

# Leapin' Leprechauns

## Michelle Hasker

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2008 Michelle Hasker

**Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

I coughed and blinked, waving at the smoke that billowed before me. "Well that could have gone better," I croaked and banged on my chest. I coughed several more times.

After what felt like a lifetime, the smoke faded, leaving me with tearing eyes and a throat that hurt like a sunuvabiatch. As the smoke cleared I noticed the hunk of male staring at me from over my cauldron.

"Leapin' lizards!" Even as I prided myself on remembering not to curse, I backed up and slipped on the mat I'd knelt on to stoke the fire. I stumbled and put my hands down to catch myself, and scalded them on the edge of the cauldron. "For crying out loud. Jayzeus friggin' beetle sauce!"

"Finished yet?" The deep baritone sent shivers up my spine, but the heat from his intense gaze seared me to my very soul. Eyes green as emeralds stared back at me.

It was then I realized he was dressed completely in green from head to toe. "You can't be."

"Aye. I can and most certainly am."

"No." I shook my head and held out my hands to stop him when he looked like he wanted to walk toward me.

He shrugged and leaned back against the wall. "You summoned me, love. I pray you did it with a less colorful language than you are using now."

"I have issues with cursing. My husband -- that is ex-husband -- that is --"

"I'm listening, lass. Whenever you want to spit out what you're trying to say."

I sputtered. I mean sputtered. I flushed from head to toe as I scrubbed at my face. Here I was covered in soot and talking to a freakin' live leprechaun. Only he didn't look like any leprechaun I'd ever seen before.

"Um. What are you doing here?" Glad I managed not to sound like a bumblin' idjit, I tried to dust myself off.

"You summoned me. Hello?" He waved his hand in front of his beautiful face. He had a perfect face. Strong and square and symmetrical. Hell, even his nose was sexy. Why did a man have a cuter nose than me?

"Your nose is pert and cute."

"How can you read my mind, then, Mr. Leprechaun man?"

"Oh, you summoned more than just a leprechaun, missy. A lot more."

I looked up and down his tight body. The green brocade vest clung to his hairless chest. The jeweled buttons led my wandering eyes lower. Green denim, tight as sin, hugged every dagnamit muscle in his thighs. I wanted to peel off that gaudy green and let my hands do the talking.

"None of my spells work. Ever. Never." I shook my head. "Point in fact. You are not a leprechaun."

"Aye, I am. Just not all leprechaun." He tucked his thumbs in his jeans and thrust his hips toward me. "Care to see?"

"What the fetch!"

He blinked, more than a little startled if I read him correctly. "What's with your language? I can't understand half of the things you say."

"I'm trying to give up cursing." I shrugged and began to gather up my tools. This night was a bust. Again.

"Wait."

I froze and turned to look at Mr. Lickalicious. He blinked again. Oh yeah, he could read my mind. Oops.

“So you think I’m lickalicious, do you?” His grin was so wide I wanted to smack him. Oh who am I kidding? The whole whipping a leprechaun was made up. I was no more dominant than my teddy bear.

“Ah, yes. I do recall you promised to ‘Whip a Leprechaun’?”

My mouth dropped open and I realized why people joked that a person could swallow a fly.

“Cat got your tongue?”

I giggled. Dear heavens, I giggled. He took a step toward me and desire that had hovered near my belly zoomed to life and ricocheted through me like a ball in that game with the flippers. “Pinball!”

“I simply cannot follow your train of thought.”

I giggled again. I’d been told my “Train of Thought” ran as loco as a locomotive on a track designed by five year olds on a major sugar high.

“You are adorable.” He stepped closer again.

I dropped my spell book and athame, but didn’t stab myself when it fell. “Double shitteneneshinannigans!”

“You summoned me to appease your M. Correct? Where is your M, and why doesn’t your Master watch over you? You seem like you need a careful eye watching out for you.”

I winced. He knew about M, but totally misunderstood. M might be my boss, but though she owned the place I worked at, she didn’t own me.

“Your M is a she?”

His smile widened and he looked me over again. “Ah ha! You’ve discovered you need a man to show you what true submission is!”

“Um. No.” I chewed on my lip, praying my eye didn’t start that quirky thing it liked to do. Nope, there it went. Twitch.

“You’re lying.”

“I am not!”

Twitch.

“You are!” He poked his finger against my sternum.

Shi-uuuuugar booger! When had he moved? He was fast like lightening. As fast as that lightening, he wrapped his hands around my upper arms and tugged me up against his rock hard body. Hard as the rock candy I bought every time I went to the zoo. Would he taste as sweet as the root beer flavored sugar crystals?

“Drop!”

I was on my knees, face against his thighs before I even realized I’d obeyed him. He chuckled and pressed his denim covered cock against my face.

“See, sometimes obeying is good. And sometimes it brings rewards.” He stroked his erection with one hand, brushing against my face with the movement. “Release me.”

Um yeah. Like I needed a second request. Licking my lips, I unbuttoned and unzipped his pants faster than a senior on prom night.

“Suck me, lass. Suck me real good and maybe I’ll even give you some of my treasure.”

I couldn’t help it. I snorted. And snickered. And almost doubled over in laughter, until his cock sprang free from his pants. Instantly my laughter faded to be replaced with a burning desire to have him in my mouth. In me.

“Now give me twenty or thirty good licks, lass.”

Before I could erupt in giggles again, he pressed the tip of his cock against my mouth. A drop of pre-cum teased my lips, and I quickly licked them. He tasted like finely spun sugar. Root beer flavored. I hesitated and looked up at him.

“Sometimes I grant wishes. And tonight I’m granting yours.”

Shiiiiicashca! He hadn’t come here to be my whipping boy. He’d come to answer the wish I hadn’t voiced out loud. The one that I’d really wanted as I done the recitation to summon a leprechaun. Was that why I’d only gotten a half leprechaun?

“I’m all man, chit. And that’s all you need to know.” He growled as he pushed his cock past my lips.

I smiled around him, and teased the head of his penis with my tongue. In slow leisurely licks, I traced around the tip of his cock and the vein running down to his balls. I cupped his sac in my hand and massaged him, taking pleasure in his low moan.

While I made love to him with my mouth, his hands fisted in my hair, urging me and guiding me, until he thrust deep in my mouth and shouted with his release. Greedy like a dog able to reach the turkey off the counter on Thanksgiving, I lapped up every last drop of his tasty semen and then released him. I leaned back on my heels and looked up at him, trying to memorize the way his face looked after an orgasm. Flushed, and happy. Sated. Gorgeous.

“Lay back and spread ‘em.”

“What?” I looked up at him hoping he was going to fuck me nice and hard.

“Lay down and open your legs.”

Body obeying faster than my mind could command it, I sprawled like a clumsy oaf on my back. At least I’d worn a skirt tonight. I should have gone commando like I’d originally planned, but I’d chickened out. Again.

“Let’s give your M something to talk about.”

Before I could ask what he meant, Mr Yummy and definitely lickilisciuos crawled between my thighs and pushed up my skirt. He tore my thong, a totally sexy thing no real man had ever done to me before.

“Cover me, I’m going in!” He winked at me, and then pressed his face against my pussy. I was wet with desire, but the way he used his wicked mouth on me was like nothing I’d ever experienced.

He teased my clit and then licked along my wet folds before returning to my clit again. When I was close to an orgasm he’d move away and tease another part of me with his tongue.

I was a mass of writhing, spineless, jelly by the time he leaned back and stared down at me. “Had enough punishment yet?”

“Yes. Please.”

I knew I'd answered correctly when his eyes lit up. "Yes, you please me, little one. And right now I want to bring you pleasure. But first, you need to know something."

I froze and held my breath, waiting.

"You belong to me now."

My breath escaped on a whoooooosh. A psycho leprechaun.

He shook his head. "No. Once we do this, you are mine. Every time you come to ritual I will be here, waiting."

"Hellllo. What if I want to come here even if it's not for ritual."

His laughter warmed me. "We'll play it by ear."

"Only after you play me like a finely tuned instrument and make me come so hard my cream oozes out my ears."

He laughed again, but the sound faded when he pressed his mouth against my pussy. He brought me back to the edge of orgasm, but this time he didn't stop. Instead, he licked and sucked on my clit while he slipped three fingers deep in my pussy.

"Mmmm. Nice and tight and wet."

I shivered, and cooed when he crooked his fingers, rubbing against my sweet spot. My eyes crossed, so I had to close them when he continued the motion.

"Oh sweet jasepi. Holy mudder udder." I moaned and twisted under him. So close, and yet far away. "Would you just stick your dick in me and fuck me already?"

We both froze at the same moment.

"You cursed."

"And you are going to be cursed, buster, if you don't finish this job you started!"

Before I could say anything else, he pulled his fingers free, rubbed my juices on his hard cock, and slid into me. Pleasure rippled through me. Every part of my body tensed and tingled. And then he began to move.

"Oh. My. Gawwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwd."

I came so hard that when I woke up, he was gone. The only evidence that I hadn't imagined the whole thing was a jeweled shamrock pinned on my blouse.

“And tell M to take that to the bank!”

I glanced around, but lickiliscious was gone. Apparently not for good. Thank the Goddess!

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=104>