

Dedicated to Omina, Ibie, and all of my friends and fans.

Ibie the Implin, renowned Alchemist that she was, had been given some weird requests in her time. "Make me a potion so my cat will fly!", said one woman. "I want to be able to eat gold!", cried one greedy old miser. Odd things weren't uncommon, to be sure, but when she got a request for a "Fortune Potion" from a gambler, she didn't know what to think.

She'd received a letter from a fellow named Podra, a Troll gambler out of the western waste. He'd won an old spell book, including a list of alchemical mixtures and potions, and had found one of them called a Fortune Potion. It was an unusual mixture that demanded over a dozen items of the oddest sort, from the foot bone of a virgin wild rabbit caught under a full moon, to the blood of a dove slain with an enchanted ruby slung from a thong of sun-cured Minotaur leather...To the shavings from a Leprechaun's gold coin.

The letter had offered her three things in return for her services as an alchemist: The book of spells and potions (with the Fortune Potion recipe included free of charge at the start), exclusive rights to SELL any of the potions she made in the book...And ten thousand gold coins. Enough to fund any project and buy any number of fancy things for quite some time.

At first she had considered refusing, given the oddity and rarity of the majority of the potion ingredients. But she had a lead on at least one of them in the town of Shar's Flight, less than a day away from her current hideaway, and was sure it would be easy to obtain what she needed with the proper persuasion. A Leprechaun was difficult to part from their gold, but she was Ibie after all; resourcefulness was all part of her charm!

Ibie made the journey to Shar's Flight over the course of a day, coming into the stony gate of the village sometime shortly before sundown. She'd been told of a Leprechaun that lived in the area; a rarity and oddity, but not unheard of. The village itself was something of a melting pot of different races and weird eccentricities.

It had been built into the shadowed underside of a towering cliff face, the cliff itself looming overhead like a frozen wave, a rolling curl with a "foam" of draping greenery at the rim. An old stone watchtower stood atop the cliff, a beacon shining into the wilderness of the plains at the foothills of the Cairn-Wall Mountains. The town was a mining town, through and through, with farming homes and fields out beyond the walls.

A little river ran through the village, gated at the walls with iron bars that kept out river monsters and undesirables, while the town folk stayed behind heavy steel and wooden doors after dark. The farmers

were a tough and sturdy lot themselves, and didn't much need the town for protection.

The town crept and crawled like a mat of stone and wood up the cliff face, with stilt-houses and cave-houses and hanging "Bird Cage" houses swaying lazily, crazily aloft on chains and ropes pitoned into the craggy stone. All sorts lived there; Sea Folk of sorts lived along the shimmering, mossy riverbanks, while Dwarves, Gnomes and even a few Implins lived and worked near and around the mining areas at the cliff edge. Flying folk like Hawk-kin and Aetherals lived in the hanging homes, while humans, Trolls and all sorts of others made up the majority of the rest of the population. One of the most popular spots in all of the city, though, could be found built right into a grassy hillside just next to the city wall, with the wooden fenced shore of the broad, lazy river running alongside it, burbling merrily as a mill wheel spun just across the way.

It was not unlike a Halfling home, a hillside house and business in one, with a half dozen chimney pipes rising up through the soil and lazily smoking in the late-day sun. Gold-tinged half-moon windows stared out at the world, while a wide open door in a lazy arch gave it all the impression of a yawning, peaceful face with emerald green hair in the form of lazily waving grasses and patches of clover.

The FraochÚn le Croí Óir, or the Whore with a Heart of Gold, was Leprechaun through and through. The interior was dim and warm and inviting, with wooden slat flooring and high, arching ceilings despite the somewhat short (for humans) doorway. Large, thick hewn oak tables and leather cushioned chairs filled the room, but left plenty of room to move about. Candles hung in little brass cups on chains from the ceiling, while a pair of large stone chimneys sat in opposing corners, with seating nearby. The main attraction, betwixt the fireplaces, was the bar itself: Long and tall and well crafted, it had ornate scroll work and vibrant emerald and gold paint in almost hypnotic knotted patterns, with rows of stools lined up in front of it.

And then there was the Owner. Ibíe knew something of their ilk; little folks with big magic, old-earth Fae from deep in stone and soil. They worked with Gold and Life and Light, and were playful tricksters at times, but rarely, if ever, malicious. They were a proud lot, all fair or crimson haired and pale as can be despite their time in the sun, with only bright, popping freckles to mar their skin. She was ready to meet some blustery little pub-minder, some old chap with a quick wit and a cheerful demeanor.

What she did NOT expect, however, was what greeted her when she came in. A little woman, just about her own height in fact, bent over the bar and facing the entrance. She heaved back with forth, to and fro, with a soapy cloth as she cleaned the bar top, a set of tits several times larger than Ibíe's head wildly jiggling in a too-tight white peasant top, stitches straining against freckled mountains that wiggled with every movement.

She wore an emerald green skirt, with stitching in her top matching the same shade. Her hair was a rich, vibrant red, and she sang merrily to herself, her hair a sea of bobbing, shimmering crimson as she worked. She was quite pretty, with a button nose and rosy cheeks, and a wild splash of freckles beneath eyes that shined and glimmered like cut emeralds flecked with gold. The eyes were what caught Ibíe by

surprise as the little woman looked up, realizing that there was a visitor standing in the threshold of the bar. Her lips curved in a brilliant smile as she straightened up, wasting no time in stuffing her enormous breasts back into place, waving the cloth she held like a little flag.

"Afternoon t'ye, love. Sorry t'say, but we're closed f'r now. Only open f'r mornin' an' noon, then f'r evenin'. Got t'close up if'n we're t'keep clean, an' th' missus is out o' town f'r th' fortnight t'fetch more ale an' wine. D'ye mind comin' back later, sweetness?" She said, cheerful and bright. Her voice lilted and chimed merrily, her eyes sparkling with mirth. Ibie smiled and raised a hand to scratch the back of her head, offering a little shrug. "Uh...Actually, if'n ye don't mind, I was figurin' we could talk some business. Nothin' t'do with yer fine establishment, Miss...?"

"Oh, Chloe, m'love. Chloe Ó Braonáin, at'cher service. An' what business would tha' be, then?" She said, tossing the rag down onto the bar top and planting her hands on her hips. It took a moment for Ibie to realize she seemed...Tall, for a Leprechaun. She then realized there must be a stool, box or other means of elevating her height back there. After all, a lady has to work with what she has.

"Well, I'm somethin' of an alchemist, y'see, and I've had a client get hold of me lookin' to make a potion for luck. The ingredient list is as long as my arm, an' one of them is a bit of...Well...Lucky gold, from a Leprechaun..." Ibie trailed off, shifting in place and drawing her hands up in front of herself, tapping her index fingers together. Tradition stated a Leprechaun wasn't about to give up their gold, but she hoped, maybe, she could bargain for a piece of it. Even a single coin would be enough.

Chloe stared in bewilderment at the woman across the bar from her, her lips turning down in a little frown. "Tha's quite a boon ye're askin' me f'r, love. Dinnae think 've e'er had summat come in an' ask me f'r m'gold b'fore..." She trailed off then, her eyes casting downward as if she seemed to be thinking. "Tell ye what, though; if ye c'n help out aroun' th' bar for the next few days, I c'n see t'maybe payin' ye yer wage in Leprechaun gold. No' much, mind ye, but enough f'r yer needs, aye?"

Ibie's eyes lit up and she clapped sharply, grinning from ear to ear as she heard Chloe speak. "Oh, that'll do! That'll right do, I think! What d'ye need, then? Bartendin'? Cleanin'? I'll do just about anythin' ye've got in mind to get what I need. Ye've no idea how much this'll help me on my may!"

"Well, 've somethin' o' a problem wi' gettin' 'round fast. See, I've had a a bit o' bad luck wi' a former...Associate, if ye will. She went an' got all huffy tha' I did'nae want nothin' t'do wi' her anymore, an' so she pulled a bit o' witchcraft an' whatnot outta her bag o' tricks." Chloe trailed off, her pale cheeks darkening slightly as she raised a hand to rub her brow, shaking her head slowly.

Ibie blinked placidly and tilted her head, frowning as she moved closer to the bar and hopped up onto a stool. "Oh, geez...ye got cursed, did'ja? That's no good. What'd she do, then? Arthritis or somethin' to make it so yer joints don't work right? That's just mean is what that is. Maybe I can help ye out an' whip up a potion, aye?"

Chloe's flush only seemed to grow briefly as she shook her head, clearing her throat. "Ahhh, no, no. Tha's no' goin' t'do much good. 'Ve tried e'rythin' t'get rid o' this curse. Fact is, it's one powerful bit o' spell-weavin', an' th' crazy lass who did it'll ne'er take it off. I dinnae even know where t'find 'er. An' no, it's o' m'joints, as such...Although, standin' an' walkin' c'n be a bit difficult, I must say."

The Leprechaun woman hopped down from her position behind the bar, a soft metallic clank indicating some sort of metal bar on the other side that she'd been standing on. She shifted around to the end of the bar and flipped up a little swinging hatch to let herself out before she came around to Ibie's side. It was odd to watch her walk from the other side of the bar; she had a wide, somewhat awkward gait, putting an exaggerated swivel to her hips that couldn't be ignored.

It became abundantly clear why when she moved around to stand opposite Ibie's stool, huffing softly and raising her left foot to plant the heel on the lower rail of one of the barstools, hiking her skirt up and revealing what lay beneath. A lovingly crafted leather "basket" of sorts supported a bulging set of testicles, pink flesh visible through loose, flexible stitching. A thick thatch of red pubic hair crowned her crotch, no proper underwear in the way to hide it, while tucked into an elongated "sleeve" sewn to the green leather satchel was what could only be a monstrously large cock. The sack and sleeve were stitched together with gold-toned, metallic threading, loose in slots to keep the material from being too tight, as if it was made to stretch and expand. The size of each of those globes had to be bigger than Ibie's fist, and the dick itself must have been as long as her forearm, easily.

Ibie's eyes widened into saucers as her mouth fell open and, rather involuntarily, began to water. She salivated, although not too openly, as she felt a warming tingle between her thighs. The inherent nature of her being, that of a cock-hungry harlot, screamed at her in the back of her mind, while some modicum of mild restraint still nagged at her to try NOT to be too blatant about anything...Although the staring was hard to ignore. Chloe blushed deeply and spoke matter of factly as she showed off her "problem".

"Used t'be tha' I was another normal lass, aye? Jus' cunt an' clit, an' nary a problem t'be 'ad. I bed down wi' this nutter o' a witch wi' a taste f'r cock, an' she decides t'give me one t'play wi' sometimes. Well, it's fun o' course, grand as c'n be, but then things sour. She turns out t'be righ' controllin' an' crazier an' can be. So I says t'tha' witch, "Pack yer things an' get, ye're no' goin' t'be tellin' me what t'do anymore!" So she turns 'round an' puts th' whammy on me. Says tha' I'll ne'er be rid o' these, but what's worse is how awful sensitive they are." She frowned as she spoke, shifting slightly.

Even as she spoke, her scrotum nudged slightly against her thigh and her cock visibly stirred. The thick, pale base was unsheathed by the leather sleeve, a visible straining obvious as the leather binding seemed to puff up just a little bit more. "She cursed me t'be so damnable sensitive, aye? E'ry touch, e'ry little tickle, jus' gets m'pussy wet an' m'cock throbbin', an' the damn curse makes it all swell up 'til I c'n cum. M'tits, too. They grow an' grow. An' here I am, 'avin' t'walk about all evenin' an' all day, rubbin' and swellin' an' gettin' worked up all th' time, an' unable t'do summat about it. So, by th' end o' th' day, m'prick's a righ' fuckin' mess, sore an' oozin', an' 'm fallin' outta m'damned top, an' leavin' wee snail

trails down m'thighs...It's frustratin', aye?"

Sticky, glistening wetness clearly marred her pale, creamy thighs, running down to soak into the quaint country stockings she wore. She was barefoot, save for the stockings, and her toes lazily wriggled. "By th' end o' th' night, 'm in a wicked state, so when everyone leaves I jus' make a dreadful mess o' th' place. Takes f'rever t'clean up, it does. So what I'm hopin' for is someone t'do th' runnin' around f'r a few days so's I c'n take a load off an' jus' not worry about it. Tha's not too much t'ask, aye?"

Ibie listened to the entire explanation, but found herself stuck for what to say. Her mind just kept reeling back onto what she'd been told: The more stimulated the little woman got, the bigger it got...The bigger EVERYTHING got, if Chloe was telling the truth. Finally she managed a response, licking her lips and easing off of her stool to approach the other woman. "That's not too much to ask, no...And that's some fine craftsmanship on yer...Ah...Harness?"

Chloe seemed surprised by the comment, lifting her skirt again and glancing down at the lovely leather contraption snuggled around her curse-imbued equipment. "Oh, aye? Thank ye. S'made t'minimize contact wi' flesh, which REALLY sets me off. Still rubs an' whatnot, but it leaks a sight less'n anythin' else, an' keeps me from gettin' too bad 'fore th' night is-"

Before she could finish, Ibie had reached out with both hands, one grasping the fat, leatherbound cock behind the concealed head and squeezing firmly, her other hand grabbing hold of one generous globe of nut-flesh. She squeezed, palpated, fondled and rolled the little woman's hefty ball in her grasp, leaning forward and pressing herself right against Chloe's generous bust.

She ground her mouth against Chloe's lips, her tongue slithering out to dance and toy with the other woman's own mouth as she stroked her palm against that warm, pleasingly smooth cock-sleeve, hefting her sack to feel the weight in her grasp. An ecstatic little shudder rolled down her spine as she actually felt that prick and those balls swell under her touch. Even as she cradled and fondled the hefty, meaty scrotum she felt a warm trickle of female arousal dripping along the backside of those swaying testes.

Chloe moaned in shock and shuddering excitement, her hands pressing with futile resistance against Ibie's shoulders as she made a half-hearted effort to push her away. Stimulation proved the winner in that little "battle", with Chloe's own generous anatomy giving away how aroused the contact made her.

Ibie drew away from Chloe's mouth then, licking a moist ring around the Leprechaun woman's pursed lips before she cooed with excitement and lusty glee. "Actually, honey, I was thinkin'...Why let me do all th' work while ye sit back, when instead I could...Oh, I dunno...Slide under the bar an' alleviate yer stress while ye work. After all, seems a shame to leave such big...Juicy...Nuts...And such a big...meaty...prick...Unloved an' achin' all night long, don't ye agree...? Figure maybe if ye're up f'r it, I can earn that gold as yer willin' cock sleeve..." Every time she paused in her speech, she punctuated them with a groping squeeze of Chloe's sack, a fondling tug at her cock or a lick at her pouting, quivering lips.

Chloe was flushed and panting, sweat already dappling her enormous bust as the Implin played with her cock and balls like her new favorite toys. She stammered a response, squirming in place and moaning quietly. "I...Uhn...I dinnae know...Tha'...Tha' might be...Tricky...Hnnngh...D-don't ye worry abou' gettin' caught...?"

Ibie giggled wickedly, grinning as she almost purred against Chloe's mouth. "Oh, sweetie... I'm countin' on someone knowin' what ye're gonna do t'me. That jus' makes the idea more fun."

Chloe shivered again, locking eyes with Ibie and then giving a breathless, whimpered "Okay", nodding slightly. Ibie finally released Chloe's overworked genitals, stepping back and panting herself. She could feel her own wetness squishing nicely (wickedly?) between her thighs, her clothing rubbing against her flesh. "T'nigh'...Help me set up th' bar, an' then...Mmf...Then we'll work out where ye'll be under th' bar t'nigh'..."

Hour 1: Opening time.

Ibie grunted with mild discomfort as she shifted in place under the bar. There was plenty of room for her, but she had to drape her legs a bit awkwardly over the brass rail Chloe used to stand on so she could reach the bartop. The Implin had fetched a box-trolley from the storage room and put a spare seat cushion on it, fitting it right in behind the bar, tucked in close to the rail. There was plenty of room under the bar for her, as apparently Chloe didn't bother to keep too much under there save for bottles slotted into a rack horizontal at easy grabbing level. Ibie's head fit in a couple of inches beneath the rack, while the cushioned "rail car" she'd made easily slid back and forth along the straight bar surface. Other than turning around once in a while to grab drinks, Chloe wouldn't have to leave her in one spot at all. Ibie's own ingenuity surprised her, sometimes. Still, it wasn't the most comfortable spot. If it weren't for the view she had, she would've likely had more to complain about.

As it was, she had a mouth-watering front row view of what Chloe had to offer as the first customers began to file in. Chloe's skirt was hiked up nicely, pinned back out of the way with a couple of clothespins that clipped them to the garters that held her peasant stockings up. Ibie had freed her poor, swollen cock and balls as soon as she was in position, sighing with pleasure as she admired what she'd soon be savoring. A head as big around as a good sized plum, dark red (almost purple), shrouded with a fleshy foreskin. A column of cock-flesh as big around as her slender wrist, and a good eight to ten inches without even being fully erect.

She watched almost hypnotized as that monstrous dick twitched and stirred atop fist-sized balls tucked into a smooth, pretty sack, her hands unable to stay away as she reached out to grasp Chloe's scrotum and massage it, leaning in close to rub her nose and lips against the topside of that big, meaty Leprechaun cock. She shuddered with excitement, suddenly glad she'd stripped naked before popping under the bar, her little ass and pussy rubbing nicely into the fabric cushion beneath her as she

squirmed with anticipation.

Chloe smelled divine; an intoxicating mix of precum, musk from being trapped in that leather pouch, sweat and whatever soap she cleaned herself with filling Ibie's nostrils. She took a deep breath, sampling the aroma as she opened her mouth and dragged her tongue around the inner rim of Chloe's foreskin, massaging her dick head in a lapping swirl with a stifled groan. Chloe, for her part, flushed and shuddered but didn't show a sign of her own growing arousal.

A human Miner had come up to the bar, ordering a whiskey and a pint, which Chloe was quick to preparing. She leaned over, scooting along the railing, and with a quiet, barely audible sliding sound the casters on the trolley slid along, Ibie thrilled to find that her "invention" meant she could move right along with Chloe. She gave Chloe's sack a playful, palpating squeeze and sighed, closing her eyes as she drew her tongue up from prick head to base, burying her face in Chloe's vibrant fluff-mound, huffing with gleeful excitement as she felt the Leprechaun's rod stiffening against her bare tits.

Chloe poured the first drinks of the night, her hands steady despite the quivering in her thighs, the excitement of Ibie hiding beneath the bar and toying with her proving to be more of a thrill than she'd ever expected. Ibie, for her part, was just enjoying toying with the Leprechaun's meaty member and nuts, cupping the fat balls in her palms and pressing them together, rubbing the underside of Chloe's own cock as she began to kiss all along that plump, swelling prick. Oh, she could only imagine how it would feel going into her mouth, over her tongue and down her throat...Not that she'd be imagining for long.

Chloe fidgeted slightly as Ibie's hands, lips and tongue worked against her sensitive flesh, the cursed Leprechaun's shapely thighs quivering every few moments as Ibie simply indulged in what could only be described as cock worship. Another patron up; a Town Guard, looking for an ale to unwind after a hard day. Chloe's hips rocked back slightly as she tugged herself free of Ibie's grasp momentarily, moving down the bar to get another glass and leaving Ibie behind.

Ibie gave a frustrated whine, inaudible above the crowd piling into the bar, making a humorously pitiful little grabbing motion as her new playthings moved away. A moment later, though, Chloe was back one hand handing the drink over to the patron and the other grabbing her cock behind the head. Before Ibie could say anything or really react the Leprechaun's hips heaved forward and the bulbous, meaty girth of the other woman's dick head pushed past her lips.

Ibie's eyes widened and her lips pursed around the fat, throbbing column of cock flesh squeezing between them. Her teeth briefly grazed Chloe's prick as it pushed into her mouth, the Implin's eyes fluttering closed somewhat as she pretty much just slumped and grinned blissfully around that musky, dripping rod. It oozed warmth onto her tongue, the rich taste of salty precum and sweat exactly what Ibie had been craving.

She didn't have much time to appreciate it, though, as Chloe gave a little grunt and her hips bucked

forward more sharply. Ibie found her tongue pinned down as Chloe fed several inches of cock into her mouth, the head nudging into the back of Ibie's throat as she shuddered and squirmed in place. Her hands grasped at Chloe's plump, round ass cheeks, squeezing them and tugging them apart, pulling her forward to urge more of that pulsating prick into her maw.

Chloe moved down the bar again, Ibie's little rolling platform and her firm grip on the other woman's ass meaning she was quite easily tugged along for the ride. It didn't help that she had half of Chloe's thick (and growing) cock wedged in her mouth and had already begun working her tongue around and under the foreskin, peeling it back to lick and tease at the sweaty flesh there. More customers poured in, and Ibie suddenly realized just how busy the place must get.

The thought of potentially getting caught didn't much bother her, but it certainly didn't hurt the thrill of suckling on the bulbous piece of girl-cock resting at the back of her throat. Her fingers dug into Chloe's ass cheeks, kneading and squeezing them, tugging them apart so that she could slide her fingers along the cleft between them, down toward the freckled beauty's pretty pink pucker.

When her fingers finally grazed over the tight, crinkled opening Chloe's hips suddenly jolted forward, Ibie's head knocking against the bar back as she winced slightly and almost choked on the meaty cock that suddenly pushed past her tongue and into her throat. She shuddered, her thighs clenching as the sensation of having that fat dick head and thick foreskin working along the lining of her throat set her pussy to tingling and her toes to curling. Chloe hissed under her breath and tilted her head down, staring past her cleavage and blushing as she gave the Implin a playful scowl.

"You okay, love?" came a voice from above, a rumbling masculine tone that sounded far from human. Troll or Ogre, maybe? Ibie couldn't tell, and didn't much care as Chloe's hips gave a series of short, sharp bucks, inching more and more of her cock down the Implin's hungry throat as her eyes rolled back into her head and her fingers curled to rub and massage along the muscular ring of Chloe's anus. "Oooh...A-Aye, mate. S'jus' a wee knock o' m'knee again' th' bar, aye? Happens alla th' time. Ye'll probably hear more an' tha' if ye stick aroun'. Always bumpin' intae stuff, stubbin' m'toe, makin' a damn fine mess o' things..."

Ibie shivered at the commentary. Chloe, spinning a yarn to cover any odd sounds that stood out too much. Another firm thrust of the Leprechaun's hips and Ibie's back nudged against the wood again, her tongue working out to hang from her lower lip, pinned lewdly in place by Chloe's cock, slithering against her enormous balls as she found herself suddenly nose-deep in the Leprechaun's pubic puff. The chubby, shapely little woman's plump pelvis and thick, crimson tresses squished up against Ibie's nose and upper lip as she found herself balls-deep on that prick, her breath stolen away completely by the thick, juicy member buried in her throat.

She had to of course find a solution for the problem, and that was a simple enough one: She slowly, methodically drew her head back, throat clenching and pushing against Chloe's cock head as she eased it out of her throat and then free of her mouth, a lewd squelch audible beneath the bar as she let it flop

from her mouth and panted softly. It dangled there, ruddy red with blood flow, dripping precum, saliva and mucus from the lining of Ibie's throat. It dribbled the sticky mess onto Ibie's tits as she stared at it transfixed, bleary eyed and almost giddy.

"What was that, then?" came the voice again, the sound of someone shifting on their stool audible, perhaps trying to peek. Chloe grunted and reached over, clearly, shooing someone back. "Now, now. Tha's none o' yer concern; s'just a mop an' trough o' water under th' bar. 'Ave t'keep it ' round t'clean up after e'ryone leaves, an it's a damn sight less annoyin' th' step on it an' keep it under there than t'haul it outside an' soak it e'ry time I need it." Chloe's hands fell below the bar top again and she grabbed hold of Ibie's hair, yanking her head forward again as she angled her hips.

She rammed that thick, dripping cock back down the Implin's throat, clenching her jaw to keep from making any sound as she fucked herself into the smaller woman's esophagus. Ibie could *feel* the enormous prick growing bigger, feel it pulsing and throbbing along as the curse worked over the little woman's nerves. Her cheeks hollowed and she sucked furiously, her head yanking back sharply so that Chloe had to pull her in again, setting up a back and forth that anyone on the other side of the bar would take for the little woman working out of sight. Polishing glasses, perhaps, or trying to find something. Chloe glanced downward and smiled as she pulled Ibie back onto her dick, thrusting into her hidden playmate's maw and gullet with lewd abandon.

Nobody was any wiser of Chloe's devious doings, or of Ibie beneath the bar. The Implin's cunt oozed and leaked freely all over her little seat, her pert ass and pussy lips working against the fabric as she curled two fingers, one on each hand, and began pushing them into Chloe's tight pucker. Chloe grunted quietly under her breath and pushed Ibie back under the bar further, stepping closer to the bar top and roughly pulling Ibie into the next thrust.

Ibie could feel her throat expanding every time Chloe fucked her way down it, the small woman's withdrawals coupled with Ibie's own movements leading to Ibie managing to get the odd, shuddering breath through her nose. Chloe's hands finally had to leave Ibie's hair as she was asked for a few pints, extra head on them by a group of local ladies.

Ibie shivered as she was left in control for the time being, her head starting to rock and bob freely. She savaged her own throat on that monstrous girl-prick, working the meaty, vein-riddled pole into her hungry mouth and throat, savoring the way it felt plunging in and out of her esophagus, the way mucus and spit oozed from her mouth and splattered all over her own perky tits. She twisted and curled her fingers into Chloe's asshole, slinking them in and tugging, stretching the little woman's pucker open as she fellated her with all the enthusiastic glee of a regular cock-hound.

It was remarkable Chloe could keep up the charade as well as she did, considering Ibie was pulling all of her tricks out to see just how far she could push the little woman before she hit her peak and made a glorious, naughty mess of everything. Chloe, for her part, was a remarkably stalwart and stable individual when it came to keeping up with her work, despite Ibie's every effort to throw her off her

game.

Chloe barely had time to react to anything Ibie did for a while, one drink after another ordered, everything conveniently in a location she could reach without having to move too far. The few times she did have to move, Ibie tightened her grip, wriggled and twisted her fingers deeper into the Leprechaun's tight rear passage and sucked all the harder. She bottomed out every chance she got, stuffing Chloe's cock down her throat and holding it there for a few seconds, shivering and absolutely adoring the brief loss of breath that came with feeling the little woman's pulse in her throat.

Her fingers massaged and rubbed deviously into the lining of the smaller woman's ass, soon joined her pinky and ring fingers, curling beneath and seeking out the sticky wetness of Chloe's overheated womanhood. It was only fair that Chloe's pussy get some much-needed attention too, and as such Ibie opted to push her fingers between sloppy wet labia and hook them into Chloe's cunt. Her remaining two fingers pushed inward and settled alongside the first two "invaders" to penetrate Chloe's asshole, leaving all but Ibie's thumbs working at the taste of fucking the small woman's openings.

It was this abrupt penetration, four fingers to a hole, that finally caught up with Chloe. She gave a shuddering gasp and leaned forward, almost losing her balance as she propped herself against the bar edge. Her cock jerked menacingly as her hips heaved forward and she crammed herself to the balls right down Ibie's throat. Her head knocked back against the bar and she jerked, unable to draw back or push forward this time. One of the local ladies spoke up then, clearly concerned. "Oooh, are you okay? What happened?"

"Aaaah...S'm'back, love. Ye're sure t'appreciate th' trouble 'avin'...Ah...Big tits'll cause, aye? S'jus' m'back actin' up. S'ppose I twinged a muscle 'r summat, aye?" She laughed, flushed and sweating, hips firmly locked in place. Ibie's fingers remained buried, twitching and wriggling, plumbing Chloe's juicy openings as she worked her lips and throat around the enormous prick firmly settled inside of her. "Yeah, I know how much of a pain that can be. Maybe you just need a back rub? Some tender loving care might do you some good..."

The woman's tone was soft, even flirtatious. Chloe offered a little laugh, trying not to moan again as her cock throbbed and swelled in Ibie's throat. A moment of panic suddenly struck Ibie as she felt it swell...And swell...And swell. Either Chloe was about to go off like a cannon, or Ibie was about to be choked out. Either way, there was no escaping it now. "Oh, I'm sure 've nothin' t'worry abou'. Gettin' plenty o' tender lovin' care as is, I assure ye. Maybe some other time, Mm?" She winked and then closed her eyes, letting her head hang for a moment as she leaned against the bar...And came.

Ibie could feel her ass and pussy seize up, clenching and convulsing lewdly around her buried digits. It was the surging, bubbling roil of motion along the underside of that enormous prick that told her what was coming next. It felt like someone filling a piping bag; thick and firm as it swelled and filled up, preparing to unload. Ibie had expected a hell of an orgasm; what she HADN'T expected was the sheer volume and force.

Cum erupted down her throat and into her belly, gushing and burbling and rolling into her gut in great, sticky gouts. It backed up her throat initially, her gag reflex FINALLY kicking in as she felt it bubble up and out into her mouth, and then out onto her bare breasts. She clenched and seized in place, cum pouring into her stomach like a broken damn. She swallowed as best she could, even with the cock hilted inside of her throat, trying not to waste too much of the sticky load.

There was a stinging sensation, undeniable discomfort as the sheer volume surpassed the limitations of her esophagus. She felt it gush up and out of her nose, her inability to breath not exactly hampered or improved by the twin spurts of white spunk splattering down her upper lip. Her eyes watered and her chest burned as she curled her fingers tighter and pulled, as if trying to stretch Chloe's two tight, quaking holes wider open for imaginary dicks to fill.

Her back arched and she tried to pull her head back, although a futile effort at best. There was no "back" for her; she was pressed against the cool wood, her overheated body acting as a cum dumpster for the Leprechaun's magically enhanced load. Her belly felt heavy and churned, feeling as if she'd tried to chug a gallon of fresh cream.

Finally Chloe straightened up and shifted her hips back, grunting as she pulled her cock free of Ibie's mouth. The Implin had to jerk slightly as it popped free of her throat and a full, proper gout of cum splattered the roof of her mouth and tongue. Chloe's hips drew far enough back that another splurt hosed Ibie's tits, creating a sticky white mess that oozed down her front. Ibie's fingers slid free of Chloe's hot, quivering pussy and ass, her hands shaking as she drew them to her own body.

Her left hand settled on her chest, smearing the gooey cum into her skin, her mouth hanging open as she openly drooled and panted, reveling in the mess Chloe had made. It ran down over her slightly distended belly, working the salty treat into her flesh, as her other hand delved right between her thighs and she began to frantically tweak and work her clit and pussy lips. More cum rubbed and work into sensitive flesh as she did so, her mouth finally closing again so she could swallow, leaving her panting for air and addled. She stared at Chloe's cock, and then up at the smaller woman's expression as she glanced down at the messy Implin beneath her bar. One thought crossed her mind then:

Oh God...She's still rock hard.

Hour Four: Well into the evening.

Ibie didn't think she'd ever had so much cum in her life. Her mind was a haze of animal lust and debauchery as she lay beneath the bar, hands on her belly, breathing in slow, deep breaths. Cum clung to her face, in her hair, smeared all over her pussy and thighs. Her belly was far from just distended by this point; it was absolutely swollen.

The cushion beneath her was ruined. She'd had so much cum poured down her throat and into her stomach that she couldn't handle it anymore; her bowels had overflowed with the salty, overly rich cream and she'd just oozed into it. Cum trickled from her ass, unbidden by any sort of penetration other than the repeated, forceful oral fuckings she'd received.

Ibie watched in bewildered, tired amazement, taking a break between fillings, as Chloe continued to work. Chloe was sweaty, her clothing clinging to her body, and below her skirt her stockings were drenched with her own juices, and her cock...Well...

It had almost doubled in size since the Implin had met her, and her scrotum was even bigger than she would have ever imagined. Those churning balls never seemed to exhaust themselves, never seemed to run out of their rich cream. Ibie, for one, was almost certain by this pointed she'd bitten off more than she could chew.

Luckily, Ibie loved that sort of thing. She had always been a firm believer in "No such thing as too much cock, too big of balls, and too much cum". Although Chloe was putting even her limits to the test. She watched the gigantic dick swing between Chloe's thighs as she moved down the bar, the head nearly brushing her ankles as she left a snail trail of drippings, both feminine and masculine. This was to say nothing of the mess left on the rail, and beneath Ibie's ass and cunt. No wonder she needed so much time to clean up.

The thing that amazed Ibie is that the poor woman had to work like this every single night, without the constant, available relief the Implin had been providing. Chloe grunted softly as her balls rubbed her thighs, carrying a tray of mugs down to the far end of the bar before coming back. She bit her lip and glanced down at Ibie, grasping the base of her cock with both hands and tugging, lifting it up so the head faced Ibie once more.

The Implin shivered, making eye contact and shaking her head briefly. Chloe's eyes widened and her lower lip quivered; Ibie had had enough, and was calling the deal off. But no, that wasn't what Ibie was doing at all. The little woman had other plans, indeed.

Slowly she shifted under the bar, grunting and moaning quietly, inaudible over the crowd as she adjusted her position. She rolled onto her swollen stomach and then, with a bit of difficulty, managed to get on her knees on the little platform, lifting herself up...And presenting herself. She bent low, letting her head hang as she reached back with both hands and grabbed hold of her own ass cheeks, spreading them wide as she set her knees as far apart as the caster-equipped trolley would allow.

Chloe's eyes widened as she realized just what Ibie wanted, giving the Implin another curious glance before licking her lips and stepping right up. Never look a gift Implin in the cunt, after all. She pressed that broad, throbbing and gooey cock head between Ibie's ass cheeks, the plump tip at least as big as Ibie's fist by this point. Ibie couldn't complain about the size; as long as she got fucked by it, she would

deal with the discomfort. Besides, a cock that big in her cunt might be fatal without proper precautions, and she knew for a fact she could handle that monster in her ass and gut. Practice makes perfect, after all.

Chloe lifted onto her tiptoes, adjusting her angle in a moment of peaceful downtime. She had a few seconds to get ready as she heard another customer approaching, her gaze lifting just long enough to confirm this...And then she took hold of Ibie's ass and squatted, throwing all of her weight behind the movement. It looked like she was ducking down behind the bar to get something to a casual observer.

For a less casual observer, I.E. Ibie herself, it was like getting fucked by a support column. The fist-sized cock head ground against her cum-dripping hole, the puffy, well-practiced opening still resisting the monstrous girth briefly...And then with a lewd slurping sound and a sensation that could only be best described as "searingly pleasurable", Chloe fucked not just the fat head, but almost every throbbing inch of that cock into Ibie's asshole, bowels and gut.

Ibie could actually feel the sloshing, churning roil of bubbling cum being stirred around as Chloe's ginger pubes and gigantic balls met up with her sticky rear end, Ibie only managing a weak, quavering grunt-groan as she was speared through. Impaled was a good term...Ibie briefly wondered if, with the right circumstances, Chloe could actually do that. Fuck her through and through, like a more solid version of her "pet" Shadow Elemental...The thought was pushed out of her mind as Chloe stood back up, the movement causing her convulsing anus to latch onto her cock and yank Ibie upward slightly, her back arching as her eyes widened and she found herself FAR more awake.

The stimulation of that cock sliding in and then out again so abruptly was enough to get her squirming again, her ass hiking up, rising higher to present like a bitch in heat, welcoming the king-sized cock into what may as well have been a new home. Ibie's jaw ached, her stomach hurt and her entire body cried out for her to stop, but her insatiable hunger for cock and spunk wouldn't be bested; not now and not ever, not if she had anything to say about it.

She bore down with her asshole and whimpered as she grabbed the rim of her wheeled trolley, biting her lower lip as Chloe began to move. Not in and out, although that happened coincidentally, but back and forth along the bar. Every sliding motion along the trolley's makeshift track lead to Chloe's dick head rubbing into a new spot; working into her gut, the lining of her bowels, the angle always changing. Sometimes she'd bend down to get something, taking the time to fondle Ibie's round, sticky ass. Others she'd stretch her back and pull a bit outward, only to slide right back in again. Ibie had waited too long to get to having Chloe really, properly fuck her; that much she decided then and there.

Chloe had said that the swelling would go down when she came, but it seemed the stimulation of everything was keeping her too on edge, even after orgasm. Hopefully Ibie could keep up with the little woman for the rest of the night, but as Chloe went through the motions of working and simultaneously fucked her "helper" under the bar, Ibie could only wonder how much longer she had, and if she'd last.

Chloe's hips pivoted now and again to stir her girth into Ibie's bowels, garnering soft, strained groans and whines from the little woman as she wriggled her hips back and forth in return. For how worn and tired her jaw and throat were, her ass still had plenty to offer, and Chloe was taking full advantage. Above, a rumbling voice sounded. "Why's it smell like a whorehouse in here?" Definitely an Ogre. Female from the sound of it; and obviously scenting out the mess beneath the bar. Ibie shuddered and tensed, her ass clenching up as she waited.

"Wha'? Ye mean there's a smell in a room fulla workin' folk tha' jus' 'ad a hard day tha' might give away tha' they 'ad a wee bit o' fun 'fore they stopped in f'r a drink? Shockin', Jagra. Jus' 'ave a seat, an' I'll fix ye up a whiskey. No table service t'night, 'm afraid. Wife's outta town, so 'm rather...Stuck in back 'ere. Couldn't get out if I tried." Her play on words was clearly meant to be a reference to Ibie, the Leprechaun's cock jumping with excited glee as she cooked up another "likely excuse".

The Ogre woman laughed and pounded briefly on the bar top. "Yeah, yeah. Suppose it's a fair cop; I know I get off work and the first things I do are find a bit of dick and a proper, stiff drink. Make it a double, I'm goin' out lookin' for fun after this." Laughter roared through the bar as folks who had gotten their drinks and moved to a table joined in on the mirth. A bard had stopped in during the second hour, and was drunkenly playing bawdy songs by one of the fireplaces. In fact, one was about a busty barmaid, lifting her skirt for any bloke who came along. If only they knew...

"Jus' let me get ye a fresh bottle, an' ye c'n 'ave it t'take if ye please." Chloe said, smiling at her patron as she squatted down again. The movement had the exact desired effect she'd intended it to, sinking every inch of her cock right back into Ibie's asshole, stretching her wide open as she planted both hands on the small of her back and began to give sharp, shallow piston-fucks. Only a couple of inches of dick eased out and back in, but the constant pumping of that thick shaft into her bowels and gut, the way it made Ibie's stomach bulge and churn, and the feeling of those enormous balls against her pussy and thighs...She'd cum earlier, several times, just from the throat fucking and her own masturbation.

With Chloe fucking her, though, and the way her anus felt hot and stretched, "kissed" by the base of her shaft and her pudgy little pubic mound...It was too much for the Implin to stand, the steady drilling into her bowels setting her off like a bomb. Her pussy gushed, splattering audibly on the polished wood, her ass clenching and seizing as she was pump-fucked for Chloe's pleasure. Chloe gasped and spoke up then, loud enough to hear above. "Whoops, 'ad a spill. Jus' a moment longer while I clean it up..."

"Take your time; I'm not going anywhere." said the Ogre again as she was obviously too engaged talking to one of the other patrons to much mind the wait. Chloe was short enough that when she disappeared behind the bar, it wasn't a big concern. Chloe huffed and leaned forward over Ibie's back, whispering as she ground herself home and ass-fucked the presenting little woman. "Oooh...Ere comes another'n, ye sweet, nasty wee slut...Gonna pump yer arsehole righ' proper full..."

Ibie barely managed a strangled response, a hiss of "Yesssss..." under her breath before Chloe straightened back up, leaning back and retrieving the bottle she'd been "looking for" for the Ogre.

Without another word she hilted herself, drawing a deep, soothing breath and setting her jaw as her cock surged and jerked.

Ibie...Well, she didn't much know what happened afterward. To be completely honest, the little woman fainted at some point between Chloe bottoming out and when she woke up later. Her only memories are of a sudden surging, filling sensation, her tongue lolling out as cum oozed from her mouth, poured from her ass and overloaded her poor, strained senses...And then blissful blackness as she fainted into a dreamless sleep.

Hour 10: Clean-up and after hours.

Ibie woke up quite some time later, giving a startled snort as she sat bolt upright. She didn't hit her head, so clearly she wasn't under the bar anymore. Rather, she was laying on a bed or cot of sorts in a cozy, dimly lit room across from a fireplace.

She shifted her gaze around, trying to figure out where she was for a moment before she realized that everything in sight was small; tiny. Built for someone her size or smaller. A Leprechaun's quarters. She must have been in Chloe's room.

Her legs swung out into the air and her feet found the floor, but her initial effort at getting up was met with something of a disaster. Her legs, frankly, would not respond. They cried out, muscles sore and aching. It was then that she realized it wasn't ONLY her legs. Her pussy and ass stung, ached like the dickens in fact. She eased a hand down between her thighs, hissing as she felt sticky wetness, heat...And found that she was frankly agape. Her ass and pussy both, stretched well wider than they normally would have been.

Blearily she made a second attempt to stand up, finding her footing and hobbling, limping her way to the nearby oval-shaped door. She pushed it open, leaning against the frame and looking out onto the main room of the pub.

Chloe was there, mopping up the front area and whistling softly, cheerfully to herself. Even from a distance it was clear everything had deflated. Her top fit better, her skirt barely showed a bulge, and when she moved she didn't waddle or rub. Ibie spoke up then, her voice hoarse but clear. "What time is it?"

Chloe started and turned, almost dropping the broom as she found Ibie up and around. "Oooh, ye should'nae be walkin' abou'. Ye're no' goin' t'be righ' f'r tha' f'r a while, I think. S'well after two in th' morn, though. Jus' finishin' clean-up, actually. Believe it or no', ye 'elped me out a great deal. S'much easier t'clean wi'out such a mess behind th' bar. An' I'm goin' t'ave t'keep tha' trolley idea. S'too useful f'r other things too, now tha' I think o' it..."

Chloe was blushing as she clutched at the mop in her grip, shifting from one foot to the other. "Ahh, abou' what 'appened..." Ibie blinked and spoke up then. "Ye mean after I passed out? Not sure what did happen, but I know somethin'; my pussy is raw an' I feel like I lost a fight with a troll."

"Aye, well...S' jus'...Things were goin' so damned well, an I dinnae want t'stop. So I jus' let ye' sleep an' when I needed some relief I...uh...Well, I jus' popped m'self in an' went t'town...Sorry if'n tha's no' proper, but ye did agree t'help me out, aye?" Chloe said, sounding nervous all of a sudden. It was clear she was worried Ibie would be angry.

Ibie stared at the little woman for a long moment and then laughed, shaking her head and sighing. "Honey, only thing I'm bugged by is that I wasn't awake all the way through. Ye're a fuckin' machine...In fact, I've been with fuckin' machines before, and I think ye'd give 'em a right run f'r their money."

"Well, thank ye. Th' missus appreciates me, too. Ah, an' dinnae worry abou' her. She lets me 'ave what fun I like, so's ye're no' causin' me any trouble either. Um...S'ppose ye'll be wantin' yer pay an' t'clear out, aye?" Chloe blinked and reached into her deflated top, her breasts a much more normal, managable size by comparison to their original titanic proportions, let alone her aroused size. She fished out a tiny metal cask, sphere-shaped with a little flip-top lid on a hinge. It looked almost like a snuff box of sorts, or even like a pot...Ibie had heard of the pot of gold, but this couldn't be it, could it? It was miniscule; the size of an egg at best.

But when Chloe approached her and tipped it over into her palm, a seemingly impossible pile of gold coins spilled forth, one after another, filling her cupped palm. They were roughly hexagon shaped, each one punched through with a hole. Each coin had some swirling, beautiful script that dimly glowed on it, and one side had an image of what looked like river otters winding around each other. She'd never seen Leprechaun coinage before, but when Chloe took her hand and passed it over she could feel a slight tingling in her palm, and a gentle warmth.

As Chloe tucked the tiny cask away in her cleavage again she sighed and shook her head. "More'n I offered, but ye did me a proper service. Ne'er 'ad a night at work where I could jus' get by wi'out constantly bein' in pain or distracted. Per'aps I should 'ire one or two o' th' local girls t'elp out once in a while...Mm...But I dinnae think I'd e'er find a local girl what c'n do f'r me what ye did. Now scoot back t'bed, love. 'M sure ye'll be needin' yer rest if ye're leavin' in th' mornin'."

Ibie stared at the gorgeous coinage for several long moments before she glanced back at Chloe and grinned. "Going? Why would I be going...? I agreed to staying and helping for a few days, and a bargain is a bargain...Now, why don't ye come to bed and show me what ye did to my cunt first hand...This time, I won't be asleep for it?"

Ibie eased back out of sight, her hand visible just long enough on the door frame for her to make a "Come Hither" motion as a flushed, surprised Chloe watched. She shivered and glanced toward the

broom in her hand, tossing it aside without a second thought as she followed Ibie into the bedroom and closed the door...

One week later.

Three days with Chloe had been the messiest period of time Ibie could recall, and she'd been left devastatingly sore, stretched out and aching. But she wouldn't have traded anything for it. She spent her meals with Chloe; she slept with Chloe. During the earlier day she waited tables and helped her clean. During the nights she hid under the bar and let Chloe use her every hole for her relief. And then she'd get cleaned up in the river, and help Chloe clean up the place for the next night.

Three days of that, and then four of recuperation. She had been pretty well ruined by Chloe's dick, but she didn't regret a bit of it. Chloe had treated her like royalty, and had even taken market trips to get her the ingredients she needed for three potions: One to kill any eggs she might've had brewing (no telling if they were capable of crossbreeding, but better safe than sorry), one to help alleviate the stiffness and soreness, and one to make a cream to rub into her aching, well-fucked holes. She'd tighten up over time, but frankly time wasn't something she felt like taking when it came to being ready to hit the road again.

She'd left Chloe with a kiss and a smile, and a promise to swing by again. Next time she'd sneak her Enquette along, to introduce her two lovely friends in a most devious, debauched way. She sighed and set out on her trail down the lonesome road leading away from Shar's Flight, into the wild plains and toward the far wilderness.

The question was, what potion ingredient to go after next? Only time and the road would tell, but if she had half as much fun with her other adventures as getting the shimmering Leprechaun gold...Well, this was going to be a very fulfilling venture.

HEY YOU! Yes, you! The reader! The fapper! The fan (I hope) of my writing!

This is where YOU come in! If you liked this story, I have good news and bad news: The good news is, this is part one of a SERIES!

The bad news?

I DON'T FUCKING KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT!

This is where you, the reader, come in. I'm putting a VOTE up to decide where Ibie goes and what

ingredient she's looking for next.

I'll give a basic list of things you MAY see in an upcoming story, and YOU will respond with a vote below. Just tell me which one catches your fancy, and I'll start working on it in the near future.

1. Ibie seeks the Enchanted Ruby and Dove needed for her potion. She goes to a Harpy Aerie, where the Harpy Queen makes more than just a demand of tribute for an enchanted stone ..

Kinks you'll probably see: Anal, Fisting, Harpies, Shemales, Rape, Impregnation, Egg-laying.

2. Ibie decides to find a Plains Minotaur Hunter to speak about procuring some of their sacred leathers, made from Minotaur elders who give themselves willingly to the Sun God. Without the leather, Ibie can't get her Dove. What will happen? Will the Minotaur be insulted? Will Ibie be out of luck?

Kinks you'll probably see: Shemale, cum-bath, Bull-cock, cum inflation, Fem-Dom.

3. Ibie goes looking for a rare and special rabbit in an unusual forest, but finds herself running into the Guardians of the Wilderness. Can Ibie talk her way out of trouble with the Glademistress and her Kin, or will Ibie have to try and escape their clutches? A bigger question is, will she want to escape them given their tentacles and distinctly well-endowed nature...

Kinks you'll probably see: Gangbang, Elementals, Plant-rape, Unusual Cum, Lactation, Breastfeeding, mind-altering substances.

4. Ibie moves down her list and decides to find one of the rarer items first: The iron nail from a Nightmare's war shoe. Where the hell does one find a Nightmare, you ask? Why, living near a Hellmouth, one would think. Or as we know them, near a Volcano. Will Ibie's negotiating skills finally be put to proper use, or is this just another excuse for Ibie to get pounded like a well-made drum?

Kinks you'll probably see: Throat fucking, dominance, rough sex, cum-bath, Unusual Cum, Bestiality, Gaping, Monster Sex.

These are NOT the only ideas, mind you. These are a SAMPLING. Remember, Ibie has A DOZEN INGREDIENTS TO FIND for the Fortune Potion.

So get to voting, perverts! I can't make it if you don't vote.