

BLIND FAITH

Faye Valentine

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Witness

If there's one thing I hate more than anything it's the religious zealots knocking on my door in the feeble attempt at converting me to their special brand of delusion. I've politely told them no thanks, posted every sign from beware of dog to trespassers will be shot and told them time and time again that I'm an atheist, but my words fall on deaf ears. It's as if they truly believe that they can cause me to abandon all reason if only they pester me long enough.

I suppose I should come to expect it living in the Bible belt, but that doesn't mean I have to like it. It infuriates me to no end that they don't understand why their knocking on my door day and night pisses me off. And the worst of the worst are the damn Jehovah's Witnesses. Where some churches will put me on a do not contact list, the same cannot be said for the Jehovah's Witnesses. No matter how many times I tell them to never show up at my door again, sure enough there they are only a few days later.

So, when I heard a knock on my door while relaxing on the couch, I just knew it was another group of young men and women trying to convert me. Man did they ever pick the wrong day to bother me. I got up off of the couch and pulled the door open to see a single young woman of about twenty standing on my porch. She was wearing a light summer dress and clutching her bible and a few magazines in her arms.

She was a pretty little thing – her long sandy-blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail to show off her big blue eyes and pouty lips. It almost made me forget about what I was going to do. Almost. “Can I help you?”

“Hi, I'm Kate from the Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses,” she stated nervously. When I didn't slam the door in her face she continued on with her scripted nonsense for several minutes. It was the same thing word for word I've heard from a hundred others and I was already getting board.

“Why don't you come in out of the heat and we can talk some more?” I said with an inviting smile.

“Really? You want to hear more?”

“Sure, but inside. It's too hot to be standing out here all day.” I stepped back and held the door open for her. She paused for a moment and then entered. Please, make yourself comfortable. Can I offer you something to drink? It's got to be exhausting walking around in this heat all day.”

“My feet are killing me,” she sighed.

“Kick off your shoes. So, that drink?”

“Just water, please.”

I left her sitting in the living room and went to the kitchen to pour two big glasses of water. I handed Kate one of the glasses and she took it with a smile and a thank you. I sat down on the recliner opposite the couch where she was sitting and took a long gulp. “I'm Erin by the way. So, this religion of yours, what makes you so certain that it's the right one?”

“What do you mean?” she asked, my simple question taking her by surprise.

“Well, there are over forty-thousand denominations of Christianity alone and many of those thousands of years older than the Jehovah's Witnesses, so what makes yours the right one?”

“Faith,” she answered as if that was any kind of answer. “I have faith that it is correct. All of the literature makes sense in so many ways that it has to be right.”

“Really? That’s it? You take it on blind faith that what your religion says is true is actually, factually true?”

“Yes.”

“What about the other forty-thousand denominations of Christianity? Or the Jews, Hindus, Muslims? They all believe that what their religion says is true too. So, which one is really true?”

“Well...” Kate started, but I cut her off before she could continue with her response.

“The answer is none of them. They are all man-made deceptions to control the masses and I can prove it to you.”

“How?” She asked, her soft voice conveying a hint of true curiosity.

“Do you trust me?”

“You haven’t given me a reason not to.”

“Would you be willing to partake in a little experiment with me?”

“What kind of experiment?”

“One that will test the conviction of your faith.”

“Ok.”

“Sit tight and I’ll be right back.” I left the living room again and went to the bedroom where I grabbed a heavy strip of cloth that I use as a blindfold. I returned to the living room. Kate was still sitting on the couch. “Please stand up.” She stood and I approached her. “I’m going to blindfold you and lead you through the house. Do you trust me not to lead you astray?”

“I have faith you won’t lead me to harm,” she said with a deep breath.

I placed the blindfold over her eyes and made sure she could not see anything before taking her by the hand and leading her through the house to the bedroom. She had no idea what was coming, and frankly neither did I, but the ideas were pouring into my mind with every step. Playing with her was going to be a treat. I led her to the center of the room and stopped. “Do you still trust me?”

“Yes,” she replied though nervousness was added to the curiosity in her voice.

I went to the closet and grabbed my play box and set it on the bed. Opening it, I grabbed a short length of rope and threaded it through two hidden D-rings in the ceiling and then attached each end to a wide leather cuff. “Raise your right arm over your head please.” Her arm went up and I wrapped the cuff around her wrist.

“W-what are you doing?” she gasped. Her left hand came up to remove the blindfold, but I stopped her.

“I thought you trusted me not to lead you to harm? Is your faith in God that low?”

“No.” And to my surprise she moved her hand away from the blindfold and allowed me to cuff it as well. With a few adjustments her arms were spread about two feet apart over her head with no way for her to free herself.

Next I retrieved a spreader bar from the box and secured her legs around the ankles and secured the bar to hooks hidden in the floor. She did not struggle or complain. Next, I grabbed a long, wide feather and lightly traced it up and down her arms, face, neck and cleavage causing her so gasp in surprise.

“W-what... what are y-you doing? What are you going to do to me?”

“Shhh,” I said placing a finger against her soft lips. “Only talk when it no longer feels good. Understand?”

“Yes,” she answered timidly.

I tickled her armpits with the feather and smiled as she giggled and squirmed. With her dress on there was a large portion of her body that I could not tickle but that didn't mean I couldn't expose a little more. I grabbed the front of her dress and reached inside. She wasn't wearing a bra so I tweaked her right nipple as I pulled her breast out of the dress. I did the same to the left and she stiffened up. I traced the tip of the feather around her areola and nipple and she gasped.

“Oh god!” she moaned softly. “W-what are you doing?”

“Does it feel good?”

“Yes,” she answered, her cheeks flushed.

“Then do not talk. Remember, talk only when it stops feeling good. Feel free to moan as much as you want though.” I pulled the hem of the loose-flowing dress up over her rounded hips and perky backside and tied it in place just under her exposed breasts so that it could not fall back down. “You are an incredibly beautiful woman,” I said running the feather down her belly.

“Thank you,” she replied despite my order not to talk.

“Are you this disrespectful in the Kingdom Hall?”

“W-what do you mean?”

“I asked you not to talk unless it no longer felt good and you continue to talk. What is the punishment for disobedience in your religion?”

“An eternity in hell,” she replied.

“And you accept that as a matter of fact?”

“Yes.”

“So you are ok with being punished for disobedience?”

“Yes.”

“Then you know what I must do, right?”

“Yes,” she replied, a hint of fear entering her voice. “You must punish me.”

“And you accept that?”

“Yes.”

“Are you certain?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. I think ten swats will teach you a lesson. But these clothes have to go. All of them. If I release you will you take them off for me, or would you rather I cut them off?”

“I will take them off.”

“All of them? Including the panties?”

“Yes.”

I could only imagine what twisted shit they pumped into her brain to make her this compliant, but I wasn't going to argue. I released her from the bonds and true to her word she stripped out of her clothing and allowed me to re-secure her without complaint. I picked up a thin rattan cane and swooshed it through the air several times to give her an idea what was coming. She clenched her ass in anticipation.

“I am going to give you ten swats on the ass. You will count the swat and say thank you for teaching me this lesson. Is that understood? You may speak now.”

“I..I understand,” she stammered.

SWOOSH!

“Aahhgghhh!” she let out a blood-curdling yelp. “O-one. Th-thank you f-for t-t-teaching me this l-lesson,” she sobbed.