

Saints and Sinners

Chapter 14

Waking up had never felt so good.

Jack's eyes blinked open, smile splitting his lips a moment later. There, right in front of him, was the back of his sister's head.

The hair was longer than he was used to seeing on his sister. And the mind underneath was completely different from Devyn's. But the body – that was practically identical. The same slender waist, the same perky tits, the same smooth curve of her ass.

His hand moved by itself, gliding over that rump and giving it a soft squeeze.

The body twitched, trembled, slowly woke up.

That was something he'd noticed quickly about Angela and her new body - she was *extremely* sensitive to touch. Even the gentlest contact would illicit a response from her. Softly fondling her ass was more than enough to snap her out of her slumber.

Perhaps it was the fact that the body was new and fresh, a day old and unused. Or maybe it was Angela herself – the immortal had never had a flesh and bone body before, after all. Perhaps she just wasn't used to the sensation.

As she stirred, Jack tightened his grip on her, leaned forward to whisper in her ear.

"Wakey wakey," he cooed. "Time to get up."

Her entire body flinched violently.

In a heartbeat, she was sitting up in bed, body pushed as far away from Jack as she could get without falling out of bed.

Naked, of course. He hadn't bothered to clothe her while she'd slept.

Angela's long hair flowed down her shoulders, hiding a lot of the goodies she had from view. Save for the round curve of side-boob and an inviting valley between her breasts, all the yummy stuff was lost behind waves of blonde hair.

"Give it a moment," Jack grinned. "You've never woken up before, right? It'll all come rushing back..."

"Jack," Angela croaked – still not used to having a throat or a voice box. "You can't do this. You can't."

"And yet," he shrugged, sitting up. "I have."

She watched silently as he climbed out of bed, her eyes drifting to the White Ring still on his finger.

Jack smirked, held out his hand.

"Go ahead," he told her. "Take it."

She didn't move right away. Her eyes snapped up to Jack's gaze, weighing him and making some unspoken decision. A moment later, she was lunging towards him – her hand extended towards the White Ring.

Then she screamed, fell backward.

Angela tumbled off the bed, clutching her shaking hand.

"I wasn't sure if a simple command would be enough," Jack chuckled, walking around the bed to Angela. "So I added a few minor things. Anxiety, panic, fear. That cold shiver running down your spine, the fast heart-beat, the sweat, and that twisting feeling inside your belly? It'll all happen whenever you try to touch the White Ring."

Elsewhere in the house, footsteps banged and voices shouted. Jack's parents wanting to know what the scream had been.

"I've got shit to do at school today," he told the immortal trapped in an eighteen year-old's body, "so stay put. Stay silent and don't leave my room – no-one will come in, I promise."

As Angela opened her mouth to complain, Jack froze time.

It was as simple as that – a stray thought, a simple whim.

Humming softly, he left his room. Erasing that scream from the minds of his parents

and sister would be simple enough. Then he could get changed and head out. Today was going to be a busy day.

"We should hang out more," Jack smiled. "It feels like we barely talk these days. It'd be nice to catch up."

"Yeah," Devyn said, sounding distracted. "Sure. That sounds-"

He stopped time, rolled his eyes.

"Devyn, babe, you *really* need to start paying attention to me. Let's see..."

He touched her shoulder, focused.

Holes. Blank gaps. So many of them.

That's what she was distracted by. The loss of so many memories, so much time missing.

It made sense. She'd had the White Ring for a while. With all her memories and thoughts related to the White Ring gone, there were bound to be many holes and blank spaces left behind.

"Should be easy enough to fix..."

Fabricating memories was more difficult than erasing them. He needed to have an image in mind, emotions and pictures and hows and whys. He needed it to be believable, real and consistent enough that his sister wouldn't think question it.

"And I know just what to fill the blanks in with."

What would an eighteen year old, closeted, innocent girl spend her free time doing? All those hours spent at home. Alone.

You've been playing with yourself a lot lately.

Jack whispered the words to Devyn's mind, followed them with images of her naked – laying in bed with a hand between her legs. He'd seen her nude body, knew what to imagine for her. Without hesitation, he added feelings of arousal and satisfaction and bliss to the new memories.

You were thinking of your brother.

He forced images of himself upon her. The sound of his voice, his laughter. A soft whisper in her ear.

When Jack pulled his hand away, he nodded his head.

"It'll do," he said. "Don't want to go too far. Not yet."

He resumed the position he'd been in when time froze, glanced around for any particularly dark shadows.

No sign of Damien.

Curious.

Jack shrugged, unfroze time.

"Huh?" Devyn mumbled. She blinked, raised a hand to her head. "What- I just-"

"You good?" Jack asked.

"Yeah," Devyn said, shaking her head slowly. "Yeah, I think so. I just zoned out, that's all. Weird. Anyway, what were you saying?"

She turned her head to look at him.

And, just a few heartbeats later, she was glancing down at the floor – face a bright, shy pink. No doubt, she was remembering all those late nights spent in bed, a hand between her legs. Thinking about him.

"Nothing," Jack grinned. "Come on, we're late for school."

It was incredibly satisfying, watching Devyn break up with Drake.

Done in the middle of the cafeteria for everyone to see, her speaking the words Jack had embedded in her mind with an absolute certainty he'd given her. All around, people watched. Soaking in the sight so they could gossip about it later.

She called him a loser. Pathetic and small. Said that she felt nothing for him, that he

was all brawns and no brains. Told him – and everyone listening – that school would be the highlight of his life and that it'd be all down hill afterwards, he'd end up fat and ugly and alone. She was better than him. Deserved better. That no 'self-respecting' woman should even *consider* dating him.

He took it well.

Face red, clenched fists trembling. He barked out the most forced laugh Jack had ever heard, tried brushing it off as Devyn being some 'crazy bitch' who was 'too prudish to go out with anyway'.

Which only served to demonstrate just how much of a moron Drake Damilio truly was. If he'd been smarter in that moment, he might've made up some lie about how bad Devyn was in bed. Tarnished her reputation. Instead, he'd all but admitted to everyone that the two of them had never had sex.

As Devyn walked away, head held high, both Drake and Jack watched her go. One scowling, the other smiling.

Sure enough, once Devyn was gone, Drake's glare found Jack.

In those irises, Jack saw deadly rage.

Jack did the only thing he could think of in that moment.

He smirked at Drake, raised his middle finger, laughed at his former bully.

Drake would come looking for him later, Jack knew. The bully assuming he'd be able to take out his anger and embarrassment on Jack; beat him and torture him.

"Try it," Jack whispered to himself as he walked away smiling. "You don't have Devyn to protect you now."

Jack didn't even bother giving Drake a second thought.

The bully was so far beneath Jack now that it was pointless wasting any more time on him. If the bully came for him, Jack would deal with it. Until then, he had more important matters to attend to.

Namely, finding his sister.

She'd done something out of character. She'd been mean and cruel, and that was something she'd be bound to regret. Bound to question.

Luckily for her, Jack had answers ready to give her.

Dating Drake? That'd been her 'avoiding a truth'. Her way of fighting against her reality, her desires. Deep down, she knew who she truly wanted. And she knew how wrong it was, how taboo. *That* was why she'd snapped.

All he had to do was follow the gossip and whispered voices and he'd find her. Then it was a simple matter of stopping time and *adjusting* his sister's way of thinking.

"The way I see it, you have two options. A choice to make."

Jack met Angela's glare with a grin. The intensity in those pretty eyes tickled him in all the right ways.

"You can do what I tell you to," Jack continued. "Or I can *make* you do what I tell you to."

"That's not a choice," Angela grumbled. "It's an *ultimatum*."

"Call it whatever you want," Jack shrugged. "It's a decision for you to make. So long as you're in that body, you have a human's mind. And as long as you have a human's mind, I can make you do whatever I want. If I want you to bark like a dog, all I have to do is stop time and plant the command in your brain. I can compel you to do anything."

"I'm aware."

"No matter what, I'll get what I want from you. However, I'd rather not have to alter your mind whenever I want you to do something for me."

Angela's glare tightened, lips curling in disgust.

"You don't want me to keep messing with your head, do you? Poking and prodding around in there, messing with you and how you think. I'm sure you'd much rather I didn't

do anything else to your mind..."

An ageless, immortal, all-powerful being. The very *notion* that she wasn't in control of her own actions must've been eating away at her. With all she'd seen, and with who and what her opposite was, Angela had to *hate* the idea of mind manipulation as even a concept. To be the subject of it herself? Jack could only *imagine* the loathing Angela had to be feeling.

"So, you get to choose," Jack smiled. "From here on out, we can do things the easy way or we can do them the hard way. If you do what I tell you to right away, I won't have to mess with your mind. And if you don't, that's exactly what I'll do. No matter what, I'll get what I want."

He took a step towards where she was sitting on his bed.

"Don't want me messing with your mind? All you have to do is obey me. It's that simple."

As he climbed onto the bed, she shied away from him.

"That's your choice," Jack said, enjoying the sight of those wide eyes. Horrified and disgusted and defeated, all at once. "You can make life easy for me, or you can live with me playing around with your mind every day. It's up to you."

"You can be better than this, Jack," the angel had the gall to whisper. "You don't have to be evil. You can be a good, decent person."

"I'm not evil," Jack chuckled, reaching down to unbutton his jeans. "I'm just horny and powerful and human. So, what's it going to be, Angela? Are you going to suck my cock yourself, or am I going to have to *make* you do it?"

Full lips touched the shaft, pressed against it so faintly that he felt the warmth more than the touch. They didn't move, not right away. Instead, they remained in place – tickling the underside of Jack's meat with every gentle breath.

Blonde hair flowed down Angela's back, only a few strands left falling over her face. Glittering brown eyes focused on the task before her – willing to look anywhere but up at Jack face.

She was kneeling on the floor, pale skin bare.

Devyn truly did have an amazing body. The kind that'd make guys drool to look at. Not full and slutty – her breasts weren't huge and her butt wasn't as massive and bouncy as some. But what that body lacked in raw sex appeal, it made up for in subtle beauty. It was the kind of slender, pert body that promised loving embraces and quiet nights in bed.

Her breasts weren't huge, but they weren't small either. A perfect in-between. Big enough to hold and squeeze, but not so large as to be obscene. Her butt was the same. Firm and round, but not obnoxiously huge.

Devyn's beauty was a pretty, happy smile. A soft, musical giggle.

It was the kind of beauty that inspired statues and songs.

Smooth, flawless skin. Not a blemish in sight. Warm to the touch and touch it Jack very much wanted to do. The urge to run his hands and lips all over her, kiss every inch of her, was almost overwhelming.

Slender, gentle fingers wrapped around the base of his cock. Holding it in place as she hesitantly gave the underside a tiny peck.

He was too hard. Too wound up.

That one contact alone was almost enough to make him explode.

Jack had to remind himself that this wasn't his sister. Her body, sure. A copy of it. But not *her*. Devyn was in another room, doing homework or messaging friends or laying in bed with a book.

The beautiful, heart-stopping beauty before him wasn't Devyn. It was Angela.

A literal angel in the body of someone beautiful enough to be one.

She was blushing. Red-faced.

Jack watched her, embraced the warmth and the heat and the tingles. His eyes never left her as she leaned in to kiss his shaft again.

Her eyes flicked to him once or twice, darting away instantly.

Checking to see if he was enjoying.

It was obvious she'd never done anything like this before. Had never even contemplated it. So shy and awkward. Uncertain. And that blush. Cute, flushed cheeks and embarrassed eyes.

Without thinking, Jack reached down and rested a hand on her head.

She flinched at the contact, froze. But, when he said nothing, didn't do anything, she resumed her gentle kisses.

Let go. Jack commanded silently, the Black Ring's darkness pulsing inside him. *Trust your body's instincts. Let go and enjoy yourself.*

No need to stop time. No need to reorganise her thoughts.

Giving her the command was second nature. Instinctual.

Angela lowered his cock, stared at its tip.

Her lips parted, released a breathy pant.

She couldn't think. Couldn't focus.

This body... The heat. The glow deep inside, scorching her with hunger and temptation and longing. It was beyond anything she'd experienced before.

Even now, she could feel herself dripping. Fluids trailing down between her legs.

It was wrong. It shouldn't be...

And yet... It felt so right.

She leaned forward, let the body's natural instincts guide her. She knew what this was; had seen her chosen men and women in the act too many times to count. The simple, mindless thrill. Mouth open, lips wet, tongue ready.

The boy – Jack – groaned.

And she felt it reverberate through her, that groan. It sent a hot shiver down her spine. A wave of satisfaction. A hunger for more.

Her lips slid along the head of his cock.

Mind hazy, too hot to think. For these few moments, nothing else mattered. The world, the judgement. Light and darkness, the colour and the mirror. For a sweet few minutes, not a single thing else in the world mattered.

Just the cock.

She trembled when she felt it brush the back of her throat, let out a guttural, animal moan around its girth.

Nothing else.

Just this.

His hips moved by themselves, pumping forward as he unloaded.

The angel drank it down without complaint, gulping and gagging like a parched woman with a bottle of water.

All at once, the pressure and energy vanished.

Jack slumped, unconsciously grabbed Angela's head to keep from collapsing completely. He felt her tongue slithering around his cock, massaging around his cock head under the helmet.

"Jesus," he groaned, knees trembling. "Holy crap."

It took him full on collapsing for her to stop – his body slumping to the ground and his cock forcibly tugged out of her mouth with an audible 'pop'. As Jack sprawled out on the floor, Angela panted – breathless and flushed. Saliva dripping down the corners of her mouth and chin.

"What..." She breathed a minute or two later, finally managing to regain her voice.

"That wasn't- What did you do to me?"

"Nothing," Jack lied, still laying on the floor. Unable to move, let alone get up. "That was all you, babe."

"I'm," Angela breathed, "not your 'babe'. I'm-"

"A prude," Jack grinned, closing his eyes and basking in the moment. "I get it. Bet you think we just sinned or something stupid. It doesn't matter, babe. You're human now. And us humans? We're not black and white. We're shades of grey. You can't be all uppity and self-righteous any more. Your body won't let you. Might as well give in and accept it. You're a horny slut. Nothing wrong with that."

"You did something," Angela said – and Jack could easily picture her shaking her head, unwilling to accept the simple truth. "There's no way that I... That this body..."

"Admit it," Jack sighed contentedly. "You enjoyed it."

The silence that followed was all the confirmation he needed.

"Don't worry," Jack said, wrapping his hands behind his head, cock deflating on his belly. "There's plenty more where that came from. Tomorrow, you'll get to find out what full-blown sex feels like. You're gonna love it."

And, as Jack slowly drifted off to blissful slumber, an amusing thought struck him.

He was going to get to deflower his sister twice.

Angela and Devyn.

And nothing left to get in his way.