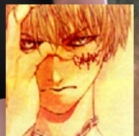


SAVING SABRINA

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The Book of Spellman 3:1 - Comfort



SAVING SABRINA 7 – THE BOOK OF SPELLMAN 2:3 – COMFORT

Sabrina Spellman was stretched so tightly that when Sister Joy finally released her from the rack she sagged into a limp ball, completely unable to move. I helped pick her up – she had always seemed so bright to me, so happy, her confidence filling up every room she walked into. In truth, she was light, small, a tiny slight little creature that weighed nothing in my strong arms.

“Remember,” Sister Joy told me, “*Comfort*. She may be a witch, but we will save her.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

“In the name of the Lamb.”

Her arms were too strained for her to wrap them around my neck, but she tried as I carried her back to the bed. I made sure to set her down gently but she still seethed when her bare feet touched the ground, her soles covered in angry red lines, her thigh and calf muscles too strained to support the weight of her legs.

The welts rising along the curve of her backside and the back of her legs also caused her pain when I helped her sit on my cot. I was careful when I cupped her breast and helped her lie belly down on the cot, not squeezing or groping, though I confess that I wanted to. Instead, when she was settled, I took the salve the nuns gave me, rubbing it on her hurts as gently as I could.

“What is...?” she paused, swallowed, lips moving. She couldn't form the whole words. Her helplessness was adorable.

“Shhhh,” I whispered in her ear. “It's a salve. It will help your tattoo heal, stave off infection, and keep you from scarring.” I did not tell her it would leave her softer and more sensitive to tomorrow's efforts towards her salvation – she would learn that on her own.

Sabrina did not fight my touches, not anywhere on her body. A Good Woman, I thought, might have had a problem being touched by anyone that didn't have some hold over her, but the witch accepted my touches with a trembling ease. She was in so much pain, her skin trembling hot to the touch.

It was not enough, I knew.

She was almost asleep when I took her wrists and pulled them behind her.

“Do,” she whispered, swallowed, “do you have to?”

“I do,” I told her, leaning down and kissing the top of her head.

The nuns showed me how to tie her wrists together so that she would not escape. When they were satisfied with my knot-work they made me unbind it and do it again, and again, and again. Only then did they leave us, leaving Sabrina Spellman to my gentle care.

- The Book of Spellman 3:2 -

I let her doze a little while I ate.

I read to her from the Book of the Lamb, prayed for her.

Eventually, I took my place on the cot beside her.

It had been an exhausting day for us both.

Sabrina's head was on my chest, over my heart. My left arm was wrapped around her, holding her close. She was shivering from the cold, my body the only thing keeping her warm. I could feel the part of her legs, her left leg over mine, her right leg beside me.

She was kissing my chest, small little motions, delicate and unsure.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I," she paused. "I'm sorry, I-"

"It's okay," I whispered, my right arm coming up to cup her cheek. She nuzzled into my palm and I brushed her hair, feeling myself harden underneath the promise and scent of her.

"You," she paused again, looking up at me, then closing her eyes. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes suddenly wide and sparkling from her tears. She closed her eyes again, trembling to my touch. "I'm sorry, I-"

"Finish your thought," I said, kissing the top of her head.

She was silent for a long time, her legs brushing over my hips. If she wasn't aware of my erection before she was now, every brush of her thighs turning my breath jagged.

"You can fu-," she started, then paused, then looked up at me. The words that came out of her came out in a rush: "You can make love to me if you want, if you help me get out of here."

"I do want to save you," I said, and the smile she gave me was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She was radiant, euphoric, perfect.

"Okay, okay," she pushed herself up, closer to me. "How do we get out of here?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Sabrina," I said, and I felt myself smile as I kissed her forehead, as my right hand tweaked and pinched her nipple, pulling her close. "You have nothing to offer here that I can't simply take from you."

"But," she frowned, lower lip trembling, "That's-"

"Shhhh," I said, pinning her underneath me, "If you were a woman that would be wrong, but you're not a woman, not yet. You're a witch and you are owed nothing."

Her legs were still worn from the rack and the beating she had taken. She could not offer any real resistance as I took off my pants and shirt, her eyes wide and staring.

"You don't have to do this," she whimpered.

"You're right," I said, looking down at her. "I don't have to do anything. I'm choosing to do this."

"Why?" she whined as I lay over her, as I pressed my lips against hers.

“Because I want to help you,” I said, looking deep into her eyes, down at her soul. “I want to save you, Sabrina Spellman. I want to lead you to the light of the Lamb.”

I pushed into her.

Before, I had been with a handful of human girls. I was a quarterback and that was what girls were there for. Dawn, Maggie, Susie. I remembered them all fondly.

Sabrina was as soft as any of them, as wet, as sweet, but this penetration felt holy – my weapon thrusting into her and battling the darkness that tainted her. She cried and she squirmed under me, shaking her head until I cupped her cheek with my palm, kissing her again. She tried to bit me but I thrust home and she gasped, back arching.

“Let me help you,” I whispered, staring into her wide eyes, and then I kissed her again.

- The Book of Spellman 3:5 -

What we'd done for Susie was for her own good, to help her come to terms with her delusions. With Dawn, I'd been clumsy but we'd both been eager to figure things out. Maggie had been willing to instruct me in how to please her best, and I thought back to those lessons now.

I knew that she had slept with the Devil. The Dark Lord used his witches as whores for his own pleasures. I knew that by pleasing her I could make her turn away from the darkness of her life, to follow my lead to the Lamb.

The Devil had cheated, crafted his witches on the basis of Good Women.

So I made her enjoy it. She was too exhausted to offer much resistance, too hurt to not seek out any sort of pleasure. I licked her breasts and nibbled on her throat, cupped her chest and matched my thrusts to her shaking hips, pressed down into the curves of her with my fingers. She did not want this, did not want me in her, did not want to cum while impaled on my cock, did not want to accept the Lamb as her personal Lord and Savior.

But she would.

What she wanted wasn't important anymore.

- The Book of Spellman 3:6 -

She came before I did.

It was cute, like the rest of her. She bit her lip and closed her eyes and shook her head, her legs quivering as I thrust myself home inside her. She felt like heaven, like home, like she had been created solely to sheath my cock.

I came shortly after she did and fell on her whimpering body afterwards, panting, ruling her completely. I looked at her sweetly sweating body, the tangle of her hair, the way her breathe caught, the tears in her eyes.

She was gorgeous.

I moved us both, bringing her back on top of me, her head resting on my chest again as my cock

softened inside her. She was crying, her tears dripping onto me as I massaged her.

“Shhh,” I said, kissing the top of her head.

Her sobs were as soft as her tears, as the wet between her legs. She tried closing that to me and I forced her open, pressing my thigh against her sopping tightness, feeling our passions mingle on my flesh.

It made me hard again.

She made me hard again.

“What are you-”

I spun her around, pinned her.

“I am going to save you,” I said, thrusting into her once more.

- The Book of Spellman 3:7 -

After our third coupling I pulled her into the shower, washing us both. She huddled at my feet so I knelt with her, gently washing her hair, her body, draining the seed from her body. I dried her with soft towels and fixed her hair the way she liked it, led her limping shaking body back to the cot.

She watched me while I dressed, her lips parted, her eyes glossy with tears. I got us a blanket and tucked it over us, pulled her close and kissed the top of her head again. She shivered.

“You're going to be okay,” I promised, holding her close.

She was exhausted, hurt, battered, wrecked.

Still, I was surprised when she nestled closer to me.

“I'll keep you safe,” I promised her, my hand in her hair.

She had no choice but to believe me.