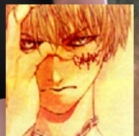


SAVING SABRINA

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The First Book of Morningstar 1:1 - Baptism From Fire



THE BOOK OF MORNINGSTAR 1:1 – BAPTISM FROM FIRE

Sabrina Morningstar awoke in pain.

She reigned and lived in Hell, so pain was not a thing she was unused to. Half mortal, she was still the daughter and heir of Samael, called Lucifer Morningstar or the Dark Lord by some. She had inherited his power and, through courage and cunning, had wrested the throne of Hell and deposed him. Her war on Heaven was more thoughtful than her father's, less wasteful.

For all her achievements, though, she was still partly mortal. This was both a strength and a weakness. The infernal hierarchy was immortal and devoted to whatever it was they did; only mortals could change. All the powers of the fallen angel mingled with the free will of Eve's daughters. It made her clever, unpredictable, but it also left her weak to all the weaknesses of humanity.

She'd taken the occasional lover among the denizens of Hell, learning how best to use them to please herself. All of them hurt and were hurting; it was being soothed and coddled that they all craved, and she could give them that. They are addicted to her, wanting to possess her, none of them willing to own for fear of every other lover in Hell coming after her to own her. Her rulership was a cold war, fragile, working only because of her quick-wittedness.

As enthralling as all of it was, however, it was exhausting.

Sometimes, Sabrina Morningstar dreamed that she was Sabrina Spellman, living with her aunts, pining after Harvey, going for malts with Theo and Rose. Life was simpler in the mortal world.

When Sabrina Spellman called her, she came.

Of course she did.

The two of them were closer than friends or siblings or twins, closer than family. They were everything to one another. The Sabrinas had been together again and then

confusion

pain

darkness

And now she was awake again and she was in pain.

- The First Book of Morningstar 1:2 -

She'd been stripped down to nothing, her legs and arms spread out from her body and stretched as far as they could go, painfully stretched, stretched so far that any further would have pulled her limbs from the sockets. The left side of her back was wracked by sharp pains that dulled to a throbbing ache that settled into her bones. She was breathing, yelped when she felt something stab her. Grimacing, she called on her magic and felt

there was a reservoir of her power, an ocean, but it was being held in place, dammed up, damned up
a cool chill move through her, a bolt of pain that made her scream.

"Iron binds a witch," a lilting voice above her and to the left said. "and half of your heritage makes you nothing more than this, for all your pretension."

Sabrina turned and looked into the dimpled face of a nun, a kindly woman with soft eyes and a gentle smile. The nun's hands and her habit were covered in blood, and Sabrina could see the needle in her hand.

"Let me go," Sabrina threatened.

"Eventually, we will," the nun promised. "Once you have been saved in the Name of the Lamb."

"In the name of the Lamb," two other nuns in the room repeated.

"In the name of the Lamb," a man she did not know repeated.

"In the name of the Lamb," whispered Sabrina Spellman.

- The First Book of Morningstar 1:3 -

The nun with the needle sung a hymn while she worked. Sabrina reached for her power again and couldn't quit grasp it. The effort got her nothing but a low ache in her body, throbbing out from the tattoo and the iron bindings, a pain that grew the harder she reached.

Every time she tried, she shuddered, wracked by pain. It took the pain a few times to wrench a sob from her lips, but the nun stroked her hair when she cried and cooed sweet nothings to her. Rope was used to bind her down further, to restrict what little motion she had left.



Nonetheless, Sabrina tried to turn her head, to face the nun.

“What are you doing to me?”

“Marking you with the sign of the Lamb,” the nun said. “The ink is suffused with silver and mandrake.”

Sabrina howled and pulled at her bindings. Her aunt Hilda had been a master of alchemy and craft. Silver was the metal of purity, and properly prepared it could weaken the hold of hell-powers. Mandrake root could specifically counteract witchcraft and had been used to render even the most powerful witches harmless during the Burning Times.

“Get off me!” she screamed, pulled, fought. She was bound too tightly, the silver and mandrake woven into her flesh already weakening, the iron and this place binding her from her power. She pulled and she screamed and she fought and the nun merely waited for her to exhaust herself, stroking her back, her butt, her hair.

“This is for your own good,” the nun sang, and as Sabrina hung her head and wept the nun continued her holy work.

- The First Book of Morningstar 1:4 -

Eventually, the nun stood up and had a glass of water. One of the nuns brought Sabrina a glass, too, with a straw so they wouldn't have to move her at all to allow her to drink. Her voice hurt from screaming and her senses were dulled from the pain of the forced tattoo and her repeated efforts to call on her magic – when the straw touched her lips she accepted it.

FIRE

THE WATER BURNED HER MOUTH LIKE FIRE, LIKE ACID, LIKE

She spit it out and the nuns all cooed at her, sympathizing with her plight.

“So sorry, child,” the lead nun sang, coming around to her face and holding her, brushing her hair, dabbing the sweat from her brow. “We did not consider the effects of holy water upon you. We've never had the chance to save an actual Antichrist before.”

Sabrina spit on her:

Spit in her face.

The nun stood, accepted a towel from one of the others and wiped it off.

“You were born a mewling daughter of Eve, even if only by part,” the nun sang. “You are a child of the Lamb, and we will save you. You may hate us for it now but one day you will kiss my feet and thank me for what I have given you. You will look back on this moment with horror for your defiance.”

“I am going to kill you,” Sabrina swore. “I am going to drag you down into the deepest pits of Hell, and I-”

She stopped as the nun shoved a wadded wet ball of cloth into her mouth, Sabrina's threat turned into a pained scream.

FIRE

WHATEVER WAS IN HER MOUTH BURNED LIKE FIRE

She thrashed, fought, tried to expel it with her tongue, but it burned her tongue, burned her teeth down to the roots, burned burned burned

“Your panties soaked in holy water,” the nun said, holding the panties in her mouth. She accepted a cloth and tied it around Sabrina's head, locking the panties in place, tightening the knot against her nape, then ran a hand through her hair while looking Sabrina deep in her tear-brimmed eyes. “I forgive you.”

She stood, letting Sabrina's hair drop, and moved to the right side of Sabrina's prone naked body. One of the other nuns brought a chair and the nun sat.

And then she got back to work.

- The First Book of Morningstar 1:5 -

A hundred hundred tiny pin pricks in her back, along her spine and shoulder, reaching for her breast. A thousand thousand little injections of silver and mandrake, making her weaker while her enemies got stronger all around her. Hours of this, them wiping away the blood and washing the marks on her wounds with iodine, making her scream and cry and beg for their amusement.

She was shaking, shivering, sobbing. She felt like they were going to take everything from her and all she had to do to understand what they wanted to reduce her to was lift her head and look at Sabrina Spellman, but she was weak, so weak, and she couldn't even find the energy to do that.

“Mrs. Holt,” the nun said, and two voices answered the call. “The younger, please.”

Sabrina heard someone rise, shuffling footsteps. A shadow over her.

“I am here, Sister Joy,” said Sabrina Spell... Sabrina *Holt*. “What would you have me do.”

“The Antichrist is lost in self-pity, but this is a joyous occasion,” the nun – Sister Joy – sang. “This is the first step on the long road to her Salvation.”

“Yes, Sister Joy.”

“I would have you ease her suffering,” Sister Joy said. “Even the Lamb was given to share His burden as He suffered His passions. You know her better than any of us.”

Even in her suffering, Sabrina Morningstar seethed. Yes, she and the other Sabrina had experimented with one another. They knew their body better than any lover possibly could. Both had taken rare pleasure in the other, more for curiosity than lust – but back then that had been their choice. Sabrina Morningstar would not want these people to see her like that, and she was still horrified by what they had done to the other. Could Sabrina Holt consent, was such a thing even possible for her anymore?

“You w-want...,” Sabrina Holt paused, her shadow shaking as badly as her voice. “Sister Joy, lesbianism is a sin.”

“She is your blood.”

“Sister Joy, incest is a sin.”

“She is not your sibling, or your kin.”

“Sister Joy,” Sabrina Holt began, and there was a long pause. “Sister Joy, masturbation is a sin.”

“John, Jr?” Sister Joy asked.

“Do as the sister bids you, Sabrina,” a male voice commanded, and Sabrina Holt shuffled to the space between Sabrina Morningstar's legs and knelt. Sabrina could feel her other's shaky breath on her lower lips, on her inner thighs.

She had cried in front of these people. She had screamed and she had thrashed and she had wept, but up until this moment, she had not begged.

Please, she tried to say with her eyes.

Please, she tried to say through the panties in her mouth.

Please, she tried to pray, and she did not know who she was praying to.

This should have been sacred. This should have been a thing only for the two of them in private moments, not a thing to be witnessed by these, these monsters.

And yet.

Sabrina's tongue circle her lower lips, dipping in only slightly, soft kisses on her inner thighs, deep tongue inside her cunt. Small little brushes of tongue on clit and Sabrina Morningstar was soon moaning, whimpering, pleading. She pulled at her bonds but she was still well and truly stuck, well and truly helpless as she was marked and toyed with.

She had promised to take Sister Joy to the deepest pit in Hell, but how was she supposed to get there now?

Her legs tried to twitch – Sabrina Holt knew her, how to arouse her, how to make her forget the pain. Sabrina Morningstar shook her head, whining, pleading.

“Do not let her cum, Mrs. Holt,” Sister Joy sang. “Ease her suffering, but do not let it cease. She deserves this.”

Sabrina Holt's muffled response made Sabrina Morningstar quake in her bonds. Warm breath inside her, warm tongue inside her, brushing against her, softly spelling -

Sabrina is trying to tell me something, Sabrina Morningstar realized. Her eyes went wide and then she closed them, concentrating. *Three quick dots, the beginning of a sentence.*

The first lick, a straight line from clit to core; then a quick lick of the clit, bottom to top of one lip, a semi-circle around her clit and then back down from top to bottom.

I'm, Sabrina Morningstar thought.

A sliding s, a circle, a curve up and partially down once and then again. Start of a semi-circle around her clit, left to right, and then a line straight down. Three quick licks. Sabrina Morningstar concentrated as the same motions repeated themselves inside her, as she moaned and tried to think through the pleasure and the pain and the fatigue. It took her a few times, but she figured it out.

I'm sorry.

“What are you doing?” Sister Joy asked.

The pin pricks stopped and the stool moved and Sabrina struggled to lift her head, twisting to look behind her.

"Leave her alone!" she screamed, but no one listened as Sister Joy grabbed Sabrina Holt by the hair and pulled the screaming girl aside, tossing her to the ground.

"What were you and the Antichrist plotting?" Sister Joy commanded, and Sabrina Holt started to cry. Sister Joy slapped her once, twice, and Sabrina Morningstar watched as her once-strong other let it happen, offering her cheek up to the abuse. Sister Joy stood, towering over the weeping girl. "What were you doing?"

"Nothing!" pleaded Sabrina Holt. Sister Joy said nothing.

"Confess your sin, Sabrina," her husband demanded, and Sabrina bowed her head and hugged herself.

"I was trying to tell her I was sorry," sniffled Sabrina Holt.

"For what? Her pain?" Sister Joy smiled, reached down and pulled Sabrina Holt to her feet, the nun holding Sabrina's head in her hands. "Your compassion is admirable, but it is misplaced. You know better than most the evils a witch may commit, but even a witch's evil pales before an actual Antichrist."

"I'm sorry, Sister Joy," cried Sabrina Holt, lifting her cheek to more abuse, clasping her hands behind her back.

"It is no longer my place to punish you," Sister Joy said.

"Sabrina," her husband commanded. He pointed at the ground before him. "Come here."

It was vile. It was profane. Sabrina Holt shuffled to where her husband pointed. She knelt on the floor, hands by her sides, waiting.

"You know how evil lies, how tricky it can be," her husband said. "But you're just a woman – a Good Woman, maybe, but still weak-willed."

"I'm sorry," Sabrina whimpered.

"It's not your fault," he told her, cupping her face. He leaned in and kissed her, pulled her on his lap. "Remember, this isn't a punishment. Only a person can be punished. What are you?"

"Yours."

"Good girl. So, what must happen now?"

"Correction," Sabrina said. She shuffled her skirt and panties down her legs, lay stomach down over her husband's lap. He began to spank her. One of the nuns provided him with a hairbrush and the sound of the implement striking her flesh was mingled with her screams, her pleas, her begging.

"This is for your own good," her husband said, the light of power in his eyes.

What horror is this? Sabrina Morningstar wondered.

"I'll be a Good Woman," she pleaded. "I promise. I promise. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry..."

And as Sabrina Holt begged for a mercy that would not come, Sister Joy took her place at Sabrina Morningstar's side and ran a hand through her sweat-drenched hair, soothing her.

"It's okay, girl," Sister Joy sang, as Sabrina Morningstar found the strength to glare, "we're nearly done."

The tattooing continued.