

## Saints and Sinners

### Chapter 15

"It's interesting," Jack said, moving through the time-frozen world, glancing at every shadow he passed. "Ever since I trapped Angela in that body, you've been absent. You can hear me, can't you Damien? You can still read my thoughts?"

He stepped inside the hospital, followed the corridors he'd memorised from the boyfriend's mind.

"So... Where are you?"

That was the question. Where had Damien disappeared off to? Why wasn't he showing his face anymore? And should Jack be concerned about the demon being gone?

"My fun with Angela isn't going to end any time soon. As long as that body is alive, she can't escape it. And I've made sure she can't off herself or do anything dangerous. With any luck, she'll be in that body for another eighty years. More, even."

With the White Ring, he could keep Angela's body youthful. Keep his *own* body young and strong. Perhaps he could eliminate aging as a threat entirely. And he could heal wounds; cure diseases and erase cancers and mend bodies – Devyn had taught him that much with how she'd used the White Ring.

Was it possible? Could Jack make himself immortal?

A god amongst men. A new deity for humanity to worship.

"I like the sound of that," Jack grinned. "If there's any reason why I can't – or shouldn't – do that, now would be the time to tell me."

He glanced around, searched the shadows.

No sign of Damien.

Jack's eyes narrowed, his fists clenched and his jaw tightened.

"Me," Jack grunted. "A god."

He shook his head, pushed his worries and concerns aside. Shoved the idea of deifying himself to the back of his mind, something to contemplate later.

"You know what I think?" He asked. "I think I need to relax. Calm myself down and enjoy the moment. All that stuff? I can decide later. For now, I should just enjoy these powers and not worry about anything else."

He stopped outside a hospital room, reached for the door handle. A slight pause – a moment of hesitation – before he turned it, stepped inside.

It was a shared room. Multiple beds separated by curtains.

She wasn't wealthy enough to afford her own room, and she didn't exactly need one – what with the state she was in.

Was it even her paying for this stay?

Jack shook his head.

Probably not.

Either her boyfriend was forking out for the room, or the woman's family was. What'd happened to Sally Saunders certainly wouldn't be covered by an insurance firm.

A waking coma.

No-one knew what'd caused it, why Sally had become a vegetable overnight. As far as the rest of the world was concerned, what'd happened to Sally Saunders was a mystery. Certainly, the doctors had ruled out tumours or physical trauma as the cause of her vegetable-like state.

The best bet they had? Psychological and emotional trauma.

It was as close to the truth as they'd ever get.

Jack walked over to the woman's bed, looked down at her.

Eyes open, staring up at nothing. Jaw slack. A dazed, unfocussed expression.

Good-looking, in a tired kind of way. Dark circles around her eyes, lips parted. Her body, as always, was nice to look at. Not as sleek and slender as Devyn's, but far bustier.

Two mountainous breasts with only a thin hospital gown to hide them.

"Today's your lucky day, Sally," Jack said, reaching down to touch her. "I'm going to give you a new mind. A new identity. But first, I need to test a few things out on you..."

The last time the White Ring's powers were used in a hospital, it was to heal.

Devyn, the ultimate altruist, had wanted to heal anyone who needed it. Left to her own devices, she'd have cleared out every hospital in the city – cured every last person she could.

Jack was far more human in his intentions.

The White Ring could alter bodies. There was no reason, then, that it couldn't be used to make women hotter. Slimmer, bustier, better-looking, tighter. With the White Ring, he could turn any woman in the world into a true beauty. And, with the Black Ring, he could make them his and his alone.

All he needed was a little more practice.

And who better to use than this mindless doll?

Hands on her hips gripping her roughly. Her hair flowing down her back and sides, a blonde blanket over a slim, slender body. As he thrust forward, she swayed backwards to meet him. Consciously or not, she was bouncing on his cock. Enjoying it.

Angela's muffled grunts and moans filled Jack's bedroom.

The sound of skin slapping skin, of bedsprings creaking and groaning. Jack's heavy breathing mixed with Angela's quiet pants and sighs.

She was tight. Impossibly tight. And *warm*.

He could feel the heat radiating off her, smell it in the musky air.

Her body bounced back, riding his dick. He slammed forward, his own body possessed by instinct and lust and the overwhelming need to fuck and cum. To fill this tight, sexy body with his cock and his seed.

For the briefest of moments, he saw the image in his head. A pregnant Angela. A timeless, ageless, inhuman immortal getting knocked up like a stupid, every-day slut.

As quickly as it'd flashed in his mind, it was gone.

He held her tighter, body speeding up.

"Ooh," Angela moaned. "Oooh!"

Her head was buried in a pillow. Tilted to one side, just enough that Jack could see her face behind stands of blonde hair. A pretty, flushed face. She looked desperate. A woman in need. Craving release and oblivion.

Jack hunched forward, erupted inside her.

As one, they both tensed. Going rigid for a long moment; him grunting and her sighing loudly. Then, together, they slumped. Angela collapsing onto the mattress, Jack dropping onto her back.

Cock still deep inside her, the scent of her sweat in his nostrils.

Without thinking, his hands moved from her hips. Slid up her body and began cupping her breasts; squeezing and fondling them, fingertips finding their way to her cute, hard nipples.

Save for gentle, quiet moans, Angela gave no reaction to his touches. No anger or annoyance or disgruntled judgement.

He wanted nothing more in that moment than to close his eyes, drift off and let sleep take him.

Instead, he kept his eyes open. Waited.

It took only a few minutes for the after-orgasm bliss to wear away. Long, wonderful minutes. Then, once he could think clearly again, Jack forced himself to climb off Angela – dick tugging out of her. She gave a soft whine; a piteous, adorable whimper.

He got out of bed, stumbled slightly on tired legs.

Then, turning back to look at his angelic pet, he stopped time.

Colour leached away, leaving only deep blacks and bright whites and every shade of grey in between. Angela's bright blonde hair turned grey. Her pale skin went marble white.

As always, Jack's heart stopped in his chest. The blood in his veins freezing in place. He stopped breathing on instinct, knowing he didn't need air in this timeless realm. In an odd kind of way, he was a god in truth – an immortal. In this place, mortal concerns like eating or sleeping or breathing didn't matter. He shook his head.

"Time to get to work," he said to himself.

If Damien was there or listening, the demon wasn't showing it.

"You know," he whispered as he considered his task, "I've always had this habit of talking to myself. Figured it was just the whole lack of friends thing. The loneliness or whatever. But now that I'm thinking of it, that might not be the case at all."

He glanced above Angela's frozen body, to the ball of light still hovering in the middle of the room. Then, he turned to look at the deepest, darkest shadow he could find.

"I think," he said quietly, "it's *you* I've been talking to all this time. All these years. You were listening in, weren't you Damien? Listening and waiting and watching."

The Rings. They were the immortals' power. But who was to say it was *all* their power? Was it possible that Damien and Angela were watching Jack – watching *everyone* - all the way back since the beginning?

"I guess," Jack smirked, "you could say I've always had a little darkness inside me."

Jack straightened his back, examined Angela.

She was laying half face-down, half on her side.

He reached down, turned her over, paused to think.

Time was frozen. If Jack were to pick up a glass of water and turn it over, the water wouldn't fall. It'd remain in place. Hovering in the air.

There was no reason Jack could think of a human body wouldn't work the exact same way.

He climbed onto the bed, lifted Angela's body up. Torso and arms and legs, all left floating two feet above the bed, her hair fanning out around her.

Perfect.

"Now," Jack said, looking over Angela's – Devyn's – body. "What am I going to do with you?"

He couldn't keep her like this forever. A naked girl in his room that looked identical to his sister. A living sex doll. It was fun for now, but hardly viable long-term.

"First thing's first," he said, reaching out his hand.

The moment he touched her, he felt them there. The commands he'd embedded in her mind to keep her from getting into trouble.

No harming herself. No putting herself in situations in which she might be harmed. Avoid danger at all costs. Only leave this room if Jack permitted it. Never leave the house, only move between Jack's bedroom and the bathroom. Obey any and all of Jack's orders.

Jack shook his head, began altering some of them.

Leaving his room - and the house - would be required. She couldn't stay here for the rest of her life. Instead, Jack gave her a better, more stream-lined series of commands.

He made it so that, in a way, she'd become addicted to him.

She'd be able to function without his direct input for a while, a couple of hours or so. But if she went too long without any kind of live interaction with him, those special addiction pangs and pains would begin to surface – compelling her to seek him out.

It'd prevent her from running away, and make sure she stuck close by. But she'd have far more autonomy this way.

Since Jack's plans for her also included her having to interact with other people, Jack added a few extra commands and instructions. Ones to prevent Angela from telling anyone who – or what – she actually was, or from saying anything that might risk exposing

herself or Jack to anyone. No-one would believe her even if she did spill the beans, but why risk it?

Jack lost himself in the work.

All other thoughts vanished. No distractions or worries. Just the task at hand.

First, Angela's mind. Placing commands, planting seeds, ensuring she wouldn't be able to betray him – that she'd be his, whether she liked it or not. Then, when he'd done everything he needed to with her mind, he got to work on Angela's body.

As much fun as it was to have another Devyn around, it would complicate things if people saw it. The story that he'd created for Angela – that she was his 'long-distance girlfriend' come to visit – would hardly work if she was completely identical to Devyn in every way.

So, he had to give her a new appearance.

Fortunately for him, he wouldn't need to create one from scratch.

Angela, when she'd appeared before him, had been a woman. A busty, long-haired, angelic beauty. When the immortal pictured herself as a woman, that's what she saw. In a way, it was her, same as Damien was the tall, pale man with black hair. Angela was the busty, white-haired angel.

Her mind knew what her body should look like.

All Jack had to do was let Angela's mind guide him in shaping her body and he *should* be able to transform her without too much difficulty.

Hand on her shoulder, mind focussed, he gave the command.

*Show me.* He told her. *Guide me.*

Little by little, the body began to change. Devyn's cheekbones shifted slightly, jaw moving just the fraction of an inch. Muscles became like jelly, warping and tightening and twisting. In seconds, it wasn't Devyn's face any more. The features were indistinct, twisted. But, a moment later, the face reformed. And there it was. Angela's face.

"Good start," Jack muttered, maintaining his focus. "Now for the rest of you."

"No," his mother huffed. "Absolutely not."

His father grunted agreement, finally looking away from the television. The expression on his face was dubious at best.

"It's too late," Jack shrugged. "She'll be here soon. In a few minutes, actually. She's staying."

"This is *our* house," his mother snapped, "if we say-"

Time froze.

Jack let out a sigh, glanced around the living room.

There were his parents, mother on the sofa with her legs up and father in his worn armchair. And, standing off to one side, Devyn herself. The real Devyn. With her short blonde hair and wide eyes.

He'd asked her to come down – told her that he had something to announce.

Of all his family members, Devyn was the only one who didn't look annoyed or upset or angry. Shocked, perhaps. Stunned. But there was nothing inherently negative in Devyn's expression.

"Couldn't make it easy for me, huh?" Jack asked, turning back to his mother. "Bitch."

He stepped over to her, touched her, began making alterations to her thoughts. Her mind melded to his will, not a hint of resistance. It didn't take long at all until he'd tweaked her mind enough.

Then he did the same with his father.

Finally, he turned to Devyn.

For her, he didn't need to change anything. No need to adjust her thoughts so she'd be more accepting of Jack's 'girlfriend'. Instead, he gave her something new. Something that hadn't been there before.

Jealousy.

All that time spend with the thought clouds and strings, testing things out and learning and playing with memories. Jack understood how minds worked; perhaps better than anyone else alive. Inserting 'jealousy' alone, with no root or anchor, would've just confused Devyn.

It took longer. Took more focus. But, when he was done, Devyn wouldn't question the sudden spout of jealousy she felt. She wouldn't find it strange. No, she'd understand fully why she was jealous of her brother's = her secret crush's - girlfriend.

When all was done, Jack returned to the spot he'd been standing when time froze. He examined his family, nodded his head.

Then he willed time to resume.

"-She can't... Huh?" Jack's mother blinked, eyebrows knitting together in confusion. "We..."

"Angela's family is rich," Jack said, the lie coming easily. "She told me she's more than happy to pay rent."

"Rent?" His mother blinked, glanced at her husband. "How much 'rent' are we talking?"

"You can ask her yourself," Jack said, hiding his smirk behind a raised hand. "I think that's her now."

Without waiting for a response, Jack turned on his heels, left the living room. No footsteps followed after him - his mother and father and sister not moving an inch as he headed to the house's front door.

Nobody had knocked or rang the doorbell, but Jack knew she'd be there all the same. Waiting for him. Just like he'd ordered.

He opened the front door, smiled at her.

The new and improved Angela.

Her hair was still long, flowing all the way down to her lower back. But, instead of blonde, her hair was now stark white. Gone was Devyn's pretty face. Though the woman in front of him was still stunningly beautiful, it was in a sharper, more angular way. Small, straight nose. High cheek bones. Pointed chin. Blue eyes instead of Devyn's chocolate brown. Fuller, plumper lips. She looked older than Devyn by a few years, too. Early twenties instead of late teens.

But the thing that drew the eye most was Angela's new body.

Clad in one of Jack's tighter t-shirts, with no bra underneath for support. Angela's humungous tits were plainly visible - crushed in the t-shirt's embrace.

Devyn's breasts were on the smaller side. Not tiny, but perky and subtle.

There was nothing subtle about *these* watermelons.

Each one was easily bigger than the girl's head.

And, best of all, no sag or stretch marks or strain. They were *perfect*. The ideal, flawless, fantasy tits that couldn't possibly have existed outside of supernatural intervention.

On Angela's short, slender body, those tits were downright *obscene*.

"Hey babe," Jack smirked at the frowning girl. "Welcome home."