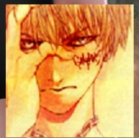


# SAVING SABRINA

STORY BY HUNTEROPERA  
ART BY BALTHAZAR DRAGON



The Second Book of Holt 1:1 - Duplicity



## THE SECOND BOOK OF HOLT 1:1 – IMPLICITY

Sabrina Spellman knew her Husband loved her.

He knew that He loved her more than anything in the world, because He had taken her into His home and made her His. He kept her. He cherished her. He gave her purpose. He kept her pure. He kept her in spite of her many sins.

He had taken her to the old funeral home where she had grown up and she had signed all the paperwork of ownership over to Him. He would make all their decisions. He would claim all of her old property. He owned her completely.

They went through all of her old clothing together. He wanted to see what she looked like in all of it, if any of her old clothing was godly and good. She had thought to change on her own but He told her to stay and she did. He had seen all of her already, He said, had seen every inch of her body. He knew her body better than she did. He knew everything better than she did. He was right. She knew He was right. So she stayed and she undressed in the middle of the room, trying on each individual article of clothing.

He invited some of His friends to help Him decide what to keep and what to get rid of. She had balked at that, when they started showing up. She had tried to hide her small breasts and her naked little, her naked little,

*she closed her eyes and frowned and tried not to cry*

her naked little cunt.

*'cunt' she repeated the word she had a cunt a naked little cunt she was a naked little cunt*

"What are you doing, Sabrina?" her Husband asked her.

"I, I, sorry," said Sabrina, bowing her head, taking her hands from her body, clenching her delicate fingers into fists that lingered by her creamy thighs. "Forgive me."

"I will," her Husband said, cradling her face with His hand. She nuzzled into it, opening her eyes, staring up at him as she felt her adoration of Him swell. "I always will, Sabrina, but you will have to earn it."

She blinked back tears, kept her eyes on His, nodded her understanding.

He pushed her back, spanked her as she moved towards her clothing.

"Start with your underwear," He told her. "We'll go from there."

- The Second Book of Holt 1:2 -

They added music. The whole football team showed up in His new house and they watched as she went from panties to bras to shirts to skirts to pants. Always some part of her was exposed, usually most of her. Her Husband asked her to do her old cheerleading routines and she did, stretching her lithe little body, performing what He wanted as He wanted it.

"You're a lucky man," so many of her Husband's friends told Him.

"I know," He said, staring at her.

She felt the warmth in her cheeks, dropped her eyes, held her hands at her sides. She was the lucky one, saved by the name of the Lamb.

She had been saved and not everyone would be.

- The Second Book of Holt 1:3 -

Most of her clothing was thrown out.

"It's all just vanity anyway," her Husband said, and she knew He was right. Sweaters, leggings, pants, so many of her favorites, the fabrics and colors she had loved in her old life gone. He asked her to throw them out with her own hands and she did what He told her to do because He was her Husband and she loved Him and He was right, always right, especially when it came to her.

He liked some of her skirts for ease of access to her bald little cunt. He could bend her over and flip her skirt up and take her any time he wanted any way he wanted. That was important to Him, so it was important to her. She needed to be available to Him whenever He wanted her. Pleasing Him was what she was for. She would be naked underneath the skirts, ready for Him, available for Him. She existed for Him. She existed only for Him.

He liked some of her leggings because He liked looking at her slim legs and her tight ass. She got to keep some of her leggings and she was grateful. She enjoyed her leggings. So did He, running His hands along her tight belly or the curve of her back and sliding his fingers under her leggings, between fabric and flesh. She liked when He did that because He told her that she liked it and so she did. She liked everything He did to her and everything He liked. If she liked something and He did not like it then she stopped liking it.

He liked some of her shirts, the ones that made her small firm breasts look bigger. He didn't want her wearing anything underneath them and she nodded and accepted this. He told her she could wear a shirt or a bra but not both, and either a bra or nothing when she was home.

She found herself terrified at the prospect of having a choice – what if she disappointed Him? How would she live with herself?

He hugged her and kissed her and told her He would be there to correct her.

She loved Him so much.

*she closed her eyes and bowed her head and sobbed a little and*

She loved Him so much.

- The Second Book of Holt 1:4 -

He tied her to their bed at night. He used her however He wanted before and often after she was tied. He was considerate of her, teasing her, biting her, making her sweat and tingle and cum. He traced his finger along the tattoo on her back and made sure she took her pills to keep the Dark Lord's perversion away, all her old magic dormant and hidden.

He would spank her when she thought of her old life, and whip her when she failed to tell Him she had been thinking of her old life.



"That part of your life is over," He told her, kissing her.

"In the Name of the Lamb," she whispered, staring up at Him, worshipping him, taking him into her mouth.

"In the Name of the Lamb."

"Thank you for freeing me," she mumbled, in chains, on her knees, mouth full of Him.

He pulled out, bent her over so her face was on the floor and her ass was in the air. He entered her, His manhood plunging into her as she screamed and writhed and could not escape.

She did not want to escape.

- The Second Book of Holt 1:5 -

She was cooking dinner.

It had been easier with magic, but whenever she thought about her old magic her back itched, the tattoo ink crawling on her skin and her Husband would know and she would be spanked if she told him or whipped and then spanked if she did not. She did not think about her magic. She was cooking dinner and there was a recipe in a book and she had to follow the recipe. She could use her hands and her long delicate fingers like a Good Woman. She was good at following orders now. She liked being told what to do.

*She liked being ordered commanded told what to do she liked it she liked it she liked it*

He came up behind her, hands on her hips, brushing the hem of her skirt, moving up and cupping her bra, pushing under her breasts, pinching her. She leaned back against Him and sighed, whined, letting Him nibble on her neck, His knee moving her legs apart.

"I'm," she gasped, His erection hard through His jeans, resting in the crack of her ass, "I'm making dinner..."

"We'll order something in," He growled, pushing her over the kitchen counter, one hand on her back, the other flipping her skirt up, then freeing Himself, then His hands were on her hips and He pulled her back, impaling her ass on His cock, shoving her against the counter. She cried out. She cried. Her hands reached for something to grab and she failed to blink back her tears.

She liked being fucked in the ass. She liked being fucked in the ass because He had told her that she liked being fucked in the ass. And she did. She did. In the Name of the Lamb, she did. She gasped and moaned and cried and she came twice before He did. He slapped her ass, slapped her ass, pushed deeper and deeper into her. He hissed and stiffened and she felt Him inside her, spraying inside her. He stayed there, enjoying her, then pulled Himself out of her and cleaned Himself off on her skirt.

"Go order food," he told her. "Chicken, I think. You know the place."

Se did.

She answered the door in her underwear, paid for the food with money that had once been hers and was now His. She set the table and He joined her, she sitting in His lap. He fed her, petted her. Asked her how her day was, how she was feeling. She answered Him and then asked Him about His day, letting Him touch her as He told her about His dreams and desires. Football was going

well. He had scholarship offers. He had connections. He was going to play ball and fight fires and find more people like her and bring them into the light of the Lamb.

She was so proud of Him.

She was so lucky to be with Him.

She fell to her knees, took Him into her mouth.

He was her blessing.

- The Second Book of Holt 1:6 -

She existed in His house. It was her whole world.

There was a network of people that lived under the Name of the Lamb and they came to see Him. In the future, her Husband promised her, when she had been very good, she would be taken to their houses and she would get to leave their home and see more of the outside world than what she could see from the porch of His home.

He came and went as He pleased. She had no friends, no family save for Him and His. She had no pets, her Husband concerned she might try and make a pet into a familiar. She accepted His judgment. He knew best. He knew better than her. He was better than her.

He was better than her.

She loved Him.

She was so lucky.

- The Second Book of Holt 1:7 -

He caught her looking at the calendar.

"What are you looking at?" He asked. She knew better than to try and be clever.

"My birthday is coming up," she told Him.

"Show me," He said, coming up beside her, touching her. She pointed out the day – October 31st, her birthday. He looked at the calendar and then, without violence, spoke: "I don't like that day. No Good person does. So that is no longer your birthday."

And it wasn't because He had said it.

But she still felt something die in her as He said it.

"Do you need to go back to the Convent?" He asked her, and He cared, His eyes full of concern for her, for her well-being. She shook her head, no. "We'll find you another birthday. Maybe something in May. I think I would like to be married to a girl that was born in May."

"Okay," she said, nodding, biting her lip. Her birthday was in May now.

"What is it?" He asked. She knew better than to lie, but how to explain?

"There's another me," she said, and she felt His body stiffen – not His cock, but His body. He led

her to His kitchen and sat her down at the table and He towered over her, looking down on her, judging her.

“Tell me,” He commanded.

How could she resist? He was her everything. He was her salvation.

She looked up at Him with wide eyes, adoring Him.

She opened her mouth, licked her lips.

And then she told her Husband all about Sabrina Morningstar.