

Changeling Press

ENCOUNTERS



Romancing the Godling

A McKinley Women Encounter

Victoria Rogers

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**Maddy and Cedric settle in for movie night, but they soon become distracted.
(Epilogue: The Witch and the Stag, The McKinley Women 1 by Victoria Rogers)**

Epilogue: The Witch and the Stag

Maddy snuggled further into Cedric's arms and brought her feet up onto the sofa. Remnants of a shawarma feast lay scattered in takeout boxes and containers on the wooden coffee table. The glow of the television illuminated the scene in flashing, colored lights as Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner ran through an onscreen jungle.

Cedric arched a brow at the scene.

Maddy let out a giggle. "Wait! The best part is coming up."

"This movie is ridiculous," he said as he pulled her in closer to him, his arm snaking between her back and the couch cushions to wrap around her waist.

"Oh, it totally is," she agreed, "but I love it. It's one of--"

"- your favorite movies. Yes, that's why we're watching it."

Maddy grinned and tilted her head so she could land a light kiss on his smooth-shaven cheek. "Thank you for watching this with me."

"For you? I'll watch anything."

She laughed and gave him a nudge with her shoulder. "Don't lay it on too thick."

Cedric smiled into her hair and gave the top of her head an affectionate peck. "I couldn't," he said, lips brushing against her ear. "You are the light of my world."

She turned then, pulling away from his warmth to look at him carefully. "You say that a lot."

His eyes met hers and he leaned forward, his forehead touching hers. "It's true. Ever since that night we banished him, it's like I can always see how you looked in the astral plane. Full of warm yellows and greens, the colors dancing about in vibrant streaks. And that's you, you all the time. You're caring, compassionate, empathetic, and..." he smiled, the right side of his mouth slightly higher than the left. "Courageous. To have you in my life is beyond anything I could have wished for."

A sliver of warmth blossomed from her heart and through her chest.

“See?” he said, moving back so he could take a full look at her. “There it is, emanating from you. You look like an angel.”

“Interesting. I didn’t know you could see auras.”

“Just yours. Since we’ve been practicing magic together.” He cupped her chin in his hand and ran a thumb over her lips.

Maddy felt a light tickle of power flow down her spine and into her stomach. His touch did that to her -- caused a reaction with every brush of his skin on hers. She puckered her lips to kiss the pad of his thumb. He applied light pressure against her bottom lip, and pushed his thumb between them. A lopsided smile lit up his face when she nipped at him with her teeth. He slid his thumb from her mouth, over her bottom lip, and down the front of her chin.

“You are dazzling,” he said as his mouth caught hers in a long kiss. His tongue ran along the inside of her upper lip as he gathered her into his arms, pulling her up onto his lap facing him.

She kept the languid kiss going as she arranged her legs comfortably on either side of him, the long T-shirt she wore as a night gown riding up her thighs. Cedric found the exposed skin immediately, his hands running up her legs appreciatively to cup her bare behind.

“Madeline,” he whispered when their lips parted, both breathing heavily.

“Mmm?” she hummed as she wrapped her arms about herself and tugged at the hem of the T-shirt. She pulled it up and over her head and threw it over the side of the sofa onto the hand woven rug.

Cedric’s smile grew wide at the new view of her breasts, and he took advantage of their proximity by taking a nipple into his mouth. He lathed the tip of his tongue about the pink nub. Maddy inhaled sharply through her nose as she arched her back, wriggling in his lap. She could feel his erection through his jogging pants, and she made a point of rubbing up against his length. One of the drawstrings rubbed up against her clit, and she shuddered in delight from the contact.

He let her nipple free with a soft, wet pop.

“Cedric,” she murmured, bending to run her tongue along the outside edge of his ear.

“Yes, Madeline?” came his muffled voice from between her breasts.

“Let me ride you. Right here, just like this.” She caught the lobe of his ear between her top and bottom teeth and applied enough pressure that Cedric caught his breath.

“Yes, please,” he said with a laugh.

Maddy rose up onto her knees, just high enough so Cedric could pull his joggers off. He used his feet to pull his legs out from the pant legs and kicked them off to the side. He pulled off his T-shirt in one smooth movement, and it was Maddy’s turn to smile at the view. She ran her hand up his chest, fingers entwining themselves in the wisps of soft chest hair.

“Better?” he asked, his own hands sliding along her back.

“Much,” she confirmed, smiling.

She reached down and took his cock into her hand, guiding it to her entrance. She lowered herself down on him and sighed at how easily he glided into her. His head pushed deeper, causing her inner walls to ripple. Warmth radiated through her abdomen and her toes scrunched in pleasure.

Cedric let out a groan as she took him inside of herself. He grasped her hips to pull her further down, but she lifted herself up and left only the tip of him inside of her.

“Nuh, uh, uh,” she said with a glint in her eye. “I’m riding you, remember?”

Cedric bit his lower lip, the corners of his eyes crinkling into a smile. “You’re here to torture me, aren’t you?”

“Torture?” She said as she sank into him slowly, watching as his eyes glazed over and a soft moan escaped his lips. “Oh, we can think of something better than that. What do you want, then? Hard and fast?”

She sat down hard and let out a hiss as his cock slammed deep into her.

“Fuck, Madeline,” Cedric said, his hips rising to meet hers.

Maddy grinned before grinding into him. “Is that a yes?”

“Yes, that’s a yes,” he let out in a breath of air.

She rose on her knees and came down hard again, again, and again. Her loins were on fire, and every nerve in her body was alight in a reverberating glow. Every touch of his roving hands cast ripples of feeling through her.

Soon they were both panting into an explosion of sensation, hips moving together in time. Maddy fell over Cedric, her forearms catching her on the back of the couch. As she moaned through rivulets of pleasure, he kept his hips going, prolonging her orgasm for as long as he could delay his. She let out a guttural keening as he repeatedly slid against her exploding g-spot. She buried her face in his neck and held on to him as he shuddered into her, his body spasming from head to toe, his grip on her tightening as he rode the wave of his answering orgasm.

“Madeline,” whispered Cedric after they caught their breath.

“Mmm?”

“You are divine.”

Maddy let out a contented sigh and rested her cheek on Cedric’s shoulder. “I love you,” she said, her breath tickling his neck.

“I love you.”

The Witch and the Stag (The McKinley Women 1)

Victoria Rogers

As a solitary witch, Maddy McKinley's job is to ensure her community is safe from paranormal harm. When a routine neighborhood exorcism goes wrong, Maddy finds herself haunted by a poltergeist that has been hounding her family for generations.

With the help of the hunky godling across the street, Maddy must learn to set aside her family traditions and work with another before the poltergeist destroys her.

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