



Lucky
CHARMS

STORY BY
MAX VOS

Lucky Charms

Happy St. Patrick's Day

By Max Vos

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Lucky Charms

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Lucky Charms

The good doctor looked down at his left leg, where murky water was licking at his kneecap. His right leg was fairing a little better, the water only mid-calf. Again, he tried to lift either leg, but the suction of the mud around his hiking boots acted like cement. He was good and stuck.

“Well, isn’t this just great,” Doctor Bellows muttered as he wondered how long it would be before someone came looking for him. Shouldn’t be too long, or at least he hoped not. He could already see the purple and orange hues hovering around the peaks of the mountainside of the Irish glen.

“Sheesh, this bog stinks,” he said as he continued talking to himself, his nose wrinkled.

“Insulting the Great Mother Earth is never a good thing, me thinks.”

Dr. Bellows jerked his head up from where he was re-examining his situation once again, looking for whoever had spoken.

“Hello? Who’s there, and can you help me please?” He felt even more foolish seeing no one. “Great, now am I not only talking to myself, but hearing things too.”

He pulled, trying to dislodge his right leg, hoping that since it hadn’t sunk as deep, he might be able to break it free from the suction of the mud.

“Acht, you Gowl, ye’ll never get out of there,” a man’s voice said humorously, with a heavy Irish brogue.

“Hello?” Dr. Bellows was becoming irritated that someone was watching him struggle and not only wasn’t showing himself, but making fun of him on top of it. “If you won’t help me, can you at least tell someone I’m stuck here?”

“Why should I?” The still invisible man answered, followed by a hearty chuckle. “Y’er quite the sight,” he continued to titter.

“Okay, you’ve had your fun,” Dr. Bellows said. “Now can you please help me out of this mess?”

“Ah...and what would be in it for me, laddy?”

“I’ll buy you a pint if you’ll lend me a hand,” Dr. Bellows answered, hoping that would be enough incentive to get the man to help.

“Well, since ye’ve put it that-a-way.”

The man stepped out from behind a stand of brush. Dr. Bellows frowned slightly as he first saw the man who had agreed to help him. Dressed in short brown leather breeches, walking boots, a green tweed double-breasted vest, a green-grey coat, and to top it off, a ratty-looking top hat, he appeared to Dr. Bellows as a bit of a crazy person. Dangling out of the man’s mouth was an odd looking pipe, and he had a well-worn walking stick that he continuously twirled. What struck him the most though, was that the man was no more than four feet tall.

The short man looked around for a moment, then seeing what he must have been looking for, stepped behind a tree.

“Ah, *grand*, this should do the trick,” he said smiling, the ‘r’ rolling off his tongue as he pulled a branch of about three feet long out into the small clearing. His accent thick, he said, “Take ahold.” He extended the branch out to the stuck doctor.

“Thank you,” Dr. Bellows said, relieved as he grasped the thick branch.

The Irishman pulled as Dr. Bellows lifted his right leg. The loud sucking sound announced the suction of the muddy bog being broken. With his right leg now on solid ground, the small man pulled trying even harder to break the hold that the bog had on him.

Pop. His left leg broke free, the sudden release propelling him forward where he stumbled and fell on top of the smaller man.

“Get off me, ye big oaf!” Exclaimed the little man now squarely pinned underneath Dr. Bellows.

Slightly dazed and winded, Dr. Bellows didn’t move. The man underneath him struggled to extract himself but to no avail. The doctor winced sharply when the little man began using his walking stick to whack him on the back of his thighs.

“Ouch!” Dr. Bellows rolled off the small man, before sitting up. “You didn’t have to go and start beating me!”

“I did if I wanted to breath ye *tool*,” the small man said indignantly as he stood brushing himself off. “I’d not have helped ye had I known ye would attack me!”

“I didn’t attack you,” Dr. Bellows defended himself while taking a closer look at his rescuer in the twilight. “I merely fell on top of you. I do apologize.”

Still somewhat indignant the Irishman muttered, “Gowl,” while still brushing his clothing.

“Mind telling me what that means?” Asked the doctor.

“It means that you are an annoying, stupid person,” he answered looking closer at the man sitting on the ground, mud up to his knees. Wrinkling his nose he commented, “Ye is a bit manky, mate.”

“And just what *does* that mean?”

“It means ye stink! Don’t ye not understand plain English?”

“I do, thank you very much. Please let me know when you start to speak it!”

“Are ye goin’ to be honoring ye word?” The man asked, his eyes glaring as he stood in front of Dr. Bellows. Standing, his head was no more than a foot higher than the doctor’s as he sat on the ground.

“Yes, I will honor my word,” Dr. Bellows spat. “Why would I not?”

“Because, I’ve not had the best of luck with yer *kind*.”

“Not all Americans are alike.”

Dr. Bellows stood up, towering over the small man. As he stood the little man took several steps back as if he were about to be stepped on.

“Listen, I do appreciate your help, and I do intend on buying you that pint, okay?”

“Okay,” the small man said, rolling his eyes.

“Maybe we got off on the wrong foot. I’m Dr. Bellows. Dr. Benjamin Bellows,” the doctor introduced himself, and extended his hand.

The man who had pulled him from the bog looked a bit warily at the extended hand before taking it. “And I am Sheamus O’Shaunessy,” he said announcing himself, smiling at last.

Dr. Bellows was struck at how different the man’s face was when he smiled. His dark blue eyes twinkled in the last vestiges of the twilight, and it was as if his whole face had lit up.

“Shall we go into the pub inside the big house?” Dr. Bellows asked.

“Acht, nay,” Sheamus O’Shaunessy answered shaking his head. “T’would not do fer me to go inside. No, not a’tall. You go on and get the pints and meet me at the large stone at the end of the garden.”

The two men had started walking towards the huge castle that was now a prestigious hotel, catering mostly to foreign visitors. The gardens that began as formal, closer to the castle became less formal the closer they approached the bog, which was a garden in and of itself.

“Very good then,” Dr. Bellows agreed. “I will go and get a couple of pints and bring them out to the garden. I know the stone you’re talking about.”

“A true pint of stout, mind you,” Sheamus O’Shaunessy said. “I’ll have none of that mixing about, mind ya,” he scowled up at the doctor. “Why anyone would want to ruin a good pint is beyond meself.”

Dr. Bellows laughed. “You have a way about you, Mr. O’Shaunessy, I’ll give you that. No half-and-half for you. One unadulterated pint of stout it shall be then.”

The two were in the elaborate garden by then, the lights of the castle shining brightly as night fell upon them. Parting at the maze, Dr. Bellows made his way to the pub inside the castle.

He returned shortly with two large ‘yards’ of stout; long glasses with a bulbous bottom, holding slightly more than two pints each. Dr. Bellows handed one to Sheamus O’Shaunessy, sitting on the large flat rock partially covered in thick green moss.

The small man looked wide-eyed at the glass, almost as tall as he was. “Oh my, but ye are a good laddy!” Looking over at Dr. Bellows, his nose wrinkled a bit. “But yer still a wee bit manky.”

“Yes, I guess I am,” Dr. Bellows laughed. “I will need to shower before going for dinner.”

“So, if I might be so bold as to ask,” Sheamus started after wiping the foam from his upper lip, “why are ye here?”

“I was hired by the castle to come and see if it would be feasible for them to start a herd of Piedmontese cattle,” Bellows answered lifting the long glass taking a long drink of the dark acrid smelling stout.

“Me thought ye told me ye were a doctor?” Sheamus asked scowling again.

“I am. I’m a doctor of animal husbandry.”

“What’s that ye say?” Sheamus’ red eyebrows shot up.

“I help animals to breed.”

“Hmph! Me didn’t know that they needed any help,” he scoffed taking a big drink.

Dr. Bellows snickered at Sheamous drinking. It was rather comical watching him handle the long vessel.

Wiping his mouth, Sheamous shook his head. "Don't be such a tool, *doctor*."

"Call me, Ben," Dr. Benjamin Bellows smiled.

"I will be a callin' ye *Benny*, is what I'll be a callin' ye," Sheamous said before he struggled lifting the long glass of stout.

"Only my mother ever called me that," Ben said as he looked at the full moon that had risen.

"She must have been a good Irish woman then," Sheamous smiled.

"Only part Irish I believe," Ben said thoughtfully. "I think she said something about her grandfather being Black Irish."

"Acht, tha' would explain yer dark hair and good looks," Sheamous giggled.

Ben smiled, seeing that Sheamous was starting to slur his words a bit. He also noticed how full and pink his lips were. Sheamous, with both hands, lifted the yard glass, tilted it up and back draining the last of the dark brew. In doing so he almost fell backwards. Ben reached out catching him before he fell off the large stone altogether.

"Aye, you're not such a bad laddy after all," Sheamous slurred. Setting himself to rights, leaning into Ben.

Ben stared down into what he noticed to be a handsome face; eyes so dark blue, the red hair of his eyebrows and his tightly trimmed red beard, and those oh so pink lips. Without thinking he leaned down and gently kissed Sheamous O'Shaunessy on those soft pink lips. Startled by his own actions, he pulled back somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, I'm so, so very sorry, Sheamous," he stuttered, embarrassed.

"Ah, that was nice," Sheamous looked up a silly grin on his face. "Ye could do it again if ye be so inclined."

Ben's eyes blazed as he leaned back down covering the little red-headed man's mouth with his own. Licking the man's lips, pushing, wanting entry into his mouth, Ben's kiss wasn't so gentle this time, but more demanding. Sheamous, without hesitation, opened up, letting Ben taste the dank beer he'd recently finished.

As the kiss intensified, Ben gently laid Sheamous back against the stone, cradling his head in his left hand. His fat tongue filled the mouth of the man whose head he held. They could

taste the others beverage as they tasted one another. They explored each other's mouths, tongues dueling, thrusting then parrying. Ben stroked the red beard with his other hand, feeling the man's smooth skin and the stiff prickliness of the facial hair in contrast.

When Ben broke the heated kiss, Sheamous gasped for breath, his eyes opening slowly. Ben saw his now even darker blue eyes and the lust in them. The two men stared at each other for a long moment. Sheamous reached up and ran his hand through Ben's thick, almost black hair, before pulling him back down, lowering Ben's lips to his own.

This kiss was slow and leisurely, but no less intense. Ben rolled over, half covering Sheamous' body with his own. He could feel the heat and hardness that pushed against the leather breeches. Sheamous ground his erection against Ben's side, making his desire obvious. Ben's own hard dick was smashed into the hard surface of the rock, becoming more and more uncomfortable.

Ben broke the kiss. "Come to my room, Sheamous?"

"What? Up da the big house?" Sheamous' voice almost squeaked, his eyes wide.

"Yes."

"Me thinks that would not be a very good idea," he said shaking his head.

"Why not?" Ben asked perplexed.

"Our kind are not...suited to such places."

"What do you mean 'our kind'?" Ben asked. Not waiting for a reply he said, "Oh, Sheamous, that is such an outdated idea. No one cares about that kind of stuff anymore."

"Ah, they don't, do they?" The fiery redhead said.

"Come on," Ben said standing up. "We can go up the backstairs if that will make you feel any better. No one ever uses them but me, I suspect."

Ben held out his hand to the diminutive man. Sheamous was not looking at Ben's face, but licking his lips at the substantial boner in his jeans. Hesitantly, Sheamous took the proffered hand.

"Me is hopin' I do not regret this," the little man mumbled as he was helped off the earthy smelling stone.

Ben had spoken the truth when he said the backstairs would be empty. They made it to Ben's room without a soul seeing them. Ben looked at Sheamous and saw that he was pretty rattled after 'sneaking' up the stairs.

“How ‘bout a drink?” Ben asked as he retrieved an unopened bottle of Irish whiskey. “I actually got this for a friend of mine back home, but I’ll have plenty of time to get another one.” Opening the bottle, he got two glasses from the mini-bar and poured less than two fingers into each glass. He handed one to the little man.

Sheamous tossed the whiskey back and handed Ben the glass back. “Lock.”

“Lock?” Ben asked, blank faced.

Sheamous rolled his eyes. “A little more?”

“Oh. Okay,” Ben smiled. “I don’t know that I’ll ever learn all the slang here. Could you tell me what ‘flute’ means?” Ben handed Sheamous another drink of the whiskey.

“Flute, ye say?” Sheamous only took a sip of the amber colored liquor this time. “And a where did ye hear that, laddy?”

“One of the groomsmen in the stable said that about me to another man there,” Ben answered.

“Acht, don’cha go a worrin’ about it then,” Sheamous said looking around the room.

“No, tell me,” Ben pushed as he sat on the bed across from the chair that Sheamous had taken.

Sheamous rolled his eyes, but not looking Ben in the eyes he said, “Me thinks that he was givin’ ye a put down, lad. It means a silly person or someone who might be a little light in the heels.”

“Light in the heels?” Ben looked confused.

“Blimey, but you can be a bit of a muppet,” Sheamous sighed heavily. “They was callin’ ye a queer, me boy.”

Ben’s face turned red, anger flashed across his face. “Oh really now? What is it you’ve been calling me? A fool? That means stupid, right?”

Sheamous laughed heartily. “It means an idiot for sure,” he laughed again taking a sip of his drink.

The laugh brought Ben back to focus on Sheamous. “You know, you are so handsome when you smile and laugh.”

It was Sheamous who turned red this time, the crimson color creeping up from his neck to where his hat crossed his brow. Ben thought it charming.

“Why don’t you take your hat off and stay a while, Sheamous?”

Sheamous looked a little startled by the request, but he did reach up and took off the beat up looking top hat.

Ben's mouth fell open, his eyes bulging. "Wow, you're hair..."

"And what be wrong with me hair?" Sheamous scowled.

"It's beautiful. It's so red."

"Aye, 'tis red it 'tis," Sheamous chuckled seeing Ben meant no offense.

Ben could feel his dick plump up. "I've always had a thing for redheads I'm afraid. I didn't mean to embarrass you."

Sheamous slid off the chair, walked over and poured himself a little more of the whiskey. Turning back to Ben, with his free hand he unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt.

"So, ye likes red hair?" He asked with a bemused smile on his face.

Ben's mouth went dry as he saw a fine dusting of red hair on the small man's chest.

"Yes," he muttered hoarsely.

Sheamous unbuttoned the double breasted vest and another button of his white shirt exposing a little more of his chest, the hair thicker there. Smiling broadly as he watched Ben swallow hard, he unbuttoned another button, his chest now exposed just below the center of his pectorals.

The small man set his drink down and took his coat off. With his back to Ben, he also removed the tweed vest.

Ben, his eyes raking down the man's back could discern the broad shoulders and narrow waist and hips. He noticed how the leather breeches clung to the curve of his ass, and the thickness of his thighs.

When Sheamous turned around Ben audibly gasped. His shirt was completely unbuttoned. The dense flame red hair that fanned out from the center of his chest caught Ben's eye. The thin trail of hair that snaked down towards the man's navel, then trailed down a bit more before spreading out as it disappeared into the waistband of the soft leather waist of his breeches.

Slowly, Sheamous removed the shirt. Ben watched, his dick getting harder with each inch that was uncovered for him. He licked his lips at the pert pink nipples surrounded by the red pelt. The muscular chest muscles rippled with his movement and Ben couldn't help but notice the way

the trail of hair from his chest almost disappeared between the abdominals as he twisted removing his shirt.

“From the look on ye face, me think ye like?” Sheamous teased picking up his drink.

“Oh yeah,” Ben said licking his lips again.

“Ye turn to have a go,” Sheamous grinned as he sat back on the chair.

Ben looked at the half naked man blankly. “What?”

“Ye are daft, ye know? Take off your shirt?”

“Oh. I see,” Ben blushed feeling as daft as Sheamous had said.

Deciding to give the little man a show, Ben stood up and started to unbutton his flannel shirt. The effect wouldn't be as dramatic as Sheamous' show since he had on a long-sleeved T-shirt. He pulled the shirt tail out of his well-worn 501 jeans, letting the top button come undone. Following Sheamous' tactic, he also went and poured himself another shot of the Irish whiskey. Only then, with his back to the man watching him, did he start to remove the T-shirt. Crossing his arms in front of him, he grabbed the bottom of the white T-shirt and pulled it up and off.

Ben picked up his drink before turning to face Sheamous. With his free hand he rubbed the dark, almost black hair on his chest, letting his hand linger over his left dark plum colored nipple, causing it to nub up slightly.

This time it was Sheamous' turn to gasp. Ben knew he had a good body. He did a lot of physical work, but he augmented that with some serious time in the gym. He watched as Sheamous scanned over his upper torso, his eye resting where the top button of his jeans had come open, his white Calvin Klein tightie-whities peeking through.

Casually Ben walked over and stood in front of Sheamous. “You like?”

Sheamous leaned forward, and took a deep breath, taking in Ben's natural scent. He turned his dark blue eyes up, full of lustful desire, looking into Ben's light blue-green eyes. As he was looking, he ran his tongue from the top of Ben's white Calvin's slowly up to his belly-button, where he darted it in and out.

Ben moaned, throwing his head back. He reached up and pushed Sheamous' face into his fur covered stomach. Sheamous gripped Ben's hips, giving his innie belly button a serious tongue bath. The redhead pushed down on Ben's jeans making the remaining buttons strain. The well-worn jean buttons finally gave way, all the buttons coming undone revealing the front of the stark white underwear, contrasting with the dark hair that vanished under the waist band.

Ben's obvious erection was angled downwards towards his left hip. As Sheamous shimmied the jeans down over the protruding man-meat, a dark spot was clearly visible, a sure sign of Ben's excitement. Sheamous closed his mouth around the spot which also encased the head of Ben's hardness, making him shudder slightly, his dick feeling the heat of Sheamous' mouth.

"Oh my God, stop before you make me blow," Ben said breathing heavily as he pushed Sheamous' head away.

With Sheamous sitting back, grinning wickedly, Ben dropped to his knees.

"My turn," he whispered, pulling the redhead to his feet.

Standing, Sheamous' head was barely above Ben's. Ben reached out and undid the buttons on the front of the soft brown leather breeches that Sheamous wore. He was excited when he first realized that Sheamous wasn't wearing anything underneath. With each button he undid, more and more flaming red hair appeared, until a full bush was exposed, and the root of his dick was visible. Ben saw a thick blue vein pulsing along the upper part of what looked to be a sizable penis.

When Ben pushed the breeches down, Sheamous' very sizeable, and still growing, pink uncut dick popped out. His mouth fell open in amazement.

"Damn, you're huge!"

"Acht, it isn't all that big. It just looks bigger because I'm so small," Sheamous said as it continued to grow, the foreskin retracting a bit showing the almost purple colored head.

"Come on now, it has to be at least nine inches."

"A wee bit over ten, but then who's a measurin'?" Sheamous said, as he ran his fingers through Ben's thick black, short cut hair.

Ben took the thick shaft and ran his tongue across the head, mopping up the small clear pearl of precum from the slit. Licking his lips, Ben opened his mouth wide and took as much of the hot flesh into his mouth as he could, which was less than half. He pulled back, took a deep breath and went back down, doing a little better this time, but still not able to get the full length of Sheamous' big dick down his throat.

Groaning in frustration, Ben pulled his mouth off the big, wet dick. "Enough of this!"

He picked Sheamous up and laid him on the bed. He untied his boots, then quickly pulled the leather pants off the giggling man.

“Now don’t ye go tearin’ me breeches there, lad,” Sheamous said, having fun with the whole situation.

With the man unclothed, Ben could take in all of Sheamous’ nakedness. Falling forward, his hands on either side of Sheamous’ head, he started licking a pink nipple that was standing out from the red fur. Sheamous groaned, his hands coming up to hold Ben’s head, his back arching into the warm mouth.

Ben licked the nipple dry, and then blew on it causing it to tighten even further.

“I love your red hair and white skin,” he mumbled as he licked Sheamous’ fair, fur covered chest.

Moving further down his body, Ben licked, sucked and nibbled his way down. When he reached Sheamous’ navel, he gave it the same attention Sheamous had given him, until almost in hysterics, Sheamous pushed his face away.

“Ah stop, Benny, that tickles,” he said thrashing about.

Letting the poor man rest but a second, Ben continued his journey south, bypassing the big throbbing dick. He made his way to the point where the leg met the groin, and suckled there a moment, again causing Sheamous to giggle. Sheamous didn’t giggle when Ben sucked in one of his balls, licking it with his tongue as he sucked on it.

“Ahhh, laddy, that feels so, so good.”

Ben switched to the other nut, giving it the same treatment. Sheamous squirmed a bit, pushing his crotch against Ben’s face. Ben took this perfect opportunity to raise his legs and zero in on the pink wrinkled sphincter muscle, also surrounded by the flaming red hair. Sheamous yelled, almost coming off the bed when Ben started rimming him. Sucking and biting the tender flesh was almost more than poor Sheamous could handle.

“Ahhh, me gads, laddy, I can’t be a handlin’ any more of that or ‘tis all goin’ ta be over before we even gets a good start,” Sheamous said, as he scooted up the bed away from Ben.

Ben stood up, pushing his jeans and then his Calvin’s down. He tried to lift one foot, but his boots were still on and he fell, face first right between Sheamous’ legs.

“It might help a wee bit if ye were to take da boots off,” Sheamous laughed.

Ben groused as he sat up, unlacing his boots. Hurriedly he kicked them off, quickly followed by his jeans and underwear. When he stood up and turned around it was Sheamous who gasped this time. Sheamous took in the wonder of this foreigner. The short black hair. The light

blue-green eyes. The full muscular chest covered in dark hair, his nipples a contrast in dark plum.

“My...” Sheamous gulped. “Ye are a fine one.”

Ben leaned down, and then crawled up the bed, his body hovering over that of Sheamous’.

“I hope you like what you see?”

Before Sheamous could answer, Ben covered his mouth with his own, making any verbal communication impossible. Ben prodded the man’s mouth beneath him, pushing his tongue around as he did his oral examination. While he plundered Sheamous’ mouth, he slowly lowered himself onto the man, using his elbows to prop himself up on so he didn’t crush him.

Ben could feel the steel hard dick poking him in the stomach. A squelching noise emerged between them when he moved. Sheamous had been leaking copious amounts of precum, so much so, that it could be heard.

Ben pulled away, both men breathing heavily. There was the smell of raw sex permeating the room.

“I got to have you,” Ben husked.

“Now, wait a minute laddy,” Sheamous started to protest.

“No, Sheamous, I have to have you in me now.”

Sheamous’ mouth fell open in a silent *Oh*.

Ben reached into his carry-on bag next to the bed and brought out a bottle of lube. He popped the cap and poured a generous amount into his palm. Leaning back he coated his own furry hole. He skipped dipping only one finger in, and went for two. Satisfied that he was ready enough, he poured a little more lube into his hand, this time coating Sheamous’ ample sized pink dick.

Lining his big pink Irish dick up, he winced as Sheamous breeched him. Pausing for a moment, letting himself open a little more, he waited. When he felt comfortable he slowly sat down, taking all of Sheamous inside him.

“May the Saints preserve us!” Sheamous yelled with his head thrown back, the muscles standing out in his red flushed neck.

“Oh fuck, you’re big,” Ben panted as he rested on the full red pubic bush. He could feel the wiry hair tickling his stretched hole. “Ahhh, that’s so good,” his own head tossed back.

Slowly, Ben started to rock back and forth on the large cock that was lodged inside him. He couldn't remember the last time he felt this full, and he was damn well going to enjoy this for as long as it lasted.

The two men moaned at the shared intimacy. The room was full of low moans of pleasure and the smell of sweaty men and raw sex.

Sheamous placed his hands on Ben's thick furry thighs and watched the man as he sat impaled on his dick. "This is something that I 'ave long forgotten. Me nads are so tight. Me can't even remember the last I been with a man, much less a big stappin' lad as ye self. Tis me luck to have seen ye stuck in the bog."

Ben watched as Sheamous's eyes raked up and down his body, settling on his hard dick.

"Never before have I seen such a knob on a bloke. Ye have no slippin' sleeve."

Ben chuckled. "I'm circumcised." He reached up, taking one of his own nipples in each hand, pinching and twisting each in turn. He was waiting before moving too much. He knew that if he did, he might lose it and blow his wad, and he wanted this to last as long as he could. The pressure of Sheamous' thick dick on his prostate was keeping him on edge. If he moved...well it wouldn't take much to send him to the moon.

He saw Sheamous looking up at him, a look of wonder and pure lust on his face. The pink lips surrounded by the heavy red stubble, were an invitation for Ben to kiss them. It was an invitation that Ben wasn't about to turn down.

Leaning forward, he licked those lips. As he did, a few inches of Sheamous' dick slid out. When Ben opened his mouth to the man underneath him, Sheamous thrust his hips up, burying his bone deep into Ben. Ben sucked the breath out of Sheamous when he buried that log back deep inside him. He leaned forward, pushing his fat tongue deep into Sheamous' mouth.

Sheamous, his hands on Ben's hips slowly relaxed his own hips, letting his dick almost come free of Ben's hot hole. Freezing a moment, he thrust up again, pushing all of his cock back into that hot heat. Both groaned. Sheamous repeated the act with the same outcome. Ben started pushing back as Sheamous thrust up into him. Sheamous started grunting, thrusting harder and harder. Had anyone been listening outside the door, they would have sworn there was at least one wounded animal inside from the groans each man was making.

Ben felt his balls draw up tight, almost disappearing into his body. He hadn't even touched his own dick and yet he felt that familiar tingle at the base of his balls, alerting him to

the impending orgasm. When Sheamous, while gripping Ben's hips, pushed down and thrust up almost savagely, it was all over.

A low grumble that started in Sheamous' chest, accentuated by the short but hard thrusts, seemed to vibrate right into Ben. Then Ben felt it. It was as if a water cannon was blasting inside him. The first shot shocked him. He could feel Sheamous' hot cum splattering his insides with such force he thought he might actually be able to taste it. It was the second explosion that covered his own love nut, causing him to begin his own journey over the moon.

Still not having touched his own dick, he started shooting as Sheamous pummeled his poor prostate. His first blast landed squarely on Sheamous' mouth and chin. Ben watched in amazement as the second volley landed on top of the first. He couldn't remember shooting that far or that hard since he was in his early twenties.

That was the last cognizant thought he had as he continued to shoot and feel Sheamous' huge and powerful orgasm raging in his ass. The next thing he remembered was that his balls ached.

Looking down at Sheamous, his lower face covered in his own spunk, Ben smiled. He leaned in and licked up a big glob of his own cum, then he kissed Sheamous, feeding him the still warm cream.

Ben rolled to the side, pulling Sheamous with him, Sheamous's big dick still lodged in his ass. He could feel the cum squish around the cock plugging his butt as he moved. With the redhead now on top of him, his own cum dripping onto his chin he sighed, contented.

"Damn, Sheamous, you sure do come a lot," Ben said as he flexed the muscles in his ass around the still semi-hard dick.

"It's been a very long time for me, Benny." Sheamous smiled shyly before he kissed Ben, again swapping a little of what was left of his cum.

"Think you have another go-'round in you?" Ben asked, his eyes smiling.

"Me thinks a little rest would be a good t'ing," Sheamous chuckled.

Sheamous slowly withdrew his schlong out of Ben's butt. The head made a faint *pop* as it pulled free, letting Ben feel a rush of cum escape. Quick as a bunny, Sheamous pushed Ben's legs back, almost doubling him over, and started rimming Ben's tender hole, sucking out his own heavy load. Ben was squirming, his tender sphincter not used to so much action. Between the

soft lips, the hot tongue coupled with the scratchiness of Sheamous' red beard, he was in sensory overload.

"Oh stop, Sheamous, you're killin' me," Ben said, pushing the redhead away from him.

Sheamous smiled at the handsome man, again wondering at his good fortune.

"Ye taste good with me in ye, Benny."

"Really? Are you going to share?"

Sheamous smiled back as he crept up Ben's cum covered body. When he got to Ben's face, he started kissing him, letting Ben see for himself how good they tasted together.

"Mmmm, you're right, we do taste good," Ben managed to say with Sheamous' mouth still covering his.

"Aye, 'tis true," Sheamous said breaking the kiss.

"How 'bout a shower?"

"Ta'gether?" Sheamous asked.

"Absolutely!" Ben pushed Sheamous up then led him towards the bathroom.

Both men stood under the hot water. Ben looked down at the handsome man as he soaped his shoulders.

"Um, Sheamous?"

"Yes, Benny," Sheamous answered as he took the soap from him, started to wash the hairy crotch that was almost eye level.

"If you don't mind me asking," Ben hesitated as he watched Sheamous stiffen slightly. "How tall are you?"

Sheamous laughed, relaxing. "Me stands a proud four-foot one-inch."

"You are almost as tall lying down as you are standing up!" Ben laughed as he looked at the still big dick swinging between Sheamous' legs.

"Me didn't hear ye complainin' none," Sheamous said as he pulled on Ben's tender nuts.

Ben dropped to his knees on the shower floor. Looking Sheamous square in the eyes he said, "No, I'm not complaining one little bit, handsome man."

"Yer a sweet talking devil, ye are," Sheamous smiled back before kissing Ben lightly on the lips.

Ben turned Sheamous by the shoulders. Taking the soap back he started washing the broad shoulders. "I love how white your skin is," he murmured behind Sheamous' ear. "And your hair...it is so thick and full...and red."

"Yes, it 'tis red, I'll be givin' ye that," Sheamous responded, leaning into the massaging hands.

"After we're done here, would you like to get something to eat?" Ben asked.

No sooner had he spoken than he felt the muscles go tight in Sheamous' shoulders.

"How about I order room service," Ben suggested sensing that Sheamous was still uncomfortable about being seen out.

"Me thinks that me might could square away a bite or two," Sheamous responded, relaxed again.

"Okay, that works for me," Ben said kissing the neck he'd just washed. "That way we won't even need to put clothes back on."

After they had cleaned one another, sneaking kisses in here and there, relaxed, they stepped out of the shower. Ben took great pleasure in drying off the little man, marveling at the smooth skin and red fur.

Getting back in bed, they decided what to eat, and then Ben called for room service.

While they were waiting for their food to be delivered, Sheamous asked about Ben and his life, never really talking about himself.

When there was a knock on the door, Ben got up, putting his jeans on, while Sheamous pulled the covers up to his chin.

The room service attendant, a young woman, wheeled in a cart with the food. She took one look at Sheamous and her mouth fell open, and then she pointed.

"Excuse me?" Ben asked, scowling at her rudeness.

"But...he's," she started to speak.

"Never you mind what he is," Ben said forcefully. "Here, take this and you don't say a word, or I'll have a word with the manager," Ben said slipping some cash into the woman's hand.

"Yes...yes, sir," she answered as she scampered from the room.

"Sorry, Sheamous," Ben said and he uncovered the food. "Some people have no manners."

Ben handed Sheamous a plate of Corned Beef and Cabbage, a house specialty. "Hope you enjoy, and it's enough," Ben smiled. "I plan to work it off you." He smiled at the man, who still had a slight frown on his face.

"Aye, me thinks this should hold me," Sheamous said, slowly smiling at the handsome man beside him.

Both Ben and Sheamous had worked up quite an appetite, so not much was said while the two were eating, side by side in the large king sized bed.

When they were almost done with their meal, Sheamous looked at Ben. Ben could tell there was something bothering the man.

"What is it, Sheamous?" Ben asked as he wiped a drop of juice from the man's stubbled chin.

"Benny, me lad, I've been a deceivin' ye, and I cannot do that ta ye," Sheamous said, his chin dropping onto his chest.

"Oh? This sounds serious." Ben sat back and waited for his new friend and lover to continue.

"Ahhh, laddy, 'tis hard for me to say," Sheamous said finally looking Ben in the eyes. "'Tis been almost three hundred years since I've said these words."

"What?" Ben threw his head back and laughed. "Three hundred years? Right. Sheamous you can't be more than a year maybe two older than me. What on earth are you talking about?"

"That 'tis the problem, Benny," Sheamous said looking the other direction. "Benny, I'm three-hundred and one years of age, as of me last birthday."

Ben looked dumbfounded at the man sitting next to him. Dumbfounded because it was obvious the little man believed what he was saying.

Ben looked at Sheamous, his mouth open, disbelief clearly written all over his face.

"Benny, I am a Leprechaun," Sheamous blurted out. "There, I've has said it. Now I'll be gatherin' me things and a goin'."

"Oh no you don't," Ben said grabbing the little man by the wrist. "You aren't going anywhere until you explain what the hell you are talking about!"

"Let go of me, Benny," Sheamous squirmed as he tried to get away.

"No!" Ben held on. "You can't be serious, Sheamous."

"Please, Benny, let me go in peace," Sheamous cried.

“Oh come on, Sheamous,” Ben said still holding tight to Sheamous’ arm. “Talk to me at least?”

“No, now let me go,” Sheamous continued to try and get away.

“I’m not letting you go, Sheamous, until you talk to me!”

“Are ye refusin’ ta let me go?”

“Yes, I am refusing to let you go until you talk to me,” Ben huffed staring into those dark blue eyes he was starting to have more than just casual feelings for.

“Me asks ye to let me go, and ye refuse?”

Ben sighed loudly. “Yes, for the third time, yes, I am not letting you go.”

“Very well then,” Sheamous said as he calmed down, his back rigid. “Ye has the right to be granted the three wishes so that I may have me freedom back.”

Ben laughed, and laughed hard. Tears were streaming down his face, but still, he held onto Sheamous’ arm. “Three wishes, eh?”

“That ‘tis the rule, yes,” Sheamous said solemnly.

“Okay, Sheamous, I’ll play along,” Ben said wiping his eye with the back of his other hand. “I wish for a big pecan pie like my grandmother used to make, since we didn’t order any dessert.”

A large cloud of green-grey smoke puffed over the service cart that their food had been brought up on. Once the sulfurous smelling cloud dissipated, a large pecan pie sat on the cart.

“What the fuck!” Ben looked at the pie on the cart and then at Sheamous. “You’re...”

“Yes, Benny, me laddy, I am what I say I am. I have told ye the truth.” Sheamous looked ashamed, his eyes not meeting Ben’s. “Ye have two more wishes a comin’.”

Ben shook his head in total disbelief. He dropped Sheamous’ arm, stood up and walked towards the pie. Looking from Sheamous back to the pie, he picked up a fork and tasted the pie.

“Oh my God, this is exactly like my grandmother’s.”

“Come on, Benny, what is ye other two wishes, so that I may leave in peace.”

Ben walked back to the bed and sat down. Looking at Sheamous he saw how miserable he was. He reached around the small man’s shaking shoulders and pulled him close, kissing the top of his head.

“Sheamous, just let me have a minute to let this all sink in. Let me get my head around it.”

Not knowing what to think, he sat there, until he felt something wet on his chest. Ben looked down and saw Sheamous quietly weeping.

“Oh, Sheamous, don’t do that. Here...” Ben said as he pulled the man onto his lap making him look at him. “I like you, Sheamous, for who you are, not for *what* you are. I don’t need any wishes for me to like you. Hell, I think I could easily fall for you.”

This time it was Sheamous who looked shocked.

“Ye? A big strappin’ lad as ye self would want somethin’ like me?”

“Sheamous, you are smokin’ hot! You’ve got a huge dick and you know how to use it,” Ben laughed before he kissed the redheaded man’s mouth quickly.

“But...I’ve...” Sheamous stuttered, not knowing what to say.

“Do I still get my other two wishes,” Ben said softly as he kissed the man’s face who was sitting in his lap.

Sheamous stiffened. “Yes,” he answered quietly.

“Okay, then here is one of my wishes,” Ben said as he continued to kiss Sheamous’ face. Sheamous, still stiff and unyielding waited.

“Ready?”

“Aye,” Sheamous sighed heavily.

“First, I want you to spend the rest of the night with me and every night that I am here,” Ben said, close to Sheamous’ ear.

Ben pushed Sheamous back onto the bed, pulling the heavy covers over them, covering the small man’s body with his own.

“What?” Sheamous squeaked.

“You heard me,” Ben said as he kissed the side of Sheamous’ neck, his hand caressing the red fur on his chest.

“Oh, God, deliver me from this demon,” Sheamous husked, his head lolling back.

Ben reached under the covers and found Sheamous’ dick which was starting to get hard again. Pushing the man back further into the pillows, Ben went under the cover and wrapped his lips around the stiffening prick. He pushed the foreskin back and licked the sensitive head, licking at the slit, getting as much of the sweet and salty goo that was starting to form there.

“Ahhh, the stars are goin’ ta be fallin’ from the skies,” Sheamous whispered.

Ben continued, taking the head of the now fully erect dick into his mouth, bobbing slightly. Each time he went down, he took a little more of the man into his mouth. Soon Sheamous' hand was on the back of Ben's head, pushing, but not forcing.

Ben worked his own magic on Sheamous' big cock, his hand sliding up and down what he couldn't get in his mouth, his other hand fondling the balls that were nestled up close to the man's body. Doing this for a few minutes was all it took.

Sheamous cried out, both hands on Ben's head, as he discharged his second load. Ben almost gagged at the onslaught of cum blasting out of Sheamous' dick. No way for him to catch it all, it started to squirt out the sides of his mouth, dripping down onto Sheamous' tight balls.

When Sheamous could take no more, his dick way too sensitive, he pushed Ben away. Ben looked up smiling into Sheamous' startled face.

“So...do I get my second wish?”

Gasping for breath Sheamous only nodded.

“Good, now that that is settled, let's get some sleep, sexy man,” Ben said lying next to Sheamous, pulling him close. He kissed the side of his face once he had him held tightly in his arms.

The next morning Ben woke up, his eyes still closed, feeling the warm body still in his arms. His dick was hard as it was every morning, but this morning it was nuzzled into the warm fuzzy crack of Sheamous' ass. Ben smiled enjoying the feeling.

It was Sheamous hunching back that got Ben's motor running. He kissed Sheamous' cheek as he pushed his dick harder into the muscled butt. Sheamous groaned and pushed back.

Ben reached for the bottle of lube next to the bed. Deftly he popped open the lid and coated his more than average endowment, getting it slick. Getting a little more of the lube in his hand, he covered Sheamous' quivering hole. He inserted one finger, starting slow. Sheamous backed up onto the finger, having no trouble taking it.

Ben inserted a second finger. Sheamous wheezed, but then pushed back, taking both fingers. Ben pulled and pushed his fingers in and out of Sheamous until the small man was pushing back, easily taking both without a problem. He withdrew his fingers, and lined up his rock hard dick and pushed, letting just the head pop through the elastic muscle, then stopped.

Sheamous moaned and arched his back. Ben let Sheamous take his time as he backed down onto his dick. When there was no more left to take, Sheamous reached around and pulled Ben as close to him as he could get.

“Ah please, Benny, please take me now.”

Ben pulled Sheamous close to his chest as he withdrew his dick, then plunged back in forcefully.

“Oh Mother of God,” Sheamous yelled throwing his head back onto Ben’s chest. “Yes!”

It wasn’t long before Ben was hammering into Sheamous’ ass; all the while the Leprechaun begging and pleading, “Harder. Faster!”

With one final lunge, Ben emptied his nuts, flooding Sheamous’ butt with his cum. Reaching around he grabbed Sheamous’ huge dripping dick and pumped a few times, and then Sheamous yelled out, cum exploding all over him and the sheets.

Ben continued to plow the little man’s ass until his dick started to go soft. He let go of Sheamous, pushing him over on his stomach. He pulled his now limp dick from the man, and then quickly covered the open hole with his mouth sucking out his own load, but not swallowing.

When he felt certain that he got most of it, he turned Sheamous back over and shared the yield. Sheamous started kissing Ben frantically, sucking his tongue deep into his mouth. Ben started to chuckle as the Leprechaun pulled away.

“What do ye find so funny?” Sheamous scowled.

“There is an old commercial on TV I just remembered,” Ben laughed. “Lucky Charms, they’re magically delicious.”

Sheamous scowled, not fully understanding.

“The commercial had a Leprechaun in it,” Ben continued to laugh.

“Me thinks I could eat ye for breakfast,” Sheamous announced as he bit Ben’s bottom lip.

“Ow,” Ben said pulling back.

Both men looked at each other and started laughing.

“Would you like some real breakfast now?” Ben asked.

“Aye, ye tend to make me hungry,” Sheamous smiled stroking Ben’s furry chest.

“Okay, you got it,” Ben said as he reached for the phone.

He ordered room service again, the cart from last night still in the room.

Turning back over, he pulled Sheamous to his chest. “Sheamous?”

“Yes, Benny?”

“I’m ready to give you my last wish.”

Ben felt Sheamous go stiff in his arms.

“Okay,” Sheamous whispered.

“Ready?” Ben asked quietly, holding Sheamous tight.

“Yes.”

“My third and final wish is...I wish you weren’t a Leprechaun.”

Sheamous jerked up and away from Ben.

“Wha’ did ye say?” Sheamous’ eyes were wide.

Ben sat up and pulled Sheamous into his lap, his dick soft against the red fuzzy butt.

“I said I wish that you were not a Leprechaun.”

It took a moment, but Sheamous smiled slightly. “Really?”

“Yes. Really, Sheamous. As crazy as it sounds, I think I’m in love with you, and it wouldn’t work out if you were...what you are.”

Sheamous took Ben’s head in his hands and kissed him hard.

Ben pushed Sheamous away. “Is that okay with you, Sheamous?”

“Aye, Benny, it ‘tis,” Sheamous beamed. “I have been so lonely for so long. Me has always wanted a real life. That as a mortal would.”

“Okay then that is my final wish.”

“If that is yer wish, t’en it is me command,” Sheamous smiled.

Suddenly a large cloud of smoke started choking Ben, the smell of rotten eggs almost making him vomit. Fanning away the foul green-grey smoke, his eyes watering, he gasped for clean air.

When he could see, there was a large man sitting on his lap. It was Sheamous only bigger and better.

“What the fuck?”

“Tis me as human, me thinks.” Sheamous said looking down at his own body, his voice several octaves lower.

Sheamous stood up next to the bed.

“Sheamous! You’re...” Ben jumped out of bed.

The two men looked into each other's eyes. Ben reached up and stroked the side of the handsome redhead's face. The face was right in front of him.

"Sheamous, you're as tall as me."

"Aye, so it appears," Sheamous smiled then looked down and scowled.

"What's the matter?"

"It's me dick! It didn't get any bigger me thinks."

"Thank God for that!" Ben laughed. "If it were any bigger I'd be split in two."

Both men laughed then kissed, embracing each other. Each man's chest rubbing against the other. Cocks rubbing together. One redhead, one brunette stood, kissing like fools.

Sheamous broke the kiss and pushed Ben back onto the bed.

"What's wrong Sheamous?"

"Did ye just want me for me fortune?"

"What fortune?"

Sheamous smiled brightly. "I've got that pot-o-gold, ye know?"

Ben laughed so hard he doubled over. Gasping he said, "Sheamous, I don't care about your damned gold!"

"Benny?"

"Yes?"

"Tis a lot o' gold."

"Sheamous, I don't care if you're as poor as a church mouse."

There was a knock on the door.

Sheamous jumped back into bed, pulling the covers over him, but only up to his lap this time.

Ben didn't care. He answered the door butt naked.

This morning it was a young man who wheeled in the room service cart. Blushing, averting his eyes, he rolled the cart into center the room.

"Morning...Sirs," he said almost choking, his discomfort at Ben's nakedness in front of him, and the obvious other naked man in the bed.

"And a good morning to you," Ben smiled as he greeted the attendant.

"Had a little trouble in finding that cereal you asked for, sir," the attendant said. "You know, the Lucky Charms?"

Ben turned and looked at Sheamous lying in bed. “Thanks. Did you know it’s magically delicious?”

The End

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