

Encounter: Spot of Heart Celia Kyle

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Sometimes love gets in the way. Or rather, it doesn't. It doesn't stop two people from going their separate ways at the end of the day, month, year. When one of the Fae falls in love with a human, the spot of love between them doesn't do a damn bit of good.

Spot of Heart continues the story begun in Celia Kyle's March 2008 encounter, Spot of Gold, available at <http://changelingpress.com/ezine/encounters.php>

Spot of Heart

They had a calling card, a tiny bit of this, a few words of that and he would come. Skin a copper gold, hair a fiery red. Muscles upon muscles and a heart so big... He'd come to her nearly a year ago, a leprechaun without a home, and she opened her arms to him.

Only now, things had changed. Ross, it turned out, was the long lost something or other distant relation of someone, and he was now king. And Cassie, with her Greek roots and definite lack of leprechaun status, wasn't fit to lick the new king's boots, let alone his cock.

So they made do with what they had. A cute rhyme, magical gold coins and their land of sleeping-wake where their minds and hearts had free rein.

* * *

Cassie Manousakis trudged home with heavy feet. It had been nearly four months since she'd seen or heard from Ross LePrechaun, her sometimes lover,

boyfriend, something. She didn't truly know what they were to one another any more. At times, they professed their love for one another and at others, like now, she doubted Ross's sincerity.

There were ladies in court. Golden bodied, red haired, pointy eared ladies who could offer Ross something that Cassie couldn't. A life together.

Like every other day, Cassie kept her eyes glued to the pavement while she walked from the electronics store to her apartment four blocks away. Their sign, their signal, was a penny sized coin of gold on the ground. So small, only the oldest leprechauns would be able to detect the sweet scent on the wind. Ross was always careful to spell the coin against all humans but Cassie.

Her building came into sight. It looked like tonight would be like any other. She'd sit alone with her cat, Goldie, and watch movies until she fell asleep. Except... At the base of the steps to her door, there was a shiny spot of... gold.

Tears burned her eyes, spilling down her cheeks and a sob caught in her chest while she reached down for the coin. "See a penny, pick it up, and all day long you'll have good luck."

Their sign. Touching a piece of Ross's gold connected them and he'd have heard her words all the way in the land of the Fae.

Cassie raced up the steps, hands shaking while she fought with the door knob. When the lock finally gave way, she nearly tripped over the cat in her haste to get into her studio apartment. Gold still clutched in her hand, she rushed through her evening chores of feeding the cat and watering the plants. She almost skipped it all, but living things had to eat and she loved her furry faux Ross that kept her company.

Chores done, she dashed into the bedroom and froze. Already nude and in bed, Ross was merely feet from her.

"Ross?" She swallowed the growing lump in her throat. "What are you doing here? We should be in the sleeping-wake. They'll catch --"

"Sh, *A Mhuirín*. I've it all worked out now. Nothin' more to be worrying about."

He held out his hand to her and she could do nothing but obey. She wanted, no needed, to feel his touch. She fell into his arms, snuggling into his side, head resting on his shoulder.

“Love, do you have my spot of gold for me?”

Cassie opened her hand, offering the small token, familiar with the ritual. A leprechaun could only let so much of their gold go out into the world. Gold was power to one of Ross’ kind and as king he needed every drop of power he had.

As usual, Ross tapped the piece of gold three times, only instead of the coin disappearing, it reformed and reshaped in her palm into a slim golden band.

“Ross?”

“Yes, *A Mhuirnin?*”

She couldn’t speak. They’d never talked... never discussed... “Is it...”

“Will you be my heart, *A Run?* I can do this only once in a life, change my spot of gold to a spot of heart, but I’m asking ye if you’ll be the one.”

“Yes,” she whispered. “Oh, Ross! Yes.” She didn’t waste any more time. With trembling hands, she helped him slip the ring onto her left ring finger and smiled when a perfect heart appeared etched into the gold. “Oh, that’s gorgeous, Ross. Thank you.”

It was time for Ross to be shocked. His eyes were wide, face pale for but a brief moment until he leapt from the bed, whooping and hollering. “Lass! Do ye know what this means?” He scooped her into his arms and she clutched his neck, laughing right along with him. “Ye truly are my heart, and not a one of those snooty aristo bitches and their lap dogs can denounce you.” He released her legs and lowered her to the ground, her mouth caught in a kiss. “Not a one,” he murmured against her lips.

Cassie returned his kiss, mind whirling with the meaning behind his words. And then she could think of nothing but Ross. His mouth, his lips, his tongue sweeping in and out of her mouth, mimicking the sensual dance they’d soon be performing.

He wasted no time walking her back toward the bed and followed her body with his as she lay down on the mattress. Between one breath and the next he vanished her clothes, baring her nude body to him.

His mouth shifted and moved against her skin, traveling from one hot spot to the next. Tasting her everywhere and yet no where, he licked the skin beneath her ear, nipped her earlobe. He sucked on her nipples, laving them with his tongue. He bit the underside of her breast, teeth digging in and causing the barest hint of pain. From there he continued his journey south, nose dipping into her belly button, giving her what he called an "Eskimo kiss". He nibbled her inner thigh, mouth so close to that special spot.

"I want ta make love to ye with my mouth sweet one, but I dinne think I can wait."

She wanted to sob in disappointment, but the prospect of feeling him inside her overcame the frustration. He crawled up her body, and chest to chest he covered her. His cock nestled between her legs, tip slipping between her lower lips and kissing her clit. "Please, Ross?"

"Ah, what would ye be needin', love?" He smiled that wicked smile that made her want to smack him.

"Fuck me, love me, anything, just do something!"

He chuckled, cock vibrating against her pussy, and she whimpered. "Aye, I think I can oblige ye." He propped himself up on his hands and shifted his hips, cock sliding along her labia.

A moment later, the tip of his dick nudged her entrance and she opened her legs wider, inviting him to fill her, please her, love her.

He answered her invitation, slipping right into her heat. She stretched around him, opening to him and hissing at the pleasure filled intrusion. It'd been so long. So long since they'd loved one another physically. The sleeping-wake never felt as good as his real body could.

When he was fully seated, she wrapped her legs around his waist and rocked him against her pussy. Tiny shards of pleasure zipped along her spine with every rock to and fro.

"What ye be doin' there, love?"

"Nothing?"

“Ah, me thinks ye may be getting ahead of the horse.”

She burst into a torrent of laughs. “You are built like one...”

He growled. “I’ll show ye a horse.”

Ross’s cock gliding against her inner walls, and she felt every ridge of his dick as he slipped out of her. Then he moved back home, erection stroking her pussy again with its ridges and veins, pleasuring her with its width and length while they made love.

In and out, out and in, he increased his pace, changed the angle of his penetration until stars burst behind her eyes. “Yes!”

Ross kept up the continued penetration, kept the same rhythm. Again and again his dick brushed the sweet spot inside her pussy, kissing her from within.

Her pussy clenched and rippled around his dick, clit pulsing and throbbing, arousal burning higher with each stroke. Her orgasm built and built within, dancing along her spin, slithering from toes to head and back again.

“Soon.”

And by soon, she meant now, here, without another pause. Spine bowed, eyes rolling into the back of her head, she screamed her release, her pussy clamping round Ross, milking him, urging him to come with her.

Ross tensed above her, groaning and moaning, hips jerking, and Cassie tightened her legs around Ross’s waist, holding him deep within. Panting, Ross collapsed on top of her and she wrapped her arms around his shoulders. “Love you.”

“Aye, and I love you, my sweet Cassie.”

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