a position she hadn't been just a second ago – he'd had to move her around a little to get all her clothes off – and there was someone she barely knew standing in front of her, waving his hand in her face.

And she didn't react to it even slightly.

Her back was slumped, eyes staring blankly forward. Jaw slack and body unresponsive. If not for the slow, steady rise and fall of her chest as she breathed, Jack might've worried that he'd accidentally killed the woman.

"Sally?" He said, waving his hand in her face again. "Hello? Can you hear me?"

She didn't move. Didn't speak. Didn't even twitch.

When he poked her forehead, she gave no response. And, when he pushed that finger – moved her head backwards – her body obliged him.

She was, in every conceivable way, a living, breathing doll.

"Interesting," Jack hummed, placing his hands on the woman's shoulders and pushing them so she was leaning back in her seat. "Physical contact doesn't stimulate you, neither do audible or visual triggers. You don't seem to be thinking about anything..."

When he'd erased her 'momentary thoughts', she'd zoned out until something had jarred her back to consciousness. Erasing her entire mind seemed to have amplified that 'zoning out' effect considerably. And nothing was jarring her out of this because there was nothing left for her to snap back to.

Her entire mind – everything that made Sally who she was – was gone.

"A blank slate..."

He glanced down from her emotionless, empty face.

The woman really did have a nice pair of tits. Huge, slightly sagging watermelons. Veined and full and wonderful.

Without needing to think, he reached down and began fondling them. Squeezing and groping the soft flesh – watching as his fingers sunk into Sally's bare tits. Kneading them. Lifting and dropping them. Toying with them. He felt her nipples under the palms of his hands, rubbed them and felt them slowly hardening.

"Arousal," Jack noted aloud. "Your body's reaction?"

He looked at her face, searched for any hint of awareness. Any sign that there was a human behind those dull eyes.

Nothing.

When he reached down, nudged her legs open and slid his fingers between them, he hummed thoughtfully again.

"Wet," he said, pulling his hand away. "Very interesting."

Questions. So many questions.

Erasing a person's mind was as simple for Jack as willing time to stop and touching their shoulder. Deleting their entire personality, every memory and emotion and instinct they had. Gone.

Was that any different from pulling out a gun and shooting them dead? Could he create a whole new personality from nothing – give it to the newly-empty shell? Could he transfer one person's mind into another's body? Or was it possible to copy one person's identity and transplant *that* into a different body?

Those were just a few of the questions begging Jack for answers.

Sally Saunders was gone.

He'd watched the clouds – her personality and identity – evaporate away to nothing.

The woman was gone. But her body remained.

"If I leave now," he said, looking at her droopy expression, "will you move at all?"

He reached down, unzipped himself and lowered his trousers.

"If you're hungry, will your body automatically start searching for food, or will you just sit there and starve?"

He pulled his cock out, climbed into the sofa – one foot either side of the woman. One hand on the wall behind the sofa for balance, the other on Sally's head.

"Is there some way for you to develop a new identity, like a person with amnesia, or did I get rid of some fundamental, important part of you that can't be replaced? Are you going to be like this for the rest of your life?"

Opening her mouth wide enough was as simple as sliding his thumb between her lips and pushing her jaw open.

"So. Many. Questions."

But, for all the questions, there was something else for Jack to take care of first. He moved his hips forward, positioned himself perfectly, slid his cock into the woman's open mouth.

He pulled his hand away from Alyssa, his work done.

Above her head, there were too many clouds to count - a maze of glowing strings connection them together.

He took a step back, began turning away from the girl, froze.

The spark of an idea. Vague and shapeless, but vitally important. He forced himself to move on before he could fully form the thought, focused instead on the spark. The memory and its implications.

Damien had once told him about something – a feat that one of the White Ring's owners had accomplished. Creating an exact copy of themselves from a single hair.

If it could be done with bodies, why not minds?

The hair made sense – it was a source of genetic information to use as a base to work from. But, when it came to a human mind – not a brain, but the actual mind itself – Jack shouldn't need a physical source. He shouldn't need a hair or a brain cell or anything. To recreate a mind, all he should theoretically need was...

He turned back to Alyssa, strode over to her and raised his left hand.

His fingers wrapped around the root string – the thread that connected Alyssa's head to the root cloud; the very first one that'd appeared and the one which all other thought clouds led back to.

His other hand – the right – he pushed out in the opposite direction, clenched it but held nothing there.

Then he closed his eyes, focused.

He felt when it happened – something non-physical but still very much real appearing in his right hand.

He opened his eyes, saw the string he was now holding there and the countless clouds rising from it. Identical to the one in his left, save that it wasn't connected to anyone's head. An exact replica of Alyssa's altered thoughts and emotions.

With a grin, Jack released the string – watched it and all the clouds stemming from it evaporate away.

She he *could* copy minds.

If not for the long walk back to Sally's apartment, he might have been tempted to take a copy of Alyssa's mind over there and implant the older woman with it.

How would the fake Alyssa in Sally's body react?

Now *that* would be interesting to see.

An experiment for another time.

He turned his gaze back to his left hand. Still holding onto the original string.

With a tug, he disconnected it from Alyssa's head.

Held it up, moved it around and watched as the clouds moved about like balloons.

"So I *can* transfer thoughts from one body to another," Jack said, lips split into a wide grin. "Anything relating to human minds, I control. You weren't kidding, were you?"

He moved the string back to Alyssa's head, reconnected it.

After all the work he'd done, he wasn't about to go and let it evaporate away to nothing just for the hell of it.

"Don't keep me waiting too long," he chuckled, turning from her again and leaving her bedroom. "I've got one more stop to make today, after I'm done with you."

Hidden in the shadows, invisible to them both.

As far as Alyssa and her father were aware, they were alone in the living room. No witnesses, no prying eyes.

She was sitting on her father's lap, he was slowly caressing his daughter's thighs. Both of them looking at a television that neither was truly watching.

It was Jack's design. His work.

Everything according to his guidance, his plan.

As the father gently massaged his daughter's thighs, she let out a soft, erotic breath. Her back pressed to his chest, butt on his crotch. And, when she didn't challenge him, call out his boldness, he took it as encouragement and escalated things.

Before long, his right hand was massaging directly over Alyssa's crotch while his left hand held her tummy just below her breasts.

A dream come true for both of them.

The mother was upstairs, working in the attic. Completely oblivious to what the two people she loved most in the world were doing.

Biting her lip, Alyssa placed a hand over her fathers – the hand rubbing her crotch. He froze, a mixture of surprise and panic in his face. Alyssa lifted his hand slowly, pulling it up away from her crotch to the waistband of her sweat pants. A second later, both hands disappeared under the cloth.

Alyssa let out a sharp gasp, let go of her fathers hand and pulled it away – planting it on the seat they shared.

The father kept his hand inside his daughter's pants, though.

And, steadily, that bilging area over Alyssa's crotch began to move. Her father rubbing her directly.

The hand on her tummy soon found its way to the daughter's chest, sliding under her shirt and touching Alyssa's perky breasts directly. Two hands exploring every naughty inch of his daughter's body.

"Daddy," Alyssa shuddered as she breathed the word, whimpered. "What if... What if Mom..."

"She won't," the father stated.

Alyssa tilted her head to one side, looked at her father's face. Her lips parted in a soft pant.

He leaned towards her, pressed his lips to hers.

Jack watched it all from the darkness, soaking in every forbidden moment. Eyes glued to the two of them – father and daughter – caving to temptation.

"Daddy!" Alyssa let out in a high-itched gasp.

Her body trembled, tensed and went slack. She slumped against her father's back, let out a satisfied purr.

"You're poking me," she giggled after taking a few moments to recover. "Bad Daddy."

Smiling, she twisted and slid from his lap onto the floor – removing his hands from her body. Eyes hot, she looked up at her father – locked eyes with him.

"Bad Daddy," she repeated, hands sliding up his legs.

It didn't take her long before she was tugging down his trousers and boxers, staring at his cock and all but salivating at the sight of it.

When she leaned forward to taste it, he was all too happy to put his hand on her head and help her.

Alyssa's father gave her a playful ass-slap as they left the room, a stupid smirk on his face. She was smiling too, excited and elated.

They hadn't gone the full distance. Not yet.

Penetration would have to wait a few more days.

The school dance. That's when Alyssa would finally find out what her father's cock felt like. And when Jack would-

No.

The memory hit him like a truck.

No, he wouldn't be able to fuck his sister after the dance. That plan of his was dead. As long as she had the White Ring, he wouldn't be able to do *anything* with her.

More likely, she'd be spending the night with Drake Damilio.

"Fuck that," he grunted from the shadows – freezing time as he spoke the words. "He is *not* having her. She's *mine*."

But saying the words wouldn't make it so.

He stepped out of the shadows, eyes trapped in a glare.

As long as Devyn wore the White Ring, he couldn't alter her mind. And, as long as that white aura surrounded Drake, Jack couldn't fuck with his mind either.

But... He still had options.

His third stop for the day. The final person he wanted to visit. He'd known about her for a while – know she existed, at the very least. He'd never met her, never seen what she looked like. But no matter how hott or not she might be, she *would* be Jack's.

He'd make sure she suffered in her brother's place.

Drake Damilio had a sister.

And it was about time Jack met her.

The house was obnoxiously large. Not a mansion, but not a regular home either. It was a three storey house large enough to have rooms in the double-digits. More than a dozen, easily. Perhaps even two dozen or more.

With time frozen, Jack couldn't make out colours. But, from the shade of grey, he figured it was a red-brick home. Fairly modern, but with classical architecture. Surrounded by grass and trees with a swimming pool out back. A garage with multiple doors, and two cars parked outside – Drake's hideous muscle car and some grey-looking sedan.

It felt odd, being at this place.

Jack didn't belong here. This house – it was for *them*. The rich, obnoxious douchebags. The selfish, arrogant assholes that made everyone else's life a misery.

He didn't want to enter the house. He wanted to *burn* it.

Jack shook his head, pushed the thought away.

Maybe one day. But, for now, he had other things in mind.

Drake Damilio had a sister. And a mother.

Jack was very much looking forward to meeting both.

And, while he was at it, he'd find Drake too. He might not be able to touch the asshole's mind, but that white aura Devyn had given Drake wouldn't protect him from a hammer to his knee-caps.

There was more than one way to break a person.

Any damage Jack did – short of straight-up killing Drake – Devyn could heal away. But the pain? She couldn't take that away. All the suffering between being broken and her

healing him, Drake would feel it *all*.

In a way, Devyn being such a goody-two-shoes with her White Ring's powers was a benefit. It meant Jack could break and beat Drake over and over again, Devyn healing him and putting him back together only for Jack to break his bones and destroy his body even more.

If he couldn't break Drake's mind with the Black Ring, he'd do it with *pain* instead. Physical and emotional.

"If your mother and sister are hott," Jack said, staring up at the house, "I'll go easy on them. Make them my own, personal whores. If not, well..."

He smiled, walked forwards towards the house.

With all the time he'd spent with Sally's doll body, and watching Alyssa and her father, it was already mid afternoon. Just in time for dinner.

Five people sat at the Damilio family's dining table.

Three faces, Jack recognised. There were two he didn't.

He found himself glaring at one of those frozen faces. His mind torn between anger and hope and desire.

Devyn. A beacon of light sitting next to a glowing Drake Damilio. Both frozen in time like the rest of the non-glowing people at the table.

She was here. With Drake.

Jack wasn't sure if he should laugh with joy or scream in anger. On one hand, she was with *him*. The fucker that'd made Jack's life a living nightmare for so long. She was meeting his family, getting closer to him, bonding.

The urge to snatch a fork off the table and stab Drake in the eye with it surged inside Jack – barely contained.

Because, on the other hand – the reason he wanted to laugh and smile and cheer – his sister was *frozen*.

When he'd stopped time to come her, it'd stopped for her too. But she'd unfrozen it for herself, leaving her – and her White Ring – vulnerable.

All he had to do was slip it off her finger and-

And then what?

He'd wear it, become its 'master', only for Angela to take it away from him after a week or two.

When both immortals agreed, that round of their game came to an end. If – or when – Angela admitted that humans were inherently 'evil', that'd be it. Jack would lose *both* Rings. Be left powerless and helpless.

The moment he took the White Ring from Devyn, a countdown would begin. A week or two of godhood. Then he'd have to go back to being a regular, normal person again.

If he didn't take the White Ring – at least not now – that countdown wouldn't have to start.

His plan...

Jack shook his head, tried not to think about it.

"You do realise," Damien spoke from behind him. "I know all your thoughts. I know what you're thinking before you do. I know what your grand plan is, Jack."

Jack gulped, slowly turned to look at the demon.

"I *know*, Jack."

"And- And you're okay with it?"

"We've been playing this game for millennia," Damien shrugged. "It's about time she admitted – one and for all – that you humans are reprehensible and unredeemable."

"But..."

"Do you know why your sister came here today?" Damien asked, lips curling into a sly smile. "The same day she finds out you have the Black Ring, she comes here – to see

the person you've threatened to harm. A kind, selfless person like her. Think about it."

"No," Jack said, shaking his head. "She wouldn't-"

"Wouldn't she?" Damien smiled. "Sweet, innocent, naive Devyn."

"She's not that stupid- She wouldn't-"

"Wouldn't she? All games have to come to an end, Jack. One way or another. This is it. The deciding moment."

Damien walked past Jack, stepped up behind Devyn's chair and placed a hand on her shoulder. A single black cloud rose up from Devyn's head – crimson letters etched into it.

"She's protected from you," Damien said. "But not from me. Consider this my last gift to you, Jack. Something to help you make the right decision."

With a smile on his face, Damien dissolved into the shadows. Leaving Jack alone with five frozen faces and that one cloud to read.

He knew, even before he touched it, what it was.

One of his sister's thoughts. An intention. The reason she'd come here today, to Drake's home.

Devyn was selfless. Always putting everyone else before herself. Always wanting to help, to heal, to protect.

And she knew – knew she couldn't protect Drake from Jack. Knew that Jack wanted to - was *going* to - hurt Drake again. And, above all that, she knew what it'd take for Drake to be safe from Jack. What Drake needed to protect himself.

She'd come here today to give Drake the White Ring.

The only thing that would be able to keep him safe from Jack.

"Idiot," Jack sighed, decision made. "How can you be so fucking stupid? For a supposed genius, sis, you're one hell of a dumbass."

And a dumbass like her didn't deserve the powers she'd been given.

Jack knelt down beside her, reached for her hand and the glowing blue symbols around the base of her middle finger.

There was resistance – the light burning him where he touched it – but it was nothing he couldn't endure. Shadowed fingers squeezed around a blindingly bright finger, pulled at the metal ring they felt there.

As the White Ring slipped off his sister's finger, the blinding light emanating from her vanished.

She was, like everyone else around the table, just a normal person again. Even the protective glow around Drake seemed to dim a little as Jack raised the White Ring up – looking at it and through it.

Pure white metal. Just as his Ring was black.

It couldn't be this simple. This easy. Could it?

A week or two.

If his plan didn't work, he'd have just a handful of days with this power before losing it all.

"All or nothing," he grunted.

And, in one smooth motion, he slid the White Ring onto a free finger.