

Saints and Sinners

Chapter 6

Going to school felt a lot better, knowing Drake Damilio wouldn't be there. Jack walked through the corridors, eyes flicking to countless faces while his ears picked up on loose strands of gossip. He felt like a king. Like a god.

Drake was gone!

From all the rumours he'd heard, Jack's bully was trapped in hospital for the foreseeable future. Broken bones and a damaged spine. He might never walk again!

Jack's grin widened.

He wouldn't have to deal with Drake's abuse ever again. And, if some other asshole tried to give him a hard time, Jack could just use the ring again – put an end to it in an instant. He was, at long last, safe from torment.

And, even better, he'd saved *Devyn*.

With Drake trapped in a hospital bed, he'd be unable to take Devyn to the dance in a few weeks. His plan of seducing Jack's sister was *over*.

The school day went by quickly, Jack grinning through most of it.

Save for a few moments of rage and hatred – he'd found out about some big 'get well soon' card going around the school for people to sign – it was the best school day he'd had in years. And, as school was nearing an end, Jack found himself looking over his female classmates.

He discarded the uglies right away. Found himself debating between three girls, all attractive and unobtainable.

Which should he visit after school?

He needed more test subjects. More people to experiment on with the ring's powers.

Should he go with the flat-chested blonde girl? The athletic brunette who wore way too much make-up? Or the dark skinned, short chick with tits the size of basketballs?

As the final bell rang, and everyone began flooding out of the classroom, Jack made his decision.

He slipped on the ring, watched as time froze and colour drained away from the world. As always, a pitch-black darkness covered his entire body, red symbols floating around the base of his finger.

"Let's see..."

Jack glanced around, saw no sign of the humanoid shadow.

Satisfied that the bizarre monster wasn't about to jump him, he moved to the first of the three girls – placed a hand on her shoulder.

Show me where you live.

He looked up, saw two clouds above the blonde girl's head.

One would contain all the girl's current emotions and feelings and thoughts. Relief and joy, most likely – what with school being over for the day 'n' all. The other would contain all her thoughts and feelings about her home, and would spawn memories of the place.

From those memories, Jack would be able to discover the girl's address.

It took all of five time-frozen minutes to learn where all three girls lived. Of the three, the dark skinned girl's house was nearest to Jack's – making her the prime candidate.

The girl's name was Alyssa. Beyond that, Jack knew very little about her – save that she was attractive and had an amazing body. But, beyond those two facts – her being good looking with a sexy body – what was there to know?

"I'll be seeing you later," he promised Alyssa, giving her ass a gentle tap.

Again, he glanced around – searching for glowing red eyes and unnatural shadows. And, again, he found nothing.

He scowled, shook his head.

Whatever that thing was, it'd only shown itself when Jack had been getting his retribution against Drake Damilio.

Why?

He shook his head again, moved away from Alyssa, took the ring off.

The world burst into action around him, his classmates resuming their race to leave the classroom. Black and white gave way to bright colours, silence gave way to a cacophony of sound.

Alyssa turned, glared behind herself, then grew suddenly confused at the empty space there.

Jack stepped back from his computer, smiled at his sister.

"There," he shrugged. "All set up."

"You didn't have to," she smiled. "Dad said he's going to take my laptop in to get fixed this weekend."

It was yet another perk Jack's twin sister had that he didn't. If his computer stopped working for whatever reason, there was no way Mom or Dad would bother taking it in to get repaired. But the moment *Devyn's* laptop started acting up, they were all too happy to help her.

"It's fine," Jack shrugged. "Only took a few minutes to do."

Creating a guest account on his computer. One his sister could use. It'd mean he wouldn't have to worry about her stumbling across anything he didn't want her seeing. Well worth the two or so minutes it'd taken him to set up.

As Devyn took a seat at his desk, Jack climbed onto his bed and laid back, stared at the ceiling.

A few minutes passed before he began growing bored.

He sat up in bed, looked at his computer screen.

"Anatomy again?" Jack asked, frowning.

Devyn shook her head, not looking away from the screen. "No. I'm just trying to figure out what's wrong with Drake."

That name cut through Jack like a knife.

"Whatever happened to him, I've never heard of anything like it before. Bones breaking spontaneously? It's bizarre."

"Shit happens," Jack mumbled.

On the screen, he could see a diagram of a human spine. All the different vertebra labelled.

"I wish..." Devyn whispered. Then she shook her head. "It's not fair. There are so many horrible people in the world, people who deserve bad things. Why is it never any of *them* that things like this happen to?"

Jack bit back a retort, forced himself to remain silent.

She didn't know the truth. It wasn't her fault.

He watched, pushing down his annoyance, as his sister continued looking into spinal injuries. No-doubt, his saintly sister wanted to help Drake in some way. Understand what'd happened to him. As far as Jack knew, she wanted to become a doctor or something in the future. Was she imagining it? Becoming a surgeon and helping Drake overcome his newfound disability?

Whatever his sister was thinking, it wouldn't last.

Once he was confident he'd mastered the ring's powers, he'd use them on Devyn. Make her forget all about helping Drake. Make her forget about him completely.

Jack looked up at the house, one he'd never visited before yet knew so very well.

That tree stump? A few years ago, before the old apple tree had been cut down,

there had been a rope swing there. And in that garage? Some old muscle car that Alyssa's father had been working on for years. The house's basement, Jack knew, was filled with boxes and old memories – unused furniture and broken televisions and electronics. And the attic? That was where Alyssa's mother worked; making hand-crafted dresses for special occasions – weddings and parties and the like.

A fully-detached home, with a lovely garden and a white-picket fence.

Just a few streets away from where Jack himself lived, yet infinitely more desirable. It was the kind of home people dreamed of having. The picturesque ideal.

"Okay then Alyssa, show me what you've got."

Jack walked off the street, followed the path up to the too-perfect home. When he reached the front door, he tried turning the handle to open it.

"Locked," he sighed.

Seemed like he'd have to take the ring off, knock the door, wait for it to open, then freeze time again. What a pain in the ass. Unless... Was there another way into the house?

Jack shrugged, went searching for one.

A minute later, he was pushing open the house's back door and stepping inside.

Thanks to his quick search through her memories earlier, Jack had a sense of the house's layout and knew vaguely where he'd find Alyssa's room. He wasted no time, headed directly there – barging inside like he owned the place.

He found Alyssa sitting at her desk, hunched over a drawing tablet with a stylus in her hand.

Curious, Jack walked over to the girl, peeked at her drawing.

It was actually quite good. A sketch of some 2D character.

"Huh," he said, staring at the drawing pad. "Didn't figure you for an artist..."

He glanced around her plain room, saw drawings on the walls and art books on shelves. A handful of empty candy wrappers, and Alyssa's laptop, were the only other things on her desk.

"Now then," Jack said, putting a hand on the girl's shoulder. "What am I going to do with you?"

A good question.

What were his end goals? What did he want to accomplish?

"Devyn," Jack whispered. "I want Devyn."

Using the ring to make his sister into a lover.

Would that even be possible?

"Yes," he grunted. "It has to be."

But, until he knew how, until he was certain he could do it, he wouldn't toy with Devyn's mind.

Practice. That was why he was here. To practice his abilities and to figure out exactly what he could do. Could he make a girl want to have sex with a family member? Possibly. The only way to find out for sure was to do it.

"You're an only child, aren't you Alyssa?"

From the memories he'd seen, the impression of the house in his mind, there were only two bedrooms. The master bedroom and Alyssa's room. No other inhabitants; just mother and father and daughter.

"Can't make you fuck a brother, then," Jack muttered. "Since you don't have one. What about your dad?"

He squeezed her shoulder.

Show me your father.

And, just like that, a new root cloud appeared above Alyssa's head. Her general feelings towards her father.

Now, show me your crush.

Another root cloud appeared.

"We'll start off small. First, give you a crush on your father. Harmless. Then, we'll do the same with him. Make him see how hott you are."

He reached up, began opening those root clouds and searching the memories they spawned. It was slow work – sifting through the memories and their emotions, detaching them and reattaching them in more appropriate places. Slow work, but fulfilling.

By the time he was done today, Alyssa would be crushing on her father harder than any boy she'd ever thought about before.

Jack rubbed his hands together, admiring his hard work.

Above Alyssa's head were more black clouds than he could count. Memories and emotions aplenty, almost all of which had been recategorised and re-contextualised in some way.

If everything worked as he planned, Alyssa would return to regular time with a colossal crush on her father.

But...

It'd be a shame to leave it at that, wouldn't it?

Alyssa was a good looking girl, after all. A pretty face on a killer body. Hunched over her desk as she was, chest barely contained in a buttoned-down blouse.

"Pretty soon," Jack found himself saying, fingers finding themselves on her shoulder once again, "your daddy will be keeping you very busy. I might as well have some fun now, while I can. Don't you agree?"

His hand moved, slid slowly over Alyssa's chest, down into her valley of cleavage.

Soft tit-flesh yielded under his fingertips.

With time stopped as it was, every groove he poked into her skin remained in place – lines embedded in the girl's tits, visible finger-trails.

One button undone, then the next.

He had to adjust her body to remove the blouse, set it aside. The girl was basically a life-size doll. Unable to move by herself, having to be guided by Jack's hand. He positioned her so that she was sitting upright, her upper-body clad only in a white bra.

Jack gulped.

He reached down began unbuttoning his jeans.

"You don't mind, do you?" He asked, pulling his cock out, pointing it at the girl's face. "No? That's a good girl."

His hand moved to Alyssa's chin, gently turned her head towards himself. Her eyes – focused on a drawing she couldn't see – were blind to the cock right in front of them.

"Don't worry," he whispered, fingertips moving to Alyssa's lips, prying them open – her jaw along with them. "It's not like you'll remember this. You'll never even know."

Slowly, carefully, he moved his hips – his cock – forward.

Jack stuffed a pair of the girl's panties into his pocket, walked to her bedroom door.

He spared one glance back at her, a smile tugging at his lips.

Alyssa's face was frozen in concentration – mouth open wide with globs of white floating inside. There were white drops on her lips, and her exposed breasts were indented with finger-grooves.

How would she react when time unfroze?

Jack was almost tempted to find out. All he'd have to do was take the ring off, watch her reaction, then slip it back on and make his exit. Simple enough. But... There was the risk that Alyssa would see his face – would put two and two together.

Much safer to leave now and take the ring off elsewhere.

Still, Jack couldn't help but feel a pang of regret as he left Alyssa's bedroom and began searching for the girl's father.

Stuffing his cock into her mouth had been fun. He'd gotten off to it 'n' all. And seeing her face at school tomorrow, knowing what he'd done, would be amusing. But all the same, something felt hollow about the event.

Alyssa hadn't been sucking him off or blowing him. She'd just been frozen there as he'd jerked himself off with her lips.

It felt nice, sure. But he wanted *more*.

He could, if he chose to, fuck Alyssa while time was frozen – ram his cock into her cunt or ass or wherever. Hell, he could do that to any chick in the *world* if he felt like it.

But... Wouldn't it be more fun to fuck them in normal time?

To see their faces contort in pleasure, their bodies shaking and swaying, tits bouncing. Them being the ones pleasuring him, instead of him pleasuring himself with their motionless bodies. Wouldn't *that* be so much hotter?

"If I can make Alyssa fuck her father," Jack said as he searched the house, "then I can do the same with any girl. I can have anyone I want."

He froze in place, turned around, narrowed his eyes at the shadows around him. Ordinary, plain shadows.

Why did it feel like someone was *watching* him?

He couldn't see the glowing red eyes, nor the creature's humanoid shadow-body. But it was there. He was certain of it. Watching him. Waiting.

Jack shook his head, continued looking for Alyssa's father.

Jack turned down a school corridor, saw the crowd gathered. The laughing and chattering hum. Dozens of voices all mixing together, making it impossible to tell what anyone was saying.

Words like 'amazing' and 'miracle' and 'Drake' reached him, but none of the context behind those words.

Hearing Drake's name was enough, though.

Jack walked over to the crowd of people, began pushing his way forward – wanting to see what they were all looking at and talking about. He shoved past schoolgirls and jocks, eliciting glares and muttered insults as he went.

Drake. Why were these people talking about *Drake*?

He was gone! No longer an issue! Trapped in a hospital bed somewhere, crippled and broken and-

Jack broke through into a clearing, got a front-seat view of what they were all celebrating and chattering about. His jaw dropped open, eyes widening in shock as his heart dropped.

Drake Damilio with a grin on his face, standing tall.

Uninjured. Whole.

No broken shin. No shattered spine. The guy looked healthier than ever. Not so much as bags under his eyes.

Drake turned away from one of his friends, saw Jack standing there staring at him. His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Before Jack knew what he was doing, he'd reached into his pocket and pulled out the black ring. Mind empty but for cold rage, he slid the ring onto his finger – eyes never leaving Drake.

Time stopped. The world went shades of black and white.

Jack stepped forward, hesitated.

There was something *wrong* about Drake.

His body... It was too bright. Like someone was shining a flash-light on him. But it was only on Drake, covering his whole body and nothing else. A total opposite to what happened when Jack used his ring's power on someone – coating them in shadows.

"You shouldn't be here," Jack whispered. "Why are you *here*?"

Drake should be in hospital. On a bed. Unable to walk. He should be *broken*. Crippled. Not walking around with a smug grin on his face, acting like nothing had happened.

"No," Jack growled. "No! Fuck this!"

So what if Drake's body wasn't broken? So what if the bastard had come back? Jack still had all the power in the world. All he had to do was touch Drake, bring out those clouds. And, one by one, erase them. Conjure up everything thought and memory and experience Drake had ever had, and *destroy* them all.

If turning Drake into a mindless vegetable was the only way to get rid of the asshole once and for all, so be it!

He stepped up to Drake, reached a hand forward.

The moment his fingers came into contact with Drake's shoulder, there was a blinding flash of light. Jack winced in pain, pulled his hand back, cradled his tingling fingertips. He turned his eyes on Drake, glared.

Behind him, the shadows chuckled.

Jack spun, eyes darting left and right, searching for red eyes.

"Come out!" He demanded, anger washing away any hint of fear. "Show yourself!"

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, the anger inside him dissipated. The fear returned. His heart thumped as the shadows of the crowd around him began to move, condense.

A humanoid form appeared before Jack, made entirely of darkness.

Two glowing red eyes locked with his.

"What are you?!" Jack managed to bark out, feeling a whole lot less confident than he had a moment before. "Why are you protecting *him*?!"

The shadows continued to shift, condense, solidify.

Before Jack's eyes, the darkness took shape, formed into the visage of a pale-skinned man in a black business suit, with swept-back black hair. All shades of black and white, save for his glowing red irises.

The red-eyed man regarded Jack for a long moment.

Then he smiled.

"Hello Jack."