

Saints and Sinners

Chapter 17

Jack left the restroom with a smirk on his face.

The world shifted, colour and sound and feeling returning. In the restroom, there were several loud *thumps*, some muffled groaning and cussing. Jack ignored those noises, started humming to himself as he strode away.

A few people turned to look at him. Raised eyebrows here and there, a few mocking or disgusted expressions. It was as if none of them had ever heard someone humming before. If he'd been paying attention, he knew he'd have heard muttered comments about him. People laughing at him for being so 'chipper' and carefree.

Morons. If only they knew the truth.

One day, they would. One day, *everyone* would know just how godly Jack was. They'd worship him, obey him, pray to him

He'd show the world a fragment of his power - enough to inspire loyalty and servitude. He'd build a religion around himself, make sure the whole world bent to his will. With the White Ring, he could heal the sick and reward those who followed him willingly. And for those that didn't - he'd have the Black Ring's powers to compel them.

Godhood. It was only fitting, given the divine powers he wielded.

But those plans were years away. Decades, even.

Before any of that, he'd live a different kind of life. A life that he'd dreamed about long before he'd inherited the Black Ring. A simple life with Devyn by his side.

What little of school was left before graduation, Jack would spend as the king of the social ladder. The most popular guy at school; the one who all the girls wanted to date and all the guys were envious of. Then, when school was done with, he'd find a nice apartment for him and Devyn - and Angela - to move into. Spend his days fucking them, trying out new things and exploring Devyn's naughty side.

A simple, yet immensely enjoyable, life.

The Rings would be able to give him any life he wanted. Any pleasures or desires, anything at all. The world was his playground now, it's people his toys.

Jack smiled happily to himself, ignoring the faces and the muttered, mocking words.

He made his way to the first class of the day.

A class that was interrupted mid-way through by ambulance sirens and the hum of activity.

"Everyone is saying the school is haunted," Devyn whispered. "This is the second time something like this has happened."

Angela shot Jack a look, eyes narrowed accusingly.

"I don't remember much about the first time," Devyn continued, oblivious to Angela's discomfort and Jack's amusement. "I just remember how bad Drake was afterwards. Broken bones, a shattered spine. It was like he'd been in a car accident or something. How does that just *happen*, you know?"

"I don't know," Angela said through gritted teeth, eyes staring daggers at Jack.

"And today..." Devyn shuddered. "Maybe it's Drake that's cursed, not the school. What're the odds of it happening twice? Once should've been impossible."

"Sounds terrible."

Jack tried not to laugh at Angela's tone, her desire to speak up written all over her face. Her inability to do so.

"It wasn't exactly the same as last time," Jack said, leaning back on the bed. "This time, there weren't any broken bones at all."

He'd made sure of that.

Devyn shuddered.

"And," Jack continued, "it wasn't just Drake this time."

Drake's stupid, braindead goons. They wouldn't be causing any more problems for Jack. After today, he wouldn't have to worry about assholes threatening him ever again.

Right then, as Jack and Devyn and Angela lounged on his sister's bed, Drake and his cronies were laying in hospital beds.

What would the doctors make of their conditions?

Spontaneous muscle decay – all that bulk vanishing in an instant – and bruises covering their bodies. Jack didn't know much about medicine or being a doctor, but he imagined any specialist who saw the condition he'd left Drake and his goons in would be stumped by it.

Even when Drake got out of hospital, he'd no longer be a threat to Jack. Not after Jack had taken practically all the asshole's muscle mass and strength away.

What was a bully without the brawn?

"It's a good thing you broke up with him when you did," Jack said, eyes flashing to his sister's pretty face. "Can you imagine that kind of thing happening to you? Best to stay as far away from Drake Damilio as you can."

Devyn nodded her head, eyes wide.

"What did you do?" Angela demanded.

"Nothing that bastard didn't deserve," Jack shrugged.

"You can't abuse my power like that!" The beautiful girl snapped. "It's there to help people, not-"

"It's there," Jack said coolly, staring hard at her, "to do what I want with. It's not *your* power anymore. It's *mine*. And I'll do whatever I damn well want to with it."

Angela shook her head sadly.

"Go ahead," Jack mocked. "Say what you want to say. Tell me I can be 'better' than this. That I don't have to be 'evil' or whatever. Appeal to my better nature, try to manipulate me into handing back your powers, act all 'holier than thou' while calling *me* the arrogant one."

"You haven't seen much of my counterpart recently, have you Jack? You call him 'Damien', don't you?"

Jack narrowed his eyes at the former angel.

"We're ageless, timeless immortals, Jack. We've been around since the dawn of time. Our powers are primordial. Do you really think you can use them like you have been and that there won't be consequences for it? What you've done – it's never happened before. There's a precarious balance in the world that-"

"Take your clothes off," Jack said.

Angela froze, mouth open mid-word.

"Now, slut."

Her mouth closed. Looking at Jack with a mixture of disappointment and despair, she reached for her blouse and began unbuttoning it.

What made this angel think he cared about consequences any more?

He was all in. No going back.

Consequences be damned. Jack had spent his entire life being harassed and hounded, being the powerless victim of others. There was no way in hell he'd ever willingly go back to *that*.

His eyes lingered on Angela's body as she undressed.

She moved slowly, resisting the command in the only way she could – following it hesitantly. But that slow shedding of clothes only made watching it all the more entertaining.

The blouse – borrowed from Devyn – was tight around her chest, squeezing Angela's tits in as the buttons strained to contain them. One by one, those buttons came

undone and the strain disappeared. Her tits bulged out, braless and perfect. Massive.

"Keep the blouse on," Jack said, eyes on those huge tits. "Don't unbutton any more. Take the skirt off though. And the socks."

Angela obeyed wordlessly, continued stripping for Jack's entertainment.

Before long, she stood there wearing only a blouse. Tits out in the open, pressed together by the blouse and the last few buttons. Delicious-looking pink nipples drew Jack's gaze for a moment. Then his eyes turned to the girl's bald crotch.

"Come here," Jack said, sitting down on his bed and patting his lap. "Time to put that annoying mouth of yours to good use."

He stared at the dark door, pursed his lips thoughtfully.

Shadows. He could hide in shadows. Practically become a shadow himself. Was it possible to take that a step further?

There was only one light on in the house. One of the upstairs rooms. Downstairs, every room was dark. The house's entryway was dark. Shadowed.

He didn't have a key to the house. The door was locked.

He could unfreeze time, knock on it until someone answered – opening the door and allowing him access. But, if he was right, that'd ruin the fun. Having to get out of bed to go answer the door in the early hours of the morning, only to find no-one there, had to be a mood-killer.

"You there Damien?" Jack asked the still world.

No reply came.

"I know you can hear me, asshole."

Nothing.

"Fine," Jack muttered. "Be like that. See if I care."

He walked towards the door, glanced down at himself.

Half light and bright. Half dark and shadowed. Cut right down the middle. Split between White and Black.

The only sources of colour in the world were two bands around his index fingers. Left hand and right hand. Sky blue and blood red symbols slowly rotating around the base of those fingers. The Rings.

"I can hide in shadows," Jack said. "I can become a shadow, pretty much. So... What's to stop me *moving* as a shadow?"

It took a moment – his will battling with itself.

But, after that frozen moment passed, the light half of his body began to shrink – giving way to the darkness. The Black spread over his entire body – leaving only a single finger to White. A comfortable chill spread over him as darkness coated his body.

"Now..." Jack said, focusing.

He collapsed into darkness, became the shadows.

It was night. The entire world covered in one, big shadow.

Jack felt an awareness growing. The house's front door first. Then the path that led up to it, the front yard and the house's wall. Then the street, the building's other walls, the nearby houses too. Further and further the awareness spread. In moments, he could feel the entire city – every building, every patch of connected darkness. Then not just the city. The entire country. The continent. Half the whole world. Way too much for his mind to even begin to comprehend.

He forced himself to focus on a single point. One just a few inches away from the patch of darkness he occupied.

An instant later, he was solid again – no longer a shadow.

And he was on the other side of the door. Inside the house.

"Amazing," Jack breathed.

He knew, on an instinctual level, that he could've reappeared anywhere he'd

wanted. The other side of the city, another country entirely. Anywhere that same shadow reached, he could've transported himself to. And night was just one big shadow.

"Could I always do that?" He asked the frozen world. "Or is that power new?"

He shook his head. A thought for another time.

Grinning, he walked forwards, headed through the house to the only room with a light on. He knew the way – had been in this house plenty of times by now.

Sure enough, it was her room.

Alyssa.

The dark-skinned beauty was in bed, just where Jack had hoped she'd be. And, even better, she wasn't *alone* in bed.

On top of her, his hands on her hips as he was frozen mid-thrust between her legs, was Alyssa's father. Their eyes locked as Alyssa's lips were parted in a moan.

Perfect.

Jack reached into the darkness of his body, found his jacket pocket and plucked out his phone. As he pulled it away from his body, the black sheen around it vanished.

He glanced around, found a good spot to hide it.

Carefully, he placed it on the girl's desk – next to her drawing pad. Leaned it against a bottle of water, camera pointed at the pair on the bed. From this angle, it should capture both their faces. Enough of them that it'd be impossible for Alyssa to deny.

Best of all, he'd started recording right before freezing time. The moment he unfroze time, the phone would continue recording without input – capturing everything.

How would Alyssa react when he sent her the video anonymously?

With this kind of leverage, he wouldn't need to use the Black Ring on her. She'd do whatever he told her to, compelled by blackmail alone. Jack was going to have a lot of fun with *that*.

Phone set up, he found himself a shadow to hide in.

And, when that was done, he willed time to resume.

"Daddy," Alyssa moaned softly. "Daddy..."

"Yes baby," her father grunted. "That's it."

It was a fascinating show for Jack to watch. He almost wished he had popcorn for it. Two puppets that didn't realise they were on strings, acting out the show he'd written for them – etched into their minds.

The father humped his daughter. The daughter thrust her hips against her father.

And the mother? Probably in the next room listening. Her mind throwing every possible excuse at her not to investigate, not to believe what was happening.

Her daughter's 'boyfriend' was visiting. That's what the sounds were. And her husband was out taking a walk. It wasn't him in their daughter's room. Couldn't possibly be. No need to look and see, no point in investigating. That'd only make things awkward and uncomfortable for everyone involved.

The mother would avoid the truth at all costs. Would pretend everything was fine and normal, even if Alyssa ended up pregnant.

Bed springs squeaked. The sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room.

Music to Jack's ears.

He'd done this.

He'd made this happen.

And soon, it'd be Devyn in bed with him on top.

Days now.

Just a few more days.

"I was thinking," Jack said, leaning against the wall.

His sister was in bed, a laptop beside her. She looked up at Jack with a pained longing that made his insides tingle. A pretty blonde with full, pink lips and big, round eyes.

His one and only. The prize that'd soon be his.

"Yes?" Devyn asked, voice soft and sweet.

"I can't take Angela to the dance. It's too short notice for that. She doesn't have a dress, doesn't know anyone. It'd be too awkward for her."

"I didn't think you'd be going," Devyn said, eyebrows raised. "It doesn't seem like your type of thing."

"Well," Jack smiled, "I figured I'd give it a go. It's the last dance before we graduate, right?"

Devyn nodded her head.

"So, I was thinking, and I figured why don't we go together?" He said. "Since you don't have a boyfriend to go with and I can't take Angela."

"Us?" Devyn blushed. "Together?"

"I know, I know," Jack said. "A brother taking his sister to the school dance? That's gotta be pretty lame."

"No!" Devyn squeaked. "No, it's not lame. It's... cute."

"Honestly," Jack said, "I *want* to go with you. It's going to be an important night. Lots of memories. It'd be nice to be able to share that with you. Plus, I'd get to go to the dance with the prettiest girl at school."

Devyn blushed.

"Y- You think I'm pretty?" She asked, voice a whisper.

"I do," Jack grinned. "Between you and me, you're the prettiest girl I know."

In moments, Devyn's face was bright red.

She opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out.

"So," Jack said, eyeing her. "What do you think? Do you want to go to the dance with me, sis?"

Not trusting herself to speak, Devyn slowly nodded her head.

"Great," Jack grinned.

He pushed himself off the wall, walked over to where his sister was laying on her bed, leaned over her and kissed her cheek.

"Can't wait," he whispered in her ear, grinning at the shock on her bright red face. "Goodnight, sis."

He stood straight, turned away, walked out of her room without turning back to look at her. As Jack closed her bedroom door shut behind himself, he stopped time.

It was good that Devyn had reacted the way she did.

No refusal, no disgust. Just shyness and embarrassing happiness. She hadn't pushed him away, hadn't tried making excuses. Likely, she was ready for what he had planned for the night of the dance.

But why take risks when he didn't have to?

He turned on the spot, marched right back into his sister's room, strode over to her.

Sparing a sweet moment to reach down and gently touch her breasts, he opened up her mind – gave himself access to her thoughts and feelings and desires. He immersed himself in Devyn's mind, soaked it all in.

Conflict and uncertainty.

It was there, if overshadowed by her other emotions.

She wasn't *entirely* on board. There were still holdouts, still hesitations. A lifetime of believing siblings couldn't be lovers. It couldn't be erased so easily – or, it *could* be, thanks to the Black Ring's powers. But it *shouldn't* be.

That feeling of wrongness. That it was dirty and bad for her to think of her brother in a sexual way – Jack wanted that to remain. It'd make taking his sister's virginity all the more enjoyable. Make the sex all the hotter, keeping that taboo aspect in place.

He just needed to make sure that – when the time came – Devyn didn't say no.

Simple enough.

Jack made a few little tweaks, tugging on the right strings in Devyn's mind. Then, job done, he gave his time-frozen sister a little peck on the lips, gave her tit a soft squeeze.

"Soon, sis," he said to her. "Soon, you'll be mine."

He left the room smiling, shut the bedroom door behind himself once again – unfreezing time as he did.

Humming happily to himself, he walked back to his own room.

Where his white haired, beautiful, angelic pet was waiting for him on hands and knees – forehead pressed to the floor.

Perfection.