

Mini-Story: The Leprechaun's Wife (Man to Curvy Shortstack TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Dan follows a rainbow, he's overjoyed to discover a pot of gold. But as soon as he starts to enrich himself, a leprechaun appears with a smile on his face. Taking a leprechaun's gold forms a contract, after all; a dowry for his soon-to-be wife.

The Leprechaun's Wife

Dan couldn't believe it. He was just a visitor in a strange land, a tourist in Ireland. He'd done all the stupid holiday stuff; he'd kissed the blarney stone, he'd visited the Guinness factory, and he'd had a pint among the regulars in Dublin, who'd teased him relentlessly for his foreign accent. Hell, he'd even bedded a beautiful and wild redheaded Irish lass with pale skin and a glorious smile. And then, the next day, just for a 'lark', he'd ended up chasing a rainbow across the rolling green hills of the Irish landscape, keen on catching the pot of gold at its end. He'd had a few more drinks at the pub that morning, of course, which was why he was giggling and shouting out loud, having acted on a dare from a more wily drinker.

Perhaps this action would have just been a merry memory of embarrassment, except that something fascinating and just plain impossible began to occur.

The rainbow drew closer.

And closer.

And closer.

Until its beautiful bright colours were only a hundred feet or so away, and still drawing closer. This was no projection or hallucination; Dan was starting to sober up as he realised that he was the first man to ever reach a rainbow's edge. Its prismatic beauty was clear, but even more fascinating was what it was emanating from: a black pot filled to the brim with the most lustrous gold one could imagine, which then beamed out the brilliant colours of the rainbow in a massive arch across the sky.

"Holy shit," Dan said to himself. "The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It's a real damn thing! Hot damn!"

Instantly, he closed the gap between him and the pot of gold, and began salivating over the sight of it. The coins were numerous and in many different denominations, some of them ancient-looking, but one thing they all had in common was how shiny they were. They were literally refracting a rainbow into existence, despite how much that broke the very laws of reality.

"I'm gonna be so damn rich," Dan exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear. He rubbed his hands together and then thrust them into the pot, grabbing his fill of the coins as quickly as

he could. He stuffed them into his pockets greedily, already imagining the Lamborghini he was going to purchase when he got home, the amazing penthouse suites he would live in, and the numerous exotic destinations he'd travel to in first class! No, on a private jet!

"Top o' the morning to ya! I see ya found the gold at the end of the rainbow. Ain't that just grand?"

Dan spun on the spot, and for a moment he was confused as to where this other voice had come from, until he looked down and noticed a very short man in front of him, one who was dressed in a green suit that looked like it had come from the 1800's, and a dark green top hat to boot. His eyes were an unnatural green, and he had a thick, bright red beard that matched the hair that could be seen on the uncovered parts of his head. His shoes were black and had gold buckles, and indeed so did his belt and his hat.

"You - you're a leprechaun!" Dan exclaimed.

"Got it in one, boyo!" the leprechaun said in a light and breezy voice, his Irish accent almost bordering on stereotypical. "And you're my salvation, good fella! I never thought I'd find me a gorgeous cailín until you came along!"

Dan was surprised by all of this. For one, he certainly wasn't a cailín - which meant a girl - and for two, this appeared to be a real and genuine leprechaun!

"What do you mean, a girl?" he asked. "Wait, I'm not taking your pot of gold, am I? I'd never-"

"Oh, no, nothing like that, fella. Quite the opposite, in fact! Ya see, every leprechaun enjoyed a bit of craic in their early life, but there comes a time to settle down and find a nice cailín to call a wife. But that only happens when a nice girl finds a pot o'gold at the end of the rainbow, and then one of us can come a'callin' to find ya and make ya a sweet thing of a wife! The gold is the dowry, ya see."

Dan put up his hands. "Woah now, in case you haven't noticed, I'm definitely a man. And look, I just took this gold because I thought it was free. I certainly didn't mean to sign a marriage contract or something!"

But at this, the leprechaun smiled. "What's ya name, fella?"

"Oh, I'm Dan," the young brown-haired man said, scratching the back of his head. "And yours?"

"Call me Brannon," the strange impish man said. "Brannon the Leprechaun! And now that I've got ya name, I can make all sorts of craic with ya, including makin' sure that pot o'gold serves as ya dowry when I make ya my wife!"

Dan's eyes went wide. "Wait, you can't just-"

"Oh, sure I can, lad! It'll be grand! Now c'mere to me and heed my magic, will ya?"

The young man went to run, but it was too late: the leprechaun cackled and snapped his finger and stamped his foot upon the ground. Instantly, vines grew up around Dan's legs,

sending him sprawling over. He managed to stand back up, but he literally couldn't escape. That was enough for him to start panicking, but then the changes began as an eerie green light spread up his body, dancing around him just like the leprechaun himself, who was engaged in a spirited Irish dance at that very moment, the magic rising with every kick and leap.

"What are you d-doing to me!? Ahh!"

Dan's form slenderised, his muscles wasting away and his waist thinning.

"Aye, I'm just making you a right bean álainn; a real beautiful woman! The kind of lass with a nice rump, I'd say!"

He spun about as part of his dance and then literally *slapped* Dan on the rear, causing his ass to swell immensely and rip through his trousers. The man groaned and clutched his now impressively sized rear cheeks.

"N-no! Stop it! Please, I'm sorry for taking your gold!"

"Don't be an idjit, I told it twas your dowry for me, lass! And now you're gonna be my gorgeous wife, with a right big pair of milkers at that!"

He twirled and jumped, and then thrust his hands up to Dan's chest, gripping what wasn't there and somehow tugging forward anyway. Dan's eyes widened as the poor man felt the leprechaun's magical grip literally surge a new pair of breasts into being, the kind that were absolutely whopping in size, each larger than his own head, in fact. They ripped apart the buttons of his shirt, causing the hugely heavy melons to wobble and strain against the remainder of the shirt.

"Sheee-it!" Dan cried, his accent suddenly shifting. "Ya givin' me massive milkers, alright! You gotta stop this ya manky bastard!"

But Brannon the Leprechaun only laughed with glee and kept on dancing. "That's the spirit! You're already talkin' like me Irish wife, and soon you'll be her too. Don't be upset, lad, give it a lash, will ya! It'll do your pretty face a world of good!"

And with that, the leprechaun did a somersault into the air, hit the ground, and then launched up, kissing a terrified and shocked Dan upon the lips. Instead, the magic spread to his face. Instantly, the changes occurred, causing the poor man to clutch his face and try to prevent them. But it was impossible: Dan's lips became fuller, and his nose daintier, while his eyes enlarged. His hair grew out, turning as bright red as Brannon's, only straighter and neater. His very jawbones rearranged, and as if to emphasise to him how lovely he now was, he fell forward again, the vines clinging to his feet, but his face landing near a puddle of clear water.

"Oh, Mother Mary and Joseph!" he squeaked, his voice now light and sweet as he saw himself. "I look like a right beauty! A real cailín!"

The leprechaun danced around again. "That you do! Ain't it a gas? But there's one thing you're missin', my sweet wife! And that's a nice cunny to please ya husband with!"

Only then did Dan realise that his ass was sticking proudly into the air. With one thrust, Brannon stuck his hand down Dan's pants, sliding his little fingers over the changing man's genitals and instantly flattening them. No, *pushing them back inside*.

"Ohhhhhh!" Dan moaned, his body hair falling away, his limbs taking on a new slimness, but for his thighs, which swelled wonderfully. "Ya just gave m-me a damn *cunt!*"

"A nice wet one at that!" Brannon boasted. "But there's still something wrong with ya! Oh, I know what it is. I don't want a human wife, I want a nice leprechaun wife with enough curves to suffocate in! Come back down to Earth, shorty!"

Dan was trying to escape again, and had managed to pull one foot free. But suddenly a powerful pressure hit his body, forcing him down. No, that wasn't right; he was standing once more, and was not falling over. No, his body was *shrinking!* It was truly like being flattened, because even as his spine and his limbs grew shorter and shorter, his curves only increased, as if he was being widened! The man groaned and squirmed as his body shrank and shrank, until he was actually shorter than the leprechaun! Dan clutched his head, feeling his silky red hair, and moaned just like a woman.

"You - you feekin' *dryshite!*" she cried in a now-thick Irish accent. "I'll kill ya!"

He pulled entirely free of the vines and tried to grab Brannon, but to Dan's surprise, the other man shot towards him even faster, gripping his feminised body around the waist and fondling his ass, while meeting his lips at the same time.

"What are you - mmmph!"

The magic hit again, and this time it seared right through Dan's brain. Suddenly, she literally couldn't think of herself as a male, nor even as Dan. She was Maeve, and she was Brannon's loyal, dutiful, and very randy wife. Just as mischievous as him, and even more so in the bedroom, though she was also ready to hit him hard with a soup spoon if he didn't step up once they started making little babies together.

"N-no! Not my mind!" Maeve cried. She hardly even noticed that her clothes had shifted to become a green dress fit for spring, with flowers in her hair and woven into the dress as well. She took in a deep breath as the magic finished its work, and her tremendously large bosom - now even bigger compared to the rest of her because of her leprechaun status - rose and fell like a pair of empires.

"Ohhhhhh! Wh-what have ya done ta me?"

"I've made ya my wife! Do you like it? How's she cuttin', my lovely Maeve?"

The new woman swayed a little on her feet, only to be caught by Brannon. She gasped a little as she felt his hands on hers, and as she looked at his surprisingly handsome features. At least her body thought they were handsome; a powerful arousal was already

growing within her, and a need to please. A need to join in this man's mischief for however many hundreds of years a leprechaun lived for.

"Oh, *go gcaca dia ort!* But before that, I'm gonna need ya to take your new wife and fuck her brains out in that flower field over there, because you've made me insatiable, ya bastard!"

The leprechaun grinned, quickly taking her hand. Maeve was shocked at what she was doing, but she had no choice. Her body and soul both belonged to this magical imp, and she couldn't fight her need to serve him in whatever mischievous and sexual way he desired.

"I just wanted ta be rich!" she whined, even as they fell among the flowers together, and he started pawing at her breasts and pulled her dress down to reveal them. "I didn't want to be no wife!"

"Don't worry your pretty head, honey," the leprechaun gloated. "I'll be making ya wish you'd been changed sooner once I'm sucking on these big milkers while I pump inside of ya. Just you wait!"

And sure enough, Maeve found herself wanting this, even more than riches, even more than that pot of gold. She spread her legs, her back upon the grass, the flowers all around her, as her new husband slowly inserted his surprisingly massive manhood inside of her.

"Ohhhhhhh, you b-bastard! Why does it f-feel so good!?"

She bent her head back and cried out in reluctant pleasure, only to see the rainbow was finally gone.

"Ahhhh," Marve moaned, clutching her husband as he began to squeeze her huge tits and thrust into her new wet passage. "So *now* you fuckin' move away from me!?"

The End