

## Saints and Sinners

### Chapter 16

It was an odd feeling, sitting next to Angela at the dinner table. Mom and Dad and Devyn were all there, all eating quietly while casting glances at his 'girlfriend'. A true, once in a generation beauty.

Perhaps he'd made her too attractive. Too flawless.

Five people sat at the dining table. Two regular, unremarkable humans. One former Ring-wearer. One divine trapped in a mortal body.

And then there was Jack himself.

A god in all but name.

Eating some Chinese take-away, pretending to be as unremarkable and unimportant as his parents.

For now, at least.

"So," Jack's mother said between mouthfuls of fried rice, her gaze flicking between Jack and Angela. "What is it your parents do for a living?"

Angela froze. Eyes wide, she looked up from her food, stared at the older woman's face.

"Construction," the former angel squeaked. "My father works in construction. My mother is a housewife."

The delivery of the lines was a little wooden. Static and bland, with no flare at all. Anyone with half a brain who was paying attention would realise how rehearsed the words had been. But neither of Jack's parents seemed to notice, and Devyn seemed too lost in her own thoughts to realise.

"Construction?" Jack's mother said. "As in large building projects? Skyscrapers and city buildings?"

Face red, Angela nodded her head quickly.

Jack's mother pursed her lips, eyes narrowing for a heartbeat. She wanted to interrogate Angela, Jack knew. Figure out just how much his girlfriend and her family were worth. Angela being too awkward to answer questions was bound to annoy the woman.

"What about the rest of your family?"

Angela shot a glance at Jack, pleading for rescue. He'd given her some information to start with – a template from which her 'life story' could be built from. Mostly, though, he'd left it open. Allowed the immortal to come up with her own story.

"I..." Angela blushed. "I have a twin brother. His name is Damien. And another brother and sister – twins too."

A second pair of twins? Jack smiled, his brilliant mind giving him the answer to that curiosity mere moments after hearing Angela speak the words.

He'd told Angela she'd be a part of his family. Had made her from Devyn's hair. The other brother and sister Angela had – the other set of twins – were Jack and Devyn themselves. An unforeseen quirk of his control over her, that.

"Babe," Jack said, drawing the attention of everyone in the room except Jack's father – who took the opportunity to glance stealthily at Angela's large chest. "You've had a long day, haven't you? Lots of travelling and all."

"Yes," Angela spoke quickly, nodded her head.

His mother's glare found Jack quickly enough.

"Tell you what," Jack smiled, ignoring the bitch. "I'll show you to my bedroom and you can go ahead and take a nap. I can help you unpack and get you some food when you wake up."

His mother's silly interrogation could wait.

For now, it was enough that his family – Devyn especially – had seen Angela. There was more important work to be done.

"She's pretty," Devyn spoke softly. "Really pretty."

Jack smiled, nodded his head. "Yeah, she is."

"I'm happy for you," his sister said – not feigning joy quite well enough to keep the ache from her voice. "She seems really... nice."

"Nice is one way to put it," Jack grinned. "She's an angel."

A lace of anguish crossed Devyn's face. It lasted only an instant before she masked it, hid it behind a forced smile.

"The school dance is next week," Devyn said. "You should invite her. It's a little short notice, but I'm sure she'd love to come. It'll be fun."

They were standing just outside Jack's bedroom. The door closed, corridor dark. Angela was inside, waiting for Jack and his next command.

"Maybe," Jack smiled. "I was actually thinking I might take you, now that you and Drake aren't a thing anymore."

Devyn blushed, looked away.

"That'd be sad," she spoke in a soft, regretful voice. "Taking your sister to a dance out of pity. No, I think I'm just gonna sit it out. Stay at home and catch up on some shows or something."

Jack shut his eyes for a moment, felt the shift.

When his eyes opened, the world was frozen. No colour, just shades of black and white. Darkness and light.

He touched Devyn's shoulder, opened himself to her emotions – felt them like a wave crashing into him. The heart-twisting, gut-wrenching pain. The two sides of her at odds with each other, part wanting him to be happy while the other part wanted to be the one who *made* him happy. Jealousy and longing and desire and defeat. All mixing and rolling inside her.

She felt lost. Didn't know how to feel or what to do.

"Don't worry," Jack said, focusing. "I'll can help with that."

Envy was good. Jealousy was great. The internal conflict, though? That was messy.

It wasn't just her feelings about Jack having a girlfriend – and an attractive one at that. It was about her having feelings about Jack in the first place. The feelings he'd planted there and encouraged. They were eating away at her.

Devyn believed she shouldn't long for her brother. Her mind was at odds with those emotions and desires.

A lifetime of being told what was 'right' and 'wrong'.

Jack shook his head.

There was no 'right' or 'wrong'. There was only desire, and the drive to fulfil that desire. Everything else? It was meaningless. Pointless.

"You feel what you feel," Jack told his frozen sister. "Stop worrying and embrace it."

Devyn had so many feelings about Angela. And yet, all those feelings stemmed from one fact: She couldn't be with her brother. Couldn't have him as a boyfriend. Couldn't be his lover. Couldn't be his.

Envy from not being able to have him. Jealousy of the one who could. Pain at the knowledge he'd never be hers. Numb acceptance that nothing could've happened between them even if it wasn't for Angela existing. Even a muted, selfless happiness that her brother had found someone to love.

"Don't worry sis," he said, readying himself for the first alterations he wanted to make. "You'll be mine too."

He'd take her to the dance, just like Drake had wanted to do. And he'd pop her cherry afterwards too. He'd succeed where the asshole, douchebag Drake Damilio had failed.

Just one week away.

When he unfroze time, his work done, Jack grinned at his sister. He leaned back against the wall, locked eyes with her.

Devyn's lips parted, as if she wanted to say something.

When no words came, Jack spoke up instead.

"Angela is new around here," Jack said, lacing his voice with fake compassion and softness. "She doesn't have any friends or anything. I was wondering... Could you be her friend for me?"

Devyn blinked at him, eyes widening slightly.

"It'd mean a lot," Jack continued. "You don't have to do much. Just show her around, introduce her to people, make sure she's okay. It's gotta be scary, right? Moving to a new place where you don't know anyone. If you'd be her friend for me, I'd be really grateful."

Angela was sitting on Jack's bed when he stepped into the room, her legs crossed as she slumped forward.

Her eyes snapped to him the moment he entered, twisted into an expression of pained sorrow.

"Straighten your back," Jack commanded, kicking his bedroom door shut behind himself and reaching for his shirt. "I didn't give you that body so you could ruin it with bad posture."

She obeyed without complaint. Straightened her back and watched as he stripped off his clothes.

"They're too heavy," Angela whispered as Jack yanked down his boxers. "There's too much pressure on the spine. The muscles in the lower back aren't-"

"Deal with it," Jack rolled his eyes. "I give you a body that every bitch out there will be jealous of, and you sit there and complain about it. No gratitude at all."

"I'd be grateful," the angel spoke softly, "if you freed me from this body."

"Yes," Jack smiled, climbing onto the bed, "I'm sure you would be. But you'd still take this power away from me, wouldn't you? Your 'gratitude' wouldn't stop you from taking *my* power, would it? No, I think I'll be keeping you where you are."

He planted his hands on the girl's shoulders, shoved her down onto the mattress.

Those mountainous tits jiggled and bounced under the loose t-shirt he'd given her to wear. But, jiggle and move as they might, they didn't sag down. Two massive tits, standing tall even with Angela on her back.

"Maybe I should give Devyn tits like these," Jack mused, reaching down to pull the t-shirt up and off Angela's body.

Devyn with massive, humungous boobs? That'd a fun sight. A pure girl with watermelon tits. An innocent smile paired with the sluttiest body imaginable. Jack pictured it, felt a tingle of amusement paired with a deep lust. He could do it. Not like anyone could stop him.

Massive melons. Mommy milkers on a girl he'd more than happily turn into a mother.

"What do you think, my pet angel?" Jack smirked. "Would Devyn look great with tits like yours or what?"

"Don't touch her," Angela said - voice sharp. "She's a good person. She doesn't deserve to be-"

Jack's hand around her throat shut Angela up quickly enough.

"Don't ever tell me what to do or what not to do," he spoke calmly, gently. Fingers tight around Angela's windpipe. "You are nothing. I am a god. I'll do whatever I want. And if you don't like it, well that sucks for you. Understood?"

He gave her throat a little extra squeeze.

Predictably, Angela didn't nod her head. Her eyes were wide, but they weren't filled

with fear or respect. Just surprise.

He released her throat.

Threats would get him nowhere with this immortal. He could choke her out as much as he liked. All it'd do was give her a chance to suffocate and be freed from her frail body.

Instead, Jack took a different tact.

"You want to keep away from my sweet sister? You want to keep her safe? Fine."

He leaned down, whispered in her ear.

"Satisfy me so much that I stop thinking about her."

An impossible challenge. No matter what this slut angel did, Jack wouldn't stop chasing Devyn. But, if it gave Angela a little more motivation to please him, why not? Let Angela try her hardest to 'protect' Devyn.

He'd created something truly amazing.

Sculpted from the prettiest girl around, improved upon in every conceivable way. The muscles were well defined - not too large or unseemly, but fit and lean. Blemishes and freckles and any other imperfections removed, leaving cleansed skin. Smooth curves - massive tits and a nice, round ass. Pussy tightened to the point of crushing, with virginity restored. A pussy so amazing that no natural woman could hope to compete.

His eyes were drawn to Angela's candyfloss pink nipples. The puffy areola and the hard nubs of her nips. They looked sweet and delicious. Inviting.

And her face...

Plump lips that he'd created for the sole purpose of cushioning his cock and balls as he fucked the back of her throat. Eyes that'd take the breath away, the kind of unique irises that'd haunt men's dreams with their beauty. And her long, white hair.

Hair that was currently covering half Angela's face, spilling down onto her chest as she bounced on his cock.

Jack smirked up at her, knowing how much she'd hate his glee. She couldn't even meet his gaze. Whenever he caught her looking at his face, her head would snap to one side - wanting to look anywhere but at him.

If he didn't know better, Jack would assume she hated him.

But the angel was incapable of hatred. It went against everything she was, everything she believed in.

"That's it," Jack groaned. "Ride me, slut. Ride me like a pogo stick."

"Please," Angela moaned - and, for a moment, he allowed himself to believe she might be about to beg him for more. "Be quiet," she said instead.

"No," Jack grinned. "Ride me harder, Angela. Fuck me like you mean it."

Through a bedroom wall or two, Devyn would be listening. Her heart would be breaking, her stomach churning. She'd try not to eavesdrop, try not to hear. But she'd listen all the same. She might not be able to make out the silently spoken words, but she'd hear the creaks and moans. The slapping of skin on skin.

"Tell me you love me," Jack said - loud enough that Angela would hear, but too softly for Devyn's listening ears.

"I love you," the angel muttered begrudgingly.

"Louder," Jack commanded. "Loud enough for my sister to hear."

"I love you!" Angela gasped glaring down at him.

"Tell me you love my cock."

This time, she didn't even attempt to say it quietly.

"I love your cock!" Angela moaned.

"Harder," Jack instructed. "Harder. Say it."

"Harder!" Angela moaned loudly, hips speeding up by themselves as her orgasm approached. "Harder!"

"Fuck me," Jack grunted.

"Fuck me!" Angela all but screamed.

It hit them both at once. The release of pleasure and pressure. The wave of bliss and the electrical tingles.

Jack listened.

Footsteps - his and Devyn's. Pattering a constant rhythm as they walked to school together. The sound of birds cawing high above; not singing or chirping, but screeching at each other like the stupid, mindless beasts they were. There was the sound of vehicles. Cars and the like driving by. Their engines and the noise of their tires and the *rush* of them going past.

No voices though. Not yet.

The closer they got to school, the more people they'd join and the more noise from chattering voices there'd be.

But, right then, no-one was speaking.

Not Jack. Not Devyn.

Not a single word spoken by either of them at all this morning.

She'd blushed when she saw him first thing that morning, and she hadn't stopped blushing since. Even now, half an hour later and on their way to school, Devyn's cheeks were still rosy with embarrassment.

Jack didn't need to stop time and read her mind to know why.

It was only when they reached the school grounds, when they were just about to head in different directions, that Devyn finally spoke. Her voice quiet as a mouse, eyes down on the floor, face pink.

"Angela seems nice," she said.

"Yeah," Jack smiled. "That's one way of putting it."

She looked up at him questioningly.

"She's... angelic. Kind, caring, forgiving. She sees the best in people. And she's beautiful to boot. You and her have a lot in common."

Devyn's blush spread. Her face turning tomato red.

"In some ways," Jack continued, forcing down a smirk, "you two are almost identical. Sometimes, it feels like I might as well be dating you."

He followed his words with a light-hearted chuckle. Waved his red-faced sister goodbye. Headed off in a different direction.

As he walked away, he *felt* it.

Eyes on him. Angry, hate-filled, malicious eyes.

He wasn't certain if it was a result of his new, ever-growing power, or if it was simply his natural instincts kicking in after years of being bullied and walked over.

He didn't look. Didn't need to.

Drake Damilio was following him. Stalking Jack with his goons in tow. Jack could feel them, sense them behind him.

Months ago, being pursued like this would've scared the shit out of Jack. A week ago, he'd have been eager at the opportunity for some well-deserved payback. Today, though? All Jack felt was boredom. Boredom and annoyance.

He'd grown so far above Drake Damilio's level that he almost pitied the idiot.

It wasn't Drake's fault. He didn't know he was about to challenge a god. He had no *idea* what he was in for. Drake Damilio was *nothing* compared to Jack now. As low as the dirt on Jack's shoes.

Jack stepped into an empty classroom, made sure to pick one without any witnesses nearby.

Then, he turned on his heels and waited, arms crossed.

A few moments later, in barged Drake and his sycophants.

"Well, well. If it ain't Jacky-"

"Drake," Jack stated clearly, "I have more important things to do right now than to deal with you. Walk away and save me the trouble, would you?"

Confusion.

It was an expression that fit Drake's pompous, punchable face very well. Then, a heartbeat later, laughter.

The kind of forced, faux-amused laughter that didn't reach his rage-filled eyes. The idiot turned to one of his goons, his face speaking the words for him. 'Can you believe this shit?'

"Jack, you little weirdo freak," Drake chuckled, taking a step towards him. "You're too funny."

"Not as funny as your face," Jack shrugged.

Drake really wasn't worth the effort it'd take to think up a funnier come-back. Besides, any attempted at an intelligent comment would've been wasted on this moron and his goons.

"I don't think you realise what's about to happen right now," Drake growled - his amused facade gone now. "I'm going to give you a pounding so bad that your sister will-"

Jack's loud sigh cut the fool off mid-sentence.

"And," he said, focusing on the two Rings, "I'm bored."

Drake raised his fist, lunged at Jack with a snarl.

Time froze before the blow landed.

Again, Jack sighed.

"Alright asshole," he muttered, reaching out a hand to touch Drake, "let's get this over with. I've got a sister to fuck and... Come to think of it, don't you have a sister too?"

The thought bubbled up. Poetic justice.

Drake had wanted to fuck Jack's sister. Why shouldn't Jack do the same thing to him - succeeding where this clown had failed?

"A plan for another time," Jack shrugged. "Right now, I have the perfect thing in mind for you, Drakey boy."