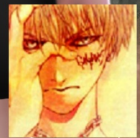


SAVING SABRINA

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The Book of Spellman 5:1 - Accepting Salvation



THE FIRST BOOK OF HOLT 5:1 – ACCEPTING SALVATION

“Do you accept the Lamb as your hope and your salvation?”

“Yes.” Sabrina's head was bowed, her hands resting demure in her lap. She was naked, sniffing, sickly pale from the lack of sunlight. “I... I accept the Lamb as my hope and my salvation.”

She looked up at me with her pretty eyes and I smiled, cupped her cheek, bent down and kissed her. Her lips were soft and pliant and then, tentative, cautious, she kissed me back. She tasted sweet, like fear and trembling.

I helped her stand on shaking legs, held her steady as the nuns came to her.

She whimpered, flinched as first one and then the other cupped her face in their hands.

“We welcome you, sister.”

“Sister, we welcome you.”

Each of them pulled her forehead to their lips and kissed her there while she whined.

Sister Joy was not a large woman but her presence – *her faith* – filled the room. She cupped Sabrina's face in her hands and pulled her down, her shining eyes boring into Sabrina's own. Sabrina whimpered, letting herself be pulled, staring up at Sister Joy with an adoration and awe I envied.

“We welcome you, sister.”

She waited, her fingers pushing against Sabrina's tender skin.

“Sister,” admitted Sabrina, eyes fluttering, tears steaming down her flushed cheeks, “we welcome you.”

“You will be a Good Woman,” Sister Joy promised, helping Sabrina to her feet, handing her over to the nuns. “Take her to the baptismal rooms. I will meet you there.”

- The First Book of Holt 5:2 -

“Do you know why I have kept you, John Holt, Jr.?” Sister Joy asked me.

We were alone in the room. We were of a height but I felt like she towered over me, her smiling face shining like the sun, the strength of her face making of her a mountain. I would have rather faced a row of linebackers alone than the Sister in that moment, but I touched the symbol of my faith.

“I felt a moment of envy,” I confessed, unable to meet Sister Joy's eyes. “When Sabrina looked at you. I wished she would look at me that way.”

The sister walked towards me, the hem of her habit brushing the stone floors.

Her hands were on my head.

“The love and adoration you saw is rightfully yours,” Sister Joy said, musical echoes from her voice drifting about the room. “Have no fear. We will place it where it belongs.”

“Then,” I swallowed, nervous. “Why did you keep me?”

“You have been strong so far, John Holt, Jr., a credit to that name, to your Father, and to the Lamb.” The Sister's hands left my head, allowing me to look at her, up at her. “The baptism of a witch is a painful thing. There is no shame if you do not possess the grit for it, though she may not know you as fervently if you fail in this.”

I thought of Mark, of Elspeth.

I thought of my Father and mother.

I thought of Sabrina, naked and curled on my shoulder.

“The Lamb has called me to this,” I said, my voice shaking. “What must I do?”

- The First Book of Holt 5:3 -

I followed Sister Joy down the long cold corridors towards the baptismal rooms. The dry stone gave way to cool condensation, the walls shimmering with moisture, small droplets sometimes coming down from above. The Sister walked with utter authority and I followed in her wake, past rooms where people screamed and cried as they learned how to pray. Despite the holiness surrounding me, I found myself shivering.

The rooms were not numbered but Sister Joy led us unerring to a large chamber. A metal frame stood on a raised stone, and the nuns were locking Sabrina to it with leather and steel – her arms at her sides, her legs and neck straight. I wondered how they would baptise her while she stood.

“Is she steady?” Sister Joy asked.

The other nuns nodded and back away, bowing their heads.

The sister inspected their work, tightening the leather, fastening the metal. She hummed a small hymn in satisfaction and rose up, standing over Sabrina, cupping the witch's face in her hands.

“We are going to save you, Sabrina Spellman,” Sister Joy said. I could see the witch tremble, the fear in her wide eyes. Her hands clenched and unclenched, her legs twitching, but she was bound and her magic was leashed. What could one frail bound girl do in the face of our righteousness?

“Do you accept the Lamb as your hope and your salvation?”

Sabrina nodded.

“You have to say it,” Sister Joy told her.

“Yes.” Sabrina's voice shook like the rest of her, pale and afraid before the glory of the Lamb. “I accept the Lamb as my hope and m-my s-salvation.” Her voice broke. She sobbed, overcome with the weight of our mercy.

“In the name of the Lamb.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

Sister Joy pulled on some part of the frame and Sabrina screamed.

- The First Book of Holt 5:4 -



Sabrina was held in the frame, parallel to the ground, facing the ceiling. Small droplets landed on her exposed skin, her teeth chattering and her body sweating. Was she hot or cold, I wondered. She struggled but the frame held her suspended, helpless. The water, I thought, was holy.

“Sabrina Spellman,” Sister Joy said. “You must listen. Are you ready?”

Sabrina looked at her and nodded, wide eyes focused. I could see the curve of her ass below the border of the frame. She mumbled that she was listening.

When Sister Joy spoke, the nuns and I both joined in, intoning the prayer:

Holy Lamb, you died to wash away the sins of a fallen world.

Have mercy, have mercy on we poor sinners.

Forgive us our trespasses, our crimes.

Worthy is the Lamb who was slain

Holy is the Lamb that was slain and arose.

Grant those you would invest with your authority, authority,

Grant those you would chain with obedience, obedience.

Your kingdom awaits those who accept their place.

In the name of the Lamb.

In the name of the Lamb.

In the name of the Lamb.

Sabrina stared, not understanding. One of the nuns brought a casket of holy water close to the stool that Sister Joy sat on and the Sister dipped a shawl in the water, swirling it around.

“Do you, Sabrina Spellman, acknowledge what you heard?” Sister Joy asked.

Sabrina nodded, but I suspected that she did so more out of fear than belief. I wondered if I should voice my opinion when Sister Joy brought the shawl forth from the cask and placed it over Sabrina's face, covering her nose and mouth.

The witch went still, then started writhing, shaking, fighting, trying to shake her head, trying to remove the shawl drowning her. One of the nuns brought another stool to sit by the right side of her head, Sister Joy waving me over and telling me to sit.

As Sabrina struggled to breath, Sister Joy pointed at the spot between Sabrina's legs, tracing the lower lips to their apex, pushing up the little hood.

“Do you know what this is?” Sister Joy asked. I nodded. She bade me replace her finger with my own and Sabrina shook as I teased her. “You must not allow her to cum until she recites the prayer.”

I nodded.

When Sister Joy motioned for me to remove the shawl I did, handing it to her.

Sabrina gasped, eyes searching for solace and locking on my face, my kindness, as I continued to

provide her with comfort.

“Sabrina Spellman,” Sister Joy said. “What was the first line of the prayer?”

She didn't know. I could see it in her eyes. She struggled, she cried, she fought to free herself.

Exhausted, she fell limp. She didn't know.

Sister Joy covered her face with the shawl once more.

- The First Book of Holt 5:5 -

And it went.

Seven more times I pulled the shawl from her gaping lips and seven more times she floundered, struggling to breathe, sputtering and helpless. My fingers gave her a little comfort, ruling her, and she stared at me, pleading.

“J-john...?” her voice sounded too wet, droplets escaping her mouth with the effort. She was weeping. “H-help...?”

I leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“Holy Lamb,” I said, “you died to wash away the sins of a fallen world.”

“H-holy l-lamb,” she managed, the look on her face pathetically grateful, “y-you died t-to w-wash away the... the s-sins of the w-world.”

“You're so close,” I said, smiling at her. Her hips shuddered and I pulled my fingers away. She moaned, then started sobbing as Sister Joy covered her face with the shawl.

“You are doing very well,” Sister Joy told me.

“The Lamb is with me,” I said, and she nodded.

We were doing Good Work, here in this place.

When Sabrina's hips were shaking I removed the shawl, letting her breath.

“H-h-holy l-lamb, y-you d-d-died to ww-wash away the s-sins of a... a fallen w-world...”

I leaned down, kissing her, filling her lungs with my air. She kissed me back, desperate, passionate.

“You need to feel the words, Sabrina,” I told her, staring into her eyes. “You need to feel the words and believe them, deep in your soul.”

Sister Joy covered her face in the shawl once more.

- The First Book of Holt 5:6 -

“Holy Lamb, you died to wash away the sins of a fallen world!”

Sabrina screamed the words as the shawl was pulled from her face, her eyes on me, seeking my approval, my mercy. I smiled at her, my fingers still buried inside the sopping hole between her legs, and when my finger flicked against her agonized little cleft she screamed, her face beautiful,

her passion an utter prayer of acceptance to me and to the Lamb.

I smiled, leaned over and kissed her in the aftermath.

"You're doing so good," I told her. She was exhausted but she strained her neck, chasing my lips, my warmth, my love as I moved back. "Do you remember the next line?"

Her eyes went wide.

She was sobbing when Sister Joy covered her face with the shawl.

"I believe in you," I told her, my fingers dancing between her legs once more.

- The First Book of Holt 5:7 -

She stumbled through her baptism. She fell and made mistakes. She hung on my every word, my encouragement, relying on my love to see her through this.

We kept her suspended for hours, teaching her the lines, getting her to repeat them exactly, making certain that she believed every word, rewarding her when she was exact and truthful with orgasms. Old lines learned did not earn her more rewards, but old lines forgotten did see her flipped around and spanked, handprints soon decorating her wet little bum, her face inches above the cask, dipping in and out of the holy water.

Only when she begged for forgiveness did we return to her lessons.

Morning fell to afternoon, to evening, to night.

And then:

Holy Lamb, you died to wash away the sins of a fallen world.

Have mercy, have mercy on we poor sinners.

Forgive us our trespasses, our crimes.

Worthy is the Lamb who was slain

Holy is the Lamb that was slain and arose.

Grant those you would invest with your authority, authority,

Grant those you would chain with obedience, obedience.

Your kingdom awaits those who accept their place.

She believed every word. I could see it. She knew her place.

"In the name of the Lamb," I said, laughing, kissing her, letting her cum – the largest orgasm of the day, the largest orgasm of her life, her whole body shaking as if her soul would fall apart, the Dark Lord's shackles falling away from her.

"In the Name of the Lamb," Sister Joy sang, lifting the frame. We both undid the bindings, freeing Sabrina Spellman from her old life, leaving behind the Witch and revealing the Good Woman. She fell into my arms and I held her, cradled her face, kissed her.

I was so proud, so proud of her.

“In the name of the Lamb,” the nuns said, bringing forth a warm full-body towel and wrapping Sabrina in it, letting her bask in the warmth, in the comfort, while I held her and told her what a good girl she was.

She looked up at me, exhausted, shattered, clinging to me as the only good thing in her life.

She whispered a prayer meant for just the two of us and I smiled:

“In the name of the Lamb.”