

Title

Leona Grey

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Feeding Matthew

Amy had no idea what she was doing but she had to do it, anyway. Apparently, it was “her turn” to feed the ghost her so-many-greats grandmother had accidentally bound to herself. They, her mother and aunt, just hadn’t bothered to tell her about him until a couple of days ago. So, here she was, alone in the old family house, about to do an elaborate ritual when she’d never even done a simple spell before.

If she had known about this whole Matthew-the-Ghost thing ten years ago, she might have listened when her mother tried to teach her about spell-working. What if she messed up? Would she get sucked into some ghostly vortex or unleash a horde of demons on the world? For goodness sake, it was dabbling that had trapped the poor man in the first place, which was why she had to do this. It was up to the women in her family to give the earth-bound spirit some kind of existence.

She plopped down on the couch to look over her notes again. She was somewhere between casting a circle and calling the corners when the cushion next to her dipped suddenly. “You look nervous,” said a deep, smooth voice. His accent was so strong that it took her a moment to figure out what he’d said.

“They didn’t tell me you were Irish.” *Yeah, Amy, that’s the important thing here.*

“They don’t talk about me much.”

She didn’t know how to respond to the sad note in his voice, so she changed the

subject. "I am really nervous. I don't actually know how to do spells and all that."

"Oh, well, that's just lovely." He snorted and did not speak for a moment. She could imagine him shaking his head in disgust. Poor thing.

"You know, there is another way." His voice had gotten smoother.

"That's great." Thank goodness, she wouldn't have to worry about all the ritual nonsense. "How do we do it?"

"Oh, it's simple." There was a low, masculine laugh when the cushions moved. Then she was being kissed. Her eyes were open, and she saw no one, but she was definitely being kissed. How interesting. The kiss stopped. "It's also much more fun. All we have to do is have sex. Sexual energy is potent, and it doesn't drain you so badly." Warm lips and breath traveled down her neck.

"Oh, really?"

"Mmm," he hummed against her collarbone.

When he grazed her lightly there with his teeth, she squirmed. She hadn't had good sex -- any kind of sex, actually -- in a long while, and this man knew what he was doing, knew exactly where to touch. Why shouldn't she have sex with the ghost? She couldn't get pregnant, could she? Plus there was that sexy accent.

"What do you say, sweet?" These words spoken against the skin behind her ear. She could feel the warmth of him, so close. "Say yes."

"Mmm, yes." Long fingers ran up her scalp and gripped her short sandy hair, guided her to lie back on the sofa. A satisfying weight settled onto her. Matthew had been a big man.

"I like the sound of that." Then, he really kissed her, like a ghost that had not been with a woman in hundreds of years. He pressed and rubbed their bodies together while she ran her hands over him, trying to get a sense of his build. All lean and muscled with a tight little ass. He laughed quietly when she squeezed it.

His hands left her head and he began to undress her with quick, sure movements. When she was in her bra and panties, he pulled back. She couldn't feel him anymore. "What a sight you are. I bet that lovely pale skin blushes when you're coming,

doesn't it?" He picked her up and sat her in his lap, pressed his hot skin to hers. "I bet you're a loud one, too. I can't wait to hear you."

Then there were no more words. He kissed her with an urgent heat, then sucked her nipple a little too hard, palmed her breast a little too roughly. Perfect. Just what she needed. She gave all that heat back to him, sucking his tongue into her mouth the way she would like to suck on other parts of him. When he slipped a hand into her panties and slid a finger inside her, they both moaned at the hot, slick feel of her pussy.

With a frustrated growl he leaned her back against the back of the couch and practically tore her panties from her. Then he was on her again and, as wet as she was, it almost wasn't enough. Since she couldn't see him, she was completely unprepared for the size of his cock.

He had to work his way in with harsh breaths. She didn't know if she could take him, but she wouldn't stop him for all the world. He was so thick. She was moaning before he even got completely inside her. He'd already reached her G-spot and was stroking over it as he pushed in farther.

By the time he was all the way in, she could not have moved. Her pussy was spasming to the point that she was no longer in control of her body. Above her moans, she thought she heard him say, "I knew it." Then he was thrusting and all she could hear, see, and feel was what was happening between her thighs. Not only was he large, but he seemed to fit perfectly inside her. She didn't know how long it lasted. There was no sense of time, only sensation. That first orgasm never really ended -- it just ebbed and flowed with peaks along the way, sometimes small and sometimes large.

When he finally stopped, she opened her eyes and could see the outline of him, like a faded photograph. As they lay on the couch resting, he became more definite and substantial, until he could almost pass for living.

She smiled down into light green eyes. "Hello, Matthew."

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