

# PREY TO THE VOID

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"Reverend Mother, may I inquire why exactly we're in... This part of town?" Isabella asked her superior hesitantly. The blush on the young nun's face was evident, but she held herself steady. Doing her best to retain proper posture and a clear head, despite the nose wrinkling odors wafting from the alleys. There was trash everywhere, graffiti defacing nearly every wall, and the sound of scurrying rats echoed through the winding streets. Worst of all; the day had begun to fade into dusk, slowly bringing the foul district to life.

"Just Mother, Sister." Reverend Mother corrected, stoic as always. "There's a little tea shop at the end of Moore's Lane which carries my favorite specialty blend." She explained simply. "Though we should hurry before it closes. I'm sure you are more than capable of handling yourself Sister Isabella, but please stay close to me."

"Yes Mother Diana." Isabella affirmed, as the two nuns briskly made their way into the depths of the inner city. An ever fading bright orange sky above them.

Isabella took a deep breath as she noticed various... Questionable figures were growing in population.

"Harlots, the lot of them. It really is a shame the Lord's touch is so far away from this place." Mother Diana grumbled. "Here we are, quickly now. We haven't time to waste." The older woman huffed, dragging Isabella into an antique looking building which just so happened to be across the street from a dizzyingly modern looking nightclub that was already in full swing. Isabella's attention has been snagged momentarily by the visage of a woman wearing a pure white outfit, heeled boots that went up to their knees, with garters holding down a sheer fabric dress that was overlaid by a small bustier and-

"Sister Isabella."

"Oh, yes Mother, my apologies." The young woman tried not to show the blush on her face as she rushed up the creaky steps into the shop.

Mother Diana was already sipping some freshly brewed tea while a store clerk gathered an assortment of tea bags into a container for them. Isabella felt a little bit confused, pondering how long she had stood outside staring at that woman if Mother Diana had the time to brew tea.

"Oh, Sister. This is an absolute delight; 'void lily' tea they call it. Why I haven't felt this young in decades." The elder nun sighed with obvious satisfaction. "We'll have to bring enough back for the whole covenant."

Isabella only nodded, feeling oddly disconnected. She felt... As if she were still outside, still gazing upon that woman. "Is there a washroom I could use?" Isabella asked the clerk softly.

"Certainly Sister, just down this hall. Last left on the right." They said pointing towards a hallway obfuscated by a split curtain.

"Thank you, I shouldn't be long." Isabella said, mostly to Mother Diana who didn't really seem to be paying much attention to anything at the moment. Just enjoying their tea, blissfully swaying to the music playing from an old gramophone in the corner.

Isabella sighed and made her way into the hallway through the curtain, finding it unnervingly dark, but there was a light at the very end which was likely her destination. She pressed onwards, careful and slow at first, but began to pick up pace as she became aware of how long the hall truly was.

Isabella stopped in her tracks after realizing the light wasn't getting any closer. Looking back there was nothing but... Darkness.

The nun nervously reached up to slide a lock of fiery red hair behind her ear, before placing a hand over the crucifix she had sewn into the tunic of her habit after first taking her vows only a few months ago. She breathed and closed her eyes, whispering a prayer to the Lord in hopes of finding some solace in this increasingly stressful situation.

When she opened her eyes, Isabella let out a sigh of relief, having found herself standing before the curtain she'd entered through. No longer concerned with finding a washroom, the girl was more than ready to return home to have dinner with her fellowship.

Stepping through the veil, Isabella's heart dropped.

Loud electronic dance music blasted through the air, accompanied by a cacophony of voices all talking over each other, whistles, shouts, and moans. Bright cyan lights dominated the sleek futuristic neon aesthetic of the space, of which was packed full of people.

Isabella began to panic, as the impossible scene before her was absolutely overwhelming. Turning around she found nothing more than a white wall which only furthered her distress. However, beside her was a large window, showing the city block she had traversed barely five minutes ago but from the opposite side of the street.

"Mother Diana!" The nun shouted uselessly at the plane of glass as she watched her Superior strolling along the sidewalk, heading home without her. The Reverend Mother seemed blissfully unaware that she'd forgotten Isabella, bouncing down the street with an almost unnerving vigor.

"Oh my god, is that a nun?!"

Isabella turned around to find a group of scantily clad women gathering around her. "P-please excuse me ladies, I don't... I shouldn't be here; I don't know where I am."

A girl with jet black hair and unnaturally white pupils giggled at Isabella. "You're at VOID silly. Best club anywhere and everywhere."

Another girl who was basically wearing nothing more than a latex bikini clapped excitedly. "Girls! This must be her first time! We totally have to help pop her ch-"

"Hold it Jeannette." Interrupted a tall purple haired woman in an expensive looking latex dress of some kind; she gave off an intense air of authority among the group, "You really are just a regular human nun aren't you?" They questioned with a raised brow.

"I- Yes! I'm not supposed to be here. I have to leave and return to my convent as soon as possible." Isabella explained desperately, her cheeks burning from embarrassment. A few of the women were practically naked, and their lack of shame made it all the more unnerving.

"Too late for that Sister." One of them replied while gesturing to the window behind Isabella, or at least, where the window had been.

Much like the hall she'd entered from, there was no indication that the window existed at all. Only more impossible club space. Isabella nearly screamed but instead her body simply shook with fear.

"Sister, there's a bathroom on the other side of the floor if you need." The purple haired woman explained.

Isabella blinked at her for a moment, feeling uneasy about trusting not only a stranger but some kind of sexual deviant. Still, the holy woman could tell when someone was lying. At least, that's what she had always claimed. The nun just needed to splash some cold water on her face and wake up from this nightmare. "Um, thank you Miss." She muttered, standing there awkwardly before the leering eyes of the girls became too much and she shuffled her way through the least dense parts of the crowd towards what she hoped would be some form of salvation.

"Aww, why'd you let her go Viv?" Pouted Jeanette, watching the nun vanish deeper into the club.

"She'll be back." Vivian chuckled as she somehow pulled out a string of glowing blue vials from her deep cleavage. "Diluted void tequila for my favorite sluts, it's time for the real party to begin." She grinned, handing each girl a vial before downing her own.

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Isabella had never felt so.. Violated. So many people looked at her with ravenous hunger, practically drooling over themselves, as if she was some kind of forbidden fruit. The nun wasn't unaware of deviant fetishists who loved nothing more than defiling her sacred vows to the Lord for their own lusts. Yet, she never imagined actually being amongst such vile cretins.

"N-no! S-top" Isabella stammered as a few overzealous hands squeezed at her body. Nothing too terrible thanks to the protection of her habit. It was already bad enough that she could barely hear her own thoughts over the music, let alone be accosted by strangers who yelled at her, asking if she would strip for them.

Isabella started pushing her way through a bit more desperately, just trying to find the bathroom of this wretched place.

After way too long she eventually found it, stumbling her way through the doorless entrance. Rounding a corner Isabella was shocked to find the room... Empty. Not only that but there wasn't any hint of music or the cacophony of drunk party goers. The lights were soft and warm, a complete contrast to the dizzyingly black and blue fluorescence from the main floor.

The redhead was honestly way past done with this place and didn't really question how the bathroom felt so much like a detached space, especially without a door.

However, the eerie silence and lack of people despite being such a crowded building did put her off regardless. At least until an older looking woman stepped out from one of the stalls. Isabella could only stand there, staring like a deer in the headlights.

The woman was just barely taller than her, sported a gorgeously airy light brown bob. They wore thigh length white socks with Mary Janes, and questioningly tight yet still somewhat modest overalls with a white blouse underneath. The pant legs were much too short, but that's really as far as Isabella's criticisms went compared to anyone else she'd encountered so far.

"Oh, hello there... Sister? Is that correct?" The woman asked, smiling warmly as she walked towards the nun or rather the sinks Isabella had frozen beside.

"-... Sister Isabella, but yes that's correct." She muttered, still coming down from shock. Finally, someone who seemed to be respectful and sane.

"That's a cute name!" The woman cooed while they pulled out an odd-looking makeup kit from their purse and began to set up a mini beauty station right there on the countertop. "I'm just Evanescent." She added while inspecting her face in the mirror momentarily.

"You're not supposed to be here are you, Sister." Evanescent stated rather than asked, as she began to carefully apply eyeliner.

"Yes! I mean, yes that's right. I'd gotten lost at a tea shop and somehow ended up in this.. Debaucherous place. No offense." Isabella said without taking a breath. "A-and! Mother Diana left without me! And the windows and hall and doors all vanished!" She continued just as fast, if not a little faster.

"Ah, I am truly sorry to hear that Sister Isabella. You have my truest sympathies, you really do." The woman sighed, finally pausing to look over at the redhead with a look of vague pity. "This is not a normal place, as you are already aware. This is a VOID club, an outer-dimensional sex club of sorts." Evanescent shrugged like what she had just said wasn't both extremely concerning and terribly confusing.

"Outer-dimensional? Sex club?!" Isabella felt dirty just saying the word, and she didn't really get what the woman meant by outer-dimensional at all. "Wait, someone mentioned VOID before, what does that mean?"

Evanescent giggled as she dug through her purse momentarily, pulling out a little white tube of lipstick. The words 'PRIME R&D' etched into the side with gold lettering. "VOID is the name of the club specifically, but it means a lot of things. For simplicity's sake, you can think of it almost like a drug. Depending on various factors, the effects are essentially endless." The woman explained while rolling out the glowing blue lipstick from its container. "One of the main ones-" she paused for a moment while applying the first coat across her bottom lip. "Is a disconnect or alteration to lower realities, such as your own. You've likely already been exposed to it in trace amounts."

"That doesn't make any sense.." Isabella muttered. "Either way, I won't be partaking in anything this... 'Void club', has to offer." She huffed proudly. To tarnish her vows and sacred covenant with the Lord would be unforgivable.

"Right. It's not really meant for people like yourself. Which is why you shouldn't be here; if you head to the back of the club to your furthest left, there should be an exit into a back alley in your dimension. However, you'll likely only see it once." She paused again for her upper lip.

"If you get distracted for too long, the door will likely vanish as well. So it's best you better steel yourself Sister, the void calls for those like us. It's eternal, powerful, and one hell of a drug," Evanescent said with a slight smirk; quickly packing up her materials back into the bag and made her way to leave the room. Although not before stepping close to the wide-eyed nun who blushed profusely, yet did nothing to stop this stranger's advances.

Gently, the woman lifted Isabella's chin and planted a deep kiss onto their cheek.

In that moment, Isabella fully understood that she was small and weak and.. She just... Let it happen. Their pillowy lips felt so soft and warm. Like electric sparklers lightly dancing across her skin. The nun had never been kissed before, but it felt good, *really* good.

"If you decide not to return home, come find me and maybe we can party together." The woman's words echoed in Isabella's head, but Evanescent was already long gone.

It took a few minutes for Isabella to collect herself, unable to really think about the homoerotic interaction she'd just experienced, nor the moan that had escaped her throat. The only thing clear to her mind right now was her escape plan. "Lord, please. Lend me your strength." She prayed, redoubling her intent and conviction to make it back to the covenant at all costs.

Not even noticing the glowing blue lipstick stain on her cheek. Glitching and vibrating unnaturally.

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Sister Isabella pushed her way through the hordes of sinners once again. Finding herself wishing she would have just stayed with Evanescent, the only seemingly normal person at this ungodly place.

The deeper the religious sister traveled into the building, the more bizarre everything seemed to get. She felt like Alice trapped in wonderland, if the book were written with abhorrent perversion. Some people weren't even clothed at all and Isabella had to avert her eyes, others were dragging around people on leashes as if they were pets. Worst of all, she could hear it. Just above the music which faded and grew in intensity within different areas; screams, moans, and terribly vulgar expletives. People were having intercourse somewhere near, if not all around her. The nun was simply glad she'd yet to actually encounter such a scene directly.

"Dear Heavenly Father, here in my darkest hour, fear grips me tight, but I press on. For I have placed my faith in serving you, each day, each hour, and every moment of my life. Know that my vows are truly binding and eternal." Isabella had stopped to breathe and pray once she reached a much less densely populated area.

After gaining her bearings, Isabella finally spotted a glimpse of salvation. Not too far away she could see an exit sign glowing red like a beacon just beyond some decorative partitions.

She was tempted to start running, and likely would have if someone hadn't bumped into her from behind. Isabella squeaked in surprise, tumbling to the floor. When she looked up to who had assaulted her the girl went pale.

Before her stood a solid black figure in the shape of a woman entirely encased in latex rubber from head to toe. Most concerningly was their lack of facial features, only smooth flat rubber.

"What in God's name are you?" Isabella whispered, sliding herself backwards to gain some distance.

Just then a shirtless young man wearing tight pants and black stiletto heels approached. "It's a drone, Sister." He explained simply while offering the girl a hand.

Isabella was hesitant, she really didn't want to touch anyone in this unforsaken club, but Evanescent had been kind enough.. The nun relented and took his firm hand. Letting out a slight yelp as she was hoisted to her feet with a single hardy tug.

"A drone? Like one of those flying RC cars? Apologies but I don't really understand nor have time for this." She began, ready to get away as soon as possible. The exit was right there! No more distractions.

*"Why not hear him out?"* Isabella thought to herself, or at least until she realized she didn't intend to think that at all. The suggestion had felt louder than her usual internal dialogue; distinctly in the nun's own voice for the most part, something about it felt off. Was it...? The Lord? *"Of course not. Don't fool yourself."*

"Ha! No, not one of those kinds of drones. I can understand the confusion Sister. My name is Wendy." The man chuckled and gestured to the rubber figure. "And to clarify, a drone is a being that has no identity. Latex drones are common here but there are other varieties. Many are used for service tasks, but curiously this one seems to be unclaimed."

"That's rather unsettling." Isabella admitted. The girl didn't want to accidentally offend anyone but she was rather overwhelmed and even more so right now than she had been this whole time. "Sister Isabella." She introduced herself on autopilot. "But I have to go, I'm very sorry." Isabella huffed and began to walk off with haste.

"Good luck on getting home Sister Isabella!" The strangely named man called out. He turned to address the drone but it was already following after the nun. "Well that's curious."

Isabella power walked around the partition, careful not to trip again. The fact that 'Wendy' knew of her struggle to escape this sinful fever dream only brought up more questions. Not that she'd get the chance to find any answers.

*"Everyone knows we don't belong here."* Her own voice echoed again. *"But we could."*

Isabella shook her head, not wanting to deal with these intrusive thoughts. The exit door was just a few feet away now. Freedom at long last. It looked like a generic white door that you would find in most buildings. Quickly she rushed up to it, turning the doorknob with ease.

However, getting the actual door itself open became another issue. There was some give when the nun pulled, yet it still seemed stubbornly stuck. She tried over and over again; Isabella would not give up until she was safe at the convent.

*"If we stay, we can become so much more if we work together."*

"What? Who are you? Ugh!" Isabella grunted, now slightly out of breath from tugging. She'd pulled so hard her fingers turned white for a moment.

*"We are Saint Isabella Weiss. We already knew that. We should also add that we are not strong enough to open this door without assistance."*

"I can't believe I've actually started going insane. This really is a nightmare." The girl exasperated while taking a momentary rest. Her hand still firmly holding onto the doorknob, not willing to risk her only salvation vanishing on her like before.

*"Our drone can help us."*

"What do you mean our drone?" Isabella asked out loud before nearly letting go of the doorknob when the rubber woman stepped into her field of view. Silently kneeling on the floor to her left.

*"We imprinted onto it just now. It belongs to us."*

The nun just stared at the faceless thing beside her.

*"Command it. Use it. It obeys us and only us."* The voice hissed with a tone not unlike glee and despite my reservations, what other choice did I have?

"Drone, help me open this door," Isabella huffed while feeling ridiculous for even humoring the voice in her head. However, much to the young nun's surprise the 'drone' promptly rose up to give it's assistance just as a bolt of electric warmth shot through her body.

Isabella's somewhat relaxed grip on the door tightened as her knees began to buckle. The heat turned into a wave of pleasure unlike anything she'd ever felt before. She nearly fell backwards but was stopped by the drone which had pressed itself into her back, slowly wrapping it's fingers over top of her own. The touch of latex on her hands sent a lighter stream of tingles across her skin as well as the feeling of tightness from behind.

The drone was fairly taller than the short girl and now she was cradled against it's body. She nearly forgot about the door until the drone began to pull and Isabella returned to her senses.

Doing her best to ignore what just happened she tugged with all her might. The drone was incredibly strong even behind it's slender form and the two were able to get the door to bulge from the frame. With one lady hardy pull the door burst open and Isabella would have probably



flown backwards if the drone wasn't there. The thing was solid and didn't budge an inch aside from letting go of her hands.

Isabella blinked as she felt somewhat dirty but undeniably outside air rush over her face. She now stared out at a familiar street, the same view she had from the tea shop. The front windows of the club just across the road, unchanged from when she first saw it. The only difference was the twilight sky having been replaced by darkness and moonlight.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she thanked the Lord for all that he had done to protect and shepherd her out of this wicked place. She nearly missed the woman; the same one dressed in white that she had been entranced with before this whole ordeal. They were walking up the steps and seemed appropriately surprised to find Isabella and the impossible doorway having replaced the original shop entrance.

The woman in white started to continue up the small stairway as their expression softened into something rather unreadable. Not to mention everything about them *shimmered*.

"Excuse me, but I need to get home." Isabella said as politely as possible, but the woman in white only smiled while raising their right hand up and swiping two fingers in the air towards the left. Instantly causing the threshold beyond the door frame to blur as if the world itself was zipping past her face. When it slowed down Isabella realized the scene was flickering across various locations of different doors from the local area. Eventually settling down and stopping at the most familiar of all.

"Mother Diana! Sister Margaret!" Isabella yelled in pure joy at seeing her fellow sisters all standing around the kitchen before her. They were chatting and drinking the tea Mother Diana had purchased earlier that night. At least, almost everyone; Sister Nina had been glaring daggers at the others from the corner of the room and held a bottle of water instead. They were also the only one who made any notice of Isabella's presence at all.

"Sister Isabella!? Where have you been?! H-how did you get in the kitchen closet? Everyone is acting weird and I'm getting scared." Nina blurted out just as Sister Bethany and Sister Kathleen who had been whispering back and forth between each other, began to kiss passionately. The other sisters who noticed only giggled and cheered them on, while Nina and Isabella were left speechless.

Still, something about the scene caused a small flush of heat inside Isabella but quickly shook it off.

Isabella wasn't sure what was going on, she hadn't since she'd first gotten lost inside the hellish club. The nun wouldn't let what could be her only opportunity to get out pass her by. She'd dealt with too much weirdness already to let herself be stunned by such a scene. Though when she attempted to cross back into her home was stopped as arms wrapped around her tightly from behind.

"Danger." A very quiet and confusingly familiar feminine voice said from behind her.

"Isabella!? What is that thing!?" Nina gasped when she spotted the faceless creature that was now holding her friend captive inside the kitchen closet. Nina fell to her knees, praying in desperation for God to save Isabella from what she could only explain as a demon. To snap their sister's out of the demonic influence brought upon them.

Isabella continued attempting to get free to no avail while the drone silently tilted it's head slightly towards Nina.

*"Our drone is correct. If we leave now, we will never reach our greatest potential. Look at them. Our sisters are already under the influence of the VOID. They are weak, if we join them. Then we will become weak."* The voice whispered inside Isabella's mind.

The tea, *Void Lily Tea*. "Sister Nina, whatever you do, don't drink the tea!" Isabella shouted, still trying to break away from the drone.

Isabella felt her heart pounding in her chest as she desperately searched her thoughts for a way out of this situation. The other sisters, lost in their own increasingly vulgar activities, paid no heed to Isabella and didn't seem concerned about Sister Nina aside from the occasional request for the girl to join them.

Sister Nina's trembling voice wavered as she tried to comprehend the situation. "Sister! What should I do?!"

Isabella struggled harder, trying to free herself from the drone's grasp but she was getting tired and her hopes of escaping were diminishing. "Nina, the tea shop.. Find the Tea shop on Moore's Lane! The store owner might know how to fix this!"

Nina's gaze flickered between Isabella and the group of girls beginning to disrobe and grope at each other's bodies. The young woman shook as she felt despair creeping over her.

"Sister Nina, have faith! I know you can do this! Let the Lord shepherd you, trust in His wisdom, be a vessel for His light!" Isabella shouted her prayer knowing that Nina may be the only one who could save the convent, and with any luck may be able to save her as well.

*"Wait, there's someone-"* My(?) inner voice began, only to cut off abruptly as Isabella's veil and coif were pulled back from her head. Followed by the feeling of cold metal around her neck.

In her surprise Isabella had let go of the door handle and just like that it was gone. She didn't even have time to blink.

The drone released the Nun who immediately rushed to the unassuming concrete wall which had replaced the exit. Isabella was devastated and wanted to cry but no tears came out. When she turned around, standing next to the drone was someone she had encountered before.

"You're not going anywhere Sister. You're mine now." Vivian snickered. "Come here and open your mouth."

Isabella wanted to run, to get as far from this woman as possible but instead she found her balance and moved away from the wall. Right to the purple haired goth, peering up at them and opening her mouth. Unable to do anything else.

"There you go, good girl." Vivian grinned, reaching into their ample cleavage held up by their latex corset and pulling out a single vial of a glowing blue substance.

Isabella involuntarily moaned, more tingles flurrying through her mind. The somewhat demeaning praise from the woman made the nun feel oddly warm.

"You're lucky I saved this one, alcohol free too. Just for you Sister." Vivian boasted as she unceremoniously poured the liquid into Isabella's waiting mouth.

It tasted somewhat sour, but surprisingly delicious. Isabella couldn't pinpoint the flavor however as it unnaturally spread itself over her tongue and slowly coating the entire inside of her mouth.

Vivian stepped back to watch and enjoy what was about to come.

"FUCK!!" Isabella screamed unabashedly as she suddenly collapsed to her knees, wave after wave of pleasure rippling through her. The girl had already begun to gently bounce in place mindlessly, her head filled to the brim with foreign thoughts of lust and promiscuity. Meanwhile her body continued to ramp up with energy. The redhead leaned forward towards Vivian slightly as she practically humped the floor. Isabella used her right hand to hold herself up while her left hand made its way towards the space between her legs.

There was but for a moment, an ounce of resistance when the nun's eyes locked onto Vivian's. Steeling herself against the relentless volley of sin threatening to plunge her head first into rapturous oblivion. Isabella strained against it for an eternity, holding onto her faith as a source of strength.

Until another wave of thunderous euphoria crashed into her mind, washing away everything as her eyes slipped into the back of her head. Cyan drool pooled from her wet lips, splattering onto the toe of Vivian's black boot.

Isabella's left hand pressed itself uselessly against the thick fabric of her habit, a last bastion of protection that prevented any further self-defilement.

Vivian was just about ready to rip the outfit to shreds herself, until she noticed something peculiar. The nun's clothes began to glitch, blurring and shifting. Taking on a new form, shrinking tighter in some areas while other layers underneath faded out of existence entirely. When the cloth finally settled down, the habit had become a mockery of its former purpose. The front of nun's legs were bare save for a single long flap of black material which did nothing to hide her indecent state. While the top half had turned into form fitting long sleeved leotard.

Isabella made no indication that she was aware of the alteration to her clothes, other than her left hand forcing the barriers aside in order to insert themselves inside her pussy. She gasped, sputtered and moaned incoherently much to Vivian's delight. Isabella squealed in mindless bliss as she experienced her first orgasm, and her second, and third... Eventually reaching eight total climaxes before her body finally gave out.

Although clearly exhausted, Isabella continued to masturbate furiously on autopilot, panting like an overheated puppy.

After about a minute or so, Vivian noticed the Sister slowing down and returning to some form of consciousness. "Welcome back Sister, looks like you've got some real talent."

"I uh... F-fuck." Isabella said before realizing the word that came out of her mouth. She would never use vulgar language like that... And yet it felt kind of.. Good? "What's happening to me?"

"You just became my bitch is what. Now clean my boots with your mouth, don't want any void to go to waste." Vivian snarled down at the disgraced holy woman.

\*I.. Yes, Mistress." Isabella muttered much to her own surprise. Unsure where the words even came from. Her mind was reeling, unable to really think at all as she lowered her face to Vivian's boots. Forced to stare into her own neon spittle before settling her lips directly into the substance.

Immediately Isabella began to suck on the boot she started with all while her left hand resumed rubbing at her pussy although at a much less frantic pace. Gently swirling over her folds, pushing extra hard on her clit with her palm. The nun's eyes shot open at the foreign sensations. This time she was much more aware of her actions but she couldn't stop.

Vivian laughed in absolute delight. The look of panic on Isabella's face was all too delicious. "How about a reward for being such good entertainment?" The woman mused with a cruel smile.

Isabella struggled to recollect itself, crushed between the electric pleasures of her humiliating mindless submission and the terrifying reality of her situation. Then the collar on her neck buzzed and her entire body was assaulted with a new sensation; something between pain and ecstasy.

Isabella quickly faded into unconsciousness.