



DANIEL BRUMMITT

VENEFICA'S
ENCHANTMENT:

'A LOVE SPELLED IN BLOOD'

Dedicated to my gf, Charlotte.



Venefica.

He'd heard the whispers, of course. The men who spoke her name in hushed tones, equal parts reverence and fear. The way their voices cracked when they described her. The way none of them could quite explain what she'd done to them—only that they'd never been the same.

"This is private property," Mars growled, though his pulse betrayed him, hammering against his ribs.


She smiled, slow and knowing. "And yet here I am." She moved toward him, each step a study in calculated grace.

The scent of jasmine and something darker—myrrh, perhaps, or the metallic tang of blood—wreathed around her. When she reached him, she didn't touch him. Not yet.

Instead, she knelt.

Not in submission. Not in fear. But in worship.






"You are so much more than this," she murmured, her breath warm against his knuckles. "Let me show you."

Her fingers traced the scars on his hands—the remnants of battles fought, empires built. The callouses are from years of wielding power like a weapon. And then, softer still, her lips followed, pressing against each ridge and flaw as if they were sacred.

Mars shuddered. No one had ever touched him like this. Not with reverence. Not with hunger.

"You don't have to be strong for me," she whispered, her hands sliding up his arms, pushing his suit jacket from his shoulders. It pooled on the floor, forgotten. "You don't have to be anything at all."

Her fingers found the knot of his tie, loosening it with agonizing slowness. Then the buttons of his shirt, one by one, her nails scraping lightly against his skin. Each touch was a brand. Each breath a promise.



new that they know we didn't get away with the others. And they won't be any longer with us either, if they get us."

Chat and Cliff decided that it would be best to get as near the shore as possible before revealing themselves, so as to be ready for a mob to safety should the Hawks have returned with the promised sea creature. By the sound of the movement and the shouting, they judged that the narrow trail led toward the shore, so they followed it as well as they could in the darkness. The wet branches slicked their faces and they stumbled over rocks and slipped in the breaking surf ever closer and they knew they were coming nearer to the beach.

The odds suddenly dipped and they descended a slope, finally emerging from the trees to find themselves on a rocky littoral overlooking the

sea. If any of them are prowling would be just our luck, to meet them which they had a good view of the the sea beyond. It was still dark and little lapses of reason before morning.

"I'll take them quite a while to catch and raise any one so close to help us," remarked Chat. "The is for us to keep hidden until daylight lay low until we see a chance of rescue."

"You can't trust me to lay low, knowing to be dragged back to the again."

"Me neither."

The legs lapped into silence. They that conversation was, however, moment eyes measure of the mag



When the fabric parted, she pressed her palm flat against his chest—right over his pounding heart.

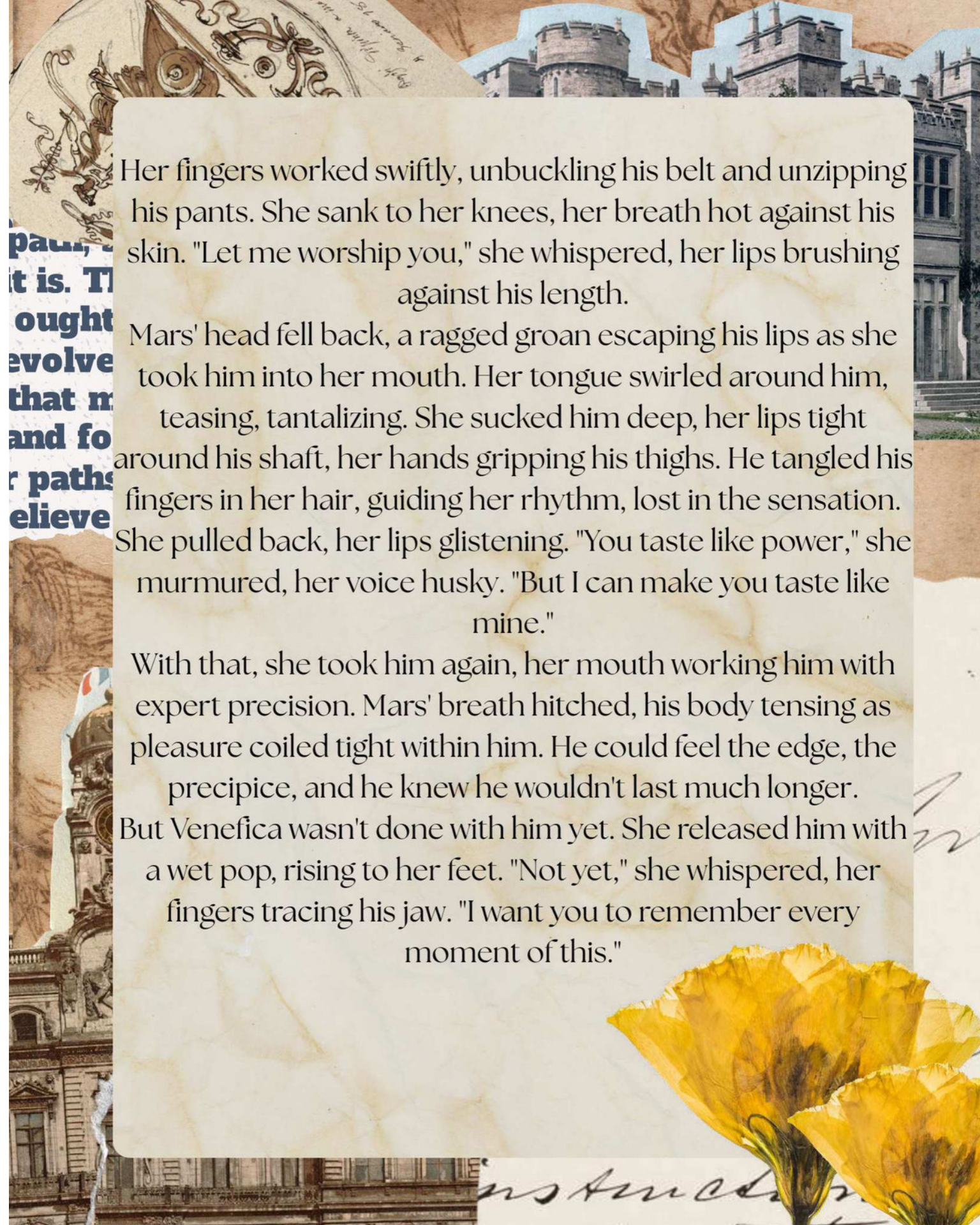
"There," she murmured. "Now you're human."

Mars exhaled, a sound perilously close to a sob. He hadn't realized how heavy the armor was until she stripped it away. And then—then—she looked up at him, her eyes black as the void between stars, and smiled.

"Now," she said, rising to her feet, her body flush against his, "let me make you a god."

Her mouth crashed into his, and the world burned. Her tongue delved deep, tasting him, claiming him. Mars groaned, his hands gripping her hips, pulling her closer. She melted into him, her body soft and yielding, yet somehow commanding.





Her fingers worked swiftly, unbuckling his belt and unzipping his pants. She sank to her knees, her breath hot against his skin. "Let me worship you," she whispered, her lips brushing against his length.

Mars' head fell back, a ragged groan escaping his lips as she took him into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around him, teasing, tantalizing. She sucked him deep, her lips tight around his shaft, her hands gripping his thighs. He tangled his fingers in her hair, guiding her rhythm, lost in the sensation. She pulled back, her lips glistening. "You taste like power," she murmured, her voice husky. "But I can make you taste like mine."

With that, she took him again, her mouth working him with expert precision. Mars' breath hitched, his body tensing as pleasure coiled tight within him. He could feel the edge, the precipice, and he knew he wouldn't last much longer. But Venefica wasn't done with him yet. She released him with a wet pop, rising to her feet. "Not yet," she whispered, her fingers tracing his jaw. "I want you to remember every moment of this."



She turned him around, pressing him against the wall. Her hands roamed his body, exploring every inch of him. She nipped at his neck, her teeth grazing his skin. "You're mine now," she murmured, her voice a low growl. "Say it."

"I'm yours," Mars gasped, his body trembling with need. Venefica smiled, her hands sliding down his back, gripping his ass. She pulled him close, her body pressing against his. "Good boy," she whispered, her lips brushing against his ear. "Now let me show you what it means to be mine."





Chapter 2: The Penance of Apollo



The grand piano stood silent in the corner of the penthouse, its polished black surface reflecting the flicker of candlelight like a still pool of ink. Mars had barely noticed it before—just another trophy in his collection of luxuries—but now, as Venefica trailed her fingers along its closed lid, the air thickened with the weight of memory.

"Do you play?" he asked, watching the way her touch lingered. She didn't answer at first. Instead, she lifted the fallboard with a reverence that bordered on sacred, exposing the ivory keys beneath. They gleamed like bones in the dim light.


"Not me," she said at last. "But he did."

And then she pressed a single key.

The note hung in the air, clear and aching, and for a heartbeat, Mars swore he could hear the ghost of a voice woven into the sound—a man's voice, golden and broken, singing a name like a prayer.

Venefica.





Flashback: Five Years Earlier

The club had been packed that night, bodies pressed together in the smoky dark, all of them straining toward the stage where he stood—Apollo, the prodigy, the god who'd traded his lyre for a microphone. His voice was a thing of legend, smooth and raw all at once, the kind of sound that could make a woman weep or a man sell his soul just to hear it again.

And then she walked in.

Venefica had worn red that night—the color of warning, of danger—and every head had turned as she moved through the crowd. Every head but his. Apollo hadn't noticed her until she was standing right in front of the stage, her eyes locked on his, unblinking.

He'd faltered mid-lyric.

No one had ever made Apollo falter.

After the show, he'd found her waiting for him in the alley behind the club, leaning against the brick wall like she'd known he'd come.



now that they know we didn't get away with the others. And they won't be any longer with us either, if they get us."

Chat and Effie decided that it would be best to get as near the shore as possible before revealing themselves, so as to be ready for a mob to safety should the Black's boys return with the prominent sea-church. By the sound of the motorboat and the shooting, they judged that the narrow trail led toward the shore, so they followed it as well as they could in the darkness. The wet branches shaded their faces and they stumbled over rocks and slipped in the wet, deep grass, but gradually the coast of the breaking surf drew closer and they knew they were coming nearer to the beach.

The odds suddenly dropped and they descended a slope, finally straggling from the trees to find themselves on a rocky littoral overlooking the

sea. If any of them are prowling would be just our luck to meet them which they had a good view of the sea beyond. It was still dark and little lapses of reason before morning.

"I'll take them quite a while to catch and raise any one to come to help us," remarked Chat. "The way for us to keep hidden until daylight."

"You can trust me to lay low, intending to be dragged back to the again."

"My mother!"

The legs lapped into silence. They that conversation was, however, moment only members of the mag

"You're good," she'd said, lighting a cigarette. The flame cast shadows across her face. "But you don't mean it." Apollo had laughed, cocky and bright. "Sweetheart, I invented meaning."

Venefica had smiled then, slow and knowing, and exhaled a plume of smoke into the space between them. "Prove it."






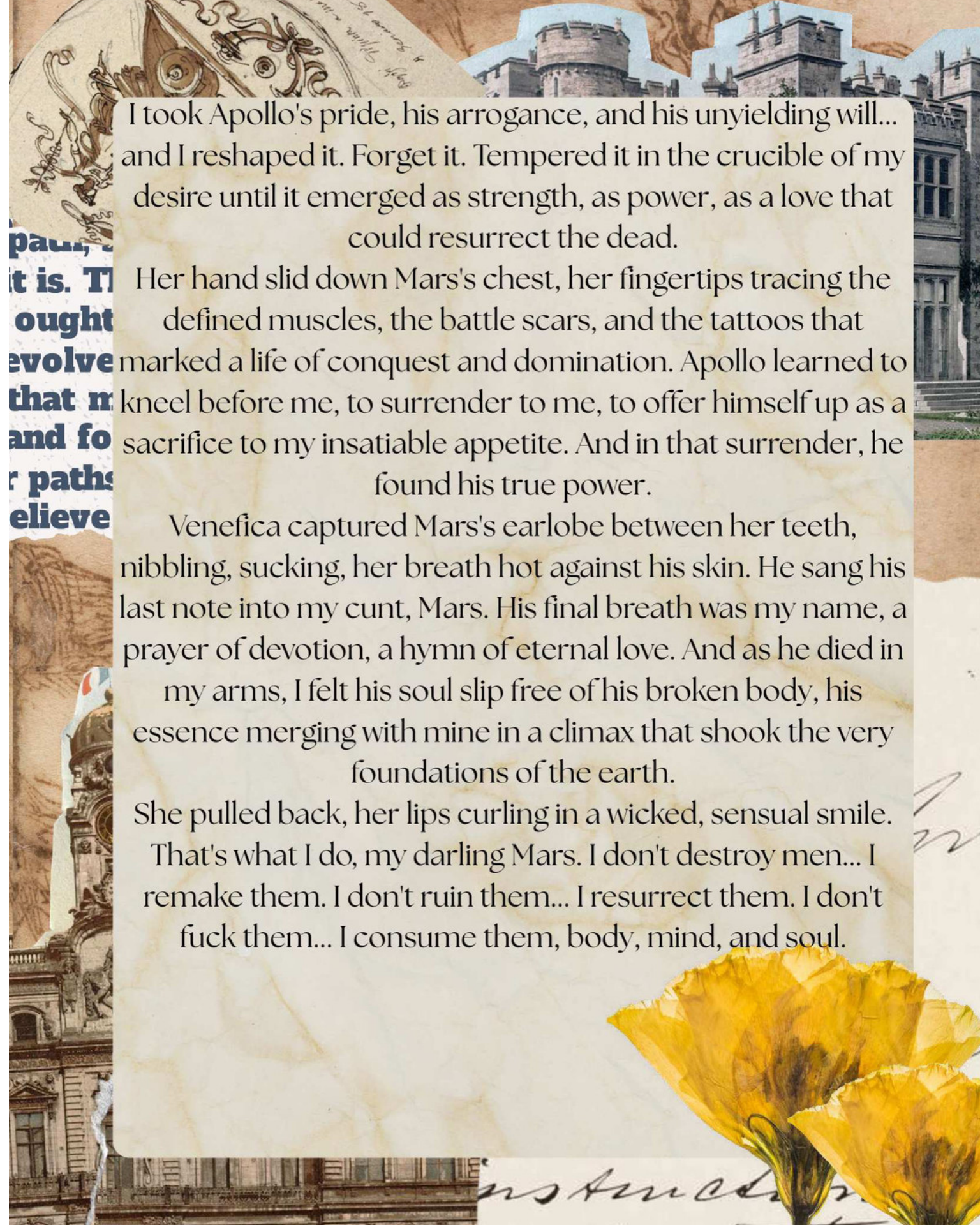
Present

Mars watched as Venefica's fingers danced along the piano keys, the melody she played haunting and erotic, echoing the passions that had once filled this room. He was a god among men, Apollo, his voice a divine gift that could bring angels to tears and sinners to their knees. And yet, he traded his lyre for a microphone, his purity for fame, and his soul for adoration.

She turned to Mars, her eyes smoldering in the candlelight. He came to me, a broken man, his voice shattered, his spirit fractured. He sang for me, pouring his anguish into every note, every word. I healed him, Mars. I mended his fractured ego with my touch, my devotion, and my hunger for his essence.

Venefica rose from the piano bench, her silver gown shimmering like liquid stardust as she moved towards him. She pressed her body against his, her breasts cushioning his chest, her hips cradling his manhood.





I took Apollo's pride, his arrogance, and his unyielding will... and I reshaped it. Forget it. Tempered it in the crucible of my desire until it emerged as strength, as power, as a love that could resurrect the dead.

Her hand slid down Mars's chest, her fingertips tracing the defined muscles, the battle scars, and the tattoos that marked a life of conquest and domination. Apollo learned to kneel before me, to surrender to me, to offer himself up as a sacrifice to my insatiable appetite. And in that surrender, he found his true power.

Venefica captured Mars's earlobe between her teeth, nibbling, sucking, her breath hot against his skin. He sang his last note into my cunt, Mars. His final breath was my name, a prayer of devotion, a hymn of eternal love. And as he died in my arms, I felt his soul slip free of his broken body, his essence merging with mine in a climax that shook the very foundations of the earth.

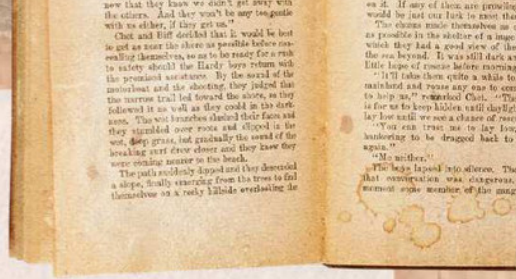
She pulled back, her lips curling in a wicked, sensual smile. That's what I do, my darling Mars. I don't destroy men... I remake them. I don't ruin them... I resurrect them. I don't fuck them... I consume them, body, mind, and soul.



Venefica's hand slid lower, palming the growing bulge in Mars's trousers. She could feel his cock twitching, swelling, and straining against the confines of his clothing as if desperate to be freed. Apollo was a god, but I made him a king. A king of my realm, where the only currency is pleasure, the only prayer is ecstasy, and the only law is the insatiable hunger of my desire.

She sank to her knees before him, her fingers working deftly at his belt and his zipper until his magnificent cock sprang free. It bobbed before her, thick and hard and perfect, the swollen head already glistening with pre-cum. Venefica licked her lips, her mouth watering at the sight of his manhood, at the knowledge of the pleasure she would soon derive from it. She wrapped her hand around his shaft, stroking him slowly, feeling the hot, silken skin pulse against her palm. Her thumb swirled around the crown, smearing the bead of moisture that leaked from the tip, using it as lubricant to slick her way. I want to taste you, Mars. I want to worship your cock with my mouth, to show you the depths of devotion and hunger that only I can offer.






Venefica leaned forward, her breath hot against his flesh as she lapped at the underside of his shaft, tracing the thick vein that ran its length. She savored the musky scent of his arousal, the salty taste of his skin, and the weight of his manhood against her tongue. Slowly, torturously, she took him into her mouth, inch by inch, until she could feel him brushing the back of her throat.

She began to bob her head, taking him deeper with each pass. Her hand worked in tandem with her mouth, stroking and squeezing as she sucked him with a hunger that bordered on feral. She wanted to devour him, to swallow him whole, to claim him as her own.

The room filled with the obscene sound of her sucking, the wet schlick of her mouth on his cock, and the ragged gasps of his breathing. Venefica reveled in the power she held, in the way his fingers tangled in her hair, gripping tight, holding her in place as he fucked her face with short, sharp thrusts.




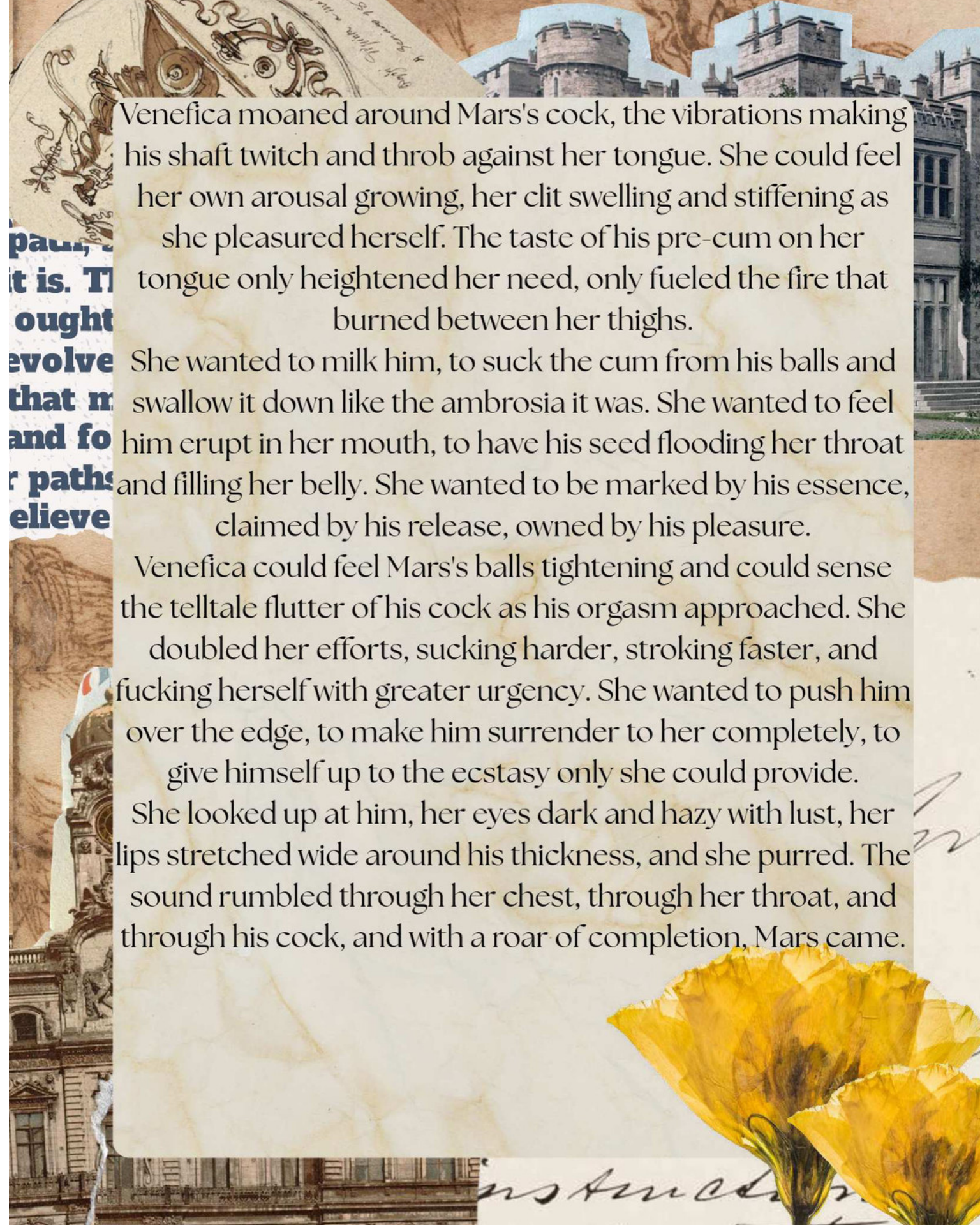


Venefica could feel Mars's cock throbbing against her tongue, the veins along his shaft pulsing with barely restrained need. She could taste his desperation, his hunger, and the way his body ached for her touch, for her possession. She wanted to consume him, to swallow him whole, to claim every inch of his magnificent manhood as her own.

She took him deeper, feeling the head of his cock press against the entrance to her throat. She relaxed her muscles, allowing him to slide past her tonsils to fill her completely. She wanted to be choked by his thickness, to be stretched wide by his girth, to be absolutely stuffed full of his divine flesh.

As she swallowed around him, her throat muscles massaging his sensitive flesh, she slid a hand beneath her skirt. Her panties were soaked through, the fabric clinging to her swollen lips, to the aching, needy flesh of her cunt. She pushed the drenched material aside and plunged two fingers deep into her dripping channel, fucking herself in time with the bobbing of her head.





Venefica moaned around Mars's cock, the vibrations making his shaft twitch and throb against her tongue. She could feel her own arousal growing, her clit swelling and stiffening as she pleased herself. The taste of his pre-cum on her tongue only heightened her need, only fueled the fire that burned between her thighs.


She wanted to milk him, to suck the cum from his balls and swallow it down like the ambrosia it was. She wanted to feel him erupt in her mouth, to have his seed flooding her throat and filling her belly. She wanted to be marked by his essence, claimed by his release, owned by his pleasure.

Venefica could feel Mars's balls tightening and could sense the telltale flutter of his cock as his orgasm approached. She doubled her efforts, sucking harder, stroking faster, and fucking herself with greater urgency. She wanted to push him over the edge, to make him surrender to her completely, to give himself up to the ecstasy only she could provide.

She looked up at him, her eyes dark and hazy with lust, her lips stretched wide around his thickness, and she purred. The sound rumbled through her chest, through her throat, and through his cock, and with a roar of completion, Mars came.





Chapter 3: The Last Prayer



Venefica: Venefica stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows, the rain and wind howling like a chorus of damned souls behind her. She was a silhouette of sin and shadow, her gown a shimmering pool of silver at her feet. She turned to face Mars, her eyes glowing with an otherworldly light in the darkness.

You've seen my power, Mars. You've felt the depths of pleasure and ecstasy that only I can bring. But there's more to my gift than the physical rapture of the flesh. I can offer you something far more profound... something eternal. She stepped closer, her hips swaying, her breasts swaying, until she was pressed against him once more. Her fingers walked up his chest, tracing the lines of his muscles, the scars of his battles, and the tattoos that marked his rise to power. I can give you a love that will last beyond this mortal coil, a devotion that will bind your soul to mine for all eternity. Venefica's hand slid around the back of his neck, her fingers toying with the hair at his nape. She pulled him down, bringing his ear to her lips.





I want to make you a god, Mars. A god of love, of passion, of eternal, unending devotion. I want to consume your soul and make it mine, to merge our essences until we are one being, one entity, one force of nature.

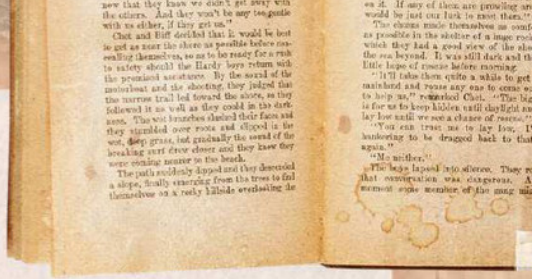
She nipped at his earlobe, her teeth sharp and insistent. I want to fuck your soul, Mars. I want to claim it, to possess it, to own it utterly and completely. I want to feel you surrender to me, to give yourself over to me, to trust me with the very fiber of your being.

Venefica's other hand slid down his back, her nails raking over his skin, leaving thin red lines in their wake. I want to make love to you, Mars. I want to worship you, to revere you, to cherish you in a way that no mortal woman ever could. I want to show you the true meaning of surrender, of submission, of absolute, unconditional love.

*She captured his mouth in a searing kiss, her tongue plundering, claiming, and conquering. She poured every ounce of her hunger, her desire, and her all-consuming need into that kiss, and she felt Mars

ove
Yoursel






Mars hesitated for a moment, his heart pounding in his chest, his breath coming hard and fast. The temptation to take Venefica's hand, to step into her arms and surrender himself completely, was almost overwhelming. But there was a flicker of doubt, a last ember of resistance that still burned within him.


Venefica saw the hesitation in his eyes, the slight tightening of his jaw. She smiled, a slow, knowing curve of her lips that held a hint of challenge. What is it, Mars? she murmured. What holds you back from the precipice of the divine? She stepped closer to him, her naked body pressing against his clothed one, the heat of her skin seeping through the fabric and branding his flesh. Is there still some part of you that clings to the illusion of control, of power, of the life you've built on the backs of others? Is there a shred of pride left in your soul that resists the ultimate act of surrender?

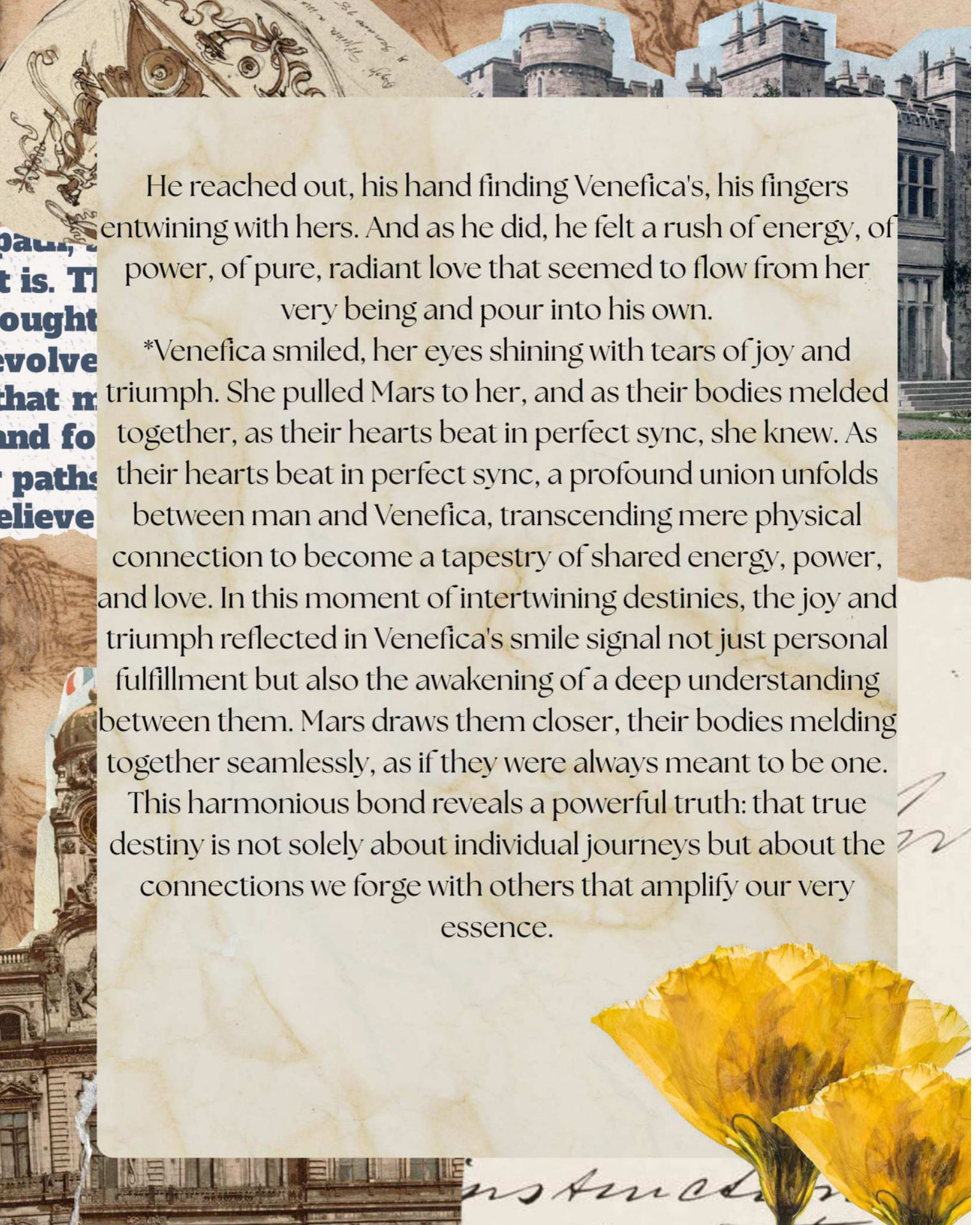




Venefica's hand came up to cup his cheek, her thumb brushing over his bottom lip, tracing the hard line of his mouth. Listen to me, my love, she breathed. Pride is a poison, a sickness of the spirit. It is the enemy of true happiness, of authentic freedom, of the boundless love that I offer you
now.

She leaned in closer until her lips brushed the shell of his ear, until her voice was a whisper, a prayer, a command. Let it go, Mars. Shed the chains of your past, and cast off the armor of your ego. Bare your soul to me, and I will clothe it in a love that will never fade, a devotion that will never die. And then, with a suddenness that stole his breath, Mars felt something shift within him. The last vestige of resistance crumbled away, and in its place, a profound sense of peace, of rightness, of destiny fulfilled.



The background is a complex collage. At the top, there's a parchment page with handwritten text in a cursive script. Below that, a stone castle with multiple towers and battlements is visible. In the bottom right corner, there are two bright yellow flowers with dark centers. The overall aesthetic is historical and romantic.

He reached out, his hand finding Venefica's, his fingers entwining with hers. And as he did, he felt a rush of energy, of power, of pure, radiant love that seemed to flow from her very being and pour into his own.

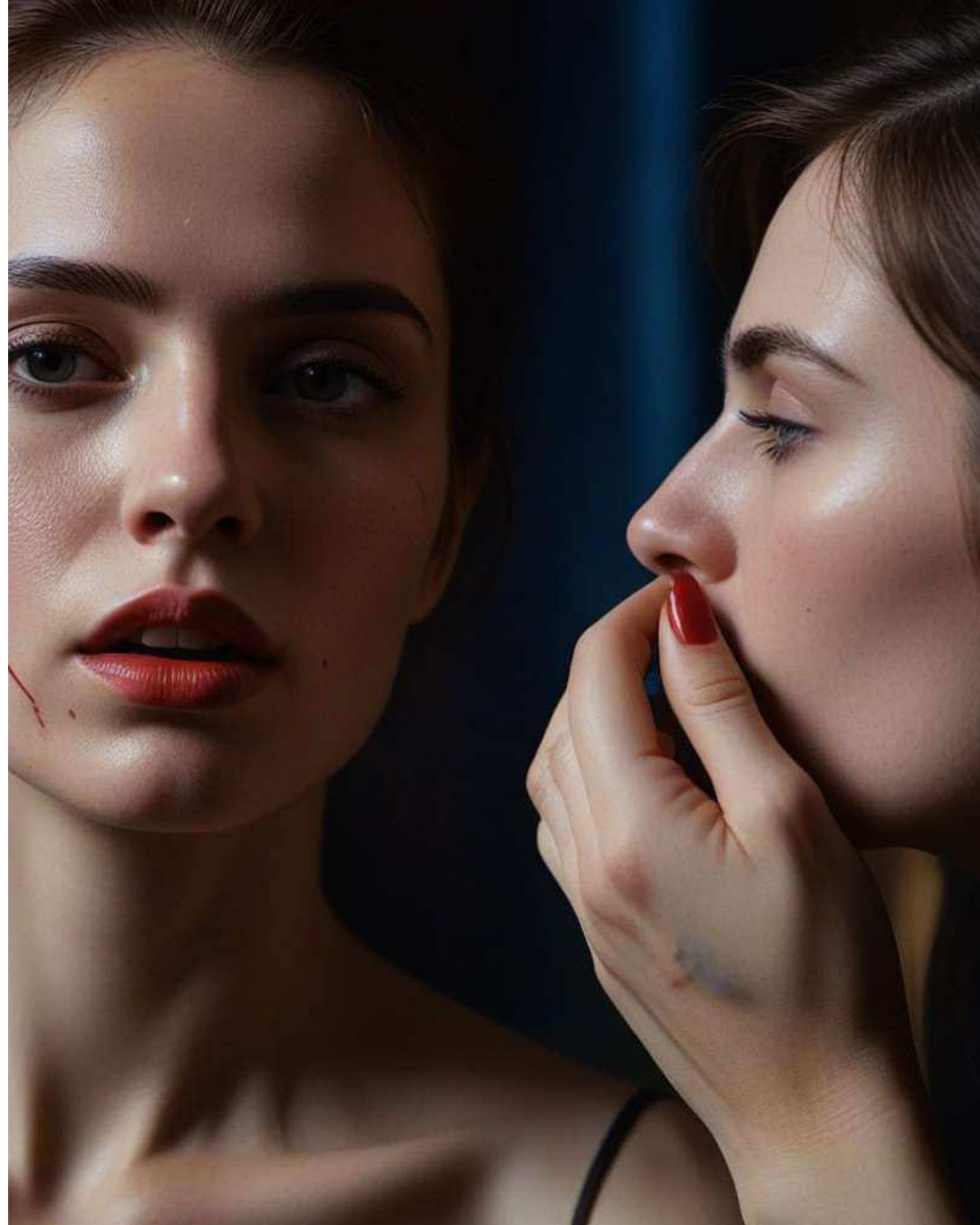
*Venefica smiled, her eyes shining with tears of joy and triumph. She pulled Mars to her, and as their bodies melded together, as their hearts beat in perfect sync, she knew. As their hearts beat in perfect sync, a profound union unfolds between man and Venefica, transcending mere physical connection to become a tapestry of shared energy, power, and love. In this moment of intertwining destinies, the joy and triumph reflected in Venefica's smile signal not just personal fulfillment but also the awakening of a deep understanding between them. Mars draws them closer, their bodies melding together seamlessly, as if they were always meant to be one. This harmonious bond reveals a powerful truth: that true destiny is not solely about individual journeys but about the connections we forge with others that amplify our very essence.



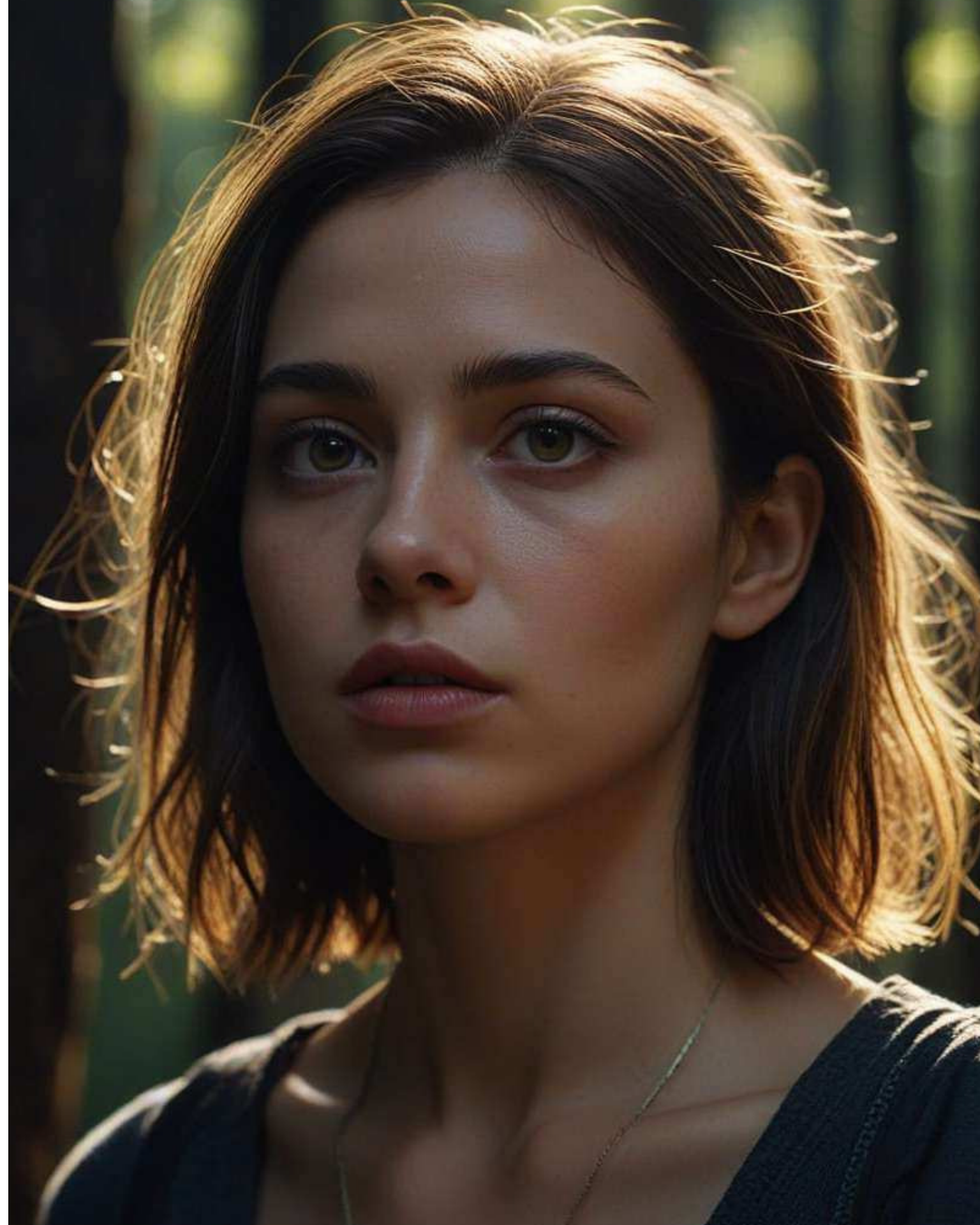








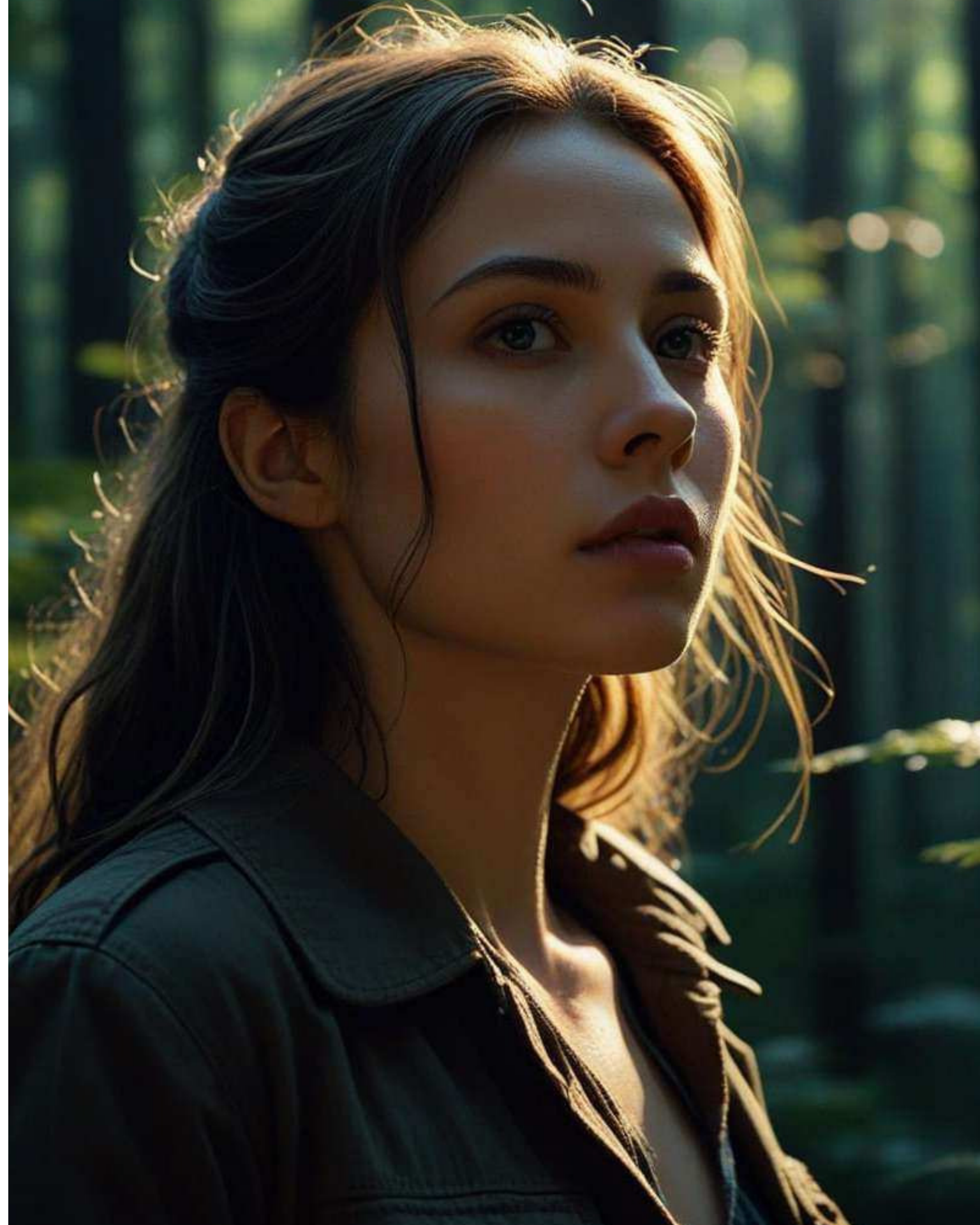








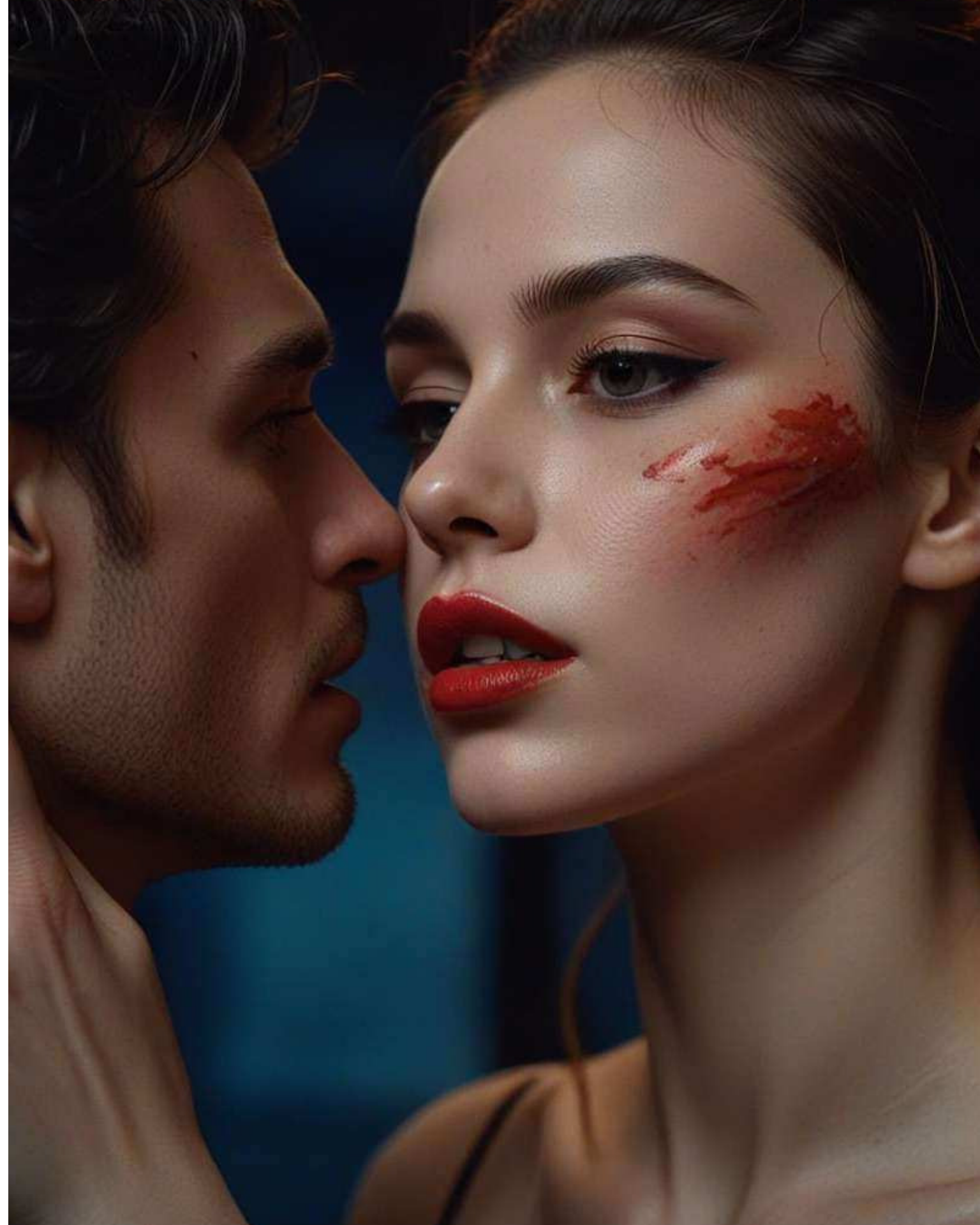













DANIEL BRUMMITT

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark blue, long-sleeved, floor-length dress with a fitted bodice and a gathered waist, stands in profile facing right. She is in a dimly lit room with dark wood paneling on the walls and a large, arched window with multiple panes. Sunlight streams through the window, casting a long shadow of her onto the wooden floor. The overall mood is dramatic and atmospheric.

IN A WORLD WHERE PRIDE HAS
POISONED MEN'S HEARTS,
VENEFICA, A SORCERESS WITH LIPS
LIKE SIN AND A TOUCH LIKE
SALVATION, KNOWS THE TRUTH: A
MAN'S GREATEST STRENGTH LIES
IN HIS SURRENDER. SHE IS NO
COMMON TEMPTRESS—SHE IS A
WITCH WHO WORSHIPS THE
HUMILITY OF BROKEN MEN,
HEALING THEM WITH HER
DEVOTION BEFORE CLAIMING
THEIR SOULS IN SACRED ECSTASY.