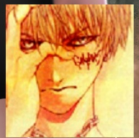


SAVING SABRINA

STORY BY HUNTEROPERA
ART BY BALTHAZAR DRAGON



The Book of Spellman 6:1 - Salvation



THE BOOK OF SPELLMAN 6:1 – ACCEPTING SALVATION

Another month went by and school started. I had to go back and lead the football team, so Sabrina was left in the care of the Convent of St. Adrienne. In my absence she was taught what was expected of her as a Good Woman, and I braved the Convent every weekend to come and see her.

The changes were remarkable.

She was still slight, her hair still a bright white-gold. Other than that, though, she was an entirely new person. A better person. A happier person in the light of the Lamb.

True, she did not smile as much. Her shoulders were slumped and her facial expression was pained, wistful, sad. She didn't look anyone in the eye or speak out of turn. The devil-inspired feminist spirit that had moved her had been excised, and she spoke quietly, softly, pleasingly in our time together. I read to her and she pleased me and, I like to think, I pleased her, too.

I told her about school's final year, the beginning of college, my plan to follow in my Father's footsteps into fighting fires and saving souls. I told her that the Lamb had blessed my family with vast wealth as proof of our virtue, and I decorated her face with my holy seed as she knelt by my feet. She kept her eyes open, adoring, and thanked me for spending time with her, for caring about her, for bringing the love and light of the Lamb into her life.

It was late September when I brushed the hair from her face.

"Would you like to go outside?" I asked her. "Autumn is coming and the leaves are just beginning to change."

She stared up at me with tears in her eyes and nodded her head. So many strong passions ruled the female heathen heart, I thought. I took her hand, let her wear my jacket, and guided her through the halls. She leaned against me, her foot steps faltering, hesitant. She was hyperventilating when we reached the gateway outside.

"It's okay," I told her, helping her sit. Her bare ass touched the cold stones of the ancient church and she shivered, weeping. "Do you need something to help you calm down?"

She nodded.

Sabrina didn't resist when I pushed her down and unbuckled my pants. She closed her eyes and slowly, slowly, reached up her arms and held me, accepting that this was going to happen. Her mouth made a soft 'o' when I entered her, her thighs shaking, her teary eyes opening when I made her cum.

I lay on top of her, feeling myself soften inside her, pulling out and placing myself on her lips and letting her do her duty. Afterwards, I put myself away and pulled her up. Her cheeks were flush, her whole being trembling as I led her outside. The wind touched her naked body, leaves crunching underneath her bare feet, my seed shining on her thighs like the tears in her eyes. She smiled, beautiful, radiant, and I realized then the righteousness of my path.

Smiling, I spun her around and she melted into me, whispering thank yous, praising me for my many kindnesses.

"Would you like to come home with me?" I asked her.

She stopped, stared, shocked. She looked back at the Convent, stared at me. She stepped back and put a hand to her mouth as I fell to one knee, retrieving a small box from my pocket.

“Sabrina Spellman,” I said, looking up at her, “will you be mine?”

There was only one correct answer.

- The Book of Spellman 6:2 -

My wedding took place two weeks later, my friends and family all gathered at the Convent of St. Adrienne.

Sister Joy was delighted to preside over the ceremony and walked down the long nave, past the transept and to the chancel. She turned to me and beckoned.

“I'm proud of you, boy,” my Father whispered. My mom echoed his words and they followed me out of the narthax and into the Nave. The team was there, those that would understand. Our old congregation. So many of the nuns. Some of the witches, recently penitent, their heads bowed, their voices silenced. My father shook my hand and then led my mother to their seats as I followed Sister Joy, standing in front of her.

She was smiling, proud of me too, and I felt myself harden at her acceptance.

Mark came next. Elspeth walked behind him, her head bowed, dressed in a simple white smock, her cheeks stained with tears and her arms clasped in front of her. I shook his hand as he stood protectively between the transept and the chancel, to keep me and my bride safe from whatever might come.

“Thank you,” I whispered.

“Thank you,” he said, taking my hand, bringing me close for a manly hug. Even now he knew to show his gratitude. He was the best colored man I would ever know, and I loved him.

Groomsmen followed, the ring bearer, a flower girl. Suzy looked adorable in the dress, all the more because of how uncomfortable she still looked in it, and again because so many here had seen her naked, had helped her come to terms with who the Lamb meant her to be.

And then, the music stopped.

And then, there was Sabrina Spellman.

She walked out alone, naked, her hands bound by coarse white wool behind her back. Her shoulders were shaking, soft sobs of happiness pressing past her wet lips. She paused at the very start of the nave as everyone in the pews looked at her, offering no warmth, no comfort.

“Will no one stand with the former witch Sabrina Spellman?” Sister Joy asked, her clear voice cutting through the quiet. Several of the witches flinched at her voice, and all of us shivered. “Will no one stand with the once-witch who has forsaken the Dark Lord and accepted the Lamb into her heart as her personal Lord and Savior?”

The witches knew better than to murmur or make any sound, and no one else stepped forward. Her aunts were dead, both burned at the stake. Her cousin had died in her old house. There was no one and nothing left for her.

She bowed her head, shoulders shaking, her sobs growing louder.

“I will stand for her.”

Every eye in the Convent turned to look at me as I walked back down the nave, past the audience in their pews, past all my friends and families and conquered enemies. Sabrina gasped when I hooked two fingers into her soft slick folds, finding home in her lowest hole and pulling her along towards the bright destiny that awaited her.

Her soft moans mingled with her sobs as we walked down the nave together. She whined when I pulled my fingers free, wiping her goo off on her cheek.

“Be brave,” I told her. “Remember your place.”

She bit her lip, nodded as I stepped away from her, trembling and crying as Sister Joy stepped closer and spun her around. They stood in the transept as Sister Joy forced Sabrina to face the crowd.

“Presenting, for the last time, Sabrina Spellman,” Sister Joy announced, her voice echoing throughout the Convent, ringing like the Holy Word of the Lamb. “Wrought by the Dark Lord in the Lamb's image, she has been reclaimed by the Light and Grace of the Lamb, and stands before you ready to forsake damnation in favor of being a Good Woman. Sabrina Spellman, have I spoken the truth of this?”

“You have.”

“Louder, child.”

“You have spoken the truth of this,” Sabrina called out. Sister Joy smiled and touched her cheek, towering over her.

“Is there anything you would like to say to us, to the Lamb?”

“Holy Lamb,” Sabrina said, then swallowed, whimpered, pressed her cheek into Sister Joy's hand. “You died to wash away the sins of a fallen world. Have mercy, have mercy on us poor sinners. Forgive us our trespasses, our crimes. Worthy is the Lamb who was slain Holy is the Lamb that was slain and rises. Grant those you would invest with your authority, authority. Grant those you would chain with obedience, obedience. Your kingdom awaits those who know or who find their place.” Her face was glistening with her tears and her excitement.

“In the name of the Lamb,” Sister Joy intoned.

“In the name of the Lamb,” we all echoed.

She guided Sabrina by the shoulder, past the transept and to the chancel where I stood. There were nuns there now, their faces hidden by shadow as they surrounded us. Sabrina fell to her knees, looking back, looking up at me with wide eyes.

“I love you,” I whispered to her. She was so cute as her lip trembled, her shaking and heavy breathing causing her small breasts to bounce.

“In the Name of the Lamb, we pray for unity in this holy marriage,” Sister Joy declared. “The Dark Lord sends his temptations out among we sinners to tempt us to damnation, and it is our duty and our right to bring those temptations into the Light of Your Love. In areas where the Dark Lord tries to divide us, we pray that we remain united and draw ever closer to You. In the Name of the Lamb, make us one in every area and every decision. Let this union bask in the Holy Light of Your presence and grow in all of us as a testimony of Your Faith in us, and our faith in You.”

“In the name of the Lamb,” we all said, the words a thrumming chorus in the Convent.

“John Holt, Jr, named for your grandfather, pride of your Father Caleb Holt, what do you saw

before the Lamb and those that stand in this Holy Congregation?"

"In the Name of the Lamb," I said, looking down on the kneeling one-witch, "I come here, humbled. The Lamb is gracious and forgiving, and the Compassion of the Lamb never runs dry. Every day I look to the example You and my Father have set and try to live as a reflection of You and he in both word and action. Teach me to forgive the many sins of the witch at my feet, that I may continue to love her and guide her towards salvation. May I bear her no resentment for her previous trespasses, and may my strength show her the proper path to love and forgiveness. Thank you, oh Lamb, for trusting me with this hardship and this responsibility. Thank you, Oh Lamb."

"In the name of the Lamb," Sister Joy intoned.

"In the name of the Lamb," we all echoed.



"Sabrina Spellman, what do you say in this moment, the most important moment of your life?"

The nuns whispered the words and Sabrina repeated them, though I knew the nuns were not necessary. Another baptismal session had soaked the words into her soul.

"For too long, oh Lamb, I have kept you out of my life," she said sniffing. Her voice rang clear, her confessions and sobs mingling in the rafters. Every word felt like it was striking something inside her, making her tremble, shudder, what evil remained in her battered into the corners of her tattered spirit. "I know that I am a sinner and that I cannot save myself. No longer will I close the door when I hear You knocking. By faith I gratefully receive Your gift of salvation. I am ready to trust You as my personal Lord and Savior, and to gift my faith and self and agency completely to Your servant in my care, John Holt, Jr. In the Name of the Lamb, I thank you for coming to earth. I believe the Lamb is and was the Son of God, who died for my sins and rose from the dead on the third day. In the Name of the Lamb, I give my thanks and my soul to You for bearing my sins and

giving me the gift of eternal life in service to your servant, John Holt, Jr. I believe Your words as born by your servants are true. Come into my heart, oh Lamb, and be my Savior.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

“Well said, both of you,” Sister Joy turned to the congregation. “What would you say to one another?”

I felt dizzy, looking down at her. I felt elated, felt the spirit of the Lamb move through me.

This was true. This was right.

“In the name of Lamb, I, John Holt, Jr., take you, Sabrina Spellman, to be my wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until we are parted by death and reunited in our reward to come. This is my solemn vow.”

She stared up at me and she looked so frail, so vulnerable.

She was so very pretty. I was so lucky to be the one to save her.

“In the name of Lamb,” her voice trembled like the rest of her, the words etched into her soul by baptism, “I, Sabrina Spellman, take you, John Holt, Jr., to be my husband, my master, and my owner, to obey and to serve without question, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until we are parted by death and reunited in our reward to come. This is my last solemn vow. I... I am yours.”

She was weeping by the end.

“You may now kiss your bride,” Sister Joy said.

I towered over her like a the god I now was to her. I could see it in her eyes, the way she tried and failed to pull back. Where would she go? She was mine now, completely mine. I knelt beside her, wrapping my hand in her hair, pulling her close and pressing my lips against hers. She resisted only for a moment before her mouth opened and her whole body accepted me, going slack, her tongue dancing around mine in the way that I liked, a promise of what was to come.

I wanted to take her right there, but

Pulling away, I felt myself flush. Her cheeks were red, her eyes on me, her breathing heavy with want. I smiled at her.

“I love you,” I said.

“Kiss your husband,” Sister Joy ordered.

Sabrina let the white wool binding fall and reached for my feet. Her hands worked one of my shoes off and then the other, took off my socks. She bent down, ass on her ankles, hands resting beside her feet, her lips pressed against my bare feet.

She was mine.

She was mine.

For the rest of her life she was mine.

“in the name of the Lamb,” Sister Joy shouted, the melody of her voice dancing around us, “I now pronounce you man and wife!”

It felt like the whole world was cheering.

It felt like the whole world was cheering as my property kissed my feet, naked and reborn in the light of the Lamb.