

# Spot of Gold

## Celia Kyle

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Cassie Manousakis trudged toward home, flicking an errant curl out of her face for the hundredth time as she followed the well known path. The day had been long and hard. One angry customer after the next showed up at the store spouting complaints and general vileness. Ugh. People could be so cruel. Like the fact that their DVD player broke meant they could insult her. She shook her head and the same curl settled over her eye. Damned hair.

She didn't know why she hadn't straightened the unruly mass of untamable curls. Actually, she did. Her mama would have a fit if Cassie ever disrespected her heritage in such a way. Her hair, with its wild curls and near black coloring was that of her great-great-grandmother. The nose, ah, the nose came from her grandpa Ari and her hips were the same as every Manousakis female born into the family.

All of that added up to an average height woman with a mop of black curls with a larger than average nose and hips which could easily accommodate the birth of a child. Or, a short, chubby chick.

Cassie sighed and adjusted her purse on her shoulder, at the same moment a man walking in the opposite direction bumped her and nearly sent her careening for the concrete. Straightening while she gritted her teeth in anger, a glimmering spot on the sidewalk caught her eye.

She mumbled to herself as she bent to retrieve what could only be a newly minted coin. "See a penny, pick it up, all day long you'll have good..." Fingers closing

around the coin, a strange jolt of electricity shot through her hand. She opened her palm to reveal something that definitely *wasn't* a penny.

\* \* \*

Cassie eased into her heated bath, allowing the warm water to sooth away her stress and aches of the day. On the ledge of the tub sat her little coin. For some reason, she couldn't let the tiny piece of metal out of her sight. She fingered the round gold disc with a wet fingertip, tracing circles round and round as she soaked.

"You've got my spot of gold there, lass, and I mean to get it back." A deep Irish burr broke the silence and Cassie sat up with a flash, covering her breasts with one arm while clutching the gold piece with the other hand.

She stared at the man standing in her bathroom, dumbfounded. Feet from her stood a giant. Okay, maybe not a real giant, but from her vantage point he looked huge... everywhere. He had thick biceps, wide shoulders and a broad chest which tapered down to a chiseled abdomen. Bare from the waist up, the dim lighting in her bathroom seemed to make the peppering of hair on his chest glow.

Cassie didn't move a muscle. Instead she continued to stare at the giant of a man, breath frozen in her lungs. His legs were encased in tight black leather pants which molded to every curve and dip of muscle. Unconsciously, she licked her lips when her gaze fell upon his cock. Outlined perfectly beneath the material, it twitched beneath her scrutiny and lengthened along his thigh. Oh. My.

The site of his arousal put her into motion. She jumped to her feet, fingers clutching the coin and her breasts as she confronted the intruder. "Who are you and what do you want?" She didn't give him a chance to answer. "Just get out before I call the police."

Cassie stood her ground as the stranger approached. She didn't flinch when he grasped her wrist and tugged her closed hand between them. With unnatural ease, he opened her hand and stroked the gold coin that lay in her palm.

"As I said, lass, you've got my spot of gold and I've a mind to have it back. You will be compensated, of course." Confused, she could do nothing but stare as he gently

tapped the gold coin three times. Within a blink it disappeared. Frozen, unable to move even if she'd wanted to, she watched as he brought the same finger to her temple and tapped three times. Then, all the world went black.

\* \* \*

Cassie woke slowly, her body sluggish to respond to her mind's commands as she fought the wakening fog. As if weighed down by bricks she struggled to comprehend the world around her. The soft cushion beneath her and the gentle scents surrounding her made her think of her room, but wasn't she just...

"Ah, you've awakened at last." The deep burr emanated from nearby, but where?

Cassie fought to rise, but could only manage to prop herself on her elbows and her heart stopped in shock. She was, in fact, lying in her bed in her own room, but the shocking part was the fact that the Irish stranger was with her.

No, he wasn't just with her, but spread between her outstretched legs and staring at her bare pussy like a starving man eyeing cake. Lord, she was naked. In front of a stranger. What's worse? Her pussy clenched and ached with desire. Why wouldn't the man dive in already? He licked his lips and eased closer to the juncture of her thighs and inhaled a deep breath.

This is what she'd thought of the first moment her eyes met the strangers. Not the outrage as she'd expressed, but a deep yearning to have the gorgeous man make love to her, desire her like no other.

"Ah, *A Mhuirnín*, you're wet for me already, yes?"

Yes, her mind screamed, but she only managed a moan as he traced her slit. She watched, open-mouthed as he flicked his tongue over the digit, ingesting her juices.

"Like the rarest of wines, *A Rúin*."

Cassie didn't understand half of what the flaming red-haired god said, but her body knew. It reached and arched toward his gentle caresses as if separate from her mind. Flinging all good sense and every rule her mother had drilled into her mind aside, Cassie flowed with her body, luxuriating in the stranger's touches.

He stroked and teased her pussy. His fingers taunted her labia, dipping between the slicked lower-lips before shifting to stroke her inner thigh.

Frustrated by his teasing, she threaded her fingers in the stranger's hair and demanded his attention with a tug. "I don't know who you are --"

"Ross LePrechaun."

She stared, speechless for a moment. "Leprechaun?" The man narrowed his eyes. O-kay. Maybe now was the time... "Fine. Ross. Get me off or get gone, but choose. Now."

He opened his mouth slowly, eyes locked on hers as he leaned forward. Just before his lush lips made contact with her labia, he snaked his tongue out and flicked her clit.

Cassie released his hair and melted into her mattress, moaning with each touch of his tongue to her pussy. She rolled her hips in time with his tender licks, savoring each touch and stroke as if it were her last.

Ross circled her clit with his tongue and she shivered when he probed her entrance with a finger. Cassie opened her legs wider, granting him more access. He took advantage of her position by thrusting his finger into her core. She arched against the invasion, screaming his name as he began pumping in and out of her heat.

Her pussy clenched around his finger, tightening and relaxing in time to his rhythm. He sucked the hardened nub of her clit, nibbling it with his teeth between flicks of his tongue. Higher and higher her climax rose and Cassie almost feared the release when it finally came.

"Come for me, *A Mhuirnín*, let me taste your satisfaction." Unable to deny the golden man between her legs, Cassie came in a series of spasms, moaning and crying Ross's name as her body clenched and tightened around him with the most powerful release she'd ever felt. He continued to thrust his finger into her pussy, sucking on her clit as she came back to herself by degrees.

Sated and exhausted by her orgasm, Cassie snuggled into bed, content.

Ross rolled from the mattress and knelt on the floor beside the bed. "It was a beautiful gift you gave me, *A Rúin*. Tomorrow, may you give me another."

\* \* \*

The next afternoon as she walked home from work, Cassie wondered if it had all been a dream. She'd woken late the previous evening, she was curled in bed, nude. Since she usually slept bare, she didn't give her condition another thought and drifted off to sleep. When she woke this very morning, nothing seemed out of place and she shrugged the memories off as an amazing dream. Like there could really be a man wandering around by the name of Ross LePrechaun. She snorted.

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