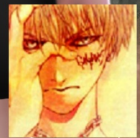


SAVING SABRINA

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The Book of Spellman 1:1 - Drake and Mane



SAVING SABRINA 5 – THE BOOK OF SPELLMAN 1:1 DRAKE AND MAN

My Father's eyes were shining with pride when he took me aside.

"I'm proud of you, boy," my Father said. Greendale was burning, evil purified from its every corner. My parents had trusted me with their sacred mission and I had swallowed my terror to do what the Lamb demanded of me. "When Evil tried to use the Devil's strength, you were strong enough to bring the witch low."

"Mark helped," I said, and I could see my Father's approval.

"Acknowledging those that help you is a great virtue," my Father said. "Never forget that."

"I will remember, Father."

"And always remember that it's what the coloreds are meant to do, help us in our task," my Father said, smiling. "It's important to respect and reward them when they walk on the righteous path, and to respect and reward ourselves."

"In the name of Lamb," I said, and my Father pulled me close into his strong arms.

"You did good here, boy, but you can do more good if you've got the grit for it."

"I do, Father."

"The Witch," my Father said. "We're going to take her to St. Adrienne's and show her the path to Salvation. She will need someone to show her kindness in that place. Do you have the iron in your soul for it?"

No simple question, this. I knew that terrible things happened there – mom sometimes had nightmares about what she had learned in that place, I knew, but my Father had walked her through that pain and loss into a better life.

How could I do any less, when my Father had such faith in me?

I could do the same for Sabrina Spellman.

Besides, she was cute.

My Father smiled, knowing my answer before I spoke it.

- The Book of Spellman 1:2 -

"Where you walk, you must walk alone," my Father said.

"Though I walk alone in the shadow, I fear no evil," I quoted. "The Lamb is with me. I am never alone."

My father smiled and hugged me, then sent me on my way.

The walk up the long straight road was harrowing, through the woods and all uphill. The Abbey was isolated and strange, designed to be left alone. The nuns there lived simple lives, studying the sixty books of their patron saint and all they had learned since, studying the means by which Salvation might be achieved.

Shadows loomed as I walked, the trees around the path grasping for the skies with branches that looked like disjointed fingers. Little moved among canopy or underbrush, even the wind hushed

along this long lonely road.

Above the leaves the sun sank and the moon revealed herself, silver light brushing down around the Abbey – pillars of light to lead my way. I kept my pace steady, forced myself to breathe deeply. Calm was necessary here, I knew, as the nuns would be watching and despite the weakness of their gender they could still reject my claim of sponsorship.

No one knew better than they the grit needed to administer Salvation to the Damned.

The Abbey crept up on me, long stone walls revealed in the woods as I walked towards the center. It loomed, a massive structure whose bulk remained hidden by tree and earth, and I felt like I was walking over the body of a great beast slumbering under the earth. I imagined I could hear the screams of those seeking the Lamb's Mercy and I bowed my head and breathed deeply, the scent of the woodlands filling my lungs.

"I ask for Your blessing in this task my Father has set for me," I prayed. "Give me the courage to offer kindness through my words and actions, and to bring those unworthy of You to Your mercy. May all my efforts be pleasing to You. In Your name. In the name of the Lamb."

My words and steps were steadier than my breath, but my soul found comfort in the words.

I could do this.

I could make my Father and mom proud of me, find grace in the name of the Lamb.

I could do this.

The doors of the Abbey opened as I approached, candlelight flickering within.

"You are John Holt, Jr., named for your grandfather, who was been taken into the Lamb's embrace," a nun said, a silhouette against the light behind her. "I am Sister Joy. You are welcome here, John."

I nodded, pace steady, and accepted her invitation.

- The Book of Spellman 1:3 -

I followed Sister Joy through clean and shadowed hallways. Her face was visible to me, clean and smiling. Other sisters passed us, their faces covered by the darkness of this place, but I could hear their whispers and their laughter. This was a place where light dwelt among the darkness, these brave souls soldiers in a war I was just beginning to understand.

"Do you understand what it is to be a sponsor to a witch, John?" Sister Joy asked. Her voice was a quiet song, her touch and demeanor gentle. I shook my head, no. "It is a sacred and secret thing that we do here. Your task is simpler than ours, but more important – we will do what we must to convince the Witch to repent and accepts the Lamb's mercy. You are to be the vessel of that mercy, to stay with her and comfort her, to teach her what it is to be a woman in the light of the Lamb. Can you show her kindness, John?"

"I have faith that I can," I said.

"We shall see," Sister Joy answered, and her words were not an accusation of disbelief but a rejoinder that we would both bear witness to my character in the days to come.

"In the name of the Lamb," she said.

“In the name of the Lamb.”

- The Book of Spellman 1:4 -

We stopped outside of a thick wooden door. I did not know how far down we had descended into the earth, how much farther we might possibly go. It felt like we had been descending into the dark for hours, our path lit by candles tended to be the gentle whispers of the nuns.

“She is in here,” Sister Joy told me. “The Witch Sabrina Spellman. Remember, you are not to interfere with our sacred work. You may bear witness and, when we are done, you may offer kindness. Do you understand?”

“I do,” I said.

She removed a key from the recesses of her habit and opened the door.

Together, we stepped inside.

- The Book of Spellman 1:5 -

Sabrina Spellman.

Cheerleader, schoolgirl, witch.

According to what we knew and what I had seen, an extraordinarily powerful witch, one of the most cursed to be captured in centuries. She didn't look it while unconscious – she looked like a cheerleader, like a schoolgirl. She was still dressed in the clothing that she had worn to our date, though that was a little ripped, a little torn.

“Has she been unconscious since capture?” I asked.

“Yes,” Sister Joy said, the glare she aimed at me demanding quiet. I nodded my understanding.

She was lying on a small blanketless bed. Two sisters picked her up and dragged her into the center of the room, where a metal dias was waiting for her. It had space to hold her torso, with four extensions spreading out to hold her arms and legs. Her unconscious body was placed on it, her head hanging off the table as her arms and legs were tied down at the wrists and elbows and knees and ankles.

One of the nuns produced a small leather bag and the nuns opened it reverently.

“We praise St. Adrienne, and uphold her sacred work,” Sister Joy intoned.

“Salvation at any cost,” the other two sisters answered.

“In the name of the Lamb.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

Sister Joy reached into the bag and removed a large syringe. She brushed Sabrina's hair to one side and plunged it into her flesh, depositing the dross liquid inside before removing the needle.

They waited a moment. The spot bruised a little, but the liquid stayed inside.

“Iron, silver, mandrake, mane,” Sister Joy said, looking to see if I understood. I nodded, wordless –

iron to bind a witch, silver for purity, mandrake to weaken, and mane

The syringe was washed in a small sink by one of the nameless nuns while the other removed a pair of shears and a small bottle from inside the bag and turned to face the unconscious witch strapped down in front of her, and then handed the scissors to Sister Joy.

“Wake her,” Sister Joy intoned.

The nun took the small bottle and opened it. The witch's head jerked up and her whole body shook invitingly. She groaned, tried to move her arms, groggily tried to make sense of what had happened to her.

I saw the moment panic took her. She screamed and Sister Joy slapped her.

She tried to use the gifts the Devil had given her and nothing happened.

“What have you-”

Sister Joy slapped her as hard as she could.

“Your Dark Lord cannot help you here,” Sister Joy said, smoothing the witch's hair back into place. “We have placed something in you that will strip you of your power for a period of time.”

“I will escape this and then-”

Sister Joy slapped her, using her knuckles this time.

“You will not,” Sister Joy said, wrapping her hand in Sabrina's hair, pulling. The witch hissed in pain, glaring, obstinate. “The injection was temporary, but we have a more permanent solution to taking a witch's power from her.”

Sabrina opened her mouth to try her wiles again and Sister Joy slapped the helpless girl hard enough that her head rocked and fell limp and she moaned, long and low.

“You will be saved, and you will thank us for it.”

Sister Joy brought the scissors to the nape of Sabrina's neck and began to cut down the length of her jacket. The witch complained by we all ignored her words as the jacket was cut away and removed, the fabric claimed by the two nameless nuns as Sister Joy turned her attention to Sabrina's dress. The scarlet fabric parted easily, revealing soft creamy shoulders and a scant bone-colored bra and a tight round ass hidden beneath black leggings.

The leggings went next, Sabrina now begging and struggling, but the scissors travelled down one long leg and then the other, pausing at the dip behind each knee. The leggings were taken.

I knew why they were doing this: the witch tempted Good Men with her body, but she tempted them by keeping her body hidden, flaunting what she had but letting no man touch her. She would learn that there was nothing she could hide here, and then anything we wanted to take from her, we would.

She was a witch and we owed her nothing.

“Please, do-”

Sister Joy slapped her again.

“You will speak when you are asked a question,” Sister Joy said. “Do you understand?”

Sabrina glared, nodded.

Her glare died when the bra was cut away from her, and then her panties. She lay naked before the Lamb and the sisters and I shifted on the bed, trying to make myself comfortable as a strong urge riled through me.

She was so beautiful.

Helpless.

One of the nuns brought a stool over to where Sister Joy was standing, while the other brought a folding table and set it up beside the dias. The two of them placed a number of tools on the table while Sister Joy ran her hand on Sabrina's pristine back, the soft muscles and shoulders, the bumps of her spine. She twitched at every touch, testing her bonds, trying to pull free, her lips moving as she tried to send entreaties to her Dark Lord.

They fell on deaf ears.

Sister Joy's hand stopped at the small of Sabrina's naked butt and I felt myself blush as I stared at the casual way the nun handled the witch. One of the nuns took a tattooing needle and dipped it a specially prepared ink.

"You are not allowed to talk," Sister Joy said, accepting a needle from one of the other nuns, her voice soft and kind, "but you are allowed to scream."

The witch looked puzzled until the needle pressed into her flesh.

Her scream filled the chamber, echoed off the stones.

- The Book of Spellman 1:6 -

Sister Joy took hours to inscribe the tattoo.

The design was slim, elegant, with looping swirls surrounding a simple cross. The needle moved in and around Sabrina's spine, poking into her skin and leaving it marked, a thin sheen of sweat and blood covering her back. She screamed. She cried. She tried to use her dark arts and we could all see when the injection began to wear off, but the tattoo took over, crippling her, severing her from the great powers that had cost her her soul.

Sabrina bucked and fought, but the other two nuns held her down and still. Sometimes, they touched her directly – other times, they pulled on the ropes binding her, stretching her out. She whimpered and pulled but she was a slim slip of a girl, her muscles never properly developed. Why would she ever work for anything when the Devil could give her all she desired?

We had taken that from her.

We had made her human.

We would make certain she accepted the Lamb as her personal saviour.

The design of the tattoo looked like latticework, heart-shaped lines decorating the hard lines that would bind her magic forever. She would have to take pills, I knew, to shut her off from her magic completely, but that would come in time.

For now, the tattoo and the injections would show her that she was now and forevermore only a woman.

And when Sister Joy was done with her the nuns untied the limp and sweating and shaking girl from the table. She was crying, trembling when they pulled her arms behind her, whimpering as her new tattoo was stretched as her wrists were bound behind the small of her back.

Her legs dangled off the end of the table and the nuns brought her knees together and bound them above and below her knees while Sister Joy cleaned her needles in the sink.

Sabrina had released her bowels during the process. She had fallen unconscious, only to be revived again and again and again. I knew how important it was for her to experience this, to understand that she was powerless before the agents of the Lamb. The nuns cleaned up after her, wiped her down, sterilized her wounds.

They tied a rope around her neck and handed the other end to me.

"Be as kind as you can," Sister Joy said, smiling at me, and then she left the two of us alone.

"J-john...?" whispered Sabrina. Her head was bowed, dangling off one end of the table, while her legs were dangling off the other side. I didn't think she had it in her to walk – she didn't seem to have strength enough to lift her head.

"Hi, Sabrina," I said, staring at her, at the rope in my hand that connected us together. I could pull her to me, but *be as kind as you can*. I walked to her, was gentle as I helped her stand. Her feet were unsteady, her thighs pressed together, her calves capable of only awkward half-steps.

"C-can," whimpered Sabrina, leaning against me, "can you g-get me o-out...?"

"I'm sorry, no," I said, guiding her towards the bed. She didn't understand where we were going until I pulled her down on the bed with me, cradling her and guiding her down, careful not to touch her small breasts, keeping my eyes away from the soft curls between her legs.

I'll have to shave those, I thought.

"John, I n-need-"

I tapped her cheek, a soft admonishment, and she fell silent. I shushed her, let her head rest on my shoulder, was careful not to touch her back. The cell was cold but I was warm, the only warm thing in her world.

"It's going to be okay, Sabrina," I promised.

I felt her relax, her head lying limp on my shoulder as I held her, protected her from the weight of her own decisions.

And it would be okay, I knew.

We would save her, no matter what it took.