

## Irish Luck

Two questions. Question the first, when had I hit my head? I didn't remember knocking it at any point recently. Question the second, how hard had I hit my head? Given what I was currently looking at, it must have been one hell of a blow.

A glass pyramid about as large as I was tall, all sides perfectly smooth – not a scratch to be seen.

Weird to find in a forest, sure. But not *that* crazy.

The little man standing inside it was another matter. With his bright green clothes, ginger hair and beard, and bucket of gold coins, he almost looked like a leprechaun.

My head didn't hurt. Maybe I was in shock. Concussed.

I rubbed my head, ran my fingers through my hair in search of a bruise or bump. A knock to the head severe enough to cause hallucinations would leave a mark, surely.

Nothing. Not even a slight ache.

Perhaps I didn't have a concussion. Perhaps I'd just gone mad out here, surrounded by the boring greens and browns of nature.

The leprechaun waved at me.

Dumbly, without thinking, I waved back.

Oh well. Might as well embrace the madness.

The leprechaun pointed at the forest floor, eyes pleading.

Why was it pointing at the floor?

I shrugged at it, not understanding.

It pointed again, poking the air inside its glass pyramid. This time, I noticed what he was gesturing too.

A fist-sized rock, coated in bright moss.

"Yeah," I said. "It's a rock. Very green."

The leprechaun pointed again, more forcefully. First at the rock, then at the glass pyramid that surrounded itself.

"Use the rock on the glass?" My brain felt sluggish, slow. I must definitely have knocked it at some point. "You want me to break the glass?"

The leprechaun nodded eagerly.

Maybe I'd stood on a hallucinogenic mushroom or something and its spores were causing this illusion.

Not knowing what else to do, I walked over to the rock, picked it up, tested its weight in my hand. I turned to the glass pyramid and the small, waist-height figure inside it. I took a deep breath, mustered my strength, threw the rock as hard as I could.

Light burst out in all directions, blindingly brilliant reds and oranges and yellows, blues and greens and purples. The sound of shattering glass, the tinkling of its shards, filled the air.

When the light faded, leaving me half-blinded, my vision blurred with the after-image of a rainbow, a voice spoke.

"Bout focking time," the high-pitched, musical voice said.

"Huh?"

"Not very bright, are ya?"

The leprechaun was talking, glancing around with a wide smile on its lips.

"No?" I answered.

Where was the glass? The pyramid was gone, shattered, but there were no shards of glass scattered around. The little, ginger-haired man with its green clothes looked unharmed.

The leprechaun tilted its head, stared at me for a long moment. Then it sighed.

"I'm gonna regret this," it said, reaching into its bucket of gold coins. The creature plucked out one particularly shiny golden doubloon, stared at it regretfully.

"Uh," I shifted awkwardly. "I should get back. Me and my friends are spending the day hiking and-"

The leprechaun tossed the coin at me.

Golden twinkling shot towards my head, directly at my eye. I froze on spot, shut my eyelids before the doubloon smashed into my eyeball. In that moment, however, a strong gust blew in from behind me. Slowed by the wind, the coin patted harmlessly onto my chest, slid right down into my shirt's breast pocket.

I opened my eyes, saw the mournful leprechaun staring at my chest.

"Debts owed," it muttered to itself. "Debts paid."

The coin felt warm in my pocket. Comforting.

"Treat it well," the leprechaun said, staring into my eyes now. Its pupils were green, unnaturally bright. "And it'll serve ya well. Limitless luck, the greatest gift in the world. It'll give ya all yer depraved human heart desires. Treat it poor, and it'll treat you worse. Reject it or give it away, and it'll take every ounce of luck ya have – and punish ya 'til it feels like forgivin' yer disrespect."

"A magic coin?" I asked, dubious.

"Yeah," the leprechaun grumbled, turning away. "Cause *that's* the weirdest thing that you've seen today."

The leprechaun tapped its feet together, shot into the air with trails of colour shooting from its feet. It disappeared, leaving me alone in the quiet forest.

"You okay, dude?" Becky – my best friend's fit girlfriend - asked as I approached. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Not a ghost," I said, shaking my head. "A leprechaun."

Becky's eyebrow rose.

I didn't know what to tell her. I'd met a mythical creature and it gave me a magical coin? She'd think I was insane.

I probably was insane.

Still, I could feel the coin in my breast pocket. Unless that was another trick my mind was playing on me, the coin itself was a real, physical thing.

"Where are the others?" I asked, trying to distract myself from the memory of the little man clad in green.

"Up ahead. They said you were taking too long so they left me here to wait. Speaking of which, what took you so long?"

"Constipation," I lied.

Becky grimaced, turned and started walking.

I followed behind her, eyes instantly drawn to the round, firm ass bouncing in front of me. Skin-tight jeans and a t-shirt exposed the girl's curves nicely, giving me a great view of her amazing ass as we walked.

Like, *damn*.

If she wasn't my best friend's chick...

Well, honestly, I still wouldn't have a chance with her. Becky was just *that* hott. Way out of my league.

Still, even if I couldn't touch, didn't mean I couldn't *look*.

And look I did, my eyes locked onto that perfect bottom. It was like two delicious buns squeezed together, just begging to be spread apart and eaten. With an ass like that, Becky was just asking to be spanked.

The coin grew warmer in my pocket.

"Oh!" Becky gasped. "What's that?"

She leaned forward, bent over to pick something from the ground. Her ass jutted outward, tantalising. Tempting me to reach out and grab it. I held back, just.

"Find a penny," Becky said happily, snatching a small coin from the trail. "Pick it up,

then all day you'll have good luck!"

She stood straight, glanced back at me, caught me staring.

Shit.

Just as she was opening her mouth to berate me, she froze. Slowly, she tilted her body, looked at her own ass, saw a weird looking bug right there on her left butt-cheek.

That hadn't been there a second ago...

The sound Becky made, the terrified whimper, almost a sob, sent shivers down my spine.

"Kill it," she breathed. "Kill it now. *Please*."

I raised my eyebrow at her.

Becky, afraid of insects?

Slowly, I reached towards the bug, intending to pick it off her and toss it aside.

"No!" Becky whispered urgently, pleadingly. "Kill it. Hit it and crush it. Hurry!"

Hit it? Did she mean-

The coin thrummed in my pocket.

Feeling a wave of giddy excitement, I drew back my hand, swung it with full strength at Becky's ass.

She gasped, winced at the pain. The sound of it echoed through the trees. Her ass jiggled under my fingers, the palm of my hand stinging warmly from the blow.

I pulled my hand away, saw the insect fall.

As it fell, the weird thing disintegrated into nothingness. It never reached the ground.

"Is it gone?" Becky asked anxiously.

"Y- yeah. It's gone."

The girl let out a sigh of relief, hurried away.

I followed, mind drawn to the vibrations in my breast pocket. If I didn't know any better, I'd think the golden doubloon was giggling.

"Alright, later dude." My friend, arm around Becky's shoulder, waved his goodbyes, walked away.

We were back in town, everyone splitting up and heading home.

Late afternoon on a Sunday. Work in the morning. I figured I should go home too, get some sleep in. Maybe jack it to Becky's perfect ass before knocking out.

The coin, however, had other plans.

As I was walking home, I saw a chick so good-looking I stopped dead where I stood. Flowing black hair with dark, dreamy eyes. Tan skin – naturally tanned, not that fake tan shit – with full lips and an amazing figure. A perfect hourglass, tits and ass squeezed snugly in an expensive-looking dress.

She was talking in hushed tones with some jock-looking asshole in a suit. Whoever this sexy bitch was, she seemed upset about something. Very upset.

As I got closer, the coin heated up in my pocket.

"You think I dressed up like this so we could get fucking *pizza*? Do you know how much effort I put in for you tonight?"

"The fuck is wrong with you?" The guy replied with, seeming flustered and flabbergasted. "Five minutes ago you were fine, why are you losing your shit?" He paused, looked down at her crotch.

The closer I got, the louder and more heated the two grew.

"What's wrong with me?" The woman asked, voice shrill and mocking. "No, what's wrong with *you*? Can't even get hard when I'm giving you head. What, am I not *good enough* for you?"

The guy blushed.

"It's that time of the month isn't it? That's why you're acting like a crazy bitch."

The look that crossed the woman's face was pure murder. All warning and danger. For some reason, her boyfriend mentioning her being on her period was a big no-no.

Another big no-no was me being anywhere near this mess.

I considered turning, walking in another direction. I could take another route home, one without the annoying drama.

The coin flared in my pocket, its warmth flowing through my body for a moment.

Or, on the other hand, I could intervene...

Stupid as that idea was, it felt *right*.

I walked up to the two arguing lovers, planted a pleasant smile on my face.

"Hey there, is everything alright?"

The woman raised an eyebrow at me. The man scowled.

"Fuck off," he spat. "Mind your own fucking business."

"Don't be an asshole, Brett!" The woman growled. She took a step towards me, stood at my side. "He's just making sure I'm okay. If you were a real man, you'd do the same."

The man – Brett – glared at his girlfriend, red-faced.

"I bet he knows how to treat a girl," the woman continued, her arm sliding to hook around mine. "Maybe I should spend the night with him instead."

Brett snorted. "Bullshit. You're full of it."

A sly smile tugged on the woman's beautiful lips. She turned away from her boyfriend, started walking away – pulling me along with her.

"What are you doing?!" Brett shouted behind us. "Where are you going?" A hint of fear in his voice now.

The woman didn't say anything, just flipped the guy off over her shoulder.

"Enjoy the bloody cunt!" Brett shouted at me, sounding further away now. He wasn't following after us.

The woman pulled tighter to me, tits pressing into my arm.

"Whore!" Her boyfriend bellowed in the distance.

As it turned out, the woman was most assuredly *not* on her period.

I tossed her onto my bed, feeling more alive than ever before in my life.

The woman – I still didn't know her name – was panting, breathless. Her skin was flushed.

In the back of my mind, I knew I should ask her what her name was, if she was sure this was what she wanted. I opened my mouth to speak the words.

The warmth inside me throbbed.

No. No need for that. Who cared what this slut's name was? All that mattered was how good she was in the sack. Something I intended to find out imminently.

I pushed the slut's legs apart, smiled at the lack of panties.

If not for her boyfriend's shitty attitude, he'd be the one getting lucky tonight. Unfortunately for him, I was the one with that luck now.

The woman tugged on the her dress, pulling it down to expose her tits.

She looked up at me, eyes filled with lust. A golden twinkle flashed in her dark irises.

"Fuck me," she whimpered. "Fuck me now."

In moments, I had my cock out – looking harder and larger than I'd ever seen it before. I leaned down, a wide grin on my face.

The coin rotated in the air, spinning up, then down. I caught it, slapped it to the back of my wrist and pulled my hand away.

Heads.

A man's face was imprinted on the coin, looking sideways. A regular coin. Except large and gold. And, of course, magical.

Heads. That meant, well, head. Tails would have meant anal.

"Suck my cock," I told the still nameless slut.

She nodded her head, smiling, and crawled off my bed to fulfil her duty.

My eyes never left the coin.

"You're amazing," I said aloud as the sound of gagging and chocking filled my bedroom. The slut increased her pace, obviously pleased by my words.

Only they weren't for her.

The face on the coin grinned.

I grinned along with it.

Life was about to get a whole lot more interesting.